## HENNESSY'S SUSPENSION.

**Why the Governor of the Mauritius was Withdrawn — A Disagreeable Individual.**

A London cable says: The suspension of Sir John Hennessy, Governor of the Mauritius, has caused a sensation in diplomatic circles, though it is generally admitted that Lord Salisbury is fully justified in inflicting this unusual and very severe disgrace by the conduct of the Governor.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, K. C. M. G., has the unfortunate reputation of causing disturbances wherever he is sent. A thorough Irishman, he was born in Kerry and educated in Cork, where he evidently imbibed some of the fighting qualities for which he is famed. From 1859-65 he represented King's County, Ireland, in Parliament, as a Nationalist, and made himself so intensely disagreeable to the Government that, with a view of getting him far away from the House of Commons, he was appointed Governor of Labuan, and subsequently of the West African colonies. Contrary to the general expectations the deadly climate of the latter failed to affect his health in any way. In fact he appeared positively to thrive on the fevers of the place.

In due course he was promoted to the Bahamas and the Windward Islands, where he almost caused a revolution and created such a disturbance that it was found necessary to transfer him to Hong Kong. Here he became the bosom friend of the heathen Chinee and the sworn enemy of every white man on the whole coast of the Celestial Empire. When he at length left to assume the Governorship of Mauritius, not a single European member of the colony was present to bid him farewell, his name being execrated by the whites on the ground of his doctrine that a Chinaman was in every way equal to a European.

Since he has been in the Mauritius the whole of that usually tranquil dependency has been kept in one constant state of ferment by his quarrels with his Deputy-Governor, Mr. Clifford Lloyd. The latter, who is remembered in Ireland as the most harsh of all resident magistrates and as the bitter enemy of the Land League, is equally notorious for his quarrelsome disposition, and the person who proposed cooping up two such men as John Hennessy and Clifford Lloyd on the Island of Mauritius must have had the deviltry in question suggested by some remembrance of two Kilkenny cats fastened over a clothes line.

Matters at length got to such a pitch that one-half of the population of the colony refused to speak to the other half, and Mr. Clifford Lloyd, after a frantic scene with his chief, left for London to report matters to the Government. The latter found the matters to be sufficiently grave to despatch the Queen's High Commissioner in South Africa on a special mission to the island in order to inquire into the state of affairs. It is on the strength of the latter's report that the Cabinet has taken the very unusual and grave step of suspending Sir John Hennessy from his functions of Governor before either recalling him or giving him an opportunity to resign.

## DEGRADED AND CONDEMNED.

**Failure of Efforts to Obtain the Reprieve of the Murderer of Mgr. Isquierdo.**

A Madrid cable says: With the refusal of the Supreme Tribunal to commute the death sentence of Father Galeote, the murderer of Mgr. Isquierdo, all hopes of saving the priest from the garrotte have vanished. Strong efforts were made for a commutation rather for the purpose of saving the priesthood from the blot of the execution of a cleric than from any love for the dissolute Galeote, whose conduct was long a reproach to the Church. Father Galeote is the priest who, in order to revenge himself for an order of suspension inflicted upon him for immoral conduct by the Bishop of Madrid, shot the latter with a revolver at the doors of the Pro-Cathedral on Palm Sunday last. Before being executed by means of the garrotte on the plain outside Madrid, Father Galeote will be solemnly and publicly degraded from the priesthood. One by one his ecclesiastical vestments will be removed from him, and after his head has been shaved to obliterate all traces of the tonsure, his hands and the crown of his head will be scraped with blades of steel in order to erase all traces of the sacred oil with which he was anointed on entering the priesthood. During these proceedings a dirge is chanted by the "freres de misericorde," the cowls of whose monkish garments are drawn down over their faces, leaving only two little holes for the eyes. On the conclusion of the ceremony the criminal will be seated on a chair with his back against an upright post fixed into the scaffold. A steel collar, the ends of which are passed through the post, is fastened round his neck, and as soon as the yellow bag has been drawn down over his face, the executioner gives a turn to the windlass, which causes the steel collar to tighten, and at the same time forces the point of a screw against the spinal column, which it breaks. The body is then left during the whole day exposed to the public gaze on the scaffold, and is only removed for burial at nightfall.

## BURNED AFLOAT.

**Destruction of a Small Steamer—One of the Crew Drowned—The Captain and Four Men Badly Burned.**

A St. John (N.B.) despatch says: The small steamer Sir John left this port last night about 11 o'clock for Shulee, N.S., with a general cargo. When near Black Point, a short time after leaving port, fire broke out in the galley of the steamer, and rapidly spread over the vessel. The only boat was soon launched, but it upset and drifted away. As their only chance, Capt. Purdy then took the helm and steered for the shore, two miles distant. After much suffering from smoke and fire they ran the vessel on the rocks, when the captain jumped overboard and reached the land. The next man to jump, John Sinclair, failed to reach the shore and was drowned. The remainder of the crew, four men, then got ashore by a rope secured by the captain from the vessel. All of the survivors are more or less burnt. They had to remain on the beach in the cold till daylight. The captain reached here this afternoon. The steamer was built last summer, was valued at $10,000 and was insured for $5,000. She was owned by Capt. Purdy and his brother, of Sackville, N.B.

## HER DREAM.

This story being true, in order not to wound the susceptibilities of any one now living, I suppress proper names as well as a few of the least important details. As to the improbability, that is a matter of no concern, because it is simply true. As to its impossibility, I leave that to be discussed by the incredulous, who are so wise when they know nothing about a matter.

About ten years ago Lady Dash was staying at a large hotel in a fashionable watering place on the western coast of France. We will call the hotel the Lion d'Or, although that was not its name; the Lady Dash's daughter Blanche, as it is more convenient to have a real Christian name than to subsist on continual initials. The Dashes had just arrived with courier and maid and an immense pile of luggage, intending to stay till Easter, when they were due at Rome. After a rather early dinner they spent the evening in the gardens and listened to an excellent band while chatting with some friends who had just turned up. Lady Dash at last said it was delightful, but it was time to go to bed. She led the way in her handsome black draperies, a lace veil thrown over her white hair. Blanche followed slowly, loath to leave the moonlight on the sea, the pregnant shadows in the garden, the scent of flowers and cigarettes, all the brightness and the beauty outside under the stars, and shut herself within four walls with a candle instead of a glowworm. Her mother glanced over her shoulder to see if she were following, and then disappeared inside the wide open doors which led into a brilliantly lighted hall. Although the hotel was already crowded, there were a few fresh arrivals standing by the bureau. Blanche looked round with idle curiosity at the same time as a man turned away from the sort of pigeon-hole, with the number of his room in his hand, and came quickly across the tesselated pavement. He was rather under the average height, with broad shoulders, short neck and long arms. The light of the chandelier fell full on a pair of restless eyes, a pale, ordinary face, a short, dark beard, such as nine Frenchmen out of ten affect, and a scar on the left cheek. Blanche stood quite still, every scrap of color leaving her face, and then ran upstairs as fast as she could, panting and terror-stricken, to find her mother.

Lady Dash was quietly taking off her veil when her daughter burst into the room. She closed the door behind her and then said excitedly: "We must leave this place at once. I wouldn't sleep here another night if you promised me thousands of pounds."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? We've just come."

"Never mind, we must go at once. Where's Mary?"

"Eating her supper, I suppose. You must be mad to talk of starting off at this time of night. Nothing would induce me," taking a seat on a small sofa and looking very determined.

"But, mother dear"—and Blanche knelt down by her and seized her hand.

"Why, child, you are cold as stone! What is it?" rubbing her fingers gently and looking down with growing alarm into her agitated face.

"You know my horrid dream last night," her lips quivering—"how I thought I was being murdered. Just now, in the hall, I saw him."

"You saw whom? I don't understand."

"The man who murdered me," shaking from head to foot. "I should know him anywhere. He has a scar on his left cheek."

"But, my dear, this is childish nonsense. Who pays attention to dreams. I dreamed most vividly one night that I was shipwrecked. Am I never to go into a boat again?"

"But that's different. Oh, mother, do you want to see my throat cut?"

"Don't ask such horrible questions. You must be reasonable. We can't leave at this time of night. It would create quite an *esclandre*. You shall have Mary to sleep on the sofa."

"Mary, who goes into hysterics at a spider!"

"Then I will stay with you myself," magnanimously. "Anything to satisfy you."

Blanche assented to this with a deep-drawn sigh. She could not help seeing the difficulties in the way of an immediate departure, but, as far as she herself was concerned, she would rather have slept in a cow house than under the roof of the Lion d'Or. Lady Dash could not be expected to consent to the cow-house, so she reluctantly gave way.

The two ladies having ascertained that they had a sufficient stock of light and literature, and having securely locked the door, established themselves in Blanche's bed-room and prepared for a wakeful night. Lady Dash's nerves were on the alert, although she pooh-poohed the whole affair, and she started uncomfortably when an old gentleman sneezed on the stairs or a waiter dropped a pair of boots. By and by the hotel became quiet, the doors ceased to bang, and the last scrap of conversation was silenced. Lady Dash, after reading, or pretending to read, for some time, began to grow drowsy

About a yard from the bed was the door, of which Blanche had a distinct view as she sat at a little ornamental table placed at the end of the bed. Lady Dash, when her eyes were open, could also see the door across the corner of the bed, but she did not think it necessary to watch it as her daughter did. There was a looking-glass draped with coarse lace, into which Blanche felt compelled to look every now and then, as it stood on her right hand. As the night wore on she had an uneasy feeling that there was somebody standing behind her, and at the next glance she would see him reflected in the mirror. This terror grew on her till she was afraid to look over her shoulder. Her mother was fast asleep and she felt as if she were no protection to her. She longed to wake her, but knew it would be cruel. Suddenly there was a sound; every hair on her head stood erect and cold water ran down her spine. Her heart beat so loud that she could scarcely hear anything else. Lady Dash had awakened and was staring hard at the door Again there was a sound—an unmistakable cautious footstep. They did not look at each other, but kept their eyes fixed in the same direction. Breathlessly they watched and saw the handle of the door turn. Their hearts seemed ready to burst in the pause that followed. Again it was tried, but the lock resisted; then there was silence. Every sense seemed merged in listening. They waited with white faces and clammy hands, their nerves strung to the utmost point of tension; but the murderer, if murderer he were—was balked, and did not come again. * * *

Lady Dash was never more delighted to see the sun than on the bright morning that succeeded that endless night. She felt utterly worn out, but she quite agreed with Blanche that a move to Pau was advisable if that man were still in the hotel. Mary, having been told of the wretched night her mistress had passed, urged her to go to bed now in the broad daylight and get a good rest; but Lady Dash stoutly refused, confessing to herself, though not to the maid, that rest would be impossible. After a hurried breakfast she sent for M. Paul, the proprietor, who was dismayed to hear that the apartment, which had been engaged for a fortnight, was to be thrown on his hands at an hour's notice. He demanded the reason so pathetically that Lady Dash was at last induced to tell him the real facts of the case. Then his face cleared and he begged Madame to dismiss all uneasiness from her mind. As to the Monsieur with the scar he had lecft the Lion d'Or before dawn, but the police were already on his track. The bon Diu had mercifully preserved the English ladies by means of a dream, but others had received no such warning, and had suffered in different ways. M. le Baron had lost his silver cigar-case, Mme. la Comtesse her necklace of pearls, M. le Prince a porte monnaie containing bank notes to the amount of £6,000, Mme. S— a gold watch, Mlle. C— a handsome bracelet, etc., etc.

"But all these ladies and gentlemen, did they sleep with their doors unlocked?" inquired Lady Dash, feeling that they had brought their misfortunes on themselves by their own imprudence.

"Not at all, madame; but the vaurien had an easy contrivance by which he could turn a key in a lock, and so open the door."

"Then why didn't he open ours?"

"It must have been the light that protected you, madame. He saw it, and guessed that you were sitting up."

Lady Dash shivered at the danger they had run, but allowed herself to be persuaded to stay. Common sense told Blanche that the Lion D'Or was the last place to which "the man with the scar" would return, unless brought there involuntarily in the hands of the police. So she allowed herself to go to sleep at night without listening for his footsteps. It was a relief to her mind when the thief was caught and finally sentenced to a considerable term of *travaux forces*. This happened ten years ago. The term of imprisonment is probably over, consequently Blanche lives with the sword of Damocles hanging over her head; for until the man with the scar is known to be dead she knows there is a possibility that the dream may yet be fulfilled. *Absit omen.*

## REJOICING WITH EMPEROR WILLIAM

**Taffy from Son to Father and from Father to Grandfather.**

A Berlin cable says: Emperor William on Saturday celebrated the 80th anniversary of his entrance into the Prussian army by receiving all his commanding generals, headed by Crown Prince Frederick William. The Crown Prince addressed the Emperor as follows: "The army celebrates with Your Majesty the day upon which, eighty years ago, you entered the army. On several occasions we have been fortunate in coming before our chief in war, to thank him for leading us through severe struggles to glorious victories. To-day, however, Your Majesty can look back upon sixteen years which have been richly blessed by peace—years, above all, dedicated to the undisturbed development and strengthening of the Empire, which was only established after long waiting and struggling. This work of peace succeeded because Your Majesty's competent and active leadership raised the capability of the army to that state of perfection of which every German soldier is justly proud. The Prussian principle, that no difference exists between the people and the army, because both are always ready to defend their country, has by Your Majesty's care become the property of the whole German nation. In this natural capability lies our greatest security for the maintenance of peace. May I then again tell Your Majesty that our strong and united nation, in grateful love and faithfulness, always ready for sacrifices, trusts in its Emperor and leader in war; looks with joyful confidence upon him as the preserver of the peace, and cherishes the wish that God's blessing in fulness may dwell upon him."

The Emperor, replying, referred to his father, who, he said, allowed him to enter the army in the hope that he would experience better times than Prussia had endured. Providence had permitted him to see such happy times in the fullest measure. These better days were especially due to the successes of the army. Here the Emperor, much moved, embraced the Crown Prince and afterward General Von Moltke, to whom he spoke in an earnest manner, thanking him for his unparallelled services. Finally, turning to the other officers present, he said he hoped to meet them again on the 1st of January, 1888.

The city was gaily decked with flags last night and the whole city was brilliantly illuminated. The Emperor attended a special service in the Cathedral, driving there in a carriage. Crowds lined the streets through which he passed and unceasingly manifested their enthusiasm. A military banquet was held, at which eighteen commanding generals and 364 colonels and staff officers were present.

Mr. T. H. Cox, a member of the firm of Cox Brothers, manufacturers, Lochee, has intimated his intention of giving £12,000 for endowing a chair of anatomy in the University College, Dundee. This donation is another of the fruits of the approaching "jubilee year."

—Unreasonable Old Man (to bruised and maimed son)—"There you are, with one eye gouged out, both ears gone, a dislocated shoulder-blade, broken arm and fractured leg, with whiskey enough in you to start a liquor store, and all for a college game of football. It's outrageous, disgraceful." Bruised and Maimed Son (reproachfully)—

The orange crop of Louisiana is less than one-tenth of the average crop. There will be none for shipment north.

## THE LAND OF FROSTBITES.

**Travelling in the Snow With the Temperature at 50 Degrees Below Zero.**

The vapor of the breath will at once condense on the beard in the shape of ice that will keep accumulating indefinitely if not removed, says Lieut. Schwatka, writing in the *Youth's Companion* of his Arctic experiences. Of course we tried to keep our beards as short as possible, but living as Esquimaux, shaving was completely out of the question unless we lathered ourselves with a snowball and shaved with an icicle. So all our efforts were confined to what we could do with a pair of scissors, and even then the ice would manage to get at this slim hold and build itself up into a ball of varying proportions. Our method of removing it was peculiar. When we stopped to rest we would bury our mouths in the palms of our open hands and breathe with deep inspirations for a minute or two. This would always make the icy mass drop off, especially if the beard was kept short. If the reindeer hood comes too close up around the chin it also will accumulate ice in the same way, and in keeping it far enough away to avoid this the full chin is generally exposed. The chin, the nose, the eyes and parts of the cheeks are the only portions of the face exposed, for the hood comes down closely to the eyebrows. These exposed parts of the face are subject to frequent nips of frost, which during a very disagreeable day of wind and low temperature may exceed half a dozen an hour. The cure is to take the warm hand out of the reindeer mitten and apply it directly to the place until the little white spot which attracted the attention of some companion walking by your side disappears, for so complete a local anæsthetic is frost that you would never have known it yourself. This is especially true of the protuberant parts of the chin and cheeks, but some times upon the nose, just at the instant of freezing, is felt a hornet-like sting that makes a person feel like jumping twenty feet into the air. I have often been asked if such bitter cold air would not freeze the tongue in the mouth while breathing, and I have noticed this sensation apparently once or twice when the thermometer stood at about 70 degrees minus, but could at once get rid of the feeling by breathing through the nostrils and closing the mouth for a short time. The question naturally arises: Why not breathe through the nostrils all the while; but doing so continuously always results in such a persistent catarrh that it does not take one long to return to the usual method of breathing through the mouth, as by far less disagreeable. Every one has heard about the drowsiness that accompanies extreme cold, and supposed by many to be caused by breathing intensely cold air. None of my party experienced it in the least in all our winter's trip; almost constant travel in not only the greatest cold, but the longest continued cold endured by white men, showing that, living as the Esquimaux do, no such discomfort or danger need be feared. I have said that this intensely cold weather was usually accompanied by calms which made it quite bearable. I remember one quite noteworthy exception. One morning the thermometer at 8 o'clock showed us that it was 68 degrees below zero, but as it was calm and quiet we loaded our sledges for a short day's journey to the igloo of an Esquimau, where we could buy reindeer meat for our dogs. We were just ready to start when a wind sprang up that felt like facing razor blades. Had it come ten minutes sooner we should not have thought of going, but being loaded we started. The dogs trotted, and we ran along the whole way, except for one short rest, until we reached the welcome snowhouse. Both the white men and the Esquimaux were frozen in unexpected places.

At the end of the journey the thermometer showed 55 degrees minus—that is, it was warmer by 13 degrees. I told this to the Esquimaux with me, but I think from the incredulous glances they took at each other that they voted the thermometer to be the most accomplished Ananias they ever met, and wondered how we could allow ourselves to be duped by it.

**Freaks of Convicts and Unruly Tramps.**

A squad of six convicts working on the Augusta & Chattanooga Railway, near Augusta, Ga., overpowered and disarmed their guard yesterday, imprisoned two trustys in a hole just dug, and with picks and shovels triumphantly marched into the adjoining woods and escaped.

A telegram from Philadelphia says: The tramps in the Lancaster County (Pa.) workhouse, who recently struck for roast beef and were put in irons as a result, are a villainous set. On Saturday night at midnight the Irish tramps, aided by a few English and American brothers, began a terrible attack on their German associates, some of whom were severely punished. Nightwatchman Shaub ran in among them and discharged a number of shots from his pistol before the attacking party retreated to the old building in the workhouse yard, which they call their fort. Officer Shaub was considerably cut and bruised about the face and head. The tramps are quiet to-day, but there is no certainty as to how long they will remain so.

**Manitoba Weather and Wheat.**

A wheat buyer just in from a trip throughout the Province says that the country is as badly off as Winnipeg and its vicinity for snow. Sometimes by leaving the beaten track a little sleighing can be obtained; but generally speaking the country roads afford neither decent sleighing nor waggoning. This greatly affected the grain market. Asked whether the output this year would equal last, he said it was a question on which the buyers themselves could not agree. Two of the leading buyers of the city have a wager up, the one that the amount exported this year will surpass that of last yer, which amounted to about 3,500,000 bushels, the other that it will not equal it. It is estimated that so far about two-thirds of the grain has been marketed. —*Winnipeg Free Press.*

Not long ago a lot of chests of tea were seized in San Francisco on their arrival from China, and in the chests were found 3,003 five-tael boxes of opium and 456 pounds of partially prepared opium. This was sold at auction a week ago and fetched over $25,000.

A fresh detachment of the Salvation Army, consisting of two men and two women, arrived at Quebec Saturday and commenced services on Sunday.

## CURIOUS FIGURES.

**Republican and Royal Rulers in Octaves.**

The following numerical collection of those who have been Presidents and Vice-presidents of the United States is quoted from "Bayne's Chronology:"

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Washington-Adams. | 1. Van Buren-R M. Johnson. |
| 2. Adams-Jefferson. | 2. Harrison-Tyler. |
| 3 Jefferson-Burr-Clinton. | 3. Polk-Dallas. |
| 4. Madison-Clinton-Gerry | 4. Pierce-King. |
| 5. Monroe-Tompkins | 5. Pierce-King. |
| 6. J. Q. Adams-Calhoun | 6. Buchanan-Breckinridge. |
| 7. Jackson-Calhoun-Van Buren. | 7. Lincoln-Hamlin-Johnson. |
| | 1. Grant-Celfax-Wilson. |
| | 2. Hayes-Wheeler, |
| | 3. Garfield-Arthur, |
| | 4. Cleveland-Hendricks. |

This arrangement makes each series of seven a chapter by itself, with the critical points on the odd numbers. If this is in accordance with musical rules, it would follow that every seven should indicate a similar harmony. For example: John Adams to Van Buren; John Q. Adams to Pierce; and, as an octave, Cleveland would follow Fillmore—in which event it is rather singular that both should hail from the city of Buffalo, N.Y.

Of course it may be a mere coincidence without another illustration. Yet, admitting the musical rule, there may be good reason to believe that one administration does reflect another, both as to men and measures. The transition from Mr. Lincoln to Gen. Hayes, and from the latter to Mr. Cleveland, was evidently a natural continuation. On the other hand, Buchanan led the way to Grant, and the latter to Garfield. Harrison-Tyler presupposed Taylor-Filmore, and with a like fatality, extending even to Cleveland-Hendricks.

The tendency to return to the original starting point has been demonstrated over and over again in the history of every nation, in process of which the original class of men reappear and often from the old localities. Thus, it would be no surprise to find the octave to Franklin Pierce in New Hampshire—a man, perhaps his opposite—a man, instead of catering to old prejudices, may seek to educate the Southern mind out of them. But should the Vice-President be taken from Alabama, as Mr. King was, it might be well to consider the probabilities in his case, for while nothing is more certain than death and taxation, yet a man intended for high position should be strong enough to bear the strain of it.

The same peculiarity is seen in the order of the British monarchy. The Stuart dynasty came to grief on the seventh James (James II. of England). But lest that should be regarded as an old superstition, let us go backward from Queen Victoria, thus:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Victoria. | William III. and Mary. | Mary. |
| 2. William IV. | James II. | Edward VI. |
| 3. George IV. | Charles II. | Henry VIII. |
| 4. George III. | Cromwell. | Henry VII. (Tudor). |
| 5. George II. | Charles I. | Richard III. |
| 6. George I. | James I. | Edward V. |
| 7 Queen Anne. | Elizabeth. | Edward IV. |

This is not regular historical division, for it is plain that Cromwell was the octave of Henry VIII. Nevertheless, there are other octaves not less definite. For example, from Bloody Mary to William and Mary, and from the latter to Victoria, who has thus the misfortune to inherit the bitterness of the conquest of Ireland under William of Orange, as well as the pledge of a Protestant succession consequent upon the revolution of 1688. It would follow that another revolution is at hand, or has actually occurred, and this would be a remarkable commentary upon the law of musical harmony were it not an actual and active force in nature, subduing all things unto itself.—*Boston Transcript.*

**About Rats.**

My wife tells me that the hired girl tells her that she saw a rat stick his tail in a bottle of California cherries preserved in heavy syrup. After the tail came out several rats licked it. The Kalamazoo story goes that the rats got the eggs up a long pair of stairs in the following way: A small rat hugged the egg with all fours. The expedition then took hold of his tail and he was pulled up the staircase. The Chicago fall and winter fashion is to suck the egg downstairs and wear the shell up to bed for a nightcap. Will any one tell me why a rat that could get into my house through an inch auger-hole will bite off from the side of my house a hole the size of a wash-boiler? I tried tar the other day. I heard, some ten years ago, that tar was good for the scalp. Next I heard it was good for rats. It is. It appears to make them happier. They will not enter a wooden trap. As the store clerk would say, the wooden trap was not popular with them. But the wire "fixing" that goes through their gills as they come through the hole seems to be an invention of considerable danger to rats. The real way to catch them, though, is in the cage. I have seen seven in one cage, all caught between midnight and morning. Nine years ago I poisoned all the rats in my block. They died under my back parlor floor. This regrettable episode has caused me to join the Cruelty to Animals Society, and I take a far more merciful view of the rat question. The life of a rat is a sacred thing to me, so far as poison is concerned —*Chicago Evening Journal.*

**The Storm in England.**

A London cable says: The British telegraph service, which suffered so severely from the storm of Saturday, the 26th ult., has not yet been completely restored to working order The destruction of wires was the most serious that has occurred since the Government acquired the service sixteen years ago. The strongest poles were in many cases dragged out of the ground and hurled over hedges into adjacent fields. The Great Western Railway Company is among the heaviest sufferers; the interruption to the wires along its line is general.

Over 300 Royal Engineers are assisting the post office authorities and the railway companies in the restoration of the system. The lines are now open to Beachyhead and Lowestoft, by which communication has been resumed with France, Germany, Holland and Belgium, and the Submarine Company's wires have been improved. The total damage is unknown; but it must amount to many thousand pounds.

Father, you seem to forget that you were a young gentleman yourself once."

MONTREAL'S population is now said to be over 190,000.