THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Settlers continue to reach Manitoba from Dakota.

It is believed in Ottawa that Mr. Dalton McCarthy will be made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Civil service examinations will be opened in various centres throughout Canada on November 10.

It is reported that Mrs. Birchall is in Canada for the purpose of securing her husband's body.

Red Fyfe wheat yielded 51 bushels to the acre on the experimental farm at Brandon, Man., this year.

St. Thomas, according to the assessor, has a population of 10,556—about 300 more than the Dominion census takers gave.

Mr. F. D. Boyes, a collector for the G.T.R., in a violent fit of coughing burst a blood vessel in his head and died suddenly in Hamilton last Sunday.

In the House of Commons last week an item of $5,000 was passed for expenses in connection with the proposed new kilted regiment for Toronto.

For the third quarter of the year in Canada there were 365 failures, with liabilities amounting to $2,762,000, as against 383 failures with liabilities of $3,211,000 for the same three months of last year.

A burglar visited Judge Horne's residence in Windsor, Ont., early last Tuesday morning and got nothing, but came very nearly getting something he was not looking for, namely a bullet which the judge fired at him.

Sir Adolphe Caron has introduced a bill into parliament which enacts that when the militia is called out by the civil authorities a deposit shall first be made by them to meet expenses.

A deranged son of David Ritchie, a farmer of Garafraxa, has been missing since the 22nd inst., and search parties have failed to find any trace of him.

The five-year-old son of a Union Point Man., farmer named Clement was accidentally shot and instantly killed by his thirteen-year-old brother on Saturday.

An attempt was made on Thursday night to wreck the Canadian Pacific express near Prince Albert. Fortunately the obstruction placed on the track was discovered in time to avert a disaster.

Burglars tapped a safe in the Northern Pacific railway office at Brandon, Man., early Saturday morning and got about $100. In a smaller safe alongside the one broken was a package containing $45,000.

It is expected that the picture of Mr. Gladstone painted by Mr. John C. Forbes, R. C. A., of Toronto, will be presented to the National Liberal Club, London, Eng., early in November. The ceremony will be performed by Mr. Wilfred Laurier or Mr. Oliver Mowat.

A facsimile of Aristotle's "Constitution of Athens" has been received at the University of Toronto from the trustees of the British Museum. The papyrus upon which the work was written was used by a farm bailiff on an Egyptian estate, in the first century, for the purpose of a memorandum.

At English Bay, on the western limits of Vancouver, B. C., on Saturday morning Sheriff Armstrong and three assistants went to serve a writ of ejectment on Samuel Greer, who barricaded his house and fired with a shotgun, wounding the sheriff severely and one of his assistants slightly. Greer was afterwards captured.

GREAT BRITAIN.

David Evans will be London's next lord mayor.

A London journal proposes that Europe unite in a rice blockade to bring China to book.

Piccadilly, a London society paper, says Sir William Vernon Harcourt's eyesight is failing him and blindness is now feared.

James Stephens, the ex-Fenian leader has arrived in Dublin with the permission of the Government, to remain there for the rest of his life. He declares himself a supporter of Mr. Parnell.

It is believed that the Liberal leaders in England have consented to adopt the principle of the payment of members of the House of Commons as a recognition of the importance of the labor vote.

Dr. James, ex-chairman of the British Wesleyan conference, died suddenly at Plymouth, England, the other day.

The efforts to secure the release of Mrs. Maybrick will be futile, as her solicitors have been advised by the English Home Office that under no circumstances will the case be reopened.

UNITED STATES.

Ten Virginia negroes have been sentenced to death for the murder of another negro.

Snow fell at Leadville, Colorado, on Thursday night.

The wheat yield of Indiana is estimated at 63,441,449 bushels, the heaviest since 1879.

A land slide half a mile long and 400 feet wide has occurred at Cairo, Ill., the result of the drouth.

The damage by the prairie fires in Emmons county, North Dakota, is estimated at $500,000.

The Public schools in Lafayette, Ind., were closed for two weeks on account of the intense heat.

Reports from 28 counties in different parts of the State of Illinois say that in all but one of them there has been no rain for six weeks

The most careful estimate places the hop crop of Oregon at one-third less than the crop of 1890.

Heavy rains are falling in the Western States, quenching the prairie fires and ending the drought.

Dan Sullivan and Tom Johnson, of Eau Claire, Wis., have been burned to death in a forest fire.

Hundreds of crates of grapes have been seized in New York coated with a poisonous substance used in destroying insects.

The Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has voted to admit women to general conferences as lay delegates.

Six persons were killed and twenty injured by the explosion of a bomb at an Italian celebration at Newark, N.J., on Thursday night.

There are 676,160 pensioners on the roll at Washington, and the disbursements on pensions account last year amounted to $118,548,959.71.

The steamer Teutonic has beaten the eastward Atlantic record, crossing from New York to Queenstown in 5 days 21 hours 22 minutes.

The distance between New York and San Francisco has been covered by rail in 4 days 12 hours 28 minutes, the best time on record.

Alex Noble, a Swede, suicided by shooting, and John Hamp, a shoemaker, shot and killed himself last Tuesday morning at Buffalo. Whiskey in both cases.

The earthquake that has just visited the Mississippi valley is ascribed to the terrible heat that prevailed. There is no record in Missouri of so long and severe a drought as this.

Mr. Albert P. Morehouse, ex-Governor of Missouri, suicided at his residence in Marysville the other day by cutting his throat with a common pocket knife.

Forty armed negroes have appeared in St. Francis township, Ark., and driven all the cotton pickers from the field. Serious trouble is feared.

A family consisting of a farmer, his wife and several small children, were hemmed in by forest fires near Turtle lake, Minn., and burned to death.

The neighborhood of Vandalia, Ill., has been without rain for a month, and the situation is alarming. Pastures are burnt up and wells are dry.

In Cheshire county, New Hampshire, water in the rivers, is getting so low that numerous mills are not able to run on full time. Many springs are giving out.

Fires are destroying property in North western Minnesota at the rate of $700 an hour. Pine City is in danger, and 500 men are at work fighting the flames.

Now somebody has been unearthing a scandal in connection with Uncle Sam's Government. The New York *Mail and Express* says there is considerable "farming" done there.

At Bradford,, Pa. Sandy Ferry and James Darling, while blasting stumps with dynamite, were instantly killed and horribly multilated by a premature discharge of the explosive.

Owing to the prickings of conscience Jacob Brown, of Minneapolis, has confessed to a murder for which a man named Gray is serving a life sentence in the penitentiary at Chester, Ill.

A fly-wheel weighing twenty tons burst in Cincinnati on Friday while running 70 revolutions a minute. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of damage was done and one man slightly hurt.

A collision occurred on the Pittsburg & Western Railway, Near Newcastle, Pa., the other day, between a freight and a ballast train, in which nine men were killed and a number terribly injured.

Pennington's air ship was under a tent at the St. Louis fair grounds on Saturday, ready to be exhibited, when a storm caught the whole affair up and carried it off. No trace of it has been found. The ship cost $20,000.

Diplomatic trouble is brewing between the United States and Chili owing to the refusal of Minister Egan to surrender to the Junta certain persons who have taken refuge in the United States legation at Santiago.

At Lebanon, Pa., last Tuesday Paul Bomberger, aged 4, wandered on the track of the Lebanon Electric railway as a car was approaching. His mother, Mrs. Thomas Bomberger, rushed on the track to save him, when the car struck both. The mother was instantly killed and the boy will die.

At Bird's Eye, Ind., on Friday night a party of thirty men took Mrs. Harman, a woman of loose character, from her house, stripped her, and having tied her to a post flogged her with hickory switches in such a brutal manner that her life is despaired of. After the flogging she was left tied up all night.

Prof. James Haley, a well-known lightweight boxer and proprietor of the Long Island hotel, New York, died there of blood poisoning last week. The poisoning was the result of a blow he struck an unknown man who insulted his wife. Haley's hand came in contact with the stranger's teeth and was badly lacerated.

IN GENERAL.

Six hundred buildings remain standing at Consugura, Spain. There were 2,100 before the flood,

An incendiary fire at Kozieglow, Russian Poland, has destroyed 28 farms, with all the cattle and stores.

A serious epidemic of influenza prevails at Melbourne, Australia. Justic Webb has just died of the disease.

It is reported that King Alexander of Servia, aged 15, has been betrothed to the Princess Helena of Montenegro, aged 18.

Emperor William has appointed the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt a general of infantry and field marshal of the empire.

Russian troops are speedily moving westward and the calvalry depots on the German frontier are three times as strong as formerly.

The distress among the Russian peasantry is increasing, and there are stories afloat of parents eating their children at Nijni Novgorod.

Professor Winschild of Leipsic has announced his conversion to Protestantism in consequence of his disbelief in the holy coat at Treves.

Abundant harvests are reported from most of the Turkish provinces, and it is estimated the tithe roll will exceed any previous year by 500,000 Turkish pounds.

A despatch from the city of Mexico says that on the 15th inst. an outbreak occurred in the city of Guatemala, and private advices state that 500 lives were sacrificed.

The Czar is said to seriously think of sending the Jews in large numbers to Siberia, not as convicts, but to be presented with lands and forbidden to return to Russia.

Despatches from the interior of Russia are becoming more alarming. The famine is becoming so intense that thousands are dying of hunger, and women are selling themselves to procure food for their children.

A Chicago despatch says it is reported that the French Government has been for three weeks quietly picking up an enormous amount of grain and meats in the United States.

The Moscow Gazette, in reporting the movement of Russian troops on the Afghan frontier, boasts that England's impudent menaces on the Dardanelles matter will be answered in Asia, where there is no Dreibund to assist England.

Despatches from Rangoon, the capital of British Burmah, announce that great anxiety prevails there owing to the gathering of the dakoits in great force. Every precaution is being taken to repel an anticipated attack upon the garrison at Wuntho.

Negotiations are on foot for a reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Dominican Republic which, if carried out, will admit goods from the United States free, while the tariff against all other nations will be raised to an average of 60 per cent.

Samuel Harris, a native of San Francisco, has married the daughter of the King of the Paumotos Islands, in the South Pacific, and has been made Prime Minister.

The Grand Duchess Paul, wife of Grand Duke Paul Alexander, the youngest brother of the Czar, and oldest daughter of King George of Greece, is dead. She was only twenty-one years of age.

Prof. Arminius Vambery, the distinguished Oriental traveller, writes that since the Russo-Afghan treaty was concluded the Russians, in violation of its terms, have continued to encroach upon the Afghan frontier lines.

ABOUT A FAMOUS MAN.

Charles Jamrach and His Wild Beasts and Curiosities.

Charles Jamrach, whose death was recently announced from London, was hardly less generally known in the world of showmen than Barnum himself. He had collected in his London shop for nearly fifty years, wild birds and beasts from all parts of the globe, and had distributed them among the zoological gardens and travelling menageries of every civilized country. His place of business in Ratcliff highway, East London, was the Mecca of sailors from the South Seas, who found there ready sale for any curious fowl, reptile, or savage brute that he had taken in the tropics.

Jamrach was omnivorous. A rattlesnake or an elephant, a monkey or a tiger, a parrot or a panther, was alike welcome at his door. He would buy a polar bear as readily as he would a spring chicken, for he was wealthy, always had a large supply of money at hand, and had such widespread relations with the animal dealers of the world that he was sure in due time to find a market for every rare specimen. He had, moreover, establishments in Antwerp and Hamburg, and to keep all three places well stocked he was obliged to buy freely.

The power of Jamrach in the captive animal world was well illustrated in 1865, when Barnum's menagerie was destroyed. He received most of the orders to duplicate the lost animals, and in a remarkably short period had landed in London by his numerous agents the collection of wild beasts which Barnum subsequently exhibited in the "biggest show on earth."

As befitted a man named Jamrach in an English city, the curious old man of Ratcliff highway was something of a universal genius. Late in his life he did not confine himself to collecting animals, but opened his shop to all sorts of curios. Porcelain from China, carvings from Japan, weapons from the South Seas, cloths from Asia Minor, and ornaments from the dark continent, were gathered by him with careful choice, yet in large quantities. Anybody in London who wished something odd went to Jamrach's and few persons left the shop empty handed.

Despite its many attractions for the curious it is remarkable that wealth and fashion found its way to Jamrach's place, for the shop was not free from dangers and was in a disreputable neighborhood. The wild beasts of jungle and plain were in only temporary cages and had not yet been broken by confinement. Accidents were frequent, and Jamrach, who never felt fear, had many life-and-death combats in his dingy place. Once a leopard burst its bars while some twenty children stood before the cage. Jamrach sprang forward with a switch in his hand, and by a little whipping and pure audacity drove the beast back to its place.

Jamrach had the German's knack of living at peace with quarrelsome and abandoned neighbors, yet the site of his establishment was in a sink of a great city's iniquity. Scandinavian, Slav, German, Portuguese, Arabian, Chinese, and Jap were his visitors, agents, and neighbors. The surrounding shops bear signs for all wares and in all languages. Here is "Posada part Manilos y Chinos," there a "Danske Skomager," and near by a studio where anchors, birds of paradise, ships, and women's heads are tattooed on sailors' arms at the lowest market rates. Opium joints abound near Jamrach's, and fights are as thick as thistles in meadows. Some woman is usually cursing and staggering along the gutter, and about everybody is after a chance to rob everybody else. Yet Jamrach lived in all this riff-raff and hurlyburly without even killing his man.

The last of Jamrach's 76 years were not his best from the tradesman's point of view. The decline of country fairs with their travelling shows and the abating of the fancy for pet parrots and monkeys and imported cats and dogs reduced the activity of his business notably, and Jamrach often mourned for the days when he could afford losses through illness and other causes to the extent of $15,000 or more annually. Still Jamrach never complained bitterly and died as he had lived, at peace with the world.

A French Ghost Story.

A Fin de Siecle ghost, who instead of being attired in the traditional white robes, goes about dressed in green, and is known as La Dame Verte, is attracting a good deal of attention in the neighbourhood of Le Mans. The haunt of the creature is an old chateau belonging to the ancient family of Le Goidec, and she is supposed to be the departed spirit of an ancestress of the present owner. Mysterious noises, as usual in such cases, are heard in the rooms and passages, and the green lady makes her appearance in one particular room whenever anyone sleeps therein. The proprietor of the mansion recently determined, says a Paris correspondent, to exorcise the unwelcome visitor, and accordingly summoned the local bishop to his assistance. The worthy man slept in the haunted room, but far from removing the spell he received a visit from the mysterious visitor, and has been ill ever since. The noises go on as before.

TWO KILLED ON MONT BLANC

A Tourist and His Guide Hit by an Avalanche.

Knocked Into a Crevasse Which Their Comrades Narrowly Escaped—Their Bodies Recovered 150 Feet Below.

Disasters on Mont Blanc are not frequent, but this year it has shared in the tragedies which have been, unfortunately, rather numerous in the Alps within the past two or three years. On Aug. 21 last an accident occurred not a great way from the summit of the mountain which cost two men their lives and involved a large party in imminent peril. Two parties, each consisting of one traveller and two guides, and one of them having a porter also, were attempting to make the summit from the Grands-Mulets by the Grand Plateau, a route which is free from danger in good weather, but is not the way most frequently taken. Both parties slept at the Grands-Mulets on Wednesday night, Aug. 19, during which it blew so hard that it was doubtful if the expedition could go on. The gale moderated toward morning, and they advanced independently, but both reached the hut erected last year by Mr. Ballot, on the rocks of the Bosses du Dromadaire, which is about an hour and a half below the top of Mont Blanc.

The weather became worse again, and on Thursday the travellers waited all day in the hope that it would improve sufficiently to permit an attack on the final peak. On Friday morning, however, it was decided that the ascent must be abandoned, and the tourists made up their minds to descend without further delay. Four workmen, engaged in the task of discovering a suitable place on which to erect the proposed observatory which Mr. Jansen desires to establish on the summit also occupied the hut, and as the weather prevented them from working they desired to go down to Chamounix, and obtained leave to join the party. The eleven persons were roped together for greater security in the high wind and got down nearly to the Petit Plateau, which is about an hour from the Grands-Mulets.

Here they were struck by an avalanche from the Dome du Gouter. The last two members of the party were Mr. Hermann Rothe, a German, and Michel Simond, his guide. They received the full force of the avalanche and were knocked into a crevasse and killed. The others of the party were knocked down and overwhelmed, and one of them, Arman l Comte, was badly injured. Those who were least hurt extricated their comrades. They carried Comte to the hut on the Grands-Mulets, and then made a wonderfully quick descent to Chamounix, and men went up and rescued the injured guide.

As soon as the storm had subsided sufficiently to permit guides to reascend the mountain a party of them went up for the purpose of recovering the bodies of the lost men. The Chamounix guides always feel it their duty if possible, to recover the remains of comrades who lose their lives on the mountains. It was four days before they found the exact spot where the accident occured, for there were other crevasses in the neighborhood, and drifting snow had partly filled many of them. Seventeen mountain guides engaged in this work, at considerable pecuniary loss, for in the tourist season every day is precious to them. Finally they came upon nine feet of rope, attached to something heavy, and also found portions of an ice axe known to have belonged to Mr. Rothe. About noon three men who had been lowered to a depth of 150 feet into the fatal crevasse, succeeded in disengaging the body of Mr. Rothe from a wall of ice and frozen snow. The body, which was frozen hard, was found to be but little disfigured, a wound over the right temple and a deep cut over the right knee being the only traces of a violent death. Having secured the remainder of the rope to mark the spot the party drew the body slowly along the snow slopes to the hut on the Grands-Mulets, where they rested for the night.

Next day the party discovered the body of Michel Simond, the guide, several feet lower down in the crevasse. His hands still grasped the fatal rope, whose loose coils were wound around his rist exactly as they had been at the moment of the catastrophe, showing that death must have been instantaneous. Both bodies were borne to the house of Simond's young widow at Chamounix.

The persons engaged in this unfortunate expedition did not commit any imprudence, except perhaps in roping so large a party as eleven together. Two parties, one of five and the other of six, would probably have been a better arrangement. The past season has been more or less unfavorable for climbers in the Alps. There has been a good deal of bad weather, and the penalty of going on in the teeth of really bad weather is always severe, and may take the form of a terrible disaster. It is on such an occasion that the difference between good and bad guides is conspicuous. A good guide will pay no attention to the eagerness of his employer to go beyond the point where a retreat is still possible. Inferior guides and guides who are able, but rash, may know that there is danger, but sometimes disregard it. It was thus that the terrible accident occurred on Mont Blanc at the beginning of September 1870, when eleven persons lost their lives. The party ought not to have been on the mountain at all in the weather then prevailing, particularly as the three tourists in the company were inexperienced. They were caught on the summit by a gale and a snowstorm which lasted several days, and perished from cold and hunger. Good guides would not have taken such a party up except in in settled weather, and the weather had been bad for some weeks.

Almost Buried Alive.

A Paris correspondent relates a remarkable story from Saint Crepin, near Rodez. At the funeral of a man of 70, the four men who carried the coffin became conscious of what they believed to be movements inside. Nothing was said at the time, but when the ceremony in church was over they compared notes, and each was astonished to learn that his companions felt similar sensations. They communicated their fears to the clergyman, who immediately had the coffin broken open. They were greatly taken aback when they saw the hands of the supposed corpse, which had been crossed on the chest, raised towards the eyes. They spoke to it, but it did not reply, though it swallowed some cordial. The body was then taken back to the house, and it is said that the measures adopted to restore life were successful, for the next day the man spoke, and drank fluid nourishment, and is now said, although extremely feeble, to be slowly recovering.

HIS HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Eight Hours With a Coral Snake Under His Heel.

The coral snake is the most beautiful reptile that crawls, its bite is most deadly. Along the Floresta, that magnificent drive way that runs in and out among the Tijuca Mountains, back of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil these ornamental pests can be seen every day, their many-colored scales showing in the sunlight while they move through the foliage, after looking like elongated flowers as they rest for a moment upon some green plant.

At high noon the snakes can be seen lying in the middle of the road enjoying a sun bath, and often two or three are huddled together, tied in a knot as it were, until one can hardly tell where one reptile begins or another ends. Nobody has been known to recover from the coral snake's bite; at least the natives say so. But the pretty little reptiles are not dreaded as much in that country as are larger ones, for they never attack unless angered. Indeed visitors to Brazil count among one of the sights a glimpse of the coral snakes that line the Floresta, and often persons can be seen standing within a few feet of a bunch of these many-hued reptiles, watching them as they lie in their noontide stupor. But tread upon one or punch it with a stick and the foot and a half of tinted scales jumps forward. Just one touch of the forked tongue on the leg or arm and within a few hours the person bitten dies in terrible paroxysms.

Lieut. Metcalfe knew this as he strolled along the Floresta one afternoon during the month of September, 1885. Three vessels of the South Atlantic Squadron, Her Majesty's Navy, were lying in Rio's beautiful bay at that time, and several officers on a few days' leave were visiting at White's Hotel, that charming little resort up in the Tijuca mountains. The Lieutenant had been for a long walk and was returning to the hotel. He was alone, the day was excessively warm, and he strolled slowly glancing right and left at the wondrous vegetation that, nursed by the many rains and intense heat, is far beyond what any hothouse can mature.

Suddenly he stopped—stock still. He had felt something move beneath his foot, and instinct told him to halt. A glance down showed him a coral snake. He had stepped upon it and a portion of the body was under the sole of his low cut shoe. On one side the head projected about an inch, on the other side the tail curled up until it beat against his leg.

That night Lieut. Metcalfe did not appear at the *table d'hote* dinner at White's. His fellow officers were much surprised, and when at 10 o'clock he had not shown up, they decided to look for him. Naturally they walked along the Floresta, but it was midnight before their calls were answered by a faint reply. Hastening up they saw him standing in the middle of the road, but he was swaying to and fro. In a few trembling words he urged his companions to despatch the little death-dealing reptile. A knife was produced and with one slash the coral's head was lying away from its body. Then the lieutenant fell in a faint. As his cap rolled off it was seen that his hair, which the day before had been a dark brown, was white as snow. It was the next day before he could tell of his terrible experience.

"My first thought," said he, "was to do what you finally did—cut the snake's head off. I felt in my pocket, but my knife was gone. Then I tried to grind the snake under my foot, but the roadbed was so soft that the reptile was partly buried. It was impossible to shift it under my heel, for once under the arch of the foot and it would have had full sway. You see the head was on the outside of my left foot, and I couldn't use the right to any advantage for fear of falling over. Then again I didn't dare shift the position, for that forked tongue was within a half inch of my ankle, and, having on low-cut shoes, little more would have resulted in my death.

"Although vexatious, the matter did not seem very alarming to me during the first hour. Every moment I expected to see some one. But, as you know, the day was excessively hot, and not a soul was out. Finally night set in and I began to grow nervous. My leg grew stiff and I feared cramps would come. I lowered my suspender buckle and carefully stooped down, intent on sawing off the little demon's head with the sharp edge. But as I bent over the tongue flashed out and I knew that I couldn't reach the body without being bitten in the hand, so I stood upright again.

"About 10 o'clock I heard voices, and I uttered a prayer of thanks. Two men and two women were coming up the Floresta; I could hear the sweet laughter of the latter. Like a fool, I postponed calling until they might come nearer. Then I noticed that their voices were less distinct, and realized that they had turned into one of the driveways that lead to the haciendas. My heart sank within me. I called, but it was too late. The girls were singing, and soon their voices died away.

"A little later a native passed me. He had been to the village drinking *paratee* and was half-seas over. I called to him. He stood stock still, looked at me for a moment, then passed on, muttering something about a *loco* Englishman. I suppose I did sway like a drunken man, and I am certain my voice trembled. In despair I yelled, 'Cobra,' the only word I know that might attract his attention. But the word 'snake caused him to run as if mad, and I caught myself laughing—laughing in my agony. Then a revulsion of feeling came over me. I thought it would be sweet to die and that it would be well to lift my foot and let the reptile that occasionally squirmed finish me.

"At last I heard your voices. Welcome? Indeed, more welcome music never greeted me than Bob's halloo! I remember saying something to you, then felt Bob's arm around me as he bent over with his knife. From that time I knew nothing till I woke up in the hotel."

Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

Don't worry your brain about the man in the moon, but study the man in your own overcoat.

Never be ashamed of thy birth, or thy parents, or thy trade, or thy present employment, for the meanness or poverty of any of them.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"I can wait for your answer," he suggested, timidly, "if you wish to think it over." "Thanks," she answered; "that is a good idea. Call around—say—ten years from now."