

THE CITY AND VICINITY.

THE DAILY ROUND OF LIFE IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.

What the People are Doing and Saying and Thinking About—Brief Notes Gathered Everywhere by Wide-Awake World Reporters.

It is about time that a meeting of the Quill club was called.

The students in the School of Science get their canines "stiffs" from the city pound.

One was taken up yesterday and will be on the table today.

Mr. Adam Darling of Montreal arrived in this city last night, it is said for the purpose of presenting a bill against the directors of the Ontario bank.

Dr. Wild's sermon on Sunday night on Parkville was a success.

Mr. John Gordon of the Mail, who was injured by being thrown from a buggy at St. Catharines last week, is recovering and will be able to be about in a week or so.

Benough's Cosmopolitan is published by the writer for September is out. Mr. Tom Benough is back in the editorial chair and already improvements are showing up.

Mr. Chas. Brown of the Dominion livery met with a serious accident while taking a fence at the hunt on Saturday.

Mr. Brown's collar-bone, and otherwise badly injured him. His injuries are not serious.

Dr. Kelly, who was luckily present at the hunt.

We published yesterday a letter from Dr. Stewart explaining a discrepancy in our report.

Dr. Stewart says he had reference to the year book, and that it was never intended to publish it in the Digest.

We accept this explanation and acknowledge ourselves to have been in error in using the word "religious weekly," and we are quite sure Dr. Stewart did not intend to monopolize the report for his journal.

A painful illustration of the degrading depth of immorality in this city when once she begins to drink liquor, was witnessed at Jarvis street and Wilton avenue at 5.30 o'clock last evening.

A woman on whose bloated face could still be seen traces of bygone beauty, staggered up Jarvis street in the midst of four men who also apparently were very sober.

The dissipated female behaved in a shocking manner, exposed her person, used blasphemous language, and made herself generally unwomanly.

The party finally turned west on Walton avenue, the wretched female exclaiming to one of the men, "Forgive me, Bob! forgive me, Bob!" Indeed she had much to ask forgiveness for.

THE COAL TAX.

How the Dealers Propose to Settle Who Pays the Duty.

The Mail and other papers supporting the government, and the Globe and other journals opposed to them, have been arguing who pays the fifty cents tax on a ton of coal imposed by the N.P.

The world does not assume to settle this question, but heard yesterday that the coal dealers themselves are greatly exercised over it, and are determined to take action in the matter.

They are—indeed, independent of their political leanings—increased at the Mail, which has openly charged them with forming a ring to keep up prices, and which has asserted that the coal dealers will not feel the duty. In answer to this, it is understood that the dealers have drawn up a document, signed by all, to the effect that if the government reduce the tax they will at once reduce the price fifty cents.

At all events, the dealers met this morning yesterday and interviewed Hon. Senator Atkins, minister of inland revenue, on the matter. He promised to bring it before his colleagues.

"ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER."

The piece so named was played last night at the Royal opera house to a good audience.

The company is a very fair one all through, and Miss Lillian Cleves as "Lizzie Stark," also "Madame Laureau," sometimes rises to "first-class," while her acting is never commonplace.

"Justice" (the farmer's daughter), as played by Miss Welby, carries a strong impress of her mother in it. But there might be much more models than Mrs. Welby, Miss Prudie Cole as "Mother Stark" was staid at times, and not especially in the emotional parts, where she might be expected to fall from grace, she acted with a firmness that was not to herself.

"Nellie's mamma's treasure" is the cleverest little girl seen for some time. Her elocution is good, her action is natural, and she effects the climax of the play in a highly satisfactory manner.

Altogether the piece is a good one, and those who are fond of a well-acted play should visit the Royal. There will be a matinee to-morrow.

FOURTY MINUTES OF COUNCIL.

The council met last night at the usual hour, but the business being very small was despatched by the midnight bell.

A communication was received from J. H. Pullar, Winnipeg, respecting his new method of block pavement of which, however, he sends no description.

The various reports were then taken up. A spirited and eloquent debate was occasioned by the expenditure of \$40 over the amount authorized for the purchase of an oilcloth.

The pattern, the aesthetic taste of those who selected it, the comparative excellence of oilcloth and linoleum, were all discussed in vigorous and eloquent language.

At length corruption triumphed, and the item passed. Ald. Fleming moved to strike out the clause allowing \$50 for lunches for the committee.

Several alterations (Oh, no, don't!) The court of revision last year were in the best position to place a value on their own services.

When given their whole day gratis for the service of the city, it was not much to ask them for fifty cents a day for lunch.

They were worth nothing, and had mistaken their vocation. Ald. Fleming struck to his amendment and polled a lonely vote for it.

Ald. Howell said some people in Dalhousie street did not want a sewer on that street and he would like to know whether it had been finally decided.

Ald. Bevis said it had, and moreover the matter had been before the board in some shape or other for three or four years. The item passed.

Ald. Farley asked leave to introduce a petition from the Toronto Bridge company to open a street between King and Queen streets through the crystal palace grounds, but as that moment was not adjourned was moved and carried.

THE CONTRACT MYSTERY.

Meeting of the Board of Works—Other Matters—Clyde Street Sewer—Commissioners and Engineers Report—Boulders.

A special meeting of the board of works was held yesterday afternoon.

There was a large attendance—namely, the chairman Ald. Baxter, Ryan, Davis, Steiner, Carlyle and Irwin; and besides these, the engineer, commissioner and solicitor, the mayor and Ald. Clarke and H. Ham.

Ald. Baxter wished to know why they were called out of the regular order.

Ald. Bevis then related the circumstance of the finding of the contract in a mutilated condition, and said this was the origin of the special meeting.

There was reason to believe that it had been done maliciously.

Ald. Baxter said no one could tell that yet, but he had no doubt it had been done maliciously.

The chairman said the detective had thought the matter should be over until they investigated the matter.

Ald. Baxter would like to ask the solicitor whether he could from his recollection state the amount of the penalty in the contract.

The solicitor—"I feel that perhaps it is best for me to say nothing at all about this matter either one way or the other."

He then tossed the chairman a copy of the Telegram. The chairman read the paragraph pointed out, and said that the man who inserted the \$10 a day evidently had procured the burning of the contract so that his contract could not be identified.

A member asked who filled in the blanks. The solicitor—"I drew the contract and filled in all the blanks."

"Did you fill in the penalty," "I presume I did."

"Can you tell what it was?" "I cannot." My impression is that it was more than ten dollars.

Ald. Bevis—"I am satisfied it was a hundred."

The solicitor—"I am satisfied it was not—I am sure it was not more than fifty. I have prepared 50 or 60 contracts since that time and I had no special reason to charge my memory with this one."

The mayor said that although he had placed the hands of the hand-drawn sketches it was still competent to this board to investigate it, but he thought it just as well to let it lie over until they have made their report.

Ald. Steiner was astonished to hear that the solicitor should not remember such a penalty as this in one of the most important contracts ever signed in the city of Toronto.

The solicitor again reminded him of the fact that he had drawn 50 or 60 contracts since the 12th of July, when he drew this one.

Ald. Baxter did not think it was his duty to investigate this matter. He formed himself into a court of enquiry. He submitted that it was the duty of the mayor alone as the chief executive officer of the council to investigate the matter.

Detective Hodgins here entered the room. Ald. Ryan and Ald. Steiner thought the board should take the matter up.

Ald. Baxter—"Who decides the penalty?" The solicitor—"In this particular case I have no doubt I decided it. I have no doubt in my mind that it was \$50, but I am not going to swear to it."

The contract was then passed around the board. The hole is of an irregular shape, and the page of the contract it exactly covers the amount of the penalty, and not another letter is obliterated.

Ald. Baxter—"This is the first time I have seen the contract. It can be seen to have been done accidentally. (Several members expressed themselves very strongly.)"

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THE SPORTING WORLD.

MANLIAN IN TRAINING.

Plaiated is now actively engaged in training Hanlan for his forthcoming race with Wood.

It is pretty certain that the race will be held at Washington, and not at St. Louis.

The champion will probably leave the city about Nov. 1. He will take the boat that is expected to leave for the citizens' regatta, and also one now being built by Ruddock of Boston, weighing about 55 lbs.

The latter is all finished, but the sliding seat. Plaiated says there is a good deal of malaria at St. Louis, and it is not a safe place to train in.

Trickett is still in the fastest time in London, and a large number of sports from this city will go to the race. Perhaps these carmen are most aware that Washington is "chuck full" of malaria.

Wallace Rose is training for his race with Hanlan at Portland, Me., under the mentorship of John A. Kennedy.

Joseph Flynn, who styles himself a "Tipperary man," and avails himself of Batters' weekly signed articles in London to row over the Thames championship course for \$1000.

THE YACHTING.

ABOUT THE MADGE.

The Sporting Life, London, says: "It is no secret that the Madge has been sent out as a test boat, she being one of the handsomest models of the modern British type, and built by Watson of Glasgow, the designer of the steel cutter Vanguard, which created almost a sensation in the south last year."

Who adds to the victory still in the fact that the Madge sailed for British crew in American waters and according to American rules and regulations of yacht racing.

THE BICYCLE.

THE INTER-LACRABE RACES.

At Boston, Mass., the second inter-league race between the Boston and Massachusetts bicycle clubs proved very exciting.

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BAXTER'S LITTLE GAME.

How he Got a Lower Berth in the Pullman on a Trip to Montreal.

The following was first published in a well-known paper of New York—the Dramatic News—and as it undoubtedly concerns a gentleman well known in Toronto, his many friends will be pleased to read it.

Yad to laugh at it: Ald. Baxter is a man who is neither lank nor lean, nor haggard nor thin, nor even commonplace. In his lighter moments he weighs scarcely less than three hundred and fifty pounds, and there are times when his bulk amounts to an even higher figure.

He is not only one of the most amiable, but one of the wisest of mankind as well. He has the collective wisdom of a large assortment of sects, as well as the conglomerate intellect of a whole lot full of dopes—namely, a man who has to pilot such a tonnage through the shoals and over the quicksands of existence.

Mr. Baxter is something of a traveller—greatly not merely in the physical sense of his corporeity, but great also in respect to the area of territory over which he has journeyed; and so it becomes necessary at times for Mr. Baxter to patronize the blessed monopoly of Mr. George M. Pullman, and there is hardly a sleeping car porter in the employ of that nontrous corporation who does not know him, and who does not, when he sees him, revel in anticipating the double "tip" which Mr. Baxter invariably bestows.

About ten days ago Mr. Baxter had occasion to go to Montreal. Preferring to travel by night, he descended with much ponderous solemnity upon the Union station at the hour of six, it being his definite purpose to take the 6.15 P.M. train for Montreal, and to sleep with an earth-shaking tread, he found, to his gigantic disgust, that all the berths had been secured with the exception of an upper one on the left side.

"Do you mean to tell me, William," inquired Mr. Baxter, "that I am to be crowded into the low line multi-million vibrato tremolissimo, like the grumbling of a cyclone, 'that this is the only berth to be had?'"

"Yes, sah," was the porter's timorous reply. "Very sorry, sah, you didn't lemme know befo', Mr. Baxter. All dem berths was done gone and got hired early in 'th' day, sah."

Mr. Baxter mused for a moment. "Well," he mused, "in case of shuffled thunder," is the infernal idiot who shuffled his cursed foresight in engaging the lower berth?"

A small, snappish person, with red whiskers and a travelling cap, sat upon the opposite side of the car. He turned briskly to Mr. Baxter, and said: "I beg your pardon, sir; that lower berth is mine. I secured it and intend to occupy it, if it's all the same to you."

"It is the same to me, sir," growled Mr. Baxter. "I would have been impressed as a fact upon the singularly queer mind of this fellow who places his call your mind that it makes a good deal of difference to me whether you or I occupy that lower berth."

"You needn't be insulting about it," snapped the little man with the red whiskers. "The berth is mine. I've paid for it and I'm going to look after it."

"Very well, sir," roared Mr. Baxter, impudently like a tower of Pisa over his fellow passenger, "but in this berth is yours, sir, and you can occupy it!"

Then Mr. Baxter strode into the smoking parition with a tramp so powerful and energetic that the man in the berth was wakened from his sleep by a conversation such as one only hears in his delirium when on a sick bed, or in a sleeping car. The discussion of the lower berth was not a subject who loomed up prodigiously in the aisle, and the porter, who was making up the upper berth, said:

"Deed, sah, an' I don't done see you since you was with me in 'dat Chicago run, Mr. Baxter."

Thus the ingenious porter. "No, you have not. Let me see that was one of those dreadful experiences of my life, when I was in Chicago, wasn't it?"

Thus the artless Mr. Baxter. "Yes, sah, deed it was, sah. Dat was the one time when you and me was together on 'dat ole lady just outside Guelph, sah?"

"Poor old creature!" murmured Mr. Baxter in a deep organic rumble. "You remember how last time it was to recognize her, don't you?"

"Deed I do, sah," chuckled the ingenious porter, "and you remember how I was, sah, shovelling her out of 'dat lower berth when you got to Stratford?"

"Strange the reality which always attends my occupation of a upper berth," mumbled Mr. Baxter after a moment's pause. "You heard perhaps, William, of that other fearful accident of 'dat last April?"

"Dat time you done fall on 'de ole judge from Toronto and broke both 'er legs and made sich a trouble in his stomach he done spit blood all 'de time afterwar'?"

"Yad, sah," chuckled the ingenious porter. "Dat accident, it were done talk 'bout 'dat ole time, and you remember 'dat ole all 'bout it, Mr. Baxter. He 'clar, indeed, dat 'de ole judge was 'dear lookin' 'bout 'dat ole time, and you remember how last time it was to recognize her, don't you?"

"The saddest case of all though was that of two school-boys on the Great Western. It haunts me!" murmured Mr. Baxter, hoarsely. "To wake up and find myself imbedded in the mangled remains of two innocent children, so bright and merry and sportive only the night before! I never can forget that awful, that unspeakably horrible catastrophe, William."

"No, indeed, Mr. Baxter, but yo' burf is m' up all right."

"Ah! Me!" growled Mr. Baxter in a manner to set the car shaking as he lecherously directed his eyes at his coat and put it on the upper berth. "It is really scandalous, the filthy and insufficient manner in which these things are constructed."

And then Mr. Baxter, putting his enormous case on the upper berth, set it creaking and quivering.

"Good night, Mr. Baxter!" said the ingenious porter.

"Good night, William," replied Mr. Baxter, in his deepest register. "Good night, and if my gloomy predictions are to be realized, and I am once more to inadvertently and involuntarily occasion the death of a fellow-traveller, remember that it was not my fault that I had to occupy an upper berth."

"Hold on!" screamed the little man with red whiskers, as he leaped out of his berth, and, holding on for the love of heaven! Porter! Give the gentleman this lower berth; I'll be blowed if I want it!"

The Beer Troubles.

DURBAN, Oct. 24.—Great preparations are proceeding for the immediate advance of the Beer War, it is evident, it is intended to make a serious demonstration in order to compel the signature of the convention, or more fighting is expected. The Beer War is reported to be making near the frontier.

RETAIL CLOTHING.

OAK HALL,

115, 117, 119 AND 121 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

OAK HALL'S prices are pronounced by all to be the LOWEST FOR CLOTHING. We show great value in

OVERCOATS FOR MEN AND BOYS, All Styles.

See our Superior Stock of SUITS, the most fashionable styles. WE GUARANTEE A FIT. We are receiving orders from all parts of Canada for our goods. Our Show of Clothing is the Largest WE DEEM IT A PLEASURE TO SHOW OUR GOODS.

OAK HALL.

A DEPUTY SEAL.

The Zoo Loons an Attraction and University College Matrons in a Seal Soup in the Boarding-Rooms.

The seal recently added to the zoo died on Sunday. As soon as the death was reported Mr. Fride was down post haste from University college and bought the corpse for five dollars.

The body has been taken up to the school of science, where Prof. Wright will make an autopsy in the presence of his students. The residence men in college held a meeting last night and resolved to abstain from soup for the next two weeks, and a committee was appointed to inspect all meat served up by the stewards. They are evidently afraid of his sealship finding his way into the dining-room.

The Toronto Turkish Baths, 233 Queen street west, are open every day from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.

DEATHS.

Stratton.—In this city, on the 22nd October, the wife of Alex. M. Stratton, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Stratton.—On Wednesday, the 19th inst. at the residence of the bride's father, G. Nelson, at the residence of the Rev. D. J. McDonnell, B. D., Mr. Stratton, to Miss, youngest daughter of Mr. John Bowman of Toronto.

DEATHS.

HERRINGTON.—In this city on the morning of the 24th inst. of whomoping cough, Violet Helen Housley (Wells), aged 1 year and 9 months, the youngest and dearly beloved child of Harry and Eliza Housley.

FUNERAL.—From her grandmother's residence, No. 4 Seaton street, to-day at 3 o'clock.

TORONTO.—At his father's residence, 504 King street east, John Joseph, eldest son of Richard and Emily Thibault, aged