

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

The only native born Canadian in the United States Congress is Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire, who was born in Cornwall, March 28, 1827.

The annual report of the Montreal Telegraph Company, to be submitted to the meeting of shareholders to-day, shows that the company's lines and properties have been well maintained, and that improvements to the value of \$186,920 have been made by the lessees. The total length of lines of the whole system at the end of 1887 was 2,031 miles.

The alleged instance of "faith cure," reported from St. Catharines, is precisely one of numerous cases of the kind which should not be accepted as genuine without proper investigation. To give it any value as a proof of the possibility of healing by faith, it is necessary that all the circumstances should be known. It is quite probable that the young lady's affliction was induced by mental causes, in which case all that was necessary to effect a cure was the creation of a different mental condition with regard to it. As has already been explained in The Mail, certain diseases of the body frequently have their origin in the imagination, and there is no reason to doubt that such diseases can be removed by the exertion of certain influences upon the mind. But this is something entirely different from the "faith cure," as explained by its advocates.

UNITED STATES.

General Secretary Litchman says there are nearly 500,000 Knights of Labor now in good standing.

A Petersburg (Va.) patriarch, 75 years of age, is now revelling in his eighth wife, and is the happy father of thirty-six children.

General Master Workman Powderly is not yet out of danger from his illness, having exhausted himself by work. His physician advises a trip south.

There are in the United States Congress four members who were born in England, seven who were born in Scotland, and seven natives of Ireland.

A young Irish widow of Pittsburgh, Penn., named Hamill, has renounced her allegiance to Queen Victoria and become a citizen of the United States.

George Peabody, the philanthropist, once sawed wood for his board, and when he was eleven years of age was working in a country grocery store in Massachusetts.

At least four out of every five cases of kidney complaints in the United States," says Dr. Agnew, "can be directly traced to the adulterations in lager beer."

The Richmond Religious Herald declares that on the tombstones of nine-tenths of the preachers who fall may be written, "Died of too great a dose of self."

Philadelphia has a queer organization. It is known as the "Sudden Death Club." No one is eligible to membership who has not some organic trouble that is reasonably likely to cut the string of life with a snap.

The death of two women last week, one in Connecticut and the other in Tennessee, at the age of 115 years each is a solemn reminder that the longest life must come to an end. It cannot last for ever under the most favorable circumstances. The warning should not be unheeded.

Jan. let a law went into effect in N. H. by which twenty voters can assert that any place where liquors are kept for sale they consider a nuisance, and the case has to go before the Supreme Court. Good results are hoped from this, as the defence has to prove the place is not a nuisance.

The ship Favorite, which recently foundered near Orient, L. I., was wrecked by a beach vessel which was loaded into the vessel when she took on a cargo of seaweed. Finding himself confined in the hole, the vessel gnawed a hole in the side of the sloop below the water line, and the result was that the Favorite foundered.

A coloured man named Posey, accompanied by two other men, went out a few nights ago at Wamego, Kas., to steal a hog. Posey placed himself astride the porker to hold it, while one of his companions tried to strike and kill the hog with an axe. A misdirected block struck Posey on the head and killed him.

A policeman attempted to arrest a darkey in Quitman, Ga., the other evening, and the fellow resisted. The policeman thumped him on the head with his club, and was tremendously surprised to see flames blaze up when the club fell. The phenomenon was easily explained. The negro was carrying matches concealed in his woolly hair.

The Rev. Father Henlan, pastor of the Roman Catholic church at East Manch Chunk, Pa., has declared open war on bustles in every form. He brands them as unsightly, a production of wretched vanity, and as immoral altogether. He further says that, unless the women of his congregation, old and young, abandon the use of the offensive article he will forbid them the communion.

New York Tribune: Fairly satisfactory experiments with an electric motor have been made on the Fourth-avenue surface railroad, and the prospect of getting rid of horses on this line seems excellent. If the substitution of electricity for the present motive power can be made on one street railroad, the other companies will speedily have to show cause why they cannot adopt the improvement also.

Jay Gould's country seat cost him \$200,000 in 1880. The lawn contains 95 acres and the house has 20 rooms, including a fine art gallery and a conservatory whose flowers are worth a quarter of a million. He has blooded horses, cows and sheep, and his chickens are of the finest kind. It costs him, it is said, nearly \$400 a day to pay the expenses of the establishment and his taxes upon it are \$3,000 a year.

Near Danbury, in North Carolina, stands a log house built by its present occupants forty-five years ago. When he first built the fire on the new hearth he vowed it should never go out, and it has not. Meantime the owner has not slept from home a single night; has never tasted food from any other table but his own; has never used a candle or other light in his dwelling, yet has married three times, been the father of fourteen children, and become a great-grandfather.

It is proposed to make the Chicago Hay-market riot monument out of a granite shaft from Rockland, Maine, the tallest obelisk in the world. The largest obelisk now standing is the one at the Lateran in Rome.

It is 105 feet in height and weighs 510 tons. The one in New York is 69 1/2 feet in height and weighs 224 tons. The proposed obelisk to be erected at the centre of the Hay-market-square, would be 115 feet high, not counting a sub-structure 35 feet in height. Its weight would be 650 tons.

"Muscular Christians" are not quite so fashionable as they were when a popular clerical novelist brought them into vogue. But the village of Cable, Ohio, possesses a clergyman of this type not surpassed by any hero of fiction. A rowdy deliberately interrupted the service and insulted a lady, when the parson gave him the severe punishment he deserved. These blows, each a knock-down, were sufficient for the ruffian, and taught him to pay due respect in future to the church militant.

An interesting suit has been brought in San Francisco by the owners of the barque Stamboul against the Pacific Steam Whaling Company, which owns the barque Wanderer. The plaintiffs claim that they harpooned a whale, which swam under a field of ice and came up a mile away, where it was captured by the Wanderer, whose crew pulled out the harpoon of the Stamboul and substituted their own. They base their suit for \$7,000 on the whaling law, which says that the first harpoon lodged in a whale creates vested rights.

While the New England fishermen have raised a disturbance because they have been prevented from encroaching upon Canadian fishing grounds, their brethren in Florida are sadly put out because Spanish fishing smacks are beginning to overrun their preserve. Some years ago about twenty-five Key West fishing vessels used to make catches amounting in the aggregate to \$200,000 or more, which were sold in Cuba. More recently, however, Spain put a duty upon fish entered at Cuban ports and Spanish smacks now swarm about the Florida fishing grounds. This is naturally very annoying to the coast fishermen of Florida, who would probably urge the adoption of measures similar to those taken by Canada, were there in existence a treaty with Spain which permitted such a course.

FOREIGN.

Negotiations have begun for the construction of three great Russo-Chinese railways. A French noble, 85 years of age, offers any one \$100,000 to guarantee him thirty more years of life.

During a fanatical outbreak in the Chinese Province of Fukien twenty Christian churches were burned and the converts massacred.

In two London churches actors have been invited to read the lessons for several successive Sundays lately with great satisfaction to the audiences.

Philadelphia Press: Armed peace in Russia and Austria means ultimate war. It is very much as if a man were to go around with his coat-tail full of torpedoes daring the people to kick him.

It is reported that a conspiracy against the Bulgarian Government, inciting the populace to take up arms against Prince Ferdinand in favour of Russia, has been discovered in the suburbs of Sofia.

A reduction in Irish rents of the annual value of about ten millions of dollars has just been made—that is, inclusive of other reductions made within a few years. And yet the Irish tenants are not happy.

Ferdinand of Bulgaria was recently snubbed by Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria. In sending a New Year greeting to the Emperor the former signed himself "Ferdinand, Prince of Bulgaria." The Emperor sent his reply to "Prince Ferdinand, of Saxe-Coburg."

A Russian saloon for tea drinking is an interesting feature of life in Russian cities. The waiters are attired in white from head to foot, with a large black purse at the waist and are all men. Tea is drunk alone or with a lemon and the sugar eaten from the hand. Eleven or fifteen cups are not too many for an old tea drinker.

Pope Leo is very frugal. When elected Pope it is related of him that when he first sat down to dinner he found an extra dish on the table prepared in honor of his election. To the servant he said, "Do you think I can eat more as Pope than as Cardinal. Don't let this occur again. I shall regulate my own stomach."

Barrels are made in Jersey for the use of the Channel Islands farmers which will fold up when empty, and thus, having been sent to market, can be packed into a small space on the return. The staves are fixed upon the hoops so that the heads being removed, they may be rolled up. They are made perfect cylinders, and therefore occupy less space for the same capacity than ordinary barrels.

According to The Al-mograb Alaska, an influential Arabian organ, slavery is still going on openly in Morocco, and on the 3rd of the month two black girls, of five and six years of age respectively, were marched up and down the streets of Saffi by the public crier, who mentioned the various bids made for them till at length they were sold. It is about time this kind of thing ceased, even in Morocco.

Los Angeles Mirror: The "great powers" of Europe are keeping up a subdued growling at each other like a lot of cats on a garden wall. Meanwhile three hundred millions of people watch the performance with bated breath. The "balance of power" and the "status quo"—those two venerable fetiches to which so many human lives have been sacrificed—are in danger of being upset. The game of European politics would be ludicrous were its consequences not so frequently disastrous.

The well-known explorer, Pierre de Brazza, has a younger brother who is following closely in his footsteps. Jacques de Brazza has been exploring hundreds of miles of the interior of Africa, chiefly on the River Ogowe, from which he made his way to the Upper Congo. He found a very fertile district with immense quantities of ivory in a region hitherto unvisited by white men. His very large, have been sent to Paris. There is even yet some work to be done by the adventurous explorer, especially in the dark continent.

The 7th Hussars, who were the champion polo players in England, have since their arrival in India been twice beaten—first by the Poonah Gymkhana, and lately by the Pagah team in the final heat of the Hyderabad Polo tournament. Their defeat, however, is considered excusable, for India is the headquarters of polo, and the 7th have scarcely had time to become thoroughly acclimatized.

OLD WORLD NEWS

The Tone on the Continent More Peaceful—The Czar's Ambitions—France and Italy Have Kissed and Made up!—Latest Cable Clicks.

The tone from the Continent becomes more and more peaceful and all the energy so recently expended in proving that war was at hand is now bent to the task of demonstrating that peace is certain, and the task has grown wonderfully easy, especially since the peaceful language poured out by the Czar in response to the New Year's address.

Prince Bismarck, satisfied apparently that all is right for the present, as far as Russia is concerned, busies himself with home matters. He is now concentrating his energies on new measures for the suppression of the social democrats, who have been constantly growing in strength, despite all his hostile measures. The Prince, while having socialist tendencies himself, detests every Socialist of a stripe different from his own. He asks for additional powers to use in suppressing freedom among the people, and contemplates measures compared with which the Coercion law is mere child's play. He wishes to be able to inflict a year's imprisonment and 1,000 marks fine on every man, woman, or child who hands a Socialist newspaper or handbill to a friend, or who exposes to public view, if only by carrying it in the hand, a copy of the forbidden print.

A story is being revived in diplomatic circles of the Czar's intention to have himself proclaimed Emperor of Asia, and, it is said, the ceremony is to take place shortly at Merv. The friends of this rumor declare it is with this end in view that the Czar has lately cultivated Germany so assiduously, in order to have a strong alliance somewhere with which to offset the burst of rage which might be expected from England and from England's Queen should the Czar take a title which would include that of the Empress of India, Victoria's most recent pride and joy.

It is whispered in Munich that the mad King Otto has become suspicious of his attendants, refuses to eat or drink, and is dying fast. Simultaneously the ghost of his late insane brother and predecessor is reported abroad nightly.

It was Marshal Martinez Campos who warred the Spanish Government of Isabella's conspiracy against the Queen regent and her baby, the King. By the way, the Pope has just hinted to Don Carlos that religion, chivalry, and patriotism alike require he should cease to conspire against that infant monarch's throne. Carlos doesn't think the Pope competent to give advice on secular matters.

France and Italy have settled their little tiff about the violation by the Florence Judge of the French Consul's domicile. Presumably the modest demand of a Paris newspaper for the expulsion of 500,000 Italian workmen scattered throughout France will now be abandoned.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, who is about to marry a maid of honor, was to have wedded one of the Prince of Wales's daughters, but the Swedish Parliament meanly refused to vote the necessary money, and the match was broken.

Peace and arbitration people have been very busy, but they have, as usual, found the world very unappreciative of themselves personally and of their doctrines. Mr. Hodgson Pratt, known as the apostle of international arbitration, though he shares the honor with Mr. Cremer, M. P., has been visiting Vienna, where every one was frigidly polite to him and theoretically agreed with him, but he was advised to go to Russia, "which country" said the Austrians, "is more in want of your arguments than we are." Mr. Cremer is the tiny man who recently visited the United States on a peace mission. He met the Council of Peace Society to-night, and gave a glowing account of his mission. To hear the little man and members of the Council talk one would think we were on the eve of the millennium, which here in Europe, at any rate is certainly not the case.

Country Journalism.

In this age of a strong powerful city press we would like to put forward a few pleas for the support of the more humble, less pretentious, but in its own small way as useful, village paper. Without the advantage of the very latest improvements in machinery, without the immense advertising patronage there is no doubt the country paper cannot offer the same large choice and well assorted amount of reading matter for the same money, as its large city contemporary. But at the same time it has functions to perform which are auxiliary and not antagonistic to the city paper. To watch over and mould the smaller and at the same time closer interests of the community in which it exists is the province of the local paper. In these hard times when every one is cutting down expenses it often happens that the poor local paper is sacrificed to the Goddess of Economy. Now on the principle of getting a return for what you give, the large metropolitan paper is the one which should be sacrificed. It is just like a man keeping a pair of twelves because there is more of them instead of a pair of sixes which fit him. The country paper gives the markets where the farmer's produce is to be sold. Its advertising columns give (or should give) the best chance of getting bargains. Its columns give reports of township council meetings which are so important to the farmers as the meetings of Parliament. It is true that few weekly local papers are apt to go into the cheap chromo business. There is no surer indication that a paper amounts to nothing that it has to resort to such means to bolster up its subscription list. Support the local paper.—Drayton Vidette.

An eastern man married a Winnipeg widow not long ago. During their bridal tour east he asked her sentimentally: "Darling, do you love me better than your first husband?" "Oh, certainly," she replied; "he's dead!"

A load of straw passing under an electric light wire in Marion, tore it loose and it dropped to the ground behind the load. A valuable span of horses came along soon afterward, both horses stepped on the wire and both fell dead.

BEGGARS AND BEGGING.

The suffering among the undoubted poor in the city is much more severe than in the small towns and villages. What a mercy to them as well as to those who are incessantly besieged for assistance, if they could all be transported into some healthy, not too sparsely settled country places. But "the poor we have with us always." Their claims are such as we cannot gaily resist, and no generous-hearted person has any wish not to accept his share of the burden, when the application is made by those who are real sufferers, and make no appeal until absolute necessity compels.

But there are many classes and grades of those who call for or need aid, and a wide dissimilarity in the effect they produce on our feelings and sympathies. Some make known their destitution by letter, either being at too great a distance to apply in person or lacking the courage to make known their poverty and solicit aid. Often this latter class are the most honest and deserving. But those who are distressed and perpetually harassed by these incessant demands for assistance, soon learn to estimate the character of the applicant correctly, whether the appeal is made personally or by letter, the latter, however, being by far the least annoying. Half a dozen lines of the characteristics of the writer—whether written by one accustomed to that style of correspondence, or by one whose distress and mortification are unmistakable. From a long letter with two or three pages of flattery and compliments

ONE TURNS CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

Oh, beginning with an earnest appeal to "one so widely known as a public benefactor," "whose ear is ever open to the cry of suffering humanity." Or, what is still more offensive, "the writer would never have ventured to trespass on your valuable time, but in the watches of the night while praying that the Lord would direct our next appeal to one of His most charitable servants, we really did hear a voice close by our bed saying, 'Go to—, who will never turn a deaf ear to a case like yours.'"

One would hardly deem it possible that any sensible person could be influenced by such an appeal, but such letters do, for a while, have some weight on persons living remote from large cities or who have not the misfortune to belong to the public. But when every mail brings similar documents, asking, almost demanding, aid, because it would be a sin to refuse such vouchers as these "visions of the night" afford, the waste-basket very soon receives such messages without the one addressed feeling the least pity or compunction.

When the door is besieged at all hours with a class that you see, as you approach the vestibule window or glass door, are having a merry time laughing and talking, until startled by your sudden opening of the door, when instantly each apron is carried to the eyes and they begin to whine and whimper.

The heart soon grows callous to this oft-repeated story of the "poor widdler with six children and a stony-hearted landlord." "I cannot assist you," is easily said after a few such similar experiences, and to hear the blessings turn to cursing and abuse as the door closes! To give to this class of mendicants is only to defraud the deserving and "cast pearls before swine."

But there are others whose sad story, modestly and quietly told, it is impossible to doubt and for whom sympathy springs spontaneously and substantially aid is, as far as possible, forthcoming almost before the words die on the blue and quivering lips. Their destitution may be the fruit of their own lack of foresight or economy, no matter. If there are any who have not made mistakes or done many foolish things

LET THEM CAST THE FIRST STONE.

Another class—the saddest to meet of all—are those who but a short since had all the comforts and many luxuries that wealth can give, but business stagnation and long financial depression, notwithstanding their most strenuous exertions to avert these misfortunes, have swept everything away. With no stain on their honor, no carelessness in their management, step by step they have gone down to the most appalling suffering and poverty, and they come to our doors, not even yet in their dire necessity will they ask for alms, only for work, something to do, no matter how menial, just simply to keep the wolf from the door and be saved the humiliation of asking or accepting charity. These are among the hard spots in life for which human knowledge finds no explanation—hard for those who suffer—and we sometimes feel almost as hard for the kind and generous-hearted who have not the power to even lighten those grievous burdens.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE FORMS

of suffering that poverty keeps before our eyes almost constantly—some that steel the heart and some that awaken the deepest commiseration.

Then others there are that at the first glance are laughable, but it is well to have had the laugh before a moment's reflection enables one to read between the lines and understand how low a person may fall. Misfortunes often assail the most deserving. One blow follows another in quick succession, which all mortal skill seems powerless to avert, and yet while sinking lower and lower under every additional stroke, seeing gathering darkness, they continue to meet adversity with patient heroism. Still hoping, if not to regain that which they have lost, at least to shield those dependent upon them from want too dreadful for longer endurance. But the struggle is in vain, the battle is lost, and, despite all effort, actual starvation is upon them. Death would be easier than to be compelled to beg, and yet what can they do? The most carefully treasured articles have been disposed of to provide shelter from wind and storm, or furnish a morsel of the coarsest food to children crying with hunger.

Now, when all that mortal power and intelligence can do to preserve independence has been done, the time has come when asking for assistance of those whose lines have fallen in more pleasant places should not be looked upon as a disgrace. Starvation and death must have less terror to the earnest, sensitive mind than the first approach to beggary, if only their own individual comfort were all that was at stake.

BEGGING IS A PEARFUL THING,

and any one with self-respect will risk all deprivations if the lives depending on them are not in jeopardy. But when every ray of hope has died out and every door shut that might lead to a little success, then it is close

on to the sin of murder to refuse to ask relief as the only hope of saving the children's lives.

But it is sad to see. Within a few years begging appears to have lost its terrors, and is becoming almost as common in our own independent country as it is "beyond the sea." The cause of this each one must search for an answer from the best authorities, or trust to their own good sense to find a solution. There is a great increase—by letters or in person—of petitions that shock every honest, noble mind, and these bold requests often come from persons that it would seem impossible would stoop so low. As a matter of curiosity we

KEPT A FILE OF SUCH SINGULAR PRODUCTIONS, making a concise note on the back of each, giving the nature of the request. We add a few not selected, but just as we turn down one after another in the package.

"A widow wants \$1,500 to buy a farm out West where she can live easily."

"Three young ladies want money to spend a week in the city in a genteel way."

"A young man of unblemished character wants \$800 to buy a hearse and start as an undertaker."

"A widow, whose husband has been dead five years, wants \$500 to buy him a handsome monument," and adds, "As I am going to be married again soon, I want the money immediately so I can put the monument up at once, as I don't think it looks well for a man to marry again until he has placed a monument to the memory of his first wife." That's sensible reasoning for you."

"A young lady wants \$500 to buy a wedding dress."

"A clergyman who has long labored in his Master's vineyard wishes to begin to provide for a comfortable old age, and wants \$3,000 to buy a Western farm. The donor is requested to look to the Lord for payment."

"A farmer wants \$700 to buy a yoke of oxen and a stylish horse and buggy."

"A young man wants a watch, but would feel ashamed to carry a silver one. Won't send him a gold watch?"

"A lady wants a Brussels carpet. Her husband thinks three-ply good enough, and she cried most all night, when something seemed to say, ask—, she can give it and never feel it."

No doubt very many have the same annoyance or this would not be credited, but these, and a very large package more equally absurd, are the work of less than a year, besides

MANY OTHERS THAT WERE NOT PRESERVED.

A young lady wanted a party suit. Her father refused as fine as she had set her heart on, and so she bought it privately. When the bill came she refused to pay it, insisting if it was correct that she should earn the money herself. With most piteous lamentations she wrote to beg—to send her \$300, "for you know I should feel so ashamed and degraded to work for it!" But not ashamed or degraded to beg (or it!)

A young lady wrote us to send her a box of partly worn nice things, "that she wanted to dress as stylish as the best," and goes on to enumerate what she particularly desires. "A nice black silk, stylish cloak, a party suit of light silk, a set of furs, lots of pretty ribbons not much soiled, laces, gloves, fancy handkerchiefs, several kinds of jewelry," which she is "sure we can spare and never feel it." She assures us she is very proud and wouldn't stoop to do a mean thing for the world, but she lives so far away from us no one will ever know where or how she obtained them, and surely we wouldn't think she would stoop to earn them by work. She is sure God will reward us if we send her a box—a good box of nice things, by express, and pay the expressage!

We have copied these few from the very large package of such letters that is right before us, exactly word for word. It may seem amusing or ridiculous at the first glance, but all amusement ceases and great sorrow comes in its place when we reflect how low, how lost to any self-respect or modesty any one must be who can stoop to such genteel begging.

There is a sad fault somewhere. Parents who indulge in all the absurdities of fashion themselves, and allow their daughters the same license, will do well to reflect on this great shame a little, and inquire if they have not something to answer for. An inordinate love for "style" and fashion grows rapidly, and when once it obtains the mastery seems as ineradicable as the love for strong drink, and almost as destructive.

Among all the "reforms" we feel that the shameful indelicacy of genteel beggars is one that our good, earnest workers—men and women—should carefully examine and seek to destroy.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

How Some Boston Women Raise the Wind.

A new method of earning money has been adopted by women in Boston. It is to organize classes in literature and history which are to meet and listen to readings. The readers receive numbers into the circle at a stated price for each person. These are not lectures, you will observe. There may be now and then a thread of comment, but not much of it is heard. The instructor selects a topic; and then reads extracts relating to it, and elucidating it from sources which she finds in authorship. There is labor in this, and when the work is well done the result is somewhat equivalent to a lecture. Large classes are gathered in this way, and there are more than one of them. The members read by themselves in the intervals between the readings by the instructor. Ladies known in society adopt this method of adding to their incomes. There have long been classes of ladies to be instructed.

Value of a Stolen Kiss.

Some one of an enquiring turn of mind has been trying to definitely determine the average money value of a stolen kiss in the United States. Late court rulings show that the act of forced osculation in Pennsylvania costs \$750, while in New York it is placed at \$2,500. New Jersey, with a shocking disregard for the merits of the stolen sweets to be drawn from the ruby lips of her lovely lassies, puts the value of a kiss at \$1.15. Kissing goes by favor, is a trite saying, but the figures submitted indicate that the sands of Jersey offer the greatest inducements to indulge in this delightful diversion.

Charles Lyon of Denver has a collection of over 700 pens, no two of which are alike. They are of gold, amalgam, steel, India-rubber, and other materials, of all sizes and shapes, and the collection embraces pens from all quarters of the globe.