

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Mr. R. M. Horney purposes to organize a Kingston Historical Society.

There are over 25,000 proprietors of real estate in the city of Montreal.

Fires have swept over the timber districts of Northern Manitoba, and have done an immense amount of damage.

The British Columbia Methodist College has chosen a site in New Westminster for its large prospective building.

The congregation of St. George's church, Montreal, is greatly agitated over the innovation of a suppled choir, and many old members threaten to leave the church.

Mr. Robert Lees, C. Q., of Ottawa, County Crown Attorney, who came to this country seventy-six years ago, died in his home, Ottawa East, Tuesday morning.

Major-General Herbert left Ottawa on Monday night for Winnipeg, to inspect the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and on other business connected with the militia force.

Rev. Charles Cook, the well-known prison reformer, has been visiting Canadian prisons. Their discipline he believes to be a golden mean between English severity and American laxity.

During the quarter ended September 30, exports to the value of \$616,463 were sent into the United States from the Ottawa district, being about one thousand dollars less than for the corresponding quarter of the previous year.

It is stated that in Ottawa Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, M. P. for Ottawa, instead of being made Mr. Royal's successor as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, will succeed Mr. Schultz as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.

The Quebec Legislature, which has been called for the 5th of November, will have several important questions to consider, including the tax law, the renewal of the four million dollar Mercier loan, and the reform of the judiciary system.

Dr. Cotton, one of the medical attendants of the Victoria Industrial school, Mimico, made a statement the other day which substantially corroborates the report that one of the boys was fatally poisoned by having received wrong medicine by mistake when suffering from diphtheria last winter.

Mr. R. G. McConnell, who was sent by the Ottawa Government on an exploring expedition in the Mackenzie River district, has arrived at Vancouver. A special says that he has discovered the source of the Mackenzie river to be a lake at the head of Findley river, and that gold was found by him in abundance for 250 miles along Findley river.

BRITISH.

Captain O'Shea, the divorced husband of Mrs. Parnell, is dangerously ill in London.

Eight firms owning coal-pits in the Bolton district opened their collieries Tuesday, the miners returning to work at the wages paid before the strike.

Fully twelve thousand people assembled on Sunday in Victoria park, at the East end of London, and heard violent speeches in favour of the striking miners.

A Cardiff firm of ship owners have received from Rio Janeiro, a despatch announcing that the rebels have seized the British barque Norma, with a cargo of coal.

It is reported that President Peixoto has succeeded in purchasing several torpedo boats in Europe, which are now said to be on their way across the Atlantic, manned by English crews.

According to information obtained by the Pall Mall Gazette, the Clan-na-Gael is being reorganized under the direction of Patrick Egan and Patrick Ford as a result of the rejection of the Home Rule bill by the House of Lords.

The British Board of Agriculture has removed the cattle embargo against Norway, and it is hoped that if Canada continues to show a clean bill of health the embargo against Canadian cattle will also be removed at an early date.

A Welsh newspaper, the organ of the Nationalists, says that Mr. Chamberlain promised if the Welsh members would support a vote of no confidence, when he came into power he would introduce a bill for the disestablishment of the Welsh Church.

The time of the Lucania from Queenstown to Sandy Hook on her last trip was five days thirteen hours and forty-five minutes, beating the record held by the Paris by thirty-nine minutes. In one day's run she made five hundred and sixty-eight miles.

Sir Alfred Maloney, Governor of British Honduras, who is on his way from England to resume his official duties, said on Sunday, in New York, that the resources of his colony could be enormously developed if railway communication were established there.

Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Parnellites, speaking on Monday evening in Dublin, warned the Irish members of Parliament against the deadly peril of supporting the Gladstonian policy of hanging up Home Rule, while using Irish votes to pass a number of English reforms.

UNITED STATES.

The statement is repeated in Washington that a compromise on the Silver bill is within sight.

Prof. Tyndall, the London mind reader, who is at present in Rochester, wants to be buried alive, and not dug up for thirty days.

Five Chinamen were arrested at Jackson, Mich., a few days ago, on the suspicion that they had been smuggled across the border from Canada.

The deadlock in the United States Senate still continues over the silver question, and the suggestion that the only remedy is continuous sessions is not well received.

More than seven hundred thousand people visited the World's Fair on Chicago's day. It was nearly morning before the grounds were cleared of the immense crowd.

Senator Hill yesterday presented to the Senate a petition signed by fifteen thousand New York business men, praying for the repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman Act.

Amongst the passengers on board the *Majestic*, which arrived at New York the other day, were the Duke of Alba, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P., and Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court.

Mamie Turner, convicted of having murdered her husband, John Turner, of Delta county, was taken to the penitentiary at Rusk, Tex., on Saturday. She is only fourteen years old, and says she killed her husband because he was jealous and cruel to her.

In the celebrated breach of promise case of Mrs. Anna D. Van Honten against Asa P. Morse, of Boston, a jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for forty thousand dollars. The defendant, who is very wealthy, is seventy-five years of age, while Mrs. Van Honten is only thirty-three.

GENERAL.

It is reaffirmed that Prince Bismarck is suffering from paralysis, and that he is in an apathetic condition.

M. de Vallieres, the special envoy of France to the King of Siam, has had his farewell audience of that monarch.

Count Ferdinand de Lesseps has lost strength steadily during the last ten days, and is now in a moribund condition.

The diplomatic corps in Rio Janeiro have decided to land crews from the warships in the harbour to afford protection to the citizens.

It is stated that the Italian Minister of War intends to ask the Chamber for a large grant with which to build fortifications in the Alps and in Sardinia.

The Presbyterian missionaries in Persia are believed to be in deadly peril, as the Mohammedans have petitioned their high priests for an old-time holy war.

The Newsky Infantry barracks, at Bostavl, Province of Smolensk, were burned on Wednesday night, and a large number of soldiers perished in the flames.

The Anarchist Le Cuyer, alias La Garde, who escaped to England in January, was arrested in Paris on Friday. A quantity of chemicals were found in his lodgings, and they will be analysed.

Admiral Melo, commanding the insurgent squadron in the bay of Rio Janeiro, has ordered President Peixoto to abandon the city within forty-eight hours, or the fleet will resume its bombardment.

Belgian Knights of Labour, at a meeting on Sunday, decided to continue to strike. The speakers at meetings of the strikers continue to instigate the men to violence and riotous conduct.

The Moors have reappeared before the Spanish fortress at Melilla, fourteen thousand strong, and the greatest anxiety prevails in Spain. Troops are being hurried forward to Morocco with all possible speed.

A few nights ago General Manuel Escobar, at one time Governor of Chiapas, Mexico, and Speaker of the Senate, was assassinated at his house by shots fired from the street, twelve of the projectiles lodging in his heart.

A Witty Delinquent.

A certain Irish village character, noted alike for habitual indolence, immoderate indulgence, and ready wit, was once approached by the parish priest, who desired a day's work done in his garden.

"Terry," said he, "if you work steady for meal day and drink nothing, I'll give you a glass at six o'clock as well as the pay."

"Dore, yer riverance," returned the other. "I know ye're a man of yer wurrod, an, please the pigs, I'll be wan, too!"

He performed the day's work accordingly, and when he went to the kitchen door at sundown received his pay and a small wineglass, which his reverend employer handed him already filled with whiskey.

After tossing off the thimbleful, he held the tiny vessel up quizzically, and remarked:

"An' how do they make them, yer riverance?"

"Why, they blow them, Terry," answered the unsuspecting cleric.

"Faix, thin, yer riverance," replied Terry, with a twinkle, "I'm thinkin' the man that blew that was short o' breath!"

Aware that he had had the worst of the encounter, the worthy priest bargained with his ne'er-do-well parishioner for a second day's work, with the stipulation that on this occasion he should hold an empty tumbler and "say when" himself at the pouring out of the beverage.

Gradually the decanter grew depleted and the goblet full, but no word escaped Terry. His reverence paused of his own accord, and severely regarding his labourer, remarked:

"Don't you know, Terry, that every drop of this is a nail in your coffin?"

"Troth, thin, yer riverance," responded the unabashed one, "while ye have the hammer in yer han' ye may as well put in wan or two more!"

No Look of Regret.

The drill instructor of an old regiment of the line—one of the old stamp of martinet sergeants—who was the terror of every recruit, and the remorseless tyrant of the awkward squad, was putting a firing party through the funeral exercise.

Having opened the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor ordered the men to rest on their arms reversed.

Then, by way of practical explanation, he walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying as he moved:

"Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention."

Having reached the end of the party, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, and then remarked in a solemn tone of voice:

"Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right; but you hav'n't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

Nature's Compensations.

M'Kinnon was talking in his shop to two or three customers, when a blind man entered and solicited alms.

The grocer, who was disposed to show his superior knowledge of human nature, remarked:

"D'ye no' ken, my freens, hoo vera delicate is the touch o' a bli'nd man. I aye think Providence has mak't up the loss o' a'ne sense by makin' a'ne o' the thers mair cute. Noo, jist see hoo this pur man can tell a thing by the touch," and putting some fine sugar in a scoop, he held it out to the mendicant, remarking, "Whit's that, ma man?"

The blind man extended his hand, took up a pinch with his thumb and finger, and, without hesitation said:

"That's sand!"

Everybody laughed except M'Kinnon.

BALMORAL CASTLE.

A Recent Visitor Tells Some Interesting Things About the Queen's Highland Residence.

Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, and Balmoral Castle, in the Scotch Highlands, are the two private residences of the Queen. They are rigidly guarded from the public. Especially has this been the case during the last few years, when dynamite scares have been so common.

The Queen's apartments at her official residences are likewise secluded from sight-seers; but there are parts of these residences that are open on certain days to the public.

Osborne House and Balmoral are strictly private property, and when the Queen is "in residence," there is no stranger within her gates. Occasionally, when she is absent some member of her suite may let a friend have a peep within; but to obtain even that requires diplomacy. We, however, were befriended by luck and one of the Gentlemen-in-Waiting to the Queen, and spent a lovely August morning wandering through Balmoral castle and its grounds.

Our coachman was almost overcome with astonishment when we directed him to turn from the highroad between Ballater and Braemar into the lodge gates of Balmoral. The lodge-keeper inspected our letters of admission very carefully before admitting us, but we were allowed to pass.

The first view of the grounds and castle is a charming preparation for what follows. The broad road winds through the park and across an arched stone bridge over the Dee, ripping merrily over its bed of pebbles.

Prominent in the foreground is a statue of Prince Albert, erected by the tenants of Balmoral.

The statue is of bronze, and the pedestal is a great boulder from the neighboring mountains. Balmoral is closely associated with the Prince Consort; for it was he who, in 1848, persuaded the queen to lease it for a term of thirty-eight years. In 1852 it was bought outright of the Earl of Fife, and the Prince, out of his private fortune, built the splendid granite castle.

The estate comprises 10,000 acres of arable land, and about 20,000 acres of deer forest. The great white castle with its airy pinnacles and stately towers is visible at intervals through the whole drive from the park entrance to the open plateau.

The park itself is a beautiful stretch of trees, shrubs, moss-covered rocks, wild-rose hedges and heathery hillsides. Macadamised roadways and pretty bridle paths lead in every direction, but it has maintained its air of simplicity and natural beauty in spite of these.

At last the castle is reached, resting upon its broad terraces sloping down to the Dee, which dashes along at the foot of the hills. Around it tower the purple mountains, clothed with giant firs and larches, and the August sun glints upon great masses of pink heather, as far as the eye can follow.

A gorgeous flower border surrounds the castle, and beyond it are wide gravel walks; while on the north terrace, with its stone steps descending almost to the river, a fountain splashes merrily. Such a lovely, stately, majestic scene it was! We could scarcely tear ourselves away from it to enter the castle.

There are two principal entrances. One, a splendid porte-cochere, opens into the grand hall, and is used only when the queen is "in residence." The other is a smaller door, under the clock tower. We very naturally alighted at the smaller door; but the housekeeper, on meeting us, apologised for not admitting us through the grand entrance, making some civil excuse about its being boarded up.

We entered first a long corridor, which is very commonplace except for the fact that the carpet is of the Stuart tartan. The Queen is extravagantly fond of her Stuart descent, although it is so remote that it can scarcely be called a descent at all; and the Stuart tartan is the regulation one for all of the royal household and visitors to wear at Balmoral. The same tartan is repeated in much of the carpeting and furnishings.

A combination, invented by the queen herself, called Victorian tartan also appears in some of the curtains, carpets and furniture of Balmoral.

Along the walls of this corridor are numerous engravings, among them many Landseers. It is a strange circumstance that there is not a particle of colour in any picture on the walls of Balmoral Castle. Every one is an engraving, and consequently all are reproductions.

Turning to the right, toward the ball-room, there is a sitting room for the gentlemen of the Queen's household. It is simply furnished; indeed, simplicity is the keynote of the whole interior of the castle. This room has an open Franklin stove, and leather-covered furniture. There are a few good busts and engravings—a bust of Sir Walter Scott, a copy of Detaille's "Passing Regiment," and some of the inevitable Landseers—notably Sir Edwin's famous "Deer Family."

There is also an engraving of Napoleon III., with an autograph. Indeed, all the portraits at Balmoral have autographs. The Queen and Prince Consort were personal friends of the last French Emperor and the Empress Eugenie, and the ex-Express often visits the Queen at Balmoral.

Farther on is the ball-room. The doors open on a platform, for the ball-room is on the side of the castle that descends with the terrace, and a double winding stair leads down to the floor.

Opposite the entrance is a musicians' gallery, and to the right is a dais, with a crimson sofa and some stately crimson chairs, for the Queen and her royal guests whenever they desire to be present at a ball.

Since the Prince Consort's death the only regular balls given at Balmoral are those to the servants and tenantry. Upon occasions there is dancing in the ball-room by the guests at the castle.

Back of the crimson dais are two niches, in which are huge branched candlesticks 8 or 9 feet high. Around the hall, at intervals, are hung "claymores" draped with the tartans of the various clans.

Returning to the corridor, we are taken to the dining-room, a large and handsome apartment finished and furnished in oak. The Queen does not always dine here, often preferring to dine in the library. But on these informal occasions in the library only ladies are present.

Between the dining-room and the billiard room is a little room which is lined with book-cases from top to bottom, all filled with Hansard's Parliamentary Reports.

Passing on, the billiard-room is reached. Like the dining-room, it is solid, handsome,

and airy; but like most of the other rooms, it lacks individuality. One and all, they might be found in any fine family residence or even in a first-class hotel.

From one corner of this room a door opens into a small tower-room, in which are a few chairs, a sofa, and some portraits. Turning to the right, we enter the drawing-room. It is immense, sunny, and cheerful, and overlooks the terrace. The curtains, chairs, and carpets are of the Victorian tartan.

In one corner is a grand piano. The Queen is passionately fond of music, and was in her day an accomplished performer on the piano.

The only thing noticeable in the decorations is the great number of statuettes of the Queen's children. A very pretty group represents the Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, and their dog, Wardie. A statuette represents the Queen on horseback, wearing the long riding-suit which was the fashion in her day; but her gown is low-necked and short-sleeved, and she wears around her neck the collar of the Order of the Garter. No doubt a representation of her going in state to open Parliament.

From the drawing-room one passes on again to the special rooms where the Queen really lives. The first of these is the library, where are a few good engravings, as in the rest of the apartments, and busts of Scott and Burns. There is also a large table which answers as a dining-table for the Queen and her ladies when she chooses to dine in the library.

One door of this room opens into a fine corridor which leads to the grand hall. On each side of this door is a statue—one of Burns's "Highland Mary," and the other of Scott's "Ellen Douglas." There is also an admirable marble statue of the Prince Consort in the corridor.

Communicating with the corridor is the Queen's music-room, where she spends much of her time. It has two upright pianos and an organ. On the walls are numerous portraits, notably of two empresses who formerly possessed great beauty—the Empress Eugenie of France and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria. Each has an autograph—"Eugenie" and "Elizabeth."

There is also a portrait of the Princess of Wales, taken at the time of her marriage, and an engraved copy of the celebrated picture of the Queen riding over the field of Waterloo with the Duke of Wellington.

The Queen's bedroom and dressing-room are never shown to any one. The corridor on which these rooms open is connected with the main entrance hall, which is really superb.

Facing the huge doors is a statue in black and gilt bronze of McCulloch More, an old Scottish hero. There are some busts around this hall, notably one which represents the Queen in her early married life.

The walls are ornamented with antlers, the hunting trophies of the Queen's husband and sons; and there is a splendid wild boar's head which was won in the chase by the Prince Consort in Germany.

On the same floor are rows of bedrooms, with dressing-rooms adjoining, for the Queen's suite and for guests. All are very simply furnished, as English bedrooms usually are. But there are pretty pink or blue chintz canopies over the beds, and dainty dressing-tables and couches.

The largest suite of rooms is that intended for the Prime Minister when he is called to Balmoral; and the Queen very often calls for him. It consists of a sitting-room, bedroom, dressing-room, and bath. All are very small, and simply furnished in chintz. The walls of the sitting-room are decorated with engraved portraits, with autographs, of all the Prime Ministers during the Queen's reign.

The apartments of the Prince of Wales are upstairs, and are directly over the library and music-room. Three featherers, the insignia of the prince, are carved in the stone wall of the castle, on a level with his windows. But since his marriage the prince has stayed, when he has gone to Scotland, at Abergeldie, a small place five miles from Balmoral.

It took us two hours to stroll through the castle, and two hours more to walk about the terraces, visit the dairy, and drive through the park.

Everything was exquisitely kept, and the dairy a delight to the eyes. The dairymaid offered us milk, which we accepted, and found to be very good.

A little way off, not very far from the dairy, is a cross erected to the memory of the late Princess Alice, the Queen's daughter.

There is also a memorial to the late Prince Leopold, and a statue of John Brown, who was the Queen's faithful body-servant for many years.

We spent another hour or two in the park. Never was there a sweeter spot than Balmoral Castle, or one more eloquent of peace and domestic charm. No wonder the Queen likes it. She has always desired to have her daughters arrange the sentimental part of their marriage engagements at Balmoral; for, like a true and womanly woman, she believes in marriages of affection.

Hard on Jack.

A simple village maiden entered a rural post-office, and drawing a money order from an envelope handed it to the young man behind the counter, with the remark, "I'm needing the brass for this here paper."

"Who sent it?"

"Jack," was the simple reply.

"Yes; but Jack who, and where does he live?"

"Wha, Jack's my laddie; I do not know whaur he's living the noo."

"But haven't you read the letter?" asked the clerk.

"I canna read," said the poor girl, blushing. "Maybe, you'll read it for me."

The young fellow good humouredly complied, and, arriving at the postscript, read: "I send you 5s. for the old woman, and a hundred kisses for yourself."

Glancing round the office, he handed over the 5s. and said coolly:

"Will you take the kisses just now?"

"Dae I get them here?" inquired the girl.

"Oh, certainly," was the unblushing reply, and the clerk leaped over the counter and paid them in full.

When the girl reached home and handed the money to the old woman she remarked:

"Ay, but you's grand place, the Post Office. Ye get your kisses sent along wi' your money, and both weel paid."

Austro-Hungarian papers are printed in fifteen languages.

BRIEF AND INTERESTING.

The cremation of the late King of Siam cost \$400,000.

The Turkish cavalry is admitted to be the finest in all Europe.

Russian farmers hold an average of twenty seven acres to each family.

Eighty of the towns in Great Britain supply the names of 100 towns in America.

The Duke of Westminster has the finest collection of plate in the United Kingdom.

All German workmen in Russian Poland have been ordered to learn the Russian language by January, 1894.

Greek and Roman doors always opened outward, and when a man was passing out of a house, he knocked on the door, so as not to open it in the face of a passer-by.

The Queen, who always keeps well abreast of any new invention or discovery, was one of the first to order a phonograph, and has lately added a typewriter to her secretarial staff.

The Czarina of Russia, although employing a household of seamstresses, makes nearly all the clothing for her youngest children, and also takes their new hats to pieces, and trims them according to her own taste.

The Queen of Italy finds an entrancing hobby in collecting the shoes of past celebrities. She possesses the shoes worn by Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, Joan of Arc, and others, and places a very high value upon her unique collection.

Empress Frederick of Germany possesses a unique tea-service. The tea-tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian half-penny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing, and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German principalities.

Lord Herschell, unlike most great lawyers, is passionately fond of music and is no mean performer himself. His favorite instrument is the violoncello, on which he plays remarkably well, and takes part in concerted chamber music at his own house almost every week.

The number of foreign residents in Spain is small, numbering only about 25,000. The emigration from Spain has been in some years as high as 125,000. Four-fifths of the emigrants settle in Spanish America, and the remainder in the Spanish African possessions.

The collecting of postage stamps has brought into existence a professional stamp collector, who, for a small fee, dexterously repairs mutilated stamps. His speciality is restoring the margin to envelope stamps that have been cut to shape, and have thus lost much of their philatelic value.

The Queen of the Belgians is reputed to be one of the best living performers on the harp. When recently her chief lady-in-waiting became a nun, the Queen as sponsor, presented the postulant at the altar, and then played a solo on the harp, to the great delight of the sisters who thronged the convent.

The very newest fashion among the ladies at St. Petersburg is to arm themselves with long canes when they go abroad. Some of these canes measure 6 feet to 7 feet in length; and as the ladies stalk along they seem, at a distance, stalwart amazons, who have supplied themselves with small scaffolding poles or plucked up young trees.

Hairpins are made by automatic and very complicated machines. The coiled wire is put upon drums, and becomes straightened as it feeds itself to the machines. It passes along until it reaches two cutters, which point the ends at the same time that they cut it to the length required. This piece of wire then slips along an iron plate until it reaches a slot, through which it is pressed into the regular shape. The hairpins are then put into a pan and japanned, after which they are heated in an oven with a temperature of from 300 to 400 degrees.

The Emperor of Russia possesses forty-four uniforms, one of which has never been worn, viz., that of a Russian Field-Marshal. Although he is Commander-in-Chief of the Army, his Majesty has vowed never to wear the insignia of a Field-Marshal until this grade shall have been conferred upon him by his brother Field-Marshals after a victorious war.

The Queen has taken to having pet birds in her own private rooms. At first canaries were tried, at the suggestion of the Princess Beatrice, but the Queen found the noise too trying, and at the present moment she has with her a bullfinch and a linnet. These are under the care of one of the attendants and always follow the Court wherever it goes, except across the Channel.

The smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the forth jewel-screw is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust; with a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are 4-1,000ths of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double; it is estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws.

One of the simplest barometers is a spider's web. "Nature" says that when there is a prospect of rain or wind the spider shortens the filaments from which its web is suspended, and leaves things in this state as long as the weather is variable. If the insect elongates its thread, it is a sign of fine, calm weather, the duration of which may be judged by the length to which the threads are let out. If the spider remains inactive, it is a sign of rain; but if, on the contrary, it keeps at work during a rain, the latter will not last long, and will be followed by fine weather.

Postage-stamp collectors, a Paris correspondent says, may be interested to hear that a new postage stamp will shortly be issued, and there is a good prospect of its becoming very rare at no distant date. The French Government has just created, as an experiment only, a postal service by camel express in the French territories of Obock and the Somali coast. In connection with this service a special provisional stamp will be issued, the value being five francs. The new stamp is triangular, like the old Cape of Good Hope vignettes. In the centre is a "mehari" or racing camel, in the background a desert landscape. Around are inscriptions in three languages—Abyssinian, Arabic, and French—mentioning the year of issue and the name of colony. The weight allowed will be 50 grammes. Later on, if the experiment be satisfactory, a further issue of stamps will be made, the values ranging from two to fifty francs.