

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

The Quebec Legislature will be summoned to meet on November 9th.

Steps are being taken in Hamilton to establish a free dispensary for the benefit of the sick poor.

Mr. Thomas Kilvington, of Hamilton, has been appointed to take charge of the Ontario horticultural exhibit at the World's Fair.

The Hamilton Customs returns for September show a decrease of more than eleven thousand dollars as compared with the corresponding month last year.

The shipments of new wheat received so far by the Canadian Pacific railway in Manitoba show the largest total in the history of the company at this season of the year.

Two Ontario exhibitors succeeded on Saturday at the World's Fair in sweeping off nearly the entire list of prizes awarded for Dorset Horn sheep, in the face of the keenest competition.

The success of the recent Victoria and New South Wales loans in London has induced the Province of British Columbia to announce the issue of £123,700 three per cent. inscribed stock at ninety-one.

According to Mr. Hector Fabre, Canadian Commissioner in Paris, four settlements of French people have already been founded in the North-west through the exertions of the "Societe Fonciere du Canada."

Mrs. Michael J. Daly, an American woman, from Waterbury, Conn., is at present confined in Longue Pointe lunatic asylum. She claims that she is sane, and that her husband had her wrongfully confined. The case is before the courts.

Dr. Olmstead, medical superintendent of the Hamilton City hospital, tendered his resignation last night to the Hospital Committee, and it was accepted. Dr. Olmstead goes to Philadelphia to fill the position of assistant lecturer on bacteriology in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Woman's Medical College of Kingston has ceased to exist. The board of trustees have decided that as there are not a sufficient number of students to supply the three schools of Toronto, Montreal, and Kingston, they will abandon the field, recommending the Kingston students to complete their course in Toronto.

Edward Beauvais, a prominent resident of Rouville, who owns a large farm, on Saturday discharged a family named Grailon, who had been working on the farm, and on Monday morning the family, consisting of father, mother, two daughters, and seven boys, attacked him with knives and clubs, leaving him at the point of death.

BRITISH.

M. Emile Zola has contributed the sum of fifty fr. to the fund for the relief of the striking miners of England.

Sir Stephenson Blackwood, secretary of the Imperial Post-Office Department, and cousin of Lord Dufferin, died on Monday night.

It is thought among Scotch cattle men that the continued absence of disease in Canada among cattle will lead to their free entry next spring.

At a meeting of the Miners' Federation at Chesterfield, Derbyshire, it was decided to refuse to meet the mine owners to discuss the proposed reduction of wages.

Gen. Sir Evelyn Wood has been gazetted as quartermaster-general of the Imperial forces, to succeed Sir R. Biddulph, who has been appointed Governor of Gibraltar.

While the battleship Nelson was leaving Portsmouth, where she has been undergoing repairs, she came into collision yesterday with a steam dredge, and was badly injured.

Work was resumed in the collieries at Polton, Lancashire, Monday morning, and six thousand of the miners in Yorkshire, who went on strike on July 25, also resumed work yesterday morning.

Miners returning to work yesterday in the Coventry district of Warwickshire were attacked by striking miners and were used with such violence that they were intimidated from going into the pits.

The distress among the striking English coalminers and their families is so intense that the Mayors of the towns principally affected will meet in convention to devise some means of bringing about a settlement between the mine owners and the miners.

UNITED STATES.

Thirteen hundred coal miners went on strike in Springfield, Ill., on Monday.

Canadian exhibitors of fruit at the World's Fair were awarded a large number of prizes.

Because Milo Wilson, a labourer of Williamsburg, Ohio, could not marry an attractive girl of eleven years of age, he shot her on Thursday evening, inflicting a fatal wound.

A daughter of Prof. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, has resolved to enter the New York Training School for Deaconesses, in connection with the Episcopal Church.

There was a heavy fall of earth at the Mansfield mine, near Crystal Falls, Mich., the other morning, by which forty-five men were entombed with no hope of their being rescued.

In the Cave of the Winds, Niagara Falls, the other morning, clad in waterproof garments, Miss Weller, of Alleghany City, Pa., was married to Mr. Walter S. Stewart, of Pittsburg, Pa.

All the awards for the department of electricity in the World's Fair have been handed in. American exhibitors captured nearly all the medals, their only competitors in the field being Germans.

The Johns-Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore, to which Miss Mary Garrett contributed three hundred thousand dollars on condition that women shall be admitted to all its courses, was opened on Monday.

A heavy storm which struck New Orleans on Sunday night caused a serious loss of life, twenty-four deaths being already reported, and an immense destruction of property in the city and surrounding country.

While funeral services were proceeding in a private house in Ripon, Wis., on Saturday, the floor suddenly gave way and one hundred persons were precipitated into the

cellar. About twenty were seriously and one fatally injured.

At the live stock show at the World's Fair Ontario breeders again came prominently to the front and secured the majority of the prizes in the Southdown sheep classes, against keen competition with a large number of United States breeders.

The fight of the saloon-keepers of Minnesota to secure recognition by the Knights of Pythias has ended in defeat. At the meeting of the Supreme Court, held in St. Paul, the liquor men were forbidden to enter the order by a vote of 31 to 10.

Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, has given to the city of Chicago his exposition collection of rare plants, valued at ten thousand dollars, which with the Drexel collection will form the nucleus for the permanent gardens to be established in Jackson park.

Some days ago it was discovered that Jesse Pomeroy, the boy murderer of twenty years ago, who is serving a life sentence in solitary confinement in the Massachusetts State prison, had an iron bar, a rasp, and a piece of tempered steel, with which he was to remove the mortar in which the stones of his cell were laid.

Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and one of the arbitrators of the Behring Sea tribunal, gives it as his opinion that any future difficulties between England and the United States will be settled, without the intervention of strangers, by a committee composed of an equal number of judges of the highest courts of both countries.

A warrant has been issued in Buffalo for the arrest on a charge of larceny of Jennie McIlroy, the Canadian Girl for whose abduction Mrs. McKinley is now in gaol; but Inspector De Barry refuses to surrender her, on the grounds that she is in the charge of the United States, and that the local authorities could not get her until the Government's case was completed.

GENERAL.

The Russian fleet which is shortly to visit France will first rendezvous in Cadiz.

The striking miners of Lens, France, had to be dispersed by military force on Saturday.

It is rumoured that France will give Russia for a coaling station the island of Sami, in the Gulf of Siam.

The Golden Dragon, a resort of Rhine tourists near the Drachefels, in Germany, collapsed killing several persons.

Thousands of coal miners are quitting work to join the strikers in the Charleroi and Borinage districts of Brussels.

George S. Muller, the explorer sent out by the Government on a scientific expedition, has been murdered in Madagascar.

Unsuccessful efforts have been made in London and Berlin to float an Italian loan of one hundred and twenty million dollars.

Mr. Wyndham, British Minister to Brazil, is endeavouring to bring about a cessation of hostilities between Admiral Mello and the loyal party.

Sixty-nine Austrians, who are charged with connection with the antidynastic affair on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday, will be tried for high treason.

It is stated in Montevideo that President Peixoto, of Brazil, has under his command in Rio Janeiro five thousand well-armed troops, all of whom are loyal to him.

Immediately after the discovery a few days ago of the Anarchist conspiracy in Vienna, many men known to be members of the organization hastily left the city, and the exodus appears to still continue.

By the order of the Sultan, the residence of Faud Pasha was recently searched for dynamite, which it was charged he was storing for the use of Armenian conspirators. None was found, and Faud Pasha is so indignant that he will leave the country.

The Spanish troops in occupation of Melilla Morocco, were attacked by a mob of natives on Monday, and after some severe fighting, in which eighteen Spanish soldiers were killed, they were driven back into the citadel, where they are now being besieged by the Moors.

Prince Bismarck's condition has again become very serious. He has suffered a slight attack of paralysis of the right side, and his present illness is accompanied by an entire failure of his appetite. It is intended to remove him from Kissingen to Friedrichsruhe to-morrow.

M. de Giers, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has informed the Governments of Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Italy that the visit of the Russian squadron to Toulon will be simply a response to the visit of the French fleet at Cronstadt, and that no political importance must be attached to the incident.

Four and a Quarter Miles Deep.

The floor of the Atlantic ocean is now almost as well known to the experts of the hydrographic bureaus of the world as the surface is to the most experienced navigators. Its depths, currents, tides, etc., have been carefully and systematically studied from Greenland and Spitzbergen to the great ice barriers of the Antarctic circle. I recently wrote Prof. Forbes for some reliable data on ocean depths, and quote below from a portion of his reply: "The general contour of the Atlantic's undulating bed may now be regarded as pretty well determined. Scarcely any portion of its floor has a depth exceeding 3,000 fathoms, or about three and a quarter miles. There is a remarkable exception to this last statement, however, in a wonderful sink or depression lying about 100 miles north of St. Thomas, an island off the coast of Africa in the gulf of Guinea. The outlines of this depression are similar to those of an old-time river bed. The Challenger expedition traced its meanderings for upward of 1,000 miles, finding portions of it to be more than a mile deeper than the surrounding ocean, making the depth of the Atlantic at those points not less than four and a quarter miles, or about 3,875 fathoms."

It is only the women who can lawfully hold up a train.

Alexander had four kinds of cavalry—the cataphraeti, or heavy armed horse; the light cavalry, carrying spears and very light armor; the acrobastae, or mounted archers, used for outposts, patrols and reconnoitering duty; and the dimachoe, or troops expected to act either as cavalry or infantry.

INDIAN POTLATCH.

The Red Man Likes to Impoverish Himself.

Scatters Riches in a Day.

One of the most peculiar customs of the Indians of British Columbia is known as "potlatch." This is an Indian word, and there is nothing in English which fits it. It is a custom which finds its source and main-spring in the desire for notoriety, which exists in greater or less development among all classes of people.

The oldest inhabitant or earliest pioneer in the extreme North-west found the potlatch an established custom among the natives upon his arrival here, and it is still adhered to whenever, as rarely happens in these days, an Indian chanced to board up enough of those good things of this life as constitute wealth to the aborigine. In the past it frequently happened that Indians would become rich along the Pacific coast through killing seals and those were the days when "potlatch" flourished in its grandest bounty.

ANNOYS THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

In the present day the survival of the custom is noted in various habits that exasperate to the utmost degree the mounted police and the officials of the Canadian Government. Suppose an Indian gets a big ration of beef from the Government or has good luck in hunting, does he take his food supply home and stow it away for future consumption like a white man would? Oh! no! he distributes it throughout the village, and has a gorge himself and then starves until he draws next week's rations or has some more good luck.

In past years, which were certainly the "good old days" for the aborigine, the ceremony of "potlatch" flourished in all its primeval exuberance. Then every Indian was opulent in the things he most desired, plenty of grub, plenty of skins, plenty of ornaments. Then, indeed, was "potlatch" a mighty feast. It consisted of a sort of Indian lovefeast, camp-meeting and barbecue combined, with the important addition that the giver's generosity, entirely voluntary, went beyond mere feasting and lavished all sorts of presents upon those who were called to his wigwam. The diligence exercised in giving away the fortune which perhaps he had been four or five years hoarding up was only equalled by the miserly qualities and thieving proclivities which he had employed in amassing his fortune.

\$6,000 GIVEN AWAY.

Pioneers on the coast have seen a single Indian sub-chief give away absolutely and forever, in a three days' potlatch, \$6,000 in coin or its equivalent. When the victim of this species of insanity has once determined to impoverish himself he sends out invitations to all his friends up and down the coast 30 or 40 miles advising them of his intention. The invitations are not elaborate, neither are they urgent. They don't have to be. The knowledge that a "potlatch" is to be given is quite sufficient. For it means to the invited participants a royal good time, an abundance to eat for a day at least, the probability of getting new blankets, dollars in silver, and perhaps a good canoe, or fishing and hunting tackle.

The Indian who thus seeks the utmost depth of poverty from the height of opulence immediately becomes an object of the utmost importance, and the loving attention shown him can only be likened to the sympathetic regard heaped upon a young woman who is soon to be married by her immediate girl friends.

It is told how one Indian, who rejoiced in the highly euphonious native name of Phui-pok-sok-sat, but who was for short called plain Capt. John Smith by the whites, and who was known to have a large sum of money, announced that he would give every cent of it away. No meaner Indian ever lived, but he suddenly leaped into greater prominence among his fellow-citizens than a local political boss who has a half-dozen offices to give out.

THE DAY OF THE POTLATCH.

It took place on the Tatoosh island. On the evening previous the guests of Captain John began to arrive. They came in a fleet and in their big canoes capable of holding from 15 to 50 Indians. As they came near the beach their paddles stopped and they sang in a sort of chant an Indian story, the women taking no part in the discourse. It was not unmusical, and coming over the water in the falling shadows of the evening, mellowed by distance and mingling with the gentle swell which little more than rippled on the beach, was wild and mournful. This ceremonial over, they came ashore and mingled together about the camp.

On the following morning the feast began. Large quantities of brown sugar, kegs of syrup, hard tack and crackers were forthcoming and were carried out above high water on the beach. The syrup and sugar were poured into two canoes about 15 feet in length, the boxes of hard bread were opened and the feast began. Dried halibut and other fish made up the menu, upon which the natives turned themselves loose with unlimited confidence and the utmost enthusiasm. Little and big, old and young, attacked the provender, and the noise and confusion of the feast could be heard even above the tumult, which is an inseparable adjunct to every Indian and Indian camp.

The feasting over, the more serious work of the potlatch began. Bolts of blankets, bolts of many-colored flannels, loads of calico prints,

HUNDREDS OF FLAMING COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS.

were opened up and brought before Captain John by his perspiring young bucks. Stripped to the waist, with a red blanket covering his lower limbs, Captain John stood forth, his face artistically painted in blue and red. In a loud and consequential voice he called the names of those for whom he had expended his coin, and as they came forward and received from his hands their presents the assembled multitude would shout out their approval of the giver's generosity and his prowess of "hyasthyee," which, being translated, means a "big chief." The distribution was varied, enlivened and diversified by more eating and the further giving of money. Captain John, pleased, with the plaudits of his numerous friends, continued to impoverish himself, until every blanket, every scrap and piece of cloth and every dollar he had was gone.

He then gave away his canoes—he had several—gave away all his seal-hunting outfit, cleaned out his stock of personal clothing, and finally removed the solitary blanket remaining, flung it to the crowd and stood before them naked. This last act was the signal for a singular chant by those present, who joined hands and, dancing, circled about Captain John.

When the syrup and sugar, the jerke-halibut and the hardtack were all gone the Indians dispersed in all directions, leaving the rich Indian of yesterday without one solitary piece of property or thing of value to-day.

IT IS A SINGULAR PARADOX.

in native character, and is not easy of solution. Some Indians have another custom which excites strange speculation. They are devoted to their children. They will endure any hardship, any danger to care for them. This feeling of parental affection remains strong until the child becomes a man and has a family of his own. Then solicitude gives way to indifference and utter disregard, which, as time goes on, becomes absolutely barbaric. When the parents become old they are literally permitted to starve.

White trappers have seen an aged Indian woman taken by her able-bodied son out of a warm corner in the hut, her blanket removed and she placed in an exposed position astride the house—left there to die of cold. In this particular case the woman was blind and deaf, and her hair was grey. She was thus turned out in a snowstorm almost naked for the express purpose of causing her immediate death. And this treatment is not objected to by the victim, who with the stoic and stolid indifference of the Indian race, takes his fate as a matter of course, without complaint or resentment. —[Empire.]

APROPOS OF THE COCK LAKE GHOST.

Extraordinary Manifestations in the Arctic Regions Some Thirty Years Ago.

Apropos of the recent revival of interest in the Cock Lane ghost and the possible verity of its manifestations it may be worth while to put on record certain events which took place in the early '60's at Fort Yukon, the outermost post of the Hudson Bay company, in Alaska, north of the Arctic circle. At this lonely fort half a dozen from the northern isles of Scotland traded for furs under the command of Strachan Jones, post trader of the company. Once a year a party ascended the Kat river and crossed to La Pierre's house, at the head of navigation on the Porcupine river, bringing a supply of trading goods, one sack of flour, and a little tea and sugar for the commander, with the mail of the last six months, and receiving in exchange the bales of furs which had been purchased during the previous twelve months. The bateaux from the fort then returned down stream with the goods. In midwinter a courier on snowshoes brought the half-yearly instructions from the chief factor at York factory. At other times the little community vegetated among the tundra, or was busied with the hunting and trade which supplied the business and subsistence of the post. About a year after Jones relieved his predecessor strange rumors prevailed among the residents at the fort. Singular noises were heard during the still arctic night. Raps on the door were responded to, but, the door being opened, there was no one there. Utensils hung on the walls of the log huts in which the company's servants lived fell down or were moved when nobody was near them. Jones had a house to himself as commander, and around this house the uncanny doings seemed to concentrate. Jones himself preserved a dignified silence, or professed ignorance of anything out of the common. But in spite of this the noise and turmoil continued, and were experienced by every one at the post, even by visiting Indians.

When spring came the bateaux started as usual for La Pierre's house with the bales of furs, Jones commanding the party. At the nightly bivouac, to the astonishment of the voyagers, the noises continued. The man who slept in the boat as a sort of guide reported that he heard raps and a curious scratching on the mast. Men who slept around the campfire ashore declared that they heard Jones talking in the night to some one who answered in a voice unknown to any of the party. On meeting the party from Fort Macpherson at the portage the voyagers naturally compared notes, and the doings of Jones' familiar were soon discussed by every campfire and at every trading post throughout the Northwest territory. A visitor at the fort in 1866 was assured of the reality of these manifestations, which remained without explanation, as Jones had retired from the post and carried his secret with him. The same visitor, while waiting the return of the officer then commanding, had the curiosity to look through a little library which in the course of years had accumulated in the commander's quarters. Among the worn novels and less dilapidated volumes of Scotch theology of which the collection was made up was a copy of Dr. Johnson's account of the extraordinary story of the Cock Lane ghost.

Gold in South Africa.

The gold fields of the Transvaal republic, in South Africa, yielded over 136,000 ounces in August, which is the largest product yet recorded in any one month. In round figures a year's output at the same rate would be worth \$32,500,000, which is about equal to the annual production of gold in either the United States or Australia. In the countries last named, however, the gold yield is about stationary, whereas it is rapidly increasing year by year in South Africa. If the Transvaal mines produce \$30,000,000 in 1893 there will be \$40,000,000 worth of gold mined in 1894 in all probability. Where the top limit will be reached can hardly be guessed. Good judges say that hundreds of square miles of territory are underlain with gold-bearing rock and that the total yield of the region will not fall below \$1,500,000,000.

Conflicting Evidence.

In a recent Irish shooting case counsel asked a witness: "You were present when the man was shot were you?" "O'wuz, sor. It wuz in the park," said Pat. "But the man was shot in the Rotunda we are told." "By hivins, sor, O' niver notussed whether it hit 'im in the rotunda or not."

MERCHANT NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

Great Britain Leads. With Germany Second.

According to Lloyd's Register, the highest authority on marine matters, the United Kingdom had last year 6,035 steam vessels, with an aggregated capacity of 8,601,679 tons. Germany stood next, the figures for that country being 846, with a total tonnage of 1,088,830. It will surprise many persons to learn that, in respect of numbers, the British colonies own a steam fleet exactly equal to that of Germany; the gross tonnage, however, is less than half as great, being only 515,204. As regards tonnage, France ranks next to Germany, her 532 steam vessels having an aggregate tonnage of 853,799. In tonnage, the United States occupy the fourth place, their steam shipping having a total capacity of 572,252 tons. Spain follows with 436,925 tons; next comes Norway with 335,547 tons, and then Italy with 317,197 tons. So much for the steam fleets of the principal nations; it is scarcely worth while to quote figures with regard to countries having less than 300,000 gross tons of steam shipping.

Passing to sailing vessels we find the United Kingdom still at the head, but not quite maintaining the superiority which she possesses with regard to steam vessels. Premising that the term sailing marine does not for the purpose of these statistics include small craft of under 100 tons, we may mention that in 1892 Great Britain and Ireland had 3,255 sailing vessels possessing an aggregate capacity of over two and a half million tons. The United States came next, being pretty close in respect of numbers, though not in that of aggregate capacity; Norway is next, the figures being 2,818 ships, with a tonnage of 1,345,212. The fourth place is occupied not by any European power, but by the British colonies, which owned 1,859 sailing vessels, having a total capacity of 782,821 tons. Then came Germany, with 1,905 vessels of 614,924 tons; Italy, with 1,173, possessing a gross tonnage of 501,643; Sweden, with 969 vessels of 288,751 tons; Russia, with 947, of 276,706 tons; and lastly, France, which possesses only 673 sailing vessels, with a gross tonnage of 203,909. The sailing marines of Spain and Holland, which were once the largest in the world, are no longer worth mentioning.

As regards the waste of shipping during the last year, the returns published by Lloyd's Register are less favorable to the United States than to three other of the chief maritime nations. Comprehending both steam and sailing ships in the calculation, we find that in 1892, the percentage of vessels lost by the United Kingdom was 2.59; by Italy, 2.79, and by Germany 3.46. The percentage of vessels lost by the United States was 3.82; by the British colonies, 3.88; by Norway, 4.47, and by France, 5.29. For a better exhibition than that made by the United Kingdom we have to go to the smaller maritime powers, among which we observe that Russia lost but 1.25 of her vessels, and Spain only 1.82. The remarkable immunity of Russian ships from loss is due apparently to the fact that a considerable number of Russian ports are closed during the winter, which is conspicuously the wreck season.

A DOG OF FRANCE.

He Was a Warrior Bold, and at Austerlitz Saved a Standard.

The story of a dog of France is told—a dog who became one of the most loved of all the followers of Napoleon. He was a shaggy dog, whom the soldiers called Mustache, and who, casting his lot with that of the army, had followed it into Italy. Scarcely had the army reached Alexandria when Mustache warned his comrades of a night attack, his timely wailing saving, perhaps, the army. In return the dog's name was inscribed on the roll book of his company. From that day he was entitled to draw rations—a grenadier's portion daily. Moreover, the regiment's barber was ordered to comb Mustache at least once a week. It was not a sinecure for the barber, for not a member of the regiment was a greater fighter than the dog. Once he was wounded in the shoulder by a bayonet thrust, and once, in the battle of Marengo, he lost an ear. But every wound was dressed by the company's surgeon, and every new cannonading put Mustache on his feet. Some years elapse, and then the dog reappears at Austerlitz. He was in the midst of the fight. The company was hard pressed, and the standard bearer was left alone—with Mustache—among the dead and dying. The Austrians were charging and at a shot the standard bearer fell. The dog and the flag were left behind to gether. Seizing the tattered shred of tri-color in his teeth, Mustache started across the field. Leaping from the very feet of the foe, who thought they had gained the prize, on through shot, and cannon roar, and smoke, he sped until he reached the French lines, and dropped at his comrades' feet the blood-stained rag. He lifted a broken paw, and the regimental surgeon set it; and the Marshal Lannes with his own hands, they say, fastened a medal around the hero's neck. And then, they say, as Mustache limped proudly down the line all the soldiers presented arms as though he had received promotion in rank, or the cross of the Legion of Honor! There were other campaigns after this, and in 1811 Mustache died in the field, pierced through the heart by a bullet.

Barber—"Do you want a haircut?" Victim—"Not only one, but all of them."

Love is said to be blind, but it usually gets there ahead of the old man just the same.

Solemn stranger—"All flesh is grass." Deaf man—"Hey?" Solemn stranger—"No, grass."

Summer vacations have entirely stopped and there is noticeable a falling off in the autumn leaves.

Willie Keep—"I was once very strongly tempted to blow out my bwains." Ethel Knox—"Did you do it?"

Mrs. Brown-Jones—"So he married you after all?" Mrs. Brown-Smith—"Yes, after all I had—, but he didn't get it."

"Well, Anna, have you found the rose for my hair yet?" "Yes, madam; but now I cannot find the hair."

Peasimist—"Don't you wish you'd never been born?" Book agent—"No; I let the other people do that for me."