THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Alonzo M. Strong, ex-mayor of Seaforth, is dead.

The late C. H. Waterous, sen., of Brantford, left property valued at $236,140.

P. R. McPherson, of Toronto, has purchased The Essex Review in Windsor.

The workingmen of Winnipeg have opened a commodious labor hall and reading rooms.

Robins, blackbirds and meadow larks have made their appearance in the vicinity of St. Thomas.

Mrs. Heslop, wife of the late treasurer of Ancaster who was murdered, died last week.

Robert Cromar, clerk of the Township of Pilkington, died at Salem the other day, aged 78.

The average wheat yield of Manitoba last year was 24 bushels to the acre, oats 52 and barley 33 bushels.

The Queen's Opera house in Belleville was sold at auction the other day for $7,000. The building cost $19,000.

It is proposed to spend two thousand dollars in Hamilton for the erection of a maternity hospital.

Ex-President Cleveland held a ten-minute reception in St. Thomas last week while en route home from Detroit.

The traffic on the C. P. R. for the week ending February 21 amounted to $351,000; same week last year, $340,000.

The collections at the First Methodist Church in Owen Sound, on Sunday, amounted to $1,100.

Mr. Joseph Freemont, M. P., was on Tuesday re-elected mayor of Quebec without opposition.

Mr. Charles Robertson, M. A., principal of the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, died last Tuesday.

Thomas Joy, late of H.M. 61st regiment, has just died in Brockville, aged 70. He was present at the siege of Delhi.

John Chatterton, farmer, aged 80, was found dead in his barn a short distance west of Brockville last week. Heart disease.

Henry Hilkert, of Berlin, Ont., took a fit of coughing at Breslau last week; hemorrhage of the lungs followed and he died in 10 minutes.

The schooner Howard D. Troop, owned by Mr. H.D. Troop, of St. John, N.B., has just made the fastest sailing trip on record across the Atlantic—14 days.

The malleable iron works at Windsor, Ont., have received orders from Toronto sufficient to keep them running at full capacity till June, with more orders to follow.

Dr. Oille, of St. Catharines, a promoter of the Niagara Central railway, states that the line will be extended to Hamilton before the close of the present year.

Mr. Findlay, of the Brooke sawmills, North Grey, has a contract for 40,000 pieces of maple for the British market, for the manufacture of mangle rollers.

On Friday last a boat containing two men, who are unknown, was carried down Niagara river above the rapids and swept over the falls. No trace of boat or occupants has yet been found.

It is stated that the Canadian Pacific railway will shortly commence the double-tracking of the line between Winnipeg and Fort William, a distance of 426 miles, to facilitate the grain-carrying trade.

Edmonton district, N.W.T., comes to the front with mineral springs which, according to an Edmonton paper, promise to rival those at Banff for curative powers. Several remarkable cures of rheumatism are reported.

James Ross, awaiting trial in Detroit for highway robbery, turns out to be Thomas Garry, who was convicted of burglary at Thornhill, Ont., for which he served four years in the penitentiary and was liberated from Kingston last October.

Judge Baby presiding over the March term in the Court of Queen's Bench in Montreal on Tuesday, made a strong defence of the grand jury, which, he declared, from its inception has nobly done its duty within the sphere of action assigned to it by law and custom.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The foot and mouth disease has been discovered among cattle in a shed in Edinburgh.

All the rifles and cutlasses in the armony at Galway, Ireland, were stolen on Saturday night.

A shoemaker of Broadsworth, Eng., killed his four children by cutting their throats and then attempted suicide.

The Right Rev. Spencer Richardson, bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church of England, has become an insolvent.

The suggestion that a monument to James Russell Lowell be erected in Westminister Abby has caused much comment in England.

The Prince of Wales has been elected G. M. Mark Mason of Great Britain and Sir Augustus Harris has been elected grand treasurer.

The Queen and Princess Beatrice on Saturday visited the Albert Memorial chapel at Windsor, and spent a quarter of an hour beside the coffin containing the remains of the Duke of Clarence.

Mrs. Montagu, of Coleraine, who a few days ago caused the death of her three-year-old daughter by tying her up to a ring in a dark closet, has been found guilty of manslaughter.

Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett, the popular authoress, will leave England on Wednesday for America. Last Saturday she presided at the opening of the new premises for the "Printers' Devils'" club reading-room, presented by her as a memorial of her deceased son.

While the famous Ludlow foxhounds were out last week they ate something poisonous. Ten of them died in their tracks.

At Cleckheaton, a manufacturing town in Yorkshire, Eng., last week, a monster chimney fell on the roof of the factory to which it belonged, crushing the wing to a heap, and burying a number of female operatives, six of whom are known to have been killed, and a number injured.

UNITED STATES.

The silver men at Washington have gained their point, and the Bland bill will be considered by the House.

Four buildings were destroyed by fire in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week. The loss was over $500,000.

Ann French, a widow, 90 years of age, has just married a man of 36 at Belfast, Maine, The bride is worth $100,000.

William H. Plumb, aged 21, of Jackson. Mich., has just married Amanda Bentley, aged 61, of Grand Rapids.

A young man named Dick Culler was lynched at Marshfield, Mo., for drowning a four-year-old child.

As the result of an accident on Monday, Conductor Robert Duffy died at West Superior, Wis. The conductor's father dropped dead on hearing of Robert's death.

The jury in the case of Actor Curtis ("Sam'l of Posen") at San Francisco have disagreed and been discharged. Curtis was on trial for killing a constable.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil King, has given $1,000,000 to the Chicago University as a "a special thank offering to Almighty God for returning health."

The State Women's Prison and Reform School for Girls at Indianapolis was burned on Tuesday. All the inmates were taken out safely. Loss $300,000.

Herbert Penny, a young pedlar who married a 90-year-old wealthy woman at Belfast, Me., has been pelted with eggs and maltreated by whitecaps.

At Delray, Mich., Perry Materson, 30 years old, fell into a vat of sulphuric acid and boiling water and was scalded to death. He had been married but three days.

George S. Moore, one of the most prominent business men of Louisville, Ky., has disappeared, and indications are that he started for Canada. His alleged shortage is $70,000.

It now appears that John Maley, who twenty years ago was sent to West Virginia penitentiary under a life sentence for murdering his young wife, is innocent of the crime.

The supreme Court of the United States has declared the McKinley act to be constitutional.

The newly-born third party in the United States will hold a convention at Omaha on July 4 for the nomination of a candidate for the presidency.

An agreement was signed in Washington on Monday subject to the approval of the British Government and the United States Government, to submit the Behring Sea question to Board of Arbitration.

The Sayward case, involving the jurisdiction of the United States in Behring Sea, was decided on Monday by the United States Supreme Court against the British Government.

At Emerson, Mich., the other day some drunken charcoal burners threw Lucy Webb, keeper of a notorious resort, into a smouldering kiln and kept her there five hours The woman was cooked to a crisp.

James Whitcomb Riley's income from his readings and recitations equals a bank presidents' salary, while Bill Nye in 1891 cleared $40,000 from his appearances on the rostrum. Max O'Rell and Will Carleton get $200 a night from their managers George W. Cable receives $100 every time he reads.

J. W. Collins, president of the California National Bank, which suspended November 16, has been arrested at San Diego, Cal., on orders from the attorney-general at Washington, accused of embezzlement to the amount of $200,000.

At Grosse Tole the other night a number of boys found a keg of dynamite frozen in the ice and proceeded to make a bonfire of it. One boy kicked the keg and an explosion followed, which blew the kicker 10 feet into the air and knocked down the rest of the party. The boy who kicked the keg will die.

IN GENERAL.

French Anarchists have begun extensive preparation for May Day demonstrations.

The famous Dacoit leader, Boh Minlaung, has been captured at Kudoung, in Burmah.

Ten Newfoundland seal hunters have been frozen to death and thirteen others are missing.

Out of a population of 1,350,000 in Vienna it is believed 39,500 are without employment. The distress is terrible.

Chancery proceedings will be shortly commenced to decide the ownership of the Irish fund in Paris.

Russia has officially, expressed regret for the expulsion of two British officers from the Pamirs by Russian officers.

A coffin supposed to contain a corpse was taken into California from Mexico. Upon examination it was found to contain opium.

By the storm on the Spanish coast on Saturday 30 boats were lost and 300 persons drowned. The loss of life is probably underrated.

A great demonstration against Emperor William was held by 5,000 men in Berlin last week. In a conflict with the police nearly 100 persons were arrested.

Intense excitement was created in Paris the other day by the discovery of an attempt to blow up with dynamite the residence of Princess Sagan in the Faubourg de St. Germain.

Last Wednesday was the Pope's 82nd birthday.

Several Anarchists have been arrested for forming a plot to blow up the German consulate at Barcelona, Spain.

M. Loubet has succeeded in forming a new Cabinet for France, in which six of the De Freyninet Ministers will resume their old positions. It is generally believed it will be short-lived.

Word comes from Athens that Dr. Waldstein of the American Archæological School has discovered at Argos the foundation of temple of Hera, which was destroyed by fire 429 B.C.

Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day, live till to-morrow, will have passed away.—[Cowper.

The friend who becomes a lover continues still to be a friend; but the lover who becomes a friend ceases forever to be a lover.

Mr. Veripoore—"I am drunk with love of you, dearest one. Miss Veririch—"And now I suppose you want to try the gold cure."

Muley Hassan, the Sultan of Morocco, has a strain of Irish blood in his veins, for his great grandmother was a blue-eyed daughter of the Emerald Isle, the widow of a British sergeant of engineers. Muley is said to be as bright as he is stubborn, and the reason seems obvious.

UNDER WATER.

The Experience of a Diver—Cutting Out a Shark's Heart.

"I've seen many a time when I'd rather be under water than on shore. I used to feel that way sometimes."

Mr. Edward H. Littlefield, a native of Block Island, made this remark in a story he was telling on Friday afternoon. He was a diver for twenty-four years, under the water or upon it, and has tackled wrecks from Lake Superior to Niagara Falls, and from Maine to Port Royal. He estimates the number of bodies he has with his own hand pulled out of sunken vessels at 100, and that he has walked out and around forty to fifty vessels lying in varying in depth from 15 to 168 feet He nearly lost his life ten years ago while getting the cargo out of the schooner Warren Gage, off the east of Narragansett Pier, and has since that time preferred to stay above water.

"My first experience," said he, was in Seaconnet River, in 1859, hunting for Capt. Ben Tallman's son Jerome. It was in the month of August, and Jerome Tallman had been in the water eleven days. They'd dragged for him, but couldn't find him. I was shipman for Capt. Charles Herbert, the wrecker, then, but one day the regular diver took sick, and as they had an agreement giving Capt. Herbert $500 if he found the body in three days, and $300 if he did not, with the idea of working at it all the time, I was picked out to go down. It was right off Gould's Island, and I went down at 7:30 o'clock in the morning, I wasn't used to it, so I took sick about 9:30 o'clock, but I got some old Cognac brandy to drink and I went back about 11. The first thing I saw when I got down the second time was a swarm of bluefish.

I WENT THROUGH THEM,

and then came a lot of dogfish. These dogfish are tough things, for they have two spurs on the back near the tail, and they wind around a man's legs and spur him. They smashed against me, and any number of them spurred my legs a good deal as roosters use their spurs, so that I at last got out my knife and went to cutting my way through. You know dogfish will feed on a dogfish that is dead, so I ripped them open all around me as they went along with the tide, and the others ate the injured ones. I must have killed fifty or sixty of them, all two to three feet long.

"After I got through them I felt something whirl me round. I could tell it wasn't the current, so I looked around to see what it was. There was a big shark off to my left, looking at me. I'd have given a city to be out of his way, but, says I, if I go up he'll bite me in two; and so I decided to stay there. I felt just as if my 'helmet was rising up. I suppose it was my hair. Well, Mr. Shark looked at me a while. Then he goes round me twice and a half, and then I got my knife out again. He turns on one side, and I could have put a barrel in his mouth easy. I knew what was coming, so I waited. He dashed for me, and as he came I stepped one side, shut my eyes, and slashed with the knife. I caught him in his side, for I

CUT HIS HEART RIGHT IN TWO,

I opened my eyes and found him lying on the bottom fifty or sixty feet off, the blood rising from him in bubbles. I went up to him, and then something happened to me, I don't know what. I suppose I fainted, for I came to with my body leaning against the shark's, down there on the bottom. Well, I hadn't given any signal to my tender, so he had kept up the air supply, but pretty quick I felt them pull three times, to ask me if I was all right. They said the blood all came up to the top in bubbles before it mixed with the water. Why, that shark's liver—I cut half of it out—couldn't have been got into a barrel.

"But after all, I had my greatest experiences in the two years before the war. The time I went down 168 feet, the deepest I ever got, was in 1860. A vessel went down east-northeast of Point Judith, and the Captain's wife and daughter were drowned. I went down after them. They talk to me now of going down 500 or 600 feet, but I don't believe it. After the first 100 feet the pumps won't supply a man with air, except inside his helmet. Before that it will circulate around his body. When it only reaches his helmet his clothes begin to cling to him, and his pores flow out all the water in his body It is a terrible sensation. Now, I got down to this vessel, and started to descend into the companionway. At the first step I began to feel numb all over. It was the pressure of the water above me, and as I'd been told about it I went back on the deck of the sunken vessel and climbed into the ratlines. I hadn't gone up more than three steps before I felt better. Then I went back again. You can continue this right straight along and go deeper each time. When I felt numb again I went upon deck and climbed onto the rail. I was all right in a minute, and then went into the companionway again. All this time the vessel was waving from side to side with the swell under the water.

"Now, it's queer, but there's something about bodies under water. Did you know that if you went into the cabin of a vessel where one was that it would start toward you, almost as if it were alive? It is that that makes the shock so terrible. You can't avoid them. They come as if they wanted to be taken away. Well, the Captain's wife and daughter were in the stateroom at the foot of the stairs, and I had to open the door. I took some blocks and braced my whole weight against the door. I weighed 200 pounds, and the suit weighed 265 more. I knew there'd be

A TERRIBLE SHOCK,

so I got all ready. The door gave way at last, and broke into kindling wood like a flash. The concussion of the water flung the bodies toward me like lightning. I shut my eyes, and, reaching out to grab the bodies, caught the woman's as she flew toward me. I signalled, and was taken up. Then I went down to hunt for the little girl. I found she had come out when her mother did, and floated under the cabin table. Why, that table was set just as when the vessel sunk, and there was food on the plates at that very time. I was pulled up with the little girl."

Pausing, the old diver began to laugh, and when asked what it was about he said it was the air pump. In former times the pumping had been by hand, but now it was by steam. He preferred steam, for it kept up a regular supply of air. When it was done by hand, if a diver wanted more air they were liable to pump too fast, and if he signalled this was so they very likely sent it down too slowly. He told of a trick he once played on a water-pipe boss who went down to inspect the pipes on the bottom of Toronto Bay. The fellow was a tyrannical Englishman, and was hated by all the men. One day when the boss was under water a workman remarked that he'd like to shut off the air for a while. Mr. Littlefield said that was wicked, but asked the workmen to light their pipes and smoke near the pump, saying that would do as well as shutting off the air. They didn't all see why, but they did it. A pump sucks up everything in the air or its orifice, and very shortly it was carrying down tobacco smoke by the cubic foot. Two minutes elapsed, and then the boss gave three wild pulls to be taken up. He arrived at the surface very sick and frightened out of his wits. The first thing he asked was if the pump hadn't got afire. Mr. Littlefield said he guessed it had, and ordered a man to pour water on the bearings. This satisfied the boss, and the men went into fits behind his back. The man would never go down after that; he said he thought he had an attack of heart disease,

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The Kamchatkan Bighorn.

The Kamchatkan bighorn stands on the average about 40 inches at the shoulder, and is a little over 5 feet 6 inches in extreme length. The largest head we shot bore horns measuring 38 inches round the curve. Their circumference at the base was 14 inches, and the distance from tip to tip 2 feet 6 inches. The animal is very bulky in build, and the chest girth, which varied very little in the different specimens, was only two or three inches short of five feet. In spite of this, it is as agile as a chamois, and makes nothing of the most perilous paths.

The general color is a brown gray, the head and neck rather grayer than the rest of the body. Both tail and ears are remarkably short. The coat in those that we shot was very long and think, almost like that of a reindeer; but Autumn was well advanced, and I have no doubt that in Summer it is much thinner. It was curious that we should not only never have shot, but never even have seen, the females. All those that fell to our rifles were rams, as far as we could judge, from three to six years old. Whether the females always herd together or only at certain seasons it is difficult to say, and we were unable to get any information from the natives upon this point.

The taste of the meat when quite fresh was slightly rank, but upon the second day the unpleasant flavor had entirely disappeared and all of us agreed that a more delicious mutton did not exist. Nor do I think that this opinion was the result of the appetites with which the glorious air of a Kamchatkan Autumn had provided us. Tender, juicy, and with just the right delicate suspicion of venison about it, it was fit for the table of the proverbial Alderman; and if a butcher could only introduce the meat to the British public in the condition in which we partook of it he would doubtless make a rapid fortune.

Only a Lawyer Could do It.

He sat just opposite me in the train, and from the legal documents he was perusing I had no doubt that he was a lawyer. I looked out of the window as the whistle blew to note that we were approaching a large town, and a minute later felt that the car was off the rails. A half open switch had done the business. We bobbed and bumped along for a few yards, and then the car tilted over and went down an embankment.

We were all pulled out of the wreck after a bit, and I found I had a broken leg and some lesser evils. I was laid on the grass beside the lawyer, who was for a time unconscious, but presently he came to and briskly observed: "Open switch—train derailed—culpable carelessness—won't settle for a cent under $5,000!"

He seemed to feel of himself for two or three minutes to find out how badly he was hurt and then continued:

"Worse than I thought for! It appears that both legs and this left arm are broken, and I think I can also plead internal injuries. I'm good for six months in the hospital, even if I pull through. Damages not one cent less than $10,000, and don't be in a hurry to settle at that figure!"

There were people rushing about, still engaged in the work of rescue, and three or four of us were groaning and taking on close by, but the lawyer was in no wise rattled. He was evidently sinking, however, for his voice was much weaker as he said:

"Papers, cards, and envelopes on the body to identify it by, and they'll telegraph my wife and ship mangled remains home by express. Hurt worse than I thought for. Quite sure I'm going to die. Will drawn and everything in order, and left note on my office desk for my wife to sue for $20,000 in case of my death. Clear case, and jury won't be out five minutes."

If he said any more I didn't catch it. I was just then busy figuring up my own damages and groaning away in four languages. By and by the people came with doors and shutters to carry us up to the depot. As two of them were ready to pick me up I said:

"I think the lawyer here is hurt worse than I am. Give him the preference."

"Oh, he isn't in a bit of hurry—he's stone dead!" replied one of the men as he took a brief look.

It was a fact, and further, I was in the court room when his widow received a verdict for $20,000.

Landlord (suspiciously)—"You are an actor, you say. What is your role?" Boothby Ham, "I am playing the heavy, sir." Perhaps you took me for a supe?" Landlord—"No; from the size of your wardrobe I fancied you might be doing Cleopatra."

It is not generally known we imagine that the United States has pensioners in all parts of the world. Official statistics show that there are permanent residents of forty-seven other countries who are drawing pensions, and that there are ninety-nine pensioners is 2,646, of whom 1,315 reside in Canada, 495 in Great Britain, and 403 in Germany. One such pensioner resides in remote Samoa, one is enjoying life in Bermuda, and two have found refuge in the Fiji Islands, whither their pensions follow them as regularly as the pay-day comes around. A bill is now proposed in the House which looks to the removal of these pensioners from the rolls, the proposition being that no pension shall be paid to any person who is not a citizen and bona fide resident of the United States, exception being made, however, in the case of persons raveling or temporarily residing abroad.

POLYANDRY IN TIBET.

Mr. Bonvalot Tells of Women Who have Several Husbands Apiece.

A little northeast of Lhassa, among the mountains that cover that part of the great plateau of Tibet, the explorer Bonvalot found a large population. It is in these valleys that some of the rivers of India have their head-waters. This region is peculiar as the part of Tibet where polyandry is the custom, and this feature of social life has given Tibet some notoriety, because there are very few parts of the world in which polyandry is practised. Bonvalot thus described the custom as it exists in Tibet.

A family has a daughter. A young man wishes to enter the family, to live under its roof, and become the husband of the daughter. He consults with the parents, and if they arrive at an agreeement with regard to the amount of property he is to turn over to them, he takes up his abode in the hut and becomes the husband of the daughter. It may be that there are other young men desirous of partaking of the same good fortune. They are not at all deterred by the fact that the girl is already provided with a husband. They present themselves at the hut, make offers of certain property, and, unless the first husband has paid what is regarded in Tibet as a very large sum in order to secure the young woman as his exclusive possession, she becomes likewise the wife of these other claimants for her hand, and the whole family live together in the same hut and in the utmost harmony.

It rarely happens that a young man thinks so much of the girl he weds in this peculiar fashion as to be jealous of others who also desire to be her husband. Now and then, however, such a case arises, and then there is likely to be bloodshed. He is a happy young man who is wealthy enough to become the sole lord and master of his wife. It is a question entirely of money. If the young Tibetan is rich enough he buys a wife and remains the only master of the household. Sometimes, also, the husband acquires sufficient property to buy out the interests of the other husbands, and then they retire from the field. They are generally content if they receive back a little more money than they paid for their interest in the young woman. The children are always regarded as belonging to the woman and the fathers lay no claims upon them.

Polyandry is not established by law, but it is a custom which probably arose at some time when the female population was less numerous than the male, and it has been continued largely on account of the poverty of the people. Polygamy is practised as well as polyandry. While the poorest men have only a fractional interest in one wife, the rich men of the community have several wives. The chiefs have as many as they can buy. Financial considerations, therefore, have all to do with questions of matrimony.

CREATION OF THE WORLD.

Work of the Almighty Not Done in Six Eight-Hour Days.

The old notion that God made creation in six days, as we measure time, must be abandoned, God had no need to work as a common laborer on the eight-hour plan. It is a misfortune of our race that man seeks to believe the Creator as something like the created. It is a narrow view that pictures God as a being like man. The prophets of old who urged their people to cry out for God—as if God were asleep—are like some modern Christians who hunt for God as if he were in some one place. It is difficult to conceive of a spirit without giving it a material association or a material covering. If we could do so, and understand spirit in its high, pure form, then we could comprehend God.

The six days of creation mentioned in Genesis are eternity. The world is being made now. It is still under the care of the mind from which it came. It won't run on its own natural laws. It needs God's care and direction. The wave of human life rises higher and broader in nature, increasing man's duties, opportunities and responsibilities. His world is growing greater and greater. New impulses, new aspirations, new destinies open before him.

Activity develops intelligence, intelligence develops sentiment and sentiment develops love and passion. The increase of the race—estimated now at 1,300,000,000—with its varied dispositions to good and evil, imposes awful responsibilities upon men. Shall we meet them bravely with the intelligence our activities have given us, or desert them because we dread the work they required?

Man's activities on high and true lines are tokens of God's majestic power at work creating the world. They are guide-boards to an era where all sounds are music, where the majestic process of making roses from dew drops and sunshine shall be clear to us and where the light of God's glory shall shine in the faces of men.

How Spools Are Made.

Considering that there are fifteen or twenty millions of people in our country who use thread more or less, it is apparent that the making of the spools upon which it is wound must be of itself quite an industry.

These are made of hard wood, birch being preferred and generally used. The material is first sawn into sticks four of five feet long and seven eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks and dried in a hot-air kiln. At the time they are sawed, holes are bored perpendicularly through each block, which is set on end under a rapidly-revolving, long-shanked auger. Next, one whirl of each little block against some little knives that are turning at lightning speed, fashion it into a spool according to the pattern desired, and that, too, at the rate of one a second for each set of knives. A row of small boys feed the spool-making machine by simply placing the blocks in a spout, selecting the best and throwing out the knotty and defective stock. The machine is automatic, but there are some things which it cannot do; hence, the employment of the small boy above mentioned. After the spools are turned, they are placed in a large drum, and revolved rapidly until they have taken on a fine polish. For some special purposes they are dyed yellow, red or black, according to taste. When one sees a spool of thread marked "200" or "300 yards," it does not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gaged, and is supposed to contain that amount of thread.