

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADIAN.

Robert McMeekin of Dalkeith was accidentally killed on Tuesday, while hunting, by the discharge of his own gun.

Mr. Peter Redpath has offered a yearly donation of \$5,000 towards the maintenance of the new library at McGill University.

There are rumours of a deficit in the accounts of the Montreal Police Court, and an audit has been ordered.

Two children named Watson were burnt to death in a prairie fire near Winnipeg on Saturday. Great damage was also done to crops.

The body of Robert Colgrove of London Township, has been identified, making the ninth Canadian victim of the Battle Creek disaster.

A branch of the Canadian Association of Stationary Engineers has been organized at Kingston.

The French-Canadian press of Montreal speaks in very high terms of the late Sir John Abbott.

Mrs. Henry Gillard, of Hamilton, Ont., was found dead in her room Tuesday morning, having been suffocated with gas. The deceased was 85 years of age.

Customs spies seized the outfit of the Detroit sportsmen at the Toronto club house, St. Clair Flats. They expect to get \$1,000 out of the seizure.

A man giving the name of Butler is under arrest at New Westminster, B.C., for attempting to cash a forged draft on the Bank of Montreal in Toronto.

John McMurray of Gravenhurst, was accidentally wounded by a fellow-employee's axe and bled to death before effectual aid could be rendered.

The schooner Hoboken has gone ashore near Alexandria Bay, and will probably be a total loss. The crew are all right, and most of the cargo will be salvaged.

The Rev. S. D. Crown, pastor of the Sherbrooke street Methodist church, in Montreal, has received a unanimous call to the Carlton street Methodist church of Toronto.

Several drunken Belgians made an attack on some French Canadians in Winnipeg on Monday night, and in the melee knives were used, with the result that several men were badly injured.

The inspection of immigrants all along the Canadian border by the United States officials, to prevent the introduction of cholera, is no longer considered necessary, and has now been discontinued.

As a result of an interview between Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, the Canadian Minister, and the Australian Premier, a conference is likely to be held shortly in Canada, with the purpose of advancing trade and cable communication between Canada and Australia.

The Rev. Father Hamon, Jesuit, in the course of a lecture in Montreal on Monday, said that the time had come when Catholics must take up arms and wage war for the defence of what is most dear to them, their faith and morals.

On account of the death of Sir John Abbott, the festivities attending the unveiling of the monument in Hamilton, Ont., were curtailed. Sir John Thompson asked to be excused from attending any dinner or engagement in the evening.

At a meeting of the employees of the electric street railway of Winnipeg on Monday night a committee was appointed to meet the manager and aldermen of the city to protest against the proposed twenty per cent. reduction in salaries.

The residence of Mr. Orville Sills, of Frankford, Ont., was entered by burglars. Mr. Sills started out to investigate, and just outside the back door came upon the piquet, who ordered him to halt; but the merchant instead fired on the scoundrel. The rascal, as well as his confederates, got away.

BRITISH.

The drought in England is causing a water famine in several places, and factories are shutting down for want of water.

Lord Dunraven's Molly Morgan won the Cambridgehire handicap at Newmarket.

The brig Corbin, from St. John, is a wreck at the mouth of the Bann, Ireland; no lives lost.

Although Mr. Gladstone will be in London earlier than expected, it is not probable that he will be regular in his attendance at Westminster until warm weather returns.

The London press speaks highly of the courage and perseverance of President Cleveland, which led, after a bitter struggle in the Senate, to the repeal of the Sherman Silver Act.

The Count and Countess of Paris, who are residing at Stowe, will visit the Queen at Windsor and the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham before they leave England to pass the winter in Spain.

UNITED STATES.

Eleven cases of smallpox were discovered in Brooklyn, N.Y., Monday.

Coal docks at West Superior, Wis., collapsed, precipitating 3,000 tons of coal into the bay.

Chicago Corporation Counsel Kraus is inclined to think that no law exists conferring authority on the Council to elect an acting Mayor.

Mr. Frederick L. Mathias, superintendent of works of the Postal Telegraph Company, was shot, probably fatally, in his office in New York by a crank.

The Columbian Fair has been officially closed. Owing to the murder of Mayor Carter Harrison all festive proceedings were omitted from the programme, and the ceremony was at once a funeral service over a popular Mayor and the end of the great Exhibition.

Miss Daisy Garland, aged 23, daughter of ex-Attorney-General Garland, of Washington, shot herself with her father's revolver. Cause unknown.

Dr. F.O. Vincent, who while drunk shot and killed his wife at Fresno, Cal., in 1891, was hanged Friday. He faced his fate bravely.

The members of the Ontario staff at the World's Fair met in the Canadian pavilion yesterday and presented Mr. Awrey, the Provincial Commissioner, with an illuminated address expressing appreciation of his services. Some elegant silverware and a meerschaum pipe accompanied the address.

A commotion was caused in Salvation

Army circles at New York the other day by the refusal of the registrar of vital statistics to accept a marriage certificate for a wedding at which Gen. Ballington Booth performed the ceremony. The registrar claims Mr. Booth has no power to marry people, while Gen. Booth claims that he has.

GENERAL.

Martial law has been declared in Guatemala.

There has been serious rioting lately in Lima, the capital of Peru.

The President of Guatemala, Central America, has abolished slavery in his domains.

Mount Calbuco, in Chili, is again in eruption.

Extensive prairie fires are devastating Nebraska.

The Frankfurter Zeitung says that a banking house in Cassel has failed for 4,000,000 marks. The senior partner has absconded.

The health of the Pope is again exciting much uneasiness.

Ten thousand French women wrote to Admiral Avelan while he was in Paris asking for an audience, a lock of his hair or his autograph.

While the Civil Governor of Madrid, accompanied by a servant, was walking on Sunday on the principal promenade of Madrid, he was attacked by a gang of men and severely beaten.

A Russian ukase has been issued ordering the formation of fifteen new reserve brigades, which is equivalent to an immediate increase of the army to a war footing by the addition of one hundred and fifty thousand men.

No Whales in the Gulf Stream.

It is a remarkable zoological, piscatorial, or hydrographical fact that whales are never (if allowed to follow the dictates of their own will) found within the limits of that great ocean river—the gulf stream. The shrewd Yankee whalers were the first to gain an accurate knowledge of the extent and limits of the great artery which pulsates between this country and Europe—this by studying the habits and haunts of the whales. It was noted that they were plentiful northwest and southeast of certain well-defined lines, and that the "neutral waters" were several degrees warmer than those which, paradoxical as it may sound, formed their "banks" and boundaries. Finally it was decided, and rightly, too, that the no-whale-producing area was the gulf stream. Franklin learned this curious scientific fact from the New England whalers, and in 1770 published a chart for the benefit of the mail packets or mail ships plying between our large coast cities and London. Curiously enough this chart was not gotten up for the purpose of adding to the sum total of hydrographical knowledge, nor for the purpose of outlining the gulf stream, but solely as a guide to the best route for ships to pursue in order to keep from encountering whales.—[St. Louis Republic.

PROSPECTS BRIGHT

For the Success of the Canadian-Australian Steamship Line.

A Vancouver special says:—T. Rain Walker, British vice consul and agent of the Canadian-Australian steamship line, is here en route to England, on leave of absence. He intended to sail by the Miowera and came on from Australia. He confirms previous reports that Capt. Stott was not responsible. Speaking of the prospects of the line he said they were bright, and Honolulu merchants were much pleased at its establishment, as it opened a new market for them. At present the sugar planters had to contract with San Francisco firms to take nearly all their sugar. The contract expires in three years, and then Mr. Walker thinks a big trade will be done with Canada in sugar.

Limit of Age in Trees.

Elm, 300 years; ivy, 335 years; maple, 516 years; larch, 576 years; orange 630 years; cypress, 800 years; olive, 800 years; walnut, 900 years; Oriental plane, 1,000 years; lime, 1,100 years; spruce, 1,200 years; oak, 1,500 years; cedar, 2,000 years; yew, 3,200 years. The way in which the ages of these trees have been ascertained leaves no doubt of its correctness.

Last year New York City paid for its school bill \$4,000,000, for its amusement bill \$7,000,000, and for its drink bill \$60,000,000.

Bombast was once the cotton plant, then the cotton padding with which garments were filled out, then any padding or stuffing, lastly idle bragging.

Pamphlets owe their name to Pamphela, a Greek lady who left behind her a number of scrapbooks containing notes, recipes, anecdotes and memoranda.

Guest—"What is that pretty little octavo volume?" The German linguist—"That's a new edition of my rules of German grammar." Guest—"And what are all those quarto volumes near it?" The German linguist—"Those are the exceptions to the rules."

Termagant, scold, jade, hag and a few other words were formerly applied to men as well as to women, and their exclusive application is no compliment to masculine gallantry.

Current is properly Corinth. The currents of commerce have nothing in common with those of our gardens. Corinthians are small grapes, cured in Greece and exported from Corinth.

The authorities in Finland will not have active members of the Salvation army in their midst. It is declared illegal for the Salvationists to wear their uniform or make money collections.

At the beginning of the century the Bible was accessible to but one-fifth of the population of the world. Now it may be read by nine-tenths of the people of the globe, so rapidly has its translation been carried on.

A suit in the New York courts over the possession of a child has been decided satisfactorily to both parties. The mother will have possession of the boy during the summer, and in winter he will live with his father.

Consul Smith, of Liege, speaking of the use of dogs as draught animals in Belgium, estimates the strength of the average dog at 500 pounds, and estimates the number of dogs in America at 7,000,000,000 pounds going to waste.

GOING OVER THE TRAPS.

An Old Woodman Recounts the Events of A Winter Day in the Great Ontario Woods.

"There are times in the life of a woods trapper," said Captain Barker, who is an old-time trapper himself, "when he'd rather catch sight of his old log camp in the wilderness than run up against a gold mine, for the camp at such times can do for him what all the gold mines on the face of the earth couldn't do—save his life. If you had ever tried trapping in the Ontario woods in the depth of winter you would know what I mean. For the sake of an illustration, just imagine yourself trapping there, say along in the month of December. There is a foot of snow on the ground. It doesn't require much imagination to see a foot of snow on the ground in the woods in December. You might multiply it by three and get nearer the truth. You have two camps, and if they are fifteen miles apart it will be nothing unusual. Leading from one of these camps to the other you have

TWO LINES OF TRAPS,

one to the right, over the hardwood hills where there is good ground for the sable and fisher-cat, and the other to the left, up a brook and around a small pond, where the otter and beaver and mink work in their various ways, and then up another brook valley to the camp.

"Early in the morning you take your axe and rifle, your bag of bait and lunch, and follow the mountain line of traps, while your partner takes the valley line or vice versa, as the case may be, but the result will be the same. The expectation and calculation is that you are to meet each other at the camp before dark. You go up into the hills. It begins to snow about 10 o'clock. Your partner has no difficulty in following the valley line, for the creek shows the way, and he will get to camp before dark, cut the wood for the night, get in, build a fire, and prepare for getting supper, expecting to hear you stamping in before long. But things go differently with you on the mountain line. There is more snow up there than in the valley. The travelling is hard. The traps need a good deal of setting over and fixing, for

THE WILDCATS

have been busy along the line, robbing you of a sable here and a fisher there, which otherwise would have been your well-earned trophy. Then a fisher, fast in a trap, has dragged it away into the woods, and it takes you a good while to find it. A light wind drives the fast falling damp snow against the trunks of the trees, and it sticks there, so that in a couple of hours or so you can't see the blaze marks on them until you have brushed off the snow.

"By and by you find a blazed tree, and then look ahead and try to make up your mind which tree the next blaze is on. You pick out a tree that you think is the one and crush off the snow. No blaze there. Then you go on to another tree, perhaps off to the right, and brush again. No blaze there. Some distance ahead, off to the left, you see a tree. That must be a blazed tree surely, you think. You scrape the snow off of that tree. No blaze there. And then you go on, hunting here and there for the next blazed tree, until at last you find it, only to have to repeat the proceeding, perhaps, before you locate the next one after that one on your course. All this takes much time and annihilates but little distance, and almost before you are aware of it darkness begins to fall around you. You have lost the line altogether, now. You don't know whether it is to the right or to the left of you, but you do know that you are still a long way from camp. You have a compass, but as you don't know your course it is of no use to you.

"By this time you have begun to think that there is a good chance for your having to lie out on the mountain that night. You slip your hands into your pocket to make sure that your match box is all safe, and feel a little faint when you fail to find it. The likeliest explanation for its absence is that it slid out of your pocket while you were sleeping in your bunk last night. Never before have you realized the importance of always being sure that you have everything that can possibly be necessary on a tramp when you leave camp.

"Your situation now can't be described as a pleasant one. The damp snow through the day, together with the perspiration due to your hard working, has wet your clothing through and through. By and by it stops snowing. The wind has shifted around into the northwest and

IS BLOWING A GALE.

The snow comes piling down from the trees upon you, and it hurts, for it is frozen. The fast-scudding clouds look white and fleecy, and you occasionally see a cold-looking star up through them. The mercury is liable to tumble down to 25° or 30° below zero before morning. It is madness to think of lying out. You must get to camp or die.

"You are struggling on through the snow and night, fully conscious of the peril of your situation, when suddenly you hear the distant report of a rifle. No one who has never been there knows how sweet the report of a rifle can sound to his ears when plunging aimlessly about in the darkness,

LOST IN WINTRY WOODS,

and what a change it can make in his feelings on the instant. If you ever want to hear music that is sweeter than the swell of the grandest organ, let the report of a rifle come to your ears under circumstances such as those. At first you find yourself rushing in the direction from which the sound came. Then you stop suddenly. The awful thought comes over you that it was not a rifle shot you heard; that you only imagined it to be one; that your nerves are forsaking you; that you are losing your senses under the strain. Then there is what seems an age of torture, but it is really only a moment. Then you hear the report again. This time you no longer doubt your ears or your senses. It is your partner, uneasy at your tardiness, and fearing its cause, signalling in hope that you will hear. You answer with a shot and stride on for camp, knowing that you are saved.

By and by you come out in sight of the camp. Bright sparks are shooting up in showers out of the smoke hole. It is but a rough, rude log hut, but no illuminated palace of kings could awaken such joy within your breast as that same hut, with its blazing fire. The finest dinner that was ever spread could never taste as good as the meal of flapjacks, venison, and black coffee that your partner has ready for you

when you knock the snow off of you and get in. And no downy couch ever brought such rest to mortal man as that bed of spruce boughs on the cabin floor will by and by bring to you."

THE POWER OF LOVE.

The little fellow had been born an hour and was snugly nesting against his mother's breast. The mother, proud and happy, was smiling up to the father's face; he, proud and happy, was smiling tenderly back to her, and, bending down, kissed her cheek. She gently pressed his head to the bundle on her arm, till his lips touched the wee red head. Then he straightened up and walked from the room, tears of gladness and of sweet wonderment in his eyes. The mother turned her face to her babe, with tender look and touch, thinking meanwhile of the father. Already, on the first day of his life, the influence of the child was felt, though he knew it not.

The child was named Joseph. Little Joe thrived. He was the center of that domestic circle, and the home was happier by his presence. The love given to him was reflected in the lives of his parents. With the tenderness and responsibility of fatherhood, the man became more sincere and brave. With the grace and dignity of motherhood, the woman became more loving and lovable.

But love has its anxieties. The pains of childhood came upon the child, and the parents suffered with him. Broken rest, apprehensive fears, sympathetic disquietudes came to them, as to other parents.

The boy grew. He crawled, he toddled, he walked; he crawled, he prattled, he talked; and gradually the mind within him awakened to thought and feeling under the influences of the world without him. The daily tasks of mother and father were sweetened by thoughts of the boy. Their mutual love was purified by their love for him; they lived, not for themselves, but for the lad. The husband, with playful ruefulness, complained that his wife lavished all her time on the child; the wife merrily laughing, tapped her husband on the cheek, placed the child in his arms, and said, "Heartless man! Jealous of your poor little son!"

In the hours of evening as the boy lay peacefully sleeping on his bed, the father often looked upon him and yearned over him. And sometimes, as he looked above and saw the twinkling stars, he thought what a speck the little fellow was in this great universe, and prayed to the Power above to guard his boy, and that he himself might be a better man for his boy's sake. Love simplified mystery, and hope and faith became easier through love.

Husband and wife, in their relations to each other and to others, were influenced by little Joe. They clasped hands and clasped hearts with greater love and greater trust because of him. They peered into the future, and drew fanciful pictures of Joe as a brave and spirited youth, and as an honest and tender man, with wife and child of his own.

So in his young life this innocent child unconsciously engendered love in others. But sorrow fell upon that house. The child sickened and died. The head that had lain snugly on the breast of mother, the face that had been kissed so tenderly, the body whose growth and movements had been watched with so much loving interest were still and cold. From the cherishing breast of the mother that bore him, the child was placed in the bosom of the mother of all, where all must sleep.

The man and woman mourned for him, and for long would not be, could not be, comforted. But as their love for the child had brought their hearts closer, so their sorrow for him brought them still closer, and in time resignation took the place of grief.

Years passed and the man and woman grew old. But the memory of the child they had loved, whom they yet loved, always to them as a child, made them pure and holy in their lives. As they toiled on, the grey hairs came upon their heads. They seldom talked of the little lad, but oftentimes thought of him. The woman was a better woman that she had been mother; the man was a better man that he had been father. Because of their love for the dead son they were kinder and more sympathetic; they looked upon little children with greater tenderness; they remembered that men and women had been little children, like unto little Joe. While their minds sometimes dwelt on the past, with its joyous and sorrowful memories, they sometimes thought of the future, and anticipated a meeting and greeting when time for them should be no more.

Death touched the man first. In his delirium, ere he died, he was observed to smile, and was heard to say, "My son;" and soon afterward he passed away.

The woman lives on, her hope and faith greater than before.

So in love for a little child there were springs of joy and sorrow, of hope, of faith and of love for others. Though the child knew it not upon the earth he powerfully influenced father and mother for good, developing in them gentleness toward children, sweet tolerance and love toward their fellow men and women. The influence of the little child was not only upon its parents, but passed through them, by their speech and conduct, upon others. Many men and women, many children felt the influence of the short life of little Joe, though they never knew that he had lived.

Love is mighty, stretching beyond its immediate sphere, into spheres where its source is unknown, reaching far beyond Death.

RESCUED BY THE EMPRESS.

How The Empress of Austria Saved An Express Train From Destruction.

A Paris special says:—The "Carlois" today says that the Empress of Austria recently saved a crowded express train from being derailed. According to the story told, the Empress was enjoying a ride on horse back, her favorite exercise, and amusement when she saw a huge pile of stones placed upon the railway track over which the Buda-Pest express was to pass. The Empress sprang from her horse, and calling to her groom, who was riding behind her, she herself helped to remove the obstruction from the track, and a moment later the express dashed over the spot in safety, the passengers little knowing how nearly they had escaped a terrible accident, and totally unaware that the lives of them had been saved by the Empress of Austria.

MERRY MOMENTS.

"He is your closest friend?" "Yes, he never lends a cent."

"It's your ante, Bill." "All right. But if I don't win this pot it will be 'my uncle' next."

Belle—"I can't bear to think of my thirtieth birthday." Alice—"Why, dear—what happened?"

Even the man who is considered a "trump" is sometimes "turned down."

Burglar—"Your money or your life!" Victim—"Certainly. Take a seat while I make my will."

"Snobbins is the best talker I ever heard on one subject." "What's that?" "Himself."

"Five minutes for dinner!" yelled the railway porter. "Good!" cried the editor. "The last time it was \$5!"

Miss Singleton—"I never expect to marry." Miss Sateful—"But you know it is the impossible that always happens."

Teacher—"Now, Robbie, take four slices of cake from six slices, and what will there be left?" Robbie—"A lickin' for me."

"I passed your door last evening, Miss Gildersleeve," remarked young Mr. Gilley. "How kind of you!" replied the grateful girl.

"I hear you are going to be married." "That's news to me." "Some one surely told me you were engaged." "That's different."

Tis now the heartless ice man, With never the least ado, Leaves on the steps a piece of ice That will chill the whole house through.

"Is he honest, do you think?" "Honest? Why that man just suffers tortures in resisting the impulse to return a borrowed umbrella."

New governess—"You have a grandfather and grandmother living, have you not, Master George?" Master George—"Yes, but they are not mates."

"Don't be down-hearted. Every rose must have its thorn, you know." "Yes, what I'm kicking about is that every thorn doesn't have its rose."

"Don't you think Rev. Still's sermons are awfully narrow?" "I suppose they are, but, goodness he makes up for it, I should think, in the length."

Saphronia—"They say that one should always strive to get into company that is better than one's self." George—"In your case that would be impossible."

Teacher—"Emma, what do you know of the orchid family?" Emma—"If you please, madam, mamma has forbidden us to indulge in any family gossip."

The rain came down in torrents With a splashy-splashy swash, And it soaked the foolish fellow Who had soaked his mackintosh.

"So your son John is courting a woman at last? I'm afraid, however, that he'll be too bashful to propose to her." "He won't need to propose; she's a widow."

"That friend of yours seems to be an exceedingly jolly fellow." "Humph! He ought to be. I've put about \$2 worth of good spirits into him in the last hour."

The pup was so good natured That the tramps all turned him down; So they put a muzzle on him, And he terrified the town.

Robby—"Papa, I ran all the way up Long Hill to-day." Papa—"And how did you feel when you reached the top?" Robby—"I felt just as if I had a stomachache in my eat."

These days so warm and nights so cold, They keep us all a guessing To know if our heavy underwears A nuisance or a blessing.

The sage—"In choosing a wife, young man, you must not look for beauty alone." The youth—"Of course not. It is the other kind of a girl that one may expect to find alone."

"But, Ethel, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" "Oh, no, mamma! But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

Mrs. Muggs—"That horrid Mrs. Ffills told Mrs. Nedor that I was a regular old cat. What do you think of that?" Mr. Muggs—"I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse."

"Do you take the daily paper?" asked the newly installed janitor of the apartment house. "No," replied the lady to whom he was talking, "we subscribe for it, but the people on the next flat take it."

"Why do you employ that haughty English butler?" "Well, you see, dear, I cannot afford to live in London all the time, and he makes me feel just as uncomfortable as if I were moving in the most aristocratic society."

Papa—"Good gracious, what a point of interrogation you are! I am sure I didn't ask such strings of questions when I was a boy." Son—"Don't you think if you had done so you would be able to answer some of mine?"

Ere long my bosom's loving wife Will speak that sentence dire, That makes a burden of my life—"Get up and light the fire."

Editor—"I like this story, but the end is too commonplace and tame. A good story should end with a snap." Roland Ritter—"Great heavens, man! Doesn't the hero marry a girl worth a cool million? Don't you call that a snap?"

Hungry Higgins—"Madam, I useter have as good a home as anybody till misfortune overtook me." Mrs. Potts—"Indeed? And what was the nature of the trouble?" Hungry Higgins—"My father-in-law lost his job."

Twill soon be time for Willie dear, As wily as can be, To seek once more the Sunday school That has the Christmas tree.

Smythe—"Is your son James a gold-bug?" Tompkins—"He tried to be, but mistook himself entomologically." Smythe—"What do you mean?" Tompkins—"Well, after several drops in Wall street he concluded that he was more of a tumble-bug."

Mrs. Youngma—"And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise." Old bachelor (one of the judges)—"Yes, madame, we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot."