

THE TORONTO WORLD.

A One-Cent Morning Newspaper
OFFICE 18 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO
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WORLD, Toronto.
The World's Telephone Call to 322.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 1885.

THE WORLD ON THE ISLAND.
Cottagers and Boarders can now have their papers delivered on the Island in good time. Leave orders at the office.

The Fall Mail's Editor.

William T. Stead, the editor of the Fall Mail Gazette, is a central figure in English journalism to-day. He has dictated English foreign policy of late more than any other man. He is of the "lasher" type, full of earnestness. He met Chinese Gordon at Dover, talked over the then situation in Egypt, returned to London and wrote the article which compelled the government to send Gordon to the Soudan, and once there he raised such a row that the government had to send Wolseley to Gordon's rescue. He got up a great noise respecting to the condition of the English navy. He is strong for Russia, and is supposed to be a powerful factor in the section of the liberals opposed to war with Russia.

Mr. Stead is about 40 years of age, a slim, wiry, nervous man with a push and energy stamped upon his brow. The son of a Congregationalist minister, he was born at Howden-on-Tyne, and at first floated on the world as a junior clerk in a shipping office. As a boy he was passionately fond of reading, especially of works having reference to the history of his country, and after quitting work for the day, it was his custom to retire to his room and study up the great events of the empire. So diligent was young Stead in this respect that he won the prize offered by a local paper for the best essay on Oliver Cromwell, against a large number of competitors. As he matured from youth to manhood, his literary talents developed and were admired and appreciated outside of his local circle, so much so that he was offered and accepted a position on the Northern Echo, a daily published at Newcastle. From junior reporter he rose to the position of editor, and during the last general election he rendered valuable assistance to Mr. Gladstone's cause by his vigorous and pointed articles against the Disraelian administration. His articles in the Echo stirred up all the border burghs in favor of the grand old man, and after the victorious campaign, Mr. Gladstone expressed his appreciation of Mr. Stead's assistance in a kindly worded note. This was the turning point of Stead's career. When John Morley accepted the editorship of the Fall Mail Gazette he chose Mr. Stead as his first Lieutenant, and so faithfully and successfully did Mr. Stead fulfil his duties that when Mr. Morley resigned the editorial chair the proprietor of the Gazette made Mr. Stead Mr. Morley's successor. This position Mr. Stead has ever since occupied, with what success we leave it for our readers to judge.

The Drinkers Being Crushed. In England the great bulk of the national taxation is raised by duties on spirits, beer and wines and on tobacco. The teetotalers and non-smokers escape everything but the income tax. So heavily have these articles of luxury been taxed that the consumers of them turned against the Gladstonians government and forced them to resign when a further increase on beer and spirits was proposed.

In Canada the drinker and smoker is also a willing animal. He is willing to pay a large part of the revenue of the country, but the prohibitionists stepping in says, "We're determined to cut off your grog and pipe." The result will be that the prohibitionist will have to come forward with a proposition to make up the falling off in revenue.

In England they are taxing him beyond endurance; in Canada they propose or are bound, rather, to propose to ease his taxation but to cut off his "comforts." In both countries he is finding it a hard row to hoe. But just why a drinker should be imposed on has not yet been established.

Some One Has Blundered.

At 8 P.M. on the 1st instant the several collectors of inland revenue in the dominions received word not to accept "false duties on tobacco and spirits until further orders. Since that time no further orders have been received, and hold of tobacco and spirits in bond have been unable to do any business. Such a thing never occurred before. When a change of duty takes place it is wired to the collectors between the hours of closing the office on one night and the opening on the following day. The agony is quickly over, and except a feeling of disappointment among the dealers that they have not more goods cleared, there is not any interruption of business. Now who gave the order to the collectors not to accept duty in this case? It could not be an order in council, as the house is in session, and the reports from Ottawa do not indicate that any such action has been taken by parliament. It is a blunder, and trade is suffering. Another unfair incident is the fact that foreign spirits in customs bond are being cleared without interruption, to the disadvantage of the home producer, which is not quite in accordance with the principles of the national policy.

The American press is greatly concerned just now over two young women, native of the United States: Miss Cleveland, sister of the president, who has just had a book of hers published, and Lady Churchill, wife of the new secretary for India, who

secured her husband's return for Woodstock. Miss Cleveland's book is having a large sale, though its merits are not as yet certain to equal the interest shown in it by the public.

These hot days are hard on the superfluous, our newspapers: the Winnipeg Sun, the Ottawa Sun, and a Belleville weekly have published valentine choruses within the past two or three days. A we-who-are-about-to-die-always you are provided with all.

From the *Scots Act* to the *Crusades*.Editor, *World*: Allow me, in view of the letter signed Another Catholic, to present my argument, which the writer finds convenient to ignore, and extracts more care and pleasure from a general attack on an imaginary form in which his horse, foot and artillery, in the shape of poetical quotation, Greek fathers, biblical verse, and some conceits with which he does credit to his invention than his judgment can miss in an irreconcileable confusion of the two. My assertions in contradiction to the act of parliament are brief thus: That Catholics in the exercise of their right to life and religion, in the shape of political organization, of course, advocate or vote for the Scott act as a political measure, for which I advanced proof and in return challenged Catholics to prove ought to the contrary. I will add, for the benefit of my position, that I consider it a duty for Catholics to discuss a measure if they have not the option of a choice. An attempt, sir, which is now being made to cheat them of their rights calls for my strenuous opposition, and I do not object to being called a hypocrite. Liquor traffic can, who must serve them because, forsooth, as these men would have it, is contrary to your faith to oppose them. But, sir, some higher authority will have to speak before they gain their point. Catholics can favor the act and still act well his part. The Plenary council at Baltimore advised all those who were engaged in the liquor traffic to give it up, and I hope, sir, they will take the advice. Now, the day will come when, if any Catholic names shall adorn the sign-board of a saloon, when every Catholic shall be a total abstainer, and then, sir, will be the triumph of faith. The influence of millions of other religious societies and priesthoods will be with us, and we will be the stronger, the spirit that animated Godfrey, Rinaldo, Raymond and Tancred, their glorious recovery of the holy places, and which animates the people here by their heroic example and mental inspiration, will break hearts and shatter and gather all mankind in the fold of one holy Catholic and apostolic church, which may God consummate.

A CATHOLIC.

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Editor, *World*: I have occasion frequently to visit the Humber on matters of business, but of late have been along with others; somewhat disappointed in the running o steamers. According to their time tables a steamer is listed to touch at Brook street at 7.20 p.m. for the Humber. Now, I have made it a point to be there on three different occasions at that hour, but no steamer approached the barbican. I have asked the port authorities, by former correspondence, when they publish time tables, should at least follow their own time and not disappoint the public, who rely upon their published statements. Failure to perform stated services sometimes leads to serious results.

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THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA.

Report of the Directors submitted to the shareholders at the Tenth Annual General Meeting, Held in the Head Office of the Bank, 2nd July, 1885.

In presenting their Tenth Annual Report, the Directors have pleasure in meeting the shareholders in their excellent new building, which has been found most suitable for the Bank's business in every respect, and has also proved to be a good investment.

The business for the year has been fairly good, the usual half-yearly dividends of 3% per cent. paid, and \$35,000 added to the rest, making that amount now \$220,000.

The Head Office and agencies have been particularly inspected during the year, and the Directors are pleased to express their satisfaction with the manner in which the various officers of the Bank have performed their duties.

All which is respectfully submitted,

W. F. COVAN, President.

The Standard Bank of Canada, 30th June, 1885.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
For the Year ending 30th June, 1885.

Bankers' Profit and Loss Account.

Balance carried forward.

\$101,088.05

Dividend No. 18, paid 2nd January, 1885.

Dividend No. 18, payable 2nd July, 1885.

\$2,129.00

Interest on Bank Premises and Furniture.

Interest Account.

\$5,000.00

Balances carried forward.

\$101,088.05

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.

Notes in circulation \$1,383,373 17

Postage not bearing 33,987.00

Interest not bearing 2,000.00

Total Liabilities to the public \$2,901,571.68

JIM'S WIFE.

He was leaning against old Beauty's stall; one hand grasped the hay-fork, the other was lost in the capacious pocket of his overalls. As usual, his coarse, brown hair was thickly decorated with oats and tiny wisps of straw, while a mouthful of the same dry material was being ground between his teeth. Now and then Beauty's head was thrust over his shoulders accompanied by a soft whinny, this being an invitation for a treat. Generally she received an apple or a carrot, but always something, so fond of his old mare was Jim.

A ray of sunshine came through the open door and fell at his feet, perhaps pay homage to his honest, unselfish nature.

"Tell ye what, Carlton, there ain't a prettier gal this side of Dolby than my Stelly. Fact is, she's too good for such big ol' like me; a perfect angel, she be.

"But you haven't told me how the marriage came about, Jim?" I asked, interrupting a long catalogue of his virtues.

"It don't look like me. Well, see, Stelly's mother, Missus Travis, come down're last summer and took a little shop up in the village—she's a big place in York, I must bust up—and set to making bonnets. I met Stelly at that's day, but she didn't go with Jim until that's day, after Artie that it was easier 'n fallin' off a log so when spring come we got jined."

"I would like to know this paragon of yours, old fellow," I said.

The sun was going down beyond the trees of woods skirting the meadows of Jim's farm as we went across the stable yard and through one of the loveliest gardens it has ever been my fate to see. Pain

had taken him in the affair, for the doubt always clung to them that perhaps I could haveverted the catastrophe.

Six months after, I saw a woman, blue eyes to mine; the coral lips moved in some polite welcome, and I had met Jim's wife.

Well, I remained and had tea with her, but the promised "chun" was put off on the plea of headache; instead we all lounged out on the porch gossiping and laughing until Mrs. Kirland stopped us by.

"Jim, dear! I have such a bad headache, I really must leave our company and walk it away!"

"Stelly, love I why didn't ye tell me 'fore we've stopped our gabbling. Poor pet, hadn't ye better go to bed?"

"No, indeed, I could never rest until I come back. I hope he will excuse me, for I'm mandered headache, and something I must do with him, and after a few more words spoken in a wonderfully sweet voice, she disappeared down the garden path.

"Fact, Carlton. My Stelly often gets them headaches, and goes off down' to see the black brook and sits 'er till the sun goes way. Sometimes it takes a long time, an' I ain't uneasy, but I know she wouldn't like me spylin' after her, so I waltz off to see her. Her condition was the highest order," he said.

Presently I arose to take my leave, Jim coming down to the gate with me.

"I can't go any further; she might come back and mind an' be disappointed at not finding me. I'll come over tomorrow. Gosh, won't I? I'd be glad to see you again," said Stelly. I promised and bid him good night.

"I was soon hidden among the oaks that formed an arbor on either side of the lane, and in dark except where the lamplike pierce the leafy wall and fall in shafts of silver across the path. Not long after I had entered that lonely retreat I heard footsteps approaching, and I sprang into a wide opening, allowed the moonlight to stream through, and I saw a man and woman walking arm in arm before me. The yellow light fell on her latter's golden hair and the folds of her white gown. As I drew near I recognized her, the low but clear tones my friend's wife.

"So Jim followed his Stelly after all? Whatever brought them here?" I asked.

But a moment later a mist covered my eyes. I staggered and fell against a tree, for the man's voice did not belong to Jim, but it was a stranger I remembered hearing at the Dolby's. I could not resist listening to the conversation. Something impelled me to almost creep back of the couple. I now knew that the man's arm was clasping Stelly's slight form.

"Must it be to-morrow night, Clar?" he was saying.

Certainly. It was not pleasant, Stelly, to be moving about this dead and alive place—and well, I must go back to town, and of course I want you."

"But it's no dead, and it will hurt you. You can't imagine how fond he is of me." The voice was pleading.

"Is that country squish? You are so careful of his precious feelings, I think, perhaps he had better keep him, his humours aside, and churn butter and pick potatoes, since you prefer his boorish love to mine."

"Oh, Clarence, dearest, how can you treat me so cruelly! I'll go with you any time, anywhere I go for just when I have your love!"

I had been staying at the lodgings I never knew, but I perfectly remembered my head to cold water to ease its throbbing. Since I had a friend at once, a most miserable life, and that nothing come of it, perhaps, or let my wife's despicable conduct take its own way and reap the consequences! What was I to do?

Had she gone? Was poor Jim enduring youthful appearance, preserve and invigorate the hair with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

The Boston Public Library has not included Fosten's and Smollett from its shelves, but trustees have directed that certain of the works of these authors shall not be delivered to minors.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Try and make the improvement yourself.

One evening two days later a man, a man, rushed into my room and flung himself on the floor. My friend, poor Jim, the same old, honest, manly Jim, throwing his hands about wildly in the misery that filled his heart, his brain. I stood for a moment, gazing at him.

"Jim! Jim!" I cried, then hastening to him: "For God's sake, Jim, be a man!"

"A man!" he groaned. "Who's a man? I ain't a man." She thought o' made me one."

Another paroxysm of agony passed over him at this, and crying that false woman's name he rolled from one end of the room to the other. I cannot say how I felt.

Finally he was quiet, and I persuaded him to go to bed.

"What is it, Jim?" I asked, falteringly, dreading the answer.

He made none; instead, he handed me an envelope, the contents of which were:

"Dear Jim: I am going away with

Clarence. I fear that my departure will hurt you very much, but I am sure you would not prevent me from being happy. I could not be so in this dull little place, and trying to live a lie, I am afraid, would not be right. Clarence will be away where I will see life. I ask you to forgive and forget me, for I believe I am better away.

"STELLY."

Before me sat the broken-hearted victim of a woman's infidelity.

After awhile he became more calm, and told me the story, his lips trembling in the effort.

"Last night she came home worried, I heard her, and I went to do the work. But at noon she was all right, an' sent me 'bout my business. I never crossed her, Carlton, God knows I didn't, I wouldn't, let her wind blow rough on her, with her hair all wild and messy, and poor Stelly. I made her happy, if it did take my life and soul. Oh, Stelly, Stelly, what will I do without you!"

What a piteous sight that man was! The big, scalding tears ran down his cheeks, and at last he sank into a chair.

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I had been staying at the lodgings I never knew, but I perfectly remembered my head to cold water to ease its throbbing. Since I had a friend at once, a most miserable life, and that nothing come of it, perhaps, or let my wife's despicable conduct take its own way and reap the consequences! What was I to do?

Had she gone? Was poor Jim enduring youthful appearance, preserve and invigorate the hair with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

The Boston Public Library has not included Fosten's and Smollett from its shelves, but trustees have directed that certain of the works of these authors shall not be delivered to minors.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Try and make the improvement yourself.

One evening two days later a man, a man, rushed into my room and flung himself on the floor. My friend, poor Jim, the same old, honest, manly Jim, throwing his hands about wildly in the misery that filled his heart, his brain. I stood for a moment, gazing at him.

"Jim! Jim!" I cried, then hastening to him: "For God's sake, Jim, be a man!"

"A man!" he groaned. "Who's a man? I ain't a man." She thought o' made me one."

Another paroxysm of agony passed over him at this, and crying that false woman's name he rolled from one end of the room to the other. I cannot say how I felt.

Finally he was quiet, and I persuaded him to go to bed.

"What is it, Jim?" I asked, falteringly, dreading the answer.

He made none; instead, he handed me an envelope, the contents of which were:

"Dear Jim: I am going away with

sponsor, but if you wish me to act as such, I shall be only too happy to have my name connected with your proposition.

At Mr. Beckett Denham's elegant oil painting, he bought back some of the price he had given them.

Mr. Kegan Paul, the London publisher, paid \$26,250 for the manuscript of "Ghosts."

Our town druggists say the pain-killers best sell the best of any medicine they have.

"Pills for Drunkenness."

—Opium, morphine and kindred drugs.

—Sulphuric acid.

—Cough and cold remedies.

—Pills for Drunkenness.

