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.

Mr. J. M. Savage was elected Mayor of Rat Portage by a majority of 196 over Mr. M. Horswill.

Owing to litigation the court has appointed a receiver for the St. Catharines and Niagara Central railway.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island has been dissolved, and the general elections take place on July 21.

The Guelph City Council have voted $100 towards the C.P.R. employees' annual picnic, which will be held on July 24th.

Thomas McKee, a Winnipeg insurance agent has absconded after victimizing a large number of people in that city.

The Rev. Canon Bruchesi, of Montreal, has been created Archbishop of Montreal, in succession to the late Archbishop Fabre.

Two of the Mayor of Hamilton's children are suffering from diphtheria, making four of his children who have been attacked by this disease within the past few weeks.

The by-law granting seventy-five thousand dollars to the Ottawa and Cornwall railway was defeated in Ottawa on Thursday by a majority of seventy votes.

The Millard House at Carrol, Man., was struck by lightning and Alex. Nelson of Brandon, who was in the house, had most of his clothing torn off and was badly burned.

The gas pipes in John Izengoot's house at Fort Erie were cut through by some enemy of the family, it is believed, and the result was an explosion that seriously injured the owner.

Mr. Tarte announced his intention in the House of Commons to visit England, France and Belgium, with an engineer, to examine harbor improvements with a view to extending the Montreal harbor.

There has been no eastern mail received at Vancouver or through trains since Friday. The difficulty is between Banff and Anthracite. Bow River is very high, washing away bridges and portions of the track.

Extensive preparations are under way for a grand reception to the victorious Highlanders' Islington team. The local military forces and a detachment of the 13th Battalion, of Hamilton, will take part in the ceremonies.

Sam Lindsay, one of the most notorious bank burglars in America has been arrested in Montreal, and will be taken back to Hamilton by Chief Inspector Murray, of the Ontario Detective force. He will be tried for a former escape from justice after having been convicted of a burglary.

GREAT BRITAIN.

It has been decided at the Admiralty to build a new yacht for the Queen.

There is no truth in the report that the Queen intends shortly to abdicate.

The Prince of Wales has started a new type of hat with a broad curled brim.

Mrs. Oliphant, the English authoress, died on Friday of cancer. She was sixty-nine years of age.

Luke Patrick Hayden, Parnellite member of the British House of Commons for South Roscommon, is dead.

Japan's protest against the annexation of Hawaii is regarded as a very serious matter by the American Senate.

The London Daily Chronical understands that the Queen has devoted a large sum of money for the sufferers in Thessaly.

A set of the works of Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, printed on vellum in 1488, was sold in London on Friday for eight hundred pounds.

By the invitation of Sir Henry Irving 700 of the colonial troops now in London witnessed a special performance at the Lyceum Theatre.

The Horticultural Society of Shropshire, England, has erected a $6,000 statue to Charles Darwin at Shrewsbury, his birthplace.

Capt. Boycott is dead. He was about fifty years of age, and became famous through being the first man subjected to the 'boycott" in Ireland.

It speaks volumes in praise of those who had the carrying out of the jubilee programme that the proceedings from first to last were without a single contretemps

The design for the monument to be erected to the late Lord Leighton in St. Paul's cathedral, has been submitted to the Prince of Wales, and approved by his Royal Highness.

The admission of the Colonial Premiers to the Privy Council is regarded by the London press as a sort of recognition of the right of the colonies to share in the Imperial Councils.

Oxford University yesterday conferred the honorary degree of D.D. upon Archbishop Machray, Primate of all Canada, and upon the Most Rev. John Lewis, Archbishop of Ontario.

It is stated in London that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's acceptance of knighthood was due to the personal urging of the Queen, who desired to honour the representative of the Dominion of Canada.

Prince Charles of Denmark, husband of Princess Maud of Wales, will shortly receive an appointment in the British navy; as the Princess prefers living in England among her own people.

In the Imperial House of Commons Mr. John Redmond moved an amendment to the address to the Queen to the effect that during her reign Ireland suffered commercially and politically. It was voted down by four hundred and thirty to seven.

During a jubilee celebration at Wembley Park a favorite London resort, a tornado struck the place and tore down several buildings. There was a panic among the 900 children and others taking part int he festivities. Several were injured in the rush for shelter.

A deputation accompanied by the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, waited upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Tuesday to advance the claims of Londonderry as a port of call of the new Atlantic service. Sir Wilfrid promised to carefully consider the suggestion.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on Friday reviewed the Canadian troops at Chelsea. In addressing the man he said if the British Empire should have the misfortune to go to war, she would find that the Canadian volunteers would turn out to her assistance as cheerfully as they would go on parade.

The colonial troops attended a performance on Friday at the Lyceum, when Sir Henry Irving appeared as the old corporal in "A Story of Waterloo," and as Mathias in "The Bells." In the intermission the troops gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Chamberlain, and the Colonial Secretary came forward and bowed his acknowledgment.

UNITED STATES.

Austin Smith, aged 19, was killed while playing baseball, at Sandy Hill, near Saratoga, N. Y.

Christian E. Ross, of Philadelphia, Pa., the father of Charley Ross, who was abducted twenty-three years ago, died on Thursday.

Marcus Daly, the American turfman, has offered $125,000 and half his turf winnings for the horse Galtee More, winner of the Derby.

The United States has replied to Japan's protest against the annexation of the Hawaiian Island in a very carefully prepared and diplomatically obscure document.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, British Ambassador to the United States, accompanied by Lady Pauncefote and their daughters, sailed for Southampton on the steamer St. Louis from New York.

While Senator Pettigrew was speaking on the Dingley Tariff bill in the United States Senate on Saturday he was suddenly seized with paralysis of the vocal cord. He was at once removed to his home.

At Topeka, Kansas, a terrific hailstorm did a lot of damage. Stones as large as eggs fell, and several persons were severely injured by them. Glass was broken and many buildings damaged.

The honorary degree of LL.D. has been conferred on Mr. John Hay, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and of master of arts on Mr. Elisha Dyer, Governor of Rhode Island, by Brown University.

Alvah Bradish, a veteran Detroit artist, enjoys the distinction of being the only artist who ever painted a full length portrait of Washington Irving. The picture is now on exhibition in the artist's studio in Detroit.

The General Executive Board of the Knights of Labour has adopted resolutions requesting the House of Representatives and the President of the United States to at once take action recognizing the belligerency of Cuba.

Charles Henry James Taylor, a well-known colored man, has been admitted to practise in the Supreme Court at Baltimore. He was lately offered the deanship of the Morris Brown Law school at Atlanta, Ga., which he declined.

Robert Fergus, eighty-two years of age, a veteran job printer, of Chicago, was instantly killed on a level crossing on Wednesday. Among the works on which Fergus set type in Glasgow were Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake."

General Lew Wallace says that after a diligent search for a short name for the hero of his great book, he came across the name of "Hur," in the book of Genesis, and by adding "Ben," which means "the son of," he obtained a name both short and odd.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is of the opinion that the arbitration treaty, which was recently defeated through a fear that England would extend her land-grabbing propensities to the American continent, will be ratified before the end of President McKinley's term of office.

Mayor Quincy, of Boston, has received notice from the trustees of the will of the late John Foster that they have a bequest of $30,000 for the city, to be expended in the erection of a statue of the distinguished Unitarian preacher, the Rev. William Ellery Channing.

It is said that a man in Alaska, who had some work to be done in a mining claim, offered $1.25 per hour for men to help him, and could get but four out of 60 that were standing around. Everybody else thought he could do better on his own hook tgan could do better on his own hook than by working for wages.

Richard Sparks, of Boston, has a "four-clasp" medal for service in the Crimean war. This not only certifies that he landed with the first expedition in 1854, and that he fought at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkerman, but that he is one of the few survivors of the winter of 1854-55.

The Washington correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle reiterates his story in regard to President McKinley's Cuban policy—the President will only permit Spain to exercise merely a titular sovereignty over Cuba; she will be compelled to withdraw her troops, and to allow the Cubans to make their own laws.

GENERAL.

According to advices, the war in the Philippine Islands is practically at an end.

The British residents of Mexico city celebrated the Queen's Jubilee with enthusiasm.

Six persons perished in the burning of a steamer at Helsingfors, Finland, Russia, on Tuesday.

It is reported in Athens that Emperor William has sent a telegram to the Sultan requesting him to evacuate Thessaly.

The advance movement of the Anglo-Egyptiah expedition will commence in August, and Khartoum will be the objective point.

It is learned from a good source that the entire Belgian expedition under Baron Dhanis, to the head waters of the Nile, has been massacred.

At Bombay a native shot Plague Commissioner Rand and Lieut. Ayerst as they were leaving the Governor's jubilee reception. The Lieutenant was killed and Mr. Rand was very seriously wounded.

The Liberals in the Spanish Cortes continue to denounce the Premier's policy, and declare they will abstain from all relations with the Government as long as the Duke of Tetuan is retained in the Cabinet.

The Japanese Government has filed with the United States Secretary of State a formal statement, claiming the fulfilment of its treaty rights by the United States in the event of the annexation of the Hawaiian islands.

Three hundred infuriated peasants have savagely lynched one Dudnik, a murderer, who was being conveyed by the police from Novelong to Kherson, Russia. Thirty-five of the ringleaders of the lynching party were arrested.

According to commercial despatches there is a more steadily pronounced movement for the better in trade than has been experienced lately. In the opinion of experienced men of business the outlook is generally satisfactory. The crop prospects are better, employment is increasing, the pending labour troubles, which for a time looked serious, are being adjusted. Cotton has advanced, and receded in expectation of a large crop. Iron and steel are quotably a shade lower, but pig iron is more firm, with an advancing demand.

GREAT NAVAL REVIEW.

AN IMPOSING MASS OF WARSHIPS AT PORTSMUOTH.

Twenty-Five Miles of British Vessels — A Fleet Which Could be Duplicated — Scenes of the Review — A Magnificent Spectacle.

A despatch from Portsmouth says:—After a threatening morning, the weather brightened and there was a brilliant day for the great naval review. The streets were thronged with people at an early hour, and on all sides were to be seen bewildering masses of glittering uniforms, gay multitudes of civilians, military bands, and sailors of all ranks and nationalities. In gallant array off the coast were nearly 200 British war vessels, manned by about 45,000 men, aggregating some 600,000 tons, which were to be reviewed by the Prince of Wales, representing the Queen, as the final display of the jubilee celebrations. The colonial troops arrived at eight o'clock, and were met at the railroad station by a military guard of honor. Then, headed by military bands, they marched to the town hall, where the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth, in full robes of office, welcomed the visitors. The soldiers from the colonies received a great popular ovation. Their march from the station to the town hall and from the town hall to the point of embarkation was nothing less than a triumphal progress.

The American line steamship New York, with a large party of sightseers on board, left Southampton at five o'clock on Saturday evening, and took up the position assigned to her in the line of special merchant vessels, off Ryde.

As the American greyhound traversed the lines of British warships with the Stars and Stripes flying proudly and a fine band playing national airs, each warship dipped her flag, and she was greeted with hearty cheers from the many thousands of bluejackets manning the fleet. As the New York passed the German warship Koenig Wilhelm the latter's band played "Hail Columbia."

THEN AND NOW.

The apotheosis of Great Britain has rightly culminated on the waters of the Solent. London witnessed the sumptuous outpouring of loyalty, the love of a proud people for their sovereign, an exhibition of national growth and domination in the long train of princes and potentates which graced the Queen's triumph. All of it put together, however, furnished no such living picture of the might of Britain—the might that has made right over and over again—as was afforded yesterday by the great naval display in these waters. Nor was there anything last week in all that had gone before to bring home so vividly the material changes of the Queen's long reign.

When Victoria ascended the throne the "Walls of England" were wooden There were no steel battleships, no iron cruisers, no triple engines, no steam in use in war vessels, no search-lights, no electricity in the service of man, no great quick-firing guns, no torpedoes. The lights aboard were still lit with flint and steel and were no more brilliant than whale oil could be; the guns were still fired with a slow match; the three-decker was still the model of all that was worthy in naval architecture, and tonnage was reckoned within such modest limits that a vessel of more than 3,000 tons was looked upon as a marine wonder.

AT SPITHEAD.

Never before, therefore, had a sovereign seen such changes in the bulwarks of the Empire as has fallen to the lot of Queen Victoria. At Spithead on Saturday were assembled the latest triumphs of the industrial revotion under Victoria; triumphs of workers in iron and steel and metals, triumphs of inventors, triumphs of chemists and the giants of the laboratory; triumphs of the shipbuilder, the engineer, and the artisan triumphs of the genius of a great nation.

MILES OF BATTLESHIPS.

It is perhaps a pity that in the seven lines of the British fleet at Spithead there was not anchored one old three-decker to emphasize this startling change. For the men-of-war that first saluted the Queen in the long ago were magnificent sights, with their high decks and towering masts, bearing billow on billow of swelling sail, riding the waves like great seabirds, and realizing to the full all the wild witchery of the romance of the ocean. Far different were the great battleships on Saturday with their sullen steel sides and short masts, great guns, rams, and torpedoes—everything that gave the sense of power, the brutality of force. The total array of armed vessels was 166 manned by 45,000 men and moored in lines of five miles each. The 14 foreign warships formed the sixth line. The aggregate British tonnage was about 600,000 tons. The fleet was drawn up in seven lines, on the south of the Solent, the head of the lines being off Brading, thence stretching westward almost to Cowes.

A PRETTY SIGHT.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was when the Royal yacht had come to anchor all the various foreign admirals, with their staffs, put off to pay their respects to the Prince of Wales. As they passed the different warships the bugles sounded the bands played, and the marines presented arms. All the admirals, with the exception of Rear-Admiral Miller, went in their steam pinnaces.

A SIMULTANEOUS CHEER.

During the daylight review there was an incident which the hearers thereof will never forget. The Renown gave the signal, and the whole twenty-five miles of shipping gave a simultaneous cheer, which was taken up by the colonial troops aboard the Kohinoor, and the crowds on board the countless pleasure craft. The cheer produced an almost indescribable effect.

IN THE MESHES OF THE LAW.

Lawyer—Good-morning, doctor! I wish you would come around to the court-room to testify against that faith cure crank who refused to get a physician for his sick child. You see our case is somewhat weakened by the fact that his child has got well.

Great Physician, sorrowfully,—I can't possibly come. One of my children has just died.

HEADLESS AND LEGLESS.

All New York Talking of a Strange, Mysterious Crime.

A despatch from New York says:—No clue; only conjecture. A few pieces of blood-stained red oilcloth, a few bits of old burlap, a few strings of white oilcloth, and some straw paper; no head, only the sawed-up body; arms and shoulders, upper part of the chest, ghastly red blotch where the head had been severed; the legless trunk found eight miles from the arms and chest. These are the properties in a tragedy as terrifying, as mysterious as ever was told by De Maupassant or Edgar Allen Poe. The arms, shoulders and upper chest of a strong, apparently vigorous man were found Saturday in the East River, off 11th Street. Sunday afternoon the trunk of the body was found above the Harlem River, eight miles from the scene of the discovery of Saturday.

An autopsy held revealed the fact that the man had been stabbed three times in the region of the heart and once through the back. The palm of the hand was cut, as though the knife had been grabbed by the victim. All seemed to tell of a terrible struggle and a bloody finale. The part found in the East River was wrapped in oilcloth, still smelling of the enamel paint. Old burlap was inside the oilcloth, then some straw paper, and then the ghastly remains. Boys saw the package floating. Other boys discovered the second bundle in the Ogden woods at Harlem, wrapped in the same manner. The coroner examined the body, noting the build, weight, etc., but with him all is conjecture. To-day the whole of New York is talking of the mystery.

AN AID TO BURGLARY.

Power of a Trolley Line Used to Open a Safe — Melted the Knob With the Current.

A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says:—Burglars resorted to a novel scheme to open a bank safe at Chagrin Falls, this county, on Monday night. They entered the bank of Rogers & Son some time early in the evening. They had previously attached a wire to the trolley line of the electric railway. This wire was run through over a transom and to the safe. Another wire attached to the rail of the street car track was brought into the bank. At the ends of these wires were carbon points. With these carbons an attempt was made with the arc light thus formed to melt the knob of the combination. The experiment worked all right and the knob had been nearly melted away when the current was shut off shortly after midnight. The burglars then gave up the task. The job was planned scientifically. The thieves had even gone to the trouble of placing a little pile of sand under the knob for the molten metal to fall on and thus avoid setting fire to the floor. There is no clue to the burglars.

WHEN IS A WOMAN OLD?

This query on my mirror hung;
"When is a woman old?"
It clings to me and long has clung,
The answer must be told.

Ah, some are old before half way,
And some are never old.
For these but laugh life's cares away,
While those both fret and scold.

And yet it is no easy task,
However well controlled,
To answer one, if she should ask,
"When is a woman old?"

The graceful ones are all still young,
And those alone are old
Who try to make themselves look young
When age has taken hold.

The oldest ones of all the old
Are those who would look young,
For they will always fret and scold
When age's sign is hung.

As long as women cling to youth
And disregard their age
They never can be old, forsooth,
Their youth fills up the page.

Yes, some are old before their time—
Old age usurps their youth—
And some are young beyond their prime
Unless they hide the truth.

MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

Never during its existence has India been so rich in jewelry as now. The people are always adding to their stock. Savings from nearly all sources are disposed of in this way, and these savings are being constantly made—often at the expense of clothing, sometimes at the expense of greater necessities of life.

Jewelry is regarded as the most stable kind of wealth. The market for its sale is never closed and never depressed. The most ignorant native who wishes to sell a piece of jewelry knows its market value quite well.

Jewelry also forms the greatest factor in matrimony. The most lowly bride has her ornaments, which are occasionally equal in value to five years' income of the bridegroom. There is often a scarcity of clothing, sometimes a scarcity of cooking pots, generally not a particle of furniture, but nearly always a stock of jewelry. The wife that has no jewelry possesses nothing else.

Jewelry yields no recurring income, but it is prized more than government paper. If it never increases, it never diminishes, is a national saying in India. No native marriage except among the most impoverished takes place without a transfer of jewelry, and very frequently of new jewelry.

TIMES CHANGES.

Trembling Attendant, eighteenth century,—Your majesty, I somehow got a little scratch on your third best crown.

The Czar, furiously,—Off with his head!

Careless Attentant, nineteenth century,—Your majesty, I fell and broke your majesty's magnificent gold and diamond crown all to pieces.

Trembling Czar—Oh Is that all? I feared from the noise it was another bomb.

WILLING TO TRY.

And do you think you can make my daughter a happy woman? asked the father.

I guess so, replied the young man. What make wheel does she prefer?

A WOMANLY CRAZE.

Your wife seems very fond of flowers.

Well, sir, that woman never goes anywhere without taking a garden-trowel along; she is so afraid she might see something she would want to dig up.

WHAT KEEPS THE SUN HOT.

It Will Probably Keep Warm for Twenty Million Years.

According to the most recent investigations the temperature of the sun is somewhere between 5,000 and 6,000 degrees centigrade, and there are reasons for believing that for hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of years, it has been radiating heat into space with no appreciable loss of temperature. Were the sun simply a cooling mass of stone or metal it must ages ago have lost both its heat and its light; were it a globe of burning carbon it can easily be calculated that it would have burned out in about 6,000 years. Where, then, does it get its heat supply? is a question frequently asked.

We are so accustomed to regard fire, combustion, as the principal source of heat, or at any rate, of intense heat, that it is not easy to realize that there may be any other sources, equally abundant, from which the sun may obtain its perennial supply of this article. Astronomers long since discarded the idea that there is any sort of combustion going on in the sun. Its heat is, more probably, of that sort known in physics as mechanical heat—heat that is produced by friction by hammering or compression. We are familiar enough with the first two sources, though ordinarily the amount of heat which we perceive to be thus developed is not great; but heat produced by compression is not so often brought to our notice. From a variety of experiments, however, it can be shown that whenever a metal, as a piece of lead, or the air, or, indeed any gas, is forcibly compressed heat is evolved, and this is the source to which astronomers are now inclined to look for the main supply of the solar energy. This idea was first suggested by Helmholz, and it has been taken up and ing to the theory of these scientists the elaborated by Lord Kelvin. Accordsun, which is simply a mass of gaseous matter, is now and has been for ages contracting its dimensions—is growing smaller, and the mechanical heat produced in this process is precisely that which it is continually throwing off into space. Lord Kelvin calculated that a contraction of the sun, under the force of gravity, which diminished its diameter to the extent of four miles a century, would fully account for its heat supply, enormous as it is. The sun might contract at this rate for several thousand years before there would be any diminution of its size perceptible even through a telescope. Of course, this process has a limit, and eventually the sun, having become too dense to contract further, must begin to cool off; but not for some ten or twenty million years, says Lord Kelvin.

THE MAN-EATER.

ow One of These of India Terrors Was Disposed Of.

You all know that a man-eater is generally a tiger too old, sick, or inactive to catch his natural prey in the jungles, so he hangs about a village like an area sneak; picks up goats and calves, one day falls on a helpless man, woman or child, at the edge of the forest, and having tasted human flesh longs for more. Confirmed man-eaters it is said, care for no other, but this I doubt; they may prefer it to any other; it is probably easier to get in many cases. But whether a tiger becomes a man-eater by force of circumstances or malice prepense, he is a terror to the neighbourhood, he frequents, and, as he adds to the tale of his victims, helpless villagers invest him with supernatural attributes, and call on their gods to avert his wrath.

A noted specimen of this class has he adds t othe tale of his victims, helpkilled a great number of people about a certain village somewhere in Kattyawar, and had taken to polishing off dark-runners as they passed through a narrow jungly defile three or four miles from the village. He grew so cunning that shikaris were baffled time after time in their attempts to sight him. When an armed escort accompanied the dark-runner nothing happened; so after some days it was thought the tiger had shifted his quarters. Then the escort was dropped one evening, and immediately another unfortunate runner disappeared. A special reward was offered by the Government, but without results. For months and months the man-eater continued to kill with impunity. My cousin in the staff corps, a keen shikari and very determined fellow, swore that he would shoot that tiger; got 10 days' leave, and pitched his tent near the village in question. He tried all he knew, tied up buffalo calves, beat the jungles with 300 or 400 men, even accompanied a dak-runner at dusk through the fatal defile, but in vain.

At last he resolved to personate the dak-runner himself, and go alone. Attired as a native and armed with rifle and pistol, he slung a mail bag over his shoulder and started on his perilous adventure, one evening at sunset. Jingling a number of little bells attached to his person, after the manner of dak-runners, he trotted on till he reached the place of evil-omen. Then all at once, with a bound the man-eater appeared in the middle of a road not 12 feet wide, facing him. The man pulled up short at a distance of some 15 yards, raised his 12-bore, and, by the mercy of God, dropped the tiger stone dead with a ball in his brain.

MUCH IMPRESSED.

Some persons never can make an investment in any article of apparel without finding an excuse for calling everybody's attention to it. Occasionally this proceeding meets with a merited rebuke.

What do you think of that pair of shoes for three dollars and a half? asked a man of this sort, exhibiting his latest purchase to a friend.

I think it's a good deal of leather for the money, replied his friend, walking around him in a wide circle and looking at the shoes with profound astonishment.

MUDDY.

This coffee, Mrs. Small, remarked the star boarder, reminds me of what Shakspeare says of the quality of mercy.

What does he say? asked Mrs. Small who does not know the great English dramatist.

The quality of mercy is not strained.

WONDERFUL SPECTACLE.

U. S. ARMY OFFICER'S OPINION OF THE BRITISH TROOPS.

What Gen. Miles Saw at the Great Jubilee Procession in London — Tribute to the Queen From American Writers.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, of the United States army, cabled from London as follows to the New York World on Jubilee Day:—I confess that what appealed to me more than anything else in the wonderful spectacle was the collection of troops from every quarter of the globe—white, black, every hue—all showing great efficiency and uniformity of instruction in military movement.

The troops belonging to the British Empire which I saw to-day would be creditable to any nation as far as intelligence, their high order of efficiency, their equipment, their admirable conduct were concerned.

The military representatives from the different nations of the world were also a most imposing feature of the pageant.

THE COLONIAL TROOPS.

The colonial troops looked very fine indeed, and appear to be a highly serviceable body of men. Their uniform is very well suited for military services. It is of plain colour, not very distinguishable at a distance, and well contrived for campaigning. Their horse equipment was of high order. They were in fact mounted on as fine a body of horses as I have ever seen. It would be hard to say which the best corps was amid so much that was commendable. I cannot help thinking it a great fact that England should have been able to assemble such a representative body of men from all corners of the globe, owing allegiance to her sway, of most diverse races, yet loyal to her Government and her Empire.

MARK OF INTENSE LOYALTY.

A special correspondent of the New York Sun, the greatest anti-British journal in the States, writes in this vein:— The intense personal loyalty of the British people to their sovereign is the one fact above all others which this marvellous spectacle in the streets of London has impressed upon all beholders. It is easy to describe all else, the procession, decorations, and illuminations, but this stupendous thing, this majestic homage of many millions, spoken in one mighty inarticulate voice, cannot be put into words. It was not hero worship. It was not mere devotion to a favourite ruler. It was not even patriotism. It was more personal, more human than that. It was the deepest and warmest heart tribute to the womanliness of the Queen and the queenliness of the woman.

THE MASSES ARE HEARD.

All the sordidness, pettiness and official muddling which made the preparations for the Jubilee a national scandal banished into nothingness when the masses, which still are the bone and sinew of England, got a chance to make their voice heard. Their voice, be it understood, and not the well-bred applause and cheers of the occupants of ten-guinea seats, furnished the keynote of to-day's festival. The mighty roar from millions of throats never ceased from the moment the Queen left the palace until she was helped from her carriage at the end of the trying ordeal three hours later.

If in some respects it was the gayest, it was in others the saddest national festival England has ever celebrated. Those who had special knowledge knew, and many others suspected, that it was a public farewell which Victoria was taking to her "beloved people," as she called them in the brief message she caused to be telegraphed to the four quarters of the earth, wherever the British flag floats, as she set out from the palace this morning.

Her countenance during that long three hours was a mirror of conflicting emotions. Some saw smiles upon it, others tears, and still others a gentle dignity and touch of resignation.

WHAT IT ALMOST MEANT.

But the jubilee was not simply and solely the Queen's, as it should have been. While the celebration, first of all, was a personal tribute to the sovereign, there was no lack of emphasis of the significance of the second great feature. This was the new imperial spirit which had only recently had its birth. It took the form of a magnificent popular ovation to the representatives of the colonies which was astonishing in its fervor and intensity. It was all the more ostentatious perhaps because there was a public impression that the official treatment of the visiting colonial troops was not as cordial as it should have been.

There was, therefore, a genuine popular rebuke in the tremendous welcome which London gave to the colonial visitors along the whole six miles of the route. There was an opportunity to make this particularly striking in the first two miles from the palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, where the colonial contingent of Prime Ministers and troops marched as a separate procession more than an hour in advance of the royal parade. The Queen herself received scarcely a more enthusiastic greeting. When her carriage arrived the vast crowds were already so hoarse from cheering that they could only give vent to a rough roar, which must have sounded strangely to her ears.

TRIBUTE OF AN ALIEN.

I have no word of disparagement for this wonderful day in the wonderful history of this wonderful empire. Answers which came within scarcely more than an hour from forty seats of government, over which the British flag floats, in every corner of the earth, to the Queen's message of thanks to her subjects, are alone sufficient to make this day memorable in human records. I, in common with thousands of other aliens, have watched men of every colour and every creed marching loyally under the same flag, and I confess, without reserve and without envy, that it was the most marvellous sight the sun ever looked down upon.

A PRESENT.

Sympathetic Woman—Are you the murderer who has just been sentenced to life imprisonment?

Murderer (grimly)—Yes'm.

Sympathetic Woman—Well a few of us ladies wish to present you with a token of our sympathy. We heard you cared nothing for flowers, so they have delegated me to present you with this beautiful silver-handled umbrella.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO