

Advertisement for 'The World' newspaper, listing various services and subscription rates.

FIFTH YEAR.

CANADA ON SUFFERANCE.

A LIBERAL M.P. MAKES A GRAND MISTAKE.

The Knight of Old Sports for British Maintenance—A Lively Debate on Canada.

Nothing unusual occurred in the proceedings of the other sections. The scientific discussion will practically conclude to-morrow the meetings on Wednesday being for business arrangements.

On Thursday Toronto may expect to be invaded by the members, who have accepted excursion invitations.

GETTING THE CONTRACT READY. The Electric Light Matter Again Before the Fire and Gas Commission.

A special meeting of the fire and gas committee was held yesterday afternoon, Chairman Farley and all the members being present.

The electric light contract received additional attention at the hands of the committee. During the discussion Ald. Maughan was piqued and hurriedly left the room.

Not so Foolish as Was Alleged. NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—Cyrus W. Field, Jr., and the members of the New York Yacht club, deny that they intend to fit out an Arctic expedition.

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The Evansville Horror. EVANSVILLE, Sept. 1.—Eleven bodies have been taken from the wreck of the Belmont. A colored woman and child are still there.

The Princess of Trebizond to Difficulties. LONDON, Sept. 1.—The Governor of Trebizond was arrested by six emissaries of the false prophet, Hodana Hassan.

A New Cholera Development. ROME, Sept. 1.—The armed populace of Sioja prevented the British steamer Bright-Hope, which had a clean bill of health.

Four of a Kind. VIENNA, Sept. 1.—Four dangerous anarchists were brought here from Pesh to-day. The house of one of the manufacturers of machinery was discovered; also a number of bombs and a model of a dynamite box.

Worse Than the Chinese. ALGIERS, Sept. 1.—The French transport Tonquin just returned from Tonquin with troops. They had cholera aboard.

Nine Killed. SUAKIM, Sept. 1.—The rebels made an attack last night. A mine near the town was exploded, killing nine of the enemy.

The Chublers in Italy. ROME, Sept. 1.—Past 24 hours: 45 deaths from cholera and 140 new cases reported in various places in Italy.

BRETHREN FROM BRITAIN.

SKETCH OF THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

A Distinguished Gathering—The First Meeting in Canada—An Hour with the Secretary.

OTTAWA, Aug. 30.—The opening of the British Association Wednesday evening in the Queen's hall on St. Catharine street was a scene long to be remembered by those who had the good fortune to see it.

The fresco work is superb. It is a most popular building in Montreal and the finest in Canada. The fresco work throughout is executed from the finest materials and is a great credit to the artist.

On the 24th day were assembled, amongst other notable, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Sir John Macdonald, Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Thompson, Sir William Dawson, and a host of other prominent citizens and savants.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—Among the speakers to be considered by the knights of labor, who meet to-morrow, are insurance, co-operation, foreign organization, extending the operations of the order into new fields, especially in Canada and the south, devising a more satisfactory way of awarding inquiries from local district assemblies and other sources.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 1.—A successful attempt was made to wreck the Midland express from Alexandria this morning by the removal of a rail near the city. The train, excepting the engine, left the track and a party of five men were killed.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

TORONTO WINNERS AT THE DOMINION RIFLE MATCHES.

Racing at Brighton Beach—Return of Canadian Heroes From the United States—General News and Events.

OTTAWA, Sept. 1.—The annual matches of the Dominion rifle association commenced to-day with the following result:

NUSSERY MATCH. Capt. G. Thompson, 15th. 30 5 5. Pte. A. Kinross, 4th. 29 5 5. Pte. G. Macdonald, 1st B.F.A. 29 5 5.

BRIGHTON BEACH, Sept. 1.—First race, 2 year olds, 5 furlongs—Janetta Pride won, Machere 2d, Leno 3d; time 1:07.

Notes. The Canadian Disturbance and Minnie Meteor have gone to Sheephead Bay track.

A lacrosse match played on Saturday between the Ontario and Bellevue regiments resulted in a victory for the former by 3 games to 2.

Charley Boy's return to town on Saturday from Saratoga. His two horses, Springfield and Annetta broke down at that track.

W. E. Ross and Wm. Parkhill are to run a mile race at Silver cup, presented by J. Danneback.

Newman and Schmidt were to have met last night to sign articles for a swimming pool, but Newman failed to appear.

Charley Wise returned to town last night from Saratoga. He brought Scalper and Lory Daley home. Since they left Toronto Scalper has won four firsts and three second, his earnings at Chicago being \$2150, and \$200 at Saratoga.

The bicycle loving public may expect a treat on Saturday next, the Toronto bicycle club's annual race day, when some of the latest and best fancy riders in Canada are expected to compete.

Meeting of Rodgers & McElroy's Creditors. A meeting of the creditors of Rodgers & McElroy, soap manufacturers, was held at the office of Kerr & Jenkins yesterday.

PERSONAL. Dr. J. Colla Brown is dead. General Butler is the busiest letter-writer of the day.

Professor Tyndall, one of the most noted scientists, does not know the year of his birth.

James Robertson of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, a Henry Robertson of St. John, N. S. W., are in town. Both are old Toronto boys.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is out with a plan for new divorce laws, in which the rights of father, mother and child shall be suitably guarded.

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A BIG FANATICAL FETE.

THE SALVATION ARMY'S SECOND ANNIVERSARY DAY.

One thousand Male and Female Soldiers in Line—Barracks and Discard—Music in the Streets.

The novelty of the fanaticism attached to the salvation army has won of all the citizens of Toronto have learned to tolerate their phantasmic parades and meetings with more or less compassion.

Two anniversaries of the army's entry into Canada have been celebrated. The second one occurred yesterday. Nearly 1000 soldiers from different parts of the province took part in it. They arrived for the most part in the morning and assembled at the barracks at St. Andrew's market.

At 3.30 a procession was formed and took a line of march through King, Yonge, and Queen streets. The spectacle was even more grotesque than the first anniversary. There were far more soldiers and their crany proceedings were far louder. About two-thirds of those in line were females attired in many gay and gaudy costumes.

Some of the women would have any claim to good looks or good figures. But they all possessed limber tongues, which they put to lively advantage. One woman carried a baby in her arms, while another very fat soldier who was dressed on Jerry Sheehan's white horse, flattered as marshal. He was assisted by others in equally grotesque costumes.

A woman in widow's weeds and mourning was another feature of the line which in a carriage received the bride of the day. Captain Jessie Hill, who was subsequently married to Captain Smith of the "Red Rover," who is said to be an ex-methodist divine. The bride was liberally saluted on the line.

If the female soldiers were grotesque, the male ones were more so. Four or five brass bands, which emitted music that sounded like the crash of a great gale, were distributed along the line. A little individual with a tight fitting red knickerbocker suit and barber-pole stockings, and who was dressed on Jerry Sheehan's white horse, flattered as marshal. He was assisted by others in equally grotesque costumes.

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ASSAGES.

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THE NUTTING BULLET.

In 1869, Lawrence Nutting was a United States Marshal in the southern district of Virginia.

But Nutting proved himself worthy and fit for the office. A young man of temperate habits, quick wit, splendid physique and dash of courage, he was never at a loss how to act; and the vermin that infested that section soon learned to hate and fear him intensely.

Many were the expeditions which the officer had led, many his escapes, and many the prisoners safely captured and walled by his efforts—but one man evaded him. The shrewdest and most "moonshiner" of all was still at large, despite all his efforts, Nutting had not yet secured Rufus Allen.

This man was known throughout the state. His career had been that of a criminal from his birth. In the fastnesses of Southwestern Virginia he manufactured whiskey upon a grand scale, and was the owner of a dozen or more "queer stills," and snatched his fingers at the law.

Several times he had actually caught him, yet twice he had escaped, and at the time of which we speak he was still free. Nutting, since his office window one evening, musing, half-dreaming, when these fell a light touch on his shoulder. He started up quickly. A stranger stood before him.

"The United States marshal," said he, interrogatively. "Yes, sir," said Lawrence, rising. "Be seated. What can I do for you?" "I would speak with you alone," he said, glancing around him with an air of importance to communicate.

"This office is out of hearing from the street," replied Nutting, "and we are by ourselves. You can speak freely." The other drew a couple of cigars from his pocket, offered one to the marshal and lit the other himself. Nutting followed him to the door, but he drew his chair nearer, so that he sat between the officer and the desk whereon lay his belt and pistols, threw open his coat so that the butts of two heavy revolvers might be seen, and blowing the smoke lightly from his cigar, said in a quiet tone to his companion.

"You are desirous of arresting a noted moonshiner, one Rufus Allen, are you not?" "There's no doubt of that," said the marshal, smiling. "I am the man." "Nutting's cigar never stirred in his lips; his hand did not quiver, nor his breath come the quicker. A single sign showed how deep he was moved; his eyes dilated, then he assumed a look of indifference.

"You—you, Rufus Allen? My friend, I know Allen. His hair is red; yours is black. His face bears a scar across the chin; yours a beard. His teeth are broken; yours are perfect. The joke is good; but you are not Allen."

"You are Allen?" "For a full moon either man moved. It was though two large figures gazed at each other. Then the outlaw said: "Listen! I am armed; I am not. I am fully as desperate a man as you report makes me. I am as strong as you. Do not try to arrest me; for I shall then be obliged to kill you. I came here to have a private talk, but it was necessary that you should know who I am. I will not molest you if you do the same by me, and give me 15 minutes to escape when we have finished."

Nutting assented his chances. Unarmed in the presence of a man so strong, and then striking a wig from his head, beard from his chin, and removing a single false tooth, he turned again to Nutting, red-haired and smiling. "And now?" "You are Allen?" "For a full moon either man moved. It was though two large figures gazed at each other. Then the outlaw said: "Listen! I am armed; I am not. I am fully as desperate a man as you report makes me. I am as strong as you. Do not try to arrest me; for I shall then be obliged to kill you. I came here to have a private talk, but it was necessary that you should know who I am. I will not molest you if you do the same by me, and give me 15 minutes to escape when we have finished."

"I've pleased, I say, massa. Foun' it yer, dough. De ar's a sawyer's bullet, massa," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, while his eyes rolled like ships in the midst of white and seething billows. "I know 'em. My ole massa he had one cast and carried it many years. Dey nobber kill no one but de feller dey's made for. Massa John, dough, he didn't get a chance for to use his," and the old man chuckled.

"A suicide bullet," said Nutting, with a smile, as he examined the silver sphere. "That's a new idea to me. Why make a special bullet, uncle? I should think one of those deadly enough."

And he pointed toward some of the heavy cartridges belonging to his own pistols which lay on the table near. "Dey mought miss massa. Ye know de debil care for his own life; de bullet is made by his help at night in de graveyard, an' can't miss. I knows 'em, massa. I's seen 'em afore. Then, drawing nearer, he whispered, "I've made 'em."

"And did they do their work," said Nutting, laughing lightly. "Dey did, massa. De officer near opened a drawer in his desk and took from it an old-fashioned duelling pistol which he had picked up somewhere, and fitted the bullet into the rusty muzzle.

"It's just the thing, uncle. Bring me my flask, and I'll load it with the suicide bullet. It's best to have it handy by if I get the blues." He laughed again. The servant obeyed. "No use to fix 'em, massa. 'Twon't only kill one who it's made for, shuah an' ye couldn't shoot yerself wid it, nohow."

"Well, uncle, I'll load the old smooth-bore, anyway," said the marshal, sitting the action to the word. "And this afternoon we'll try it at a mark. If I miss a half dollar at a dozen paces, I'll give up that you're right. If I hit, your 'suicide bullet' is no better or worse than a leaden one."

"All right, massa, but you won't hit," replied the duncy. "Just as Nutting completed the charging of the weapon a visitor called, and it was thrust hurriedly into a pigeon-hole in the desk. The visitor's business detained him from the office until night, and the plan of the morning was forgotten. The duel, therefore, was not organized.

The days and weeks passed, summer came and went, and fall ripened the year. A dozen times had the marshal organized expeditions to deal with the country seeking the notorious Allen, but each time he had returned unsuccessful. Occasionally a still would be destroyed or a quantity of liquor seized, but the man himself remained free, and the winter was approaching rapidly. Soon these expeditions were dropped for the year. Nutting chafed under his ill success.

One final effort, however, was to be made. Certain information which he knew to be reliable had at last, he felt sure, put the outlaw in his hands, and he locked up his horse's shoes and loaded his pistols with unusual care.

At his orders mounted guards—men on whom he could depend—patrolled all the roads. Upon the morning of the 15th of October, at seven o'clock, Nutting, mounted on his horse, was to storm the very stronghold of the moonshiner, and to-morrow night would find a vacancy either in the government office or the ranks of the illicit distillers. The expedition had thus far, Nutting believed, been kept a secret. Because of this he looked forward with strong hopes to success.

The officer sat at his desk writing. He had a few pages to complete, a letter or two to prepare for the mail and some memoranda to destroy. He might never sit at that desk again.

As his eyes wandered over the mass of papers, documents and duplicate reports filed neatly away before him, he suddenly noticed the butt and head of a pistol half hidden in one of the compartments. As he remembered how it came there flashed over his mind he was about to draw it from his hiding place, when a shuffling step at the door arrested him and an instant later an aged and bent woman entered the door.

"What's the matter, old fellow? You look sick." "I am." "Business dull?" "No." "Health bad?" "No." "Dyspepsia?" "That's too bad. Your cooking is not very good, is it?" "No. Girl has."

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NEW SEASON'S TEAS! AT THE LIQUOR TEA COMPANY.

ROYALS. STOVES. IN THE CITY GO TO JAMES NOLAN 60 and 62 Jarvis Street. McCarty's Famous Royals, Teapots, Premiers, Mascottes, of all sizes, and Stoves of every description. The best in the market. Every stove warranted to give satisfaction. New ones exchanged for old ones. Don't fail to come before buying elsewhere.

"HEADQUARTERS" FOR BARGAINS. TORONTO SHOE COMPANY Corner King and Jarvis. Boys' and Youths' Tie and Buckle Shoes, All Sizes, worth \$1.25 for 50c. Boys' Lacrosse Shoes 65c. Men's do. 90c. The Great and Only ONE-PRICE CASH Establishment in Toronto.

COAL. COAL. COAL. PLACE YOUR ORDER WITH C. J. SMITH, THE COAL DEALER, 25 QUEEN STREET WEST, COR. JARVIS & QUEEN STREETS, AND FOOT OF BERKELEY STREET. All Coal Delivered Clean and in Good Order. Telephone Offices all over. Special Rates on Wood.



BEST QUALITY COAL & WOOD. LOWEST PRICES. HEAD OFFICE, 20 King St. West. BRANCH OFFICES: 413 Yonge St., 536 Queen St. West, York, etc.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. SCRANTON COAL. This is to notify the citizens of Toronto that I am the only dealer here in selling the celebrated "SCRANTON COAL," and that I have on hand

100,000 TONS, FRESH CREAM AND PURE MILK! Model Creamery Co. WEST TORONTO JUNCTION. I am now offering for sale in quantities to suit purchasers by far the most desirable property in this vicinity, being the Alkenaham property, and at low rates. Parties desiring to purchase for the purpose of holding on speculation will be liberally dealt with.

P. BURNS. Telephone Communication between all offices. TO GROCERS. NOVELTIES! LANGTRY BANG, CURLING TONGS. HANDY TACK HAMMER! Holds two packages of tacks in the handle. THE NOVELTY CORKSCREW. HARRY A. COLLINS, Housekeepers' Emporium. 90 YONGE STREET.

TO GROCERS. NOVELTIES! AVERY'S Agate Balances & Brass Weights. Platform, Counter, Batcher and Even Balance. SCALES. RICE LEWIS & SON, 52 & 54 King St. E., Toronto. JAMES PAPP, FLORIST, No. 12 Carlaw Avenue, King Street East, TORONTO.

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