

# THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

### CANADA.

A big demand for lumber is reported from Manitoba.

Guelph is to have a new pork packing company.

The new directory of Ottawa gives the population as 63,480.

Galt's town hall is to have a Jubilee clock to cost \$1,000.

Heavy cattle shipments to England are reported from Winnipeg.

It is rumored that the C. P. R. is to be extended from Reston into the limestone country.

The shipment of cheese from the port of Montreal this season far exceeds the quantity sent for the corresponding period last year.

Mr. W. W. Buchanan of Hamilton has resigned the offices of General Manager of the Royal Templars of Temperance and editor of The Templar.

J. Roland, a sword-swallower of Prince Albert, died in great agony at Winnipeg from injuries inflicted on himself while practising the trick.

A private telegram from Sir Wilfrid Laurier announces that he will sail from Liverpool for home on August 19.

The Grand Trunk car works at Brantford have been closed and notices posted instructing the employees to apply for work at London.

The Highland cadets of Montreal will shortly visit Ottawa for the purpose of being inspected by the Governor-General and Dr. Borden, Minister of Militia.

A detachment of the Northwest Mounted Police has been ordered to the Crow's Nest Pass to maintain order upon the railway construction works.

Mrs. Shortiss, mother of Valentine Shortiss, the Valleyfield murderer, whose death sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, has returned to Canada, and it is believed an effort will be made to obtain his pardon.

It is estimated that there are between three and four thousand unemployed men in Montreal, and efforts are being made to get some of them work on the Crow's Nest Pass railway.

One hundred and eighty-five immigrants from Galicia left Montreal Friday for Western points. They are all in splendid health, are people of comparative means, agriculturists by calling, and are bound to make good settlers.

John Tanner, of Lunenburg, late of the schooner Ida, of Halifax, who was unlawfully imprisoned by the Spanish authorities at Porto Rico, has returned to Halifax. He has preferred a claim through the British Government for \$3,000 damages.

The Archbishop of St. Boniface is making a determined effort to secure an increase of the French-Canadian population of Manitoba, and with that object in view has commissioned the Rev. Father Corbell to act as an immigration and repatriation agent in eastern Canada and the United States.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

Mias Jean Ingelow, the English poet and novelist, died on Monday night. She was seventy-seven years of age.

Sir John Bucknill, one of the founders of the volunteer movement in 1859, died. He was eighty years of age.

Sir John Skelton, a Scotch writer, who used the nom de plume of Shirley, is dead. He was sixty-six years of age.

The British Postmaster General will make a personal investigation of the grievances of the "overworked" post-office clerks.

Enquiries in England have resulted in the discovery that Roland G. I. Barnett, of Montreal, is no relative to Barney Barnato, the deceased African millionaire.

The order of the British Admiralty for the battleship Repown, the most powerful ironclad in the navy, to proceed to Behring Sea, is regarded as Lord Salisbury's reply to Secretary Sherman.

An anonymous writer in the London Daily Mail urges the British Government to rectify the Canadian frontier by adding Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, and part of New York State to Canadian territory.

It is stated in London that, while Lord Salisbury is by no means pleased with the tone of Secretary Sherman's letter on the seal question, he is not disposed to take the matter too seriously, and his reply, while firm, will be polite and couched in diplomatic language.

Mr. Labouchere, who was one of the members of the Parliamentary Commission appointed to enquire into the Transvaal raid, has given notice that he will make a motion in the House of Commons that the name of Cecil Rhodes be removed from the list of Privy Councillors.

### UNITED STATES.

At New York bar silver has declined to the lowest price in two years.

It is thought at Washington that England may participate in the bi-metallic conference to be held in the American capital next fall.

The Pittsburgh council of the coal miners has passed a resolution calling on President McKinley to use his good offices in the settlement of the coal miners' strike.

Twenty prisoners in the King's County, N. Y., penitentiary have become insane since the beginning of the year owing to enforced idleness, the result of the Anti-Convict Labour law.

Mr. T. V. Powderley has been appointed by President McKinley Commissioner-General of Immigration, but the Knights of Labour will fight, tooth and nail, to prevent confirmation by the Senate.

It is regarded as probable that the arbitration treaty question will be reopened in Washington shortly, and that an agreement will be drafted acceptable to the United States and British Governments.

James R. Keene, the noted American broker, who recently speculated on the wrong side, is credited with having made \$2,000,000 in stock operations in Wall street, New York, in the past two months.

Frank Moss, an old-time miner, has returned to Grand Falls, Mont., from the Klondyke gold regions. He confirms all the reports of the wonderful auriferous nature of the country, but says it is a death-trap, and that the place is dotted thick with the graves of those who died of starvation and hardship in their quest for wealth.

The tenor of the reports of Messrs. Dun and Bradstreet, as to the business situation in the United States is not of an especially encouraging nature; still there is a universal feeling among business men in the United States that we shall witness a marked revival in trade all along the line, and in the opinion of professional business experts, this belief is well founded.

### GENERAL.

The Harvest in Hungary will not be as great as last year.

There have been serious outbreaks and riots at Barcelona, and the gendarmes have been stoned by the mob.

The best scientific opinion in Berlin is not sanguine of the success of Herr Andree's attempt to reach the North Pole by balloon.

The finest showing at the Exhibition at Brussels is made by France, Great Britain being a good second, and Germany third.

The Indian Government has decided upon prosecuting a number of editors of native papers who have of late been preaching sedition.

Ethem Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces, in Thessaly, was severely wounded by the explosion of an infernal machine sent to him, according to a report from Budapest.

Large quantities of arms and ammunition are stored on the French border of Spain for the Carlists, and in the event of discontent over the Cuban question spreading Don Carlos may try his luck again.

A Japanese paper, the Kokumin, expresses the hope that no rupture of the harmonious feeling between Japan and the United States will take place over such a paltry affair as the Hawaiian question.

The Customs Committee of the Norwegian Storting has adopted a report proposing the introduction of differential tariff duties on several agricultural products, and giving greater protection to small manufacturing interests.

### SNAIL RAISING.

How the Farms are Conducted—Large Consumption in France.

Snail farming forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry in France and other countries, and the consumption of them in France is very large. Edible snails vary greatly in size; the large white ones are the real escargot, but this term is usually employed to designate all edible snails adapted to table purposes, but in the markets, besides escargots, there are two other varieties, known as limace and limaçon, the former being of medium size, and the latter quite small. Though the great majority of the edible snails produced in France are of natural growth, their artificial culture is carried on to a very considerable extent. They are propagated from August to October in ground especially prepared for the purpose, and fed with cabbage, clover, etc.

During the winter they are sheltered in houses composed of brick or wood, and they are gathered and marketed from April to June. In the Tyrol from June to the middle of August the snails are collected from every available damp place and taken to the feeding ground near the owner's dwelling. This is a bit of garden ground free from trees and shrubs and surrounded on all sides by running water. In this feeding ground are little heaps of mountain pine twigs, mixed loosely with wood moss, and these twigs when dry are replaced by fresh ones. Every day they are fed on cabbage, leaves and grass, and when cold weather sets in they go under cover, that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs and bury themselves and there seal themselves up for the winter. When this has been successfully accomplished, they are collected packed in perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off to Paris and other towns.

### A MEAN HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

Mrs. De Pride, anxious that her daughter shall make a rich match—I wonder why Mr. Richfellow doesn't come to see our daughter any more.

Mr. De Pride—I don't know. The last time he was here he borrowed my clock-work phonograph to have some music played into it. He brought it back to my office the next morning, saying that the musician was sick or something, and that's the last I've seen of him.

Was the phonograph empty?

Um! now I think of it, I believe it did have in it your reception of me when I came home late the night before. Maybe he's changed his mind about marrying.

### IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Miss Summerboard—Have you noticed what delightful air this is? Why, it absolutely intoxicates one!

Cleverton—H'm! It ought to. They charge champagne prices for it.

### PUTTING OUT THE FIRE.

Barkeeper (Big Bazoo Hotel)—Hi there stranger! What th—ere you doin'? Can't yer see that's ter be used only whur there's a fire?

Stranger—Yes (gurgles). I know (gurgles, gurgles). I just had a drink of your whisky (gurgles, gurgles, gurgles).

### NOT HIS FAULT.

Conductor to cyclist who has been thrown by train—See, here, my man, don't you know any better than to try to run an engine down?

Cyclist—What's gettin' through you? Did not I ring my bell?

## AT QUAIN' OLD TADOUSAC.

### SIGHTS IN THE FIRST SETTLEMENT MADE IN CANADA.

Contrasts That Meet the Visitor—The Habitant, His Buckboard, and His Pony—Marvellous Effects of Light and Color—the Cemetery.

Its name is not the only queer thing about Tadousac. Everything is fixed up here; fact and fiction, fashion and primitive simplicity, shifting sand and primeval granite hills, writes a correspondent. Everything seems the extreme opposite of something else right beside it. The little Jesuit chapel, the oldest church, so they say, in Canada, sits persistently in its forlorn burying ground between the big white hotel and the villa which Lord Dufferin built. Up-to-date tourists sit on the back seats of the buckboards and shout English questions into the incomprehending ears of the habitant who occupies the front seat. "White whales" disport themselves in the bay, and the black Saguenay waters run one way in the morning and another in the afternoon.

From the very moment of your arrival on the steamer the confusion begins. You are sure to arrive by steamer for the reason that there is no other way of getting here. The pier is in a little cove between immense granite hills, and the big steamer pokes her nose in amid a great clatter of bells, above which rise the patois greetings of the natives on the pier. You are distinctly panicky at first. You see a few houses up the ravine, and you fancy them to be Tadousac. Nothing can induce you to stop in such a hole in the ground—so you think. The purser reassures you, however. One of the habitants gets you into his buckboard—which is unlike anything else ever dreamed of in the buckboard line—and, once there, escape is impossible.

The little Canadian pony scampers up the hill for a quarter of a mile, turns over the brow, and then you see

### THE REAL TADOUSAC

lying along the shores of a lovely little bay. The pony rattles down the hill at as vigorous a pace as he went up, flourishes past several immense old out-door ovens, past the big new church and the little old one, and draws up with a jerk in front of the hotel. You feel yourself quite as much of a discoverer as did Jacques Cartier when he cast anchor in the bay away back in 1545.

Tadousac was the earliest settlement made in Canada. It had a long way the start of Quebec and the other places which have now become flourishing cities, while Tadousac is scarcely as populous as it was three centuries ago. It is true that Father Lacasse, a missionary who has travelled on snowshoes all over this part of Canada, predicts that the village will some day become the New York of Canada.

"Tadousac," he says, "is the terminus of the Atlantic by sea, and will be the terminus of the Pacific by land."

In the mean time, while awaiting the fulfilment of the sanguine father's prophecy, Tadousac is worth a visit for its own peculiar sake. One can enjoy more violent contrasts here in the course of an hour or two than are generally obtained by weeks of travel.

The village, as before explained, lies on the shores of a pretty little bay. At the right hand is a promontory of rock called the Point of All the Devils. The left hand shore is a long, high bluff of sand. This is called Cow Point. From the wild, sandy Cow Point to the promontory of All the Devils is a gamut upon which the weather clerk plays some remarkable meteorological tunes. The point which honors the devils is washed by the inky, treacherous currents of the strange Saguenay. Cow Point pastures upon the sands of the St. Lawrence.

The figure is not a bad one, although it might be more correct to say that the St. Lawrence pastures itself upon the sands of the shore, since every year it eats away.

### A FOOT OF THE BANK.

But there is some strange kind of retaliation, as you will see when you "take the concession drive." Everybody takes this drive because it is the thing to do and is so well worth the doing. A few hardy souls—or spirits, rather—take it more than once. But they are few. The concession drive deserves a chapter all to itself. It also deserves the attention of a few of the artists who are painting in Algiers, and from there up to Norway.

Rome wasn't built in a day, and the concession drive cannot be described in a word. First, your habitant driver says "Marche done!" to the pony, and the queer buckboard reels away. Up the single village street toward Cow Point you go, rolling like a ship in a gale. At one side there is a hill of solid rock; not any parvenu, day-before-yesterday formation, but the primeval backbone of the earth. These Laurentian mountains are the geological first families of the globe. Queerly enough, however, the granite ledge is capped with a hill of fine white sea-beach sand. High and dry it lies gleaming against the blue sky as if the whole thing was out of a topsy-turvy book, and the granite hills were standing on their heads, with the sandy beaches inclosing the blue sky-ocean above.

But the pony with his stubborn head almost between his knees, and the habitant, with his perpetual "Marche done!" do not pause to help you readjust your conception of things. The buckboard reels down to the St. Lawrence shore and speeds along a level road between narrow fields in which apologetic grain is making a pretence of growing. You have heard so much about the sand hills, the wonderful sand hills,

and you have driven out for the express purpose of seeing them. When, therefore, you reach this level road between the rocky bluffs and the river you wonder if those roof garden sea beaches back there were the only features in the show. Interesting as they were, you cannot help a shade of disappointment.

In five minutes, however, you know better. Gradually the grain fields become sand fields. The sand seems to creep in among the stalks as a tide would. Then you see rivulets which deepen and broaden, and then the grain stands to its waist in sand, as the marsh grass does in the advancing water; and then—there is no grain. Nothing but

### SAND AND SKY

and, to the right, the dancing waves of the St. Lawrence, twenty miles wide. At your left the sand gradually rears itself into an enormous ridge. It is so brilliant and so strange that it deceives the vision. You would guess it to be several hundred feet high, only—at that moment, you see an enormous bird, black as polished ebony, flapping great wings against the sky, where the blue meets the white sand. The bird is as large as an eagle or a buzzard or a hawk. It can't be a crow. Still an inward conviction that it is a crow, though it looks as big as an eagle, makes you hesitate about computing the height of that great ridge of sand.

The effect of light and color are marvellous. Algiers comes irresistibly before the mind's eye. As you go on a great ledge of polished pink rocks crops out of the sand at the base of the ridge. The tints are exquisite. The pony is not scampering now. He is plodding, and you hear the bound of his panting above the swish of the sand on the wheels. The driver, unexpectedly merciful to his beast, has leaped out and is trudging along ankle deep behind the vehicle. You may be riding over fences now, possibly even over the roof of a house. Fifty years ago they called this "the Jesuits' Garden." It was the Jesuit missionaries who first settled Tadousac, and this stretch of shore bore good crops, and there were flowers and trees and thrifty homes. The sand has swallowed them all. You come upon one house now, standing with its outbuildings on what was once a hill, but is now almost level with the sand around it. Its fields and fences have disappeared. Before long the house itself must be abandoned. One might as well try to live in the middle of a desert where all the oases were pre-empted. Somehow the place makes you think of the man whose death Victor Hugo describes; the man who sat on his perch among the rocks while the tide crept inch by inch, up and up, until it closed over his head.

Beyond these great sandhills and sand plains the rock mountains suddenly begin again, and here you will find

### BAUDEY'S MILL.

The stones are turned, sometimes, by a thin stream. Often there is no stream. Nobody seems to know just why this is called Baudes' mill. It had that name as far back as the time of Champlain. According to a tradition of the country people the left shore of the brook terminated in a point. Two isolated rocks were at the end of the peninsula, and the sailors gave them the name of bon homme and bone femme. If this is true, these rocks have gone the way of other good men and good women, for they are no longer to be seen. The historian Parkman says that some fishermen who were descending the river in a skiff, were interrupted in their progress near Tadousac by a high mountain being precipitated in the water a few yards from them.

When sober historians tell such tales about a place one cannot be surprised at anything which tradition relates of it. Tadousac is rich in traditions. The Indians and the Church are both successful in developing romantic legends and when they join forces, the results are exceptional. Some of the most interesting of the traditions are those which centre about the personality of Kere de la Brosse. That there was such a person there is not the slightest doubt. If you are inclined to be skeptical, you have only to go into the little old church, built in 1747 on the foundations of an earlier one erected in 1661. There, in a glass case, you will see some pieces of the good Father's skull on which the hair still clings. These and some fragments of his cedar coffin are the only tangible relics of one of the most interesting figures in early Canadian history.

The cemetery around the little church is a queer place. It is all higgledy-piggledy. The sand will not be quiet even in a graveyard, and as a result it must be something of a problem for the dead Tadousacians to know where they are at. A few bright new headboards bear recent dates, but as likely as not there is a hollow where the grave is supposed to be. In a few cases the space of the grave has been inclosed with boards, and it has been filled in with earth which is reasonably stationary. Most of the graves, however, are utterly indistinguishable in outline, and the wooden crosses are all awry or quite gone. On one of these crosses, which is kicking prominently about the cemetery, is the record of one Tremblay, who died not long ago, aged 102 years, and not long ago. Most of the crosses bear recent dates, but the parish priest is authority for the statement that the bodies lie three and four deep, and that the older headboards are lost. In that shifting sand even the recent interments soon drift together in heaps.

### THE PIANIST MADE AUNTIE SICK.

The young woman who takes music lessons and practices scales announced to her friends that she was going away. Isn't it rather a sudden determination?

Yes, it's the doctor's orders.

Why, you don't look a bit ill.

Oh, I'm perfectly well. Auntie is the one who is ill.

### A MILLIONAIRE'S SON.

Silas Hinkley, a son of the millionaire President of the Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Electric Railroad Company, is leaving coal as a stoker in the employ of the company at \$1.50 a day. He is a Harvard graduate, but took his present place voluntarily in order to learn the business thoroughly.

### GOODNESS AND TRUTH.

Angeline—There never was such a good fellow as Edwin.

Her Friend—I hope he isn't too good to be true.

## RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.

### STRANGE REVIVALS IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The Recent Burying Alive in Russia—Queer Sects in Nebraska, Who Destroy Eyesight and Castigate "the Devil."

There has been apparently a simultaneous revival of fanatic religious fanaticism within the past few months reaching to remote parts of the Christian world. The most shocking of all began in Russia as far back as December last and continued until far along towards spring before they were made public and stopped by the police.

During this interval Fedor Kovaleff, a Russian peasant, buried alive no less than twenty-five persons, among them his mother, his wife, his two children and his sister, all of whom he dearly loved. With this batch of victims were five others, making ten in all. That was in December. Four days later he buried a batch of six men and women. Early in February he buried six more, and in March four others.

All the victims submitted without flinching to the ordeal. They had wrought themselves up to the same pitch of religious frenzy which had possession of Kovaleff. With them the hideous agony of death by suffocation while shovelful by shovelful the earth was slowly thrown upon them, as they lay tightly packed together in the shallow trenches that had been dug for their graves was as nothing to the paradise to which they believed they were going. The slightest effort on their part would have saved them, of course, but their bodies when uncovered by the police did not show that any of them had yielded so much as even to struggle at the instant of death itself.

In preparation for the horrible ceremony they had clothed themselves in their best garments, over which they had thrown shrouds. Before taking their places in the graves they conducted some sort of

### RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

The burials were in the dead of night and the graves were made in the gardens adjacent to the cottages of the victims.

Kovaleff when arrested only regretted that it had not been his good fortune to be buried himself instead of being called upon by the Lord, as he devoutly believed he had been, to act as grave-digger for the rest. He has been confined in a remote monastery.

Within a week still another suicidal religious sect has been discovered in a part of Russia far remote from the scene of the Kovaleff tragedies. These people thought killing themselves by starvation the highest form of religious devotion. Two women were found—one dead and the other dying—and it is known that many more have wandered off in lonely places and met death in the same way.

But we need not go to far away Russia to find outbreaks of this religious madness. Out in Nebraska the Rev. Reuben Blockin began recently to preach the doctrine that the Lord loved one-eyed men. He found scripture to back him up in his faith. The twenty-second verse of the sixth chapter of Matthew says: "If, therefore, thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." Rev. Mr. Blockin interprets the scriptures literally. He pondered over this passage a good while. Then he knocked out one of his eyes. The other is now so inflamed that he is threatened with total blindness.

But this did not shake the preacher in his work. He continued instructing his flock that his interpretation of holy writ was the correct one. Many of them believed him and began knocking their eyes out, and now a considerable portion of the congregation is in various progressive stages of blindness.

Instead of their sufferings bringing others to their senses, the example is spreading like a contagion, until among this particular sect the possession of a full allowance of eyes is beginning to take on the form of an impiety.

In another part of Nebraska, Mrs. Louise Figg has broken out as the leader of

### A DEVIL-CHASING SECT.

Mrs. Figg is an old settler in Nebraska and a woman of much influence upon those immediately about her. Her disciples are called Figgites, and they believe that when a stranger comes into the presence of a Figgite they, the Figgites, can instantly tell if God or the evil one is present in his or her body.

If it happens to be the evil one it is very unpleasant for the stranger. With a wild whoop they swoop down upon him. If he takes to his heels they chase him and if they catch him they pound him until he is half dead. In this way they think they are doing him a personal favor—they are "chasing the devil out of him."

Women generally detect the presence of the devil in a victim and lead like a pack of furies in the chase after him. In Gretna recently a stranger attended church. Suddenly a woman in the congregation gave a hysterical shriek and plunged at him. He fled for his life, followed by about twenty screaming women. They chased him out of doors and around and around the church. He dodged them and managed to leap a fence into a cornfield, where the devil chasers lost his trail.

Some of the more conservative members of the congregation attempted to frown down too much devil chasing, but the fanatics still hold full sway.

Friend—Are there many new soda-water straws this year?

Druggist—Some; and there are a number of new names for old straws.