

DRUGS IN THE DARK.

A Doctor Takes the Wrong Bottle and Swallows a Deadly Dose.

A Windsor Mills, Que., despatch says: Dr. Tremblay, of this place, was taken off on Saturday night by a most tragical death from poisoning. At 7 o'clock he was called out to attend a patient. As he was about to step into his sleigh he returned into his back office in the dark to take a dose of a preparation he had made as an expectorant to relieve asthma, to which he was subject. He unfortunately put his hand on the wrong phial, which, instead of the preparation intended, contained aconite. Of this he swallowed, as he estimates himself, about an ounce. No sooner had he made the mistake than he perceived it, and at once tried to relieve himself of the poison by resorting to an emetic, but not succeeding, he hurriedly went over to Dr. Meagher's office. Dr. Meagher failed in his attempts to relieve him. The unfortunate doctor then and there resigned himself to his doom, and at half-past 8 went up himself to the residence of Father Dignan, saying he was poisoned and desired to prepare for death. Father Dignan, astonished, could not believe him until he had given definite assurances by relating the circumstances of his perilous condition. Then the doctor quietly and composedly made his confession, received the sacraments, and had his will drafted. He then returned to his home, and at 11.50, in the most excruciating torture, he died in the presence of his young wife and three children.

Funeral of Emma Abbott.

The mortal remains of Emma Abbott now rest in a vault in Graceland Cemetery, where taken from Central Music Hall in Chicago. There was also a funeral service in Salt Lake City, of which the *Tribune* gives the following account: "In a casket that seemed very small, for she had always looked quite up to the medium height in her stage roles, the beautiful remains of Emma Abbott lay, robed in silk and covered with flowers. Her burial robe was the gown she had worn in the first act of 'Ernani.' It was her 'pet dress,' as the troupe termed it. She had always called it her 'lilac dress.' Of the heaviest white silk, it is bordered in white in lilac blossoms, with their trailing green leaves; the train, which was drawn up over the little feet in their lilac satin shoes, had a border of soft green velvet, over which the blossoms fell. Running down the front of the gown was a wide band of pearl passementerie, just where the skirt opened over the loose lavender panel. The snowy neck and arms were wreathed in her 'Romeo and Juliet' veil, a dainty cobweb of lace embroidered in gold. Her waxen hands, so dainty in their dimpled softness, were clasped over lilies of the valley and pink rosebuds, and strown about the coffin were delicate half-blown roses. Her brown hair fell in soft curls over her forehead, shadowing the sweetly smiling face. It seemed impossible that she was dead, with the color on her lips and in her cheeks, and with that happy smile we had learned to know and love in the years while she had come and gone; it seemed a reproach to the tear-stained faces that hung over the coffin, whispering words of endearment. Slowly the members of the company filed past, stooping long for a last look. Strong men broke down and sobbed, as they stooped to kiss the little hands—the hands that had been so generous with them all.

To Slaughter Indians.

A London cable says: Two wild-eyed boys, named Davis and Abelson, sailed yesterday on the *Gallia* bound for the "Wild West." They carry a complete arsenal of bowie knives and other implements of warfare. Their parents are wealthy people, who, after useless entreaty, have concluded to let their boys go on their adventurous tour. They have no idea where they are going, but imagine they will strike Indians and cowboys on Broadway, and New York had better look out for a wild whoop when the *Gallia* arrives. It is needless to say that as they arrive at Pine Ridge agency, where they will probably go, they will end the Indian war at one fell swoop, and give Gen. Miles enough points to last for a dozen campaigns.

Fight With Cattle Thieves.

A Spokane Falls, Wash., despatch says: Officers of this county are now engaged in a campaign against a large band of cattle thieves which has been operating throughout the northwest for a long time. Five members of the band were arrested at Hangman Creek, near this city. Sheriff Pugh, who was operating in another part of the county, went to a house near Spangle yesterday to arrest two more of the band. The thieves at once opened fire upon him, which was returned. In the fusillade which followed the sheriff was shot in the leg and one of the thieves was wounded, but both the thieves escaped.

The Women of Africa.

A novel expedition is preparing to leave London in February, its port of destination being Zanzibar, and its object, investigation of the condition of African women, with a view to their improvement. It will be composed entirely of women, with the exception of the Arab attendants in charge of the baggage. These ladies say, that while Stanley has given the world much information about the men of Africa, he has left the women still in the "dark continent" of obscurity. Mrs. Mary French Sheldon, daughter of a well-known woman physician, of Chicago, leads the expedition. Her husband is the London manager of the banking house of Jarvis-Conklin.

Not a Man to be Trusted.

New York Sun: Landlady—Don't the steak suits you?
Boarder—Perfectly, madam.
Landlady—How is the coffee?
Boarder—Delicious.
Landlady—How about the muffins?
Boarder—They could not be better.
Landlady—Your references were unexceptionable, Mr. Coats, and you appear like a gentleman; but I shall have to ask you to find a new place to board. Such replies are highly suspicious.

Rev. Wm. Robertson, M. A., of the Presbyterian Church at Chesterfield, Ont., died on Saturday. Deceased had ministered to the Chesterfield congregation for 32 years, and was highly respected.

THE IRISH LEADERSHIP.

No Indication of a Peaceful Solution of the Problem.

DEFENDING O'SHEA.

A London cable says: William O'Brien is irrevocably and absolutely opposed to Mr. Parnell's retention of the leadership, and has made this entirely clear to Mr. Parnell. But, while not precisely hopeful that a compromise can be reached, he has not abandoned the idea and will accordingly meet Mr. Parnell again on Tuesday. This postponement of a decision was due more to Mr. Parnell than to Mr. O'Brien, and was made in order to enable Mr. Parnell to return to Ireland and consult certain supporters there. Nobody save the persons directly involved knows what Mr. O'Brien's idea of a compromise is. There are reasons, however, to believe that Mr. Parnell has suggested as one alternative that Mr. O'Brien himself assume the position of leader. It is not credited either here or in Dublin that Mr. O'Brien would ever seriously consider such a proposition. It must be as obvious to him as it is to everybody else that Mr. Parnell's purpose would be merely such a leader as could most easily be undermined by intrigue and overthrown by cunning treachery when the opportunity came. The conviction among the Nationalists is that neither this nor anything else to be classed as a compromise can be concluded between Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Parnell. Even if these two professed to agree upon some common ground their action would bind positively nobody else. The other members of the party who have passed through the ordeal of committee room No. 15 and the Kilkenny contest comprehend more clearly than perhaps Mr. O'Brien can that there is nothing to do but to fight Mr. Parnell mercilessly and remorselessly out of the field. They feel that he has revealed himself to them as an ingrained traitor. They laugh aloud at the idea of accepting his word or trusting him in anything. They would not believe him if he announced to-morrow his intention of retiring from politics. They believe he will never surrender while he lives and keeps out of a madhouse. They look forward to doing battle with him until he is beaten flat to the earth. This will not take long when once this foolish-by-play about a compromise is done with. The new Nationalist daily paper will be started in Dublin early in February. The delay is due to the expansion of the original plans into arrangements for a great paper which from the outset shall rival the *Freeman's Journal* in size, scope and resources.

PARNELL'S MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Parnell left Dublin to-day for his country seat, Avondale, where it is expected he will remain until Monday morning next. Unless his plans are changed between now and Tuesday, Mr. Parnell will leave Avondale for Boulogne-sur-Mer at an early hour on Monday to take part in what is likely to be the final conference between the Irish leaders so far as the question of the leadership of the Irish party is concerned.

DAVITT WANTS THE BANK BOOK.

Mr. O'Brien will not resume his conference with Mr. Parnell unless the proposed negotiations obtain such sanction from the leaders of the majority of the Irish party as will justify the hope of a reunion of the party. In the meantime Mr. O'Brien declines to state whether in the communications passing between himself and Messrs. Dillon and McCarthy and others they promise their approval of further negotiations. The opinion of the group in this city is unfavorable to a resumption of the conference at Boulogne-sur-Mer. It is reported that Mr. Davitt has written a letter to Mr. O'Brien not to deal with Mr. Parnell except as a medium to obtain the surrender of the party's banking account in Paris. Mme. Raffalovich, Mr. O'Brien's mother-in-law, says that Mr. O'Brien will not return to Ireland to enter prison, leaving the party feud unhealed. While the rupture lasts, she says, he can better serve the cause here or in America.

A HINT TO "THE TIMES."

Mr. O'Brien has written another letter to the *Times*, in which he calls upon that paper to withdraw its statement charging him with having approved the schemes of the dynamiters in the past.

DEFENDS O'SHEA.

A Dublin cable says: Fr. O'Shea has written a letter from the Franciscan Convent at Drogheda. He says: "As Capt. O'Shea's nominator for the Galway election of 1886, I can throw light upon the foul calumnies uttered about Mr. Parnell and Capt. O'Shea. From undoubted authorities present it can be proved that no shadow of suspicion rests upon the political purity of the motive actuating Mr. Parnell when he decided to run Capt. O'Shea for Galway. He hoped thereby to secure Capt. O'Shea's influence and to induce the coalition of the 86 Irish members of Parliament with the English Liberal party. Mr. Parnell's anxiety was so great to obtain this result that he carried Capt. O'Shea forward against all opposition and without exacting the usual political pledges. In spite of the fact that few stones have been left unturned to ruin Capt. O'Shea's reputation and lessen his pocket, I believe him worthy of his friends' esteem for his kind-heartedness and his right sense of great moral virtues. In the event of another election in Galway I should act in a similar manner to prove my belief in Mr. Parnell's honesty at that time. I could bear witness that the proceedings in the Divorce Court had no connection with the Galway matter so far as Capt. O'Shea was concerned."

The Merriest Girl That's Out.

"Bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid of Dundee," was, no doubt, the kind of a girl to ask, "What are the wild waves saying?" or to put "a little faded flower" in your buttonhole, she was so full of vivacity, and beaming with robust health. Every girl in the land can be just as full of life, just as well, and just as merry as she, since Dr. Pierce has placed his "Favorite Prescription" within the reach of all. Young girls in their teens, passing the age of puberty, find it a great aid. Delicate, pale and sickly girls will find this a wonderful invigorator, and a sure corrective for all derangements and weaknesses incident to females.

THE IRISH DISTRESS.

Balfour's Chief Secretary Reports on the Condition of the Poor.

LIMITATIONS OF RELIEF.

A Dublin cable says: The Earl of Zetland, Viceroy of Ireland, and Chief Secretary Balfour signed a declaration which has been issued on the condition of the poor in the western part of Ireland. The declaration says:

"Poverty is chronic in some districts, and will, if the people are not aided, reach a stage of acute distress during the winter and spring. There is neither a resident gentry nor a substantial middle class to give employment, nor are there charitable organizations to aid those who are unable to aid themselves. Outdoor relief, except in cases of emergency, cannot legally be administered except to persons holding over a quarter of an acre of land. Although none acquainted with the history of the Irish poor law would regard the relaxing of this rule as other than a public calamity, its maintenance undoubtedly limits the capacity to deal with periods of exceptional distress. The position thus created leaves a part of the social organism sick at all times—stricken with a disease from which without extraneous help it has no power to rally. The question is not whether money ought to be given, but how it ought to be given, to what class and for what special purposes. Charity ill administered injures the recipient everywhere, but is especially injurious in those parts with which we are concerned. Elsewhere the injury may be confined to a class relatively small, but in the worst portions of the congested districts the whole community may be affected. All are poor; all can plausibly appeal for aid, and help recklessly given in response may infect whole townships with the vices and weaknesses of professional mendicancy. We have spoken of this matter to many priests and others acquainted with the condition of the people. There was not one of them, however keenly they may have felt the sufferings of those amongst whom they lived, who did not admit that permanent ill-effects followed from much charitable expenditure within their experience.

"Regarding the appeals for help it is needless to say that tales of distress need not be taken as authentic because they are couched in strong language and seem to come from well informed quarters. The desire to stimulate flagging charity has been a fruitful source of exaggeration. We do not know that there is any reason to suppose that in Ireland this tendency is likely to be controlled by long-established habits of severe and disciplined accuracy. It is not easy adequately to check such statements, even by personal observation aided by statistics, however accurate.

"In regard to the failure of the potato crop, small occupiers in the west seem at first sight all to live much in the same way. They live in the same cabins, cultivate the same kind of holdings, and are clothed with the same kind of dress. It would be natural to conclude that in all places where the failure of the crop is the same distress is the same, but such is not the case. In no district does the bulk of the community live wholly on the potato. Every district has means of livelihood independent of the cultivation of the potato, such as fishing, labor in England, cottage industries, help-making and sales of farm stock. The degree of the failure of the potato crop is therefore by itself a misleading guide to the degree of distress existing among the people. Other elements in the finding of the position of the people are the amount of their savings and their debt and credit with local tradesmen. Furthermore, in the organization of any plan of gratuitous assistance caution is necessary in order that it shall not interfere with the system of railway relief works. Several thousand pounds weekly are already distributed in the form of wages in the districts most in need. Those getting wages through work ought not to get charity without it.

"The conclusions we come to are that charitable aid ought to be confined, (1) to families which are in a serious want, and which, having no able bodied persons among them, cannot derive benefit from the public relief works; (2) to providing meals in the schools for children attending them; and (3) to supplying clothes for children unable to procure them elsewhere. These forms of assistance are less liable to abuse than others."

Which is the Coward?

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well-known showman to a *Cincinnati Times Star* reporter, "we placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into the corner and watched the proceeding with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paw and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."

The Advantages of Conversation.

The most agreeable way of getting information is by conversation. If you talk with a well-informed person, who can express clearly his ideas on any subject in which you are interested, you can ask questions, you can have explanations, you can go over the subject until you thoroughly understand it, and searching out in this way, in the mind of another, a thing which you earnestly desire to know, you are more likely to remember it and to profit by it. This is why a competent teacher is better than any text book. Besides talk inspires both the speaker and the listener—the one becomes more eager to know and the other more eager to communicate.—Charles Dudley Warner, in *January St. Nicholas*.

Rudyard Kipling makes the statement that Lady Dufferin's work in India has done more, and promises more, in the solution of the troublesome eastern empire problem than all masculine efforts and suggestions.

SUFFERING AT SEA.

Rescue of the Crew of the Pollux After Drifting 29 Days.

A New York despatch says: The steamer State of Nevada, from Glasgow, brought to this port the officers and crew of the British steamer Pollux. The Pollux encountered a series of gales, and was in a sinking condition when the crew were taken off in mid-ocean by the State of Nevada. The Pollux was bound from Rouen for Philadelphia. The Pollux was 48 days out from Rouen when the State of Nevada fell in with her. Her rudder was gone and the vessel had sprung a bad leak. The Pollux only had provisions for an ordinary voyage when she left Rouen. These became exhausted, and all suffered terribly from hunger. For 29 days they had nothing but canned meat to eat. This disappeared so rapidly that during the last seven days previous to their rescue but seven ounces of meat per day were allowed to each man. They had no water or bread, the coal gave out long before they were rescued, and the men also suffered greatly from cold. One of the Pollux's firemen was washed overboard and lost. The Pollux was a steel screw schooner-rigged ship of 1,443 tons. She was owned at Dundee.

Sowing Wild Oats.

Nothing reveals the low ebb of conventional morality in a more startling manner than the complacency with which society views the debasement of young men. "Oh, they are sowing their wild oats; they will soon settle down and become excellent husbands"—how often does one hear this or a similar remark, equally unworthy of any man or woman who values life or comprehends the grandeur of true manhood. A man who has sowed his wild oats is unworthy to stand at the head of a home or to be joined for life to a pure-souled wife. He brings to the altar of marriage the dregs of his being. The holy flame of purity goes forever; the cinders of a spent vitality, the coarseness born of contact with vice; the soul scarred by dissipation; the spirit dwarfed and maimed; the mind weakened; the constitution sapped of its reserve strength—this is what he brings to the altar of his home. And from a man so marked by sin, what can we expect? Children that are shriveled in soul, inheriting evil propensities, marked by sin before their eyes see the light of the world. A boy who has sowed his wild oats has sacrificed his noblest self, and is unworthy the love of any high-minded, pure and noble-cultured girl. Our moral standards must be elevated. Noble-minded men and women must unite in the work of social regeneration. They must be earnest, brave, and persistent. They must unmask iniquity and assail conventional immorality fearlessly, keeping the splendid end ever before them, the elevation of the moral standard, the salvation of the rising generation. This great end is worthy of every sacrifice.—Ez.

The Discomforts of Wealth.

"It's not because we like it that we hustle so in our business," said a leading Boston merchant. "You have no idea of the great responsibility of such a business as this. To be sure, it brings wealth; but what is wealth after all? Money in itself is of very little account. I wouldn't give 5 cents a bushel for it; it doesn't bring happiness. I am happy, but it is not because I have money, but in spite of it. Happiness is a matter of disposition, and money can neither bring a good disposition nor happiness. My happiest days were when I had a small family and a salary just big enough to support that family. Then I was free from this care, this heavy responsibility, and I didn't feel as though I had to hustle every day I lived in order to keep in the procession. Why not ease up now that I am in comfortable circumstances? Ah, how little you fellows know of the shoals and quicksands of trade! If you let up in this race in the least you are surely lost. It is but a single step from a thriving, successful business to the bankruptcy court. You can't let up. If you are in it you've got to pull for all you're worth, and even then failure will frequently overtake you."—Boston Traveller.

Michael Angelo's Studies in Anatomy.

Before his return to the palace, Michael Angelo had begun a series of careful studies in anatomy, to familiarize himself with every line and dimension of the figure. He toiled at this study for years, until his mastery of the human form was complete. He never painted or chiseled a figure without working out in a drawing the most delicate details of the anatomy, so that no turn of vein or muscle might be false to the absolute truth. It is by such means that that every work of genius, whether book, picture, or engine, is an amount of labor and pains—yes, and of pain—that would have frightened off a weak spirit.—St. Nicholas for January.

At the Stationers'.

Book-makers are made of many pretty metals.
Tiny manicure sets are made to carry in a pocketbook.
Elegant silver frames surround the newest photographs.
Table gongs are increasing in size. The metal disk is hung both from natural horns and in wooden frames; the hammer is a mallet of chamois skin.
Elegant embossed leather covers are made to hold the latest novel while it is being read. They are lined with silk and furnished with a book marker.
The latest odor case is a small plush hat. The top of the crown raises up like a box lid, and within is disclosed two bottles of perfumery reposing on cotton and decorated with ribbons.

The Plant Required.

Philadelphia Record: There are not less than 146 different religious denominations or sects in the United States, according to the latest accounts. It used to be said that it took only a Bible, an old woman and a cat to set up a new religious denomination; and perhaps some of the existing sects are not much better endowed and equipped.

Perfectly lovely is no longer the fashionable superlative. Say a thing is just sweet, and you have reached the pinnacle of praise.

The New General Manager.

Mr. Lewis James Seargeant, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Joseph Hickson as general manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, of which line he has been traffic manager for the last sixteen years, came out to Canada from England in August, 1874. He was not then a novice in railway work. He was born at Trowbridge, Wiltshire, and his railway career is associated with the largest English railway, the "Great Western," which has a capital of nearly \$400,000,000 and over 2,210 miles of rails.

He was superintendent of the South Wales division and afterwards chief officer of the South Devon Railway and subsequently was associated with the Cornwall Railway as secretary and general manager, and secretary of the joint committees of the Great Western, Bristol & Exeter, South Devon and Cornwall Railways; he also represented those interested before the parliamentary committees. The success of his management was evidenced by largely increased dividends, as the line was at a very low ebb when he took it in charge.

During this period he was offered the appointment of chief officer of one of the largest Indian railway systems, a position, from the delicate relations of the Imperial and Local Governments and railroad companies, that required experience of the character which he possessed.

He declined the appointment in view of further promotion by the Great Western Company. Toward the close of his English railway career he was, with the representatives of other companies, engaged in framing an agreement for the division of traffic between the Great Western and London & Southwestern systems. Upon his resignation, to come to Canada, he brought with him evidences of the highest consideration and esteem, including an intrinsically valuable presentation from the directors and officers with whom he had served. Mr. Seargeant was the first "Traffic Manager" on this continent. He has ably represented the Grand Trunk Railway in the Trunk Line Executive and other committees, and has always advocated the division of competitive traffic on equitable principles and the settlement of differences between railways by arbitration. He is a man of fine presence, prompt and decisive in his actions, courteous and accessible to all. He has been a close student of the interstate law and has written many able arguments on pooling and other leading questions, and contributed a very able article to *The Railway Review* on the English railway system, which was subsequently published in pamphlet form and widely distributed. In the 16 years that he has been traffic manager of the Grand Trunk Railway its receipts have increased from \$10,000,000 to \$24,000,000, while its tonnage increase is immeasurably greater, in consequence of more work being done at lower rates.

Mr. Seargeant has also been Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Executive Council and of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway and other affiliated lines.

In his new position he will have many complicated questions to solve. He will have to confront the contentions of American railways affecting Canadian lines carrying through United States traffic, which is obtaining political significance; in Canada there is an ambitious and bold rival system built alongside the Grand Trunk claiming a share of the traffic none too large. He will have the benefit of the new tunnel and the double track between Toronto and Montreal, and both will expedite the movement of traffic and reduce cost, but with a large capital and a considerable portion of it unproductive, no small amount of ability and good judgment will be required to insure success.—Chicago Railway Review.

Cordial and Amiable, But Arithmetical.

Prof. Todhunter (who has just run across an old acquaintance at the reception)—I am so glad to have stumbled upon you in this way, my dear Mrs. Goldwin. How long it has been since we met! But, I must say, time has dealt very lightly with you. Who could imagine that you have a daughter as old as Miss Prudence, there—and little Prue—well, just think of her being in society!

Mrs. Goldwin—Yes, Mr. Todhunter; I can't realize these things myself. Prudence is 20 to-day.

Prof. Todhunter—Why, my dear Mrs. Goldwin, you don't tell me so! And only 10 short years ago I remember her so well as a romping little chit of 16! Well, well, how marvelously these girls do grow.

Then and Now.

In ancient days for many an ill, We used to take a big blue pill. It did so surely tear and gripe, We felt for purgatory ripe.

To-day, when sick, we take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are gently aperient or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Cures Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and bowels. Put up in vials, hermetically sealed, hence always fresh and reliable. Purely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Sold by druggists, at 25 cents a vial.

Divorce or Elopement.

Philadelphia Record: During the past year 4,000 suits were filed in the courts of Cincinnati, and of these 375 were for divorce. In Ontario, divorce is a luxury for the great and the wealthy. At Owen Sound it is said that lately there have been several cases where dissatisfied wives have absconded with more congenial mates. In lieu of cheap divorce, this method, being within the reach of all, gains favor.

A Long Farewell.

Buffalo News: "My darling," he said, looking into the trustful eyes upturned to his, "do you think you could stand the test of a long absence?"
"If you think it is for the best, dear," she said, with a half mournful, half McAllister look on her young face.
"Then, my angel," he replied, gazing at her long and wistfully, "farewell, I am going to see a cricket match through."

Major Pond expects to make from \$75,000 to \$100,000 out of Stanley's lecture tour. The explorer is paid \$50,000 for fifty lectures and his travelling expenses in addition.