

NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

FIVE MINUTES SELECT READING.

Summary of Foreign, Domestic and War Items—Concise, Pithy, and Pointed.

THE DOMINION.

Sir Hector Langevin is not going to visit the North-west this fall.

The Masonic difficulty in the province of Quebec has been settled.

The Montreal, N. B. sugar refinery has declared a dividend of 6 per cent.

There are at present 230 pupils in the deaf and dumb institute at Belleville.

The Napanee, Tamworth & Quebec Railway track is to be finished by Nov. 15.

Hon. Alex. Mackenzie's health has been greatly benefited by his trip to Europe.

The Allans have two new ocean vessels under construction—the Siberian and Numidian.

Hamilton has remitted \$65,000 to London, Eng., on account of interest of city debentures.

Joseph Marorana, four years old, was fatally mangled by a G. T. R. train at London, Ont., recently.

The Kingston and Pembroke Railway Company intend to prohibit the sale of liquor on their road.

Robert McCutcheon, a farmer near Birtch's Corners, was gored by a bull recently.

The Dominion Government has undertaken an annual inspection of children brought to Canada from abroad.

The Cleveland, O. syndicate has purchased an immense mining property north of Trenton, Ont. The syndicate's capital is \$2,000,000.

Hugh McDowell, a carpenter who had been drinking heavily, was found at Cobourg, fatally stabbed in the abdomen and in the neck.

Burlington Canal is to be dredged to a depth of thirteen feet at a low water mark. Government engineers are now making the necessary soundings.

A deer scared by a ballast train of the Ontario and Quebec railroad at Sharbot lake became entangled in the thickets and was captured by some tourists.

There are indications of a split in the cotton ring. The Coaticook, Que., company have taken action adverse to the recently formed combination.

Theodore H. Kand, M. A., D. C. L., chief superintendent of education in New Brunswick, has resigned to accept a professorship in Acadia college, Nova Scotia.

Two timber limits, one in the county of Pontiac, and one in the Nipissing district, were offered by auction at Ottawa recently and withdrawn, the upset price not being reached.

A refractory bride, at Kingston, Ont., was horsewhipped in the public streets by her irate father. She was a gipsy and at the altar refused to marry the man of her choice.

The steamer, Queen Victoria, burnt near Chatham, Ont., recently, was insured for \$10,000. The crew lost all their personal property and barely escaped with their lives.

Dr. Ryall, medical health officer of Hamilton, has invited the corporation and citizens generally to take into consideration the filthy state of the streets, alleys and backyards.

The Hamilton hackmen are in arms against by-laws requiring them always to have their lamps burning at night and making it compulsory to fill an engagement made 24 hours in advance.

The Princess Louise has presented a magnificent painting four or five feet in length, at present on exhibition in Boston, Mass., to the people of Canada through Sir Hector Langevin.

The committee on temperance reported to the Methodist general conference that the time had come for the forming of a solemn league and covenant against the sale, use and manufacture of intoxicants.

The Methodist Conference at Belleville struck out the clause in the discipline requiring young ministers to consult with their older brethren previous to entering into a marriage contract.

Mr. Caldwell, the defendant in McLaren v. Caldwell, has nearly a million logs lying on the Upper Mississippi and its tributaries that he cannot get down to his mill owing to the recent decision against him.

Hess street school, Hamilton, has what is called the fire discipline down fine. Six hundred children on the watch for an alarm filed out in exactly two minutes. How would it be in case of a sudden alarm?

Reverend Rural Dean Bell has given notice of a motion in the Episcopal Synod at Montreal for a canon discipline for the laity, remarking at the time of giving the notice that at the Reformation the clergy lost all power of discipline over the laity, even in the case of a man living an immoral life.

The Methodist general conference has decided in favor of one large university to be established as soon as practicable, in Toronto or elsewhere in Ontario. At present the Church has six or seven educational institutions with 101 professors, 5,000 pupils and endowments exceeding \$400,000.

UNITED STATES.

Chicago physicians predict a cholera visitation next year.

The corn crop was not so badly injured by the recent frosts as reported.

Ninety men are on strike at the Detroit glass works against a proposed reduction of five per cent. in wages.

Jay Gould is reported to be working his railway schemes with a view of obtaining a sea board outlet for his railways.

A balloon collapsed at Pittsburgh, Pa., when high in the air, but descended so slowly as to land its occupant unhurt.

Manager Ledyard, of the Michigan Central, has given notice that no freight trains except those carrying perishable goods shall run on Sunday.

John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, testified before the senate labour committee that the negro in the South was indolent and

thrifless, and suggested that his interests would be served by the establishment of industrial schools, and by the total elimination from federal politics of the so-called negro question, and by leaving its solution to time and the reduction of taxation.

THE OLD WORLD.

Bismarck is once more seriously ill.

The Franco-Chinese outlook is improving. Affairs in Croatia are becoming worse and worse. Martial law has been proclaimed.

French Legitimists intend memorialising the Vatican regarding their future course.

Important witnesses against O'Donnell, Carey's assassin, have arrived in England.

The number of visitors at Witttemberg, Germany, attending the Luther celebration, is placed at 50,000.

The powers are not irritated against Russia for her action in Bulgaria, at least so the *North German Gazette* says.

English detectives have returned to London from America with valuable information regarding the Fenian conspiracy.

An unknown Norwegian vessel was sunk in the English channel by a collision, twelve persons being drowned.

King Alfonso assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the new town hall at Vienna by the Emperor of Austria.

The health of the present members of his African expedition being bad, H. M. Stanley is calling for more European volunteers.

O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey, arrived at Madeira recently. He said he was indifferent as to his fate, but was sure he would not be hanged. Great precautions are maintained for his safety.

At the trades union congress in Birmingham, Joseph Arch gave it as his opinion that radical changes in the English land laws are necessary. A resolution was passed calling upon the Government to confiscate waste land.

BRITISH PACIFIC COLONIES.

As for Australia, that great country can now hardly be called a colony, says a correspondent of *The London Standard*. The different communities there together constitute a vigorous young nation, which from national and patriotic motives remains in strong alliance with the mother country. An Englishman landing for the first time in Australia is bewildered at finding on the other side of the globe an almost exact reproduction of his own country; he sees cities as large and as prosperous as Leeds and Manchester, whose streets are thronged with English crowds, differing in no respect, except perhaps that of a better average physique, from crowds at home. The very vehicles and street cries, the drivers and the newsboys, seem miraculous apparitions of the Strand and Oxford street. It is nonsense to talk of the retention of these provinces of the empire as adding to the responsibilities of the taxpayer in England. There is no nation on the earth that could now venture to attack Australia with impunity. Melbourne is well and scientifically defended. Even a powerful ironclad fleet would run immense risk in venturing an attack. And Sidney, in a month or two, will be one of the strongest naval stations in the world. Twenty-five ton and thirty-one ton guns grown down on the lovely harbor from every available point, and in the forts are a body of regular artillery four hundred strong, recruited in Australia, and paid for by the colony, but in discipline, drill, and appearance undistinguishable from the stalwart gunners of the English Army. Thus do the Australians maintain for England, and free of all expense, stations for her navies as strong practically as Malta or Gibraltar.

Indeed, the authorities at home might well take a lesson from New South Wales and Victoria, and endeavor to arrange that their own crown colonies and important naval centres shall be as effectively protected as are Sydney and Melbourne. A couple of seven-inch guns are deemed sufficient for Port Louis—the Malta of the Indian ocean—and Hong Kong, where any day may be seen in the harbor scores of English steamers and ships, for which, in time of war, the place ought to be a secure refuge, does not possess a single piece of armour-piercing ordnance. Yet Hong Kong boasts of one of the most magnificent harbors in the world, and that could be rendered almost impregnable to a naval attack; but, as a matter of fact, it is at the mercy of any second or third class enemy's iron-clad that might elude the British fleet. It would almost seem to be a pity that some of our stronger places can not be made over to the custody of the Australian colonies. Coasting round from Adelaide in the south to Port Darwin on the north of the southern continent is a voyage of over fourteen days' duration. That is longer than from London to Alexandria. And along that great extent of coastline there are over a dozen thriving towns, two of them at least taking rank among the great ports of the world, the others all hoping to do so some no very distant date. A frequent topic of conversation when I passed through Australia was the then recent speech of a well-known statesman at home, wherein was calmly discussed the supposed advantage of a separation between the colonies and the mother country. In Australia, so far, they indignantly refuse to even contemplate such an emergency and, that being the case, there is surely little good, they say, in broaching the subject at home. From Port Darwin to Hong Kong the numerous islands of the East Indian Archipelago are continually in sight, scores of them almost unknown, but far exceeding Mauritius in size and more than equalling it in richness of soil. In British hands these islands would be the seats of flourishing commerce. As they are, their populations produce little, and take less, of the goods of other nations. Those which belong to Spain are as stagnant as is Spain herself, and Java seems to monopolize the energies of the Dutch of the eastern seas. Excepting Java, the possessions of Holland are mostly undeveloped. Not until Singapore and Hong Kong are reached are ports again found with all the signs visible of a great trade. Saigon as already pointed out, is a distinct failure. In short, from Aden to China, along the route I have indicated, the reflection constantly recurs that the colonial policy of France is as far beyond the capacity of her citizens to support as the private enterprise of Englishmen is in front of the ideas of English statesmen.

THE SUN.

In any reference to the physical history of the sun, the stupendous magnitude of its sphere must be kept vividly present to the mind. With a diameter one hundred and nine times longer than the earth's, the solar orb looks out into space from a surface that is twelve thousand times larger than the one which the earth enjoys. The bulk of the sun is one million three hundred thousand times that of the earth. If the surface of the sun were a thin, external rind, or shell, and the earth be placed in the middle of this hollow sphere, not only would the moon have space to circle in its usual orbit without ever getting outside of the solar shell, but there would be room also for a second satellite, nearly as far again as the moon, to accomplish a similar course. The weight of the sun is three hundred thousand times the weight of the earth, or, in round numbers, two thousand millions of millions of millions of tons.

The mean distance of the sun from the earth is now as well ascertained, through investigations which have been made in several ways, that there can scarcely be in the estimate an error of five hundred thousand miles. The distance at the present time given, is ninety-two million eight hundred and eighty-five thousand miles. This measure is in itself so vast that, if any traveller were to move at the rate of four miles an hour for ten hours a day, it would take him six thousand three hundred years to reach the sun. Sound would traverse the interval, it there were anything in space capable of transmitting sonorous vibrations, in fourteen years, and a cannon ball, sustaining its initial velocity throughout, would do the same thing in nine years. A curious illustration, attributed to Prof. Mendell, is to the effect that an infant, with an arm long enough when reached out from the earth to touch the sun, would die of age before it could become conscious through the transmission of the nervous impression from the hand to the brain, that it had burned its fingers.

In order that the earth, thus moving around the sun with a chasm of twenty-three million miles of intervening space between them, may not be drawn to the sun by the preponderant attraction of its three hundred and thirty times larger mass, it has to shoot forward in its path with a momentary velocity fifty times more rapid than the swiftest rifle ball. But, in moving through twenty miles of this onward path, the earth is drawn out of a straight line something less than the eight part of an inch. This deviation is properly the source from which the amount of solar attraction has been ascertained. If the earth were suddenly arrested in its onward flight, and its momentum were in that way destroyed, it would be drawn to the sun, by the irresistible force of its attraction, in four months, or in the twenty-seventh part of the time which a cannon ball would take to complete the same journey.

THE TRULY HONEST JUROR.

Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury, and the court was getting tired of the tedious proceedings.

"Call the next juror, Mr. Clark," said the solicitor for the hundredth time.

The clerk called out the man, and an old man with an honest face and a suit of blue jean clothes rose up in his place, and the solicitor asked the following customary questions:—

"Have you, from having seen the crime committed, or having heard any of the evidence delivered under oath, formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir."

"Is there any bias or prejudice resting on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?"

"None, sir."

"Is your mind perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?"

"It is."

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"I'm not."

All the questions had been answered, and the court was congratulating itself on having another juror, when the solicitor in solemn tones said, —

"Juror, look upon the prisoner—prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles, and peeringly gazed at the prisoner for full half a minute, when he turned his eyes toward the court and earnestly said, —

"Judge, I'll be condemned if I don't believe he's guilty!"

It is useless to add that the court was considerably exasperated at having lost a juror, but the most humorously inclined had a good laugh out of the old man's premature candor.

PAWNING A GIRL.

Moses Hamber, of Hamberg & Co., of No. 1,209 North Tenth street, had a hearing before United States Commissioner Edmunds the other day on the charge of loaning money on pension certificates, in violation of the law. James Lafferty, of Second and Oxford streets, a hunchback and a cripple from rheumatism, said he was in receipt of \$24 a month pension and was in the habit of pawning the certificate frequently with Hamberg & Co. He pawned it on June 7, for \$2.50, received \$10 on June 9, and \$5 on Aug. 31, and when he drew his money he was handed \$12. This made the interest on the loans, aggregating \$17.50, \$42.50. On several occasions, when the pawnbroker could not accompany him to the pension office to draw his money, he left his daughter, a girl of 15, as security, and she was released when he brought back the certificate. This fact the witness spoke of as if it were in the usual routine of business. The daughter, Ellen Eugenie Lafferty, a bright girl, said that her father and mother always spent the pension money for drink and she obtained no benefit for it. She had been used as security several times and did not seem to look upon it as a hardship. Once, when her father handed her over to Hamberg to be locked up until he returned, he said, "Now you are in prison, you know."

Hamber was held in \$500 bail to answer at the next term of court, and care will be taken to prevent the disappearance of the witness.—*Philadelphia Times*.

In the past forty years \$4,000,000 has been spent in building and restoring churches in Wales.]

FOUR TIMES HANGED.

Mr. James Watts Survives Various Attempts to Dislocate His Vertebrae—His Wonderful Experience.

This is the story told by a man named James Watts to Capt. George Burton, of the steamship *British Prince*: "I was born in the town of Falmouth, Cornwall. My father was a sail-maker, doing a fair business. I was an only child. My mother I do not remember. I was sent to the grammar school; learned to read, write, arrange books, and other matters in keeping with my station. At 15 my father took me into his store as assistant. The Cornish coast abounds in rocky cliffs, where thousands of gulls build their nests. I often used to go egg-hunting with my boy friends. There was plenty of excitement in it. We used to fix a stick in a knot of rope some twenty feet long. One end would be fastened securely to a stake in the ground, and then we used to let ourselves slowly down over the cliff and swing backward and forward, seated on the stick, along the face of the rocks, frightening the old birds away, and fill our wallets with eggs. It was a little dangerous, as the rope might cut at any time on the rough surface of the rocks, but we were generally in parties of a dozen, and one division of us kept a sharp eye on the ropes while the rest hunted.

"I loved the sea in those days. One morning I started out alone with my coil of rope. I expected to find some comrades by the shore, but none were there. However, thinking they would soon arrive, I let myself down, not on the seat, as usual, but with the rope in a slip-knot beneath my shoulders. Directly my full weight was in the noose, it began to tighten to an uncomfortable extent, so I placed my foot against a small ridge and began to loosen the strain. I got one arm out and was gradually pulling the rope over my body so as to sit in the noose, when a dozen gulls flew out and began to attack me. My foot slipped from its hold as the rope closed rapidly round my neck. I had time to place my right hand to my neck, an act which saved my life, for, although the pain was severe, I could breathe.

I shouted for help, but no help was near. I hung there for hours; to me it seemed years, losing consciousness from time to time, and having the most horrible visions. Finally the agony was so great that with an effort of despair I freed my hand and suffocated. I recovered consciousness to find myself on my back in a fishing tent, with two men bending over me. It seems they had discovered my dilemma and were drawing me up within half a minute after the rope closed round my neck. My windpipe, I have since had reason to discover, is pretty strong—I can take a good deal of hanging. My first experience nevertheless, gave me a bad attack of brain fever, during which I must have acquired the fear and aversion for the sea I have felt ever since.

"When I recovered my health I became wild and desipated, and, although I managed to remain on friendly terms with my father, for the next five years I was regarded in my native town as a quarrelsome fellow, foremost in every row and ready to get drunk whenever I had a chance. Looking back, I believe I suffered in my brain several years after my first hanging. One night in a general row I killed one of my pot-house companions with a blow on the head delivered with a heavy pewter vessel. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to be hanged. The verdict should have been manslaughter, for the deed was done in a free fight; but I had no friends on the jury. The foreman was a near relative of the dead man, and, although the judge charged the twelve good men and true in accordance with the lesser crime, they found me guilty, without even a recommendation to mercy. The judge put on the black cap, and 'hoped God would have mercy on my soul.'

"The day arrived for my execution. Meanwhile I knew my father was making strenuous efforts to have my sentence reversed, but up to the day fixed for my death, without success. My hands were pinioned, I took my last look, as I supposed, at the sun, felt the white cap drawn over my face, and begged the hangman to pull the bolt when I arrived at the supplication in the Lord's prayer, 'forgive me my trespasses.' I had hardly finished the first words of entreaty to heaven when a loud tumult fell on my ears, and the word 'Reprieve!' was shouted from mouth to mouth. The next moment I was unbound and the royal message of mercy read to me. The death penalty was commuted to ten years' penal servitude.

"Never mind how I passed the next ten years. They were not altogether unhappy. The facts of my crime were known in the prison. I was not a thief, and my docility and intelligence gained me favour with the governor. I was made messenger clerk, and the last two years of my confinement schoolmaster to my fellow-convicts. Everything was on the model system then. Transportation had been abolished shortly before I became a convict. Finally I was once more a free man. England, however, is no place for a freshly released jail-bird; he must live things down a year or two, and so my poor old father gave me £200 and his blessing, and I shipped for the Cape of Good Hope and the diamond fields. On the long sea voyage I suffered like a child in a dark room who is afraid of ghosts—an infirmity, of course, and a relic of my first hanging.

"Well," Watts continued, after a drink of whiskey, "I landed in Cape Town and found the city full of excitement. Diamonds had just been discovered afresh in old fields, and untold wealth, so it was supposed, was in the grasp of everybody. To reach my destination, the Kimberley mine, I had to travel a distance of eight hundred miles in a stage drawn by oxen, a journey which took ten days and which was full of adventure. I arrived at the fields, and, in partnership with an acquaintance I made in the waggon, I purchased a share of a claim for £150. For a few months we found next to nothing, then success crowned our work, and within six months of leaving England, I was worth £2,000. I returned to Cape Town, but could not make up my mind to cross the ocean home, so I took rooms at a crack hotel and began to enjoy myself. Those who find fortune easily spend freely; in a short time gambling and drink led me with just enough to return to the fields. This time I had no money to buy a claim, so I had to work for a percentage. Luck favoured me, and again I was the possessor of several hundreds, suffi-

ent to join a company of ten in the purchase of a large claim.

"There was an old Dutchman at the settlement who sold liquors and mining implements and other things to the diggers. He had a daughter, a handsome girl, the only young woman for hundreds of miles. She and I became intimate. The Dutchman did not approve of my attention to his daughter, and the way in which she favored me roused the jealousy of my companions. The Dutchman determined to get rid of me. One day he accused me of robbing him, and, certainly, a package of loose stones belonging to him, were found in my coat pocket. I had been talking to Gretchen and had thrown off my coat because of the heat, and the devilish Dutchman placed the plankton me.

"These is not much justice in a mining camp. As I said, I was disliked because of Gretchen's preference, and my partners, no doubt, were willing to have my share of the claim to divide among them; so I was tried and condemned to be hanged in less than an hour of the old man's accusation, by a lynch jury. I was allowed two hours to prepare for death, and then taken to the nearest tree, where a rope was placed round my neck and I was jerked by a dozen willing hands into the air. But before strangulation ensued I fell to the ground with a thump. Gretchen had not been idle. Her entreaties brought a crowd of opposition diggers to my assistance, and, though they permitted me to be jerked in the air just to see how it looked, they would not allow things to go any further; in fact they squarely expressed their opinion that the Dutchman had lied. The tide turned in my favor, and I believe the old villain would have been burned in his shanty but for my intercession and his daughter's tears. Gretchen jilted me, nevertheless, shortly afterwards, and, as I had next to no luck in my search for diamonds, I left the field for Cape Town, this time with only £200 or £300 in my pocket. I found a letter awaiting me at the postoffice, from a friend in Falmouth, telling me my father was dying.

"After again enduring the miseries of a sea voyage, I arrived in England, only to find my father dead and buried. He left me a small sum of money and his business. There was no peace for me in my native city, however; blood was on my hands, and coldness met me on all sides. I sold my father's effects at public auction, and journeyed to London, where my identity was soon lost among the many millions. But the brand of Cain followed me. I tried several kinds of business and employment, but no luck was mine. I took to drink again, and a fight with a policeman landed me once more in a prison cell. I was committed to hard labor for fourteen days. Despair seized me, I twisted a rope out of the strands I was given to convert into oakum, made a noose for my neck, secured the other end to the bars of the window, kicked away the stool, and lost consciousness. To my dying day I shall remember the sensations of my last hanging. I was transported to a beautiful paradise of meadows and flowers, where lovely forms of children greeted me, and delicious music sounded in my ears. It seemed to last for an age, but it could only have been a lapse of a few moments, for gruff voices succeeded the gentle music and the faces of the angelic children faded into the stern features of a pair of prison warders, who cut me down just in time. I was sentenced to three months longer for the attempt at self-destruction and watched night and day to prevent a repetition. I had, however, no wish to end my life again; on the contrary, the desire for new scenes and fresh adventure were full on me when my release from prison arrived. I still possessed a little money, so I purchased a ticket for Colorado, and I leave England, I suppose, forever to-morrow. The anticipation of the sea voyage tries me terribly this time. I will never make another journey by ocean; if that I am determined. In the far west, with a new name, new associations, and a clean shave, for I am younger than I look, Providence may yet send me happiness and fortune."

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Ma, which milkman gives the most cream, the one that has the best cows?" "Hardly, my child! It is the one who has the best conscience."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

We saw a specimen of modern politeness, the other day. Two gentlemen were going up in an elevator. A lady came aboard, and both men took of their hats, but continued to puff the smoke of their vile cigars into her face.

Longfellow said: "In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer." Longfellow was wrong, however. Lots of men are neither the active hammer nor the sturdy anvil. They are nothing but bellows.—*Philadelphia News*.

A Peruvian living in Milan has made a clock entirely out of bread. In this country many persons are trying to make bread out of paper, but they have only been partially successful. They complain that subscribers won't pay up.—*Norriston Herald*.

When the minister is pretty severe upon human shortcomings in the pulpit, every man leans back in his pew, smiles, and says to himself, "Now he's giving it to 'em." Satisfying thought, isn't it, that the minister always has reference to somebody else?—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

A piece of lime which a boy carried in his pocket was the cause of his death from blood poisoning. It is the first instance on record of a boy's pan's-pocket going back on him. To think that brass wire, rusty old knife blades, decayed fruit, cobbler's wax, fish hooks, putty, mice, hedgehogs, can be carried with impunity, yet there's all this tuss about a little bit of lime that looked as innocent as a piece of chalk.—*Chicago News*.

A short, middle-aged colored man can be seen any morning coming out of Steinway Hall, New York, sometimes led by the arm of a kindly old gentleman, and generally grimacing and gesticulating in a strange fashion. This is Blind Tom—once a great phenomenon, and about whom more diverse criticisms have been written than any other musician in the country. Music is still a mania with him, and he has to go up in Steinway Hall and work off his mysterious energy every morning at a concert grand. And it is said that his improvising draws a crowd of curious experts about him yet.—*N. Y. Times*.