

WILL KEEP THE TOLL-GATES.

The County Council and the Metropolitan Railway Agreement.

The York County Council held two short sittings yesterday. After considerable discussion, a resolution was moved by Rev. Thomas Humbertson to abolish tolls and maintain roads by a general tax, was defeated.

At 2 o'clock the squabble over the Metropolitan Railway agreement came up again. Rev. Humbertson and the other members of the York County Council renewed their contention that the warden and council had no right to make an agreement in which York Township only was interested and to which it was not a party.

It was for this reason that the township council sent its memorial to the Ontario Legislature asking that the necessary legislation be allowed the warden to carry out the agreement be not granted.

The warden took special exception to the warden's recriminatory memorial to the effect that because his (Mr. Humbertson's) father owned a farm at the terminus of the Metropolitan Railway Company.

The warden also attacked on the subject of his relations with the Metropolitan Railway Company by Deputy Warden Peterman of York Township.

The most exciting part of the debate was Mr. Humbertson's charge that the memorial of the warden had been prepared by J. K. Kerr, solicitor for the Metropolitan Railway Company.

The warden defended himself at length and showed that the company had a right to do as it pleased with the roads, no matter what protests came from the township.

Kerr, who admitted having gone to Mr. Humbertson, but claimed that County Solicitor C. C. Robinson was too busy at the time to attend to him. He also implied that Mr. Humbertson was something of a liar himself, when the worthy representative of the township jumped to his feet and said:

"I will put you to the test by proving on oath that I am telling the truth."

A resolution was put and carried upholding the warden for his action in securing legislation to carry out his agreement, the only dissentients being the representatives of the district through which the Metropolitan runs.

THE WEST END CEMETARY.

Opposition to it in the Property Committee.

James Graham of 123 York-street appeared before the Property Committee to petition for an eating-house license which the police officers refused to issue to him.

Ald. Small and J. E. Verral championed Graham's cause.

Inspector Stephens stated that the eating-house was to be run as a "dive" by Jim Daly, and that Graham was merely a puppet in the case.

He had known Daly for 23 years, and had never known him do an honest day's work in that time.

P. C. Forest had visited 123 York-street and found liquor on the premises.

Ald. J. E. Verral's subsequent motion that the license be not granted was then carried.

The City Commissioner wanted permission to begin work on the new West End cemetery immediately, but the committee, as there is no dumping ground now available for the West End garbage; and the Argonaut Board of Health, which is against the city for dumping ill-smelling garbage in the vicinity of their boat house.

He argued Verral moved that the question of the erection of the cemetery be laid on the table for two weeks until the council had dealt with the estimates, as he intended to move for the striking out of this item.

Ald. J. E. Verral wished the work to go on at once.

Ald. Small pointed out that if everything was to be left over until next year the cemetery would have to fight against a 20 mill rate.

Ald. Hewitt pointed out that ill-health during the summer would be even worse than a high rate, and he advised that the work be gone on with at once.

Ald. Hill was anxious to have a man appointed by the council to see that the work of the architect and building inspector of the new Court House.

He was told by the chairman that he was clearly out of order.

AT THE ASSIZES.

Serious Charge Against a Young Farmer—More True Bills.

The entire afternoon at the Assizes yesterday was occupied with the case of Frank McEldrye, a young farmer charged with larceny of \$121 from Joseph Colford of Whitechurch. The evidence is of a purely circumstantial nature, turning on the identity of a large number of witnesses. The case is not yet concluded.

True bills against James Thompson and Albert Forrester for larceny were returned by the grand jury. That against Erisilison was thrown out.

SPOILING A LITERARY REPUTATION.

The Story of Fred Tewksbury and Miss Yellowlee—The Way She Put It.

It isn't often that you meet a more dry, or fluent conversationalist than Fred Tewksbury. Probably the fact that at one period of his chequered career he used to canvass for a life insurance company, partly accounts for it. A man who can talk life insurance effectively ought to be able to hold his own anywhere.

Tewksbury's easy flow of language was only equalled by his argumentative pertinacity and the cool audacity with which he would lay down the law on subjects of which he was entirely ignorant.

He was quite capable of explaining the intricacies of the silver question to a group of C.C.'s that Mowat knows nothing of constitutional law; and, owing to his ready command of talking phrases, he seldom met his match. He did once, though, to his signal discomfiture.

Though he had hardly ever read a book, excepting novels, and had picked up all his knowledge from newspapers, he usually passed as an extremely well-informed and cultivated individual, and therefore it is not surprising that at Col. Hogaborn's party he was asked by the hostess, "What do you think of the Yellowlees, who had graduated at the university a year or two ago, and was the usual conversational medium about the weather and the extremely pleasurable character of the occasion, they began talking literature.

"Of course you have read Ibsen, Mr. Tewksbury," said Miss Yellowlee. "I just adore Ibsen. He is so pregnant and soulful. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Yellowlee," replied Ibsen, his favorite author.

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SHORT AND SWEET.

May—Don't you think your landlady's little boy is an angel? Frank—Not yet; but I have hopes.

While the man whose seasons' savings may not be a philosopher, he often has a sage air about him.

Philanthropist—My good friend, if you can prove to me that you are blind I will gladly give you a quarter.

Blind man—Show me the quarter first.

Shakespeare makes you think he loves me so dearly? Simple—O, a thousand little things! He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play.

He—Now that our little quarrel is all made up, I would ask you to take a good cigar if you were a man. She—And if you were a woman I should ask you to join me in a real good cry.

"Our teacher says that every man should try to get to the top," said little Mickey Dolan. "Thurs for the teacher," responded Mickey's father, "unless you happen to be a girl."

"By the way," inquired the young woman with the bundles, turning back for a moment, "do you like milk orders?" "I think, miss," replied the new salesman, somewhat hesitatingly. "The matrimonial agency is in the next block south."

Refined Taster. A rather pointed story is told of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, and the late Senator Beck, which we give without varnish.

Upon one occasion it was necessary to test some old Bourbon whiskey before shipping the Simon Pure to a fastidious customer. The anxious doer brought him of these two great men, who were universally admitted connoisseurs in the matter of testing liquor. Blackburn swallowed a bit, smacked his lips, looked a little bit critical, tried it again, and then said: "It is fine, very fair, but again smacking his lips, 'It seems to me I taste iron in it.' The dealer looked discomfited.

Beck went through the same process of tasting and trying, at last exclaiming: "That's good, but I don't think I detect the taste of lead."

The dealer's face fell. But feeling sure he had a superior article he investigated. After diligent search he found a carp's track with a leather cap in the bottom of the cask—Harpers Magazine.

And They'll All Be Here This Week. There are 48 varieties of the common house fly.

One Too Many. Johnny—Papa, what is a bigamist? Father—A bigamist, Johnny, is a man who loves not wisely but too well.

See I. "With kindness, as you will see, and to show to the world, so the infants judge."

Sad Case. Aunt—Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up? Bobby (resembling private seance in the woodshed)—An orphan.

Honors Are Easy. John Ruskin is on record, as calling Mr. Gladstone a traitor, and now Mr. Gladstone has always been a master of poetry.

A Conclusive Reason. She—What makes you think he loves me so desperately? Simple—Oh, a thousand little things. He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play.

The Balfour Plan. Senior Warden—Coming down to the church fair to-night? Vestryman—Can't spare the time; this is my way to the bank.

Senior Warden—Well, let me sell you some chances, then; we're going to raffle off a few scholarships at the White Plains Keeley Cure.

Wild Western Ways. Baseball Crank—Why do you leave in the middle of the game? Constable—Holdin' that he shootin' counted in a flush.

Judge—Drinks for the crowd. Next! In the Versicular. "Did you ever see the Passion Play at Oberammergau?" "Yes, once." "How was it?" "The actors made a Holy Show of themselves."

Almost a Hint. Mistress—There was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply for you? Mary—That I have a husband, please, when I get my wages raised next month, that I'll begin to save for the wedding things.

Breaking It Gently. "Give me your candid judgment on these lines," said the man of literary aspirations. "Do they convey the idea of poetry at all?" "Yes," replied the editor, looking them over. "They do. There is something in every line that conveys the idea. Very line," continued the kind-hearted man, "telling him to go on as gently as he could, 'begins with a capital letter.'"

Relieving the Old Gentleman. Boogie—You did not go in for our door sports last summer, did you? "No," replied the old man, "I was here this summer, and I think we shall use the lawn now."

Many-Vined Fate. Fate is the friend of the good, the guide of the wise, the tyrant of the foolish, the enemy of the bad.—W. B. Alden.

BARREL OF DRUGS

IS BETTER THAN 1500 AKEG

IF YOU ARE NOT STRONG IT WILL DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD

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DROP OF A DOLLAR IN PORK.

A SLIGHT ADVANCE IN WHEAT MADE BY SPECULATIVE BUYING.

A Weak Feeling in New York Stocks.

Money Tetter in Gotham—Local Stocks in Rather Better Demand—Local Grain Market Dull—Cotton Closes Firm.

Foreign Grain and Provision Markets—Business Embarrassment.

C. P. R. closed yesterday at 89 1/2 in London; 77 1/2 in Montreal and 74 1/2 in Toronto.

Receipts of logs at Chicago yesterday were 23,000; estimated for 10-day 14,000. Prices 10c higher.

Amour is reported to be buying heavily in Duluth and selling in Chicago. Duluth wheat is at 10c, and Chicago at 9 1/2c.

Cotton closed strong at 7 1/2c for July, 7 1/2c for August, and 7 1/2c for September.

Local cattle were in slightly better demand today, but the aggregate of sales was small.

Two share blocks of Western Assurance changed hands, and 50 of Dominion were reported sold. These were the principal transactions of the day.

Profits were easier. Toronto closed 10c higher, and Western Assurance 1/2c lower, British American 1/2c higher, and Canadian Cattle 1/2c higher, and Canadian Cattle 1/2c higher.

Quotations are:

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