

### A TOUCHING TRAGEDY.

**A Mother and Child Escaping Massacre to Die of Thirst.**

Manchester (Eng.) Courier.  
The fate of Mrs. Watson and her child has at last been definitely ascertained. The description was given a few weeks ago of the attack of the North Queensland blacks upon the Lizard Island fishing station, the brave defence made by Mrs. Watson and her Chinaman against overwhelming odds, and the suspicion of the police that the survivors had been drowned while making, in a leaky little punt, for the mainland. The finale of the sad tragedy is told by the last mail delivery. Mrs. Watson and her child had escaped murder and outrage from the savages, but were fated to a lingering death on a distant desert island. The master of a trading schooner found three skeletons on No. 5 Island of the Horwich group, and these are proved to be the remains of Mrs. Watson, her baby, and the faithful Chinaman, Ah Sam. A revolver, full-cocked and loaded, was lying by the mother and child. The dead Chinaman was found under a tree a few yards off, with a loaded rifle at his side. There was no water on the island, and the unfortunate castaways had no doubt died from the most terrible affliction of thirst. Ah Sam had been speared in seven places, and the bandages showed that Mrs. Watson, in the midst of her woes, had not neglected to dress the wounds. The presence of mind and heroism displayed by the courageous woman are now seen to be even greater than at first supposed. The flight from Lizard Island was made, not in a boat, but in half of an iron tank used for boiling down beche-de-mer. The woman, child and Chinaman set forth on their perilous journey on Oct. 3rd, landed next day on a reef, and remained there till the 6th. Then they went from islet to islet in search of water, of which they could not have had a drop for at least five days.

During this horrible period of suffering and suspense Mrs. Watson kept her diary, and never lost sight of her husband's papers and account books. The extracts from the heroine's diary tell as much of the touching end of the harrowing story as will ever be known, but imagination will but too vividly indicate the closing scenes of this brave woman's life. The supply of water on hand had evidently lasted the fugitives during their earlier wanderings, but prior to the date of the first entry it had altogether failed. The pencillings in the diary speak with pathetic force for themselves: "Oct. 9.—Brought the tank ashore as far as possible with this morning's tide; made camp all day under the trees. Blowing very hard. No water. Gave baby a dip in the sea—he is showing symptoms of thirst—and took a dip myself. Ah Sam and self very parched with thirst. Baby showing symptoms. Sunday, 10.—Baby very bad with inflammation; very much alarmed; no fresh water, and no more milk but condensed; self very weak. Really thought I should have died last night. Monday, 11.—Still all alive. Baby very much better this morning; self feeling very weak. I think it will rain to-day; clouds very heavy; wind quite so high; no rain. Every appearance of fine weather. Ah Sam gone away to die; have not seen him since the 9th. Baby more cheerful; self not feeling at all well; have not seen any boats of any description. No water. Dead with thirst." The relics were discovered by Captain Bremner, of the schooner Kate Kearney, and over the remains he raised a mound and read the Church of England burial service, heard for the first time upon that lonely island near the Southern Cross. Subsequently the people of Cooktown sent across for the remains and accorded them a public burial.

### THE NEWEST ARITHMETIC.

**Problems Worthy of Solution by Collegiate Institute Girls.**

A man spends eighteen cents for lager, ten cents for tobacco, twenty cents for cigars, fifteen cents for street car fare, and loses \$1.50 at poker; he then permits his wife to purchase a button-hook for three cents, and figures that her extravagance will ruin him in three years. What is his capital?

A man has ninety-one sheep, eighty-seven calves and thirty-five pigs, and he desires to divide them equally among three sons and a daughter so that the daughter shall have nine more than the boys. What will be the share of each, providing three sheep are stolen, two calves get lost, and five pigs follow a circus away?

A lady bought some tape for eleven cents and some thread for two cents, and worked off a quarter with a hole in it on the pedler. How much did she save to buy tracts for the heathen?

If a butcher-cart going at a rate of a mile in three minutes strikes an alderman who is walking at the rate of three miles an hour, what is the resisting power of each?

A man gives an order for seven tons of coal and finds that he has only received six tons and 100 pounds. How much more is due him, and what'll you take to convince the dealer that he must send it?"

### Curiosities of the Census.

According to the census for this Province for 1881, the largest number of the African race are to be found in Kent and Essex, more than half the entire number in the Province. The Chinese are nearly all found in Toronto and Barrie. The Dutch are found in nearly every county, but the largest number in Stormont and Monck; the township of Onabruok, in Stormont, is their headquarters, where they number over 2,000. The Icelanders are nearly all in Muskoka. The Indians are principally in Algoma, Brant, Middlesex and Bothwell. The Italians are scattered all over; the only places where they have congregated to any extent are Toronto and London. The Jews are confined almost entirely to the cities. The Russians and Poles are mainly in Glengarry, Cornwall and Renfrew, with some in Toronto. Muskoka has the greater proportion of the Scandinavians and of the Swedes, though the town of Berlin has a good-sized colony of the latter. The Welsh are pretty well scattered, but are chiefly found in Western Ontario, especially in Middlesex and Elgin. The Germans are to be found in every county, but the greatest proportion in Waterloo and Perth. The greatest number of French are in Essex County, and next in Ottawa city. The British are found all over.

### STANLEY IN AFRICA.

**The Explorer Heard of in the Heart of the Dark Continent—His Hardest Work Over.**

Stanley has been heard from at last, after the world at large had given him up for dead and almost forgotten him. He is in the heart of Africa with a large force of men, white and black, and backed by heavy capitalists, engaged in laying the foundation of some sort of commercial intercourse between the Dark Continent and the civilized world. His loyal friend, Edward King, the famous American correspondent in Paris, writes that he has just received a long letter from Stanley dated, "General Camp of the Expedition on the Upper Congo, S. W. Africa, January 16, 1882." The explorer says: "You may guess from the tenor of the above that I am not ill or depressed in spirits, nor languid, nor disposed to wish myself anywhere but where I am—in short, that I am at least in tolerably good health. I have been ill, though, I suppose you may have heard of it. In fact, I have seen and tasted of death, and I now know what it means. I pity my comrades who have gone before me in a different fashion from what I used to do. This severe illness occurred during May, and I was nearly all June recovering from it. I was a palsied and miserable wretch when I informed my people that I should get well. I have exactly two hundred and thirty-six men with me in this camp—Zanzibaris, natives and Europeans. There is not one man in disgrace—not one who has been scolded; not one voice has been raised in anger. At the present time I have no cause of discontent with any living person. From the sea to the present camp our life has been peaceful and pleasant, so far as the natives are concerned. They have done much for me, and I have done much for them. The first year we had some trouble with the whites, but they were not of my choosing. They were strangers in Africa, and most of them had never been out of their own country. Consequently one slight fever damaged their African enthusiasm so much that they begged me to send them home. Well, I sent fourteen home at a cost of about \$2,100. Put down the same sum for their expenses out, and you have the nice little sum of \$4,200. Two of these men stepped from the steamer on shore, and then stepped back again and went home. After I had advanced into the interior some other whites thought I would continue the same good service and send them home as fast as they drank too much water or smoked a little too much and felt a trifle sickish, but I was getting tired of spending good money to show a lot of useless people a mite or two of West Africa, and finally made a vow that not one of them should go home until the work was ended. It saved the expedition; those very men who cried out that they were dying are robust and hearty, and they are now ashamed of their weakness." Stanley goes on to say that the hardest part of the work is over and that the present year will probably see his task completed. He pays his men liberal wages and they work nine hours a day at something or other, he does not say what. Edward King says he is the agent of companies which have invested large amounts of capital in opening up sections of Africa, and who naturally desire to secure for themselves all the advantages which may accrue from the explorer's labors. "In a few months," he adds, "we shall probably hear rather interesting and possibly somewhat startling news from the little camp on the Upper Congo."

### Barnum's White Elephant.

A celebrated Yankee showman is in correspondence with Somdech Phra Paraminda Maba Chulalen Kam on the subject of elephants. S. P. P. M. C. Kam is the King of Siam and the happy possessor of some white elephants, which, in Siam, are held very sacred. The showman, having conquered and possessed Jumbo, is anxious to show a white elephant, a quadruped never seen in this country, so he alleges. He is plying the King with presents, and the King, greatly pleased with his attentions, which take a form very agreeable to Kings, is promising that if he can overcome the superstition of his subjects concerning the sacred character of the beasts he will loan him one. Black elephants are common enough, and His Majesty of Siam, who professes to be a warm friend of America, has been offering the Government of Uncle Sam a herd of these for breeding purposes. It is the ambition of the showman's life to get hold of the white style of elephant. "I know I ought to be satisfied with my present fame," he says "for, as Lord Rosebery, the famous member of the English Parliament, wrote me, my name is immortalized on both sides of the ocean, and even the English children learn of me almost as soon as they learn their alphabet, but I am not yet content, nor will I be until I have given bonds to Siam's King that I will return in safety the first white elephant which ever left Siam." Isn't the showman mistaken touching the scarcity of white elephants? They are supposed to be as common as the skeletons which are said to furnish forth most family closets.

The question of religious oaths and beliefs has led to some funny demonstrations in the English House of Commons, demonstrations which, it is said to say, are not of a sort to impress people with a high idea of the earnestness of their authors. Lord Redesdale, in his anxiety to keep atheists like Mr. Bradlaugh out of Parliament, introduced a Bill—defeated, we may say, by the efforts of such men as Lord Shaftesbury—providing that members should swear "or affirm" that they believed in a Divine Being, thus knocking in the head his party's objection to letting Mr. Bradlaugh affirm. Then when the Bradlaughites declared that Mr. Tom Collins, the Conservative member for Knarborough, was an atheist in spite of his having taken the oath, that gentleman stood up in Parliament and to disprove the charge offered there and then to affirm his belief in the Trinity "either in the words of the Nicene or of the Athanasian Creed." And the members all burst out laughing with such heartiness that he couldn't obtain a hearing!

William L. Dayton, who goes as the American Minister to the Netherlands, is a son of William L. Dayton, Fremont's second on the ticket of 1856.

### THE PLOT OF ASSASSINS.

**The Lives of Vanderbilt and Cyrus W. Field Saved by a Premature Explosion—Socialist Explosive Packages.**

A New York despatch dated Saturday night says: A dastardly attempt was made on the lives of Wm. H. Vanderbilt and Cyrus W. Field, by sending them explosives through the mails. The dangerous character of the packages was discovered en route to the post office station where they were to be delivered at the residences of these gentlemen, and so probable loss of life was prevented. The package for Mr. Field was posted in the general office, and the one for Mr. Vanderbilt was brought in by a collector. The packages were placed in a mail bag with other matter for the town district, taken to the Elevated Railroad station, and deposited on the front platform of a car. The train started, but on reaching 9th street an explosion was heard, and fire and smoke observed to issue from the mail bag. When the train stopped the bag was removed to the post-office on 29th street and opened. The package addressed to Mr. Vanderbilt was plunged in a bucket of water and then examined. It consisted of a pasteboard box covered with flowers and pictures, and had a small drawer in it, from which depended a string, as is supposed, for the purpose of drawing it open, and causing the explosion. Inside was found a tin canister containing half a pound of powder, and a glass jar containing a white powder and a liquid, believed to be some kind of explosive. A scrap of newspaper was inclosed, which was recognized as part of the Volks Zeitung. Upon soaking the wrapper several folds came apart, and on one was found, in lead pencil, "G. W. Walling, 811 East 19th street." The probability is that the machine was originally directed to Walling. The fact that Superintendent Walling forbade a procession of Socialists is regarded as a reason why it might have been intended for him, and gives color to the theory that the Socialists are at the bottom of the affair.

New York, April 30.—Early this morning John A. Davenport, of Nineteenth street, took to police headquarters an infernal machine similar to those sent to Vanderbilt and Field, evidently prepared by the same person. It was placed in his hallway last night and exploded, doing little damage. The box was probably intended for Police Superintendent Walling, who lives a few doors from Davenport.

Prof. Doremus pronounces the fluid in the glass globe taken from the machine intended for Vanderbilt to be sulphuric acid. There is no clue yet to the perpetrators.

### Children's Drolleries.

Not long since a correspondent sent to a provincial paper an anecdote of which his six-year-old boy was the hero. He says: "I keep a shop and sell fancy goods. A gentleman came in to buy something. It was early, and my little boy and I were alone in the house at the time. The gentleman gave me a sovereign, and I had to take him up to my cash box. Before doing so, I went into the little room next to the shop and said to the boy: 'Watch the gentleman, that he don't steal anything; and I put him on the counter. As soon as I returned, he said out: 'Pa, he didn't steal anything—I watched him. You may imagine what a position I was in.' Children's questions are often no less embarrassing than they are amusing, as may be instanced in the story of the mercenary little boy who overheard a conversation respecting a wedding that was soon to take place. At breakfast the next morning he recalled the subject by asking the following question: "Papa, what do they want to give the bride away for? Can't they sell her?"

At a whale exhibition, a youngster is said to have asked his mamma if the whale that swallowed Jonah had as large a mouth as the one before them, why didn't Jonah walk out at one corner.

"You must think Jonah was a fool; he didn't want to walk out and get drowned," was the quick reply of a younger brother, before the mother could answer.—Chambers' Journal.

Good Conservative Churchmen over in England will soon be after Mr. Gladstone and Lord Kimberley with whole forests of sharp sticks for their recent act of disestablishment. In the Straits Settlements, with a population of 308,000, there are 749 members of the Church of England and almost 7,000 Roman Catholics. It has long been complained of as a manifest injustice that £3,000 a year should be spent upon the Bishopric of Labuan and the connected chaplaincies, and now the Colonial Secretary has withdrawn the letters patent which make the Bishop a State official, and the grants to the chaplaincies will cease as the incumbents die or leave them. Colonial bishops have not of late years been regarded with any particular measure of affection, as the belief has obtained that sundry rectors of ambitious views had secured their election to such sees merely to get the title, returning to England to sport it after a very brief foreign tour. There are now nearly if not quite as many ex-colonial bishops in England as there are bishops, and the feeling seems to be growing that that point has been reached beyond which, in the language of Mr. Gilbert's ballad, "Colonial bishops cannot go." Mr. Gladstone, however, does not believe in governing for the minority only, nor in keeping up State Churches at the expense of the people at large. Bishops as State officials can never flourish in the Colonies.

The curious enterprise is being conducted in New Jersey of grinding up worn out India rubber overshoes to make what is called "stock." This material is brought here in barrels and is pressed by the manufacturers into new India rubber goods. A thin coating of fresh rubber varnish makes them look quite equal to articles of the best quality, but they are said to have an outrageous lack of durability.

Garibaldi has improved in health beyond all expectation. He recently took a drive to Monreale, near Palermo. The population filled the streets in perfect silence, but uncoverted, and they filled the carriage with flowers. To a deputation of the University professors, who said, by their spokesman, that his suffering hand made Italy, Garibaldi replied that "Italy was made by the Italians, and when certain gentlemen beyond the Alps say they made it they lie."

### AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S DIVORCE SUIT.

**The Allegations Made by Charlotte Ramsden.**

Judge Barrett, in Supreme Court Chambers, New York, on Saturday heard a motion made on behalf of Charlotte Ramsden in a suit for divorce from her husband, Edward Charles Ramsden, for an allowance pending the action of \$500 a month alimony and \$2,500 counsel fees. The plaintiff made affidavit that in the summer of 1857, when the youthful widow of an English surgeon who had been in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt, she met the defendant at Cologne, where he represented himself to be Sir Edward Charles Ramsden, of No. 6 Portland Place, London. They were married at the British Consulate in Cologne. She had £200,000, which he invested in bonds, and mailed them in mistake, as he claimed, to his mother in London. Then they travelled through Europe, stopping at several gambling places until he dissipated all her fortune. Then she left him and went to live with her mother. On his promise to reform she afterwards rejoined him, setting him up in the coffee business with £6,000, which she obtained from relatives. He soon again began a course of riotous living, associating with Park and Bolton and Lord Arthur Pelham Clinton, whose practices were the subject of criminal investigation in London some years ago. These men he admitted into his house, she says, and allowed them to make use of her wardrobe to masquerade as women. When he became bankrupt he advised her, she alleges, to advertise in imitation of Mme. Rachel, that she possessed the secret whereby women could be made youthful in appearance. This she refused to do. She sold her household furniture, she asserts, to pay his gambling debts, and he was finally obliged to flee to this country to avoid arrest. While they lived in London, she alleges, he betrayed her maid, and registered the child that was born as a result of his wife by the Marquis of Townshend. In September, 1881, on coming to New York she says she found her husband engaged in the coffee business, with an income of \$25,000 a year, and living with two women in expensive apartments in East Forty-second street. On behalf of the defendant, affidavits were submitted that Mrs. Ramsden was convicted in April, 1877, of perjury, in England, and imprisoned in Millbank Prison. It was after her conviction and because of the disgrace that followed that he came to America. She was unsuccessful in an attempt to have him indicted for bigamy in December last, and in a like attempt in the case of one of the women who lived with him. His income he claimed, was only \$1,200 a year. The hearing was adjourned to allow plaintiff's counsel to produce rebutting affidavits.

### A Wonderful Substance.

The Chicago Western Catholic says: "It is endorsed by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, and by some of our most honored and respected priests throughout the country who have used it for rheumatism with success where all other remedies failed. We refer here to St. Jacobs Oil. We know of several persons in our own circle who were suffering with that dreadful disease, rheumatism, who tried everything and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine which proved of no benefit. We advised them to try St. Jacobs Oil. Some of them laughed at us for faith in the 'patent stuff,' they chose to call it. However, we induced them to give it a trial, and it accomplished its work with such a magic-like rapidity that the same people are now its strongest advocates, and will not be without it in their houses on any account."

Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over \$2,000 in medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what the most skillful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's endorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, Sept. 16th, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy, I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.—Very respectfully,

JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

Sanitary legislation in England dates from a very early period. Edward II. decreed that a butcher who sold mangled pork should be fined for the first offence, pilloried for the second, imprisoned and fined for the third, and expelled the town for the fourth. Richard II. took measures against the pollution of rivers. Henry VI. prohibited cattle slaying within walled towns with three exceptions. Elizabeth enacted that only one family might dwell in a cottage. The plague in the time of Charles II. led to many health enactments. Yet how great is the sacrifice of life in these later day contraventions of the plainest laws of health!

The London Economist says: "It is more than four years since the Edison scare so affected gas property, yet to-day gas companies are actually more profitable than they were then. About the only large 'freehold' properties in the United Kingdom which at the present date pay 6 per cent. are to be found in the stocks of the large metropolitan gas companies."

Prince Bismarck received more than eight hundred birthday congratulations by post and telegraph this year. He has written to a newspaper to say that he is deeply touched by these signs of respect and affection.

Not long before the death of Dr. Holland he wrote to a young correspondent: "A literary life is a hard and difficult one; look well before you choose a life so full of difficulty."

Mrs. Sarah Holstein, of Norristown, Pa., died recently, and left a provision in her will that no women should be allowed at her funeral.

### A Horrible Story.

The act of putting a lead pencil to the tongue to wet just before writing, which we notice in so many people, is one of the oddities for which it is hard to give any reason, unless it began in the days when pencils were poorer than now, and was continued by example to the next generation.

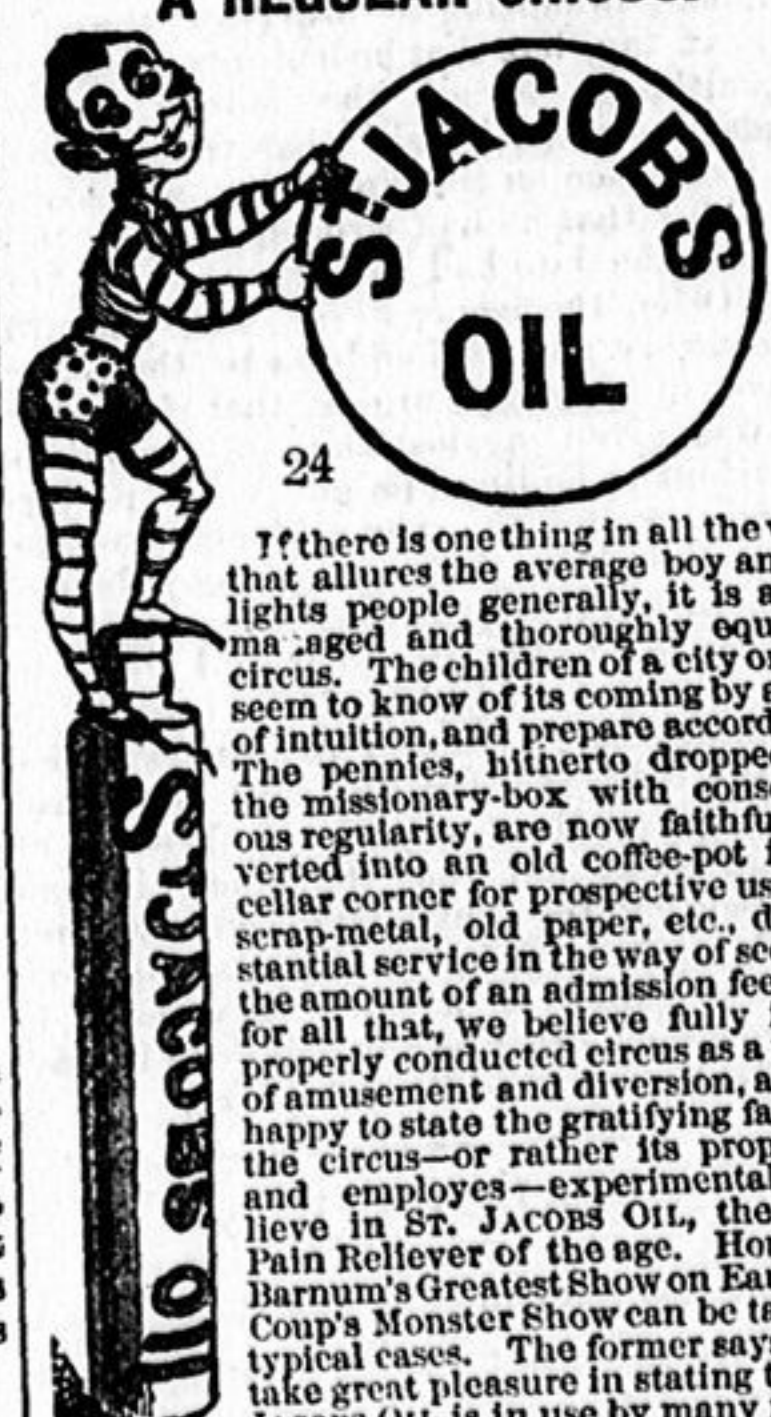
A lead pencil should never be wet. It hardens the lead and ruins the pencil. This fact is known to newspaper men and stenographers. But nearly every one else does wet a pencil before using it. This fact was definitely settled by a newspaper clerk away down east.

Being of a mathematical turn of mind, he ascertained by actual count that of fifty persons who came into his office to write an advertisement or a church notice, forty-nine wet a pencil in their mouths before using it. Now, this clerk always uses the best pencils, cherishing a good one with something of the pride a soldier feels in his gun or his sword, and it hurts his feelings to have his pencil spoiled. But politeness and business considerations require him to lend his pencil scores of times a day. And often after it has been wet till it was hard and brittle and refused to mark, his feelings would overpower him and sharpened them, and kept them to lend. The first person who took up the stock pencil was a drayman, whose breath smelled of onions and whiskey. He held the point in his mouth and soaked it for several minutes, while he was torturing himself in the effort to write an advertisement for a missing bulldog. Then a sweet-looking young lady came into the office, with kid gloves that buttoned half the length of her arm. She picked up the same old pencil and pressed it to her dainty lips preparatory to writing an advertisement for a lost bracelet. The clerk would have stayed her hand, even at the risk of a box of the best Faber pencils, but he was too late. And thus that pencil passed from mouth to mouth for a week. It was sucked by people of all ranks and stations, and all degrees of cleanliness and uncleanness. But we forbear. Surely no one who reads this will ever again wet a pencil.—Louisville Commercial.

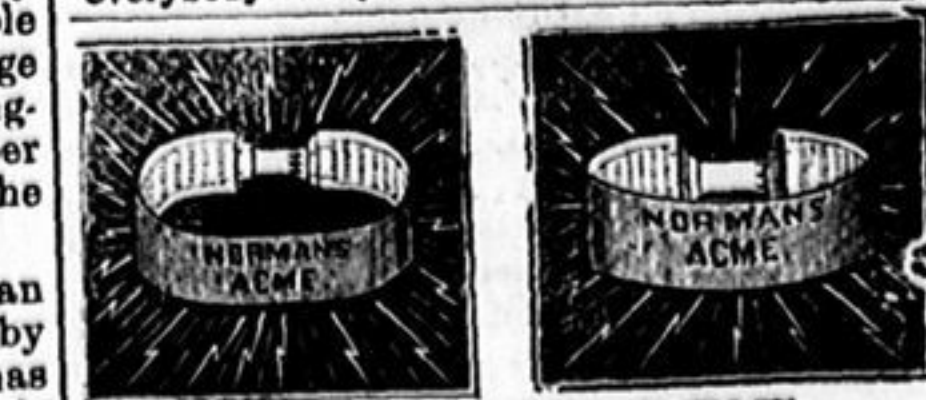
A SECRET TELEPHONE.—Articles of incorporation have been filed by an inventive American to manufacture and put in operation a secret telephone, whereby two persons using the line can communicate with one another in entire secrecy. By a peculiar breaking of the circuit only half the conversation can be caught by any one else on the line, and then it would be only an unintelligible noise. Even the repetition of the alphabet is not discernible. A conversation in a low tone, the person standing several feet away, can be carried on through this method. The line will be in operation in sixty days, it is promised. It will make dull times for the girls at the central office.

GEN. C. B. COMSTOCK, United States Corps of Engineers, in charge of the lake survey, says that there have been, so far as appears from his records, no appreciable changes in the mean level of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario other than those to be expected from the variations in rainfall and evaporation in different years and series of years. He also says that the data of the lake survey give, in his judgment, no evidence of underground discharge of water from either Huron or Erie into the lakes below them.

### A REGULAR CIRCUS.



If there is one thing in all the world that allures the average boy and delights people generally, it is a well managed and thoroughly equipped circus. The children of a city or town seem to know of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully directed into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully directed into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly. The pennies, hitherto dropped into the missionary-box with conscientious regularity, are now faithfully directed into an old coffee-pot in the cellar corner for prospective use, and substantial service in the way of securing the amount of an admission fee. But for all that, we believe fully in the properly conducted circus as a means of amusement and diversion, and are happy to state the gratifying fact that the circus—of its coming by a kind of intuition, and prepare accordingly.



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