

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

CANADIAN.

Large quantities of frogs are now being shipped from Kingston for the New York markets.

The indebtedness of Louis Meyer, the absconding Montreal clothier, is placed at \$100,000.

A rich discovery of native silver has been made in Oliver township, ten miles from Port Arthur.

Dr. Fulton, of Brooklyn, has accepted a call from the recently organized Grace Baptist church in Montreal.

The Chinese poll tax at Vancouver yielded \$7,421 in May, as compared with \$5,075 for the corresponding month last year.

Charles Hartfield, who lived about one mile from Lambeth, died on Monday from lockjaw, caused by a runaway accident.

All the steamers arriving in Montreal speak of encountering an unusual number of icebergs and great fields of loose ice, making navigation very perilous.

The Gatineau Valley railway is being pushed with great energy. It is understood that when it is finished it will pass into the hands of the Canadian Pacific.

The latest rumour in Montreal political circles is that ex-Premier Joly will be taken into the Mercier Cabinet as the representative of the Protestant element.

The contractors for the Grand Trunk double track find it so hard to secure labourers that they have an agent at Quebec who is engaging immigrants as they arrive.

Mr. Carpmel, of the Toronto Observatory, will shortly visit Manitoba and the North-west to make arrangements for the extension in those directions of the signalling system.

It is understood that Premier Mercier will proceed shortly to France to consolidate the provincial debt and to obtain the services of M. Eiffel to superintend the construction of the Quebec bridge.

Mr. James Baxter, the Montreal broker, had issued writs for damages of \$100,000 against the Central Bank and Liquidators Howland and Lye for alleged injury to his credit, honor and business.

Mr. Charles Langelier has been sworn in as president of the Council for Quebec in place of Mr. Mercier, who assumes the duties of Minister of Agriculture in place of Col. Rhodes, who retires from politics.

Flour was again reduced in price at Winnipeg last week. An additional 15 cents was taken off, making a total reduction of 30 cents. Bran and shorts took a still greater tumble, \$2 a ton being taken off each.

Mr. Sylvester Neelon had an interview the other day with Sir John Macdonald. He said the project of carrying the Niagara Canal railway into Toronto is bound to be accomplished. He expects Toronto to contribute half a million.

The handsome building on Hamilton Beach, known as "Elsinore," was formally opened on Tuesday by Senator W. E. Sanford and Mrs. Sanford, and presented by them to the Infants' Home of Hamilton, to be used in the furtherance of the benevolent objects of that institution.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Parnell was 44 years old on Saturday. The Earl of Carnarvon is dead. He was 59 years of age.

Sir James Fergusson denies that the Government is disposed to cede the island of Dominica in exchange for the renunciation by France of all rights in the Newfoundland fisheries.

The London Times says the attempts of Lord Randolph Churchill's friends to secure his return to the Cabinet, with a view to strengthening the Government, have not met with success.

Henry M. Stanley, attended the Commemoration day exercises at Oxford University, and was given a rousing reception by the students. The degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred on the explorer.

The London Daily News declares the control of the Newfoundland difficulty is rapidly slipping out of English hands, and that the Government ought to lose no time in revising the treaties at whatever cost short of the national honour.

UNITED STATES.

Chicago's present population is estimated at 1,085,000.

After eliminating the monopoly features the Louisiana House has passed the lottery bill by a vote of 66 to 25.

The population of San Francisco is 300,000. The Chinese population is 24,000, an increase of 2,000 since 1880.

A Washington despatch says the population of the United States is about 64,500,000, against 50,155,783 in 1880.

Two farmers in Birmingham, Ala., settled an eight months' old dispute on Friday by fighting a duel with hatchets. One of the men was killed.

On Wednesday the heat in Chicago was intense, and five deaths from sunstroke are reported. The mercury registered from 98 to 102 degrees in various parts of the State.

Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has been unanimously elected president of the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, and J. S. Dickinson, of Texas, is chosen as secretary.

Alarming reports have reached New Orleans regarding a general arming of negroes in one section of Louisiana for the purpose of waging a race conflict. Some shooting has taken place.

There is a probability that the population of Connecticut may be shown to be not large enough to retain the State's present representation of four in Congress. The farming villages, as shown by the returns in the first district, have decreased in population during the last ten years.

IN GENERAL.

The cultivation of tobacco in Egypt is prohibited and the import duty is to be increased.

Louise Michel intends to leave France and says she will found a nihilist colony in America.

Hundreds of bales of Afghan cotton have arrived at Torkstan from Kelif. This is the first direct sale made by Afghans to the Russians.

Over sixty persons were poisoned on Monday night and Tuesday by ice cream at a restaurant in New York, and the clerk is suspected.

The wife and four children of Mr. James O'Connor, of the editorial staff of *United Ireland*, have been fatally poisoned by eating pickled mussels.

The Russian newspapers are angry over the cession of Heligoland to Germany. They fear the possession of the island by Germany will hamper Russian naval operations.

Investigation shows that the cholera epidemic in Puebla de Rugat had its origin in the opening up of an old cemetery in which the victims of the epidemic of 1885 were buried.

A letter has been received at Zanzibar from Dr. Peters, the German traveller in Africa, describing the treaties concluded with the King of Uganda, "ousting the English from that country."

The sentence of death pronounced upon Major Panitz for conspiring to overthrow the Bulgarian Government was carried out on Saturday in Sofia, where he was shot. He met his death bravely.

It is reported that Prince Bismarck, referring to the Anglo-German agreement, said that England looked well after her own interests, and that sooner or later her merchants would try to oust the Germans from Africa.

The owners of a travelling show, which included in its animals a number of bears, have been arrested at Trentschen, Hungary, on the charge of murdering a tramp and throwing his body to the bears, which devoured him.

L. A. Melburn, a Canadian, was fatally shot at Den or Col., last week by his partner, a man named McCartney. The parties named carried on a carriage and wagon factory and did a large trade. McCartney alleges that Melburn defrauded him in the business. He confronted him on the most public business street (Sixteenth) and fired four bullets into Melburn with fatal result, death ensuing two days later. Deceased leaves a wife, formerly Miss Jennie A. Taylor, of Belleville, Ont.

The Bond Between Earth and Sun.

It would almost seem as if our globe were always trying to escape from the thrall of the sun, who, knowing how fatal to us such an escape would be, incessantly interferes to prevent it. If only the sun were to withhold that attractive power by which the earth is maintained in the course at present followed, dire calamity must result. This globe of ours is now hurrying along at a pace of eighteen miles a second, and if the sun's attraction no longer restrained us we should not continue to revolve in a circle, but would at once start off in a straight line through space. Every minute would take us more than a thousand miles, and by the time a hundred days had elapsed we should be twice as far from the sun as we are at present. His light and his heat should be reduced to one-fourth part of what we now enjoy. With every successive minute the sun's influence would still further abate, and it is almost needless to add that all known forms of life must vanish from the globe. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that we possess every security that the sun's attraction will never decline from what it is at the present moment, and therefore there is no ground for any apprehension that life shall be chased from this globe by a dissolution of the bond of attraction between the earth and sun.

Our Population.

It is expected that the population of the Dominion by the next census will be over 5,000,000. The total in 1881 was 4,324,810. A hundred years before the population of Canada was estimated at 156,012. Ontario's contribution was computed to be 10,000, that of Quebec being 113,012, and that of the Maritime provinces, 33,000. In 1806 the population of Canada had grown to 429,394, less than that of Nova Scotia at the last census, but still a considerable increase from the 65,000 or 70,000 of the conquest. In 1844 the population of Upper Canada was 556,602; that of Lower Canada, 607,084. A few years later and the balance had gone to the other side. In 1851—the first of our regular decennial censuses, according to the decades of the century—Ontario numbered 952,000, and Quebec 890,261. Since then the difference has gone on widening, the figures at the last census being 1,223,228, and 1,359,027, respectively. The first census of Manitoba, that of 1874, gave the population as 3,356; the latest (1880), as 108,640. In 1861 the population of British Columbia was estimated at 6,000; in 1881, it was 49,459.

France and Russia.

The alliance of Russia and France is probably a fact. Since 1877 there has been an understanding between the two countries, and from force of circumstances it has become more friendly each year, until now a formal alliance, offensive and defensive, is announced. Among the first-class powers of Europe neither France nor Russia could secure any ally. The *Dreibund* still holds together Germany, Austria and Italy. England and Germany have joined hands anew in the partition of Equatorial Africa. Spain is not worth considering with an infant King and a strong disposition to revolution at all times. The minor countries of Europe are mostly under the protection and in the power of the *Dreibund*. It certainly ought not to disturb European statesmen to hear that France and Russia are allies by actual treaty. The memory of the Crimea is forgotten of course. Long memories are unfashionable at European courts anyhow, witness the love of Germany, Italy and Austria for each other, that were but a score of years ago a bayonet point.

Aphorisms.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever while you live expense is constant and certain; and it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.—[Franklin.]

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—[Lord Clarendon.]

There is an oblique way of reproach which takes off the sharpness of it; and an address in flattery which makes it agreeable, though never so gross; but of all flatterers, the most skillful is he who can do what you like, without saying anything which argues he is doing it for your sake.—[Pope.]

The wheel of fortune turns incessantly round, and who can say within myself I shall to-day be uppermost.—[Confucius.]

H. M. STANLEY'S NEW BOOK.

Vivid Pictures of Life in the Interior of Africa.

H. M. Stanley's new book, describing his travels in Africa, made its appearance in London on Saturday. In accordance with what has now become an established custom the New York papers of the day following published copious extracts received by cable. The English press is generally eulogistic, but the London *Standard* characterizes as unworthy and ridiculous the portion relating to Major Bartle, and injects considerable acidity to its review of sundry other passages. This forebodes the fact that in a few months' time we are going to have some other books about this famous expedition which will tell the story of the rear column in a very different way. Whatever may be the ultimate result, there is no doubt that Stanley's boom maintains itself at pretty nearly high water mark. The strong religious professions which he has tacked on to the head and tail of his book bore their first fruit on Friday night in a wildly crowded lecture assemblage at Exeter Hall at gilded tickets, and the church organizations everywhere are competing to secure Stanley as a lecturer.

MARVELLOUS FORESTS.

The most impressive passages relate to the Central African forests, which are rivaled only by the Amazon woods. This belt includes a compact area of 321,057 square miles of primeval woods. Mr. Stanley quotes contemptuously Professor Drummond's description of the forests of tropical Africa as "confirming that charming writer's own estimate of himself as 'a minor traveler, possessing but few assets.'" He asserts that the description given by the tourist in Nyassaland bears no more resemblance to tropical Africa than the moors of Devon or the moors of Yorkshire or the downs of Dover represent the smiling scenes of England, or leafy Warwickshire, and the gardens of Kent, and the glorious vales of the vale. The essential features of this wonderful forest area are vividly portrayed in the following passages:—

Now let us look at this great forest, not for scientific analysis of its woods and productions, but to get a real idea of what it is like. It covers such a vast area, it is so varied and yet so uniform in its features, that it would require many books to treat of it properly. Nay, if we regard it too closely, a legion of specialists would be needed. We have no time to examine the buds and the flowers or the fruit, and the many marvels of vegetation, or to regard the fine difference between bark and leaf in the various towering trees around us, or to compare the different exudations in the viscous or vitreous gums, or which drip in milky tears or amber globules, or opaline beads, or to observe the industrious ants which ascend and descend up and down the tree shafts, whose deep wrinkles of bark are as valleys and ridges to the insect armies, or to wait for the famous struggles which will surely ensue between them and yonder army of red ants. Nor at this time do we care to probe into that mighty mass of dead tree, brown and porous as a sponge, for already it is a mere semblance of a prostrate log. Within it is an entomologist. Put your ear to it, and you hear a distinct murmurous hum. It is the stir and movement of insect life in many forms, matchless in size, glorious in color, radiant in livery, rejoicing in their occupations, exulting in their flares but brief life, most insatiate of their kind, ravaging, foraging, fighting, destroying, building, and warning everywhere and exploring everything. Lay but your hand on a tree, measure but your length on the ground, seat yourself on a fallen branch, and you will then understand what venom, fury, voracity and activity breathes around you. Open your notebook, the page attracts a dozen butterflies; a honey bee hovers over your hand, other forms of bees dash for your eyes; a wasp buzzes in your ear, a huge hornet menaces your face, an army of pismires come marching to your feet. Some are already crawling up, and will presently be digging their scissor-like mandibles in your neck. Woe!

And yet it is all beautiful—but there must be no sitting or lying down on this seething earth. It is not like your pine groves and your dainty woods in England. It is a tropic world, and to enjoy it you must keep slowly moving.

Imagine the whole of France and the Iberian peninsula closely packed with trees varying from twenty to 180 feet high, whose crowns of foliage interlace and prevent any view of sky and sun, and each tree from a few inches to four feet in diameter. Then from tree to tree run cables from two inches to fifteen inches in diameter, up and down in loop and festoons and W's and badly-formed coils, until they have run up the entire height, like endless anacondas; let them flower and leaf luxuriantly, and mix up above with the foliage of the trees to hide the sun, then from the highest branches let fall the ends of the cables reaching near to the ground by hundreds with frayed extremities for these represent the air roots of the Epiphytes; let slender cords hang down also in tassels with open threadwork at the ends. Work others through and through these as confusedly as possible, and pendant from branch to branch, with absolute disregard of material, and at every fork and on every horizontal branch plant cabbage-like lichens of the largest kinds, and broad spearleaved plants—these would represent the elephant-cared plant and orchids and clusters of vegetable marvels, and a drapery of delicate ferns which abound. Now cover tree branch, green fur. Where the forest is compact described above, we may not do more than cover the ground closely with a thick carpet of phrynia, and among and dwarf bush; but if the lightning, as frequently happens has severed the crown of a proud tree, and let in the sunlight, or split a giant down to its roots, or scorched it dead, or tornado has been uprooting a few trees, then the race for air and light has caused a multitude of baby trees to rush upward—crowded crushing and treading upon and strangling one another, until the whole is one impervious bush.

But the average forest is a mixture of these scenes: There will probably be groups of 50 trees standing like columns of a cathedral, grey and solemn in the twilight, and in the midst there will be a naked and gaunt patriarch, bleached white, and around it will have grown a young community, each young tree clamoring upward to become heir to the area of light and sunshine once occupied by its sire. The law of primogeniture reigns here also.

There is also death from wounds, sickness, decay, hereditary disease and old age, and various accidents thinning the forest, removing the unfit, the weakly, the unadaptable, as among humanity. Let us suppose a tall chief among the giants, like an insolent son of Anak. By a head he lifts himself above his fellows—the monarch of all he surveys; but his pride attracts the lightning, and he becomes shivered to the roots, he topples, declines and wounds half a dozen other trees in his fall. This is why we see so many tumorous excrescences, great goitrous swellings, and deformed trunks. The parasites again have frequently been outlived by the trees they had half strangled, and the deep marks of their forceful pressure may be traced up to the forks. Some have sickened by intense rivalry of other kinds, and have perished at an immature age; some have grown with a deep crook in their stems, by a prostrate log which had fallen and pressed them obliquely. Some have been injured by branches falling during a storm, and dwarfed untidily. Some have been gnawed by rodents or have been spurned by elephants leaning on them to rub their purring hides and ants of all kinds have done infinite mischief. Some have been pecked at by birds until we see ulcerous sores exuding great globules of gum, and frequently tall and short nomads have tried their axes, spears and knives on the trees, and hence we see that decay and death are busy here as with us.

To complete the mental picture of this ruthless forest, the ground should be strewn thickly with half-formed humus of rotting twigs, leaves, branches, every few yards there should be a prostrate giant, a reeking compost of rotten fibres, and departed germs of insects, and colonies of ants, half the leafage of a multitude of baby saplings, lengths and every mile or so there should be muddy streams, stagnant creeks, and shallow pools, green with duckweed, leaves of lotus, and lilies and a greasy green scum composed of millions of finite growths. Then people this vast region of woods with numberless fragments of tribes, who are at war with each other and who live apart from ten to fifty miles in the midst of a prostrate forest, among whose ruins they have planted the plantain, banana, manioc, beans, tobacco, coconuts, gourds, melons, etc., and who, in order to make their villages inaccessible, have resorted to every means of defence suggested to wild men by the nature of their lives. They have planted skewers along their paths, and cunningly hidden them under an apparently stray leaf or on the side of a log, by striding over which the naked foot is pierced, and the intruder is either killed or the poison smeared on the tips of the skewers or lamed for months. They have piled up branches and have formed abatis of great trees, and they lie in wait behind with sheaves of poisoned arrows, wooden spears hardened in fire and smeared with poison.

A GREAT MOUNTAIN RANGE.

The Ruwenzori, the lofty mountain range from whose fanks the Nile derives its first waters, inspires passages of sincere reverence in the explorer's mind, such as these:—

There are many doubtless, like myself, who while gazing upon any ancient work, be it an Egyptian Pyramid or Sphinx, be it an Athenian Parthenon, Palmyrene sun temple, Parseopolitan palace, or even an old English castle, will readily confess to feeling a peculiar emotion at the sight. The venerableness of it, which time only can give, its associations with men long gathered to their fathers, the builders and inhabitants now quite forgotten, appeal to a certain sympathy yearning that we little mortals can build such time-defying structures. But which is roused at the sight of a hoary old mountain like this of Ruwenzori, which we know to be countless of thousands of years old. When we think how long it required the melted snow to carve out these ravines, hundreds of fathoms deep, through the rocky cone of the range, or the ages required to spread out the debris from its sides and bosom to cover the Semliki Valley and the Nyanza plains, we are struck dumb at the immeasurableness of the interval between that age when Ruwenzori rose aloft into being; and in reply to the still small voice which seems to ask:—"Where wast thou when the foundations of the earth were laid? Declare if thou hast understanding," we become possessed with a wholesome awe, and can but feel a cheerful faith that it was good for us to have seen it.

Another emotion is that inspired by the thought that in one of the darkest corners of the earth, shrouded by perpetual mist, brooding under the eternal stormclouds surrounded by darkness and mystery, there has been hidden to this day a giant among mountains, the melting snow of whose tops has for some 50 centuries most vital to the peoples of Egypt imagine to what a God the reverently inclined primal nations would have exalted this mountain, which from such a faraway region as this contributed so copiously to their beneficent and sacred Nile. And this thought of the beneficent Nile brings on another. In fancy we look down along that crooked silver vein to where it disports and spreads out to infuse new life to Egypt near the pyramid, some 4,000 miles away, where we behold populous swarms of men—Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Negroes, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Frenchmen, English, Germans and Americans—bustling, jostling or lounging; and we feel a pardonable pride in being able to inform them for the first time that much of the sweet water they drink, and whose virtues they so often exalt, issues from the deep and extensive snowbeds, of Ruwenzori or Ruwenzura—"the Cloud King."

These brief—too brief—views of the superb Rain Creator or Cloud King, as the Waconju fondly termed their mist-shrouded mountains, fill the gazer with a feeling as obtained. While it lasted I have observed the rapid faces of whites and blacks set fixed and uplifted in speechless wonder toward that upper region of cold brightness and perfect peace so high above mortal reach, so holly tranquil and restful, of such immaculate and stainless purity, that thought and desire of expression were altogether too deep for utterance. What stranger contrast could there be than our own nether world of torrid temperature, eternally green, sappy plants, and never-fading luxuriance and verdure, with its savagery and war-alarms, and deep stains of blood-red sin, to that lofty mountain king, clad in its pure white raiment of snow, surrounded by myriads of dark mountains, low as bending worshippers before the throne of a monarch, on whose cold white face were inscribed "Infinity and

Everlasting!" These moments of supreme feeling are memorable for the utter abstraction of the mind from all that is sordid and ignoble, and its utter absorption in the presence of unreachably loftiness, indescribable majesty, and constraining it not only to reverentially admire, but adore in silence, the image of the eternal. Never can a man be so fit for heaven as during such moments, for however scornful and insolent he may have been at other times, he now has become as a little child, filled with wonder and reverence before what he has conceived to be sublime and divine.—We had been strangers for many months to the indulgence of any thought of this character. Our senses, had been occupied by the imperious and imminent necessities of each hour, which required unrelaxing vigilance and forethought. It is true we had been touched by the view from the mount called Pisgah of that universal extent of forest, spreading out on all sides but one, to many hundreds of miles; we had been elated into hysteria when, after five months' immurement in the depths of forest wilds, we once again trod upon green grass and enjoyed open and unlimited views of our surroundings—luxuriant vales, varying hill-forms on all sides, rolling plains, over which the long spring grass seemed to race and leap in gladness before the cooling gale; we had admired the broad sweep and the silvered face of Lake Albert, and enjoyed a period of intense rejoicing when we knew we had reached, after infinite trials, the bourne and limit of our journeyings, but the desire and involuntary act of worship were never provoked, nor the emotions stirred so deeply, as when we suddenly looked up and behind the skyey crests and snowy breasts of Ruwenzori uplifted into an inaccessible altitude, so like what our conceptions might be of a celestial palace, with dominating battlement, and leagues upon leagues of unscaleable walls.

A TRIBUTE TO EMIN PASHA.

Although the relations of the rescuer and the rescued were greatly strained during the march to Zanzibar, Mr. Stanley makes a magnanimous attempt to do full justice to the man for whom he endured the labors, privations and agonies of the three forest journeys through Darkest Africa and the long and perilous retreat. Indecision, vacillation, an extraordinary optimism and a credulous faith in the external show or affectation of obedience are named among his besetting weaknesses as a ruler in Equatorial Africa. There was too little punishing and too prone to forgive whenever an inordinate self-esteem was gratified. These qualities of mind, with his scientific tastes and defective eyesight, unfitted him to be a commander of men in barbarous Africa. He never was ungrateful to his rescuer, but he receives from a magnanimous soul so impartial a tribute as this:—

The virtues and noble desires for which we must in strict justice commend the man are as great and as creditable to him as those which we cannot attribute to him. Any man striving for the sake of goodness to do what in him lies to deserve the sweet approval of conscience, becomes armored with a happy indifference of all else, and herein lies the Pasha's merit, and which made his company so grateful to us when the necessity for violent action ceased to vex him. We learned more of his character from his manner than from his words. That melancholy shake of the head, the uplifted hand, the composed, calm gravity of features, the upturning eyes, and the little shrug seemed to say to us:—"What is the use? You see I am resigned. I am adverse to violence, let it be. Why force them? They surely ought to have seen during these many years that I sought only their welfare. If they reject me ought I to impose myself and my ideas on them against their will?" He never constructed these symptoms according to our light.

Whatever may have been our own views of what ought to have been done we have always a high respect for him. We cannot, at a moment when his own fate lies trembling in the balance, but admire him when we see him availing himself of every opportunity to increase his study of lacustrine shells, or tropic plants, eager for the possession of a strange bird without regard to its color or beauty, as ready to examine with interest a new species of flies as he is in the measurements of a human skull. If a great hawk-moth or a strange locioner, or a typhlops be brought to him, he forthwith forgets the court-martial that is to decide his sentence, and seems to be indifferent whether he is to be summoned to be shot by his soldiers or to be strapped on his angerep to be deported as a prize to the Khalifa at Khartoum. When we learn all this about him, and begin to understand him, though wondering at these strange vagaries of human nature, we are only conscious that he is worth every sacrifice on our part.

We cannot proceed by force to save him from himself and rudely awake him out of his dream without his permission. His position forbids it—our commission does not require it. To us he is only an honored guest expectant, to whom rudeness is out of place. Without request for help, we are helpless.

From our point of view we observe the Pasha, serene and tranquil, encircled by wrangling rebels and yet all along apparently unconscious of the atmosphere of perfidy in which he lives—at least more inclined to resignation than resistance. We feel that were we in his place, we would speedily up-confident that only one short resolute power. But regarding him absorbed in his delusion that the fawning obsequiousness of his perfidious followers and troops means devotion, and seeing him enmeshed by treachery and fraud, and yet so credulous as to believe this to be fidelity, we are struck dumb with amazement, and can but turn our eyes toward one another, questioning and wondering. For it was our misfortune that, say what we would, we could not inspire in him a sense of our conviction that his case was hopeless, and that his people had cast him off utterly. We could not tell him that his men looked down on him with contempt as a "bird collector," that they thought he displayed more interest in beetles than in men; that they cause they thought he was pleased and satisfied.

Every man is to be envied who is fortunate with his children.

He who takes the child by the hand takes the mother by the heart.

Keep yourselves from opportunities, and God will keep you from sin.