

NEWS OF THE DAY.

CANADIAN.

The sea-serpent, of the regular orthodox type, was seen near Milton Island, Ont., last week.

A scarcity of operatives is reported at the cotton mills at Hochelaga, Que. and Montreal.

A reward of \$100 is offered for the apprehension of the convict Preston, who escaped from Brampton gaol.

A terrific wind storm visited Yarmouth and South Dorchester on Monday, and did a vast amount of damage.

The liquidators of the Central Bank expect to be able to pay another dividend of 33 1/2 per cent. about October 1st.

The grasshoppers are reported so numerous in the country districts around Joliette that public prayers are offered.

Another batch of Icelanders, about three hundred, has arrived by the Allan steamer Hibernian, all bound for the North-West.

"Dr." C. H. Whiting received 25 lashes at the Central Prison as part of his sentence for assault on his little niece at St. Thomas.

Lieut. Governor Royal has made arrangements with the Inland Revenue Department regarding the sale of liquor in the North-West.

The Waterous Company, of Brantford, have secured the contract for the enlargement of the Water Works of that city at \$106,278.

The Ontario Government are asked to prohibit the netting of black bass on the Bay of Quinte during July and August of each year.

It is reported the cotton manufacturers will ask the Dominion Government to send a trade commission to Asia to promote closer trade relations.

The Canadian Pacific railway have stopped operations in Windsor for the present, and efforts are being made to induce the company to run through Sarnia instead.

Lieutenant Governor Royal is of the opinion that no trouble is to be anticipated from the Indians in the Territories if they are left alone by the politicians.

Mr. W. J. Graham, collector of Inland Revenue at Owen Sound, seized an illicit distillery in full operation in Collingwood Township, County Grey, on Thursday.

A meeting of Irishmen of all classes and creeds was held in Toronto, when it was decided to tender a complimentary banquet to Mr. Edward Blake on his return from Europe.

The Nova Scotia Steel Company is making application to increase their capital from \$300,000 to \$1,000,000, and to change the name to the Nova Scotia Steel and Forge Co. (Limited).

Rev. J. W. Sparling, President of the Montreal Methodist Conference, has been tendered the Presidency of the Wesley College, the new theological institution in Winnipeg.

The Grand Chapter Royal Arch Masons met in Toronto and elected officers for the ensuing year. Grand Z. Sargent was presented with a valuable testimonial, accompanied by an address.

Mr. John Madill, of St. Mary's, who nine months since failed, his estate realizing ninety cents on the dollar, and who afterwards paid the other ten cents, was presented by his creditors, mostly wholesale firms of Toronto, with a solid silver tea service, suitably inscribed, as a recognition of his honourable conduct.

AMERICAN.

Sword-fish are reported to be very numerous off the Atlantic coast this summer.

Over 10,000 bushels of grasshoppers have been caught at Ottertail County, Minnesota.

J. R. Bolch, of Fairland, S. C., has just died of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a cat.

Some of the interior towns of Oregon are raising money to import song-birds from Germany.

A movement is on foot among the soap manufacturers of the United States to form a soap trust.

John Anderson, who has been so long imprisoned in a well in Johnson, Neb., has been rescued.

It cost a Catskill hotel \$1,875 to pay for rope to supply the house with fire escapes according to law.

The Delaware peach crop this year is expected to foot up ten million baskets—the largest on record.

Four persons have committed suicide this summer beneath the monument of Stephen A. Douglas in Chicago.

Bergin, the Baltimore defaulter at present in Montreal, is willing to go back without the formality of extradition.

The foreign commerce of the United States for the last fiscal year showed an increase of over eleven million dollars.

Senator Hoar wants a committee to enquire into the commercial relations between the United States and Canada.

The Chicago police are actively searching for a large number of bombs which the Anarchists are known to have concealed.

Two hundred members of the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation left on the Servia, July 14, for a seven-week's trip to Europe.

The two perpetrators of the \$10,000 express robbery have been captured in Portland, Oregon, and one of them has confessed.

Congressman Hitt is endeavoring to secure a day's discussion in the House on his resolution providing for Reciprocity with Canada.

The entire business portion of the town of Roselyn, W. T., has been destroyed by fire. Over 150 families are left homeless. The loss will reach about \$500,000.

A syndicate of English capitalists has bought all the property in Dakota of the Harney Peak Company, which owned nearly all the deposits of tin in the Territory.

The wealth of General Harrison, the Republican candidate, it is said, does not exceed \$1,500. He owns no stocks or bonds, his money being invested entirely in real estate.

Uncle John Robinson, the veteran showman, is very ill at his home in Cincinnati. The old man is 82 years of age. Still his mind remains clear and his memory good.

Two of the Chicago dynamiters charge with attempting to kill the judges and oth-

ers connected with the Anarchists, trial have jumped their bail and taken their departure.

Judge Blodgett, of the United States Court at Chicago, on Saturday rendered his decision in the Cushman-Bell telephone litigation. The decision was in favour of the Bell company.

The proposed suspension bridge over the North river at New York will be a very expensive affair. Its estimated cost is \$37,000,000. It will afford entrance into the city for ten railways. The central span will, according to the design, have the enormous length of 2,850 feet.

General C. B. Fisk, the prohibition candidate for the Presidency, is an epicure in sea-food dishes, and nothing tickles his palate so much as a delicately prepared fish dinner. From having made his fortune in the fish and oyster trade he is sometimes known as "Clam-Bake" Fisk.

FOREIGN.

The Vitale rifle will probably be adopted by the Dutch army.

Ninety deaths from cholera occurred in Hong Kong during the week ending July 22.

The tenants of the Vandellour estates have decided to come to terms with the agent.

A fearful storm has caused much destruction and loss of life in North-Western France.

The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough has been declared valid in England.

The rumour is again revived that the Czarewitch will marry one of Emperor William's sisters.

Mayor McHugh, of Sligo, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment under the Crimes Act.

Italy announces that she has definitely taken possession of Massowah and the adjacent territory.

Imperial Parliament will adjourn on August 11, and reassemble in November for an autumn session.

The Governor-General of the Congo States fears that the Stanley expedition has been attacked and defeated.

It is rumoured the Queen will spend three weeks in the fall with her daughter, the Dowager Empress Victoria.

Seven and a half million dollars was received from licenses for the sale of liquor in England and Wales last year.

Miss Lucy Rostron, a Liverpool heiress, eloped with a stable groom, but was brought home by her father and brothers.

A Russian expedition is about to be organized for the ascent of Mount Ararat to search for the remnants of Noah's ark.

Lord Colin Campbell, the youngest son of the Duke of Argyll, will shortly leave England to practice law at the Bombay bar.

Ten immigration agents have been arrested in Cracow, Austria, for inducing the natives of that district to emigrate to America.

Miss Violet Isaacson, daughter of the great dressmaker, Madame Elise, was married to Lord Beaumont in London on Saturday.

The Cologne Gazette denies that the Queen took Emperor Frederick's diary away with her, and wonders that German papers repeat the absurd story.

The arrest of Mr. O'Kelly means that Mr. Balfour, instead of wavering in consequence of the late Cabinet Councils, intends pushing coercion to the bitter end.

The Imperial Defence bill authorizes the expenditure of over two and a quarter million pounds for ports in England and the colonies, coaling stations, and barracks.

The Duke of Aosta, the ex-King of Spain, and his niece, Princess Letitia, the only daughter of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, will be married in Turin in September.

Sir Charles Halle, the pianist, and Madame Norman-Neruda, the violinist, were married in London on Friday. The bride is almost 60 years of age, and the groom is close on 70.

Prof. Jamieson, the English naturalist, writes from Kasongo, on the Congo, that he is making preparations to leave with Major Bartlett, Tippe Tib, and 900 men, to search for Henry M. Stanley.

Mr. Dingley has a bill before the United States House of Representatives to tax Canadian vessels passing through American canals in the case of discrimination on Canadian canals against American vessels.

M. Herve, editor of the Paris Soleil, expects that Gen. Boulanger will be defeated in his contest for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, that his popularity is on the wane, and that he will soon vanish out of political life.

COURT ROOM AMENITIES.

Some Elegant Examples of Legal Repartee in Missouri.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 26.—When Judge White, of the Criminal Court, entered his quarters yesterday morning he first scored Lawyer Lowe, Prohibition candidate for Governor, because that gentleman had said he was off on a vacation and could not be found. Then when ex-Mayor Gibson, acting for Lowe, recited, in a plea for more time for the condemned murderer Myers, the fact of judge's absence, the latter exclaimed:

"Nobody but a dirty dog or a cowardly cur would thus insult the court as you and your colleague have done." Counsellor Gibson grew red in the face. "I expected to be treated as a gentleman in this court and I must insist upon my prerogative. Mr. Myers and I have already settled this matter, and a question on your part would have settled the matter at once. I won't permit myself to be insulted by every one who comes along, and I must insist on being treated as a gentleman."

"You have not acted the part of a gentleman and don't deserve any consideration at my hands."

Counsellor Gibson here became justly indignant.

"I can't imagine how I can refrain from striking you," said he.

"I can," said his Honor, excitedly. "You don't dare to. I can't imagine how I can refrain from kicking you from the court room."

Counsellor Gibson explained this phase of the trouble by intimating that the judge wasn't built that way, and gracefully retired.

AGRICULTURAL.

Frains and horse sense are the farmer's best capital.

Texas has 3,000,000 acres in cotton, yielding 1,500,000 bales.

Flax-retting needs extreme care if good results are to be obtained.

The heifer born to be a cow, may be turned into a beeve—spoiled by over-feeding.

Everybody who has tried Jerseys or Guernseys for butter-making, sticks to them.

Omaha expects to build a corn palace next fall, to be "one of the wonders of the world."

A first-class farmer will provide some sort of succulent food for his stock in winter.

The increase in fleece, by late shearing, is doubly lost in decrease in the sheep and lamb.

Poor butter may be often laid to the dogs. Do not have too much dog or boy in the dairy.

What is wanted in a fowl-house is comfort, convenience and sufficient room combined with economy.

Because a man may have poor milk some day it does not necessarily follow that the milk has been watered.

Cows will change from day to day in the amount of solids in their milk and especially in the amount of butter fats.

Under a recent arrangement, bees when properly packed can be transmitted by mail between the States and Canada.

Do not buy a cow to make beef. If you do, by the time you have feed that beef a number of years, it will be costly.

Turnips are the cheapest crop to grow and at the same time one of the most valuable. If you are an unbeliever, try it.

There should be no fooling at milking time. A steady hand, a quiet mouth and a gentle milk stool, will help to fill the pail.

Give the cows some extra food at night in the stable. This extra food is the best investment which can be made in the dairy.

Salting stock in the fields should be done only when the stock have free access to water. If no water be given other than when the animals are in the barn-yard the salt is best given in the trough.

The harvesting of the honey crop in California is now in progress, and will be continued through July. Sellers want 6 cents, but dealers think the yield so large that 5 1/2 cents should be the price.

Oats, when lodged or blown down, are most profitably used by being made into hay, and the same is true of wheat. Wheat hay is extremely nutritious, and some of the best dairymen sow wheat especially to make from it a choice hay to be fed to cows in milk.

This is an excellent time to use laud plaster on grass. The plaster has an affinity for moisture, and attracts it from the atmosphere. It also supplies lime in a soluble form (sulphate of lime.) It is also claimed for it that it attracts and retains ammonia from the atmosphere.

Two many monopolists gull millions out of the American people to spend upon European lordlings in adorning the persons of their daughters or their widows. No wonder the farmers of the country can not raise export wheat enough to keep the balance of trade in our favor.

All goods sell better if put upon the market in neat shape. This is true of honey; crates or surplus cases for holding the section boxes, should be made neat in form. Sections of honey well completed and nicely arranged in such crates, will bear very rough handling, and will remain well preserved, if the sections have not been removed after taken off.

EGGS AND ODORS.—A poultryman advises that egg should never be placed near lard, fruit, cheese, fish or other articles from which any odor arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they are contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighborhood, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new laid egg is destroyed.

You cannot get two crops from the land without doing injury unless the land be highly manured. The custom of securing a crop of hay from the orchard robs the trees. The more hay the less fruit. The fruit crop needs careful attention as any other. All crops grown in the orchard other than the one deserved from the trees simply retard the growth of the trees and lessen their bearing capacity.

The farming of the future must be gradually contracted in the number of acres. Higher cultivation, more remunerative crops, less hard work over broad fields and closer attention to special paying crops on the fields that surround the house. More pasture, more stock and plenty of ensilage—this insures the purchase of less commercial fertilizer and the very best results from the contents of the barnyard.

The hoofs of stock do as much damage to grass as the grazing of it. No pasture should be given up to stock. It is better to divide the pasture into sections, permitting the stock to have access to only one section at a time, in order to allow the other portions to recuperate and renew the crop. The shorter the grass is grazed the more injury will be done by the hoofs. On wet land the injury from tramping is greater, hence stock should be kept out of the pasture for a day or two after a rain.

Who says the farmers are not manufacturers? The idea is not new, but every barn in the land where animals are kept is a kind of manufactory. The animals are the machines; hay, oats, grain, roots and other food crops are the raw materials; and milk, wool, meat, etc., the products. And the conversion of these raw material into salable products requires a vast amount of labor, capital, skill, and good business management. Should not the farmer, then, be as fully protected as other manufacturers?

In Mr. Woodward's description of an English fair last week, he mentioned two features that Americans ought to copy—the horse-shoeing contest and the dairy contest. Both of these features would be sure to take well here. Farmers would enjoy the blacksmith contest, and the man who wouldn't run to see a dozen bright American dairymaids compete for a prize at butter-making doesn't deserve to be called an American. In these two matters John Bull is ahead of Uncle Sam and Miss

Ball is beating Miss Sam. Here is a chance for Secretary Woodward. Let him come home and arrange for these contests at the coming State fair and at the institutes this winter.

THE RUSSIAN MULBERRY.

Here is a fruit tree from the far north, which possesses a power of resisting cold much greater than any of the better known forms of Morus. But the same trouble exists with it as with the Siberian Apricot. It has been propagated solely from seed, and consequently has almost infinite variations. I have a tree which has resisted our hardest test winters with but slight injury, while a neighbor has one that kills to the snow line frequently. As to the fruit, not one in ten produces a good kind; and there is also great choice in regard to vigor, form, productiveness and beauty of foliage. Here, too, is a profitable field for careful selection.

In a Jungle at Night.

Sombre and awe inspiring as a forest may be by day it is doubly so during the mystery and darkness of night. Reynell Taylor, an English soldier in India, thus describes his watch in a jungle, where, although he did not kill the tiger he came to seek, he found an abundance of interesting sights and sounds. He had stationed himself, at eight o'clock, near the body of a dead cow, which tigers were likely to visit.

I cannot describe to you the excitement of sitting in the midst of a jungle full of all sorts of animals, listening to the unearthly sounds of midnight birds and beasts. For two hours I was amused by the purring of the goat-sucker, the wailing of the peewit plover, the cry of an awakened peacock, or the distant "hurrah" of a whole pack of jolly jackals.

In the midst of these familiar sounds would come some strange noise, the solitary cry of a large beast of prey on the prowl. Occasionally I was made aware, by an animal galloping away from within a few yards of me, that my position had been minutely reconnoitred; at other times I could hear the rush of heavy feet, and then a scuffle and a suppressed whining.

At last when I had nearly forgotten what I had come out about, a foraging party of jackals came over the hill, and some of them, seeing the carcass of the cow, set to, without further ado, pulling, tearing and crunching the flesh and bones in high glee.

Then some large animal approached, and the jackals scampered off to a little distance. This frightened the big creature, and he retreated, after which the jackals returned. While straining my eyes to see them, the man at my side caught my arm, and pointed through the thorn fence on the right. Just then the jackals retreated again, and I could see the outline of a large animal standing over the cow.

"You had better try him with a bullet!" whispered my assistant.

I accordingly raised my rifle, and then felt as if I were going to take an awful responsibility upon myself by breaking the wild, mysterious dream about me with the report of a gun, and I could almost have fancied that every available wild beast within hearing of it would hasten to the spot to make short work of so unwonted an intruder.

At length, having covered my object as well as I could, I pulled the trigger. I am sure no rifle ever made such a clamor in the world as that one! The first hill that received the report was so taken by surprise that it did not hand it on to its neighbor for several seconds. The second hill wouldn't believe it, and shield it back at once at the head of the first, and so they went on, tossing it about for nearly half a minute.

In the meantime I inspected the result of my shot. The animal, after some struggles, fell dead, and proved to be a large hyena.

Chinese Customs.

The Chinese, topographically our antipodes, are as opposite to us in manners and customs.

Our night is their day. Our mournful color is black, theirs is white. Their boats are drawn by men; their carriages are moved by means of sails.

Old men fly kites, while little boys look on; with them the seat of honor is at the left hand, and to keep one's hat on is a sign of respect. We drink tea hot and wine cold; they drink wine hot and tea cold.

The family name comes first instead of last; thus, John Smith would be Smith John. The needle of their compass points to the south, ours to the north. They say "westnorth" instead of "northwest," "east-south" instead of southeast. Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats, satin boots and bead necklaces, carry umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns, being more afraid of the dark than the enemy.

They mount their horses on the right side. The children in school sit with their backs to the teacher and study their lessons aloud.

A married woman when she is young and pretty is a slave; when she is old and withered she is the most respected and beloved member of the family.

Their most valued piece of furniture is a handsome camphor-wood coffin, which they keep in the best room. They are very fond of fireworks, but always display them in the daytime. If you offend a Chinaman, instead of killing you he will kill himself on your doorstep.

Animals' Right of Property.

A recent writer says: "I have been exceedingly interested as a horticulturist and student of nature in observing the recognition of the rights of property in domestic animals. A hen will not concede a grain of corn as belonging to another, but the one robbed will manifest indignation; but a hen will recognize the right of another to the occupancy of a nest, if not thereby seriously discomfited. A cat makes no claim to possession until her foot is on the piece of meat. After possession, however, she asserts her positive rights, and heavier cats will allow the claim. Old cats will often allow young ones to rob them, but they will not allow older ones to do the same. A dog not only claims a bone while in possession, but establishes his right to the same bone when buried, and woe be to the dog that opens the cache."

This recognition of property rights is seen everywhere in lower life, although theft is common. "Again, if you find your horse in his neighbor's stall, eating oats, and scold him for it, his retreat is made with marks of shame." I have seen the same manifestation in a fowl.—[Globe Democrat.

STRAY DOGS ARE BAKED.

[From the Chicago Mail.]

"I had to call in my catchers yesterday," said Mr. Barber, master of the dog pound, "I let them out again this morning, and they nabbed seventy-five dogs in a few hours. They can't go out to-morrow. We are too cramped for space. In an average we do not exceed 150 dogs a day. One hundred and seventy-five went to the happy hunting-grounds yesterday. It takes but two minutes to do the work. It is a painless death. The moment I turn the damper in the stove connecting the pipe to the air-tight box, and they get a whiff of the charcoal fumes, they forget they ever had a bark. There is no man on earth who loves a good dog better than I do. I detest a cur, however. By the way, did you ever observe that it is only the mongrels that go mad? Fact! A thoroughbred rarely has rabies. The two dogs that bit Mrs. Martin the other day were mongrels of the lowest type. I had a time in finding them, too. I discovered them secreted in the basement of the house, and upon taking them out shot them right there. That woman's life was worth more than the lives of all the dogs in Chicago. The dog days are approaching, and in view of it, we are compelled to enlarge our quarters."

South of the pound the sills are being laid for a building 125x50 feet. It will contain fourteen additional pens. The hold-over pen will be 50x25 feet. There will be a separate pen for fine dogs.

"We never mix the thoroughbreds with the mongrels," said the gentleman. "The fine female dogs are also kept by themselves. The new establishment will be thoroughly ventilated and will be an excellent kennel. It will be constructed in hopper fashion, with facilities for perfect cleanliness. We flush the pens every day and turn the hose on the dogs at the same time. The curs and blooded dogs fare alike. They are fed three times a day and there is a constant stream of water running through each compartment. They neither suffer in life nor in death with us."

At this juncture a richly attired lady stepped from a carriage at the entrance.

"I wouldn't have lost my Fido for four dollars," she said.

"It will cost you just \$5.75 to obtain her," said Superintendent Barber.

"So much as that?"

"So much as that. Fido is now donning her burial robes and preparing for the smokatory," replied the urbane gentleman.

Fido was saved and the city fund enriched by the transaction.

A little boy in knickerbockers was the next applicant. With tears streaming down his cheeks he asked if they had "burned" his bull-dog.

"What does he look like?" asked Mr. Barber.

"I'll show him to you," and the little fellow chinned up to the aperture.

"Dere he is. Hey, Prince!"

With that a beasty looking, bench-legged brindled bulldog made a bound from the farthest corner of the pen clearing a dozen mangy curs at one bound. He jumped almost into the boy's face. One of the attendants entered and picked him out, and one of the most unique scenes conceivable transpired. The dog was about as big as his young master. He leaped upon him and both went down on the floor together. "Prince" hopped across the little fellow's body, licked his hands and face, and cut some of the maddest capers, running halfway down the long hall and then back again, helter skelter, in the wildest glee, never forgetting to jump over and lie down and roll with his owner. The bill was paid and they started off together, the neatly dressed, nobby-looking little fellow accompanied by about the most ungainly looking canine that ever had the mange.

As they departed a man drew up in a spring wagon. He was hot. His little English pug was carefully held in his arms that morning, he said. The catchers spotted him. One of them made a grab for the dog's head, but the owner smashed the fellow with the red shirt and brass lasso over the head with his whip. Just then the other snarer crept up in the rear and nailed the pug by the hind legs and pumped him into the cage. He picked his pet out of the crowd of canines and he was tagged and muzzled, and both departed very well pleased with each other and with the world in general.

In the hold-over pen are some as fine dogs as any fancier would wish to look at. There are half a dozen magnificent Newfoundland, black-and-tans with regular rat tails, pointers, blooded bulls, an assortment of genuine Scotch terriers, and a beautiful Irish setter. It is a notable fact that the majority of these are always on their feet and look chipper, while in the adjoining pen lie the curs of high and low degree in a torpid and listless way.

"Our men also take in horses and cows found roaming at large," said Mr. Barber. "We are clearing on an average about \$40 a day for the city. Fifteen hundred and seventy-five dogs have been taken in by us since July 1. Of these there were 1,175 curs. Some of the blooded dogs are still on hand, and the remainder have been purchased, redeemed or asphyxiated. We rarely kill a good dog. The other day we nailed Baron Yerkes greyhound and English bull. His two coachmen came up after them. They had on the license tag (the dogs, I mean), and got off with \$3.75 each. We are no respecters of persons. A dog without a baseball catcher's mask on is a dog to us, no matter who his owner may be."

As the reporter was about to leave a dashing young lady drove up in an elegant turnout. She alighted and in quite a flutter ran up to the superintendent.

"I want my poodle," she said, her eyes snapping very meaningfully. "He'll know my voice. Show me where you heartless men keep the animals."

She was shown.

"Dudie!" rang into every compartment and resounded through the corridor. But "Dudie" didn't respond.

"I'm afraid he was baked in the last batch, ma'am," said the unperturbable Barber.

"What! Baked! Oh, you horrid, wicked thing!" and the tears ran down the lady's face. She advanced toward the superintendent in a rather aggressive way, but the veteran of the Haymarket riot never flinched and she departed in dudgeon.

"You have no idea the variety of people that come here, and the way some of them act is a study. I was fifteen years in the fire department and seven years on the police force, but I have learned more of human nature since I became a dog fancier than I ever knew in my life before."