

Continued from second page.
late guests are, who will also be their supper! They will scarcely arrive here dryshod; if they see me standing without, that will be an excuse for them not to enter. They will merely beckon me up to the cliff, and beckoning will not serve my turn; therefore, I shall stay within here—Come, Mr. Crab, thou art so very large, that I have a desire to kill thee."
This he said as one of the creatures stretched a mail arm from under a huge rock (for with great rocks, bearded with trailing weed, the sand was strewn), and then withdrew it suddenly, as though its hard projecting eye had seen some danger. "Come, friends, come out of thy hole."
(To be continued.)

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Settings on Late Inventions and Discoveries.

Charcoal deepens the tint of dahlias, hyacinths and petunias.
Cocoa beans possess twice as much nitrogen as grain, and therefore chocolate furnishes much nutriment.
Granite begins to yield at a temperature between 700 and 800, sandstones show greater power of endurance, massive limestones still greater and marble the greatest. Conglomerates are among the weakest stones.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

The average life of an English gold sovereign is about 18 years—that is, the coin loses three-quarters of a grain in weight in about that length of time. It then ceases to be legal tender. It is said that of the £100,000,000 of British gold coinage 40 per cent. is worn down below the legal weight.

M. H. Toussaint (*Comptes Rendus*) finds that no contagious malady possesses a greater virulence than tuberculosis, the virus resisting and preserving its efficacy at temperatures which destroy the bacteria of the splenic fever. The infection takes place as easily by ingestion as by inoculation.

There is no ivory waste. Even the powder is sold for making jelly. It is said that one leading outlery firm in Sheffield made a calculation that to supply themselves with the ivory needed for their business they needed 1,280 elephants every year, and that even with this number, the tusks were each estimated to weigh 28½ pounds.

M. Muybridge has been showing Professor Marey, in Paris, some new photographic wonders. He is now able to take a photograph in 1-100th of a second. During a clown's leap he obtained six photographs, showing different positions. By means of an improved zoetrope, he projects such figures on a screen, so exhibiting a clown in his somersaults, a horse at gallop, a hare coursing, and even birds in flight, etc.

M. d'Arsonville, in the *Revue Scientifique*, is very sanguine about the future of electricity. He says that it will supersede all the motive powers by man and surpass them in every way, and he promises to prove in an early article that, whatever natural force may be employed, it is electricity alone which can store and transport it to any distance in a practical and economical manner.

In England sea-sand is found to be very valuable as a fertilizer. In Cornwall, where it has been used, sheep have not suffered from the fluke and other diseases as they have done elsewhere. The best crop of potatoes is grown in sand soils. For wheat land sea-sand is a very valuable manure, the grain ripening twelve days earlier than with any other manure. Many other crops have also been benefited by its application.

How photography of colors may be accomplished by dyeing layers of coagulated albumen was explained to the French Academy of Science by M. C. Cros and J. Carpentier. They submitted two photographic proofs of a painting in water colors along with the original, showing the exact reproduction of the details and colors. Three photographs of the original were taken—one through a liquid orange screen, third through a liquid green screen, and another through a liquid violet screen. For the image obtained through the first screen a red color bath was employed; for that produced through the second screen a blue bath, and for that effected through the third screen a yellow bath. In this process there is evidently no direct photographic reproduction of objects with their natural colors.

A Bouquet of Blunders.
Sir William Harcourt, in a speech at Glasgow, compared Lord Salisbury to that "ancient statue which had a head of brass and feet of clay. If it was the image mentioned in the Bible its head was of fine gold, but it may have been that

Paged thing of sabre away,
With front of brass and feet of clay.
Mr. Gladstone, in his great speech at Leeds, spoke of Mr. Parnell "standing, like Moses, between the living and the dead, not, however, to arrest, but to spread the plague." It should have been Aaron.

The Lord Mayor of London, when receiving Mr. Gladstone at luncheon, described him as "our honored host." Meaning "guest."

The London *Daily News* alludes to Sam Weller as mentioning never remembering anything as a characteristic of "oldest inhabitants." Meaning Mark Tapley.

New Railway and Bridge Projects.
Application is to be made at the ensuing session of Parliament for an Act to incorporate "The Thunder Bay & Minnesota Railway Company," with power to build and operate a railway from at or near Prince Arthur's Landing to a point on Pigeon River, to bridge said river, and connect with the projected line from Duluth to Pigeon River; for an Act to incorporate Messrs. Wm. Gooderham, George A. Cox, John S. Newbery, James McMillan, John Proctor, B. P. Cheney and others as "The Sault Ste. Marie Bridge Company," with a capital stock of \$1,000,000, and with power to build and work a bridge for railway and other purposes across the St. Mary River.

Dr. Smith, of Kentucky, is the oldest Protestant and English-speaking bishop in the world. He was consecrated 49 years ago.

MALIGNANT DIPHTHERIA.

A Village Scourged—Frightful Mortality.

HOW THE DISEASE IS PROPAGATED

A correspondent writing from Adams, Jefferson county, New York, says: Diphtheria is raging in this village and causes a panic here. It is difficult to get any one to take care of the sick, lay out and bury the dead. Since last Sunday there have been seven deaths and within two months 23 deaths from it alone. There are a number sick with the disease. Mrs. L. and her daughter, Mrs. F., died last Thursday within three hours of each other, in the forenoon, and they were buried in the afternoon. The dead are buried as soon as possible, within three or four hours after death, without services and attendance at the cemetery. Two men and myself buried one to-day, and we were the only ones about.

Some light was thrown on the origin of diphtheria in a lecture before the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, the other night, by Professor Horatio C. Wood, who gave the result of his researches in connection with Dr. Henry F. Formad, involving the important discovery that this fatal and insidious disease is propagated by a microscopic plant, or fungi, existing in all human beings, especially in the mouth and throat, but lacking the power of reproduction until given increased vitality by those disordered conditions of the mucous membrane which attend sore throat when caused by cold. The investigations were made at the instance of the National Board of Health, and extended, not only to the phenomena attending the ordinary endemic diphtheria existing in Philadelphia, but to the more violent form occurring from time to time in different places.

Dr. Formad visited an infected town on Lake Michigan, where one-third of all the children in a marshy district died of the epidemic, and brought back with him specimens of the diphtheric virus, several of the false membranes which invariably formed in the throats of the afflicted persons, and portions of the viscera. In all blood, said the Professor, there are two kinds of corpuscles, the red or color giving and the white. By careful study and experiments, both in human beings and the lower animals, it was found that this infinitesimal plant fastens upon the white corpuscles and multiplies its cells, altering their character until, with the interior destroyed, they burst and the plants set loose in an irregular mass separate and go off individually to continue the destructive work on other corpuscles. Thus increased, they poison the blood, choke the vessels and are found in myriad numbers in the spleen and bone marrow, where the blood is manufactured.

Professor Wood's investigations show that the false membrane, supposed to invariably indicate the presence of diphtheria, may be caused by ammonia, Spanish fly or any other irritating influence in the throat, so that its presence is not infallible as indicating the existence of a disease. But in any case the false membrane is built up by this parasitical plant, which grows and multiplies upon its inflamed surroundings, whatever may be the cause. It is when the plants grow strong enough to extend to the blood, either poisoning themselves or carrying the poison with them, that diphtheria sets in. The little plant is exactly the same as found upon a coated tongue.

When Professor Wood put plants such as are found upon a healthy tongue in sterilized matter they refused to grow. On the contrary, plants from the throat or blood of a person affected with diphtheria multiplied rapidly. The practical result of the investigation pointed out was the possibility that diphtheria, if existing theories hold good, may be prevented by artificial vaccination. In the case of splenic fever caught from animals, which has proved to originate in a somewhat similar plant, Pasteur has found that the plant, when exposed a sufficient time to the air, by the action of oxygen loses its poisonous character, and when then introduced into the system makes the animal sick, but is no longer fatal. The deduction is that this diphtheric plant, scientifically known as "micrococi," may in time be cultivated, so that when inoculated with it the system will be no longer subject to the disease in its fatal form. Concluding the lecture, Prof. Wood was applauded when he said that these discoveries could never have been made but for the aid of vivisection, against which there is a foolish prejudice in the minds of many.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

Dreadful Mortality Among the Workmen.
A despatch from Panama says Monsieur Goslon Blanchet, Chief of the canal service, died in this city, three days ago, of yellow fever. His duties required his frequent presence along the line of the canal, and he returned from a trip only a few days before his death, and was taken ill immediately upon his arrival. During the past few days a number of employees of the canal company have been brought to the foreign hospital, suffering from fever. At Gatan station there is an average of two deaths daily, caused by exposure to sun and rain, which the laborers undergo. There are at least 300 men employed at that point, building houses and making a road to Colon. These men have no accommodation or protection from rain, and are compelled to sleep in the open air and under cars, on moist or damp ground, which starts the fever and terminates fatally in a few days.

A Remarkable Funeral.

The funeral of the late Earl of Airlie, who died out west a few weeks ago, took place at Cortachy Castle on Friday, November 4th, when a vast concourse attended to do honor to his memory. He was not buried in the family vault in the parish church, where his seven predecessors in the title rest, but in a new burial ground close to the bank of the Esk. Lady Airlie followed the coffin, leaning on the arm of her eldest son. Lord Airlie having been chief of the clan Ogilvie, the procession was headed by the pipers, who played the "Portuguese Hymn" and "The Land of the Leal," while before it started the pipers of Lord Breadalbane and other men played in front of the castle. The pibrochs were "Lochaber No More" and "Glengarry's Lament."

SQUEERS IN LONDON.

Disgraceful Treatment of Industrial School Children.

TORTURES NEARLY AS BAD AS THE INQUISITION.

The scandal connected with the management of St. Paul's Industrial School in London is related by the *Daily Telegraph*. An attempt to discover the cruelties which were there practised was made by Mrs. Surr, a member of the School Board. "She worked in vain for many months. Her charges against the management of the school were treated as 'exaggerations.' Were there not managers? Was it not known that boys in such schools were more than usually insubordinate and troublesome? Was not Mr. Scrutton, a 'respected' member of the Board, officially 'responsible'? How could any one believe that anything was wrong when the accuser was a lady, who was 'actuated, no doubt, by the best motives,' but whose charges positively implied neglect of duty on the part of 'one of our colleagues'? It was too ridiculous to believe that Mrs. Surr, who had nothing officially to do with the school, should be right and that Mr. Scrutton, the manager appointed by the Board, should be guilty of dereliction of duty. Besides had not Government inspectors visited the school, and how could they fail to find out faults! Nevertheless Mrs. Surr persevered; she would not be beaten even by these formidable platitudes of masculine officialism. She appealed again and again to the Board, but they refused to institute an inquiry and put her aside as an intermeddling person who disturbed the proceedings of the august body by talking about ugly subjects. She then addressed herself to the Home Office, and the Secretary of State found out what his own inspectors had not discovered, that the courageous and loyal lady—loyal to the noblest instinct of womanhood, the love and care of children—was right, and that certain of the officials had been guilty either of cruelty or connivance, while the Board itself had, it was clear, grossly neglected its duties. Still the London School Board was not convinced. Mr. Scrutton demanded inquiry and evidence; he would meet his accuser, Mrs. Surr, face to face. He did so with every advantage, as a committee of the Board—the very body that had screened and defended him all along—conducted the inquiry. The statements adduced abundantly justified all the accusations. If a master could not find out which boy had disturbed him by talking, the whole school was put on bread and water for a day. The same punishment was given if a window were cracked. Because a bottle was broken all the boys had to go without dinner and to stand for hours in the open air on a winter day. The children were so famished that many of them stole the food given to the dog. The boys also frequently took bread from the pantry, driven to theft by systematic starvation. Pinforests instead of shirts and shirts without sleeves were constantly worn. The lads used sometimes to wear their socks for six weeks without a change. At one time twenty of them were in bed with bad feet, produced by cold and by standing in the wet yards without shoes or stockings. For this reason one boy was confined to bed for twelve weeks. A lad named Rust had handcuffs placed on him while he was in bed, and was kept for twelve days and nights in a cell on bread and water. The first day he was birched, and when he came out he was caned. The birch was soaked in lime before it was ready for use, in order that its effects might be the more painful. Another boy died in the storeroom; another little fellow took poison because the officials were always "on" to him; seven boys deliberately set fire to the school rather than stand any longer the cruel treatment to which they were subjected. The food also was infamous; beetles, crickets and dirt were frequently found in the soup. One boy was set to make sacks. He fell ill, yet the task was continued and he died. But the poor little fellow was flogged for idleness the day before he expired.

A POOR ENGLISH LAD.

Sent to the Reformatory—An Unlucky Birthday.

A Kingston telegram reports that John Holgate, an English lad, was charged at the Police Court with having stolen from Henry Brown a pair of cuff buttons, two chest keys and a small tin bank containing about \$2. He acknowledged taking the money, but the other articles he said he found. He arrived from England about a fortnight before last Christmas, and for seven months worked for a wholesale grocer of Toronto. His people were in England. He stole the money on the 19th inst., the anniversary of his 16th birthday. He was sent to the Reformatory at Pentangishen for two years. The sentence is considered too severe. The little fellow is deformed. He says he first came from England to search for his father, who started for Canada ahead of him. His mother died when he was young, and he was turned over to the tender mercies of an aunt, who to get rid of him sent him to this country. Before taking his departure from the police station he wrote a letter of much tenderness to a lady in this city who had befriended him.

It was in a breach of promise case. Said the defendant, "I merely asked her if she would marry me, and she said yes; but I didn't make any promise to her." "You don't seem to be a very promising young man, that's a fact," said his honor, "but as you raised this young woman's expectations, we shall expect you to raise \$10,000 also. Call the next case."

A Jewish gentleman, summoned to serve as a juror at an inquest in London, excused himself in the following note addressed to the coroner: "I beg you will excuse my attendance on religious grounds. Being a descendant of Aaron the High Priest, I am forbidden by my religion being in the presence of a dead body otherwise than my nearest kindred."

Guiteau detests assassins, and wants the men who shot at him to be treated as they deserve.

Charles Dudley Warner says that although many people are unable to pay for a newspaper, he never yet heard of anybody who thought himself unable to edit one.

A TRAGEDY REVIVED.

The Descent of the Niagara Falls by the Burning Steamer Caroline.

HOW A WAR WAS AVERTED.

Everybody who has read anything of Canadian history knows all about the Caroline, which was fired at Buffalo during the rebellion of '37, and was allowed to drift in flames down the Niagara River and over the Falls. It appears that ex-Major Hamlet D. Scranton, of Rochester, N. Y., was the owner of the Caroline, and he gave the other day to a reporter the following interesting account of her: "I was the real owner of the Caroline," he says, "the ostensible owner. The boat was one which had been built in 1834 or 1835 for salt water sailing off the coast of South Carolina. She was afterwards taken through the rivers and lakes and Welland Canal to Buffalo, and we had to have her cut from the ice in Buffalo Creek, for we used her up here to run her into the Falls on fire. She had been called the Caroline, but the final letter of her name was changed when she was removed from the Atlantic coast to Lake Erie and the Niagara River. She was a copper-bottom decent little craft, and on the day in question I had papers from the collector Buffalo, permitting us to run her between that city and Schlosser, Niagara county, stopping at Navy Island, where were quartered the Canadian refugees and the American sympathizers. We run her part of the purpose of smuggling weapons, ammunition and provisions to the men on Navy Island, and besides my clearing papers, I had a bond from Dr. Johnson who was then Mayor of Buffalo, guaranteeing us indemnity in case of the loss of the vessel by British intermeddling. (Of course I never presented the bond for payment. Others had taken the position that there was no such bond, in order thus, possible, to appease the British wrath after McLeod's arrest. During the fatal day I was on the boat, and I came very near stopping on board over night, as did some twenty-three persons, including the crew. She was moored at Schlosser's about 6 o'clock in the evening, and was boarded by the British, about forty or fifty in number, about midnight. Amot Dufree, of the boat's crew, was murdered by the assailants, and it was believed that half a dozen others suffered a like fate, but I don't know about that, only it was said, and never denied, that Dufree's little boy went over the Falls with a board when she was subsequently fired and set adrift. When the trial of McLeod for the murder of Dufree came on at Utica, I was subpoenaed as one of the witnesses for the prosecution, and I remember we all stopped at Bagg's Hotel, and there was great excitement there, and all around. Bennett, the founder, editor and publisher of the *New York Herald*, was with us at Bagg's Hotel during McLeod's trial. His wife accompanied him, and Jim—the James Gordon Bennett who now runs the *Herald*—was then a kicking baby in their arms. Old man Bennett came up to Utica himself to report the trial. He was a squint-eyed old Scotchman, and neither he nor his paper amounted to much in those days. Why, he was whipped two or three times in New York speaking of as a journalist. Many of the older citizens can still remember how thankful they were, in view of the British Government's threats of war, when they learned at last that McLeod was acquitted. He was tried before the Oyer and Terminer Court, Judge Gridley presiding, and it was generally believed at that time that the conviction and execution of McLeod for murdering Dufree and turning the Caroline would have certainly precipitated a second terrible war between Great Britain and the United States. When the jury returned in twenty minutes and pronounced the prisoner not guilty, 'all was hushed and quiet,' says the printed report, 'and there was no excitement visible anywhere. The prisoner's keen grey eyes brightened up somewhat, and taking his hat and cloak, he slowly retired with his counsel from the court-room, where perhaps the destinies of a nation had been determined in his own verdict of acquittal.'

Moltke's Cool Head.

(Grenville Murray in the Geneva Continental Times.)

The reasons of Moltke's amazing success are not far to seek. It has been suggested that the military art may be no very profound mystery, that "its principles are the principles of plain good sense, and that a quick eye, a cool head and a stout heart will do more to make a general than all the diagrams of Jomini." These considerations do not quite exhaust the subject; but there is no doubt that the above natural qualifications, combined with the serious study of tactics, are pretty certain to produce a great captain, fortune moderately favoring him. And Moltke has at least taken care that fortune should as rarely as possible be against him. "From Saarbruck to Sedan," it was said of him, "he left nothing to chance." According to a story which explains much, a friend of Moltke's once encountered him in the streets of Berlin, on a memorable morning in the second half of July, 1870. The French ultimatum had just been received, and the friend, after a hasty greeting, was moving on. "Whither away so fast?" asked Moltke. "Oh, I know you must be busy." "Not at all. Everything is ready." And, German-wise, the famous strategist carried off his companion to a cafe, to talk philosophy over a glass of Bavarian beer. At Versailles the French wondered to see him so often "doing nothing," as it appeared to them. Evening after evening he strolled into the restaurant he had chosen as leisurely as any rich young officer in a crack cavalry regiment, and stayed as long at table as others. Not that he is anything of an epicure, his tastes being of the simplest. It was noticed that a favorite dish of his was roast goose. He had so thoroughly mastered his work that he had no need to be fussy over it.

A western actor claims that, while performing as *Julius Cesar*, he is under the spirit control of the dead Emperor, and does nothing of his own volition.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—Many of the early books of the common law are in manuscript, hidden away in English law libraries.

—London *Truth* thinks that every girl should learn to cook a potato so that it is white, mealy and of delicate flavor.

—"When the mother is at work," says a philanthropical writer, "the children may be little better than orphans."

—Doctors and lawyers don't agree. Not so with the editors; their unanimity is beautiful to contemplate.

—Of all evil things it is hard to say which is least. Shakespeare tells us "There is small choice in rotten apples."

—It oftentimes rains just hard enough to go to the theatre, but altogether too hard to go to church.

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AND GLASSWARE.

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STOCK OF BOOTS and SHOES

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OUT IN DRESS COOL?

they can talk it believes that this mak-

them smarter than American girls by

something like two years.

—Child—"Who lives in the house on

the right of yours?" Gentleman—"Mr.

Smith." Child—"Is he a fool?" Gentle-

man—"Certainly not." Child—"Who

lives in the house on the left of yours?"

Gentleman—"Mr. Brown." Child—"Is

he a fool?" Gentleman—"No! Why do

you ask?" Child—"Because I heard

mamma say you were next door to a fool."

—"Yes, my child," says the mother,

having concluded her fairy tale, "there are

people in the moon just as there are on

the earth." "But there can't be, ma?"

"Indeed, and pray why can't there be,

Lily?" "Because, where would they go

when the moon gets so small you can hardly

see it?"

"'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID."

'Twas just before the mystery of the night

loomed through the dusky portals of the east;

The magic hour when bats begin their flight

And winged vampires gather to their feast.

Between him and the idol of his heart

A fence of unplanned boards forbidding rose;

No favoring seams invite the climber's art.

No friendly knot-holes tempt his tingling toes.

"The loving are the daring. Shall I stop?"

The coward thought his ardent soul demits;

A mighty leap he takes, and on the top

His manly form a quivering object sits.

Night's candelabra flash along the skies.

"He cometh not," she says; her faith grows

dim.

Ah, where is he? Prone on his face he lies;

Two doctors digging splinters out of him.

—"Is the water-melon a fruit or vegetable?"

That depends on how you acquire

possession of the melon. If you buy it on

the street it is a mere vegetable; but if you

have to crawl on your stomach about half

a mile through high weeds on a moonlight

night to steal it, while the old granger who

owns it is asleep, then it is a rich and

luscious tropical fruit.

BRO. JOHNSON ON MONEY.

Belubbed, the world's a pretty hard place

Ef yer haan't got plenty ob cash;

But ebbery one says, "Wat a beautiful face!"

Wen dey sees yer dimins flash,

Don't yer see?

Wen a man's hones' an' likewise poor

He haan't no sort ob a show;

He will be dray to de wall, for shure,

For dat man's vulgar an' low.

Don't yer see?

Now, ef yer pocket is werry well filled

An' you owns lots ob lan',

Although yer honor has all bin spilled

Dey'll take yer by de han',

Don't yer see?

De good Lord He looks inter de soul,

An' neber asks ef yer rich;

He says, says He, "Ef yer wholesome and whole,

My kingdom is made ob sich,

Don't yer see?

Den you muss choose putty quick, my lad,

For de debil or Lord muss hab yer;

De Lord He wants yer awful bad,

De debil stan's ready to grab yer,

Don't yer see?

Better go in rags to de ternal city,

Whar de angels foreber dwell,

Dan trappel in style oh, what a pity!

On de downhill road to hell,

Don't yer see?