

OTTAWA'S WELCOME

To the New Governor-General—His Reply.

A last (Thursday) night's Ottawa despatch says: The City Corporation presented an address to the Governor-General this afternoon at Government House. Lord and Lady Lansdowne received the City Council in the drawing-room, and after the presentations were made Mayor St. Jean read the address, to which His Excellency replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to thank you for the manner in which you have been good enough to welcome my accession to the high office which it has pleased Her Majesty to commit to my charge. To represent the sovereign of these realms in so magnificent a portion of her empire is a distinction which may well be coveted by any of her subjects, and upon which I can readily understand that you should offer me your congratulations. And, sir, as you have pointed out in your address, it is my good fortune to assume the duties of Governor-General at a moment when, in point of the material prosperity and of the moral contentment exhibited by the people of this country, as well as in regard to the brilliant prospect offered by her future, the position of the Dominion of Canada never was more satisfactory or better assured. Mr. Mayor, you are, I believe, justified in attributing these happy results to the wisely-framed political institutions which, without in any degree weakening the alliance of the Mother Country and the colony, have afforded the freest scope for those qualities of national enterprise and self-reliance for which the people of Canada have been conspicuous. You have found, sir, in the appointment of a new Governor-General, an opportunity of renewing the expression of your loyalty and attachment to the gracious Sovereign under whose rule the consolidation of the Dominion has been effected with such admirable results both to its political and its material development. Of that opportunity, gentlemen, you have availed yourself, in spite of the fact that at the present time your thoughts must be occupied with the great loss which you have sustained in the retirement of my predecessor, whose unremitting attention to your interests and whose careful study of the affairs of the Dominion have earned for him so large a share of your respect and affection. Of myself you have spoken in terms far too generous and indulgent. The warmth of your reception, the numerous manifestations of hospitality which were exhibited on our arrival on Monday, and all along our route through the broad streets of your town, through your spacious suburbs, and past the stately buildings of your Legislature, have touched us deeply. They are a convincing proof that the citizens of the national capital are ready to give me credit for a sincere desire to devote my best energies to their service, and that they will extend their confidence to me until I have shown myself to be unworthy of it. One word more: I am reminded by the concluding passage of your address that this compliment has been paid to me by a body in whose members I recognize not only the municipal representatives of the capital, but the neighbors who will during the next few years of my life surround me in my Canadian home. Let me express the pleasure with which, at a moment when I have had to sever my cherished associations in my own country, I have heard from the lips of the Chief Magistrate of Ottawa the expression of a desire that not only the Governor-General but Lady Lansdowne and our family may find, I will use your own words, for I can find none nearly so appropriate "at home" and "happy in your midst."

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

Exciting Scene in a Cincinnati School.
A last (Tuesday) night's Cincinnati, O., despatch says: Yesterday morning a thrilling accident and panic occurred at Father Robert Doyle's parochial school on Clark street. The school contains about 250 pupils, ranging from 5 to 16 years, and is presided over by Father Doyle, assisted by a number of Sisters of Mercy as teachers. While the girls were reciting their morning lessons little Maggie McCole, 6 years of age, daughter of Martin McCole, waterworks employee, residing at 231 Court street, went to a stove in front of the room on the first floor to dry her slate. There was a rousing fire and the stove door stood wide open. The draft drew her light calico skirt into the blaze. Like lightning it caught, and she was enveloped in flames. She screamed and ran hither and thither in the room. The children throughout the building raised their voices in cries of fire and for help, and rushed through the narrow doors and down the steep stairways for the entrance on Clark street. There they ran down the steep steps to the street a struggling mass of humanity, their little faces rigid with fright. In the meantime the little girl who was burning had found the door of the school room and ran madly along the hall-way toward the front door. As she ran the flames streamed out behind her, and her shrieks were heartrending. One of the Sisters of Mercy had presence of mind enough to snatch a door-mat and follow her. Just as the burning child reached the doorway a Sister caught her and threw the door-mat about her shrinking form. Several men who were passing ran to the rescue, and coats were thrown around the child, smothering the flames. Some one cried, "Tear her clothes off." Portions of her burned garments were rent from her, and her quivering, blistered back was disclosed to view, but the fire was out. The physicians say that Maggie McCole cannot live. In the excitement and rush many scholars were severely injured, and, considering everything, they had a miraculous escape from a terrible fate.

A Celebrated Sheep-Owner.

Mr. T. Wilkinson, of Renton Station, near Hamilton, a celebrated breeder of Southdown sheep, visited this city on Tuesday and disposed of two sheep from imported stock to Dr. Coleman. These took first prize at Hamilton this year and are excellent animals. Mr. W. R. Vandervoort also purchased from Mr. Wilkinson a Berkshire pig, and Messrs. Britton and Geary two of the same class.—Belleville Intelligencer.

—Many women in Russia now work a painting china.

TANNING HUMAN HIDES.

Startling Revelations by a Workman.

A Boston (Mass.) telegram says: Chas. T. Chance, of Somerville, a courier, testified this afternoon before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor that he had had a prominent part in organizing the Curriers' Union, and was black-listed, so he has since had great difficulty in finding work. His reputation for veracity is unimpeachable. He was asked by Senator Blair if he had anything else to say. "Well, sir," said he, "the men complain somewhat about this human hide business—the tanning of human hides."

"Why, you do not mean to say," asked Senator Blair, "that this has been done to any great extent?" "Yes, sir; I do, and of my own personal knowledge I saw hides myself as much as five or six years ago; heard of them eleven years ago, and know men who heard of them eighteen years ago. Three or four months ago it was stopped. I have seen several whole hides of women that had been tanned. They were perfect, and looked as natural as life. I have seen them at Muller's tannery in Cambridge, the last one about a year ago."

"Do you know any one else who saw these hides?" "Yes. Dan McDermott, of Somerville, saw one; also a man named Worster, of Somerville. McDermott cut a small piece off and carried it in his pocket for two years. It is also done in Woburn. There are plenty of men who could tell all about this, but they don't dare to."

ALMOST BURIED ALIVE.

A Young Lady Comes to Life After Four Days of Supposed Death.

A Black River Falls (Wis.) telegram says: The sensation of to-day is the return to life of a young lady who, to all appearances, had been dead three days. Miss Lena Richman, daughter of a wealthy German, had been sick for some weeks, and died, as was supposed. The body was prepared for burial. There were fears in the minds of some that the appearance of the young lady's face did not indicate death, but on the fourth day the funeral was held. While the ceremony was in progress Dr. Baxter, of Milwaukee, seeing the face of the supposed corpse, asked that the service might be interrupted long enough for him to attempt resuscitation. This was done, and he succeeded so well that the woman arose from the coffin with a terrible shriek. The scene which followed was highly exciting. Men turned pale with horror, and women fainted. It was a long time before anything like quiet was restored. Yesterday many called to see and congratulate the lady, whom they never thought to see again in this world. She says that while in a trance-like condition she realized with unspeakable agony that she was being prepared for the ground, but could do nothing.

A DASTARDLY TRICK.

Attempt to Founders a Vessel by Boring Holes in the Bottom.

A Detroit telegram says: The Chicago-Times says the Canadian schooner Bangalore, which wet a large portion of her cargo on her trip to this port, was placed in the dry-dock to have the leaks stopped. Her captain concluded to inspect her himself. Imagine his surprise when he made the discovery that there were half a dozen auger holes in the Bangalore's bottom, evidently driven from above. The auger used was a very small one, else the vessel would undoubtedly have foundered on the trip up. As it is, her escape is a very narrow one. It is not known where or when the holes were bored. It is evident that he plugged the holes up after boring them, just about tightly enough for them to work out when the vessel was rolling in the sea-way. There is but little room to doubt that it was a deliberate attempt to founders the craft. The Bangalore is owned by A. Gunn & Co., of Kingston, and valued at \$11,000. It will take about two days to complete her repairs, when she will load corn for Kingston.

FROM AFFLUENCE TO WORK.

A Former Wealthy Society Lady of Chicago Clerking in a New York Store.

Mrs. Herbert C. Ayer, until recently a leader in north side society, is now engaged as a saleslady in the store of Sypher & Co., bric-a-brac dealers, in New York city. Her husband failed for a large amount in Chicago last winter. After the failure Mrs. Ayer took her furniture and the remnants of the collection of curios and antiques, valued at \$40,000, which she had purchased at different times of Sypher & Co., of New York, and furnished the house 120 West 13th street, which she has just rented to Mrs. Langtry. Mrs. Ayer and her two daughters are stopping at the Colonnade. She says several large firms, knowing she was a connoisseur in the line of bric-a-brac, offered her an interest to come with them, but she decided to accept Mr. Sypher's offer. She is to travel in Europe to make purchases, and is allowed many other privileges. Still she says it is pretty hard for a woman of fashion, who for fifteen years never breakfasted out of her room, to be obliged to arise early every morning at 6 o'clock. Mrs. Ayer's father was the eighth white voter of Chicago, and her uncle, Gurdon S. Hubbard, is the oldest settler here. Mr. Ayer is in California, looking after the remains of his financial wreck.—Chicago News.

Liquor Drinking in the Old Country.

The September report of the English Commissioners of Inland revenue shows in England during the year ending last March the revenue from excise duties on spirits decreased £62,296, and upon beer £130,451. The quantity of spirits consumed as a beverage decreased in England by 294,270 gallons, and in Scotland by 46,254 gallons; but in Ireland there was an increase of 245,667 gallons; thus the net decrease for the United Kingdom was 91,857 gallons. The Commissioners remark: "There cannot be any doubt that in some localities the spread of temperance principles has already caused a marked diminution in the consumption of intoxicating liquors, and the tendency is still increasing. On the other hand, it is remarkable to find in Ireland, in spite of a decrease of population an increased consumption of 245,667 gallons."

MURDERS IN ONTARIO.

Two Sandwich Criminals Sentenced to be Hanged—The Judge's Influence Changes a Verdict of Murder.

Charles Andrews, alias Morgan, was indicted before Mr. Justice Galt at Toronto Assizes Friday, on the charge of murdering James Maroney on the night of the 7th of August. Mr. Britton, Q. C., appeared for the Crown, and Messrs. McMichael, Q. C., and Neville for the defence. The Judge proceeded to sum up, his observations leaning towards a conviction for manslaughter.

The jury retired at 8.30. There was a buzz throughout the crowded court room. The prisoner sat in the dock dressed in the same mixed grey suit that he wore on the night of the murder. He was clean shaven, his hair was carefully combed and a newly-ironed shirt and collar finished off his toilet. He wore a pair of eye-glasses, and during the whole trial never removed his eye (he is blind of one) from the witnesses while being examined, counsel while speaking, or the jury. He never moved a muscle or displayed the slightest emotion.

At 4.55 the jury came into court. Clerk Nichol asked them if they had agreed on a verdict. The foreman, W. J. Bryan, arose and said: "Yes; we find the prisoner guilty of murder, with a recommendation to mercy."

Judge Galt immediately replied, "Gentlemen, I cannot accept this verdict; you must retire and reconsider it."

Mr. Britton—My lord, I move— Judge Galt—No, Mr. Britton; you have nothing to do with it. I will do the moving. The Judge then informed the jury that if their recommendation to mercy was tantamount to a doubt as to malice, they should retire and return with a verdict of manslaughter.

Juryman Hugh Cooper then arose and said that there had been a serious doubt with many of them as to the presence of malice. He also said that they thought that the recommendation to mercy would cover this doubt.

Judge Galt—Just so, gentlemen. I thought there was a doubt in your minds. He then proceeded to charge them again and laid down the law of murder and manslaughter. He said if they persisted in their verdict he would not pass sentence until he had consulted his brother judges.

The jury retired once more and after an absence of half an hour came into court with a verdict of manslaughter.

At Sandwich (Essex) Assizes Friday, Henry Russell Greenwood and Harry Harding, who were on the previous day convicted of murdering William Maher, were brought up to receive sentence. When asked what they had to say, Greenwood denied drugging the deceased or having any intention to murder him or cause his death; that on the contrary, he took him to the house of Williamson, where he left him in perfect health. He said he must have been subjected to exposure after being left there, which he understood was the case. He denied having any intention to rob the deceased, but said he received the \$50 from Maher, who paid it to him in an hotel where they stopped. He said he did not deny but that the money was obtained under false pretences. Harding said but very little. He denied having any intention to murder Maher. His Lordship said the evidence fully warranted the jury in finding them guilty, but he could not say what action the Executive might take in considering the case upon any application that might be made by the prisoners. He then sentenced them both to be hanged on the 12th of December next.

SULPHURIC ACID, NOT WHISKEY.

Two Navies Poisoned.

A Barrie despatch says: Mr. Church, a contractor, arrived here on Tuesday from Algoma Mills and reports that a doctor in the employ of the C. P. R. was removed from Spanish River to Algoma Mills. He packed his effects on the propeller Eclipse, and the boat duly arrived at the mills. A presentation was there made to the captain of the Eclipse, and while the company were all absent a watchman on a dredge and three others boarded the boat. They searched the doctor's effects and found a bottle labelled "lime juice." The men thought they had captured some liquor and proceeded to drink the contents of the bottle. Too late it was discovered that they had been drinking sulphuric acid, and in a short time the watchman paid the penalty of his rashness by death. His companions were not expected to live when Mr. Church left, and were enduring the most terrible tortments.

A FAT GIRL'S DEATH.

The 517-Pound Wife of a Few Weeks Dead.

A Baltimore telegram says: Mrs. David Moses, formerly Miss Blanche Gray, of Detroit, married a few weeks ago in the Bowery Museum, New York, was found dead in bed in her boarding-house this morning. She was passing her honeymoon at the Dime Museum in this city, but the past two weeks was much indisposed. She was aged 17, and weighed 517 pounds. Death is supposed to have been caused by fatty degeneration of the heart.

Latest from Ireland.

Ireland has 31 savings banks, 12,161 accounts, with £2,082,413 due to depositors. Mr. Clarke, stationmaster at Ballybrack, has after thirty years' faithful service, retired on a pension.

At the Athlone Quarter Sessions Mr. Gerald Dillon was elected High Constable for the barony of Moycarron. Inspector Mallon, who distinguished himself in the Phoenix Park murder investigation, is to be made Chief Superintendent of the Dublin police.

Mr. Richard Donovan died in Cork recently at the age of 86 years. For the greater part of his life he held the office of Crown Solicitor for Cork.

An analysis of the contributions to the Parnell National Fund shows that the four Irish Provinces have subscribed as follows: Leinster, £10,398; Munster, £9,378; Ulster, £2,251, and Connaught, £1,068. America has contributed £2,379, England £773 and Scotland £179. Subscriptions from Australia and India amount to £615

Mgr. Capel has discovered that if you take a lamp into the dark it only makes the dark more intense. The gas company in which he has taken stock is not mentioned.

A DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

A Pitiful Story Told in Court by a Young Girl Charged with Bigamy.

A scene of dramatic interest occurred in Judge Freeman's Court, in Erie, Pa., on Thursday, when Miss Hauck, a young and handsome woman, was placed on trial for bigamy. Both husbands were present, the latest, an elderly man, old enough to be her father, and the first one a young man about her own age. The accused made no denial of her crime, but asked he judge to listen to her sad story. Permission being given, she proceeded:

"I am only 22 years old, but I have passed through the experience of many twice my age. I am a poor, ill-used, victimized girl, and God will judge between me and my accuser, that man over there, Albert Slingerly, the destroyer of my youthful happiness. I was only 19 when we met, and he professed so much love for me that I married him. On the morning that we left our village church I was the happiest girl in McKean township, and thought a life of happiness was before me. In less than two weeks I was undeceived. Mr. Slingerly is a Spaniard by descent, and has inherited all the fierce jealousy and fiery disposition of that people. Our honeymoon was not a week old before I was smarting from a blow he gave me—not a heavy blow, your honor, but a blow, and it hurt me more here than on my arm (pointing to her heart). In less than a year he drove me forth with a babe in my arms—drove me out in the cruel winter to face a heartless world—me and my child. We fared badly, judge, for people distrust a girl that is separated from her husband. We suffered so much that, for my child's sake, I went back to him and pleaded with him to protect me from want. The sight of the child seemed to soften him and he concluded to give us shelter one more—shelter for me and the baby. God knows I was a good and faithful wife to him, but his fearful jealousy made life unendurable. Once more he drove us away. Baby was a year old, but there was one unborn and in this condition, a condition that would excite sympathy even in the brute creation, I was driven forth again, judge. Thank God, the second babe never drew the breath of life. Another interval of misery, and again I found myself beneath his roof. He had come for me without solicitation. That was five months ago. The old life of misery began again, and when I could no longer bear it and live, I escaped from him and swore that I and my child should die of starvation before we would go back again. I found a haven of rest at the farm of the good man (pointing to the elderly person, Farmer Hauck, charged with marrying her, knowing her to have a husband living). He heard my story, and he pitied me. He was old enough to be my father, but he was kind and gentle to me and my baby, and when he asked me to marry him I said 'Yes' as thankfully and as gratefully as could any girl when offered heaven in exchange for hell. I don't wish you to believe I was madly in love with him. I was not. I honored him; he was my friend, and God only knows how greatly I needed friends. I married him, and the only sorrow I have is that by doing so I have placed him in a criminal light and caused him the suffering of arrest. We were married three weeks ago, and I have lived a paradise in that time compared with the life I led with my husband over there. I wanted a home, judge, and some one that I could look to for a kind word, and I found it here." She took her second husband's hands in hers and bowed her head upon them.

During the recital of her story many of the spectators were moved to tears, and even the experienced members of the bar turned their heads to hide their emotion. "Mr. Slingerly, do you hear this?" asked Col. Charles M. Lynch, attorney for the accused.

"I hear it all, but I don't intend to let her off," was the sullen reply. "She is false, and I will punish her."

"Coward! scoundrel!" shouted the second and unlawful husband.

"Have you no spark of humanity in your heart, sir?" said Col. Lynch. "Can you listen to her story unmoved?" "She shall go to State's prison. The law fixes two years for bigamy, and I will send her there."

"Great God, what a black heart he has!" exclaimed Mrs. Hauck. "Gentlemen, he knows he is the father of a babe that will soon be born, and he wants to send mother and child to the penitentiary."

"Is this true, man?" yelled the woman's counsel.

"Like enough it is; but that is no crime for me. I am her husband, and the child is lawfully begotten. [She deserves the State's prison, and she shall go.]"

"I would rather be in State's prison than live with that fiend again," retorted Mrs. Hauck. "There, at least, they treat a woman as a woman. I shall not be beaten and terrified with revolvers."

"Stop! Do you say this man has beaten you and threatened to shoot you?"

"Aye, has he, a hundred times, sir. I never knew the moment that I did not dread death from his hands when in his fits of jealousy. And many a time, sir—"

"Wait." The attorney was rapidly filling a sheet of legal cap. When he had finished he arose and handed it to the court.

"Swear Mrs. Hauck to this information, sir, and issue your warrant for the arrest of this relentless monster. This woman shall have justice if I have to spend every cent I am worth," said her counsel.

Mrs. Hauck made the required oath, the alderman lost not a moment in filling out a warrant, and passing it to a constable that functionary hastened to arrest the man who thirsted to send his wife and unborn child to the penitentiary. Upon the woman's own confession, as made in her story, there was no alternative but to bind her over to court. An immediate hearing was demanded in the case against Slingerly and in ten minutes he was on his way to jail, there to await trial for threatening his wife's life.

The Building Record.

During the past year Winnipeg has built to the extent of \$2,245,300. This includes new Government buildings and civic buildings, fine churches and opera houses, and extensive railway shops. Guelph this year has spent \$160,000 on new buildings.

Mr. W. Fitzpatrick, brother of the celebrated English beauty, Mrs. Cornwallis West, is a member of Mrs. Langtry's company.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Skunks as Pets—A New Electric Engine—Strange Experiments With Liquid Carbonic Acid Gas.

"Skunks when young make very pretty pets," says Dr. Clinton H. Merriam in his description of the vertebrates of the Adirondack regions: "they are attractive in appearance, gentle in disposition, interesting in manners and cleanly in habits—rare qualities indeed! They are playful, sometimes mischievous and manifest considerable affection for those who have the care of them. I have had at different times ten live skunks in confinement. They were all quite young when first taken, measuring from 4 to 7 inches in length; two were so young that they had to be brought up on milk, the others ate meat and insects from the start. From some of these I removed the scent bags, but the greater number were left in a state of nature. None ever emitted any odor. These same skunks would climb up my legs and get into my arms; they liked to be caressed and never offered to bite. If accustomed to the presence of a number of people they are familiar and friendly towards all, while if kept where they habitually see but one or two persons, they will not permit a stranger to touch them."

A new two-horse power electric engine is on exhibition in New York. It has a piston movement, and its inventor claims it is the first of that movement which has been manufactured in this country. The engine is supplied from a battery and consists of four electro-magnets, two on each side, with armatures of permanent magnets. While one attracts another repels, giving the piston movement of the common steam engine, and the little engine is similar to this in the remainder of its mechanism. The two-horse power engine will revolve from 600 to 1,000 times a minute. It costs \$150, and the electricity of a storage battery to run it a day of twelve hours is estimated to cost fifty cents. The inventor will at once test the machine on church organs, steam yachts and printing presses. He hopes in time to adapt it to road carriages, and believes that cars can be run by it for fifty cents a day.

The crop of raisins produced in the Malaga district alone from the vintage of 1890 and 1891 has been estimated at between 2,000,000 and 2,050,000 boxes of 22 pounds each. The great university of Cairo, which has 5,000 students and practically includes all the faculties, except medicine, was founded by a Greek officer of the Fatimite caliphate, A. D., 969 to 970. The total length of navigable rivers in European Russia has been determined to be about 45,000 miles. The smallness of these figures for that vast territory is due to the dryness of the climate. In Namaqua land, South Africa, no rain has fallen since August 15th, 1891, and plants and animals and men are dying of drought and starvation. Wheat and seeds have been sent by the Cape Colony, and a relief committee has been formed. M. Marchard, having repeated with water some of the experiments which Prof. Tindall has performed on the air, declares that there is no really clear water in existence. Filling a bottle with the liquid, he covered it with black paper and pierced in the paper two holes at opposite points. Looking through the holes at the light, the dust-particles floating in the water were made plainly visible. They were transparent, very minute and elastic enough to pass through the closest filters.

A curious application is made of liquid carbonic acid gas at Krupp's foundry in Essen, Germany. The cannon made there are bound with rings, which are put on in nearly the same manner as the tires are put on wagon wheels, that is, they are heated very hot and driven on over the cold cannon, so that when they cool they hold it very tight. Sometimes it is desirable to get the rings off. This is done by freezing the cannon by means of the evaporation of liquid carbonic acid, when they contract and leave the rings loose. The French journal La Production calls the operation "a formidably neat one and of really Herculean elegance."

BELLIGERENT BARRISTERS.

Lively Scene in a London, Ont., Court
When the adjourned case of larceny against Charles Curphey and James Navan was called at yesterday's Police Court, in London, Acting County Crown Attorney McKillop asked a moment's delay in order to speak to a witness before putting him in the box.

R. M. Meredith (for the defence)—Now, this is really too bad, submitting to such delays day after day. Cannot my learned friend get all he wants out of the witness by putting him in the box?
Mr. McKillop—I presume I can consult the witness without any impertinent remarks on your part.
Mr. Meredith—I will not allow any impertinence to come from you. If you do, I will—
Mr. McKillop—Will what?
Mr. Meredith—Punish you. (Sensation.)
Mr. McKillop—Yes, I know you are profane at that sort of thing. (Laughter.)
The Police Magistrate (interposing)—Now, Mr. Meredith, I must stop this sort of thing.
Mr. Meredith—But he charges me with impertinence.
The Magistrate—You began it by the first remark.
Mr. Meredith—I objected to the delays. Surely the County Crown Attorney can—
The Magistrate (decisively)—Now, Mr. Meredith, that is not the point, and we must get along without this work.
The little legal ripple then disappeared from the surface of the court.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS—Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

A Dastardly Prank.

At Toronto on Tuesday Sidney Hunt gave David Davidson a pipe to light, filled with gunpowder. The result was an explosion and fearful injuries to Davidson's face. He was in such a low condition yesterday from the shock to his nervous system, that his ante-mortem statement was taken by a Justice of Peace. The doctor states that if he recovers he will be blind for life. Hunt has been committed for trial. Both Hunt and Davidson are about 17 years of age.