

Dr. Tanner Explains to the Commons Why He Used "Cuss" Words.

A last (Thursday) night's London cable says: Dr. Tanner (Home Ruler) appeared before the House of Commons this afternoon in obedience to his summons, to explain the charge made by Mr. Long (Conservative), that the doctor had in the lobby and in the presence of several members called Mr. Long a "snob," and used other improper language.

THE WEEKLY RECORD.

A TEST FOR THE EYE.

An Instrument That Will Tell a Woman's Exact Age.

At the French Academy of Medicine, according to a cablegram, Dr. Javal presented an optometer recently invented by George J. Bull, son of Mr. Richard Bull, of this city, who has attained a high position in his profession in the Old World.

POWDER HOUSE STRUCK BY LIGHTNING—Great Destruction of Property.

A Streator, Ill., despatch says: The powder house of the C. W. & V. Coal Company was struck by lightning at 2.30 a.m., causing a terrible explosion, killing one man and wounding many, and demolishing all the property for blocks around it.

GRREAT EXPLOSION.

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SUNSTROKE.

A physician gives some valuable and seasonable information about sunstroke. During the hot weather, when exposed to the sun, headache, giddiness, nausea and vomiting are the first symptoms.

Latest Old London Gossip.

Mr. Chamberlain is not well. He is getting too fat. Orientalism is to replace Japaneseism in the decorations of the Jubilee.

These Dear Horses.

A London cable says: The statement by the War Secretary in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, that the Government had decided to purchase no more Canadian horses for the army owing to the price, shows that the influence of the country is being felt.

Together in Death.

A Providence, R.I., despatch says: Giles Luther, an aged resident in the outskirts of Warren, left his invalid wife at 11 o'clock last night to get a neighbor to town for a doctor, as Mrs. Luther was failing.

Lonely Jacob's Ladder.

On Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in California, at a level 14,000 feet above the sea and 1,600 feet above the timber line, where there is no soil and no moisture save snow and hail and ice, there grows a little flower shaped like a bell.

Got There Just the Same.

A Boston girl entered Manville's store yesterday, and stepping up to Ed. Manville, said: "I would like to purchase a diminutive feline intestine prepared expressly for a banjo."

It is Only within the Past 500 Years.

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A BRIDE FOR HEAVEN'S SON.

The Way the Wife of the Young Chinese Emperor Was Chosen.

In the San Francisco Chronicle of July 3rd was the following: The Chinese residents of this city were somewhat anxiously awaiting the arrival of news relating to the approaching nuptials of His Imperial Majesty Kwong Suey, "Son of Heaven."

THE BANE OF ENGINEERS.

What Happened to a Train on a Moonlight Night.

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of railroad engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to a Cincinnati Commercial Gazette reporter.

A DIABOLICAL CONCERT.

Hon. S. C. Describes the Song of the Donkeys of Prinkips.

The following is an extract from the Hon. S. C.'s recent 'Amnany speech: Last summer it was my pleasure to live in one of the isles of the Indies. It is called Prinkips.

How the Monkey Stole the Money.

In a house on the Boulevard Napoleon of Toulouse, a woman looked up her money in a desk and went out shopping; but when she returned she missed three napoleons, a gold five-franc piece and a franc in silver.

A Cat and a Parrot.

The Danbury News says: Dr. Snow has a very fine cat and a parrot. Both occupy adjacent quarters in the parlor of the cat most of the time monopolizing his chair.

A Lucky Sub-Inspector of Police.

Mr. Blake has been transferred from the membership of the Irish Methodist Church. An addition of 339 was made last year to the membership of the Irish Methodist Church.

The City Man as a Farmer.

(From Our Country Home.) CAPITAL STOCK FIRST YEAR. Concoit. Money. Farm. Practical Knowledge. Experience.

Concoit.

Money.

Farm.

Practical Knowledge.

Experience.

Concoit.

Money.

Farm.

Practical Knowledge.

Experience.

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS.

When Coins, Maps, Pens and Other Popular Things Were New.

The first coining of money is attributed to Pheidon, King of Argos, in 895 B.C. Coined money was first used in London twenty-five years before the Christian era.

HALTER OR ALTAR.

A Surnia Man Prefers Death to Matrimony.

A passenger who arrived here last evening from Sarnia tells a startling tragedy that took place in that town yesterday.

A Fish Jewel Case.

Giles Busby, a Toledo fishmonger, was cleaning a white fish last Monday, and in the larger intestines of the fish he found a diamond ring.

Is a Bustle a Garter?

Mr. Justice Kekewich was occupied yesterday with the hearing of an action relating to a bustle in dress improver.

Two Midsummer Love Stories.

A young German carpenter was married to a pretty Bohemian girl in Omaha the other day after a six months' courtship.

A Life Wasted on Perpetual Motion.

George Johnson, aged 78, died at the Bristol Town Farm on Sunday. He was an interesting character, his chief notoriety being in his effort to perfect perpetual motion.

A Jubilee Story.

Two Scotch fishwives in London were talking about the Jubilee the other day. "Eh, wumman," said one to the other, "I can't tell me what a jubilee is, for I never saw the folk quairt at it."

A Toronto Boy's Romantic Adventures.

Four years ago Willie Noland, then aged 9, ran away from his home in this city, bent on striking out for himself.

A Queen in Scarlet.

The Queen of Portugal wore a scarlet satin dress, trimmed with lace of a combination of cream and gold. Her train had on each side a row of gold and red scarlet silk brocade; her neck and arms were covered with diamonds and sapphires of enormous size, like gems, were pendant from her ears.

Chinamen Entertain Very Exalted Ideas of Justice.

The other day a citizen, who left a shirt at a Chinese laundry to be washed and dressed, was told when he went to get it that it had been lost.

A Cheerful Believer.

A farmer stood at the Ithaca gas well yesterday and sadly declared it was just ruining Bible prophecy to dig such things. One being asked to explain he said: "If the oil and gas is all pumped out of the earth, don't it stand to reason that there will be nothing left inside for the final burning up of the world. It is just spoiling Bible prophecy, and ought to be stopped."—Elmira Gazette.

Know Your Friends.

A young physician who had recently hung out his sign came home one day in high spirits. "Do you know, my dear," he said to his wife, "I'm really becoming quite well known here. The undertakers bow to me already."

THE ADDRESS OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

The non delivery of a telegram sent from Manchester to Lichfield a week or so ago was attended by some amusing circumstances.

Mr. Andrew Aitken, of Paris station, was attacked by a steer on the railway the other day. After dodging the first charge, Mr. Aitken made for the fence, but before he got there the wild steer was upon him, threw him to the ground, and began a savage attack on his prostrate form.

Driven to Desperation.

Jack—What! Are you smoking cigarettes? Harry—Yes, dash it all! I can't refuse my offer of marriage last night, and I don't care now what becomes of me.—Tid Bits.

Sound Advice.

An innocent Cheyenne man wrote to a Denver sport, the other day and asked the question: "How can a man get rich at poker?" The sport promptly replied: "Don't poke."—Denver News.

Slow Starvation.

Rev. Dr. Frank Culley, missionary to Labrador coast of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, has published a letter in the St. John's (Nfld.) Mercury, in which a painful account of the slow starvation of the people is detailed.

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Building Monuments. Through life we build our monuments of honor and fame. The little and the great events. Are blocks of glory or of shame. The modest, humble and obscure. Living monuments of fame. May raise a shaft that will endure Longer than pyramids of stone. The carved statue turns to dust. And marble obelisks decay. But deeds of pity, faith and trust No storms of fate can sweep away. Their base stands on the rock of right. Their apex reaches to the skies; With the increasing light Of all the cheering centuries. Our building must be good or bad; In words we speak, in deeds we do; On sand or granite must be laid The shaft that shows us false or true. How do we build—what can we show For hours and days and years of toil? Is the foundation firm below? Is it on rock or sandy soil? The hand that lifts the fallen up. This heals a heart or binds a wound. The work of the heart must be true. Is building upon solid ground. Is there a block of stainless white Within the monumental wall. Of which the pillars will endure? He build well? so should we all! —Christian Intelligencer.

HALTER OR ALTAR. A Surnia Man Prefers Death to Matrimony. A passenger who arrived here last evening from Sarnia tells a startling tragedy that took place in that town yesterday. It would seem that a carpenter named Frank Howard has recently been paying marked attentions to a Miss Lafarge, whose friends are said to live in Millbury Centre. Matters finally came to a point where the pair were to have been married yesterday at the Farmers' Hotel in Sarnia. All the preparations were made, the bride, the witnesses and the clergyman were on time, but the bridegroom was missing. After a search was instituted, and the dead body of Howard was found suspended by a rope to one of the beams in the barn on the hotel premises. It was evidently a case of suicide, the motive for which has not yet transpired.—London Advertiser.

A Fish Jewel Case. Giles Busby, a Toledo fishmonger, was cleaning a white fish last Monday, and in the larger intestines of the fish he found a diamond ring. The ring had engraved upon its inner surface "J. A. B., Chicago, 63." Busby forwarded the ring to the Chief of Police in this city. Yesterday Mrs. Julia A. Lennox, of 12 Lennox street, identified and recovered the ring. She tells an interesting story of its loss. In 1869 she, as Miss Bennett, became engaged to Mr. Lennox, and he gave her this diamond ring, for which he paid \$450. Upon their bridal trip in 1870, Mrs. Lennox lost the ring; while she was washing her hands in the toilet room of the Pullman car the ring slipped from her finger and dropped through the waste pipe. As the train happened to be crossing the bridge over the St. Lawrence River, near Montreal, she missed that time the bereaved bride had no hope of recovering the ring. There are no white fish in the St. Lawrence; the theory is that a small fish seized upon the ring, and that at some future time this small fish, while cruising about the lakes, fell prey to the white fish in which the long-lost ring was discovered. Giles Busby, the Toledo fishmonger, received from Mr. Lennox a check for \$100 for his honesty.—Chicago News.

Is a Bustle a Garter? Mr. Justice Kekewich was occupied yesterday with the hearing of an action relating to a bustle in dress improver. The court was strewn with various specimens of these articles, and considerable amusement was caused by the spectacle of a judge and several leading counsel, including the Attorney-General, arguing gravely on the intricacies of the various garters for dress improvers. Mr. Justice Kekewich, after looking at several despatches, said: "I hope you are going to produce another of these articles, Mr. Aston, which I do not see here. It is called the Jubilee. (Laughter.) Mr. Aston—I have never heard of it, my Lord. His Lordship—it is one which when a lady sits down plays the National Anthem. (Great laughter.) Later on Mr. Aston argued that a dress improver was virtually the same as a garter. His Lordship—Do you mean that seriously, Mr. Aston—Yes I do, my Lord. They are the same, though not in size. His Lordship—Very well, Mr. Aston, I can so shall want a jury of matrons on this case before it is done.—Full Mall Gazette.

Two Midsummer Love Stories. A young German carpenter was married to a pretty Bohemian girl in Omaha the other day after a six months' courtship, which must have been conducted entirely in pantomime, as neither can speak a word of the other language. The services of a string of jokes about the courtship of the young couple seemed as happy as if they had talked sweet nothings into each other's ears all their lifetime. A romantic wedding took place at Edwardsville, Ill., the other day, when Prof. Duncanson, of Vanalia, a widower, was married to Mrs. Lilla Carroll of Springfield, a widow. The marriage was the culmination of a series of coincidences in the lives of the wedded pair. The Rev. J. B. Thompson, who performed the ceremony, officiated in the same capacity at Prof. Duncanson's first marriage, and also at Mrs. Carroll's first marriage, and preached the funeral sermon at the death of Prof. Duncanson's wife and at the death of Mrs. Carroll's husband. It was this strange fatality of circumstances which induced the couple to seek again the services of Mr. Thompson.

A Life Wasted on Perpetual Motion. George Johnson, aged 78, died at the Bristol Town Farm on Sunday. He was an interesting character, his chief notoriety being in his effort to perfect perpetual motion. He became so engaged in this subject about 40 years ago, at the time of the perpetual motion craze, and he was so unbalanced, and since that time he contrived several ingenious devices which are curiosities. Mr. Johnson was a mechanic of more than common skill in the using of tools, and was never able to use his ability to accumulate any property.—Harford Times.

A Jubilee Story. Two Scotch fishwives in London were talking about the Jubilee the other day. "Eh, wumman," said one to the other, "I can't tell me what a jubilee is, for I never saw the folk quairt at it." "This ay," replied the other, "I can tell ye that; ye see, when a man and a wumman has been marrit for five-and-twenty year, that's a siller waddin'; and when they've been marrit for fifty year that's a gouden waddin'; but when the man's deed, that's a jubilee!"

A Toronto Boy's Romantic Adventures. Four years ago Willie Noland, then aged 9, ran away from his home in this city, bent on striking out for himself. His family made every effort to locate him, but without success. His brother, Mr. Richard Noland, of the Montreal House, never, however, gave up the search, and as late as Wednesday last wrote to a friend in the States inquiring if he had seen or heard anything of the adventurous lad. By a strange coincidence the friend turned up at the hotel yesterday well dressed, healthy and with more than \$15 in his inside pocket. The joy attending the reunion between the two brothers may be imagined. Young Noland has been all the while content since he left Toronto, having got into the circus business. He resided in the city at this time is due to the fact that he is travelling with Burk's show as a contortionist. His professional name is Willie Leroux, and his performances are wonderfully clever. There was a happy time at the Montreal House last night over the lost having been found.—Toronto World.

A Queen in Scarlet. The Queen of Portugal wore a scarlet satin dress, trimmed with lace of a combination of cream and gold. Her train had on each side a row of gold and red scarlet silk brocade; her neck and arms were covered with diamonds and sapphires of enormous size, like gems, were pendant from her ears. On her head she wore an aigrette of scarlet feathers, with diamond stars among the hair, which was gathered very high up.—Paris Register.

Chinamen Entertain Very Exalted Ideas of Justice. The other day a citizen, who left a shirt at a Chinese laundry to be washed and dressed, was told when he went to get it that it had been lost. The Celestial washerman said he might, perhaps, find the missing article some day. "But I want it now," said the owner. "Oh, Bolly good. Don't be afraid," was the reply. "If I no find shirte, you no pay for wash."—Toronto Mail.

A Cheerful Believer. A farmer stood at the Ithaca gas well yesterday and sadly declared it was just ruining Bible prophecy to dig such things. One being asked to explain he said: "If the oil and gas is all pumped out of the earth, don't it stand to reason that there will be nothing left inside for the final burning up of the world. It is just spoiling Bible prophecy, and ought to be stopped."—Elmira Gazette.

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