The Toronto World.

FIFTH YEAR. FRIDAY MORNING DECEMBER 26, 1884. PRICE ONE CENT.

FLASHED OVER THE CABLE

THE EVENTS OF A DAY IN THE OLD WORLD.

The Nicaraguan Canal—The London Times Protests Against Violating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—The Times this morning in an article on the Nicaragua treaty readily admits that the treaty should be judged in America without reference to English interests, but England, it says, holds a position almost impregnable in its strength and will protest against any policy which violates the rights covered by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. It believes that the better class of Americans will not favor the scheme, but thinks it rash to predict the result of its discussion in congress. It is possible, the Times says, to construct and manage a canal in accordance with the Clayton-Bulwer treaty while giving America ample security through pecuniary or other interest in the work; but even then it is doubtful whether the place could be made pleasing to American people. It is England's duty, the Times declares, to preserve the freedom of international trade.

THE FRENCH IN A PRECARIOUS CONDITION.

The Chinese in Strong Force—With Good Guns—Mortality Amongst the French.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—A Shanghai despatch says 85,000 Chinese troops under Li Hung Chang are massed at Pei Ho. The works at Port Arthur on the Gulf of Pechi Li, built by German artillery officers, make the strongest fortress in the north of China. They are mounted with heavy Gatling and Nordenfelt guns. Entrance to the port is guarded with troops. The Chinese have warned the French that they intend to make an attack. Letters from the French fleet at Kelung state that Admiral Courbet is ill and worried over his forced inaction. It is feared he cannot continue operations. The blockade has had no results. Mortality among the troops is increasing.

CHRISTMAS ON THE CONTINENT.

A Gloomy Day in London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—The weather to-day in Paris and London was cold, but fine. In Paris, owing to the absence of rich people, the day was rather dull for Christmas, except among German residents. Itinerants were selling a political toy representing Bismarck and Ferry embracing with the cry, "Voilà les deux Prussiens." In Vienna the day was unusually gloomy, owing to the bad condition of trade and damp weather. In Berlin the usual festivities were held at the imperial palace on Christmas eve. The emperor gave presents to the whole household. The empress received Prince Bismarck and his wife.

Protesting Against Germany's Aggression.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—The government's of Tasmania and Queensland have joined with Victoria in a protest against the annexation by Germany of a portion of New Guinea and neighboring islands. The authorities of New South Wales and South Australia refuse to join the protest. The Australian press generally expresses indignation at the action of Germany.

Bismarck's Paper Speaks.

BERLIN, Dec. 25.—The North German Gazette officially advises the abandonment of the scheme to raise a public fund to pay for Bismarck's assistant. It says factions in the reichstag that are united by a common hatred of the chancellor dare not again refuse the credit solicited by the government.

And Opium Too.

BERLIN, Dec. 25.—Gen. Sanford, the American delegate to the Congo conference, proposes that opium be included under the rule prohibiting the sale of alcohol in the Congo territory.

Protesting.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—The French chamber of commerce at London has protested against the proposed increase of corn duties by France, and declared itself in favor of free trade.

Quieting Down in Corea.

BERLIN, Dec. 25.—The German minister to Corea has received tranquilizing telegrams regarding the situation in Corea.

A French General Promoted.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—Gen. Duchesne has been promoted to be general of division, in recognition of his services in Tonquin.

Foreign Notes.

On Jan. 5, the anniversary of Edward Lasker's death, the relatives and friends of the deceased will inaugurate a monument now erecting on his grave, consisting of a sarcophagus of polished syenite, resting on a granite pedestal, and bearing as inscription only his name and the dates of his birth and death.

A monument, consisting of a bronze bust on a plinth of Swedish granite, is to be erected shortly in the ancient Barbarossa town of Gelnhausen, in Hesse Nassau, his native city, to Philipp Reis, the inventor of the telephone. The bust is modeled by the sculptor Carl Rumps of Frankfort-on-Main, and cast in Munich.

A correspondent of the London Standard comes to the rescue of Hon. James Russell Lowell, charged with wrongly ascribing the epithet "gallant" to the Gordons, this epithet being claimed as appropriate to the Grahams only. In Scott's Marmion one finds: "Of gallant Gordons many a one." In the ballad of Inveraye it occurs twice:

"The good, gallant Gordon,
That's dead and awa'."

And again:

"Two gallanter Gordons
Did never sword draw."

Emeritus Professor John Stuart Blackie having called Lord Byron a "brilliant blackguard" on St. Andrew's day, proceeded, a couple of Sundays ago, to give another illustration of his eccentricity. In a lecture on the Love Songs of Scotland, delivered to about 4000 persons in St. Andrew's hall, Glasgow, he said some people thought it profane to deliver such a lecture on Sunday, but what was said on week days should be said on Sunday. Ministers opposed his speaking on love songs and beautiful women, but clergymen usually sought for beautiful wives, especially with big purses. He liked to see woman's beautiful face, but he never looked at her ankles. After that it was not at all surprising that the septuagenarian professor should sing the Scotch ballad Will ye gang to Kelvin grove, bonnie lassie?

WHAT THEY DID IN NEW YORK.

A Typical Christmas—The Poor and Sick Not Forgotten.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—Christmas was celebrated with more than usual interest notwithstanding that complaints had been heard for months. A great number of gifts were made, many of them being of considerable value. People carried bundles through the streets from early morning until night. Churches were well attended, and it is thought the collections taken will exceed in amount those of last year. The services at old Trinity were participated in by large congregations, and at Fifth Avenue cathedral Roman catholic ceremonies were specially impressive. Hospital boxes put up in the railroad stations, ferry house and other public places were liberally patronized. The various charitable institutions provided their usual feasts, and the Jewish hospital spread an unusually bountiful feast for its inmates. There was excellent sleighing in the upper part of the city; the weather has been clear and cold; and altogether it has been a thoroughly typical Christmas. Other cities report that the festival was celebrated in much the same fashion.

Will Not Be Extradited.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—Joseph Raeside, who was held on the charge of forging the pedigree of some Clydesdale horses, has been released from the county jail on an order from Commissioner Hoyne. Raeside has been detained pending the decision of the secretary of state on the question of issuing a writ of extradition. The secretary of state decided that the case did not come within the treaty of 1842 with Great Britain.

Engineers Coming to an Understanding.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 25.—The chairman of the grievance committee of the locomotive engineers of the Gould system says the alleged desire of the company that passenger engineers should lay off for a certain time for the benefit of freight engineers does not constitute one of their grievances. Vice-President Hoxie on behalf of the company states that no reduction has been contemplated.

Another Panic.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Dec. 25.—While the police were arresting a drunken man in Bunnell's museum this evening some one in the audience raised a cry of fire. The house was crowded and visitors became panic stricken, and were with difficulty quieted by the management. The clothes of many were torn and ruined. A number were slightly, but none seriously, hurt.

Collision in a Harbor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—The British steamer Cornwall, while proceeding to sea this afternoon, ran into a British ship named Lornty anchored in the harbor. The Lornty sank in twenty minutes. Her mate and thirty-one seamen who were on board were rescued. The Cornwall was uninjured.

An Ex-Ambassador Killed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—The state department has received information from Japan announcing that among those killed in the recent Corean revolution was Min Yon Ik, nephew of Queen, who came here a year ago as royal ambassador. He had just returned to Corea when the tragedy occurred.

A Mine Closed for a Month.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 25.—A fire in the engine house of the Mineral Spring colliery, Lehigh Valley coal company, last evening destroyed the boiler, engine houses and all the machinery. The mine is closed for a month, throwing 300 men out of employment.

A Five-Story Building Ablaze.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 26.—A five-story building, formerly known as the academy of music, lately occupied as a store and office building, was gutted by fire this afternoon. The loss will reach $200,000 with total insurance $150,000.

Logue Shoots Hogue.

LOUDEN, Ill., Dec. 25.—In an altercation between the son of ex member of legislature Jackson Hogue and Enoch Logue, a cowboy from Texas, at a dance on Tuesday night Logue shot Hogue four times, killing him.

Choosing a Husband.

From the Home Journal.

A girl, if she cannot always choose, can always refuse, and generally her difficulty is this—it is evident that this man is making love to me. I do not love him, but I think I might do so if I choose, shall I choose or shall I forbear? It is here that the power of choice comes in; and it is here that the voice of prudence must be heard, if it is to be heard at all. In such circumstances a girl will act wisely if she pays considerable attention to the general opinion which, in nine cases out of ten, is held of the gentleman in question by his professional brethren or his business acquaintances. It is, in short, not the man who is agreeable among women, but he who is well liked by his own sex, who is the man to choose as a husband. There are certain persons, however, of the opposite sex who are almost as good judges of a man's disposition as those of his own, and they are his sisters. A girl can always tell how a man stands with his sisters, and if they are really fond of him she may feel almost sure that he will make a good husband. A mother, of course, always speaks well of her son; it is not what she says of him, but his behavior to her, that is to be looked at.

An interesting fact has come to light in connection with the Wolseley expedition as it shows the perpetuation of a custom prevalent from the oldest times in the ancient land of Meroe. One of the tribes above Merawi, the Sheygya Arabs, are under the leadership of a daughter of Mahmud, one of the mahdi's leaders, who was killed in the late battle with the troops of the mudir of Dongola. It was a peculiarity of the country that the sceptre was in ancient times often held by female sovereigns; whereas, in Egypt one finds a queen regent only once mentioned—Nitocris—in the third dynasty. These queens used, as attested by history, often to lead their troops to battle. At the time of the first conquest of the Soudan by the Egyptians, under Ismael Pasha, in 1820, the Sheygya Arabs were led by a woman, or at all events a virgin was put forth as the ostensible leader. To the present day the signal for attack among the Sheygya (the black, and so-called Arab, representatives of the ancient Meroevians, for Arabs are not black), is given by a virgin, richly dressed and seated on a dromedary, and who is held sacred even by the enemy.

CHINESE BONE PICKERS.

THE DISGUSTING CUSTOMS OF THE HEATHEN IN AMERICA.

A Funeral in San Francisco—Sending the Bones Back to the Flowery Kingdom—The Evil Growing.

From the San Francisco Argonaut.

In the midst of civilization we are in barbarism. Riding out last Sunday morning we came in contact with a Chinese funeral upon the Point Lobos road. Stopping for a moment at the Homestead "to see a man," we heard the clamor of Chinese gongs and the din of brazen cymbals, and saw coming toward us a gorgeous hearse with nodding, white plumed, horses draped in funeral broadcloth, exposing only the tips of their noses, their eyes, ears and feet. The funeral train was composed of seventy-two of our best-appointed and most stylish public hacks. It moved along at a comfortable trot. In each hack were four well dressed, decent-looking male Chinese. All were smoking, chatting and having a good time. The grief business was decorously performed by a single hired mourner, who, in habiliments of becoming woe, sat cross-legged upon the floor of an ordinary furniture wagon, surrounded by bundles of clothes and baskets of incense-making punk, and packages of paper rolls with fantastic characters to be burned at the burial-ground. He was faithfully earning his money by paying the strictest attention to his sorrow. Upon the glass on either side of the carriages was fastened a white or red strip of paper, two inches in width by ten in length, bearing Chinese letters. Upon the seat beside the coachman of the hearse an industrious Chinaman, with diligence and in the greatest profusion, distributed similar papers along the highway. We are certain that this dead heathen had a paper of larger circulation than any of our contending dailies, and for the truth of which no affidavits of foremen in the press department were required. We understand there is an existing, and superstitious, belief among the Chinese that printed papers propitiate the devil, keep off evil spirits, and make safe the passage of the soul to the Celestial kingdom—a function which even our religious journals do not undertake to perform. Another wagon followed in the rear of the procession loaded down with provisions—an appetizing pig, roasted whole, with crisp, well-oiled, and shining skin; chickens roasted to a turn, garnished with ornamental vegetables; crabs, doubtless fattened upon some drowning unfortunate who was undergoing the sea change; tea, Chinese gin, and other dainties. Upon arriving at the Chinese cemetery in a higgledy-piggledy sort of a way, the dead Asian was not tenderly taken from his hearse, and with reverent and solemn step borne to his hole in the sand in the northwest corner of a shabby inclosure, which looked more like a corral than a graveyard, but he was incontinently grabbed and suddenly precipitated from his carriage to the grave with a lack of decorum and absence of sentiment that most naturally characterizes a family that has four hundred millions of people to die in a generation of less than thirty years, and that has its well authenticated traditions of fifteen hundred generations passed away. A good natured Scotch laborer shoveled the sand over all that was mortal of the heathen, and chatted with the two or three white spectators near a reverend Oriental doctor clad in a long, cheap, cotton robe, which, had it been silk and clean, would have resembled the robe of an episcopalian clergyman. Upon his head he wore a cap not dissimilar, except that it, too, was vilely dirty, to those worn by the students of the higher English universities. Thus clad and all alone, except his white audience and the grave-digger, he chanted in a musical monotone, accompanied by clashing cymbals, a requiem to the barbarian dead. While this service was going on the deceased's clothing, with all his personal belongings, was being consumed by fire. In the furnace or bake-oven, or sacrificial altar, or whatever it may be called, was being burned scrolls of colored paper, which were poked by the iron poker of an attending celestial stoker. Upon the wooden platform or table were spread the edibles and drinkables, which were not partaken of by any of the Chinese. An occasional hoodlum stepped up, and, in friendly conviviality, waved his prejudice of race sufficiently to help himself to a small porcelain cup of Chinese gin. Over the grave a rooster was let loose. He was quickly caught by one of the moon-eyed barbarians. This for luck. Snatched from the burning pyre a hackman seized a pair of blankets, now doubtless doing duty in some christian household. And as we all, in hurry-skurry, crowded out of the burial ground, each person was given a piece of "cash," wrapped in brown paper. Ours was a 5-cent piece, American coin. Thus we left our Chinese citizen. He had fallen in a celestial fight in Chinatown, pierced by sixteen bullets. Two others murdered in the same way were buried on the same day. Half a dozen more wounded men hang hovering over the brink of death. These, and the thousands of other bodies of the Chinese dead, that foul the sands that overlook our golden gate, will be left to rot and taint the atmosphere of our peninsula, till from their decaying carcasses the bones can be picked and packed, and consigned as freight back to the celestial kingdom, from which place alone is it possible to find entrance to the celestial realm. One of our morning dailies gives the following dreadful account of the disinterment of bodies and their preparation for shipment. We publish it in the hope that the disgusting details may impress some hypocritical preacher like Beecher, some super-sentimental old maid, some soul saving old hen who finds no opportunity of usefulness, or charity, or loving-kindness among the poor, sick and suffering of her own race, but must busy herself scratching for souls in China. The article alluded to reads as follows:

There are just now being exhumed the bones of several hundred Mongolians to be sent back to the celestial kingdom, in accordance with the solemn covenant made by the various Chinese companies with each of their members. From Nov. 17 until yesterday there have been resurrected at the city cemetery about 180 coffins with their decaying contents, and this number will probably see a large increase before the year expires. . . . The fact is that one "Sam," a semi-Americanized Chinese, has taken a contract to resurrect several hundred of his deceased countrymen, and that he is now at work carrying out his contract. He has pitched a tent in the plot of the Fook Yam Tong company, and every morning at 7 o'clock he begins blowing a Chinese imitation of Gabriel's trumpet with the result that toward evening several wagon loads of bones and sometimes more than bones come rolling into town. Yesterday Ah Sam was digging up the women's corner in the plot. Five living Chinese women were ready to welcome the planted ones back to light, and whenever a cover would be knocked off the decaying coffins these celestial beauties would eagerly bend over the contents, without regard to the direction of the wind, and begin a search for the jewels and money of the late lamented. Generally the bodies proved to be swathed in so much cloth and blanketing that poking with a stick would not reveal the treasures, and in such cases the Mongol dames would daintily deposit their cigarettes upon the coffin's edge and dive into the horrible mass with their fingers. The first article looked for was generally the coin which is placed in every Chinaman's mouth, so that he may go to heaven's gate with sufficient toll to purchase admission. To search for this in the depth of a grinning skull and to find it was pronounced as good luck by these dames, who were said to be respectable married women, as otherwise they would not be permitted to enter the burial plot set apart for the lords of creation. The money found, the earrings were the next prize; and if by chance a little piece of cartilage adhered to the bit of silver and jasper, the living hands would pluck it away as if it were a sweet morsel of prime roast pork. Then the jasper bracelets would be disengaged from the bones of the hand and forearm, and, this done, the professional bone-picker would begin his work. These bone-pickers plainly were not men of sentiment. They went to work in a matter-of-fact way smoking cigars furnished by the friends of the deceased. Their hands were their tools, no matter how repulsive-looking were the contents of a coffin.

Beginning at the feet, these men pick out of the coffin every bit and silver of bone, carefully washing any soft substance between their fingers to make sure that not even a trace of bony structure remains in the land of the white devils. The bones are then cleaned after a fashion, and if it is found that even a joint of the small toe is missing, the grave, the coffin and the ground are thoroughly searched. When all the bones have been found they are wrapped in pieces of muslin, each part of the body by itself, and then the whole is placed in a little zinc-lined box, which is ostensibly the package which goes to China. It is only ostensibly so, because the law compels the Chinese to solder up their cases before they leave the cemetery, but when these same cases reach Chinatown it is said they are unpacked into large boxes and then shipped to China, and freight paid on these by measurement. Quite often these zinc boxes, which are supposed to have been sent to China, return to the cemetery for another invoice of bones. . . . The Chinese, however, do not mind the odor. The coins, the rings and the bracelets are apparently none the worse for their contact with the putrid flesh. Yesterday afternoon the grave-diggers brought back to sunlight a coffin which contained the remains of a woman who had been wrapped up in a red blanket. It was and that she had been buried in for four years. However that may be, she was all there, barring her eyes, and for lack of them she made up by perfuming the neighborhood for a quarter of a mile to leeward. A Chinese damsel, quite undismayed by the slightly disadvantageous surroundings, coolly lifted up the left hand to secure the bracelet. She got the hand but not the bracelet, for arm and hand separated and she had to make a second grab for the coveted article. When she had secured it she wiped it on a piece of paper and then she clasped it over her arm, where it will probably remain to be eventually buried with her. The rule is not to allow corpses to be taken away unless they are well decomposed. But to ascertain if they are far enough gone they have to be dug up and looked at, which is quite as bad and dangerous as if they were taken away. Occasionally such a coffin and its contents are reburied, but as a rule the superintendent of disinterments permits the contractor to turn the contents into a zinc-lined coffin without their being fingered by the bone-picker.

This is the kind of barbarism that some very good, but very ignorant and shallow-minded people, think may be safely introduced to our country without lowering our own high standard of christian civilization. When we regard our Chinese community, its thirty or sixty thousand adult male barbarians huddled together in filth and discomfort, so different in dress, food, language and habits, so impossible of assimilation, without virtuous women, without homes or home influence, believing in and practicing the most revolting of superstitions, worshiping graven images, painted idols, and the devil, engaged in gambling, opium eating, making merchandise of females—it seems incredible that anybody who has common sense and common reason can willingly allow this people to become domiciled upon our continent. It seems to us unaccountably strange that any American citizen who believes in the splendid history of his people, any business man who regards the material interests of the country, any christian who believes in the teachings of Christ, should wish to encourage this Mongolian immigration to our shores, or should shut his eyes to the ultimate consequences of their finding fixed habitations among us.

DOMINION DASHES.

Efforts are to be made to suppress prize-fighting in Montreal.

The brick sewers of London are broken down and choked up.

Some of the villages around London only get a mail once in two days.

The expenses of the Winnipeg fire brigade will be $7000 less than last.

Montreal is expecting a flooding of celars with the advent of an ice-jam at Isle Ronde.

The Montreal police committee refuse to consider claims for damage arising out of the Chinfquy riots.

The country papers are just recovering from the effects of reporting the show of Christmas meat. Each show surpasses all others.

The pulpit and organ of Grace church, Winnipeg, were draped in mourning out of respect to the memory of Rev. Dr. Rice, who was for three years pastor of that church.

Sisters St. Helena and Mary of the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, have gone to Newboro to nurse those afflicted with diphtheria. This disease prevails to an alarming extent at Newboro and Bedford Mills.

The Woodstock Review justly makes note of the fact that the West Oxford cheese factory has made about one hundred and fifty tons of cheese this year, using over three milion pounds of milk.

Sarnia is boasting of her mild weather. The lowest reading was on Friday night, 8° below zero; several degrees milder than anywhere else in Ontario, and milder than any report from the middle or western states north of the Ohio river.

Death of George Kingsmill.

OTTAWA, Dec. 25.—George Kingsmill of the Ottawa Sun, and long and favorably connected with the Canadian press, died here suddenly of disease of the heart last night. The deceased would be about 45 years of age. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

Mr. Kingsmill came from Dundas. He was one of a number of Canadians who returned home from the United States during the fenian raid in 1866. Since then he has been connected with various papers in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

Christmas in Hamilton.

HAMILTON, Dec. 25.—The police magistrate held court yesterday.

J. H. Bland, Hamilton's oldest barber, died at midnight, aged 65. Deceased was a native of Virginia and lived in Hamilton for over 40 years.

Miss F. S. Bisby, an estimable young lady, and sister of G. H. Bisby of Long & Bisby, this city, died suddenly last night. The remains will be interred at West Winfield, N.Y., deceased's old home.

A DAY'S NEWS IN THE CITY

JOTTINGS AROUND TOWN BY THE WORLD REPORTERS.

Meetings to be Held This Week by Mr. Manning's Friends—A Popular Presentation—Mary Harrington Recovers.

Meetings of the friends of Mr. Manning for the purposes of organization will be held at 8 o'clock, this (Friday) evening at the following places: St. John's ward, McBride's hall, corner of Edward and Elizabeth streets; St. George's ward, Power's hall, corner of King and Brock streets; St. James' ward, Room K, Arcade building, Yonge street; St. Patick's ward, Spadina avenue skating rink; St. Stephen's ward, Crocker's hall, Queen street, opposite Niagara street; St. Andrew's ward, Temperance hall corner Brock and Little Richmond streets; St. Mark's ward, Worm's hall, Brockton. On Saturday evening meetings will be held at the same hour for St. Thomas' ward, at Verrall's hall, corner Gerrard and Ontario streets; for St. Lawrence ward, at Little York hotel, corner George and King streets; for St. David's ward at Wiggin's hall, and for St. Matthew's ward at Mallendine's hall, Kingston road.

Presentation to Euchette Anderson.

On Christmas eve, after the duties of the day were ended, the fellow employes and friends of B. Anderson, chief landing waiter in connection with the Grand Trunk railway at this point, waited upon that gentleman tendering him the compliments of the season and expressing their good wishes for his future welfare, presented him with a handsome diamond pin as a slight appreciation of his many excellent qualities, both as a superior officer and a friend. Mr. Anderson returned thanks for this renewed expression of their confidence and good will, and wished one and all a merry Christmas and many happy returns.

7-20-8.

7-20-8 is the curious title of a comedy by Augustin Daly, which has and is creating quite a sensation in New York. It was first produced last season at Daly's, when it run for a period of five months. At its revival this winter it has again exercised its drawing influence upon the theatre-going public, and the New York papers speak of it as one of the most wonderful comedy entertainments ever witnessed. It will be produced at the Grand opera house next week.

Rev. Dr. Castle in Philadelphia.

Dr. Castle has gone to Philadelphia to preach next Sunday at the re-opening service of the house of worship of his old charge. The house was built during his pastorate. About $20,000 have just been spent in renovating and beautifying it. On Dec. 28, Dr. Castle preaches the semi-centennial sermon of the church in Newburg, N.Y., of which he was pastor twenty-six years ago.

Honeymoon on the Prairie.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mackay of Regina on the night after their marriage tried to drive with the rest of the bridal party twenty miles after dark. All lost their way; some of the men were frost bitten, "but the ladies," says the Regina Leader, were protected by the gallantry of those of the sterner sex."

A Hotel-Keeper Drops Dead.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday morning Thomas R. Gibson, who keeps a hotel at Wilton avenue and Ontario street, was shaking hands with a friend at the door when he dropped dead on the floor. Deceased had been troubled with heart disease.

A Falling Off of Christmas Cards.

One noticeable feature of the present holiday season is the large falling of in the number of Christmas cards passing through the post office. It is estimated that this year only a little over one half the number of cards were sent that there were last.

Objecting to the Police.

At 10 45 last night Detective Cuddy and Policeman Reburn went to 84 Lombard street to serve some subpœnas. Alex. Frater, aged 25, seeing the police at the door, called for an axe or a revolver and attempted to assault the officers. He was promptly collared and locked up.

Mary Harrington Will Recover.

At 4 o'clock yesterday morning Mary Harrington became conscious and from that time has steadily improved. Dr. Riordan, who has attended her ever since the two two unfortunate girls were discovered, said last night that he had every confidence of her complete and speedy recovery.

Joy in the Walker House.

Christmas was celebrated in the Walker house because of an important event. The wife of John Wright, manager of the hotel, gave birth to a son Christmas morning, and there was no end of joyfulness over the event on the part of the guests and attaches of the house.

Mitchell and Madden at Albert Hall.

To-night and to-morrow night the Mitchell-Madden combination will give what they call a drawing-room entertainment at Albert hall. In addition to the exhibition given by these famous sparrers, a variety entertainment will also be given.

The Commercial Travelers.

The annual meeting of the Commercial Travelers' association of Canada will be held at 10.30 this morning at Philharmonic hall. The annual dinner takes place in the Rossin house to-night.

The "Boy Preacher."

The "boy preacher" having finished his revival services in Toronto left yesterday for Philadelphia, where he will begin similar services.

Hint for the Toronto Old Firemen's Ball.

The old volunteer firemen of Brooklyn had a dance the other evening at which an ancient fire bell led the orchestra.

A Large Contract.

BUENOS AYRES, Dec. 25.—A contract has been signed for the construction of a port here at a cost of $20,000000. A second canal will be made in the roadstead.

A Savings Bank Closes.

LAPORTE, Ind., Dec. 25.—The Laporte savings bank has closed its doors. The officials say the depositors will be paid in full.

A QUIET CHRISTMAS IN THE CITY.

The Day Spent in Church Going, Eating, Driving, Skating and Merry-Making.

Yesterday the weather was bright and bracing, and the mercury danced in and around zero. It was a real Canadian Christmas day, and the sleighing was gorgeous. Everyone who could beg, borrow or hire a horse and cutter went out for a drive. The city was extremely quiet throughout the whole day and evening—in fact it was as quiet a Christmas as Toronto has experienced for many a year. One noticeable feature about the streets was the few intoxicated people to be seen. As midnight the police had not made over ten arrests for this offence.

Religious services was of course held in many of the churches, and there was a good turn out of worshippers. The rinks and the bay were gay with skaters. The two theatres were crowded at both performances. There was nothing of an unusual nature occurred, and this time-honored and sacred festival passed off without anything serious to mar its solemnity. At all the charitable institutions and at the jail and central prison the inmates were treated to the usual sumptuous feast.

The Police Force.

Editor World: I see a good deal of talk in the daily papers about "reforming" or "reorganizing" the police force of this city. One correspondent suggests that the detective department should be separated from the main body of police, under a competent, well-paid officer. This system was and is in vogue in London, Liverpool and other large British cities, and what has been the result? Look at the disgraceful disclosures in Scotland Yard and Dublin. These branches of the metropolitan police were rotten to the core, and the heads of them were proven to be scoundrels. What I would suggest is that our chief of police and the inspector of the detective force have the power to pick such men as they think best fitted for this very important arm of police service. The way it is now the commissioners select whoever *they* think fit. The choice generally falls on a political friend. There is no denying that there is too much politics altogether in the police board. Every mayor elected is one of the commissioners, and you may depend that when a vacancy occurs he does not forget those who helped him in his canvass, no matter how incompetent he may be. The county judge and the magistrate have their political leanings also. How would it be if a prime minister had to leave it to the house of commons to pick his cabinet? The head of the government knows what kind of men he wants around him. So does the chief and the inspector of detectives. I would of course leave it to the board to ratify all selections made in this way. SURREY.

Toronto, Dec. 24.

Alas Poor Adams.

Editor World: Can't you find a more profitable use of your valuable (?) columns than filling them with the drivellings of imbecile would-be prophets like Jan Whacker Damus.

An Artistic Compliment.

Velasquez' last great picture, known in Spain as Las Meninas, or The Maids of Honor, represents the royal family, with the maids of honor, the dwarfs, a sleeping hound and the artist himself standing before the easel with pencils in hand. Doubtless the great master was very weary of repeating again and again the faces of the king and his children, and the idea came to him to make this picture something more than a portrait. It gives the whole scene precisely as it was, and is thus historical. It represents one moment in the life of all the notable people whom it reproduces exactly as it was passed by them; the faces of the king and queen are seen in a mirror, for the special purpose of the work was thought to be the portrait of the little infanta, or princess, who is stiffly placed in the centre, with her little maids around her.

When Philip saw this picture, he said it wanted but one thing; and he took a brush and in the most unskilful manner painted a red cross upon the breast of the portrait of Velasquez. Thus was the artist made a knight of the order of Santiago, and the manner in which the knighthood was conferred was the highest compliment ever paid to a painter.—*From "Stories of Art and Artists," by Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas for January.*

The Life of a Generation.

The registrar-general of England recently published the march of a generation through life. He says that a million born, the number at the end of five years will be reduced to 736,818. At the end of twenty-five years there will be 684,054 of the million left. At the end of thirty-five years there will be 568,993 left, and of the women two thirds will be married. When forty-five years have passed, 502,915 will remain. At sixty-five, 309,020 will still be alive. When seventy-five years have rolled by, 161,164 (or nearly one out of six), will remain. At eighty-five, only 38,575 will survive. At ninety-five the million will be reduced to 2153. The number who will cross the line of the century will be 223, and at 108 years from the starting point the last one will be in his grave.

Adjustment.

J. G. Whittier in Andover Review.

The tree of faith is bare dry boughs against the
That nearer heaven the living does not climb,
The false must fall, though from our shores of time
The old lament be heard: Great Pan is dead!
That wall is error's frown to his child place hurled
This sharp recoil is evil undertrod,
Our time's unrest an angel sent from God,
Troubling with life the waters of the world.
Even as they list the winds of the spirit blow
Sands shift and waste; the rock alone remains
To turn or break our century crusted vanes;
Where fell of heaven the strong tides come and go,
And storm-clouds rent by thunderbolt and wind
Leave free of mist the permanent stars behind.

Therefore I trust, although to outward sense
Both true and false seem threatened; I will hold
With newer light my reverence for the old,
And calmly wait the births of Providence.
No gain is lost; the clear-eyed saints look down
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds:
Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
Counted in task-field and o'erpeopled town.

Truth has charmed life: the inward word survives
And day by day its revelation brings:
Faith, hope and charity, whatsoever things
Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,
And the new gospel verifies the old.

RAIDING A COCKING MAIN.

A BIG BOUT AT LONG ISLAND CITY STOPPED BY THE POLICE.

The Canadian Footballers Successful at St. Louis—Allie Louden's New Racer—General Sporting Notes.

LONG ISLAND CITY, Dec. 25.—Early this morning the police raided a cock fight in progress between Albany and Long Island toids at Mike Kearney's notorious resort. Two hundred sporting men from all parts of the state were present to witness the main, which was for $500 a side and $50 a battle. Thirteen birds were shown by each side and eleven pair weighed in. The first pair were put in the pit in a room on the second floor at midnight. The battle was becoming exciting when an alarm was given and the spectators rushed for the windows at each of which ladders had been placed in readiness for any emergency. All escaped but four men from this vicinity who were arrested. The police also secured a number of birds.

Brown, the Colored Pugilist, Insane.

George Brown, the colored pugilist, is confined in the insane department of the county jail at Chicago. Brown is well known throughout the country by reason of his battles and exhibitions in the manly art with many of the world's leading prize fighters. Ten years ago he abandoned the ring and opened a saloon in Chicago, which he owned until two years ago, when he failed, and from that time until a month ago he was paid watchman at the county jail. His insanity cannot be accounted for. A week ago he was apparently sane. He imagines that he is a tragedian, and recites portions of Shakespeare's plays.

A Close Bicycle Race.

CHICAGO, Dec. 25.—The professional bicycle race of fifteen miles, for the championship of the United States and $100 a side, between J. S. Prince, champion of America, and Wm. Woodside, champion of Ireland, was keenly contested at the exposition building to-day. Neither participant allowed his opponent to secure a decided lead at any point. On the last lap Prince took the lead and won by six feet. Time 53 min. 9½ sec., Woodside's time a quarter of a second slower.

A Canadian Team Meet the Thistles of St. Louis and Beat Them.

The Canadian football team arrived at St. Louis on Wednesday, and consisted of Forsyth, Gibson, Kay, Thompson, Muller, Brubacher, Keller, Shantz, Sheppard, Avlen, Porteous, Douglas and Bingham. In the afternoon they had a practice in Union park. Gibson, Frank and Douglas distinguished themselves. On the afternoon of Christmas day they met the Thistles and after a good game came out the victors by nine goals to nothing.

Notes.

Allie Louden has bought a new racer at St. Louis. Fisherman, bay horse, 5-year-old, by Buckten out of Carrie Fish.

Jim Fall says he wants to meet Mitchell when he shows to-night with the drawing-room party at Albert hall. He also says he is ready to spar Alf Greenfield four rounds, marquis of Queensbury rules, he allowing Greenfield all expenses.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Cascaden, M.P.P., is at the Rossin.

Dr. Sutherland of Winnipeg is at the Queen's.

Bartley Campbell, who began life as a newspaper reporter, has made within five years $250,000 out of his plays.

The London Spectator says that cultivated grown-up people hanker after fairy stories as much as children do, provided they are clever ones.

Mr. Healey's portrait of Longfellow—one of the only three paintings of the poet in existence—has been hung in the art gallery of the Boston club, Boston.

It is proposed by admirers of Gambetta to erect in his memory a monument in the grounds of the Louvre which shall be more imposing than any that has ever been built to Louis XIV. The model now on exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux arts, Paris, is described as complicated, lacking in simplicity and unity, and "altogether out of proportion to his merits." It will be 80 feet in height.

"Many Happy Returns of the Day."

To Rev. Wm. Caven, principal of Knox college, Toronto, born at Kirkcolm, Scotland, Dec. 26, 1830.

Dec 25th, 1884, A D.

The day has gone, this Christmas '84,
It's kindly face we'll look upon no more,
But may its blessed memories abide
As on we surge and toss upon life's tide.

One spot of green amid the winter's snow,
To think upon as thro' the world we go.
A restful day, and one of sweet content.
Is Happy Christmas well and wisely spent.

—*Carl.*

A New Word to Us.

From the Chatham Planet.

Christmas . . . . marks the Messiahic regime.

A Patent Cure for Toothache.

From the Collingwood Bulletin.

The other day little Reuben Mason complained of toothache and was put to bed as a restorative. While his parents were away he attempted to rise, fell out of bed and broke his arm.

Diet For the Lean.

In the process of flesh-building everything depends upon the food, which must consist largely of carbonates, as, for instance, mutton, wheat, rye, butter, corn, peas, rice, potatoes and milk. Eat abundantly of fat meats vegetables, with rich gravy and sauces, and sweet fruits; drink all the good milk you can get, and scorn tea and coffee. It is quite a well-known fact that, with a life of ease and plenty of ale, one can fatten up in three months' time. Where there is an antipathy to such beverages, depend on milk and cream, of which drink a gallon a day, combining a quart of cream with the milk. Avoid acids of all kinds, also pickles, spiced food, table sauces, mustards and like condiments. For dessert scorn all pastes, such as pie-crust, rolls, tarts, and the indigestible dumpling. Custards, puffs, blanc mange, marmalades, sago, rice, tapioca and bread puddings will be found nutritious, likewise raisins, figs, candied fruits, apples, grapes, all kinds of preserves and jellies and sugar in any shape.

Christmas Bric-a-Brac.

O loved ones of the long ago,
Whose memories hang in golden frames,
Resting beneath the maple's glow,
Where fond we read your chiselled names,
Come back, as in that Christmas night,
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth!—
Ah me! the dream is all too bright,
And ashes lie upon the earth.

—*Wallace Bruce.*

Glad Christmas comes, and every hearth
Makes room to give him welcome now,
E'en want will dry its tears in mirth,
And crown him with a holly bough.
Thou day of happy sound and mirth
That long with childish memory stays,
How blest around the cottage hearth,
I met thee in my younger days! —*Clare.*

Much the Same.

Moderate to fresh winds; cloudy to fair weather, with light fall of snow in the southern portion; not much change in temperature.

Steamship Arrivals.

At New York: Labrador from Havre.
At Liverpool: Nevada from New York.

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