THE WEEKS' NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Governor Royal of the North-west territories is in Montreal.

John Balmer, a London Township farmer, suicided by taking Paris green.

Judge Peters, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., is dead.

Natural gas has been struck at Medicine Hat, N. W. T.

Salmon is reported unusually plentiful in the St. Lawrence below the Saguenay.

A terrific windstorm swept over the country north of Winnipeg on Tuesday.

A Hamilton paper revives the story that Birchall confessed his crime to Dean Wade.

James Allen, Selkirk, has been sentenced to seven years in penitentiary for cattle-stealing.

Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy succeeds Premier Abbott as a director and vice-president of the C. P. R.

Sir A. T. Galt, formerly High Commissioner for Canada in England, is dangerously ill with influenza.

The annual conference of the Methodist Church of Manitoba and the Northwest closed last week.

Eggs are being shipped from Belleville to the English market at the rate of 24,000 dozen weekly.

Judge Miller, of Galt, died suddenly last week of heart failure. He was in his 81st year.

The firm of Radford Bros & Co., men's furnishings, Montreal, assigned Tuesday; liabilities $200,000.

After July 1 weather probabilities will be posted at all C.P.R. telegraph offices in Manitoba and the Territories.

A meeting of the citizens of Montreal was held on Saturday to inaugurate a movement for a monument to Sir John Macdonald.

A despatch from Winnipeg states Archbishop Tache, who has been seriously ill, is now much better.

A money by law to raise $45,000 for grading and improving of streets and building a new bridge over Rideau River was defeated at Ottawa, by a vote of 398 for and 676 against.

The supreme Court has postponed giving a decision in the Manitoba School Act appeal case until the October session.

The C. P. R. steamer Empress of Japan has made the fastest trip on record across the Pacific, viz., 10 days 21 hours 23 minutes.

The Dominion fishing regulations have created consternation among the Icelanders and Indians on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.

The vexed question of the proper space to be allowed cattle on board ship has been settled by the Government sending instruction to their inspectors at Montreal not to pass any vessels the fitting of which will not give 2 feet 8 inches stall space to each head of cattle.

Edison's phonograph was used for the first time on Tuesday in Ottawa in preparing the Senate *Hansard*. The first cylinder despatched to the Government printing bureau had marked upon its surface the speech of Senator Gowan with regards to the proposal to abolish the functions of grand juries.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Canon Legge, vicar of Lewisham, is the new Bishop of Lichfield, England.

Striking laundresses in London, Eng., are engaging in riotous demonstrations.

Mr. Gladstone has suffered another relapse.

The Prince of Wales' life is insured for $800,000.

At Oxford University last week honorary degrees were conferred upon the Duke D'Aumale and Mr. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

E. Dwyer Grey has been invited by Parnell to contest the Parliamentary seat of the late O'Gorman Mahon.

The population of England and Wales is 29,000,000, an increase of 3,00',000 in 10 years.

The Bank of England's reserve now amounts to £19,435,697, having increased £722,000 in the past week.

Mrs. Duncan, whose husband attempted to murder her several weeks ago in Wales, has had a relapse and is unconscious.

Sir Prescott Gardner Hewitt, the distinguished English surgeon, died in London on Saturday.

The Irish Land bill passed the first reading in the House of Lords on Monday, and the second reading is fixed for the 25th inst.

James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon, M.P. for Carlow, Ireland, died last week. He was born in 1803 and had been in politics over 60 years.

The Executive Committee of the English Nonconformist Council has passed a resolution deploring the fact that gambling and betting were prevalant in English society.

The British Parliament will prorogue on August 6, and party managers have received instructions to prepare for dissolution early next summer.

The body of a murdered woman was found at a house in Tottenham Court Road, London, on Sunday. The murderer escaped.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and several of their family are staying at the fashionable watering place of Eastbourne, and the neighbourhood is *en fete* in their honour.

The English Court of Appeals has refused to grant Miss Gladys Evelyn a new trial against William Henry Hurlbert for breach of promise of marriage.

Lord Salisbury told a deputation of the Untited Empire League that it was impossible for England to give perferential treatment to the colonies at the expense of the rest of the world.

The *National Press*, of Dublin, says proceedings have been commenced against Mr. Parnell to recover $3,500 which he was ordered to pay as costs in the O'Shea divorce case.

The English Liberal leaders are a good deal perturbed over Sir Charles Dilke's speech at Chelsea, in which he intimates his readiness to re-enter Parliament not as a follower, but as a leader.

Sir John Görst has resigned the Political Secretaryship for India. This was not unexpected, as of late he has been exhibiting Radical leanings scarcely consistent with an officer of the Conservative Cabinet.

To preserve the Prince of Wales from temptation a writer in a London paper suggests that his associates should be men of not less than forty-five and women not under fifty-two years of age.

Mrs. Quinton and Mrs. Grimwood widows of Chief Commissioner Quinton and Political Agent Grimwood, who lost their lives in the Manipur massacre, have been accorded pensions of $1,500 a year each.

The *Times* of India asserts that over a thousand of the pilgrims who go to Bombay and Mecca never return owing to the overcrowding on the steamers or owing to diseases contracted on the land journey from Jedda.

Sir George Baden-Powell, of Liverpool, and Dr. G. M. Dawson, F. R. S., of the Canadian Geological Department, have been appointed by the Imperial Government to arbitrate as to the seal fisheries of Behring sea.

It is announced that the total amount of money collected for the Irish Plan of Campaign was £120,000, of which there has been expended £90,000, and there is missing £3,000, which was obtained through a forged receipt.

Sir James Fergusson stated in the English House of Commons on Monday night that Sir Julian Pauncefote expects to be able to proceed without further delay to discuss with the United States Government the terms of the reference of the Behring Sea dispute to arbitration.

A special cablegram to the *Mail* says some members of Parliament are bringing pressure to bear upon Lord Salisbury to carry out a commercial reciprocity policy for England. It is admitted the work must be begun with the English colonies, and commucations with Canada, Australia, and New Zealand have been privately going on for some time past, it is said, for the formation of an Imperial zollverein.

IN GENERAL.

France is anxious as to Russia's attitude in the event of another Franco-German war.

Haaki Pasha, governor of Yemen, and his staff have been massacred by the Arabs.

Pennsylvania coal sells in Italy cheaper than Welsh coal.

Diamonds of the purest transparency have been found in British Guigna.

The Radicals in the Italian Chamber of Deputies are starting an anti-corn duty agitation.

Fifty Jews have sailed from Antwerp for the Congo Free State. This is the first batch of Jews to go into that region.

Advices from Hayti, via Paris, say that the country is now tranquil, Hyppolite and his forces having suppressed the late revolt.

The harvest in Hungary will be middling in quantity and quality, while in Austria it will be decidedly inferior to the harvest of the last five years.

More dead bodies have been found in the debris of the railway wreck at Balse, Switzerland. The exact number of killed is 130, and of the injured 300.

The American Ministers in Paris and Berlin are renewing their efforts to get the restrictions on American cattle at those points removed.

A tribe on the West Coast of Africa has been reduced to starvation, and every family among them for some time back has had to give one child to be killed for food.

Prince George of Greece has arrived at San Francisco.

Germany's production of silver in 1890 was 770,000 pounds, about 9 per cent. of the world's product.

The Government of New South Wales has pronounced in favor of women's franchise and the principle of one man one vote.

A deaf and dumb man was arrested in the Village of Herabin, Austria, for vagrancy on May 28, and was put in a cell. The police forgot all about the prisoner and did not visit his cell again until yesterday, when it was found that the man had died of starvation and that the body had been eaten by rats.

HOW HANLAN TRAINS HIMSELF.

A Champion Oarsman Tells How to Win Races.

When I am in training, writes Edward Hanlan, I get up at six or half-past six, walk one mile, running perhaps two hundred yards at a stiff speed, sufficiently to get my wind. Then I return and take a light shower-bath, after which my man rubs me down with flesh gloves, rubbing in all directions. Afterwards he goes over me with his hands and then fans me dry with a towel. I then rest for twenty minutes before sitting down to breakfast. I eat for this meal some fruit and a small steak, and drink a glass of milk and cream. After sitting around for an hour, I go for a two or three miles' walk. Then I go to my boat-house and am rubbed down. After this I take a spin over the course, rowing from twenty-six to thirty-two strokes a minute. This is simply an exercise row. The rubbing process is gone over again when I return. For dinner, I have roast beef or mutton, sometimes a fowl, with vegetables. I rest until half-past two, take a walk, and then go for another exercise row. Once or twice a week I take a "speeder" over the course. One thing amateurs should bear in mind: never leave your race on the river, that is, never row six races a week before the day of the race comes. It stands to reason that no man can row as hard as he is able, each day, and be in better condition the day of the race than when he began training.

Pirates in the Hellespont.

A Constantinople correspondent telegraphs:—An extraordinary incident is reported by the commander of the French steamer Circassien, of the Paquet Company. On the 1st inst., in the open sea, near the Archipelago, at the entrance to the Dardanelles, he met three boats, partly decked, flying signals of distress, and lying directly in the way of the steamer. On approaching two men only were observed on each, but others were believed to be hidden. On being asked why they got in the steamer's way they replied that they were pilots, and offered their services. The captain of the Circassien has navigated these waters for sixteen years, and has never met any pilots before. He has no doubt they were pirates.

UP THE SAGUENAY.

An Observing American Lady Describes the Scenery and the People.

ON THE SAGUENAY, June 17, 1891.—The voyager up the Saguenay begins his exploring at the spot where one of the earliest French colonies was planted. "At Tadousac," says Parkman, "at the mouth of the Saguenay, under the shadow of savage and inaccessible rocks, feathered with pine, fir and birch trees, were built a cluster of wooden huts and storehouses, and sixteen men were left to gather the expected harvest of furs."

"And here they would have died of hunger in the winter," says Garneau, "had they not been received into the cabins of the savages."

This first attempt at settlement, about the year 1602, was repeated later and often before any firm establishment was made. Yet in 1617 Tadousac was the most important trading post on the St. Lawrence, outranking Quebec and Montreal. In that year the first mass was said there, in the chapel of branches, "while two soldiers kept flies off the priest with green boughs."

No flies sally out from Tadousac to afflict the tourist now; but this may be because the steamer arrives there at night, both going to and returning from the Saguenay. You must step off and remain through daylight if you would see that summer resort which has grown over the old trading post. It is like approaching a huge condensed lump of night with a few beacons dotting its front—a constellation—the dippers! Voices come down from invisible hotels and make cheer on the high landing. Summer costumes move about there, and though you get an impression that the resorters have to climb ladders up the hill, they are so merry at their chattering that it seems the most agreeable exercise in the world.

But by sunrise Tadousac is not formidable. Here the St. Lawrence River is so many miles wide that two hours' steaming is required to cross it, and the heights are the beginning of that sublime cleft which seems to have opened betwixt mountain ridges to let out the Saguenay.

Swarming to Tadousac come the hunter, the priest who loves to fish, the member of Parliament and his family, the Canadian and American tourist of every variety. Many prefer this rugged spot to the smooth drives, the easy boating and gypsy like village of Melicite Indians, to say nothing of country cottages and hotels, at Cacouna Bay, on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence.

Perhaps few of all these passers care to recall the fact that Champlain retreated to Tadousac after the starving fort of Quebec was first taken by Kirke. But nearly every one will straggle into the old church, built in the nineteenth century, containing among its venerated objects an image of the child Jesus presented by Louis XIV.

Soundings at the mouth of the Saguenay reveal the fact that its bed is far below the bed of the river into which it flows. St. Lawrence water is limped blue green. The water of the Saguenay, swelling and billowing around a steamer, looks black as ink, except when the sunlight strikes through its salty mottles or where it foams like clear ale upon its own pebbles.

This mountain locked gulf is by no means a river of islands like the St. Lawrence. It lies smooth, deep, savagely dark, glassing heights whose shadows creep out until they nearly cover the surface. Neither is it full of ports. There are no broaks and bays and covers for convenient landing until that huge square side lake called Ha Ha Bay is reached. Well might the first explorers burst into a shouting laugh when they found this splendid opening among cliffs. It lets you out of Saguenay into an entirely new northern world.

The Quebec steamer making the voyage of the Saguenay only stops at Ha Ha Bay once, either ascending or descending the river. If your steamer puts you in there in the morning, it will not take you off in the afternoon when returning from Chicoutimi—the limit of navigation. Entering Ha Ha Bay is leaving the Saguenay miles behind. It is a good experience to come up river in the night, lie suspended from earth in fogs until the sun winds them all up, and then discover and possess yourself of that paradise.

The hills here slope down to a level beach. Grass grows in the seams of their rock-paved sides. A trout stream called Ha Ha River descends over stones from the west. And as soon as you land the woodsy odor of blueberries meets you—not such blueberries as come to market, all bruised and bleeding their freshness away, but the Virgin fruit, each berry yet in its veil of mist, a hugh complete globe. I always had a contempt for blueberries until I saw them at Ha Ha Bay. Picture the earliest explorers of this river pulling their boats up the beach without having to feel along the timbers of a long steamer causeway. No Norman roofed village of St. Alphonse climbs the slope before them, and the small blueberry canning factory of present date is not there to send out fragrant steam for their noses; neither does a wooden path hoisted on supports like a flume wind up the heights.

They have arrived a couple of centuries before the summer tourist, and nobody lounges down to the landing to tell them big trout stories or to report how much game can be found back in the hills. They climb the granite hill breasts, do these explorers. We will say it is about sunset, and the bay behind them is a vision of rising mist and silver afterglow. In all their lives they never tasted such freshness in the air before. It is heaven only to breathe there. But men are so strangely constituted that air is no stay to their stomachs. They must have bread, brawn if they can get it, and fish or wild fowl wherever that is to be had. These explorers are very hungry—too hungry to wait for fish or game. Besides the foaming little river—and perhaps this is the reason they called it Ha Ha also, for nothing makes a man so cheerful as his ready dinner—they see a camp of Montaignais Indians, just squatting around the kettle.

No gong has to be sounded for these ravenous voyagers, and the Frenchmen who ventured first on this continent were always so well bred that they were received without question in the best Indian society.

A chief rises to meet them and make them free of the hotch-potch in the kettle; the voiceless dogs snuff around their heels; pappooses regard them with solid gaze. But, best welcome of all, a bronze red maid brings a birch bark platter heaped with blueberries fresher than the first leaves of spring, sweeter than honey, wilder than deerflesh—in short, such aboriginal blueberries as can be found nowhere but at Ha Ha Bay.

A couple of centuries have passed since that occasion, yet newcomers continue to seek this heavenly spot and the native hand continues to fill them with blueberries. Though a man of average appetite usually prevents one or two grates being shipped during his stay, the steamers are loaded with coffin shaped boxes all seasons.

A New York club is said to have five or six lakes among the hills. Traces of it may be found in excellent coffee, imported by a member of the club. The Canadian habitant knows nothing about coffee. His beverage is tea, made almost strong enough to float him on snowshoes.

Voiture drivers whisk around St. Alphonse wharf, ready to stow you into their covered buckboards for a spin among the heights or a gallop to St. Alexis a mile or so distant, at the other corner of the bay. In Canadian cities the cabmen call their carriages wagons, but when you penetrate the wilderness on any kind of wheeled vehicle it is sure to be a voiture.

St. Alexis would be named Lumberville with us. See what it is to be brought up by the picturesque Roman Church. The names of saints are scattered over a whole country, reminding the workmen at his roughest labor of good men and women who made life sublime.

The sound of the sawmill is heard at St. Alexis, and your chariot winds in and out among blocks of piled boards. You begin to realize here that the Saguenay is a lumber highway, and it is realized more abundantly as the steamer carries you on the Chicoutimi. Tugs meet you, towing great fleets of logs enclosed in a boom. Logs are the aristocrats of the wilderness. To see them bowing and rolling on the swells of the Saguenay, their rinds indifferent to its salty bite, is to be deeply impressed with the original dignity of trees. I do not see how men can live among them and in the odor of fresh sawed lumber, without growing into stalwart and wholesome manhood.

Sawdust, like tawny lines of a mane, or like long, tremulous strokes of a brush dipped in umber, streaks the river for miles and lightens its smoke-pearl surface. Nearly all the inhabitants on the upper Saguenay are lumbermen. Trees rise up the mountain slopes until they stand like ranks of needles, so diminished by distance, so straight and distinct.

The white birch—that bride of a Canadian forest, or first communicant is a better name, for slim and white and veiled in shimmering leaves she shows herself in processions—is more beautiful than you ever find her elsewhere.

Steamers carry tourists no further than Chicoutimi; but here the hunter's outing really begins. Young English fellows rush on board, evidently sent out by those maritime provinces which furnish the cream of English Canada. They are in hunting dresses and leggings, brown and exuberantly well, loaded with tackle and hunting traps, rolls of birch bark and bags of unknown treasures. Wire line and gray flies are wound about their hats.

"I say," says the biggest and handsomest one of them, following the steward with some game in his hands, "have this dressed for my supper, will you? I want it well done, you know. I want it hung directly."

Chicoutimi is a lumber town like St. Alexis but the rawest of new Canadian towns has at once a mellow old beauty derived from the invariable Norman pattern of the houses. Turn a Yankee loose in the wilderness, and he builds himself at once as big and thin a dry goods box as he can rear. It is a hideous blemish on the landscape, and grows worse with age. But turn a Canadian loose in the same wilderness, and he adds to it the quaint picture of a stone based cottage with dormer windows, up curved eaves, vast wide chimneys, perhaps a gallery and at any rate some outdoor place where he can sit and smoke his pipe of summer evenings. The house is compact, and it is airy within. Its stairways ascend without enclosure. The windows swing on hinges, and may be flung wide open, yet when closed are as tight as a wall.

No cheap, mean carpets degrade the clean floors. Neither is heat allowed unseasonably to enter this house; which may be built of wood or stone or of the common plaster finish called rough cast. Madeline has her oven built against an outside wall, or standing detached a little distance from her door. It stands on supports of masonary or posts, its round top protected by a shed. An iron door closes it, and Madeline's rake and paddle lie near by.

There is always this difference between ourselves and this French Canadian whom I envy with perfect envy. His mere presence seems to breathe out, "I have arrived. Why should I hurry and fret myself about things? My house was planned for me before a Norman came to this country, and it suits me like my skin. I have my strip of land, my wife and twenty-five children; Father Francis looks after my soul; I make the good pilgrimage to Ste. Anne's shrine every summer; I am happy. In short, I have arrived."

The Roman Church has a stone Cathedral at Chicoutimi besides other solid structures. A Canadian author tells of going on a long hunt into the backwoods, and coming out of shaggy forest upon a clearing, where a massive church lifted its cross to the sun. You cannot doubt his experience. No wilderness is too remote for substantial Catholic masonry.

The Saguenay may be called the great reservoir in which French and Scotch bloods meet and mingle. In Nova Scotia the Macs swarm as thickly as motes of dust. You are made to defer to Scotch ideas there as rigorously as you turn to the left in driving. On the other hand, the Province of Quebec almost to the west shore of the Saguenay, is solidly French. The river marries these races, the French stock saving its language as it always does, for that is the prevailing tongue along the Saguenay. It is very queer to find Jean Batti' MacTavish and Archibald Pilote, Marie McElfresh and Georgine Mackenzie gabbling French together in apparent ignorance of any such ancient vernacular as Gaelic.

In Chicoutimi you wander down terraces and across a valley, past shops where little spinning wheels are set out for sale, and see a cascade coming from the hills. Voiture drivers with their board vehicles spin about, ready to carry you to the falls. Chicoutimi is built on the true Canadian plan for a village—a single street following the wind in of the river, beginning with the church and ending with mills.

A Prince Albert N. W.T., despatch says six Dakota delegates, after examining the country in that neighborhood, wired to the Minister of the Interior to reserve a township for themselves and others from Dakota.

On Sunday several thousand words were transmitted by electricity between New York and Chicago, the distant instrument reproducing the hand writing of the sender at the rate of tweney-five words a minute.

IN A DEN OF LIONS.

The Khedive's Brutal Sport with a Child and His Wild Beasts.

"When Ismail Pasha, the extravagant khedive of Egypt, reigned over that historical land," said an acquaintance of the notorious ruler, "he had in his garden a large cage of African lions. Noble brutes they were, and until the event of which I speak I never tired looking at them. One day while walking with his highness in the garden, the keeper accompanied by a pretty little girl entered, carrying a basket of meat for the lions. The khedive and I walked toward the cage to watch the beasts eat. They were hungry and pounced upon their food with a ravenous fury that chilled me. Standing close by the stage with her hands resting on the bars was the little child, her long golden hair at times blown by the breeze inside the inclosure.

"'Why do you permit your daughter to go so near the lions?' the khedive asked of the keeper.

"'Oh,' replied the keeper, 'they are so accustomed to her they would not harm her.'

"'Then open the door and put her inside,' said the khedive.

"My blood froze at the command, for command it was, I tried to speak, but could not, I was unable even to move. The keeper, with the submissiveness of those who know their lives will pay forfeit if they disobey their ruler, made with his eyes a plea for mercy. But seeing none in the khedive's face he kissed the little one tenderly, lifted her up, opened the door, placed her inside, and as the door swung to he turned his face away and groaned.

"The little one, though she did not stir, seemed not afraid. The lions appeared surprised, and as the largest and fiercest rose and walked toward her I thought I should choke. Happily, the father did not see the beast. The khedive alone was unmoved and stood gazing at the scene calmly and with the curious smile I had so often seen play upon his features when watching the dance of a ballet. The lion went up to the child, smelled of her, looked at her for fully half a minute, then lay down at her feet and beat the floor with his tail.

Another lion approached. The first one gave an ominous growl and the second lion went back. The others crouched low, and each second I expected them to spring, but they did not. This continued, I think, about five minutes, the big lion never taking his eyes from the girl, and ceaselessly lashing the floor.

"The khedive by this time was evidently satisfied, and turned to the keeper and commanded him to thrust a live lamb into the cage through another door. With a celerity I have never seen equaled, the keeper caught a straying lamb and obeyed. As he did so every lion sprang upon the lamb.

"'Take out the child!" the khedive commanded, and scarce had the words escaped him ere the keeper, who had already run to that end of the cage, jerked open the door, snatched the little one out and clasped her in his arms. The khedive laughed, tossed the keeper a coin, and, taking my arm walked on."

Her Majesty in Politics.

The position of the Queen in English politics is usually supposed to be generally passive. In foreign politics she has been known, since the Life of the Prince Consort threw some light upon the business life of royalty, to be greatly interested. But with internal English politics she has hitherto been credited with interfering little. At an opportune moment, when the Conservative scheme of local self-government for Ireland is about to be contrasted with Mr. Gladston's Home Rule proposals, her Majesty has permitted the publication of a confidential communication which she sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the eve of another crisis in Irish political history—the introduction of the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. The inference is that her Majesty desires to make Archbishop Tait's memoirs the medium of divulging what her attitude then was, with a view to the application of the information to present events. Her Majesty did not approve of the disestablishment policy, but she accepted the decision of the country and the Commons, used her influence to induce the Lords on the one hand to accept the bill, and Mr. Gladstone to take conciliatory method with the Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury was her mediator and go-between and throughout the progress of the disestabishment bill went through an active period of wire-pulling, interviewing, and lobbying, which would have strained the nerves of a professional politician. When the bill went into the Lords the general expectation was that they would reject it, and that another of those constitutional crises would arise which threaten the existence of the Upper House as now constituted. The fate of the monarchy is so reasonably associated in the mind of her Majesty with that of an hereditary Upper House as to create alarm when the position of the latter appears menaced. Undoubtedly, if the peers had rejected the disestablisment bill, Mr. Gladstone would have been backed up by an enraged country, and the always impending agitation to disestablish the peers as a legislative body would have received a dangerous momentum.

The Queen wrote to the Archbishop:—"Considering the circumstances under which the measure has come to the House of Lords, the Queen cannot regard, without the greatest alarm, the probable effect of its absolute rejection in the House. Carried, as it has been, by an overwhelming and steady majority through a House of Commons chosen expressly to speak the feeling of the country on the question, there seems no reason to believe that any fresh appeal to the people could lead to a different result. The rejection of the bill therefore would only serve to bring the two Houses into collision, and so prolong a dangerous agitation of the subject." These words pregnant of application in the early future, are being quoted throughout the Liberal press as a proof in anticipation that the Queen, accepting the verdict of the country on Home Rule, will use all her power and personal influence to prevent the Lords from opposing it.

An investigator of the effect of perfumes on animals in the Zoological Garden, London, discovered that most of the lions and leopards were very fond of lavender. They took a piece of cotton saturated with it and held it between their paws with great delight.

A letter carrier at Wheeling, W. Va. successfully delivered a letter to a man with the name of George Schwifferwitzernontherheim.