

Friday granted an injunction from making away with the country the Davies & Atkinson, late Isaac Atkinson. As understood, Mrs. ... her claim ... outrix of ... was in ... Atkinson's ... entered ... the first ... receive ... services. ... and still ... He ... John ... the ... the ... 0,000, ... not ... find ... of ... there ... home. ... Carter ... car, recently ... ment has ... columns, left ... The car will ... it reaches ... ple order. ... operated with ... of native ... in small ... and tacked ... a shelf ... was ... bar ... of ... g of ... out ... us ... and ... some ... in general ... ind of a very ... in this line, as ... simply magnifi ... tive turnips and ... and the attention ... emblematic of the ... produced them. ... also tempted the ... beats, onions and ... in passive majesty ... all these pro ... arious experimental ... the C. P. R., and are ... es of the fertility ... hwest. Besides the ... o samples of clover, ... ts, pumpkins, citrons, ... flowers, corn, kohlrabi, ... s, cucumbers, grapes, ... from the Alberta mine, ... nnel Mountain and other ... P.R. samples of soil of ten ... poplar wood, willow, june ... ottonwood, birch, elm, bass ... spruce, black ash, thorn, ... rac, black poplar and ... xcellent collection from ... a prominent feature, ... well for that region. A ... photographic views of mountain ... tastefully framed, also helped ... the car very much. The car ... of Mr. W. A. Ducker, Superin ... of the C.P.R. Experimental Farms, ... W. D. Scott, of the Land Depart ... After leaving Detroit, it will visit ... the important points in Ontario, ... and the Maritime Provinces, and ... possibly take a run through the ... States. It carries a vast quantity ... literature descriptive of the Northwest, ... also about 50,000 small paper bags, in ... samples of grain will be placed and ... out where they will do most good. ... eg Free Press.

THE LANDSOWN

Description of the Grand Trunk's New Transfer Boat.

A Detroit despatch says: The Grand Trunk Company's new transfer boat, the Landsowne, is nearing completion. In the course of three or four weeks it is hoped she will be ready to go into commission. Her general outline resembles that of the Great Western. Her upper works are modelled after that craft. But the design of the hull of the Landsowne is different, being of three-fourths inch iron plates and designed expressly for keeping a passage clear in the ice. Her sheer is extreme, and as she is a double-ender equal speed can be made backward or forward. Her machinery and boilers are those used in the old Michigan. The machinery was thoroughly overhauled and tested before being placed in the Landsowne. The two engines have a combined strength of 900-horse power, which it is estimated will drive the vessel through the heaviest ice forming in the river. She has two low pressure condensing engines with 50-inch cylinder and nine feet stroke. The wheels are twenty-nine feet five inches in diameter, built of oak and sheathed with wrought iron. The whole space occupied by the two tracks is open, so that she will carry as little unnecessary weight as possible. On either side of the wheels are the officers' room and waiting-rooms, small but ample to meet all requirements. The pilot-houses are most substantially built, being elevated on a wooden frame-work and tied in with iron-work. They are connected with each other by a long gallery. The whole dimensions are 318 feet long, 41 feet beam, 72 feet over the guards, and depth of hold 15 feet. She draws seven feet of water on an even keel. The hull was erected by the Detroit Dock Company at Wyandotte, the duty on which amounted to \$13,000.

Baltimore is rejoicing in the fact that before many months it will have an elegant free public library. The Pratt library is finished.

Quartettes of drunken squaws now roam and howl in the streets of Carson, Nev., consoling the people of that town to some extent for the loss of their old pet, "Calamity Jane."

M. Duter has proved experimentally that the magnetism of flat steel magnets whose surfaces are their poles does not disappear when they are removed from the magnetic field.

A MICHIGIOTEN ROW.

Whiskey Dealers Defy the Law—Railway Officials Threatened—Policemen Shot—The Government to Put Down the Roga.

At the Central Pacific Railway depot at the mouth of the Michigioten River, north shore of Lake Superior, there have lately been serious riots, arising out of the illicit whiskey trade. All the country in which the Canadian Pacific is being constructed is placed under the Public Works Act. Wherever that Act is declared in force, the selling of drink becomes a punishable offence. Some whiskey sellers at Michigioten have been openly defying the law. On an attempt being made to suppress the traffic, the liquor sellers called in the assistance of a gang of roughs and whiskey peddlers from Peninsular Harbor, and by their assistance the Stipendiary Magistrate was set at defiance, but not until a serious riot had occurred, in which revolvers were freely used, and two of the constables were shot.

On the night of the 9th October several revolver shots were fired after dark in the neighborhood of the quarters occupied by the Ontario Magistrate, Captain Burden, and those of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, the agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway. No great importance was attached to the fact, but on the following day a notice was found posted in the neighborhood of the railway office threatening death to Mr. Macdonald, the agent, and to other parties supposed to be connected with him in the suppression of the whiskey traffic. The notice was signed "By order of the Vigilance Committee." On the evening of that day, about half-past 9 o'clock, the night being very dark and stormy, a simultaneous attack was made, by about thirty or thirty-five men, upon the quarters of the Magistrate and the headquarters of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Some two or three hundred shots from revolvers and Winchester rifles were directed into the building. Some of the shots passed through the windows and lodged in the logs at the back of the house occupied by the magistrate. Immediately afterwards an attack was made upon the look-up, the front door was forced open and three cell doors wrenched off. A prisoner confined for drunkenness was in one of the cells at the time. He cried out, asking to be released, that the people were going to shoot him. At about the same time three newly appointed constables who were on the alert, and who were obnoxious to the whiskey gang were shot at and two of them wounded, one in the hand seriously and the other in the eye. Notices were found placed in positions where they would be certain to be taken hold of, stating that the three newly appointed constables would be shot unless they cleared out by the next steamer leaving for the East.

On the following day a further demonstration was made. Another intimation was given to the Canadian Pacific Railway agent that unless he stopped his opposition to the whiskey traffic he would be shot. No confidence could be placed in any of the constables on the spot, and a large majority of the inhabitants, teamsters and others were in sympathy with these "Molly Maguires," as they call themselves, and even those who were not in sympathy with them were afraid to come forward and give evidence. As the authorities on the spot were unarmed it was deemed advisable that the Local Government should be appealed to. The facts were duly brought to the notice of the Local Government, and orders have been issued which will secure a vindication of the law. Mr. J. M. Hamilton, County Crown Attorney, Sault Ste. Marie, who is in Toronto, has received instructions forthwith to levy and transport an armed force of sufficient strength to overawe the lawless element.

THE QUEBEC EXPLOSIONS.

Conjectures as to the Cause of the Blow-ups—The Mysterious Strangers—The Precautions.

A Quebec despatch says: There are no new developments respecting the Parliament House explosions. The police are still following up their favorite theory that the four suspicious characters reported by the Levis boarding-house keeper, who is a Mrs. Honora Nolan, residing opposite the Quebec Central Railway station, were the true authors of the events on Saturday. They have also obtained their descriptions, the first being a tall, fair man, with moustache and imperial, dressed in black and aged about 36; the second, a stout, middle-size man, age about 40, with a black moustache and slightly crooked nose, and the third also of middle-size, about 28 or 30 years old, and fair. These three put up at Nolan's on the evening of the 2nd, and not the 5th, as stated yesterday. They had only a single carpet bag with them then, and were so short of body linen that when they wanted to change their shirts they had to wait until those on them were taken off and washed. They nevertheless appeared to have plenty of American money. They were joined on Wednesday evening last by a fourth in the person of a good-looking florid young man about 21 years old, wearing a soft black felt hat and black clothes. He it was who brought to Mrs. Nolan's the small black satchel which she found so surprisingly heavy. They were in the habit of paying for their meals after each repast and for their beds each morning. The Province buildings continue to be still guarded like a fortress, and none but employees are permitted to enter them unless they are well known. Military precautions are also still kept up.

A Victoria, B. C., despatch says one day last week Mrs. W. K. Lee discovered a bear swimming in the Columbia, and determined on its capture. The men folks were all away, but she summoned a posse, including the children, a boat, and the dog, and, armed with a butcher's knife, attempted to prevent a landing, while one of the children went after a neighbor who had a gun. The bear landed and showed fight. Mrs. Lee was treed once on a big rock, but gave chase again as the bear tried to make off. The bear turned on her again, and in retreating she tripped on a stick and went down, when the bear made a ferocious attack. She struck with the knife, and slashed it so severely on the nose that it went howling away long enough for her to regain her feet, and the dog attacking vigorously she made good her escape. About this time the man with the gun settled the contest.

A CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Dr. Tuke's Exposure of the Treatment of Quebec's Insane

EXTRAORDINARY REVELATIONS.

The following is an extract from the report of Dr. Tuke, the English expert, on his visit to Longue Point Asylum, Que.:

It is as we ascend the building that the character of the accommodation changes for the worse. The higher the ward, the more unmanageable is the patient supposed to be, the galleries and rooms become more and more crowded, and they look bare and comfortless. The patients were for the most part sitting listlessly on forms by the wall of the corridor, while others were pacing the open gallery, which must afford an acceptable escape from the dull monotony of the corridor.

In the fourth tier were placed the idiots and imbeciles—a melancholy sight necessarily, even when cared for and trained in the best possible manner, but especially so when there is no attempt made, so far as I could learn, to raise them to a higher level or educate them. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the condition of the patients confined in the gallery, in the roof, and in the basement of this asylum. They constitute the refractory class—acute and chronic maniacs. They and the accommodation which has so long been provided for them must be seen to be fully realized. I saw in the highest story, that in the roof, an ill-lighted corridor, in which 60 to 70 refractory men were crowded together; some were walking about, but most were sitting on benches against the wall or in chairs fixed to the floor, the occupants being secured to these restraint chairs by straps. Of those seated on the benches or pacing the gallery, a considerable number were restrained by handcuffs attached to a belt, some of the cuffs being the ordinary iron ones used for prisoners, the others being leather. Restraint, I should say in passing, was not confined to the so-called refractory wards; for instance, in a lower and quieter ward, a man was tightly secured by a strait-waistcoat. Dr. Howard had him released, and he did not evince any indications of violence. It was said he would tear his clothes, a serious matter in an asylum conducted on the contract system. The walls and floor of the corridor were absolutely bare. But if the condition of the corridor and the patients presented a melancholy sight, what can be said of the adjoining cells in which they sleep and are secluded by day? They are situated between the corridor and a narrow passage lighted by windows from the roof. Over each door is an opening the same length as the top of the door, and three to four inches in height, which can be closed or not, as the attendant wishes. This aperture is, when open, the only means of lighting the cell. The door is secured by a bolt above and below, and by a padlock in the middle. In the door itself is a *guichet*, or wicket, secured, when closed, by a button. When opened, a patient is just able to protrude the head. There is, as I have intimated, no window in the room, and when the aperture over the door is closed it is absolutely dark. For ventilation, there is an opening in the wall opposite the door, which communicates above with the cupola; but whatever communication may be with the outer air, the ventilation must be very imperfect. Indeed, I understand that the ventilation only comes into operation when the heating apparatus is in action. What the condition of these cells must be in hot weather, and after being occupied all night, and, in some instances, day and night, may be easily conceived. When the bolts of the door of the first cell which I saw opened were drawn back and the padlock removed, a man was seen crouching on a bed of straw rolled up in the corner of the room, a loose cloth at his feet, and he stark naked, rigorously restrained by handcuffs and belt. On being spoken to, he rose up, dazzled with the light, and looking pale and thin. The reason assigned for his seclusion and his manacles was the usual one, namely, "he would tear his clothes if free." The door being closed upon this unfortunate man, I heard sounds proceeding from neighboring cells, and saw some of their occupants. One who was deaf and dumb, as well as insane, and who is designated *l'homme inconnu*, was similarly manacled. In his cell there was not anything whatever for him to lie or sit upon but the bare floor. He was clothed. Some of the cells in this gallery were supplied with bedsteads, there being just room to stand between the wall and the bed. When there is no bedstead, a loose palliase is laid on the floor. In reply to my inquiry, the Mother Superior informed me that it was frequently necessary to strap the patients down in their beds at night.

Passing from this gallery, which I can only regard as a "chamber of horrors," we proceeded to the corresponding portion of the building on the female side. This was to me even more painful, for when, after seeing the women who were crowded together in the gallery, on benches, and in fixed chairs, many of whom were restrained by various mechanical appliances, we went into the narrow passage between the cells and the outer wall, the frantic yells of the patients and the banging against the doors constituted a veritable pandemonium. The effect was heightened when the *guichets* in the doors were unbuttoned, and the heads of the inmates were protruded in a row, like so many beasts, as far as they could reach. Into this human menagerie, what ray of hope can ever enter? In one of the wards of the asylum I observed on the walls a card, on which were inscribed words to the effect that in Divine Providence alone were men to take their hopes. The words seemed to me like cruel irony. I should, indeed, regard the Angel of Death as the most merciful visitant these wretched beings could possibly welcome. The bolts and locks were removed in a few instances, and some of the women were seen to be confined by leather muffs, solitary confinement not being sufficient. One of the best arguments in favor of restraint by camisole or muff is that the patient can walk about and need not be shut up in a room, but we see here, as is often seen, that unnecessary mechanical restraint does not prevent recourse being had to seclusion. A cell, darkness, partial or total, a stifling atmosphere, utter absence of any humanizing influence, absolute want of treatment are but too often the

attendants upon the handcuff, instead of being dispensed with by their employment. With such a condition of things as that now described is witnessed, one cannot help appreciating, more than one has ever done before, the blessed reform in the treating of the insane which was commenced in England and France in 1792, and the subsequent labors of Hill, Charlesworth and Connolly. But it is amazing to reflect that although the superiority of the humane mode of treating the insane, inaugurated nearly a century ago, has been again and again demonstrated, and has been widely adopted throughout the civilized world, a colony of England, so remarkable for its progress and intelligence as Canada, can present such a spectacle as that I have so inadequately described as existing in the year of grace 1884, in the Montreal asylum.

Before leaving the asylum I visited the basement, and found some seventy men and as many women in dark, low rooms. Their condition was very similar to that already described as existing in the topmost ward. A good many were restrained in one way or another, for what reason it was difficult to understand. Many were weak-minded, as well as supposed to be excitable. The patients sat on benches by the wall, the rooms being bare and dismal. A large number of beds were crowded together in a part of the basement contiguous with the room in which the patients were congregated, while there were single rooms or cells in which patients were secluded, to whom I spoke through the door. The herding together of these patients is pitiful to behold, and the condition of this nether region in the night must be bad in the extreme. I need not describe the separate rooms, as they are similar to those in the roof. The amount of restraint and seclusion resorted to is of course large. Yet I was informed that it was very much less than formerly.

AN ELECTION TRAGEDY.

Murder in a Republican Wisconsin Procession—The Murderer Lynched—An Exciting Scene.

A last (Thursday) night's Lacrosse (Wis.) despatch says: F. A. Burton, President of the Blaine-Logan Club, was shot dead this evening by a character known as "Scotty" while the Republican procession was forming. The murderer was arrested and hurried off to jail, followed by a hundred men in uniform carrying torches and shouting, "Lynch him." The Chief of Police and a posse barricaded the jail doors and prevented violence. The murderer advanced from the crowd to within a few feet of his victim and fired the first bullet into his back. Burton fell to the pavement, and "Scotty" emptied the revolver, firing six shots into Burton's body and head. He then threw the revolver at the victim and gave him a kick. All this was done in a moment, before any one could realize what happened. The motive of the murder is unknown. Burton was managing the campaign in this section. A mob of Blaine-Logan torch-bearers and citizens surrounded the jail and demanded possession of "Scotty." This was refused. The mob then procured cold chisels, forced open the doors, put a rope around his neck, and lynched him at 10.45 p. m.

When everything was prepared the murderer was asked to make a statement. He declined to state anything, except that he was the man who shot Burton. At this juncture the cry went round, "Pull him!" "Hang him!" "Don't let him live a minute longer!" The mob seized the rope and made a strong pull, but the ruffian freed his hands, and the rope broke before he was raised from ground. In five minutes a new rope was thrown over the heads of the crowd and fell within a few feet of the executioner. This was adjusted, his hands and arms were firmly tied, and in another moment he was hanging in the air with his face closely pressed against the limb of a tree and the terrible tragedy was over. The body of the doomed man was left hanging only a few minutes when it was taken down lifeless and left in charge of the sheriff, who will see the remains interred. Between 9 and 10 bells rang out an alarm which was made general, and this, added to the steady roll of voices from the direction of the Court House, made the night one of awful features. The body of Burton was removed home during the evening. One bullet passed through the head, two through the lungs and two into the abdomen, any one of which would have been fatal.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

The officers were unable to stay the mob, who refused to listen to arguments. From 9 to 10 the Court-House square presented a scene that begged description. The mob increased in numbers until the entire space on three sides of the jail was a dense mass of humanity, demanding that the murderer be hung. The torches of the men flared above the sea of heads, and the white plumes moved resolutely about the square. The best citizens were present and watched the painful scene with blanched faces, but with no expression of sympathy.

An Elopement's End.

A last Sunday night's Detroit despatch says: Ernest Dupont and Mrs. Herouet, the Montreal elopers, yesterday came up in court to answer the charge of simple larceny of Florent Herouet's watch, bed clothes, fur cap and overcoat. Dupont stated that he was not aware Mrs. Herouet had the things in her trunk when they left, and when she showed them to him he thought her husband had given them to her. He also stated that he had left the house before he had known he was going off with Mrs. Herouet. The woman had met him on the street and asked him to go with her. Mr. Herouet's testimony showed that the elopement had been settled and Dupont's ticket bought before he left the house. Justice Miner held Dupont guilty of larceny and sentenced him to three months in the house of correction. Mr. Herouet then declared his willingness to forgive Mrs. Herouet and the justice suspended sentence in her case. The husband and wife left the court together.

The total superficies of the seas in the world is 231,915,905 square miles, while that of all the continents and islands is only 34,354,950 square miles.

Dyspepsia, liver complaint and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.