

NEWS SUMMARY.

Interesting Items from all Parts of the World.

CANADIAN.

The wages of men employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway in Manitoba, have been reduced ten per cent.

The Kingston Street Railway has not proved a financial success. The plant is to be sold to the highest bidder.

Lady Rose, wife of Sir John Rose, of London, formerly Finance Minister of Canada, is dead. She died at her residence in London.

Ex-Alderman Lindley, of Brantford, Ontario, Secretary of the Canadian Order of Foresters, died at his residence, of consumption, a few days ago.

Hon. M. Bowell, Minister of Customs, has gone with his wife to Lower California, for the benefit of her health. She is suffering from disease of the lungs.

The new Cantilever railway bridge, spanning the Niagara river just above the old suspension bridge, is now complete and it will be used at once.

Rev. Dr. Duff, for many years a prominent minister at Sherbrooke, Quebec, died recently in Montreal. He was also a prominent man in the Temperance work.

It is reported that Sir Charles Tupper has been in Paris attempting to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, which would prove of great advantage to Canada.

Hon. John O'Connor, of Ottawa, has been appointed one of the Commissioners for the consolidation of the Dominion statutes, in the place of the late Hon. James Cockburn.

The Hastings County Council have just organized the Ontario Government in behalf of Women Suffrage. The Toronto and Kingston city councils have also taken similar actions.

A North West Colonization Company recently paid to the Interior Department at Ottawa \$2,400, being an instalment on \$20,000 acres of land in the Saskatchewan District.

The Napanee and Tamworth railway, through Lennox and Addington counties, is now nearly completed. The rails are nearly all laid and the road is expected to be in running order in a few weeks.

The Montreal city carnival will commence in that city on the 4th of February. Great preparations are being made for a week of sports and amusements, on a more complete and extensive scale than last year.

Sarlet fever of a very virulent type is reported to be raging in and about Peterboro, Mr. Joseph Taylor, living in Otonabee, lost five children in a few days, of that disease. Two of them were buried in one day.

Workmen's wages are everywhere going down. A few days ago the pay of the employees of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway works, was reduced from \$1.50 to \$1 per day. The men accepted the situation quietly.

Mr. George Stephen, of Montreal, of the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate, has presented to the Montreal Hospital \$50,000 for the purpose of erecting a building to commemorate the memory of the late Mr. Campbell.

The Petrolia oil men have been sending representatives to Ottawa to ask the Government to place further restrictions upon the importation of American coal oil. They also wish the inspection to be transferred from the Customs to the Inland Revenue Department.

There are great complaints in Toronto about the class of Irish immigrants received this year. It is asserted that 1,990 of those arriving at that city were from the union work houses of their native land. No less than 2,400 were sent to Canada from the work houses this year.

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Mr. John H. Stafford, a wealthy citizen of Brantford, has offered to build a hospital, in that city, at an expense of \$72,000, and donate it to the city. The city council have thankfully accepted the generous offer, and the work will be commenced at once. Two or three ladies have offered to furnish a portion of the wards. The wife of Hon. A. S. Hilly Provincial secretary, is among them.

A new unfinished government vessel was wrecked near Digby, Nova Scotia, recently. The vessel had been built at Miramichi, on the Bay of Fundy, and was being towed to Halifax, to be equipped, by the steamer *Verulam*. A heavy storm came up that night, with which the vessel was being towed parted, leaving it to drift upon the rocks, where it went to pieces, a total wreck. There were ten men on board, eight of whom were drowned.

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MARRIED IN FUN.

And Sent to Jail to Repent at Leisure—Sequel to a Lawn Party.

Walter Vaughn, of Flatbush, a mere boy, was arrested recently by his alleged wife for failing to provide for her. The couple went through a mock marriage at a lawn party some time ago. Mr. E. S. Vaughn, father of the lad who didn't know that he was married, is treasurer of the Moen Asphaltic company at No. 103 Maiden lane. He is a short, stout, and very jolly old gentleman, resembling not a little "Mr. Pickwick." When asked what answer his son would put in to the charge of abandonment brought against him by the young lady who claims the boy for her husband, the old gentleman burst into a spasmodic fit of laughter, which continued till he was forced to leave the room. Returning in a few minutes with his hands pressed tightly against his eyes Mr. Vaughn said: "Whenever I think of it I can hardly move," and straightening up with evident pain, he continued: "We shall carry this case as far as this young lady cares to have it go."

"What do you think prompted Miss Higbie to take such a serious view of the lawn-party marriage?" "Oh, she didn't. I am quite sure that her mother is at the bottom of it. She is endeavoring to work her daughter off her hands. It's natural, but she has gone about it the wrong way to be successful. It is only another example of would-be mother-in-law, and I think that young lady and her mother stand a poor chance of getting Walter or his father's money."

As the reporter started to go Mr. Vaughn asked if he was going to see the young lady, and on receiving an affirmative reply the old gentleman began to chuckle to himself, and as he received another hitch in his side, remarked: "Drop in and let me know what she has to say."

The Higbie family reside about midway between the penitentiary and the Flatbush asylum. Their residence is the first in a row of eight cottages facing the gray of the penal institution. A little figure came tripping down the stairs humming, "I'm lovely to-night, love, without you," and, with a little scream of surprise, she peeped the door.

"Is this Miss Higbie?" "No; I'm Mrs. Vaughn." Miss Higbie, or Mrs. Vaughn—to be decided by the court—is seventeen years of age. Her hair is dark, and her eyes are Kings county hazel. She is petite, and seemed very determined. She said her lawyer had directed her not to talk about the case at all.

"You can certainly tell me when your husband—Mr. Vaughn was arrested?" "It was on Evacuation day. Since our marriage I have not asked him to provide a home for me nor to support me, for it was a husband's place to look after his wife without being so directed. He has not done so, and I found it necessary to take some action in the matter."

"What were the details of this wedding ceremony?" "Why, there was not much of it. We were enjoying ourselves playing croquet at the lawn sociable at John A. Case's, in the evening, when Walter came up to me and said: 'Come on, Annie, and we'll get married.' I took his hand and walked over to a big tree. Charley Anson asked us the usual questions in the Methodist ceremony, and we were pronounced man and wife. I can't see anything 'mock' about that! We were in earnest, and after we were married we were happy as could be. During the remainder of the evening Walter called me his little wife, and I was only too happy to call him my husband. When he accompanied me home in the bright moonlight we both knew that we had been made one."

"How long have you lived in Flatbush?" "Only a month. I'm a city girl, you know. I have made only a few acquaintances here. It is not a very sociable place. What does mother think? Oh, she does not approve of my going to law to hold him. I am doing it all alone. Walter is a gentleman, and I know he will not go back on his marriage vows."

"Considering the newspaper stories which have brought you into notoriety, don't you regret having been married under such circumstances?" "No. It is a little unpleasant to be spoken of as trying to make a man remain your husband when he does not want to, but I love Walter, and I can not let the matter drop without doing everything in my power to overrule the objections of his parents. I know we were a just little young to enter into the matrimonial state, but now that we are man and wife I feel it my duty to enjoy my husband's company if the law so directs."

Walter Vaughn's mother was seen, but she would not talk about the circumstances of his marriage. The young man will be examined at Justice Ferguson's office, in New Utrecht. The young lady will be represented by Counselor Legget, of Brooklyn.—New York World.

Flesh or Fat.

Many people do not distinguish the difference between flesh and fat in the construction of their body. They want to get fat, and think they will thereby necessarily become strong. This is a mistake. Let us notice the wide difference between flesh and fat.

Flesh consists of muscle; therefore flesh and muscle are one and the same thing. The muscles constitute a great bulk of the body, and bestow upon it form and symmetry. The "round" of beef and the leg of lamb are nearly all muscle. It consists of fine thread-like filaments or fibres, arranged in small bundles, a number of which united together with connective tissue form a muscle. Every movement of the body is produced directly by the muscles shortening themselves, in response to the nervous influence of nerve fibres permeating them, and so drawing on the bones to which they are attached.

Fat consists of minute cells or sacs of fat, held together with soft, delicate threads and bands of connective tissue. It is found chiefly beneath the skin and walls of the belly, around the kidneys and heart, and in spaces between organs. It contributes to symmetry, facilitates motion, and constitutes a reverse supply of fuel—combustible food, for burning, or oxidation, and is the first tissue to disappear for this purpose in those who are poorly fed. Any increase of it to more than enough for these purposes is useless and burdensome.

With abundance of exercise and plain nutritious solid food—flesh, bread, a moderate allowance of vegetable, and simple puddings, with milk and tea and coffee in moderation, the muscles, if not firm and strong, usually increase in size, firmness and strength, and the whole body in weight. With little exercise, excess of starch, vegetable, fatty and liquid foods, the fat accumulates, though the strength may not increase, but may even decrease, and will, with any great accumulation of fat.

It should not therefore be an object with any one to become "fat," but to secure firm, strong muscles, with the whole made plump and round by a moderate proportion of fat.—Sanitary Journal.

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In the Wrong Pulpit.

The Boston Traveller relates the adventure of a worthy Congregationalist clergyman of a church in the suburbs of Boston. He had agreed to supply a Roxbury pulpit for an absent brother. He came into Boston and promptly took a Highland car for the scenes of his evening's labor. In due time he descried a steeple, and, reaching the church, got out, walked in, took off his overcoat in the vestry, and went straightway to the pulpit. He glanced around on his congregation and proceeded, after a minute or two's delay, to give out a good old standard Congregational hymn. The congregation proceeded to find the place, the organ gave the tune, and the singing began. While it was in progress the sexton walked up the pulpit stairs and said to our suburban friend, "Mr. — will be here in a few minutes." The situation flashed upon him, but suppressing his emotions, he asked, "Why, isn't this Mr. —'s church?" "No, sir," calmly replied the sexton, "this is the Universalist church." There was an exchange of places a few minutes later. The friends of the suburban minister are now fond of asking him how he came to enter the Universalist ministry. He laughs and solves himself with the remark, "Well, I got them to sing a good orthodox hymn, anyway."

FOR A QUART OF BEER.

The Buying and Selling of Wives in England.

Before Mr. Justice Denman, at the Liverpool assizes, Betsy Wardle was charged with marrying George Chisnal at Eccleston bigamously, her former husband being alive. The case was a peculiar one. It was stated by the woman that as her first husband had sold her for a quart of beer she thought she was at liberty to marry again.

His Lordship—That is not what she stated before the magistrate. She said then that he was idle and would not work. When she left him she took the child with her, and he said if she would let him have the child he would not trouble her any further. He added that he would sell her for a quart of beer.

Prisoner—Please your worship, he did so. [Laughter.] His Lordship—Is there anybody here who knows that? Yes, my lord; Alice Roseby and Margaret Brown.

His Lordship—Call Margaret Brown. Margaret Brown thereupon stepped into the box and was cross-examined by his lordship. She said she was present at the second marriage. She knew the first husband Wardle was alive; she was told that he had sold her for a quart of beer.

His Lordship—You believed it would be binding? Yes, sir. His Lordship—And you thought it right she should marry again? She wished me to give her away, and I did so. [Laughter.] His Lordship—You helped her to commit bigamy. Take care you do not do it again or you will get yourself into trouble.

Alice Roseby was next called, and said she saw Wardle drink one glass of the quart. His Lordship—Who was the bargain made with? With George Chisnal. His Lordship—I am not sure that you are not guilty of bigamy, or of being an accessory before the fact. You must not do this sort of thing again. People have no right to sell their wives for a quart of beer or anything else. [Laughter.]

George Chisnal, the second husband, apparently just out of his teens, was the next witness called. His Lordship—How did you come to marry this woman? Witness (in the Lancashire vernacular)—Hoo did a what? [Laughter.] Question repeated. A bowt her. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—You are not fool enough to suppose you can buy another man's wife? O! [Laughter.] His Lordship—How much did you give for her? Sixpence. [Great laughter.] His Lordship—You are as guilty as she is. You are accessory before the fact to her committing bigamy yourself. Everybody has committed bigamy in this case. [Laughter.] Go down.

The witness left the box with alacrity, but was immediately recalled by his lordship, who asked him how long he had lived with the prisoner. Witness—Going on for three years. His Lordship—Do you want to take her back again? Awl keep her, if you loike. [Laughter.]

His Lordship—You need not keep her if you do not want. She is Wardle's wife. Mr. Swift, addressing his lordship, said all he wished to say on behalf of this unfortunate woman was this—that she seemed to have met with a bad husband in the first

place, and an ignorant man in the second.

He could only venture to hope that his lordship would not think it a case in which she ought to be punished—at least not severely. His Lordship directed that Wardle should be called, and this was done without eliciting any answer.

His Lordship (addressing the prisoner)—It is absolutely necessary that I should pass some punishment upon you in order that people may understand that men have no more right to sell their wives than they have to sell other people's horses, or to sell other people's horses or cows, or anything of the kind. You cannot make that a legal transaction. So many of you seem to be ignorant of that that it is necessary I should give you some punishment in order that you may understand it. It is not necessary that it should be long, but you must be imprisoned and kept at hard labor for one week.—London Telegraph.

An Eccentric Lawyer.

A famous lawyer, noted for his learning and classical scholarship, illustrated by his eccentric habits an old English song. "The loss of wealth is the loss of dirt. As sages in all times assert; The happy man's without a shirt."

"Billy Campbell, as he was familiarly called, made much and saved little money, for he had no idea of its value. He endorsed for everybody, and if he went out in the street with a pocketful of change, he would return without a cent having given something to every beggar he met."

One day, the sheriff, in reply to Mr. Campbell's question, "What's the news?" "Nothing new, sir, but this, I am sorry to say. I had to sell out your house and lot for the debt you owed as security to Mr. Hill."

"Oh, that's nothing," answered Campbell; the property is no lost; it has only changed hands."

Mr. Campbell was an easy going bachelor, and the reputation of being one of the most slovenly dressed lawyers in the State. On one occasion as he was about leaving home to attend the legislature, his sister informed him that she had packed a dozen shirts in his trunk.

"Now, brother," said she, "do be more particular about your dress, and don't forget to put on a shirt at least once a week. It's very mortifying to see you go about looking so dirty."

On his return home at the close of the session, she congratulated him upon his hearty appearance. "Why you have grown as fat as a pig," she remarked, "they must have fed you at the capital."

"Yes, they take good care of us," he replied, "for they are always in want of some appropriations."

Looking into her brother's trunk and finding but two shirts she called out: "Where, brother, are all those new shirts I gave you?" "Don't you find them in the trunk?" "No; I see but two."

"Possibly I have some on me." An examination disclosed that he was wearing six shirts, a fact which accounted for his apparent improvement in flesh.

Harrison, the "boy" preacher, it is said, will spend Christmas with his grandchildren.

Advertisement for the Great Rock Island Route, featuring a map of the region and text describing the railway service between Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific R'y, and the Albert Lea Route.