FOR YOUNG CANADIANS.

History in Brief—Official Acts Leading Up to Confederation.

In 1808, the question of Union of the British Provinces of North America was brought before the Legislature of Nova Scotia by Richard J. Uniacke.

In 1814 Chief Justice Sewell, of Quebec, proposed to Lord Bathurst the solution of certain Governmental difficulties of the time by the formation of a union of British North American colonies.

In 1822, John Beverly Robinson, Attorney-General for Upper Canada, formed a plan for the Confederation of British North America.

In 1825, Mr. McCullogh, then publisher of the Montreal *Free Press*, strongly supported a similar scheme, and in 1835, Robert Gourlay, in London, submitted a plan of the same nature.

In 1839, Lord Durham, in his report to the British Government, recommended that the provinces be confederated.

In 1854, Hon. J. W. Johnston placed a resolution favoring confederation before the Nova Scotia Legislature.

In 1857, the same gentleman and the Hon. A. G. Archibald went to England as delegates from the Nova Scotia Legislature to secure the attention of the British authorities for the scheme.

In 1857, Hon. A. T. Galt is said to have alluded favorably to the plan, and the same year he, with the Hon. G. E. Cartier and Hon. John Rose, being in England on business concerning the colonies, discussed the proposal for union with Sir Bulwer Lytton, then Colonial Secretary.

In 1861, the first legislative step was taken by Nova Scotia, the Assembly there having unanimously resolved in favor of a Confederation.

In June, 1864, the Hon. George Brown, then Chairman of a Select Committee of the Canadian Legislature, made a report favoring a federation to be applied either to Canada alone or to all the Provinces of British North America.

In September of the same year the Charlottetown Conference was held to discuss a Maritime union of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. Delegates from Canada asked permission to attend, and upon it being granted proposed the larger union to the conference on the 12th of September.

On the 10th of October, 1864, the celebrated Quebec Conference was held, at which delegates from Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland attended, and the famous Quebec resolutions, the basis of the present Confederation were framed in seventeen days.

On the 3rd of February, 1865, the Canadian Parliament met at Quebec, and the Quebec resolutions were introduced. They were placed before the House of Assembly by Hon. John A. Macdonald, and before the Legislative Council by Hon. E. P. Tache. The motion approving of them was carried by a large majority.

On the 24th of April, 1865, New Brunswick having returned a House opposed to Confederation, Hon Charles Tupper carried a motion in the Nova Scotia Legislature favoring the renewal of negotiations for a maritime union.

On the 17th of April, 1866, Mr. Tupper moved a resolution in the Nova Scotia Legislature empowering the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint delegates who would confer with the Imperial Government and make arrangements for the entry of the Province into Confederation in such a way that its interests would be protected. The resolution was carried, and on the 30th of June, 1866, a like resolution applying to New Brunswick was carried in the Legislature of that Province.

On the 4th of December, 1866, deputations from the two Provinces of Canada, and from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia met in London, and organized the London Conference at which the question was discussed with her Majesty's legal officers, the interviews beginning on the 24th of Jan., 1867.

The Act of Union was made law by the Imperial Parliament on the 29th of March, 1867, and on the 22nd of May the Royal Proclamation was issued from Windsor Castle.

On the 1st of July, 1867, Confederation was proclaimed through the four Provinces, and the Dominion of Canada was an accomplished fact.

On the 23rd of June, 1870, Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory were, upon the joint addresses of the Dominion Houses of Parliament admitted to Confederation by an Imperial Order-in-Council.

On the 15th of July, 1870, Manitoba became a Province in the Union.

On the 20th of July, 1871, British Columbia was added.

On the 1st of July, 1873, Prince Edward Island joined in the swim.

The Warmth of Italian Courtship

All court circles delight in gossip, and nowhere is more material furnished than in Italy. Italians think of nothing else but making love. Flirtation is unknown; it is always desperate earnest there. The chaperon is a necessity. Women speak of their lovers with a frankness that would amaze us here. In the family circle, at dinner, in the presence of the children, subjects are discussed and stories told that would never be mentioned even in private with us. If Mrs. Chamberlain finds it necessary to seek a retreat from polite drawing-rooms in London she would fly quickly from Rome.—*Buffalo News.*

A Hint to the Fraternity.

First Country Editor—How are you coming on with your paper?

Second Country Editor—First rate. Got seventy-five subscribers last week.

Do they pay up.

You bet they do.

How do you manage to make them pay?

I issue phrenological charts to every subscriber, and those who pay in advance have finely developed heads. It's a great scheme.

Kindness Appreciated.

Old Lady—Doctor, please let me have my bill.

Doctor—My good woman, I know you are not in the best of circumstances. I want nothing for my trouble.

Old Lady—Oh, that's kind of you! But who will pay the druggist?

—Lady of the house to tramp—You eat as if you never had seen a meal of victuals before! Tramp—Madam, you must excuse me. I s'pose I do eat awkward, but the fact is I hain't had much practice lately.

THE ALLEGED DAY MURDER.

Probability That it Will Turn Out to be a Huge Hoax.

The Day murder case, says Thursday's *Recorder*, which for a few days past has been greatly agitating many people in the back country and for which one Carr is now in Brockville jail awaiting his trial, is likely to turn out the biggest kind of a farce from beginning to end. As was intimated in yesterday's issue, two men interested in the affair crossed the river here in search of the old house in which Day's body was said to have been placed after he had met death at Carr's hands. They were accompanied by the little boy who first gave the particulars of the murder and upon whose story the whole case originated and rested. The youngster is said to be an illegitimate son of the accused man's brother, his mother being Mrs. Rebecca Day, wife of the man said to have been murdered. He is a barefooted urchin about 10 years old, sharp as a steel trap in his movements and talk and, as the sequel will show, possesses all the essential requisites for a first-class book agent or a lightning rod pedler. Robert Day, brother of the missing man, is the party who headed the search for the old house yesterday, and he seems a modest and much-in-earnest countryman. He stated on his return home that after they crossed the river they proceeded out on what is known as the Oswegatchie road from Morristown to a point about midway between that village and Ogdensburg. They had no difficulty in finding the old house described, and soon came upon a farmer who resided in the immediate vicinity. When this personage was told the story he gave it as his opinion that no body would be found in the cellar, for the reason that in the first place the house had no cellar and in the second place the expected corpse was earning good wages in the employ of a farmer about a mile further down the road. Sure enough a visit to this place revealed Day, who not only is earning a good living, but also satisfied with his lot. The residents in that section, however, knew the whole lot of Days and Carrs and were not at all sorry when they left the country. One of them said that Carr had threatened to take Day's life and always carried a butcher knife on his person. Robert Day now says that Carr will be held on several other counts, including stealing. The boy has been treated to quite an excursion and now says that he was instructed by his mother to tell the story and that there was no truth in it.

British Crops.

The weather has been so bad for the greater part of the month that has elapsed since harvest began that the quality, and to some extent the quantity, of the grain must have suffered. Some wheat has sprouted, but not very much. Barley has been badly stained, so that fine malting samples will be scarce. The wheat crop is still generally estimated at about 80,000,000 bushels or a little under, but it will surely be safe to reckon on 72,000,000 bushels, after allowing for seed, other farm uses and waste owing to damage done by the rains. Probably about 68,000,000 bushels will be all that will be marketable, and in that case we shall require to import during the next twelve months about 140,000,000 bushels.

The hop crop is nearly all gathered, and it has been but little injured by the rain. Indeed, except for hops bruised by high winds, the quality is exceptionally fine. The yield is now generally put at about 8 cwts. per acre, which, on the 57,754 acres grown, will come to 462,032 cwts. Last week the weather was brilliantly fine, enabling many farmers to stack their crops of grain in dry condition. But harvest is not half over in the late districts, and unfortunately we have had more rain this week. Most of the new wheat brought to market has been damp; but dry samples weigh well, some as much as 65 pounds per measured bushel. This is a good sign, and it may be that the yield will prove beyond expectations.

The British Warship Lily Lost.

A St. John's, Nfld., despatch of Friday night says: The British war ship Lily struck a rock off Point Armor and sank. Seven of her crew were lost. The vessel is a total wreck. Considerable money and valuables went down with her. Nothing was saved. The Lily was a composite gunboat of 720 tons burthen and 830 horse-power and carried three guns. She belonged to the North American and West Indies station.

A British Steamer Wrecked.

A Baldwin, L. I., despatch of Tuesday says: The British steamer Vertumnus, of the New York and Jamica steamship line, ran ashore last night in a dense fog opposite the life-saving station at Point Lookout. She had a cargo of fruit, most of which was thrown overboard. Four passengers and the crew of eighteen were taken off safely. The vessel is being badly pounded by the waves and the chances of floating her are poor.

From the Lexicon of Life.

Dowry—A sauce that enables one to worry the fish down.

Look out—An expression used by cabbies just after they've run over somebody.

Guillotine—A window looking out into eternity.

Illusions—The spectacles of hope.

Tears—The blood of the heart.

The great ambition of S. S. Cox during the last twenty years of his life was to be chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mrs. enpeck—Do you notice, Mr. H., eat majority of the newspapers are opposed to easy divorce laws? Mr. Henpeck (wearily)—Yes, I wonder how it happens that editors get such good wives.

The case of the Queen vs. Marshall C. Twitchell came up for trial at Kingston yesterday. The defendant was present in court and desired to alter the tribunal and to be tried by a jury instead of the Judge. The Judge allowed him to elect to be tried by a jury and granted the application for a postponement of the trial till next assizes. Bail was granted and the defendant was again liberated.

Mrs. Cleveland, with her own good rifle, has shot and killed a deer. In her private station she appears to be keeping up her reputation for hits.

A HUSBAND'S AGONY.

He Strives in Vain to Save His Wife from Death.

The New York *Herald* of Thursday says: Mr. and Mrs. McHugh lived in cosy rooms on the third floor of No. 427, which is a big tenement house. Daniel is a laborer. He was obliged to be up early to reach his work on time, and Mrs. McHugh usually rose first, lighted the fire and prepared his breakfast while he finished his sleep. She was up before 4 o'clock yesterday morning. She had set out the dishes and nearly prepared Daniel's breakfast. Just before calling him she stepped in the bedroom, took up a kerosene lamp, lighted it and turned to go back and awaken her husband. Instead of the cheery call with which she was wont to arouse him he was startled from his slumbers by a shriek.

"Oh, save me! save me, Dan!" were the first words he distinctly understood. They came just after what had seemed to him in his sleep like the dull, faraway roar of a gun. It was really the report of the exploding kerosene lamp.

Leaping from bed as his wife screamed out again McHugh darted into the adjoining rooms. He was more than horrified. Rushing blindly backward and forward, while she beat the air with her hands and shrieked with pain, was his wife, seemingly ablaze from head to foot. The fire had caught in her apron and then in her dress, literally enveloping her in a sheet of flame. Then it had run quickly to her dress waist and so to her hair, which floated out over her shoulders like a wave of fire.

Daniel at once seized his wife around the waist and forcibly bore her to the floor, all the while trying to beat the flames out of her clothing and hair with his bare hands. Then he ripped the blazing dress from her body, and rolled her over and over. It was not until he was severely scorched that he finally extinguished the flames which had enwrapped his wife, and then it was too late to save her life. Almost every inch of her body was blistered and blackened, and her head and neck were as black as burned charcoal.

The police called an ambulance and the terribly burned woman was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. She lost consciousness on the way, and died in the hospital at fifteen minutes after 7. McHugh's burns were dressed at the hospital and he was put to bed in one of the wards. He bore up manfully through all the intense pain until the news of his wife's death was taken to him. Then he groaned in anguish for the first time. They are said to have been a very devoted couple. They had no children. Mrs. McHugh was 29 years old. Her husband is several years younger. The police and the hospital doctors speak of him as a man of remarkable courage. It will be a long time before he can leave the hospital.

A Candidate For the Papal Succession.

A Rome cable says: The candidacy of Mgr. Zigliara to succeed Leo XIII. is now a public matter. His Eminence is the youngest of the College of Cardinals, being only in his 56th year. He was born at Bonifaccio, Corsica, and took orders as a Dominican monk. The Italians affect to look upon Mgr. Zigliara as the candidate of the French Government, but although born in Corsica, His Eminence has always repudiated his French citizenship. His candidacy is supported by the Dominicans and also by the Jesuits, who at first were inclined to support Cardinal Parocchi. He is also on the best terms with Leo XIII. The most formidable competitor of Mgr. Zigliara for the triple crown is Mgr. Sanfelice, Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, who is backed up by the Italian Government. The party of conciliation in the Sacred College favors Cardinal Monaco de a Valette.

Yellow Fever in Venezuela.

The U. S. Consul at Marcaibo, Venezuela, writes to New York papers: "Having at heart the interests of humanity, at least as regards my own countrymen, I take this way of notifying the health authorities to be very careful of any shipping arriving from this port. The yellow fever is raging fiercely here, and there are two barques here loaded whose crews have all died and which cannot sail until arrival of new crews. All the shipping here is infected and there are many cases in this city. Not long ago two American electrical engineers died here, and while at no time does it appear to be particularly epidemic, there are many cases at all times of the year and everybody not acclimated seems to take it."

Another Boulangist Manifesto.

A Paris cable says: Gen. Boulanger has issued a manifesto to the electors of Montmartre. In it he says: "If I ask the suffrages of the people, it is because I represent, not the personality depicted by my calumniators, but a national sentiment aspiring to throw off the burden of a growing debt and the intolerable iniquities and humiliation to which the country is subjected." Despite the refusal of the Prefect of the Seine to receive Gen. Boulanger's declaration of candidacy for member of the Chamber of Deputies, placards were posted in Montmartre, in the Department of the Seine, announcing that he would be a candidate. The police have torn down the placards and arrested the men who posted them.

Almost Driven to Cannibalism.

An Auckland despatch gives the following: The Tonga steamer Wainui has brought here the captain and crew of the British ship Garston, which foundered in mid-ocean. The shipwrecked sailors were 22 days in an open boat without food or water. On the 22nd day the men, driven to desperation by hunger and thirst, decided that one of their number must be sacrificed to save the lives of the others. They were casting lots to see who should be the victim when they sighted Wallis Island. The natives of the island assisted the exhausted men to land and treated them most kindly. A mission boat took them to Tonga.

Freddy's Candid Reply.

Little Freddy (aged 6)—Mamma's the nicest lady in the whole world, papa's the nicest man and sister Ethel is the nicest girl.

Mr. Stickney (who is courting sister Ethel)—What am I, Freddy?

Little Freddy—You's nobody.

A SINGULAR COUNSEL FEE.

How the Arkansas Legislature Paid Garland's Little Bill.

A Washington despatch says: Ex-Attorney-General Garland has been chasing deer and having a good time at Hominy Hill. He wrote the other day to a friend to say that he had just killed two fine bucks. He explains, also, his apparent dis regard for the game laws. The State of Arkansas owed him some $5,000 for legal services. He put in a bill for half that amount, and said he would call it square if the bill was paid as presented. At the last meeting of the Legislature money should have been appropriated to pay him, but unexpectedly the bill was defeated. There was no dispute over the indebtedness, but some of the old Legislatures were simply opposed to paying. The reasons they gave for their opposition were verified and eccentric. One old fellow, wearing a choker collar and a full suit of black, said that during the last campaign he had heard Garland tell stories that were off color, and he did not think that the State should vote money to a man who would do such a thing. Another man gave as his reason for voting against the Bill that the ex-Attorney-General played poker, and that to pay him the money would be to encourage vice. A friendly member ultimately suggested: "Garland is always here along during the month of August, and has to be a going home about the middle of September. If he does chase deer with hounds he's a mighty good shot. I propose that we just change the law so as to allow the shooting of deer to begin the 1st of August instead of the 1st of September. That will allow him a month of shooting."

This proposition met with approval and the game law was amended accordingly. All during last month Garland was chasing deer under the new law, and he says he is perfectly satisfied with the settlement of his claim against the State.

The Nickel in the Slot Outdone.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy M. Lippmann presented a note by M. G. Gueroult, in which it is suggested that by the combined use of a phonograph and an apparatus for instantaneous photography and reproduction of the pictures obtained, it would be possible to reproduce at any future time not only the future speech of a person, but also bring before the audience a vivid picture of the person's gestures and facial expression.

The procedure would be somewhat as follows: A person speaking or singing into the phonograph would be photographed by an automatic apparatus geared with the barrel of the phonograph. The pictures would be instantaneous, and taken at the rate of, say, ten pictures per second. They would then be developed and arranged in a special lantern for reproduction on a screen isochronously with the phonograph, when the latter is reproducing the speech. An audience might thus be enabled not only to hear the utterances of, say, a famous actor, but also see himself and his actions represented on a screen. About a year and a half ago M. A. Bandsept, of Brussels, experimented with a similar apparatus.

What the Weather-wise Prognosticate.

"An Old Settler" says that he has reached the conclusion "we are to have an early fall and a long, cold, hard winter," and figures it out as follows: "In the first place try the skin of any of your fruit. You will find your apples, peaches and grapes, and all your fruit, for that matter, which is home-grown, with a thicker and tougher skin than you have seen for several years. That is one of the indications. That is the way nature takes care of her products. Last winter apples and other fruits were so thin-skinned and tender that it was hard to gather them without bruising them, if you will remember, and we had an extraordinary mild winter. Corn is another of nature's signboards. The ears this year are protected by thicker and stronger husks than I have seen before for years. Wheat and rye straw are tougher, hay is wirier and the seed pods are better protected than usual. These are old farmers' signs."

Slashed to Death with a Butcher Knife.

A Zanesville, O., despatch of last (Monday) night says: Frank Amos, one of the most prominent citizens of Morgan county, was murdered at his home in the western part of the county to-day by Mrs. Hamton, his niece, who hacked his face and head to pieces with a butcher knife, which it appears she carried for weeks avowedly for that purpose. Amos was picking berries in the field with his wife when the attack was made. Mrs. Amos and a man passing by were attracted by Amos' cries, and reached him only in time to see him breathe his last, and to see Mrs. Hamton and her daughter run away. The murder grew out of a law suit in which the testimony of Amos threw the costs on Hamton.

Did Her Uncle Murder Her?

A Waverly, O., despatch says: Chalkley LeConey, of Merchantville, N.J., has been arrested here charged with murdering his niece, Annie LeConey, near Merchantville last Monday morning. Chalkley LeConey brought the remains of his niece here to the residence of her father, James LeConey, and the arrest was made on a telegraphic order from the District Attorney at Camden, N.J. Chalkley denies the charge, and James says the arrest is an outrage. It is stated that a pair of bloodstained trousers, which were identified as Chalkley LeConey's, were found in the house near Merchantville, and that a pair of shoes which LeConey had worn were also found with blood stains on the bottoms. There is said to be other evidence against him.

—Simcoe—I tell you, they can say all they please about woman's extravagance, but she can dress well on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby. Brown (dryly)—That's just it. The sum that my wife dresses well on keeps me looking shabby.

"How do you feel now, Sue?" asked one Chicago woman of another who had just secured a divorce. "I feel unmanned," she replied.

—Maiden—What can a woman do when a man that has won her affection refuses to marry her? Lawyer—Is he rich? No; hasn't a cent. She can appoint a day of general thanksgiving and invite both families to participate.

DISTRIBUTION OF MERCHANDISE.

The Americans admit that the English can beat them in handling freight. One aid to this is the very efficient warehouse system in connection with all the leading freight depots. This is on such a scale that the task of dissecting merchandise and allotting it to its respective cars is greatly simplified; whilst the extent of ground covered by the goods yards themselves enables the companies to marshal the cars into trains with the greatest possible speed. Some idea of the extent to which efforts to simplify and so accelerate freight traffic have been carried may be formed from one or two examples. The London & Northwestern goods yard at Edge Hill, Liverpool, contains 57½ miles of line, costing $10,000,000; and in addition this company has in the same city five other freight depots, two of them reached by tunnels each a mile and a quarter in length, constructed for their use alone. There are also in Liverpool twelve other goods depots belonging to other companies. At Crewe, another London & Northwestern depot, the area covered by sidings and shunting lines is 200 acres, with 34 miles of running line and siding room for 6,500 cars. What has been done by the premier company has been done on a relative scale by others. Comparisons could be constantly drawn to our disadvantage between the celerity with which goods consigned from the United States to interior points in Great Britain reach their destinations and the tardy movement in the distribution of merchandise consigned from England to points outside of New York or other receiving ports. Apart from the question of speed of trains, there is no doubt that the advantage in England is largely due to the superior working of the preliminaries before starting trains on their journeys, rendered possible by the facilities here named.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

I never knu a man whoze name was George Washington Lafayette Goodritch, Esq., and who alwus sighned hiz name for the full amount, but what waz a bigger man on paper than he waz by natur.

Az a gineral thing, an individual who iz neat in his person iz neat in his morals.

Man iz mi brother, and i konsider that i am nearer related tew him thru hiz vices than i am thru hiz virtews.

There iz nothing about which the world makes so few blunders, and the individual so menny, az a man's aktual importanse among hiz fellow-kritters.

A man with a very small head iz like a pin without enny—very apt tew git into things beyond his depth.

The pashuns ov an old man are often like hiz teeth—they cease to trouble him, simply bekauze the nerve iz ded.

The only pedigree worth transmitting iz virtew; and this iz the very thing that kant be transmitted.

Affecktashun baz made more phools than the Lord baz.

About the nearest tew absolute insolvency that a man kan git in this world, and think he iz diseing rich, iz tew leave nothing but a pedigree tew hiz family.

Is LeCaron in Chicago?

The Chicago *News* of Tuesday says: Officer Garrity, who is stationed at the corner of Jackson and Dearborn streets, was told a startling story this afternoon by Mail Carrier O'Brien, who declared that he had every reason to believe that LeCaron was in Chicago.

"O'Brien told me," said Garrity to-day, "that while he was assorting his mail yesterday a man came to the window and asked the address of a certain Englishman who used to be connected with the *Western British-American*. O'Brien had a friend standing there at the time, and he at once declared: 'Why, that's LeCaron.' He claimed to know the spy very well and at once rushed outside to greet the man supposed to be LeCaron. When he got into the corridor, however, the fellow had disappeared. O'Brien's friend said he could not be mistaken and that he would take an oath that the man was LeCaron."

There has been some talk of the spy's giving testimony in the Cronin case, and this story told by Mail Carrier O'Brien gives some color to the rumor that LeCaron will appear on the stand. O'Brien's very peculiar statement, however, could not be confirmed this afternoon.

Smithsonian Ubiquity.

The St. Louis *Republican* has traced the name John Smith through various languages with this result:

In Latin he is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smoothe him off with Giovanni Smith; the Spaniards render him as Juan Smithus; the Hollanders adopt him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out as Jean Smeet; the Russian sneezes and barks as he says Ivan Smittowski.

In China he is known as Jovan Shimmit; in Iceland as Johne Smithson; in Tuscaroras you forget all about Pocahontas and Powhatan when you hear them call Ton Qua Smittis.

In Wales they speak of him as Jihon Somidd; in Mexico he is Jantli F'Smitti; among the Greek ruins the guide speaks of him as Ion Smikton, and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Voe Self.

Just Like a Woman Does.

"What you working at now, 'Rastus?"

"I've tooken a job of carpenter work, Boss; mending up de holes in old Dr. Schmerz's stable."

"Can you hit a nail on the head every time?"

"Not yet, sah; but I can hit de nail on de thumb four times out o' three."—*Puck.*

Wm. H. Dean, Toronto, the young man charged with abducting and seducing Marion Atkinson, was allowed out on his own bail, Inspector Archibald stating that he had consented to marry the girl. Dean has been in jail since his arrest, and has had lots of time to reflect on his folly. Later in the day the marriage took place at Erskine Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. A. Hunter conducting the ceremony and Mr. A. Thomson giving away the bride.

Delia Walker, aged 19, committed suicide by drowning at Langdon, N. H., on Friday night. She was a beautiful and accomplished girl. She was spending her vacation at home expecting to return this week to an art school in Boston. The cause of her suicide is a mystery. She was an intimate friend and classmate of Miss Skinner, of Keene, and Miss Walker of Springfield, Vt., both of whom committed suicide last winter.