

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

Terrible Panic at Marseilles and Toulon.

THE SCARE IN ENGLAND.

Stampede of American Tourists—Graphic Accounts of the Scenes in the Plague-Stricken Cities.

A London cablegram says: The indifference to the subject of cholera which has characterized England has disappeared under the appearance of cases in Liverpool, and the panic will soon be here. Already it has attacked fiercely many Americans, who are taking almost the next steamer back to their own country, and those associated with the comforts and business of Americans in Europe are almost driven distracted by appeals as to their opinions on the comparative safety of journeys on the Continent, while many young ladies find cablegrams ordering their return at the moment they put their feet upon European soil. In France the plague continues to produce its mixture of tragical and farcical. Clovis Huges, the pet and Radical member for Marseilles, accompanied the Ministers who paid a visit to the plague-stricken city for the purpose of arresting the panic, and has given a painfully graphic account of the sights in the hospital. The limbs of the patients are black and icy. Nothing shows life but the eyes, which look staring and enlarged. They express nothing but indifference, and when some of the visitors pressed the hand of a boy of 12 he gave no sign, did not even turn to look at his visitors, but kept his eyes steadily fixed on the sun-lighted blue sea, which he could see from his bed. A lady whose husband died in one of the towns outside Marseilles has been refused by the Mayor to see the corpse of her husband or even to enter her own house, and has to encamp in the open air. Instances of heroism alternate with the terrible prevalent cowardice. The Sisters of Charity are true to duty. The Duc de Chartres, one of the Orleans Princes, has followed the example of the Ministers in visiting the hospital. The lady who is the head of the female suffrage movement, instead of sensationally selling her furniture after the manner of Miss Muller, calls on all the members of her association to go to Marseilles to serve as nurses.

Mr. Labouchere's correspondent in Paris, apropos of the plague, advises English and American visitors to send for a doctor of their own nationality, instead of a Frenchman. The good French practitioner will not pay night visits, and the substitutes are young and inexperienced. A list is given of the good doctors, in which figure Dr. Prot, son-in-law of Marion Sims, Dr. Chapman, a great friend in her early days of George Eliot, and Hon. Allan Herbert, brother of the Earl of Carnarvon. The writer of this article declares that ice-bags to the spine are the greatest of all restoratives of dissipated energies. He especially recommends them to ladies who want to save themselves of the morphine mania.

Another cablegram says: Cholera has made a long stride northward, appearing at the same moment near Paris and in the Mersey. The Paris correspondent of the Daily News telegraphs a minute account of a clearly established case of Asiatic cholera within fifteen miles of Paris, and thinks it to be directly traceable to the fact that the patient was standing at the Hotel de Ville, on the fête day, beside a lady fresh from Marseilles. The patient has recovered. The steamer St. Dunstan, from the Mediterranean, via Marseilles, arrived at the Mersey yesterday. Two deaths had occurred after the ship left Marseilles. The health officer at Liverpool pronounced the symptoms to be undoubtedly those of Asiatic cholera. The whole crew were down with choleraic diarrhoea. The ship was quarantined. The American Consul-General's orders for a thorough inspection of ships outward bound for America will be rigidly enforced. Sundry questions have been asked in Parliament, and official precautions are becoming more general and striking, but the public continues to take things quietly. Summer tours on the continent are mostly abandoned. The English watering places promise to be crowded. I hear daily of Americans who are returning home on account of the cholera. The deaths and panic in Toulon and Marseilles are increasing. The condition of the Thames excites alarm and large sums are expending. There is a dead rise of sewage, which, though discharged far below, washes up past the Parliament Houses.

A Young Girl's Heroism.

"I would like to ask you to take some ice-cream, dear," he said, looking hesitatingly in the windows of a saloon, "but after that disastrous affair in Brooklyn a few days ago I am afraid to," and he made an attempt to forge ahead.

"What affair was that, George?" she asked, holding him back with both hands.

"Why, over one hundred and fifty people were poisoned from a single freezer." "It must have been terrible. Still, George, dear, there is a possibility of our escaping with our lives, and if we do die"—here the heroic girl gave him a look of love unutterable—"we will die together."

Boiled Lettuce.

The lettuce is a neglected vegetable, although it constitutes a prominent ingredient in every good salad. At one time the lettuce was supposed to possess soporific properties, but of late years it has, perhaps too hastily, been disestablished as a drug in the repertory of the therapist. Some are now strongly insisting that lettuce should be used more generally as food, suggesting that they ought to be boiled. After such treatment they are said to be as palatable as spinach. If this be the fact, it is worth knowing, as spinach is necessarily excluded from the diet of the oxaluria patient, and it is precisely in this class of cases the soothing properties of the lettuce, if it have any, would be valuable.—Lancet.

In an action for breach of promise the other day in England the defendant's counsel asked the fair plaintiff, "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" "Well, not exactly," she replied, "but he courted me a good deal, and told my sister he intended to marry into our family."

Late Scottish News.

Lieut. Ferguson, of the Inverness Rifles, has made the remarkable, and it is believed unprecedented, score of 102 out of a possible 105, with seven shots each at two, five and six hundred yards with a small-bore match rifle.

Rev. Donald Munro, Free Church minister of Reay, in the Presbytery of Caithness, has resigned his pastorate and his connection with the Free Church, in consequence of the General Assembly having sanctioned the use of instrumental music in the public services of the Church.

The British Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has awarded first-class pensioner Donald McKay, late Scots Fusilier Guards, the silver medal for "meritorious service," and the officers of the Brigade of Guards have also evidenced their appreciation of the worth of the old soldier, who has served 41 years, by presenting him with a purse of sovereigns.

Mr. Millais, the artist, has rented a large shooting ground in Scotland, including a salmon fishery on the Tay, and will spend the summer and autumn there.

It is announced that Mr. D. Cameron, of Lochiel, is being pressed to reconsider his decision to withdraw from Parliamentary life. The Tories are desirous that he should again contest the county of Inverness.

The Free Church of Scotland increases its membership yearly: In 1881 it was 312,426; in 1882, 314,027; in 1883, 314,604; and in 1884 it is 322,265. Stated roundly, the Church has added 10,000 to its membership in three years.

Competent authorities state that the recent drought in the north and eastern districts of Scotland has not been equalled in severity since 1829. In some of the counties, notably Inverness-shire, not a drop of rain had fallen for nine weeks.

The English Soldier in the Sudan.

General Graham's campaign has taught the Arabs at least one good lesson—respect for the English, a more pleasant feeling for them to harbor than their contempt and inextinguishable hate for the Egyptians. The kindness which their prisoners have received at our hands, and the forbearance shown to them when they might well have expected stern punishment, have undoubtedly given those fearless barbarians some glimmering of a new world of ideas; the English, they understand, are as merciful as they are brave. "But why, then, do you come to fight us?" asked one of the prisoners. The questioner was not well up in politics. And he had narrow views about other matters, as for example, in military tactics, when he bluntly, and even roughly, expressed his inability to understand how an honest people like the English could have sneaked round by the rear of the entrenchments at El Teb, instead of attacking them straightforwardly from the front, where his tribesmen were prepared to receive us. On the other hand—and this is one of the most pleasing features of General Graham's brilliant little campaign—the British soldier very soon conceived, and as heartily expressed, his admiration for his enemy. In the field, of course, he did his best to exterminate him; but in camp he often spoke of the "pity of killing such splendid fellows, who after all are only rebelling against those rotten Egyptians." (The British soldier's contempt for the Egyptians grew rather than diminished in consequence of an incident at Tokar. The blue-jackets had, with their own hands, dragged their guns all the way from Trinkitat—seventeen miles—across sand and mud. They were thirsty. They asked for water from some of the Egyptians whom they had just come to relieve. "Bukhaebah," replied the Egyptians, holding out their palms. The Egyptians who came up with the convoy drank half the water in store and spilled most of the rest.) The British soldier cheerily admits that he might have fared much worse than he did if only the Arabs were as knowing as they were plucky. "Why did they not cut off our convoys?" "Why did they not attack us at night in the zerebas?" "Why did they use weapons which they did not understand?" "Why did they not keep quiet at Teb, and, when we got close enough to them, jump upon us with their spears?"—Nineteenth Century.

A Communicative Dentist.

A concert was recently given by some amateur musicians. It was largely attended by the general public. One young lady belonging to one of the first families, with a large army-sized mouth, sang a selection from an Italian opera, which was vociferously applauded, particularly by a stranger on one of the front seats. Turning to his neighbor, with whom he was not acquainted, the stranger said:

"What beautiful teeth that young lady has!"

"I am glad to hear you so say. It is a high compliment to me."

"Ah! you are the young lady's father. You have indeed a charming daughter."

"Oh, no, I'm not her father."

"Her brother?"

"No, I am no relation whatever, but I'm the dentist who fixed her mouth up with those teeth you admire so much. I only charged fourteen dollars for them, but they have not been paid for yet."

Erasmus Wiman Obtains a Control of the Entrance to New York from the Bay.

A New York despatch says: The acquirement by Erasmus Wiman and his friends from the city authorities of both ferry franchises from the foot of Broadway gives that party practical control of the entrance gate to the city of New York from the bay and all the surrounding country. The project, which finds encouragement in this action of the city authorities, involves an enlarged terminal and storage accommodation in the harbor by means of bridges between New Jersey and Staten Island Acts to authorize, which were progressed in Congress during the recent session. It is claimed that the storage on provisions, flour, cotton, and tobacco, and other products from the West and South for export can be reduced 30 per cent. by the completion of the project.

Michael Muldowney, ex-constable, has been sentenced to death at Sligo for assisting in the murder of Doherty, a farmer, in 1881, while the latter was guarding the residence of the Under-Secretary for Ireland. Muldowney protested his innocence and charged the Crown with attempting to suborn witnesses from America.

The Magog Company will commence to weave print cloths.

A NEW QUESTION.

Should Idiots be Allowed to Live, or be Killed to Improve the Species?

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society on Tuesday last, says the Baltimore Herald, Dr. Luffman read a paper on the advisability, propriety, or wisdom of killing idiots, natural monstrosities, or persons suffering intense misery from disease. Dr. Luffman stated that he advanced his views on the subject, not because he was irrevocably committed to them, nor wished to convert his fellow-physicians to them, but because he desired to excite debate on the subject. Unfortunately, other business interfered, and the debate was not extended. Nevertheless, it was shown that there was an inclination on the part of many to agree with Dr. Luffman that within reasonable bounds it would be wise and justifiable to remove from life the classes of persons mentioned.

That this proposition should be laid down at all shows that scientific men are year by year becoming more bold and fearless; that it should be seriously entertained shows that the disposition to frown upon innovations is passing away; that the bare mention of such a proposition does not excite horror and indignation shows that the masses of the people have learned that the wisest plan is to suspend judgment until such questions are fully discussed.

Viewed from an unprejudiced standpoint—that is, considering mankind in the abstract, without regard to the affections of blood—it must be admitted that Dr. Luffman's proposition, so far as it applies to idiots and monstrosities, is worthy of serious consideration. We do not consider that the proposition to remove persons suffering from incurable diseases ought to be entertained for an instant.

The characteristics which distinguish man from the brute are language, a desire and capacity to acquire knowledge, a sense of individuality or personality, an abstract conception of the existence of a supreme being, and a hope or desire for a continued future existence. The absence of any of these characteristics brings man nearer the brute; the absence of all of them would transform him into a brute.

An idiot—and we use the word in its most strict sense—possesses none of these characteristics, except, occasionally, that of language; in a majority of cases they have only voice, the power to utter sounds, but not to form them into words. The mental qualities of man, and not his physical formation, constitute his claim to superiority over brutes, and in that view of the matter what claim has an idiot to be considered a human being? It is impossible to believe that he was created to serve any end, and if he was he fails to do it. His life is a mere animal existence. He is more incapable of taking care of himself than the brutes, for the instinct which is given to them is denied to him, and he lacks even a degree of the intelligence which is implanted in the breast of man. The idiot is not only useless to society, but he is dangerous. Having no conception of the difference between right and wrong, he is likely to commit murder, arson or any other crime. Under certain circumstances he might propagate his species. Viewed from a religious standpoint, the idiot can serve no useful end, for neither by instinct nor education does he recognize the existence of a supreme being, and he has no hope nor desire for a future existence. Viewed from a worldly standpoint, his life is of no object, for he does not possess the intelligence, necessary to make him a desirable citizen, and there is no hope that his condition will ever change. Viewed from an economic standpoint, the idiot is a charge upon his friends or the community. Viewed through the spectacles of the scientist, the idiot, lacking in everything that distinguishes man from brute, occupies space and consumes food in a world that is not too large for the people on it who are desirable inhabitants. All the observations on idiots apply with equal force to monstrosities.

It is plain, therefore, that it is desirable to remove these unfortunates from a world in which they are unfitted to live. Whether it should rest with any man or any set of men to decide upon their fate we will not attempt to say, but those who admit the justice of capital punishment will find it hard to urge a valid argument against the right to remove idiots and monstrosities.

A Clerical Grinder.

South Kensington has recently been visited by a novel "charity organization," comprising a piano organ, worked by a footman in full livery, contributions being collected by a well known clergyman, who solicits donations, which he receives on a silver salver. The explanation, as given by the reverend gentleman himself, is that the idea of "working" a piano organ occurred to him as a likely means of collecting additional sums for the much needed relief of the outcast poor in his district. He has been working the streets during the past ten days, and proposes doing so for some time to come. The piano is a rather elegant one, and upon it is a white mullin curtain having the words "For charity" on it in embroidery. As might be expected, the "show" is followed about by a large number of persons.

Little Mary's Question.

A good story is told of the Bishop of Atlanta, Georgia. He recently addressed a large assembly of Sunday School children, and wound up by asking in a very paternal and condescending way: "And now, is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" After a pause he repeated the question, "Is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask me a question?" A little shrill voice, called out: "Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?" "Oh, ah, yes—I see," said the bishop; "and now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

A sensation has been caused in Dublin by the arrest of a Quaker named Pillar, who is a married man and the father of a large family, and who is alleged to have accumulated a fortune by letting houses at enormous rents for various felonious practices. Warrants have been issued for several other arrests on similar charges.

Pike County, Alabama, will send a 1,000 pound block of gypsum to the World's Exhibition.

DECOY BABY CRADLES.

New Jersey Inventive Genius Wasting His Sweetness on the Desert Air.

Three gaudily painted and improbable looking cradles stood blistering in the sun yesterday afternoon near one of the Jersey City ferries, and were tenderly watched over by a tall man with long hair and odd boots, polished with stove-black and dotted with red clay. The cradles were evidently not strong or large enough to hold a healthy baby, and when a young couple came up and gazed intently at them the tall man talked rapidly and with great animation.

"Certainly they are not for babies," he said, "and in order to understand the use to which these cradles are put you must first call to your mind the nature of mosquitoes, and the fact that a great many people object to sleeping under mosquito netting, because it gives them a feeling of suffocation."

"Very well. A gentleman living in New Jersey (that's where I was born and raised) buys one of these cradles, which are very light and easy to carry. He takes it home, stretches a piece of mosquito netting tightly over it, puts it in his bedroom and goes to sleep."

"The mosquito is fond of baby and has an excoisler nature—that is, he always tries to do the hardest thing. He imagines there is a baby in that cradle and he works hard all night trying to get at it; too busy even to sing. In the morning the man wakes up refreshed, without a pimple on his nose, and finds the mosquito panting exhausted on the window sill. The thing is never known to fail. They are only 85 cents apiece, and I will sell the right to manufacture them in any State but New Jersey for \$15,000. No, I haven't sold a great many yet, because true genius needs time to make itself known. Look at the steam engine—look at Christopher Columbus—look at Patti—look!"

The tall man came to and parted the hair from his eyes, and the young couple had fled.—New York Sun.

About Drowning.

Speaking of drowning, it is by some considered an easy death, but Shakespeare makes Clarence exclaim: "O Lord, methought what pain it was to drown; What dreadful sound of water in mine ears, What sights of ugly death within mine eyes."

On the other hand, a man who was restored when very near such a death said his last consciousness was going to sleep.

Drowning is the frequent fate of careless bathers, and as the season is now opening a few suggestions may be appropriate. Many good swimmers are seized with cramp, which is often due to the shock occasioned by a change of temperature. Hence bathers should not go beyond their depth until they have reached the proper equilibrium. In drowning death takes place by asphyxia or suffocation. In other words, the inability to breathe prevents the purification of the blood, the circulation is obstructed, and the result is insensibility and death. The human body is but little heavier than water, and with a little judicious effort one can keep afloat, but the inevitable fright destroys all precaution. All exposed to such danger should keep the mouth closed and avoid raising their arms out of water, as this increases weight. The face should be elevated and the neck thrown back as far as possible. Death by drowning is often very rapid, and one minute of submersion has been known to prove fatal. Others, however, have been resuscitated after a much longer time. Shakespeare carries this idea to a strange excess when he says in "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" "concerning a person cast upon the beach: Death may surp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again. I have heard of an Egyptian Had nine hours been dead, By good appliance was recovered. In cases of drowning the lungs are always filled with water, which never takes place when death precedes submersion. This fact has often been of importance in criminal matters, and was used in the Jenny Cramer case (New Haven mystery) to prove murder instead of suicide.

Good Advice for the Times.

The suicide of Mr. Burnham, the broken-down New York stockbroker, irresistibly brings to mind the well-known lines of Holmes:

Alas that those who've got their box Of cash beneath the strongest locks Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks And rush upon speculation's rocks Without the least apology!

The canal at Sault Ste. Marie is now lighted by electricity. The Pioneer tells us that "excepting when the engine gets tired, a dozen or more 2,000 candle power lamps pour their brilliant light down upon the noble St. Mary River, and the rapids go flashing and laughing past as if in an ecstasy of joy at the march of science."

A New York dealer in garden seeds has in store a box of cauliflower seed, weighing only 54 pounds, which he says, will net him \$2,700. He says he could not replace the seed and therefore keeps it in a safe deposit company to guard against loss by fire.

Miss Mary Clara Dawes is the first woman in England to gain the degree of Master of Arts, which has been awarded her by the London University.

While workmen were recently engaged in taking off the roof of the old opera house at Viokburg, Miss., they found a 20-pound Parrot shell buried in the timbers and unexploded. It must have lodged there during the siege of 1863.

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