

The Toronto World

An Independent Liberal Newspaper. Published every morning at five o'clock No. 4 King Street East. Extra editions are published whenever there is news of sufficient moment to demand them.

Subscription Price: Twenty-five cents a month, or \$2.50 a year in advance, post-paid. Single copies, one cent. Sold on all streets and by newsdealers in every city and town in Ontario, Quebec, and Manitoba.

Advertisements: All advertisements are charged on a per line basis. Classified advertisements of whatever nature, FIVE CENTS a line for each insertion.

Special notices, twenty-five cent advance on the ordinary rate. Birth, marriage and death notices, TWENTY CENTS each. Contract rates for display advertisements, per line, subject to change of matter, are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Insertions, Line, and Price. Rows include Daily, Ever, Two weeks, One a week, and Condensed advertisements.

Condensed advertisements: Situations Wanted, FRBD; Help Wanted, Properties for Sale, Board and Lodging, Rooms to Let, Rooms Wanted, Articles for Sale, Articles Wanted, Articles Lost or Found, Professions or Business Cards, Business Changes, Money Lend, Personal and Miscellaneous, CENTS. Twenty words, and one-half a cent for each additional word, forwarding.

The Toronto World. The Only One-Dent Morning Paper in Canada, and the Only Exclusive Morning Paper in the City of Toronto.

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS. We should esteem it a favor of subscribers in the city to send their orders to us by any irregularity or incivility on the part of carriers.

The Ontario Government announce in another column an auction sale on the sixth of December, of timber berths in the district of Muskoka, covering an area of 1480 square miles.

It is a question if the raison d'être of free public libraries has not been destroyed by the issue of cheap publications. Ten or twenty cents will buy a great deal of the very best reading nowadays.

IF IS A RED SPOTCH, that of the General and his ponies seeking neck deep into the depths of despair near Child's lake. The description of the correspondent's pain is lively to a degree, but he has forgotten to tell us whether Panch is driven on the off or high side. This is a point in which the average reader is much interested, and he will be on the ragged edge till he is informed thereon.

ONE EVIDENCE of the backwardness of the eastern provinces is the continued exercise of the legislative councils, notwithstanding that the experience of Ontario has demonstrated their uselessness. It is gratifying, however, to observe that the governments of Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick are conferring with a view to their abolition in those provinces.

THE RECEIPTS of the Dominion treasury for the first three months of the current fiscal year were \$3,229,959, being \$1,064,390 more than for the first three months of last year. On this account the increase was \$380,892. At this rate, the increase in expenditures is greatly increased, the surplus at the close of the year will be at least \$5,500,000. The imports of the country are increasing rapidly.

JOHN O'CONNOR is still a member of the cabinet, and it that don't gratify the heart of the Irish Canadian we are ready to vote if the whole cabinet. Some good Conservatives we know regard him as one John O'Connell to many—especially since that little revolution in the court-house the other day. Seriously, would the Irish Canadian have a whole cabinet of John O'Connors? We mean a real live cabinet—not a showcase.

THERE IS SOME DOUBT how whether Capt. Hooper, who recently took possession of Wrangell Land, in the Arctic ocean, on behalf of the United States, was justified in so doing. The Americans allege that the place does not belong to the Dominion, as the colors of the Dominion have never been raised upon the land. Whether the colors have or have not been raised we are unable to say; but if it be true, as is asserted, that the lawyer-inhabited Wrangell Land, then by the gods we claim the territory.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION is making things lively among Ohio politicians. The latest development of it is the issue of a circular by a committee representing the brewers, distillers, dealers, and saloon-keepers, to each candidate for the legislature, asking his views on the subject of liquor legislation, and refusing to support any candidate for office unless pledged to oppose any legislation in the direction of further restriction. As the temperance sentiment is very strong in Ohio, there will probably be an interesting contest in the next elections.

LONDON THE LESS has too many adherents—at least it is so alleged—and the cry has gone forth that "London must and will have a reduction in the number of her adherents." It is further said that the city would have been thousands of dollars better off had the never had so many adherents. This is possibly true, and possibly for a better reason than the man on the street who said it would have been thousands of dollars in his pocket had he never been born. We have nothing to say against the reducing of London's adherents, more especially as the fates have decreed that there "must and will be a reduction."

THE STREET CAR TERMINUS. The terminus of the Yonge street car line should be at the Union station and not at the market. There is no reason why a track should not be laid on the lower part of Yonge street. The number of persons who get off the Yonge street car at King street and walk down to the stations or to the wharves is much larger than those who ride to the market. Besides, the Union station terminus is becoming recognised more and more as the most convenient

minus of all the north and south lines. What the street car company should do is to build a waiting room at the corner of York and Front, and then have the Yonge street, the Church street, the Sherbourne street, the Parliament street, and the proposed line between Yonge street and Spadina avenue end there. Or rather the last-named line should have its terminus at the street car tables on Front street east.

THE RATE OF INTEREST. Time was when loan companies in Ontario had things all their own way, and could get almost any rate for money they liked to ask. All this is now changed. The influx of English and French money and the formation of new companies has steadily lowered the rates, until now the borrower is master of the situation. Loans on good security are being freely offered at 6 and 6 1/2 per cent, and borrowers who can afford to wait are not over-pressed who can afford to wait for these reduced rates. With a continuation of good harvests and good times the probability is that even a lower point will be reached; and when it is, the outlook for loan companies will not be as bright as it has been in times past. But though they may suffer to some extent, it is not likely that cheap money will do the country any harm.

PHILOSOPHY IN CANADA. Kant and his English Critics: A Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy. By John Watson, M. A., LL. B., professor of moral philosophy in Queen's University, Kingston, Can., Macmillan & Co.

If we have not a Canadian school of philosophy as have the Germans, the English, and the French, and as had the Greeks of old, still we can say that we have already begun to read and study this, the highest, if not the most practical, of all the departments of knowledge. In our own provincial university the most popular of the five departments open to students is that in which philosophy—or, as it is called, mental and moral science and logic—forms the principal part. There are three theological schools which furnish students in this department, and many of the university undergraduates who intend following law after graduation choose this part of the curriculum as the one likely to be of most assistance to them. And on the whole we think they choose wisely. In several of the other Canadian universities this study is fairly encouraged, and quite a number of students give the greater part of their time to it. In Kingston, at Queen's, the study of philosophy ought to be popular, for an able and energetic young Scotchman has been put in the chair of philosophy. And it is to a book written by him that we now wish to call attention.

Of all the schools of philosophy the German is the most difficult, and of the different German philosophers the deepest and the one requiring the closest study, and the one that best repays the effort required in grasping it, is that of Kant, whose era-making book was published about one hundred years ago. Englishmen, as a rule, have not been able to make it, and it lacks little recognition in the English universities. Scotchmen, however, have tackled it and succeeded much better—perhaps because Kant's grandfather had emigrated from Scotland to Germany. Kant was the son of a Scotchman than some suppose, and that Kant himself admitted that it was from meditation on the writings of a great Scotchman, David Hume, that first led him to work that fruitful and original vein of thought which he was first to open. Anyway, Scotchmen have been hammering away at his works, and they are forming quite a collection of writings thereon. One Irishman, Professor Mahaffy, has also made quite a successful exposition of the Kantian philosophy. Of the Scotchmen who have written on Kant are Dr. Hutcheson Stirling and Edward Caird, both professors. The latter is of Glasgow university, and a student of his, Professor Watson of Queen's, has now entered the lists as an expositor of Kant and as a defender of his doctrines.

Professor Watson's book is a creditable production, and is original in many respects. It is not for an everyday newspaper to give a critical review of such a book, but we can say at least of Mr. Watson that the account he gives of Kant's philosophy is perfectly clear and accurate. Many of those who write and lecture on Kant are, we are afraid, very superficially acquainted with him, and incompetent to handle the subject. Mr. Watson knows whereof he writes, and states his position, or the position of Kant, clearly. In the next place, Professor Watson's criticism of the positions taken by the leading English specialists is very complete, and to a follower of the opposite school convincing. As a philosophical student, who takes the same side as Mr. Watson, remarked, "he makes mince-meat of Herbert Spencer."

While Mr. Watson does justice to Kant and sets forth his great merits, and the great service he has rendered to philosophy, he does not shut his eyes to the imperfections of Kant's philosophy. He points out that one who adopts Kant's forms and principles must go further—than he asks in what direction. Mr. Watson replies in the direction of Hegel.

A very essential part of Kant's Critique is his discussion of substance, cause, and reciprocal action. Like his master, Professor Edward Caird, Mr. Watson defends Kant's views, though not adopting exactly Mr. Caird's view of the Kantian position. He delicately intimates that Mr. Caird does not fairly state that position, but gives what he thinks it to be himself, and which appears to be nearer Kant than his master.

On the whole, the book is an able one, and a credit to a Canadian university professor. It has been favorably noticed by Scotch and English critics. One of the best notices we think it has yet received is that of Professor Young of University College—who, by the way, is another Glasgow university man, and one of the best authorities on German philosophy in this or any other country—has warmly recommended the book to his students.

Shall Women Smoke?

Oddly enough, when we consider how improper a cigarette is supposed to be to a woman smokes it, the men who like fast women are not the ones who like lady-smokers. Those who do are the artists, the authors, the men of mind, who are not fasted by almond-shaped eyes, a small waist and an absence of virtue, but who like a woman who can smoke a cigarette with her. Conversational powers of her own. She obtains from an intelligent woman a delicate and charming appreciation; they often discover in her wonderful suggestiveness. Society does not give men and women much opportunity for any real interchange of ideas; and the men who like a clever woman are often delighted when they find that she is a cigarette smoker. It is an excuse for the physical repose which is the mind and quickens the ideas; it fills up all the pauses when no one has anything to say and is a relief to the mind. Instead of gazing at your neighbor's face, indeed, there are so many charms about it that there is a wonder clever men and women are fond of this little magic symbol of good companionship, the cigarette. In all probability the highest education will bring about one result which its advocates have never thought of. Girls-graduates, overworked and cramped, will take to the cigarette. The women who are pushing their way into the professions will discover the need of it. When women begin to work they will smoke also. Gradually the cigarette will be entirely associated with the blue-stocking instead of the Anonyma and her imitators. It will be used to protect or condemn. The use of tobacco was prohibited in Russia—the knot threatened for the first offence, death for the second—yet Russian ladies are the great smokers. Pope Urban VIII. issued a bull against it; our King James fought vigorously against its introduction here. In the East the priests and sultans declared smoking to be a sin against their holy religion, and yet the Turk is seldom seen without a pipe. Even the priests of society will not alarm the new generation of clever women. The actress smokes in her dressing-room; the artist smokes; the author, the artist, and the one who have one or two women who can paint) will smoke in their studies for the same reason. When reasonable men and women are in the habit of smoking together and have a social talk. Let us console ourselves with the fact that a pretty woman who smokes a cigarette is likely to look well. Doubtless there will come a day when Worth will always add to his dresses a dainty little tobacco-pouch or cigarette case. Even the artist of society will not alarm the new generation of clever women. The actress smokes in her dressing-room; the artist smokes; the author, the artist, and the one who have one or two women who can paint) will smoke in their studies for the same reason. When reasonable men and women are in the habit of smoking together and have a social talk. Let us console ourselves with the fact that a pretty woman who smokes a cigarette is likely to look well. Doubtless there will come a day when Worth will always add to his dresses a dainty little tobacco-pouch or cigarette case. Even the artist of society will not alarm the new generation of clever women.

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?" The waiter looked at the sad passenger, and he said, "I'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through with them?"

At the Restaurant. "This is the porthouse, is it?" asked the sad passenger, sitting at the corner table in the restaurant. "Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the weary air of a man who has tired of having to tell the same lie a thousand times a day, "porthouse steak, sir, same as you ordered, sir." "Do you not remember the porthouse steak you ordered this year?" asked the sad passenger, with the intonation of a man who wanted to know. "No, sir," said the waiter. "It seems to me to be a trifle tenderer last year," the passenger went on, with the air of a tired man indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the past. "I remember, sir, it was cut a trifle lower down then. Last year you cut your porthouse steaks from the curl in the forehead, and the curls from the shin, but I think this comes from between the horns. I used to live in a boarding-house where there was a butcher's shop, and the animal dead this steak came from." "Dead?" echoed the astonished waiter. "Course, sir, butchers' steaks," said the passenger, "butchered to make a Roman holiday," sighed the sad passenger. "He would be more likely to make a Roman holiday if it was time to be killed. He hadn't many more years to live on this earth. Ah, here is the brass tip from one of his horns. Dropped it on the floor, and he'll be your slicing it off. What do you do with these steaks when the guests are through

THE CITY AND VICINITY.

THE FAIRY ROUNDUP LIFE IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.

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

The prize bugle won by the Dufferin school boys at the industrial exhibition will be presented at 3 p.m. today.

An alarm was rung from box 97 yesterday morning. The fire proved to be in rear of a shed, No. 4, Howard street, and the damage was slight.

The township council of York will meet at 8 o'clock on Monday next, 10th, when the question of appointing a paid constable for Riverside will be on the order of the day.

The Kingston road tramway company are about building new stables for their horses at the western terminus of the line, near the Kingston road bridge.

Yesterday morning a young son of Mr. James Henderson, Renfrew street, fell from a wagon standing in front of his father's house, and sustained a severe scalp wound.

The Toronto gun club will hold a pigeon shooting match at Woodbine park on the 12th inst. Prizes to the value of between \$200 and \$300 will be competed for. There is a \$100 prize.

Mr. James Duffy, a squatter on the strip of sand east of the gap, has been driven off by the stevedores of the measure from the site of his house, which is gradually filling up with sand.

At county court chambers yesterday an order was granted for the discharge from insolvency of Hunter & Co., picture frame manufacturers, there being no opposition. They pay 50 cents on the dollar.

THEY LEARN A LESSON.

A Defendant and Witness Get Their Deserts for Interfering with a Reporter.

Wm. Mowat, who was discharged on a charge of larceny yesterday morning in court, approached Mr. Kerighan, reporter for the Evening News, and in very threatening language told him that he must contradict a statement made in the paper.

His worship remarked that if they had any complaints to make they should go to the editors of the respective papers, and not interfere with the reporters in court.

Margaret O'Brien pleaded guilty to stealing a quantity of clothing from C. A. Massey, valued at \$20. She was fined for thirty days, it being her first offence.

Wm. J. Black was charged with neglecting to support his wife. Mrs. Black said that she wanted a prisoner to sell the front of his lot and invest the money for their benefit.

Spurinus Campbell was arrested for feloniously wounding John Ridout by pouring a quantity of acid of potash down his back. Prisoner pleaded guilty to pouring the liquid over Ridout, but said that he did not know that it was potash.

Wm. McMillan of Lombard street stabbed J. James Logarty in the back about a week ago. He pleaded not guilty, and said that Logarty fell on the knife accidentally.

Wm. Mowat was arrested on Wednesday at the instance of James B. Egan, who had Mowat's premises searched and found a good stock of music-boxes and three moose heads in his house.

The case of Warnica v. Gordon was concluded yesterday, a verdict of \$208.20 being returned for plaintiff. His lordship said that two-thirds superior court costs should be taxed against the defendant.

After part of the evidence had been taken it appeared that some papers would have to be produced in support of defendant's case, and the case was adjourned until to-day. The following undefended cases were disposed of: Moon v. Leavitt, action on promissory notes.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC SPORTS.

A meeting of the undergraduates was held in Moss hall on Wednesday, the 5th inst., at 3 p.m., for the purpose of electing a committee to arrange for the annual college sports.

A match was played yesterday afternoon between the University and Upper Canada College teams, on the grounds of the latter. The University won by a score of 100 goals to 10.

The annual games of the Collegiate Institute will be held this forenoon at 2.30, on the lacrosse grounds, Jarvis street. The prizes will be presented by their worship the mayor and Mr. McLennan at the close of the meeting.

The match race between the Scotch outer and the Scotch inner took place at the Seneca Yacht club, which was to be sailed on Tuesday, was postponed in consequence of the death of a child of the owner of the former.

A general meeting of the Toronto Yacht club will be held in the club room, No. 10, York street, this evening at 8 o'clock when the question of purchasing a clubhouse will be discussed.

A suggestion has been made in connection with the proposed new street car line from the Yonge street and the University street termini to Yorkville.

Ottawa Free Press: Toronto assumes more airs than any city in Canada, yet it is notorious for its bad water and defective sewerage. Typing is prevalent there—a fact that astounds nobody.

Canada Atlantic Railway. OTTAWA, Oct. 6.—The Duffy party of the Canadian Atlantic engineers reached the city last night. The final location of the road into Ottawa will be completed tomorrow.

It is reported that a serious rising has occurred in Zealand. The federal council of Switzerland has expressed its regret to the municipal authorities of Fribourg that a Jesuit recently preached at that place.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

An Enthusiastic Reception at the Gardens Last Night.

These world-renowned favorites at their first appearance in Toronto this season were greeted with a well-filled house. The selections, which for the most part consist of slave songs, were most commendable.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Jubilee Singers was held in the Masonic Hall last night, when it was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, October 3rd.

AMUSEMENTS.

Horticultural Gardens.

3 GRAND CONCERTS BY THE Original Jubilee Singers FROM FISK UNIVERSITY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY & SATURDAY, 6th, 7th and 8th October.

EDUCATIONAL. BRITISH AMERICA BUSINESS COLLEGE, 117 and 114 King street west. ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 3rd.

THE REGULAR MEETING OF THE PRINCE OF WALES LODGE No. 39, G.E.O. WILL BE HELD This Evening at 7:30 Sharp.

SHIRTS. 6 White Shirts, \$ 6 00 6 White Shirts, 7 00 6 White Shirts, 8 50 6 White Shirts, 10 00 6 White Shirts, 11 50

HAIR GOODS. THE EXHIBITION WEEKS. Have been a great success at the FAIR HALL, 229, Yonge Street, Toronto.

STOVES, ETC. NOTICE. Why does J. NOLAN, 60 and 62 Jarvis street, sell so many stoves?

JEWEL RANGE AND VICTORY BASE BURNER! E. GOFF & CO'S 167 YONGE STREET. ELECTRO AND STEREOTYPING.

WANTED, One Hundred—100—One Hundred GOOD CIGAR MAKERS TO WORK AT THE 'Cable' Cigar Factory, MONTREAL. Good Wages; Steady Employment.

For particulars apply at Branch Office, No. 11 King street west, Toronto, Ont. This is no advertising dodge.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

REMEMBER GRANT'S CELEBRATED SHIRTS Are the best in the world. Have no other. To be had only at 283 QUEEN STREET WEST, G. R. GRANT & CO.

294 YONGE STREET 294 EXTRAORDINARY AND UNPRECEDENTED.

JOHN F. McRAE IS OFFERING Tweed & Worsted Suits, Ulsters & Overcoats AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

His Tweed Suits at \$12, \$14 and \$16 are the Best and Cheapest ever offered in the city. His Worsted Suits to Order at \$18, \$19, and \$20 are unparalleled for Cheapness & Durability.

JOHN F. McRAE, 294 YONGE STREET. RETAIL DRY GOODS.

Fall and Winter WOOLLENS. To-Day, OCTOBER 6th, We shall make an unusually large Display of Blankets, Flannels, Comfortables, Wincies, Cloakings, Knitted Wool Goods, Wool Hosiery, Winter Gloves and Mitts, Ladies' Underwear, Children's Underwear, Men's Underwear, Wool Wraps, and Fashionable Requisites.

EDWARD McKEOWN, 182 Yonge-st., Third Door north of Queen. MILLINERY. To Her Royal Highness PRINCESS LOUISE.

MILLINERY. To Her Royal Highness PRINCESS LOUISE. All the Season's Novelties in MILLINERY, FRENCH FLOWERS and AMERICAN FANCY GOODS. Mourning a Specialty.

MISS STEVENS, 255 YONGE STREET, Opposite Holy Trinity Church, TORONTO. WM. BERRY, ODORLESS EXCAVATOR AND CONTRACTOR, Residence, 131 Lansley street, Omeo Victoria Street, Toronto.