

A SUNDAY BARBAGUE.

Montreal Witness Describes it as Disgusting.

Montreal, Oct. 16.—A genuine barbacue was held on Sunday, afternoon in the east end.

The Witness, a newspaper that is not given to misstatement, publishes the following account of what took place:—"Frontenac Park is a field at the corner of Forsyth and Hogan streets, between the railway line and Ontario street, and is surrounded by a fence. Along that fence yesterday afternoon a number of flags and hunting were stuck, and within the park itself a disgusting and disgraceful orgie took place that might well have justified a stranger in asking, is this a Christian country?"

Invitation cards had been issued inviting the recipient to an immense barbacue, and bearing on top a colored picture of an ox straying in a cornfield, with the explanatory note: "The ox we are going to eat in Frontenac Park on October 15th, '05." How many or to whom these invitation cards had been issued is not clear; but a good number of them must have been sent out, for towards 1 o'clock hundreds of people gathered in the park and waited expectantly until the ox appeared. In due time it came, accompanied by a butcher.

The people assembled included a fair sprinkling of apparently respectable artisans, and there were dozens of little children varying in age from five to ten years, and many more older. A band had been engaged for the occasion, and played at intervals. The ox, having been tethered, was shot before the whole assembly, and skinned before it had lain dead two minutes. The various operations of drawing and quartering were performed by butchers before the eyes of the crowd, and the sight of children of tender years looking on at this was in itself sufficient to disgust any person possessed of ordinary self-respect.

After the carcass had been cut up it was placed in what appeared to be an old disused cistern with a tin top, and in that it was boiled. Cooking completed, the meat was served out to the crowd. Whatever may be said of the manner in which this was done, certainly there can be no excuse whatever for what took place afterwards. The remainder of the ox, or what appeared to be the last joints, cooked, were extracted from the cistern piece by piece, placed on a dirty table, and literally hacked into lumps, and handed out to hands greedily stretched out to receive it. The spectacle of half a score of young men and boys clustering around that table, snatching at the huge, coarse sandwiches prepared, running off with them in cases quarrelling amongst themselves as to the ownership of this or that unsavory morsel, was but little better than a scene in a menagerie at feeding time. Lumps of beef were flung about as missiles; chunks of bread were also used as articles of assault, and one or two individuals were to be seen staggering about gnawing huge bones that would have fed a Newfoundland dog for a week, literally tearing the remains of the meat from them.

Hard by the table on which the joints were hacked lay the skin of the slaughtered ox, with the head adhering to it, and it seemed to constitute an object of intense morbid interest to the children at the gathering. The devouring of the meat was not the worst feature of the afternoon, however. Several casks of beer and ale were arranged in a row on trestles, and half a dozen brawny policemen had hard work for a time keeping the thirsty individuals from the casks. Eventually a circle was formed around the row, and various assistants drew beer off in pails and carried it around to the people, who a few moments before had been ravenously bolting beef chunks. The manner in which they literally gulped the beer down was still more disgusting, and now and then might be seen the sad, pitiable sight of little children being given a drink from some tin cup that a moment before had been at the mouth of a half drunken man. The crowd literally swilled the beer down and howled for more. Ribald songs were sung in snatches, and the language used was of the coarsest. The incomprehensible feature of the whole affair was that those who were taking advantage of this dubious form of hospitality were not the class who stood in need of a free meal; far from it. They were in a great majority of cases respectably dressed people who seemed for the time being to have forgotten that they belonged to a civilized community. Even the policemen were disgusted. "Well, this is the worst thing I ever saw," exclaimed one of them, after he had taken two thirsty youths by the coat collar and persuaded them to stand back until the beer barrels were tapped."

HORSE NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Imperial Allerton (2:16) looks like another 2:10 trotting stallion for Allerton (2:09).

Abbie Strathmore (2:07) is credited with having paced an eighth in 34.8 at Lexington.

It is reported that Island Park, Albany, N. Y., may come into the grand circuit next year.

The four-year-old filly Owaiss, by Bingen (2:06), out of Impudence (2:12), is a 2:10 pacer right now.

Even the hoppers do not appear to make a reliable pacer out of Erskine Reed. He has the speed though.

That mark of 1:59 appears to stop them all. Dan Patch would have a chance to beat it at Memphis.

Senator Bailey has purchased Silico (2:13), dam of Siliko (2:17), and will breed her to Prodigal (2:16).

The two-year-old colt Gov. Francis, by Arion (2:07), was second to Siliko, in 2:17 at Lexington last week.

It is a bad policy for the owner, manager or secretary of a race track

LATEST FASHION.



A BETWEEN SEASONS STREET COSTUME.

The school girl, with the hard war that is entailed upon her clothes at all times finds the need of a between seasons street costume as imperative as does her mother, if indeed not more so. This simple but effective design, in a rather heavy quality of silk, has a clever touch of velvet at collar and cuff, the centre of the same flattering material. The little coat follows loose, lines, standing well away from the figure, and hanging loosely above the

to do the plunging act at his own meeting.

John Caldwell went a surprisingly fine race in the Transylvania. He was right on the heels of Ethel's Pride and Turley in 2:06.

There are still a few vacant racing dates in November. Half-mile track managers are wanted to hurry up or they will be taken.

Cheery Lass (2:03), Empire City farm's fast pacer mare, is in foal to McKinney (2:11), and will be retired from the track.

A Penn (2:11), is the first high-class trotter to the credit of William Penn (2:07). He is very fast, but also very erratic at the score.

It is not improbable that all of the fast record horses in F. G. Jones' stable, except Tom Axworthy (2:07), will go to the auctions.

Turley (2:07) is the best and most consistent trotter of the year. He has been beaten, but has always put up a grand contest.

The race which Lake Queen (2:12) trotted at Dover last week was a surprise to the horsemen. The daughter of Red Lake was never so good.

Jack Wilkes was scratched from all of his Lexington engagements. He will be held over for next year. His record is 2:17, and he can trot in 2:07.

DOG'S EYE-GLASSES OFF.

And He Became the Canine Bully of the Town.

Greene, Me., Oct. 18.—James Keene of this place owns a mongrel pup that has enjoyed the reputation of being whipped by every canine in the village. When his pet's eyesight was failing he became interested, and experimented with a large, peculiar pair of spectacles and disks of magnifying glass.

When once the proper magnifiers had been selected he turned the dog loose, and was amused by the creature's attempts to evade everything from a fly up, for insects loomed very large through the glasses, and a common cur assumed tremendous proportions.

One day the dog freed himself from the spectacles, and was rejoiced to find that every quadruped he met appeared by contrast to be almost minute.

Even his cowardly nature could not forego the chance of having trouble with such trifling antagonists, and to his master's astonishment he began laying low everything on four legs in the village.

Once assured he was a victor, nothing could stop him, and today he is the acknowledged champion of the township.

CRAZED SEAMEN ON A RAFT.

Terrible Sufferings of Crew of a Wrecked Vessel.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 16.—The tale of a shipwreck in which eight seamen suffered so fearfully from exposure, hunger and thirst that six of them either died or were washed away, or crazed by their fearful experience, hurled themselves into the sea was brought out today by the two survivors of the coasting schooner Vanname and King of New Haven, which was beaten to pieces by a gale

belt. This item is separate from both coat and skirt, strongly feathered at front, back and sides, so that it serves to support the immature figure well. A touch of style is added to the full sleeve in the upturned flaring cuff of velvet that appears above the wrist. The skirt has a gored upper part, the fitting over the hips accomplished by means of darts that are run on the outside of the skirt, and adds to its smart appearance. A shaped Spanish flounce is applied half-way below the knee, in lines, standing well away from the vortical pleats appearing at intervals and adding to the fulness.

off the South Carolina coast on October 6th.

The two men who were rescued by the schooner Stillman, which arrived here today, are William Thomas and William G. Warner.

The six who succumbed were Captain William A. Maxwell, Mate E. A. Chase, engineer (colored), steward (colored), Seaman Grisell and Alfred Attner.

The Vanname and King left Charleston, S. C., for New York, on October 13th with a cargo of hardline. Two days later she ran into a heavy gale, and after wallowing about in the seas for several hours sprung leak. On Friday, Oct. 6th, with her hold nearly full of water, the little schooner was hove down on her beam ends. The crew clambered up the weather side and lashed themselves to the bulwarks. That night the storm increased in fury, and one great wave rushed overboard, breaking both legs of Seaman Arthur and sweeping Grisell into the sea.

Arthur's companions tried to ease his sufferings, and when on Saturday the schooner turned completely over they managed to cut his lashings and drag him on a piece of the after house. It was several hours before they could all huddle together on the little raft. That night Arthur died in the arms of Captain Maxwell and was dropped overboard.

Sunday night the waves subsided. Mate Chase's mind gave way entirely, and the craft was again lightened when he threw himself into the sea.

The next victim was Captain Maxwell, who on Monday forenoon became violently insane and followed his mate's example of self-destruction.

The spectacle of two men voluntarily throwing themselves into the sea, proved too much for the German engineer and a few hours after Captain Maxwell's death the raft was lightened for the fourth time when the crazed seaman jumped into the waves.

The last victim was the colored steward, who expired on the raft late Monday night, and whose body was dropped overboard by the two remaining seamen.

Relief came twelve hours later, when the schooner Stillman of the Kelly Line, bound up the coast from Ceylon, Ga., to this port, sighted the little raft and hove to alongside. Both Thomas and Warner had to be taken off in slings, and for two days were unable to move.

DIED A BROKEN-HEARTED MAN.

London, Oct. 18.—Sir Henry Irving died a disappointed, broken-hearted man. His last days—even his last hours—were tinged with the bitterness of a personal humiliation. He had lost his fortune, had seen the Lyceum Theatre, where he had achieved his greatest fame, and where he had produced his sublimest tragedies turned into a second-rate music hall while he himself was driven from theatre to theatre, taking his chances for favorable dates in the provinces, as an ordinary actor.

It is known that he lost vast sums during recent years in the elaborate but unsuccessful production of "Faust," "Coriolanus," "Robespierre," and "Dante," and it was the run of bad luck which these plays

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encountered that caused the Lyceum management to slip from his control two years ago, compelling him to seek the hospitality of strange theatres.

Neither his spirit nor his health survived this humiliation. His differences with Ellen Terry aggravated the actor's troubles about the same time, when she essayed a starring career on her own account. They never were friends afterwards.

TROUBLE TO GET A KING.

Prince Charles of Denmark Will Receive Invitation.

Christiania, Oct. 18.—King Oscar's official refusal of the offer of the Norwegian throne for a Prince of the house of Bernadotte is expected soon, when the government will immediately ask the Storting to authorize an invitation to Prince Charles of Denmark to become King. It is said the reply will be favorable, and that immediately the Storting will proceed to his election.

The republicans are making a desperate effort to secure a plebiscite. Recently they published a manifesto protesting against the election of a King and favoring a republican form of government. It is understood that the republicans now control 30 votes in the Storting, and it is feared that Prince Charles will decline if the republican minority is sufficiently strong to be worthy of consideration.

In government circles, however, it is declared that the question will be settled before the end of the present week.

Mr. Cutting Hintz.—I'm going to consult a mind reader today and allow him to experiment on me.

Mrs. Cutting Hintz.—If you do he'll think you've been reading a lot of automobile literature.

Father has given me \$100 every birthday since I was 21, and I have saved every cent of it.

How many thousand dollars have you got in the bank?



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AGENTS WANTED.

MUSIC ON TAP.

A Massachusetts gentleman met a colored man who had recently worked for him and into whose family a girl baby had come slightly before.

"What have you named her?" asked Mr. Green, on being told by the father of the addition to his family.

"Dat's what we can't 'cide on," was the reply. "I wants her name Clara and my old woman wants it Nettie."

"Well, then," suggested Mr. Green, "why don't you call her Clarinet?" "I declare, Marse Green," said the colored man, admiringly, "dat is purtier dan either of 'em."

Meeting his colored friend several

weeks later, Mr. Green was amused to hear him say, "We's named her Clarinet."

SURPRISING.

Micky—Bill got de surprise of his life today.

Jimmy—How so?

Micky—Why, he swiped a hayseed's carpetbag from the station and it didn't contain either doughnuts or red apples.

A little fellow who just commenced reading the newspapers, asked his father if the word Hon. prefixed to the name of a member of congress meant honest.

DOLLARS SAVING

SPECIAL SALE OF

Winter Goods

A special this month of Ladies' Skirts. Men's Suits and Overcoats. Lady's French Flannel, all wool, 25 cts. per yard. Men's Fleece Lined Undershirts only 35 cts. Heavy Silk Fleece Lined Stockings 15 cts. pair. Cutting Flannel only 10 cts. per yard. 5 lb. Wool Blankets at \$2.75 per pair, regular price \$3.99. BLACK DRESS GOODS, regular 60 cts., sale price 30 cts. Regular 40 cts., sale price 20 cts. Numerous other bargains.

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