

LORD ABERDEEN INSPECTS THE MODEL FARM.

HE TALKS TO THE STUDENTS.

Practical Remarks on the Value of the Agricultural College.

During his visit last week to Western Ontario the Governor General visited the Guelph Agricultural College, and was given a luncheon by the authorities.

His Excellency was greeted with a storm of applause as he rose to speak. He said:—Mr. Principal, ladies and gentlemen,—The Principal has just remarked that I would probably be glad to have an opportunity of addressing a body of students.

As to the other aspect alluded to, we see the advantage taken of the existence of the Dominion Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and those at Brandon, Indian Head and Ayr.

should remember the influence which this particular institution exercised in this matter. This is no matter of mere inference or opinion, for we know that the Government of Ontario recognized from the outset the opportunity which was before this Province and the Dominion generally on the occasion of this great World's Fair.

THE SPLENDID GUIDANCE

which was exercised in this matter by the Minister of Agriculture for this Province—the Hon. Mr. Dryden—(great applause)—and the immediate and practical co-operation of the Principal in carrying out every detail bore excellent results.

Speaking of the advertisements, I am afraid I have shown how one can perform the strange feat of attending a celebration at which ice and snow form the principal features, and yet finding oneself in hot water.

INSULAR PREJUDICES CONDEMNED.

One word more, suggested by the fact that students come here from the mother country and other lands. Of course, when a number of young men are brought together from different parts, you cannot expect always to have uniformity of opinion and feeling.

There is one other obvious remark in connection with that, and that is that Canada must be a very good place to come to when we find young men coming from such great distances to get a good education in agriculture.

His Excellency when on the point of leaving rose and said, referring to the manner in which his carriage had been drawn by the students—'I don't like to allow the gathering to separate without offering a more deliberate and a second assurance of our warm appreciation of the manner in which we were escorted to the dairy buildings this morning.'

PIERRE LATOUR'S HEAD.

A STORY OF THE GUILLOTINE.

In a little flat on the second floor of No. 3 Rue Vicq d'Azir—a squalid little street within a short walk of La Roquette Prison—resides a man whom to know is to shun; a quiet, retiring person, a one-time tailor, who mended clothes for the workmen of that quarter, but is now employed, to use his own glibly phrased, as head-cutter in the Government shop.

M. Deibler, otherwise Monsieur de Paris; is the executioner of France. He cuts off heads with the guillotine.

Upon a certain day of the year 1880, from its soft red lining in a black leather case, Monsieur Deibler, with a strangely reluctant hand, took a knife of oblique shape, its back heavily weighted.

Mons. Deibler, otherwise Mons. de Paris, as you may perhaps surmise, had an execution on hand.

Upon five stones outside the central door of the prison the instrument was presently "installed," to the cross-beam of which the executioner, with his own hands, affixed the glittering blade.

And then the executioner, who shivered him, Pierre Latour, the condemned man, protested his innocence. To the assistant who brought him from his cell down the stone staircase to the Depot—where his last toilet was made—Pierre Latour protested his innocence.

Not since his initial performance, when, as the saying goes, he had lost his head as well as the man he had executed, did Mons. de Paris, the executioner of France, feel so averse to shedding the blood of a fellow-creature.

What a devil of a pleader was Monsieur Despard, the public prosecutor! What a genius had he for turning the very lack of evidence to his own advantage; for twisting and turning adverse testimony to his own purposes!

For days, indifferent to food or rest, had his mind been given to his subject, but now, so they say in France, his "system" was complete. Into a perfect ensemble and so had been grouped; facts, theories, and sophisms, when—malediction!—a deposition of a witness hitherto overlooked, suddenly presented itself.

The clock in a neighboring tower at this point tolled "two."

To fail with his present system of indictment would, in a measure, weaken his pride in the last. To convict! Was that not his duty? To bring all the powers of his logic and skill toward enlisting that adverse testimony among his arguments against the prisoner; to—Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, paused for a moment to gaze wearily upon the stars.

Thirty feet from the ground, a perpendicular wall unbroken just here by any window below, pierced by no window above.

ular wall unbroken just here by any window below, pierced by no window above. Mons. Despard reflected. No mortal being could have reached his balcony, and, smiling at the hallucinations which thus visit men in the night, the public prosecutor returned to his desk again.

Nothing disturbed the stillness for a time, save the scratch, scratch of his pen; then he laid down the latter to listen.

Mons. Despard shaded his eyes from the glare of the lamp, and peered into the shadowy corner. Had all his senses conspired this night to deceive him?

For those who found him the next morning insensible, a pool of blood beside his head, the same crimson drops flecking his desk and the leaves of his pleadings, there could be but one solution of the matter—hemorrhage of the lungs—and the public prosecutor was too wise a man to deceive them.

As time wore on, and the head of Pierre Latour failed to return, Mons. Despard's pride of intellect began to assert itself.

Reassured by a theory agreeable, Mons. Despard at once proceeded to adopt the remedy prescribed.

"Less brain work, recreation, amusement," and thus it came to pass that, in the pursuit of the latter, the public prosecutor found a bride.

Young, handsome and well-endowed M. Duse was a rare prize for any man. Sighing thought Mons. Despard, so thought all concerned, and, calculating more particularly upon the practical value of the latter qualification, the public prosecutor began at once to fall in love.

No less eloquent were his pleadings before the fair than before the criminal court of Paris, and thus it came to pass that their nuptials were set for an early day.

A prettier wedding than theirs, 'tis said, was seldom witnessed. Magnificent the presents, brilliant the ball, and Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, forgot for that night at least, the head of Pierre Latour.

As is customary in France, the guests, stayed late, and it was long after midnight ere the happy bridegroom felt free at last to seek his vanished bride.

As he crossed the threshold of the bridal chamber a tiny clock upon the mantel chimed "two."

The stillness, how profound! For a moment, Mons. Despard stood contemplating by the feeble light of a lamp, suspended from the ceiling, the marks of graceful disorder about him.

Upon the lace-draped couch, in profound slumber, lay his beautiful bride, and beside her, his face turned from him, lay a dead, a black head calmly usurping his own pillow.

At the sound of his voice the black head turned, the eyelids opened, and once again Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, gazed into the staring eyes of Pierre Latour, filled with that look of stupefied amazement which he had listened to his eloquent speech before the court and jury that day.

Anger rather than fear took possession of Mons. Despard; with an imprecation upon his lips he leaned forward to grasp the intruder by the hair. As though divining his motive the lips of the head, like a ferocious dog's, curled back, and with a vicious snarl sank its gleaming teeth deep into the public prosecutor's hand.

Maddened with pain and rage, Mons. Despard looked about him for a weapon. A bar of steel upon the fender caught his eye; he grasped it, and with all his strength brought it down upon the gibing head.

Then he laughed, how he laughed! certainly Mons. Despard, the public-prosecutor, had never expressed such merriment before.

"Qu'est ce que cela?" said one to another in startled tones. "Qu'est ce que cela?" The mother of the bride hastened to see.

At the sound of her imperious knock, Mons. Despard, her brilliant son-in-law, at once opened the door.

"Voilà!" he cried, with shouts of laughter, leading her to the bed.

One glance at the awful spectacle and the unhappy mother fell in a swoon to the floor.

Still the bridegroom laughed, still he pointed with insane glee to the fair head crushed by the blows he had aimed at the phantom's.

Within the hour they bore him to La Roquette prison, and, singular as it may seem, to the very cell in which had been confined poor Pierre Latour; thence, after due examination, to an asylum for the insane.

"Overstudied, excessive application to business," so said the learned doctors, so said all the world—but two.

One of these was Mons. Deibler, the executioner of France; the other a woman, who, in an agony of grief and resentment, had upon the day of the execution hung for a moment over the decapitated body of Pierre Latour.

After the tragedy, that ghastly head, which for some mysterious reason she had carried away in her shawl, was buried, and strange as it may appear, from that time, Mons. Despard, the public prosecutor, began to mend.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

Mr. N. H. Davis, an old resident of Hamilton, is dead aged 88.

Total fire losses in Canada during January were \$391,000, and insurance losses were \$269,000.

Mr. J. H. R. Molson, of Montreal, has donated five thousand dollars to the General Hospital.

A scheme is on foot in Ottawa to form a park on the Rideau canal bank within the city limits.

A young Englishman named Ingram, who has been working about Windsor, Ont., for the past three years, has purchased his ticket and will start at once for England to claim a fortune of \$50,000 left by his father, who died recently.

The London Globe makes the unqualified statement that the Government has become seriously divided on the question of the maintenance of the navy.

The London Standard says—Adrian Hope, one of the largest depositors in the Bank of England, was permitted by that institution to overdraw his account to the amount of £120,000, Hope having lost all of his deposits in speculation.

A bill to abolish the consular sealing system on foreign goods passing through Canada has been introduced in the United States Senate.

A cyclone destroyed dwellings and barns and caused the death of an aged colored woman near Warren, Ark. on Saturday night.

The natural gas supply obtained in Buffalo from Canada is said to be running short, and Buffalo people who have been using it for fuel are becoming uneasy.

The United States warship Bennington has been ordered to Behring sea to enforce the provisions of the Paris arbitration.

E. H. Linder, of Boston, a Harvard student, who was injured in a friendly boxing bout last Tuesday, died on Sunday.

A New York paper publishes despatches from all over the States going to show signs of an industrial revival.

Matthew Ashton, a convicted murderer, has died of smallpox in jail at Madison, Wis. He was worth \$350,000.

The British steamer Esker Standard, which arrived at Philadelphia on Tuesday last, crossed the Atlantic using oil residue for fuel, which, it is reported, proved very satisfactory.

Erastus Wiman was arrested yesterday in New York on a bench warrant for forging notes on R. G. Dun & Co. for two hundred and twenty-nine thousand dollars, and committed to the Tombs without bail.

The salvage of the World's Fair is bringing more money than the financial experts expected, and it is now calculated that the stockholders will be given a dividend of about thirteen and a half per cent.

While the freshmen of Cornell University in Ithaca, N. Y. were having a supper on Tuesday night, some parties introduced chlorine gas into the room by tubes from a room below, where it was generated. As a result of this outrage a coloured woman was killed and several of the students were overcome, and are in a critical condition.

A Port Huron paper says United States officials have discovered that the St. Clair Tunnel Company smuggled through from Canada a large amount of material for the completion of the work on the United States side, and that Uncle Sam's Government was defrauded of a heavy sum of money. The paper says that a likely action will be taken against the company in the United States courts.

Mr. W. L. Land, of Au Sable, rafted about 2,500,000 feet of fine pine lumber from Michigan for Tonawanda, N. Y. The late blizzard and accompanying gales broke up the rafts and now the lumber is a part of the great ice bridge below the Falls. Mr. Land will try to capture the lumber when the bridge breaks up, and thus save some of the \$40,000 at which it was valued.

Yellow fever is increasing in Rio Janeiro at an alarming rate, from eighty to a hundred new cases being added daily.

A despatch from Montevideo, by way of Lisbon, which is not generally credited, has reached London, stating that all the vessels of the fleet of the Brazilian Government except the Nictheroy have joined the squadron of the insurgents, and sailed away from the harbour of Rio.