

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

A military institute will shortly be established at the capital.
The late factory of J. R. Booth, at the Chaudiere, near Ottawa, was completely destroyed by fire. The loss is put at \$14,000.

Mr. Mackenzie Bowell has appointed Canadian agents in all the principal Australian ports. Mr. Bowell thinks that many openings exist or may arise in Australia for Canadian trade.

The steamer Miowera, of the Australian and Canadian line, which was wrecked some weeks ago in Honolulu harbour, has been floated. She was not much damaged.

In response to a requisition Mayor Taylor, of Winnipeg, has decided to stand for a second term.

A lottery and gambling establishment at Fort Erie, Ont., was raided by Chief Young, of Niagara Falls, who captured the proprietor and his assistant. Subsequently they were taken before a magistrate and both were admitted to bail.

Lord Somerset, son of Lady Henry Somerset, England's famous apostle of temperance, and party, were lost in the Rockies while hunting big game, and had to live for two weeks on horseflesh.

Mr. Edward Brunt, of Hamilton, Ont., went out duck-shooting on Burlington bay on Tuesday, and has not been heard of since. His skiff was washed ashore and it is feared that the boat was capsized and Mr. Brunt drowned.

At a meeting of the directors of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company held on Saturday at Montreal, a letter was read from Mr. N. K. Connelly, president of the company, resigning his position. The directors, after a short consultation, refused to accept Mr. Connelly's resignation, and re-elected him president.

Montreal experienced an earthquake shock Monday a few minutes before twelve o'clock, which caused great alarm. Factories, school-houses, courts of law, and public buildings were quickly emptied of their occupants, and excited crowds gathered in the streets wondering what had happened. No damage of any serious nature is reported.

The new Royal Victoria hospital in Montreal was opened by the Governor-General on Monday.

A brakeman named Thomas Brock fell between the cars of a moving train at Drumbo, Ont., and was instantly killed.
William Haines, assistant gas maker at the Kingston, Ont., gas works, while engaged in rebuilding a generator, dropped his torch, which set fire to his oily clothes. He could not escape from the generator and was burned to death.

BRITISH.

The death announced of the Earl of Cromartie. He was forty-one years of age.

Mr. Balfour, Conservative leader in the House of Commons, is suffering from an attack of influenza.

The Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, youngest sister of Emperor William, gave birth to a boy on Thursday.

Admiral Seymour says that twenty million pounds ought to be expended to build ten first-class men-of-war and as many cruisers as possible.

The mine owners of Scotland having refused to grant the demand of the miners for an increase of a shilling a day, the men went on strike.

It is stated at the Foreign Office at London that there is no truth in the report that the Marquis of Dufferin would succeed Sir Julian Pauncefote at Washington.

The gunboat Dryad, of ten hundred and seventy tons, was launched at the Chatham dockyards on Saturday. She is expected to develop a speed of twenty knots per hour.

In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a question, said the Government had not yet any information regarding the acquisition by Russia of a port in the Mediterranean.

During a dispute in Dublin on Monday evening, a man named Patrick Reid was shot by John Mearnes, a companion, who was subsequently arrested. It is stated that Mearnes was connected with the recent dynamite explosions in the Irish capital.

The window erected in the Westminster Chapter-house in honor of James Russell Lowell was unveiled on Monday with much ceremony. There was a very distinguished gathering in the historic fane, and many tributes were paid to the American author, whose writings are almost as well known in England as in the United States.

In the House of Commons Mr. Sydney Buxton, Parliamentary Secretary of the Colonies, stated that the Government had received a report from the Governor-General of Canada in respect to the attempt to blow up the Nelson monument in Montreal. His Excellency said that the affair was a freak on the part of three excited lads, and was disappointed alike by French and English papers.

UNITED STATES.

The Mississippi at Galena, Ill., is frozen over from shore to shore.

The Lehigh Valley railway engineers, who have been on strike, are returning to work. Trains are running regularly, and the strike is believed to be in a state of collapse.

The officers and employees of the Northern Pacific railway have been notified by the general manager that their salaries would be reduced from five to ten per cent. on the first of January.

Mrs. John Stover, wife of a Kansas City bartender, on Sunday evening, after giving her four-year-old daughter a dose of poison, took a similar dose herself. When discovered both were in horrible convulsions and died shortly after.

It is not expected in Washington that the new tariff bill can come before the Senate sooner than next February.

The officials of the Lehigh Valley railway at Philadelphia said Monday that, as far as the company is concerned, the strike is a thing of the past.

The receipts of last Saturday's football match at Springfield, Mass., between Harvard and Yale were thirty-nine thousand dollars, and the expenses were twelve thousand dollars.

GENERAL.

The King of Serbia has refused to accept the Cabinet's resignation.
Gen. Martinez de Campos, the Spanish commander, has been hurried off to Melilla with seven thousand men.

The latest news from Tangiers shatters all hope of a speedy settlement of the trouble between Spain and Morocco.

The arched stone roof of St. Pierre chapel, near Clermont, France, fell on Wednesday while many of the Sisters of Mercy were at prayers. Several sisters were killed.

The Paris Socialists held a meeting on Sunday afternoon to celebrate the defeat of the Deputy Government, which they regard as their first great parliamentary victory.

The Austrian Government has resolved to make a large increase in the Austrian artillery forces from the first of the year. Forty-two new regiments will be added.

A report from Rome says the Pope is gradually sinking, and his end may come at any moment. Another report says his Holiness has recovered from his recent chill and is in fair health.

The German Government has decided to send a high official to South-West Africa with instructions to report upon the condition of the German colony there.

In the parliamentary debate on the speech from the throne, Premier Tricoupis said that Greece was no longer in a position to fulfill her financial engagements with foreign powers.

The decision of the German Government to construct a large entrenched camp at Malmedy, on the Belgian frontier, has caused much comment in Brussels and Paris, and it is feared that in the event of war Belgian neutrality would be violated.

Great excitement was caused among the attaches of the German Chancellery in Berlin by the receipt of a parcel addressed to Chancellor von Caprivi, which contained an infernal machine. Suspicions were aroused, and the parcel was soaked in water before it was opened.

A crisis is threatened in the Spanish Cabinet over a proposed modification of the protective tariff.

The Pope's Encyclical enjoining upon Catholics the study of the Scriptures appeared in Rome on Monday.

The recent annual conscription in Russia added more than two hundred and fifty thousand men to the army.

The betrothal of the Czar's daughter and Princess Helene of Orleans, daughter of the Count of Paris, is expected to be announced very soon.

The French Cabinet crisis continues, and so far President Carnot has not succeeded in including any member of the Chamber to undertake the formation of a new Ministry.

It was ascertained recently in Berlin that Emperor William had received an infernal machine similar to the one sent to Chancellor von Caprivi. They were both sent from Orleans, France.

Princess Colonna, the daughter of millinaire Mackay, has made application in Paris for a legal separation from her husband. It is stated that Mr. Mackay has paid for the Prince's gambling debts more than one million francs in five years.

The Co-Operative Kitchen.

What would our grandmothers have thought of the idea? If they stood before the open fire, attending to the old-fashioned tin kitchen, with glowing faces, how strange the vision would have appeared revealed in these latter days. And then, looking out into the future, from her close quarters, what would she have thought of the co-operative kitchen, where a multitude of families received their food from one large cook-stove? True, the co-operative kitchen is what a western statesman calls "an iridescent dream," a dream of the future; but there are more people now than ever before who fully believe that in some such way the housewives of this country are to be relieved of a vast amount of drudgery, and the "hired girl question" solved, and considerable of the present waste stopped. Our women in every city, and almost in every large town, groan under the burdens of life at the mercy of this same "hired girl," and in the cities more and more are abandoning housekeeping altogether, giving up the cherished idea of a home, and going into the boarding house or a hotel. In this city housekeeping has been abandoned in many cases, on account of lack of the right kind of help, and shelter and food found at the hotel. The co-operative plan would largely relieve housewives of the weary depressing influence of the present rule in the dwelling; a rule which involves in too many cases, a life of drudgery and tread mill routine to the woman of the house, to say nothing of her burden of cares. Mr. W. S. Key, in a recent magazine article, argues forcibly that it is really as foolish for the housewife to undertake the cooking for her family as it would be to spin or weave their clothing, or to make, in her own bungling way, the family shoes. Cooking is a fine art, and the individual kitchen, besides being necessarily costly and wasteful, contrasted with the cheap and saving co-operative system, as at present managed, seldom produces wholesome and excellent cooking. On well prepared and appetizing food depends, to no small degree, not merely the comfort, but the health of the family.

Intelligence must preside over the kitchen as well as over the general affairs of the family; and upon it we must depend for the rescue that is to come—the rescue from the necessary extravagance of running separate or "individual" kitchens, and the unnecessary waste and blundering which is added to that necessary extravagance. The relief from the cooking and laundry work—both of which can, it is declared, be done to far better advantage by the co-operative plan—would enable the housewife to make almost a pleasure and pastime of the work—the sweeping, dusting, cleaning, table-setting, dish-washing—and enable the establishment of a more systematic and saving arrangement. It is necessarily more or less costly to equip and run an individual kitchen, compared to the saving to be effected by a co-operative plan. All the supplies, in the latter case, would be purchased by the wholesale; the "help" would be competent and would understand the work, and there would be no waste, every scrap would be saved. Each family would receive its daily bill of fare, nicely and intelligently cooked to be served on the table at home. It

is the estimate of an experienced authority, Mr. Key says, that a person's meals, nicely cooked by one who has experience, could be furnished for one dollar a week, if a hundred were thus to be provided for at the same time. An electrical kitchen is described by Mr. Key, and he attended dinner, given to a dozen persons, that was cooked in such a kitchen, the appliance used being similar to that we saw at the World's Fair, where bread was baked in twenty minutes. The kitchen had no stove or range. A large elevated cupboard, to hold all the utensils, had, running along its bottom front, an electric switchboard. Below and in front of it was a dresser, or table on which were the kettle, coffee pot, saucepan, plates, etc., each utensil connected electrically with the switchboard. The big oven was at one side, with its steak burner on top, and a flue to carry off all the fumes. Beyond it was an upright copper boiler, that furnished hot water to a sink and wash bowl on the other side of the room. Everything was heated and cooked by electricity, and the roast joint in its gravy from the oven, the steak and the vegetables—all were as appetizing as any ever cooked by the best fire. This is all significant of what we may expect in the years to come.

Is He a Genius?

There is such a thing as being "jack of all trades and master of none." It may be that the majority of mankind err in attempting too little, but there is a possibility of undertaking too much. Dr. Adam Clarke's caveat to the contrary notwithstanding, a man may have too many irons in the fire. There are but few men who can do a great many things at the same time and do them well. Mr. W. T. Stead is a striking illustration of the folly of playing the part of universal genius, and of one man attempting to control and guide the world's progress. He is smart, no doubt, and in a shallow way, and among unthinking people, smartness often passes for cleverness, and the man who happens to have an abnormal development of self-esteem and is endowed with "the gift of the gab" is often taken for a universal genius. And, without denying Mr. Stead's ability as a political and socialistic agitator, it is perhaps not unfair to say that his success and the reputation which he has acquired are very largely the result of his possession of the qualities which have just been adverted to.

It has been said that "nothing succeeds like success," by which it may be supposed is meant that the success of the past affords the best guarantee of success in the present and in the future. And as the temper of the time is to worship success, the success which Mr. Stead has achieved as the editor and publisher of the *Review of Reviews*, to go no further back, will be a sufficient passport to the admiration of many. But there is success and success. One cannot withhold a certain degree of admiration and respect from a man who has established and carried on successfully a lucrative business. Apart entirely from the manner in which this has been done, or the effect which the enterprise has had on the public, we recognize in it the evidence of business capacity on the part of its projectors, and so long as he stands before us in his quality as a business man, unless his methods have been notoriously dishonest and dishonorable, he is pretty sure of success. But if he poses as an oracle which is to be consulted on all occasions and all subjects,

"a prophet bred Between the living and the dead," commissioned by the powers above, to set the authorities the great questions, political, religious, and social which have engaged the attention of the wisest and best men of all time, and which have baffled and defeated the wisdom of successive generations, the case wears an entirely different complexion. Before he can be accepted in this higher role he must be certified to us by an altogether different sort of credentials. It is but reasonable to ask in this case, "What evidence have we of your superior political wisdom? What proof have you given that you possess either the genius or the training which is necessary to make a statesman? What superior sagacity or practical wisdom have you ever displayed in dealing with great social questions that lifts you appreciably above the level of any other brawling flatulent radical of the old world, or any average ward politician of the new? And what training have you had in theology, in ecclesiastical polity or in Church history, that warrants you in undertaking the revolution of the Church of God? Who are you any way, where did you come from and by what authority do you speak?"

Canadian Hay in Britain.

A correspondent, who usually knows what he is talking about, writes the London letter in *The Edinburgh Scotsman*. He says in that paper: "An interesting feature in the export trade of Canada in the last two years has been the large quantity of hay shipped to this country. Only a comparatively small quantity—under 30,000 tons—was sent over in 1892, but the shipments for the 10 months of the present year are already considerably over 100,000 tons. Attention in Canadian circles for some little time, it was never expected that the trade would grow to anything like its present magnitude, having regard to the bulky nature of the product and the high freights that are the necessary consequence. The prices, however, have been so satisfactory that, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the trade has been developed, the Canadian farmers and shippers must have secured a very fair margin of profit. It is not generally known that the importations from Canada have been so large, as the Board of Trade returns show a much greater quantity from the United States than from the Dominion. As a matter of fact, however, the United States export little or no hay, being rather an importing country than otherwise, and the large quantity that appears as coming from that country is really shipped from Canada by Canadians via American ports."

An antiquarian at Athens claims to possess the skull of Sophocles, the tragic poet. An old scholar in Colonus, the birthplace of the poet, is certain that his studio has the real head. There are at least five museums in Europe which dispute these claims, and each shows what is called the genuine skull.

POETRY.

Born Dumb.

My little love! My little speechless child!
Can I forget my woman's heart and be
For ever mute to grief, for ever mild?

Is it not hard to bear the falling rod
When such an ailment for the baby
Divinely suits the policy of God?

The lambs that play too long at hide-and-seek
Have tongues that ask for mothers; these I
Learn lovely meanings when the children speak.

The mother comes from far across the field
And calls assurance to her anxious child.
As I had answered her my lamb appealed:

So with unfeathered blackcaps; so with things
Whose tones are pitched too low for mortal ears:
They plead, and Nature sends them breast and wings.

But I shall never hear that storied speech,
That lovely language whose expression is
Defiance of all rules that man may teach;

Nor hear against my heart a son's content
For his mouth the willing milk is kind,
And for his lips my fountain is well spent.

I have brought silence to my husband's knee!
And he (O, baby, baby, try to speak!)
So greatly counted on thy mimicry

Of words his wit prepared to plague thy lips.
Thy mouth, and garner all thy precious slips.

"Mother," he used to say, "when I am worn
In days to come with writing, you shall bring
This bud of April on your shoulder borne,

And he shall chatter to my chain, or tear
My latest lyric, or shall cry to touch
The raining splendours of your ravished hair.

Until he dwindle and his eyes grow dim,
And we can worship him before the fire,
And kiss each other many thanks for him.

We will undress him in your cradling lap,
And spy upon his beauty, praying God
To bless his life with fruit of tender hap;

Then I will have him at my heart awhile
(O, baby, baby, baby, try to speak!)
"And watch the fading of his sleepy smile

'Till dimples cannot follow kisses pressed
Upon the pouting slumber of his mouth,
And I restore his beauty to thy breast."

O, husband, husband, and the child is dumb
The lamb outspeaks him and the day-old
thrush—
How shall I break this news when that you come!

My travail was for silence, and my dove
Can only watch his mother's moaning lips
And never give her back a word of love!

Father of his upon the ocean come!
Thy wife desires thy head upon her breast—
The child of our enchantment is born dumb!

—[Norman Gale, in London Spectator.

The Witching Hour.

Snow for hours had blown and drifted,
And the rack went scudding by;
Spectrally the branches lifted
Naked arms against the sky.
What cared we though time was flitting,
What cared we though winds made moan,
In the twilight sitting,
All alone?

She within a rocker cozy,
I upon a hassock low,
Watching o'er her face the rosy
Cupid dimples come and go;
For the lover's light heightened
Every blush with ardour bold,
And her locks of brown were brightened
Into gold.

Then there fell a silence sweeter
Than when air is stirred with song,
Than when strains in mellow meter
Swim with rhythmic sweep along.
In her eyes a look beguiling
Bade me not to break the spell;
Something told me in her smiling
All was well.

Slowly grew the firelight dimmer
'Till the angles of the room
Lighted by no ruddy glimmer,
Melted in the shrouding gloom;
And not e'en the ancient idol
Saw love's apotheosis,
Or 'ze proesse of a bridal
In a kiss.

Little Kid Cute One.

Little Kid Cute One died one night
And a next morning early and bright,
With little bars fast used to plod,
'Till up to the hill to the gates of God.
Tidid he was in the stranger lands,
Yet he "apped on the bars with his tender
His terms stood thick on their auburn
thatch,
As a gr. at Archangel lifted the latch;
He held the hands of the little lad,
His eyes were full and his heart was glad,
He asked the pilgrim, "Who may you be?"
"I'm 'titt Kid Cute One, sir," said he.

And all the angels who stood around
Laughed with a joyous and musical sound,
They patted his curls and kissed his lips,
They touched his eyes with their finger tips,
And a mother angel with hallowed head
Came with her needle and bunch of thread,
She combed his hair and she wiped his nose,
She washed his feet and mended his clothes,
Then asked him up where the children go,
But he shook his curls and said, "Ah, no,
'I'll wait till mamma s'all tum fer me
Fer 'titt Kid Cute One's lost," quoth he.

They built him a house beside the gate
And he was happy from morn till late,
They gave him a job to keep the bolt
Of the stable where dwelt the ass's colt,
That carried our Saviour once below;
In angry ages of Long Ago;
He carried his coat with a Tom Tit's toes,
He brushed him down with a big red rose,
And of his hand he carried the colts around.
Across the blossoming fields of God,
And school boy angels would cry "Hurray"
Whenever they little Kid Cute One saw.

But soon a mother in anxious plight,
Asked, "Where is my long lost boy to-night?"
They brought her in where the cherub lay
Smiling asleep on the scented hay.
She drew his head on her gentle arm
And covered his curls with kisses warm;
He woke and looked in her beaming eyes
And smiled a smile that was great and wise,
He whispered a kiss with sweet lips deft,
'Little Kid Cute One nebbid deft.
"The mother sobbed on reverent knee,
"I knew my baby would be cherished by
For such he is the Kingdom of God," said she.

—[The Khan.

To me there is something thrilling and
exulting in the thought that we are drifting
forward into a splendid mystery—into
something that no mortal eye hath seen,
and no intelligence has yet declared.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
and as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
with melting airs of martial, brisk or
grave; some chord in unison with what
we hear is touched within us, and the heart
replies.

Pound St. Paul's Church into atoms, and
consider any single atom; it is good for
nothing; but put all these atoms together,
and you have St. Paul's Church. So it is
with human felicity, which is made up of
many ingredients, each of which may be
very insignificant.

The Sealers Claims.

The *Empire* thinks that some nice questions will arise out of the claims for compensation just filed by the Canadian sealers for exclusion from Behring Sea during the pendency of the arbitration. These claims amount to upwards of a million dollars, and whatever of this amount is found to be justly due will have to be paid by the United States, under the terms of the modus vivendi of 1892, which was renewed for 1893. Two main points are involved, one having relation to the basis on which the compensation shall be paid; and the other, whether the sealers are to be paid the value of the seals they might have caught in Behring Sea, irrespective of the consideration that whilst shut out of those waters they were profitably employed elsewhere. By the modus vivendi of 1892 it is expressly agreed that if the result of the arbitration shall be to affirm the right of British sealers to take seals in Behring Sea within the bounds claimed by the United States under its purchase from Russia, then compensation shall be made by the United States to Great Britain, for the use of her subjects, for abstaining from the exercise of that right during the pendency of the arbitration, upon the basis of such regulated and limited catch or catches as in the opinion of the arbitrators might have been taken without an undue diminution of the seal herds. It is further provided that the amount awarded shall be just and equitable and shall be promptly paid.

The arbitrators have expressed no direct opinion on the subject of the catch which might have been taken without an undue diminution of the seal herds, and this has already been the subject of international dispute. In 1890, it will be remembered, Mr. Goff, the United States Government agent, stopped the killing of seals on the Pribyloff islands early in the season, alleging that this was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the species, and he advised the cessation of all killing for several years; and Mr. Elliott in his letter to Secretary Windom, transmitting a detailed report made in pursuance of a special Act of Congress, made a recommendation to the same effect, placing the abstention from killing at seven years at least. Impressed by the stand taken by the United States, Great Britain assented to the modus vivendi of 1891 which absolutely prohibited sealing in Behring Sea. The result of the investigation of seal life made by the British commissioners in 1891 was, however, such as to convince the British Government that these stringent measures need not be repeated in 1892, and they proposed instead that a thirty mile zone of protection should be established around the Pribyloff islands, and that the killing on those islands should be restricted to a maximum of thirty thousand. The United States, however, promptly and decisively pronounced this proposal to be so obviously inadequate and so impossible of execution that it could not be entertained. Then the British Government consented to the modus vivendi of 1892 with the condition as to compensation included.

Previous to the intervention of Mr. Goff the seals killed by the lessees of the Pribyloff islands had for many years averaged upwards of a hundred thousand annually and in the first year of cession to the United States the enormous number of a quarter of a million seals were killed there. The Canadian catch in Behring Sea had been gradually increasing, reaching the highest point in 1891, notwithstanding the partial prohibition, when 28,888 seals were captured there. Those vessels warned not to enter Behring Sea before leaving Victoria had received \$100,000 as partial compensation, and they include less than half the fleet. This amount was paid by the British Government. Notwithstanding the exclusion from Behring Sea in 1892 and 1893 the Victoria sealing fleet has increased its numbers and the total of its catch which for this season amounted to 67,731 skins, while up to 1891 the highest catch was the 49,615 taken that year. Forced by circumstances to abandon the old hunting grounds, the sealers turned their attention to the Japan coast and Russian waters, which they exploited so successfully that upwards of forty-one thousand of this season's catch were taken there. The terms of the modus vivendi, however, do not call upon the party losing in the arbitration to pay only for the losses on the season's business occasioned by the modus vivendi arrangement. The case is put in a nutshell by the sealers when they say, "We would have taken a million dollars' worth of seals in Behring Sea had we been allowed there this year and last. The United States had the sole advantage arising out of our exclusion, and the fact that we had the good luck to find seals elsewhere does not exempt them from liability."

FACTS IN FEW WORDS.

A teaspoonful of baking soda, dry, will often cure hiccup.

It is claimed that an albino buzzard was killed by a hunter near Tampa, Fla., recently.

The "meanest man" was arrested in New York for stealing the pennies of a blind newsdealer.

At Great Falls, Mont., the mercury has been known to drop 25 degrees inside of five minutes.

The amount of gold coin in actual circulation in the world is estimated by the Bank of England officials to be about 865 tons.

A copy of the original edition of Izza Walton's "Angler," printed in 1653, was recently sold for nearly \$1,500 by a Cleveland book firm.

The story is told of Dean Stanley that he wrote such illegible copy that the printers charged half a crown a sheet extra for setting it up.

A new form of thieving, operated by a woman, is reported from Haverhill, Mass., where it has been practiced successfully. The woman calls at a house, feigns faintness, and when she is left alone, ransacks the room and escapes.

Five-year-old Charles Berenstow fell through the air shaft in a Brooklyn apartment house, from the third floor to the cellar, and landed on his hands and knees. A slight cut on his chin was the only injury he received.

A farmer near Shepherdstown, Pa., raised a stalk of cabbage with one huge head in the center and eighteen smaller ones around it. These were about the size of a quart measure and perfectly formed.