THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

The Earl of Westmeath is at present in Montreal on a visit.

A daily steamboat service will be established next season between Port Stanley, Ont., and Cleveland, O.

Two men named J. S. Shippey and A. McDonald, prospectors, were drowned at Rat Portage on Saturday morning.

It is understood that the long-pending negotiations for the amalgamation of the Montreal and Consumers' Gas Companies of Montreal have been completed.

The City Engineer of Toronto, has recommended that during the winter months the motermen on street cars be protected by vestibules attached to the cars.

The Massey Manufacturing Company, of Toronto, is making arrangements for moving into the United States, so as to enjoy the advantage of free raw material provided by the new Wilson Tariff Act.

Monroe, Strang, Lee & Company, of New York, general railway contractors, are preparing a large outfit, and will shortly commence work on the South Shore railway, running from Yarmouth to Shelburne, N.S.

Mr. James A. Walker died on Wednesday at his residence in Montreal, after two years' illness, at the age of seventy-five years. With the exception of Sir David Macpherson, he was the last of the old forwarders in Canada.

Mr. W. Peel, son of the Speaker of the British House of Commons, and Mr. Morris son of Lord Morris, formerly Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, who were in Montreal recently, are making a tour of Carada and the United States.

Major Beresford, who was stationed at Halifax a few months ago, was on Thursday on the roof garden of the Halifax hotel. He was in ill-health, suffering from nervous prostration, and he fell off, dashing his brains out on the pavement five stories below. He will be given a military funeral to-morrow.

Capt. McLaughlin McLean, of the Canadian sealing schooner Favorite, has arrived at Vistoria, B. C. He intends taking action against the United States for the illicit seizure of his vessel. He was sent from the fishing grounds by a United States cruiser in the middle of the season for having a rocket gun on board, with which, he says, it would have been utterly impossible to have shot a seal.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Hon. Hugh Gough, the eldest son of Viscount Gough, has been appointed secretary to the British Embassy at Washington.

Dr. Nettleship, the oculist, has made another examination of Mr. Gladstone's eyes. He is satisfied with their condition, and does not think that another operation will be requisite.

Lord Rosebery is expected to speak shortly in Glasgow, when he will define the party's position on the House of Lords, Home Rule, and the disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

Mr. James L. Huddart, the fast Atlantic line promoter, is awaiting the publication of Lord Jersey's report before asking further sibsidies or making any further attempts to form a company.

The Imperial Government offers a thousand guineas for the best scheme of an Imperial Customs Union. The Earl of Rosebery and the Marquis of Salisbury are expected to act as judges.

Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma, has been appointed by the Colonial Continental Society chaplain of Christ's church, Mentore. Bishop Sullivan, who has been in ill-health for some time, has accepted the position.

The betrothal of Miss Murel Wilson, eldest daughter of Mr. Wilson, of Tranby Croft, at whose house the celebrated baccarat scandal arose, and Lord Willoughby de Eresby, has been broken off. No reason has been made public.

Sir. Terence O'Brien, the Governor of Newfoundland, who is at present in London, says that a majority of the people of the colony, through loyal to the Empire, would, if compelled to choose, prefer a union with the United States to a union with Canada.

UNITED STATES

A scheme is on foot to have a bull fight shortly in Denver, Col.

At a meeting held at Birmingham, Ala., a committee of reputable colored ministers was appointed to visit Liberia and investigate its advantages for a colored colony.

Bishop G. A. Smith, of the Mormon Church, says that the centre of the Church will shortly be in Mexico, and that a powerful hierarchy, greater than Salt Lake, will be established.

Mr. B. P. Hutchinson, better know as "Old Hutch," the once famous Chicago Board of Trade plunger, has opened a one cent cigar store opposite the board, where he once made and lost millions.

Dominico Bonano, the twenty-year-old Italian boy shot in what was to have been a mock duel at Chicago with Pont Borko, another boy, is dead. It was agreed between the boys that they should fire in the air above each other's heads. Borko failed to aim high enough.

A number of persons in the neighborhood of Ogle Station. Mo. have recently been taken suddenly ill without any apparent cause. It was at length discovered that the symptoms were produced by drinking water from a well, which had become the nest of a family of big green snakes.

GENERAL

During the coming winter Australlia will compete with Canada for the live cattle trade.

The czar's health is again causing much apprehension among his relatives and friends.

The health of Grand Duke George, second son of the Czar has taken a very serious turn.

A moment for the importation of American cattle into Switzerland has been set on foot.

Japan is effecting new treaties with the great powers, and is being recognized as one of the sisterhood of civilized nations.

M. Barthou, French Minister of Public Works, is agitating for the underground railway for Paris like the Metropolitan, of London.

The Czar has sent an autograph letter to the Queen, inviting her Majesty to attend the wedding of the Czarewitch and Princess Alix of Hesse.

A petition bearing twenty-five thousand names of Swiss citizens has been presented to the Federal Council, demanding the adoption of vigorous repressive measures against the Anarchists.

The St. Petersburg Novosti, commenting upon the situation in the East, declaree that the victory of Japan will not mak Russia falter in her strong resolve not to permit any annexation of Corea.

A correspondent in China telegraphs that an Imperial edict has been issued depriving Viceroy Li Hung Chang of the three-eyed peacock feather, because of his mismanagement of the Corean campaign.

A body of Arabs, armed with Winchester rifles, recently assaulted the British and Danish vice-consuls and a number of other Europeans at the Gates of Casablanca, Morocco, and stole their clothing and valuables.

At the National Labor Congress, held on Saturday at Nantes, a unanimous decision was reached against a generalstrike, which, it was declared, was a Utoptian idea which would have no effect beyond duping the workingman.

The British cruiser Ringarooma, which recently went ashore on a reef off Mallicollo island, New Hebrides, has been floated with the assistance of the British warships Dart, Lizard, and Walaroo, and the French cruisers Sooff and Loyaute.

A band of Greek brigands a few days ago carried off the Procurer du Roi, a judge, and their two secretaries. A detachement of soldiers were sent to attack the brigands, and in the fight which ensued the brigands were exterminated, but the procureur and judge were killed.

At Tuskin castle, near Nyiregnhaza, Hungary, on Monday night, a hypnotist threw Ella von Solomon, daughter of the proprietor, into the hypnotic sleep, and suggested that she was suffering from consumption. The girl suddenly shrieked, fell to the ground and expired.

The members of the Peary expedition, expect Lieut. Peary, Hugh Lee, a companion, and Matthew Henson, a colored servant, who remain at Bowdoin bay for another year, have reached St. John's Nfld. The party suffered great hardships from the extreme severity of the weather, and accomplished nothing.

WOLF HUNTING IN RUSSIA.

One Who Has Tried it Says it is the Most Dangerous Sport.

Wolf hunting is probably the most dangerous sport there is. With a servant and a couple of fast horses attached to a sleigh, I have gone out and baited the ground for the brutes on numerous occasions. A fat hog tied to a tree never failed to collect a pack. The trouble was that it drew too many. The wolves would gather to the number of 200 or 300 and devour the pig. Then we would dash upon the scene and the fun would commence. They are as fleet as a deer. To say that they are as fleet as wolves would be more like it. They can outrun the horses every time, and if they are not picked off as fast as they come up, you might as well give up the fight and permit yourself to be devoured.

Imagine yourself making a running fight with a band of 300 hungry, maddened wolves and with the knowledge that if one of the fleet little brutes reaches your horses you are a dead man, and you can possibly imagine what a nervy sport it is. It requires a cool head and a good eye. If you miss your mark, you're gone. Your only chance of safety is in keeping your horses up. It is generally a long fight. You look back and see the carcasses of the animals dotting the snow for a mile or two in your wake, and still they pursue you in great numbers. Slowly the pack thins out. Many have dropped bleeding to the ground. Others stop to devour the carcasses. The more that fall the more timid the rest become. When you finally outdistance the pack you have been through the most trying ordeal that the most ardent sportsman could wish.

I consider wolf hunting the most dangerous sport there is. Tiger hunting in India is tame beside it. If you go into the jungles of India to shoot a tiger, you are accompanied by a long retinue. You shoot your prey from the howdah of an elephant. If you miss your victim, there are twenty bullets ready for him before he springs. A person might as well go tiger hunting in a menagerie. The only unsatisfactory par- of the sport which wolves afford is that after you are all through you haven't any, thing to show for your efforts. But it is great sport.

Early to Bed, Early to Rise.

Bijornsterne Bjornsen, a celebrated Norwegian writer, inveighs against the growing custom of turning night into day. The practice, he thinks, is altogether pernicious.

"It ruins men's health, perverts their tastes, and is as effective in lowering the standard of intellect as the abuse of alcohol. The State ought to legislate in the matter. If State employees and the schools were made to begin work at sunrise and to cease work at mid-day (or two hours later, if necessary), this reform would soon lead to others. Noon would again be noon, and all shops would be closed early in the afternoon; evening would once more be evening as in former times. The theaters would be open from four to seven, or from five to eight, and between nine and ten everything would be closed and all lights would be out, as at present in the country, where people have not yet ceased to work during the day and sleep at night. Such a reversion to 'elders' hours' would do much to alleviate the evils from which society is at present suffering."

Seven thousand visitors aided the people of Grand Junction, Colo., to celebrate peach day. Specimens of astonishing size were exhibited.

THE NEXT NAVAL BATTLE.

An Affair of a Few Minutes With Few Survivors to Tell the Tale.

There has not been an engagement between two navies on a large scale since the replacing of the old wooden walls by heavily armed battleships; and the ability of the latter to withstand the shock of onset has never been put to practical test. A writer in the United Service Magazine predicts that ironclads will make short work of one another. A battle will last ten minutes. The fleets will probably approach at the combined rate of 28 knots an hour. The two and a half or three minutes that elapse before the fleets meet will be minutes of the most extreme and agonizing tension. The compartments forward in the terrible blast of fire that will open the engagement will be blown away or riddled like sieves. Water-tight doors will be useless when there are no water-tight walls. The whole ship will be covered with debris, her appearance will be transformed by the loss of her funnels and the destruction of the superstructure and upper works.

THE RAIN OF MELINITE SHELLS

which will be pored from guns firing smokeless powder will wreck all parts of the ship outside the heavy armor. In ships where the barbettes are insufficiently protected the explosion of shells under them may bring them down with their weight of 700 or 800 tons. If once they give way the armored deck cannot support them, and they may be expected to go clean through the bottom of the ship, involving her destruction in their down fall. The destruction of the funnels will destroy the draft, the ships will fill with smoke and the decks probably be set on fire.

The big guns will be discharged at five or six hundred yards. The detonation of their huge shells will probably, like the explosion of a powder magazine, reduce the already wrecked ship to a hopeless chaos, destroying all her organization and the nerve thread that conveys the captain's orders to the engineroom. Even if the armor resists the blow, the shock to the ship will be terrific. Striking the turret of an ironclad, one of these projectiles would probably, if it did not hurl it overboard, stun or kill every man in it and wreck all its complicated mechanism. This will constitute the first stage of the encounter. The ships will now be nearing one another, and the survivors of the tettrible slaughter will drive the battered hulls, low in the water, at one another. Ships, surviving the ravages of ordnance, will ram and sink one another, and in twenty minutes from the opening of the engagement four-fifths of the ships will be on their way to the bottom of the sea.

IT IS A TERRIBLE PICTURE,

but it does not appear to be overdr awn. And we have not yet nearly reached the end of inventions in cannon, though the limit of armor-bearing by ships is in sight.

The dynamite gun throws a dyn amite bomb large enough to wreck the largest warship afloat, a distance of three miles; and with such accuracy that nine success ive shots were recently planted in a space not much bigger than a battleship. These gu ns are meant for coast defense, but it will be but a short time until they are adapted for use on ships. When things get to that pass that two navies, three miles apart, can with a single discharge blow one another into nothingness "leaving not a rack behind," the stupendous c riminality of war will bring about its own end. That is the one encouraging feature of the continued progress being made in the invention of deathdealing instruments of war.

THE MUSICAL EAR.

It Was Lacking in Many of the Famous People of the Past.

"I would give the world," said the Empress Catharine "to be able to appreciate and love music, but I try in vain. For me it is noise and nothing but noise."

To what must we attribute the absence of the ear for music in certain people? Does this gap belong to an intellectual order or to a purely physical order? And is there any way to make people who have not the natural instinct appreciate music?

The great Empress of Russia would find herself in very good company if around her august person she assembled in the kingdom of the dead all the celebrities who like herself did not appreciate music. She might form a very respectable court, with all the warriors, poets, philosophers, litterateurs and artists of all kinds, including even musicians, who understood nothing whatever of the beauties of that art which exercised such a powerful influence upon the soul of Alfred de Musset, who wrote:

"'Tis music that made me believe in God."

Among the literary celebrities whose "melophobia" was notorious we might cite Beaumarchais, who wrote the famous phrase, "The stuff that isn't worth writing is good enough to sing;" Theophile Gautier, who said that "of all noises, music was the dearest;" Fontenella, the author of "Sonate, que me veux-tu?" who used to say that there were three things in this world that he could never understand, namely, gambling, women, and music; and finally the amiable poet, La Fontaine.

Napoleon I. hardly loved anything in harmony, except, perhaps, the roar of artillery. Music, he said, troubled his nerves. Nevertheless, like a practical man, he understood the advantages to be derived from it from a military point of view. Consequently he gave orders to the bands of different regiments to play every day in front of the hospitals to soothe and encourage the wounded.

Napoleon III. tolerated music with great difficulty, and Victor Hugo, in the pride of the poet, had to be coaxed by the composer who desired to put his lines in music. "Are not my verses," he used to say, "sufficiently harmonious to stand without the assistance of disagreeable noise?"

The Boston voting list this year contain the names of 8,472 women voters.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Some Items About a Few of the Great Folks of the World.

The Count of Paris' fortune amounted to about $20,000,000, but there are many who are to have shares of it.

Field Marshal Sir Patrick Grant has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He went to India on entering the army in 1820, and saw almost all his active service there.

A Parisian chemist has invented a luminous face powder which, it is said, will prevent the ghastly appearance which beauty sometimes assumes under the penetrating rays of the electric light.

Lord Wolseley, who has just been created a field marshal in the English army, has attained that rank at an earlier age than any non-royal officer since 1760, with the exception of the Duke of Wellington, who became field marshal at 44.

Henry M. Stanley and his wife, a foreign correspondent writes, have fallen into the background. One never sees or meets them at any of the smart gatherings. In fact, all Englishmen seem to take rather a plessure in calling Stanley an out-and out fraud.

A former officer of the Grand Army, Herr Waethe, a wealthy man, has gone to California to purchase ground to establish a vegetarian colony. His disciples, however, are to eat fruit and vegetables only in the raw state, live in unfurnished huts, and wear as little clothing as possible. In the colony are twelve German noblemen.

It is said of Aubrey Beardsley, the original and eccentric artist whose work is the present craze in London, that he gets his marked shadow effects by laying his drawing block on the floor and working from above it, stooping over from his chair. His work is usually very ugly, but is is always entirely different from anything one is accustomed to.

Among the victims of the cholera in St. Petersburg is General Count Paskevitch, one of the Imperial chamberlains, and a man known throughout Russia. In Paris, under the Second Empire, he was a popular figure. His wife, one of the most beautiful women in the foreign colony of Paris at the time, eloped with Lord Hamilton, of England.

For the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava only one Victoria Cross was awarded to an officer. It was given to Lieutenant A. R. Dunn, who saved the life of a non-commissioned officer by cutting down three Russian lancers, and later in the battle also saved the life of a private. The decoration was recently sold at public auction in London.

President Casimir-Perier has a strongly-developed jaw, a look of determination, and something of the aggressive appearance of a bulldog. A clever caricaturist took advantage of the resemblance in appearance and name to portray him as "M. Casimir-Terrier," and the caricature has "caught on." Far from lowering him in the public esteem, however, it has greatly increased his prestige as the uncompromising watch-dog of the Republic.

Chesholm Robertson, one of the foremost leaders of the great Scottish coal miners' strike, speaks French with an unimpeachable accent, is acquainted to some extent with German, writes two systems of shorthand, and reads Carlyle and Schopenhauer. He wears a velvet jacket cut a la Whistler, affects a stovepipe hat of the pattern worn ten years ago, and is profuse in his display of jewellery. He carries a cane which is said to weigh seven pounds.

Bismarck was a student in Goettingen in 1892 and 1893, where his skill in fence won for him the surname "Achilles the invulnerable" In three terms he fought 20 duels, and received only a single wound, of which the scar on his lower jaw near the lip is still perceptible; but as this was caused by his adversary's blade flying from the hilt, it was contrary to the code, so that his reputation for invulnerability remained technically unimpaired. Indeed, the university authorities forbade him to fight certain projected duels on pain of expulsion.

Princess Beatice and her husband, Prince Henry of Battenburg, lately took a brief trip along the French coast, strictly incog, and a la Boheme. They visited Mont St. Michel, and cheerfully joined in the rush for seats at the table d'hote after watching the culinary operations in the kitchens. Princess Beatrice had with some difficulty secured a place when a young lady opposite said to her:—"Would you mind changing with me, so that I may sit next to my young man?" The request was of course granted, with so laudable an object in view.

Eugenie has the London and Paris newspapers read to her after breakfast every morning, and not until she knows the news of the world does she open her mail. The ex-Empress was sixty-eight years old last spring, and as a concession to the infirmities of age she carries with her a plain umbrella of unbleached muslin as a walking stick. It is never unrolled, and no attempt is made to make use of it as a protection against a sudden shower. She usually promenades alone in entire indifference to her personal appearance, and dresses always in black, which looks funereal in contrast with her white hair.

A Thirsty Man's Chance.

A Kentucky, gentleman, who has three charming and beautiful daughters, several years ago corked up a bottle of old whiskey, saying at the time it should not be opened until one of the three married, when the liquor should be drunk to the health of the bride at the wedding feast. The whiskey is now thirteen years old, and the girls are still unmarried. What a luscious chance for some thirsty young man!

Kingston's health officer is testing milk delivered there.

Daisy Majors, a 16-year old girl who has acted as postmistress at Wampum, Pa., is found to have embezzled $1,500.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Poor Rich Horse and the Rich Poor House.

The poor rich horse, driven by a tall coachman with high hat and white gloves, looked very gay as he pranced up to the door of an elegant establishment on the avenue. The breast of the noble creature was covered with foam, and he held his head very high. His mouth was stretched wide open, and he tossed his head up and down, and back and forth, and pawed the air with his fore-feet. So high were his eyes—almost looking toward the sky—that he scarcely seemed able to see a fat old dray horse that stood near, regarding him with a sleepy wonder, and considering him as belonging to another "set" than his entirely. The old horse did not suppose it would do any good to pass the time of day with his neighbor, as the rich horse undoubtedly regarded himself as far too grand to communicate with such a humble personage, so he changed the bit around in his mouth and was just about to drop off into a gentle doze, when a sound of distress from the rich horse caused his plain neighbor to open his eyes wide and to regard the former with considerable curiosity, which at length expressed itself in this wise: "You look very gay, neighbor; are you not comfortable with your fine, silver-plated harness and shiny trappings?"

"I can hear you though I can scarcely see you," answered the poor rich horse, "for my harness, although undoubtedly very handsome, is a perfect torture to me. You can see for yourself how my head is tied up by a new fangled contrivance they call an over-check. My eyes are almost blinded by the glare of the sun, and my neck aches, and my head throbs, and I am really quite miserable."

"I don't know much about checkreins," bluntly said the rich poor horse, and I have never hauled fine ladies around in their carriages. I supposed, by the way I have seen them petting you with their soft white hands, that they wouldn't want you to be dressed up so you would be uncomfortable or suffer by it."

"Oh, they don't think," sighed the poor rich horse; "they doubtless suppose I have a very fine time with nothing to do but draw this pretty doll's wagon. If I could only have my choice I would change places with you. I would rather haul a dirt waggon without any check-rein on than to be dressed up in this fine style and suffer as I do."

"You find the dirt waggon pretty heavy hauling," replied the rich poor horse.

"But I'd have my neck free and be allowed to exert my full strength doing it," retorted the poor rich horse with some spirit, and as he gave an extra strain at his check-rein, the poor rich horse noticed the blood was starting from the corners of his mouth. "Is it the check-rein that makes your mouth bleed?" asked the rich poor horse.

"Oh, yes; I'm getting quite used to that. Very often my mouth is so sore I can scarcely eat, and then they think I'm ill, and the surgeon with a great long name—v-e-r-y-t-y-r-a-n-n-y, I think they call him—comes in with a black bottle and ties up my head, and pours some dreadful medicine down my throat and whips me when I kick him."

The rich poor horse now opened his eyes wide and surveyed his companion under the light of same new idea.

"Well, you have a nice stable to stay in, don't you? Now, I have nothing but a plain barn and no padding. To be sure, on cold nights I have straw up to my knees, but I don't have any blanket and my hair gets rough and shaggy."

"Oh, dear," sighed the poor rich horse, "I would much rather have your coat of fur, and I wouldn't care how rough it was. If they would only let me have the hair that belongs to me it would be much more comfortable than a blanket. They cut off my hair and I feel every chilly wind that blows. I don't dance around as you see me because I feel gay and happy, but because I feel perfectly miserable. Sometimes they make me wear the over-check and blinders, and then it seems to me as if I would lose my wits entirely. Little then can I see except the sky and the tops of people's heads; and if I stumble, or run away, when I am afraid of something I can't see, the driver whips me where my hair has been clipped and I can't say a word back."

"Oh, well, you don't have much hard work to do," said the rich poor horse; "you ought to appreciate that and make the best of your condition."

"I'll change places with you at any time," replied the poor rich horse. "My load becomes heavier than yours commonly is, because I am so tied back and curbed and reined that half my strength is spent trying to relieve my aching muscles and neck. When I don't have to wear the over-check, then they put on the bearing rein, which is no better. And then, when we fashionable horses grow old and lose our style and spirit, we are sold to somebody who forgets we are not used to labor which developes the muscles, and we are whipped when we can't pull heavy loads, and have to endure exposure and all sorts of other hardships when the least prepared for them."

"Poor rich horse" said the compassionate attache of the dray, "I think I will try to be content with my lot after this."

Just then the drayman came around with some nubbins of corn. The gay coachman mounted his box and with a crack of his whip sent the poor rich horse flying down the street. The rich poor horse rubbed his nose on his master's shoulder and told him what he heard about poor rich horses, and the two jogged off together, the best friends in the world.—Pleadings of Mercy.

20,000 Wheelwomen.

There are 20,000 women riders in New York and New England alone. If possible, the latter staid and conservative locality is more wheel mad than New York. The enthusiasm has spread to the tiniest town and a little mountain hamlet of 300 or 500 souls will have its quota of wheelwomen.