Late Foreign News.

SOLDIERS SUFFOCATED BY GAS.

A Village Annihilated—Cases of Bushranging in New Zealand.

A new diamond mine, the deposit in which is described as similar to that of the richest Claims at Kimberly, has been discovered in Griqualand West.

A terrific cyclone has been raging in the Pacific at Raratonga. Fourteen lives were lost, and at Aitutaki seventy houses were destroyed. The schooner Auraura was wrecked, and eight of the crew were drowned.

A quadruple birth has been recorded at Cannes. A Paris correspondent telegraphs that the quadrille of babies are described as fine boys, none of them below the normal weight. Their mother, the wife of a poor mechanic, is doing well.

The Shah of Persia intends to make another tour next year, and his programme includes a journey through India, and a progress from San Francisco to New York, including a visit to the World's Fair at Chicago, his idea being to return home through Europe.

The Russian Government has issued a ukase ordering all sardine boxes to be opened at the Customs House on the frontier. It appears that shoals of Nihilist tracts and proclamations have recently been imported into Russia from France in apparently genuine sardine-boxes.

One day recently, in a dockyard on the Neva, several hundred men complained of reduced wages and harsh treatment. They even threatened the authorities of the yard. But in Russia workmen are not allowed to complain. So troops were straightway called in and the ringleaders marched off to prison.

M. Osiris, a rich Parisian banker, who resides at Lausanne canton of Vaud, Switzerland, has presented to that town a statue of William Tell, in commemoration of the hospitable reception given by the Swiss to the army of Bourbaki in 1871. The value of the statue is 100,000 francs and it is expected that it will be inaugurated towards the end of May.

The wolves are causing great consternation in the interior of Russia and Finland. A few days ago, in the Government of Kieff, a young girl and her sweetheart were attacked by a pack of these animals, and the girl was torn to pieces. Her companion attempted to escape by climbing a tree, but fell down dead from fright. Curiously enough, the wolves did not touch the inanimate body.

The Tonga Taiha tribe of head-hunters, in the island of New Guinea, attacked and annihilated a village of 40 inhabitants. They threatened to attack the Government miners at Sudest, and killed and ate a number of Papuans. A force was organized for the purpose of defence, and several natives were captured and imprisoned by the British Administrator.

The little island of La Chroma, opposite the Dalmatian coast, which is celebrated for its almost tropical vegetation, and which was the property of the late Crown Prince of Austria, has been presented to the Dominicans at Ragusa, with an annual grant of 2000fl. The island is connected with the memory of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on his return from the Holy Land, was wrecked there. In commemoration of his escape he founded a monastery, which, however, was soon abandoned, owing to the constant attacks of pirates.

Students' duels certainly flourish in Switzerland, whilst the German universities are trying to discourage the practice. Fifteen students from Zurich and Basle went over to Berne recently to encounter a similar number of Bernese champions, and the doughty combatants assembled at Schœnegg to slash away at each other's faces with much vigor, the police not attempting to interfere.

The taking of the census in India caused some ridiculous errors. An enumerator in Bengal was told to count the families in his particular district. Unluckily the Hindoostanee for family, Handi, is also the term for a cooking pot, so the enumerator solemnly walked into a house, and counted all the cooking pots of the establishment under the impression that he was gathering important information for the census.

Australasian and New Zealand sportsmen have lately been giving high prices for thoroughbred stock, and at a recent sale at Auckland some sensational prices were obtained. A mare named "Mersey" was sold for 2300 guineas, but this was quite eclipsed by the sum of 5600 guineas being given by a Sydney trainer for the famous sire "Nordenfelt." This price is the highest ever given for a horse in the Australasian colonies.

During the Czarewitch's recent tour in India he visited Gwalior, and whilst there shot his first tiger. The jungle was very thick, but the beat was well managed by Major Masters and Dr Crofts, and at about one o'clock a fine tigress broke near the Czarewitch, giving him a shot. His Imperial Highness let drive and rolled over what was afterwards found to be a particularly fine tigress.

Herr Windthorst, the German Ultramontane leader, figures as an idol in a Chinese temple near Amoy. A young German, travelling in the neighbourhood recently, entered a temple dedicated to the "Seven Geniuses," and, to his surprise, he found a dilapitated bust of his countryman among the divinities. Evidently the bust had been lost out of some Teutonic vessel.

A few years ago the Shah presented the late Emperor Frederick with the Persian Order of the Sun and Lion, the insignia and star being in brilliants, valued at several thousands of pounds. After the Emperor's death, this star and insignia were claimed by his widow, but the Emperor William had them placed in the Honenzollern Museum at Berlin. After more than two years of discussion and correspondence, the Empress Frederick has succeeded in recovering this property, which has been removed from the Museum and handed over to her, on the understanding that she holds it as an heirloom, so that it can be neither sold nor alienated.

Gendarmes in the Department of the Meurthe et Moselle in France are busily engaged in looking for a woman in white, who makes frequent, but flitting, visits to the Wood of Saint Rambert. The strange female has been seen by numerous peasants, and some of them who were not given to superstitious fancies and beliefs gave chase to her; but she sped away from them like a deer. Under these circumstances the gendarmes of Sirieux have been ordered to try their luck in catching the stranger, who is probably a maniac. It has been ascertained that the extraordinary wanderer of the woods is really dressed in white garments, which give her a ghost-like appearance.

The *Dixenenviewe Siecle* (Paris) published a despatch from Dieuze (Alsace-Lorraine), which states that a company of Bavarian light horse stationed there has just had a marvellous escape from death. During the night a gaspipe in the barracks became severed by some means, and the escape of gas rendered all the men more or less insensible. In the morning when the bugles sounded no one appeared, and the inquiry made into this unusual occurrence only came just in time to rescue forty men, who were unconscious. Three of them have succumbed, and a dozen others are still in a critical condition.

The half of an assassin has been found on the road between Philippopolis and Kasanlik, in Bulgaria, and the other half of him is running about the woods. It is the assassin, Padlewski, who is in question—he who murdered General Silevestoff, in Paris, and whom the French and Russian police have been hunting all the world over. The man caught for him in ever so many places has always been found to be a false Padlewski. But now this telegram comes from Bulgaria: "The body of Padlewski, half devoured by wolves, was found some days ago between Philippopolis and Kasanlik."

A serious blunder was committed at Colombo, Ceylon, the other day. The police at that place had been apprised in the ordinary way that two absconding bankers from Germany had gone in the direction of the East, and might be expected to touch Ceylon. The steamer "City of Calcutta" reached Colombo towards the end of January, having touched at Bombay on the way out, and among her passengers there happened to be two brothers named Marx, wealthy men who were voyaging for pleasure to the East. They were Germans, and this fact seems to have been sufficient for the Colombo police, for they promptly arrested them. After spending a few days in prison the mistake was discovered, and the luckless brothers were set at liberty. It may be supposed that the Ceylon Government will hear more of the matter.

Cases of bushranging, or "bailing-up," were always comparatively rare in New Zealand, even in the wilder days of a quarter of a century and more ago, but it is surprising to hear of an accident of the kind in the present yea of grace. One is just reported from Dunedin, however, the Rockland station, in Strath-Taieri, some forty miles from the Otago capital, having been successfully "stuck-up" the other day. Two men called at the station, asking for work, and when an opportunity offered drove all the station hands into the house, where they fastened them in to the bed-room. The housekeeper, who took the strangers at first for photographers on realizing their true character, contrived to escape and slipped away for assistance. Alarmed by her absence the two robbers took a single-barrelled gun and all the ammunition they could lay hands on. They then forced the station hands to saddle a pair of horses, on which they rode away. They called at an accommodation house, whither the housekeeper had gone for assistance, and demanded some brandy, but the owner refused them, and shots were exchanged without taking any effect. The horses taken returned to the station the following day. It is said that there has been no case of this kind in New Zealand since the early days of the goldfields.

A Husband who Never Spent a Night Away from Home.

It was one of those wild nights you read of in nine novels out of every ten.

The cold Spring rain splashed viciously against the pane and the shutters rattled and banged as the fitful gusts of wind swept through the deserted streets.

It was lodge night, but Brother Fay concluded to stay at home for once, particularly as his mother-in-law was on her periodical inspection tour and spending a couple of days with him.

With a sigh he rolled back in the rocker, his feet in a chair and a newspaper spread open before him like a screen.

Presently he chuckled and wife and mother looked up from their sewing inquiringly.

"Rather a remarkable case," he exclaimed, looking over the top of the paper and with a suspicious twich about the corners of his mouth, he read aloud:

"A model husband died recently at Cornish, N. H. He had been married forty-three years and never spent a night away from home."

"Well, I should say he was a model husband," broke in the old lady, grimly. "Just think of it, Mary, dear, forty-three years and every evening spent at home. No lodge could coax him away from his family," she added, significan ly.

"Poor man, he ought to have a monument a mile high," and she sighed deeply.

Brother Fay held the paper a little higher and continued;

"—Never spent a night away from home. He was paralyzed."

Without, the storm beat harder and louder, (a habit storms have at such times) while within silence reigned, save the suppressed rustle of the paper and the "swish" of the thread through the pillow-case the old lady was working on.

A Railroad Manager.

Ohio and Mississippi Railway, Office of the President and Gen'l Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A., Nov. 15, 1886. Gentlemen: Recently while in the act of alighting from my car I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot threw me to the ground with a severely sprained ankle. Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into the car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail. Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be secured, two bottles of it were bought and the application resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had become well nigh unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days. W. W. Peabody, Pres't and Gen'l Manager.

General Booth has been offered seven guineas for the quill pen with which he signed the "Darkest England" deed.

A REGION OF WOE.

Seeking Gold and Finding Nameless Graves.

How thousands of Men Lost Their Lives on the Isthmus of Panama—Daily Funeral Train to Monkey Hill Cemetery.

More men have died and are buried and more money has been made and likewise squandered, on the Isthmus of Panama, along, the line of the proposed canal, than on any equal amount of territory in the world. Thousands of men came from all parts of the world, sickened and died under the influence of the deadly climate in a few months, weeks, or even days, while fortunes were made by a few honestly and in a legitimate way, but in numerous cases by downright robbery, or what amounted to that.

It was in 1887, the year before the final collapse of the canal scheme came, that I visited the Isthumas of Panama, says a writer. I there met Jack Gardiner, of Toronto. "What brought me to the isthmus?" he said in answer to my question; "the same reason that has caused other men to come here—the search for gold. In Canada I only earned $12 a week keeping books in a commercial house, although I am an expert in my business. Here I am getting $250 a month in a simple clerical position in the Panama Railroad Company's offices. Of course, I take the chances of being carried out to Monkey Hill Cemetery within a few hours at any time, for neither yellow fever nor the fever which the natives call tabla, meaning 'knock you down,' so sudden is it in its attack, are respecters of persons, and chagres fever, though slower in its effects, is almost as deadly.

THE FUNERAL TRAIN.

"We have in Aspinwall what is known as the 'dead train.' This consists of three or four ordinary box cars and a locomotive, belonging to the railroad company. Every afternoon at 4 o'clock the train starts for the cemetery at Monkey Hill. Unless the deceased is a person of some importance the burial only takes a few minutes. The grave diggers know in advance how many graves to have ready. They don't lose much time in making them extra deep either. About three feet is the usual depth, and when the heavy rains come pouring down the sides of the cemetery hill the earth is often washed away and portions of the body exposed. You will see in many places throughout Aspinwall, especially in small side streets and alleys, plain rough board coffins stood up on end against the sides of houses. When an unknown man dies on the street the native policemen merely go for the nearest public coffin, put the body in it and place it on one of the railroad box cars, where it remains until taken out to the cemetery in the afternoon. Then the corpse is dumped into the grave, dressed as it was when found on the street or elsewhere, and the coffin brought back to town for further use.

A MODERN GOLGOTHA.

"It's a common thing to find men, principally poor negroes or natives, lying dead on the sidewalk or under the stoops or porches of houses, in the morning, where they have lain down to die of fever during the night. No man living knows just how many people are buried in Monkey Hill Cemetery. The railroad hospital authorities, of course, keep a record of the number of deaths in their institution, but the native city authorities keep no mortuary statistics whatever and of the hundreds of men who die here e ery year and are buried by the city no record whatever of the burial is kept. It is by no means an uncommon thing for an old grave to be opened and another body buried on top of the first one, this being done for want of room. How many people are buried out in Monkey Hill? Certainly 8,000 or 9,000; probably 12,000 or 15,000, but it's all a matter of guess work as to the exact number. The cemetery might not inappropriately be called Golgotha, the place of skulls.

THOUSANDS OF DEAD CHINAMEN.

"But the ground about Aspinwall only holds a small percentage of the men who have died on the Isthmus. The city of Panama, of course, lays claim to the largest number of burials, but I can say without exaggeration that the entire line of the railroad and canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a continuous graveyard. At Matochin alone over three thousand five hundred Chinamen met their death in one day. That was 25 or 30 years ago, while the Panama Railroad was being built, and long before work on the canal was begun. Ten thousand Chinamen had been brought from China to work on the canal. Over half of them were camped at what is now Matochin. Smallpox broke out upon them and the mortality became so great that the Chinamen, always easily excited, became panic-stricken and, preferring to die by drowning, ran down the steep sides of the hills near their camp and threw themselves into the Chagres river. As I have said, 3,500 of them drowned.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

"It's a very easy matter for a sharp, clever, but dishonest man to make thousands of dollars on the isthmus in as short a time as it would take him to make hundreds in Canada. The Panama Railroad employs only white men as engineers and conductors, who have previously been railroad men in the United States. For many years, up to within a short time ago, the passenger fare from Aspinwall to Panama, a distance of only 45 miles, was $25. No tickets were sold at way stations, passengers paying the conductors on the trains. This they usually did in Colombian silver. When the conductors arrived at Aspinwall or Panama in the evening they would bring in the money received for fares on the trip in large canvas sacks, and if traffic had been rather heavy on that day the conductors would need help in carrying the silver from the train to the company's office. It was not thought at all unusual for a conductor to "knock down" $100 a day. Half of this he would have to divide with the engineer of his train. The company closed its eyes to this barefaced robbery, for several reasons, among them being the fact that it was a difficult matter to obtain experienced railroad men to take positions on the isthmus, while another reason was that the company was making so much money that the stealings were considered too trifling to notice. The end is soon coming and the world will quickly hear of the collapse of the canal scheme."

My friend spoke prophetically, for in the following year the final crash came, ruining thousands of poor people in France and causing untold misery to thousands of penniless workmen on the isthmus who were stranded far from their own countries. To-day about all that remains on the Isthmus of Panama as evidence of the human greed of gold are millions of pounds of what was once magnificent machinery, but now is little more than old iron, and the bleached bones of tens of thousands of men.

THE LONDON CABBY.

A Unique Specimen of an Interesting Class of Bread-winners.

By no means the least interesting feature of London life is the "cabby," as he is called, the driver of the hansom cab. These cabs are so numerous that the city seems actually to swarm with them, and it is easy to believe the statement of the guide-books that there are 10,000 of these vehicles in the town. Of course, there is a great variety in the drivers, and it has more than once happened that the sons of families of considerable position have passed the better portion of their lives on the box of a hansom.

An American who was in London during the past summer encountered rather an odd specimen of cabby, a man who had in some way evidently come down in the world, unless mounting a box be regarded as a rise. The stranger took a cab for a drive one afternoon and, having no very definite idea what he wished to do, told the driver to take him to some place that was worth seeing.

The cabby looked him over, apparently making up his mind what manner of man he had as passenger, and then started off in a direction which was not in the line of the gentleman's previous explorations, although he had been in England a number of times and knew London tolerably well. The passenger poked up the little trap-door to the roof of the cab and asked where they were going.

"Along a piece," the driver returned. "Do you see, sir, that crowd on the corner?" he added, pulling up;

The traveller looked in the direction indicated and saw a crowd of people gathered about a woman who was turning the crank of a barrel organ. She was rather a pretty woman, and appeared strangely out of keeping with her occupation.

"That is Lady Linton," he said, and by subsequent inquiry the traveller found that this was not a mere "traveler's tale," designed to beguile him, but that the organ-grinder was really a member of the nobility cast off by her family.

The hansom was started up again, and pretty soon the driver announced that they were in Chelsea.

"That house," he said, pointing it out, "is where that old crab-apple Carlyle lived. Further up the street," he continued waxing communicative, "there is a funny fellow named Whistler. "He is a painter, and the papers pitch into his things like blazes, and he gets as mad as a hatter and answers them back. They say it's great fun for them that is in it."

"You do not follow it up yourself, then," the traveller said.

"No, sir," the cabby said. "I like better to give my time to flowers. I have a place that is pretty to look at, if I do say it, and I've taken a very tidy lot of prizes, too, sir. I go in for chrysanthemums just now. That's the go, and I can make something to help me on with the greenhouses and get the missis a new gown now and then."

The cabby who cultivated flowers for amusement and drove a casual passenger out to see the house of Carlyle could hardly be looked upon as a type, but as a variation he was at least interesting.

Heartily.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord."—Paul.

Heartily! Heartily! This is the measure!
O, servant of God, thou art child of a king;
Then why should it not be a joy and a pleasure,
Thy willing life service unto Him to bring?

O think of it often,—'twas He gave you being,
And life is your own by His keeping and care!
What though—unlaurell'd—thy years may be fleeing,—
The heart that is right holds no truce with despair.

O! child of a King! See thy fellows:—around them
The bonds, which make body and spirit to grieve;
Yet, never a shackle of evil hath bound them,
But love can unfetter, or kindness relieve.

Know this, in thy doing, faint-hearted believer:—
The spirit of kindness and comfort doth dwell—
Not alone in the gift to the needful receiver,
But—bright in the heart of the giver as well.

Unto the indolent, law is tyrannical;
Duty, despotic; and service, a bore;
Every dull deed in their doing, mechanical;
Labor, a drudgery; this and no more.

Then do, with thy heart in it, unto the Highest!
His provident goodness demandeth thy best!
The earnest and zealous ones always are nighest
His tenderest heart, with its infinite rest.

And do, with thy heart in it, unto another!
Nor waiting, nor trusting, but doing, to-day;
The spirit of helpfulness shown to thy brother,
Jehovah hath promised—Himself—to repay:

Oh do with thy heart in it! Heaven is above thee:
The grace of thy doing makes up its reward!
For duties, done kindly, even sinners will love thee,
And thou shalt have joy in the smile of the Lord.

Llewellyn A. Morrison,
"The Elms," Toronto.

Canadian Sleigh Song.

Canadian cutters are cosy and neat,
Canadian horses are graceful and fleet,
Yo ho! for a dash through the country to-night!
Beneath soft glow of the misty moonlight!

Yo ho! how the bells of our galloping teams
Make rollick and laugh in their frost-curtain'd dreams
The forests that slumber, the rivers that flow,
Beneath the fair folds of the glistening snow!

These fillies they ring with their galloping strides
Their bells for the Queen of Canadian brides
Yo ho! how they dance, arch their necks, toss their manes,
And taste their bright bits when she touches the reins.

What flower of beauty could ever surpass
In sweetness of soul a Canadian lass!
Yo ho! what fair bride in her snowey array
Could ever despise a Canadian sleigh?

Old heroes now sleeping in classical shrouds
Were famous for sweeping etherial clouds,
In chariots golden, with charges of flame;
Canadian lovers do somewhat the same.

Ernest E. Leigh.

King of Medicines

A Cure "Almost Miraculous."

"When I was 14 years of age I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and after I recovered had to go on crutches. A year later, scrofula, in the form of white swellings, appeared on various parts of my body, and for 11 years I was an invalid, being confined to my bed 6 years. In that time ten or eleven sores appeared and broke, causing me great pain and suffering. I feared I never should get well.

"Early in 1886 I went to Chicago to visit a sister, but was confined to my bed most of the time I was there. In July I read a book, 'A Day with a Circus,' in which were statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was so impressed with the success of this medicine that I decided to try it. To my great gratification the sores soon decreased, and I began to feel better and in a short time I was up and out of doors. I continued to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for about a year, when, having used six bottles, I had become so fully released from the disease that I went to work for the Flint & Walling Mfg. Co., and since then

HAVE NOT LOST A SINGLE DAY

on account of sickness. I believe the disease is expelled from my system, I always feel well, am in good spirits and have a good appetite. I am now 27 years of age and can walk as well as any one, except that one limb is a little shorter than the other, owing to the loss of bone, and the sores formerly on my right leg. To my friends my recovery seems almost miraculous, and I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the king of medicines." William A. Lehr, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

"No, George, our engagement must be broken. Father has failed, you know." "When did your father fail? I hadn't heard of it!" he said, turning pale. "He failed yesterday and is very much prostrated in consequence. My whole time must be given to him now. He needs my individual care and attention, and though it may break our hearts, George, we must part forever." "Noble girl," thought George, as he hastily grasped his hat and with a broken heart went out into the night.

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." ④

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Trained nurses are fast superseding the old-time sort described by Dickens. One of the latter, employed in a Southwark family, is found of large words. The mother was boasting of her son's neatness. "He couldn't help it," said the nurse; "children inhale a thing like that off their parents." She meant inherit.

WHY!

WHEREFORE. The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers Mayors and Officials, testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

THE POOR MAN

finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.