

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADA.

A protest has been entered in the Manitoba courts against the election of ex-Speaker Jackson.

The name of Archdeacon Fortin is mentioned in connection with the bishopric of Saskatchewan.

Scarlet fever of a malignant type has appeared in the city of Winnipeg.

Mr. T. A. Bernier, St. Boniface, was notified on Saturday night that he had been appointed Senator in place of Mr. Girard, deceased.

Brosseau, the defaulting Montreal customs officer, has been arrested in Boston.

At Farrelton, Ont., on Saturday evening, a brakeman named Joe Kice, aged 21, got caught in a frog and lost both feet.

Mr. F. W. Collier, Postmaster-General of British Guiana, is at present on a visit in Montreal. He is of the opinion that an important trade could be worked up between that colony and Canada.

A shipment of sealskins valued at \$200,000 has just left Vancouver, B.C., for London.

Hon. John McKinnon, M. L. C. of Nova Scotia, is dead, aged 87.

William E. Reid, founder of the Grand Trunk Sick Benefit Society, died at Windsor on Thursday night, aged 68.

The contract with the Allen line for mails to Great Britain has been renewed by the Dominion Government.

Several carloads of silk are en route over the C.P.R. from Vancouver to New York. The cargo is valued at \$600,000.

Mr. Skinner, M. P., of St. John, N. B., has formally resigned his seat in the House, and a warrant has been issued for a writ for a new election.

Mr. Samuel Wilson, of Whitewood, Man., while driving to a neighbouring town on Friday night, was shot and killed by the accidental discharge of a gun that was lying in his buggy.

The Provincial Board of Health and the Government of Ontario have decided not to establish quarantine against New York, but to place inspectors at Fort Erie, Niagara and Kingston, and disinfect all doubtful baggage.

The Minister of Customs has sent instructions to the collectors of Customs throughout Canada to exercise the greatest possible vigilance in order to locate any suspicious article in which cholera infection might exist which may be imported from infected localities in the United States.

Several of the directors of the Ottawa Protestant Hospital intend taking steps to have the charter of that institution so amended that no person's religion shall stand in the way of his admission to the free wards.

Bergen, one of the men who burglarized the house of Rev. Mr. Erb at Berlin, Ont., a few weeks ago, was convicted and sent to Kingston for 10 years.

The steamer Carroll, from Halifax for Boston, about which there has been some alarm, has been towed into Booth Bay harbor, Maine, with her machinery disabled.

The Indians in west Kootenay, British Columbia, are making trouble for themselves and others, and include in their programme of probable outrages a threat to wreck the Baillie-Grohman reclamation works.

Archbishop Fabre has addressed a circular to his clergy on the subject of the possible invasion of the province by cholera, in which he urges all the faithful to assist the civic authorities in carrying out sanitary precautions, and at the same time to put an end to religious disorders and to keep their minds away from all malevolence towards the Church and from all unjust criticism towards its ministers.

Much feeling has been created among the citizens of Winnipeg by the action of Lieutenant-Governor Schultz in refusing to sign the order-in-Council legalizing the new block survey of the city. The action of his Honour is causing a serious block to real estate business.

The story is told in the Kingston Whig that a Congregational minister in Toronto recently received a package of tracts from Hamburg, and that after perusing them he was attacked by cholera, which fortunately assumed a mild form. He believes the tracts were sent to him by some Hamburg infidel with malicious intent.

A Hamilton bicyclist got a verdict for \$25 damages before Judge Muir, against a gentleman who drove into his wheel on the highway. The wheelman got into a rut and could not get out in time to escape the buggy, the driver of which failed to turn out.

At the Provincial Synod sitting in Montreal, the question of marriage and divorce was brought forward, and Rev. Provost Body, of Toronto, presented a report and a canon on the subject, to the effect that in all cases where divorce was obtained for any other cause than adultery and the parties married again, Holy Communion should be denied them unless in the event of repentance and separation or imminent danger of death.

A petition is in circulation in Hamilton, Ont., and is receiving many signatures, praying for the release of John Callahan, who, one year ago, was sentenced to two years in the Kingston penitentiary for stealing \$15,000 while in the employ of the street railway company. He returned all the money he had taken.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Commercial Deposit Building Society has suspended.

The London Standard's Berlin correspondent says it is reported that the Kaiser has invited Queen Victoria to be godmother of his recently born daughter.

There is great depression in the ship building trade of the Clyde, where fifteen hundred hands are idle.

A special cablegram says that the Anti-Parnellites, fearing that the Parnellites will outbid them for popular favour, are urging Mr. Morley to take steps to prevent evictions during the coming winter.

The English Socialists, after further consideration of the proposed Trafalgar square demonstrations on November 13th, have appointed a committee on organization, to whom all preparations have been entrusted.

The White Star Steamship Company have contracted with Harland & Wolff, of Belfast, to build a ship 700 feet long with three

screws, the maximum speed to be 27 knots an hour. The vessel has already been named the Gigantic.

The London (Eng.) Provident Bank, a combination bank and building society, has suspended payment.

Great excitement has been caused in Manchester, England, by the supposed discovery of a system of wholesale child murder. One Mary Anne Hall, a midwife, was arrested on suspicion of being implicated.

The London Times referring to the seizure of a Canadian vessel in Behring Sea by a Russian man-of-war, declares that Russia should be made apologise and indemnify the vessel owners.

UNITED STATES.

Bicyclist Tyler rode a mile in 2.08 1-5 from a standing start on the Springfield, Mass., track.

Unknown persons sent an infernal machine by mail to Governor Flower of New York on Saturday.

The trouble among the Choctaws of Indian Territory is at an end and the United States troops have been withdrawn.

A woman in North Carolina has just presented her husband with six children at one birth. They are all boys and are living.

Two children, while playing in the woods near St. Paul, Minn., were killed on Sunday by a panther which had escaped from Barnum's circus a week ago.

State Senator Sparks, the author of the Sparks election law, now governing elections in Missouri, committed suicide Friday in Womensburg, Mo., by cutting his throat.

Bergmann, the anarchist who shot Frick, the manager of the Carnegie steel works at Pittsburgh, Pa., has been found guilty and sentenced to twenty-one years in the penitentiary and one year in the workhouse.

The negroes in Calhoun county, Arkansas, are up in arms against the election law, and threaten to exterminate the whites. Several lives have already been taken and more trouble is feared.

Stewart, the only surviving member of the crew of the ill-fated steamer Western Reserve, which went down in lake Superior with 27 of her crew three weeks ago, is said to be negotiating with Manager Moore, of Wonderland, Detroit, with a view of going on exhibition as a curiosity.

The strike of mill hands at Menominee, Mich., is ended. The men are to receive not less than \$1.50 per day.

The experiment of sending California fruit to England has proved a failure.

The war in the Indian territory has broken out afresh.

City Recorder Austin, of Belleville, Mich., and Mr. J. M. Anson, who were assisting in harvest work on the farm of Mr. Jerome Grobe, near Belleville, went to sleep in a barn on Thursday night. A lantern fell and set fire to the barn. Mr. Anson barely escaped with his life, but was terribly burned. Mr. Austin was reduced to a crisp, his arms, legs, and most of his head being burned away.

IN GENERAL.

The rapid rise of the Nile is causing great anxiety in Cairo.

Rudolf Ipering, the distinguished German jurist, died yesterday.

October 12th will be a perpetual national holiday in Spain in commemoration of the discovery of America.

Portugal has declared quarantine against New York.

Inhuman butcheries continue to be practised by brigands in Sicily.

A despatch received from Allex, France, says that one person was killed and thirty injured in a railroad accident at that place.

Prof. Koch gives it as his opinion that cholera cannot be transmitted through the post by means of letters or printed matter.

A Hamburg despatch states that a strange cattle disease has appeared on seventeen estates in the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg.

It is stated that the Russians withdrew from the Pamirs because the Afghans and Chinese would not sell them any food supplies.

Conservative journals at Lyons assert that a military convention between France and Russia has been entered into and that an offensive and defensive alliance was decided upon months ago.

Great excitement prevails throughout Ireland in consequence of the resumption of the eviction of tenants who are in arrears for rent. The peasants in many places are prepared to resist, and trouble is imminent.

The Prohibition Difficulty.

With the ultimate aims of the prohibition movement, which are the suppression of drunkenness, and of all indulgence that is detrimental to health, injurious to society, or destructive of domestic happiness, every man in his senses concurs. The point of difference is as to the best way of insuring sobriety. Sympathizing as we do with the temperance movement, of which for many years we have been strong advocates, we feel all the more free to say that, until the avowed friends of prohibition become more independent, and more determined to enforce what law exists against the illicit sale of liquors, the cause they favor cannot succeed. Take an illustration. At a city in a maritime province an active worker for prohibition was recently challenged to enter a saloon to witness a person call for a glass of spirits at a bar, the Scott Act being in force. At that bar the sales reach \$400 per week, and some dozen others like it are openly selling in that small city. Although thus challenged he refused to enter for the purpose of laying an information against the saloon keeper. Who then can wonder at the Scott Act being a dead letter, if its chief promoters shrink from taking the necessary steps to have it enforced? A prohibitive Act would likewise be a dead letter, unless perpetual watch were maintained over places where liquor might be procured, and a sufficient force of informers were maintained to bring offenders to punishment. The difficulty of maintaining a prohibitive Act in force against the wishes of any considerable number of citizens, is the difficulty in the way of securing a prohibitive Act, as the most zealous friends of temperance believe that very serious evils would arise from having a law nominally in force, while practically ignored. The revolution that has occurred in the drinking habits of the people in the life time of millions now living justifies the hope that in time the reform desired will be accomplished.

A GIRL'S WILD RIDE.

Perilous Progress on a Pony Through a Texas Blizzard.

DUMAS, Tex., Sept. 19.—Up in the Pan Handle, lying on its level plains like a book on the table, is that freak of world building, the Staked Plain. Its eastern edge cuts sheer off, and the streams of water that rush down it after heavy storms, carrying with them the rich red prairie soil to fling it into the sluggish currents of the Red, the Brazos, or the Colorado, and send them raving down over the lower levels in a "red rise," are rapidly eating it westward.

On all this vast table land of thousands of acres there are no streams, no forests, and it was formerly believed, no water supply beyond a few scattered ponds and lakelets. The Canadian and Pecos Rivers have cut deep canyons through its porous and friable formation, and go crawling along in the dry season, or thundering forward during freshets, hundreds of feet blow its level; but no streams traverse its surface.

What then becomes of its heavy rainfalls? Little of it goes to swell the streams that are eating away its eastern escarpment, less to brim its few ponds. It is beginning to be understood that the Staked Plain has its river system after all, concealed—like the plumbing in a house—but fairly available. In short, there lies beneath the whole region a network of underground streams, rivers, lakes, where, held between the layers of its geologic formations, the rainfall is hoarded. The enterprising ranchman has but to put down his well and put up his windmill, and his water supply is as sure as the subterranean river ran over his broad pasture lands, instead of half a thousand feet under them.

This it is that has transformed the Llano Estacado from an uninhabited desert to one vast pasture, broken here and there by tiny farms. The fifteen or twenty counties that it includes are all under fence now. Wells are easily and cheaply bored in the soil of the great plain, and watering places for stock established.

HOUSES OF THE NESTERS.

Besides these big ranches there are settlers or "nesters" scattered at long intervals over the plain. Sometimes these settlements include a good wooden house, near some little outbuildings, a well and a windmill, but rather more often it is a "half-breed"—that is, half dugout, half wooden house, near some big ranchman's watering place—some half-hearted pretense at crop making and a tremendous showing of white headed youngsters. These settlers are the sort that come in a wagon across country from some place that has become too civilized for them. They are only the straws on the front edge of the wave of immigration, for such a magnificent country cannot be long without a thrifty farming population.

The plain is a wonderful country of air line roads, where there is neither hill nor hollow to say the directness of your intention nay. I know now that no words can describe it to the mind and imagination of one who has never seen it. The sea—we get an idea of it from pictures and descriptions, we hardly know when we have always known through poets and painters, and pieced out by the kindred appearance of lakes and rivers something of what the sea would be like.

But a picture of a dead level would not suggest the plain, with its strange charm, its hundreds of allurements, its caprices and vagaries, its softness and sweetness and terror.

Riding out onto this plain for the first time—especially to one who has always dwelt among mountains—is like being suddenly turned loose out of time and space into eternity and infinity. So unspeakably vast is it, so imperiously does it beckon your fancy and command away your imagination that they fly out in every direction and leave you in a sort of pleasant daze.

The everlasting sketches spread out and out on every hand, their unbroken silence lying upon them like a garment. Not any tree or bush, no little hill or hollow, nowhere the smallest evasion or reservation—the eye is in free command of all; yet nowhere that I have ever been in there so ever-present a sense of mystery. The mysteries of the mountains are the mysteries of a nature that conceals itself from you, but the mystery of the plains is the profound, unseizable mystery of the frank and candid nature that reveals everything.

It is a wonder show, a ride across the plains. They are only a vast level of soft green-brown earth, infinite sweeps of short, fine grass; but on this open stage the wizards of sun, air and rain can juggle till the most trusted of your five senses is ready to go out on a strike.

THE MIRAGE OF THE PLAINS.

I had always thought the mirage a phenomenon occasionally observable on the plains. I had no idea, and I am sure others not acquainted with the subject have not, how universal and ever-present a feature it is. You ride or drive out onto the plains, especially on a bright warm day, where you are fifty miles from any living water—no means of watering cattle except bored wells and windmills, and yet there is no appearance of dryness; very much the contrary. To the right, to the left, ahead of you, cool and placid and smiling in the sunlight, they lie, and open out and change as you move along—reefy shores, bluffy bays, and green, heavily timbered inlets and estuaries, everywhere about you the sweet refreshing idea of water.

A mile or so away there is a settler's little house with one or two tiny outbuildings; it stands in a mirage, and looks like one of those little coast houses or fisher's huts around New Orleans, on Lake Penchartrain, on tall stilts, with little boat houses and fishing sheds built about it above the lapping water; while out beyond, to the horizon's rim, stretches the sea. Only a few hundred feet to one side of your course stand a bunch of cattle in a pretty little lake; you see their shadows in its surface, you see them splash the silvery waters upon their sides as they walk. Objects are so magnified in this atmosphere that a coral twenty-five feet long with some little sheds and bits of fence, setting in or on the edge of a mirage, will look an immense Summer hotel on the beach, with all its bathing houses and pavilions about it; a bit of broom weed twelve inches high is a great cedar, a glimpse of whitey sage bush not bigger than your hand a coyote, or a big grey "loafer" wolf.

When you first see someone accustomed to the plains look out at the horizon at a tiny speck, moving or stationary, and find

in it an antelope, a wolf, a horseman, a cow, or simply a bit of milkweed, you are struck with an amazement and admiration, and think he must have a pair of Sam Weller's "patent double million magnifying-glass microscopes of hextra power" for eyes; but presently you find you can do this yourself without knowing how nor when you learned. We had the whole show in one short afternoon, in a ride of twenty-two miles across the plains, from Channing to Dumas, the brand new capital of a brand new Panhandle county. The wonder-box was turned upside down, and its entire contents about us. The necromancers of the plains were abroad, and in a wild humor. It was the most reckless, madcap, hare-brained performance I ever inadvertently attended.

When we first started out at 2 o'clock it was very hot. The sun blazed down much as it usually does in Midsummer; but the wind, the fresh, sweet, tireless, sweeping wind, which makes even Midsummer days cool to travel across the plains, which comes all the way up from the Gulf to have a big time all over this wonderful country, and make life worth living for the people here—the constant, reliable plentiful, everlasting wind was nowhere to be seen or heard. It was away, hatching up devilment, and life was a weariness and the grasshopper a burden.

AN ALLURING SCENE.

The sky was a beautiful happy blue with some rare white clouds carousing around ill it, sort of haphazard; the mirages were an about us, with their alluring sweetness and beauty; between them, where the level plain reached, unbroken, to the sky-line, you could look, as the cowboys say, "right off into nevertheless." But none of these beauties found favor in our hot and tired eyes. We wanted some shade and a whole lot of cool wind. We got into a shady place just as we came well up onto the plain proper, and it was very bad indeed. Here we passed some people in a buckboard who were yet more unhappy than we; for what little breath of air there was, was following us along northward, and carried solid wreaths of fine sand up from their wheels into their faces and all over them—they said their ears were full, and it we had anything interesting to communicate we might just write it down.

We went ahead, inhaling the sand our ponies' feet threw up, till we were as hoarse and husky as the amateur vocalist when asked to sing. My companion and I decided indignantly that we couldn't stand it. We each opened one eye furtively to look at the other, closed it again hastily over three-quarters of a pound of sand, and agreed with angry unanimity that nobody could stand it.

Well, we didn't have to; the wind having got its devilment well hatched, now came at us whooping and gibbering. It slapped us a few handfuls of big drops in our faces and upon the road, that laid the sand and dust instanter. It swept every ghost of mirage out of sight, till the plain was raked bare and clear and level from horizon to horizon. Our ponies raised their drooping heads and pricked up their deaf ears. We looked up gratefully; the sky was changing; it ceased to be blue; it became a whitey gray, vaporous and agitated; it glowered palely above us, then rushed down upon us in great lashing sheets and writhing streamers of opalescent rain and hail, which smote the earth with a snapping sound and creamed up again like the crest on an ocean billow.

A PERILOUS RIDE.

The roar of the wind was deafening; I marvelled how my little light pony kept his slim buckskin colored legs under him. Only the clinging of able-bodied desperation held me in the saddle. The wind drove the rain along almost level with the earth, and when in a few minutes the water was fetlock deep on the horses, lashed it into foamy little waves. The sky was water—the earth was water—we might have been riding our little Texas ponies across the waste Atlantic in a bitter gale, the maddened sea replying to the furious skies, the wild wind screaming and tearing at both, the fierce lightning biting savagely through and through the riot, like the very, naked, venomous teeth of death himself; the great, noisy, menacing, harmless thunder, after each little shuddering pause rolling out over everything, fairly shaking us in our saddles, brow-beating and scaring us more than any real danger.

Suddenly, after about half an hour of raving, the uproar caught itself back in an instant of silence, as one in a blind, choking passion of fury draws in his breath to plunge into the final outburst. We quailed in our saddles and waited for the onslaught, but it never came. The storm was really over. The wind only blew enough to tear the masses of misty clouds, or cloudy mist, off the face of the setting sun, when out leaped a torrent—a surging sea—of pale fiery gold, and flooded and illuminated its rent and flying edges, swept on and through and over all, till the universe of whitey vapor, dispersing and reassembling around us, was one living burning splendor.

We ourselves, on our dripping ponies, were the only reminder of a real world, the only objects the eye could fasten upon to guide the imagination back to earthly life; for, from the wide plain under our feet, all white and gold with water and reflected illumination, and sparkling with living gems of hailstones, to the palpitant glory of shifting radiance moving about it, with the great sun himself pouring forth his seas of pale fire, like some awful and divine fountain, all was a dream, or fairyland, or heaven. The sun went redly down into the level earth, and the last crimson stain of his fires died out of the world around us; the wind went racing gaily on its way as gentle and playful as a kitten, and we rode into Dumas as cold as a very poor grade of worldly charity, our garments drenched with the moisture and our souls saturated with the splendor of that glorious storm, for we had no "slickers" on either of them.

Damping His Ardour.

Mr. Nicefellow: "Ah, how do do, my little man! Been helping your sister, I suppose. She told me she would be busy for a little while with some household duties."

Little Man: "Yes, I tried to help, but I wasn't much use."

"I suppose not."

"No, she wanted me to carry some water, but I couldn't carry much at a time, and it takes a lot to get ink out of carpet, specially red ink."

"Red ink?"

"Yes, Sis always writes her letters to Mr. Warmheart in red ink. He says it reminds him of the way she blushes when he kisses her."

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS.

A Pullman coach costs \$30,000.

Up to June 1, 290 miles of railroad had been built this year.

The railroad dining cars in the States earn more money than the sleeping and baggage cars together.

The railway companies of the United Kingdom pay \$3,500 a day compensation for injuries done to passengers.

The eighteenth annual convention of the Railway Mutual Benefit Association was held at Washington last week.

The Wabash road broke its record last week by earning \$504,000. This is an increase of \$49,000 over the corresponding week last year.

The gross earnings of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad for the month of August were \$4,061,441.19, an increase over the same period last year of \$14,938.76.

The Empire State express beat the record a few days ago, making the trip from Albany to Syracuse, a distance of 148 miles, in 157½ minutes. Five minutes were taken in the stop at Utica.

The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad Company is preparing a new sign post to put at railroad crossings. Instead of only the words, "Railroad Crossing," there will be added the words, "Stop, Look and Listen."

An engineer resident in Glasgow has, after nineteen years' labor and experimentation, devised an arrangement in an engine by which he returns all the steam back to the boiler after doing its work in the cylinder.

President Ingalls, of the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad, has recommended to the stockholders of that line that as the affairs of the company are in good financial condition it would be profitable to the road to adopt a system of profit sharing with the employes. This plan, in Mr. Ingalls' opinion, would do away with strikes and save the time of the officers of the company being taken up in arguing and settling questions of wages with the employes.

At three of the large London railway stations—Charing Cross, Cannon street and London bridge—as many as 32,969 movements for signal and point levers have been made every twenty-four hours, quite apart from the telegraphic operations.

The Cooke Locomotive and Machine Company, Paterson, N. J., recently posted notices in its shops notifying the men that all employes, except apprentices, will hereafter be required to work sixty hours a week or not at all. This is in defiance of the Fifty-five Hour law of New Jersey.

The Reading system now controls 5,583 miles of railroad, traverses a territory containing nearly 10,000,000 of population by means of 1,718 locomotives and 113,206 cars, annually carries 40,000,000 passengers, moves 50,000,000 tons of freight and earns about \$57,000,000; while with its affiliated companies it has a capital and indebtedness of \$511,000,000 and employs 83,969 wage-earners, among whom it distributes \$38,000,000, directly supporting more than 400,000 people.

The Great Western of England will send an interesting relic to the fair in the "Lord of the Isles," an old locomotive that ran 789,300 miles without change of boiler. The Lord of the Isles is seven-foot gauge and was built for the Great Western in 1857. At the first Crystal Palace Exposition at London in that year it was exhibited as the most wonderful achievement of the century. Sir Daniel Gooch designed the locomotive and got a gold medal. It was run continuously until 1881.

The Fun of the Fairs.

The "circus" element in our Fairs is nothing new, nor, if kept within proper bounds need be an offence to any man.

Centuries ago the chief business of the world was transacted at gatherings much of the same character as our Fairs. To this day, in Europe, there are several of these old-time meetings of crowds of merchants from distant parts, of buyers from remote towns, and districts, and of mere sight seers. Canadian goods are to be found on sale at places very remote from the ordinary routes of travellers.

One day last year two Canadian manufacturers ran up against each other at the far east of Russia, during the annual Fair. In the middle ages, at Stourbridge, and other English towns, merchants vended their wares who came from all parts of the civilized world. Naturally these great gatherings of visitors drew companies of persons who catered to the love of amusement.

Time hangs heavily on the hands of such visitors, as the whole day cannot be spent in buying, or selling, or inspecting goods. Hence the demand for diversion at such places to make time pass pleasantly.

Old country people remember the Statute Fairs where there was always a collection of wild beast shows, and other attractions. Those who object, as some do, to the amusement department of our Fairs, are, we fear, kicking against a custom which is very ancient, the survival of which, after hundreds of years, shows that it arises out of a natural taste for recreation, especially on the part of visitors to a large city.

The utility of this provision for amusement is undoubted. Spending a whole day in inspecting machinery, or goods, or works of artistic ingenuity, is a very exhausting occupation to both mind and body, and would not be repeated, as it is, by thousands year by year, unless some relief was found by watching "speeding in the ring," parades of cattle, and horses, shows of tumbling exhibitions, musical performances etc. etc. The monotony of the laborious, and somewhat lonely life, of our country people, needs to be broken now and again.

To those who condemn amusements as "childish," we must, in all charity, say that, when the child heart is dead in man or woman, killed by care, or selfishness, or vice, or morbid, gloomy notions, or forebodings of the future, life has lost much of the spring, and hope, and sweetness, which give power to our best impulses, and of the strength which we all need for social and business duties. Those who enjoy innocent amusements should daily thank their Maker for so blessed a gift.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is a very old, and a very wise saying so, what is called the "circus" element in our fairs, serves a highly useful purpose in brightening the life of thousands, whose daily burthen is carried all the easier for the change they have had or that which they are looking forward to, by sharing in "the fun of the Fair."