The Toronto Sunday World

SUNDAY JUNE 7, 1891 — PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DEAD!

Sir John Passes Away Peacefully.

DISSOLUTION AT 10.25 P.M

The Premier's Terrible Fight for Life.

QUITE UNCONSCIOUS AT THE END

The Wonder Was Not That He Died, But That He Lived So Long.

BATTLING WITH DEATH TO THE LAST.

Shall a Lilac League be Formed to Commemorate the Anniversary of His Death?—A Review of the Premier's Case Since He Was Stricken Down Eight Days Ago—The History of Yesterday as Told by the Doctors.

The Lilac League.

[A lady of Toronto called on The World on Saturday and said: "If Sir John dies we ought to perpetuate his memory and his patriotism, in the way that Disraeli is sure to do the Primrose League." The great Englishman died when the primroses were in bloom: Sir John's spirit was released amid the odor of the lilac blossoms.]

He died when lilacs were in bloom,
Their odor floated through the room,
They'll scent the air above his tomb
Forever.

Oh, sweetest shrub of all the earth,
For us thou hast a second birth,
We'll wear thee o'er the world's round girth,
Forever.

As time rolls back this fateful day
Thy blooms upon our hearts we'll lay
From the Peaceful Sea to Fundy's bay,
Forever.

Thy petals shall a symbol be
Of genius linked to destiny,
That made our borders wide and free
Forever.

J. A. E.

TTAWA, June 6, 10.25 a.m.—Sir John Macdonald is dead.

OTTAWA, June 6.—At 6.50 Sir John was still alive but that was all could be said. He has been perfectly unconscious since midnight, but a flicker of life remains. Nurse Stewart, who had long experience in English hospitals, never saw such a case. Members of cabinet had long meeting to-day. Ministers Dewdney, Bowell, Tupper and Costigan afterwards called at Ernscliffe for the last report. Government business, it is needless to say, is at a standstill. The action of the heart was so feeble at times during the day that Sir John was believe to be dead. Once this morning the family gathered under the impression that the end had come.

The Story of the Day.

OTTAWA, June 6.—At 5.30 Sir John was in the same condition apparently as at midnight, except that respiration had fallen from 54 to 44 or 48. Impossible to say how much longer he will last, but attendants believe several hours. No attempt made to give nourishment since midnight.

ERNSCLIFFE, 5.30 a.m.—Sir John still alive. He has taken no nourishment since 1 last night. Is unconscious. Respiration decreased from 54 to 48.

ERNSCLIFFE, 6.30 a.m.—Sir John Macdonald is still alive. More cannot be said.

R. W. POWELL, M.D.

ERNSCLIFFE, 4.30 p.m.—Sir John Macdonald has laid in a comatose condition all day. No attempt has been made to administer nourishment since 1 this morning. It is impossible for anyone to say how long he may live. Heart failure may occur at any moment.

Sir John's Resisting Power.

Sir John must have had a phenomenal amount of reserve or resisting power stored in his system when the stroke came on Friday nine days ago, or the doctors grievously mis-diagnosed his case and condition. They gave him up on Friday—he could not live a day, and every day since it has been the same.

This last Friday they gave him up for hours, and all Saturday it was but a care of minutes. Yet he lasted out the day. We believe he was possessed of a wonderful amount of reserve force and this is what kept him alive so long. With the average man the stroke comes and it is then a matter of resistance—with most of minutes or of hours. Sir John has held out for days. And this all the more remarkable when it is remarked that he took little but milk for the two weeks previous to the stroke.

THE BATTLE WITH DEATH.

The Progress of Sir John's Case Since His Attack.

FRIDAY, May 30.—At 4.15 to-day while Dr. Powell his medical attendant, was conversing with the Premier he was stricken with paralysis. At 10.30 Dr. Powell issued a bulletin pronouncing his case quite hopeless.

SATURDAY, May 31.—Twenty-four hours had made no change in the Premier's condition. He was still alive and that was about all that could be said.

SUNDAY, June 1.—With the dawning of the loveliest month in all the year there was a manifest weakening of the vital powers. He passed a quiet day, however, and although there was no marked alteration in his general symptoms he appeared to relish his nourishment and swallowed more easily at midnight.

MONDAY, June 1.—The doctors' bulletins were less hopeful to-day, and few there were who believed that he would live until dawn.

TUESDAY, June 2.—The fact that Sir John passed the night compositly and comfortably served to dispel the gloom which had hovered over the capital the preceding four days, and the amazing vitality manifested by the Premier led to the belief being entertained that he might yet conquer death, but the physicians' bulletins issued later in the day which told of periods of great prostration and extreme heart weakness

WEDNESDAY, June 3.—"He is sinking sinking," said the physicians, "and not likely to live another day. Not one man in a thousand of his age would have lived so long. His vitality is marvellous."

THURSDAY, June 4.—The Premier's condition to-day was actually better than yesterday, and the paralysis seemed to have relaxed somewhat. People took a more encouraging view of the case from the nature of the bulletin issued, but in this they were unwarranted, the physicians at midnight pronouncing him weaker than at any time since his illness.

FRIDAY, June 5.—The increased heart weakness showed the physicians early in the day that the end was only a question of a few hours at the most, and at sundown the issuing of bulletins was discontinued. Nothing remained but to waif calmly for the end, which could not long be delayed now.

SATURDAY, June 6.—At 1 o'clock this morning the attending physicians announced that it would be a miracle if Sir John lived until dawn. Daylight found him still alive with death liable to occur at any moment. So the dying man passed the hours until sunset.

Sir John's Genealogy.

Mr. R. W. Phipps of this city will tell you that Sir John Macdonald is the last of the Stuarts if the genealogy could be traced, and finds in that fact a ready explanation of a great many things. He asks you to study the features of that ill-fated family, and that in them many of the prominent characters of Sir John's face will be discovered. However this may be, it appears certain that the correspondent of The World who said that Sir John's father was a sergeant in the 93rd Highlanders is mistaken. Hugh Macdonald, the father of the Premier, was a farmer in the parish of Dornoch, Sutherlandshire. The farm on which he lived was, along with others, converted into a deer forest. Mr. Macdonald went to Glasgow and subsequently to America. The future statesman was born in Glasgow and it was in his fifth year that his family sailed for America. His mother was a Miss Shaw, a lady of good family, from which the inference may be drawn that Mr. Macdonald himself was a man of higher rank in life than that of a common soldier. A sister of Miss Shaw was married to Capt. Alexander Clark and one of the daughters of this couple, Maria Clark, accompanied the Macdonald family to Canada. When young John Alexander had grown to man's estate he paid a visit to Scotland and there met Miss Maria's sister and his own cousin, Miss Isabella Clark. This young lady came out to pay her sister a visit and the two cousins fell violently in love. They were married. She died in 1857 and was buried at Kingston. Miss Maria Clark, Sir John's other cousin, married Lowther Macpherson and is still a resident of Kingston. Her son, Col. J. Pennington Macpherson, is in the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and was long Colonel of the Governor-General's Foot Guards.

Interest in the Case.

Never before, we believe, in the history of Canada were the eyes of thewhole people fixed upon the deathbed of any man with such anxious solicitude as that with which they have been for over a week fixed upon that at Earnscliffe. Everyone who knew anything of the national feeling of the Dominion knew that by far the most influential man in public life, for many years past, has been Sir John Macdonald. It has long been a common-place of Canadian politics that so long as the veteran Premier was alive and in the full possession of his powers, the political course of the country would be shaped in accordance with his views and wishes. However widely different persons occupying different party standpoints might vary in their conceptions of the secret sources of his power, in regard to the reality of that power all were agreed. But notwithstanding all this, the events of the last few days have exhibited the influence of the stricken Chieftain in a new phase, for which it is doubtful if either friends or opponents were fully prepared. Even the intense solicitude of which we have spoken has been overborne and almost swallowed up, so far at least as an astonishingly large proportion of the people are concerned, by a still stronger feeling—one closely akin to the grief which follows the loss of personal affection. It is now seen that the Premier had a hold not only upon the popular intellect and imagination, but upon the popular heart, to a degree which few, probably, had believed or imagined. This fact shows that there must have been in the man, as distinct from the politician, depths of genuine feeling and sympathy, of the existence of which many would have been a week ago incredulous.

Sir John A. Macdonald.

[John Hague in The Canadian Journal of Commerce.]

The greatest, as it will ever be regarded as the saddest incident in Canadian history since Confederation will be the death of its author, its chief guide, sustainer and developer, in the person of Sir John A. Macdonald, Canada's most loved, most devoted, most brilliant son. Problems highly complicated, some most perplexing others touched with an element of danger to our future, so needed his experience, tact, and wisdom to solve that the nation is awed and distressed at the captain's removal, when the vessel of State so urgently requires his hand at the helm. But happily for mankind no one man is an essential necessity for institutions, or nations, hence the folly, or worse, of those who are seeking out of the affliction of a great leader to create distrust and alarm as to our financial affairs at a time when every effort should be made to keep up the confidence and renew the hopeful energies of the country. As with a giant of the forest the source of its strength is in the soil, so is it with a hero statesman, however magnificent his mental gifts, he would be stunted and dwarfed but for the rich life he draws from popular convictions and sympathy. When Sir John is dead, the people will live, and woe betide the man who dares to presume on the leader's fall to cozen them out of their rights as an independent nationality, or seeks to seduce them into any form of subjection to an alien yoke.

Not since the death of Fox has a statesman been called hence amidst such universal lamentations, but the mourning for Sir John will be wider and deeper than shadowed England when Fox died. The grief of his friends and his party, the terms are indeed synonymous, will be the common grief of all the land, indeed of all that world wide Empire which he has done so much to consolidate, unify and guide into constitutional liberty. To others with amplor space at command we leave the task of reciting his life, who should he survive, never more will command the attention of listening Senates. Save indeed for usage and the promptings of affection, gratitude, and pride no recital of Sir John's life story is needed. His history is that of his country, whose annals will ever be the sacred shrine of his memory as a patriot and a statesman.

One chief source of Sir John's power and popularity was his intense humanity. His very weaknesses, added to his strength, they were the reverse side of his virtues and his gifts, and men without either side alone remember his faults in this dread crisis. Thousands are now recalling his jaunty step, the smile ever waiting on his mobile lips, the quick, half waggish twinkle of his kindly eye, and through their tears as they think of his prostration and silence, can see him in their mind's eye passing about amongst his fellow men, tossing his characteristic nod of greeting with charming friendliness alike to comrade and foe; a man born to be beloved and to rule. As we close up this week's issue the door of hope is shut by his physicians—they limit his life to hours. Watered by a nation's tears will be his grave. No storied urn or animated bust will be needed to remind future generations of Canadians of the venerated father of their country. Should stranger ever ask for his monument no pompous structure in granite or marble need be shown, but only Canada, for from Gaspe to the Pacific every province will be his living, his enduring memorial.

Trusses for the Hot Season.

I offer a Truss which is waterproof, never even touches your hips. Requires no straps, and positively safe, will hold any rupture. Also largest stock of hard rubber, celluloid and spring trusses, 119 varieties. Suspensories in 54 varieties. The only shoulder brace which presses shoulder blade and does not cut under arms. Patented. Prices down Only one price house. Charles Clothe Surgical Machinist, 134 King-st. W., Toronto.

Sir John Macdonald's Death.

Sir John Macdonald, the First Man of this continent, is no more.

But the country still lives and Canada while mourning the loss of her most distinguished son takes a new and more glorious conception of her future, of her responsibilities, of her hopes.

Sir John, if he has been called suddenly and in the midst of somewhat troublous times, has completed his work and his era, and his departure is but the signal for the opening and development of a new and more splendid one. The history of nations is one of eras or stages, marked by the appearance of one or more masterful men in each; these eras or stages change and so do the men who mark them, but the nation itself marches on as new men arise and depart in their order.

Sir John marks the era of the foundation and establishment of the Dominion of Canada.

But the work of superstructure remains to other hands. Well it is for them that the foundations have been laid so well.

No other hand could have succeeded in this task like did he who has just withdrawn from the scene.

He was the prop of his party, constituted as it was. But that party does not necessarily collapse with its chief. The party can reconstitute itself, or it can give way to a new one. But it will never make way for a party that has no faith in Canada, or that is prepared to surrender our nationality to a foreign one. The Conservative party without Sir John is still the hope of the country, and Canadians look to it for the continuation of the work of national development. Not for one moment will the Party of Despair be trusted.

Sir John's departure will see the rise, after a short interregnum, of the New National Party of Canada, of a party that believes in Canada first, last and always, that believes in an alliance with the Mother Country, but with the supreme right to manage our own affairs and regulate our own constitution, of a party that believes as its fundamental principle that there is room on this North American continent for a second great English-speaking power, governed on British constitutional principles and destined to be a leading torch-bearer in the march of civilization and progress.

We have no desire at this moment to make deliverance of a summing up of Sir John Macdonald's character other than this, that he was a politician more than a statesman, and as a politician he had no living superior. The age of newspapers has come as a blight on the crop of statesmen. They no longer lead the public; the press leads the people, and from the press the politicians draw the inspiration of their conduct. Sir John was a man wholy given to the politicians' craft. He knew men like he knew himself, and when he did not rule them he circumvented them so that they were powerless to hurt him.

The death of Sir John Macdonald will create a profound impression throughout the English-speaking world and will attract the deepest interest in that section of the British Empire which produced so marked a man. Englishmen will think more of Canada than ever, and Canadians will think more of themselves, and neither will countenance in the slightest degree the mispolicy that declares that Canada is without hope and without a future. Sir John's departure is the beginning of Canada's real greatness.

Sir John A. Macdonald.

No day of June than this has e'er been brighter,
And yet its sky was hard;
For death had sought and found that grand old fighter,
The Captain of the Guard.

Before him lies a bright and grand to-morrow,
Behind—a glorious past:
Let no man weep or show a sign of sorrow,
He battled to the last.

The scourge of rebels and the dread of traitors,
Has met the only foe
Could harm this grand old prince of gladiators,
And lay the warrior low.

He led his country, all her foes defying,
Along the shining track:
And fighting for her fell in battle—dying,
His harness on his back.

He stood apart, aloft, with front defiant,
Challenging tongue and pen;
He strode across the land a mail-clad giant,
'Mid lilliputian men.

Tho' death of him we loved so well bereft us,
He cannot take the name:
Our champion friend and guide hath left us
His heritage of Fame.

He propped a nation on a single shoulder,
A great historic throne;
He bore it safe o'er treacherous bog and boulder,
And bore it all alone.

'Twas his right hand that laid our sure foundation,
His will was never bent;
From shore to shore a great and mighty nation
Shall be his monument.

Half mast the flag—on ship and fort and steeple
And let the reluctant drum
n muffled accents tell a stricken people
Their hour of tears has come. —The Khan.

The Committee Will Not be Slain.

Ald. Hewitt, chairman of the special Committee on Ashbridge Bay, has reconsidered his determination to seek the disbandment of that body as he announced in Friday night's Council meeting. The Committee has been called for next Tuesday, when the Engineer will probably be on deck in accordance with the expressed order of the Council.

ABOUT THE CITY.

When I walk down Church-street and turn into Adelaide-street I say to myself the post-office is the weight that holds up the value of property east of Yonge-street, notwithstanding the steady flight of business concerns to the other side of that thoroughfare. And then I say if the postoffice, too, should cross Yonge what would be the result? And I began to ponder it all over, and I came to the conclusion that it would make no great difference even if it did, for it is a great and undeniable fact that the city east of Yonge has grown steadily and rapidly for years and never so rapidly as now. Over the Don, clear down to East Toronto village and Scarboro Heights, there is a remarkable development, and two new suburbs are under way, Scarboro Junction and Bellamy. The Don Improvement and Asbridge's Bay Improvement, the completion of the Don River drives and the Don Park will add to the attractions of the East End. An improved surburban train service, and the opening of the Belt Line will all make headway for the city east of Yonge-street, and always leave an active business centre east of that street. Queen-street east is always improving.

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And it may be that some day soon the post-office will go further west and south, perhaps quite near the new Union Station. Certainly the officials of that institution hold the opinion that it would be a public convenience. The post-office is no longer a resort for people. The post-office now goes to the people. What with branch post offices and letter carriers, and sheet boxes, and stamp depots, no one hardly needs to go to the head of Toronto-street.

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Speaking of branch postoffices, there ought to be more of them, especially in the business quarters. Why not one at the corner of King and York, Yonge and Queen, for the issue of and cashing of money orders and the like. Business men would appreciate it.

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But there is another postal improvement that I would like to suggest to the Postmaster-General, the erection of the whole Township of York into the metropolitan postal district of Toronto, with a letter delivery throughout it, a central management in the Toronto office and a whole net-work of district postoffices like the holes in a pepper box. As things now are one may post two letters in Toronto, one for West Toronto Junction, and one for Montreal, and have the latter earlier received by the addressed than the former.

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And now to come back to property, I am glad to see that West Toronto Junction is taking on a new boom, that central city property is more than holding its own, and that with the improvement in the money market (London), which is near at hand, relief will come to those who feel the pressure of over-investment in real estate in and about Toronto.

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A Pointer.

Keen old Dutch John Jacob
Followed out one clear-cut plan
And described it in a saying—
Good advice for any man;
Here his words are to a dot,
"Buy de farm and sell de lot."

Well be knew increasing number
In big cities must have room;
Well he knew that with their coming
"Acre land" would take a boom;
Well he knew to take the pot,
"Buy de farm and sell de lot."

Jake is dead, but Astor millions
Are increasing year by year:
This, my friend, is just a pointer
By that pointer you can steer.
See how others rich have got—
"Buy de farm and sell de lot."

Choose a sound and growing city
Buy outside its utmost line;
You'll be worth a million dollars
When you wake some morning fine;
Others will if you do not—
"Buy de farm and sell de lot."

THE POSTMAN.

Told About Town.

The new voters' lists will be ready on Monday.

The Journeyman Tailors' Union want the city to run the street railway system.

Up to noon on Saturday 15 tenders had been received for the construction of stations and freight sheds on the Belt Line Railroad.

A little boy named Edward Lavin, residing at 102 Ontario-street, was knocked down by street car horses in Sherbourne-street this morning and seriously injured.

The master and journeyman plasterers have come to an amicable arrangement on the apprenticeship question and there will in consequence be no lockout.

Mr. Thomas Charlton of 50 Stafford-street, who took part in suppressing the Mackenzie rebellion, died last night at the ripe age of 80. He had been a resident of Toronto for 50 years.

Ald. Phillips was given a building permit to-day for the erection of a warehouse on Richmond-street, east of Church, to cost $15,000. The College of Pharmacy also secured a permit for a 3-story brick addition to the college to cost $19,000.

To-morrow is to be a grand day in St. Michael's Cathedral. The services commence at 10.30, Bishop McQuaid of Rochester preaching the sermon. It is expected that fully half a dozen archbishops and bishops will be present.

A party of Norwegian emigrants passed through the city this morning for the west on the G.T.R. While en route to Toronto one of the women gave birth to a bouncing baby boy. The Pullman car passengers made up a purse of $15 to help the new arrival along.

The Queen's Bench Divisional Court this morning granted a new trial in the case of Cobban Manufacturing Company v. the C.P.R., dismissing the railway company's motion to bar the plaintiff's application for a re-opening of the suit. The sum at issue is $1500, the value of glass shipped to plaintiff's and destroyed en route.

Going on Rapidly.

Preparations for the big teachers' convention are going on apace. The executive committee of the Canadian Association met this morning with School Inspector Hughes in the chair. The committee decided to give a promenade concert on July 16, and to engage a band for the afternoons and evenings of the three days set apart for the exhibition of school work. The Granite Rink is to be fitted up at an expense of $700, and J. T. Slater and R. W. Doan were appointed auditors of the committee's accounts.

Dropped Dead.

OTTAWA, June 6.—Mrs. Joseph Trepannier, who lives at the Chaudiere, dropped dead this morning in front of the Grand Union Hotel at 10 o'clock. Heart disease was the cause.

A Bad Showing for May.

The returns of the Medical Health Department for May last, in the matter of contagious diseases, make a bad showing. There were reported during that period, 15 cases of typhoid, 45 of diphtheria, and 16 of scarlet fever, a decided increase, in so far as diphtheria is concerned. For the week ending to-day, there were reported 5 cases of typhoid, 19 cases of diphtheria, and 7 of scarlet fever. The World asked Dr. Allen the reason for the increase in diphtheria, and was told that so long as privy pits were allowed in the city of Toronto, so long would diphtheria, and other similar diseases continue in its limits. "You cannot stamp them out," said the Doctor, "when each house where the disease is found, is cursed with one of these cesspools."

RED MEN AT ROSEDALE.

ST. REGIS INDIANS SCALPED BY TORONTO LACROSSISTS.

A Big Crowd Sees a Closely Contested Match Between Paul Lorimer's Men and the Local Cracks—The White Men are too Many for the Indian Brothers, and Won by 3 Games to Two.

Game.	Winner.	Scorer.	Time.
1st	Toronto	G. Cheyne	17 min.
2nd	St. Regis	John Cook	7½ "
3rd	Toronto	Wheeler	36 "
4th	St. Regis	John Cook	19 "
5th	Toronto	Wheeler	34 "

A crowd of about 3000, the majority of whom were prettily attired good-looking ladies, went up to Rosedale this afternoon to see Paul Lorimer's St. Regis Indians make their first appearance here this year.

"It is our first game this year," exclaimed the veteran Lorimer, "but we have practised steadily, will play a good game and of course expect to win."

Notwithstanding Old Probs' declaration to the contrary the weather was fine. Old Sol shone out beautifully and the air was pleasantly cool.

The game as an exhibition of lacrosse was not particularly brilliant, there was much muffing on both sides. Goals were scored alternately all at the south end. Toronto got the first and was never behind winning by three games to two. The Indians were on the ground early and indulged in a good half-hour's practise.

The teams lined out this way:

St. Regis.		Toronto.
A. Cook	Goal	Martin.
Ross Cook	Point	R. Cheyne.
F. Garrow	Cover	Garvin.
L. Thomas	Defence Field	F. Carmichael.
N. Diun		Boyd.
Pete Square		Langley.
Sol Angus	Centre	Keith.
Mike Bero		Dixon.
L. Barrow	Home Field	G. Cheyne.
Angus Latour		Burns.
John Cook	Inside	Walker.
John Paul	Outside	Wheeler.
Paul Lorimer	Captain	Geo. Irving.
H. P. Davies	Umpire	H. P. Davies.

Referee—J. D. Bailey.

Toronto Gets First Blood.

Sharp on time Keith and Sol Angus knelt for the face. The Toronto man scooped back to young Langley, who ran around the red skins, and took a shot which went wide. Ross Cook secured and threw down to Martin's end.

"Whoo! whoo—a!" yelled the Indians as John Paul aimed at goal. The shot went wide and the big game was well under way. The play was of the give and take order and Lorimer's lads had by no means the worst of it.

Some marvelously pretty close team play by St. Regis home brought out applause, but the delay was dangerous and the opportunity was lost. The ball traveled speedily from end to end, Dixon and Boyd distinguishing themselves, and finally Walker, who took a shot but missed. Then Garrow made a splendid shot and missed again. A long throw by Langley came next. Keith secured and threw at goal where from a scrimmage George Cheyne rushed through and scored first game for the Torontos.

The Indians Equalize the Score.

Toronto again won the face and Dixon threw on goal. The Indians were pressed at the start of this game and grew excited.

"Chee-aga-aga", yelled Diun, and a quartet of defence men as the Torontos sent in several early shots. Ross Cook gave an exhibition of spurting and was cheered as he showed Burns his heels in a sprint race down the field. L. Thomas secured the ball from a scrimmage near St. Regis' goal, ran away from the lot, dropped neatly in goal, when John Cook shot through, tallying for the redmen and equalizing the score.

Toronto Ahead 2 to 1.

For a third time the Toronto centre won the face, and St. Regis was first pressed. Except for a single excursion to Martin's goal the ball lingered with the redmen the opening ten minutes. Pete Square picked up the rubber at the fence, passed to Cook, who was uncovered and in front of goal. He had the easiest chance imaginable and made the worst possible shot. A moment later Barron had a chance and nearly threw over the fence. The redmen later John Paul had a good opportunity but simply lofted to Martin. Boyd and Keith did some useful work. Langley also showed up well in the game. Langley raised a lengthy siege by picking up swinging from the crowd of redskins encroaching on Toronto's goal and running down the field. He transferred to Walker, who made another fruitless shot. The ball went up and soon came back, when Dixon took a shot at long range that stopped in front and Wheeler scored Toronto's second goal and put them again ahead.

The Indians Score the Fourth.

This game was on the whole very loosely played. Neither home appeared able to shoot accurately at the outset. Big Ross Cook did some good work on the defence. Fred Dixon tried a couple of times but went wide. He sent in a hot one at the angle that many averred went through, but Harry Davies didn't see it. Garrow and Wheeler amused the crowd as they hugged each other, but disengaged without any scalping. From a face after the ball had gone under the fence at the club house, St. Regis sent the ball down and John Cook scored their second goal, and again the tally was even.

The fifth game showed much better play than the fourth. Dixon and Boyd did some dodging and throwing. But the players of both sides did not exert themselves unduly as would be expected when the score stood a tie. The Redskins had a good opportunity but procrastination again was fatal. A moment later the Indians corralled Toronto's goal in great shape and a point appeared unavoidable when Paul Carmichael was cheered for a clever throw off.

For very mild cross checking on the part of Garvin and John Cook, Referee Bailey ruled both off. Martin missed behind the flags, but Carmichael robbed an opponent and threw down. Wheeler soon secured, and from the side shot the Torontos' third and winning point was secured. The time was up and Torontos had won by 3 goals to 2.

C. S. A. CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Athletics Defeated the Olympics of Milton by 4 Games to 1.

The first match of the Central District C. L. A. was played on the Exhibition grounds between the Olympics of Milton and the Athletics of this city.

The rubber moved around pretty lively in the first game, but no exceptionally brilliant play was noticed on either sides. After it had hovered in dangerous proximity to the Milton goal-keeper for some minutes, Anderson made the lucky shot and scored the first game for the Athletics. Time: 21 min.

The second and third games were repetitions of the first, the former was scored by McQuillan—time: 15 min., and the latter by Anderson—time: 12 min.

After the third game the Olympics held a consultation. They made several changes in the position of their men, and went in to win, and scored in 20 minutes: Wilson doing the needful. The Olympics were not in the next game, and after eight minutes play, Martin scored the game for the Athletics.

The home team thus won the match by 4 goals to one. This gives them the start in the district, and judging from their play to-day they ought to come out near the top.

Olympics (1): Hannant, goal; Burrows, Mitchell, Ford, Lindsay, Dewar, Modeland, Wilson, Smith, Manes, Brush and Statham. Captain, J. Dewar.

Athletics (4): Spain, goal; Dougherty, W. Hartley, D. Hartley, Beifry, Todd, McIlroy, Wilson, McQuillan, Jackson, Martin, Anderson. Field captain, Kendall.

Referee—Boyd.

Cornwall and Ottawa Victorious.

The first matches in the new four-club league were played to-day at Montreal, when an Ottawa man was hurt. There was a free fight on the field, and Duggan and Tommy Crown were ruled off. The result at Cornwall was close, and resulted as follows:

Game.	Won by.	Time.
1st	Capitals	8½ min.
2nd	Capitals	4 "
3rd	Cornwall	14 "
4th	Cornwall	14 "
5th	Cornwall	10 "

At Montreal the Ottawas had matter well their own way after the first game. Result:

Game.	Won By.	Time.
1st	Shamrocks	11½ min
2nd	Ottawa	29 min
3rd	Ottawa	9 min
4th	Ottawa	8½ min
5th	Ottawa	7 min

CYCLING AT ROSEDALE.

Wells and Nash Meet—Fred Foster Was Too Heavily Handicapped.

The bicycle races at Rosedale this afternoon, participated in by members of the Wanderers' Club, were brought on promptly between games and were very interesting. The results were:

Mile handicap:

Sam Pearsall (100 yds.)	1
J. H. Gerry (60 yds.)	2
Fred Foster (scratch)	3
W. J. Darby (75 yds.)	0

Time—3.07.

The big handicap of 100 yards was too much for Foster, and the men did not change places except that Darby quit on the second round. Pearsall was not pushed and won without much exertion.

Mile match race:

J. H. Nash (pneumatic tire)	1
G. M. Wells (Comet)	2

Time 3.06.

Wells took the lead at the start and had about 10 yards to the good on the first round, but the pair were going slow. Nash came up on the second round, when the pace grew hotter. At the half on the last round Nash passed and won as he liked, Wells slowing up.

FOOTBALL IN BERLIN.

Toronto League's Eleven Defeats the West for the Caledonian Cup.

BERLIN, June 6.—The Association football match here to-day between the Toronto League and Western Association elevens for the Caledonian Cup resulted in a victory for Toronto by four goals to two. The match was one of the best ever played in Canada.

Toronto scored three times in the first half and one in the second. Watty Thompson, Norman and Buckingham came to Berlin secured one point in each half, Gibson getting both. The feature of the match was the most brilliant run ever seen in Canada, by Thomson from goal to goal and through. Toronto boys are feeling very happy.

Ottawa's Accurate Kickers.

OTTAWA, June 6.—The football match here to-day between Ottawa and Valleyfield was won by Ottawa by 8 goals to none.

East Toronto v. Rosedale.

The game between these clubs was particularly exciting and ended in a draw, somewhat in favor of East Toronto. The batting of G. B. Smith and Awty on one side and that of F. Martin and Lyon was clean and effective. Here is the score:

EAST TORONTO.

Harrison, run out	6
Penthard, b J. E. Martin	6
Awty, b J. E. Martin	26
Streetor, c Anderson, b Forester	0
Adams, run out	0
G. B. Smith, b Bowbanks	31
G. H. Smith, c Lyon, b Bowbanks	4
Vandyke, b Bowbanks	5
Ed. Smith, b F. Martin	0
Jordon, not out	0
Chandler, b F. Martin	2
Extras	3
Total	91

ROSEDALE.

Ledger, c Harrison, b Ed. Smith	2
F. Martin, c Penthand, b Ed. Smith	17
Clement, c G. B. Smith, b Harrison	1
Lyon, b Harrison	12
Bowbanks, c Ed. Smith, b Awty	5
Anderson, not out	5
Forester, c Streetor, b Awty	4
Howard, b Harrison	6
Martin, J. E., b Streetor	4
Stark, Ross } Did not bat	0
Extras	5
Total	65

East Torontos-Wanderers.

The East Torontos won easily from the Wanderers, on a stubble-field away out in the unknown region north of Toronto city. Here is the score:

WANDERERS.

Grant, b Smith	3
Burnett, c Leonard, b Smith	2
Chown, b Smith	2
Oakley, b England	4
Cox, c Tilman, b Smith	1
McIlvaney, c Mayor, b Smith	5
Brydon, c Smith, b England	0
Snook, c and b England	0
Jones, not out	0
Green, b England	0
Extras	6
	22

EAST TORONTO.

England, b Cook	4
Hollis, not out	28
Smith, F., c and b Burrell	23
Mayor, not out	3
Extras	4
Total	62

Riverdale v. Ben Lamond.

Here was a cricket match that was considered lost to Riverdale, but thanks to the fine batting of G. M. O'Leary and D. Thomson they won easily for the loss of but three wickets. Monteith and Thompson batted well for Ben Lamond.

BEN LAMOND.

Sterling, b Thompson	2
Moore, c Freeman, b Thomson	4
Parker, b Oldfield	1
Webster, b Oldfield	0
Monteith, c O'Leary, b Abbey	37
Emmerton, b Oldfield	0
Shaw, b Thomson	0
Creighton, b Thomson	0
Thompson, b Thomson	11
Pouley, not out	0
Mason, b Thomson	0
Extras	0
	58

RIVERDALE.

Thompson, W., c Parker, b Creighton	12
Oldfield, c and b Creighton	1
Abbey, b Creighton	17
O'Leary, not out	32
Thompson, D., not out	32
Extras	2
	87

Toronto League Games.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Beavers	3	1	0	0	1	1	2	1	0	—8
Diamodds	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Arctics	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Dauntless	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—1

The Central Press defeated the National Electro and Stereotyping Co. by a score of 21 to 19. Feature of the game was Chilton's play in centre field.

The "Senior Amateur League Game at Island Park resulted:

Nationals	8
Maple Leafs	5

Batteries: Thompson—Brown; Powers—Bates. Umpire, Mackrell.

GALT, June 6.—The game here to-day resulted:

	R.	B.	H.	E.
Galt	15	5	2	
Parkdale Beavers	2	4	12	

Batteries: Cockman—Landers, McKeown—Prentice.

First Race,—1¼ miles—Eon (7 to 1) 1; Tristan (4 to 5) 2; Tournament (8 to 1) 3. Time—205¼.

Sixth Race,—⅞ miles—Taviston (5 to 2) won; Aaab (4 to 1) 2; Kampland (3 to 1) 3. Time—1.37¼.

In the National and American.

National League: Cleveland 7, Boston 3
Philadelphia 3, Pittsburg 2, twelve innings;
New York 4, Cincinnati 0; Chicago 2, Brooklyn 6.
Columbus 6 Athletics 3; Baltimore 7, Louisville 3; St. Louis 11, Boston 10, ten innings.

Baseball Matches.

In the Junior League match the Wilmots were beaten by the Atlantics on the grounds of the latter. Score 20 to 14. Batteries—Fields-Macdonald-Morrison for Atlantics; Story-Strowger for Wilmots.

The Red Roses defeated the East End Diamonds by the following score:

		R.	H.	E.
Red Roses	2 4 14 0 1 6—	27	16	4
Diamonds	0 0 0 0 0 1—	1	3	10

Batteries — Spencer - Scudds, Hortney-Blackstone.

The Red Roses are open for challenges from clubs whose members are not over 17 years of age. Address S. Spencer, 58 Wyatt-avenue.

The Models defeated the Royal Oaks in a game of five innings. The Models played with seven men. The score:

		R.	H.	E.
Models	5 0 1 0 1—	7	8	5
Royal Oaks	1 1 2 0 2—	6	5	4

Battery for Models— Staneland-Morrison.

DUFFERIN PARK'S LAST DAY.

F. A. Campbell's Tauric Breaks a Leg—A Successful Close.

The last day of the June trotting meeting at Dufferin Park closed very successfuly there being a good crowd with a fair number of ladies present who seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The weather was all that could be wished for, the track in splendid condition and the finishes of the heats close enough to make it interesting.

In the first heat of the first race Tommy R. came in first, with Tommy O. second, but on account of breaks on the part of Tommy O. he was put third and Frank Taylor second. In the third heat Maggie May was withdrawn and the driver of Dick Smith was warned as to his driving. The fourth heat gave Tommy R. the race and first money, with Tommy O. second and Frank Taylor fourth money.

In the first heat of the second race all the horses but Gray Dan and Billy Doherty were distanced, leaving it between them, the first and second money, which Billy Doherty won quite handily.

The third race, the best race of the day (running), Fanny Carter led the field until near the finish, when Helen Leigh went ahead and came in winner, with Fanny Carter second. The second heat was also won by Helen Leigh, with Duchess second. In this heat F. A. Campell's horse Tauric broke his leg. The race went to Helen Leigh, with Duchess taking second money and Fanny Carter third.

The fourth race was an exhibition race against time, 2.35, by team Blackstone and Cyclone. The time was not beated. Summary:

First race, 2.50 class: purse $300.				
W. G. Rudd's (Toronto) b g Tommy R.				
Collins	3	1	1	1
Thomas Taylor's (Toronto) ch g Frank Taylor Brown	4	2	2	3
McConnell's (Toronto) br g Dick Smith	2	5	3	2
E. Harper's (Toronto) ch m Maggie May Fleming	5	dr		
H. Gerbett's (Wingham) ch g Tommy O., Garbett	1	3	4	4

Time—2.51½, 2.35½, 2.36, 2.37.

Second race, named race; purse $125.		

RAILROAD RHYMES.

Dinner-time at the Union Station.

There's the English dude, whose tight boots
make you think he has a bunion,
Who asks the waitress for "a steak rubbed
slightly with an onion."
There's the man whose hand is shaky and
who makes the waitress wrath,
By spilling all his turtle soup upon the table-
cloth.
There's the open-hearted Yankee, who always
tips a dollar.
There's the native poet cranky with long
hair and Byron collar.
There's the ancient, frightened spinster, who
fears she will be late,
Cannot move the brave conductor from the
meat upon his plate.
There's the rosy, brown-eyed maiden in
tailor-suit and shirt,
Whose heart's with mischief laden—she can
both eat and flirt.
There's the witty man who makes a boast
he'll work a laughter rare,
So writes "Canary-bird on Toast," upon the
bill of fare.
"There's something new in this entree," says
the guest who follows after,
"Canary-bird on Toast bring me"—and there
is a smothered laughter.

The Street Railway.

What to do with the street railway is the prime question before our citizens.

The main things to safeguard for the city are: (1) That the franchise remain in the city if at all possible; (2) that the city participate in the prospective increase in profits that must arise from the growth of population and the reduction in the cost of carrying passengers by the electrical system and the increased traffic which a more rapid and more frequent running of cars entails.

The city can secure all these by retaining the ownership of the road, provided it has a thoroughly effective administration.

But that an effective administration under aldermanic control is to be got is what many doubt.

Furthermore, the citizens have already voted against civic management. And it is just here that the trouble comes in and where a compromise suggests itself, namely, such a deal as the Kerr-Brock syndicate proposes.

By that deal the city retains ownership and is secured in 85 per cent. of the net earnings. These are the two main considerations.

What are the *operating expenses* which must be deducted from the *gross receipts* before the *net earnings* can be ascertained? is a question that can be answered and defined in the contract, which ought to be as stringent as the city's lawyers can make it. The main discussion, we imagine, will turn on this point.

But once this is settled, the way out of other alleged difficulties is easy.

Whether the city own and run the road, or sell it to the Kiely-Everett syndicate, or let the Kerr-Brock syndicate manage it the city will practically have to find the capital to run the road. If Mr. Kiely finds it he will charge the city for the use of it.

The growth of Toronto—the increased traffic which rapid and frequent transit ensures—the reduction in the cost of carrying passengers which the new system will give—these are facts which prove that the street car system will be a gold mine and therefore reasons why the city should have the bulk of the profits. The offer of the Kerr-Brock syndicate will best secure this to the citizens.

Girls' Boarding Houses.

Now that woman has got **safely—no,** thoroughly afloat among the bread-winners, the question comes forward, where shall she house? In many large cities there are young women's "homes", but these are never entered by the great army of teachers, bookkeepers, stenographers and clerks, for the homes are intended for those needing protection, and those just mentioned profess no such need. The military sway held over most of such places is incongenial to the independent female mind. A. T. Stewart once built a hotel in New York for working women, and it would have fulfilled its founder's intention as being useful only that it was saddled with all manner of restrictive rules and codes of deportment. Cats, pianos and birds were prohibited, and the public can see that this rule alone was enough to ruin an institution that depended for its patronage upon females of uncertified age. But the rule was inexorable and the institution failed. Some leading women in New York are now engineering a scheme for having erected a house containing 200 suites of rooms, some with a small kitchen included for light housekeeping. The ground floor will be occupied by shops and a restaurant and the second will be fitted up with rooms for transient guests, women in town for a few days shopping or sight-seeing. The building will cost about $400,000 on the scale intended. Another scheme is being warmly welcomed. The idea of it is, that the women who make the building is designed to serve are drawing sufficient salary to pay a fair price, but that in a boarding house they are forced to accept such furniture and decorations as the landlady may choose, and they have a natural repugnance to living alone in an ordinary flat. Girls like to work their own individuality into the adornment of the room they occupy and the boarding house is fatal to this wish. Suppose a girl with a fancy needle-work fad boards with a landlady who has the crochet and motto affliction, or an oil-painting girl boards with a steel-engraving landlady—or an upholstered chair girl boards with a cane-bottom landlady—in any of these cases the girl is bound to fret and injure her temper or remain good-natured and lose her decorative taste. There is little choice between these girls. Thus the proposal to put up this building and rent the rooms to the girls who can furnish them as they like, maintain as much privacy as they choose and have every honest liberty without let or hindrance.

In Toronto girls so far have little difficulty in securing homes in private families, which are or should be superior to this proposed New York institution even. But the truth dawns upon the public that this city every year sees an increasing army of girls securing rooms apart in buildings all over the city where they maintain a more or less desirable independence. This has but been the case in recent years, and the full meaning of the movement may be misinterpreted. Largely it is owing to a natural desire to escape the sometimes malicious and always vexatious surveillance of suspicious and meddling landladies. In time, the New York experiment proving a success, Toronto may on a smaller scale copy the venture.

The Heresy Case.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Detroit in vetoing the appointment of Dr. Briggs to the chair of theology in the Union Seminary did what the church everywhere must consider the proper thing. The Canada Presbyterian, however, touches the weak spot in the system when it says that the Church itself should have the power of appointment instead of the power of veto, useful as this may be. The General Assembly meeting but once a year, it might easily occur that a professor holding most revolutionary views on sacred things could be appointed by the seminary trustees to the chair of theology, and occupy it for months before the ponderous machinery of the veto could reach him. And no matter how quickly this veto is brought to bear upon the appointment of an unorthodox professor his heterodoxy attains a fame and a consequence it could acquire in no other way. This view, too, puts the best face on the matter by presuming that the veto is loyally submitted to by all concerned, so that the church or any connection of it may not seem to endorse vagrancy of faith. But in case of such a veto there is too often a breaking away, more or less serious, from the regular standard. It is not yet known whether the breach made by the Briggs case "will widen into a schism or dwindle into a personality."

Revising the Faith.

The proposed American revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith embodies no change so sweeping as to mollify those who so vigorously criticize it. To be sure the doctrine of infant damnation, inferentially taught in the original Confession, is dropped; to the unspeakable relief of the Christian world, but predestination remains much as before, with the same old free agency proviso tacked thereto. Already the unsympathetic mind i sregretting that when the doctrine was under repair it did not receive a touch which would make it to them appear more in conformity with divine probability and human logic. Outside of the Presbyterian Church it is regarded quite as impossible to exercise human free agency in conjunction with eternal predestination as it is physically impossible for an irresistible force to strike an immovable object. But the creeds are developing and widening and the general knowledge of them is increasing, and this greater knowledge often reconciles apparent contradiction.

A DAUGHTER OF MOTHER EVE.

VIVID PICTURE OF A RURAL LASSIE'S QUEER PLAY THING.

A Descendant of Our First Parent Who Inherits Her Taste for Snakes—Graphic Description of an Incident of Real Life—This is a Story that Will Thrill the Girls.

Stealthily, with the soft cautious tread of an animal when following its prey, down the path came a girl. Fifteen summers had touched that tousled head. Living the wild free life the backwoods compelled, she had thoughtlessly clung to her childish mode of dressing. As she moved slowly along, her eyes never for one second looked from the ground. Glancing quickly around, peering with a weird, horribly scrutinizing gaze under fallen branches and trees. Pausing, at times she would stand motionless, looking with unwinking steadiness at, sometimes a log, sometimes a pile of leaves that had whirled into some sheltering corner. Then with a scarcely perceptible shade of disappointment on her fixed, motionless face, she would move silently on. There was something so unhuman about her silent, stealthy actions that a shudder of fear passed over me. Had I been able to move my eyes from her I would have sought a place of concealment. I was so completely under the spell of that slowly advancing figure that I could not move.

On she came nearer and nearer. Who was she? What was she searching for? Would she raise those eyes and look at me with that piercing look? The thought of it caused the cold sweat to start from every pore. On, on, only four feet from where I stood! Ah! one of those pauses that only intensified the look of snake-like watchfulness. Her left hand grasped the folds of her skirt drawing it closely around her, as if to prevent the least rustle. Bending over, almost forming an angle, her little right hand closed, convulsively. Her lips drew tightly shut. Her eyes closed just a shade with the superhuman effort to see what her mind was in search of. Slowly, slowly, as if it too feared to cause the least vibration, passed a smile over that uncanny face. A smile triumphantly cunning. Those eyes had found what they had been looking for so untiringly. What was it? Quietly, with the appearance of constant practice, she brought herself down on one knee and hand. The other hand she reached out just touching the lower side of a moss-grown log.

Assuming rigidity, like an animal just before it seizes its victim, she waited. Half an hour passed! Would she never move? I looked from face to hand, from hand to where her eyes looked. A bee buzzed by me and sought for rest on that outstretched hand. Yet she never moved. A wiggling, creeping, thousand-legged worm dropped from the old log upon that little hand, and with its repulsive thousand legs hurried along her arm seeking for a hiding place, but not a nerve quivered. When the worm disappeared under her sleeve, I, with a shudder, looked back at the log. What was that?

A movement? Did those dry, dead leaves stir? Yes, but so slightly I could discern nothing. I, too, gazed at the log now. Five minutes passed. Again a leaf stirred, and from beneath peered two glittering bead-like eyes. They disappeared immediately, as if they saw danger. The silence was almost unbearable. Another five minutes passed. Holy saints! What was that? From underneath the leaves by the log, with a gliding, undulating movement slid the head and neck of a snake.

Down went the hand like the lightning. The small fingers closed firmly around the neck. With a slow, steady pull she drew from its hiding place the largest green snake I ever saw.

Sensations, now hot now cold ran up and down my back, as I saw that swaying, squirming reptile dangling from that tiny hand.

Springing to her feet, with a shout of childish laughter, all that horrible rigor gone, she twirled around and around, watching the shining green plaything with the utmost satisfaction. Catching it by the tail, and still retaining her hold of the neck, she tossed it coquettishly, as do our city girls their boas, around her neck.

With another peal of merry laughter she darted along the path fleet as a deer. I seemed to breathe for the first time since her appearance, and, hurrying in the direction she had taken, I soon came to a small rough house or shanty. Looking in through a diminutive window, which was partly covered by a tall thimble-berry bush, I saw the little snake-catcher. Lying on a small bed was a delicate, weary-looking girl watching the antics of the snake and its trainer. The snake made its way slowly around the room, evidently finding it difficult traveling on the smooth dry boards of the floor. When his snakeship went too slowly for our impetuous little friend, she, with a mischievous little chuckle, would draw her finger down its oily-looking back from head to tail, and once catching it up she formed a circle with her thumb and finger around it and drew it tenderly through her hand. This would cause it to renew its efforts to escape, to the delight of the children. The door opens. There appeared a spare-looking man, unmistakably an Irishman. Catching sight of the snake he stopped just at the door, while a look of great fear settled upon his good-natured face. He stood speechless for one minute. Then with a devout upward look, he quietly crossed himself.

"Howly Sint Patrick defind us from the divil that has taken possession of us body and sowl!" Waiting a moment, to see if help had come, he began: "Howly Sint Patrick banish him! If yez don't try yer hand here, I'll never belave yez banished them from ould Ireland!" The ludicrousness of the scene was too much for me. With one last look at the little fairy that had put the devil in possession of that humble home I hastened away. As I disappeared among the trees there floated out to me these words: "Howly Sint Patrick are yez comin'?"

NANCY NUGENT.

A Lumberman Maimed.

Robert Scott, a lumber inspector, while trying to get on a flat car in motion at North Bay on Thursday missed his footing and stepped on the rail. The car passed over his foot, crushing it to a pulp. Mr. Scott was brought to the city yesterday morning and taken to the hospital, where the injured member was amputated. Mr. Scott lives in Bradford.

A STORE WINDOW SCIENTIST.

MR. SMITH OF NASHUA DIAGNOSES THE CITY.

He Judges Men and Things From the Store Windows—Favorably Impressed with the City—Healthy Trade and Enterprising Merchants—A Great Future Ahead, but Caution Advisable.

"Not in at present," said the urbane clerk to The World's hotel man, who had just sent up his card to a visiting notable. Disappointed in what he hoped would have been a good interview, The World turned to depart when he was addressed by a little spare man with gold hook-over glasses, but having that in the look of his clean-shaven face which somehow suggested the pictures of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and other leaders in the Revolution era of American history.

"You are a newspaper man?" said the stranger.

Being answered in the affirmative he captured the reporter and conducted him to one of the leather-cushioned settees ranged along the wall. Being seated, he produced, with great deliberation, a silver-mounted card-case and handed an old-fashioned enamelled card, which bore the inscription:

SAYFLOWER SMITH,

NASHUA, N. H.

He offered his hand without a word and The World expressed his pleasure at the opportunity of meeting Mr. M. Smith of Nashua.

"I will give you an interview," said Mr. Smith.

He took off his pince-nez, folded it carefully and put it into his upper right-hand vest pocket, the manner of his movement indicating that he had chosen this pocket after mature deliberation and for reasons which he was prepared to expound and defend at any length.

"To which newspaper are you attached?" he asked, and being told, he shook hands again as if he considered the name of The World a particularly favorable introduction. It was evident that whatever his peculiarities, Mr. Smith of Nashua was a man of discernment.

"One of my ancestors came over on the Mayflower and thus I get my name. My people have all been New Englanders and have been so fortunate as to possess property. I received a thorough training in natural science. I believe in scientific methods, but I find that one great field of facts has been neglected. Supplying that deficiency I have developed a new branch of learning. I am a store window scientist."

He said this in an impressive way, and The World, desiring to show a polite appreciation, responded that this was very interesting.

A Window Mind-Reader.

"It is through science," the little man went on, "I look through your store windows into the very homes and hearts of your people. As an open book I read the past, the present and the future of our city. I have been here two weeks and in that time I have made careful studies of your business thoroughfares. From what I have seen I do not wonder that your people are so much in love with their city.

"Toronto is especially happy in this—it has few millionaires, and very few who are being millionaires, desire to pass as such. There is a notable absence (for a place of such size and pretensions) of store windows in which is made a vulgar display of articles desirable only because they happen to be expensive. Even in the greatest of your retail houses, where the wealthy go to do their trading, the goods are sound both in material and in design. The people who sell such goods are conservative business men, the people who buy them are possessed of good taste. To a man who has been accustomed all his life to cultured prosperity and who hates the vulgar display of the parvenu this is a most gratifying sign. On the other hand, a larger proportion of people here than in most large cities are earning a comfortable livelihood. Being accustomed to that state they live within their incomes and are content. Some of your stores, however, are making a display which they did not make a few years ago, and which is out of keeping with their business, as indicated by their general appearance. Some of your people are buying goods they cannot afford to pay for. This is not like Toronto, and I hope that the general good sense of the people will repress such ill-advised ostentation. Your workingmen are, as a rule, a thrifty class. That is shown by the condition of the stores in which they trade. There has been too great a rush for this business, however, as I can see by the over-expensive store windows in some cases and the vacant windows in others. Merchants find it too easy to get supplies. Your wholesale business in some respects needs to be toned up. You are in danger from the same general trouble that affects England, the New England States—all Anglo-Saxondom in fact—the influx of underpaid, under-cultured laborers. The presence of these people is indicated by the class of goods exposed for sale in some of your stores. You could hardly escape this evil or the demoralization that attends it. It is a comparatively small grievance with you yet, however, and you have the experience of the world to guide you in settling it.

Play Is a Good Thing.

"Your people do a good deal of playing. They have a good deal of fun. That is particularly evident now, I suppose, because of the opening of the summer holiday season. But it is a good thing to see that nearly everybody, from the workingman to the millionaire, calculates to have his summer outing. Your young men show a good healthy interest in sports. You are better in this respect than in the United States, where muscular training is too much a mere fad. Your boys are more like the English who have made outdoor sports their recreation through all past generations.

"Your women ought to be beautiful, for the windows indicate that they pay a great deal of attention to dress. Loud costumes seem to find little favor among them, however, and I should judge that they depend rather upon their own beauty of face and figure than upon the meretricious aid of vulgar display in costume. I judge that their complexions are generally their own, for the lotion maker seems to have no place in the city.

"Toronto has been more prosperous than it is now. You have covered too much ground, literally. The tendency must be for some time to build up the centre of the city rather than to push important business interests into the outskirts, although the latter class of property is all right in my opinion. The central development is now being done and it is a good sign. Though naturally a metropolis, the centre of a great wealthy country filled with free-minded and intelligent people, there is a necessary limit to the size attainable by such a place under present economic arrangements. The position of the city is good, its future is as well assured as the rising of to-morrow's sun. There is no reason for undue haste. If your people will keep the good qualities they have, not be led by emulation with other places to attempt to seize the shadows of rapid growth to the loss of substantial progress you will achieve the best results.

"Meantime the press can do a great deal by teaching the people to observe the shop windows, not as a matter of idle curiosity to see merely what they contain, but with the eyes of science. The study of the windows alone cannot reveal the condition of a city more than can any one symptom indicate to the doctor the exact condition of his patient. But properly studied in their due relation to other things, they are the most important aid in judging the history, character and the prospects of a people."

Killed by Lightning.

WINDSOR, June 6.—During the thunder storm yesterday a 14-year-old son of W. Franklin of Romney was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

FINANCES OF POPE LEO XIII.

The Channels Many in Which Peter's Pence must Flow.

The finances of the Vatican, according to well-founded reports, are not in as flourishing a condition as His Holiness might wish. For the first time in centuries the Pope has been obliged to institute measures of economy. He has appointed a commission of three cardinals to make at once a critical examination of the financial situation. They will determine where legitimate expenses can be reduced and what contributions may be discontinued. The annual outlay of the Papal court, even in these days of its comparative poverty, is large and exacting. Year by year, in fact the demands upon the Holy See seem to increase. The misery so general in Italy today and the national bankruptcy have augmented the extraordinary expenses. Besides Leo XIII. has not been idle. Moved by the desire to restore the former Papal glory and to add to the power of the church, he has established institutions in Rome and other Italian cities which require large sums of money. The crusade against slavery, in which His Holiness took an active part, has absorbed thousands of lire. Colleges, schools, missions, benevolent agencies, have been highly endowed. The consequences of this prodigal and liberal course have begun to manifest themselves and made measures of economy, for the present, necessary.

Although the drafts upon the treasury are large, no one fears that the Pope is in danger of bankruptcy. St. Peter's pence has become a permanent institution, and will be sufficient, with wise administration, for ordinary Papal needs. The annual income from this source varies between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 francs. France no longer sends the large contributions for which she was once distinguished. But the gifts through this channel from other countries more than counter-balance that loss. The United States alone sends annually $200,000. France stands next in the list of contributing nations; Belgium, Spain, Germany and Italy follow the two republics in the order named. In all probability an appeal to the Catholics throughout the world will be made to increase their gifts of St. Peter's pence. It is believed at least that that will be one recommendation of the committee of Cardinals.

The annual Papal budget for 1891 amounted to 7,160,000 lire, or $1,432,000, and was made up as follows:

	Lire.
For the private use of the Pope	500,000
For the Cardinals	480,000
For minor Dioceses	460,000
For the Prefects of the Apostolic Palaces	1,800,000
For the Secretaries of State	1,000,000
For education and the Papal Elemosinieria	1,900,000

As regards the first item, 500,000 lire are devoted annually to the maintenance of the papal household and to the discharge of personal obligations incurred by the sovereign of the church. In the latter category belong the numerous presents to sovereigns and the money necessary for the purchase of the insignia of orders conferred by the Pope. Such insignia, however, are purchased only in exceptional cases, for rulers of countries, celebrated statesmen or persons of high degree. Ordinarily, when the Pope honors a contemporary with a decoration, the announcement is accompanied by a "Figurino," representing the accompanying uniform. The recipient is at perfect liberty to purchase or dispense with the necessary lace and gold.

All cardinals in curia, that is, resident in Rome, receive an annual allowance from the Pope. The remaining princes of the church are either active archbishops or bishops, with their own sources of income. At the present time there are twenty-five cardinals in curia, whose minimum income is 20,000 lire. In consideration of the style in which they are obliged to live and of their representative duties, this sum is not large. Indeed, for some of them life is not particularly easy. Fortunately, however, others bring to wealthy and distinguished families who are able to add a greater or less amount to their incomes. Besides their stipulated salary, known as the "mensa cardinalizia," twelve of the cardinals fill additional offices at the Vatican, for which they receive special compensation. Among the enviable offices in the gift of the Pope are the Deanery of the Holy College, Messenger of the Breve, now the Cardinal Rampolla, and the General Vicar of His Holiness for Rome. These offices involve an expenditure averaging 60,000 and 100,000 lire. Several of the places, possibly for purposes of economy, are at present vacant.

Four hundred and sixty thousand lires are donated annually to the poor dioceses. These dioceses, chiefly Italian, are numerous. Priestly seminaries and non-endowed parishes also draw their means of support from the Vatican.

The yearly allotment to the secretaries of state is 1,000,000 lire. The nuncios of the first and second class, the internuncios, the apostolic delegations, and the extraordinary embassies sent abroad upon unusual missions are all paid from this fund. The salaries of the officials of the ministry are also charged to the same appropriation. At the present time the Vatican is represented by four nuncios of the first class, at Vienna, Paris, Madrid and Lisbon; two nuncios of the second class, at Munich and Brussels; two internuncios, at the Hague and Rio Janeiro, and three apostolic delegations. The first apostolic delegation is accredited to Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru, the second to the United States of Columbia, and the third to San Domingo, Hayti and Venezuela. Canada can was also formerly represented at Berne, Switzerland, by a nuncio, and in Chili and Costa Rica by apostolic delegations. These posts at present, however, are vacant.

In 1870, after the Italian troops marched into Rome by the Porta Pia, the majority of the Papal officials declined to enter the service of Italy. The Pope, of course, deprived of his temporal power, had no employment for the thousands of officials who had added brilliancy to his court. But many of them had been long in the service of the Vatican, and he did not wish to throw them upon their own resources. He determined to pension them, therefore, in order to provide for their support. The lapse of years has thinned their ranks. Many of them, like Pope Pius IX. himself, have been gathered to their fathers; others have departed from the Eternal City. Although in the first ten years after the establishment of the list the outlay was a heavy burden to the Pope, it has now been reduced to 1,500,000 lire. By the end of the first decade of the twentieth century few beneficiaries will remain to draw their pensions.

Although the appropriation mentioned above comprises the ordinary expenses of the Vatican, it by no means satisfies all of the demands made upon the Pope. The Pope, for instance, has been forced to give 500,000 lire for the third time to the Congregatio de Propaganda Fide. The numerous institutions of learning in Rome receive allowances from the same source, either for their own support or to assist them in the publication of important works. The radical and magnificent work on the Basilica of St. John involved an outlay of more than 5,000,000 lire. The restoration of the gate of the cloister of the same Basilica was also made possible by a liberal gift from the Papal treasury. Carpineto, the birthplace of Leo XII, owes to his munificence a great waterworks and a beautiful hospital, expensive though useful, monuments to their founder. What has been done in Perugia, the bishopric of the present Pope, all travelers know who have witnessed its beauties. The Popes have been rarely parsimonious.

Local Jottings.

Elizabeth Johnston, a young colored woman, was arrested this morning on a telegram from London, Ont., where she is wanted on a charge of stealing a silk dress.

The Police Magistrate on Monday will hear seven cases of dealers charged by License Inspector Awde with selling tobacco without a license.

R. Barron, 728 Yonge-street, has been summoned before the Police Magistrate by Building Inspector Cumming for erecting a wooden building in the rear of his premises in direct contravention of the fire bylaw.

John O'Connell and Peter Keilty, two boys, were given 15 and 60 days in jail respectively for stealing lead pipe from J. H. Boyle. Neither have friends in this country and are two of a contingent of kick-me-ups brought over from Liverpool by Rev. Father Sayden.

This morning Police Magistrate Denison sentenced a colored man named J. W. Sharpe to 60 days in jail for stealing lumber and a quantity of oats from Charles H. Edwards.

Richard Dance, 12 years old, described as an incorrigible newsboy, was this morning sent to the Mimico Industrial School by Judge Macdougall for five years.

THE EDITOR GETS A REST

FROM THE IMPORTUNATE ADVANCE AGENT.

A Little Gossip About Footlight Favorites in the Off Season—Minnie Palmer and John Rogers Kiss and Make Up—Mrs. Leslie Carter to Try Comic Opera—Lady Dunlo will Retire from the Stage.

Next week the only theatre open will be Robinson's Musee, as the traveling companies go in. The attractions at this popular place of amusement improve.

During the coming week in the lecture hall the strong feature will be the Rooster Orchestra. When this novelty was here a short time ago it was the talk of the town.

The Lucasies, a musical Madagascar family from the far-off island in the Indian Ocean, will be heard in choice muical selections.

The theatre program is a strong one. The well-known sketch artists, the Delanos, who played in this house a few weeks ago, will play a return engagement. Hubert La Marvine, a 5-year old wonder in songs and dances, will amuse old and young.

McDowall and Stevens, two new-comers, will doubtless prove a success with their songs, funny sayings and parodies. The Roger Brothers, clever German comedians, will contribute a great deal of the fun, and the Toronto favorite J. E. Black, the jegless man, who was here with the Gus Hill show, will display his wonderful dancing and kicking.

The Musee art gallery and menagerie will contain the usual features.

Dramatic Notes.

John T. Sullivan is shortly to be married to Rose Coghlan.

Edwin Booth says that he hopes to act again in 1893.

Tony Pastor will sail for Europe June 61 in quest of new talent.

J. C. Duff paid or promised to pay Marie Tempest $500 per week.

J. H. Ryley, the comedian, is singing with the Duff Opera Company in Philadelphia.

Marie Jansen will summer on the Continent, accompanied by her cousin.

Lillian Russell will most probably sing in "La Cigale," when she goes abroad this summer.

Bronson Howard is said to have lost over $12,000 in backing Harry Lee's late ventures in London.

Leonora Snyder has gone to England to sing leading roles at the Savoy Theatre, London.

Bert Coote and wife will live in Chicago for the summer. They will be members of Frank Daniels' Company.

One of the prettiest villas on the Atlantic coast, in New Jersey, is owned by Nellie McCoury, who in private life is known as Mrs. John Wester.

Henry E. Abbey has engaged Edward E. Rice to go ahead of Bernhardt in Australia. Rice is always getting ahead of somebody.

Carmencita, the dancer, will sail for Europe in July. She will head a road company bearing her name next season.

James B. Mackie, who had "Billy" Binnell of London for a partner, closed a very profitable season.

Patti Rosa will summer in Chicago and her principal support, Harry Rich, will spend the dog days in Toronto.

Mr. C. Donaldson will play the leading role in "The Devil's Mine" next season. Mr. Donaldson will spend the summer at his home in Toronto.

Wilson Barrett's brother George will star in America next season in a piece called "Another Man's Shoes."

M. B. Curtis is at his home in California telling newspaper men that he cleared $1000 a week during his Eastern tour.

The new Miner's Fifth-avenue Theatre will not be opened before Nov. 2, when Bernhardt returns to New York with a new play.

The theatre in Brooklyn which Herrmann could not find money enough to complete has been turned into a drygoods store.

Louis Harrison has been engaged by Manager David Henderson for the production of "Sinbad," at the Chicago Opera House.

Minnie Palmer telegraphed to Rome for John Rogers, and both are now in London receiving congratulations from friends. Neither will be in a hurry to return. John has had a severe dose of mother-in-law.

And now it is said that Pasqualina, the Italian girl, who killed her lover and was acquitted in New York, will go on the stage in a play written around the murder.

W. S. Cleveland says "he is neither broken up, broken down, nor broken crosswise," and that he will continue straight along in the management business.

Jack Mason and his own Manola have concluded to return home in the fall. Mason will go into comic opera, and Manola may go into jail for bigamy.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will abandon the dramatic stage for comic opera, and Mr. E. D. Price, her manager, will by force of circumstances become an impressario.

John Hare, a well-known English actor at the London Garrick Theatre, has been engaged by Charles Frohman for the part of Martial in Thermidor.

A big circus deal is on the tapis at Columbus, looking to a sale of one-third part of the Sell Brothers' show to John A. Forepaugh, a nephew, and Adam Forepaugh, a son, of the late Adam Forepaugh.

Charles Danby, who made quite a hit with the London Gaiety Company in America, has been sued for divorce by his wife. Florence Levey is the gay co-respondent.

Felix Morris, of the Vokes Company, is an American, and has a farm at Oconomowoc, Wis. He is the only one of Miss Vokes' clever people who prefers the prairie to the Strand.

Arthur Dacre and wife sailed for Europe on Wednesday. He says he will return in the fall to continue his legal battle with Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Dacre says she has had enough of America.

Florence St. John, who sang with the "Faust up to Date" Company, is the defendant in a divorce case. Her husband, Mons. Marius, names a young man called Cohen as co-respondent.

Kellar, the magician, whose tricks The World exposed when he showed at the Academy here, will shortly sail for Europe after novelties.

"Billy" Lytell is head of a stock company organized by H. R. Jacobs, playing at the Alhambra Theatre, Chicago. Well-known melodramas like "Romany Rye" and "The Silver King" will be produced.

Henry Sampson, editor of The Referee, died in London, Eng., May 16 from bronchitis, following an acute attack of influenza. The deceased was known to the world over under the nom de plume of Pendragon.

E. S. Sothern's season ended in Montreal last Saturday. His usual Metropolitan season begins at the Lyceum Theatre the latter part of August, when he will appear in a new play. His company will be the same as last season.

Managers Rich and Harris have engaged James Corbett, the pugilist, for stage performances. He made his first appearance Thursday evening in Portland, Ore. Mr. Corbett is the latest pugilist anxious to secure histrionic honors with the usual emoluments.

Miss Eastlake begins her first American star ring tour in Philadelphia next October. She will be seen in "A Yorkshire Lass," by Wilton Jones, "What Women Will Do," by Jerome K. Jerome, and "Clito," by Wilson Barrett and Sydney Grundy.

Nat Roth takes an opera company to Montreal this summer. W. W. Furst is the musical conductor and Lillie Post is the prima donna. Adele Farrington will sing the contralto roles—in fact the organization is first-class in every respect. What's the matter with Toronto for a light opera season

"Old Jed Prouty" has not been a money winner this season. It closes this week, and the much talked of tour from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, will not take place. Golden has been on the sick list very often of late, and Dora Wiley and some of the principals will not tote around the country next season with the amiable old Yankee.

Mme. Rhea has left for Europe, where she proposes to spend the summer at her villa at Montmorency, Paris. She will return early in the autumn and appear in the Globe Theatre, Boston, in two new plays—"Judith, a modern play, and "La Czarina," which is described as a page from Russian history. Mme. Rhea's season, just closed with "Josephine," has been a prosperous one.

The Court of Revision and sub-committee of the Street Railway Committee on witness fees are called for Monday.

Jane Dunn, a good looking young woman, was given six months in the Mercer this morning at her own request. In explanation, she said she wanted to get away from her husband.

Superintendent Chambers has been warmly thanked in an official letter by the Veterans' Association for his services in decorating the soldiers' monument on Ridgeway day.

Mrs. DeWolf Hopper denies that she has brought any suit or thought of bringing any suit for divorce against her husband. The rumor was started by gossips, of which the theatrical profession is full. At the same time it is the general opinion that De Wolf Hopper should have done more to protect the reputation of the little lady who has been so great a help to his success—Della Fox.

After the performance at Jacobs & Sparrow's to-night Manager Frank will leave on a ten days' visit to Chicago. He will also do New York for a few days, and then with a select party of friends will drive through some of the picturesque parts of Canada, taking in the country fairs and races. Mr. Frank will take along his famous trotting horse Matinee, and expects to "throw down" all the fast fellows in the "Reuben" towns.

Barclay Warburton, who managed Dixey, has given up all idea of sending a company on the road next season. Mr. Warburton was to have sent out a musical comedy company in a piece called "The Medicine Man," but abandoned the idea out of deference to the wishes of his father, which means that the old gentleman would not put up any more "stuff" for Barclay to spend.

When the "Captain Swift" Company played at the Academy in Toronto, December, 1889, Miss Rose Eytinge, the leading lady, was discharged. She was receiving $.50 a week, and immediately entered suit for salary in full to the end of the season. On Wednesday last in New York a verdict was given in her favor for $3150.

The king bee of the theatrical profession is the advance agent who has spent the entire season in posting bills in one night stands, advertising some very queer star or comedy attraction. This gentleman is generally loud in conversation and dress and has a fondness for bad cigars which almost amounts to a mania. He invariably chews the end of his cigar and never takes it out of his mouth even when he is talking to you. Although he transcribes his autograph with much difficulty, the advance agent has the highest opinion of his own literary abilities. He will tell long and wonderful yarns of his power to get more notices in the newspapers than any other advance agent in the business and will lay special stress on the fact that he writes them all himself.

A Paris newspaper gravely announces that "one Crane, an American actor, has been elected to the United States Senate over 500 times." This is complimentary to "one Crane," inasmuch as it makes him more than 3000 years of age, and so a senator a great many years before there was any United States; but it is amusing to American readers. It is, perhaps, not quite so stupid a blunder as the obituary announcement in a French paper regarding the death of Lawrence Barrett, which stated that "Mme. Barrett, the wife of a distinguished actor, died in America yesterday."

Many people have an idea that actors enjoy large incomes. They forget that in all companies there can be but one leading man and but one leading woman. The others are subordinate, their pay ranging from $15 to $150 a week. Assuming the average to be $30, when it is recognized that the seasons very rarely last more than forty weeks, it will be seen that the income for fifty-two weeks will be but $23 and a fraction over each week.

"Flo," otherwise Belle Bilton, the music hall singer who married Lord Dunlo, has become Countess Clancarty by the death of her husband's father, the Earl of Clancarty. "Flo" met Viscount Dunlo at the Gaiety in Chicago, and, although she had then in tow a wealthy Hebrew, named Wertheimer, she married the 20-year-old Lord, and has since supported him. "Flo" hasn't much talent to speak of, but she became an immense favorite in London and receives $500 a week. "Countess Flo" will now retire from the stage—as the noble Earl has a fair income—when her contract with Augustus Harris has expired. Bial, of Koster and Bial, offered her $1000 a week to come to America an hour before she was added to the aristocracy.

TENNYSON'S ROW WITH BULWER.

What the Great Novelist Said of the Great Poet, and Vice Versa.

When Tennyson was younger he was frequently twitted with being feminine in his tastes, his ways and methods. He was a fighter in those days (1845), and he had the honor of a set-to with Bulwer Lytton who, in a satire entitled "A Romance of London," made this attack on young Tennyson:

Not mine, not mine (O muse, forbid!), the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish
tune;
The jingling melody of purloined conceits,
Outbaying Wordsworth and outglittering
Keats;
Where all the air of patchwork pastoral
chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme.
* * * * * * *
Let Schoolmiss Alfred vent her chaste de-
light
On "darling little rooms so warm and bright!"
Chaunt "I'm aweary" in infectious strains,
And catch her "bluefly singing i' the pane"
Tho' praised by critics, tho' adored by Blues,
Tho' Peel with pudding plump the puling
muse,
Tho' Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,
And pensions Tennyson while starves a
Knowles;
Rather be thou, my poor Pierian maid,
Decent at least in Hayley's weeds arrayed,
That patch with frippery every tinsel line
And flaunt, admired the Rag Fair of the
Nine!

It seems that just about this time Tennyson had secured a pension from the Government, not as a reward for literary merit, but in satisfaction for some claim his family had upon the Crown. To this the poem above quoted from alludes. Not content with this, Bulwer, in his notes to the poem, charged that Tennyson, without having labored at any deathless truths or enlarged human knowledge or lent aid to a manly cause, had, in the prime of life and coming of a wealthy family, allowed himself to be quartered on the public purse. Bulwer printed this poem over the nom de plume of "The New Timon," and presently Mr. Tennyson swung back at his assailant in this wise through the columns of Punch:

We know him out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke:
The Old Timon, with his noble heart
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New;
Regard him—a familiar face,
I thought we knew him; what, it's you!
The padded man that wears the stays!

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos, when you wrote—
A lion, you that made a noise
And shook the mane on papillotes.

And once you tried the muses, too!
You failed, sir: therefore, now you spurn;
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

An artist, sir, should rest in art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep, poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

A Timon, you! Nay, nay, for shame;
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take his name;
You bandbox! off and let him rest!

It is presumed that this rejoinder gave Bulwer whatever satisfaction he may have pined for. The next edition of his poem was purged of the passage to which Tennyson had objected, and in none of the poet laureate's collected works are his verses against Bulwer to be met with. Whether Bulwer ever really got over his jealousy of the rising young poet I am unable to say. He was hardly the man to forget the peppering Tennyson gave him.—Eugene Field's London Letter

THE FIERCE FIST FIGHTERS.

HOW RUSSIAN PEASANTS DID BATTLE IN OLDEN TIMES.

Barbarous Times Recalled When a Strong Arm and a Stout Heart Won Admiration Everywhere—Encounters with Tartars—Wrestling Matches Now in Favor.

In olden times, during the barbarous period of Russian life, when there were no other forms of public amusement, koulatchuye boy, or fighting with fists, was regarded as a great accomplishment and an evidence of bravery and physical strength. This pastime was highly prized by the Russian peasantry, and even the nobility participated in the sport. A man possessing the qualifications of a strong arm and a stout heart became a subject of pride and admiration among his fellows. All Russian heroes of ancient times are represented in popular tradition and song as men of broad shoulders, powerful arms and iron grip—pictures of health and strength, knowing no fear in the presence of danger. Such was the ideal man of the Russian people, which is preserved up to the present time, with the additional characteristics of magnanimity and mercifulness, as a result of civilization and progress.

DEFEAT WAS DISHONORABLE.

The greatest humiliation which a Russian of anc

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Feminine Chat and Wisdom from Various Sources.

THEIR FADS, FANCIES AND FASHIONS.

Talk For and About the Gentler Sex.

The History and the Future of "The Bang"—How One Girl Manages to Look Well—The New Fan Dance—"Timing One's Turns"—Last Summer's Girl—The Wife of a Workingman—Some French Novelties—The Rose Jar—A Baby's Need of Water—Beauty's Satchel.

It may be said without fear of successful contradiction that the bang is eternal. It always has been and ever will be popular among women who study their glass. Cleopatra wore her cow's tail red hair banged round her face and ears. Old Mother Eve is pictured with loose tresses playing about her brow and temples. Salome, the Carmencita of Biblical days, wore a bang; so did Magdalen the beautiful repentant, cruel Queen Bess and the beau and beauties that Van Dyke painted. Louisa, the lovely Queen of Prussia, pinned her tresses with a star and let them fly again windward about her cheeks; the fascinating Mme. Roland, whose dark, serious, changing eyes no artist could paint, pulled her shock of brown hair within an inch of her eyebrows and quoud it with a fillet; Mme. de Stael, the religieuse, skeptic, sloven scholar, wit and queen of the salon frequented by such men as Talleyrand Schiller, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rosseau, De Lafayette, Napoleon and Louis XIV., openly confessed that, although she might not wash her face once in a week, her front hair had to be looked after every day, and she wore a head dress of beaded crape with a frill of little spiral curls running across her forehead from ear to ear that kept in curl, but caught fluff, feathers and any dust that was flying. Empress Josephine, Queen Hortense, Marie Louise and other coquets of the First Empire banged their hair. With the Restoration and its elephant sleeves, Tam O'Shanters and barrel-size muffs, the frill of loose curls was still popular, and every woman of fashion under the Second Empire colored her hair a parrot or copper red, hoisted it up with an enormous chignon, and led by Eugenie in her hoop-skirted court, trimmed their pretty little foreheads with spit curls and beau-catchers.

The future of the bang is coeval with the future of woman. So long as she lives she will be beautiful, and so long as she is beautiful she will bang her hair. She may part with her teeth, surrender her eyebrows and even relinquish her hold on the powder puff and rouge pot, but never, never will she give up or pull back her front hair.

The bang is woman's best friend. It is the salvation of the matron and the amelioration of the homely young woman. Fancy a young lady with a prominent nose, high cheek bones, squirrel teeth that will not remain covered, hollow temples, projecting ears or ill-balanced features, and if you think a bang of no importance in softening her countenance you are very much mistaken. Even pale, colorless eyes can be darkened; "saucer eyes" can be toned down, a long face can be foreshortened and a broad one elongated by the simple process of banging the front hair and waving, curling, crimping, fluffing or scrambling it and pinning it in, down or up, according to the size and shape of the face and the height of the forehead.

A man with an ugly, brutal or weak mouth has the charitable shelter of a beard or mustache, and a woman with a hard face, coarse features and masculine brow can as completely change matters with a bang. The bang is a great institution. Its past is as old as human variety and its future is eternal. Whether furled or unfurled, it will still remain a frill for the brow of beauty and a veil to soften the ravages of time.

"Take all the curls, crimps and frizzes from the heads of the women with high foreheads and do you know what they would be under the Eiffel Tower toques and bonnets? Frights. The bang doubtless will change its weight, cut and style, but it will not disappear. Women may go without heels, corsets, gloves and skirts; they may lay aside their jewels and draperies, but the wavy ringlets of hair that frame the face will never be discarded. You may call it bang, front-piece, frizzure or anything you please, but as long as there are girl babies there will be fussy hands to coax ringlets to grow about the smooth, white forehead, and although they may be carelessly brushed back by the girl in her teens they will be restored to the original place after the woman begins to realize that 'Youth the dream is past.' There is not only beauty and grace in the bang, but there is the charity that age needs. A suitable bang will take five or 15 years from the appearance of a face, and that is why the future of the bang is assured.

One Girls' Trouble to Hook Well.

A girl whose immaculately fresh and admirably neat appearance attracted the attention of her women friends, explained in her sly, little confidential way how it was that she contrived to always look well-dressed in spite of her limited income.

"It is simply," she said, "the result of carefulness—the old ounce of prevention worth the old pound of cure. Take my boots, for instance. Instead of doubling them into a shop bag, or letting the tops hang over standing against the wall, I never remove shoes, high or low, without the precaution of slipping in each one a hollow wooden form just the size of my foot. The uppers are neatly buttoned over a leg shape, and there they are until again needed for service. This applies to all my walking gear—often half a dozen pairs of boots at a time. My gowns are treated in the same fashion, the waists hooked up over sweet-scented pillows made for the purpose, with tiny-perfumed bolsters for the sleeves, polished wooden racks to support the skirts, and big muslin bags to encase the whole. I never permit a fine frock to be folded or hung under any circumstances. Immediately upon unpinning hat or bonnet they are placed on stand fitted into my closet, where wired paper-muslin caps are provided to protect them from dust and the crush of heavy garments. In a wide, shallow, flannel-lined drawer I have as many as 20 wooden models of my wrist and hand."

The Duty of Not Getting Tired.

Are you one of the women who say, "I am perfectly well, only I get tired easily?" If you do, you are one of thousands. And yet, little woman, don't you know that getting tired easily is just of itself a disease? It shows a letting down of the vital forces that requires attention and toning up. You need, first of all, more rest, not necessarily more hours of sleep at night, but little half-hours of rest snatched here and there in your hours of work. And by rest isn't meant simply the physical rest that comes from lying down. Don't lie down to think over your plans for economy, or for entertaining, or for anything else. When you lie down to rest, shut your eyes and stop thinking. Ten minutes of this is better than an hour of the other.

Then you need more food, probably. Not more food at meals necessarily, but food taken oftener. Instead of waiting until luncheon, take a cup of beef tea during the forenoon. In the afternoon take a glass of milk and a biscuit if that agrees with you, or an egg lemonade if that suits you better. And then get a little fresh air every day. Get it any way, if you have to cut short manœuvring your nails or saying your prayers to do it. And get it in the exercise of walking, if you can.

Wisdom of "Timing One's Turns."

The following bit of household wisdom is going the rounds of the exchanges:

"When Capt. Duncan Knock asked Jeanie Deanes the secret of the housekeeping, remarking that the fairies must help her, for the house was always clean, yet he never saw her with a broom in her hand, she modestly answered, 'Much might be done by timing one's turns.' We have all seen such household households where the mistress was always ready to receive her friends and her husband's friends; where everything seemed to move by some unseen rhythm. The secret certainly lies in perfect system, in 'timing one's turns,' doing the routine work of the house or seeing that it is done on exactly the same day and time of the day each week; and in training the servants to work so methodically that they always know what is expected of them. It is a fatal mistake to call servants away from their regular work and send them off on all sorts of spasmodic errands at any time of the day. It takes time to pick up the threads of a piece of work which has been dropped; and work that is done by piecemeal is never well done.

"If housewives were more methodical in their ways of laying out their servants' work for each day, and in adhering to it, there would be less trouble with servants. It is a noteworthy fact that servants remain the longest in families where the work is the most exacting and is done in the most methodical manner."

WIFE OF A WORKINGMAN.

What She Brought to Her Husband in the Brief Space of the Noon Recess.

One doesn't need the velvety side of life for the setting of every picture. The other day when the noon whistles blew a crowd of workmen left their tasks and disposed themselves in convenient nooks for the eating of their frugal dinners. After the slender luncheon four or five of them gathered under the staging and were chatting quietly, flecking the bits of mortar from their clothes, nursing a bruised place on the rugged hands, talking of the dismal little things which go to make up a hard day's work, when a woman walking along the opposite side of the street attracted the attention of one of the men.

He rose instantly, his whole face losing the dreary look which labor had left there, his movement lightened and quickened by the magic of love, his figure dignified in the blessing of paternity. For the woman who had come to see him bore in her arms the child that bound them together in a union as strong as that which holds the world in order. He joined her on the farther pavement, took the little one in his arms, pushed back its humble bonnet, kissed the willing lips, and walked with her away from the scene of his crucial toil. The roar of a busy city, the sunlight prisoned between stern brick walls, the greed, the selfishness, the depravity of life, were all forgotten in the moment's contact with those who were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh.

When they had reached the farther corner and crossed over he saw that movement among the men at the temple which told that work had begun again, and he lifted the child for a parting kiss, looked love and goodby into the woman's eyes, and hurried back to his station, better and stronger for a touch of the tender side of life.

Just as he turned into the littered entrance a carriage rolled past on the pavement. A woman sat back in the cushions, adjusted her sun shade with a movement of impatience and frowned a cumbered curb which slacked the speed of her horses. She had been to her husband's office, and now carried in the little bag at her wrist a check that would have made a home for the workingman. Yet the woman who carried away her babe in the little white sunbonnet was happier than she; and the man who stood on a scaffold up there above her was blest above the husband whose millions could not purchase one glimpse of the high noon of love.

The New Fan Dance.

Have you seen the new fan dance? It is not, as its name would suggest, a graceful evolution with various furlings and flutterings of woman's pet weapon, but the most laughable and grotesque performance imaginable.

In a beautiful drawing room the other afternoon a sparkling brunet consented to do the fan dance for the assembled party. Her brother struck up a fantastic jig on the piano and madamoiselle went down, down until she looked like a very attractive Chinese god or like a child about to make "cheeses" with her frock, daintily lifting her gray silken skirts high on each side, so that she presented a fan-like appearance from front and back.

Suddenly her scarlet slipper shot out with lightning rapidity, only excelled by the speed of a pinwheel. To and fro over the costly rug she shot, never once arising from this squatting position, while the room echoed with shouts of laughter and the fun became so contagious that suddenly a gray haired gentleman of 60 seized his coat-tails, and, sinking to the level of a pagan god, essayed this terpsichorean feat, which, though seeming to be very easy, is exceedingly difficult. The fan dance is splendid exercise after a hearty meal.

A Baby's Need of Water.

One of the things that mothers, and especially young mothers, need to be reminded of over and over again is that children oftener suffer during the warm months with thirst than with hunger. The fluid portion of the milk is quickly taken up into the body, leaving the solids in the stomach too thick to be digested.

In warm, dry weather healthy babies should have a drink of water once an hour, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of temperature are often directly due to their not having it. At the time of dentition water soothes and lessens the inflammation of the gums, and thus frequently stops the fretting restlessness universal in children at this period.

Some French Novelties.

The newest bridal bouquets are simply one or two long and full sprays of flowers.

The new blue bells-of-Scotland shade is trimmed with jet in preference to anything else.

Jeweled nailheads resembling different stones for sewing over sleeves, revers, vests, collars, girdles, etc.

Pointed girdles of beads and cord, edged with a deep fringe in gilt, steel and silver effects, with a Medici collar to match.

Light-colored cloth capes are studded all over with stars, composed of single flat-cut jet beads, surrounded by smaller ones.

One of the leaders of fashion in Paris is wearing a diadem of diamonds, with a row of pear-shaped pieces of pink coral standing up all around it.

"Life belt" brooches, bearing the name of a favorite yacht in small diamonds, and across the centre a flag rests, with a gold cord twined around the whole affair.

Last Summer's Girl.

I saw her to-day in a crowded place,
My heart didn't throb and my blood didn't glow,
As I looked with critical eye on the face
I thought was an angel's—a year ago.

Yet, perhaps if we played at last year's game—
If we sauntered now where we used to go,
Arm in arm, heads close—she'd find me the same
As did her bidding a year ago.

How well she looked in her fresh white gown!
But this is the folly that naught condones;
For she is the wife of Mr. Brown,
And I am the husband of Mrs. Jones.

To Freshen Rancid Butter.

To freshen rancid butter, knead it in fresh milk, then in fresh water. By this treatment the butter is rendered fresh and sweet as when first made, as the butyric acid, to which the rancid taste and odor are owing, is readily soluble in fresh milk and is thus removed.

Beauty's Satchel.

Two oranges, a spool of thread,
Three handkerchiefs, a box of candy;
Two letters, saved to be re-read;
A button-hook, to have it handy;
A novel, she ought not to see;
Some books and eyes, her tiny purse;
Her Cæsar, that to-morrow she
With stumbling efforts will rehearse;
Two nickels glued by tutti-frutti;
A rosebud which a paper wraps;
A tract to teach her moral duty,
Another with her fortune maps,
With this array and more beside
Was her small handbag overladen,
And still for more and more she sighed,
This blushing, charming high-school maiden.

IN KINGSTON AND SING SING.

THE APPALLING PUNISHMENT OF THE DARK CELL.

A Mental Terror More Frightful Than Physical Agony—What Rev. Dr. Field Says About it—It is Hell, He Says—A Form of Discipline That Should be Used Sparingly.

The subject of the following article possesses as much interest here as it does in New York City where it appeared in the columns of The World. In all the penal institutions of this country the dark cell is used. Even in the common jails refractory prisoners are subjected to this discipline, and men who cannot be brought under by any other means are completely cowed by a course of dark cell. There can be no doubt that it is a terrible punishment and one that should not lightly be resorted to. A representative of The World who went through Kingston Penitentiary not long ago, although not at all of a nervous or excitable disposition, felt the terrible depressing and bewildering effects of complete darkness by stepping into one of the dark cells there and having the door locked on him for a few moments. Brief as was the time there was an appalling sense of abandonment and hopelessness that seemed to take all the manliness and courage out of one's nature.

Here is The New York World's story of it in Sing Sing:

A stone box, cold and damp and dark. A cage remorseless as death and maddening in its stillness! It is the dark cell in a prison.

It is twice as large as the ordinary cell, but it is yet small. There are no furnishings, not even a cot, nor a chair—nothing but the bare stone walls and the cold stone floor. And the darkness and the stillness filled with horrors and with fright—this is for punishment in Sing Sing.

"I have no fears of Hell," said a convict last week. "I have been four days and four nights in the dark cell. There can be no new terrors in this world or the next."

The Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, well-known as the editor of The New York Evangelist and as one of the most aggressive philanthropists of the day and one of that famous family of brothers which included Justice Field, Cyrus W. Field and David Dudley Field, recently visited Sing Sing State Prison in company with Charlton T. Lewis, one of the Prison Association and a recognized authority in the whole matter of the treatment of the criminal classes. Together they made a tour of the prison, and an account of this visit was published at the time. That incident is now revived for the purpose of pointing out a strange coincidence between the story of his experiences as told by Dr. Field and the story of similar experiences as told by Charles Reade in his "It Is Never Too Late to Mend," which story Dr. Field has never read.

Dr. Field and Mr. Lewis saw the various workshops of the prison and the prisoners at work. They saw the two large chapels—Catholic and Protestant—where services are held each Sabbath, and they admired, as all visitors admire, the paintings and decorations on the chapel walls, placed there by convict hands.

Then they went back to the office of the prison, where they were met by Mr. Brush, then the Warden of the prison, but since removed, and by him they were conducted through a narrow passage to the long row of dark cells, reserved, it is said, for refractory convicts.

Dr. Field's Story.

"I looked into one of the cells," said Dr. Field. "Warden Brush asked me if I didn't want to try it, so I stepped inside. He closed the inner door, which was merely of crossed bars, which let in an abundance of light. This was bad enough. To be locked and barred in a dungeon cell, though only in fun, has a serious side to it.

"Then with a creak and a groan and a clang the outer door was closed and every ray of light was shut out from our straining eyes. There are no words at my command—there is no language that I know—that can describe the awful horriblness of that time, until she looked like a very attractive Chinese god or like a child about to make "cheeses" with her frock, daintily lifting her gray silken skirts high on each side, so that she presented a fan-like appearance from front and back.

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The Toronto World

SATURDAY NIGHT EDITION

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-IN-

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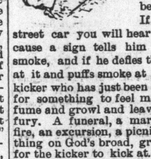
TORONTO FULL OF KICKERS.

SUPPOSE THE BARON OF CHESTER HAD WORN THOSE BOOTS!

Mayors Must Hereafter Have Sound Hindquarters—A Casual Glance at the Human Liver—How to Prepare for a Sea Voyage—The Biggest Jump Ever Thought of.



TORONTO is well supplied with that style of humanity classed as kickers. Stay where you happen to be and they will come to you and kick—go where you like and they will be there ahead of you and kick because you came. If you get upon a street car you will hear somebody kick because a sign tells him that he must not smoke, and if he defies that sign and glares at it and puffs smoke at it, why some other kicker who has just been cudgelling his brain for something to feel miserable about will fume and growl and leave the car in a very fury. A funeral, a marriage, a sermon, a fire, an excursion, a picnic—anything, everything or nothing is food for the kicker to kick at.

As representative of a city cram-full of kickers we had a right to expect Mayor Clarke to kick in the doors of the street railway offices three weeks ago to-night. When those doors refused to open at command of the law for swung on hinge at the county pass-word of the Orange Order there was nothing but boots left.

But those boots were on the wrong feet. Just suppose that E. A. Macdonald had defeated Mayor Clarke last January, and on the night in question Ned was a private citizen in his little bed, and Earnest Albert had on the mayoralty boots. Need I pursue the thought further? Arriving at the closed doors at ten minutes before midnight that brief space would have seemed hours to my suppositious mayor. Probably, on the advice of Engineer Jennings, he would have conquered his desire to scale the dizzy steeple of St. James' cathedral and turn on the lazy clock. But if he had waited his feet would have grown more muscular with each aggravating minute, until, when the chimes rang midnight at last he would have used his boots in such a way that the surprised door would have thought in its shivering, wooden way that it had been kicked by the foot of a mountain. At 12.01 o'clock Sunday morning the city would have kicked a wide path way to its inheritance. A one-legged man, or a man with corns—a man with an hereditary or acquired weakness for patent leather shoes or prunella gaiters—none of these will do for mayor of Toronto. We must insist on sound hindquarters in future mayors—no split-hoof, spring-halt or spavin can be allowed.

* * *

My medical adviser last week ordered me to take a sea voyage, or my constitution would cave in and smother my vital spark. I have every faith in the doctor for once when I was ill and feared death, he bet me $100 that I would outlive him and the money is deposited in the bank. The doctor is of the gamey sort and he'll win that money if he has to commit suicide to do it. But he'll keep me alive if he can. A sea voyage always was my dread, but when I came to think of it I rather preferred a trip on a boat to a quiet ride in a hearse. A fellow whiles away his stalwart youth and never knows he has a liver, kidney and other vital organs until some day a doctor takes out what is left of them and shows them to him in a jar of alcohol. Of course everyone who goes to school has it impressed upon him that he has a liver and that there is a lake called Victoria Nyanza in Africa. He has, moreover, seen one on the anatomical chart, and the other on the map of the world, and was taught to rattle off the names of his parts of anatomy as he did the counties and county towns of Ontario. But while he was made to recite the chief exports, imports and staple products of the different counties, he never leaves school knowing the staple product of his liver, and the leading industry of his kidneys. The geography of his interior is as unknown as the heart of Africa, and he has to engage a professional Dr. Livingstone to fit out an expensive Stanley Exploring Party to trace the stream of his ailments to their unknown source in his dark interior. This has been my experience—but I was relating about my sea voyage.

Whether I would go by the White Star, Cunard or Allan Line puzzled me, so I called at each of the offices and got several hats-ful of pamphlets, time-tables and tourist guides. What use these printed books of information are I cannot make out when the clerks know everything under heaven—I questioned them no further than this. After repeated calls at all the offices I decided to patronize Barlow Cumberland, for the simple reason that he gave me the lodge grip or so I fancied. Therefore I went in and told him that all doubts were gone, that I had decided to get my ticket from him and he could make out one for the Island and return.

"I regard, sir!"

"No, the Island."

"What Island?"

"Mr. Cumberland, how many islands are there?"

"Do you mean the East Indies, West Indies, or where, sir?"

"Well, I mean The Island, and I don't care whether boat carries me to Hanlan's Point or Mead's. I'll leave that all with you, Mr. Cumberland," said I in my most successful book-selling voice.

"See here," said Mr. Cumberland, throwing down his pen, "It's not a sea voyage you want at all. You want some sharp exercise. Now just get out there and run down Yonge-street with all your might and jump-jump hard and you'll reach the Island without a tedious sea voyage. Yes," said he, coming around the counter and looking down the street, "you will light about half way between Mead's and Hanlan's, and can take your choice."

I couldn't jump across there, and wasn't fool enough to try. Next day I went over on a boat and it did me a world of good. I shall write an account of the voyage later on.

Things Worth Knowing.

To render cloth or any fabric fire-proof dip it into a weak solution of chloride of zinc, ten cents worth to one quart of water.

To clean smoky lamp chimneys put one teaspoon of oil of vitriol into a little water, and dip pieces of newspaper into it and rub off the spots with them. Draw pieces of paper through the chimneys to wipe them dry.

To take iron rust out of linen, hold the part that is rusted over a bowl filled with boiling water, rub it out with lemon juice and salt, or with a solution of oxalic acid. When the spot disappears rub out the place in hot water.

A sure indication of death is determined by the injection beneath the skin of a drop of strong spirits of ammonia. Should a red spot appear, the patient is in a comatose state; should no such effect follow, death has taken place.

To make gum arabic that will remain sweet, dissolve one pound gum arabic in one pint of boiling water, adding a piece of borax the size of a walnut. Pour into a large-mouthed bottle; shake once or twice every day for four days, and then add one tablespoonful of alcohol.

So many people are easily poisoned by the poison ivy vine, a touch of a leaf of it resulting often in a long and painful siege of illness, that we think a cure for the same a thing well worth knowing, and so give it below: Dissolve a piece of sugar of lead about the size of a hazelnut in one-half teacup of boiling milk, and apply as hot as the sufferer can bear it with a thick linen cloth. Three or four applications will effect a positive cure. If the poison is on the face, and is approaching the eyes or mouth, lay on cloths wetted in the solution, covering them with dry cloths, and keeping them damp all the time. It is a marvelous antidote, and by watching attentively you can see the fevered blisters turn from white to yellow while applying it, and its use will prevent a great deal of suffering. It is a good plan for those who are easily poisoned to make a solution of sugar of lead in water and keep it bottled. Milk is more soothing than the water, but if the solution is prepared and it can be applied at once to the poisoned parts, the formation of blisters can be prevented. Mark the bottle poison and keep in a safe place out of reach.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller advocates plenty of sleep for the preservation of woman's youth and good looks. It is her custom to take every fifth week off and do nothing but sleep, nap and lie around. In view of the lawsuit Mrs. Miller has on her hands it is just possible that she will be in dreamland when the case is called.

POPULAR PEN WORKERS.

A Half Column of Paragraphs About Writers and Their Work.

The article by B. O. Fowler, editor of The Arena, on "Society Exiles," is a leading feature of the June number of that magazine.

It is an odd fact that most of the so-called Boston authors live either in the country proper or out in the suburbs of the modern Athens.

Rudyard Kipling is very ambitious to shine as a play-writer. The British public will probably have an opportunity to judge of his ability in this direction before long.

A history of South Africa down to 1872 has been written by George McCall Teall of the Cape Colonial Civil Service. MacMillans are to publish it in five volumes.

The Macmillans have in press another volume in the "Adventure Series," entitled "The Filibusters of the Spanish Main." The author is John Jeffrey Roche, successor to John Boyle O'Reilly in the editorship of The Boston Post.

"The Science of Language," by Professor Max Muller, founded on the lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, will be published shortly by the Scribners. The book embodies the results of the author's studies during the past thirty years.

The short story writers certainly have reason to exult over the present demand for fiction in its briefer form. Five volumes of short stories were published in Boston in a single day recently, and several more are in preparation in that town. The appetite of the American reading public for sketches and novelets is keen and growing.

The Cassells will publish in London next month "Possible Cases," consisting of twelve short narratives "in which singular improbability is accompanied by bare possibility." The contributors are Frank R. Stockton, Sidney Luska, Maurice Thompson, Franklin Fyles, Edgar Fawcett, Kirk Munroe, Anna Katharine Green, Ingersoll Lockwood, Joaquin Miller, Nym Crinkle, Professor Brainard G. Smith and Walter Besant.

The portrait of Washington prefixed to Mr. Fiske's work on the American Revolution has some peculiar interest. The crayon sketch by William Birch from which the miniature was made is believed to have been the last important portrait taken of Washington, being one year later than the Stuart and several years later than the Rembrandt Peale. The face, as given in this portrait, has great strength and dignity, its lines are full of character.

The most valuable recent gift to the Lenox Library, mentioned in the annual report just issued, was that of the president, Mr. John S. Kennedy; it consisted of a collection of portraits, books and manuscripts, including some of the original editions of the works of Sir Walter Scott; a letter of John Knox, dated January 13, 1563; the proclamation of Prince Charles Edward for raising troops, dated at Perth, September 10, 1745; a passport issued by Oliver Cromwell, September 10, 1650; a letter of Queen Elizabeth to Lord Moray, from Windsor this 15 of January, 1575; a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots, signed Stirling, August, 1564; a letter written by Charles I. to James Armstrong in June, 1632, and 155 manuscripts of Robert Burns.

In the preface to her "Life of Robert Browning" Mrs. Sutherland Orr says: "Such letters of Mr. Browning's as appear, whole or in part, in the present volume, have been, in the most cases, given to me by the persons to whom they were addressed or copied by Miss Browning from the originals under her care. * * * For my general material I have been largely indebted to Miss Browning. Her memory was the only existing record of her brother's boyhood and youth. It has been to me an unfailing as well as always accessible authority for that subsequent period of his life, which I could only know in disconnected facts or his own fragmentary reminiscences. It is less true, indeed, to say that she has greatly helped me in writing this short biography than that without her help it could never have been undertaken."

The Countess de Merenberg, who was recently married to a member of the imperial house of Russia, has negro blood in her veins. She is a daughter of the poet Pushkin, who was a descendant of a negro favorite of Peter the Great.

Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, has returned to London from her winter sojourn at Montreux, Switzerland, to find on her arrival that an enterprising firm of publishers has made her the offer of $10,000 for the year's serial and three-volume rights of her next novel before a line of it is written.

WORLD'S TALEBEARER.

THE DEMON HAND.

BY DAN LE QUILLE.

I.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

About three years ago I was on a sketching tour in the Swiss Alps. At the town of Thun, which is about a mile from the lake of the same name, I made the acquaintance of Silvio Baroli, an Italian about my own age, and likewise an artist engage in sketching the scenery of the country.

During our jaunts it occasionally happened that I had finished my task of transferring to canvas the bit of landscape to which I had taken a fancy, while Silvio was still at work upon the view he had selected. At such times I would wait until he had completed his picture, standing behind him and chatting. The first time I did so I saw to my surprise that he was working with his left hand. I remarked that he was the first left-handed artist I had ever seen at work.

Silvio merely said that he found that his left hand better obeyed his will and more accurately put upon the canvas his thought than did his right.

On a subsequent occasion I observed to my astonishment that while his left hand was as delicately formed as the hand of a woman, with tapering and shapely fingers, his right hand was a huge and clumsy paw, with knotty and crooked fingers, armed with nails thick and pointed like those of a beast of prey. Further, I saw that the back of his right hand and wrist were covered with a shaggy growth of red hair. A coarser looking hand I had never seen.

Silvio and I strolled together almost daily among the mountains or along the Aar or Simmen rivers and became firm friends, holding as we did much the same notions in regard to art, and particularly landscape work. One day when we had seated ourselves in a shady nook overlooking a beautiful little valley lying in a curve of the Aar, Silvio suddenly turned to me and said:

"I have observed for a long time that you have wondered greatly at the difference in the appearance of my right and left hands, and that apparently you have arrived at the conclusion that my coarse right hand is a natural deformity. I judge this to be your thought because in the goodness of your heart you have refrained from speaking of it; yes, even from curiously looking at it. That hand is, indeed, a sore subject for me. It is the plague and horror of my life.

"Although to speak of that hateful hand, to see it stared at by strangers, or even to gaze upon it myself, always gives me pain, yet—now that we have come to know each other so well and to be good friends—I propose to explain that which has long puzzled you.

"That coarse right hand, with its crooked and knotted fingers, is not really my own, though you see it attached to my body. Although in many things it serves me as a hand, and to that extent is useful, yet there is no good understanding between me and that hand. It was thrust upon me without my knowledge; aye, without my knowledge or consent was thrust upon me. I hate, loathe and mistrust it, and it in some way seems to have become aware of the fact. An, it is a cunning, murderous and treacherous hand!

"You look astounded, as well you may, when I tell you this is not my hand; and you probably think me unbalanced mentally when hearing me speak of it as I have done, yet all I have told you is the simple and exact truth. It is not my hand. It is the hand of a brigand—the hand of Ugo Carcane, the bandit and fifty times murderer! It is the hand of a man now in his grave—a man that I killed, and with this very hateful, coarse, brutal hand—his own hand!

"Look at that demon claw, and now look at this, my own natural hand—a hand I was born with. You see at once that between me and such a hand there can be no such thing as sympathy or right understanding—nothing in common. Besides all this, it is a hand at least ten years older than I am—is flesh that was in the world ten years before I was born!"

After this outburst of feeling Silvio was quiet for some moments. He then turned to me and in a calmer tone said: "I have told you that this was the hand of a robber and murderer, and I will now tell you how I came to possess it."

II.

THE STORY OF THE MAN WITH THE DEMON HAND.

"Five years ago I was happy as a young lieutenant in the Italian army. I was attached to a troop of bersaglieri (sharpshooters and carbineers. The duty for which my troop was detailed was that of hunting down and exterminating the several bands of brigands that infested the country bordering upon the Apennines. In this service we ranged the mountains, from the Col de Tenda, in the Maritime Alps, to the pass of Borge San Sepalcro, near Arezzo, moving at times through the valley of the Pescara, which flows between the two Abruzzi. In the pursuit of brigands I have seen most of the thirteen passes of the Apennines—Arcano, Cisa, Troja, Potenza, Aquila and several others. For over two years I was constantly in the mountains.

We had frequent encounters with the brigand bands and succeeded in the extermination of some of them. We generally made short work of all we caught. We shot them down like wild beasts wherever we came upon them in the mountain fastnesses. If we took a prisoner it was only to extort from him information that we required. His life was in our hands; if he ransomed it it was by doing us some very great service.

"The most dreaded, daring and powerful of the brigand gangs was headed by Ugo Carcano. He led us many wild chases. He was a chief of wonderful cunning and infinite resources. In the business of brigandage he was matchless. Not only had he a strong party of followers in the field, but he also had a host of confederates among the shepherds of the mountains, among the charcoal burners of the lower ranges of hills and among the peasants of the many small valleys.

"At last through having reliable information we were able to press forward upon his trail without being misled and thrown out by pseudo Carcanos leading bands of herders, who soon scattered and resumed their several occupations. We pursued the bandit chief into the wildest fastnesses of the mountains and had several skirmishes with his gang, killing and wounding many of them. Finally Carcano had but few followers left, many deserting his standard when his good fortune failed him, and in a last battle with his gang he was captured and brought into our camp a prisoner.

"In the fight I had my right arm shattered below the elbow by a musket ball. The arm was so badly injured that our surgeon at once saw that it would be impossible to save it. This surgeon was a higily educated and skilful young German named Carl Voltz, who had entered the Italian army and taken service with our troop, rising as a lieutenant. Carl Voltz had performed many difficult surgical operations for one of his years.

"He had done some wonderful things in the way of splicing and ingrafting bones. He maintined that with due care a finger, hand, or even a whole limb, might be successfully ingrafted. In the case of the transfer of a finger he had succeeded, and his great ambition was to next operate on a whole arm.

"When I was wounded and Carl saw that I must lose my arm he was deeply grieved, for at that time we were as two brothers. I, however, did not tell me that I must lose my right arm. His brain was already busy with a plan for making a grand experiment, and in furtherance of his design he told me I must to save my arm by bringing together, uniting and building upon the several pieces of shattered bone. He said it would be a tedious operation, but he would keep me much under the influence of anaesthetics and I would suffer no pain. He had under him a skillful assistant, and he said that, working together, they would make every possible effort to give me a good and useful arm.

"This was all I knew in regard to Carl's intentions, or to the condition of my wounded arm for over two months, except that from time to time I was told it was doing well. Carl appeared to be wonderfully elated that he was succeeding so well in my case; but he always so managed as to prevent my seeing my arm.

"When at last the bandages were removed, and I was permitted to see my arm I was astounded. I knew not what to think of the transformation I had undergone. I saw there what I now hold out before you. I turned to Carl Voltz and expressed my astonishment at the strange appearance of my hand and wrist.

"'What!' cried he, 'you do not like its appearance? Why, it is my masterpiece. It is a triumph of surgical science. It is a great surprise I have for many weeks kept in store for you.'

"Then exultantly he told me how he had managed in order to give me a good sound arm and hand. He said my arm had been amputated, but he had given me a good, serviceable one in its stead. It was the crowning triumph of his life. I had now as my own, he said, 'the strong right hand of Ugo Carcane!' He had made the bandit chief give up his right hand for my benefit.

"Carl then proceded to tell me that he had promised Carcano his life and liberty on condition that he submitted to have his right arm taken off, and that he would swear upon the cross to reform and lead an honest life. As the fellow was as good as dead—would otherwise be shot without ceremony or delay—he accepted life and liberty on the terms proposed.

"Next Carl gave me a full account of the operation of transplanting the hand and wrist of the bandit to my arm—of every nice bit of work done by himself and assistant. How they had brought us together in a room, the temperature of which was kept at blood heat, when the bones of my arm and those of the bandit's arm had been sawed off at precisely the same angle. Then how the veins and arteries were at once felescoped and side spliced, and the tendons united with threads of sinew taken from my amputated arm.

"As I looked at the hand that had thus been ingrafted upon me I felt that I would have much preferred a stump to being provided with a member that was to me so disgusting. However, Carl Voltz was so delighted with the success of his experiment that I as much as possible concealed my real feelings.

"Carl, however, read something of my disgust in my face, and let me know that he thought me very ungrateful and foolishly vain. His skill had given me a good and useful hand, and I not only did not appreciate what he had done for me, but was actually ashamed of that which he considered his greatest achievement in his profession.

"To mollify Carl's displeasure I did many things which he suggested, in order to show that I had full use of the hand and every finger of it. He was in ecstasies, and immediately proceeded to write out a complete description of every part of the operation for some Berlin medical journal. He afterward told me his report of the case was discredited in Germany, and begged me to go with him to Berlin and exhibit my spliced arm in proof of the truthfulness of the account he had published.

"I was by this time so ashamed of my hand and so abominated it that I would have preferred blowing out my brains to putting it and myself on exhibition.

"A decided coolness now replaced our old friendship, and Carl soon left Italy, returning to his native country.

"Six months after Carl left Italy the detachment to which I belonged was ordered to Savona pass, a considerable distance from the Pass of Aquila, where we had made our headquarters for nearly year. A very daring band of brigands had been organized, and all manner of outrages were being committed in the neighborhood of Savona pass. Upon our arrival in the troubled region we soon found traces of the brigands and followed them deep into the mountains. Through our peasant spies we discovered their stronghold and surrounded and attacked it, taking the robbers completely by surprise.

In the fight I was brought face to face with the bandit chief as he was trying to rally his panic-stricken followers. At a glance I saw that the chief had but one arm, and almost at the same moment I recognized the savage features of Ugo Carcano. He held a pistol in his left hand and as I advanced upon him he fired, sending a bullet through my cap. I instantly returned the fire and the robber fell, shot through the breast. As I ran up to the fallen chief with leveled pistol he raised himself upon one elbow and cried: 'Enough! You have given me my death wound. Silvio Bareli, you have killed me—shot me with my own hand—with the hand I gave you! Curse the day on which I consented to give you that hand! With my last breath I curse you. I die, but my hand will live, and my hand—the hand that has slain me—shall be the death of you!' Still muttering something about his soul remaining on earth and living in his still living hand, Ugo Carcano, with a great rush of blood from his mouth, fell back and died.

"I had before hated the hand which Carl Voltz in his enthusiasm for the science of surgery had made a part of me. Now I began to feel a dread of it—a horror of having engrafted upon me for life a part of the dead robber and murderer. He seemed to live in that hand and to be ever striving to gain possession of my whole body. I began to fear that his fiendish spirit, having effected a lodgment, would dispossess my soul and take up its abode in my earthly tenement.

"The brigand chief's dying curse seemed to be working, to be taking effect upon me. At night in my dreams Ugo Carcane was ever present. Standing at my bedside he held up the stump of his arm and demanded either the restoration of his hand or a dwelling place in my body. These night terrors soon began to tell upon my health, and by advice of a physician I left the army and the country that left the image of the dead bandit always before my eyes.

"I had always been a lover of art, and having some skill in landscape painting my thoughts very naturally turned to these mountains. I hastened thither and resumed my long-neglected pursuit of painting. I at once discovered that I could no nothing with my right hand. The clumsy, uncouth fingers would not obey my will. With the relaxation of the vilignt surveillance I was obliged to maintain over them the brushes would drop from my hand. There was no feeling for them in those ill-made fingers. Between that hand and mind there was no sympathy. I was not sorry to find that this was so. Had it been otherwise would the picture painted have been really my own? Would it not have been work by the hand of Ugo Carcano? I wanted no community of possession with that hand. To my delight I found upon trial that my left hand readily obeyed every impulse of my mind. Into it seemed to have been translated all the old skill of my lost right hand.

"Since I have been in these mountains engaged in my old loved pursuit of studying and painting the beauties of nature I have regained my health, and to a great extent my former peace of mind. It is now only of nights that my old troubles come to annoy me, and that but occasionally, except at the dark of the moon. Those monthly attacks I cannot escape. Then I must be on my guard against my demon hand.

"You look surprised when I say I must be on my guard against the hand, and may think that constant brooding upon my misfortune had unsettled my mind; but, my friend, that hand really is dangerous—nothing can be more cunning and treacherous. I long ago discovered it to be unsafe for me to leave a pistol, poinard, or weapon of any kind on a table or chair within reach of my bed. If I do so I experience in my sleep an awful feeling of impending danger—a nightmare of the most agonizing description. The brigand chief stands over me exulting like a demon. Ha, ha! at last I have you! he seems to shout. Yes, now you shall die—die by my hand—the hand you robbed me of! With these and similar threats Ugo Carcano stands at my bedside as he appeared in life when in battle, except that his eyes are as coals of fire and his features are lighted up with lambent flames. I am frozen with terror and unable to move or in any way rid myself of the threatening and fearful figure. I feel that I am in great danger and struggle unceasingly to arise and betake myself to flight. When at last I awaken I find that the hand—the still living flesh and blood of the dead brigand—has reached forth and obtained possession of pistol or poinard and is holding the weapon at my breast or forehead.

"No matter how dangerous the inn or other place in which I am lodging may appear, I no longer dare leave a weapon near my bed. Indeed, I have found that it is not safe to have a weapon anywhere in my sleeping room. I can only venture to have weapons about me in my waking moments and when I am out traveling the mountain roads; even then I often feel a horrid and startling thrill in that brigand hand when it clutches a pistol. At times those knotty and crooked fingers seem in murderous mood to stiffen upon the weapon, and it is with difficulty that I can make them obey my will and relax their hold.

"Now, my friend, from what I have told you of my sensations, waking and sleeping, you will readily perceive that this hand of a dead man fastened upon me makes life a burden. It permits me no moment of perfect rest and ease, no will it ever do so while I carry it. Soon I shall rid myself of it. I shall sever the bond which now unites me to one in the grave. When I leave these mountains I shall go directly to Paris. There, selecting some skilful surgeon, I shall engage him to rid me of this hand of a murderer—the demon gift which Carl Voltz was at such pains to bestow upon me. Not a single shred or fiber of the hatred flesh of Ugo Carcano will I permit to remain with me. Then, when I am myself alone in every drop of blood and granule of flesh—then I shall have peace of mind, and not before. This I feel and know. I must rid myself of my parasitical demon. Ah, my friend, I dread those dark periods in each month! Those I cannot escape. Then it is that the apparition of the brigand appears at my beside, and then it is that his lost and vengeful spirit well nigh drives my soul from its proper tenement. A spell is coming soon; I shall endure that—one more—then fly and at once to Paris and a new life!"

III.

THE HORRIBLE FATE OF SILVIO BAROLI, AS TOLD BY THE ARTIST.

In a day or two after this strange story was confided to me by Silvio Baroli I left Lake Thun for the headwaters of the Aar in the Bernese Oberland. I tried in vain to induce Silvio to accompany me. I was anxious to take him with me, for I saw the shadow of his coming "dark period" in the gloom of his face. He would not stir from the chatelet. Then I understood that he had resolved to there make his stand and meet the assault of the ghostly owner of his demon of a hand. Alone in the old chatelet he would fight his last battle.

I ascended along the course of the Aar to near where it rises in the fountains and snows of the Grimsel and Shreckhorn (peak of terror). The Shreckhorn stands between the Finstaarhorn and the Wetterhorn, and, being confronted by so many grand peaks and so many stretches of scenery both beautiful and grand, I was for a time almost overwhelmed. However, I settled down near the Grimsel, at the south end of Hasli Valley where I remained sketching for over a fortnight.

At the end of the time mentioned I descended to the town of Thun, and going down to the lake at once took a boat for the chatelet at which I had left Silvio. I was anxious to see him immediately, as I had decided to accompany him to Paris, thinking I could go to no better place with my collection of sketches.

Arriving at the chatelet I inquired for my friend.

"You will never again see Silvio Baroli," said the proprietor. "Why, have you not heard of his sudden and strange death?"

"His death!" cried I, greatly shocked. "My God, Silvio dead! My only fear was that he might have left for Paris."

"Ah! but instead he has gone to that great golden city from whose joys no one ever returns."

"Tell me, how did it happen? Where did he die?" cried I. Yet, even as I asked, I felt sure that in his dreaded "dark period" he had fallen a victim to his haunting demon—the dead owner of that living hand!

"Where did he die? Mon Disu, here in his room. It was a terrible thing. Since you have not heard it," said the landlord, "I will tell you the story of the shocking death of your friend. Five days—no, let me consider—four days after your departure your friend, Baroli, failed to arise at his usual early hour. Thinking he might still be sleeping, as for a day or two he had looked worn and weary, we waited an hour and then knocked at his door. Obtaining no response to our call and repeated knockings, we became alarmed and forced open the door of his chamber.

"A strange and horrible sight met our eyes. On the bed Baroli, his right hand grasping his throat. He was dead and cold. His discolored face, distorted features and widely-staring eyes were frightful to look upon.

"A constable who was called in said: 'He has strangled himself. To have done so he must have possessed a will almost superhuman.'

"The officer took hold of Baroli's hand to remove it. He made the effort, and then, turning to us, said with a shudder: 'My God, the hand still holds to the throat with the grip of a vise!'

"It was even so. The arm and fingers had stiffened in the death grasp. Even after it had been forced away, the hand still returned to the throat, until in laying out the body it was bound down to the breast.

"And, sir, a wonderful thing! That right hand was not at all like the left one. The left hand was that of a gentleman, but the right was the course, hairy hand of a peasant—a hand, the fingers, of which were knotted and twisted from toil. There was a long scar running diagonally round the arm. The officer said it looked as though the hand had in some way been spliced upon the arm—a thing impossible. It was only a singular kind of deformity, sir."

As the landlord thus speculated I sadly mused upon the fate of my friend. "Poor Silvio," though I, "the dying curse of the bandit has taken effect. That demon hand grasped his throat as he slept and the gnarled and sinewy fingers did not even relax their hold when life was extinct. The hand of the bandit had executed the threat its dying owner had made."

Counting back I found it was in the dark of the moon—poor Sylvio's time of dread—that the vengeful and ever watchful hand had rose up, throttled my friend in his sleep and destroyed him.

"They tell a silly tale of a ghost," said the host, breaking in upon my reflections; "of a ghost seen when your friend lay a corpse the night before the funeral."

"Who tells such a story?" I asked.

"The watchers—those who watched by the body."

"And what is their story?"

"Oh, a very silly one indeed. They sat in a room adjoining that in which the body lay. About midnight two of these watchers went into the room where lay the dead. They went to see if the candles by the corpse were still burning and all safe. As they stepped into the room they were astonished at seeing a tall, wild-looking stranger standing beside the coffin. They say he was a one-armed man and had a red handkerchief bound round his head. They were about to demand of the intruder why he was there alone with the dead, when he took a step or two toward them and vanished. The two men had not been greatly disturbed at seeing the stranger standing beside the coffin, but when he disappeared while in the act of coming toward them in the brightly-lighted room, they were terrified beyond measure. With faces white as chalk they dashed back into the room where their fellfw-watchers were sitting and as soon as they could speak told what they had seen.

"All presently mustered courage to go into the room where the body lay. To their horror they found the great hairy right hand loose and again at the throat of the corpse. One of their number had the courage to lay hold of the hand and try to pull it away. At the instant he did so there rang through the room a wild, fiendish, 'Ha, ha, ha!'

"All rushed forth and, shutting themselves up in the adjoining room, did not again venture into the chamber of the dead.

"And was the hand found loose in the morning?"

"Yes, it is undeniable that the hand was found loose and at the throat of the dead man, but then, for all that, the watchers were a silly, cowardly set. When they told their story to the priest he laughed at them.'

9 SPECIAL TRAINS FREE

CARRYING THE MULTITUDE TO AND FROM

SCARBORO JUNCTION

Where a First, Last and ONLY Payment of but **$17** BUYS A HOME

NO MORTGAGE! NO NOTES! NO INTEREST!

3 RED LETTER DAYS FOR SUBURBAN HOME-MAKERS: MONDAY, June 8th, WEDNESDAY, June 10th, FRIDAY, June 12th.

3 Special Trains Each Day FREE!

Leaving the Union Depot at 9:15 a. m., 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. EACH DAY—Monday, Wednesday and Friday on above dates, stopping for passengers each way at Don Station and York. These Special Trains will be absolutely free, both going and coming, and are open to everybody EXCEPT CHILDREN.

Scarboro Junction

Toronto's Newest and Finest Suburb.

Situation high, dry, healthful, beautiful and easy of access, less than half an hour's run from the Union Depot. At its door is the best train service afforded by the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway. Eighteen trains run daily between there and the Union Depot at hours that suit one's convenience and at rates that will reduce fares to about 4 cents per trip for those who purchase commutation tickets: no long walks when taking or leaving trains, as the property offered for sale is situated right at the station, adjoining the railway company's land. Taking everything into consideration, viewing the present and looking to the future, SCARBORO JUNCTION is *the very best location* to be found near Toronto for a charming, convenient, attractive suburban home, and only **$17** buys any of more than **100** Lots, while the others will be offered at **$20, $25** and upwards (**$10** extra for corners). Every lot fronts on a broad, nicely graded street, with a lane in rear, and while there may be a slight difference in choice or location, there is not a single lot that should not be eagerly picked up at the prices at which they are offered! Nine Special Trains are at your disposal, *free!!*

One Hundred Lots for ONLY $17 EACH.

There is no mistake in this wonderful price—it means exactly what is printed—SEVENTEEN DOLLARS is the *total* purchase price—no mortgage, no notes, no interest, no conditions, no restrictions, no assessments, no anything, but a single, unconditional, first, last and ONLY payment of **$17**. And this price is not merely a bait or leader to attract your attention—there are more than ONE HUNDRED beautiful Lots at this price. There are other Lots at **$20, $25** and over each, *but there are more than* **100** *at only* **$17** *each*. The **$17** Lots are actually there—more than **100** of them—for the public to count, to inspect, to walk over, to compare with property at ten times the price, to BUY!

Some INSIDE Information

The Syndicate operating this popular-priced property have nothing to conceal regarding either their motives, plans or methods. They were the first to recognize the sympathy existing between *diversified ownership and quick advancement of estates*. The moment one-half of the SCARBORO JUNCTION property is sold to hundreds of new owners, that moment the value of *all* of SCARBORO JUNCTION is enhanced many fold. To-day it is a property controlled by a single owner; to-morrow a hundred men and their families are vitally interested in its growth and prosperity. *Whatever lots are not sold will constitute the Syndicate's profits.* After the three days' sale now advertised—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, June 8, 10 and 12—you cannot buy a SCARBORO JUNCTION lot for anything like the prices that will prevail on those days.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF!

In the vicinity of other large cities suburban villages have sprung up like magic and values have increased more than 1,000 per cent. It is seldom though that any city is afforded such an opportunity as is now offered by the Syndicate owning the SCARBORO JUNCTION property and there is no good reason why this suburb, with the genius and energy of Toronto people behind it, shall not become the "banner" suburb; it certainly will become so, for the situation has given it very great advantages over all others within many miles of the city, and the lots are being *offered at prices that will insure their eager acceptance by the multitude.* Mark the prediction:—

Within a Year You Cannot Buy a Scarboro Junction Lot for Five Times the Selling Price of To-day. This is as certain as Sunlight.

At the prices now offered, *these lots are the cheapest property in the civilized world*—and that is saying a good deal. They are cheaper than surrounding property can be purchased by the acre. To buy one or more of these Lots at $17, $20, $25 or the prices at which any of them are being offered, is better than buying a $10 gold coin for $5—the coin will never be worth more than $10, *while the Lot will grow in value every month*, and it is three times cheaper at $17 than a $10 coin is at $5.

If the people of Toronto are moved by the same impulses that govern in other communities, those who desire to step in on these sub-cellar prices should make it a point to "get there" early in the beginning. The number of lots to be sold is not large, and it is certain that they will go with a rush. Why shouldn't they?

500 Per Cent. Investments are Not Picked Up Every Day

SPECIAL REASONS

WHY SCARBORO JUNCTION property will increase in value more rapidly than any other property near by Toronto. In the first place, you start at the right price, with all the profits to accrue to yourself—you get in at the bottom—you buy at acre prices. This cannot be said of property situated at any other practicable point for suburban residence within anything like easy reach of Toronto. Again, SCARBORO JUNCTION has unrivaled railway facilities—facilities that will improve every year. The tremendous traffic of the Grand Trunk goes by way of this point. Being a Junction Station, *every train*, fast ones and all, either east or west bound, *must according to law stop there.* It is situated at the sharp top of two extremely heavy grades, one from the east and the other from the west—grades on which it is impracticable for trains to stop for passengers or freight business. After leaving York, it is and will be, the only stopping place for many miles, and there is not the slightest danger of any other town springing up in the future to check or interfere with its growth. Again, residents of SCARBORO JUNCTION will have *rapid transit* to and from the city; cool, airy coaches in summer, warm, comfortable ones in winter; besides are able to get rates for family tickets that will bring the cost per trip down to street railway fares. The railway people are anxious to stimulate suburban business. Judging from a letter recently received from the General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, this sale will be watched with keen interest. Now, you are a resident of Toronto and if you know anything about other suburban property, east or west of the city, you are aware it is away up in price as compared with this. Fortunes could have been, and no doubt were made, by early buyers of, for instance, York real estate. You wish you had invested *there* at the right time, don't you? Well, here is an equally good opportunity offered at SCARBORO JUNCTION. Will you seize it or let it pass? We are offering the lots at previously unheard of prices and are confident the fact will be appreciated. Think for a moment! Lots at **$17, $20** and **$25** each.

YOU CAN TIE TO EVERY WORD Of this Advertisement

In this day of misleading advertising, we desire to impress the fact that every word of *this* advertisement means exactly what it says. During three days (*and three days only*) you can buy lots at SCARBORO JUNCTION at $17, $20, and $25 each ($10 extra for corners). Don't forget these days—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, June 8, 10, 12. The evening of Saturday June 13, closes the gates on these prices. After that date we will stop selling, and turn our attention to *making profits.* The syndicate's representatives are not before the public in a strictly philanthropic character. After having helped you, we expect you will help us—because you can't consistently do otherwise. Having purchased Lots at SCARBORO JUNCTION, some of you, certainly, will want to improve them. Every dollar of improvement you put on your property will enhance the value of every lot that remains with us unsold. Therefore, we will do more than sit idly by and let SCARBORO JUNCTION take care of itself. We will give

TEN LOTS FREE TO THE FIRST 10 BUILDERS.

That is to say, to each of the first ten purchasers of one or more Lots, who builds a house on his or her SCARBORO JUNCTION property, we will refund the purchase price of any Lot so improved, provided the house is finished and occupied before one year from date of sale.

Rules Governing this Great Sale.

The prices given mean cash. But by cash we do not mean that all the purchase price need be taken to SCARBORO JUNCTION on the days you buy. A payment of $5 on each Lot purchased must be made at the time the Lots are selected—the balance to be paid *before 9 o'clock p. m. the next day.* The balance on all lots purchased Monday must be paid by Tuesday evening at the syndicate's office, 12 King Street East. All Lots purchased Wednesday must be settled for Thursday, and purchases made Friday must be closed Saturday. The title to the property is perfect; Warranty Deeds will be given and a Certificate of Title made by Messrs. Watson, Thorne, Smoke & Masten, will be delivered to each purchaser as soon as the full purchase price is paid. *Any partial payment not completed the next day will be forfeited*, and the property be resold without notice. This rule is a positive necessity, and works no hardship to anyone, while holding all parties strictly to promise or contract. Therefore remember, that whatever Lots you make a partial payment for on Monday, must be paid for in full by 9 o'clock p. m., Tuesday; Wednesday's purchases to be completed on Thursday, and Friday's purchases on Saturday. Balances to be paid at 12 King Street East, Toronto.

THE ONTARIO SUBURBAN HOME SYNDICATE

TORONTO OFFICE, 12 KING STREET EAST.

MADE A THIEF BY LOVE.

A Girl-Wife Steals for Her Worthless Husband's Sake.

"She became a thief for her husband's sake."

To what an extent a woman will go for the sake of the man she loves has just been illustrated in Brooklyn. Mrs. Josie Rothe lies in Raymond-street jail a self-confessed criminal.

Her case is one which is out of the ordinary run of those brought to public notice and has excited a great deal of interest.

Josie is a girl-wife. She is quite good-looking, and her reputation in the past has been of the best. She is but 19 years of age, and her parents are people who move in good society in Washington.

Less than a year ago Josie married John Rothe, a printer, who then had steady work and made good wages. They lived in the national capital until a few months since when they came to Brooklyn with a party of printers and their families.

Rothe expected to get work in Brooklyn. He was not able to do so. He had taken apartments at No. 221 Fifth-avenue, and finally left his wife there and returned to Washington in search of his old job.

He had been absent for nearly a month when his wife heard from him. He informed her that he was still idle, but hoped to be in a position to send for her shortly. The next letter came from him on Tuesday last, and in it he told his wife that no work had been obtained, and he was without money to pay his way.

"Josie, I shall be in a terrible plight if I do not get help at once," wrote the man. "See if you cannot raise a few dollars for me somehow. Get it at all hazards."

This was a very discouraging missive to the girl-wife, and she was at her wits' end to know what to do about getting money for her stranded husband. There was nobody in the big city to whom she could go, and her mother, who was appealed to, could not or would not help her.

"Get money at all hazards," the husband had written, and the words were in the wife's mind constantly. She imagined the man she had taken for better or worse to be on the verge of starvation. It seemed to her to be her duty to sacrifice herself for him, even to the extent of becoming a thief. She saw no other way clear to her.

Edward Searfoss, another printer, had rooms in the same house with Mrs. Rothe. He and his wife had come on from Wassington with the Rothe couple. Josie was a visitor at their home. She gave way to temptation on Thursday evening while in the sleeping apartment of Mrs. Searfoss and stole that woman's gold watch and chain.

The stolen articles were pawned by Josie and she forwarded the small sum of money she received to her husband. Her conscience now began to accuse her and she was so frightened that she dare not go near the apartments of the Searfoss couple again. They had discovered their loss and notified the police of the Tenth Precinct.

Josie's change of demeanor so soon after the theft had attracted the notice of Mrs. Searfoss, and when questioned by Detective Graham she referred to it. The detective thereupon concluded that Josie knew something of the robbery. He was sure of it when he found the missing property in a Fulton-street pawnshop and obtained a description of the person who had pledged it.

Then came the accusation and arrest. Josie confessed her guilt at once. She was nearly frantic from sorrow and fright. On Friday night she passed the weary hours in the station-house cell weeping and moaning over her terrible sin. Justice Walsh, before whom she was arraigned yesterday morning, was touched by her story.

"I beg you not to punish me for this thing," she sobbed as she stood meekly before the bench. "Let me go and I will surely repay these people. My husband will soon have work and I will redeem the jewelry. It was terrible for me to do this wrong, but he was in want and I could not help it."

"It's a sad case, but my duty compels me to hold you on the charge," said the justice, and the weeping woman was almost carried into the prison van. The trial is on Monday morning.—N. Y. Journal.

Personal.

The young King of Spain, who has just completed his fifth year, is beginning to ride on ponies. His activity, wilful disposition and inquisitive curiosity made him a sharp contrast to his more tranquil-minded sisters. In two years His Majesty will have a separate household, and already he has shaken off the attendance of his Asturian nurse, showing a preference for male attendants.

Professor John Stuart Blackie, now 81 years of age, is said to be as busy as a bee and as playful as a kitten. He is a frequent lecturer before general audiences, but no longer fills the chair of Greek in Edinburgh. When he was a candidate for that post in 1852 he had but one formidable rival, the late Dr. L. Schmitz. At that time the selections lay with the Town Council, composed mainly of shopkeepers. Amused at the necessity for interviewing these persons in order to exhibit their own scholarship, Blackie and Schmitz made the rounds together; but the former did most of the talking, and secured the nomination easily.

Workmen's Parliament.

At the meeting of the Trades and Labor Council, besides the resolution on the street railway question, which appears in another column, there was a discussion on the report of the Educational Committee. It was particularly severe on the 22 councilmen who voted against Ald. Hallam's resolution to grant $8000 for the purpose of establishing technical evening schools. The committee was also glad to see by the reports of the last meeting of the Ministerial Association that that body concurred with the Labor Council in its opinions regarding compulsory education, but were sorry, at the same time, to see that they still held to the antiquated idea of religious training in our public schools. The committee recognized that citizens of every denomination and creed supported these schools, and that they ought, therefore, to be completely secular in tone. Any religious education necessary should be attended to by the parents at home.

Yokes of black guipure intended for silk and lace caves are studded with "jewels" of different colors.

A grain of musk will scent a room for 20 years and at the end of that time will not show that it has diminished in the least.

Big Facts in Little Space.

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age.

An inch of rain means 100 tons of water on every acre.

Blonde hair is the finest and red the coarsest.

One-half the people that are born die before the age of 16.

There are at least 10,000,000 nerve-fibres in the human body.

Three and a half millions of people are always on the seas of the world.

The proportion of Anglo-Saxon words in the English Bible is 97 per cent. of the whole.

The receipts of the French Treasury are larger than those of any other civilized nation.

It takes about three seconds for a message to go from one end of the Atlantic cable to the other. This is about 700 miles a second.

The force required to open an oyster appears to be 1310½ times the weight of the shelless creature.

It has been calculated that there are about 200,000 families living in London on about $1 a week.

About 450 B.C. the Ionians first introduced the present system of writing from left to right; previous to the above date, from right to left prevailed.