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.

Forty cases of measles and one death are reported at the Winnipeg quarantine.

The steamship Livonian, aground for ten days in the St. Lawrence has been floated.

Mr. A. H. Harriss, traffic manager of the Canadian Government railway system has resigned.

Premier Warburton, of Prince Edward Island, has accepted the Kings County Court judgeship.

There is a coal war on among the dealers of Hamilton, Ont., and prices have taken a big drop.

James Allison, inmate of the Ottawa Old Men's Home, tried to end his life with laudanum. He took too much.

Thomas Parsons, burglar, incendiary and jail breaker, was sentenced at Belleville to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

The report that grasshoppers are prevalent in some parts of the Northwest, is, after careful inquiry, found to be incorrect.

The Militia Department will establish a provisional school at Carleton Place for the instruction of infantry officers.

John Johnston, son of Mr. Brent Johnston, Hamilton, committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a shotgun.

The duties collected at the port of Toronto during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, show an increase of $526,480.96.

W. Kring, blacksmith, Webbwood, Algoma and A. Miller celebrated the holiday by going hunting. Kring mistook Miller for game and shot him dead.

Peterboro has abolished the ward system, limited the number of Aldermen to one per thousand inhabitants and will select them by a general vote.

An office of the Great North Western Telegraph Company, has been opened in Victoria, B. C. and direct communication established with that point.

It is said that the Standard Oil Company has effected the purchase of the Imperial Oil Works, and has leased every other refining plant in Canada for five years.

A bishop in England has a son in Canada residing a short distance west of Winnipeg. The other day he wrote to a Kingston lawyer and requested him to invite his son in to dinner occasionally.

Captain Philippe de Perron Casgrain, R. E., has been nominated by Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of War, as Quartermaster-General of the Canadian forces, in place of Col. Lake, who retires to rejoin his regiment.

News has reached Halifax of a drowning accident in the Straits of Magellan, by which four seaman of the Halifax steamer Alpha and a Straits pilot were drowned. The men were lost by the capsizing of a rowboat.

A mare belonging to George Howe, of Ottawa, ran away towards the buildings, jumped the cliff at Lovers' Walk, a distance of sixty feet, and rolled down to within a few feet of the water's edge. She was practically uninjured.

The Royal Canadian Humane Association have awarded a bronze medal to J. C. Sully of Guelph for promptitude and coolness and conspicuous bravery in saving Charles Clendennan from drowning in the River Speed at Guelph on May 26.

A private letter from a member of the Yukon force states that the Fredericton and St. John, N. B., company mutinied and refused to carry packs weighing from 70 to 80 pounds. The writer complains of the fare and charges the officers with a lack of consideration.

Mr. R. F. Stupart, director of the Dominion meteorological survey, is at Vancouver, is to make arrangements for the erection of a time signal apparatus at Brockton point for the benefit of shipping and the harbor of Vancouver.

It had always been understood in Quebec that the late Senator de Blois intended to allow his interest in the de Blois estate, as well as other properties, to revert to that estate, and Sir Adolphe Caron would be one of the principal beneficiaries. It appears, however, that a few days before his death he made a will leaving everything to his wife.

Peter Cline, a foreman, of a construction crew on the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, who shot an Italian named Anglo Circonni near Kuskonook on April 25, has been tried at Nelson and found guilty of shooting with intent to maim. The sentence of the court was that Cline be confined in the provincial penitentiary for three years at hard labor.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, has joined the Anglo-American committee, which is aiming to cultivate an entente.

At Liverpool, it is said the United States had purchased six of the Atlantic Transport Company's liners and the National liner Michigan for £800,000.

The English artillery team, which is coming to Canada to compete with the Canadian artillerymen, will probably sail for St. John, N.B., on August 20.

At the Old Bailey in London on Monday W. Mansel Collins, an unregistered doctor, was placed on trial charged with causing the death of Mrs. Emily Edith Uzielli, by an illegal operation. Mrs. Uzielli was well known in society.

UNITED STATES.

The Western Rubber Belting Company, of Chicago, has collapsed.

Three companies of the Eighteenth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, have arrived at Fort Brady, Mich., to guard the locks of the Soo Canal.

Anna Forrester, aged 23, committed suicide at Bedford, a suburb of Cleveland, rather than marry. She poured oil on her clothing and set fire to herself.

Many new victims of the storm which blew down a circus tent at Sioux City, Iowa, were discovered Sunday. The dead number three and the injured 33. Of the latter ten are critically hurt and may die.

The Great Western distillery at Peoria, Ill., the second largest in the world, was struck by lightning on Saturday and everything was burned except the bonded warehouse. The loss is estimated at $300,000; fully insured.

Three men were drowned in the Chippewa river at the half-way dam, near Mount Pleasant, Mich., on Saturday. The party were fishing, and had prepared to return home, when Thomas Francisco, aged 16, and Sidney Easter went in bathing. The father, Harvey Francisco, plunged in after them, and all three sank in thirty feet of water.

Captain Joshua Slocum has arrived at Newport, R. I., in the sloop yacht Spray, after a voyage around the world. He left Boston on April 24, 1895, going to Gibraltar and South American ports and from there to the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific to Australia, Tasmania and Juan Fernandez. He sailed into the Indian Ocean and visited Natal, South Africa; Cape Town, St. Helena, Ascension Island, Grenada and Antigua, and thence home. His cruise of more than three years was made in a sailing craft 33 feet long and 14 feet wide, and 12.70 net tonnage. Captain Slocum made the voyage entirely alone.

GENERAL.

The new French Cabinet has been formed.

Martial law has been proclaimed in parts of Austria.

The new French Cabinet is not favorably received in Russia.

The Newfoundland Transinsular Railway is completed and the first through train across the country made the 548 miles in 24 hours.

The Archduchess Elizabeth, mother of the Queen Regent of Spain lies seriously ill at Madrid, in consequence of the present excitement.

In resigning office, owing to his failure to form a party government, the Marquis Ito expressed a desire to renounce all his ranks and decorations.

An edict has been published in Havana providing for the burial of the dead. City carts will collect the bodies at certain hours. A heavy fine is imposed upon citizens who conceal bodies or keep them in houses more than 24 hours.

The first street railway work in St. John's, Nfld., will begin in a few days. Men are now employed quarrying the stone to pave the streets. The fishery prospects in Newfoundland are fair. Lobsters are reported scarcer than last year.

Chief Mahomedali Khalif and five other ringleaders of the attack recently made by 1000 natives on a Russian post garrison by 300 infantry, at the town of Andijan, Province of Porghana, Turkestan, in which twenty of the soldiers were killed and eighteen others were wounded, have been publicly hanged.

ROMANTIC, BUT UNHAPPY.

A Chinaman, on being asked why it was the custom of his country to marry persons who had not yet come to years of discretion, replied: "If you wait until they come to years of discretion they will never marry at all." It is the old story—in youth it is too soon, when youth is past it is too late. And yet there have been many who have plighted their troth in youth and have been happily united in maturer years. How many romances have turned on long betrothals! How many ballads have been sung of brave knights who have gone forth to prove their valor, and have returned after a year and a day, or even after several years to find their ladyloves faithful or faithless! The ancestor of the house of Lennox, Duke of Richmond, was the son of Charles II. and Louise de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. This peer married a daughter of Lord Brudnell, and his love of gambling eventually involved him largely with his wife's brother, but he hit upon a novel way of paying his debt. He agreed that his son and heir, who at this time was an under-graduate at Oxford, should at once marry the daughter of Brudnell, though she was but a child. On December 4, 1719, Lord March was brought from college and the lady from the nursery for the ceremony. The bride was amazed and silent, but the bridegroom exclaimed, says Napier: "Surely you are not going to marry me to that dowdy?" Married he was, however, and his tutor instantly carried him off to the Continent. Three years afterward Lord March returned from his travels an accomplished gentleman, but with such a disagreeable recollection of his wife that he avoided home and repaired on the first night of his arrival to the theatre. There he saw a lady of such fine appearance that he asked who she was. "The reigning toast, the beautiful Lady March," was the reply. He hastened to claim her, and they lived together so affectionately, that one year after his decease, in 1750 she died of grief.

THE BOASTS OF LOVE.

My girl's hand is as white as the driven snow.

Pooh, that's nothing, my girl's heart is as deep as a driven well.

Agricultural

CONSTANT CULTIVATION PAYS.

Sometimes I am almost persuaded that weeds are a positive benefit to the small planter, and if to him, why not to every farmer? writes F. H. Sweet. Nearly every occupation has some way of indicating pressing need or want of attention, and weeds are the alarm-clocks of the agriculturists. No matter how much a man may like his craft, he is apt to procrastinate rather than anticipate its wants, and while he is willing to supply them, he has too much else on his hands to meet them more than half way. The fundamental need of farm crops is cultivation, a constant loosening and stirring of the soil. The roots need air quite as much as they do food and water and if communication is closed between them and the source of supply, not only are they cut off from this primal necessity of their existence, but even their food becomes sour and unassimilable and their water is lost for want of a mulch.

Many choice crops have been destroyed by weeds that the over-pushed farmer could not find time to meet, but on the other hand, many and many a finely started field has come to naught for want of warning from these weed vagabonds. The crops have come up well and given signs of an abundant harvest, but for some reason or other the weeds have not shown their usual strength and pertinacity. The farmer goes through his fields occasionally, but his alarm-clocks are dormant and he neglects or only half does his cultivating. The ground becomes hard and baked and the starving crops grow more and more slowly and finally turn yellow and mature a small yield. It matters little how rich the soil, or how well watered, if no air can penetrate to the roots of the plants they will of necessity be smothered in their sun and wind-baked coffins. Plenty of manure is good, proper irrigation is better, but cultivation exceeds them both. Crops can hardly be hoed too much.

The onion bed should be gone over most frequently; and yet I wonder if there is an onion raiser who does not time his work by the size of the weeds. And so it is with beets, carrots and other fine crops. When the beds get foul with weeds they are hoed and when the weeds return, the hoes are again brought into requisition. Occasionally I notice that the alarm-clocks are signaling for a long time, and are able to bow to one another across the tops of the crops before they are taken heed of; and I wonder what the cultivation would have been if there had been no weeds.

The farmer has so many things to do, so many small details to remember and look after, that he has unconsciously fallen into the habit of watching his weeds as some people do their calendars. They tell him what to do and when to do it; and without their frequent reminders I am almost persuaded that he would feel lost, even on his own farm. Indeed, if weeds were perpetually banished, I believe there are many farmers who would have to learn their calling over again. But now and then we find a man who seems to have an innate love for the soil. He does not concern himself about the weeds, for they are as rare to him as they are common to his neighbors. He may be a large farmer, or the gardener of one or two acres. In the latter case he probably does all his work and the neighbors can hear the click, click of his hoe long before the sun has crossed the line of eastern hills. And so it continues, day after day, and week in and week out. As soon as the plants show themselves above the surface his hoe is at work and a weed has about the same chance on his place as a woodchuck or rabbit. He does not think of the number of times he goes over the ground; but does it just as often as he can—as many times as there is opportunity between dark and dark.

His idea is to keep the soil constantly mellow and friable. If it rains, he is out with his hoe almost before the clouds have left the sky. If it rains again inside of a week he goes over the ground again with his hoe. Over and over and over! And how his plants grow! There are none like them in all the country round, and the neighbors wonder and say that he has the "knack of such things." He manages an acre and a half, or two acres, with no special effort; and his ground is always clean, neat and free from weeds. The market gardeners around him are well satisfied to allow a man to an acre, and even then are always behind with their weeds. And that is just it. He takes possession of his ground before the weeds come and refuses them admittance; they wait until the weeds have fully established themselves and then try to drive them away. It is only another exemplification that possession is worth nine points.

SOME DON'TS FOR FARMERS.

Don't forget Poor Richard's maxim:

"He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Your hired hands are doubtless all right; but you should be at the helm.

Don't leave your farm tools exposed to the weather; it is a bad plan.

Don't let your hogs run at large unfed, if you wish them to thrive. Besides they will grow breachy and get up trouble between yourself and neighbors.

Don't put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. A few days' growth of weeds may make an extra day's labor for your force.

Don't grow up a crop and then let it go to waste before harvesting it.

Don't allow the boy who drives your cows to and from pasture to throw stones at them, or to run them to see which cow is fastest on foot.

Don't try to chop with a dull axe; you can't do it. Just go and grind it.

Don't go a-fishing when you should go a-field.

Don't fail to mix a liberal portion of whistling with your grumbling.

Don't forget these don'ts.

POULTRY HOUSES ON THE FARM.

In building a house for your poultry place it on a high, dry spot and have it somewhat sheltered from the cold winter winds if possible; have the front of the building to the south and be sure there are plenty of windows in it. It is best not to have it connected with the stables, as the fumes from them are more or less injurious to poultry; and if they, through neglect, become lousy, the cattle and horses will be almost sure to be affected.

As poultry can be kept more cheaply when running at large than when confined, it would be better to put the chicken house at some distance from your own dwelling, so that they will not litter up the stoop or doorstep. If they have good quarters they will not be likely to bother much if table scraps and food are not thrown out of the back door to attract them. To save all risk a light fence of lath or wire netting may be built about the dwelling.

When you have your buildings and breeding stock you are ready to begin business. Do not expect eggs too soon if the fowls have just been bought, as moving usually disturbs them, and it takes some time to become accustomed to their new quarters. If your building does not contain arrangements for separating the sitting hens from the others, take pains when a hen is set to fasten her in with laths so that the others cannot disturb her, and when you let the sitting hen off to fed be sure that all others are shut out of the house or some may enter the nest to lay, and the "sitter" on returning make such a row that the eggs be broken or she go to another nest, and when the laying hen comes off the eggs become cold. Where several hens are set in a row of nests all alike, some advocate painting them different colors to assist the hens in finding their own nests, and they assure us that they have much less trouble with hens getting on their neighbors' nests than when there is nothing to tell the nests apart.

Sitting hens should be alloweds to come off every day, but do not disturb them if they do not seem inclined to leave their nests. Some hens will not feed oftener than once in three days. Have plenty of grain and fresh water at hand.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF COFFEE.

A Medical Journal Thinks It Is Preferable to Tea In Its Sustaining Power.

A woman writer who gave up coffee recently found that she was unable to continue her writing with any success until she had resorted again to the stimulating beverage. Without it her mind was logy and heavy. The Medical Times quotes an authority on the subject of prescribing coffee as a medicine in certain states of great debility, and adds:

"Tea and coffee seem to be much alike in many respects, but the latter is greatly preferable as to its sustaining power. It would be a great advantage to our working classes, and a great help toward the further development of social sobriety, if coffee were to come into greatly increased use, and if the ability to make it well could be acquired. As an example of the difference of effect of tea and coffee upon the nerves, the writer notes what he believes many sportsmen will confirm, that it is far better to drink coffee than tea when shooting. Tea, if strong or in any quantity, especially if the individual be not in very robust health, will induce a sort of nervousness which is very prejudicial to steady shooting. Under its influence one is apt to shoot too quickly, whereas coffee steadies the hand and gives quiet nerves."

STEEL HAIRPINS DOOMED.

The attack is now upon the steel hairpin for specialists declare that the shell or bone pins is better for the hair and that many women have suffered martyrdom from nervous headaches without once suspecting that the cause lay in a metal hairpin.

But what shall we do without the little implement which might be called "woman's best friend?" How are we going to supply the 75 demands we make upon a hairpin? We use it to button our gloves and our shoes, to open the drawer whose lock is gone, to cut the leaves of our books, to clean our husband's pipe, to pin on the extra wrap, to draw the cork when the corkscrew cannot be found, to wedge a rattling window sash, to stone raisins, to fasten a card to the bell pull in snow time, to do duty as a bodkin and render no one knows how many little services of this sort.

The shell substitute is good for none of these things, and if it be doomed to crowd its humbler relative from the market, we can only exclaim, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear!"

SUMMER SMILES.

Doctor, do you treat rich and poor alike? No; circumstances alter cases.

Auntie—When I was your age I never told a lie, Tommy. Tommy—When did you begin, Auntie?

Fond Parent—That child is full of music. Sarcastic Visitor—Yes. What a pity it is allowed to escape.

Soulful Youth (at the piano)—Do you sing 'For Ever and Ever?' Matter-of-Fact Maiden—No; I stop for meals.

A Question—Mike—Ut's twins. Pat; wan bhoy an wan gur-rl. His brother—Begorrah, thin am Oi an uncle or an aunt, Oi dunno?

Too Inquisitive.—She—And would you go to the end of the world with me? He—Which end? Now she treats him as a stranger.

Husband—I have just had my portrait taken. What do you think of it? Wife—Beautiful, dear, I wish you would look like it sometimes.

Hicks—I have only this to say against Charley, that the only enemy he has is himself. Wicks—Oh, he would have other enemies, I suppose if he was worth it.

My dog is almost as intelligent as I am, remarked Squildig. Are you going to have him shot, or will you try to give him away? asked McSwilligen.

Askins—How is your cold to-day? Coffin—Much better, thank you. I cough only all the time now, while before I had to stop coughing every now and then in order to breathe.

His Real Meaning—When a man asserts that he is just as good as anybody else, do you think he really believes it? Certainly not. He believes he is better.

Mina, I am getting jealous of that man over there. Waitress—Nonsense! I scarcely spoke to him! Yes, I know, but you gave him larger dumpling than you give me.

Tommy—Paw, what is woman's intuition? Mr. Figg—It is that quality of her mind that enables her to say, Well, I don't care; it ought to be so, anyhow.

In Earnest—Do you think their engagement really means anything? She says it means more tandem rides and ice cream than the last one she managed or it will be broken off.

Hanleigh—Do you enjoy bicycling? Foote—Can't say that I do; but then the only experience I have had is in being run into. Perhaps if I should learn to ride I might enjoy it better.

Boy—Mr. Smitters wants to know if you'll lend him an umbrella. He says you know him. You may say that I do know him. He will probably understand why you didn't bring the umbrella.

Bertha—These men are troublesome things! Edith—Why, what's the matter with the men now? Bertha—For the life of me I can't make up my mind whether to let Fred or Charlie fall in love with me.

Hiram—That's the darndest mistake I ever seen in a high-class newspaper. Mandy—What is it Hi? Hiram—Why it sez, 'she's a man-of-war,' instid uv sayin' she's a woman uv war' or 'he's a man uv war.'

What do you mean by forcing the price of bread up? inquired the philanthropist. I didn't force it up, replied the speculator, with a look of injured innocence. After I got possession of all the wheat it went up of its own accord.

True So—We wanted to call the battle off, but there wasn't a white flag in the army. What did you do? Got a piece of wedding dress from a bride who was visiting and waved that. Regular flag of trousseau.

Mrs. Innocent—What did you enjoy most about your fishing trip, dear? Mr. Innocent—I got most excited when I was reeling in, my love. Mrs. Innocent (bursting into tears) And to—to—th-think you promised me y-you wouldn't d-drink a drop!

The way, said the Sweet Young Thing, to a man's heart is through his appetite. Is that right? sharply responded the Savage Bachelor. I want to know who it is that expects the other of the couple to buy ice cream, candy and all that sort of eating material.

An angry small boy was pelting stones at a noisy dog, when a venerable passerby stopped and addressed him. Little boy, the stranger remonstrated, don't you know you should be kind to dumb animals? Yes, replied the angry boy, but what's dumb animals got to do with yelping dogs?

Mrs. Petter—Did you see that? Dixon seized the rocking chair, and was into it before his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding trip, too. Mr. Petter—That's just it. There's where Dixon is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding tour, don't you see? And besides, he gets the chair.

DANGER TO SPIRIT LAMPS.

It is frequently charged against women that they are deficient in the sense of moral responsibility.

Perhaps nothing lends more color to this charge than their inconsiderate, one might almost say conscienceless, use of spirit lamps upon public conveyances. A woman will boil her baby's milk, or, worse, curl her hair on a train rocking through the mountains, or a ship lurching at sea, although by so doing she risks the upsetting of the lamp and the consequent peril to herself and every other passenger on board.

Spirit lamps are prohibited on board transatlantic steamers and are ruthlessly confiscated whenever found, still the fact remains that numbers of them every year cross and recross in cabin baggage, and are successfully hidden while in use. The wonder is that accidents are so rare.

Zola received the sum of £16 for his first book; for "L'Assommoir" he received £6,000.