

## NEWS OF THE DAY.

### CANADIAN.

The will of the late Mr. John Ogilvie, of Montreal, bequeaths property valued at \$900,000.

Capt. Boyd Smith's mine, at Parham, Frontenac, is yielding a hundred tons of phosphate daily.

The Knights of Labour in Kingston intend shortly agitating for the adoption of the nine hours' system.

September 20th is appointed election day in Eastern Assiniboia, where Minister Dewdney is to be candidate.

Mayor Abbott, of Montreal, does not think it the duty of the city to take any action against the bucket shops.

Owen Sound has passed a by-law granting \$15,000 to the Canadian Pacific railway, towards building another elevator in that town.

A very serious outbreak of typhoid fever has occurred in the Carmelite convent at Hochelaga. Several novices are down with the disease.

Mr. Durbam, from Halifax, N. S., who was staying at the Windsor, Montreal, was relieved of \$120 on the state trick of cashing a bogus cheque.

Shackleton Hay, postmaster at Ailsa Craig, who also carries on a banking business, has made an assignment, and the amount due depositors is said to be \$29,000.

Capt. Holmes, Dominion Inspector of Fisheries, is on a tour of the coast of Lake Huron to take evidence in disputes arising between lessees of fishing grounds.

The farmers in the eastern Townships have obtained a good crop of hay this season and are preparing to ship their surplus to Ontario, where it will fetch a good price.

The Montreal and European Short Line railway have filed a statement of claim against the Dominion Government for expropriation of their line amounting to \$600,000.

About a dozen soldiers of the Salvation Army, male and female, natives of the East Indies, dressed in picturesque costumes, have arrived in Quebec, and intend making a tour of the army stations in Canada.

Capt. Wigle, of the Windsor propeller Lakeside, has been fined \$262 for picking up some excursionists at Detroit and carrying them on to Cleveland, in violation of the Act which prohibits Canadian vessels trading between American ports.

### AMERICAN.

Detroit's present population is a little over two hundred and fifty thousand.

Major-General Schofield has been ordered to Washington to take command of the United States army.

It is reported from New York that a fireman has become a raving maniac from excessive cigarette smoking.

Over 300 Italians, disgusted at not being able to obtain employment, sailed from New York yesterday for home.

A friendly estimate of the cost of the Trent Valley canal places the figure at \$10,000,000. It is a good round sum.

Senator Riddleberger believes that the United States will never be a great nation until she has whipped England for the third time.

The United States Immigration Committee recommends that a tax of \$200 should be placed upon every immigrant arriving in that country.

The Senate yesterday adopted Senator Hoar's motion to appoint a committee for the purpose of enquiring into commercial relations between the States and Canada.

The California grain crop will be rather below than above the average, although some localities report that land which was believed a month ago to be not worth harvesting will yield a fair crop.

In the United States Senate yesterday the Committee on Interstate Commerce was instructed to make full investigation into the relation of Canadian railroads with the transportation of commerce across the continent.

The crop report of the Illinois board of agriculture shows the prospects for grain and corn to be better than several years past. Winter wheat, however, is an exception, though the crop has improved within the last month.

The crop of lambs in Colorado this present season will reach near to a quarter of a million. Eighty-five per cent. of all the ewe flocks will raise lambs. It has been the most favorable season for this crop the country has ever had.

Mr. Levi P. Morton, the candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, will cease to be a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to-day, a fact which the Republicans deem it expedient to publish as widely as possible.

At a meeting of the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence, held at Clayton, N. Y., it was decided to appeal against the decision of Judge Williams, of Syracuse, who held that the law ordering the destruction of nets used in illicit fishing was unconstitutional.

In the United States Senate yesterday Mr. Riddleberger, representing Virginia, opposed the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty on the ground that it permitted the Canadians to participate in all the coast, bay, sound, and river fisheries of the United States, and that no laws could be passed on the subject without the consent of the British Government.

One night John R. McLean, editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was seated at his desk up to his eyes in business, when a bumptious young reporter strolled in from the city editor's room and sitting himself familiarly near the editor in chief, inquired in an off-hand way, "Well, Mac, how does the news pan out to-night?" Not in the least disconcerted by the extraordinary conduct of his subordinate, who, by the way, was a newcomer on the paper and hardly known to him, Mr. McLean responded in an apparently pleasant way, "Don't call me 'Mac,' it seems so stiff, call me 'J. H. nie.'"

### FOREIGN.

The potato disease is spreading in England.

Rain continues to fall in torrents in Germany.

The British troops at Suakim are suffering terribly from the heat.

Relations between Italy and France are becoming seriously strained.

It is reported that the Czar will meet the Shah of Persia at Baku in September.

Silesia is being devastated by floods, and the crops are completely ruined.

A serious fight took place between French and Italian laborers at Lion, France, yesterday.

The Turkish Government have sent a protest to the powers against the occupation of Massowah by Italy.

Immense damage has been caused by volcanic disturbances in the Lipari Islands, in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Gladstone says that when he has seen Home Rule for Ireland his political work will be finished.

The Mark Lane Express says the damage done to the British grain crops by the wet weather is irreparable.

It is reported that the Crown Prince of Italy will be shortly betrothed to Princess Clementine of Belgium.

The Vandeleur tenants who resisted eviction have been sentenced to imprisonment for from one to six months.

The King of Sweden will arrive in Berlin on the 20th inst., to act as godfather to Emperor William's youngest son.

Gen. Boulanger and M. Laguerre are about to issue another electoral manifesto on the revision of the Constitution.

The rumours of a meeting between the Queen and Emperor William at Baden are officially declared in Berlin to be untrue.

It is stated that Justice Day has declined to sit on the Parnell Commission and that Justice Wills will be substituted for him.

On the occasion of Emperor William's visit to Rome there will be a review of 40,000 troops drawn from all the Italian regiments.

The incendiary fires in Port au Prince the capital of Hayti, on July 4 and 7, destroyed property to the amount of \$2,000,000.

The London Daily News says that the Parnellites have on intention at present to offer further serious opposition to the Commission bill.

The belief now prevails that the white Pasha is not Stanley, but Emin Bey, who, threatened by the Mahdi, resolved upon striking a bold blow.

Mr. Parnell writes to the "Times," challenging Mr. Chamberlain to publish the Local Government scheme alleged to be in Mr. Parnell's handwriting.

The Dublin Court has confirmed the conviction of Mr. John Dillon, and refuses the application for a writ of habeas corpus for his release from prison.

It is announced that the Emperor of Germany, the Czar of Russia, and the Emperor of Austria will meet at some point on the Austrian frontier in the autumn.

It is stated that Prince Bismarck has intimated to the Queen, through the German embassy, that Emperor William desires to pay her a state visit in November.

The Turkish Ambassador at Berlin has notified the Porte that the negotiations between Germany, Austria, and Italy regarding the Bulgarian question will soon begin.

Mr. Patrick Egan supports Mr. Parnell in the statement that while Mr. Chamberlain was in the Ministry he divulged Cabinet secrets to the Irish party from time to time.

The Italian Government threaten to withdraw their subsidies from Catholic missions in Asia and Africa unless they permit a Government inspection of their curriculum and books.

The news of the result of the last English Derby was telegraphed from England to Australia in one hour and four minutes, which is believed to be the fastest time ever made between these points.

### Type Writing Contests.

The New York "Tribune" says of a type-writing contest which took place in that city on Wednesday last:—"In yesterday's test there was a close struggle for first place between Miss M. E. Orr and E. McGurin, the latter winning by only three-fifths of a word per minute. The test was for five minutes, and after deducting all errors the jury announced the following decision: McGurin, 479 words, an average of 95 4-5 words per minute; Miss Orr, 476 words, an average of 95 1-5; Miss M. C. Grant, 469 words, an average of 93 4-5; Mr. Myerson, 431 words, an average of 86 1-5. The prizes were \$25 to first, \$10 to second, and \$5 to third. Miss Orr is unquestionably the fastest female operator in the world. This is her first defeat, and it would not be surprising if she turned the tables on McGurin in the tournament which takes place at Toronto for the world's championship on August 13.

### Wouldn't Accept the Fit.

We once knew L. W. Allen to preach a sermon for the benefit of one member of the congregation. She was very rich, very old, and had not been to church for 20 years. Allen's fame drew her, and he determined to make the most of it. His text, his illustrations, everything fitted her (and no tailor ever made a better fit). The services over, we went with Brother Allen to the hospitable home of the old lady, only to hear her say to him:—"Mr. Allen, your sermon fitted my overseer so well that all the time you were preaching I was regretting that he was not there to hear it."

### Writer's Cramp.

A broad street mother reads a child's story paper regularly to her little daughter, and most of the tales are continued from week to week. The other day the little one heard the expression, "writers' cramp," and asked what it meant. "It is a stiffening or cramping of the fingers, my dear," was the reply: "people who write a great deal often get it, and have to stop writing for a while." "Oh!" said the little miss, as a great light broke upon her perceptive faculties "that's it, is it? I've often wondered why the writers of those nice stories always stop in such interesting places."

### English Railway Accidents.

The English railways made a good showing as regards accidents last year. In 1887 only 121 passengers were killed, and, leaving out the loss of life by the Septhorpe disaster, the victims would not have met death had they exercised common prudence. Of employees, 798 were killed, 1,297 passengers injured, and 2,293 workmen. These figures seem large, but they show a decrease of accidents when compared with the records of former years.

## DREAMS FULFILLED.

Authenticated Cases Told by People of Veracity.

H. B. A. of Hartford, Pa., writes: The following story of a strange dream was related to me by the gentleman to whom it occurred, and is strictly true in every respect, the facts having been known at the time to several persons besides the gentleman in question. I will relate it as nearly as I can in his own words.

"Do you wish to know how I became acquainted with my wife. Well, it is a strange story, almost too strange to be true. It happened this way: One evening after a hard day's work I retired to my bed for a good night's rest. Soon after retiring I fell asleep, when the dream occurred to me. I thought I stood by the chancel-rail in the little country church where I attended meeting, and by my side stood a lady, a stranger to me. The minister who stood before us seemed in the act of performing the marriage ceremony. I recognized him to be the minister who had charge of the church I mentioned. The scene gradually faded away and when I woke it was morning. I did not think the dream strange at the time but when it was repeated on the following evening exactly as before, I began to grow interested. Finally the dream was repeated on the third night and in addition I thought the lady by my side handed me a card on which was her name and address. The dream seemed to fade away as before. When I awoke next morning, after thinking the matter over, I concluded to write to the address which seemed firmly fixed in my memory, telling of my dream and asking if there was such a person as the lady I dreamed of. I did so, and asked if there was such a lady to please send me her picture. In a few days I received a reply stating that there was such a person and enclosing a photograph which I at once recognized as the lady of my dreams.

I corresponded with the lady for some time and finally visited her at her home. I found her very agreeable and she seemed to have found me the same, for when I returned she came with me and we were married in the same church and by the same minister as appeared in my dreams. That was ten years ago and I ever regretfully say that neither of us has ever recaptured my dream."

DREAM OF TWO BROTHERS.

T. S. Dawson, of Dawson, settlement, N. B., says: A friend has a brother who is a sailor. The sailor had been absent for two years, and had not been heard from for a long time, when one night my friend dreamed that if he went to a certain seaport town the following day he would meet his brother. He drove there, a distance of about thirty miles, and soon after arriving, encountered his brother on the street. The two, though so long separated, at once recognized each other. After the first greetings were over, "I suppose," said the sailor, "you are very much surprised at meeting me here to-day."

"Not at all," replied the brother; "I was expecting it, for I dreamed last night that, if I came, I would meet you here to-day; and the dream was so much like a reality that I harnessed and drove all the way here to find you and take you home." "How strange, how very strange," said the other, "I was not much surprised to see you either, as I dreamed last night that I would find you here to-day, and the dream has been on my mind ever since!" The two brothers rode joyfully homewards, both fully satisfied that dreams mean something sometimes.

A MOTHER'S DREAM.

Miss M. A. Leonard, of Mt. Alton, Pa., tells the story of a dream of her mother as follows: Our home is situated in the midst of oil wells in the wilds of McKean Co., Pa., and although I regard this vicinity as dreary and tiresome, my city friends term it "beautiful and picturesque to the extreme." But I am wandering from my subject. My father and my two brothers took charge of this lease, and removed the family to the seat of their employment about five years ago. The boiler and the several wells attached to it which my oldest brother attended were near our home, and we could see him almost any moment hurrying, as was his wont, about his duties. The decline or crossing of a 200 bbl. tank, into which one of his wells flowed, had fallen in, and there was nothing to stand upon white gauging the tank, but a 6 in. board across the top. I was attending school a considerable distance from home, but came home once a week. On one occasion when I came home, I noticed that something was troubling my mother, and she requested me to remain at home the following week. After much pleading I prevailed upon her to tell me her reasons. On two nights previous, she had a very strange dream, which had impressed her so much, that, try as she would, it would not leave her mind. She dreamed that she was visiting at some friend's house, accompanied by my younger sister. She thought that in front of the house was a large vat, filled with a foaming liquid, from which a gas was arising. Missing Cassie, my sister, they immediately instituted a search, but without success for two hours. At length my mother approached the vat, and seeing a gauging pole lying near, put it in, and striking some object on the bottom, pulled it up, and it was Cassie—drowned. At this point she awoke, and on the following night dreamed the same in every particular. This seemed rather strange to me, but I did not heed it, and went to school in the morning. About 3 p.m. a messenger came for me, with the news that my brother was drowned in the undecked tank. He had been lost for the same period that mother had dreamed, and they felt for him with a gauging pole, just as in the dream, so that the dream came true except that my brother instead of my sister was drowned.

Railways in India.

Men in middle life are scarcely likely to realize the fact that in 1853 there were in all only 20 1/2 miles of railway in India; that in 1873 there were 5,695 miles of railway, while in 1887 there were 13,386 miles. Telegraphic communication with India was first opened in 1865, and the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 was scarcely of less importance in developing her trade, first by shortening the passage and second by mitigating the risk from wheat-weevil. Another agency has been the development of irrigation works. We read that "only" 30,000,000 acres have, up to date, been artificially irrigated, but the appropriateness of the qualifying adverb is rendered evident when it is employed in contrast with the total area of 200,000,000 acres of cultivated ground, and the vast tract of 863,314 square miles which include British India.

## ISLE ROYALE'S DEADLY JAWS.

The Octopus of the Upper Lakes.

When crossing Lake Superior, broad in the path of commerce lies Isle Royale, a gigantic leviathan waiting, watching for prey. A long, partially wedge-shaped, crooked backed island covered with rocky hummocks and granite protuberances, here and there flat, treacherous shoal beaches and steep bluffs rising sheer out of the water to a height of hundreds of feet, crowned with stunted growths of pine and poplar; jagged reefs of rock running off into the lake like arms of an octopus—the island the body of a giant reptile, the reefs its teeth.

THE WRECK OF THE ALG MA.

A terror to mariners is Isle Royale in bad weather. More than one ship's skeleton lies along its borders, evidence that the hungry jaws have been at work. It was on this shore, some miles down from the point, that the proud Algoma laid her broken bones in that awful night a couple of years ago when this queen of the lakes went down, and the number of lives lost sent grief and desolation into scores of homes. I said an awful night. I was told at Port Arthur that on that occasion the waves ran twenty feet high above the breakwater, and this was within a land locked bay, mind you. Out on the lake the fury of the elements was terrific. A blinding snowstorm raged, while a hurricane tore the waters into spray and thrashed the snow flakes and sleet into whirling sheets, that simply meant blindness to whoever attempted to face them. Add to this pitch darkness and you will have some idea of what the Algoma labored through that live-long night.

Capt. Moore fought for his ship and her precious freight of human lives with gallantry that fell nothing short of heroic. Through all that terrible ordeal he made but one mistake, an error of judgment, an error of calculation rather, of half a minute of time; but that thirty seconds sent to his ship, death to many of his passengers and crew and wounds and anguish to himself.

ON THE ROCKS.

In that awful wreck of roaring winds, thundering waves, icy spray and frozen snow no light could be seen or fog whistle heard. It was impossible to make port that night. He knew he must be approaching Isle Royale, and that his only chance was to turn southward and fight for open water. The order was given, right gallantly the noble steamer answered her helm and bore up against the buffeting waves; but as she came around her stern swung on to one of those reefs, those long arms of the octopus—there was a crash, the winds shrieked in fiendish glee; the mountainous masses rushed on, pounded against her iron sides with mighty force, mounted higher and beat her over slowly but surely—and all was over.

In that terrible moment it is told that Capt. Moore and his crew showed the true heroism of British sailors. Many were lost but many were saved through their exertions. The time in which anything could be done was but moments. They did what could be done, coolly and determinedly, took their lives in their hands to save what they could of those other lives entrusted to their charge; then with the remount were thrown, battered and wounded, half-drowned and with bones broken upon the rocks to wait for daylight and help, while the mad sea pounded the wreck to pieces and in mockery threw the fragments up on the shore. The reptile Isle Royale had a bountiful feast. Thirty-seven people died the death that night.

AND PEOPLE HOWLED.

There was a howl raised about Capt. Moore after that by ignorant, chattering landmen. He was called incompetent—did not understand his business. Bah! Ask any lake captain about that. They will tell you that the same might have occurred to any man, that the wonder was, not that the vessel was wrecked—it would have been little short of marvellous had she escaped through that night. I have never met Capt. Moore, but the proof of what kind of a man he is, is shown by the fact the new big steel steamer the Algonquin, which the Messrs. Marks, of Port Arthur, have just brought over from the Clyde, is in his charge, and I am told on pretty good authority, too, that the command of the new Algoma will be offered him. Such vessels are not offered to incompetent men.

A CAPTAIN'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

Very few people have much of an idea of the responsibility weighing upon the captain of one of these big lake steamers. It is much worse than an ocean going vessel. Out on the salt water as soon as the steamer is clear of land she is laid in her course, and then, unless unusual circumstances arise, the captain can take a comparatively easy time of it. Not so on the lakes. If there is clear weather, no fog, not much swell and everything bright, the captain may get a few hours' rest, otherwise not. He is the navigator as well as the captain. Going up from Owen Sound, Capt. Foote, of the Athabasca, was on the bridge all afternoon. He was there peering through the fog at midnight. Towards morning he was still there. At day break he was pacing the bridge, all that day he was on duty, all the next night and the next day until Port Arthur was reached. I asked him at last if he was going to take any sleep that voyage or wait till the close of navigation, and then learned that a great deal often than not the captain does not close his eyes or get a bit of rest throughout the entire journey, and the first mate has nearly as bad a time of it. Add to it the care of the entire vessel, including passengers and cargo, and you will have some idea of the duties and responsibilities of these men. I have spoken of the first mate. His work, too, is never ended, and only second in responsibility is the chief engineer.

IT KEEPS ITS DEAD.

Lake Superior is like the ocean in many respects, notably in this, that it never gives up its dead. The body of a person drowned in any of these waters is never found, unless washed up on the shore. Drop a man overboard and that is the last of him. I think the reason is this: The water is very cold, seldom if ever rising above 40 degrees. This temperature prevents decomposition and as no gas is generated the body does not float as it would in warmer water. Only a couple of the bodies lost at the wreck of the Algoma, I believe, were found, and these had been washed up on the rocks by the storm. The same phenomenon of drowned bodies not floating is observable in Lake Simcoe.

Originally the international boundary

line passed through Isle Royale. Now it passes northward of Gull Island, some 30 miles northward. In exchange the British Government acquired some islands near the mouth of St. Mary's river, and the Americans say we got the best of the trade.

IN SIGHT OF THUNDER CAPE.

Going to Port Arthur you pass between Isle Royale and Gull Island. There are other islands lying around loose of greater or lesser interest, but they are scarcely noticed, because right before towers up the great black mass of Thunder Cape. Stand 1300 feet high, it can be seen at a great distance. It is simply a great rock tableland rising out of the water and joined to the main land at the foot of Thunder Bay. Right on the top of this table land is Lake Louise, a body of water 300 feet deep, with no apparent inlet, its surface a thousand feet above the level of Lake Superior.

At one point in the face of Thunder Cape the rock is as straight and smooth as a wall. They tell a story about the old Algoma—not the C. P. R. vessel, but an old timer made of wood, and built in the shape of a tub. She was lying outside in a fog one night when the watch heard a peculiar scraping forward. Examination showed that her bow was scraping up and down the face of this wall of rock. I don't vouch for the truth of this story; it was Capt. Robertson, of the United Empire, told it.

Thunder Cape gets its name from the Indian belief that the thunder made its home there. Another belief is that a great giant lies there entombed. In pictures Thunder Cape is always seen wrapped about with clouds and mist. In reality it is as fair a headland as one could wish to see. Of course, in dark weather or during a thunder storm the case is different—then the cape can assume, with the clouds lowering over it and the lightning playing about it, an awful grandeur.

PIE ISLAND.

Off against Thunder Cape is Pie Island—why so called deponent sayeth not. It is a beautiful, nicely wooded stretch of land, with little bays, smiling valleys, wooded hills—the most beautiful spot, perhaps, on the coast.

But right here, lying midway between Thunder Cape and Pie Island, is a good place to stop and look about. It is a scene never to be forgotten, a scene of impressive grandeur, where the puny works of the hands of man are lost sight of in the bold moulding of the hand of the Almighty, in the presence of which your great steamship seems but a cockle-shell and man himself an atom. Such a scene must form the commencement and not the end of an article.

The Banana Tree.

The banana is a variety of the plantain family, and is a native of the tropics. It is largely used as food, and cultivated for exportation. With the exception of two or three palms, it would not be easy to name in the whole vegetable kingdom any plant which is applied to a greater number of uses than the plantain.

The stem of the plantain, or banana, is from fifteen to twenty feet high, although there are varieties having a stem of only six feet. The leaves are very large, the blade being sometimes ten feet long and three feet broad, undivided, of a beautiful shining green. The plant is propagated by suckers, and a sucker attains maturity in about eight months or a year after being planted. The stem is cut down after fruiting, but the plantation does not require renewal for fifteen or twenty years. It has been cultivated successfully in hot-houses.

More than a hundred bananas often grow on a single stem, and so closely do they grow together, that tarantulas, the deadly insect of the tropics, are sometimes brought to the north concealed among them, and even small snakes have been found by the dealers when unpacking the fruit. The banana grows more in favor each year, and no place is too remote for its exportation. But to walk through the markets of a southern city, where bananas are for sale on every hand for almost nothing, and note the immense quantities in every stage of ripeness, it would seem as if they must decay on their stalks, so glutted is the market with this fruit alone.

A Dutch Fisherman's Discovery.

A salted herring seems a rather simple thing. Yet the man who first salted herrings revolutionized trade and became a benefactor to his country. It was a long-headed Dutch fisherman, William Buckels by name, who found out that salt fish will keep, and can be packed in barrels and exported. Before this time fish had to be consumed directly they were caught; but the new discovery created a great industry in Holland, and the salt fish trade, which she monopolized for some time, added immensely to the country's wealth. Statues were erected to commemorate Buckels, and Queen Mary of Hungary honored his memory in a very peculiar way. She seated herself in state upon the old fisherman's tomb, and called for and ate a salted herring.

Good Wages—A Dollar an Hour.

Eaterprising, ambitious people of both sexes and all ages should at once write to Stinson and Co., Portland, Maine, learning thereby, by return mail, how they can make \$1 per hour and upwards, and live at home. You are started free. Capital not needed. Work pleasant and easy; all can do it. All is new and free; write and see; then if you conclude not to go to work, no harm is done. A rare opportunity. Grand, rushing success rewards every worker.

Mrs. H. J. Minnie, of Tampa, Fla., killed a rattlesnake a few days ago that measured six feet seven inches in length and 10 1/2 inches in circumference. It was in the act of devouring a rabbit when she found it. Two weeks ago, she killed an alligator eight feet long.

Edison has just turned out a new clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it simply announces in every-day English, "one o'clock," "two o'clock," etc., and at meal times it cries "dinner time." The invention suggests unlimited possibilities. For instance:—Mr. Jones, whose daughter has a young man disposed to stay late in the evening, buys one with a deep and powerful voice. He places it on the mantel-piece, primed and timed. At 10 30 p. m. it remarks:—"Mr. Smith, it's time to go. Look out for the dog!" The new clock ought to have a great sale.