MANCHESTER'S CANAL.

One of the Great Engineering Feats of the Present Age.

The objective point of this (Saturday) morning was the famous ship canal now in course of construction between Liverpool and Manchester, says Julian Hawthorne in a letter to the Detroit *News*. These two great towns, each containing at least 500,000 inhabitants, have long been jealous rivals, after the fashion of our own St. Paul and Minneapolis or St. Louis and Chicago. By making this canal Manchester will immensely improve her position, for it will render her a seaport in every way as convenient and accessible as Liverpool herself. The canal has long been in contemplation, but has been delayed by many causes, among which the opposition of the railway corporations are not the most formidable. But all the obstacles were at length overcome. The route of the canal was surveyed with extraordinary care and judgement. The contract was given to one man, the renowned Mr. Walker, whose successful management of an enterprise at Buenos Ayres, involving a cost of £5,000,000, and of the Severn tunnel have given him an unsurpassed reputation. No part of the contract has been sublet; he conducts it all himself, and so careful were his calculations that he will clear a handsome profit from the transaction. He began work eighteen months ago and will complete the job in 1891, or in about four and a half years. The total cost will come within £10,000,000—$50,000,000. He employs an army of 12,000 workmen, and dredging and other machinery that save the labor of ten times as many men. The men work ten hours a day, beginning at 6 a.m. and ending at 5.30 p.m., with intermissions for breakfast and dinner. I was informed by the overseer of the ninth section (whose department we were visiting) that no workman had been discharged since operations began. The wages are from fourpence to sixpence per hour. The contractor has built at intervals of five miles along the route of the canal cottages, chapels and gymnasiums for the use of the workmen, and I believe schools for their children, all free. This has never been done before, and the results have been very gratifying. We visited one of the chapels, a fine, airy, clean edifice of wood, perfectly simple but entirely adequate. The men themselves, so far as we saw anything of them (Saturday was a holiday), were fine, healthy, quiet fellows, not perhaps so intelligent as the corresponding class would be in America, but undoubtedly well up to their work. In fact, English operatives are, as a rule, at least as expert as ours, because they have been at work all their lives, and not only that, but their fathers and grandfathers before them. Their skill is, so to speak, congenital. The operations are being pushed forward all along the route of the canal, from Liverpool through the valley of the Mersey. The lines are as straight as practicable, the river winding along beside it. The entrance is at Eartham, a place on the Cheshire bank of the Mersey, a few miles above Birkenhead, which is opposite Liverpool. The cut has a uniform depth of 30 feet, with a breadth of 120 feet (as against 72 feet in the Suez), and the water is 26 feet deep. It is lined throughout with solid concrete, the walls sloping slightly outward, and is faced at the top with huge blocks of Cornish granite riveted together. There are four locks in the total length of 35 miles, each giving a lift of 15 feet. The largest steamships afloat can come up this canal direct from the ocean, and unload their cargoes in the vast basins that are building here, and in a few years the singular spectacle will be presented of these leviathans of the Atlantic steaming slowly through the verdant English valleys. The time occupied on the trip from Liverpool will be about seven hours, including all stops. The canal widens out at the locks so that there are three locks abreast at each point. As we were about to depart an engine came steaming along the track, carrying the week's wages of the workmen, who were gathered together in their best clothes—corduroys and yarn stockings. They were very orderly and clean looking. A greater contrast in every respect than this great work and all those concerned in it offers to the New York aqueduct job could hardly be imagined, and the contrast is nowhere in favor of the latter. Everything is done here as it was planned to be done; it costs only what it was promised to cost; it is being completed within the time it was contracted to complete it in; the work in every detail is the best and soundest of its kind, and there is no politics in it. There is food for reflection for Americans in the Manchester ship canal.

Stuttering.

It is said that stutterers, when speaking in a whisper, show no impediment of speech. This fact has been turned to account by Coen. In his method of treatment, for the first ten days speaking is prohibited. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.—*Ex.*

Whose Life is Always Spring.

Fiss—There is at least one man with whom life is always spring.

Quiss—And who is that?

Fiss—An acrobat.

The *Pall Mall Budget* says: After all, the Princess Victoria will not, it is said, marry Lord Chelsea, as everybody says she will. In a few days you will hear officially that Her Royal Highness is affianced to the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, a second cousin of the Queen, being the grandson of Her Majesty's half sister. On the other hand, the fine estate in Suffolk which formerly belonged to the Cornwallis family, and which Earl Cadogan has bought, is to be rebuilt on a scale of absolutely princely magnificence, as if, indeed, preparations were being made for the reception of a Royal bride, who may after all be no less a personage than the Princess Maud. Very well informed people authoritatively state that this will be so, but I think you will find that it will be the Princess Mary of Teck who will become Countess of Chelsea.

—Members of beneficiary societies should see that assessments are punctually paid. By a lapse of ten days a recent certificate became void, thus depriving the heirs of the expected benefit of $2,000.

THEY'RE MARKED FOR LIFE.

The Bertillon System of Identifying Prisoners as Practiced in the Armory.

Once a criminal is measured by the Bertillon system he is sure of being identified the next time he is caught. The Bertillon system was imported to this country from France not a great many years ago, and is as yet in use in but few prisions and penitentiaries. Several of the eastern state prisons use it, and the Illinois State Prison Board was the first to adopt it. The system is followed at the Harrison and Armory stations in this city. Capt. Lloyd said yesterday that it had been the means of identifying more criminals since it had been adopted here than any other of the numerous schemes devised. On the second floor of the Armory, where none but officers is allowed, is a room where all prisoners of any prominence are measured, according to the Bertillon system, and where their photographs are taken. The measurements are as follows: First the full length is taken, then the distance from the middle finger of one hand to the middle finger of the other, with the arms held out straight from the side; the length of the fingers, the length of the joints of the middle finger from the elbow to the end of the middle finger, the size of the wrist, arm, and shoulder, the measurement of the neck, size of mouth, the size of head, distance around the head from the top of each ear, distance from the root of the nose to the crown of the head, length of ear, the length and breadth of forehead, bumps or marks on the same, length of foot, the distance from the ball of the same to the knee joint, length of toes, distance from first joint of big toe to heel, and the exact breadth of foot from the last joint of big toe to the little toe. Those are the measurements of the body. Then the color of the eyes, hair and every scar, india-ink mark and blemish on the skin, no matter how trivial, are noted. If the prisoner be a man grown, and is caught twenty years later, his identity can be established beyond the peradventure of a doubt. "The system succeeds where a photograph will fail," said Capt. Lloyd, "because a prisoner can squirm around and screw his features into such shapes that the identity is lost in a photograph, but by the Bertillon system, no matter what a man does he cannot prevent us holding him and taking his measurements. A large number of the criminals we have measured, upon going back to their old life, when released, were again caught and identified by this system, where otherwise we would have failed. There are not two persons on the face of the earth alike, and the measurement of one man cannot tally with that of another. The only tools required are a little measure made to fit about the head and a rule.—*Chicago News.*

How to be Eloquent.

It is only when a minister preaches out of his own heart that he reaches the hearts of others. A purely intellectual sermon stops with the intellect; a doctrinal sermon is nothing more than a spiritual opiate. But let a man utter what he has felt and known, let him touch the harp-string that has vibrated in his own soul, and there comes that hush and spell over an audience, that chained attention, that lifting of faces which seems like a white tablet for God's finger to write on. Who has not felt the irresistible power of a hidden experience interpreted by another soul? This is the secret of all oratory, of all sympathetic power of man over man. The greatest preachers are not those who may lay claim to the highest scholarship, who are profound philosophical thinkers or doctrinal giants, but whose large hearts have throbbed with the deepest spiritual experience. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." These are men who can lay hold on vast audiences and sway them as the wind sways a forest. Their language may be plain, their style unpolished, their manner awkward, but they knew the steps and keys of the human heart as the organist knows his instrument, and all the solemn and sweet music of life answers to their touch.—*Zion's Herald.*

Baby Shows at Fairs.

The improvement of the fall fair that it may keep up with the times is necessary. But he would be a bold man who would suggest the addition to the prize lists of the following offers: Handsomest baby of any age, $5; handsomest girl baby, not less than 2 nor more than 3 years old, $5; handsomest boy baby, not less than 2 nor more than 3 years old, $5; handsomest girl baby, not less than 1 nor more than 2 years old, $4; handsomest boy baby, not less than 1 nor more than 2 years old, $4; handsomest girl baby under 1 year old, $3; handsomest boy baby under 1 year old, $3; handsomest colored baby, any age, $3; fattest baby, any age, $3; handsomest pair of twins, $5; handsomest triplets, $5.

A Dying Request.

"Susan," said an Arkansaw man who was very sick, "ef I should die I reckon yer'll have a hard time makin' a livin' an' I reckon yer'll have ter get the children homes whar they kin arn their vittels an' clothes, but thar's one thing I don't want yer ter do."

"What's that, Jerry?" said the wife, who sat sobbing by the bed.

"I don't want yer ter let nobody have old Boze, 'cause thar ain't more'n a dozen men in this county knows how to treat a good ooon dog."

A Success.

Man of Family—That burglar-alarm is a grand success; wouldn't part with it for a mint of money. It went off at one o'clock this morning.

Dealer—Eh? Did you catch a burglar trying to get in?

"No; but I caught my daughter's young man trying to get out."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

When women vote—all hail the day!
'Twill be a blessing great,
When equal rights shall hold full sway
Where voters congregate.

In horse cars men may sit, although
A dozen women stand,
And masculine content will grow
Throughout this glorious land.

The Central telephone office is all ready for work, and the operator will be Miss Rose who has been connected with the Hamilton exchange for some time.—*Port Perta News.*

LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

The Third Earl of Zetland who has Succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry.

The Right Hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas, Bart., third Earl of Zetland, Baron Dundas of Aske, near Richmond, in the county of York, who has succeeded the Marquis of Londonderry as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was born at Stirling on Aug. 16th, 1844, son of Mr. John Charles Dundas, of Woodhall, Wetherby, Yorkshire, M.P. for Richmond, who was fourth son of Lawrence, the second Baron Dundas and first Earl of Zetland, says the New York *Morning Journal*.

The barony was created in 1762 and the earldom in 1838. There are four branches of the ancient Scottish family of Dundas, some members of which have held high public offices in Scotland and in the United Kingdom. The branch distinguished as Dundas of Fingask had an hereditary connection with the Orkney and Shetland (or Zetland) Isles, usually holding the offices of Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral in those islands. Their estates in Yorkshire accrued from the marriage of Sir Thomas Dundas, in 1764, to a daughter of the third Earl Fitzwilliam, and this gentleman was raised to the peerage 30 years afterward.

Mr. J. C. Dundas, father of the present Earl of Zetland, married, in 1843, a daughter of Mr. James Talbot, of Wexford, so the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is the son of an Irish lady. In 1873, on the death of his uncle Thomas, second Earl of Zetland, the well-known Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, and renowned as a sportsman, the present Earl succeeded, two other uncles having died young.

Lord Zetland, who held a commission in the Royal Horse Guards Blue, had married, in 1871, Lady Lilian Lumley, third daughter of the late Earl of Scarborough, and he has several children. Her Ladyship's sisters are married to the heirs of the Duke of Westminster, the Earl of Bradford, and of Lord Bolton. Lord Zetland has been a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. He resides at Aske Hall, Richmond, and at Kerse House, near Falkirk, in Scotland.

The Decline of Constantinople.

The British Consul-General at Constantinople, in his last report, refers to the declining commercial importance of that city. Its trade has suffered considerably since 1878, and more particularly during the past two years. Large wholesale houses which formerly did business with Persia and Central Asia, and acted as middlemen between European manufacturers and the merchants of those parts, have in recent years lost their customers, and are gradually disappearing from the city. This is owing, in a measure, to new and more direct routes having been thrown open to markets that were formerly supplied from Constantinople, and also to the fact that produce which used to go to the Turkish capital for shipment to Europe is now despatched direct from the outports. Persia, which previously drew a considerable part of her imports from Constantinople, has latterly commenced to make use of Bushire, and the entire import trade of Lower Persia is at present centred in that place. The export trade of the city has suffered in a similar way; the produce of Turkish Kurdistan, estimated to amount to an annual value of £200,000, which two years ago went through the capital, is now shipped from Bagdad—a route which is considered to be less expensive and safer. As regards Persian trade especially, Mr. Fawcett observes that during the years 1887-88 it was not satisfactory. Dealers in Manchester goods suffered considerably, owing partly to Russian competition, and also to the high rate of exchange prevailing at Odessa.

The Hebrew Oath.

In the civ court this morning in the case of Charles Freeman against Charles Goldman for the recovery of $25, the orthodox Hebrew oath was administered by the Jewish rabbi. To take the oath the witness has to wash his hands and put on a *Talith*, or prayer cloak, and while swearing to take and hold in his hand a tora, or the five books of Moses, written on parchment, for the use of the house of worship. The party must swear by the name of Jehovah, and, looking at the word, he shall swear: "I swear by Adonai," and concludes his oath, "So help me God to future happiness." A small casket contains the ten commandments and is held in the left hand, a strap attached being bound about the arms, and another such casket is strapped on the temple. The rabbi administered the oath to several witnesses before court adjourned for dinner.—*Ottawa Observer.*

Connubial Asperities.

"Mrs. Litewaite," said that lady's husband, in a tone of solemn warning, "do you know that the newspapers speak of cases where women have been tried as common scolds?"

"And do you know," said she, with deliberate emphasis, "that there is a growing popular impression to the effect that a fool-killer is preparing for effective work?"

A Young Barbarian.

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best?

Tommy (after a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.

An Imported Smell.

Miss Trust—Why, Mr. Bluffer, where have you been all this time? I haven't seen you for two months!

Mr. Bluffer (breathing a balmy odor of gin and bitters)—I have been abroad, you know.

Miss Trust—How delightful! And, of course, you visited Cologne? I knew I smelled some perfume when you came in.

WARNER'S Safe Cure cures nervousness, insomnia, hysteria and neuralgia. Why? Because these are symptoms of an impure condition of the blood, caused by unhealthy kidney action. The poisonous urea and uric acid being retained in the blood cause the symptoms of kidney disease first noted.

—Mrs. Proctor, widow of the late astronomer, will deliver a number of the professor's lectures next winter, using his lantern slides.

WHERE TIME GOES.

The Ordinary Duties of the Day Classified and Time Accounted For.

A man whose head is bulging with mathematical problems has figured out the disposition of every hour of the daily life of an average man and tells just how many hours a man of 50 years has devoted to his toilet, meals or newspaper. "Let us assume," said he, "that the sleeping hours of an average man will number eight daily. That is one-third of his time, so that in fifty years your man will have slept, all told, sixteen years and eight months. The man who is shaved daily at fifty years probably had his face scraped not oftener than three times a week at twenty-five years; while during his first eighteen years a razor never touched his face. Say that the semi-centenarian has averaged two shaves a week for fifty years, that will give 5,700 scrapes in the half century. At an average of fifteen minutes per shave, the time devoted to this one small element of life will run up to fifty-nine days and nine hours. If a man should not shave in fifty years, and then attempt to make up his proportion all at once, he would have to shave night and day for nearly two months. The average man who is not limited to twenty minutes for dressing, breakfast and catching his train consumes about thirty minutes in getting inside his clothing in the morning. Half an hour per day for fifty years would amount to one year, fifteen days and five hours, so that if a man should dress himself at the start in life for the whole fifty years he would pass two weeks beyond his birthday anniversary, and this means working twenty-four hours per day. A bath should preside dressing, however, and twenty minutes a day for that purpose would put a man in the tub for eight months, thirteen days and eleven hours out of the fifty years. For other demands of the morning toilet allow ten minutes per day, or four months, five days and twenty hours in half a century. Why, just a single minute spent in hunting for a collar button means twelve days and fourteen hours in the course of fifty years. Half an hour for breakfast, forty minutes for lunch and an hour for dinner amounts to five months, five days and nine hours of eating in fifty years of life. The man who lives away up in the twenty-eighth ward and spends an hour each day jogging to and from business in a horse car may not realize it, but it is nevertheless true, that in thirty years, one year, three months, one day and six hours of his time will go that way. When a man reckons his time at fifty cents an hour it seems rather rough to think that it takes $16.50 worth every year to get to business and back home again every day.

A Bit of French History.

On Sept. 4th, 1870, before dawn Comte de Palikas announced to the French Chamber the surrender of the Emperor's army at Sedan. Jules Favre at once declared for defending France to the last gasp, denounced the Imperial Dynasty, and proposed the concentration of power in the hands of Gen. Trochu. This was at 8.45 a.m. At 5 p.m. at the suggestion of Thiers the Chamber appointed a commission of government and national defense, ordered the election of a constituent assembly, and adjourned. On the sitting being resumed an hour later the hall was invaded by a mob demanding the establishment of the republic. Most of the members left the chamber, while Gambetta and the other Liberals proclaimed the deposition of Napoleon III. and the formation of a republic. Simultaneously the Imperial Senate held its last meeting and declared its adhesion to the Emperor. The government of national defense was then proclaimed. On the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, Thiers presided, when Favre announced the formation of the government. A protest was made, but Thiers counseled moderation. Such was the beginning of the third French Republic nineteen years ago. On the same evening, Sept. 4th, the Empress Eugenie and Comte de Palikas secretly left Paris and entered Belgium.

He Was Lazy.

One of the laziest men in the country is John Curtis, who is serving a three years sentence in the State Prison at Salem, Oregon. Curtis worked in the foundry, and about three months ago took off his boots on the plea that they hurt him and then burnt his foot so severely that he was laid up. When the burn was healing he put vinegar on it and aggravated it to prevent its getting well. The prison physician threatened him and managed to cure the wound. Curtis was set at work again. He worked four days and then with a hatchet cut off his left hand. It took two blows. One cut through the fleshy part of the hand, the other clean through the wrist joint. He confessed that he did it to avoid work.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

How to Dry Umbrellas.

Umbrellas should be placed handle downward to dry. The moisture falls from the edges of the frame and the fabric dries uniformly. If stood handle upward, as is commonly the case, the top of the umbrella holds the moisture, owing to the lining underneath the ring, and it takes a long time to dry, thereby injuring the silk or other fabric with which it is covered. This is the main cause of the umbrella wearing out so soon at the top. Umbrella cases are responsible for the wear of the silk. The constant friction causes tiny holes to appear so provokingly early. When not in use the umbrella should be left loose and when wet left loose to dry.

Life Worth Living.

"I see that a soda water trust is talked of," remarked a Pittsburger to his best girl, as they quaffed the sweetend atmosphere.

"Ah," she replied. "Then if they would only trust us for ice cream, too, how nice it would be."

THE DESERT LIFE.

God pity the heart untouched by tears
God pity the eyes that are never wet
By the sight of another's woes or fears,
By the scent of a rose or mignonette—
Tender and faint as a song that smote
The gates of Heav'n from a thrush's throat
Yet strong enough to bear and float
A heavy soul o'er the vanished years
To some dear memory above it set
The immortelles of a vain regret—
To some small grave, by which we know
The sad, sweet peace of death and woe.
God pity the life that is withered and dry
From a frozen heart and a desert eye.

WHY THE LEAVES TURN.

A Brief Explanation of the Causes of the Red and Golden Glory of Autumn.

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old-fashioned idea is that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the fall, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions, the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint. The difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow; or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have the brightest colors.—*Field and Forest.*

Nasal Catarrh

is a dangerous disease. From its tendency to extend to the throat, bronchial tubes, and finally to involve the lungs in consumptive disease, it should be promptly cured, that these grave dangers may be averted. So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy of their ability to cope successfully with this very prevalent disease, that they have for years offered, in good faith $500 reward for a case of catarrh, no matter how bad or of how many years standing, which they cannot cure. Remedy only 50 cents, by druggists.

How Her Hair is Dressed.

It has been observed by the all seeing eye of the London reporter that the Princess of Wales has changed the style of dressing her hair. The curly front piece has altered in shape; it is worn further off the forehead, and the back hair has consequently lowered on the neck. Of course the London reporter says the Princess looks much better (if that were possible!) for the change, and it is safe to predict every feminine head in the kingdom is aching to adopt the new coiffure. Be it remembered, however, that the adorable Alexandra wears a wig.

Tell the good news to the suffering—
At last a remedy is found
Which might have saved, had they known it,
Many who lie under the ground.
The "Favorite Prescription"
Did hopeless women's work in hand—
Hear the good news, poor sufferers,
Hearts sick, discouraged and sad.

Female diseases, so terrible in their effects, and so prevalent among all classes, can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Writing as a Lost Art.

Will the coming man write? Not at all. There will be no more need of his learning to write than learning to spin. Writing will have become one of the lost arts, and a wholly unnecessary art, by the time the coming man appears. His writing will be done by the phonograph, which will be placed on his desk as pens and ink are now, and whenever he has a story, a poem, an essay or a private letter to indict he will simply talk into the phonograph and send on the plate which has recorded his words. The teaching of penmanship will be unknown in the school of the future, and writing, in the present fashion, will be regarded as much among barbaric methods as we now hold the rude hieroglyphics of the ancients to be.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"The letter board of life goes up
The letter board of life goes down."

Up and down, up and down—one day a millionaire, next day "dead broke"—one day buoyant in spirits, next day gloomy as a fog—one day in seeming perfect health, next day "laid out" with a bilious attack or your stomach "on a strike." This is the way the world wags now-a-days. If you are bilious, melancholic, dizzy headed, dyspeptic, want appetite or have torpid action of liver, kidneys or bowels, take Dr Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; purely vegetable perfectly harmless; one a dose.

Quits Work for a Time.

Foreman—You might as well look for another job, Jerry.

Bricklayer—What for? What have I done.

"Your trowelful of mortar struck the owner of the building down on the first floor."

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."

Didn't Come to Work Overtime.

Chief (to industrious clerk in Government office)—Why didn't you dot the "i" in the last word of your report last night?

Industrious Clerk—I beg your pardon; but you see the clock struck 4 just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime.

D C W L 39 89

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored ring pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND