

FROM OVER THE SEA.

The Canny Scots and a Home Rule Triennial Parliament.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S MARRIAGE.

The Easter Holidays—The Annual Review—New Gold Coinage—Sara Bernhardt's Husband—Paris Scandals and other Chatty News.

The great annual game at soldiers takes place this year at Portsmouth instead of Brighton, consequently there is respective depression and jubilation on the part of the landladies of lodging-houses to whom the British volunteer falls an easy prey. In the contemplation of the heroic deeds of Monday's battle the public mind will doubtless find a reaction from its spasms of terror over the Channel tunnel, although to be sure the action of Government in putting a stop to the operations has already caused a temporary relief and lessened the horrors of the hideous prospect of a modern Belshazzar's feast.

In politics of course there is a lull, but Home Rule is still in the air. The Scotch Home Rulers appear to be better able to reply to Mr. Gladstone's request to formulate a scheme than their Irish brethren. The Burgh Convention has commenced its annual meeting at Edinburgh, and immediately proceeded to unanimously adopt a resolution in favor of Home Rule, namely, that all Scotch legislation should be effected, subject to the approval of Parliament and the veto of the Crown, by Scotchmen chosen triennially by the electors of the burghs and counties. This decided step may act, to use a hunting phrase, as a sort of breaking the top bar for the Irish horse to follow and make the big jump successfully.

Society sympathizes with the misfortunes which keep Prince Leopold and Princess Helena asunder. Their marriage is now believed to be further postponed, the immediate causes being a tree root and a piece of orange peel. When in Waldeck His Royal Highness accidentally kicked against a root while walking and sprained his right knee. Then again at Mentone, before the royal joint was quite in working order, Prince Leopold slipped on a piece of orange peel and gave it another twist. The young sons of the Prince of Wales, whose expensive travels ought to make them enlightened and be of service in their future career, spent the Passover at Jerusalem, and witnessed the ceremony from the house of the Rev. Raphael Panigel. A hymn was specially composed in their honor.

It seems at last that another die for gold coinage is ready, and the Britisher's beloved pound sterling will present the profile of Her Majesty as her august lineaments now exist, not as in 1837.

The "divided skirt" having been a nine days wonder—albeit no known male eye ever gazed on the mysteries of Lady Harberton's recent exhibition of bifurcated female attire—the topic now fluttering the dovecoats is the "digitated stocking," each toe having its own stall. Those people who do not consider life already short enough may derive gratification from the insertion of each toe in a separate compartment. Probably the vast mass of womankind will continue to use the present arrangement.

At the Alexandra Palace there is a novel exhibition of articles which can be obtained in the streets and shops of London for one penny, including an immense variety of cheap jack articles—some cheap at a penny, some dear—from the tablet "warranted to remove all stains" to the sedate columns of the daily Conservative paper.

The crews of the Maltese and Portuguese vessels in London dook perpetuated the Good Friday custom of administering a sound thrashing to the effigy of Judas Iscariot, the figure being hung at the yard-arm, then scourged, spat upon, kicked into a fire, and what remained thrown overboard. The sailors then marched to pray for the second advent of the betrayed Redeemer.

Another curious custom was observed in the Church of St. Bartholomew. Twenty-one widows visited an ancient tomb in the church yard, and picked up twenty-one new pence. The name of the donor is lost, but this has been done every Good Friday for 400 years.

Lieut. Novgrad is busy fitting out a North Pole expedition at Copenhagen. He sails in August. He is provisioned for fifteen months, and will follow Mr. Leigh Smith's track.

MADRID, April 9.—Sara Bernhardt arrived to-day with her husband, M. Damala, a tall, dark gentlemanly looking man of 32, formerly a Greek diplomat, who says he is quite enthusiastic for the theatre. Sara is furious that her luggage has not arrived yet. It is supposed to be lost, so she cannot give the "Dame aux Camellias" to-night, much to the disappointment of Madrid amateurs, who had paid as much as \$15 for a stall, and \$200 for a box. Sara is accompanied by a suite of six persons, with Mr. Jarrett as impresario, and by twenty members of the troupe. She starts the natives by her style of dress. A large black poodle is at her heels always. She occupies the apartments that Patti had two years ago at the Hotel de la Paix, in the Puerto del Sol. The Madrid papers publish long articles full of anecdotes about Sara, and the illustrated papers present her portrait. She will give eight nights and one benefit for \$19,000. She comes in the full season of bullfights, theatres, and fairs that are held after Lent. Her luggage of sixty cases filled a whole car. She is going to the bullfight with a mantilla and native costume already.

PARIS, April 9.—An elopement in high life made a great sensation here to-day. The gay Lothario is a certain English nobleman, the husband of an American lady whom he married in this city as his third bride. The lady whom he has gone off with is a Russian, who was first married to one of her own countrymen, and after being divorced from him was married again to a Spanish nobleman who is known as a great sportsman.

The two duchesses, Mme. de Chauvnes and her mother-in-law, Mme. de Chevreuse, have been waging savage war with each other for some days in the columns of the *Voltaire*. Each has made edifying revelations about the other. If Mme. de Chevreuse may be credited, Mme. de Chauvnes

is a most disreputable character, who has lovers by the dozen, and is in the habit of turning her children out of bed to make room for a pack of favorite hunting dogs. According to Mme. Chauvnes and her brother, Prince Galitsin, Mme. de Chevreuse is a hypocritical and priest-ridden harridan. This edifying quarrel will soon be brought into the law courts. As you know, it has grown out of the recent attempt to carry off the children of the Duchess de Chauvnes from the Chateau de Sable, where they were living under the charge of Mme. de Chevreuse. Mme. de Chauvnes, in a second interview with a reporter of the *Voltaire*, repudiates the charge brought against her by the Duchess de Chevreuse, and declares that she has been a victim of the most odious cruelty on the part of that amiable and aristocratic lady.

Murder is fast becoming a fine art, as De Quincey, in a famous essay, once declared it was. A woman and her lover were sentenced to twenty years' hard labor by a French Provincial Court this week for pickacking a superfluous husband to death. On Thursday a hopeful boy called Jean Baptiste Eden, aged 10, was arrested at Chateaufort for a determined attempt on the life of his brother, a child of 3. Jean Baptiste's mother had ordered him to take the child with him to a neighboring village to buy some eggs. He took offence at being used as a nursemaid, and on reaching the open fields gagged his little charge and all but stoned him to death.

THE DANGERS OF IGNOANCE.

Dreadful Catastrophes that have Arisen from Lack of Knowledge.

One cannot judge from the brief accounts given what are the precise causes of such disasters, but there is reason to believe that ignorance is prolific; that many persons have only a vague knowledge of the qualities of nitro-glycerine, cannot recognize it when they see it, and are not acquainted with the various forms in which it is compounded or with the peculiar dangers of handling it carelessly. Nitro-glycerine itself is a dense, yellowish liquid, but, in order to diminish the danger attending its use, fine earth, ground mica, sawdust, or some similar powder, is saturated with it, and thus the various blasting powders known as dynamite, mica-powder, dualin, rend-rock, etc., are formed. These compounds can be transported with comparative safety. But the nitro-glycerine easily drains off from the powder and oozes from any crevice in the vessel in which the compound is kept. Drops of it thus bedewing the edges of a box may very easily be mistaken for oil escaping, and if workmen ignorantly endeavor to nail the box tighter or to open it for examination there will be a disastrous explosion. Several have occurred in past years in this way. The victims knew, no doubt, that nitro-glycerine (or the compounds) may be exploded by a blow (contact with fire is not needed), but they did not suspect that the innocent-looking oil was nitro-glycerine. Why should not youth be taught in the schools somewhat of the practical dangers of these substances which are coming into such common use? They would pursue the study with interest, especially if there were judicious experiments. A Missouri story is that a teacher confiscated a small metal box which a pupil was playing with in school hours, and thinking it contained chewing gum, tried to break it open with a hammer. It was a dynamite torpedo of the kind used on the railroad track as a danger-signal, and large bits of it had to be cut out of the lady's cheek. Would it not have been well if she had known somewhat of the aspect of torpedoes? Was it not more important to the journeyman plumber who threw the lighted match into the pan of camphene, mistaking it for water, by which the great printing establishment of Franklin Square was burned some twenty-eight years ago, to know camphene by sight than to have memorized many of the matters prominent in a public school course. Surely workmen, especially "raw hands" in establishments where these things are used, should be systematically instructed in advance, and the courts are now enforcing this principle.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

THE MYSTERY OF A LIFE-TIME.

Awaiting a Husband's Return for Thirty-Six Years With the Proof of Death in the Wife's Possession—A Plot for a Romance.

About forty years ago Peter Mooney, father of Peter and the late John Mooney, of this city, left home without informing any one of his destination, and was not again heard from. Years rolled on and his patient wife lived in the hope of seeing or hearing from him, and that hope seemed rather to strengthen than weaken as the years rolled on. About the time of the elder Mooney's disappearance, Thomas, one of his sons, left in the same strange manner. Nothing has ever been heard from him, so that it is not known whether he went with his father or not. Mrs. Mooney died a short time ago, believing to the last that she would hear of her lost husband and son before the grave closed over her. She was doomed to disappointment. Now comes the strangest part of this strange narrative and which is wholly unaccountable. In looking over the effects of Mrs. Mooney a letter was found addressed to Thomas Mooney, bearing date 1847, and written by a man in New Orleans, conveying the intelligence that Peter Mooney, his father, died in a hospital in New Orleans about the time the letter was written. How this letter came into Mrs. Mooney's possession is a mystery, but still more strange is the fact that the news of her husband's death escaped her notice altogether, and the solution of the mystery of her life had lain for thirty-five years in a package of letters within reach of her hand. Thomas Mooney's whereabouts, if he is still alive, are unknown, and there is nothing about the missive to indicate how a letter addressed to him came into his mother's possession.—*Owego Times*.

Walking jackets are made with and without the hip seam, but the preference seems to be for the former. It seems to give the effect of a larger waist.

Barnum thinks a friend might, with the same propriety, elegance and display of good feeling, ask him to take a baked potato as to take a drink.

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES.

Life in Winnipeg Not All a Bed of Roses.

RECENT PROPERTY SPECULATIONS.

WINNIPEG, April 7.—A Canadian excursion party, numbering 300 persons, arrived yesterday.

The sale of postage stamps in the city post-office for March realized nearly \$5,000. There were less than two thousand dollars' worth sold during the corresponding month last year.

Rev. Alex. McDonald has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist Church in this city, and steps have been taken to fill the vacancy.

The railway lines are now clear again of the snow blockade, but worse trouble is likely to follow in washouts owing to the rapidity with which the thaw has followed the recent storms. The St. Paul line suffers worse in this respect than the Canadian Pacific. The Red River gives signs of a breakup, and the sooner it does the better for both railway and other traffic, as it will carry off the surplus water now fast accumulating over the prairies.

Branches of the Merchants' and Imperial Banks have been opened in Brandon.

Major Rogers, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has reached San Francisco on his way to prosecute the Rocky Mountain surveys between Colgarry and Kamloops.

Two thousand five hundred cars of freight will arrive here in the next ten days from the South, according to advices received by the Canadian Pacific Railway authorities.

The Licensed Victuallers' Colonization Society has been granted seventeen townships for colonization purposes in the Northwest Territory, which is under the operation of the prohibitory liquor law.

A Winnipeg writer says: Mechanics are here by the dozen, who can't get work of any kind. I know one first-class machinist who is compelled to work in a hotel as porter for his board. Life is no lullaby here. It is a hard competitive struggle, except where one earnestly and intelligently follows the plough. This may seem inconsistent in face of the fact that so many rolling stones have gathered moss in spite of the proverb to the contrary. But any hour of the day you may meet in Main street a score of "fellows of no mark or likelihood," as well as many who gave up good situations in Quebec and Ontario, and whose disappointment is too keenly seen in their faces. A friend of mine, a young barrister practicing at the Quebec Bar, found when he came here that he had to apprentice himself a year to a Manitoba attorney, and that his training in the French law of Quebec had in fact to be unlearned, as it was of no more use here than in Ontario. It is unfortunate how in many ways our poor Province handicaps its English as well as its French-speaking inhabitants elsewhere.

A great many will require more than a raft to find their lots in some of the paper towns which are flooding the Ontario market. A gentleman in London, who is owner of ten corner lots in a certain town, which shall for the present be nameless, wrote up here asking what he could get for them. After tramping all over town, he at last received an offer at the rate of \$4 an acre, for lots which sell rapidly in London for \$35 and \$40 each. The entire portion of that section of the Turtle Mountain, so I was informed at the land office, is a vast quagmire, fit only for the abode of frogs and snakes. There are plenty of other places just as bad.

A Winnipeg correspondent of the *Montreal Witness* says: "Visitors to the city are obliged to make a pilgrimage of the hotels and falling here wind up at the low groceries where the vilest adulterations are dispensed at extravagant prices. A man told me that having asked for a glass of ginger ale his companion asked for a glass of water, and that he was charged the same for the latter as the former. The grocer sellers circulate the report that the Red River water is poisonous, but medical men here say that no disease is contracted by drinking it, though, like water in every country, it may affect the bowels slightly at first. It would be very easy for water drinkers here to neutralize this effect, as is done in Switzerland by strangers, by adding a little lemon or lime juice."

H. S. Crotty & Co. sold southwest quarter of section 30, township 13, range 19 west, Man., all but ten acres, which were reserved, to Snyder & Pelker for \$10,000. This property is near Rapid City; also 14 lots in the Garrat estate, Rapid City, at \$82 per lot.

Geo. C. Douglas has purchased for a syndicate 200 acres on the air line, 5 miles west of Main street, Winnipeg, at \$170 per acre, the total being \$34,000.

D. S. Thorne & Co. have sold to R. S. McGuire, of Halifax, N.S., section 8, township 18, range 23 west, Man., for \$9 per acre.

The St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Land Department sales are averaging 800 to 1,000 acres per day.

A sad accident occurred recently on the Southwestern Railway between Headingly and Riviere Salle. David Mahoney, a section man, late of Shakspeare, Ont., slipped in getting on the cars and sustained such injuries that he died about two hours afterwards. He leaves a wife.

Fort Osborne, Winnipeg, is to be utilized for the accommodation of emigrants.

The knitting and woollen factory scheme which received its inception through the enterprise of Mr. Nicholas Garland, of the vicinity of Caledonia, Ont., is beginning to assume a definite and reliable boom. The full amount of capital, \$100,000, has been subscribed, and stock to the amount of \$30,000 or \$40,000 more is wanted.—*Portage la Prairie Review*.

A Father's Dreadful Crime.

A Knoxville (Tenn.) despatch says: William Nance, living seven miles east of here, committed a most unnatural crime this morning in the murder of his child, aged 3 years. Becoming angry at the child, he seized it by the feet and crushed its skull against the wall in presence of its mother. The murderer then fled and is still at large. Officers are in pursuit of him, however, and his speedy arrest is probable. His uncle, John Nance, was hanged in Grainger County a few years ago.

IN THE COUNTRY.

News of Special Interest to Farmers.

HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HENS DISCUSSED.

(Compiled by a Practical Agriculturist.)

The Old Farm.

Out in the meadows the farm house lies,
Old and gray, and fronting the west;
Many a swallow thither flies
Twittering under the evening skies;
In the old chimney builds her nest.

Al! how the sounds make our old hearts swell,
Send them again on an eager quest;
Bid the sweet winds of heaven tell
Those we have loved so long and well
To come again to the dear old nest.

When the gray evening, cool and still,
Hushes the brain and heart to rest,
Memory comes with a joyous thrill,
Brings the young children back at will,
Calls them all home to the gray old nest.

Patient we wait till the golden morn,
Rise on our weariness half confessed;
Till, with the chill and darkness gone,
Hope shall arise with another dawn,
And a new day to the sad old nest.

Soon shall we see all the eager east
Bright with the Day Star, at heaven's behest
Soon from the bondage of clay released,
Rise to the Palace, the King's own feast,
Birds of flight from the last year's nest.

Spring or Fall.

We have two or three inquiries now before us as to whether spring or fall is the best time to set out trees. We can't tell how often we have treated on this subject, but it is natural that the question should continue to be asked, as young men grow up, marry and either go to farming or in other ways possess land, and desire information as to what fruit trees to plant and when to plant them. In a very few words we would say that there is not much choice in the seasons. If the soil is naturally moist, spring is probably to be preferred for setting-out; if dry, fall. If the trees are large, early fall should be chosen, and as soon as the trees are done growing and the leaves begin to drop. In both cases the trees should be taken out of the ground carefully, and with as many of the small roots as possible, and be planted as soon after as possible, before the roots become dry. To prevent their becoming so, they should be well covered, kept out of the sun in transporting, and "heeled-in" or buried, and liberally watered, as soon as they arrive, until ready for planting. The planting cannot be done too carefully. The hole should be large enough to receive all the roots carefully spread out, and the ground put about them should be fine and rich. If the roots are too big, they should be somewhat pruned, and the branches of the tree also. Sometimes the branches, where the roots are few and have been injured in taking-up, should be severely shortened to save the life of the tree.

What Horses to Rear.

Mr. J. H. Dahlman, an extensive dealer in horseflesh in Chicago, writes: "I handle between 9,000 and 10,000 horses annually on my own account. Of the draft horses I handle nearly all are Norman-Percheron horses. These Norman-Percheron horses are docile, intelligent, broad between the eyes and have some brain. They are easily broken and are steady in harness—meaning that they don't fret when they do their work. They are powerful horses, and compactly built—short in the back—deep in the body and broad in the chest. This gives them what we call a good dinner-basket. They have the best feet of any horses in America. They have a high cup foot. Their feet will stand work on the pavement better than those of any other breed. They are short-coated and thin-skinned and stand the hot weather the best of any breed. The Norman-Percheron generally give the best satisfaction to the people who buy them to wear out. They are very finely developed for their ages. I put them into the harness work when 4 years old, and they stand it. Am buying them as old as I can get them, but cannot get them over 4 years old. I buy these horses because they give best satisfaction to my customers."

How to Kill Off the Potato Bugs.

Mr. Phinney, of North Adams, Mass., gives a local paper the following account of his experience in exterminating potato bugs early in the season: Last spring, while drawing potatoes, his horse stepped on one of the seedlings, breaking it in several pieces. On his return trip, in about an hour, he discovered two or three hundred potato bugs fastened into these pieces, but could not account for their sudden appearance unless they smelled the potatoes in the air. But that he does not attempt to explain. Then an idea occurred to him by which he could capture and kill all of the early bugs on his potato patch, which was as follows: He procured a number of boards and placed them here and there among the potatoes, and on these boards he placed raw potatoes, sliced. At noon on the first day he and his hired men found every piece of potato covered with bugs. The men killed this crop, and at night another crop was killed, though not so large, and in a week's time not a bug could be seen, and his trouble with the bugs after that was comparatively small. In the spring, he says, is the best time to attend to bugs, as a single bug he understands, breeds from 300 to 500 during the potato season. Mr. Phinney thinks it would be a good plan to dip the pieces in Paris green, as it would save the work of killing them.

Fat Makes Hens Lay.

There is much refuse fat from the kitchen that can be turned to good account by feeding to the hens. Of course where soap is made it will be used in that way, but it is a question whether it is not much easier and more profitable to buy soap, and make the hens lay by feeding them with fat. Everything that is not wanted for drippings for cooking purposes should be boiled up with the vegetables for the fowls.

Sheep Raising.

The English flockmaster has settled two points in British experience: First, that mutton is more profitable than wool, and second, that among English consumers there is a decided preference for Down or black-faced mutton. Tender, juicy flesh, with a fine grain and a rich flavor, ripe, and yet carrying plenty of lean meat, is that which suits the English market. A combination of these qualities is found to most

perfection in some of the black and gray faced breeds or their crosses. This preference on the part of buyers is so marked that the butcher is enabled to give at least two cents per pound more for dark-faced mutton than for any of the white-faced and long-wooled sheep.

Minor Farm Notes.

In Spain the horse bean is extensively grown for horses.

The average annual yield of milk from each cow in France is 269 gallons.

Hemp seed is recommended by some as a cure for barrenness among dairy cows.

Agriculture is taught in 27,000 of the 34,000 schools of France, which have gardens attached in which practical instruction can be given.

From careful experiments it has been found that the flow of sap from the sugar maple decreases as the tree is tapped, from the base to the top; also that the degree of sweetness will decrease in the same ratio.

There are six million miles of fencing in the United States, the total cost of which has been more than two thousand millions.

The census reports show that during the census year there were expended \$78,629,000 alone. Of this amount the largest contribution was from Illinois; the second from Pennsylvania.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

Her Indefatigable Labors in the Great Metropolis.

A London correspondent writes: H.R.H. the Princess Louise is quite astonishing people here by the indefatigable style in which she is promoting charitable institutions. It must be confessed that we have never given the Princess credit for half the energy she possesses. About two or three engagements per day—1 mean, of course, of a public character—figure in her diary, and she never misses nor even is late at an appointment. Her benevolence and goodness of heart are being talked of on all hands, and we are surprised that we never before estimated her at her proper worth. Only last night, when at a reception in Arlington street, given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Princess was complimented upon her unwearied efforts in behalf of the distressed, she replied that she never before realized how much suffering existed in London. Can it be that having lived in Canada, and noticed how self-reliant and prosperous people are there, she has been struck on returning home by the vivid contrast presented? Perhaps there is more happiness to be obtained in London than anywhere else if we have the means of purchasing it, but the mighty city is notorious for its burden of misery, and the great heart of the Princess Louise has prompted her to assist in alleviating it. We are growing selfish now, and wish to always keep her with us. The drawings of the Princess Louise which have appeared, as you will know from my previous letters, in the current number of "Good Words," have excited a great deal of attention in the artistic world, as you would see by the English newspapers. They have been everywhere complimented as being exquisitely beautiful and showing a true love for nature.

LIABILITY OF RAILWAY COMPANIES.

How Grasping Suitors Try to Impose on Corporations.

In a suit recently tried before His Honor Judge Hughes, of St. Thomas, in which one N. Misner sued the G. W. R. Company for the value of a cow killed on the company's track, His Honor entered a verdict for defendants. The evidence showed that the animal had strolled on to the track in consequence of the gate leading into the pasture of plaintiff having been carelessly left open, and the judge held that if a railway provide against ordinary casualties they are free from responsibility, for they are not supposed to be obliged to have a man stationed at every farm crossing, to see that the gate is shut after every cow that may pass over their railway, nor can they be expected to provide against the acts of every careless person or trespasser who may pass over or across their lands and leave farm crossing gates open. The verdict concludes as follows: "I think there was a disposition to fasten the loss of the cow unjustly upon the defendants, and the plaintiff's leaving the cow needlessly writhing in her pain, without putting an end to her sufferings, showed on the part of plaintiff an abandonment and cool calculation and determination to get all he could out of the defendants, and not even by killing and skinning her to give the benefit of the carcass and hide. Few men could endure to see a domestic animal such as a cow lying there as this one was found and shown to be suffering, and not put her out of her misery, but considerations of the dollars that were to come from the Great Western Railway Company appeared to outweigh all merciful considerations in this case."

Poisonous Automatic Pencil Leads.

A case of what seems like a very narrow escape from serious consequences resulting from taking a small piece of the lead used in automatic pencils into the mouth came under our observation yesterday. A gentleman, a tobacco-chewer, and who sometimes carries a small quantity of the weed in his vest pocket, took a chew yesterday afternoon, and immediately discovered a peculiar taste and noticed that his saliva was much discolored—not with the tinge produced by tobacco, but of a deep, purplish blue. He immediately rinsed his mouth, as he supposed thoroughly, but did not succeed in removing the discoloration. This occurred about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He went home to tea, and with the first food he attempted to swallow he was taken with violent retching and vomiting, and this continued without intermission until about 9 o'clock. That the bit of lead taken into his mouth caused this there can hardly be a doubt. What would have been the result if he had swallowed it can only be conjectured.—*Schenectady Union*.

On Wednesday the funeral of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Leonidas D'Urville de Salaberry took place at L'Assomption, Que. There was a very large gathering of relatives and friends from Quebec, Montreal and other places. He was the last son of the hero of Chateaugay.