

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Mr. Dewdney has been sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia.

Dr. McEachran, Dominion veterinary surgeon, has reported to Mr. John Carling that there is no pleuro-pneumonia in Canada.

Mrs. H. Douglas, of Winnipeg, Man., stepped on a rusty nail a week ago. Blood poisoning resulted, and the woman died the other morning.

The apple and small fruit exhibit of the Province of Quebec for the Columbian Exhibition is now completed, and it will be forwarded to Chicago next week.

Prof. Robertson, the Dominion Dairy Commissioner, is making large shipments of cheese and butter from the experimental Dairy stations to the British market.

The Allan line steamer *Sarmatian*, which went ashore on Thursday at Varennes during a snowstorm, was got off safely.

Sir John Abbott went to England with the avowed intention of consulting London specialists regarding his health, promising to cable the result to his colleagues at Ottawa. Surprise is felt that so far no information has been received on this vital question.

Mr. J. W. Hendry, formerly manager of the late Peter McLaren, the millionaire Canadian lumber king, does not think the prices recently paid at the sale of Ontario limits were too high, in view of the fact that the pine forest of the country will be exhausted within eight years at the present rate of consumption.

A new scheme of city government is under the consideration of the civic authorities in Winnipeg, Man. It is proposed to elect only one alderman from each ward instead of two, as at present, and to form an executive body of three other citizens, who shall be Mayor, chairman of the Finance Committee, and chairman of the Board of Works, and who shall be paid, and have full control, subject only to a two-thirds vote of the City Council.

James Munn, fifty-seven years of age, employed as a labourer at Burrows, Stewart & Milne's stove foundry, Hamilton, Ont., committed suicide on Thursday night by taking poison. It is said he was in a despondent mood. He leaves a widow and four children.

The Ontario Government will receive from the estate of the late Mr. James Trow, ex-M.P., which is valued at \$195,000, the sum of \$4,875.

The Canadian Pacific railway is sending delegates to Europe to assist in the promotion of immigration to Manitoba and the North-West. The delegates are successful farmers from Manitoba, and two will go to Norway and Sweden, one to the Mennonites in Southern Russia, and one to Belgium.

A despatch from Windsor says that the scheduling of Canadian cattle will have the effect of shutting up the Wakerville barns, in which immense numbers of cattle purchased in Western Ontario have been fattened and sent to England.

BRITISH.

The total loss of the British warship *Howe*, stranded on Ferrol bar, is inevitable.

Mr. John Ruskin is the latest to be spoken of in connection with the vacant poet laureateship.

The first-class battle-ship *Royal Oak* was launched on Saturday at Birkenhead. She will cost £750,000.

The trouble between the cotton masters and the operatives of Lancashire has left some 53,000 men idle.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone's new Home Rule bill will reduce the number of Irish members entitled to vote in Westminster on Imperial questions from 103 to 78.

The English Admiralty has ordered that the officers of the stranded battle-ship *Howe* be tried by court-martial for running the vessel aground.

The steamer *Gerona*, from London for Montreal, before reported stranded at Freswick, Scotland, has been got off the rocks and will be towed to Dundee.

The returns issued by the London Board of Trade show that imports decreased £2,150,000 and exports decreased £2,440,000 during the past month, as compared with October last year.

At the first meeting of the Evicted Tenants' Commission in Dublin, Mr. Carson, counsel for the landlords, asked leave to cross-examine a witness, and upon being refused, he denounced the commission as a fraud and a sham, and, with the other counsel for the landlords, withdrew.

Scottish Liberals are very indignant at the precipitate action of Mr. Gardner, president of the Board of Agriculture, in scheduling Canada and ordering the slaughter of Canadian cattle.

It is stated that ships are being built on the Clyde for the Russian Government which are filled with iron cages, in which to transport political prisoners to Siberia by way of the Lena river and the Arctic ocean.

A deputation from the Scottish Home Rule Club on Friday waited upon Sir George Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland, and demanded that at the question of Scottish Home Rule should have attention simultaneously with, or immediately after, Irish Home Rule.

UNITED STATES.

The commission appointed a year ago to investigate the charges of heresy against the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, of New York, has brought in a verdict of not proven.

Grippe has appeared in New York, and two deaths are reported.

John Lachner, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., was bitten by a cat on Tuesday, and drank two quarts of whiskey to ward off hydrophobia. He died in an hour without having uttered a word.

There was a fire in Brooklyn, N.Y., on Saturday evening, that for a long time defied the efforts of the fire brigade, and was not extinguished until it had destroyed \$600,000 worth of property.

The unaccountable absence of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage from his pulpit on Sunday, and the absence of any information as to his whereabouts, is creating a profound sensation in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Samuel Charles Willets, of Chicago, married a girl when he was a mere lad, and after a daughter was born to them the young wife ran away, taking the child with her, and nothing more was heard of them. Recently Willets married a girl younger than himself, and subsequently, on obtain-

ing particulars of his wife's childhood, he was forced to the conclusion that unknowingly he married his own daughter.

GENERAL.

Terrible distress prevails in the City of Mexico, and thousands are on the verge of starvation.

Vienna has been declared free from cholera.

The body of Paul Pöel, the artist, has been cremated at Paris, France.

Osman Dignan, who has been repeatedly reported dead, has reappeared in the Sudan with a number of his followers.

Alexander Dumas, the French novelist, has decided to sell his house in Paris and take up his residence at his fine place in the forest of Marly.

The result of Sunday's elections throughout Italy for members of the Chamber of Deputies show that 350 Government supporters and 120 members of the Opposition were elected.

A despatch from Fez says the negotiations for a treaty between France and Morocco have come to a standstill, and Count d'Aubigny, the French Minister, complains that the Sultan is tricky.

King Alfonso and the Queen Regent on their return to Madrid were given a very hearty welcome.

It appears from a trial just concluded in Paris that some of the fashionable dress-makers furnish costumes to leading actresses free for the sake of the advertisement.

The Tribunal of the Seine has dismissed the suit brought by Mrs. Deacon against her husband for divorce on the ground of alleged cruelty.

The German newspapers, with scarcely an exception, denounce Prince Bismarck in bitter terms for his opposition to the Army bill.

Emperor William has ordered that a bronze medal be struck to commemorate the rededication of the Luther church in Wittenberg.

A German agent at Whydah, Dahomey, declares that the Portuguese and English, and not the Germans, supplied the Dahomeyans with arms for use in their war against the French.

The French Chamber of Deputies has passed a bill prohibiting the employment of women in factories for one month before and after confinement, their usual wages to be continued by equal contributions from the State and the Department in which the factory is situated.

Munro & Co., the French bankers, who hold what is known as the Paris fund, belonging to the Irish Parliamentary party, say, on the advice of counsel, they cannot pay out the money unless authorized to do so by the Tribunal of the Seine.

It is reported that Germany intends fortifying the Valkenberg mountains, not far from the borders of the Swiss republic. A special cable despatch says that according to the provisions of the treaty of Vienna the fortification of any place within twelve kilometres of Swiss territory is prohibited, and the rumoured action of Germany is causing much anxiety.

Lessons From the F. Irs.

The fall fairs are over and now is the time to reflect upon what we saw and heard while attending them.

Perhaps you had better stock, fruit or vegetables, than you saw there, and you are now sorry that you did not exhibit. If so, don't waste your strength telling others of the fact, but resolve to exhibit next year and begin at once to prepare.

Some of the most successful societies require a written statement of the annual yield of milk or butter, and the manner of keeping of all cows entered for premium. This requirement is a most excellent one and obliges the intending exhibitor to give attention to the above facts. After he has learned them he makes them public in his statement for the benefit of other farmers. I would earnestly urge all societies that have not yet done so, to embody this requirement in their next premium list. As you go along admiring a fine lot of animals how much more interesting and instructive it is to know just what each has done in the past year and on what feed.

You are enabled to compare the different feeding methods of the various exhibitors, as the results are before you. You can go home and with the materials you have at hand adopt as near as possible the method of the most successful one. Even if the fair at which you exhibit does not require the statements above named, you yourself and all others that see your exhibit will be better satisfied if you give this information. To do this you must commence now and keep account of the fodder and grain consumed and weigh the product of each cow.

Perhaps you have a calf, a yearling or a colt that you intend to exhibit and are anxious to have take a premium at next year's fair; if so now is the time to commence to feed it intelligently and liberally. You noticed what a fine yearling neighbor A had this year; write to him or visit him and learn his method. You noticed what a fine sow and litter of thoroughbred pigs friend B had. Go to him and buy a pair, it will cost you no more to keep them than it would grades, and next fall if your skill is equal to his, you can make him divide the premiums with you.

You may intend to go into thoroughbred poultry next spring. Rather than run your chances of getting poor stock by buying eggs of strangers, go to Mr. C, who secured first premium on the breed you intended to stock up with and engage your eggs for the date you desire, or better still, buy four or five of his best birds and save the eggs from them and set them next spring. If your pears and apples were nearly as good as those that took first premium, cultivate around your trees this fall and give them a good feed of bone and ashes.

If you want first premium on quinces next year treat the trees the same and next spring sprinkle on the soil beneath each tree a pint of coarse fine salt. You were surprised to see the specimens of almost perfect vegetables shown by different exhibitors. No one man had the best of everything. When you meet the growers at the grange and farmers' club this winter question them and find out the name and strain of seed, and from whom obtained, character of soil, amount and kind of fertilizer, culture, etc. Then go and do likewise. Grow the best you can and exhibit the best you grow.

Don't keep your stock and produce at home and then blame the officers because there was a meagre exhibit. The officers generally attended to their duties, but the success of the exhibit depends upon the fellows who roll up their sleeves and show the muscle that produced their crops and the mind that ruled the muscle.

MYSTERY OF THE SURGERY.

Celia Logan Tells an Interesting Story of a Doctor's Office.

Some years ago, while residing in London, England, I became very intimate with Mrs. B—, the wife of a physician having a large practice. We used to visit each other without ceremony. One day I ran in to see Mrs. B—, and was shown by the parlourmaid into the reception-room, instead of the drawing-room, where I would have been taken had I not been on such informal terms with the mistress of the house. The reception-room was for the use of the doctor's patients, who sat there while waiting their turn to see him. It adjoined the surgery, as a physician's consulting-room is called in England. I had not waited long for my friend before I heard light footsteps, and glancing toward the open door, I saw the last folds of a dove-colored cashmere dress as it disappeared in the direction of the surgery.

Thinking that Mrs. B— had been told that I was there instead of in the reception-room, I rose and followed her, but she was not in the passage when I reached it, and I continued on to the surgery only a few paces off. The door was shut and I wondered that I had not heard it opened or closed. I opened it, but remained upon the threshold, holding the door-knob, because the doctor's wife was not there, but a stranger to me was. A lady sat in the doctor's chair for the use of patients. She was young, with brown hair and hazel eyes, and a face that would have been handsome but for its emaciation and pallor. She wore a dove-colored dress and bonnet like those affected by Quakeresses. She was looking towards the door when I half opened it. I looked at her, noting every particular of her personal appearance, then suddenly remembering my manners I said to her, "Excuse me," and to myself, "That's a very sick woman I should think by her looks and by her calling on the doctor after office hours"—for it was the middle of the afternoon. I turned to go back into the passage, drawing the door to after me, and found myself face to face with Mrs. B—, who said:

"I couldn't help keeping you waiting, but we'll make up for it by a long chat. Let's go into the surgery."

"There's a lady there waiting for the doctor," I said. "At this hour! Impossible!" she replied, opening the door and stepping in, I following.

Suddenly she stopped and gazed in amazement at the doctor's chair, her face taking on almost as strange an expression as that upon the quiet features of the Quakeress.

One glance at my friend I gave, and then looked at the strange woman, but only for the briefest conceivable space of time, for the vision—or apparition—vanished before my very eyes. How she went, or where, I could not conjecture, but can only describe it thus: One moment the semblance of a woman seemed sitting in the chair, bearing altogether so lifelike an appearance that I thought I could have felt the difference in the texture of her dress and bonnet, the one being of cashmere, the other of silk.

"Why, where has she gone?" I asked in amazement, instinctively running to try the two windows, the while Mrs. B— remained silent and motionless as if—as the old novelists put it—she were rooted to the spot. Both windows were securely fastened down. There was but one door to the room; exit by that I am sure the Quakeress did not, for we both stood immediately in front of it until after she had gone.

"What does it mean?" I asked Mrs. B—, and next, "What's the matter?" observing her pale and frightened face.

She did not answer, but beckoned me to follow her. It was not until we had been seated for some minutes in her own room that she could command herself sufficiently to speak.

"You thought it was a live woman you saw?" she inquired at last. "Why, certainly—only I was puzzled to think where she went to so mysteriously." "She went away in that way because she is dead." "Dead?" "Yes, and buried for three months."

"Oh, pooh!" I exclaimed, incredulously. "You may pooh pooh as much as you like," said my friend, "but that was no live woman in the doctor's chair. She was in her lifetime a lovely girl of Quaker parentage. When about eighteen years old she ran away with and married Mr. M—, who was not of her faith, and the marriage was obstinately opposed by her people.

"If ever there was a love match it was theirs, and the surprise was therefore all the greater when it became bruited about that they led each other a cat-and-dog life.

"No one but themselves knew what their quarrels were about, only that they were open and bitter. Just when a separation was expected, as a natural ending of their quarrelling, Mr. M— was taken dangerously ill. This seemed to restore peace and love between them, and the young Quakeress nursed her husband with the utmost care and devotion until he died. Nothing of any kind was said against her until he had been dead nearly a year, and then a very ugly rumor began to creep about. At first it was darkly suggested as a possibility that Mr. M—'s timely taking off was not owing to natural causes. Then, grown bolder by finding listeners, the whispers hinted that poison had been used to get rid of a contentious husband, then that his wife had poisoned him. The rumor spread with something added at each repetition till it reached the ears of the authorities, and the Quakeress was arrested upon the suspicion of having murdered her husband.

"His body was exhumed and a medical examination made upon it, but it was so decomposed that nothing could be positively determined as to whether the man had or had not met with foul play. Mrs. M. was released from custody, but the suspicion, and the open verdict, so to call it, sufficed to blast her reputation, ruin her life and shatter her health. Remembering the life she had led with her husband, no one believed her innocent. She was shunned by all and every door was closed against her. Save for hanging she was punished as severely as if she had really poisoned her husband. This naturally was deeply wounding to a high-spirited and deeply sensitive woman.

"Always delicate her health broke completely under the calumny, and she sought my husband's advice. But she was already too far gone with pulmonary complaint for him to do more than alleviate her pain. One day she called here. You know consumptives are in many cases possessed of a fictitious strength which buoys them up to the very last.

"The doctor saw that she was nearing the end of all things earthly and told her that if she had anything on her mind she had better not put off making her peace with God.

"By that remark I see, doctor," she replied, "that you think me guilty of that—that crime. No I am innocent of that, but not of embittering his last days by my peevish, impatient and violent temper,—days which, from his love for me, I might have made all joy. For that I am consumed by remorse, grief and regret. How deeply I had wronged him I never fully realized until he was stricken down, never to rise again.

"She was convulsed with tears and rent by sobs. The doctor tried in vain to calm her. The violence of her emotion caused the rupture of a blood-vessel in her lungs—and there—just where we saw her sitting to-day she died.

CELIA LOGAN.

The "It's" of History.

It is, or once was, a favorite plan of examiners to ask, "What would have been the consequences if such-and-such an event had not occurred?" Scope was thus given to the historical imagination, and a man could show both knowledge and fancy. In our own lives we know how much hangs on trifles. You take one side of the street, and miss a fortune or an affection, which might have been yours had you taken the other side. You neglect to answer a letter, you pick up an old lady who has been run over by a cab—nay, you look up and see your fate, instead of looking down and missing her—and all your life is altered. So it is, too, in the history of nations. Suppose the king had not halted at Varennes; suppose James' nose had not bled at Salisbury; suppose somebody, whose name I forget, had done as he proposed to do at Queen Anne's death; suppose the Medes had won at Marathon or the Saracens at Tours, or Aasdrubal at the Metaurus; suppose that Napoleon had not suffered from indigestion at Waterloo, or that Grouchy had not misinterpreted his orders—and where his history? Nay, take a case on which we cannot dwell, and which suggests reflections which everyone can make for himself. Suppose a certain Roman governor had been an honest man!

There is a kind of fanciful pleasure in answering these problems; but, on the whole, would the turn of a straw, which seem to be so momentous, have made much difference? We know how our character shapes our lives, and we all doubt whether accident is so potent, after all. Say you meet the wrong fate, and marry unhappily. Would you have been luckier with another fate? Say you miss a fortune by a slight neglect. Has not your whole career been a series of slight neglects? You take up a tract and are converted, or you have a vision like Colonel Gardiner or Pascal. I am certain that Colonel Gardiner's conversation had long been ripening; one day or another the vision would have come, whether he was waiting for that particular lady or for another. If not that tract some other tract would have produced its results; you were maturing for that psychological alteration. If we apply this idea to a national instead of individual life, it may appear that the accidents were not so very momentous. Say that the French king had reached the frontier. *Tant mieux pour lui*, but the Revolution would have gone on. Say that Grouchy had "come up," and that Napoleon had been well. We and the united continent were not so near the end of our resources as France was: we should still have beaten the Corsican on another field. Besides, Grouchy's blunder was not an accident. It was part of a habit of missing chances, which had sprung up in the French army ever since the defeats in the Peninsula, themselves consequent on Napoleon's undertaking too much, even to him.

Say the Persians had won at Marathon. Could they have held Greece, as they held the Ionians, so that Greek civilization would have expired? In all probability that was quite impossible for Persia. For one, in spite of oligarchs and jealousies, Hellas would have been united in resistance; she might even have gained by the struggle. Say that Carthage had supported Hannibal, and had allied herself with Philip of Macedonia. They could not have held Italy; they could not have reduced Rome to a village, and imposed a new civilization on the world. Had Edward II been Edward I, Bannockburn would have been lost; but you could no more subdue Scotland than we could hold Afghanistan. If Charles had marched on London from Derby, if the Welsh squires had come in, and if the English Jacobites had been true-hearted, still, in a very few years James and his priests would have been sent packing again. History would have gained a romantic page, but England would be much what she is at present. The king would not have had a better chance than Louis XVIII and Charles X; he would have squandered his opportunities as readily. Had the Armada landed her men, England would have suffered, but few of the invaders would have seen Spain again. Had Charles Martel been defeated, the Saracens, in the long run, would have met the fate of their countrymen in Spain. The world's movement may be deferred, but not actually diverted. The great stress of national character and circumstances is stronger than accident or war.—(Andrew Lang, in the *Illustrated News of the World*.)

Lynching a Rat.

In the neighborhood of York village the other day, a gentleman, looking over a wall, saw a dead hen in the field. Presently a rat ran up, sniffed at the defunct fowl with much satisfaction, and went away in some haste. The onlooker, who is a student of natural history, knew what that meant, and removed the hen from the spot.

In a minute or two the rat came back with half a dozen friends, with the evident intention of removing the carcass for future use. Arrived at the spot where the fowl had lain the rat raised a loud squeak of astonishment at its absence. In a trice the other rats fell upon him so savagely that they left him dead on the field, as a warning not to play practical jokes with his friends.

"Yes, I'm in the lecture business," said the long-haired passenger, "and I'm making money. I've got a scheme, I have, and it works to a charm. Big houses wherever I go." "A scheme?" "Yes. I always advertise that my lectures are especially for women under thirty years of age and men out of debt. You just ought to see the way people come trooping in."

The baldhead looked in the mirror bright and merrily did sing, "A man may have a shining crown, And yet not be a king."

ON THE MIGHTY YUKON.

A Prospector's Impressions of the Country Bordering on Alaska's Great River.

J. W. Black of Chicago, and Henry Wirth, another prominent young man of that city, have returned from one of the most remarkable trips ever made into the interior of Alaska. They were gone seven months, most of which time was spent in traversing the great valley of the Yukon, from the headwaters of that mighty river in the northwest territory entirely across Alaska to Behring Sea. The story of their trip is well calculated to dispell many of the illusions which the rosetate reports of the great commercial and transportation companies interested in Alaska have had a tendency to create, not as regards the scenic glories either of the interior or the coast, but as to the extent and value of the gold discoveries and the conditions of life in the vast valley of the Yukon. In a conversation Mr. Black said:

"You ask about the Yukon. It is a mighty river, 2,700 miles long, I am told, and I know it is fifteen miles wide at Fort Yukon, 1,600 miles above its mouth, and that its average width from there to Behring Sea is fully four miles. It is ninety miles wide at its mouth. It is navigable for over 2,000 miles from June 1 to Oct. 1, though there is some floating ice during part of this time. Its current runs at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The valley is very grand in places and in others is as dreary and utterly desolate as you can imagine. For 400 miles above the river's mouth it is absolutely treeless, the only vegetation being moss and swamp grass. Further up there is a dense growth of scrubby timber, birch, bull pine, and spruce. In places even as far up as Fort Yukon the valley is fully 200 miles wide.

"It abounds in game—moose, caribou, and bear, while during the short summer there are myriads of geese, ducks, and swan so plentiful that we killed many of them with clubs to save ammunition. Though there is frost there every month in the year, the mercury at midday in summer sometimes rises as high as 210 in the shade. The great valley is practically uninhabited, except by Indians, and the climatic conditions are such that it is never likely to be populated by white people.

"There are many good Indians, those in the interior being tall, well formed, and of much finer appearance than the ones we see about here. The Jananas, living far up on the Janana River, which, by the way, is a large navigable tributary of the Yukon, but is not on the maps, are a wild, fierce tribe among whom the missionaries have never yet ventured. Some of the missionaries have undoubtedly done a great deal of good, but it seems to be the general opinion up there that most of them are 'on the make,' and gladly profit by opportunities to sell the natives Bibles and other articles of Christian make at astoundingly low prices.

"Of course, I am ready to admit that Alaska as a whole is a 'great country' in point of size, and it undoubtedly has great resources, but in my opinion, most of the published accounts of its attractions and riches are very highly colored to suit the great trading and transportation companies which have large interests there."

A NEW TYPE OF CAVE.

Mr. Martel Discovers a Cavern of Peculiar Form With Basalt Walls.

E. A. Martel, the famous explorer of caves, has discovered a new type of cavern in France. He entered it by a natural shaft which sinks into the ground through a solid basalt formation. The shaft is about thirteen feet in diameter. At its bottom is a side passage about eight feet long leading to a cavern which sinks far below the level of the passage, and in its largest extent stretches away about 150 feet. If this cavern were in a limestone formation its origin could easily be explained, but throughout the cavity is in basalt, and it is probably a freak of volcanic activity which forced the basalt up to the surface of the earth.

The bottom of the cavern is covered with water, and above it a stratum of carbonic acid gas about fifteen feet thick. It was, of course, impossible for Mr. Martel to reach the bottom of the cave, but he studied it as thoroughly as he could by descending on his rope ladder as far as it was safe. He thinks the water has no outlet, and that it enters the cave through small crevices in the rock. A noteworthy feature is the rapid fall in temperature. While the thermometer at the mouth of the cavern marked 10° centigrade, eight feet below the entrance the temperature was 6°, and seventy feet below it was 1°. The low temperature is the result of the evaporation of the water. The cave is not picturesque, but it has peculiarities which make it a remarkable natural phenomenon, and it will receive considerable attention from scientific men.

SEA VOLCANOES.

An Eruption Beneath the Surface of the Ocean.

Volcanic disturbances at sea have been quite numerous of late. One of the most interesting reports is that given by Captain Seward, of the schooner *Dora Seward*, who reports the following experience in the neighborhood of Atka Island:

"The sea itself I have never known to be so disturbed. The roll of the waves was broken, and the water hissed and seemed to boil, while at a little distance away, not more than a half mile, it appeared to us, a light steam vapor spread itself over the surface of many hundreds of yards. I could hardly keep my feet, and the men were holding to the rigging, their faces very pale. They couldn't comprehend the mystery, and, in fact, I felt a little queer myself. The mate tried to hold the wheel steady, but it was a sorry effort. He said the spokes seemed like the handles of an electric battery from which a succession of sharp shocks was produced. At the time there was not more sea than one would expect from the wind and there was no land in sight. Pumice and other evidences of subaqueous eruption were found a few hours later floating in quantity, and I congratulated myself on the fact that we had escaped a more severe experience. Volcanoes have been active in that region since 1796, but I never heard of any one before passing over an active one.

From several portions of the South Pacific Ocean similar reports have been received. They indicate more than usual volcanic activity beneath the ocean, and stimulate scientific research in regard to phenomena as yet but imperfectly understood.