

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

Hon. Edward Blake's health is reported much better.

Goderich is contemplating the introduction of electric lighting.

A Kingstonian has given \$125 to meet the expenses of a Salvation Army officer to India.

Potatoes are so plentiful in South Essex that it is difficult to obtain a market for them at any price.

An Indian has killed six out of a herd of seven buffalo which he found at the Red Deer Forks, in the Northwest.

Hon. Edward Blake has given \$3,500 for scholarships in the Department of Political Science in Toronto University.

The Windsor Society of the Home of the Friendless will commence the erection of a fine building in Windsor immediately.

Margaret Cunningham, a violent lunatic in Cornwall gaoled, died on Thursday morning, the result of a persistent refusal to take food.

The Dominion Government has vetoed the Act passed by the Quebec Legislature constituting a District Magistrates' Court at Montreal.

A determined effort will be made next session of the Dominion Parliament to have a sum put in the estimates for the deepening of Rideau canal.

The Montreal friends of the late Thomas White intend erecting a window in his memory in St. George's church, which he attended during his life.

The labour congress in session in London pledges itself to support any practical legislation tending to reduce the consumption of intoxicating liquors.

While out boating on the St. Lawrence near Gananoque, on Monday, Mrs. Pierrepont Morgan, of New York, lost jewels in the river valued at \$15,000.

The amounts collected by the various conferences for Methodist missions during the past year aggregated nearly \$220,000, Toronto district contributing \$21,697.

Circumstances are awakening a suspicion that Jerry Nickerson, of Sarnia, who was supposed to have been killed by a Grand Trunk train at Lapeer, Mich., was murdered.

Wm. O'Connor, of Toronto, is now champion carman of America, John Teemer of McKeesport, having forfeited the championship by default in not accepting O'Connor's challenge.

It is understood that the Toronto police authorities have cabled to Scotland Yard to arrest Gideon Israel Barnett, who is now in England, for complicity in the wrecking of the Central Bank.

The steamer Baltic, of the North-Western Transportation Company, ran ashore during Friday's gale on Elm Island, near Clapperton Island. The captain at once filled her hold with water to keep her from pounding.

A swindler from the States, calling himself Rev. M. C. Pullman, of Chicago, succeeded in getting a Kingston tailor to endorse a bogus note for \$500, which he cashed, and then took his departure to the other side.

The agreement entered into between the City and University of Toronto in regard to the Queen's park is that the City shall have a permanent lease of the park on condition that they endow two chairs at \$3,000 each and maintain the parks and drives, and at a special meeting of the City Council on Saturday the agreement between the University and City was ratified without discussion. Tenders for the new city hall and court-house were also accepted.

AMERICAN.

Two business blocks in San Francisco were burned yesterday; loss, \$1,250,000.

An attempt has been made to steal the body of Hugh M. Brooks from the cemetery.

The projectors of the Hudson River tunnel are said to have procured capital in England.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher-Stowe is suffering from subacute meningitis, and is not expected to live.

Frost prevailed Wednesday night throughout New Hampshire on low lands, and the vines were severely injured.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, the other day issued an appeal to the public for aid for the yellow fever sufferers.

Early frosts and heavy rains are doing great damage to the tobacco and corn crops in different sections of the States.

The third annual convention of Christian Workers of the United States and Canada will be held in Detroit in November.

The heavy purchase of United States bonds last week caused the treasury surplus to fall from \$110,000,000 to \$103,950,000.

A wheat expert from Chicago last present inspecting the wheat crop of Manitoba with a view of making a report to the Chicago Board of Trade.

The question as to whether the St. Clair Plate canal is built through America, or Canadian waters is occupying a good deal of official attention in Washington.

Yellow fever continues to increase in Jacksonville, Fla., and as business has been suspended, the Citizens' Association is making an appeal for outside assistance.

The Acting Secretary of War has sent a message to Congress recommending that the use and administration of the St. Clair canal be placed entirely under the Secretary of War.

The telegraph operators along the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway are notified to leave the Railway Telegraphers' Union or vacate their positions.

There is a suspicion in some quarters of Washington that not only the St. Clair Plate canal, but that the river at Amherstburg and the Sault Ste. Marie canal run in part through Canadian territory.

FOREIGN.

The Parnell defence fund in Ireland now amounts to £1,824.

Prince Bismarck has recovered, and takes daily exercise in the open air.

The Parnell defence fund is being very poorly supported in England.

The Zanzibar natives will resist the landing of any white people on their coast.

Prince Jerome Napoleon has refused all offers of conciliation from Prince Victor.

It is estimated that eighty persons lost their lives in the recent West India hurricane.

The Pope, assisted by Abbot Passato, is writing a history of Rome in the Middle Ages.

The Queen is settled at Balmoral, where she will remain till the third week in November.

Queen Natalie, for the sake of her son, is seeking a reconciliation with her husband.

M. de Lesseps feels confident that the locks of the Panama canal will be completed by 1890.

It is reported that King Milan intends to divorce himself by edict, sanctioned by the Skuptschina.

Two earthquake shocks have occurred at Vostizza, on the Corinthian gulf, doing great damage.

Capt. Lugard's African lakes expedition had a fight with Arab slave-dealers in the Nyansa district.

The "North German Gazette" denies that Prince Bismarck intends to resign as Minister of Commerce.

The London Times is slow to believe the glowing official reports of the great Mackenzie River basin.

A Franco-Russian company has been formed to unite the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea by a canal.

Queen Natalie's twenty-ninth birthday passed unnoticed in Belgrade on Friday, by King Milan's orders.

A Franco-Russian company has been formed to construct a canal between the Black and Caspian Seas.

Emperor William's impending visit to Rome is causing intense annoyance and irritation at the Vatican.

Baron Oppenheim, of Cologne, has subscribed 14,000 marks to the fund for the Emin Bey relief expedition.

It is reported that King Leopold has offered the Pope a residence in Belgium in the event of his leaving Rome.

The betrothal of the Princess Sophie, sister of Emperor William, and the Crown Prince of Greece, is announced.

It is reported that Bishop O'Dwyer, hitherto hostile to Home Rule, has declared himself in favor of that movement.

Ex-Empress Victoria expects to leave Berlin in about a fortnight to spend some time with the Queen at Balmoral.

Coffee advanced in Hamburg last week from about 21 cents to over 60 and the "bulls" netted nearly 10,000,000.

There have been continuous rains throughout the eastern portion of Germany, and several districts in Silesia are flooded.

The British warship Pylades, which carries some of the longest range guns in the navy, is at present in Montreal harbour.

During August the English imports increased £310,000, and the exports increased £1,400,000, as compared with August, 1887.

The Serbian ladies generally sympathize with Queen Natalie, and say that the cause of her domestic trouble is the jealousy of her husband.

Twelve hundred spinners at Bolton have struck against the introduction of a new system of weighing cotton, and the strike will likely spread.

At the Trades Congress at Bradford a resolution was passed favoring the exclusion from England of semi-pauper immigrants unless they are skilled workers.

On Tuesday night the Italian mail ran into the Paris express, which was derailed, near Dijon, and a bad wreck occurred, in which thirty persons lost their lives.

The horribly mutilated body of a lewd woman was found in the yard of a summer lodging house in Spitalfields, London, on Saturday morning, making the fourth murder of a similar character committed recently and evidently the work of a lunatic.

It is announced that the Immigration treaty between China and the United States has been rejected by the Chinese Government, and owing to the action of the American Minister rioting has occurred in Canton and his official residence was attacked.

Mr. Michael Davitt made a very intemperate speech at Knockaroo on Sunday, in the course of which he said that unless the Liberals did something soon to prevent evictions in Ireland, the Irish would be compelled to adopt unconstitutional methods of dealing with licensed agents of cruelty.

The British barque Gylfe has arrived at Queenstown. The captain tells a different story to that narrated by some of his crew, who were rescued at sea and taken to New York. The captain says instead of being guilty of scuttling the ship as the men state, the sailors mutinied and left the ship with the captain and mate on board.

Persia's Divorce Laws.

In Persia, as in Turkey, if a husband wishes a divorce from his wife all he has to do is to order her out of the house. As a check up on the free use of this arbitrary proceeding, however, the Persians have constituted a very curious and ingenious custom. While the Mohammedan laws make it so easy for a husband to put away his wife, it secures to her all her own property. Under no consideration can the husband deprive the wife of her own property. As a precaution against divorce, then, the husband in the marriage contract is usually required to promise a considerable sum of money as a wedding gift to his bride. This money is not forthcoming at the wedding nor expected, but it is placed to the wife's credit as a debt owed to her by the husband. As in case of divorce this money would have to be paid over, the amount is usually made so large that it is virtually beyond the husband's means. In that case divorce to him would mean financial ruin; and as Persia's pocket is the most susceptible part about him, it follows that there is no divorce. Owing to this ingenious arrangement, although a mere angry order to be gone is a legal divorce, there are fewer divorces in Persia than in the United States.

A man is not to be known by how much money he has, but by what that money is worth to him. You must put your hand into a man's heart to find out how much he is worth, not into his pocket.

Some days seem to be characterized by some single sense. There are head-days, heart-days, there are eye-days and ear-days and promiscuous days, in which delicious sensations of pleasure at life in general predominate.

CHARON'S SECOND VISIT.

BY GEO. INGLIS.

[In the Græco-Roman mythology Charon was the ferryman who carried the souls of the dead across the river Styx. Each passenger paid an obolus, a small coin of about two cents value. Mercury or Hermes, among other duties, was the herald of Jupiter, and the conductor of the shades to the banks of the river Styx. The Greek writer, Lucian, who was born about 120 A. D., in one of his inimitable prose dialogues, represents Charon as coming up to earth for a day's holiday. Mercury finds him laughing because a tile had fallen from a roof and killed a man who had just accepted an invitation to dinner. Charon persuades Mercury to show him round. The mountains, Pelion, Ossa and Olympus are piled on one another, and from that vantage ground the two view the world of men and pass comments thereon. Such was Charon's first visit.]

Ho, there! Charon—glad to see you—shake old fellow—how d'ye do? Up again, to look about you and this world of men to view? Well! hew's business? hew's the ferry? Does the little obolus Clinking in his coffers, keep you all O K with Acheron? Did the shades in fearful chorus vex your philosophic mind? Weeping as they crossed the river for the joys they'd left behind? Se, agata did grim old Pluto grant the one poor boon you craved, Oe mere day's investigation why the shadows thus behaved. What! O'd Hiesar-Eyes! den't you know me? nor remember Maia's son? Mercury, who risked Jove's anger just to show you all the fun, Mercury the psychagogos nakreponpos spirit guide, Spirit driver, rather, cutwither to the sevenfold Stygian tide. Sea of Erebus, do give that grizzled beard of yours a pull. Jark year awragging wite together; den't stand staring like a fool. Chhak of Ossa on Olympus, Pelion on Ossa piled, In that far off golden spring time, and of me, trail Maia's child, Hew I sat alet beside you, showman of the wondrous show, Pointing downward and commenting on the mannikins below, He, ha, ha! Come! laugh my hearty, as you laughed that day of yore, When the tile so unexpected, hurled a shade to Pluto's shore. Well, by Jupiter, O Hermes, you've surprised me, no mistake, But I'm awful glad to see you, both for old acquaintance sake And because I'm badly rattled—shade with an asthmatic cough, Hardly more so things have altered since I had my last day off. You yourself, my little Hermes, you have changed like all the rest, Where's your cap, your golden sandals, where your staff with snaky crest? Has the Thunderer discharged you for some new audacious theft? Did you try to crib his eagle, or some bolt of mightiest left? Se you too, § from out Olympus did he kick off into air, And did you lose the bangles in the downward drop from there? O, my Hermes, do not leave me, 'tis your old companion begs, If you de, he's done for, really, just as sure as eggs are eggs— That's a phrase I once heard muttered by a nervous shade called Brown, When the boat was overcrowded and he thought we'd sure go down.

All things change, my simple Charon, worthless things and things of price, Tempora, you know, mutatur et mutatur in illis, Cloud-compelling Jove no longer shakes Olympus with his nod, As a deity, he's nowhere, a discredited old fraud, All these mildewed smug Colemanals, all but me, are long since dead, Lack of adaptation killed them, their environment had fled, Ox-eyed Hera, Aphrodite, glum Hephestus, pug-nosed Pan, Maid Minerva, damp Paeidon, wise Apollo, chaste Dian, All are gone, and yours, my Charon, yours the same untoward fate, If yourself to new conditions you cannot accommodate. I've done that. As things have altered, I have managed to progress, And Jove's herald now blooms radiant as a member of the Press. I fit in like ball and socket, like a bottle and its cork, I'm omniscience reporting for the *Hustler* of New York. So come on, my friend, I'm with you; bless you, yes, I'll see you through, "Buay!"—very; but, no matter, this will make an "interview," I'll just take and introduce you to old Benedict, our chief, Such a "scoop" as this will be will tickle him past all belief, But, my friend, as first essential, you must have a shave, and then A bath will make you sweeter, too, for intercourse with men. Yes, and then see, here's a tailor who will rig you out in style, For where worth goes but a furlong, good appearance goes a mile.

There, now, Charon, you look decent, neither eyes nor nose afflict, Have a soda, then we'll toddle ever and fad Benedict, After that we'll have some dinner, then I'll show you through the town, And then once more we'll go aloft and do some looking down.

You are otvil, Hermes—very; you give orders, I'll obey, All these modern improvements suit me aolely, I must say. Bat now, tell me—what's a "drummer?"—I have never understood, Yes, and by the bye, this also you must tell me—what's a "dude?" For one day I ferried ever shade with such outlandish tongue, That it swept across his shoulder, and right o'er the gunwale hung, Then his cheeks were just prodigious, and of quite a brassy hue, He said he'd been a drummer" and had carried oil and glue, He asked me if I'd ever seen the latest thing in boats, Which a friend of his had patented, one Jeremiah Oates; It had th' electric motor, was a levely kind of goods, And had lookers, where, if needful, I could pack away the "dudes." Now what's electric motor? What's a drummer? What are dudes?" At your leisure you can tell me if you've seen that kind of goods.

Certainly! with pleasure, Charon; not just now, though; later on. We've enough on hand at present; come away; we must be gone.

There! that's over; as I told you Benedict's tickled all to bits, This thing's bound to be the biggest of my manifold big hits. So in headlines will the *Hustler* blazen forth my Charon's name, Immortality conferring, deathless, honour fadeless fame. How would this sound, for example,—HERE FROM HADES—in bold type? Then, below, of somewhat smaller, less uncompromising stripe,—Great Pluto's Famous Ferryman, Old Charon, of the Styx, Has Come Earthward On A Jaunt From Tartarean Bailiwicks?— And now this tricycle we'll mount; touch this button; there we go— Driven by electric motor—sixty miles an hour is slow. Wait until we've cleared the city, then I'll let her out a bit, As a substitute for sandals, not so very bad, is it? Electricity! my Charon, that gives wings to modern feet. Viewless as winds, than chariot steeds of Helios* more fleet. Here we are, jump out and help me to inflate this small balloon, No need of mountains nowadays, nor of incantations' croon, There, all's ready, wait a minute, this machine of ours I'll hide, Now, step in, I let her go—thus upward, birdlike, slow we glide. And now we're high enough, I think, what do you say? will it do? If you can't see just quite clearly, try these glasses—how's the view? Why, my Hermes, this is splendid, all I could expect and more, This is ever so much nicer than the way we did before, I do so admire the motion, something quite unique; although If I wasn't used to boating, I'd feel sickish, don't you know; What a panorama, Hermes! what a grand, thrice glorious show! I don't wonder that the shadows hate just awfully to go. Mighty mountains! noble rivers! lakes!—like oceans *intra dig*, Really, friend, I had no notion that the world was half so big, But it's all so novel, Hermes, all quite new to me I vow, I have never I'm quite certain, seen this landscape until now.

No you never have, dear Charon; you ne'er said a thing more true, This, if wholly fresh no longer, is yet new enough to you, This is that great America, whereof you've doubtless heard From obliging shades some rumours in the regions which you guard. Look there where broad St. Lawrence rolls his burdens to the deep Past the Royal Mount's proud glory and Quebec's historic steep, There the mighty Mississippi labours southward to the sea, And northward there Mackenzie's undisturbed sublimity, While in the sunlight glinting there, like a band of burnished gold, You may see, far south, the Amazon's vast lineaments unfold, Then the lakes!—those giant mirrors, where the gods themselves might soan, Ontario—Superior—Huron—Erie—Michigan. Yes! on that landscape feast your eyes, thou boatman of the Styx, For Demosthenes of Athens ne'er saw nobler from the Panx. † Down yonder stately Hudson flows between pictorial shores, And there's far famed Niagara; just listen, how he roars!

L'ENVOI.

The Ferryman's impressions of "the Falls" will ne'er be known By the context what they "might have been" has possibly been shown— For something must have happened in those regions of the air, Mysteriously tragic—such things happen everywhere. The omniscient reporter was found dead on the sea shore. But of Charon to the *Hustler* cometh tidings nevermore.

—The Week.

* One of the three judges of Hades.
† The King of the lower world.
‡ A winged cap, winged sandals, and a staff with two serpents entwined about it, were Mercury's insignia of office.
§ Jove, in a fit of anger, once kicked Vulcan out of Olympus. He fell on the island of Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards.
* The God of the Sun.
† An Athenian place of popular assembly from which a splendid view of Grecian landscape and architecture could be had. Demosthenes in his orations against Phillip, took advantage of this to make strong appeals to the patriotism of the people.

A Street in Cairo.

A recent traveller in Egypt has called "the land of contrasts." The name is appropriate, for two civilizations are there side by side. The ruins of magnificent temples, built of stones quarried under the lash of the Pharaohs, wonderful statuary and the remains of edifices of unequalled grandeur, stand there in sharp contrast with the mean, almost squalid, erections of a race as incapable of appreciating the beauty of the ancient edifices as they are of constructing them. The traveler finds it difficult to realize, as he looks upon the people and the cities sunk in lazy indifference to all but the wants of the hour, that Egypt was once mighty among the ruling nations of the world. Especially in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, is the contrast conspicuous. There the imposing grandeur of the achievements of bygone generations in close proximity to the tawdry work of modern times, renders the latter still more contemptible.

The city of Cairo covers about three square miles and is surrounded by a wall, Ismail Pasha, the former Khedive, spent enormous sums in beautifying the city according to his notions. New streets were opened, gorgeous buildings were erected, and a system of gas mains laid down. Yet even these modern improvements could not make Cairo a modern city. The antipathies of race and religion existing among its people, rendered it unsafe to open the city to free intercourse. The quarters inhabited respectively by Christians, Jews, Turks, etc., are still separated by huge gates, at which a guard of soldiers is placed every night.

To get an idea of the city and surrounding country, as a whole, it is only necessary to ascend to the summit of the citadel, and it is then spread out before the spectator like a map. The following is a graphic description of the scene as described by Dr. James Ludlow: "That silver gleam winding down as our left is the Nile, whose source has been the geographical enigma of all centuries, whose annual overflow redeems from the desert a narrow ribbon of fertility, which has nourished the mightiest empires, and whose combined mysteries and beneficence drew men to worship it in one of the earliest and most influential religions of mankind."

Beyond the river, beneath the sands of the Libyan desert, lie the buried ruins of ancient Memphis, where the prostrate colossal statue of Rameses II., like some giant guard asleep at his post, has been on duty for three thousand years. A little to the north, and within an easy carriage drive of a morning, rise the great Pyramids, the largest and oldest works of man. So vast were they, that though they have been frequently used as quarries for palaces, fortifications and mosques, they are not from this distance visibly diminished. Around them are tombs and temples in which are buried the secrets of remotest antiquity, over which the Sphinx watches with his motionless lips.

On this side of the river lies the suburb known as Old Cairo, by many believed to be the Babylon mentioned in the first Epistle of Peter, and certainly that Babylon to which Strabo refers, and whose old Roman fort is still visible above the debris of two thousand years.

Directly before us as we look north from the citadel lies Cairo proper. The city was founded by the Fatomite princes in 969 A. D. The planet Mars, or Kuber, being then ascendant, they named the city El-Kaberah, from which the present pronunciation, Cairo, is derived. The forest of minarets and domes, houses and tombs, marks every generation since.

A natural division of the city would be into two sections, the one of the dead, the other of the living; for large districts of it are given up to tombs. Many of these are really memorial mosques, in which lie the bodies of the Caliphs and Mameluke princes. Her and there is a rich man's tomb, at the window of which is a running stream of water and a cup, that the thirsty may drink and bless the memory of the departed. Most of the tombs are unsightly slabs or plastered mounds, hardly distinguishable in color from the deep dust which, unlike our green grass, glares around them. These cemeteries are perfect Tophets of filth, the lair of mangy dogs and lepers' men. The city of the living is majestic from a distance, with its homes of nearly four hundred thousand people, and its four hundred mosques. But when we descend into it we find it compact, with as much equal and misery as can be found elsewhere within the same limits on the globe.

Milk and Butter Trees.

The rich and little-known vegetation of Upper Senegal and Upper Niger includes curious forest specimens, whose fruit or sap furnishes men with food products analogous to milk and butter. In the first place, we may mention a sort of oak called the karite. This tree bears fruit somewhat like that of the horse-chestnut tree, having a white, compact flesh. These nuts, dried in a furnace and then decorticated, are crushed and powdered, and the resulting pastry flour is put into cold water. This forms a white substance of buttery aspect, which rises to the surface of the liquid, and which, beaten and pressed, constitutes a sort of butter which the natives use as a food. Commander Gallieni, who has studied this substance and its production in situ, considers it very nourishing, and thinks that it might also be used in making soaps and candles analogous to those manufactured from paraffine.

In Venezuela, the karite has a vegetable competitor in a tree of another species, the tabuba. In this case, it is the abundant lacteous sap of the tree that is utilized. This is collected by the natives by simply making an incision in the bark. According to explorers, the milk of this tree is fatty, has an agreeable odor, and is nutritive. Perhaps the most remarkable of these milk trees is found in the forest of British Guiana. The pith and bark of this tree contain so large a quantity of sap that the least incision made in the surface caused the valuable liquid to flow. The natives hold it in high esteem as a food. This product, called yahya, not only resembles milk in appearance, but also in unctuousness and taste.

The provisional committee appointed to enquire into the advisability of building a ship canal between Liverpool and Birmingham has reported in favor of the project.

Critic—"The court painter, Borst, has been so overrun by the dealers that he has been obliged to institute a reception room." Artist—"That is nothing at all. The dealers run after me so many at once and fight so at the stairs each to get up first, that not one of them has yet to the top got."