

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

There have been twenty-seven deaths... measles at Beaver River and Lac La Poudre in the North-West.

The Calgary Council has decided to prohibit the erection of wooden buildings in town limits for the future.

Captain Lorway says there is no truth in reports that American seiners had been inside the three mile limit in Asby Bay.

The North-West Council has passed a resolution asking the Dominion Government to build a double bridge across the South Saskatchewan.

The graves of the victims of the massacre at Frog Lake are reported to be all in good order, neatly sodded, and the crosses put to mark them still standing.

The Peterboro' Grand Jury, in order to rid the ingenious tramp, has declared in favor of imposing hard labor on all prisoners confined in county gaols, whether the work to be done is at a profit or not.

An old married man at Dorchester, N. B., met with a young unmarried girl recently and was pursued by his nephew, compelled to relinquish his easy-virtued companion, and to return to his wife and family.

Examination of several carloads of wheat arrived at Winnipeg from Western Manitoba showed the grain to be so saturated with smoke blown into fields of standing grain from prairie fires as to give it a rancid taste and render it utterly useless.

Fishery Inspector Rogers, of Halifax, has received a letter from the Government of Sweden asking for plans and working models of his fishway with a view of its introduction into Sweden.

In correspondence with the Government of other foreign countries in connection with the same matter.

It is said that the appointment of a successor to the late Bishop of Saskatchewan with the Archbishop of Canterbury, is not being a sufficient number of self-supporting parishes in the diocese to enable the synod to hold an election.

The names of Rev. G. G. Roberts, of Fredericton, N. B., and Rev. G. G. Roberts, of Fredericton, N. B., are prominently mentioned in connection with the vacancy.

A young man named Desrochers, eighteen years of age, while embarking in a canoe at St. Paul to go on a hunting expedition, taking his seat moved the trigger of his rifle with his foot or with an oar.

gun was fired, and the charge lodged in his abdomen. Some of his friends who were present instantly to his relief, but he died a few minutes later in great suffering.

Arrangements have been completed for the establishment in the North-West of a training farm for boys and girls from the orphanages of Dr. Barnardo in England and Eastern Canada.

The farm will be situated at a place where a block of about five thousand acres has been secured. The erection of the necessary buildings will be proceeded with and the first party of boys brought next Spring.

Mr. George J. Bliss, of Fredericton, N. B., has actively opposed the introduction of ritualistic practices and innovations in the Church there, has taken an action of defamation of character against Rev. Montgomery, of Kingsclear, who is supposed to be the author of a letter in the Arch Guardian, accusing Mr. Bliss of trying up a series of false charges against G. G. Roberts, the rector of Christ Church.

Vigorous agitation is in progress at St. John's, N. B., against the proposed subsidizing of steamers making Portland the winter terminus. At a great meeting the night resolutions were passed declaring that Portland be removed from the list of winter ports for St. John's.

The ocean mails and St. John's inserted, that Canada's winter ports be St. John's and Halifax. An influential delegation of St. John's citizens will leave at once for Ottawa to press these claims upon the Government.

The New Brunswick Methodist Conference determined to take the case of the Rev. Currie, charged with immoral conduct, to the Supreme Court at Ottawa. Much indignation is expressed by members of the conference at the judgment of the New Brunswick Supreme Court, restraining the conference from taking action in the matter, the judges were handled without gloves by several clergymen.

Rev. Dr. Williams said that the conference had determined to ask the Court of New Brunswick should not take the Methodist Church, and while the General Superintendent he would act in that policy.

Sadbury correspondent tells us that the Canadian Copper Company have bought for \$85,000 besides Government lands, an employ 80 to 100 men, besides those constructing seven miles of railway, the cost of the C. P. R. About 200 car loads of copper ore have been shipped to the United States. Preparations for employing men are being made. The family of the miner residing at Sadbury. An assay of the ore is in successful operation. Stobie, Small, Eyre, and others have made assays, and experts from Montreal and New York have examined and reported favorably upon them.

The Cobourg Assizes, Duncan A. Cummer and Thomas J. Browne were tried and found guilty of forging \$20 notes on the Bank of Montreal, and Cummer, James, and Abel Christensen pleaded guilty to forging \$10 notes on the Merchants' Bank of Canada, to making plates of \$10 bank notes, and to making plates of \$50 notes on La Banque Ville of Montreal. The Grand Jury in its presentment complimented Government Detective Rogers for the manner in which he had ferreted out the guilty party, secured such strong cases against Cummer and Christensen to three years in the Penitentiary, Browne to two years and six months, and Christensen to one year.

Losing Votes. "I can't give me to vote fer that man," said a farmer, referring to a statesman who had been taking in the country fair; "he's a good deal of a dood."

"Is he a dood?" "Yes, he is a dood," pronounced punkin with an 'm' and 'n' sound.

The Candidate.

"Father, who travels the road so late?" "Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate: Fit example of human woes— Early he comes and late he goes. He greets the women with courtly grace, He kisses the baby's dirty face, He calls to the fence the farmer at work, He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk, The blacksmith, while his anvil rings He greets, and this is the song he sings: "Howdy, howdy, howdy-do? How is your wife, and how are you? Ah! it fits my fist as no other can, The horny hand of the working man."

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?" "Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate." "Husband, why can't he work like you?" "My dear, whenever a man is down, No cash at home, no credit in town; Too stupid to preach and too proud to beg, Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig, Then over his horse his legs he flings, And to the dear people this song he sings: "Howdy, howdy, howdy-do? How is your wife, and how are you? Ah! it fits my fist as no other can, The horny hand of the working man."

Brothers, who labor early and late, Ask these things of the candidate: What's his record? how does he stand? At home, no matter about his hand. Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone To close over money not his own. Has he in view no thieving plan? Is he honest and capable?—he is our man. Cheer such a one till the welkin rings, Join in the chorus when he sings: "Howdy, howdy, howdy-do? How is your wife, and how are you? Ah! it fits my fist as no other can, The horny hand of the working man."

That Line Fence.

Old Farmer Smith came home in a miff From his field the other day, While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life, At her wheel was spinning away. And ever and anon a gay little song With the buzz of her wheel kept time; And his wrathful brow is clearing now, Under her cheerful rhyme.

"Come come, little Turk, put away your work, And listen to what I say: What can I do, but a quarrel brew With the man across the way?" "I have built my fence, but he won't commence To lay a single rail; His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin— I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why, John, dear, John, how do you do on? I'm afraid it will be as they say." "No, no, little wife, I heard that strife In a lawyer's hands don't pay."

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law— I am told that he said he would— And you know, long ago, law wronged me so, I vowed that I never should."

So what can I do, that I will not rue To the man across the way? "If that's what you want, I can help you haunt That man with a scepter gray."

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through, And then you have gained a neighbor, It would cost you more to peep in the door Of a court, and as much more labor."

"Just use your good sense—let's build him a fence And shame had acts out of the fellow." They built up his part, and sent to his heart Love's dart where the good thoughts mellow.

That very night, by the candle light, They opened with interest a letter: Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair Said—the man was growing better.

A Young Wife's Views.

I think my husband ought to do Exactly as I want him to, Especially where it concerns The money that for me he earns.

If he and I are one, why do As if we were, and must be, two? For if our interests combine, What'er is his is also mine.

I hate to ask him every day For little sums, and have him say, "My dear, where has that dollar gone? I gave you only yesternorn!"

'Tis strange indeed how in his eyes A sum will swell and swell in size When once persuaded to resign It from his pocket-book to mine.

He lets me run up heavy bills At two big stores, and thus fulfills, He thinks, his duties unto me; But I with him do not agree.

I like to go from store to store (As bees the fragrant buds explore), And take from each whatever suits In bonnet, mantle, gloves, or boots.

I think a "common drawer" would prove A means to strengthen faith and love; Or better still 'twould be were he To bring his money a bit to me:

And safer, then, too, he might learn To ask a little in his turn, And have a chance as well to see How very generous I would be!"

Babylon.

Her robes are of purple and scarlet, And the kings have bent their knees To the gemmed and jewelled harlot Who sitteth on many seas;

They have drunk the abominations Of her golden cup of shame; She has drugged and debauched the nations With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches By the power of her wantonness, And her usurers are as leeches on the world's supreme distress.

She has scourged the sea as a spoiler: Her mart is a robber's den, With the wretched toll of the sailor, And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying, Where the east and west are one; Her drums while the day is dying Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly And the just with an iron rod; She is drunk with the blood of the holy— She shall drink of the wrath of God!"

Seasonable Adoration.

I love to see the setting sun, Sink splendidly from sight: I love to watch, while one by one The stars peep out at night.

I love to view the forest gay With brilliant autumnal hues; I love to see the dawn of day, The grass all gemmed with dew.

I love the ocean great and grand, That roars in rock-bound coves; I love to see the crinkled sand Lett bare by foamy waves.

All Nature's charms, in short, I love. Her forests, fields and lakes; But oh! all other things above Love hot buckwheat cakes.

FROM THE LEVANT.

Visit of the Duke of Edinburgh and British Fleet of War.

A Beyrout, Syria, letter to the Hartford Courant says:—The English squadron of the Duke of Edinburgh, dropped anchor in St George's bay last Tuesday, the 24th Oct. The fleet consists of the flag ship Alexandra, the Dreadnought, the Thunderer, the Superb, the Temeraire, the Agamemnon, the Iris and torpedo ram Polyphemus. These ships, the most powerful in the English navy, have been cruising about the eastern Mediterranean since the blockade of Greece, and are now moving northward to the ports of Asia Minor. During their stop at Alexandria last week the Duke of Edinburgh was royally entertained, despite the ill-feeling resulting from the last bombardment.

As the squadron steamed around Ras Beyrout at daylight and swung around at anchor before the city the sight was impressive. At 8 o'clock the town was reminded of its visitors by the thunder of ordnance, which was feebly answered by the guns of the Turkish garrison, as the English flags ran up from the deck of each floating leviathan. All Beyrout seemed to rush to the water front to inspect the most powerful naval squadron afloat. In their eager curiosity hundreds put off in small boats to inspect the ships near at hand.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

and nearly 200 officers arranged to visit Damascus. Messrs. Cook & Co. looked after the ways and means. Every mark of respect has been shown the Duke, and to-day, as your correspondent was riding to Beyrout from the mountains, he met large numbers of Lebanon soldiers mounted, who were on their way to escort the Duke to-morrow on his way from Damascus. The English vice-consul has arranged a reception for the officers at his summer house at Beit Mary on the Lebanon, three hours ride from the city. Few English and American houses on the mountains have been without a guest or two from the fleet.

No photograph or description can begin to give the full impression an English fleet makes upon the beholder. The fine article which appeared last winter in Harper's Magazine did all that words can do. But to pull out under the shadows of the great hulks and see the monstrous guns looking down upon you, gives a new and startling sensation. Concentrated power seems embodied in every line. In fact there is very little of beauty in the whole fleet. Only one ship, the Iris, is at all attractive, but this swift cruiser (making 18 1/2 knots) is certainly a beautiful craft. She is a steel despatch boat, does not carry any heavy guns, and has only 1 1/2 inch steel decks over the machinery, boilers and magazines.

All the other boats are positively ugly. Every other idea has surrendered to the desire for efficiency. The flagship, the Alexandra (named after England's future queen), is somewhat ornamental, but the effect is very far from pleasing. As one looks over the whole fleet he realizes that the old days of naval warfare are over—the wild, dashing days, when the ocean was made beautiful with the towering canvas of frigate and cutter, and when success depended quite as much on skill as on guns.

How Languages are Formed.

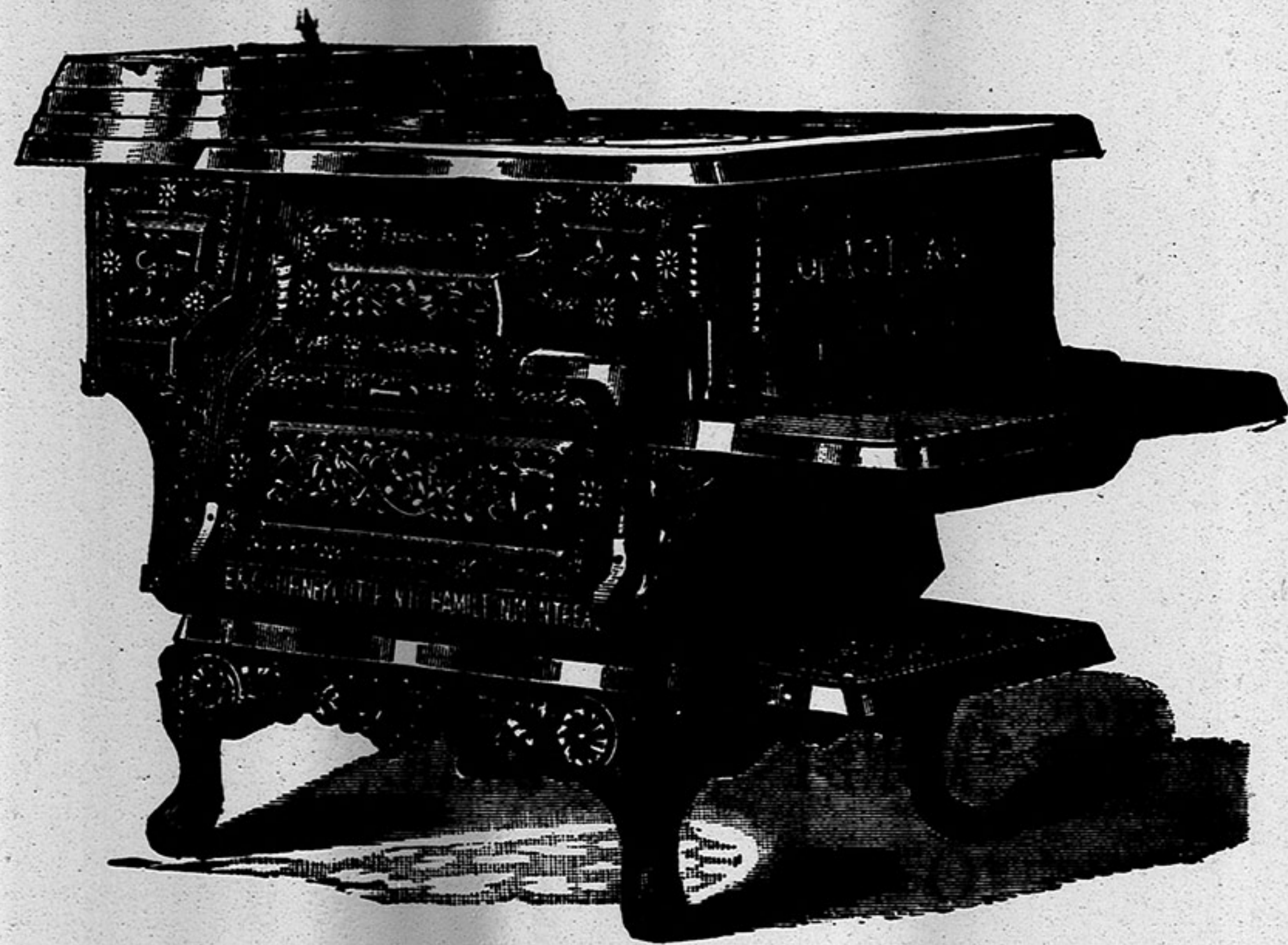
It has been a perplexity to scholars how such a vast variety of languages and dialects can have originated in our world, especially if they all grew out of one original tongue. Mr. Horatio Hale says in *Science* that the perplexity will be removed if scholars will look low enough, and take in children as well as adults.

He gives several striking cases of groups of children accustomed to play with each other, and left mostly to themselves, who formed languages which they used with perfect freedom and understood with ease, but which were quite unintelligible to others. If children can do this in play, it would be a simple matter for adults, placed in an isolated position, and cut off from communication with the rest of the world, to make a new language for their own benefit.

Mr. Hale offers some substantial arguments to prove that language-speaking men have not existed in our world for more than seven thousand years. His article is worthy of a careful study of its original suggestions.

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