

The Toronto World.

NO 5 YONGE-STREET TORONTO. A One Cent Morning Paper.

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From Labor's Standpoint.

Considered purely from a labor standpoint the running of street cars on Sunday ought to meet not only with the approval but with a little enthusiasm on the part of workingmen. The cause of labor loses nothing in this proposal, but gains a substantial victory. It is said that in Montreal and in some other Canadian cities the running of cars on Sunday involves seven days a week on the part of drivers and conductors. We have not investigated the truth of this statement and it may be a fact that the street car employees in some other cities are working seven days a week on Sunday, as that proportion of the employees are required on Sunday. Toronto workingmen have now an opportunity of not only securing a victory for themselves, but of affording a noble precedent for fellow workers in other cities. It is now within the power of the workingmen of Toronto to make it illegal for any of the nine hundred employees connected with the Ontario Railway and Electric Co. to be required to work more than six days a week. They have it in their power to get an agreement to that effect drawn up by the City Solicitor, agreed to by the railway company and ratified by the Ontario Legislature. This is in our opinion a most important victory for the cause of labor. Other cities have not been able to secure it. Toronto workingmen should seize the opportunity while it is offered. They should strike the iron while it is hot. Suppose they should refuse to accept the proffered concession, what then? In that event they run the risk of not having such a concession ever put in their way again. We believe that the cause of the street car employees in this city and railway as to Sunday cars is illegal, and that it will not stand argument before the courts of this country. The City Council can do a good many things, but there are some to which it is powerless. A majority of the citizens of Toronto have a very limited authority over the minority. Nine-tenths of the people of this city might vote that John Smith be made to go to church on Sunday, but they cannot compel him to do so. John Smith has rights which all the rest of the citizens combined cannot take from him. A majority of citizens might get into their head that no one should be allowed on the streets on Sunday, except on errands of necessity and mercy. Yet that majority would be powerless to enforce its opinion. There are certain rights belonging to the individual which no civic corporation can deprive him of. One of these rights is the right to a public and uninterrupted use of the streets and highways. In the same way every man and every company has the right to use vehicles on these streets, and it requires something more than a city's fiat to deprive him of that right. Nor has the City Council power to prohibit any public company from running its conveyances or cars for the public use.

In trying up the street car system in Toronto on Sunday the council has exceeded its powers. Just as reasonably might the council order the gas company to stop business on Sunday because a majority of citizens thought it sinful to have a light burning on Sunday. We firmly believe the Supreme Court of Canada would nullify clause 40 of the agreement relating to Sunday cars, and if, by any chance, the vote of Aug. 28 does not eventuate in giving this city a car service on Sunday that question will likely be tested in the court. We introduce this argument to point the way to the workingmen that the street railway may finally get permission to run cars on Sunday without consulting the city at all, and in such an event it will not be obligatory on their part to give in to the city's offer to stop their cars on Sunday. Why should the labor people of Toronto wait the possibility of such a contingency? Can they expect to get more favorable terms from the company? Certainly not. To-day the offer is ready to be made. To-day they should accept it. Workingmen, do not let such a victory slip through your hands. Such a chance may never again be presented to you.

A great city has been raised about the inquiry of seven days' labor. The people of Toronto may help to banish this inquiry if they desire. Kill seven days' labor in Toronto and you deal it a death blow in Hamilton, in Halifax, in Montreal, in some other cities. When Toronto sold its franchise to the Railway Company it demanded cheap fares for the workingmen. And what was the result? The suburban lines are obliged to give their patrons the same cheap tickets as Hamilton, too, had to give to its patrons. Now we are enjoying the same benefits that Toronto first secured for her people. So will it be with regard to labor.

The Sunday World that will be published this evening at 8 and 9 o'clock will contain, besides all the latest news and foreign, the reports of the day's sporting events.

G. W. Small's weekly review by cable of the Political Situation in Europe, news from the watering places, by Archibald.

Queen's College, Toronto, a contrast, by Simon J. Ryan.

Stage Street People, by Touchstone.

Notes and Comments, Pastoring Friends, by the Capitan One.

What Ladies Wear, illustrated.

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Why I Stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery.

Why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the city interested me and I found it difficult to tear myself away. When I was ready to leave my brief sojourn in the country had inspired me with as much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my landlord to cross the isthmus on horseback. "Take it leisurely," he said; "follow the old road. It touches at various points along the canal. You can make the journey in a couple of days and you will not mind spending a night in one of De Lesseps' villas. Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides, I had a friend who was one of the contractors, and I wanted to pay him a visit. The next morning I mounted a gentle mule, furnished by my host, and set out for Aspinwall, the Atlantic terminus where I intended to take the steamer. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday, I rode rapidly during the morning. At one place the road ran along in sight of the water for half a mile. I saw a scene not to be matched anywhere on earth. Enormous machines were constantly excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of America—Americans, Africans, Chinese, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks upon me by these fellows alarmed me, but they were friendly when I came up to them. One of the contractors was about, and from him I learned that the work was done by five miles further on. "Are you armed?" asked the contractor. "I told him that I had a revolver. "You will probably need it before you reach Aspinwall," he said. "You are passing through thirty thousand of the worst outposts that were ever collected together. After hearing that I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of being laughed at made me decide to push on. I was determined to see the canal, like a lion, I put up with my mule and ambled through the muley gang of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was reached in time for dinner. Here I was safe, Jackson was a fellow, whose men were nearly all Americans. I was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours that I spent with him I filled him full of news and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of interesting things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along for years, but he was making bundles of money, the delay played into his hands. As I declined to stay all night with him, he gave me some directions about my route, and at my departure confided to me a package containing letters from laborers, asking me to deposit it for him in one of the banks at Aspinwall. I was a little nervous at the time, but I carried the package with me, and I was glad to find that it was all right when I returned to Panama. "Hello, there! Pedro, and you, Juan," shouted Jackson. "Get to work, you lazy leopards!" The Mexicans growled, and sullenly retired. "They are two of the worst men in camp," said Jackson, "but they are not likely to bother you. I had my doubts; but the prospect of staying all night with Mendez reassured me, and I started off in very good spirits. My road took me through a scene of beautiful scenery. The tropical foliage round me glittered with all the hues of the rainbow. Unknown to me, the gorgeous magnificence and overpowering fragrance brightened my road. Suddenly I came upon a pond of clear water in an open space, and I dismounted. I was not in the least surprised, and I proceeded to wash and undress in a hurry, placing my revolver under my clothes on the edge of the water. When I plunged in and enjoyed a refreshing swim. "One thing annoyed me. All along the way I met with monkeys everywhere. They were of all sizes, and they followed me in their movements as much as my indignity and shook their tails at me in my face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fled in precipitate terror. "As soon as I entered the lake the monkeys took fresh courage. They scrambled about in droves and abused me with their hearts' content. Among them was one of a species that I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and as muscular as a bull. Before I realized the situation this great brute leaped upon my back and down on my clothes, and started to tear them for the woods. For a moment I was absolutely paralyzed. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in the jungle, but I had no fancy for the role of Lady Godiva. "There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my revolver, and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a yell of rage and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my revolver coat and gun case. It was useless. The thief scurried up into the top of a tall coccoloba tree, and in a twinkling of an eye he was on my coat, butting it round him, and then proceeded to lick me in the face with such profusion that I was glad to get away. "But my troubles had just begun. I had reconciled myself to the loss of my coat, as Jackson's money was in an inside pocket of my waist, but the monkey showed an disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof, and there was no chance of hitting him unless I shot him in the eye. "The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, no signs of the habitation of man. The situation was growing serious. Occasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from a leafy cover, and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a cunning chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was too angry to enjoy the comic aspect of the thing. It struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time. It was both horrible and humiliating, such a death in the tangled forest of this savage land. "Just then I saw a short distance off, in clearing, a square hut, the monkey, in great esteem,—N. N. Dipatch.

BOUGHT TOO LARGELY.

A YONGE-STREET STORE IN TROUBLE. Difficulties Accumulating. We are tempted to ask: "When will the merchant learn to buy no more goods than he can really handle?" Every day we hear of cases where failure has followed from reckless buying, from over-loading with stock that can not be realized on, and no one seems to profit by the lesson. Each man starts just three times in his own mind and inclined to believe that he shall escape the fate that has overtaken so many, and keeps on buying till the very end. Failures are not always trustworthy, but from facts in our possession we know it to be certain that the merchant who buys too largely will meet a similar fate. Galsworthy, 214 Yonge-street, who have lately been advertising extensive alterations to their store, find themselves in a very awkward position. They have bought too largely, and their stock is so heavy that they are unable to realize it. They are now in a very awkward position, and their stock is so heavy that they are unable to realize it. They are now in a very awkward position, and their stock is so heavy that they are unable to realize it.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

CUNARD S. S. LINE FOR EUROPE. Every Saturday, from New York. BEAVER S. S. LINE. Every Wednesday, from Montreal. W. A. GEDDES, AGENT, 60 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC.

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FROM THE EXTRACTS PUBLISHED IN ANOTHER

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CHURCH-ROBBERIES.

It is said that you want a lot more of a good thing. We think it is a saying that is not, under all circumstances, true. Take Georgetown and its churches, for instance. There are many churches in that city and they are all well served. It is not true that you want a lot more of a good thing. We think it is a saying that is not, under all circumstances, true. Take Georgetown and its churches, for instance. There are many churches in that city and they are all well served.

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SELECT KNIGHTS OF CANADA.

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ROCHESTER & RETURN.

ROCHESTER & RETURN. Only \$2.00. By the Fast Steamer EMPRESS OF INDIA, Saturday, July 22nd, at 11 P.M.

BEAVER LINE OF STEAMERS.

BEAVER LINE OF STEAMERS. Montreal and Liverpool Steamship Sailings. From Montreal, Saturday, July 22nd, at 11 P.M.

UNLIKE THE DUTCH PROCESS.

UNLIKE THE DUTCH PROCESS. No Alkalies. Other Chemicals. W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa.

NORDHEIMER PIANO.

NORDHEIMER PIANO. The Standard Piano. 15 KING-STREET EAST, TORONTO.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDUCATIONAL. UPPER CANADA COLLEGE. (Founded 1826).

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THE GREAT LAKES.

THE GREAT LAKES. 1000 ISLANDS. THE RAPIDS. BEAVER, QUEBEC AND THE FAR-FAMED SAUNTER, GULF PORT AND ATLANTIC COAST FOR SEASIDE, etc.

A PAN-AMERICAN TALE

"Old man, she's a typical Spanish beauty, just as you read of in the old time romances, only she doesn't seem to have an argus-eyed Diana to stand jealous guard over her charms, and repulse too bold masculinity. It is an omission, though, that I'm quite willing to overlook. Did you ever see such eyes? Dark as midnight, and yet they are limpid and always sparkling, and have such strange gleams in their depths. You should see her when she lets her hair fall upon these peachy cheeks and then raise them quickly!"

"And giving vent to an ecstatic grunt, incapable of orthographic treatment, the speaker energetically resumed his cigarette in enthusiastic consciousness of the faculty of description. Ramon was sanguine of temperament, Granddad addressed as "Old man," had a tanned face, with high-lights of red, acquired in the occupation of cattle-ranching. He lay at full length in a hammock, blew smoke rings up to the interlaced boughs of the pepper trees that sheltered the spot from the rays of the fervid southern sun, and listened with amused and tolerant indifference to the aberrant western of his friend."

"Yes; Anita is quite a beauty in her way," he conceded. "Beauty's she's a divine! Who'd ever thought of finding such perfection away off here in this wilderness? Why is it you haven't been married? She's so full of so languorous warmth, and vitality—such fire in her eyes, such spirit—and, say, you'd never see a cigarette—cigarettes she calls 'em, I tell you, old man, the hot-house beauties of the East, with their flimsy accomplishments, their conventional notions and artificial grace, can't begin to compare with this prairie rose; haven't got the soul that she has; she's so natural and unaffected,—been brought up next door to Nature, you might say." He further expounded, with a marvellous overflow of superlatives, the respective merits of these two branches of floriculture, to the great disparagement of the former.

The particular hot-house beauty who instigated the comparison had bidden him a cold adieu in New York, a week before, and swept indignantly from the room with all the queenly and repellent hauteur compatible with a stature of five feet four. This on account of her perfectly justifiable criticism of her amiable treatment of other men, especially one Fred Dupont, a peculiarly odious fellow because of his good qualities and engaging manners. She had unreasonably refused to treat him with the chilling reserve, because she had known him all her life—in a woman's reason. She had also immediately returned to the room to demand further information upon some unimportant phase of the rupture—she had not decided just what it would be, except that it would not bear upon the main issue directly, and had found only a card announcing his immediate departure for "the end of the world"—a geographic impossibility, but an alluring haven for disappointed lovers. She had wept profusely, with a nose-reddening effect, and said, very well, he might go to the end of the world if he liked. She was sure she didn't care.

He had compromised on Pecos, New Mexico, where his friend Dick had owned a cattail ranch, and where he could wear out his blighted life comparatively unmolested. During the first few days of his sojourn, Granddad had dutifully to this gloomy victim of a woman's caprice; but noting a flagrant discrepancy between the latter's stated state of mind and his constantly increasing appetite, he had, with the ready optimism of an unscrupulous nature, come to regard the blight with cheerful resignation.

The steely-blue moonlight filtering down through an opening in the pepper trees, imparted a cemeterial hue to the whitewashed adobe casa, and whitened into steam the smoke from Granddad's cigarette. It was eleven o'clock. Ramon, who had just flung himself into a second hammock, was gazing up at the stars with that morbid astronomical fervor peculiar to his derangement.

"Dick, what charming voices these Spanish women have! Nothing sharp or explosive, but every syllable soft and plaintive, like—the faint rustle of leaves, or murmuring brooks—Nature's music,—or something of that sort,—so soothing, you know. You should have seen her wince when I called it 'San Jacinto' instead of 'San Jacinto.' She's going to teach me Spanish; easy language to learn. I judge every minute you come to 'J,' call it 'h.' What a picture she was to-night, with that black lace mantilla covering her head and shoulders, and the moonlight caressing her face—I envied it."

"I suppose so. By the way, did you notice the contour of her upper lip, in its infrequent moments of repose?"

"No."

"Didn't that fullness about the neck strike you as being, well, a trifle mature, or rather maternal, you might say? She doesn't impress you as being spirituelle, does she?"

"Hadn't thought of it, but what if she isn't? She has vitality, I tell you. She hasn't had her system enveloped by heated ball rooms and late suppers, and all those wearing phases of society that there are just so many cordial invitations to the party with the scytale. He refused the question about her upper lip with quiet dignity. He shrilly suspected the answer when I called it 'San Jacinto,' and the suspicion pained him."

"You'll excuse the curiosity, my boy; but Senor Covello didn't try to negotiate a loan from you for a few days, did he?"

"No, he didn't. What a cynic you have grown, Dick! I never met a more courteous gentleman than Senor Covello. I understand and sympathize with the grandness of high estate. I'm going to invest a few thousand with him in a little mining deal down in the Navajo district. He has a fine property there, he tells me; only needs a little development."

"Paid him something on account, I suppose?"

"The answer came with cold precision: 'I paid over to Senor Covello one hundred dollars as an earnest of my good faith. He had another party ready to accept the offer if I didn't. I intended to look over his patent—morrow, to make sure everything is all right.'"

"No doubt; but I think I can predict reasonable certainty that the Don will be in no mood for business—morrow. His mind invariably takes a light and sportive turn after the sale of an option on that mine, that is, where the cash payment is of such inspiring magnitude as yours."

Ramon was inattentive. After a few moments he musingly queried of his cigarette: "Wouldn't she create a furor in New York, though, if she were?" Granddad's expression indicated that he rather thought she would.

ordinary ferocity to fight. Turning up the lane toward what Don Romero ambitiously styled his hacienda, sounds of an altercation smote upon his ears. As he came in sight of the long, low adobe house three shots were fired in rapid succession. The prairie rose, barricaded behind an overturned table, with a smoking revolver in her hand, was addressing in her native language, but with obvious scorn, defiance and obduracy, the slightly exposed shoulders of one Senor Jamalguez, proprietor of a local pulqueria, who had screened himself behind a cactus giganteus, and was now making discreet efforts to prolong the armistice. The red bloom of the rose's cheeks was accentuated, and there was a wild and sinister look in her dusky eyes. Don Romero, compactly ensconced behind the trunk of the cottonwood, surveyed the scene with unsteady but cautious gravity, apparently entertaining little or no interest in the outcome of events. Seeing Ramon descend the shelter of a tree near him. The cordiality of his greeting was somewhat constrained by the surveillance demanded by his daughter.

He greeted weakly: "Would not the Senor accompany himself with their simple festivities—that is, presently,—while the little one should have become somewhat less and more?"

The Senor emphatically would not; and, noting the intensity of his emphasis, Don Romero sagaciously abandoned a half-formed intention of suggesting the prospect of a further advance on the mine of fabulous richness.

In addition to its other equally dispiriting effects, aguardiente is innocuolous. As Ramon started down the lane, the little one, still hurling incisive Castilian anathemas at her hidden foe, began another fusillade, one of the bullets clipping off a twig above Ramon's head, whereupon he accelerated his speed.

Granddad looked up from his novel as Ramon approached, and was impressed by his unusually thoughtful mien.

"Say, Dick, she's a terror!"

"Who, the fair Senora? Yes—at least that was the qualified endorsement of one of her husbands. Been having a round-up?"

"One of them! Has she ever been married?" "Her first was lynched at Albuquerque, and her second loosely deserted her after she shot a hole through his hat or his ear or something, one day; probably afraid she would be careless sometimes. She's a good girl, if she'd only let liquor alone."

"Why on earth didn't you impart these interesting little points of family history to me at first?"

"My boy, your imagination was geared up to a thing to eat for three days. You would have insisted that those men were bores who did not sympathize with the varying moods of this child of sunny Spain, and who could not appreciate her plenitude of soul, or exalted sublimation of intellect."

"Does that dried-up little devil, her claim, own any mines?"

"She claims through his personal claims vary with his stage of inebrity. I have heard him lay claim to all the mines in the Southwest. He seems to have been unusually modest the day you did business with him."

Ramon drew from his pocket an ornamental cigarette case, studied it a moment, then threw it away and lighted a large black cigar. He smoked in silence, and glared away to the north, where the dim, blue contour of the San Mateo mountains formed a wavy horizon line, and the air was filled with the fragments of an irrefragable shattered dream.

"He finished his cigar and rose up abruptly. 'I don't like this country—got any note paper about here?'"

"The letter covered twelve pages. It was written with a stub pen, which admitted of broad underlining. His emphatic crossing of 's' and other generally acknowledged evidences of individuality. On the first few pages it referred to the writer as an unreasonable brute; later on, as a blind fool; and, finally, it expressed the contrite and earnest conviction that he had fully recovered his gentlemanly instincts and his intelligence. The personal pronouns 'I' and 'you' were prominent throughout."

"When the hot-house beauty, who was quite a pleasing article in her way, received this letter, she exhibited lively signs of joy. This feeling, however, was not allowed to tinge her prompt and scornful reply, which was brief and reserved, and left the erroneous impression that certain grave doubts still pervaded the writer's mind."

"And all those long weeks, away off in that horrid country, what were you doing?"

FUN IN SMALL PARAGELS.

First Fly—Will you marry me? Second Fly—Alas! I cannot. I am stuck on this paper.

"Do you think that marriage is a lottery?" "Certainly not; are not love letters allowed in the mails?" "That is Mrs. Speck, there. She is a society leader; right in the swing." "By Jove! she dresses for it."

Gus (at the club)—What are you doing, boy? Cholly—I'm thinking about something. "That is Mrs. Speck, there. She is a society leader; right in the swing." "By Jove! she dresses for it."

Parent (wielding hair brush)—To be obliged to chastise you in this way, Johnnie, is painful in the extreme. Johnnie (between sobs)—Yes; my extreme.

"Beg pardon, sir; but who are you?" "I am the husband of Mrs. Lease, of Kansas. And you?" "I am the husband of the Infanta Eulalia, of Spain." "Shake!"

"Humph!" said the lightning as he flashed through the skies. "What's that sign on that country house?" (Reads.) "To rent. Ah! I'll take the hint." And he did so.

Patron—Will you please take this clock back and give me a Chinese clock instead. Tradesman—Why do you prefer a Chinese clock? Patron—Because "the Chinese must go"; this won't.

Cholly—No more camping-out nonsense for me. The last time I went I did not get a thing to eat for three days. Miss Egg—Goodness! Didn't you have any canned goods along? Cholly—Yes. But I lost me fork.

An Excellent Way. Jones—Good morning, Benson. How do you find business? Benson—By judicious advertising.

But It Didn't Tempt Him. "That is what I call a great snafu," mused the fox, eying the steel trap critically and passing on.

The Reason Why. Kester—They call it World's Fair; but why not Chicago's Fair? Bithere—Because she isn't.

An Assistant. Papa—Goodness me, Tom, what do you want with a dog? Tom—I want to teach him to run errands to the grocery store for me.

Hard to Please. She—I don't like a man who snores in his sleep. He—For Heaven's sake, when would you have him snore?

The Editorial "W." Mr. Crittler is first-class editor, said one reporter to another. "Certainly; he is so thoroughly accustomed to calling himself 'we' that he often drops the double fair into the box when he goes in the tram."

Useful Beesep. Papa—Goodness me, Tom, what do you want with a dog? Tom—I want to teach him to run errands to the grocery store for me.

How to make an arm-chair out of tomato cans. Nail the cans together for the legs and back, make the seat of the box they came in, and put some bright-colored bows at the corners wherever needed.

From Two Points of View. Mrs. Hank Peck—Isn't this terrible? A man in Pennsylvania sold his wife for \$500.

Heck Peck—Oh, I don't know. Business is business. A man is entitled to get all he can for anything he sells.

No Need of Prayer. Deacon Chobby—I had not seen you at our revival meeting, Mistah Black. Mistah Black—What for I wabber pray? Deacon Chobby—Don't you ever pray? Mistah Black—No; I carry er rabbit's foot.

The Summer Idyl. He—So you demand that our engagement should be broken, just because you suppose I decline? She (carelessly)—Well you had better think of it. Your youth is on the university football team, you know.

Ayer's Pills THE BEST Family Medicine CURE Sick Headache, CONSTIPATION, Dyspepsia, Liver Troubles. Easy to Take. Purely Vegetable.

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Derby Caps In any form, forward prepaid one of our elegant CHROMO PHOTOGRAPHS OR ART STUDIES. D. Ritchie & Co. MONTREAL, CANADA, and LONDON, Eng.

GOOD Food - Digestion - Complexion are all intimately connected—practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food.

COTTOLINE The New Vegetable Shortening and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be "Like a rose in the snow."

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For Rent. TWO FLATS EXCELLENT LOCATION WITH OR WITHOUT POWER. 28 FRONT-ST. WEST BELL TELEPHONE OF CANADA PUBLIC OFFICE. LONG DISTANCE LINES

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ALSO VERY MANY SPECIAL FEATURES

The aim of THE SUNDAY WORLD is to lighten the darkness thirty hours ahead of the Monday morning papers as to LOCAL NEWS, SPORTING NEWS, CABLE NEWS, SOCIETY NEWS, MONTREAL NEWS, OTTAWA NEWS, HAMILTON NEWS, THEATRICAL NEWS, POLITICAL NEWS, ALL THE WORLD'S NEWS.

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McLaughlin, 270 " "	Palmer House	Jenkins, 326 " "	Holland, 736 " "	King, 1308 " "	Plaskett, 364 " "	Shaw, 882 " "	Harrington, 272 " "
Curran, 348 " "	Belmont House	Beebe, 391 Spadina-avenue	" " " "	P'kdale Bazaar, 1420 Queen w	Withers, 445 " "	Sheppard, 1158 " "	Turnbull, 724 " "
McKay, 247 " "	Queen's Hotel	Curry, 414 " "	" " " "	Mariarty, 1426 " "	Gladdish, 532 " "	Waiting Room, Metropolitan	McKay, 794 " "
P. C. Allan, 35 King west	Arlington Hotel	Clare, 416 Queen west	Clark, 1028 " "	McKenna, 80 Yonge-street	Withers, 588 " "	Street Railway	Richardson, 822 " "
Frank, 299 " "	Birch, 94 Queen west	Smith, 604 " "	Boggs, 1088 1/2 " "	Fletcher, 291 " "	Powler, 790 " "	McIntee, 28 Queen east	Ezard, 767 " "
Kidd, 603 " "	Bridges, 217 " "	Moore, 672 " "	Virtue, 1158 " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "	" " " "

What have we here? asked the Countess as his private chamberlain wheeled into the room a narrow-load of documents. "Your Imperial Majesty," replied the chamberlain, "these are petitions from America protesting against the expulsion of the Jews from your dominions."

"Indeed! Are they written on one side or on both?"

"On one side, sire."

"Good! We can utilize the other side by getting up Russian petitions against the deportation of the Chinese from America."

He Did Not Get His Money.

Lawyer—You're an expert in this case, are you not?

Witness—I am.

Lawyer—Well, sir, I will ask you to answer me some hypothetical questions bearing upon the matter of temporary insanity.

Witness—I'll answer nothing, sir, until paid the money you promised me in advance. I cannot be retained on wind or long-time promises.

Willing to Share a Similar Fate.

Phathead (soliloquizing on the piazza of his suburban home)—Ah, cruel, heartless Genevieve! You have succeeded at last in driving me to drink.

Waylaid Tramp (who has overheard)—Excuse me, mister, but would you be kind enough to give me Genevieve's address.

An Unusual Occurrence.

Mr. Hudgins—I suppose fights are of very common occurrence in your native town?

Col. Longhorn—Yes, there is so much fighting that when a disturbance of some kind is not taking place large crowds gather to see what is the matter.

A World of Compensation.

Mr. Nuved (gloomily)—My salary has been cut down ten per cent.

Mrs. Nuved (cheerily)—Oh, don't worry about that, dear! Silk, Ribbons & Co. are advertising perfectly lovely things marked down twenty per cent.

His Best Trait.

"Did he inherit any of his father's good traits? I knew—"

"Oh, yes, he received his father's entire fortune."

A Labor Saving Device.

Baroness—Clara, bring me those dozen pocket handkerchiefs in which I told you to mark my monogram.

Mrs. Maid—Here they are, my lady.

"But how is this? You haven't marked all of them with my monogram?"

"Indeed, I have, my lady. I marked one with your monogram, and I marked all the others with the word 'ditto.'"

Dr. Curenquick—Well, how is this, my dear sir? You sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by small-pox, and I find you suffering from rheumatism.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—Well, you see, doctor, there was nobody in the house who could spell rheumatism.

Dr. Curenquick—Humph! It seems to me that your entire family is suffering from a bad spell.

CARRIED AWAY WITH HIS IDEA.



Willie—Now, I'll get rid of that measly old cat.



But the cat's claws caught in Willie's coat!

A Tender-Hearted Dog.

"Look here," said an excited man, rushing into the office of a Detroit citizen. "I want you to send up to the house and take away that dog you sent me yesterday."

"There's everything with the matter with him. He howled like a loon all night, and half the folks in the neighborhood are dead and buried—in their minds."

"That's very strange. He never acted that way with me. Did you chain him up?"

"Not a chain."

"No, by the way, what did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"What has that to do with the dog's howling?"

"It may have a great deal to do with it. Did you have lamb chops or beefsteak?"

"Neither. We had summer sausage."

"Exactly. I've hit the nail on the head the first time."

"I'll rather you'd hit the dog on the head. 'Spore he wasn't fed last night?"

"No, no, but he knew by occult vision, instinct, that you were going to give sausage for breakfast. He is, as I said, very tender-hearted, and blood is thicker than water. He discovered the presence of a playfellow—"

"But the abrupt slamming of the door terminated the visit and the dialogue,— Detroit Free Press.

Railroad Across the Sahara.

If the United States could cross our continent with railroads, or if Russia could span Asia with a line of rails, why cannot France cross the Sahara desert with a railroad? Possibly it can. A beginning has been made in that mammoth undertaking. But the difficulties are incalculable. As soon as those that are now known shall be overcome others will arise. Consider for an instant the enormous obstacles to making a railroad 1,500 miles long through a territory without wood or ties, without water, without everything required to sustain life. Railroads have been constructed through countries to which all the materials required have had to be carried. But here is a country which does not even supply water for the men who do the work. The sand storms that have buried a thousand caravans are liable to arise and wipe out all traces of man and his work. Yet this stupendous work is now seriously contemplated by the French government. When it is undertaken the rails will be laid from oases to oases, which lie like islands in the great ocean of the desert. As it approaches the south the trunk line may be divided, one arm to run to Lake Tchad, and the other to strike the Niger above Timbuctoo, from which point steamers could descend to Senegambia. The work may cost hundreds or even thousands of millions of dollars.

Reminiscence of Booth.

In the tide of reminiscences regarding Edwin Booth one looks with interest on the poem written by Thomas William Parsons on the death of Mr. Booth's first wife, Mary Devlin Booth, which ran as follows:

What shall we do now, Mary being dead,
And yet we do not pillow that fair head,
And yet the springtime shall her spouse?!

As it will soon, in meadow, violet,
Wind flower, and columbine, and maiden's toot:
That spells in flowers the payment of the year.

She was a maiden for a man to love,
Had all there in life, every gray hair,
One that has learned to value, far above
The name of love, the sacred name of Wife.

Her little life dream, rounded with sleep,
Hope, love, trust, passion and devotion deep;
And that victorious in a soldier's breast.

She hath fulfilled her promise and hath passed;
See her down gently in the iron door!
Now cover it with earth—her earth no more.

Cause for Discharge.

Judge (severely)—Horsewhipping is the only suitable punishment for you and your kind. The idea of a man of your size beating a poor, weak woman like a prisoner—But, your honor, she keeps irritating me all the time.

Judge—How does she irritate you?

Prisoner—Why, she keeps saying: "Hit me beat me! Just hit me once, and I'll have you hauled up before that bald-headed old reprobate of a judge, and see what he'll do with you!"

Judge (choking)—Discharged!—Puck.

Only a Dream.

Scribe—I had the finest dream of other night!

Spencer—What was it?

Scribe—I thought we were paid as much per column as the advertisers are charged.

ASSERTING HIMSELF.



Mrs. Dolan (from the window)—Kin-pow! Kin-pow!

An Attraction for His House.

"Hi!" said the stranger, regarding the young man who called at the hotel in answer to the advertisement, "you are an actor, are you?"

"Yes," was the reply; "the critics, however—"

"Oh, I don't care about the critics," returned the pert gentleman, "whereas the young man nodded approval. "What parts do you take?"

"I've none."

"Eh?—eh?—children's?" gasped the interviewer.

"Yes," said the applicant, in a surprised tone, "the young lover."

"Oh, yes, yes," assented the other, smiling; "that's just it. Are you open for an engagement?—I might say several engagements—for the summer?"

"I am," was the hearty answer.

"At—say, twenty-five dollars a week and all expenses?"

"Well," returned the stage lover, "I should say so! Are—are—the—some implied mingled hope and doubt—"are you a manager?"

"I am," said the elder, beaming. "And I'll take you until the first of October. All that you will have to do is to act your regular part, and you may fill several engagements. I am a summer hotel manager."

Useful Recipes.

How to make a Summer Cottage out of a packing box.—Take a large packing box, cut out some doors and windows, paint it in bright colors, place it carefully on the seashore during the height of the season, and let as soon as possible.

Materials of the Sculptor.

The materials of the sculptor comprise almost every substance capable of being carved, cast or molded. For carving, marble, alabaster, bone, ivory, granite, basalt and porphyry have all been used from time immemorial.

At the Grand Central Depot.

Mrs. Manhattan Beach having got into the car to go on a visit to her mother in Albany suddenly changes her mind and descends from the car to the platform, where her husband is standing.

He—Why, what's the matter?

She—When you kissed me good-bye you said: "Oh, I am on to you! I am not going now."

Max Muller Decorated.

The Sultan of Turkey has conferred the Order of the Medjidieh on Professor Max Muller. This is a merited tribute to the vast oriental learning and the deep interest taken by Professor Max Muller in the various Eastern religions, and in Mahometanism in particular. The present Sultan, who is a somewhat mild and melancholy Oriental, of Conservative tendencies, has little in common with that section of the official class in Constantinople who have been educated abroad and have adopted atheistic and revolutionary sentiments and ideas. He is devotedly attached to the Mussulman faith.

For the Sickroom.

Do not keep a sick person too long in one room without taking him out and fumigating it. Put sulphur in an iron or earthenware pan that will stand the heat and set on bricks placed in another and larger pan containing water up to the top of the bricks. Set the sulphur on fire, close all the windows and crevices, so it cannot escape. Loosen and hang upon chairs all the clothing to be freshened. Keep the door closed six or eight hours; then open all the windows and doors and freely ventilate the room for a day. Nothing rests a sick person so much as a change of the pure, clean room he is lying in.

Ferocity Amid Wealth.

The secret of persistent involuntary poverty in the midst of super-abundant wealth is not far to seek. "Bar a man from the use of his raw material—the earth—and he cannot work on it. Charge him for permission to use it, and the reward of his labor to the extent of that charge is reduced. Make him pay a high enough price, and you reduce him to a bare and precarious subsistence. All this is true. None can deny it, and who of us does not help to erect and maintain the barrier between the landless poor and their natural right to the use of the earth?—Knox Church Monthly, (Hamilton).

Divisions of French Vegetarians.

A French vegetarian society, like ancient Gaul, has become divided into three parts. One wing calls itself cerealists, to indicate that it believes only in eating cereals; another will be known as fruitarians, because it thinks fruit the only proper food, and another has been dubbed tuberists, because it believes in eating roots. Each wing thinks that the happiness and stability of the human race depends on the adoption of its views.—New York Tribune.

Antentological Items.

Turnip and radish flies can frequently be held in subjection by dusting them with wood ashes.

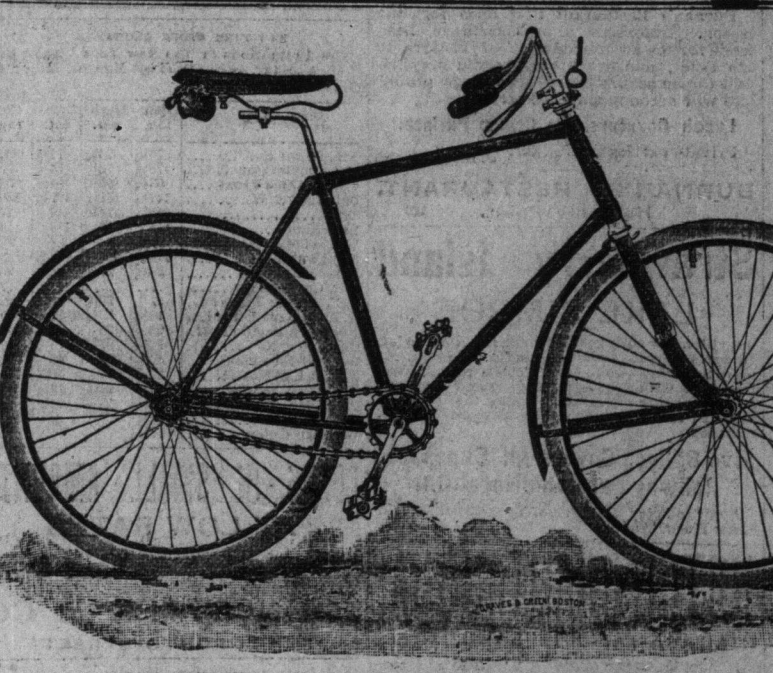
Cabbage and tomato plants can sometimes be protected from the cut worm by wrapping a stiff paper around the stems before planting.

If young non-fruiting plantations of strawberries are attacked by the strawberry slug, destroy the bugs by spraying with Paris green.

The rose slug can easily be kept away from rose bushes by spraying them forcibly with a hose and water every few days; or spraying or dusting with heliothecia or insect powder.

The director of the Oklahoma Experiment Station recommends as a remedy for the various squash bugs, spraying the vines with soap suds in which is enough Paris green to give a decided tinge of color. Hill up old plants to the first leaf. If the stem shows signs of decay, it is from the presence of the larvae which produce the squash bug; to save others, such vines must be pulled up and burned at once.

Dunkak is a never-failing remedy for cabbage worms. So, also, is the kerric-essence emulsion, hot water, and perhaps hot water. Bugs (I suppose you mean the flea-beetles) are hard to fight. Spraying them with very strong tobacco tea, however, will kill them or drive them away.



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