THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

The rate of taxation for Winnipeg has been fixed at 19½ mills.

Sealing schooners are returning to Victoria, B. C., in response to orders.

Manitoba farmers expect the largest yield on record from their lands.

Mrs. Orr, an inmate of the Kingston House of Industry, is one hundred and six years of age.

Crops reports state that throughout Ontario hay is light, while wheat, barley, rye, oats, peas, potatoes, and roots will give good returns. Apples are said in most districts to be a failure.

Mr. Collingwood Schreiber's report on the Quebec bridge project says the bridge would be 5,866 feet in length, 70 feet above high-water, and would cost between nine and ten million dollars.

A good crop of hops is promised in Essex county.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen will revisit Canada in the fall.

Salmon fishermen returning to Quebec from the rivers on the south shore report the fishing almost a failure.

One hundred and fifty Icelanders arrived at Montreal on Sunday and have gone to the Northwest.

Indian lands at Edmonton, N. W. T., have been sold at an average of nearly $4 an acre.

Premier Abbot has declined a banquet from the Junior Conservative Club of Montreal on the score of ill-health and advanced years.

The Ogilvie Milling Company has decided to erect several elevators in Manitoba this year, each of which will have a capacity of 30,000 bushels.

Forty Indians and one white woman were killed by a landslide on the banks of the Skena River in British Columbia the other day.

George P. Buchannan, late manager of the Bank of British North America at Paris, Ont., who absconded last November, is reported to be in Mexico.

The exports of live stock from Montreal last week were remarkable for the large number of sheep that were sent to the Old Country.

Henry Parsons has discovered rich silver deposits on his farm about 10 miles west of Port Arthur. All the farmers in the neighborhood are now seeking for mineral wealth.

There was an increase in both exports to and imports from Canada during the last six months in Great Britain, according to the report of the British board of trade just issued.

Ald. Elliott, of Kingston, must be a handsome man. He won the prize for the best looking man in line at the recent Oddfellows' demonstration in Syracuse. The Kingston canton brought home with them a black goat, won for efficiency in drill.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Irish Land bill was read a third time in the House of Lords on Tuesday.

The grand jury at Carnarvon, Wales, has found a true bill against R. C. Duncan, of Washington, D. C., accused of murderously assaulting his wife. Duncan was acquitted on the ground of insanity. The court ordered that he be detained in custody.

At a League convention held in Limerick on Monday, it was decided to adhere to the old programme and the old leaders. The tone of the meeting was decidely anti-clerical, and Mr. Mahony, M. P., said Irishmen might as well be the slaves of Great Britain as of the Irish bishops.

The Education bill was read a third time on Monday in the English House of Commons.

The population of England and Wales is 29,001,018.

The London Daily Telegraph advocates that murderers condemned to electrical execution be chloroformed.

The Nation, a Dublin weekly newspaper, has ceased publication. It died on the fiftieth anniversary of its establishment.

The Kaiser has presented Lord Salisbury with a splendid Dresden clock, made especially for the British Premier.

Letters have just been delivered in London from Yokohama via Vancouver in 26 days, 17 days less than the average via Suez.

The exile of the Grenadier Guards, who were sent to Bermuda as punishment for insubordination, has expired, and they will shortly return to London.

The London Times, commenting on the Carlow election, warns the country that the collapse of Mr. Parnell means the denomination of the Irish priesthood, who always hated the national movement.

A London clerk named Edward Wilkinson has confessed to having had a hand in stealing the Countess of Dudley's diamond's four years ago, at Euston station. They were sold in Amsterdam.

At the State banquet given to the Kaiser by the Queen in St. George's hall, Windsor castle, the gold candelabra and service of plate were valued at £1,800,000.

The Parnellite press is exceedingly depressed over the result of the Carlow election. The Dublin Freeman's Journal says there is now no more chance of getting Home Rule for Ireland than there is of getting the moon.

Mr. Gladstone has written to a personal friend that he has not now nor has he had any intention of abandoning the field of politics, and that he intends to take an active part in the coming general elections.

A gala operatic performance given in honor of the Emperor and Empress of Germany at Covent Garden theater, London, is pronounced the grandest spectacle ever witnessed in London. The audience was the most brilliant that could be gathered together, and the flowers used in decorations cost thousands of pounds. Mme. Albani was among the singers.

UNITED STATES.

An English syndicate is said to have got control of the American glucose market.

George Francis Train arrived on Monday at Whatcom, Washington, the end of his journey, having circled the globe in 62 days.

The Navajo Indians in Arizona have warned the settlers to leave their part of the country. They are very defiant, and U. S. troops are to be sent against them.

Messrs. Mendenhall and Merriam, the U. S. Behring sea commissioners, have been instructed to collect all accessible information upon the subject of breeding places, effects of pelagic sealing, diminution of the number of seals, proper lines of demarcation in the event that close seasons are regarded as necessary, and the proper months to be included in such seasons.

Great drought is reported in the upper peninsula of Michigan.

Farmers of Georgia and Kansas are preparing to store farm products in order to shorten the market.

It is said that a line to connect Detroit and Chicago, in connection with the C. P. R. system, will be built at once, to be called the Bee line.

Abraham Smolk has just died at Mackinac Island, Mich., aged 100 years and 6 months. He was a total abstainer from liqour and tobacco.

William Hanlon, one of the famous Hanlon brothers, was instantly killed at Lyons, Iowa, on Monday, through the breaking of a trapeze bar in Forepaugh's circus. He was 31 years old.

The United States Board of General Appraisers has confirmed the action of the colletor of customs at Buffalo in levying 10 per cent. ad valorem duty on Canadian natural gas.

Despite the McKinley law, the Frankfort district of Germany reports that the exports to the United States for the three months ending with June are one-third of a million marks in excess of the exports for the same period in 1890.

A call has been issued for a general convention of the Farmers' Alliance and all industrial organization in the state of Kansas, at Topeka August 20, for the purpose of organizing a co-operative asssociation for the control of all farm products and exchange of supplies.

As the result of a judicial investigation by U. S. Attorney-General Miller touching the subject of Chinese smuggled into the United States by way of Canada, the collecter of Customs at Detroit has received instructions from the U. S. Treasury Department that in such cases the Chinese must be retnrned to China and not to Canada.

IN GENERAL.

Latest reports indicate a heavy deficiency in the European rye crop.

An unsuccessful attempt to shoot President Carnot of France was made on Monday by a madman.

Heavy floods and much distress are reported from Melbourne, Australia.

The new Council of Metz consists of 23 Protesters and nine Germans. The result of the election has caused a sensation in Berlin.

A Calcutta correspondent says that owing to the partial failure of the monsoon ten million people are threatened with famine in Madras.

Leopold II., King of the Belgians, prides himself on being a workingman. He rises at six o'clock and does two hours' work before breakfast.

In reply to a cable inquiry Bradstreet's has received word that the probable Russian output of wheat will this year be 64,000,000 bushels. The average for four years past has been 90,000,000 bushels.

The Grand Duke Frederick of Baden has addressed a memorial to Emperor William energetically opposing the readmission of Jesuits to Germany. The Grand Duke is a strong enemy of the Jesuits, whom he banished from his duchy in 1855.

An old lady who has just died in France has left 100,000f. as a prize for any astronomer who shall within ten years establish communication with any planet or star. M. Flammarion, the celebrated French astronomer, is sanguine that within that time communication can be had with Mars.

Speculators attempting to corner grain in Russia are to be prosecuted.

Roumania's Russian borders have been cordoned with troops to prevent the influx of Jews.

The Christian Endeavor Society.

From a broad Christian standpoint, the most interesting and notable convention of the year is now in session at Minneapolis. Other church conventions and general assemblies have attracted attention, but this tenth annual gathering of the Societies of Christian Endeavor with its ten thousand delegates stands out as distinct from all the others in its freedom from sectarian bias and its power for training young men and woman in Christian life and work. The Christian Endeavor Societies are what their name implies, bands of young people aiming to live Christian lives. The vast majority of the million members are already professing Christians, and these who are not are usually brought into the church by their connection with the society. The purpose of the societies is to promote Christian living. With the broad principles of fundamental Christianity as a basis, the organization invites members of every communion to unite with it in the work of building Christian character, the work which alone must distinguish the church from the world. Around the central thought of deeds not creeds the members of thirty evangelical churches are now gathered, over 16,000 branch societies exist, and more than 1,000,000 young men and women hold membership, and membership is much more than a matter of form since every active member takes a pledge to lead a Christian life and promote Christian work in every way possible. It is, indeed, what a Canadian pastor pronounced it Thursday, "the best federation of Christian effort the world has yet seen," and its deep significance lies in the absence of all denominational feeling. While aiding every church, it yet inculcates that spirit of broad tolerance and Christian liberality that is still too rare in the church, and assures more thoroughly trained and in every way stronger and more effective, because better informed and more liberal, Christian workers in the future than in the past. The Christian endeavor spirit makes for the development of all that is best in the Christian church, and it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times in religious matters that this great non-sectarian organization of sincere and earnest young people has grown from nothing to a membership one million strong in a decade. Such growth is a striking proof of the strength and vitality of Christian principles.

IN A SAHARA SANDSTORM.

The Strange Experience of a Party of Travellers in the African Desert.

The ever bright sky of the Sahara is in strong contrast to our changeable weather. The atmospherical laws, which in our countries bring rain and wind at almost fixed periods, are not in force there. The only regular atmospherical variation is the equinoctial sirocco. The light which comes directly from southern Africa, where the hottest period prevails in October, is driven northward by the first rainfall, the latter generally coming about the close of that month. Heated under the tropic of Capricorn and dried through the deserts of Guinea and the immense sandy expanse of the Sahara, this impetuous wind stirs the whole surface, heaving up and driving along showers of sand and dust, which are perceived in their coming hundreds of miles away. It generally lasts from two to three weeks with more or less intensity, mild during daytime and increasing toward night, sometimes to the fury of a hurricane. There is no rainy season, and even in central, southern, and eastern Sahara, whole years sometimes pass without a drop of water falling. During the year of my sojourn in Wargala, the city was struck by rainstorms only three times. These were abundant in volume, but lasted only an hour or two. Only twice was the storm repeated during my journey through the desert. A sultry and vaporous atmosphere generally succeeded these storms. The nights were clear and nowhere have I seen the stars so radiant.

The weather is not taken into account in agricultural calculations, irrigation taking the place of rain, so that the failure of the crops is rarely due to drought.

On our journeying from Wargala to Golea we were struck by one of the storms alluded to above. We left that luxuriant group of oases, of which Wargala is the chief town, and resumed our way along the wild desert, following the dry bed of the Wad Mia. Though it was October, no rain had yet fallen, so that the earth still lacked her winter mantle of green. The conformation of the land during the first five days was a variety of firm, pebbly and sandy ground, while a mountain range leads directly to El Golea. In all parts the firm soil appeared to be excellent for culture if it could only be watered. Tracts of sand of the color of iron rust were to be noticed along the Wad Mia, denoting the existence of some ferruginous spring. The spot where we encamped in our sixth stage was a sea of sand interspersed with dunes rising from thirty to forty feet. One mount, seventy feet high, probably formed by a whirlwind, was noticeable above all at a certain distance from us. Several long and straight eminences four or five feet high, with a striking similarity to waves, were to be seen. Flamingos gazing at us from the tops of the dunes, were the only signs of life the region presented. This bird, the vulture, and raven are the only winged creatures seen in the Sahara outside of the oasis. They fly in flocks in the wake of the caravans, in expectation of prey, and are often regaled by the death of camels or slaves, as the caravan owners never take the trouble to bury them.

During the preceding nights the sirocco had been blowing hard, without, however, causing much disturbance. But now an atmospherical revolution broke upon the camp, A fearful bluster aroused us from sleep and terrified the horses. Blast followed blast; our tents were terribly shaken, while the wind grew rapidly to the force of a cyclone. The horses were neighing and the camels groaning. Everybody was awakened, and all were obliged to take a frantic hold of the tents from the interior. Some tried to get out to pitch the tents more securely, but could not stand the whirl of sand. Showers of sand were beating upon our tents like a heavy rain. The more courageous men were swearing against the impertinent element which had interrupted their sleep and was blowing down their flimsy shelter. Others were terror stricken, fearing imminent destruction. All were clinging desperately to their tents to prevent them from being carried away, but in spite of their efforts all the tents, one after another, were blown down. Each man underneath grasped frantically at one side of his canvas house and rolled it around his face for protection against the sand. The camels, despite their groaning were little injured by the gritty whirlwind, and seemed to be quite accustomed to it.

Their incomparable vital strength enables them to stand the sorest privations and the severest weather. They live, indeed, day and night in the open air, and are fed and watered only every three days, thus becoming inured to every hardship and stress of weather.

The horses felt the violent pelting of the sand quite differently. As they are standing up they offer more hold to the fierce wind, and can resist less than the camels, which always lie when at rest. They became distracted and flung frantically against their invisible provoker. The officers shouted to the horsemen to mind their horses but no one dared move. Finally several horses broke loose, and blinded by the sand, ran against the tents, tumbling against the men, and falling upon them. Screams and struggles ensued, increasing the disorder and confusion of the camp. Those who knew not the cause of these cries were prompted to go out and see what was happening. Finally, the horses got up unaided and were captured by some of the Arabs, who, better accustomed to this hurricane, were groping and crawling along with their faces covered with a drapery. The cadi commending the Arabs, seeing that we could not be qualified as "warriors of the desert," as we were unable to brave that unexpected enemy, ordered his men to look to the horses until the tempest ceased.

After two hours of struggle calm succeeded in the atmosphere and peace in our camp. I went out to see the effect of the storm. The dust-cloud space threw a gloomy light upon the camp, revealing the overturned tents with the human forms underneath like shrouds covering corpses. The sand was heaped up against their bodies, and had filled all the interspaces between the men lying under the same tent, almost levelling a surface smooth as a table at the height of their shoulders.

I went up to the animals and found the horses sniffing and sneezing while the camels, a little further on, were lying partly covered with sand in perfect quiet. They seemed to have bravely borne the brunt of the storm. Enveloped in their drapery the Arabs were sitting on the ground, with legs drawn up and their bodies leaning upon the backs of their camels as upon a pillow. One of them hearing me, raised his head, and unrolling his drapery, gave me a look. "Have you not been frightened?" I said to him. "At what?" he answered, as if astonished at my question.

"At what?" I repeated, amazed. "At what has just happened, of course."

"And what has happened?" asked he indifferently.

"Did you sleep so deeply that this fierce temptest could not awaken you?"

"Is this peculiar weather for you?" rejoined he.

"Is it peculiar weather for you?" I demanded. "Must heaven itself fall upon your head to surprise you?"

"The roar of the ghabilih (sirocco) and the groan of the camel are two sounds familiar to us since birth," he answered.

Dumbfounded by such stoicism, I returned to my tent, wondering what such a people would not be able to endure. They are truly hardened and toughened in every respect; deaf to the sufferings of others, dumb to their own, inured to fatigue, and insensible to hardship. The awakening call was not sounded that morning the Colonel wishing to know before starting how much damage had been done and whether the men were fit to march.

When I arose at daylight and looked around, I could scarcely realize that I was awake. The plain wore quite a different aspect. These large waves of sand that I had noticed the previous day had disappeared. A dune, fifteen feet high had also been removed, and several of the eminences had been reformed a few miles further on.

Many tents had been torn and the sand had penetrated through every fissure and hole in the knapsack, and even into the gun barrels. The pack saddles and loads of provisions had disappeared almost entirely beneath the sand. Several boxes weighing eighty pounds had been rolled a distance of 200 feet and partly broken. However, aside from the three men who had been stumbled over by horses and wounded no one felt any serious consequence from the tempest. Two horses were found to have lost an eye from being struck by coarse grains of sand. The day was spent in making repairs, but for fear of a new hurricane on the following night, we moved toward evening ten miles further along, where we encamped on firm ground.

LIGHTNING STRUCK THE BIG BALLOON.

An Aerial Monster Quickly Collapsed by a Flash up Aloft.

While six men were making a desperate endeavor to hold a monster balloon at Chicago during a storm the other night the ropes broke and it careered over on its side, burying four of the men. Just then came a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a loud report.

The balloon had been struck. It burst with a detonation that was heard for miles around. Two of the men under it were badly burned, Pedestrians in the vicinity were knocked down by the concussion, consternation prevailed in the neighborhood, and the Fire Department came clanging upon the scene.

The balloon had been brought from Paris especially for a big excursion. It was so big that the pressure of gas from the city mains was insufficient to fill it, and there was no ascension on the Fourth. But the big air ship cost $25,000, and when the storm came up the aeronauts, Eugene Goddard and Pillas Panis, became solicitous for its safety.

The aeronauts has spent the evening repairing some of the guy ropes and other appliances. When the first signs of the storm appeared they were confident that it was safely moored. As the wind grew stronger, however, they took the precaution to tighten the fastenings, but were finally compelled to call four men to their assistance. The ballon was located in the centre of a vacant lot, and the open stretch of territory around it gave the rising wind full and free scope.

The huge air ship, majestic in its size, outlined against an inky sky, swayed to and fro, each time straining the guy ropes more and more as the gusts of wind increased in force.

"Boys, I'm afraid we can't hold her," shouted Prof. Goddard, as he was tugging away with might and main on a two-inch rope.

"Oh, yes, we can," cried Prof. Panis; "this wind won't last long."

The wind did not last long, to be sure but neither did the balloon. Hardly had Panis replied to his companion's warning when the balloon, caught up by a stronger gust of wind than any that had come before, careened. Several of the guy ropes snapped like so many threads of silk and the captive air ship rolled over on its side.

Both professors and two of their assistants were buried beneath it. Before the others had time to realize the misfortune that had befallen their companions a flash of lightning blinded their eyes and an explosion followed.

The houses in the vicinity were shaken as by an earthquake. Goddard and Panis were knocked from twenty to thirty feet and badly burned about the face and head. The fire department was called, but when the firemen arrived they found nothing but a pile of ashes and a strong odor of gas.

The balloon contained 160,000 cubic feet of gas, and what was not consumed by the lightning was carried on ahead of the wind for many blocks. As it was borne on it penetrated the open windows of private residences and caused a panic in several households.

The two aeronauts were badly bruised and burned, but will recover. The balloon was partially insured.

Parisian Tea Tables.

Paris now claims to drink the best tea that can be bought for money. Formerly the French did not drink it to any extent, and it was difficult to get even at high price. But since the English introduced the fashion of the 5-o'clock tea the French adopted the custom. Tea is beginning to supersede coffee, which the French have always thought they could make better than any other people. In England the idea obtains that French water is not adapted for the making of tea. But the French do not agree with this idea, and consume tea in large quantities.

Literary Item.

De Style: "I say, old man, you're married; can't you suggest some acceptable and appropriate present for me to make my chum, who is to be married next week?"

Benedict: "Certainly, my boy. Why do you think of a copy of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?"

TIT BITS.

The Fair Athenian.

She was a Boston blue-stocking and he was a sailor rescuing her from the waves.

"Hold on tight!" he cried, between his breath.

"Say tightly!" she murmured, while the salt sea played hide-and-seek with her gullet just before they went down for the third time.

A Thoughtful Spouse.

"I've a great notion to go and jump into the river," said Mr. N. Peck at the end of a little domestic discussion, as he picked up his hat and started out.

"You come right back here," said his wife. "If you intend any such trick as that just march upstairs and put on your old clothes before you start."

Payrental Affection.

Pauline—"Then you give your consent, dear papa?"

Isaacs—"Yes, my daughter; but—but I can not let you leaf me. You are mein only child, and you and Penjamin must lif ride here with the old folks. You can haf that second-story front room for $20 a veek."

He Did not Know Much.

"Is it farmin' Dennis O,Maley is goin' ter thry?" said a laboring man.

"It is the same."

"Why," rejoined the other scornfully, "he don't know enough about farruming to plant his feet in the road and raise dust."

The Modern Drama.

Farmer's Boy—Say, pop, there's a man outside wants a job to help clean out the stables, and feed pigs, and do other chores for a while.

Farmer—A tramp?

Boy—Dunno; he's pur.y well dressed.

Farmer (who has read Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead")—Oh! I guess he's some New York actor practicin' fer a new play.

An Unmeant Hint.

Miss X. Travagant—I think the brooch you are wearing is one of the most beautiful lyres I have ever seen.

Miss Sheye—You just ought to see the gentlemen who gave it to me!

The Only Time, Though.

Charlie: "What talkers women are. They never give a man a chance to get in a word edgewags."

Bond: "Oh, yes, they do."

"When, for instance?"

"When they see a fellow is trying to propose. They don't interrupt him then, if he is rich, until he has committed himself."

Who Was the Creditcr.

Col. Guff: "I see, Mr. Shears, that you are charging me $50 for my last suit of clothes. What is this highprice owing to?"

Mr. Shears: "Well, it is chiefly owing to me, Col. Guff, and I should feel very much obliged if you could make it convenient to pay up."

Prophetic.

Mrs. Binks: "Walker says that people will wake up some morning, and find that the Rothschilds' have lost every shilling."

Mr. Binks: "That' true, every word of it."

"My goodness! When will it be, do you think?"

"When they die."

Real Estate Item.

A.—Is land dear in Italy?

B.—No, but the ground rents are awful.

"What's the cause of that?"

"Earthquakes."

How to Care for a Razor.

"Been shaving yourself, sir?" asked the barber in a tone offensively patronizing.

"Yes; how could you tell?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. I can follow your tracks. Your neck shows it."

"Well," said I, apologetically, feeling as if I had committed a crime, "the trouble is I can't keep my razor in order.

The barber smiled in that superior manner barbers have, and said nothing for a few strokes.

"How do you keep a razor in order?" I asked with humility, whereupon seeing himself approached with becoming respect, the barber delivered the following extempore address on the subject of caring for razors:

"It would take you a long time to understand the razor," said he, as if deciphering hieroglyphics were child's play in comparison. "In the first place, you must learn to hone your razor. See," and he drew forth tenderly a white, smooth stone, and applying to it the flat blade moved it diagonally back and forth with a scientific motion. Then he laid the keen edge against his thumb nail and made an observation. "Now it's right," he said triumphantly, "just alike from end to end, but it's hard to get it so. You would spoil that edge with half a dozen strokes.

"The next thing is to know how to strop your razor when you've got the edge right. And the hard part of that is to keep your strop in order. Look at this one." (Two broad straps of leather and canvas used alternately.) "Notice how soft they are. That is because I keep them oiled just enough. I pay a dollar for a brand new strop, and six months later I would not sell it for two dollars, because I've had the trouble of breaking it in. It's the same way with razors; they're worth twice as much after they've been used.

"Another thing you amateurs don't understand is that a man needs a dull razor in shaving just as much as a sharp one. Didn't you notice that I changed razors in going over your face the second time? Well, the second one I used was dull. I could not have used it at all the first time over no more than I could have used the sharp one the second time. You must have a keen edge to get off the bulk of the beard, but for shaving close the edge must be rounded. Why is that? Oh, I am not giving explanations; I'm simply stating facts.

"Well, good day, sir. Next!"