CANADIAN PACIFIC

Reaching After Chicago Business Through the Wabash,

NIAGARA FALLS AND LEHIGH VALLEY.

The Chicago *Times* says: The plans and schemes of the Canadian Pacific, which at the present time seem to be reaching out in all directions on American soil and striving for American business, contribute an element to the pool situation that is at least a prolific source of comment and speculation. The latest is that in the near future the Canadian line is to become an active competitor for central traffic and trunk line passenger and freight traffic. As noted some weeks ago, the Canadian Pacific is building a new line or extension of the Credit Valley road from Woodstock to Detroit, where operations westward will end for the present. But the Canadian Pacific has, it is asserted, concluded traffic contracts with the Wabash and Baltimore & Ohio which give it running rights from Detroit to Chicago. It is claimed that this is not all. For two years the Canadian Pacific had engineers in the field marking out a line from Woodstock to Niagara Falls, and it is positively stated that this extension is to be built at once, or that work will be begun upon it early in the spring. Up to the present the Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific have exchanged business at St. Thomas, but the new arrangement, even if the Woodstock and Niagara Falls branch is not built, will work to dissolve that connection.

The Canadian Pacific has demanded of the Michigan Central on several occasions that rates via Montreal to Boston and New England points be equalized with those via the New York Central and Boston & Albany, which, of course, has been refused, as the Michigan Central could hardly afford to discriminate against or rather put the Canadian Pacific on an equality with its natural connection, the Boston & Albany. The Canadian Pacific is ripe for a rupture, and what with its Woodstock and Detroit branch, and its contracts with the Baltimore & Ohio and the Wabash, it looks as if it would soon be in a position to sadly demoralize Chicago traffic. There is also an added whisper that when it builds to Niagara Falls it will find at Buffalo a natural and ready ally in the Lehigh Valley road, which, if true, would give it a line through to New York outside of the pools, and unless one or both of the roads were brought in those associations would find combination impossible. With the interest on its bonds guaranteed by the Canadian Government, and in a position to haul freight at cost, in following out its favorite theory that its present mission is to demonstrate its capacity to secure business, the Canadian Pacific is becoming a dangerous menace to American lines.

One of Ferguson's Little Stories.

"Do you want to hear an awfully good story about one of your particular friends?" queried Ferguson, as he loafed into the reporters' room at the Toronto *News* office yesterday. "It's as true as holy writ," he continued, without waiting for a reply, "and the best thing about it is that not more than about four persons in the world have ever heard it up to the present moment.

"You will probably remember that when Goldwin Smith started the *Week* about three years ago, he imported an editor from the Maritime Provinces, in the person of Charley Roberts, the poet. Well, for a little while after Roberts' arrival Goldwin thought he had found a literary nugget, and lost no opportunity of trumpeting him to the skies. After a while, however, he began to find out that Charley wasn't disposed to be a mere cipher, and to receive all his opinions as though they were the utterances of a Delphian oracle. Once or twice Charley even went so far as to challenge some of his aphorisms, and this in the presence of third parties. Accordingly Goldwin's admiration of the young man began to cool very perceptibly.

"But one day during a brief interview these relations between them were strained beyond repair.

"It happened in this way: Goldwin dropped into the editorial sanctum, as was his wont in the afternoon, and in the course of conversation remarked: 'O, by the way, a friend of mine has written a little sonnet, which I have promised to submit for your approval'—and so saying he, with an almost maidenly blush, drew from his pocket a slip of paper and handed it over to the editor. Charley noticed the blush, but suspecting nothing, took the slip and slowly read over the sonnet, to which was appended the pseudonym 'Catholicus.' After a moment's consideration he handed it back across the table, with the remark: 'I can't accept that. The words are grammatically put together, and they scan well enough, but they are utterly without point, and they are not poetry.' Goldwin, with a decidedly crestfallen air, received back the paper, placed it in his pocket, and soon after took his leave.

"From that time forward Charley's editorial cushion was full of thorns, but it was not till after he had severed his connection with the *Week* that he was once more brought face to face with the rejected sonnet. He accidentally picked up a then recent copy of the 'Methodist Magazine,' published in Toronto. What was his surprise to find on one of its pages the identica sonnet, with the name 'Goldwin Smith appended to it."

—News from the Soudan has been scarce of late, but we now learn that Osman Digna is marching on Tokar. The difference between Digna and the people of this country lies in the fact that we are marching on Turkey. The attack takes place on the 18th inst.

—"If photography did justice to every one who has his picture taken," says a photographer, "that art would soon grow unpopular."

—Old lawyer (to young partner)—Did you draw up old Moneybags' will? Young partner—Yes, sir; and so tight that all the relatives in the world cannot break it. Old lawyer (with some disgust)—The next time there is a will to be drawn up I'll do it myself.

The new Presbyterian Church at Tilsonburg is to be opened on December 5th.

A new $2 000 organ is to be opened in the Methodist Church, London South, on Sunday evening.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW LECTURE.

A Yankee's Adventure at the Court of King Arthur.

At the regular meeting of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island, N. Y., on Thursday night, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) read a learned essay on "The War Experiences of a Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Mr. Clemens was received with much applause and at once announced the purpose of his lecture or talk as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen: This fragment which by your courtesy I am to read here to night is a story—a satire if you please—which I began to write some time ago and which is not finished; so what I propose to do under the circumstances is to read the first chapter just as it is and then in brief synopsis or outline tell the rest of it in bulk, do as the dying cowboy advised his spiritual adviser to do, 'just leave out the details and heave in the bottom facts.' It would be impossible to tell much of the story in so short a time as we have and I will begin it just as it is written."

Mr. Clemens then went on to say, reading from the first chapter of his forthcoming book, that in exploring Warwick Castle in England he met a stranger who interested him greatly. They became very good friends and one day the stranger said, "You know about the transmigration of souls; do you know about the transposition of spoons and bodies?" Mr. Clemens had not heard of it, and subsequently this stranger sent him a manuscript. Beginning the reading of the supposed manuscript, the lecturer read:

"'I am an American.' Well, he did not look it. 'I was born in Hartford, in the State of Connecticut. I am a Yankee of the Yankees. My father was a blacksmith, my uncle was a horse trader and I was both.' This Yankee was struck in the head one day, and when he awoke he was sitting under an oak tree." The narration goes on to say that there was a man clad in ancient armor from head to foot, and that this apparation said to him, "Will you joist?" "I said," the narrative goes on, "'what are you giving me! Git along back to your circus or I'll report you,' but he went back a piece and then he came tilting at me and I saw he meant business, and when he arrived where I was I was up in the tree." (Great laughter.) Mr. Clemens continued the reading, which described how an arrangement was made by which the Yankee was induced to accompany the Knight, believing him first to be from some circus and later on an escaped lunatic.

Describing a woman encountered on the way, the narrative said: "Around her head was a wreath of red poppies, but as regards the rest of her clothing—well, there was not enough of it to talk about. (Great laughter.) She walked along by the circus man and did not pay the slightest attention to him—did not even seem to see him; but when her eye fell on me she seemed to be turned into an image of stone, and there she stood gazing with a sort of stupefied attention till we turned a corner and were lost to view. That she should be startled at me instead of the other man was too many for me. That she should seem to consider me a spectacle, totally overlooking her own merits in that respect, I thought curious." (Laughter.)

Continuing, the manuscript stated that every one seemed to notice the narrator with great interest, while none paid the slightest attention to his conductor. The streets through which they passed were muddy and ill-kept, hogs rooted contentedly about and dogs were numerous. Finally a blare of music announced the approach of a gay cavalcade of knights in armor, and this was followed by an ascent into a castle. With the asylum idea still uppermost the narrator asked an inmate if he belonged to the asylum, or if he was there only as a visitor. "And he said," continued the narrator, "'Marry, marry,' and I said, 'That'll do, I guess you're an inmate. One gorgeously attired youth came to me and said, 'I am a page.' 'On, go along,' said I; 'you ain't big enough for a paragraph.' (Laughter.) Finally he mentioned in a casual way that he was born in the beginning of 513. Said I: "Won't you say it again and say it slow? What did you say?' '513.' Said I: 'You don't look it.' And said I: 'Are you in your right mind?' 'Yes,' said he. 'And are all these people in their right minds?' 'Yes,' said he, and said I, 'Where am I?' and said he, 'You are in King Arthur's Court,' and said I, 'What year is it now?' and said he, '526, the 13th of June.' and said I, 'I shall never see my friends any more, for they won't be born for more than a thousand years,' and I seemed to believe the boy, although my reason didn't."

Continuing, he said the page assured him, after the dinner of the Knights of the Round Table was over, he would be called in and exhibited by one who had brought him there, who was Seneschal of the Castle and the King's foster brother. He was taken in, and then, in the most humorous style, he recounted the marvellous stories which each Knight at the table narrated and the deeds of valor which he had performed. Finally, the Yankee becomes one of the Knights, and is clothed in armor and sent to destroy a castle and kill an ogre which guards it and to set at liberty some sixty beautiful princesses. The description of how a man of the present time would feel in a suit of armor was one of the most humorous things in Mr. Clemens' paper. One portion of it was as follows: "We have been so made that there comes a time when we must scratch, and the more we want to scratch the more we would give $10 000 if we could scratch, and if that deprivation goes on there comes a time when we would give a million. First I wanted to scratch my head, then my arms, then my legs," etc. He went on to describe how he had perspired inside the armor, and how on ascending the mountain he froze stiff inside of it, and was finally in a frozen state rubbed off the horse by the animal passing under a tree, and, the armor breaking, he was liberated. He then concluded that instead of seeking further for the castle and the one-eyed giant, he would go back and lie about it, and that this succeeded very well and he came to be recognized as a prime warrior among the Knights of the Round Table. Finally he returns to this country and finds that the knights had turned themselves into a stock board, and seats at the Round Table are worth $30,000 apiece.

Two Mormon elders have been ducked and cowhided in Eckville, Pa.

STORIES FROM SAVAGES' LANDS.

Some Remarkable Stories That White Travellers Have Set Going.

Travellers have told many strange tales about new countries they have visited. A great many wonderful yarns have been spun by sailors and traders who are often too ignorant to tell the truth about what they see even if they can resist the temptation to tell a good story at the expense of accuracy. Here is a striking instance of the differences that may occur in the accounts given by an ignorant and an intelligent man of the same thing.

Capt. Lancaster, many years ago, told of a wonderful plant he found on the sea sands of an Island in the East Indies. He said he found the shore covered with small twigs growing up like young trees. When he tried to pull them up he was astonished to find that they shrank down to the ground and even sank out of sight unless he held on very hard. In the course of time Mr. Darwin examined the wonderful products of nature which Capt. Lancaster had discovered. He found that the supposed plant did not belong to the vegetable kingdom, but was a species of the animals known as zoophytes or seapens. "At low water," he wrote, "hundreds of these zoophytes might be seen projecting like stubble. When touched or pulled they suddenly drew themselves in with force, so as nearly or quite to disappear."

Besides the travellers who wilfully or ignorantly distort facts there are not a few who could journey around the world without being able to tell much worth hearing of their travels. A while ago a man who had travelled a good deal in the Western Pacific was asked to describe the Solomon Islands. All he could say was that the water there was very blue, that the bathing was excellent, and that he saw many lovely sites for villa residences. It was learned that he had long been a real estate agent in Melbourne.

Mr. Romilly says that a few years ago a traveller who was addressing an audience in England which included many scientific men solemnly assured them that the natives of New Britain mended broken legs by inserting a piece of tortoise shell into the bone. The shell was neatly fitted into a groove that was cut in the bone, and the ends of the broken bone were in this manner kept together. His hearers never thought of questioning his veracity when he surprised them further by asserting that the science of dentistry was far advanced in New Britain. He said the natives made beautiful teeth of mother of pearl, which they attached to the jaw by fine threads of sinnet. Later visitors to New Britain have failed to find any evidence of these accomplishments.

One of the funniest stories that ever gained wide circulation was that about the bone-eating trees of the Louisiade archipelago. The story ran that during the night the branches of these trees bent to the ground, and that the leaves, like those of the fly-catching plants, closed about all bits of bone or flesh that they happened to touch. Before morning all traces of the bones and meat entirely disappeared, the trees having completely assimilated them. The natives worshipped them as deities, and placed offerings of bones and flesh near them to appease their appetites. This story was doubtless derived from the fact that many of the Pacific islanders place thousands of bones in the crotches of trees, and in the process of growth many of these become imbedded in the wood, like the horseshoe which has long been on exhibition in a Nassau street window.

The imaginative element is largely developed in most savages, and they are always happy to entertain their white visitors with wonderful stories, some of which are afterward repeated in civilized lands as solemn facts. There are many sailors who believe to this day that there is a tribe in Central New Guinea which is adorned with tails. Some of the navives of the southeast coast are willing to swear by all their gods that they have seen men from the interior of whose anatomy tails are a natural and highly ornamental feature. The sailors think they ought to know. Jack Tar has also circulated that other interesting yarn from New Guinea to the effect that some of the natives bore holes through their left hands to fire arrows through them.

Newspaper editors as well as statesmen sometimes make curious blunders on account of their limited acquaintance with out-of-the-way parts of the world. A while ago some Englishmen were killed in one of the New Hebrides Islands. An Australian newspaper, in a burst of indignation, advised that a gunboat lying in the harbor be sent to draw a cordon around the island, drive all the natives into the interior, and there exterminate them. The gunboat force available for this purpose was sixty men. The island happens to be forty miles long and ten miles wide. A mountain range about 4,000 feet high runs through it, and it has a fighting force of at least 1 000 men. If the sixty Australians had tried to form the proposed cordon they would probably have made a bad mess of it.

Lady Ailesbury Photographed.

I remember Dolly Tester, now Marchioness of Ailesbury, as a big pippin-cheeked, straw-haired blonde, who made a redundant exhibition of her charms in the ballet at Brighton, and later at the Gaiety Theatre, a few years ago. Her father was a drunken shoemaker and her mother a laundress, who never touched water save in a professional way. Their daughter was the prize of the street hawkers and the 'Arries, and each of the three pledges of her eccentricity is said to claim a different parent. Savernake was Capt. Bruce when he met her. He was a stablebred aristocrat, who could ride like a circus man and drink like a cask. He laid siege to the erotic Dolly because his rival, at the head of another wild set, enjoyed her in a proprietary way, and having stolen her, married her to keep her to himself. By all accounts their existence since then has been a continuous debauch, and his present lordship has been arrested several times for street brawls which have resulted from his intoxication. Her ladyship has also been a couple of times in the police courts.—*Town Topics.*

An Ohio woman accuses her son of having sold the body of her dead husband to a medical college.

The markets of Tacoma, Washington Territory, are gutted with huckleberries.

THE ORIENTAL EYE OPENS.

The Japanese Adopting the Dress, Manners, Music, Songs, Teeth and Philosophy of Civilization—The Constitution of 1890.

Among the late arrivals at San Francisco from Japan were W. C. De Lano Eastlake and his mother, who are now at the Occidental. In an interview with a *Chronicle* reporter, Mr. Eastlake portrayed in pleasing colors the country and its people. The people are fast advancing in the civilization of their political, moral and intellectual lives. In the customs of dress there has been a marked change during the last decade, until now the officials and the better classes assume the English costume. Among the former it is compulsory, and upon the street the old Japanese garb is seldom seen except on the poorer classes. Among the ladies, however, the loose gowns of the olden days are still popular, but even these are gradually becoming obsolete, and at the fashionable balls the European dress is generally assumed, while the programmes of the Japanese orchestras generally include the best of English music. The odd, yet picturesque, style of hair-dressing which has so long prevailed in the country has been superceded by that of the American women, and the fair foreheads of the royal ladies are already hidden by the bang so common in our own country. The fashions, however, are not set by the Empress. The style adopted by the Ministers' wives is considered quite the proper thing, and, following their example, all ladies of culture have stopped blacking their teeth and shaving their eyebrows. The intellectual progress of the people of Japan has been almost unparalleled. Not only has the educational system been established all over the empire, but the capital city boasts of a university that can compare favorably with the best colleges of the continent. German professors, prominent for scientific works and research, have filled the chairs in the scientific and medical departments of the Imperial University, while in literature, both ancient and modern, English and Americans of advanced thought have been chosen instructors. Recently the staff of foreign professors has been diminished and the vacancies filled by Japanese literati who have returned from study abroad. The works of Huxley, Spencer, Darwin and others have been translated into Japanese, and are familiar handbooks to students in Japan. The promulgators of Christianity found that they have a proud skepticism to contend with. The Japanese talk of the "evolution of species" and the nebular hypothesis as glibly as our learned men. Buddhism is still the predominating faith, but Christianity is rapidly establishing itself among the more intellectual classes, although many of the high officials express extreme bitterness to the doctrine and its introduction. This bitterness is so great that to profess Christianity means the loss of an official position. The people are not conservative, however, and it is only a matter of time when the Christian faith will be accepted throughout the country. In all the large cities public schools are maintained, and it is compulsory that after attaining a certain age children shall be sent to school. In Tokio there are two large law schools, one of which is conducted in the French and the other in the English language. Added to these is an engineering college, with over 20,000 volumes, and its extensive laboratories, which have been recently merged with the Imperial College. Political affairs are not behind in the onward march of civilization, and the chief excitement of the country now is the preparation for the National Assembly promised for 1890. The ground is already purchased and the Assembly buildings commenced, although there is naturally some misapprehension on the part of suspicious minds that the Government may not carry out its promises to the people. As it now stands the Government is in the hands of the Emperor, assisted by the Senate and House of Lords, which in the Japanese is called "Gen-ro-in." The National Assembly will be composed of representatives elected by the people from the various districts into which the country is divided, thus making the empire a partial republic. Laws regarding press criticism and public speech are very stringent, and in neither is criticism of the Government allowed. Regarding Japan's relations with America I am able to speak at length. My visit to this country is in the interest of an extension of the mercantile traffic. The United States and its people are regarded with respect by the Japanese, and in their eyes, as the *Fiji Shimpo*, one of the leading journals, expresses it, America stands out in the world like a blossoming plum branch among a thicket of brambles, diffusing a rich fragrance and compelling the admiration of all for her great name and vigorous policy.—*Auckland Evening Star.*

To-Day's Church Notes.

Rev. Lennox Williams, son of the Bishop of Quebec, and curate of St. Matthew's, Quebec, has been advanced to the order of the priesthood.

Rev. Wm. S. Blackstock, of Toronto, who has been ill of typhoid fever, is now convalescent. He is much improved, though still far from strong.

Rev. Wm. H. Laird, Chairman of the Woodstock District, performed the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Methodist Church at Innerkip.

High Bluff Circuit, in Manitoba Methodist Conference, became self sustaining this year, and instead of diminishing her contributions has advanced 120 per cent. on her previous givings to the missionary cause.

Rev. R. B. Cook, a superannuated minister of the Niagara Methodist Conference, who died recently at his home in Stafford-ville Circuit, in his 75th year, began his ministry in 1849 in the M. E. Church in Canada.

At the meeting of the Paris Presbytery on Wednesday, in Brantford, a unanimous call to the Rev. Gustavus Munro, of Embro, to the Lucknow Presbyterian Church, was read and the requisite action taken in the matter.

Revs. Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, evangelists, have purchased two islands in Muskoka—Fairview and Ireland—on which they intend to erect a fine summer house. At the present time they are conducting evangelistic services in Cobourg, the university students coming within the range of their work.

Fallacies About Food.

1. That there is any nutriment in beef tea made from extracts. There is none whatever.

2. That gelatine is nutritious. It will not keep a cat alive. Beef tea and gelatine, however, possess a certain reparative power, we know not what.

3. That an egg is equal to a pound of meat, and that every sick person can eat eggs. Many, especially those of nervous or bilious temperament, cannot eat them; and so such eggs are injurious.

4. That, because milk is an important article of food, it must be forced upon a patient. Food that a person cannot endure will not cure.

5. That arrowroot is nutritious. It is simply starch and water, useful as a restorative, quickly prepared.

6. That cheese is injurious in all cases. It is, as a rule, contra-indicated, being usually indigestible; but it is concentrated nutriment, and a waste repairer, and often craved.

7. That the cravings of a patient are whims and should be denied. The stomach often needs, craves for and digests articles not laid down in any dietary. Such are, for example, fruit, pickles, jams, cake, ham or bacon with fat, cheese, butter and milk.

8. That an inflexible diet may be marked out which shall apply to every case. Choice of a given list of articles allowable in a given case must be decided by the opinion of the stomach. The stomach is right and theory wrong, and the judgment admits no appeal.

A diet which would keep a healthy man healthy might kill a sick man; and a diet sufficient to sustain a sick man would not keep a well man alive. Increased quantity of food, especially of liquids, does not mean increased nutriment, rather decrease, since the digestion is overtaxed and weakened. Strive to give the food in as concentrated a form as possible. Consult the patient's stomach in preference to his cravings; and if the stomach rejects a certain article, do not force it.—*Journal of Reconstructives.*

Pants Made Him Feel so Grand.

The most triumphant moment of a boy's life, everything being taken into account, is when he first discards petticoats for trousers. It is to be supposed that the feminine mind is deprived of the ecstatic thrill of this delicious moment, for the first trained dress does not come until long after the child is old enough to know that bitter is mingled with the sweet of every cup so that it is impossible to give herself up to enjoyment with the same abandonment of the wee man who gets his first genuinely masculine garments. A little fellow of 5 to whom had come this supreme period of his existence, drew himself up proudly before his sister of 3 and proceeded to impress upon her his true greatness.

"Kitty," he observed, "you can't never wear pants." A pause, in which he observed the effect of his words. "Kittie, you can't never have a moustache." A second rhetorical pause, during which his little sister looked up with pleading eyes; and then the climax, delivered in a tone of the most commiserating triumph, "Kittie, you can't never be a man nohow."

The accumulation of woe was too much for poor Kittie, who burst into a piteous howl at the perspective negation of her abased state, while her brother gazed proudly upon her distress with the air of a conqueror.

Small Robin showed himself under similar circumstances more of a gentleman. Arrayed in his new suit, he was at first speechless with sheer delight. Then at length his joy found tongue, and he burst out: "Oh, mamma, pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when——"

But an awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying, pathetically, "Poor mamma! poor mamma!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Have a Hobby by all Means.

With a hobby the poorest clerk or the wealthiest millionaire is supplied with a defence against depression and worry which is priceless. Take the case of a bookkeeper who is confined to his desk for eight or ten hours a day. If he can cultivate a taste for botany or geology it will give him an opportunity for regular excursions into the country, while he can analyze and arrange his specimens during his leisure hours in the evening. If he has a talent for mechanics, wood-carving, carpentry, pottery or any of the hundred pursuits into which enter deftness of hand and quickness of eye are open to him. The hours which would hang heavy on his hands were he without any hobby seem all too short for the pleasant work that he comes to with a feeling of relief. He has a resource against business worry that will add ten years to his life and that will stand in good stead should misfortune or loss of loved ones come upon him. It is the same with the rich man, save that he has opportunities to develop his pastimes entirely beyond the reach of the poor clerk. Practically, however, the two must stand on the same footing. They must cultivate a taste for simple and wholesome pleasures which do not depend on money for their gratification.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

A Mixed Item.

Professor Snore, of the University of Texas, is a man who is very apt, when he becomes excited, to transpose his words. Having occasion to rebuke his son, William, who is becoming rather fast, he said:

"You must thing this stop. Only yesterday I saw you parading Austin girl with an avenue of the opposite sex on your arm, a burning dog stuck in your mouth and a little cigar trotting along behind you."—*Texas Siftings.*

Made a Mistake.

A short-sighted man approached a stranger on Austin avenue and said:

"You are a wretched donkey."

"What do you mean, sir?" thundered the insulted party.

"I beg your pardon. I made a mistake. You have a remarkable resemblance to the donkey I supposed you were."—*Texas Siftings.*

Natural gas accumulating in the stove in a Pittsburg public school exploded the other day without hurting any one, but the children all gained a half holiday.