

The Toronto World.

An Independent Liberal Newspaper, published every day at noon at 2 and 1/2 cents...

How is it that since the Pacific syndicate bill has passed so many Canadian papers are calling attention to the suicidal mania?

ANOTHER BROOKLYN DIVINE has left the ranks of orthodoxy and taken his place among "Christians of the liberal school."

WHY SHOULD liquor-drinkers be licensed as well as liquor-sellers? somebody has asked. It is an unjust law, it is argued...

THE SENATE of the state of Arkansas have adopted a joint resolution fixing the pronunciation of the families of the state as Arkansas.

THE LETTERS OF CHARITY on the rule of membership in the ministerial association appears to us to deal with the case of Dr. Wild's admission in a calm and temperate spirit.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. THE TORONTO MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION. Sir—Much has recently been said and written concerning the Ministerial Association...

THE JOURNEMEN BAKERS' STRIKE. Men who work sixteen hours a day for six dollars a week earn their money. The journeymen bakers say they are doing it, and keeping their families on it—after a fashion...

WORLD WAITS. Some Rhode Island militia, in camp last summer at Warwick, destroyed the nest and eggs of a scolding hen. The owner had captured a great deal of the unhatched chickens, and he has presented to the legislature a claim for \$500.

THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT has received a boost in Texas, where a resolution has been forwarded through the legislature, in the teeth of determined opposition, admitting the state's position in the state departments on an equality with men.

THE VALUE OF A MERCANTILE MARINE.

The carrying trade of the Atlantic was largely done by the American mercantile marine during the long contest of Great Britain with the first Napoleon. Those were days of cheap ships in the United States; there was no Morrill tariff to put an artificial price on shipbuilders' material...

Several hundred servant girls are to be brought out from the old land to London during the coming summer.

Dr. Lurie, of the Montreal general hospital, is in a very precarious condition, owing to blood poisoning received while attending a patient in the hospital whose wounds he was dressing.

Mr. Macphail, of Montreal, was awakened yesterday morning by a cry from her husband, and saw him apparently in a fit on a sofa.

The brakeman of a train on the Grand Trunk near Cornwall, Ontario, was thrown out of his place by his train. The express which was hurrying after them was arrested, and a dreadful accident prevented.

Alfred Deshaimes, a working jeweller in Montreal, returned yesterday evening for the purpose of repairing a watch for a customer. He failed to get the money, and on returning several valuable gold watches from his workshop, he was arrested by a detective.

The provincial grand jury of Ontario closed its annual session at Cobourg yesterday.

C. P. Watson's store, Dresden, occupied by Miller, Macdonald, and Ward, was destroyed by fire yesterday.

Mr. Robert Macdonald, town treasurer of Napawan, was run over last evening crossing the market square on his way home, by a street car, and sustained a severe injury to his leg.

THE INDIANA HOUSE rejected the bill allowing women to vote for presidential electors by a 45 to 43 vote.

The Arkansas house, by 66 to 17, passed a resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the sale of liquor in the state.

Sillie Mathews (colored), discharged yesterday from the service of Leah Coady, a white woman, was arrested yesterday charged with putting arsenic in a drinking water, from the effect of which Coady is dying and three children are hopelessly ill.

Two hundred and three sailing vessels and sixteen steamers of all nationalities are reported as lost during December.

Mr. Mandella stated yesterday in the British house of commons that the yearly importations of pork in its various forms from the United States, Canada, Germany and Denmark amounted to over twenty millions of pounds for the whole population of the United Kingdom, and the total value exceeded \$9,500,000.

The French agricultural society want the Minister to negotiate with the United States for a revocation of the alleged decision of the United States forbidding the landing of French wine and American ports on the pretext that they are injurious to health.

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CANADIAN NEWS.

A meeting of the directors of the Canada and Atlantic railway is to be held in Ottawa to-day to consider matters in connection with the railway.

A fire took place in Papineauville yesterday evening, destroying the stables of the Rev. Mr. Cattermole. The fire was caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

No action has yet been taken in regard to enforcing the land tax in Lowe township. On Sunday Sheriff Platters passed down through the township named. The church near the disaffected district was just coming out, and when the officer of the law was recognized, some of the people shouted, "There goes the tax gatherer."

West Niagara has decided to do away with the Belleville and Hamilton route. Mayor Campbell of London leaves for Toronto to watch the progress of the London Junction bill.

The London game protective association propose offering prizes before long for the largest number of foxes, stinks and hawks killed during a given time.

Stephan Wesley, an old man of 60, was nearly crushed to death in Chatham township on Monday by a falling tree. Little hope is entertained of his recovery.

Sergt-Major Perry, who lately graduated from the Kingston military college and received an appointment in the royal engineers, has been appointed a captain, and Sergt-Major A. VanStraubenzie has been appointed a company commander.

Dr. Lurie, of the Montreal general hospital, is in a very precarious condition, owing to blood poisoning received while attending a patient in the hospital whose wounds he was dressing.

The government will not commit the sentence of the three Narbonne, and the law will take its course on Friday.

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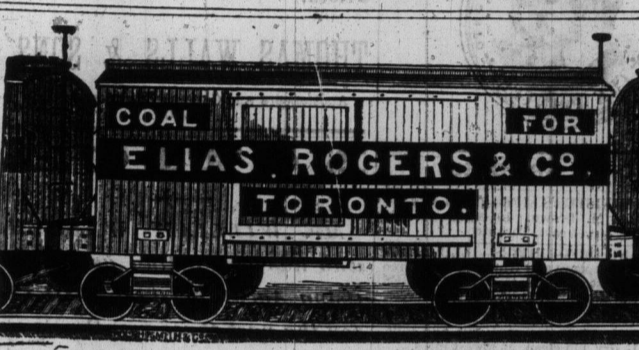
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ETNA PYRAMID.

ASSETS OF THE ETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF THE 1ST OF JANUARY EACH YEAR FROM 1866 TO 1881.

Table showing assets of the Etna Life Insurance Company from 1866 to 1881. Values range from \$310,492.04 in 1866 to \$26,403,440.68 in 1881.



BEST HARD COAL ALL SIZES \$8.00.

OFFICES: Dominion Bank Buildings, cor. King and Yonge streets. Corner Yonge and McGill streets. Corner Niagara and Dundas streets. Corner Adelaide street east. Corner Adelaide and Princess streets.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. WHOLESALE AND SHIPPERS. RETAILERS.

P. BURNS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN COAL AND WOOD.

PRESENT RETAIL PRICES: Best Hard Coal, all sizes, \$8.00 per ton. Best Soft Coal, \$7.50 per ton. Best Hard Wood, Birch and Maple, Log, \$1.50 per cord. Best Pine Stubs, \$1.00 per cord.

OFFICES—Corner Bathurst and Front streets, Yonge street Wharf, and 51 King street east.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ALL OFFICES.

JOSEPH C. GIBSON, STEAM MARBLE WORKS. MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN American and Italian Marble, Monuments, Headstones, Mantels, Counters and Table Tops, etc.

Scotch Granite Supplied to Order. MARBLEIZED MANTLES A SPECIALTY.

Cor. Parliament & Winchester Sts. & Yonge St., near Mt. Pleasant Cemetery TORONTO.

J. F. M'RAE, MERCHANT TAILOR. 286 YONGE STREET, OPPOSITE WILTON AVENUE.

BEGS TO CALL ATTENTION TO HIS LARGE STOCK OF ULSTER CLOTHS AND OVERCOATINGS.

Also his large assortment of English, Irish and Scotch Suitings.

Which he is prepared to make up to order in first-class style and workmanship, at the lowest possible prices for cash.

FINE INDIAN TEAS! MANITOBA!

Wholesale to Families.

FINE FLAVORED COFFEES.

CONSUMERS' TEA COMPANY. 30 Beatt Street, cor. Colborne.

STEWART & STRICKLAND, ARCHITECTS. OFFICE: Nos. 11 and 13 Canada Permanent Building, Toronto street, Toronto.

CHEAP ADVERTISING.

THE Toronto World.

The great success THE WORLD has achieved as regards its position as one of the permanent institutions of Toronto. It is now read not only in Toronto and its suburbs, but in most of the towns and villages within a radius of one hundred miles on the River of the Great Trunk (east and west), the Great Western, the Northern and Credit Valley, the Toronto and Niagara, and the Toronto, Grey and Bruce railways. The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE WORLD on the one hand, and its reasonable rates on the other, have combined to draw attention to it as a most desirable medium of communicating with the public.

ORDINARY RATES. Commercial advertisements, FIVE CENTS per square line, each insertion. Advertisements other than commercial, viz. legal, election, financial, and amusement, TEN CENTS per square line, each insertion.

CONTRACT RATES. For display advertisements, per line, subject to change of matter, are as follows:—Extra words at corresponding rates.

Do you want mechanics? Do you want a clerk? Do you want a servant? Do you want a bookkeeper? Do you want a house or lot? Do you want a horse or carriage? Do you want a house or lot? Do you want a horse or carriage? Do you want a house or lot? Do you want a horse or carriage?

A CARD THIS SIZE—TWENTY WORDS every day for a year, \$10.00; every day for six months, \$6.00.

A CARD THIS SIZE—FIVE LINES: Daily, 1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Situations Wanted and Help Wanted, FREE. Properties for Sale, Houses or Stores to Rent, Houses or Stores Wanted, Board and Lodging, Rooms to Let, Rooms Wanted, Articles for Sale, Articles Wanted, Articles Lost or Found, Professional Business Cards, Business Cards, Money to Lend, Personal and Miscellaneous. THESE CENTS for twenty words, and one-half cent for each additional word, for each insertion.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS of twenty words or under, and subject to change of matter, are made at the following rates:—

1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo. Daily, 1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

A CARD THIS SIZE, TEN LINES: Daily, 1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

A CARD THIS SIZE, TWENTY LINES: Daily, 1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

A CARD THIS SIZE, THIRTY LINES: Daily, 1 mo. 2 mo. 3 mo. 6 mo. 12 mo.

It will pay you to Advertise in THE WORLD.

Address all Communications to THE WORLD, TORONTO.

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CONTRACT RATES. For display advertisements, per line, subject to change of matter, areas follows:—Extra words at corresponding rates.

Do you want mechanics? Advertise in the World, FREE. Do you want a chef? Advertise in the World, FREE. Do you want a waiter? Advertise in the World, FREE. Do you want help of any kind? Advertise in the World, FREE.

Let Everybody Advertise in the World.

A CARD THIS SIZE—TWENTY WORDS—every day for a year, \$10.00; every day for six months, \$6.00.

A CARD THIS SIZE—FIVE LINES—every day for a year, \$10.00; every day for six months, \$6.00.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. On the first page are charged at the following rates:—Situations Wanted and Help Wanted, FREE.

Contracts for Condensed Advertisements. Advertisements of twenty words or under, and subject to change of matter, are made at the following rates:—

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PERCY'S MISTAKE; OR, LOVE WINS.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE TRAIL. Percy took the first step towards the desired introduction the following day. That first step was the "Directory."

Who was Colonel Levenshulme? Who knew him? Colonel of what was he? Artillery—infantry—cavalry?

The next step that would help him was evidently the "Army List."

The name was an uncommon one, and that would facilitate research, and he thought ensure success.

In the present year's list he found no mention of a Colonel Levenshulme; nothing daunted he turned to the "Army Lists" of several preceding years, and was at last rewarded. He found his man to be a Colonel of the 10th Engineers, but lately retired.

Percy got to know the house very well during that autumn.

There were young children in the family. He used to see light faces looking down from the nursery windows, but he never met them out of doors, as his rambles in that vicinity were generally towards dusk.

On one happy occasion he had sighted the graceful outline he knew so well turning down Albany street, and he had followed her off, into Cumberland Terrace by Portland Place into Regent's street, where he had mingled with the moving crowds, and gone nearer to her than he would have dared in less populated quarters.

He bore a good deal of chaff from Durnford and a select few to whom Durnford had confided what he was pleased to call "Charley's" last night under the influence of table d'hôte and mountain ginseng.

He counted up the various cases, in which fellows he knew had put their fate in a summer's fortnight.

How they had gone down to ocean breezes and scapions in love, and how they had returned "engaged men."

It was his last chance he would try it. If he failed, then adieu to Park Villa East, and the blue-eyed maid for ever.

But something told him that would not fail. There were two difficulties in his way. The first was how to discover the Levenshulme's destination; the second, how he should persuade his mother to accompany him whithersoever he went.

She was a fond mother, and a mild-tempered lady, but she was a dutiful son, and he knew that she had already expressed a desire to go to the south of France that summer.

However, he would discuss of the first difficulty before he troubled about the second.

He renewed his prowl in the neighborhood of the Levenshulme's, which of late had become few and far between.

But June passed and July came, and the shutters of Meade cottage were so closed, no blinds drawn.

It was very annoying; his mother grew impatient. "I never knew you to stay so late in town," Percy, "she said."

"That is rather a striking fact," he said, carelessly. "Look, the box opposite; they have just come in by Joyce, Thurman, and he added, with more interest in his voice, "I believe it is your friend of the park."

"Where—where?" exclaimed Percy, seizing the glasses.

"There, in a Greek get-up. Don't precipitate yourself on the footlights."

There she was. They were just seating themselves. The colonel, his wife, his daughter, and an attendant cavalier.

She had a striking face, truly. She looked more lovely without her hat, for the shape of her head was faultless.

Following the modern mania for artistic toilettes, she had adopted a classical arrangement of draperies that became her admirably; she wore a tunic, so far as they could see, of white cotton, bordered with a broad band of gold embroidery. It was cut squarely, Greekwise, across her breast, the shoulder straps being bands of embroidered gold. She wore gold fillets in her hair, and gold bracelets upon her arms.

The effect was severe, but beautiful. "Striking! She is exquisite," said Percy enthusiastically.

"Hum! Very nice, but not my style," returned Durnford, after another critical survey.

"Your style!" echoed Percy contemptuously. "What is your style? Sort of girl who has to have the doorways enlarged to get her through. This girl is a dream. She might sit for Diana just as she is. She has just the profile for it. I wonder who the fellow is with her curly braids? She can't care for him; he looks an insufferable bore."

The fellow in question was an ordinary type of youth, rather good-looking, evidently possessing an infinite amount of small talk, and an obliging capability of laughing at his own jokes; for he laughed and chattered at an amazing rate.

Perhaps his fair complexion found him a trifle wearisome; at all events she smiled but faintly in reply to his smiles, and appeared more engaged with the actors than what he had to say.

"I was thinking he was rather decent," said Durnford, merrily delighted at Percy's chagrin at not being in the "ugly haggard's" place. "Indeed! Thanks, wasn't aware I grinned like an ape every time I opened my mouth before."

The cavalier opposite continued to grin, quite unconscious of the storm of jealousy he excited.

Mr. Gladstone is an ardent lover of books, and not only keeps pace with the literature of the day but finds time even during the period of cabinet councils to frequent the little old second-hand book shops in London. Not long ago he was discovered in a shop where he had been a customer for fifteen years.

Who could tell, perhaps she might drop her fan or her cloak, and he might stoop to it and be rewarded with a smile.

She came; she had unlamented from her state; some trifle had amused her and she was laughing.

A sort of Roman scarf was thrown across her head, white interwoven with gold, with hanging fringes that fell upon her hair and framed her face.

Her hand was upon the arm of the hotel. He was chattering more gaily and rapidly than ever. They passed close to Percy.

They passed down and out, and Percy went gleefully home and dreamt, with the fantastic folly of dreams, that the chattering youth was carried into a living fœtial, and that he was kicking him round Cæsar's Square all night.

So the winter passed and the spring came, and Percy was well-nigh despairing of success as he lay in bed looking down from the nursery windows, but he never met them out of doors, as his rambles in that vicinity were generally towards dusk.

On one happy occasion he had sighted the graceful outline he knew so well turning down Albany street, and he had followed her off, into Cumberland Terrace by Portland Place into Regent's street, where he had mingled with the moving crowds, and gone nearer to her than he would have dared in less populated quarters.

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Mr. Gladstone is an ardent lover of books, and not only keeps pace with the literature of the day but finds time even during the period of cabinet councils to frequent the little old second-hand book shops in London. Not long ago he was discovered in a shop where he had been a customer for fifteen years.

Who could tell, perhaps she might drop her fan or her cloak, and he might stoop to it and be rewarded with a smile.

She came; she had unlamented from her state; some trifle had amused her and she was laughing.

A sort of Roman scarf was thrown across her head, white interwoven with gold, with hanging fringes that fell upon her hair and framed her face.

Her hand was upon the arm of the hotel. He was chattering more gaily and rapidly than ever. They passed close to Percy.

They passed down and out, and Percy went gleefully home and dreamt, with the fantastic folly of dreams, that the chattering youth was carried into a living fœtial, and that he was kicking him round Cæsar's Square all night.

So the winter passed and the spring came, and Percy was well-nigh despairing of success as he lay in bed looking down from the nursery windows, but he never met them out of doors, as his rambles in that vicinity were generally towards dusk.

On one happy occasion he had sighted the graceful outline he knew so well turning down Albany street, and he had followed her off, into Cumberland Terrace by Portland Place into Regent's street, where he had mingled with the moving crowds, and gone nearer to her than he would have dared in less populated quarters.

He bore a good deal of chaff from Durnford and a select few to whom Durnford had confided what he was pleased to call "Charley's" last night under the influence of table d'hôte and mountain ginseng.

He counted up the various cases, in which fellows he knew had put their fate in a summer's fortnight.

How they had gone down to ocean breezes and scapions in love, and how they had returned "engaged men."

It was his last chance he would try it. If he failed, then adieu to Park Villa East, and the blue-eyed maid for ever.

But something told him that would not fail. There were two difficulties in his way. The first was how to discover the Levenshulme's destination; the second, how he should persuade his mother to accompany him whithersoever he went.

She was a fond mother, and a mild-tempered lady, but she was a dutiful son, and he knew that she had already expressed a desire to go to the south of France that summer.

However, he would discuss of the first difficulty before he troubled about the second.

He renewed his prowl in the neighborhood of the Levenshulme's, which of late had become few and far between.

But June passed and July came, and the shutters of Meade cottage were so closed, no blinds drawn.

It was very annoying; his mother grew impatient. "I never knew you to stay so late in town," Percy, "she said."

"That is rather a striking fact," he said, carelessly. "Look, the box opposite; they have just come in by Joyce, Thurman, and he added, with more interest in his voice, "I believe it is your friend of the park."

"Where—where?" exclaimed Percy, seizing the glasses.

"There, in a Greek get-up. Don't precipitate yourself on the footlights."

There she was. They were just seating themselves. The colonel, his wife, his daughter, and an attendant cavalier.

She had a striking face, truly. She looked more lovely without her hat, for the shape of her head was faultless.

Following the modern mania for artistic toilettes, she had adopted a classical arrangement of draperies that became her admirably; she wore a tunic, so far as they could see, of white cotton, bordered with a broad band of gold embroidery. It was cut squarely, Greekwise, across her breast, the shoulder straps being bands of embroidered gold. She wore gold fillets in her hair, and gold bracelets upon her arms.

The effect was severe, but beautiful. "Striking! She is exquisite," said Percy enthusiastically.

"Hum! Very nice, but not my style," returned Durnford, after another critical survey.

"Your style!" echoed Percy contemptuously. "What is your style? Sort of girl who has to have the doorways enlarged to get her through. This girl is a dream. She might sit for Diana just as she is. She has just the profile for it. I wonder who the fellow is with her curly braids? She can't care for him; he looks an insufferable bore."

The fellow in question was an ordinary type of youth, rather good-looking, evidently possessing an infinite amount of small talk, and an obliging capability of laughing at his own jokes; for he laughed and chattered at an amazing rate.

Perhaps his fair complexion found him a trifle wearisome; at all events she smiled but faintly in reply to his smiles, and appeared more engaged with the actors than what he had to say.

"I was thinking he was rather decent," said Durnford, merrily delighted at Percy's chagrin at not being in the "ugly haggard's" place. "Indeed! Thanks, wasn't aware I grinned like an ape every time I opened my mouth before."

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