

CANADA TO BEK COUSIN.  
The men of brawn, the armies truly bold,  
As born in France, comparatively cold.  
Home in her glory fall by northern Huns;  
France left her fame in Russia, and her sons  
Alfion, admiral France in sultry Spain;  
Scotland, tho' strong, did scarce disperse the  
Dane;  
Thy Northern hosts discovered slavery's chain,  
And we, victorious, were at Lundy's Lane  
There thou gainedst peaceful neighbors and all  
law  
Didst make thyself a foe without a cause  
Except the wolf's sophistic faded one,  
To blame the lamb howler the river run—  
And thought to wrench it was thy only  
chance—  
While Albion battled with infuriate France,  
This brightest gem in her crown large,  
Yea, while the lights to thee thou art untrue  
Were bought by her for thee at Waterloo.  
Who gave thee virtue their vigor to improve  
Is Gaul thy sire? or Spain? or by his health  
Did the sun rock thy crib? Who gave thee  
birth?  
Great Britain from her blood imperial rolled  
The power time envy hates, as once of old  
Rash Brutus envied Caesar, nor could bear  
One equal the wide world of Rome to share.  
Who carved thy corner-stones? Who framed  
the walls  
Thy proud cities? Many a man who ill  
A grave more honored here than in that land,  
Built thy first fancies, thy Pennsylvania planned,  
From which thy treason forced them here to  
flee.  
Leaving their lands, their looms, their homes to  
thee,  
Who never paid, and ever intend to pay  
For that which is thy boast, thy power, thy  
pride.  
Thou art that fabled tree whose branches high  
Scorn the strong roots that hold them in the sky.  
But let it pass, perchance 'tis by God's will  
By laws more free, by loyalty unfeigned;  
For all republics are by thrones sustained  
If George the First did err, proves thou a right  
For thee to rob whose refusal to fight  
Gave at Federal's throne, which, tho' that in-  
stant wrong.  
Has traced the world and helped to make thee  
strong?  
Thou time thy revolutionists awake.  
And, as they phrase it, the British yoke,  
Three times a thousand loyal subjects left  
The land rebellious against its king, and cleft  
Their way thro' tyrannical by swords adome.  
Thou want for which no history has a name;  
Harassed by hungering wolves, by human  
wrong—  
How long thy way, how slow the march along!  
Till in the liberal shelter of the hills  
They heaved their homes begirt by war's worst  
ills  
And subsequently that vile war which rose  
'Twas nati on who are not, nor should be foes.  
Red fields were fought along Niagara's flood,  
Aged grief shed tears; their sons, more freely,  
blood—  
And yet, tho' oft ill clad, an hungered, cold,  
Unconquered by thee, unconquered, uncontrolled;  
Still true to Freedom's flag they heaped the  
slain  
Of grim Aggression high on Lundy's Lane,  
Bright, tho' blood-purchased, with its record  
grand.  
Shall we all weakly yield without a blow  
Those it is so won in glorious war? Ah, no.  
There is a huge gulf of endurance, and of late  
Thy acts have magnified it into late.  
Come not with annexation to repay  
Thine Alabama surplus reimburse  
Here it be history's by-word and thy curse.  
Or dost thou mean to purchase all these scenes  
With that surplus which is still the  
Queen's?  
Thy be it to be free—we too revere  
All that is truly such, but find it here.  
Annet us not, nor with aggression woo,  
Or by the tinkling blood that still throbs thro'  
Our veins from theirs who honorably bleed—  
A living witness from the deathless dead—  
Thou shalt not own the land they grandly gave  
Till each true son adds to their gift a grave.  
Andrew Ramsey, N. Y.

Your Choice of Girls.  
Wilmington News:  
There's the pretty girl  
And the wily girl  
And the girl that bangs her hair;  
The girl that's a flirt,  
And the girl that is not,  
And the girl with the baby stare.  
There's the dowdy girl  
And the rowdy girl,  
And the girl that is always late  
There's the girl of style,  
And the girl of wit,  
And the girl with the mincing grit.  
There's the tender girl,  
And the slender girl,  
And the girl that says her prayers;  
There's the haughty girl,  
And the naughty girl,  
And the girl that puts on airs.  
There's the tall girl,  
And the cool girl,  
And the girl that has no cares;  
There's the candy girl,  
And the hardy girl,  
And the girl that has two faces.  
There's the well-bred girl,  
And the well-read girl,  
And the girl with the sense of duty;  
There's the dainty girl,  
And the faint girl,  
And the girl that has no beauty.  
There are many others,  
Oh, men and brothers,  
That are named in this narration;  
There are girls and girls,  
And they're all of them pearls,  
They're the best thing in creation.

The Queer Boy.  
W. H. S. in St. Nicholas:  
He doesn't like study, "it weakens his eyes,"  
But the "right sort" of book will insure a sur-  
prise.  
Let it be about Indians, pirates or bears,  
And he's lost for the day to all mundane  
affairs.  
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear,  
Now isn't that queer?  
At thought of an errand he's "tired as a  
hound."  
Very weary of life and of "tramping around,"  
But if there's a band of circus men sight,  
He will follow it gladly from morning till  
night.  
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,  
For he is so queer.  
If there's work in the garden, his head "aches  
to split."  
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."  
But mention baseball and he's cured very  
soon.  
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole after-  
noon.  
Do you think he "plays possum"? He seems  
quite sincere.  
But—can't he queer.

The Two Ways.  
Manchester Grocer's Review:  
Man to the plow,  
Wife to the cow,  
Boy to the mow,  
Girl to the sow,  
And your rents will be netted.  
Man tally-ho,  
Wife piano,  
Boy Greek and Latin,  
Girl silk and satin,  
And you'll soon be gazetted.

Good Word For the Widow.  
Cape Cod Item:  
If you marry a maid  
And expect to find bliss,  
You'll confess, I'm afraid,  
That you've married a mis-  
sion.  
But I'm certain of this,  
If to marry you're led,  
You won't wed a miss  
If a widow you wed.

A wholesale expulsion of Nihilists from  
Paris is expected.

THE GHOST DANCE.  
Warriors and Squaws Tread a Circle Until  
They Fall.  
A WEIRD SCENE.  
A WOUNDED KNEE CREEK, via Pine Ridge,  
S. D., to Rushville, Neb., says: [ ]  
Accompanied by Buckskin Jack Russell,  
the scout, Major Burke, and a half breed  
named Half Eyes, a reporter witnessed one  
of the famous ghost dances of the Sioux.  
Mounted on cayuse ponies, the party  
started early last evening for the Wounded  
Knee. The trail lay over a rough, rolling  
country where the buffalo grass is now  
yellow and short and where snow lies in  
the depressions in the earth. Half Eyes  
was in the lead. The traveling was hard  
and extremely painful, and it was nearly  
daybreak when the low, moaning chant of  
the Sioux and the snarling of their dogs  
were heard in the distance.  
The camp of the .anatics could not be  
seen until the ridge of the low chain of  
Buttes was reached. From this elevation  
one could see the fires burning. The trip  
was hazardous, owing to the frenzy of the  
hostile Indians and their knowledge of the  
arrival of the troops. Half Eyes tethered  
the ponies near the ridge, and the rest of  
the trip was made on foot. The sky was  
just flushing with the dawn when the expe-  
dition reached a clump of young cotton-  
woods which skirted the banks of the  
Wounded Knee. From this point an excel-  
lent view could be had of the dance, which  
was at its most exciting stage.  
As near as Half Eyes could estimate, 182  
buck and squaws were in the dance. A  
big tree stood in the middle of the circle of  
Indians. Squatted on the ground within a  
radius of sixty yards were 400 other  
Indians, who were chanting with the  
dancers. Many of the reds were in war  
paint. Some of them were naked to the  
hips, and across their big, muscular breasts  
were streaks of red and yellow paint. Beads  
tinkled from their porcupine-fringed legs  
and eagle feathers hung from the crowns of  
their glossy heads. Some of the dancers  
were robed in white cotton cloth, which  
was pinned at the breast and drawn over  
the head in the form of a hood. Five  
medicine men sat on the ground outside of  
the circle. They were old men, with  
wrinkled, skinny faces, and as the chant  
rose and fell, according to the vigor of the  
dancing, they waved medicine sticks  
above their heads. These sticks were  
painted green, with handles finished after  
the shape of snakes. The dancers held one  
another's hands and moved slowly around  
the tree. They did not raise their feet as  
high as they do in the sun dance. Most of  
the time it looked as though their ragged  
moccasins did not leave the ground, and the  
only resemblance to dancing was the weary  
bending of the knees.  
Round and round the dancers went, with  
their eyes closed and their heads bent  
toward the ground. The chant was inces-  
sant and monotonous. "I see my father,  
I see my mother, I see my brother, I see  
my sister," was Half Eyes' translation of  
the chant, as the squaws and warriors moved  
laboriously about the tree. Half Eyes said  
the dance had been going on all night.  
Stretched upon the ground close to the  
tree were two warriors and one squaw.  
They were in a fit of a cataleptic nature.  
Their faces were turned to the sky, and  
their hands clutched the yellow grass. One  
of the warriors was a tremendous fellow,  
whose ears were scarred and painted, and  
whose ears were pierced with rings. The  
dancers paid no attention to them. Their  
eyes were closed. Suddenly one of the  
warriors on the ground leaped to his  
feet and exclaimed: "I have seen the  
Great Father but he will not talk to me."  
Then the other warrior got up and cried:  
"I have seen the Great Father but he will  
not talk to me because I have no ponies."  
The squaw was the last to get up on her  
feet. She was a young woman with bells  
on her blanket, and a red ochre streak  
marked the line where her raven black  
hair was parted. In a shrill voice she  
cried out:  
"I have seen the Great Father. He sent  
an eagle, which picked me up and carried  
me to a far-away mountain. The Great  
Father told me that the whites would be  
driven from the country; that the Indians  
would rule the land, and the buffalo and  
deer would return."  
The Indians now danced with greater  
vigor, and their cries were louder and more  
vehement, but they kept their eyes closed.  
Round and round they danced, some of  
them so fatigued that they pitched forward  
on their faces on the grass. Their faces  
were distorted with pain, but there was no  
suspense for food, drink or rest. One by one  
the ground, and warrior fell unconscious upon  
their heads against the tree and on the sand  
and stones until the blood spouted from  
their wounds. One big Indian, whom Half  
Eyes recognized as Big Road, rolled and  
tumbled on the ground until his splendid  
face was a mass of cuts and swellings. As  
each dancer fell the circle was reformed  
and the dance resumed. Nearly all the  
dancers were covered with wounds from  
previous exertions. One of the bucks wore  
a white hood and cloak smeared with blood,  
and he danced in his bare feet.  
The sun had been up two hours when the  
dance closed from sheer exhaustion of  
the Indians. They fell in all kinds of  
positions, and many of them were in cata-  
leptic fits. The fires burned dimly and the  
medicine men nodded over their wounds.  
The dance was over for an hour at least.

A Football Rusher.  
Week's Sport: "Clara," said old Mr.  
Summet, "who is that fellow that is hang-  
ing around you every night lately?"  
"I don't think you care to have much to  
do with him, father," replied the young  
lady, with the air of repose which comes  
from perfect trust. "He is one of the  
rushers on a football team."

Gold is worth \$309.05 a pound; platinum,  
\$123 62; silver, \$15 33; aluminum, \$1 82;  
manganese, 57 cents; nickel, 54 cents;  
tin, 23 cents; copper, 12 cents; cast  
steel, 3 cents; iron, 2 cents.  
A table prepared by a French scientific  
journal. But the discovery of new processes  
has cheapened aluminum to about half the  
figures given in the list.  
"I can't stand the strain," remarked  
the nervous man as he threw a brick at a  
hand-organ grinder.—Buffalo Express.

IRISH LAND BILL.  
Mr. Balfour Introduced the Measure in  
Parliament—Mr. Parnell Votes With  
the Government.  
London cable says: In the House of  
Commons yesterday Mr. Balfour intro-  
duced the Irish Land Bill. He said the  
Government's policy was the same as in  
1889, but for simplicity the bill had been  
put in two. Both portions, however, were  
practically the same as in the bill of 1889.  
One variation of the present bill from that  
of last year was that it met in some degree  
Mr. Parnell's views. Mr. Parnell had sug-  
gested that privilege of purchase be con-  
fined to tenants whose holdings were under  
£50 valuation. Though he (Balfour) could  
not accept exactly that limitation, he had  
altered the scope of the bill by excluding all  
purely grazing farms, and farms whose  
tenants did not reside on them. Amongst  
other changes embodied in the new bill one  
had reference to the objection taken at the  
last session to a limit of twenty years' pur-  
chase then proposed. That limit did not  
appear in the new bill. (Cries of "Hear,  
hear!") Further power would be given the  
vicar to extend the period of five years,  
during which 8 per cent. of the purchase  
money was payable. In regard to increas-  
ing the powers of local authorities, Mr. Bal-  
four said he considered that the original  
proposals in the bill were the best that  
could be devised. Land purchase in Ire-  
land was not a local question at all. The  
government was using the British credit  
to carry out this vital reform not primarily  
for the country or that, but for the benefit  
of the empire as a whole. (Conservative  
cheers.) Another consideration was the  
fact that the land question in Ireland was  
largely used for political objects. It would  
be absurd, therefore, to leave the communi-  
ties under the incitement of agitators to  
determine whether they should adopt a  
remedy going to the root of agrarian dis-  
content. (Parnellite laughter.) If they  
were given a local control in any form it  
ought to be by a plebiscite of ratepayers,  
enabling them under the safeguard of the  
ballot to vote upon the question of grant-  
ing a contingent portion of the guarantee  
fund for each county.  
Mr. Labouchere moved an amendment  
against pledging the imperial credit for  
the purchase of land until the consent of a  
general election.  
The amendment was rejected 268 to 117.  
Gladstone, Sir William Vernon Har-  
court and Mr. Morley walked out before the  
vote was taken. Mr. Parnell and all the  
Parnellite members voted with the Govern-  
ment. The Bill was then given its first  
reading amid the cheers of the Government  
supporters.  
When the Parnellites were flocking into  
the division lobby to vote on the amendment  
there was a sudden unusual movement  
seemingly instigated by Mr. Healy, who  
with Mr. Sexton and a large contingent  
turned back and abstained from voting,  
while Parnell, Mr. Power and about 30  
others supported the Government.

GOVERNMENT AID FOR KOCH.  
He Will be Remunerated Handsomely and  
be Helped in his Discoveries.  
A Berlin cable says: Dr. Bergmann, in  
a lecture last night, declared that the secret  
of the composition of Prof. Koch's curative  
lymph was the exclusive property of Prof.  
Koch. Dr. Bergmann illustrated the de-  
gree of fever after each injection, and ex-  
plained the quantity of lymph required in  
the various cases. The number of physi-  
cians coming to Berlin to study Koch's  
method has not lessened. There were 132  
arrivals yesterday. The Government of  
Prussia will shortly introduce a bill in the  
Diet providing for the establishment of an  
institute of bacteriology at which Prof.  
Koch may pursue his studies. Connected  
with the institute will be five infirmaries  
containing 150 beds. After allotting to  
Prof. Koch an adequate grant for his dis-  
covery the Government will undertake the  
work of producing the lymph.

Dr. John Ferrowe.  
Dr. Ferrowe, Dean of Peterborough, has  
accepted the bishopric of Worcester. The  
new dean was educated at Corpus Christi  
college, Cambridge, where he had a very  
distinguished career, being Bell's univer-  
sity scholar, and carrying off the Croese  
scholarship, the Tynwhitt Hebrew scholar-  
ship, and the member's prize. He was  
admitted to the deaconate in 1847, and  
in 1862 he went to Wales as vice-principal  
of St David's College, Lampeter, and it was  
probably owing to his ten years in Wales  
that early last year he was offered the  
bishopric of Bangor. In 1872 he returned  
to Cambridge, holding in succession the  
offices of professor in theology in Trinity  
college, of Lady Margaret professor, and of  
Hulsean professor. In 1873 he took his  
D. D. degree, and in 1874 was appointed  
Cambridge preacher at Whitchell. In 1879  
the earl of Beaconsfield appointed him dean  
of Peterborough, where he has greatly  
improved the services, and succeeded in  
restoring the cathedral under circumstances  
of unparalleled difficulty. He has been a  
prolific and successful author.

The Government Must Pay.  
A St. John's, N. B., despatch says: The  
case of Robert B. Humphrey vs. The Queen  
was finished in the Exchequer Court to-  
day. The plaintiff claimed \$5,000 damages  
from the Dominion Government for cancel-  
ling a contract for steamer services  
between St. John, Digby and Annapolis,  
after he had gone to great expense in secur-  
ing and refitting a vessel for the service.  
Judge Burridge decided that the Govern-  
ment had made a breach of contract, and  
left it to A. C. Fairweather to assess  
damages.

Tired of Her Clerical Mate.  
A Brooklyn despatch says: Maria Mc-  
Guire, wife of Rev. Hugh McGuire, rector  
of Christ Episcopal Church in this city,  
has brought an action for a separation  
against her husband on the ground of  
cruelty and inhuman treatment. She  
asserts that he has twice placed her in an  
asylum for the purpose of getting  
her out of the way, and on several occasions  
struck her. The couple were married in  
1876.

—When a man goes upstairs late at  
night and ships every other stair in an  
endeavor to keep quiet he always seems to  
ship the steps that don't creak.

MADE NO CONFESSION.  
Leatham, Who Heard Birchall's Talk With  
Rev. Mr. Wade, Says So.  
A Montreal despatch says: Mr. Arthur  
Leatham, Birchall's old college chum, re-  
turned home from Woodstock to-day.  
Being asked regarding Birchall's alleged  
confession, Mr. Leatham said: "I do not  
think that Birchall ever made any con-  
fession to Mr. Wade. He may, indeed,  
have recounted what he knew of the crime  
to Mr. Wade a little more accurately or ex-  
tensively than he did in his autobiography,  
but that he made a confession that he was  
the actual perpetrator of the deed I do not  
for a moment believe, nor do the prison  
officials nor the wife and sister-in-law of  
Birchall believe that he made a confession.  
For my part, I thoroughly believe that  
Birchall did not do the actual killing him-  
self, and this, I may say, is the view of the  
jail officials and many of the people of  
Woodstock. If Birchall had made any  
confession to Rev. Mr. Wade, the prison  
authorities would know of it, as they were  
always within hearing of what was said  
between Birchall and Rev. Mr. Wade. On  
the Friday before the execution I heard the  
conversation between Rev. Mr. Wade and  
Birchall, and Birchall made no confession  
at that time. The remark made by Mr.  
Wade to a reporter that he might be called  
upon to make Birchall's statements public,  
I do not take to mean that he has any  
confession from Birchall. I think that Mr.  
Wade meant that in case any one else was  
accused of being implicated in the crime,  
his evidence would be of value."

THE CORONER WAS IN A HURRY.  
He Delays a Court to Get an Inquest and  
Incurs the Judge's Wrath.  
A Halifax despatch says: It is now  
definitely known that the list of killed in  
yesterday's accident will number eight,  
and little hopes are entertained for the  
young man Adam Armstrong, of Carleton,  
who was so terribly scalded. Three men  
died to-day—Hayes, Lynch and Galt.  
Coroner Robinson is now holding an in-  
quest. A number of those connected with  
the mill say that when the water was very  
low in the boiler the pumps were turned  
on, and the cold water coming in contact  
with the red-hot iron caused the boilers to  
burst.  
Coroner Robinson, who is coroner in the  
locality where the accident occurred, was  
serving on a Circuit Court jury, and his  
absence from court caused the delay of a  
case. The judge became highly indignant  
and adjourned court. This afternoon  
Robinson put in an appearance and the  
judge delivered his charge. After the ver-  
dict had been given the judge arose and  
demanded an explanation. Robinson  
offered an apology, but the judge refused to  
accept it. He said: "I will venture to say  
that you went to prevent any other coroner  
holding the inquest. Your action is a com-  
plete contempt of court and an outrage of  
the worst kind." Robinson was then dis-  
missed from the panel and fined the full  
penalty.

A Prize for Drunkenness.  
Montreal Herald: The correspondent of  
La Presse who accompanies our real estate  
men in their sojourn in Chicago, sends the  
paper he represents an amusing account  
of what he calls a "Prize for Drunken-  
ness," which is being competed for in a  
saloon on West Randolph street. He says:  
A large sign board placed over the entrance  
bears the words: "A gold watch is given  
every month to the customer having the  
largest number of tickets. One ticket is  
given with every glass of whiskey or other  
liquor."  
Willie's Question.  
Washington Post: "Pop," said Willie,  
"our jogger says there ain't nothin' but  
snow and ice at the north pole. Is  
that so?"  
"Yes."  
"And is it the same way at the south  
pole?"  
"Yes."  
"Well, then, that's why these men you  
read about are constantly talking about  
being frozen out at the pole, ain't it?"

Testing the Young Lawyer.  
Insurance Man—I don't know whether  
to pay this policy or not.  
Young Lawyer—What is the difficulty?  
I. The only proof of death I have  
received is a letter from the man himself  
saying that he died ten days ago.  
Y. M. (impressively)—H'm. That does  
seem suspicious. What is the deceased's  
reputation for veracity?

He Was Engaged.  
Brooklyn Life: Managing Editor—So  
you're a distinguished Yale graduate, are  
you?  
Applicant—Yes, I was champion of the  
football team.  
Managing Editor—But what can you do  
in a newspaper office?  
Applicant—I can kick poets down stairs.

The Lady or the Mitten?  
Jack Hustle—Will you marry me?  
Rita Hustle—This is so sudden—give me  
time.  
Jack Hustle—You can't afford to waste  
any more time. You must be 26 now.  
Say yes, Rita—Puck.

Unsteady.  
City Directory Man (to boarding-house  
mistress): How many men boarders have  
you, ma'am, that are steady boarders?  
Boarding Mistress—Well, I've ten men  
that board with me right along, but there's  
only one of them that I call steady.

The Night Ring.  
Town Crier: He—I love you passionately,  
my darling!  
She—Ah! That remark has the genuine  
engagement ring.

The "Annona" and "Rose" gold mines  
at Montague, N. S., are yielding very rich  
ores at present. Mr. Annona Cross of the  
Halifax Chronicle, who is the owner of the  
Annona mine, showed a Globe representa-  
tive some very valuable specimens this  
week. A scrappy lump held in the palm of  
the hand was worth \$600. Mr. A. Mc-  
Quarrie, the manager at the mines, pro-  
duced a small brick worth \$500.

The extensive silk mills of Bamford  
Broes and the residences of Joseph and  
Walker Bamford at Paterson, N. J., were  
burned on Saturday. Loss, \$400,000.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.  
Hall & Co.'s private bank at Duluth sus-  
pended on Saturday.  
The council of the Board of Trade of  
Toronto will visit Sudbury.  
There has been a great boom in Nova  
Scotia coal shipments the past season.  
The November grand jury in Chicago  
found 137 true bills against pool sellers.  
The Northwest Assembly prorogued on  
Saturday without passing the Supply Bill.  
Several earthquake shocks were felt at  
Gannederdorf, Lower Austria, on Satur-  
day.  
The Northwest Assembly has been pro-  
rogued after refusing to pass the Supply  
Bill.  
Five persons have so far died in  
Berlin while being treated with the Koch  
cure.  
Navigation on the River Weser between  
Bremer and Bremenhaven has been closed  
by ice.  
The street railway arbitration in  
Toronto is costing the city over \$350 a  
session.  
The writ for South Victoria has been  
issued. Nomination, Dec. 11th, polling, a  
week later.  
The Canadian Pacific Railway Company  
is about to erect twenty grain warehouses  
throughout Manitoba.  
Major-General Herbert, the new com-  
mander of the Canadian militia, arrived  
at Halifax by the Sardinian yesterday.  
Jay Gould has bought the works of the  
Hutchinson, Kansas, Salt Company, whose  
plant is said to be the largest in the United  
States.  
Blanchard, who lies under sentence of  
death, was baptized into the Roman  
Catholic Church in Sherbrooke jail on  
Friday.  
Col. Tisdale and Henry A. Harmon have  
been appointed receivers for the Potts  
Lumber & Salt Company's estate in  
Michigan.  
The fund to place Major Wisemann's  
steamer on the Victoria Nyanza amounts  
to 200,000 marks. The sum required is  
400,000 marks.  
Eighty-seven bodies have been found in  
the flooded Anna pits of the Bruex Mining  
Co., Germany. Seventy-eight miners were  
recovered alive.  
The Michigan Central has finished  
double-tracking the road between Welland  
and Oshkosh, and the trains will run on  
it regularly henceforth.  
A company is being formed in Munich  
under Prof. Ziemssen with a capital of  
2,000,000 marks to establish a Koch sanita-  
rium in the old Gumpshaus palace.  
The steel mill of the Bethlehem Iron  
Company has shut down, throwing 1,000  
hands out of employment. Officials say  
the shut down is necessitated by lack of  
orders.  
There are 1,350 members of the  
Railway Conductors' Mutual Aid  
and Benefit Association, and during the past  
year \$41,000 was paid in claims for 101  
deaths.  
Kenyon, the young man who stabbed  
Loughhead at Comber a week ago, has been  
released, the matter having been settled by  
Kenyon assuming all costs and payment for  
time lost.  
Saturday evening a banquet was given  
in honor of Jos. T. Clark, retiring editor  
of the Pickering News, on the eve of his  
departure to become editor of the Daily  
Tribune in West Toronto.  
A Chicago paper says the threshing  
machine manufacturers of the United  
States are busily engaged in forming a  
trust, which will equal in magnitude the  
recently formed harvester combine.  
A Windsor despatch says: The cattle-  
stealing fiends of Colchester South now take  
revenge on their enemies by poisoning  
horses belonging to the latter. Wm. Parker,  
who is prosecuting Todd Quick, is the latest  
victim.  
The German Reichstag will be asked  
for fifty million marks for the army, part  
of which is to provide new munitions and  
part to alter the color of the uniforms, in  
order to render the movements of the troops  
less distinct when in action.  
At the annual meeting of the St.  
Andrew's Society in Montreal on Saturday  
night Mr. MacKinnon presented the society  
with a wicker trunk covered with black  
leather, which was in the possession of  
Prince Charles at the battle of Culloden.  
It is stated in Berlin that Lord Salis-  
bury is expected to visit that city shortly  
on the invitation of Emperor William  
to meet Chancellor von Caprivi and Count  
Kalnoky, to bring about a closer adhesion  
of England to the policy of the Dreihund.  
A veteran of the war of 1812 and one of  
the oldest residents of the country, in the  
person of Mr. Clendening, has just died  
near Welland at the ripe old age of 97  
years. Deceased had drawn a pension for  
a great many years for his share of the  
war of 1812.  
Ab. Douglas, a Guelph young man  
while out shooting Saturday afternoon  
nearly lost his life by the accidental dis-  
charge of his gun. He placed the gun on  
the fence while lighting his pipe, when it  
slipped and went off, the charge striking  
him on the top of the forehead, carrying  
away a portion of the skull bone.  
Last night between 7 and 8 o'clock about  
\$4,000 was stolen during the absence of  
Mr. Guilmette, guardian of the Charle-  
voix, Que., court house, who was out with  
his family for the evening. The door  
and safe of the registrar are said to have  
been opened by false keys. Up to the  
present hour there is no trace of the  
robbers.  
The first bill to come before the Reich-  
stag on Tuesday will be one providing for  
raising the revenue from sugar from  
60,000,000 to 95,000,000 marks. This in-  
crease in revenue is to be effected by  
abolishing the tariff on raw and increasing  
the duty on refined sugar. The preamble  
to the bill states that the export bounty  
system has cost German consumers 315,000  
marks annually, 195,000 marks being paid  
in bounties and the remainder being  
reckoned as the additional cost to con-  
sumers.  
Martin D. Lappay, a New York wife mur-  
derer, has been sentenced to die by elec-  
tricity during the week beginning Janu-  
ary 12.