TELEGRAPHIC SUMMAYR.

Big Bear has been released from Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

Trains are now running on time on the Canadian Pacific Western Division.

The new depot of the Canadian Pacific in Montreal is to be erected on Windsor street, near Dominion Square.

Candidates for positions as Dominion and Surveyors will be examined in Ottawa by the Board of Examiners on the 15th inst.

The Quarterly Board of the Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, decided last night to invite Rev. D. G. Sutherland, of London, to be pastor of the church.

The annual meeting of St. George's Society, Toronto, was held last night, when most satisfactory reports were presented. Mr. George Beardmore was elected President.

James Peatt, an employee in Scoone's auction room, Winnipeg, was found dead yesterday morning near Manitoba College. He had been drinking, and lay down and was frozen to death.

Wm. Kingston, an employee of the Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, died on Thursday, aged 78 years. The deceased was for several years one of the staff of professors at Victoria College.

All talk as to the possible successor of Col. Miller as commandant of the Queen's Own Rifles is set at rest by the announcement that Major D. H. Allan has been promoted to the vacancy.

Thomas Newman, living on the fifth concession of Romney, felled a tree yesterday, which in falling struck a limb of another tree standing by, and the limb fell on his head, killing him instantly.

Mr. Acton Burrows has resigned the position of Deputy Minister of Agriculture of Manitoba. He will, however, still retain the secretaryship of the Board of Agriculture. It is said Captain Clarke will be appointed to the vacancy.

The survey of the route for the Central Ontario Railway to North Bay has been completed, and the surveying party have returned to Belleville. They report the land fairly level and well timbered.

Canadian capitalists will apply at the next session of Parliament for power to build a line of railway, about 35 miles long, from Goderich to Wingham or some other point which will give the Canadian Pacific an outlet on Lake Huron.

York County Council at yesterday's meeting took the initiative towards the abolition of toll-gates by deciding that after the expiration of the present leases four of them shall not be renewed, and that the remainder shall only be leased for one year.

It is understood that the application of certain regiments of Canadian volunteers for permission to go to England next summer to take part in the Queen's Jubilee celebration, has been referred to the Government by the Militia Department, and that no decision has been made yet.

Lieut.-Colonel Henry R. Smith, Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, has been appointed by the Governor-General as honorary A. D. C. on his staff. This is the first appointment of a Canadian officer to the position. Lieut.-Colonel Smith is universally popular and will prove an invaluable aide.

The Pope has decided to recall the present Nuncio at Paris and to appoint in his place Mgr. Ferrata, who is now Nuncio at Brussels.

The Marchioness of Londonderry held a drawing room last evening in Dublin, when 1,300 persons were presented to her. The attendance was the best seen at the Vice-regal lodge for 10 years.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain writes to a Unionist: "I believe that the time is favorable for an unprejudiced consideration of the Irish question, and I hope no personal feeling will interfere with such consideration."

A service in Lambeth Palace Chapel, London, to commemorate the consecration therein in 1787 of the first Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America was held yesterday. Among those who took part were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Winchester, and Bishops Potter and Lyman, of America. The Dean of Windsor performed the service. Instead of a sermon, Bishop Potter delivered an eloquent address, sketching the history of the Church in America and its connection with the English Church. The Archbishop of Canterbury celebrated the communion. Minister Phelps and many other Americans attended the service.

Sophia Congdon, of Willimantic, Conn., died on Wednesday at the age of 110 years and 7 months. Her age is vouched for by her family and the records are said to prove it.

During a tremendous hail storm at Oliver, a small town fifteen miles west of Terre Haute, Ind., on Tuesday afternoon, an aerolite descended and exploded near the ground. The earth was torn, windows shattered and a large tree demolished. The explosion was heard six miles away.

The railroad companies having headquarters in Milwaukee have recently made out, by request of the War Department, a list of their rolling stock and statement of their ability to convey troops to points on their lines. The statements were sent to the War Department.

Treasurer Jordan admitted to-day that Secretary Manning is to be President, and that he (Mr. Jordan) is to be Vice-President, of the Western National Bank of the city of New York. The resignations of both officials are in the hands of the President, and will be accepted in due time.

Charles Ogden Ferris, *alias* Sir Roger Tichborne, convicted in the United States Circuit Court recently for fraudulently obtaining a pension from the Government upon a false claim that he had been wounded in the army, was yesterday sentenced to five years in Erie penitentiary.

Mrs. Mark Donaldson, of Lymea, N.H., aged about 50 years, was shot and instantly killed at her home yesterday by Stephen Lamphir, who immediately after killed himself with the same weapon. Lamphir was about 60 years old, and had boarded with the Donaldsons for two years. He had been considered slightly insane, and this is the only known cause for his act.

A Canadian poet recently fought a duel, but, an avenging Nemesis being temporarily overworked, it was the other fellow that got hurt.

James Reid has secured the contract for the Canadian Pacific Sault branch.

The Montreal winter carnival was opened yesterday, the city being gaily decorated and crowded with visitors.

Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, has issued another circular to the clergy of his diocese calling upon them to forbid their parishioners holding or taking part in political meetings on Sundays.

Word was received in London yesterday that Miss Walker, daughter of Col. Walker, of that city, had been badly hurt at a Montreal toboggan slide, having sustained a fracture of the leg.

The Vice-regal party left Ottawa yesterday for Montreal, and met with an enthusiastic welcome on their arrival in the latter city, where they will probably remain for a month.

It is understood that the Government has definitely decided not to grant permission to the Queen's Own Rifles, Toronto, and the Royal Scots, Montreal, to visit England next summer to take part in the Queen's Jubilee celebration.

It is asserted the English Government has adopted the Lee-Remington American rifle for the use of the army.

The Post-office authorities are making extensive experiments with a view to connect the whole of Germany by telephone.

Dr. Windthorst, leader of the Centre (Catholic) party in the German Reichstag, refuses to submit to the Pope's dictation regarding the Septennate Bill.

A despatch from Madras announces the death of Major-General Sir Charles Metcalfe MacGregor. He was only 46 years of age.

Stories are again current in London, apparently without much foundation, that Ruskin's mind is giving way, and that he is about to join the Catholic Church.

Herr Baetsch, editor of the *Potsdamer Nachricten*, in whose paper the story was first printed that the Czar of Russia had shot Herr Villaume, a military attache of the German embassy at St. Petersburg, has been condemned to six weeks' imprisonment for publishing a falsehood.

A London newspaper vendor, Smith by name, got drunk on Saturday. After a while he found he had lost his money and tried to drown himself in the lake at St. James' Park. He was pulled out and an emetic was administered. Smith promptly vomited up all the money—four shillings, a sixpenny piece and a halfpenny—which he had mysteriously swallowed while drunk. Yesterday in Bow street there was only a charge of attempted suicide to mar his happiness.

The inhabitants of Baku, the centre of the great Russian petroleum fields, are much alarmed over a subterranean explosion which shook the houses and caused considerable damage. At the same time a volcano burst on Lakbatan, ten miles from Baku. For two nights the volcano threw a column of fire and mud 350 feet high, illuminating the country for miles. The mud emitted already lies from seven to fourteen feet deep over a square mile of territory.

$127 FOR A POUND OF COAL.

A Canadian Farmer's Adventure With New York Confidence Men.

A despatch from New York says: A tall countryman carrying a gripsack went into Chief Drummond's office, in the Post-office building, yesterday, and said that he had come here from Canada, and that he had been swindled by a young man from whom he had bought counterfeit money and who had palmed off on him a bag containing paper.

"I'm sorry he didn't give the counterfeits to you," Chief Drummond answered consolingly, "for then I might have locked you up for having them in your possession." At this the Canadian hurried away without even telling his name. It was learned later, however, that he is Henry C. Hill, whose home is near Stratford, Ontario, Canada. In summer he is a farmer, but sells jewellery in the winter. Not long ago he got the regulation letter from the "green goods" man offering to let him have some beautiful counterfeits for almost nothing. He answered it, and got a second letter directing him to come to this city and put up at the International Hotel. He came on the West Shore road. At the ferry a man dressed as a policeman asked him where he wanted to go, and when he said the International Hotel took him into a side street and pointed out a saloon, over which was a lodging house. Hill was met in the office by two men, who took from him the two letters, and put him in a cab, which took the whole party to another saloon. There Hill thought he saw one of them put $500 in greenbacks into a small hand satchel. When it was handed to him he gave the man $127.

"The best thing you can do," the "green goods" man said, "is to drive to the depot and get off for home, and don't open the bag until you get there."

They bundled Hill into the cab, which took him to the depot. There he opened the bag. In it were two old newspapers and about a pound of hard coal.

Pointers for Advertisers.

Don't expect an advertisement to bear fruit in one night. You can't eat enough in a week to last you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.

People who advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than about seven days.

If you can arouse curiosity by an advertisement it is a great point gained. The fair sex don't hold all the curiosity in the world.

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low.

You should never judge a man by the umbrella he carries. Nine times out of ten it belongs to somebody else.

A Stuttgart inventor has perfected a machine for deadening the sound of a piano. He will rank high among the philanthropists of this generation.

It is supposed that the man who committed suicide by jumping from the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls is a young bookkeeper of Buffalo, named Cutting.

A NOVEL INDICATOR.

How Married Men Can Avoid Domestic Storms.

The latest genius who has applied for a patent is the man who has invented what is known as "the married man's indicator." It is a wonderful sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home, say, about midnight. He takes out the indicator, thrusts it in the keyhole and lets it remain there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly, he scans the dial by the moonlight's fitful gloaming. If it marks "S. A." (sound asleep) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly, uses the night key with bated breath, gives the door a quick pull to keep it from creaking, steals trembling to bed, and when his dear wife wakes up about two seconds afterward and wants to know how long he has been home he is sound asleep. If the indicator scores "A., A. C., B. D. N. K. W. T." (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is), the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth, opens the door boldly and walks in with a slam-bang air, hits his boots intentionally against the chair, wants to know why the devil chairs don't keep out of the way, gets desperately mad on general principles, scares his wife clean out of her crossness and curtain lectures, refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night anyhow, remarks gruffly in response to a timid query that "it's about twenty minutes after 10," and then turns into bed with such an apparent awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him, at which he is very sad, of course.

There are other marks on the indicator showing just where it will do to play the "lodge dodge," or the "sick friend," or "been standing on the corner talking to so and so for more than an hour," or "General or honorable this or that, from you know where, was in town, and had to go away in the 2 o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stayed up to see him off, although he was a great bore, and we only did it through courtesy." But the most awful of all cabalistic signs is the one on the top, about two marks above boiling point.

When the weary husband comes home about 4 a. m. from the direction of the butcher shop, with a roll of meat held high in the air, so that every one who passes cannot fail to see it, and sticks the indicator in the keyhole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on end he reads it by the faint light streaming in upon him from over the eastern hills, and sweat breaks out upon his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts as he sees the bulb of the indicator jammed smack up against "R. H. S. W. F. Y. I. T. D." (red hot, still waiting for you inside the door). The inventor of the instrument says that when a man has this terrible misfortune to overtake him he feels there is nothing left in life worth living for.

He slings the meat into the yard and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. Be he ever so gifted a liar his accomplishment is more than valueless. No lodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the general off, no swearing that he will never do it again—in fact, nothing will prevail. It is an indefensible case.

He is caught. Even the ghastly gayety with which two hours previously he had said to the boys he guessed he would see it out—"might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb"—had all vanished. The indicator having told him the exact state of things, he knows exactly what to do, and that is nothing but get in bed at once and wrap the drapery of his couch about him, pull the pillow over his ears and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband of his great load of anxiety. The indicator is a great invention.—*London Exchange.*

A YOUNG MONARCH'S 5,000 SLAVES.

The Host Which Guards the Harem of the Chinese Emperor.

I have been told that there are about 5,000 slaves in the Chinese Emperor's Palace, a figure which it is, of course, very difficult to control, says the Pekin correspondent of a Paris paper. The number, however, must be large, since that class of individuals is alone called upon to fill posts which everywhere else are usually given to men. Their business is to keep sharp watch over the Emperor's harem, an institution of no great service for the time being, since His Majesty is yet a minor, but in view of its becoming serviceable some day, and to pay meet homage to the rites of religion. The Empress selects the young beauties admitted into this Chinese seraglio, and she has to renew the *personnel* every three years. These young girls are recruited among the families of the Mandchou officers, who look upon the honor of having the prettiest of their daughters in the Imperial harem as a means of attaining high rank. These young ladies make their *debut* at the age of 14, and remain inside the harem until they are 25 years old. If in the interval they give birth to offspring they by rights become "daughters of the imperial blood," and remain bound with the fate of the child, for he may become a "son of heaven," and sovereign heir to 10,000 kingdoms. If, on the other hand, the young lady reaches the age of 25 without yielding increase to the imperial household, she is sent home to her illustrious parents, and honestly weds a mandarin of the place.

MADAME DE MONTHOLON, widow of the celebrated Count Charles Tristan de Montholon, who accompanied the first Napoleon to St. Helena, has just died at Bordeaux. She was 85 years old. Her husband helped Napoleon in most of his bold strokes of business, such as that of the Eighteenth Brumaire and the return from Elba. The Comte de Montholon also aided the late Emperor Louis Napoleon in his famous Boulogne escapade, and was imprisoned with him at Ham. M. de Montholon had received about $400,000 from the first Napoleon, who made him a Count and an Imperial Chamberlain after the battle of Wagram; but most of this sum was wasted in bad speculations after the Count had retired into private life.

THE IRON HAND.

How a Would-be Robber Found a Friend in His Intended Victim.

John Reamer, of the firm of Kern & Reamer, poultry dealers, is a strong, active, and wiry young man, whose right hand was amputated at the wrist, writes a Toledo correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat.* In place of the original member he carries a heavy iron hand, which stood him in good turn recently, preventing his robbery and probably murder, and, as the sequel shows, causing him to turn philanthropist under peculiar circumstances. There has been but a brief reference to the matter in the Toledo dailies, which have neglected an opportunity to give particulars of a very interesting case.

The night was dark as Mr. Reamer walked down Cherry street on his way to his home in West Toledo, with a considerable sum of money on his person. When he reached a lonely spot in the woods near the Metropolitan Park he was halted by a man who demanded his money or his life. Mr. Reamer instinctively dropped a small basket which he carried on his left arm, so as to make resistance, when the highwayman drew a knife and thrust it at him, grazing his body and passing it under the arm and partly through his intervening clothes. Mr. Reamer struck his assailant a terrific blow in the face with his iron hand, felling him to the ground, and followed this up by pounding his prostrate antagonist with all his might and main, until he finally groaned and cried for mercy. Presently he left the man leaning up against a fence, and with the remark, "I wasn't fixed for you this time, but next time I will be," started out on the road. But before he had gone far he felt the blood trickling down his left side, and the thought that after all he might be seriously if not fatally wounded so enraged him that he started back to further wreak his vengeance on the would-be-road agent. The latter saw him coming and, making a desperate effort, succeeded in getting away into the woods and disappearing in the darkness.

Some days after the encounter Mr Reamer chanced to hear through a physician about a man being very sick in the vicinity of Tremainsville. His suspicions being aroused, he went to see the man, and found him dangerously ill in a hovel. Two persons lay on a wretched couch—a man and wife—both very low, the attendant told him. As soon as the sick man saw Mr. Reamer he tried at first to hide his features from him by turning away, but his visitor thought he recognized the face of the patient, swollen, disfigured and black-and-blue as it was. The sick man, with great emotion, said: "I see you know me—I will have to confess." He then told Mr. Reamer how he had seen him display a roll of bills on the eventful night, and that he heard him tell someone that he could not get back from a certain place until late that night. He added: "My wife was sick, my children hungry, and I out of money, and I determined to take this chance of making a raise. How I have been punished, God knows. You certainly will not inform on me, will you?"

Mr. Reamer was deeply affected. Subsequent inquiries convinced him that the man was driven to the deed of desperation by poverty and sickness, and he decided to help him. From intended prosecutor he turned friend, and is now helping the miserable family daily.

A Progressive Donkey Party.

You cut a big silhouette of a tailless donkey out of cloth or paper and fasten it to the wall. Each of the guests receives a cambric tail and a pin, and is then blindfolded and placed in a corner opposite the donkey. After whirling around three times he starts out to pin the tail to the donkey. Wherever he strikes the wall, there he must pin the tail. The result generally is a still tailless donkey surrounded with a galaxy of tails and lots of fun.—*Springfield Union.*

A Royal Divorce Talked Of.

A London cable says: The actual presentation of the complaint for divorce of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise against her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, has been stopped, for the time at least, through the personal efforts of the Queen. But the strain existing is so severe that it is believed that before long, despite the scandal it would create, application will be made for divorce.

—"What is the best way to manage a man?" asks a feminine correspondent. Marry him.

—Sarah Bernhardt is growing fat. She is said to have filled every theatre in which she has recently played.

—Mary Baker, the fasting girl at Morrow, Ind., is still alive and conscious on the 106th day of abstinence from food.

—A good day for young ladies' cooking club to meet—Fridays. A good day for members to eat the viands they cook—Chews-days.

—It is an old saw that "all signs fail in dry weather." Probably a new saw would be appropriate to the effect that all prognostications fail in foul weather.

—Since the formation of the Baptist Union in Scotland, eighteen years ago, 31 new chapels have been built. At the present time there are in that country 85 Baptist churches, with 77 Sunday Schools, and 105 preaching stations and cottage meetings.

Have you paid your little bills?
Retail debts are wholesale ills;
Tardy payment credit kills;
Better pay your little bills.

Louder than heaving billows
On dread Niagara's roar,
Goes up the chorus through the land:
"Confound ye, shut that door!"

—At a recent diplomatic dinner at the Washington White House Mrs. Cleveland wore a gown of pale blue silk, brocaded in rosebuds, with a front of blue tulle bordered with ribbons; the body was cut square back and front and finished with lace; blue feathers in her hair were held by a diamond ornament.

—Detroit has forsaken standard time and returned to the old method. A resolution was recently passed by the Board of Aldermen to the effect that on and after 12 o'clock midnight of January 1st, 1887, meridian time should be established and standard time abandoned, and that the City Hall clock and all the city clocks should be changed accordingly.

A BISHOP IN HIS COFFIN.

After Lying Dead 700 Years, an Old Churchman's Body is Found.

An interesting account is given in some German papers of the discovery a little time ago, in the Cathedral of Worms, of the body of a mediæval bishop, who has been identified as Conrad de Sternberg, who died in 1154, being a contemporary of our Henry II., and of the great German Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, says the London *Times.* During the progress of some restorations which are being carried out in the cathedral, a stone coffin was found deep under the floor of the choir. It was closely cemented, and on its being opened in the presence of a special commission the body was found in perfect preservation, and arrayed in vestments denoting episcopal rank. On the head is a low miter, the low border of which is formed by a band of thick gold embroidery, of a lozenge-shaped pattern; the fillets of the miter are composed of the same sort of work, with deep, heavy gold fringes. The peaks of the miter have their edges adorned by similar embroidery. The alb and amice are made of thin linen, very openly woven. The chasuble, of the old bell shape, is made of very thick twilled silk, and falls in long folds around the body, forming a sort of pad round the neck. In the usual way a richly embroidered band runs perpendicularly down the front; it has no special design. The edges of the chasuble are simply hemmed. The tunics under the chasuble are also of silk. The upper one is of lighter texture; it shows a pattern consisting of lozenges connected by rays. The under tunic shows a very fine interlacing pattern of geometrical design. The stole is worn crossed on the breast, the lower portions being broader than the upper. Its ornamentation is a pattern of scale-like design, which shows alternately figures of lions and birds set in a pattern of fine-traced leaves. The girdle is of silk, but only long, untwisted strands remain. The feet and legs up to the knees are covered with silk stockings, which seem to be of a fine network texture. Three broad paralleled bands and as many smaller ones are wound round in spiral fashion and fasten them. The shoes, which comes up above the ankle and have two deep slits, are made of gold brocade; they are ornamented by circular embroideries, sewed on. The soles of the shoes are of leather. The pastoral staff lies in the arms, from the right shoulder to the left foot. It is of soft wood, ending with a ferule and spike; at top there is a spherical ball and hammered bronze, out of which issues a crook of soft wood, which ends in a bronze lily set in a socket. At the feet stands the chalice, also of soft wood, very finely turned; the cup is a hemisphere, and on it rests the patina.

WHAT WE WOULD DO.

A Chicago Canuck Exposes to a Terrified Nation Our Plan of Campaign.

What would Canadians do in case of war with the United States? Why, they would fight—fight as their ancestors fought—fight like devils! And what would they do to inaugurate the campaign—to give it tone, as it were? They would enter the field as if they had been prepared for such an event for the past twenty-five years. In twenty-four hours they would have the twenty-seven miles of Welland Canal completely guarded from one end to the other. In the neighborhood of that important public work would instantly be placed several field batteries, and ten thousand picked men from the forces in Ontario. Early the second day of the war a couple of batteries, after the destruction of the bridges at Niagara Falls, would turn their attention to poor, exposed Buffalo. Its big breweries and malt houses would topple over like nine pins under the accurate shelling of the Canuck gunners, who would also wipe the water with the shipping in the harbor, and even play havoc with the historic spot of ground upon which Col. John Finnerty stood watching the Fenians run in the raid of '66. About the time that the Toronto, Hamilton and Welland field batteries would be taking care of Buffalo and vicinity, the London and Guelph batteries and ten or fifteen thousand burly Scotch-Canadians from the counties of Oxford, Huron and Bruce would be opposite Detroit, razing that pretty city to the ground, shaking it up so badly that Brudder Gardiner would not be able to find a brick of the celebrated Lime-Kiln Club; all of which would vividly remind Detroiters of a certain warm incident of the war of 1812. With the Welland Canal open, a few Canadian gunboats would soon anchor off Cleveland and Toledo and bring to time, in short order, about 240,000 of those rampant Ohioans (not forgetting Petroleum V. Nasby), who now want to invade the Dominion. East of Toronto everything would favor the Canadians and not a foot of territory from Toronto to Halifax could be successfully attacked by the American forces. On the other hand Ogdensburg and Oswego would have to go down before the rattling fire of the Canucks; and thus it would go all along the line. Oh, the carnage and destruction of property would be frightful.—*Canadian American.*

Beyond the Court's Jurisdiction.

Judge Hall, of North Carolina, became terribly sea sick when going down the Chesapeake Bay on an excursion, the wind being fresh and the whitecaps tumultuous; so he spent most of his time leaning on the bulwarks.

"My dear Hall," said Chief Justice Waite, who was one of the party, and was himself quite comfortable, "can I do anything for you? Just suggest what you wish?"

"I wish," groaned the sea-sick man, "that your honor would over-rule this motion."

Under a new rule at the United States Penitentiary at McNeil's Island, Puget Sound, every convict brought there has the hair on the right side of his head shaved off. The other side is untouched.

A newspaper was received the other day at the Boston Post-office addressed "Mr. George H. Handel, care of the Handel and Haydn Society." Some thirty years ago there came to the society a letter addressed "Messrs. Handel and Haydn, musicians," and there was the same perplexity as to its disposition as there is now about the newspaper for Mr. Handel.