

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

It is reported that a team of Irish cricketers will visit Canada this summer.

The spring stallion show in Guelph was a success, both as to exhibits and attendance.

Two hundred and fifty of the Brazilian insurgents, who escaped from the Portuguese man-of-war on Sunday, were captured by a Government war vessel. Admiral de Gama was not among them.

Mr. W. T. Cook, a traveller representing the firm of Cater, Platt & Co., mantle manufacturers, London, Eng., died from heart disease at the Queen's hotel, Toronto, the other afternoon. He leaves a widow and two children, who reside in London.

Richardson, the Chatham wife murderer, has been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Miss Marian Gerrard was robbed by a highwayman yesterday afternoon in Windsor. The robber was captured and he confessed.

The City Council of St. Thomas, Ont., has decided to pass a by-law for the ringing of the curfew bell at nine o'clock each night.

The Rev. Mr. Bland, of Hamilton, Ont., was attacked and severely abused by a man named Moody on Saturday.

Sergeant Healy, of Bermuda, has been appointed instructor of artillery at the Royal Military College in Kingston.

The rate of taxation for the city of St. Thomas, Ont., was on Tuesday night by the Council fixed at 17½ mills, the same as last year.

It is rumoured in Montreal that the steamer De Ruyter, from Antwerp to Boston, has been lost. Nothing has been heard of her since March 17th.

The Finance Committee of the City Council of Montreal has decided to borrow five hundred thousand dollars from Messrs. Coates & Co., of London.

Jean L. Labreque, the defaulting clerk of the Banque National, who was brought back to Montreal from Boston, was sentenced to twenty-three months' imprisonment on the charge of forgery.

The Managing Committee of the Montreal General Hospital has appointed Dr. Ridley Mackenzie, son of Mr. W. I. Mackenzie, of the Land Security Company of Toronto, superintendent of the hospital.

Mrs. William Nichol, of Stratford, Ont., committed suicide by tying a large stone round her neck and throwing herself into a cistern, in which was about three feet of water.

A young girl in Collingwood was fined ten dollars and costs a few days ago for having written "All is well" on the margin of a newspaper which was sent through the mails with paper postage attached.

It is stated on good authority that the Governor of Newfoundland, having received instructions from Lord Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, to act on his own discretion in the political crisis, has refused the request for a dissolution, and has requested the Whiteway Government to resign.

A resolution has been adopted in the British Columbia Legislature expressing a hope that the bill now before Imperial Parliament making the Behring Sea arbitration effective will not receive the Royal assent until the claims of the British Columbian sealers for the past three years be placed in the course of settlement.

A five-year-old boy was burned to death on Saturday in a hay-loft at Stratford, Ont., which had been set on fire by some boys who were playing. Mrs. Newcome, the mother of the boy, was badly burned about the face in her efforts to save the child.

There is a continued heavy decline in emigration from Great Britain, and the emigration to Canada for the past three months of the present year, as compared with a corresponding period last year, fell off by more than six thousand. This is attributed to the low price of wheat and the increased passenger rates.

BRITISH.

The Ailesbury title will go to Lord Henry Augustus Brudenell-Bruce, an uncle of the late Marquis.

The Marquis of Ailesbury, who created a scandal some years ago by marrying Dolly Tester, of the Brighton theatre, is dead.

It is rumoured in London that Mr. Timothy Healy, the well-known anti-Parliamentarian, is trying to form a Home Rule party of his own.

The English Board of Trade returns for March show a remarkable increase of British imports from Canada. There was a decrease of exports to Canada during the month.

Mr. Gibson Bowles has asked the Imperial Government in the House of Commons to state the actual terms of the agreement of the Dominion Government in regard to the Behring Sea bill.

The London Social Purity Association is reported to be engaged nightly in shadowing the movements of prominent members of Parliament and other distinguished persons.

It is rumoured in London that Major LeCaron is not dead, and that the report of his death was a ruse to enable him to proceed without suspicion to a distant colony to escape Fenian vengeance.

In the House of Commons on Friday night Sir Edward Grey declared that British merchants are entitled to the advantage of the Russo-German commercial treaty, under the most-favoured nation clause.

Nearly all the London morning papers agree that if the Government did not have a narrow escape it had at least an alarm and a shaking up in the uncertainty that prevailed during the preceding three or four days.

A deputation of London tea dealers waited the other day upon Sir Charles Tupper and pointed out how the changes in the Canadian tea duties would hurt the Anglo-Canadian trade. Sir Charles Tupper promised to cable their representations to Ottawa.

In reply to a deputation from Scotland yesterday Mr. Gardner, President of the Board of Agriculture, said he hoped to be able to indicate the decision of the department through a communication to the Colonial Office, which would reach the Canadian Government in about a week.

Sir Thomas McIlwraith, Premier of Queensland, in his address to the colonial party in the House of Commons on Thursday evening, insisted upon the vital importance of the Pacific cable, and urged that the construction should be the joint undertaking of Great Britain and the colonies.

A deputation of Australian and Canadian representatives waited upon the Marquis of Ripon and Earl Rosebery on Wednesday to solicit Imperial aid for the Atlantic quick steamship service and the Pacific cable. The replies on behalf of the Government were characterized by extreme caution.

UNITED STATES.

President Cleveland's proclamation putting in force the Behring Sea bill which passed Congress was issued yesterday.

The New York State Hay and Straw Association have petitioned against the reduction of the tariff on hay.

A society for the prevention of crime similar to the Dr. Parkhurst Society in New York has been organized in Chicago.

Daniel Whorling, a worthless fellow of Pittsburg, Pa., killed his wife on Saturday because she would no longer support him.

There was a series of explosions in a fireworks factory in Petersburg, Va., on Saturday afternoon. Eleven men were killed, and several seriously injured.

Sheriff Gilbert, of Chicago, was served yesterday morning with formal notice that the execution of Prendergast has been further stayed until July 2.

A tremendous storm swept over New York and Jersey coasts yesterday. The storm on the Atlantic coast did great damage in Brooklyn.

The Lake Ontario Fish Company at Cape Vincent, N. Y., was fined two hundred and twenty-five dollars for having twenty black bass in its possession. The fine represents ten dollars for each fish and costs.

The riots of Wednesday in the coke regions near Uniontown, Pa., were more serious than was at first reported. Ten men were killed, and many were badly injured.

It is stated in Washington that the English Behring Sea bill exempts Canadian sealers which have already sailed from the penalties of the Paris award, and that much indignation is felt at such British duplicity.

It is reported that Queen Lil has accepted an offer of twenty-five thousand dollars and expenses to deliver a series of lectures in the United States.

Cornelia Coster, who died in New York on Sunday, has left her entire fortune of one million dollars for the erection of a mausoleum in Woodlawn cemetery.

GENERAL.

The prolonged drought in Austria, Germany and France, threatens to injure the crops greatly.

The commercial treaty between Germany and Russia has wonderfully revived Russian trade.

In the Hungarian Diet the leader of the Radical party gave notice of a vote of censure against the Government for its attitude on the occasion of Kossuth's funeral.

Louis Kossuth, son of the patriot, has become a Hungarian subject, and will endeavour, by constitutional means, to promote some of the measures advocated by his father.

A sensation was created in the Spanish Cortes on Tuesday by the announcement that Senor Emilio Castelar had left the Moderate party, and would in future adhere to the monarchy.

The Swiss Nationalrat has passed an anti-Anarchist bill, which provides severe penalties for the unauthorized manufacture or concealment of explosives.

Referring to the rumour that Russia was seeking a coaling station on the island of Poros, the Greek Government declares that under no pretext would Greece consent to Russia's occupation of any part of Greek territory.

Advices have been received in Paris from China that the Chinese at Hainan, in the province of Shen Si, have burned the French mission at that place and maltreated and imprisoned the French missionaries. The Government has demanded an explanation, an apology, and compensation.

A despatch to the London Times from Paris says the interview with King Humbert published in the Figaro is undoubtedly genuine. It is the general belief that the Italian King availed himself of the opportunity offered to express fully and freely the feelings which animate him.

A Mysterious Phenomenon.

Numbers of explorers, who have sought the Arctic regions in quest of the pole, have told of a mysterious city mirrored against that northern sky—stately buildings in choice architecture, tall and imposing spires, but such as differ from anything we know of. Whether the foundation of this mirage is a reality and only unrecognizable, because of transposition as to directions, whether it is the work of some mysterious remnant of our race that once occupied the pole, or whether this is some fanciful feature of the frost, as the peculiar shrubbery we sometimes see on the window-pane—whatever this is, it must be consigned to the perplexing enigmas of the unknown region.

Who knows but that some spot, once the theater of busy and advanced human life, may have escaped the general cataclysmal wreck and that this city may be the silent and as yet undiscovered witness of pre-polar time, standing alone in the dead desolation, in the frigid shroud of now polar death! If we must be barred from entering this undiscovered country we may add to our equipment by a careful noting of its mirage and then give to the bases of those phenomena a most thorough study.

Weary Watkins—"I think if I had my life to live over again, I'd go into the astronomer business." Hungry Higgins—"Wot sort of thing is that?" Weary Watkins—"W'y, jist watchin' the stars. Feller could 'jest to that sort of job layin' on his back."

Miss Budd—"I don't think, mamma, that Mr. Silvertongue will ever come to the point. I've done everything you suggested; but he is as far from a proposal as ever." Mrs. Budd—"Don't be discouraged dear. You must remember that Mr. Silvertongue is a United States senator."

HUNTING THE PIG IN INDIA

One of the Exciting Sports in a Far-Away Land.

An Indian village is always more or less picturesquely situated, when possible by the banks of a river or fresh body of water. There are innumerable wells from which irrigation is carried on, and these hamlets are embowered in grand trees, such as pipals, which are a sort of cottonwood with great fleshy leaves, mangos for their fruit, and all about where the soil is favorable are plum groves. In the latter myriads of green parrots make their home, and their chattering at daybreak and shrill shrieks at night as they return from their daily foraging are indescribably annoying. Watermelon patches abound; gram, a coarse sort of grain, is raised for horse feed; bajra, a species of millet, attains a gigantic height. The seed is used for bread and the stalks, called churbi, are sold for cattle, horse, and elephant feed.

Farther afield are the carrot plantations, largely cultivated in India for man and horse. From the succulent root a sweetmeat, or rather paste, is made called halwa, which is highly prized by the pailwans or wrestlers for its strength-producing powers. It is not a bad sort of confectionery, only it is too greasy to suit the European palate, or too rich, which I know not.

Such was the village where my friend Land was encamped when he promised to kill that pig. The head man's house was in the centre of the village, and in honor of the occasion he had given a dance. His guests sat around and smoked their hukahs and eyed us admiringly, for we had been bidden to watch the evolutions of the Nautch girls. It is hideous dancing unless you understand the accompanying language, and when you do thoroughly understand the language you would not be surprised that in a competition for indecency Hindustani literature would take highest rank, for the motions represent the words, and the words—well, they are unprintable: I watched the dance moodily. It was my first hunting expedition in India, and I was yet young to the land, while my companion had almost grown gray in the service, was a great hunter and thoroughly at home in all sports of the field and water.

The moon rose gayly and smiled gently on the village, and I thought of the pig.

"You must not shoot rashly," said my friend. "Let the pig get quite near you and then hit him in the shoulder. If you don't hit him he'll be on you like a flash and rip you up."

"Rip me up?"

"Rip you up. Yes. Came nearly being ripped up myself once."

"How was that?"

"Oh, we were in the jungles of the Terai. You know the grass is pretty thick in those regions, and I was mounted badly. We'll go pig sticking one day. You can't be here six months and not go pig sticking. That would be unallowable, especially when we are in a pig country."

"Well, about that ripping up?" I persisted.

"You see it was in this way: The beaters were out pretty thick driving out the pigs, and, confound it, a woman was along. Women are no good in a pig country. She was a good rider, but, bless you, if a woman is no end a good rider she should never attempt to stick pigs. She was riding a horse used to the business, and, for the fun of the thing, had a spear. The pig came out of the grass, and before you could yell 'Jack Robinson' away went the girls' horse for



TRIED BY A PIG.

that pig. The pig did not decline the combat, and he went straight for the horse. Jove, the horse, passed on the right side, but the girl, paralyzed with terror, had dropped her spear, and good thing she did, too. The horse then, of course, came back from the pig at a terrible gallop, expecting she would give him a jab from the rear. Then I came on the scene. I had to see her out of danger, for her horse was determined to give her all the chances he could. Seeing that the reins were loose he was not at fault.

"My tat, a beastly, country-bred thing, was afraid of the pig, and what with the girl, a wild and angered pig, and a restive horse, I was near in for a smash up as can be expected. His tusks did graze my animal once, and then after that I could do nothing with the brute. You see, if he had succeeded in tearing my horse open he'd have gone for me next. But don't look pale, you won't be mounted. You have only got to shoot him in the shoulder. That will disable him and then we'll see to the rest."

Finally all set out to the carrot fields. If I ever liked carrots I hated them then. I felt as if I was being impelled to a slaughter for which I had a revulsion. I thought of all the dear, harmless little pigs I had seen killed at home by means of a pocket knife. I thought of chitlings and shuddered; pork sausage gave me the nausea. Here I was about to be introduced to a pig—a pig which in my thoughts had always been connected with gross feeding, grunting, wallowing in the mire, and laziness, but this new pig—ferocious, dangerous, man-killing pig; a pig with a body like a hippopotamus, tusks like an elephant, blessed with the speed of a zebra, and endowed with the strength of the forgotten behemoth.

HUNTING THE PIG IN INDIA.

The moon shone peacefully, and the plum trees looked lovely, the bajra patches inviting, and then stretching for miles north, south, east, and west were the carrot fields. "There is no pig in sight," I said.

"O wait," answered my friend. "We'll call a halt here. Now, you stay here and I'll take a turn round this field. You had better stand near that tree. It throws a shade, and if I start a pig or pigs mind you they'll come this way, and you can have a good shot at them."

"The sahib is right," said the shikari. "When they do come they'll come faster than the wind and fight everything in sight."

"Only fire at the tusker, that's the chap they want."

The night was cold, horribly cold, and my hands ached holding my gun and waiting in the shade of that miserable tree for a tusker—a pig.

Soon there was a shot, which I judged was about a mile to the west, and shortly after a snarling and a snorting and the thud of rapid-moving feet. Forgetful of caution, I mounted one of the ridges and looked out before me. It appeared as if a great bowlder were coming straight toward me, followed by several smaller bouncing bowlders. Very soon the huge outline of a pig came into view and the moon lit up a pair of gleaming tusks. I was told to wait till he was within a few rods. I did not wait; I fired, and my fire was ineffectual. Then I thought—one thinks very speedily sometimes—that, though this pig could out-trot a horse, kill a man, and do other sorts of terrible things, I had never been told he could climb trees. When I thought of that pig and all the other pigs that were coming and would come I concluded I had better beat a retreat to the tree. I did it. It was quite a fine and exhilarating sight. They were all pigs; the biggest sort of piggery I had ever seen. There were big pigs and little pigs; pigs with tusks as long as my arm, and pigs with nice little tusks—very sharp and very smooth, but such pigs—rapid-moving pigs, fierce, snarling, growling, grunting pigs, and they waited by that tree and then galloped on—galloped into the forever.

"Well," said my friend, "Did you get a pig?"

"Did I get a pig? Hang your pigs!"

"Did you see many?"

"No, I did not see one."

"Well, they came this way. I thought we'd give you a good chance. Well, you took to the tree, eh? Well that was right. Only I have this to say: Don't you speak so contemptuously of the Indian wild sur. He is a dangerous beast at best, and if you hadn't gone up that tree—why, you might have been food for hogs. That's all."

After this, but several months after, I did fetch in a pig with this same man. But then I had learned that pigs are not always to be despised.

VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

The Report of the Late Sir Gerald Portal Concerning British Occupation of Uganda.

A London despatch says:—The report of the late Sir Gerald Portal, formerly British Commissioner in Uganda, Africa, who died from typhoid fever in this city on Jan. 26, shortly after his return from Zanzibar, is published. The report recommends that the British Government retain its protectorate over Uganda, expressing the opinion that it is desirable in the interests of British commerce, from the Indian Ocean to the Nile basin, that the British Chartered Company cease to exist as a political or administrative body either in the interior or within the limits of the Sultanate of Zanzibar. The report further recommends that a British commissioner with a staff of thirteen officers and a guard of five hundred Sudanese soldiers, be appointed, with headquarters at Uganda, and with jurisdiction over the dependencies of Uganda to the Kavirondo border. Continuing, the report suggests the appointment of another British commissioner, with a staff of four officers and a guard of sixty Zanzibar soldiers, with headquarters at Kikuyu, and urges the building of a railway to Kikuyu, and eventually to the Victoria Nyanza. In conclusion, the report recommends that special precautions be taken in order to prevent the trade in slaves, and suggests abandoning the idea of using the route by the lakes to the Zambesi.

Science Clippings.

Taking the earth as the centre of the universe and the polar star as the limit of our vision, the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000 miles and a circumference of 1,329,742,000,000 miles.

Aeronauts cannot rise much above five miles of vertical height on account of the increasing rarity of the air, but double that height has been attained by self-registering balloons, which tell us that some ninety degrees of frost prevail up there.

The Liverpool electric railway, which has been in existence about a year, has proved completely successful in operation. It is five miles long, and its total cost, including equipment and all other charges, has been £550,000. A five minute service of trains is maintained with perfect regularity, and so far without mishap of any kind. On a recent holiday 40,000 passengers were carried in eight hours.

To stop the leakage of a boat by the use of sawdust appears at the first suggestion ridiculous. It is a common method, however, employed by the backwoodsman. One day last summer a party having considerable baggage discovered upon loading it into a scow at the end of one of the regular "carries" that the boat leaked badly. To delay for repairs would occasion considerable annoyance and without repairs to proceed seemed impossible. At this juncture one of the guides said: "I think I can fix it. Just unload the boat again." This was done, and then the guide brought from a sawmill near the spot a quantity of sawdust. This he sprinkled thickly upon the water on either side of the boat. "Now," continued he, "load up again." This was done, and when the weight again sank the boat the influx of water through the sides and bottom sucked in the sawdust, which finally accumulated in the crevices, swelled under the action of the water, and actually stopped the leakage.

A Slight Correction.

The applicant for small assistance was telling the gentleman something about himself, one feature of which included an experience of ten years in the penitentiary.

"Ah, sir," he said, "my career has been a checkered one."

"Say 'striped' rather," suggested the gentleman, and gave him half a dollar.

MERRY MOMENTS.

He—"And would you marry a poor poet?" She—"I don't see how I could marry a rich one."

"All I want," said the opera singer, "is notes for notes; large notes for high notes."

He—"Here comes Mrs. Gadabout. That woman goes everywhere." She—"Yes except home."

"That's what I get for my pains," sobbed the small boy as he swallowed a dose of castor oil.

Husband—"Does that novel turn out happily?" Wife—"It doesn't say. It only says they were married."

Mrs. Uptown—"Did you post my letter this morning, George?" George "With much feeling"—"Yes, dear."

Er—has young Hill come into his money yet?" "Come into it? Great Scott, man! He's gone clear through it!"

"They've each got a touch of brimstone in their tempers." "Is that so? Then they ought to make a good match."

"What an easy time you men have," she said, "I only wish I had been born a man. 'I wish you had!' replied her husband.

"I've never had the courage to get married." "Haven't, eh? What's your business?" "Oh, I'm only a lion-tamer."

His mother—"You ought to feel ashamed of yourself, fighting little Johnny Naylor." Tommy—"I do, mamma, he kicked me."

"What song is now most popular?" "Asked Si from way down east; Straightaway his city friend replied: 'The one that's sung the least.'"

Wife—"Isn't it funny? Prof. Garnersays the gorilla only speaks eight words." Husband—"Nothing strange, he has five or six wives."

First lady—"And the last thing that Henry did was to give me a kiss." Second lady—"Indeed! I should think that is about the last thing he would do."

"At what time in life do you consider a man in his prime?" "When he is neither young enough nor old enough to want to write poetry."

"What do you girls call that club of yours?" "The Analytical." "H'm. What do you analyze?" "Other people's reputations, mostly."

"There was great consternation on the stage of the Oriental last evening," wrote the critic, "when Ah Sing, the leading actor, lost his cue."

"Did you ever see such remarkable weather for April?" "What's wrong with it?" "There's been only five varieties this whole day."

Teacher—"Now remember that in order to become a proficient vocalist you must have patience." Miss Flippins—"Yes; and so must the neighbors."

Maude—"Why don't Laura marry Dick Hobson?" "I thought she liked him." Clara—"She does, but she says it shall never be said of her that she was Hobson's choice."

I sing of spring, a thing
That this year seems a hoax;
For the breeze doth freeze the trees,
And the crocus croaks.

Mrs. Brown (nudging Mr. Brown, who sleeps with his mouth open)—"William, you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut." Mr. Brown (only half awake)—"So'd you."

"Mandy, did you read that notice on the counter, 'Your choice for fifteen cents'?" Mandy—"Land sakes! yes; but it looks like an awful price to ask for them clerks."

Tom—"The management seems to have spared no expense in the production of this play." Kitty—"No, indeed; they have given every chorus girl at least three coats of paint."

"Marriage," remarked the professor, "was a rite practiced by the ancients." "And bachelorhood," interrupted a maiden of 40, "is a wrong practiced by the moderns."

"Did your late boarder succeed in removing all his effects?" "I should say not," rejoined the landlady. "I don't suppose I can ever get the cigarette smell out of the curtains."

Like a Miracle

Consumption—Low Condition

Wonderful Results From Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Miss Hannah Wyatt
Toronto, Ont.

"Four years ago while in the old country (England), my daughter Hannah was sent away from the hospital, in a very low condition with consumption of the lungs and bowels, and weak action of the heart. The trip across the water to this country seemed to make her feel better for a while. Then she began to get worse, and for 14 weeks she was unable to get off the bed. She grew worse for five months and lost the use of her limbs and lower part of body, and if she sat up in bed had to be propped up with pillows. Physicians

Said She Was Past All Help and wanted me to send her to the 'Home for Incurables.' But I said as long as I could hold my hand up she should not go. We then began

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She is getting strong, walks around, is out doors every day; has no trouble with her throat and no cough, and her heart seems to be all right again. She has a first class appetite. We regard her cure as nothing short of a miracle." W. WYATT, 99 Marion Street, Parkdale, Toronto, Ontario.

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