EXTREME NORTHWESTERN CANADA.

Explorer Ogilvie's Researches in the Yukon and Mackenzie River Districts.

A Winnipeg despatch says: William Ogilvie, D L.S., who has been engaged since 1887 in exploring in extreme Northwestern Canada, arrived at Calgary yesterday *via* Lac la Biche and Victoria. The route pursued by the party was from the Pacific coast up Chilcat Inlet by steamer, over the Taing Pass to Lake Lyndeman on Lewis River, a large branch of the Yukon, and down the Lewis River by canoes to the international boundary line. It had always been supposed that the Lewis was the main stream of the Yukon, but the Hootilenqua, which joins the Lewis from the east, about 200 miles from the coast, is the main stream proper. The party went into winter camp on the Yukon, near the international boundary, in the latter part of September. The greatest cold was in February, when the thermometer registered 57° below xero. Camp was struck on March 4th, when the party descended the Yukon 35 miles, to where a small creek runs in. They ascended this to the head through a pass in the Nehaunie range of mountains to the head-waters of the Porcupine River, another of the principal branches of the Yukon. This pass is 3,200 feet above sea-level The Porcupine was descended twenty miles, when on April 10th camp was made until the ice broke in the spring, which was on May 18th. The average depth of snow during the winter was about three feet. The Porcupine was descended to its confluence with Bell's River, coming in from the east. This was ascended to a pass in the Rockies about eight and a half miles long, with nothing to prevent a first-class railway being built through it. From the east end of the pass a small mountain stream was followed to its junction with the Peel River, flowing into the Mackenzie. On this stream coal of good quality and an abundant outcrop of asbestos were seen. The distance from the foot of the Rockies to where they entered the Peel was seventeen miles in a straight line. The total distance travelled from the Yukon at the boundary to the Peel River was 318 miles, crossing two mountain ranges, one in winter and one in summer. McConnell's geological survey party was met at the Peel. The ascent of the Mackenzie was begun on January 27th, and the survey continued until it combined at Chippewayan with the survey of the Peace and Athabasca Rivers, made by Mr. Ogilvie in 1886. A distance of 1,417 miles was covered. The only real obstacle to navigation in this distance was the rapids at Fort Smith. Wheat and barley are grown every summer at Fort Providence, in north latitude 61. A sample of wheat grown there was brought out and makes good flour. Mining is carried on on the Yukon and tributaries and pays during three months of the year. Forty-mile Creek, the scene of the gold excitement of 1887, unites with the Yukon about forty-one miles from the boundary. Twenty-three miles of this creek is in Canada. Mr. Ogilvie and his party left Edmonton for Calgary by team on Christmas Day.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

A Woman Foully Murdered—Tracklaying on the Portage Extension—Other Notes.

Archbishop Tache left for Montreal yesterday.

Crossley and Hunter, the evangelists, passed through the city for the east yesterday.

Mr. Ogilvie, D. L. S., left Edmonton for Winnipeg and the east yesterday. The party enjoyed excellent health, but was delayed by ice for five weeks at Chippewayan. It was also delayed one week on the Mackenzie River by bad weather and another two weeks on the salmon stream by increased work over what was estimated. Mr. Ogilvie found that the Mackenzie River was 200 miles longer than was reported.

Fire at the Walrond ranch, near MacLeod, destroyed several buildings and about 40 tons of hay.

A. J. Hoffield left Holland, a small village on the southwestern branch, yesterday at noon for his home, near Norquay, carrying liquor. His wife and three small children ran away on his appearance. He drove on to Norquay and returned home this morning with neighbors to find his wife lying forty feet from the door, dead, with her face fearfully mutilated. He says he only struck her with his hand. The Christmas dinner stood on the table as prepared, untouched. Hoffield has been placed in custody at Holland.

Mr. Kendricks, chief engineer for the Northern Pacific Railway, arrived in this city this evening. It is understood that he will look into the question of pushing the work on the Portage extension this winter.

Fun for the Bear.

A Chicago despatch says: City Treasurer Plautz has had some exciting adventures with a bear and a monkey which he won in a raffle. He endeavored in vain to induce the Park Commissioner to take the bear off his hands and then gave it to his brother.

The brother enjoyed the society of the animal twenty-four hours, and in that time the brute ripped up a carpet, pulled some furniture in pieces and hugged his new keeper almost to death. Yesterday the bear was returned to the City Treasurer without thanks.

In an hour he had forced his way out of the shed where he was confined, and began to make free with Mr. Plautz's little boy. He tore every shred of clothing from the terrified youngster and then held him up to the keen December wind. Mr. Plautz rescued his son with some difficulty and now keeps the bear in a cellar.

No More Theatricals in New York Hangings.

...riff (to condemned mur-
...hair. Say your pray-
... it. The electrician

... Won't there be no
...?"

...m step up the gal-

... chance for me to
...e game?"
...ght here."
'Oh, my! I—I wish I

... "a duck of a bonnet'
...so much bill to it.

A SHIPWRE...

Sad Story of Suff...

A Halifax despatch ... of Tremont, Me., master of the schooner Montezuma, of Calais, Me., has arrived at Yarmouth with three of his crew and details of the loss of his vessel as follows: The schooner was of 78 tons and 38 years old, and owned by Boardman Bros. and the Eatons, of Calais. She left Calais on December 8th with lumber for Boston. On the 14th she left Machias for Boston, and soon after, during a heavy north-northwest wind, she was struck by a heavy sea, which carried away the only boat. The vessel began to leak badly, and the deck load, being frozen, could not be thrown overboard. The men were driven from the cabin. All their fresh water became salt, and they had to hang their provisions to the main boom, which got under water. For seven days the only food the crew had was a quarter of fresh beef only partially cooked, and the only water was a little caught in a bucket during a rain shower. The captain and two men had their feet badly frozen by the intense cold. On the second day of the storm the stern was washed away, with the rudder and hawsers, and the sea washed through the deck-house. On the 18th the head stays gave way and both masts went overboard. On the 21st the schooner Edward D. rescued the helpless crew, and carried them to Yarmouth. The rescued men are T. G. Lunt, of Salem; T. Lunt, Fred. G. Commice and Harvey Hurd. The captain and Hurd have their feet badly frozen. The crew saved nothing from the wreck.

FATAL FIGHT OVER CHICKENS.

Bloody Encounter Between Mennonites and Americans.

A St. Paul despatch says: A riot occurred yesterday morning near Tripp, Dak., between Russian Mennonites and Americans. A public sale was held at the farm of a Russian named Sink, and an American farmer named Merchant purchased a dozen chickens. When ready to start home he found two chickens missing, and complained to Sink, who told him to take something of equal value. He selected a goose and started for home, but was overtaken by a party of eight Russians, who claimed the goose as their property. A wrangle ensued that attracted others to the scene, and soon a general fight was in progress, in which some twenty men were engaged. Two brothers named Johnston, who were passing, joined in the melee with knives. A Russian named Mayer was stabbed, and he in turn split Charles Johnston's head with a neck yoke, inflicting a fatal injury. The same weapon broke the arm of George Johnston, and knives were used to slash up three other Russians badly, but not fatally. The Americans found the force opposing them too strong and withdrew from the field. The wounded Russians were taken care of by their companions, and nothing could be learned from them owing to their clannish customs. The affair has created intense excitement in the neighborhood.

FIGHT WITH AN EAGLE.

The Thrilling Adventure of a Druggist in Bridgeport, Conn.

A Bridgeport (Conn.) despatch says: Fred. B. Hubbard, a druggist, had a battle with an eagle last night and after a severe struggle captured it. He was walking at the West End when suddenly he was almost knocked down by the huge bird, which lighted on his shoulder and buried its talons in his flesh. He grabbed the bird, which then fastened its great beak in his hand, inflicting a severe wound. After a lively tussle the bird was made to break its hold and was thrown to the ground. In an instant it jumped up and fastened its beak in the fleshy part of Hubbard's leg, just above the knee. Hubbard managed to get a firm grip on the wings of the bird and thus held it a prisoner. He has three wounds, but has the satisfaction of having captured a live eagle.

Ancient Advertising.

It is affirmed that the first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1642, during the civil war in Great Britain.

In Greece it was the public crier who announced sales or bid the people come to the theatre or visit the public baths.

In England the first printed advertisement was gotten up by Caxton, the celebrated printer, who announced the completion of "The Pyes of Salisbury," a book containing a collection of rules for the guidance of priests in the celebration of Easter."

The advertising card is of entirely modern origin, although the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans knew something about advertising. They accomplished the desired results through the medium of posters, as several bills, painted in black and red, were discovered on the walls of the Pompeian dwellings.

The first authentic advertisement was published in the Mercurius Politicus, of 1652. In the year 1657, a weekly newspaper, devoted to the interests of advertisers, made its appearance in London. It was not until the eighteenth century that newspaper advertising became the recognized medium between the manufacturer and the buyer.

Dr. Griffin's True Name.

The Victoria (B.C.) *Times* says: "Col J. H. Mahoney, the San Francisco detective, has been in Los Angeles this week. He declared Griffin's true name to be Griffin la Blanche; that he was born in Cuba some 40 years ago. The detective showed a number of letters and other documents, which he said were La Blanche's private papers. Some of them are written in Greek. They were dug up in the yard in the rear of E. T. Byram's house, on C street, in Los Angeles. Mahoney states they were placed there by La Blanche when he fled from that city. It is thought that ... documents dug up light may be thrown on the convict's many peculiar transactions."

Couldn't Stand Everything.

A San Francisco gentleman owns a dog, on whose collar he has attached the following legend: "I will not be responsible for the damage done to people who persist in discussing 'Robert Elsmere' in this dog's hearing. He can't stand everything."—*N.Y. Tribune.*

...

Did you ever see a battery take position? It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets moving slowly and determinedly on, but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once or more, and one-fourth of the brigade has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are being driven foot by foot, and that when we break once more the line will go to pieces and the enemy will pour through the gap.

Here comes help.

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count 30, and the guns rush for the hills beyond us. Over dry ditches where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling, the sight behind us made us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike a rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons, 60 horses, 80 men, race for the brow of the hill as if he who should reach it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command:

"Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the trees under which we fought and despaired.

The shattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around; they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot through the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one belt, misses just one cog in the wheels, and then works away again as before.

Every gun is using short fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sound from a line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it, aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast all reports blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grape shot and the serpent-like hiss of canister.

Men's legs and heads are torn from bodies and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the rank as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them the last shot. The discharge picks living men off their feet and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns. There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and the roar of more than 3,000 muskets and a rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left, nor in front of us, is a living foe! There are corpses around us that have been struck by three, four and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over windrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain.

Historians write of the glory of war. Burial parties saw murder where historians saw glory.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Long Courtship.

For thirty-five years John H. Buttrick, of Lowell, has been courting Miss Catharine Teressa McEnry. Mr. Buttrick is the head of a drug firm; he is also in the railroad business, and, what is more to the point, is wealthy, as well as well connected. Miss McEnry is 50, is well educated, and it is said that when Mr. Buttrick commenced paying attention to her that she was beautiful and much sought after by the youth of the town. But after the waste of so much sweetness on the Lowell air, after the coming and going of so many years, after the fleeing of thirty-five summers, with their trysts and their kisses, and the alleged promise of Mr. Buttrick to marry her unfulfilled, she is naturally discouraged, and has sought redress for her wrongs and balm for her wounded heart in the law. She has secured the services of that gallant old warrier, General Benjamin F. Butler, and the demand is for $75,000 damages—a moderate amount to be sure; scarcely more than $2,000 a year for the time that the courtship has been in progress.

Sic Transit....

A few days ago there died at Saint-Etienne an old man named Petroviski, Count of Blanckemberg in the Polish nobility. The aged foreigner was reduced to absolute beggary. He was born in Warsaw in the year 1789, and went through the campaign of Napoleon I., after which he occupied a position as engineer in the district of Lyons.—*Figaro.*

...

Very few persons ... that we had living in Windsor a gra...daughter of that prominent character in the Revolutionary War, Benedict Arnold. The lady referred to was Mrs. Shipman, widow of the late Stephen Royce Shipman and daughter of Richard Arnold, eldest son of Benedict Arnold of revolutionary fame. She was born in the township of Augusta, near Brockville, Ont. Her birth is registered in her father's family Bible in his own handwriting, "Born the 25th January, 1814, Charlotte Arnold." She was the fourth daughter of a family of six daughters and three sons, all of whom grew to be men and women; but now only two sons and two daughters are living. The deceased, in her younger days, received a very fair education having attended the County School very near her father's residence. For the times this was considered a good school. Afterwards, with an elder sister, she went one year to a convent in Montreal. October 31st, 1837, she was married to Stephen Royce Shipman, and removed to the Township of Ramsey, where her husband was engaged in business at a small village then called Shipman's Mills, named after the father of her husband, but now the flourishing town of Almont. Mr. Shipman disposed of his interest at this place and removed to the County of Hastings, near Belleville, where he erected a grist and saw mill. He resided some seven or eight years there and then disposed of the mills and removed to Kingston and engaged in mercantile pursuits. He died very suddenly on the 9th of Dec., 1847, at his son-in-law's residence, Sarnia, aged 79 years, leaving a widow, three sons and one daughter. After Mr. Shipman's death the widow, with the family, moved to Brockville, where she had two brothers and other connections living. After the marriage of her daughter she removed to Windsor, where she remained a while with her son-in-law and daughter. She then purchased a house and lot and commenced housekeeping. The last two years her health has been failing, but no one supposed her end was so near. A couple of weeks ago, on the advice of her physicians, she was removed to Harper's Hospital, where it was thought the facilities for nursing and medical attendance were more suitable. Notwithstanding the best medical attendance and all that loving friends could do she quietly sank to rest on Thursday last. The Rev. John Grey, pastor of the Windsor Presbyterian Church, which the deceased attended, visited her at the hospital and administered Christian consolation during her illness. The funeral took place on Saturday from her granddaughter's residence, Windsor, to the Protestant cemetery.—*Record.*

The Miseries of High Life.

Mrs. Westend—Oh, such a time as I do have with nurses! I've discharged three this week for not keeping the children quiet, and it hasn't done a bit of good.

Mrs. Tiptop—I notice the noise from the nursery is terrible. Well, I have the same trouble, and my husband, who is getting deaf, actually refuses to be treated for it. I can't see what sort of creatures these child's nurses can be. They don't seem to have a bit of sense. I actually caught one buying cheap candy with her own money to keep the little angels quiet. Just think of the impudence of the thing—putting cheap candy into the delicate stomachs of my children. Well I said I'd discharge her if she repeated the offense, and what do you suppose she did next? Why, when they began to yell and kick at her for not buying them a locomotive and cars big enough to ride in she actually threatened to have their father whip them, just as if she, a common, ignorant nurse, had a right to keep their father, my husband, at her beck and call. No wonder the children laughed and then yelled louder than ever. Even they could see the effrontery of the thing.

Mrs. Westend—Well, I'd send her flying. Dear me! What a racket! Hark! Ah! I understand it now. That miserable creature who calls herself a nurse is trying to stand little Billy in the corner for something. Isn't it awful. Now, if she hits him I'll just send for the police—I just will. I shan't be contented with a simple discharge. It's high time these creatures were taught a lesson.

Mrs. Tiptop—I think so, too. No wonder the little dears learn to yell and kick and bite when they have such examples set them. They see it's a mere question of physical strength—brute force—of course they do. Why don't these nurses keep the children amused? That's what they are hired to do. Well, I must hurry, for I have an engagement at the intelligence office at this hour. I want if possible to get a nurse to replace the one I have now. Since dear little Bobby kicked her shins black and blue she has hated him so she won't buy any more candy for him, and it almost breaks my heart to hear the poor little fellow cry.

Philosophy Under a Lamp Post.

Not many evenings ago a sedate individual, braced up against a lamp post on Bold street, was heard to murmur softly: "Yes, health is valued only when one gets sick; if there was no poverty in the world, riches would be a drug; it is only when a man is in trouble that he understands the true value of happiness, and we would never realize the grandeur of the electric lights if we had none of these blamed coal oil lamps in the outskirts of the city."

Masonic.

Over $30,000 have been raised toward the new Masonic temple at Grand Rapids.

Masonry knows no bounds. A magnificent new temple for the fraternity has been constructed and dedicated at Kamloops, in the Rocky Mountains. The building is an imposing structure. It is 52x34 feet, and two stories high. The Grand Lodge of British Columbia conducted the dedictory ceremonies.

Beginning the New Year.

"Come, hubby, you ought to take me to the theatre New Year's Eve, seeing you didn't give me any Christmas present," said a newly married wife to her husband.

"Nonsense; I've only got one ticket, and we don't want to begin the New Year squandering money. We must learn to economize, now we are married," replied the brute.

...coveries Came About.

Valuable discoveries have been made and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire. The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glasscutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum. The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist by the name of Lundyfoot was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoldering ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff for himself and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name and in a few years became rich through an accident which he at first thought had completely ruined him. The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by the mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp.—*London Tidbits.*

Cured of a Curious Delusion.

"That is a queer freak," said one of the newspaper men when the woman had departed, "but I know of a case stranger than that. It happened in my own family, and the victim of the hallucination was my uncle. He was a farmer and a wealthy man. When the war broke out he enlisted and fought bravely to the end. He had not been home six months when the strange fancy seized him that there was a small drum secreted in the top of his head and that he would never more have peace. He was sent to a private insane asylum. Except for this peculiar idea he was apparently as sane as you or I, and his conversation on any topic but this was rational. Finally the physicians hit upon a happy idea. They told my uncle that they would perform a surgical operation and take the drum out. So they had a miniature drum made, and one of them kept it in the palm of his hand where the patient could not see it. They then cut the scalp on top of his head until blood came, and the physicians pretended to draw out the drum through the top of his head, stitching the wound after doing so. My uncle was cured the minute he saw the drum.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Bricks for a Pillow.

A correspondent of the Shanghai *North China Herald* says that to the average Celestial it is a matter of indifference how long he remains in one position. He will write all day like an automaton; he will work from morn to eve without any variation, and apparently without any consciousness of the monotony. The Chinese school children will undergo any amount of confinement, unrelieved by recesses or changes of work, which would drive a Western pupil to the verge of insanity. Ever Chinese infants are said to remain as im passive as "mud gods." To the Chinee exercise appears to be superfluous, an they can sleep anywhere. With a brik for a pillow the "heathen Chinee" can lie down on his bed of stalks or mud bricks or rattan and sleep the sleep of the just, with no reference to the rest of creation.

Remarkable Vigor For His Age.

Rev. D. Sutherland, Gabrus, C.B., writes to the *Witness*: "Malcolm McMillan, of Catalone, C. B., a native of Lochmaddy, North-Uist, Scotland, is 101 years of age; and all his senses are as good as when he was in his teens. A few months ago he cut and sewed a pair of millcloth trousers for himself. Last autumn he mowed hay on the same field with his son, his grandson and his great-grandson and his day's work was equal, it is said, to the best of them. He was 40 years of age before he ever saw tea, and 43 before he ever put a tobacco pipe in his mouth. He never lost a tooth, and does not know what headache or toothache is. He is, best of all, a child of God and a Presbyterian, and has not been out of the house on Sabbath for 20 years only to go to the house of God."

Going Down Hill.

Little Bobby—Don't you want to take me up to the toboggan slide with you some day, Mr. Jinks?

Mr. Jinks—I never go to any toboggan slide, Bobby; never even saw a toboggan.

Bobby (a trifle nonplussed)—That's funny; I heard pa say something about your going down hill at a furious rate.