

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Tramp & Sea, the shipbrokers of St. John, N.B., have failed with liabilities of \$200,000.

Dominion Government officials seized the tug E. C. Ogles, and about four miles of gill net, the property of the Sandusky Fish Company. They were caught fishing near Folee Island in Canadian waters.

A cargo of grain has arrived in Montreal from Chicago in eight days, which is said to be the quickest time on record.

The Archbishop of Ontario has withdrawn his name as one of the vice-presidents of the English Church Union.

The police census of the city of Toronto has been completed, and shows that on the night of November 5th the population was 183,333.

So satisfactory is the financial state of affairs of the John H. Stratford hospital at Brantford, Ont., that the city grant of \$2,000 is not needed, and the Council will be notified to that effect.

John McNabb, an old man, who was found unconscious in Sylvester Bros.' elevator Toronto, on Thursday last, died at the General Hospital on Saturday. A post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that his spine had been fractured. The circumstances connected with his death are rather suspicious.

Several people on the Chicago express of the Michigan Central railway which arrived at Niagara Falls on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock, saw a boat with two men in it struggling in the Canadian rapids. The boat disappeared, and is supposed to have gone over the Horse Shoe falls.

The German steamer Markomannia, which arrived at Halifax on Saturday night from Hamburg, reports that on the 14th inst. she fell in with the steamer Dominion, of the Dominion line, on fire. She lay by until the following day, when the fire was considered to be under control. The Dominion was seriously damaged, and one hundred and eighty head of cattle were burned, and their remains thrown overboard.

The stockholders of the Niagara Falls and Clifton Suspension Bridge Companies intend to petition the Dominion Parliament for the privilege to lay tracks on their present structure, immediately below the American Falls, for the purpose of running electric, cable, or horse cars.

Mr. R. W. Webb, the Montreal druggist who sold Hooper the prussic acid with which the latter is said to have killed his wife, died suddenly in Montreal on Sunday.

No less than seven distinct attempts to wreck Canadian Pacific railway trains have been made lately, and the railway authorities are at present investigating the matter.

Judge Gill, in the Montreal Superior Court, condemned the Windsor Hotel Company to pay fifteen hundred dollars damages to Mrs. Williams, the widow of a railway porter, who was killed by the hotel elevator three years ago.

Two young and prosperous farmers named Joseph and Edgar Pocock, who rented a farm at Glenboro, Man., disappeared on the 16th of October, and have not been seen since. A search party started out yesterday, as there are strong hints of foul play.

M. Jule de Smedt, a Belgian, lately arrived in Montreal, has submitted to Mayor Desjardins an elaborate scheme regarding a co-operative bread company. He proposes to start a company with a capital of seventy-five thousand dollars, in shares of five dollars each, payable in five instalments of one dollar each, extending over the five months from December to April.

The Catholic Church authorities of Montreal have refused to allow the remains of Mr. John F. Gourley, formerly of Boston and Montreal, who died recently at Medicine Hat, N. W. T., to be interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery, on the ground that he married a second wife, after obtaining a divorce from his first. The matter will likely be brought before the civil courts.

BRITISH.

The great English coal strike is ended, and work was generally resumed at the collieries yesterday morning.

In an editorial dealing with agricultural matters, the London Times says Canadian timothy hay is now recognized as being as good as the best available hay of natural home growth.

The London Times, in an article on the colonies, says that one of the first results of the re-election of Sir William Whiteway in Newfoundland will be a demand upon England to fulfil the pledges made to the colony regarding the French shore.

UNITED STATES.

The financial condition of the city of Chicago is very distressing. She will begin next year with current liabilities of one million three hundred thousand dollars.

Convicts employed in the Pratt mines, near Birmingham, Ala., set fire to the bath-house on Friday morning in the hopes of being able to escape in the confusion. In this they failed, but two white convicts, who were asleep in the bath-house, were burned to death.

Minister Blount's report to the United States State Department declares that Minister Stevens was directly responsible for the overthrow of the Queen of Hawaii, and that without his intervention the provisional Government could not have been established.

GENERAL.

It is stated in St. Petersburg that negotiations are in progress for a visit of the Russian Mediterranean fleet to Constantinople.

The Madrid newspapers voice the public clamour to thrash the Kabyles, and thus seriously embarrass the Government, who fear that they will be compelled to yield.

A despatch from Mehed, in Persia, says that two-thirds of the important town of Kuchan, in Khorassan, was destroyed by an earthquake, and it is feared that the loss of life is very heavy.

An attempt was made in Marseilles on Wednesday night to blow up the residence of Gen. Mathieu with dynamite. A breach was made in the wall of the orderly-room, but no one was injured.

The German Government has decided to establish a permanent military camp at Malmédy in Rhenish Prussia as an offset to the strong earthworks France has constructed at Manbeuge, on the western frontier at Belgium.

Acting upon the initiative of Spain the European Governments have agreed to keep a very close watch upon the Anarchists. The police of each country will arrest foreign Anarchists and send them back to their own countries.

Hard Times in the States.

The stringency in commercial affairs in the States, though perhaps eased to some extent by recent legislation on the silver question, is still severely felt, especially in the cities. In New York, according to the press of that city, there is already great destitution among the laboring classes. It is a most erroneous notion for a poor man to imagine that financial crises have nothing to do with him. Sooner or later—both—they strike his comfort or his life in a direct way that few of the financial kings know. What is a financial crisis on Wall street is apt to be a food crisis in the tenement. The New York Mail and Express has been investigating the state of affairs in New York city, and things do not look immensely better than they did a few weeks ago when the World was distributing bread to hungry applicants. One news item reads: "A woman killed herself in an East side tenement house not long ago because she could not provide food for herself and her child. She preferred poison to starvation." She was a young wife with a young baby; her husband had been away from her for three months. She had sold all that she had to sell. Investigation by the reporter showed that she had scrubbed for a living until she was too weak to scrub longer. She could get no work, because she was in rags and ill, and she knew no one to leave her baby with. She tried employment agencies and ready-made clothing stores; and then she gave up the struggle in the midst of the city of New York. Nor is her case a solitary instance. The Mail and Express representative went to the Intelligence Offices and found there frank evidence of the pinching hardness of the times. One of the women clerks he saw said that she had never seen such hard times before. "Last year at this time," she added, "we placed more servants in a single day sometimes than we do now in a week." An agent in another office gave similar testimony, saying among other things: "Why some of the people who come here are hungry. The other day a young woman fainted on the floor. She had been sitting here all the forenoon. After she came to, we asked her what was the matter, and what do you suppose? The foolish thing had had nothing to eat for a day and a half. Just think of that."

Similar testimony is given by the columnist. It covers all classes of workers who are dependent upon getting employment in order to make a living. This one investigation, referred to, touched servants, clerks, nursery governesses, fancy cooks, butlers, actors, actresses, school teachers, private tutors, mechanics of all sorts, stenographers, typewriters, draughtsmen and the whole range of wage-earners. New York is a good place not to go to just now. The products of New York labor are good competitors to protect our labor against for many a day.

When to Stop Advertising.

An English trade journal once requested a number of its largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:—

When the population ceases to multiply and the generations that crowd on after you and never heard of you, stop coming out.

When you have convinced everybody whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.

When you perceive it to be the rule that men who never advertise are outstripping their neighbors in the same line of business.

When men stop making fortunes right in your sight solely through the discreet use of the mighty agent.

When you can forget the words of the shrewdest and most successful business men concerning the main cause of their prosperity.

When every man has become so thoroughly a creature of habit that he will certainly buy this year where he bought last year.

When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up and using the newspapers in telling the people how much better they can do for them than you can.

When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.

When nobody else thinks it pays to advertise.

The largest gasometer in the world is at East Greenwich, Eng. When full it contains 12,600,000 cubic feet of gas. It weighs 2,230 tons, is 180 feet high, 250 feet in diameter, requires 1,200 tons of coal to fill it with gas, and cost \$300,000.

The navigation of the Dead sea is the latest step in oriental progress. The Sultan has sent two sailing boats there, one for freight and one for passengers. Abdul Hamid is going to try to make money out of the salt, bitumen and sulphur of the lake.

The boatfly passes the greater part of its life swimming and diving in the water. It is the terror of all other aquatic insects and has been known to kill those that are five and six times its size.

Snowdon, in North Wales, is the highest mountain south of the Tweed, and Snow Fell Pike in Cumberland, the summit of which is 3,166 feet above the sea level, the greatest elevation in England.

The best way to ascertain whether or not coffee has been adulterated is to pour cold water on it. If pure it will color the water very slightly; if mixed with chicory the water will take a brownish hue.

A negro in Floyd County, Georgia, dressed himself in a sheet a few days ago and started out at dusk to "scare the life out of" a white woman, against whom he had a grievance. He intercepted her as she was returning to the house from the well and she came near bending the ribs out of him with the iron bucket she carried. He is in the hospital seriously injured.

FARMER ELI'S VACATION.

"I don't seem as if we'd really got round to it, does it father?" asked Mrs. Pike. The West was piling, and the August insects stirred the air with their crooning chirp. Eli and his wife sat together on the washing bench outside the back door, waiting for the milk to cool before it should be strained. She was a large, comfortable woman, with an unlined face and smooth fine auburn hair; he was spare and somewhat bent, with curly iron-gray locks, growing thin, and crow's-feet about his deep-set gray eyes. He had been smoking the pipe of twilight contentment, but now he took it out and laid it on the bench beside him, uncrossing his legs and straightening himself with the air of a man to whom it falls, after long pondering to take some decisive step. "No; it don't seem as if 't was goin' to happen," he owned. "It looked pretty dark to me all last week. It's a good deal of an undertakin', come to think it all over. I dunno's I care about goin'."

"Why, father! After you've thought about it so many years, and Sereno's got the tent stumped up, and all! You must be crazy!"—"Well," said the farmer, gently, as he rose and went to carry the milk pails into the pantry, calling coaxingly, as he did so, "Kitty! Kitty! You had your milk. Don't you joggle now!" For one eager tabby rose on her hind legs in purring haste, and hit her nose against the foaming saucer. Mrs. Pike came ponderously to her feet, and followed with the heavy, swaying motion of one grown fleshy and rheumatic. She was not in the least concerned about Eli's change of mood. He was a gentle soul, and she had always been able to guide him in paths of her own choosing. Moreover, the present undertaking was one involving his own good fortune, and she meant to tolerate no foolish scruples which might interfere with its result. For Eli, though he had lived all his life within thirty miles of the ocean, had never seen it, and ever since his boyhood he had cherished one darling plan. Some day he would go to the shore and camp out there for a week. This, in his starved imagination, was like a dream of the Acropolis in an artist stricken blind, or as mountain outlines to the dweller in a lonely plain. But the years had flitted past, and the dream never seemed nearer completion. There were always planting, haying, and harvesting to be considered, and though he was fairly prosperous, excursions were foreign to his simple habit of life. But at last his wife had stepped into the van, and organized an expedition, with all the valor of a Sir Francis Drake. "Now, don't you say one word, father," she had said. "We're goin' down to the beach, Sereno and Hattie and you and me, and we're goin' to camp out. It'll do us all good."

For days before the date of the excursion Eli had been solemn and tremulous, as with joy; but now on the eve of the great event, he shrank back from it with an undefined notion that it was like death, and that he was not prepared. Next morning, however, when they all rose and took their early breakfast preparatory to start, he showed no sign of indecision, and even went about his outdoor tasks with an alacrity calculated, as his wife approvingly remarked, to "for'ard the v'yage." He had at last begun to see his way clear, and he looked well satisfied when his daughter Hattie, and Sereno, her husband, drove into the yard in a wagon cheerfully suggestive of a wandering life. The tents and a small hair trunk were stored in the back, and the horse's pail swung below. "Well, father," called Hattie, her ray face like a flower under the large shade-hat she had trimmed for the occasion, "guess we're goin' to have a good day."

He nodded from the window where he was patiently holding his head high and undergoing stangulation, while his wife, breathing huskily with haste and impatience, put on his collar. "You come in, Hattie, and help pack the doughnuts into that lard-pail on the table," she called. "I guess you'll have to take two pails. They ain't very big." At length the two teams were ready, and Eli mounted to his place, where he looked very slender beside his towering mate. The hired man stood leaning on the pump, chewing a bit of straw, and the cats rubbed against his legs, with tails like banners; they were all impressed by a sense of the unusual. "Well, good-by, Luke," Mrs. Pike called, over her shoulder; and Eli gave the man a solemn nod, gathered up the reins, and drove out of the yard. Just outside the gate he pulled up. "Whoa!" he called, and Luke lounged forward. "Don't you forget them cats! Get up, Doll!" And this time they were gone.

For the first ten miles of the way, familiar in being the road to market, Eli was placidly cheerful. The sense that he was going to do some strange deed, to step into an unknown country, dropped away from him, and he chatted, in his intermittent, serious way, of the crops and the lay of the land. "Pretty bad job up along here, ain't it, father?" called Sereno, as they passed a sterile pasture which two plodding men and a yoke of oxen were reeking from its rocky fetters. "The good deal of pasture in some places ain't fit for nothin' but to hold the cows together," returned Eli; and the silent, his eyes fixed on Doll's ears, his mouth working a little progress through a less desirable life caused him to cast a backward glance over his own smooth, unlined face.

"We've prospered, ain't we?" he said at last; and his wife, following his thoughts, thought of those who have lived long and died with their heads full of a well-satisfied ain't got no cause to be sorry."

But Eli ate spartanly and solemnly said his wife, "You bird!" And he was over to that well I drink more'n I But when he caught a pail brimming with water he smacked his flat water!" he said out o' the ciste. End no fault with me. "Pretty good," Mrs. Pike rejoined, "pretty particular about water." But Eli still shook his head. "Brackish, brackish," he put the bit in Doll's mouth, was thinking, with a p

the clear, ice-cold water at home, which had never been shut out by a pump from the purifying air of heaven, but lay where the splashing bucket and chain brose every day the image of fern and moss. His throat grew parched and dry with longing. When they were within three miles of the sea, it seemed to them that they could taste the saltiness of the incoming breeze; the road was ankle deep in dust; the garden flowers were glaring in their brightness. It was a new world. And when at last they emerged from the marsh-bordered road upon a ridge of sand, and turned a sudden corner, Mrs. Pike faced her husband in triumph. "There, father!" she cried. "There 't is!" But Eli's eyes were fixed on the dashboard in front of him. He looked pale. "Why, father," said she, impatiently, "ain't you goin' to look? It's the Sea!"—"Yes, yes," said Eli, quietly; "byme-by. I'm goin' to put the horses up fast."—"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Pike; and as they drew up on the sandy tract where Sereno had previously arranged a place for their tents, she added almost fretfully, turning to Hattie, "I dunno what's come over your father. There's the water, and he won't even cast his eyes at it." But Hattie understood her father, by some intuition of love, though not of likeness. "Don't you bother him, ma," she said. "He'll make up his mind to it pretty soon. Here, let's hit out these little things, while they're 'sharnessin', so they can get at the tents."

Mrs. Pike's mind was diverted by the exigencies of labor, and she said no more; but after the horses had been put up at a neighboring house, and Sereno, red-faced with exertion, had superintended the tent-raising, Hattie slipped her arm through her father's and led him away. "Come pa," she said in a whisper, "let's you and me climb over on them rocks." Eli went, and when they had picked their way over sand and pools to a headland where the water thundered below, and salt spray dashed up in mist to their feet, he turned and looked at the sea. He faced it as a soul might face Almighty Greatness, only to be stricken blind thereafter; for his eyes filled painfully with slow, hot tears. Hattie did not look at him, but after a while she shouted in his ear, above the outcry of the surf: "Here, pa, take my handkerchief. I don't know how 't is about you, but this spray gets in my eyes."

Eli took it obediently, but he did not speak; he only looked at the sea. The two sat there, chilled and content, until six o'clock, when Mrs. Pike came calling to them from the beach with dramatic shouts of: "Supper's ready! Sereno's built a burn-fire, and I've made some tea!" Then they slowly made their way back to the tents, and sat down to the evening meal. Sereno was content, and Mrs. Pike bustling and triumphant; the mere act of preparing food had made her feel at home. "Well, father, what do you think?" she said, smiling exuberantly as she passed him his mug of tea. "Does it come up to what you expected? Eli turned upon her his mild, dazed eyes. "I guess it does," he said gently.

That night they sat upon the shore while the moon rose and laid in the water her silvery pathway of light. Eli was the last to leave the rocks, and he lay down on his hard couch in the tent without speaking. "I wouldn't say much to father," whispered Hattie to her mother as they parted for the night. "He feels it's a good deal."—"Well, I s'pose he is some tired," said Mrs. Pike, acquiescing, after a brief look of surprise. "It's a good deal of a jaunt, but I dunno but I feel paid a'ready. Should you take your hairpins out, Hattie?"

She slept soundly and vocally, but her husband did not close his eyes, he looked, though he could see nothing, through the opening in the tent in the direction where lay the sea, solemnly clamorous, eternal responsive to some infinite whisper from without his world. The tension of the hour was almost more than he could bear; he longed for morning in sharp suspense, with a faint hope that the light might bring relief. Just as the stars faded out one luminous line penciled the East, he rose, smoothed his hair, and stepped softly out upon the beach. There he saw two shadowy figures, Sereno and Hattie. She hurried forward to meet him. "You goin' to see the sunrise, too, father?" she said. "I made Sereno come. He's awful mad at being waked up." Eli grasped her arm. "Hattie," he said in a whisper, "don't you tell. I just come out to see how 't was here before I go. I'm goin' home—I'm goin' now!"—"Why, father!" said Hattie; but she peered more closely into his face, and her tone changed. "All right," she added cheerfully. "Sereno'll be harness up."—"No; I'm goin' to see up your stayin' here, nor nothin' else. You tell her how 't was."

Hattie turned and band a moment. "I'll be up somethin' for you," she said, and disappeared.

The Bank of England Scheme.

The news received by cable this morning reflecting on the management of the Bank of England was well calculated to cause almost as much surprise as if it were news of some vagaries among heavenly bodies, so long has the old lady of Threadneedle street been regarded as a model of finance, correct methods and stability. That Mr. Frederick May, the trusted cashier of such an institution, should have allowed parental feeling to overcome his sense of duty without check from the directorate is another warning that in such affairs eternal vigilance is the price of safety. The history of the commercial world for the last three years has furnished too many incidents which justify the belief that business prudence and conservative commercial methods appear to be wanting in presence of the widespread craze for sudden riches. Reference was made in these columns at the time of the break in industrial securities all over America some months ago, to the business methods that had led up to that disastrous depreciation, methods that were only too common in all lines of business at that time. It was pointed out that the energies of business men connected with joint stock corporations in the United States for some time back had been devoted not to the production and sale of the commodities in which they dealt, but to the exploiting and manipulating of the stock of the company. The former is business, the latter gambling, and owing to its prevalence many of the commercial calamities that have been recorded are due. The English newspapers at that time made similar comments on the improper conduct of American business concerns, and it is evident from the despatches sent the mismanagement of the Bank of England funds that the American papers were nearly ready to return a tongue-in-cheek rejoinder to our neighbors as slow, but the familiar proverb is that slow and steady wins the race. We have been so slow that the evil of stock gambling have not invaded our business world. The old basis of trade, namely producing something that people want to buy, is still the object of our industrial energies, and that it has been a safe motive is testified to by the fact that amid commercial disasters all over the world our little corner of it has been subjected to no storms of any moment.

A Hundred Thousand Wrecks.

The British Board of trade has just issued its annual blue-book containing statistics of maritime disasters on the British coast during the year which ended June 30, 1892. Some of the figures are not a little startling. It appears, for instance, that in the period mentioned there were 4710 casualties in all, or 512 more than in the preceding year. Of this total, 1866 were serious disasters or total wrecks, which resulted in loss of life in 163 cases. Collisions were responsible for no less than 1580 of these disasters. Of the 4710 vessels figuring in the report, 4269 were either British or colonial. The localities of the casualties, excluding collisions, were: East coast of England, 782; south coast, 593; west coast of England and Scotland and east coast of Ireland, 1231; north coast of Scotland, 93; east coast of Scotland, 168; and other parts, 263; total, 3130, or 406 more than in the previous year. It has been found, as a rule, that the east coast is the most dangerous to shipping; but, curiously enough, for the last three years a change has occurred, and the west coast has proved more disastrous than any other. The total loss of life was 565. The following figures show the number of wrecks on the coast of the United Kingdom for the last twenty years: 1872, 2281; 1873, 74; 1874, 2191; 1875, 4259; 1876, 4534; 1877, 5017; 1878, 4438; 1879, 3716; 1880, 3138; 1881, 4297; 1882, 4367; 1883, 4363; 1884, 4465; 1885, 3764; 1886, 3596; 1887, 4224; 1888, 4004; 1889, 4072; 1890, 4244; 1891, 4189; 1892, 4710. Total, 111,696.

Up Mount Kenya 17,000 Feet.

Dr. J. W. Gregory, of the Geographical Department of the British Museum, has reached the summit of Mount Kenya, Africa, having ascended the mountain under the most favorable conditions. No snow was seen, but the temperature was very low.