THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Guelph Council has not yet elected a treasurer, and may not this year.

Mr. Mulock proposes to attend the Postal Union gathering in Washington in May.

A good roads campaign is to be inaugurated at the municipal election in Hamilton.

The Grimsby Park directors have decided to discontinue special attractions on Sundays.

The town of Alberni, on the British Columbia coast, has been made a port of entry for goods.

Vandals broke into All Saints' Church at Kingston and did a lot of damage to the church property.

During the ten months ended October 31, London has had 306 deaths, 268 marriages and 549 births.

Charges of bribery have been brought against a number of Montreal Aldermen.

Mr. John Day, architect, of Guelph, was found dead in his bedroom with a bullet in his head.

Wages of employes of the W. E. Sanford Clothing Company, of Hamilton, have been reduced 10 per cent.

Burglars were surprised at the residence of Mr. George Walker, London, and fired a shot at Mr. Walker.

The Ottawa lumber dealers announce that there will be a curtailment on the cut during the opening season.

The Ottawa authorities are prosecuting persons who drive two-wheel vehicles with less than four-inch tires.

The business men of Canada express general satisfaction with the result of the Presidential election in the United States.

The Canadian deputation to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity with the United States will probably visit Washington in about six months.

Lieut.-Col. Lindsay denies the rumor that the 7th Battalion of London is about to disband or that he has any intention of resigning.

The Governor-General's office on his ranch in British Columbia was burned, and it is feared a lot of important public documents have been lost.

A Brantford man took a flask of whiskey with him while serving summonses in the Indian reserve and was fined $50 for his breach of the law.

Chief Engineer Coste of Ottawa says that no engineering difficulties would be encountered in making improvements at St. Andrew's Rapids on Red River.

A departmental circular has been issued from Ottawa prohibiting stamp vendors from purchasing postal stamps from merchants who receive them through the mail from customers.

The Dundas Council has agreed on a by-law giving the Hamilton & Dundas Railway Company the right to run as a trolley system, the company to pay $1,000 a year mileage.

Mr. Laurier informed a deputation that waited on him that he was in favor of a 30-foot channel between Montreal and Quebec and of fourteen-foot canals west of Montreal.

Mr. F. T. Shutt, chemist of the Experimental farm in Ottawa, will go to Washington to attend the annual convention of the agricultural chemists of the United States and Canada.

Prof. Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, is of the opinion that the mineral found near Sudbury is anthracite coal; but as it is in veins instead of layers, he is doubtful if it will be found in paying quantities.

Among the amendments to the city charter, for which Montreal proposes to ask the Legislature, is one to authorize a tax on all lots of land, including those upon which churches and charitable institutions are erected.

An Ottawa girl was on her way to be married when she received a letter from her father in Missouri enclosing money to pay her fare out there. The wedding was immediately declared off, and the young lady will do as her father desires.

The members of the Dominion government profess to be well pleased with the result of the election in the United States and there is a disposition to regard the election as an indication that a reciprocal trade arrangement may be effected with the United States.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Rev. Carr Glynn has been appointed Bishop of Peterborough, England.

Mr. Edward John Poynter has been elected President of the Royal Academy, as the successor of the late Sir John Millais, who died in August last.

The extensive worsted mills of Dawson & Sons at Bradford, England, have been destroyed by fire. The loss on buildings, machinery, and stock amounts to £70,000.

At a meeting of the British South African Company in London on Friday, a stock-holder called for three cheers for Col. Cecil Rhodes, and they were most heartily given.

The Queen has sent a message to the Viceroy of India expressing her sympathy with the people who are suffering from the famine caused by the failure of the summer rains, and promising to assist them.

The general opinion in Glasgow is that Mr. McKinley's election will give a great temporary stimulus to the British export trade, in order to rush merchandise forward before Mr. McKinley comes into office.

Monday morning the Bishop of Killaloe left his residence in Dublin to summon a doctor for his wife, who was ill, and fell dead on the sidewalk opposite his door. When carried into the house it was found that his wife had died during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle, of San Francisco, were on Friday put upon their trial in London on charges of having stolen a number of articles from city tradesmen. The charges against Mr. Castle were withdrawn, and on the advice of her counsel, Mrs. Castle pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three months' hard labour. Owing to the unfortunate woman's mental condition, it is thought probable that she will receive Executive clemency.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is dead.

The New York canals will be closed on December 1.

The monthly comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the United States shows the total receipts for the month of October to have been $26,282,829, and the disbursements $33,978,277, leaving a deficit of $7,695,448.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew says that the most pleasing feature of the election of Mr. McKinley is the demonstration of the fact that the voters of the United States are able to understand a complicated monetary question, and are honest in their decision.

Commercial advices from Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet's agencies are of a much more buoyant nature than we have been accustomed to for some time past. The decisive result of the Presidential election has had an almost instantaneous effect in restoring confidence, not only in the United States, but in Europe. Of course the period of transition from much uncertainty to safety has been short for any positive changes to occur, but the feeling among business men everywhere is one of much relief, and the only danger just now would seem to be that exaggerated expectations may lead to exaggerated prices, but the experience of the past couple of years has taught business men to be so conservative that this possible danger ahead may be considered as fairly discounted.

GENERAL.

The Hawaiian Government has granted a full pardon and restoration of her civil rights to ex-Queen Liliuokalani.

The Japanese Government has awarded to American shipbuilders contracts for building two swift protected cruisers.

Capt. John Marriott of England, who was captured by brigands near Smyrna and held for ransom has been released.

James Brown, a British subject, and a prominent Havana business man has been imprisoned there on a political charge.

The gold yield of the colony of Victoria for the first three quarters of the present year was 586,512 ounces, an increase of 31,000 ounces over the same period last year.

It is rumoured in Berlin that Prince Bismarck's revelations in regard to the Russo-German treaty were made in revenge for the Emperor dissuading the Czar from visiting the Prince.

M. Lebon, the Minister of the Colonies in the French Senate on Tuesday said that he was convinced that the rebellion in Madagascar would soon be suppressed, and that the island would become one of the most promising and prosperous colonies of France.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday M. Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs made an important statement regarding Armenia, in the course of which he said the powers have done their duty and accord has been established and united Europe will be able to show the Sultan that he must give his subjects security and peace.

GEN. DE LA FOSSE.

A Brave Soldier of the British Army.

Major-General De la Fosse, C. B., has had a varied and honorable career in her Majesty's service. As a subaltern, he first saw active service in the Indian Mutiny, serving through that terrible campaign with the greatest distinction from the beginning of the trouble to the final relief of Lucknow under Havelock. It is, however, as one of the four survivors of the horrible Cawnpore massacre that he is chiefly distinguished. All who have read the story of that frightful experience will remember how the few score survivors surrounded by a horde of rebels took refuge in a Hindoo pagoda, and finally cut their way through the fanatical host to the river, into which they plunged, only to be shot down ruthlessly by their enemies or drowned through exhaustion. All but four—two privates, Sullivan and Murphy, and Lieuts. De la Fosse and Mowbray-Thompson, perished, the survivors having to swim six miles down the river till they landed on the estate of a friendly Rajah, who kept them in safety till they were sufficiently recovered to return to their posts.

In Trevelyan's Story of Cawnpore his name is connected with many other deeds of heroism, for which he was recommended for the Victoria Cross, but this unfortunately, owing to the recommendations not coming from officers sufficiently high in rank, he was unable to obtain.

At the close of the Mutiny there was more active service in store for the young officer, under Chamberlain, in the Khyber Pass, where he again distinguished himself and was mentioned in despatches.

In 1880 Colonel De la Fosse was in Halifax in command of the 101st Fusiliers, but was invalided home, owing to a dangerous attack of fever contracted in Cyprus, having been kindly given passage by the Duke of Edinburgh in his flagship the Black Prince.

PRIDE'S PENALTY.

Quite recently, into a railway carriage at Oldham, stepped a young man—fresh from school evidently, and wearing his first watch.

The very many proud glances which he cast on the gold chain raised a smile on the faces of his fellow passengers.

Apparently by accident, though mischief might have been at the bottom of it, the subject of watches was "brought on the carpet."

Ah! sighed an old farmer, giving the watch back to the young man, who had handed it round for the inspection of the company, that theer watch 'minds me o' my own son.

How's that? asked several passengers.

Why, I gave 'im a watch when 'e wur 15 year owd, an' it wur th' ruin o' 'im.

Being asked for an explanation, the farmer concluded:

Afore I gave it 'im, 'e wur the straightest built lad for miles round; but 'e 'adn't 'ad that watch above four months afore 'e growed 'umpbacked wi' lookin' at the chain so much.

CAPTURED THE CRIMINAL.

A DETECTIVE'S CLEVER CAPTURE OF A MURDERER.

How a Bit of Cardboard Led to the Hanging of a Murderer—Caught by Chance—Tracing a Ticket.

Trifles, it is said, make the sum of human things, and trifles sometimes go a long way in helping us in our profession. In the case of the murder of old Von Arnheim, the German banker, on the District railway, London. It was a little piece of blue cardboard hardly as big as the murderer's thumb, which helped to put the rope around a neck which deserved hanging if ever human neck did.

On the night of June 1, 189--, when the 10.20 train from Westminster bridge left for Ealing, the guard accompanying the train saw two men enter a second-class carriage near the locomotive. One of them was an aged gentleman in a fur coat, the other was a dark foreign-looking fellow, who walked with a slight limp.

STABBED TO THE HEART.

When he looked into the compartment at Victoria station, he was horrified to find the old man lying on the floor, stabbed to the heart. The dagger, which was still in the wound, had a piece of paper attached to it with the word "Rache" (German for revenge) printed in typewritten characters.

By dint of descriptions widely circulated the man who had entered the train in company with the deceased at Westminster bridge station was found, after a short delay, in a slum at Soho. He vigorously protested his innocence, and his story was straightforward enough.

He had, he admitted entered the carriage with the murdered man at Westminster bridge station, and had indeed exchanged a few words of conversation with him on different topics as they journeyed on. However, just before they reached St. James' Park station, he drew out his cigar case to smoke, when the old man pointed out to him that it was not a smoking carriage, and that a bad cough made him dislike it very much. He had alighting at St. James, entered a smoking carriage a few doors off.

COULDN'T CONVICT HIM.

The guard could neither contradict nor confirm the man's story. He (the guard) had exchanged a few words with a companion at the platform at St. James' Park station, and he accordingly had not noticed who entered or alighted from the train.

The man who had been arrested (Hartman by name) was next asked if he could refer to any persons who were occupying the smoking carriage which he alleged he had entered. This he said he could not do, as the compartment was empty.

It therefore came to this. That there was absolutely nothing to connect Hartman with the crime on the 10.20 train except that he had been seen to enter the carriage with the deceased. On such frail evidence, however, no jury could possibly convict a man.

THE SECOND TICKET.

It was at this point that the case came into my hands. The first thing I did on going to the mortuary where the old man lay was to make a rigid and thorough examination of the clothing and contents of the pockets. These comprised a purse containing some gold and silver and notes, a cigarette case, a bunch of keys, a watch, a handkerchief, a latchkey, and sundry letters and a memoranda. There was one other thing a second-class ticket from Westminster bridge to South Kensington.

He had been carrying a gold-headed stick, a pair of gloves, and an evening newspaper, and strangely enough another railway ticket.

"That's curious," I remarked to my mate. "What on earth did he want two tickets for in the same direction?"

"Give it up," said my mate; "can't make it out at all."

I called the superintendent.

"Tell me," I said, "how was this ticket found on the deceased; was it on the seat beside him or where?"

He thought a moment and then said slowly: "It was found clutched tightly in his right hand."

TRACING THE TICKET.

As the superintendent spoke these words a sudden light flashed upon me in an instant. The ticket found in the old man's hand had belonged, not to himself, but to the man who had struck the fatal blow.

Rapidly putting things together in my mind, I accounted for the occurrence in this way. When the old man was struggling with his assailant he had caught at the first part of the ruffian's clothing he could seize, which, my theory being correct, was the ticket pocket of his overcoat and had dragged out his ticket.

I looked at the ticket closely. It bore the date of issue, "June 1, 189--," and the number "2764." Chartering a hansom, I told the driver to take me to Westminster bridge station. Arrived there, I sent for the station master and presented my card.

"Look at this ticket," I said, taking from my pocketbook the piece of cardboard, "and be good enough to tell me who issued it."

"The booking clerk who issued this ticket is off just now, sir. He's having his holidays at the present moment."

He gave me the address of the house where the booking clerk, Stanley by name, lodged, and I was soon deposited at 25 Little Willis street, where I interviewed the landlady, and found that her lodger was stopping at a hotel at Brighton.

The train landed me at Brighton in an hour's time, and I took a hansom to the hotel, which was some half-mile from the station. There I found the booking clerk, a bright, intelligent looking young fellow.

"I want you," I said, "to look at a ticket which you issued on the night of June 1, 189--, presumably about 10.15, as the train left at 10.20, and to see if you can by chance remember the person to whom you issued it."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible, sir," he said quietly. "I issue hundreds of tickets every day, and don't take much notice of the people who buy them. We've got enough to do without that."

IT IS RECOGNIZED.

I handed him the piece of cardboard. He took it and examined it closely. As he did so an expression of amazement and satisfaction passed over his face, and he uttered a low cry.

"By George," he said, in a low tone, "it's a wonderful thing, but I do remember distinctly the party to whom I issued this ticket."

"Describe him," I said, quickly.

He at once give me a description, in a few words of a man exactly answering to the foreigner we had captured. Then I said to him:

"How have you been able to fix his identity?"

"Well, it's a marvellous thing, sir, and no mistake. It looks like the finger of Providence. It isn't much in six months that I look at the number on the ticket, but on this occasion I did so. It happened in this way:

"When I had issued this ticket I left it lying on the pigeon hole counter whilst the German chap fumbled for the money, for the fare. My eye carelessly fell on the ticket, and I noticed that the number was 2,764. I couldn't help giving a start when I saw that number, for, curiously, enough, I had that very afternoon drawn the same number in a German lottery in which my landlord was interested. So great an impression did the occurrence make on me that I was thinking of it all the rest of the time I was on duty, and when I got home I told my landlord about it."

CAPTURED THE CRIMINAL.

"Very well, then," I said, when he had finished the history, "the next thing to be done is for you to come back to London with me at once and identity the man we have arrested as the person to whom you sold ticket No. 2,764 on the night of June 1st."

Hartman was committed for trial, and the booking clerk's evidence was of course taken. In the face of that evidence his guilt was proved clear as day, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty without leaving the box.

He was sentenced to death in the usual manner, and the sentence was carried out one month after the trial. He protested his innocence well-nigh to the last, but on the eve of execution he confessed to the chaplain that he had indeed been guilty of the crime.

DIET OF EUROPEAN NATIONS

A Simple Diet Conduces to Healthfulness and Long Life.

A summary of the dietetic habits of the rural population of some European countries proves very interesting. It will be borne in mind that the rural people of the several countries named are noted for sturdy growth, long life, and healthfulness and this is due beyond doubt to the simple but wholesome diet which they are accustomed to.

In England, it is beef, pork, mutton, potatoes, vegetables, tea, cheese, beer, and cider.

In Scotland, oatmeal, bread, potatoes, milk, butter, coffee, tea, and very rarely meats.

Ireland provides, oatmeal, bread, potatoes, beans, milk, butter and vegetables.

In France, in the neighbourhood of Bourgogne, meat is eaten but once a year. The peasants of Mowan get meat twice a year. Of Sardinia once a year; peasants of Auvergne, very seldom; the Bretons never, except rich farmers who get meat on feast days.

The peasants of Switzerland get cheese, milk, coffee, vegetables, soup, wine, very rarely meats.

In Sweden, they get potatoes, rye, oatmeal, barley, milk, salt herring, beer, no meats.

Russia yields her peasants rye bread, cabbage, mushroom soup, wheat cooked with milk and oil.

Spain, bread, vegetables, fish, fruits, meat occasionally.

Italy, macaroni, bread, fruits, beans, peas and lentils, wheat, rice, grapes, wine, and meat on feast days in some regions only.

Bavaria, porridge, butter, milk, cabbage, potatoes.

Saxony, bread, butter, cheese, soup, vegetables, coffee, meat on feast days.

Rhenish Prussia yields milk, soup, dried fish, grapes, potatoes, meat on feast days for her peasants.

Belgium, coffee, black bread, potatoes, vegetables, chicory, and sometimes salted meats.

It will be seen from the above that the laboring classes, the hardest workers, subsist almost wholly upon fruits, grains and vegetable foods, a regimen which is highly economical, and yet sustains them in good health and long life. It will be of further interest to state here what the cost of bread is in some of these countries, from data taken in 1895. In Vienna, the price of wheat bread per four pounds ranged from 6 cents to 16 3-4 cents. In Fiume, the price was from 8 1-4 to 10 cents. In Antwerp the wholesale price was 6 1-4 to 8 1-2 cents. In Paris, wheat bread sold at 10 1-2 cents for four pounds, and rye bread at 8 3-4 cents in the open market. At Brest, wheat bread was 8 and 10 cents, and rye bread 10 cents; but in the country districts it sold as low as 4 cents. In La Rochelle, wheat bread was 6 1-2 and 10 cents, while in Bordeaux it was 12 and 16 1-2 cents, and in Marseilles, 12 and 12 1-2 cents. In Berlin, wheat bread brought 14 3-4 cents, and rye 8 3-4 cents. In Stettin, wheat bread was from 10 1-2 to 16 3-4 cents and rye from 6 1-2 to 8 cents. At Frankfort-on-Main pure wheat bread is not sold. Mixed bread was 10 3-4 cents for four pounds, and rye, 8 3-4 cents.

ONE WAY OF GETTING THERE.

"Congratulate me, old boy—at last I am on the top round of the ladder of success."

"Well, here's to you but I'll bet you got there by turning it upside down."

MR. GLADSTONE'S KNOWLEDGE.

How He Astonished the Printers at Oxford and the Anchor and Chain Makers in the West of England.

A few years ago Mr. Gladstone visited Oxford, the scene of his youthful triumphs in scholarships, and made the rounds of one of the most interesting quadrangles, the University Press, where the famous Bibles are printed. When he had been conducted through the various departments, and had been allowed to handle the Caxtons and other literary treasures, the superintendent informed him that the men employed in the bindery, composing-room and other departments had assembled in one place and were anxious to see him.

Mr. Gladstone consented to show himself. Entering the assembly-room, he was confronted with a great throng of workingmen, who were eagerly awaiting his coming. There were several hearty cheers, followed by a long, awkward pause.

"Can you not say a few words to them?" asked the superintendent.

"About what?" asked Mr. Gladstone.

"Talk to them about printing," was the laconic advice.

That was enough. In a moment the orator was mounted on a box, wiping his spectacles and beaming upon the printers.

"You are printers!" he exclaimed. Do you have good wages?"

Some of the printers cried yes; others no.

"Get the best wages which you can command," continued the orator, "but remember that there is something higher and more important than the money which you can earn. It is the quality of your work. It is that which makes the workman what he is."

After this introduction Mr. Gladstone told the story of a famous man who, in order to obtain a perfect copy of one of his books, set the type himself and corrected it line by line, as the Oxford Bibles are revised; and then passing from one branch of the subject to another, he displayed much technical knowledge.

"Nobody ever told me," said one of the bystanders, "that the Grand Old Man was a printer."

Mr. Gladstone was not a printer, but he seemed to know a hundred things about the trade which the workmen had never learned. He had not expected to address them, and he did not have more than a moment's warning; but out of a full mind he was able to speak to them with marvellous facility.

The printers of Clarendon Press have remembered that speech to this day. It helped to make every man who heard it a more thoughtful, self-respecting workman.

A similar story is told of another visit by Mr. Gladstone to a factory where anchors and chains were made, in the west of England. He persisted in going through the works, and when he emerged from them he astonished the members of the firm by telling them not a little about their business that was new to them.

"I had always understood," said one of them, "that Mr. Gladstone was a wise man, but I would never have suspected that he knew more about anchors and chains than I did."

It has always been natural for him to assimilate knowledge in every day life. Everything human has interested him.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

What the Power of Imagination Will Sometimes Do.

The reputed fascination of the serpent's eye is the motive of a story in Mr. Ambrose Bierce's volume of tales entitled "In the Midst of Life." Mr. Brayton was the guest of a friend, an eminent zoologist, whose specialty, of which he had a fine collection, was snakes. Stretched upon a sofa in his own room, Mr. Brayton glanced from the book he was carelessly scanning while awaiting the summons to dinner, and saw, in the shadow under his bed, two small points of light about an inch apart. He gave them no special thought and resumed his reading.

In a few minutes he gave an involuntary start, and stared into the obscurity under the bed. His gaze disclosed the coils of a large serpent; the points of light were its eyes, but they were no longer merely luminous points; they looked into his own with a malign significance. Brayton was a brave man, but this seemed an occasion when discretion was the better part of valor. He would beat a retreat and backward, so as not to disturb the reptile; but instead of the movement his will had shaped, his right foot was placed in advance of his left.

The snake did not move, but its eyes seemed to become larger and more luminous. There were strange noises in Brayton's ears as, with reluctant steps, he could not refrain from drawing nearer the bed. Suddenly something struck him a hard blow upon the face. He had fallen to the floor.

The zoologist, startled by a terrific scream from above, rushed to his friend's room. There lay Brayton, senseless. As he bent over him he glanced under the bed.

"How did this thing get here?" he exclaimed, and pulling out the snake, flung it to the centre of the room, where it lay without motion.

It was a stuffed snake; its eyes were two shoe-buttons.

FAILING.

Mr. Figg—I've called to get something done for my boy Tommy. Perhaps you can prescribe without going to the house.

Dr. Bowless—What are the symptoms—how is his appetite?

Mr. Figg—That is just what I called to see you about. He has got so for the last two or three days that he doesn't care to eat more than twice as much as I do.