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Unimpeachable Testimony!

7th May, 1889.

After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports, and newsdealers' accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the receipted bills from the various paper companies which supply THE NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the indorsed checks given in payment therefor, we are convinced, and certify, that there were PRINTED AND ACTUALLY CIRCULATED during the month of March, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF "THE WORLD."

W. A. CAMP,
Manager of the New York Clearing-House.
O. D. BALDWIN,
Pres. of the American Loan and Trust Company.
THOS. L. JAMES,
Pres. of the Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

31)10,709,520(345,468

The average No. of WORLDS printed daily during the Month of March Last was

345,468.

Average daily Circulation during May

345,808 Copies!

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE.

EVERY OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL DISTRICT TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD.

Every Mutual District Call Box can be used for this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

All Messenger Boys of the Mutual District Company are Provided with RATE CARDS and will take WORLD Advts. at Office Prices.

LOCATION OF
Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices.

26 New st.,	1 Broadway,	202 5th ave.,
10 Wall st.,	45 Broadway,	307 5th ave.,
9 Pine st.,	438 Broadway,	812 6th ave.,
22 Nassau st.,	843 Broadway,	988 6th ave.,
153 Fulton st.,	954 Broadway,	763 Madison ave.
7 Murray st.,	1206 Broadway,	985 Madison ave.
29 Murray st.,	11 Union Sq.	

SUCCOR THE BABIES.

THE EVENING WORLD Sick Babies' Fund is being daily augmented by contributions from those whose hearts are touched by the sufferings of the babes in the densely populated tenement districts. But there is need of a much greater flow of dollars into this fund to accomplish the philanthropic end aimed at.

How it would add to the enjoyment of the vacation of one who is prosperous could he or she by a generous contribution feel that while enjoying the cooling sea breeze their benevolence was saving a life. Such can be the satisfaction of those who aid THE EVENING WORLD in its work of charity in ministering to the little ones born to squalor and poverty.

Let not this appeal go unheeded. If blessings are showered upon you, show your thankfulness by placing to the parched lips of the poor, puny babes the means of life and hope. The Sick Babies' Fund is a beautiful charity. Sustain it.

HOW IS THIS?

Vessels that are copper bottomed are generally expected to hold water without leaking. Not so charges against a saloon-keeper which are "copper" bottomed.

Policeman CAREY yesterday arrested one BRADY for alleged violation of the Excise Law. When BRADY was arraigned the policeman perforated his charge with holes sufficiently large to allow BRADY to escape. Instead of proving anything against the saloon-keeper the officer, in his affidavit, entirely exonerated him.

What kind of a policeman is CAREY? What did he arrest BRADY for? Is it his custom to arbitrarily take into custody those whom he knows to be innocent? These are queries that naturally arise from such a fiasco.

There are indications that there is a large-sized Ethiopian secreted in this woodpile. It might be well for the superiors of CAREY to probe this matter.

RECIPE FOR SERVING A THIEF.

EMIL FAGOT, the *chef* at Hollywood Cottage, Long Branch, has furnished a recipe for serving a thief which for celerity in preparation, novelty of conception and utter absence of traditional condiments is unique. When the thief is served *à la* FAGOT, he is thoroughly done, and can be distributed in different courses of the menu. To those who, of necessity, make a study of economy, the recipe will commend itself because of the cheapness of the delicious dish. It requires no garnishing with the "root de evil," or "sprigs de Blackstone," nor is it necessary to wash it down with detective "cobblers."

It has excellent medicinal properties. As an anti-fat preparation for the especial use of lawyers and detectives it is incomparable. By its use they have been known to lose many pounds (sterling) in a few days. Its effect upon all others is, strange to say, to restore lost "fat" with incredible despatch.

The following is M. FAGOT's method: Having been robbed of several hundred dollars, he learned that the culprit had fled to Canada. He determined to catch him and "cook" him. Lawyers hungry for fat fees were avoided; likewise detectives, whom to utilize requires so much grease, were left in the lurch. To Canada straightway went the outraged *chef*, and, finding his "oyster," he proceeded to roast him over the fire of his wrath, basting him well, and made an "entrée" to his pocket and "shelled" him.

Six hundred dollars worth of "meat" was extracted, which was quite a "releve," and being bottled so completely made the thief "w(h)ine." The dumping of the rascal on the pavement "pied" him disastrously, and his offense was so rank that it "smelt." When FAGOT was through with him the absconding sneak found himself in the "soup."

Since this great achievement there can be no doubt that FAGOT is a great *chef*.

SULLIVAN'S LAST CHANCE.

There is a rumor afloat that JOHN L. SULLIVAN, who is in training for a fight with KILRAIN, which is to settle the vexed question of which is the pugilistic champion of the world, has been drunk again. This news is distressing to his admirers and encouraging to his enemies.

Well, this is SULLIVAN's last chance to redeem himself and retrieve his fallen fortunes. If through a failure to properly prepare himself for the contest he shall flunk entirely, or be bested in the fight because of his enervated condition from tiebauch, it will be all over with the erstwhile King of the Ring.

Forbearance ceases to be a virtue after awhile, and SULLIVAN's friends have had to exercise great patience in the past, but they are in no mood to be trifled with now. There is too much at stake. SULLIVAN is undergoing a crucial test. If he cannot master himself he will be an easy victim to KILRAIN's prowess.

It is now or never with you, Mr. SULLIVAN!

FIGHTING FIRE WITH EARTH.

THE PROGRESS OF A BIG OIL BLAZE STOPPED BY A TEMPORARY DAM.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MONTREAL, June 17.—The fire at the Bushnell Oil Works, Mile End, controlled by the Standard Oil Company, of the United States, after raging fiercely all night, burned itself out about 10 o'clock this morning.

The scene of the fire was immediately alongside the Canada Pacific Railway track, and the siding was filled with oil cars, while the country around it was flat and filled with pools of water.

When the fire, which was started by the upsetting of a coal oil lamp, began it looked very insignificant; but suddenly one of the large receivers blew up and in a second an area of 200 square yards was one solid mass of flames.

All attempts to control it were utterly useless and the blazing oil gradually spread out until nearly fifteen acres were covered.

A gully which runs from the works was gradually being filled with burning oil, which, if not checked would have reached a part of the track where there were a number of cars standing.

All hands were put to work building a dam, and for half an hour the men stood in front of a scorching blaze throwing up earthworks.

They were rewarded by checking the flames in that direction.

The trucks on which stood the oil tanks were burning away at 4 o'clock this morning and explosions were looked for every minute; but Supt. Stanton took a squad of men and at the risk of their lives they succeeded in taking off the covers of the almost red-hot tanks, allowing the gas to escape and avoiding any explosions.

Some of the men were severely burned.

One French-Canadian who was running to the fire across some marshy ground suddenly found himself surrounded by liquid flames. He kept on running, and at last his clothing got on fire.

He is now lying at the Hotel Dieu, and is not expected to live.

The railroad is torn up for a distance of 200 yards, the ties being burned from under the rails and the rails twisted up.

The bases of the telegraph poles were also burned through, and the poles came down with a crash, making a tangled network of wire which it will take a couple of days to straighten out.

Country and City.

[*From Puck.*]

Miss Sheafe.—Ah, look at that wheat rising and falling yonder in the breeze! How beautiful!

Mr. Westpit—Ah, but you ought to see it rising and falling in the Produce Exchange!

THE SUBURBAN TO-MORROW.

FOR THE BEST, MOST INTERESTING AND GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SUBURBAN RACE AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, READ TO-MORROW'S "EVENING WORLD." THE PRELIMINARIES WILL BE IN THE EARLIER EDITIONS, AND THE RESULTS IN THE SPORTING EXTRA.

Towed Into Port Disabled.

Word was received in this city to-day that the bark Queen of Nations, from Point de Galle for this city, had been towed into East London totally disabled by the steamship Clan Alpine.

The Queen of Nations was built in 1863 at St. Johns, N. B., is 1,426 tons register and hails from Greenock. East London is a sea port town in Cape Colony at the mouth of the Umzinyapi River.

MONELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL in teething soothes the gums and calms the nerves. 25 cents.

THEY ARE IN NEED.

Sick Children in the Tenements Pining for Aid.

Send in Your Subscriptions to the Sick Babies' Fund.

"The Evening World's" Corps of Free Doctors an Urgent Necessity This Hot Season.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD	$100.00
Already acknowledged	587.28
E. Schrader	1.00
Cash	.50
Bertha B.	.50
C. H. S. Rosenthal	.50
Ed. Casper	1.00
L. Bennett	.50
H. Joseph	.50
Bernard Magin	.50
Hiram Rinaldo	.50
Mrs. H. Joseph	.50
Sam Wild	.50
A. Diamond	1.00
Anonymous	1.00
Through L. Alexander	1.01
Through M. Ulrich	4.13
Mrs. J. Plant	5.00
M. Dz.	1.00
E. W. B.	2.25
Marguerite Kloman	1.00
William Alphonse	1.00
Two Girls	.15
Willie F. Cornell	1.00
J. H. S.	1.00
Oliver Howard Blood	1.00

There are many demands upon the charitably disposed just now, but no appeal is stronger or goes more directly to every heart than that in behalf of the sick children of the crowded tenement districts.

It is a tough heart indeed that feels no pang at the thought of these little sufferers cooped up in noisome rooms, deprived of the soothing sunlight and stifled with impure air, unskilfully attended by kind but ignorant mothers because of the poverty which compels them to dispense with the attendance of paid physicians and improperly and inadequately fed.

And this is why THE EVENING WORLD fund is started for defraying the expenses of a corps of energetic and enthusiastic physicians whose duty it shall be to hunt out and minister to these baby sick ones, suffering the ills and ailments of weather.

It should be borne in mind that the field is boundless, and that the larger the corps the more lives can be saved and the more suffering can be allayed.

The heated term is well started, and haste should be made by those who intend to contribute, that this charity may do its work speedily and before it is too late.

There is room for more names on the list of the good, and every reader of THE EVENING WORLD can give his mite.

From a Sympathizer.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Inclosed please find $1 for Sick Babies' Fund. Yours, in sympathy, M. DZ.

An Eight-Year-Old's Gift.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I send $1 for the sick little babies.

MARGUERITE KLOMAN (eight years old), East Orange.

He Got Two Subscribers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I inclose $2 from X. Y. Z. and 25 cents from R. H. for the Sick Babies Fund. Yours respectfully, E. W. B.,
177 Third avenue.

Proceeds of a Bank Robbery.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you please send this dollar to the sick babies in New York. I took it out of my bank. WILLIE F. CORNELL,
32 Woodbine street, Brooklyn.

A Box Full of Money.

Mr. M. Ulrich, of 2204 Third avenue, has a commendable plan for swelling the Sick Babies' Fund. He places a box, with a slit cut in the lid, on the counter of his furnishing goods store, and finds his customers not slow to respond. To-day Mr. Ulrich came into THE EVENING WORLD office with the box half full of dimes, nickels and pennies, which counted up $4.13 towards the fund.

AUTHORIZED COLLECTORS.

Convenient Points Where Money for the Free Doctors' Fund May Be Left.

Authorized offices where contributions to THE EVENING WORLD's Free Doctors' Fund can be sent:

Uptown WORLD Office.....1267 Broadway
Brooklyn WORLD Office.....359 Fulton street

NEW YORK.

323 Bleecker street.....T. W. Jewell
733 Broadway.....S. E. Isaacson
940 Broadway.....Brown & Pulverman
1238 Broadway.....Brown & Pulverman
233 Grand street.....F. Wolckner
69 Liberty street.....Brown & Pulverman
52 Avenue A.....Edw. J. H. Tamsen
1708 First avenue.....Max L. Walters
386 Second avenue.....P. Harnischfeger
788 Second avenue.....B. Laguna
2163 Second avenue.....Geo. Hooks
177 Third avenue.....E. W. Barrow
554 Third avenue.....Armstrong & Co.
760 Third avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
850 Third avenue.....R. Rudolph
942 Third avenue.....S. Getzler
1026 Third avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
1052 Third avenue.....A. F. Motschman
1193 Third avenue.....R. & E. Jackson
1323 Third avenue.....C. Apt
1366 Third avenue.....B. B. Steinbrink
1563 Third avenue.....E. Ganz
1700 Third avenue.....L. Bock
1921 Third avenue.....C. Rudolph
2022 Third avenue.....Anderson & Mulligan
2051 Third avenue.....Geo. Law
2110 Third avenue.....Jno. A. Hagmayer
153 Fourth avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
152 Sixth avenue.....W. H. Fordham
276 Sixth avenue.....A. G. Spencer
381 Sixth avenue.....L. Alexander
753 Sixth avenue.....Samuel Belasco & Co
90 Eighth avenue.....Hugo Jansen
604 Eighth avenue.....W. B. Rusk
578 Ninth avenue.....Peter Müller
859 Ninth avenue.....M. E. Whittle
1092 Ninth avenue.....Brown & Pulverman
1390 Ninth avenue.....Fischer Bros.
1569 Ninth avenue.....C. E. Lilley
1650 Ninth avenue.....W. Harnest
1220 Tenth avenue.....
Tenth avenue, near One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street.....Edw. J. Nieuwland & Co.
14 Stuyvesant street.....Jordan & Co.
18 South Fifth avenue.....A. F. Blanch
48 East Fourth street.....Lynch's Exp. and Trans. Co.
308 Second street.....Rottenberg Blankbook Co
644 East Ninth street.....Geo Siebel
9 West Fourteenth st.....Booth & McGinniss
124 West Twenty-third street.....Hiram Torrey
270 West Twenty-third street.....Brown & Pulverman
208 East Thirty-fourth street.....P. F. O'Brien
106 West Forty-second street.....Brown & Pulverman
180 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.....Brown & Pulverman
258 West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.....

BROOKLYN.

1797 Atlantic avenue.....Mrs. Green
41 Broadway.....Mrs. C. A. Spittall
291 Broadway.....E. G. Haddon
370 Broadway.....A. A. Watson
700 Broadway.....J. Zimmermann
915 Broadway.....S. Goldzier
1050 (Old No.) Broadway.....Wm. Muir
424 DeKalb avenue.....J. T. Nightingale
689 DeKalb avenue.....A. S. Neale
74 Ewen street.....L. Gluckauf
9th street and Fifth avenue.....C. Balser
80 Seventh avenue.....F. A. Hand

Friends of the Free Doctor Fund, who leave their subscriptions at any of the offices in this list, will please bear in mind that the agents will not turn over the money received to THE EVENING WORLD until they have a respectable little sum on hand. Every subscription, however, will be duly acknowledged in this paper as soon as paid over by the agents in the course of a few days.

International Magazine of Christian Science

WOMEN'S DAY AT THE BATH.

ONLY THE GENTLER SEX CAN USE THE FREE LAVATORIES TO-DAY.

An "Evening World" Reporter's Visit to One of the Many Baths and What He Learned—A Male Attendant Whose White Cap Is a Badge of Admission in Case of Emergency.

Place aux dames!

Translated this may read "Ladies' Day," at the Battery Free Bath, which opened this morning at 5 o'clock.

An EVENING WORLD reporter strolled down to the big box floating at the sea wall at the Battery to see how things were getting on.

The wooden sign, with black-lettered "Ladies' Day" on it, was hung on the outer wall to strike fell disappointment to the heart of the little urchin with one suspender holding up a voluminous pair of trousers, who straggled down in the idea that he was going to have a blooming swim.

Two stalwart women were sitting in the doorway, and a young man with a Summer mustache and a brawny "cop" adorned the vestibule of the Battery bath. The "cop" was gazing fixedly upon the park as if he felt it would be dissipation to flirt with the stout women.

"This is your opening day, isn't it?" said the reporter.

"Yes," answered one of the young women. "It's almost too early for them to be around now. The most crowded times are after 2 o'clock in the afternoon and after 7 o'clock in the evening. The working-girls come here after they get out of the shops and factories."

"They all have to wear bathing suits, don't they?"

"Yes; pants," answered the Mistress of the Bath. "They come here sometimes in calico dresses and I tell 'em to turn 'em into bathing suits."

"Is there any restriction as to age?"

"Hardly any. We're always here to look after them. The women are more apt to get scared than the children. Their legs tip up. The kids hang on to the rope."

"What would you do if you saw some one drowning?"

"Jump in and fish 'em out," said the woman. "I've done it several times in my twenty years' experience at the baths."

"Would you jump in with your clothes on?" inquired the reporter, admiringly.

"Oh, yes. Just as I am," she replied, like a Methodist hymn.

At this moment there was heard a splash as if a bouncing sea lion had plunged into the water, and a shower of spray was flung over the sides and reached even to the vestibule. John L. Sullivan couldn't have made a better splash.

"Do you think it is a good arrangement for the men to have to wear tights?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I do. It's a good deal nicer. That man that has the pay-bath over there says he wishes they'd make a law so they'd have to wear 'em. Some very nice people come here, just as nice as go to the pay-baths."

Of course, the free baths are chiefly intended to benefit the poor, but if Willie Vanderbilt, or his wife, chose to go to them and take a democratic dip, he couldn't be turned out because he has $85,000,000.

It is not likely that Willie will avail himself of the opportunity, however, when he has a nice silver bath-tub right in his own house.

On Saturday, crowds of sweltering little "Modocs" floated around the Battery, thinking the bath was to be thrown open that day. To-day was not so charged with humidity as some days of late, and there was not such a crowd this morning.

Most of the bathers go for the luxury and comfort of the cool water, and not exclusively through a passionate love for cleanliness for its own sweet sake.

"I don't suppose I could go in and look at them," said the reporter as another flop in the water was heard and two or three ecstatic giggles.

"No, indeed! I can't go in except in an emergency," said the young man, "and then I have to wear this."

He took out of a newspaper a white duck cap like a horse-car conductor's. On it was a cloth piece with the letters "D. P. W.," Department of Public Works.

There is no doubt the women and kids have a lively time, however.

The Weather for the Week.

[Prophet De Voe hits the weather last week pretty fairly, as every one who followed his predictions in THE WORLD observed. He tries again for this week.]

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The forecast which I sent you for this week was not nearly as accurate as the forecast on my calendar made last year. I did not place the showers on the right days, but the order was correct and one day behind. Next week will be cold.

Monday, 17—Easterly gales.
Tuesday, 18—Cold rains, northerly winds.
Wednesday, 19—Fair, cool weather.
Thursday, 20—Clear and cold.
Friday, 21—Cool and pleasant.
Saturday, 22—Rising temperature, pleasant weather.

I received a letter from Southern Illinois that the floods and tornado struck them within twenty-four hours of the time I predicted.

Hackensack, June 15. A. J. DE VOE.

In His Line of Development.

[*From Time.*]

First Oarsman—Hello, Jake, you're lookin' fine. Where have you been all Winter?

Second Oarsman—Oh, I had a soft snap in a tony candy store, pulling molasses candy in the window.

A Safe Hiding-Place.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Wife—Where shall we hide the silver while we are away?

Husband—Put it in the pockets of your dresses in the closet.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the fact that Merit Wins. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and actually accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., the Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

TURF VICTORS.

Jockey "Billy" Donohue Relates Some of His Many Falls.

He Has Broken More Bones than Any Other Jockey.

Trampled On by a Horse in a New Orleans Race.

"Billy" Donohue, one of the best-hearted and best-natured Knights of the Pigskin, has probably had more bones broken than any other living jockey to-day. All the breaks resulted from falls when riding, and he is very fortunate in being alive to tell of it. His has been a terrible experience, and enough to make a less game man quit the business.

"Billy" has no idea of quitting, though, and says he never feels the least bit afraid in a race.

He rode his first horse in Canada twenty years ago. He had a natural love for horses and the exciting life of a jockey, and he has ridden many good ones to victory.

His experiences, as told to an EVENING WORLD reporter, are very interesting. Here they are:

I've had more exciting races, if you count falls and tumbles for anything, than any other man on the turf.

I guess nearly every bone in my body has been broken at some time or another. But here I am to-day as well and happy, save for a reminding twinge once in awhile, as I ever was.

Like Billy Hayward, I think the old horse Monarchist was the best horse I ever rode. He won ten straight races, from one to three miles, and won them with the greatest ease.

I don't know that I've been in many exciting races save for the tumbles.

How many falls have I had? Oh, I couldn't tell you all of them. The worst I ever had was at New Orleans, on April 24, 1882.

I had the mount on John Mayer's chestnut gelding Warrington in the Cottrill Stakes, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a half.

Effie H. was in that race, and she got away in front. Before we had gone an eighth of a mile she stumbled, and over Warrington went on top of her.

I was thrown a dozen feet. I guess, and thought I was out of harm's way. But Anglia, another one of the horses, came dusting along and planted one of his hoofs in my groin, and another on my chest, breaking two ribs.

All I remember when I fell was seeing a crowd of horses in a heap and a thick cloud of dust.

Then everything was a blank and three days afterwards I awoke to find myself in the Hotel Drew, with two Sisters of Charity nursing me.

I had no pain, but I couldn't move a finger. I was sort of paralyzed. I was kept in bed two weeks and then got up feeling first rate.

Warrington didn't have a show in the race anyhow, so the fall didn't make much difference to the owners.

I had a leg broken in 1887 at the Brooklyn Jockey Club track. It was no fault of mine, however, but the carelessness of a brother jock.

If I remember right, I was up on Santa Claus that day and had a good chance to pull off the stakes.

I got off well and held a good position throughout. I was second into the stretch and next to the rails. There one of the boys crowded me, and of course I couldn't give way.

I was jammed against the rails and then Santa Claus stumbled and fell, turning a complete somersault and landing me ten feet away.

I didn't lose consciousness, but my, how that leg did pain. I broke my other leg when a boy.

The Club took care of me and nursed me through out my sickness, which lasted nine months.

Another fall I had was with old Wandering in July, 1885.

Wandering was a tricky horse and a hard one to handle. In this race he was regarded as having a veritable "moral," and when I went to the post the odds were 5 to 4 on.

At the post the old horse commenced to buck and tried hard to shake me off. I laid well back when we finally got off and was to come away in the stretch.

On the far turn, just as I was going to come through on my mount, Greenland, with Martin in the saddle, fell. Old Compensation went down on top of him, and over I went on top of the heap.

I got off very lucky, though, and only sustained several contusions, as well as a beautiful black eye. Take it all in all I'm a very lucky man, and I thank my stars I'm alive to-day."

Donohue is not riding for any particular stable thisyear, but his services are always in demand by those who want a good man to guide their horses.

MORE STRINGENT FISHERY ORDERS.

Canadian Cruisers to Seize Any American Vessel Violating the Regulations.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

OTTAWA, June 17.—The Dominion Government has instructed commanders of Government cruisers to be more stringent regarding American vessels found guilty of violating the fishery regulations, and not to overlook any infraction, but seize any vessel when the evidence will warrant such a step.

The leniency which was shown last year, when an early adjustment of the question was looked forward to, is not to be the same, and as the mackerel in immense schools have struck in along the coast of Prince Edward Island, closely followed by American fishermen, it is not improbable that a number of seizures may be looked for.

Baseball Sentiment.

[*From the Metropolis.*]

The only place for New York baseball is—not at greedy Staten Island, nor at the Polo Grounds, which cannot be had, at any price—but over in the old Cricket Ground, at Hoboken. Level, convenient, easily accessible and yet out of the way of business, this is the paradise for the baseballers. I have heard a sentimental objection to playing the New York games in New Jersey; but that is self-evident nonsense after playing on Staten Island.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Indorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

NO MORE A THIEVES' REFUGE.

CANADA WILL HENCEFORTH SURRENDER FUGITIVE BOODLERS.

The Dominion Has Enacted a Severe Law, Which Makes It Unattractive for American and Other Criminals—Twenty Crimes, from Murder to Larceny, in Which the Offenders Will Be Given Up.

Rapid transit has received another setback.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and the necessity for very quick communication for the cashiers of American banks and the treasurers of American trusts with Canada has made the mind of the inventor teem with rapid-transit ideas.

But now the Weldon Extradition bill has been passed by the Kanucks, and the Governor General has forwarded it to the Imperial Government at London with his approval.

It will become a law and thereafter the select 400 of Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, respectively, will not be endangered by the contaminating influences of the boodlers and absconders of this Republic.

This is a new departure in law. Heretofore no extradition law has ever been enacted except by a treaty congress, in which both the interested Governments were represented. It is a brave step for Canada, and one of which she may well feel proud.

There are now 2,000 Yankee rascals enjoying their ill-gotten gains in Canada, and the new law will not disturb them, though they are a fester on Canadian society.

By the new law in the future all fugitives from any other country will be surrendered by Canada at the expense of that country, the law to be construed according to Canadian practice at the time in vogue, and the extraditing country will be obliged to agree that the fugitive shall be tried only for that crime, and there are twenty-two crimes named in the schedule, as follows:

Murder or attempt or conspiracy to murder.
Manslaughter.
Counterfeiting or altering money and uttering counterfeit or altered money.
Forgery, counterfeiting or altering, or uttering what is forged, counterfeited or altered.
Larceny.
Embezzlement.
Obtaining money or goods or valuable securities by false pretenses.
Rape.
Abduction; indecent assault.
Child stealing.
Kidnapping.
Burglary, house-breaking, or shop-breaking.
Arson.
Robbery.
Fraud committed by a bailee, banker, agent, factor, trustee, or member or public officer of any company or municipal corporation, made criminal by any law for the time being in force.
Any malicious act done with intent to endanger persons in a railway train.
Piracy by municipal law or law of nations committed on board of or against a vessel of a foreign State.
Criminal scuttling or destroying such a vessel at sea, whether on the high seas or on the great lakes of North America, or attempting or conspiring to do so.
Assault on board such a vessel at sea, whether on the high seas or on the great lakes of North America, with intent to destroy life or to do grievous bodily harm.
Revolt or conspiracy to revolt by two or more persons on board such a vessel at sea, whether on the high seas or on the great lakes of North America, against the authority of the master.
Administering drugs or using instruments with intent to procure the miscarriage of a woman.
Any offense which is, in the case of the principal offender, included in any foregoing portion of this schedule, and for which the fugitive criminal, though not the principal, is liable to be tried or punished as if he were the principal.

Consistent.

[*From the New York Weekly.*]

Mrs. De Style—Were you at church last Sunday? I didn't see you.

Mrs. De Fashion—I saw you.

"Did you? Do you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely! It came from Paris, I'm sure."

"Yes, my dear friend. Mrs. Devout smuggled it in for me."

He Was Found Out.

[*From the Epoch.*]

White—What an extraordinary nerve one of the passengers displayed in that railroad smash-up.

Green—Yes, and he has displayed a nerve more extraordinary still since then.

White—In what way?

Green—Why, by suing the Company for $10,000 damages for the injury to his leg, which happens to be a cork one.

A Slashing Business.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Howdy, Bromleigh. How is business?"

"Slashing."

"Ah, you are still a dramatic critic, then?"

Ways and Means.

[*From the Fliegende Blatter.*]

Convicted Beggar—Your Honor, couldn't you change my sentence of imprisonment into a fine?

"No; that I cannot do. And where would you get the money if I did?

"I could beg a little every day till I had enough."

THE SUBURBAN TO-MORROW.

FOR THE BEST, MOST INTERESTING AND GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT SUBURBAN RACE AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY, READ TO-MORROW'S "EVENING WORLD." THE PRELIMINARIES WILL BE IN THE EARLIER EDITIONS, AND THE RESULTS IN THE SPORTING EXTRA.

Unintentionally Stingy.

[*From Time.*]

"Bromley, it was lucky that newsboy found your wallet, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it had ten thousand in it."

"But you only gave the boy a twenty-cent piece."

"Why, bless my soul! I thought it was a quarter."

Save a Baby's Life.

[*From the Metropolis.*]

Only a dollar to save a baby's life! Cannot you spare it? You often waste more than that in drinks or cigars. Will you not give it to help send doctors to the poor children? They might be your children if Providence had not blessed you with plenty. Do not stop to argue, but inclose to the EVENING WORLD at least $1 at once.

Coming Events.

The Jeffersonians' Summer-night's festival, Lion Park, June 18.

Council No. 1, Benevolent Order of Veteran Firemen, picnic and excursion, Bay Cliff Park, S. I., June 20.

Passage to Europe.

One berth in ladies' cabin for sale, steamer sails Thursday. Apply Hamburg Line office 61 B'way.

Cotton Dress Goods.

To-day, June 17th.

We put on sale a large lot of French Broche Sateens *at 15 cts.*

Reduced from 25 cts. and offer all of our Imported Novelty Ginghams at reduced prices.

Lord & Taylor,
Broadway Store.

In order not to carry over any of our imported Models we have concluded to dispose of the entire balance during this week, regardless of cost or value. Seaside, Mountain and Yachting Costumes, Reception, Dinner and Evening Toilets, Wraps, Coats, Capes, Ulsters, &c.

I. BLOOM, MGR.,
287 FIFTH AVENUE.

BOSTON'S LITERARY MEN.

A Few of the Hub's More Noted Bookmakers and Writers.

[*Chicago Tribune's Boston Letter.*]

If you cannot be fashionable in Boston the the next best thing is to be literary. This does not imply that you should affect newspaper associations. There are a number of major and minor celebrities here whose Pegasus carries them above the unpleasantly commercial atmosphere of daily journalism. These people are received everywhere, and to know them is considered a privilege. If they do not take part in the ultra-gay swim it is because they have a coterie of their own equally exclusive, and in their notion more elevated. Their Club—the St. Botolph—represents the aristocracy of applied intellect just as the Somerset stands for gilt-edged idleness. In considering the followers of literature at the modern Athens one naturally divides them into four classes—namely: the big guns, the younger set, the women writers, and the hangers-on. The first-class has Dr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell as its foremost representatives, and is organized, malicious persons say, as a mutual admiration society. The second class includes the rising generation of pen-wielders, exemplified by such men as Robert Grant and John T. Wheelwright. The third class is filled with clever scribblers in petticoats, who do much admirable work, and nearly all of whom hate one another with undying animosity. As for the hangers-on, who form the fourth class referred to, they are legion. Many of them are merely satellites revolving about the brighter lights and borrowing their radiance. Some write for the *Transcript* and other publications which do not pay for contributions accepted. Others produce manuscript by the ream, which they read to patient friends and submit with never-dying hopefulness to unappreciative editors. If you asked the women here—not the scribbling ones—who was their favorite literary idol in Boston they would doubtless say T. W. Higginson. He is just the sort of man that appeals to the feminine love of the ideal—of a poetic, imaginative temperament, with beautiful manners, winning ways and brilliant conversational powers. He gets the highest prices for his literary work. His weekly articles in *Harper's Bazar* are models of the essay style, whether they treat of questions sociologic or of frills on pincushions.

It is admitted that in the art of presiding gracefully at a dinner or club-meeting Col. Higginson is excelled by only one man in Boston—namely: Dr. Edward Everett Hale. The latter is the most overworked individual in town. His dress is negligent, because he never has time to attend to it. To an appeal from a person distressed, however, he always has an ear to lend.

T. B. Aldrich, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, may be called the apostle of style in literature. He has given his magazine a high reputation for its English. It is said of his prose that its quality is more in the manner than in the substance. He is an agreeable man, socially, and likes people to appreciate the little jokes he is so fond of cracking. He is the particular pet of Boston's most fashionable woman, Mrs. John L. Gardner, and it is asserted that she sets a justly high estimate upon Mr. A. He is beneath the average height, and, though forty-five years of age, looks almost like a boy.

Dr. Holmes's "Breakfast Table" essays in the *Atlantic* gave him his first real fame, and his knowledge of medicine, particularly anatomy, gave him employment as a teacher and lecturer, though he never practised to any extent. He is popular and in conversation bubbles over with wit. In appearance he resembles nothing so much as a shrivelled little Winter apple, and no one would guess from his appearance what a genius is at the core beneath that frost-bitten surface. All the people here look up to him as to an oracle, and he gives response strictly in that capacity.

By thoughtful critics James Russell Lowell is placed even nearer the summit of the Parnassian acclivity than Dr. Holmes. If the latter's laurel crown is No. 6¾, the author of the "Biglow Papers" wears a No. 7½. He is of a serious turn, strongly contrasting with the frivolousness of the Autocrat. He looks like and has the ways of a cultivated English gentleman. For a generation he has been a pet in Boston. At present he does little writing, being already about seventy years of age.

In the highest literary grade here stands Francis Parkman, whose great lifework has been the well known history of the French occupation of North America, in many volumes. He is stout and genial, but unhappily such an invalid for some time past he has been unable to do any mental labor. He is a refined looking man of about sixty years.

Dr. T. W. Parsons, the famous translator of Dante, is the Chesterfield of the bookmaking set. There is nothing that amuses him so much as turning off sonnets to pretty women.

J. T. Trowbridge is the celebrated writer of boys' stories. To that kind of work he chiefly directs his attention nowadays, though he has produced a good deal of pretty fair poetry. He earns quite a large income by his pen, which is employed to no small extent by the *Youths' Companion*. He is tall, fresh looking, with long gray hair, and owns up to sixty years or nearly.