The Londonderry Times.

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ACADIA MINES, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Navigation on the Red River was opened on Monday.

The Bank of Montreal has declared a dividend of five per cent., without bonus.

Touching tributes to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas White were paid in the Senate and the House of Commons.

A settlement has been effected between the Hamilton master builders and the employees, which, it is believed, will terminate the labor troubles in that city for this season.

The Toronto City Council passed a resolution entering its emphatic protest against the immigration to this country of destitute persons from pauper institutions of Great Britain.

Chicago capitalists have purchased from Mr. R Tough, of Sudbury, an interest in the Tough and Stobie gold mine for $32,000, and have invested $70,000 in machinery to operate the mine.

A bill to repeal the old law of evidence, which prevents persons testifying in their own behalf, will be introduced by Mr. Gilman, of Montreal, at the approaching session of the Quebec Legislative Council.

There are said to be three applicants for the vacant brigade-majorship of the sixth military district, the most popular candidate being Major Prevost, of the 65th Regiment, Mount Royal Rifles, Montreal.

About twenty thousand men of the Dominion militia will perform the annual drill this year, 11,000 going into camp under canvas and 9,000 in various cities. The first camps will be held about the middle of June.

The fifty fifth annual meeting of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society was held in Toronto resently, when encouraging reports were presented showing that during last year 503,350 books and publications of all kinds were issued.

The election of Separate School trustee for St. Andrew's Ward, Toronto, in which the principle of the introduction of the ballot was the chief issue, resulted in the return of Mr. T. W. Anglin, the anti-ballot candidate, by a majority of 95.

At yesterday's meeting of the committee on the Division of the Diocese of Ontario, a proposition was presented from Rev. Dr. Mountain offering to give $5,000 towards an episcopal residence, and to go to England and endeavor to raise $10,000 towards the endowment fund, on certain conditions.

Senator Abbott yesterday petitioned Parliament for, and was granted, authority to introduce a bill to incorporate a college at Montreal for the higher education of women, with branches in the North-West or British Columbia, which Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen propose to endow.

A special cablegram to *The Mail* gives a synopsis of the half yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway Company held recently in London. Sir Henry Tyler, referring to the newly constituted company, said that while it was not in every respect what he could have wished, there was no occasion for despondency in the future. While local causes, such as bad harvests, bank failures, the unfair rivalry of American companies, and the adverse working of the Inter-State law had operated unfavourably, he saw signs of improvements ahead. He thought that the Canadian Government, which had been so liberal to the Canadian Pacific, should extend some of their smiles to the Grand Trunk. The dividends, as previously announced, were adopted.

UNITED STATES.

Sam Small is anxious to become Governor of Georgia.

N. P. B. Wells, treasurer of the Seneca Falls Savings Bank, was arrested for embezzlement.

Experiments in connection with antidotes for snake bites are in progress at the Smithsonian Institution, New York.

A Kansas woman worth a million dollars has married an hotel waiter. This is a good opportunity to ring in that axiom, "Everything comes to him who waits."

Norfolk, Va., claims the distinction of being the world's greatest peanut market. It disposes every year of 2,000,000 bushels of peanuts, most of which are grown in Virginia.

The loss to the manufacturing interests of the city of Winona, Minn., by the floods is estimated at $1,000,000. The lumbering interest alone loses $250,000. The river is four miles wide at Winona.

A farmer near Flint, Mich., is mourning the death of two geese that he had kept for 50 years. They quit raising goslings 25 years ago and after that he kept them to help take care of the broods of other geese.

Judge Hare, of Philadelphia, recently gave this advice to a wife-beater who was discharged upon the appeal of the abused woman:—"When you find yourself getting angry again fill your mouth with water and keep it shut till you cool off."

Mr. Phelps, the United States Minister to England, wears a suit of West of England tweed, with hat and overgaiters of the same material. He is followed by a footman in livery, who, the Pittsburg *Chronicle* alleges, carefully picks up the h's that his august master drops.

Mr. Gilbert Fraser, British Vice-Consul at New York, is accused of sharp practice against discharged sailors by compelling them to pay for a passage to Liverpool to receive payment of sums due them. The matter is to be laid before the British Government.

Most of the pupils of a young ladies boarding school at Buffalo wear birds in their hats, and the other day some one placed a crumb of bread in each of their bills. They were a funny-looking lot of hats and most of the owners wore them out in the street before the trick was discovered.

When Thomas Jefferson was chosen President of the United States Elder John Leland, a Baptist clergyman of Cheshire, Mass., proposed that his flock should celebrate the victory by making for the new chief magistrate the biggest cheese the world had ever seen. Every man and woman who owned a cow was to give for this cheese all the milk yielded on a certain day only—no federal cow must contribute a drop. A huge cider press was fitted up to make it in, and on the appointed day the whole country turned out with pails and tubs of curd, the girls and women in their best gowns and ribbons, and the men in their Sunday coats and clean shirt collars. The cheese was put to press with prayer and hymn singing and great solemnity. When it was well dried it weighed 1,600 pounds. It was placed on a sleigh and Elder John Leland drove with it all the way to Washington. It was a journey of three weeks. All the country had heard of the big cheese and came out to look at it as the elder drove along.

FOREIGN.

Four hundred ejectment decrees have been issued by the Galway Quarter Sessions.

Dr. Junker, the German explorer, firmly believes that Stanley is now with Emin Bey.

Nine thousand emigrants left the Mersey last week, half of whom were bound for Canada.

Mr. D. J. Condon, M. P. for East Tipperary, has been arrested for offences under the Crimes Act.

General Boulanger thinks the French Constitution should be remodelled on the American plan.

A bill is to be introduced in the British Commons on Wednesday to give county government to Ireland.

The chief clerk of the Greek treasury has been arrested for embezzling five million francs of the public funds.

Forty thousand foreign Jews residing in the Russian province of Kherson have been ordered to cross the frontier.

The late Emperor William left a fortune of 24 million marks, one half of which he bequeathed to the Crown Treasury.

The Russian war flotilla at Azof will be reinforced by twelve torpedo boats which have been ordered in France.

The freedom of the city of London was presented to Lord Hartington on Wednesday and a banquet was given at the Mansion house.

It is said the Pope has instructed Archbishop Walsh to compile a report on the National League for comparison with Mgr. Persico's report.

Empress Victoria has requested the Minister of Justice to interfere to prevent the press assailing the physicians in attendance on the Emperor.

Mr. John Morley, in a speech at Blackburn, appealed to the nation to assist the Liberals in their efforts to compel the Government to grant Home Rule to Ireland.

The sentence of Rev. Father McFadden, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for holding anti-landlord and anti-police meetings, on his appeal to the Dublin courts, was increased to six months.

In replying to an address presented to him by the Nationalist students of Dublin, Mr. O'Brien said it was curious that an address that had been prepared to celebrate his release from prison marked his return to prison.

The Czar of Russia is said to do much more work than any of his Ministers, and can be found at his desk at almost any hour of the day. He rises before any of his household, attends mass every morning and is scrupulously exact in the performance of all his religious duties.

Mr. Chamberlain, in a speech before the Birmingham Radical Union, said he found very few persons in America who approved of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and he believed if the American democracy had to deal with the subject they would make short work of the monstrous pretensions of the National League.

The Emperor William was not without humour and loved a quiet joke. It is told that once at a hunt the huntsmen laid 28 head of game before him, which they said he had killed. He smiled and quoted:—"There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." Adding:—"For is it not a miracle that I should have killed 28 head while I had only 25 cartridges?"

The ancient Prussian custom of holding a "Black Drawing-room" after the monarch's death was honoured in the breach in the case of the late emperor, Formerly in Prussia, so soon as the king was dead, all the Ministers of the Crown, Foreign Ministers, and the Court generally, repaired in full dress to the palace. The first rooms they entered were brilliantly lit up, but gradually as they went through the different appartments leading to the throne room, the lighting became dimmer, and dimmer, till this last being reached it was found in semi-darkness. Around the throne were grouped series of waxwork figures, deeply veiled with black, representing the chief members of the new Court, and before these all the high dignitaries solemnly passed, bowing themselves out backwards. The wisdom of dropping such grotesque mummery is scarcely open to question.

A Famous Trotter No More.

Dexter, the famous trotter, died on the morning of Saturday, at the stable of his owner, Mr. Robert Bonner, in New York city. He was just 30 years old, having been foaled in April, 1858. He died of old age and exhaustion. The body will be taken up to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown, where it will be buried. Dexter was the greatest trotter of his day. He was the first horse to trot a mile in 2.17¼. Mr. Bonner paid $35,000 for him in 1867.

He was a brown gelding, foaled 1858, by Hambletonian, dam Clara, by Seelye's American Star. His record of 2.17¼ was made against time at Buffalo, August 14, 1867, and September 7, of the same year, at Chicago, he made his last appearance on the track. Dexter was one of the greatest trotters that ever stood on iron and his work was done before the day of finely graded tracks and weight balanced feet. He began to trot about 1864 under Hiram Woodruff's hands. He was contemporary with General Butler, Shark, Stonewall Jackson, George Wilkes, Lady Shannon, Com. Vanderbilt, George M. Patchen, jr., Silas Rich, Lady Thorne and Goldsmith Maid in her early days. He trotted at Cleveland but once on the old Kinsman street track August 25, 1866, for a $2,000 purse and beat Geo. M. Patchen jr., and General Butler in straight heats 2.32¼, 2.32¼, 2.32¼. At that time Dexter was owned by John Fawcett, of Baltimore. After he trotted his heat in 2.17¼ Mr. Bonner bought him. The horse was delivered September 10, 1867, and his last public appearance was three days before that date. Since September 10, 1867, to within a few days ago, Dexter was Mr. Bonner's favorite driver. In his younger days Woodruff drove Dexter and he was owned by G. Fetter, who sold him to Trussell & Fawcett. Trussell was a Chicago gambler and was killed by his mistress in 1867. While owned by the former, Dexter was driven by Budd Doble, who sat behind him when he made the 2.17¼ at Buffalo.

Immorality at Moncton, N. B.

MONCTON, N. B., May 9.—Investigation into the character of the people living in the neighborhood of this town has revealed a surprising state of morality. It is found that a man named Crossman and his wife went before a magistrate and signed a document agreeing to live apart and make no claim on each other. Both parties went through a form of marriage with other persons, and the two men and women were living in the same house. When they discovered that the matter was to be investigated they skipped out. Another man, whose wife and family are in Nova Scotia, was found living with his niece and raising a family. A thorough enquiry is threatened.

"Ah, no, I never work," he said;
With pride he gazed aloft,
"Indeed, I always sleep in gloves,
It keeps my hands so soft."

"I see," the cruel maid replied,
"How you accomplished that;
And, pretty sir, when sleeping,
Do you also wear your hat?"

Patron (to restraurant waiter)—"Got any Brie cheese?" Waiter (astonished)—"Only the pair I've got on, sir."

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The News from Berlin—Heroism of the Emperor—Queen Victoria's Return from the Continent—Albert Edward to Visit us Next Year.

LONDON, May 3.—Europe is still waiting for news from Berlin which shall put beyond doubt whether the Emperor's case is desperate, and the probable duration of his struggle with death, which weeks ago seemed nearly at an end. Russia is strangely quiet, and, in common with the other great powers, furnishes not one warlike rumor.

From several sources within the palace I hear of the wonderful and stoical heroism of Frederick in his hours of trial. He expresses keen delight in pantomime at the boquets that are constantly sent to him, most of them composed of violets, the Emperor's favorite flower. He has a grateful glance for the smallest attention, and smiles continually at the amiable jokes and badinage of his three daughters. Princess Sophie was mimicking an old family servant, who is rather a butt in the royal family, the other day, and her father was laughing heartily at her when he began suddenly to cough with great violence. The Princess, who is a very tender-hearted girl, immediately fell on her knees by his bedside and burst into a torrent of tears as she realized all at once how near the end is. It was very affecting.

The Queen returned from her travels on the Continent last night and settled herself once more at Windsor. She is described as looking aged and worn by sympathetic writers who feel it is right she should be so after her affecting interviews with her son-in-law, who is dying in Berlin, but the description is incorrect. Her Majesty is looking very well, in fact quite chipper for one so staid as she is, and has evidently benefitted very much by the fun and exercise she has had abroad. She comes back with a title ill suited to her physique, that of Honorary Colonel of one of the Emperor's regiments. As Her Majesty's favorite steed is a gray donkey, which accompanies her everywhere, the Prussian soldiers can scarcely boast of a dashing Colonel.

There is a rumor about here which must be broken very gently to society folk in America, as it is certain to produce on them the greatest possible effect. The Prince of Wales is reported to actually contemplate a visit to Canada and the States next year in company with the Duke of Sutherland.

The revolt in Roumania seems to be over, and Hitrovo, having failed once more, is in danger of being recalled to St. Petersburg. Prince Ferdinand is touring in Northern Bulgaria, making pretty speeches in ludicrous Bulgarian. The fact that the Czar has not yet made the dreaded move has inspired the young man with such confidence that he is trying to raise a loan of a few [illegible] francs in the European money mar[illegible] is prepared to grant almost any [illegible] financiers are still shy.

Drowned.

All day long the hurrying crowds had jostled him as he wandered aimlessly along the streets—a restless, inward devil urging him blindly on somewhere. More than once hurrying pedestrians had stopped to gaze after him wonderingly; more than once his white, drawn face, had checked a baggar's cry for a pittance.

But night had fallen, and with it a chill mist from the river. He paused, weak and spent, in a sheltered doorway, and gazed vacantly about him.

Across the street was a great building ablaze with light, and a crowd surged at the entrance. Costly equipages drew up before it, and drivers shouted themselves hoarse. It was a theater. He wondered what play was on the boards—wondered how his own life reviewed upon its stage would affect the box and the pit. He had played it to the world, desperately—and lost.

He moved on wearily. Two policemen talking in low tones at a corner, stopped and eyed him suspiciously. A wretched hunchback paused at a lighted corner to stretch out a hand for alms, but at sight of his ghastly face shrank back with a stifled cry. A tipsy reveler reeled past, chanting a maudlin song—how it jarred upon his numbed senses! On and on.

The lighted streets were at last behind and he was among the gloomy warehouses by the river.

The river! What a fascination it had for him. His boyhood was passed by such a river, only he remembred it as always bright and sparkling—a goodly stream glittering in summer sunlight, or studded with mimic constellations, among which the great moon lay shimmering.

He stood on the wet wharf and gazed into the sullen tide. Somewhere, perhaps, it rippled past green fields and laughed to the nodding fern, but here, polluted by the great city, it swept on, muttering hoarsely of the sea.

A noise around him. It was only a rat scurrying away to his den, but he started guiltily. He took a letter from his pocket and tore it in pieces. His empty purse he flung far out into the stream listening intently for its faint splash.

How his temples throbbed! He bared his head to the mist and stood thinking? thinking. Was it yesterday he read it Yes—no—he couldn't tell, but it seemed burnt into his brain.

A floater caught—the body of an unknown man was found in the river yesterday by two fishermen, and brought to this city. It had evidently been in the water some days. An inquest was held, resulting in a verdict of supposed suicide, after which the body was buried in the potter's field. There was no clue to its identity.

What a black night! The dark waters at his feet swashed the shore mockingly; the mists clung to clothing, and the wind rose, wailing. Listening, listening, he crept forward——

. . . .

The rat ran boldly out and scampered noisily to and fro, the current whispered a dread secret, and a watchman a block away yawned sleepily.

. . . .

Found drowned! Found with his ghastly face upturned, drifting down with the tide the bright ripples tossing his dark hair, and a wild horror in his staring eyes. They drew him from the water wonderingly, though the sweeping current moaned remorsefully and babbled of its secret as it hurried on its way to the sea.

But to somebody, far away, he is only missing—and somebody watches and waits.

Mrs. Kass—"You seemed greatly changed and improved since you returned from Europe, Mr. Thomson." Mr. Thomson—"Oh, vastly, I assure you. Why, I'm a different man altogether." Mrs. Kass—"Indeed! How pleasant that must be for Mrs. Thomson."

ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

How the Captain's Wife took Command and Repulsed the Scoundrels.

In the autumn of 1858, having been paid off at Cape Town from an English brig which had been condemned, I shipped aboard the bark "Rescue," Capt. Moore, bound to several ports in Madagascar and return. We had a small but excellent crew, every man but the cook being white, and all being English, American, or Swede. The day before we sailed the Captain's wife came aboard, and I saw at once that she was a sailor. She was about 35 years old, weighed not an ounce over a hundred pounds, and her movements were those of a girl. She was just such a little woman as you might expect to hear scream out at sight of a mouse and to see faint away if she saw a rat. As a rule, sailors are opposed to women folk at sea. They are all right as passengers, but when a Captain has his wife along there is more or less growling in the fo'castle. It is taken for granted that the "old man" will be less on deck and leave more to the mates, and instead of "cracking on" and carrying all sail to make a short voyage, he will go slow and look out for squalls. We growled about the woman coming aboard, but, at the same time, every old tar vowed her an angel and hoped good luck for her.

We crept along the coast as far as Port Elizabeth, and then took a departure for the big island at the northeast, a matter of 700 miles before we should sight its southern end. We had light, steady winds and fair weather, making easy work for the crew, but on the third day out the captain was taken down with fever. We hadn't seen much of his wife up to that time, but now she was everywhere in an hour. Although we had a first mate who was thoroughly competent,

THE LITTLE WOMAN

took full charge of the ship. And we soon discovered that she was entirely competent to do so. She could stand by the log, prick off the day's run, figure drift and dead reckoning, and order sail set or reduced as smartly as any man I ever saw, and the mates had sense enough not to sulk over it. Her husband owned a three-quarter interest in the bark and her venture, and it was only natural that the wife should know it. She was doctor, nurse, captain and counsellor all in one, and things could not have gone better had the old man been on deck.

All went well until we were within sixty or seventy miles of the south end of Madagascar, when the breeze died away in the forenoon until we scarcely had steerageway, and almost at the same time we sighted a felucca on our starboard bow about ten miles away. In those days there were plenty of native sea rovers hidden away in the bays and rivers at the lower end of Madagascar, and they had no hesitation in plundering, scuttling, and throat-cutting. We had no sooner made out the strange craft than the little woman called us all aft and said:

"Men, you know that the Captain is very ill. Yonder native craft is a pirate, and is coming down to attack us. If we surrend[illegible] ed the crew in chorus, and, after thanking us, the woman gave orders to prepare for the attack.

The sky was cloudless and the breeze still dying away, and it was certain that no change in the weather could be looked for. We had two cannon nine-pounders, one on either broadside, and these were uncovered and

LOADED WITH SOLID SHOT.

Luckily, among the cargo was a consignment of muskets and we broke out two boxes of fifty each. They were cheap affairs, calculated for traffic, but all were sure fire for a few rounds. I was one of the gang told off to load them, and I know we loaded the even hundred. This would give us a matter of seven shots apiece without reloading. One-half the muskets were carried aft to the quarters, and the others distributed along the bow and waist. Four cutlasses were hunted up and served out, and then there was time for one more precaution. The felucca was coming down slowly, urged by her sweeps, and a man aloft with a glass reported that she was full of men and had two six-pounders on her decks. The head of the bark pointed pretty steadily to the northwest, for there was neither wind nor sea. The felucca was coming down from the northeast, and we could therefore figure that she would board us on the starboard bow.

Orders were given to search for and bring on deck bottles of every kind and shape. I think we routed out fifty or more in the fo' castle while the cabin furnished a hundred. These were broken in pieces on the forward deck, and a fine mess they made of it. We could walk over the stuff with our leather soles, but woe to the bare feet which

LEAPED OFF THE RAIL.

The felucca people did not suspect our cannon until they got a shot from the starboard gun which made the splinters fly. Then they changed their course and pulled for our bows, and we could not train a gun to bear upon them. I helped reload our gun with a solid shot, and we had scarcely finished when the felucca was upon us. She grappled us just where we had figured, and, under the little woman's orders, we made no effort to prevent. She had foreseen that if driven back the felucca could take position on our bow or stern and pound us to pieces with her six-pounders, while we might not be able to return a shot.

We were drawn up in line across the deck abaft the foremast, with the spare muskets lying behind us. The Captain's wife was at my left, armed with his revolver. Mind you, there wasn't a shout or shot as the fellows boarded us. They pulled down to us in a grim, determined way, never a man opening his lips, and as the grapnels caught they came swarming over the bows like a stream of giant ants, each man armed with creese alone. There wasn't a yell until they struck the deck, and then there were a hundred in chorus. Every man was barefooted, and every one was horribly cut. We opened fire at the same moment, and

DOWN WENT THE FIRST GANG.

The second was wiped out almost as quickly, and then we rushed forward and each man went in on his own hook. It was a picnic for us. A few musket shots were fired at us from away aft, but the bullets flew among the rigging. We rested our guns on the rail and fired right down among them, and in ten minutes from the beginning of the fight all the pirates alive had sought shelter below. We had fourteen dead on our decks, and there were twice that number in sight on the felucca, while not one of us had a scratch.

Leaving three men to fire away at any head appearing above the hatches, we cast off the grapplings and pulled the felucca along our starboard side until the cannon would bear. Then we fired a shot through her deck and bottom, reloaded, and gave her another, and then cast her adrift. She rubbed around our stern, drifted off about a hundred feet, and in a quarter of an hour went to the bottom. Perhaps a dozen living men came to the surface and swam to the bark, but not one of them was allowed to board. You may think it a bloodthirsty act, sir, but we wiped them out to the last man without any twinges of conscience, and I've always been glad of it. Had they captured us, our throats would have been cut in no time. We lay all that day without moving half a mile, but sunset brought a breeze, and we finished our voyage without farther adventure. The excitement of the fight made the Captain much worse, but he recovered in a few weeks, and was able to take command again.

Overpopulation.

What will become of the weaker as the struggle for existence becomes more severe? is a question much discussed just now in the papers and magazines. It cannot be said that very much light has yet been thrown upon the problem. The stern natural law which unpitingly decrees that the unfittest must perish in order to make room for those better fitted is being year by year more successfully counteracted by the great moral law which in its lower applications enjoins the strong to respect the rights of the weak, and, in its higher, commands each to love his neighbor as himself. It is true that the operations of this moral law are not yet very marked, and, perhaps, are not likely soon to become so, in modifying the fierceness of the competition for places of employment and profit. Still the combined agencies of sanitary science and Christian philanthropy are helping on the rapid increase of the race by the removal of the sources of disease, on the one hand, and the more merciful and skilful treatment of the diseased and helpless on the other. Wonderful as are the achievements of applied science and human inventiveness it is doubtful whether it can long be in the power of these or any other agencies to increase the means of subsistence in equal ratio with the multiplication of the race. If not, the world must be tending towards absolute overpopulation. In other words, a time must inevitably come when there will be large numbers for whom no profitable work can be found, and who will, therefore, be foredoomed either to be supported by the labors of others or to starve. This, however, may be regarded as, for some time to come, a speculative rather than an actual danger, since the state of things described cannot exist, save in special, over-crowded communities, so long as there are in other parts of the world large and fertile areas unoccupied. Thus the problem, for some generations to come, resolves itself into one of redistribution of populations by emigration from the congested to the sparsely settled localities, a process which is being carried on on a constantly increasing scale from year to year.

There is, however, one form of the difficulty which cannot be as easily met. Emigration is easy enough for unencumbered young men, or even, in most cases, for families. But what about the multiplying thousands of single women who cannot go abroad alone to fight the battle on a foreign soil? Take the case of Great Britain, for instance. Statistics show that there are at the present time 800,000 more women than [illegible] That means, [illegible] that [illegible] have [illegible] to. [illegible]ited [illegible] have parents or friends in a position to provide permanently for their support. Under the influence of the better notions which modern opinion, or perhaps modern necessity, is causing to spread, large numbers of these women are becoming educated and fitted to support themselves, provided suitable occupations can be found. But there's the rub! The scope of woman's opportunities for self-support has also been enlarged of late years, until the professions and pursuits which remain exclusively male preserves are very few indeed. But the trouble is that the number of workers increases more rapidly than the opportunities for work. There are now, the *Spectator* tells us, three applicants for every situation where there was a little ago only one, and the great London shopkeepers could fill their establishments with the daughters of clergymen, country solicitors, doctors, and superior clerks, and then leave a kind of worldful begging for admittance outside. What is to become of the constantly increasing number of these young women, to whom self-support is a necessity, and who are able and willing to work, but for whom no suitable work is forthcoming? It would seem as if the revolution in regard to woman's work and sphere were as yet only begun.

REMOVING A CANCER.

Terrible Surgical Operation on Joseph Knorr—His Condition Favorable.

Mr. Joseph Knorr, business manager of the Dutsche Zeitung, in Newark, underwent a terrible surgical operation recently. About a year ago he began to feel pain in his throat, and about a month ago experienced also difficulty in speaking and swallowing. About the same time it was discovered that there was a schirrus (hard) cancer at the root of the tongue, involving also its attachment and glands under the tongue.

The pain became so intense that he could not sleep, and after his physican had consulted with other physicans here and in New York it was decided to remove the cancer. Dr. Henry B. Sands was engaged to perform the operation. He would not undertake it unless Mr. Knorr was willing to have all of his tongue cut out, which the patient finally assented to. The unfortunate man was also fully informed as to the dreadful nature of the operation and knew that he might die under it, also that if successful it might not gain him more than a year's respite from the ravages of the cancer. He made careful preparations for the worst, arranging all his business affairs as though he expected to die, which, in fact, was his desire.

The operation was begun at 3 o'clock, and for more than three hours the patient was under the influence of ether. Dr Sands was assisted by another physician from New York and four members of the profession in this city. First two of the patient's teeth were drawn, and then the right cheek was laid open from the corner of the mouth down to the side of the neck. Next the jaw was sawed through, until the entire tongue and all its attachments were exposed. After an examination it was decided that it would be necessary to remove only the right half of the tongue, which was done. Mr. Knorr bore the operation well, and at its close, being forbidden to speak wrote on paper expressing joy that the terrible trial was over and that half of his tongue remained. With this he will be able to speak. His condition is yet critical, but late last night his pulse and temperature were normal and he seemed cheerful.

His strong nerve and excellent general health will greatly aid in his recovery.

The physicians said that during his illness and in his preparations for the operation he showed wonderful fortitude.

Landlady (swell boarding house)—Have you any children, madam? Applicant (meekly)—Only one, a little boy, and he is very sickly. Landlady (dubiously)—I hardly know what to say, madam. Some of these sickly children often linger a long time, you know, and I don't like to take any chances.

VENICE'S VANISHED GLORY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

VENICE, April 2.—There was a time when the princes of this world—emperors, popes, kings, doges—seem to have had things pretty much their own way. It was a time when painting and architecture were at their highest, and the men of genius reared in marble and spread on canvas the glory of the men of power for the delight of future ages, and for their own delight in their own age. The men of power saw themselves always idealized, eulogized, not to say apotheosized. Acres of canvas display the gold embroidery, the jewels and velvets, the pomp and grandeur, the meetings and marchings of august potentate. Heaven and hell are depicted, to continue the triumphs of earth; and whether in earth or heaven it is to be observed that the Doges are always "in glory." Kneeling even by the crucified, with every possible splendor of robe, with outspread hands of prayers and uplifted eyes of aspiration, the Doge demands his share in the reverence of the beholder; and when it is the last great day, prominent on the safe side among the saints and angels St. Mark may be seen doing himself the honor of placing a golden crown upon a Doge, whose fine clothes far outshine the magnificence of the skies.

His palace is still a wonder of the world. Only the mountains are more massive, only the rainbow is more brilliant, only the tracery of the frost is more delicate than these, piles of stone and marble which weigh down the old worlds yet touch all lightness and grace and beauty in tint and outline. Still stands the Doge's gondola of gold and velvet—a dazzling dream of splendor as it glided along the sunset water under the sunset sky! Oh! it was a gay and gracious time! And below, deep in that glitter of gold sat the gondoliers—banks of slaves, side by side, for whom no sunset glowed; prisoners who could not even look out upon sky or water, who could only row and bend and toil forever, hopelessly.

Close by the Great Palace, by the stone stairs, and the stone lions and all the gorgeous garniture of art and nature, courts and columns and fountains and flowers, just across the narrow waterway the stone prison lurks dark and silent. From the splendor of the Doge's presence a narrow stone passage led as if through and into the solid rock, down into dreadful caverns beneath the water, and whoever defied the will or thwarted the schemes of the sovereign power went down into these depths of darkness and despair and was seen no more. Looking upon these massive, impenetrable walls, these tortuous, terrible passages, these sunless and hopeless cells, one must see that power was absolute. Resistance was useless.

THE GLORY THAT IS NO MORE.

And yet—incredible, inexplicable but indisputable—it is the doges who have disappeared; it is human mind chained to the gondola benches, buried beneath solid walls under water, crushed and torn in torture chambers, which conquered, which prevailed, which is free to-day. The doges and their pride and their hatreds are gone, and in their very haunts, their strongest fastnesses the thoughts which they steadfastly and successfully held in thrall mocks at their conceit and egotism, laughs to scorn their haughty assumption and does not so much assert as unconsciously exercise the liberty they loathed.

The Lion's Mouth, where once a lion's head in marble frowned through the outer wall of the Doge's Palace, and any spy or informer who chose to destroy an enemy could mount the stone steps of the Giant's Staircase, pass between the marble gods, and drop a silent letter into the marble mouth, through whose marble throat it dropped into silent hands within the palace—mouth and marble and fateful hands all are gone save one ignoble slit in the wall for the impudent modern world to stare at.

The absolutism which reared these superb abodes through the mysterious twilight of history is supplanted by the merry and frugal irreverence of the nineteenth century, and a successful English commission merchant fares sumptuously at five francs a day in the apartments of princes, calling it the Hotel de Something or other; where my lady leaned over her balcony the better to hear her lover's lute in serenade on the moonlit water, a turniture dealer arrays his wares to tempt the unbeguiled traveler, and royalty can never have a homelier box on the ear than in sailing proudly down the Grand Canal to see that the Queen of Cyprus was born in a pawnbroker's shop.

For the golden gondola, it is but a model, a toy, kept under glass, as dead as the Doge who sailed it, and a modern steamboat lords it up and down, whose gonfaloniers are any prince or peasant, beggar, or banker, that can steal or earn a copper coin or two worth one Canadian cent.

Sad Case of Attempted Suicide.

MONTREAL, May 9.—Annie Phipps, a prepossessing girl 19 years of age, was sent down to gaol for three months by the Police Magistrate the other day. The reason for this was that the unfortunate girl attempted to commit suicide. Annie Phipps, about three years ago emigrated from Marlborough, England, where her parents reside, and on her arrival in this city was engaged as servant by a Mrs. Vineberg. About four or five months ago she met a young may here from Maine, and the two became very intimate. They finally agreed to get married, and all the preparations were made for the ceremony, but the individual skipped out. This broke Annie's heart, and she believed that life to her now was valueless and she determined to die. On Friday last she took a quantity of "Rough on Rats," but it did not have the desired effect, and she continued to take small doses from day to day. The lady of the house did not know that the girl was taking poison, and only believed it when the girl told her. Mrs. Vineberg finally handed her over to the police.

A Glimpse of Victoria.

The stranger who first visits Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is struck by the great number of Indians who live in the city. They wear clothing of the European style. The men work on the wharves and steamers, sell fish and skins, or are occupied in different trades, particularly as carpenters. The women wash and work for the whites, or stroll idly about the streets. The suburbs of Victoria are almost exclusively inhabited by Indians. There they live in miserable, filthy shanties and sheds, or even in thin canvas tents. The city has about thirteen thousand inhabitants, and of these about two thousand are Indians who stay there over summer. Besides these, about three thousand Chinese, many Sandwich Islanders, a few negroes, and a white population coming from all parts of Europe and America, live in the city. The internationality of the population and its easy-going ways give it a peculiar character.

Patient (jumping from the dentist's chair and crying with anguish)—Oh! oh! oh! ee! I thought you said you pulled teeth without pain? Dentist (smiling pleasantly)—So I do; it don't hurt me any.

Adventure with a Polar Bear.

Either the east coast of Greenland is more frequented by bears than any other part of the Frigid Zone, or else the Germans cultivate the acquaintance of these animals more successfully than other explorers. Captain Koldewey's account of the expedition of 1869-70 contains more bear stories than all other books of Arctic travel together. The following may be taken as a specimen of these interesting incidents in winter life. It happened one morning in January to Theodor Klentzer, who, during the time the men were busied without, or were obliged to take their daily walk, thought he would climb the Germaniaberg to view the increasing midday light.

Reaching the top, he seated himself on a rock, and sang a song in the still air. As he looked behind him, however, he saw not many steps off a huge bear, which, with great gravity, was watching the stranger.

Now to our Theodor, who was as quiet and decided a man as he was powerful, this would, under other circumstances, have been nothing, for the bear stood wonderfully well for a shot, and could not easily have been missed; but Klentzer was totally unarmed, not having even a knife!

Incredible, is it not? But, as Lieutenant Payer writes, "The bears always come when one has forgotten all about them."

Thus Klentzer saw himself unarmed and alone, far from his companions, and close to the bear. Flight is the only, though a doubtful chance, of safety and the audacious thought struck him of plunging down the steep side of the glacier; but he chose the softer side-slope, and began to hurry down the mountain.

Upon looking back, after a time, he perceived the great bear trotting behind him at a little distance, like a big dog. Thus they descended the mountain for some time. If Klentzer halted so did the bear; when he went on, the bear followed slowly; if he began to run, the bear did the same.

Thus the two had gone some distance, and Klentzer thought seriously of saving himself, as the bear, finding the chase somewhat wearisome, might press close upon his heels. He therefore uttered a loud shout; but the bear, disconcerted for only a moment, seemed to get more angry and approached more quickly, so that he seemed to feel the hot breath of the monster.

At this dreadful moment—and it was most likely his preservation—he remembered the stories he had heard, and, while running, pulled off his jacket and threw it behind him.

See, the trick answers!

The bear stops, and begins to examine the jacket, Klentzer gains courage, rushes on down the mountain, sending out a shout for help which resounds through the silent region. But soon the bear is again at his heels, and he must throw away cap and waistcoat, by which he gains a little.

Now Klentzer sees help approaching—several friends hurrying over the ice. Collecting his last strength, he shouts and runs on; but help seems in vain, for the pursuer hurries too, and he is obliged to take the last thing he has, his shawl, which he throws exactly over the monster's snout. The bear, more excited still by renewed shouting, throws the garment back again contemptuously with a toss of the head and presses forward upon the defenceless man, who feels the cold, black snout touch his hand.

Klentzer now gave himself up for lost; he could do no more; but the wonderful thought struck him of fastening up the brute's throat with the leather belt which he wore round his body.

Fixedly he stared into the merciless eyes of the beast—one short moment of doubt; the bear was startled, his attention seemed drawn aside, and the next moment he was off at a gallop. The shouts of the many persons hurrying to the rescue had evidently frightened him, and caused him to abandon the pursuit. Klentzer was saved.

A Bloody Battle With Outlaws.

WICHITA, Kan., April 30.—Ever since last fall farmers in the counties of Texas and Kansas adjoining Indian Territory have been sorely annoyed by horse thieves, who have been unusually bold in their periodical raids. Visits from the marauders at last became so frequent that the farmers formed a vigilence committee for the purpose of exterminating the thieves. Some time ago the vigilantes, armed with Winchester six shooters and lariats, started on the trail the marauders, but it was not until they had been two weeks in the saddle that they found any tangible trace of the robbers' camp. While the vigilantes were travelling through the western part of the Territory ten days ago they suddenly ran across the thieves in a deep ravine. The outlaws were in their blankets, but not asleep. When the vigilantes rode up the crest of the ravine the thieves, who were in command of Bill Higgins, alias "Scar-Face," sprang on to their horses, but in mounting one of their number was shot dead. The others put spurs to their animals and were soon throwing dust and bullets into the eyes of their pursuers. The horses ridden by the vigilantes were fatigued and were in no condition to give the outlaws' horses any kind of a race. But the chase was begun and the trail of the thieves followed. After a furious ride, lasting all day, the vigilantes succeeded in driving the gang upon a butte near a small creek, where preparations were made for a desperate resistance. As the vigilantes approached they were met by a volley which brought down one of their number, Peter Ackerman, of Medicine Lodge, Kan. The thieves were surrounded as well as possible, and the fight continued. One by one the rifles of the outlaws were silenced, until but few flashes answered the vigilantes' rifles. About dusk a white rag was hoisted on the summit of the butte. The vigilantes greeted it with another volley and charged up the hill. Three of the outlaws escaped, but "Scar Face," Hank Windom and "Curly Bill" were captured. "Curly Bill" and Windom were riddled with bullets, but "Scar Face," although nearly dead from the loss of blood, was dragged to death suspended by a lariat from the pommel of a saddle. Four other members of the gang were found dead behind their stone barriers.

THOSE TERRIBLE WIRES.

Successive Deaths in Halifax From the Electric Current.

HALIFAX, May 9.—On Sunday night roundsman Albert Webber was struck by the electric current and killed while attending the lamp at the corner of Agricola and May streets. To-night Webber's successor, John Croker, was killed under similar circumstances while fixing the same lamp. The circumstances are peculiarly painful and the double fatality has produced a sensation. Croker stood looking at the lamp several minutes before ascending the fatal post, as if in doubt whether to do so or not. Finally he went up, threw his leg over the crossbar, came in contact with the current and fell against the lamp dead. His body hung on the wires nearly half an hour before it could be taken down.

Consoling friend (to henpecked husband—Why don't you give your wife a piece of your mind? Henpecked husband (dazed)—Peace of my mind? Great Scott, man, she never lets me have any.

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