NOR'WEST NOTES.

Items of Interest from the Far Provinces.

The weather is mild.

The track is now laid within half a mile of the First Crossing of the Columbia.

Golden City is booming along at a great rate. Whiskey is $7 per bottle and 50 cents a drink.

A company are sinking a shaft at Crowfoot, and report has it that they have discovered a good seam coal.

It is reported that Cory's tunnel will have to be abandoned and the track taken round by the river. Some 750,000 feet of lumber have been already used on this tunnel, and at present cabooses are unable to pass under it.

The track, west from the summit, is in first-class condition, considering the short time it has been laid. It is said it will be unused during the winter months, and that only an occasional train will be run from Calgary to Laggan. The mails will be conveyed by dog trains.

Writs for criminal libel have been issued in the suit of Attorney-General Miller against T. H. Preston, C. W. Hanscombe and Hon. S. C. Biggs, of the Winnipeg *Sun*. The article complained of is that the Attorney-General, while Judge of the Superior Court, aided a criminal to escape justice, which was untrue and unfounded in fact.

A gentleman went in bathing in the usual swimming place yesterday, the 13th day of November. The air was like summer, and the water was no colder than it is below Quebec in the middle of summer. This is another good item for the 14th November. Jim Grant and "Tex" caught 77 trout last week in Willow Creek in an hour and a quarter, and not through a hole in the ice either.—*Fort Macleod Gazette.*

The recent advertisements for horses by the commander at Fort Macleod was productive of a good degree of competition among ranchmen and horsedealers. In October twenty horses were purchased at an average of $130 each. On the 12th inst. thirty more were purchased. The average price was $138. Thus, $6,745 has been expended among the ranchmen for horses during the last month.

Sunday last was the first cold day we had this month, the thermometer that day registered 15 above zero, and the air itself was full of threatenings of snow and frost. All last week was full of balmy and delightful summer weather. In the east this sudden appearance of frost would be taken as evidence that winter had fairly set in, but happily we have no such fears here, where the first west wind that blew on Monday was sufficient to bring us back our summer hours as if they had never flown. The wind god is the chief one here, and we have, unlike eastern people, independently of the sun, summer or winter just as he lists.—*Calgary Herald.*

HE ENJOYED HIS WALTZES.

How a Clever Young Thief Robbed His Partners in the Dance.

Complaints were made by the young ladies who attended the ball of the Paul S. Jones Association, at Rutherford Hall, in Stanton street, on Monday night, that they were robbed of their purses. An investigation was made by the members of the club, and their suspicions fell upon an elegantly attired young man, who gave his name as John H. Hood, a jewellery clerk, residing in Brooklyn. He was unknown to them, and when questioned said that he was present on the invitation of Robert. D. Casey, the President of the club. Casey disclaimed any acquaintance with the young man, and a sharp watch was kept upon him. Half an hour after the stranger was seen waltzing with Selena Gernier, the daughter of Grocer Joseph Gernier, of No 112 Willett street One of the members saw him press the young lady to his breast more closely than is the custom, and almost simultaneously his right hand was seen to disappear in her dress pocket. Afterwards he was seen to press her hand, and she soon discovered that one of her rings had disappeared. Finishing the waltz, the young man said that he had an important engagement, and was making his departure when he was made a prisoner. He became very indignant at what he termed an outrage, and threatened to make it hot for those who detained him.

"Miss Gernier," said Robert D. Casey, "where is your purse?"

"Why in my pocket, of course," she answered laughingly, as she put her hand in her pocket, but it came out empty. "No it isn't," she added in a frightened tone, "it's gone. I knew I had it when I danced with that man," pointing to Hood. He was searched, and the purse, which contained $65, was found in his possession, as were also three other purses, which were claimed by their owners. Miss Gernier claimed that she had also been robbed of a ring, which was not found. The prisoner was arraigned at the Tombs yesterday, and Justice Smith held him for examination.—*New York World.*

An Odorous Weapon of War.

A despatch from Bridgeport, Conn., says: Professor E. F. Ritchel has invented a poisonous air bomb which he claims will revolutionize all modern warfare. The [illegible], before being introduced into the [illegible] several ti[illegible] compressed and [illegible] which make [illegible]iving creatures [illegible]xploded the gas [illegible] With one of them [illegible] an inclosure yester- [illegible] the bombs will be hurled [illegible]ortar. Thrown into an army, the [illegible]tor thus describes the effects of what [illegible] calls his humane system of warfare: "The bomb explodes and the air within a radius of 100 feet becomes charged with silent death. You cannot fight it, you cannot destroy this silent life destroying enemy. What is the result? Why, the men can stay and asphyxiate, but you will find that they won't. They will run away in a beaten and demoralized condition, and this is one of the best points about the device." He is in correspondence with Admiral Jones, of the British navy, with reference to the introduction of his invention there.

"It is a beautiful thing to see a husband and wife of one mind," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "Yes," replied Fogg, "but it makes a good deal of difference who carries the ind

A PRINCE'S PLEASURES.

Some Alleged Anecdotes of the Prince of Wales.

I dare say you may remember a story which got out last year about a practical joke that was played at Cowes during the yachting week on a lady named Mrs. Cust, whose house at that time every year is a favorite resort of the Prince of Wales and his followers. It seems that Mrs. Cust was told that the French Cabinet Minister, M. Waddington, was in Cowes, and the Prince requested that he be invited to dinner by her to meet His Royal Highness. The invitation was, of course, given, and the dinner took place. After dinner the gentlemen came into the drawing room, and there, in Mrs. Cust's presence, an altercation soon arose between M. Waddington and Lord Charles Beresford. The rudest, most insulting epithets were applied to the French people in general, and M. Waddington in particular, the war of words ending in M. Waddington being hustled out of the room into the garden and thrown over the wall into the road. Shortly after he presented himself again, covered with dust, when, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Cust, who was almost in a faint, a peace was patched up. Another row soon began, ending as before. The Prince throughout the proceedings was convulsed with laughter. Somehow the affair reached the ears of the French Ambassador in London, and he wrote to Lord Granville about it. Then the truth had to come out. It wasn't M. Waddington at all, but "Bull Run" Russell, who had dressed up to represent him; the whole thing being concocted by Lord Charles Beresford for the amusement of the Prince of Wales. Such was last year's fun, and here is what happened this year. After dinner, when, as before, all the guests were assembled in the drawing-room, an old woman, dressed in a French costume with very short skirts, suddenly made her appearance, and, one of the company being requested to play some lively opera bouffe airs on the pianoforte, she proceeded to dance the can can. She danced with much spirit and vivacity, not altogether, perhaps, as a modest old woman should, and, as usual, the Prince of Wales was in shouts of laughter. At last she sat down amid a round of applause, and then a quadrille was formed, the old woman requesting the Prince to be her partner. Although not exactly the proper thing, he couldn't refuse. After the quadrille, she as suddenly disappeared, and people were wondering who she was, when the door was thrown open and in walked Sir Harry Keppel. It needed but a glance to see that he it was who had been masquerading as the ancient French damsel, and great was the merriment thereat. On the whole, when one reflects, it was not a very elevating sight. Sir Harry Keppel is a man of 75, and, notwithstanding his age, is one of the Prince's most constant companions and followers. There are people who accuse him of being a great toady, and, if one may judge by the exploit just mentioned, the charge is not very untrue. Fancy a man of his age, and an Admiral of the Fleet, consenting to such an exhibition of want of dignity on his part, merely for the sake of amusing the Prince of Wales!—*London Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.*

SHOOTING AN ALLIGATOR.

A Pennsylvania Girl Kills an Arkansas County of a Terror.

The monster alligator which has inhabited the swamps near Tucker's Lake, Jefferson county, Ark., for many years, ruled supreme for a radius of several miles. Miss Dottie L. Steck, of Bellwood, Pa., who is visiting relatives in that county, on hearing the alligator story, determined to capture the alligator. Being accustomed to adventures in the Alleghanies, she laughed at the idea of serious results, and with two young ladies and several gentlemen, set out to accomplish her purpose. The party soon struck the trail and tracked the alligator to his den. A hole in the sandy bank indicated the location, and a few minutes' digging revealed the object of the search. Escape from the den to the lake having been cut off, the alligator rushed up and down its bed uttering wicked growls, lashing the mud, and scattering the water in all directions. Pieces of timber and fence rails were pushed into its mouth only to be crushed and snapped off by its ponderous jaws. A rope and chain, made into a lasso, was thrown over the alligator's head. Then he was drawn to the bank. With gun in hand, the young lady stood within a few feet of the alligator, which was growling, struggling and slashing its tail. When the opportunity presented itself she fired both barrels in rapid succession. The alligator gave several tremendous lurches, and then expired. Both shots had entered one of the few penetrable places at the base of the jaw. The alligator measured a fraction over ten feet in length. The hide is in possession of Miss Steck.

Mr. Gladstone's Gift of Tongues.

Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, whose setting of the grand old song of St. Francis of Assisi was so well received at the Worcester Festival, has just finished the composition of a work of similar character, a setting of Mr. Gladstone's admirable Latin translation of Toplady's famous hymn, "Rock of Ages." The work, which was undertaken with the permission of the distinguished author, is arranged for a baritone solo, with chorus and orchestra. Mr. Gladstone made this translation, "Jesus, pro me perforatus," in 1848, and it was published in 1861 in a small volume of translations which had been accomplished at various periods by him and his brother-in-law, the late Lord Lyttleton. This little book is one of the most striking proofs of the Prime Minister's versatility and of the extraordinary extent of his knowledge, for it contains his translations, 1, from Greek, of Homer and Æschylus; 2, from Latin, of Catullus and Horace; 3, from Italian, of Dante and Manzoni, and 4, from German, of Schiller; as well as from English to Latin, of Milton, Heber and Toplady.—*Labouchere's Truth.*

In none of the decided improvement completed in the upper story of the capitol at Richmond, within the past few months, is there one of more interest to the public than the placing of the historic portraits in the rotunda where everybody can see them. People seem never tire of gazing at the canvass images of the splendid array of Virgnia worthies to be seen there.

MINERAL POISONING.

The Terrible Disease That is Spreading in West Virginia and Tennessee.

W. D. Jones, of Philadelphia, the largest individual land-owner in the mountainous region of southwest Virginia and eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, who has just returned from a visit to his property, makes some interesting statements about the mysterious malady which has caused such fatality among the people there. The country, he says, is wholly unlike anything he has ever seen or heard of in the United States, and, in his opinion, its physical and geological peculiarities are responsible for the trouble. The water of five good-sized rivers, which have their rise within a very narrow radius, is very largely mineral, and the hills are full of iron and copper ore and coal, lying, in some instances, close together. During the summer and autumn, for a period of three months or more, a great drought prevailed, and nearly all the streams dried up, so that not only the people, but animals suffered from the want of water. All sorts of experiments were resorted to. Most of the water secured was from caverns and small lakes. The little water that remained in the most active springs became so thoroughly saturated with the various mineral substances that it was almost sure death to drink it in any quantity. Even the best of this dangerous stuff had to be hauled five or six miles. Mr. Jones says that, in all, about 200 deaths have occurred from the mineral poisoning, and there are about 300 persons still sick In all cases the persons have complained for a day or two, and have then been seized with violent hemorrhages and nausea, dying in a short time. The doctors all agree that it is mineral poisoning, and have treated it as such—in many cases successfully. Children and women suffer the most, while men of strong constitution generally manage to get over the attack. There have been many sad and distressing cases, and scattered through the counties of Letcher, Hudson and Perry, in Kentucky and Lee, Dickinson and Wise, in Virginia, are farmhouses utterly deserted, entire families being swept away. It has affected all classes, though the poorer have suffered the most. Judge Day, of Letcher county, a prominent citizen, lost his wife and several of his children. Mr. Jones' attorney also lost several members of his family. The only outside relief that has been tendered the afflicted locality is $1,200 from the cattle convention in session at St. Louis.

THE INTERNATIONAL PARK.

A New Scheme to Preserve the Attractions About the Falls.

The Lockport *Journal* says: A meeting was recently held at Clifton for considering the International Park scheme, at which Sir Alexander Campbell, Minister of Justice of the Dominion Government, was present, and a scheme discussed which seems feasible. It was assumed that neither the Government of the Dominion nor that of Ontario would at present undertake the establishment of an international park, and the next best thing would be to renew a scheme advanced about a year ago. On the Canadian side of the river the Government owns a strip of land along the river bank sufficient for a good road, which must always be kept open. The project of a year ago was the incorporation of a private company under the protection and control of the Ontario Government. To this company the Government was to give the land around the Falls, and under Government control it should be empowered to procure additional land for a park, that the company should keep this park and the view of the Falls always free to the public, but that they should have the right to improve it with tramways, place hotels and other attractions in it, subject to the right of the Government to regulate the charges to be made therefor. It is also understood that the park should be subject to a tax for municipal purposes. Sir Alex. Campbell, Sir Alex. Galt, Sir Wm. Howland, the Hon. Wm. McMaster, the Hon. George W. Allan, Walter Shanly, Dr. Ferguson and other leading men of Canada, have consented to act as provisional directors of the proposed park company. The company has been formed with Sir Alexander Campbell as President, and the application for a charter from the Province of Ontario has been filed.

A THREATENING LETTER.

Exile McBride Indulges in a Dangerous Pastime.

The District Attorney of Buffalo has been formally notified via the Executive Department at Washington and the Executive Department at Albany, that a well known citizen of Buffalo had been guilty of a serious misdemeanor. The accusation is based upon the following letter, which is self-explaining: "Buffalo, N Y., Nov. 10, 1884 —To the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, Washington, D.C. Recall James Russell Lowell, United States Minister to the Court of St. James, England, or he will be blown up with dynamite. (Signed,) Exile J. J. McBride." It is claimed that the offence is indictable under the following section of the code: "Sec. 559.—Written threat—A person, who, knowing the contents thereof, sends, delivers, or in any manner causes to be sent or received any letter or other writing threatening to do any unlawful injury to the person or property of another, is guilty of misdemeanor." The general penalty for misdemeanor is one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary or a fine of not more than $500, or both. Steps will be taken to indict the irrepressible John.

Found and Lost.

Haviland & Co., whose handsome china is seen in the best china stores, after many trials announced that they had rediscovered the lost art of flambe, or the flame colored clouding of porcelain. They succeeded in making two perfect vases which were sent to Paris for exhibition. But the art seems to have been lost again as speedily as it was discovered. Several hundred vases have been subjected to the same treatment that was successful with the two, but failure has marked every case. The coloring is derived from fumes of opper.

—A. Jeffrey, of Hallville, Ill., has a hog which he claims to weigh 1,400 pounds, the largest ever raised. It will be shown at Chicago.

THE GREAT LONE SEA.

What a Man Heard and Saw Twenty-Five Years Ago While in Labrador.

A Philadelphian who has read the published accounts of the re discovery of the great Lake Mistassini writes: I spent the summer of 1859 upon the coast of Labrador. I was always asking the native Esquimaux and the older residents about the country which lies to the westward, feeling a great personal desire to penetrate it, so as to settle some disputed points affecting the geography of that utterly unexplored and unknown region. No one could give me any information, but all agreed that it was entirely impracticable to penetrate the country any further than the explorer could be sustained by the provisions practicable to be carried *en route* by his party. At the rooms of the Jersey Fishing Company, at Fortean Bay, however, I came across an Englishman who had been in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company at Moose Factory, at the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay, and in the edge of Rupert's Land. He frequently declared to me that to the eastward of Hudson's Bay, toward Labrador, there was a lake larger than Ontario and Erie combined, surrounded by arable land, and well timbered for so high a latitude. He did not pretend to have seen the lake, but derived his information from Indians—not Esquimaux—who brought their furs to Moose Factory to trade for food and clothing.

This was twenty-five years ago. On my way south upon the Canadian steamer which biennially visits lower Labrador with oil and supplies for the lighthouses in those far-away seas, I communicated what I had heard to a gentleman whose name I have forgotten, but who was in the suite of the Governor-General of Canada, whose party we picked up at Mingan, on the lower Gulf coast. While I would award all praise to the Geographical Society of Quebec for the exact information which appears to have been derived from the explorations of their agents as regards this great inland sea, they can hardly lay claim to any originality of discovery, since the existence of such a lake was known to the men about Moose Factory at least thirty years ago. It may be said that the Esquimaux hardly ever leave the coast. They depend upon the sea for their food and clothing. They are singularly lacking in enterprise. They look upon the unexplored lands between them and Rupert's Land as a region given up to devils and evil things, and could not on any account be induced to join any exploring party to penetrate those wilds. The atlases which we are taught to believe give an accurate description of the countries they give pictures of mark "Esquimaux" upon the great region lying between 50 and 60 degrees north latitude and 3 and 7 degrees east longitude (from Washington). But it would be entirely safe to offer a thousand dollars a head for any Esquimaux found in Rupert's Land, or, indeed, fifty miles from the coast of Labrador.

HE MAY BE INSANE,

But He Ought to be Put where He Can Do no More Harm.

Near Springfield, Ohio, on Wednesday, Dr John Maxwell, after sending his wife to town, administered to his four children, aged 4 to 13, a combination of aconite and chloroform He then placed a cloth saturated with chloroform over their faces, placed them on a bed, administered a similar dose to himself, and lay down to die with them. When Mrs. Maxwell returned all four of the children were unconscious. During the night two of the children died. Maxwell revived and was jailed. He refused to talk. He left a letter saying he was tired of life and wanted his children to go with him to avoid suffering. He had recently been indicted for libel of another physician, and with business embarrassments it is supposed incited the fearful act. Later news says the oldest boy died to-night, making three deaths The oldest girl will recover. It is feared Mrs. Maxwell will die from the shock. Maxwell feigns insanity.

A Warm Enough Reception.

Eleven years ago James Kehoe and Kate Welch were married in Albany, N. Y. Three years after Kehoe was called to Ireland to settle up an estate in which he was interested. He left his wife and two children, Mrs. Kehoe saying that she preferred not to make the journey across the Atlantic. This was eight years ago. On Thursday last Kehoe, who had regularly corresponded with his wife during his absence, returned to Albany. He was recognized by Luke Dunn, one of his former friends, who made to him the startling announcement that soon after his departure his wife had married Peter Smith, an old admirer of hers before she became Mrs. Kehoe. The astonished husband decided to call on his wife, but as soon as he presented himself she seized a kettle filled with boiling water and hurled the contents at him. He retreated hastily and returned to his friend's, where he is at present sojourning, undecided exactly what course to pursue.

In Australia

The Melbourne *Spectator* has a lengthy account of an interview with Rev. John Wakefield, formerly of the First Methodist Church in this city, who is visiting the antipodes for the benefit of his health. The Methodists of Australia are discussing the Union question, and in the interview with Mr. Wakefield, inquiry was made about the methods by which the Union was affected here, its nature and prospects. Although Mr. Wakefield spoke from memory he gave a very clear and comprehensive outline of the whole question, much to the gratification of his interviewer. He has been suffering somewhat with weak eyes since he reached Australia, but his physician speaks very hopefully of his recovery. His numerous friends in Canada will be glad to know of his safe arrival, and that he is enjoying his tour.

—The French language is dying out in Louisiana.

Leo XIII is the 258th Pope. The Pope that reigned for the longest time was Pius IX., who filled the chair of Peter for 32 years.

A piece of sponge cake made by a Vassar girl has been presented to President-elect Cleveland. It is said that Mr. Cleveland prizes it highly, and will use it as a paper weight when he goes to the White House.

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

That for Which Men Are Ready to Hazard Their Lives.

London *Times:* Since 1804, when the Legion of Honor was instituted here by its founder (Napoleon I.), this reward has, in spite of political changes, continued to be the reward for distinguished or civil or military services. It is sometimes said by foreigners that the chevaliers are far too many, their numbers being unlimited, but foreigners do not always understand the manner in which the cross is granted. It has been customary at the close of the autumn manœuvres every year for the Minister of War to admit a certain number of officers to the order and to make promotions in it. There is now a tendency toward more sparing autumn distribution. At the close of a campaign nominations are, as a rule, granted to those privates of regiments whose personal valor would, in in the English army, have been rewarded by the Victoria Cross. At the close of the Crimean war a number of English officers were admitted into the order, and in like manner Her Majesty created a certain number of French generals and officers honorary knights and companions of the Order of the Bath. Appointments to the Legion of Honor are at intervals gazetted to the *Journal Officiel*, and on the 14th of July an exceptional number is proclaimed. In times of plague or revolution, when female heroism has often been conspicuous, lady knights of the legion have been created. Notwithstanding the persecution to which the French religious bodies have been subject of late years, the mind of the Minister of War is quite unbiased, and this summer he has made two appointments of women from those sisterhoods which have faced the ravages of cholera in the south of France. At the present time there not less than seventeen lady knights, and of this number nine are superiors or sisters of orders which attend in hospitals. The senior ladies of the Legion of Honor are Mdlle. Regis de Clemecy, who came to the front in resisting the revolution of 1849, and Mme. Abicot, who took upon herself to defend the mairie of a village against an armed force during her husband's mayoralty. In recognition of her exertions on behalf of the wounded in the Franco-German war, Lady Pigott was presented by M. Thiers with the ribbon in 1872.

St. John an Original Tough.

In conversation with an old man who has known ex Governor St. John since he was a boy an *Evening Star* reporter remarked that the Prohibition leader narrowly escaped personal violence at his home in Olathe. "Don't you believe it," said the old man, who ranks as an "oldest inhabitant" and who is consequently something of a liar. "The men who knew St John were least likely to offer him violence. Why, there is not a more dangerous man in Kansas than St. John when he is thoroughly aroused."

"Does he arm himself?"

"Oh, no, that is not necessary. He has the strength of a giant and he can fight like a Turk when occasion requires. When he was a young man he was famous for his strength, and in later years he has retained a great deal of it. There are not six men in this town who could handle him unarmed. Let him alone to take care of himself. When he was about 20 he travelled with old John Robinson's circus as a bareback rider and heavy lifter. I have seen St. John in the sawdust ring dressed in gaudy tights rolling a hollow cannon ball down his arm and tugging with a massive painted wooden dumb bell supposed to weigh a ton or two. He drifted from the circus business out West, where he soon became one of the toughest of the tough. He fought Indians and followed the life of a scout and trapper for several years. During this time he had some experience that would have ornamented the pages between the yellow backs of a dime novel. On one occasion he was chased by Indians for three days and killed a dozen of them, but the villains still pursued him. He next bobbed up as a blooming politician, where his experience fighting Indians proved valuable to him. But don't you worry about St. John's safety, for he is used to defending himself against just such savages as these mad Republicans."—*Kansas City Star.*

A Poor Excuse Better Than None.

"This is a nice time for you to come home," said the wife of a well-known citizen to him as he entered his house at 6 o'clock yesterday morning.

"It was not my fault because I stayed out so late," answered the trembling husband.

"I don't know whose fault it could have been but yours," retorted the vexed wife.

"Let me explain," begged the husband.

"No explanation is wanted by me. I tell you for the last time that I will not tolerate your late hours any longer."

The husband sat motionless in his chair, while his wife, in sledge-hammer style, laid down the law of the household to him, and when he got a chance to get a word in edgewise he said:

"Wife, you know I always tell you the truth and I have no reason to tell a lie to you now. You see I was paid some money last night and on account of the lamps not being lit I was afraid to venture the homeward trip as I was scared of being robbed."

The wife forgave him on the spot.

(The husband attended a "poker party.")

From Another Standpoint.

"Husband," said Mrs. Smith the other night, fixing her eyes significantly upon the 7-year-old pride of the family, "I am afraid you will have to correct Johnny; he has been a bad boy this afternoon."

Husband, glancing over his paper—"What has he been doing?"

"He took his Shawlneck rooster over to Mrs. Jones', and Tom Jones got out his Black Spanish, and they let the poor creatures fight for more than an hour."

Husband, straightening up—"Which whipped?"

A carriage lighted by incandescent lamps and drawn by a horse, on the head of which an electric spray appears, is the late sensation in Paris.

"Ah, Mr. Hebbelton, I hear that you have been called to the ministry." "Well, I can hardly term it a call. They only offer me five hundred a year. Sort of a whisper, you understand."