

## LATEST CABLE NEWS.

## Gladstone Regrets That Free Trade Has Lost Ground.

New York Times' Correspondent Says Rosebery is Losing Ground.

Narrow Escape of the Registration Bill—The G. O. M.'s Brief Visit—A Story From Paris.

LONDON, May 6.—May Day was celebrated today by the holding of meetings in many of the towns throughout Great Britain. There was a large demonstration in Hyde Park in this city that was attended by thousands of workmen and many workingmen. The proceedings were perfectly orderly. Two men labor agitators harangued the crowd in their old style. Altogether there were twelve platforms from which speakers addressed the crowd. Resolutions declaring in favor of the eight hours as a legal day's work were put to a vote simultaneously from all the platforms and were unanimously adopted. The anarchists held a meeting a short distance away from the workmen. Their audience was made up chiefly of detectives.

There was little change in the money market during the week. Small business was done at the stock exchange, but the tone was firm. Investment stocks were very firm, but there were few speculative dealings. Foreign securities were strong, especially Italian, which were about one higher. Argentine were dull on the continued rise in the gold premium, which is feared is due to secret issues of more paper money. Home rates were well retained on good traffic reports, showing a half yearly increase of 250,000.

PARIS, May 6.—Mr. Gladstone has written to the president of the Political Economy society of this city, praising the efforts made by the society to bring about free trade. In his letter, Mr. Gladstone says he regrets that free trade has lost ground during the past thirty years. He concluded by declaring that Great Britain will persevere and patiently wait the day when experience, combined with reason, will again convert men to this established economic truth.

NEW YORK, May 6.—The Times' London cable says: Lord Rosebery's Ladas continues the favorite in the betting on the Derby, but there has been a grave setback in pools on that nobleman himself being in office on Derby day.

These fluctuations between hope and despair on alternate weeks are trying to the temper of the liberal party, and utterly subversive to its morale. Last night for instance developed the unbroken incident of a private liberal member sending a note to the leader of the party in the house, saying that as the government had done something earlier in the evening on another question which displeased him, he would vote against the bill when it came up on the registration bill. He carried out his threat, and there were so many other absentees that the ministry escaped defeat by a bare fourteen votes.

Rosebery's three provincial speeches this week have awakened no echoes anywhere. They convey the sad effect to a man who reads that his audience are listening to him out of courtesy. Their tone is strikingly different from the gay, witty, almost saucy sprightliness of speeches he was making in England with only a few months ago. Such comments as the liberal papers passed on them, apart from perfunctory praise, have been by way of criticism on his injudicious remarks about the independent labor party. Only one sentence in them all may be said to have attracted wide attention, and that because it is interpreted as an allusion to the discord inside his cabinet. This apathy, the fact of which is undoubtedly extremely significant, is the trouble in the cabinet which the nervous young premier is supposed to have covertly alluded to as the worst of his troubles. Two months ago a throned Harcourt's laconic remark to a friend of mine that the bottom was out of the boat. After that some sort of temporary patching was achieved, and the last craft managed to drift along. Now it seems at the point of sinking, and Sir William Harcourt is at least making the motions of one who is resolved to jump out of the boat before it sinks. Even the registration bill, which just scraped through a second reading yesterday and was supposed to be a reform for the whole party to unite on, has developed a number of serious difficulties. It is so clumsily drafted that now it is discovered that it will still keep certain classes of voters fifteen months without a vote after they have moved to a new domicile. It is also that having two registers annually means double expenses to candidates has spread something like dismay among the poorer liberal members.

It is said now that the government will not oppose an amendment to make the registration expenses a public charge, but such a radical change would be always a difficult maneuver, and the feeling is strong that the cabinet ought to put it in an original measure.

Gladstone's brief visit to London to make a speech eulogizing the memory of his physician has been gingerly treated by the press. He spoke seated in a chair, a thing which London never saw him do before, and though his voice was heard all over the hall, the old light seemed gone out of his face. It was pallid and almost expressionless. He was accompanied with a suggestive air, to include a short visit to the house of commons, but declined almost testily. Reports are current of his having declared never to open his mouth on a political subject again. Much curiosity has been excited here by a Paris story, obviously coming pretty straight from Coburg, that Queen Victoria has promised, if her health permitted, to journey to St. Petersburg next autumn to attend the wedding of the czarowitz. The chief interest in the story lies in the fact that it is mixed up with a lot of other gossip about the betrothal, much of which is not likely ever to be frankly discussed in type.

Most adults who keep track of current events know something about that sinister marriage between the czarowitz, once the Grand Duke Saxe, and the Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, the elder sister of this bride to be. The whole romance de Gotha records no more shameful or tragic match than that, and the stories, by no means new, are being revived which link the czarowitz, in the same category with his deceased uncle. I heard them in Russia three years ago, and the mysterious allusions to them now as company a tale from Berlin, that at the eleventh hour the czarowitz tried to evade going to Coburg, and pleaded with his father that he hated all women and loathed the thought of marriage, but was sternly ordered by the czar to go and get betrothed. Englishmen may be excused for marvelling at the destiny which marks their queen's future granddaughter for marriages of this sort. In this, as in earlier case, the queen herself is revealed as a zealous, grand old match-maker. France has finally recognized that the Coburg betrothal puts an end to the Franco-Russian flirtation.

The ministerial paper, *Jour*, printed yesterday, in a prominent fashion, a communication to the effect that there never had been any official notion of providing in a French port winter quarters for the Russian Mediterranean squadron. Inasmuch as everyone knows the contrary, this statement at the time when no question of winter quarters arises has no obvious meaning. Certain Parisians are dallying with the fantastic idea that the Prince of Wales' long sojourn in France this year, and his marked liking for sundry French friends, indicate hopes of an Anglo-French alliance, which is about as sensible as most other boulevard conceptions of foreign politics.

The Chelsea pensioner, whose effigy has had such a long and sentimental vogue in poetry and art all over the English speaking world, is now gravely indicted as a fraud, and if the indictment can be forced to a trial it seems likely that he will have to take his patriarchal beard and paternal reminiscences of Waterloo and Inkermann off to the workhouse.

The property of the Chelsea hospital is now valued at a trifle over \$20,000,000,000. This huge capital and outlay are devoted to the care of just 678 pensioners, and even this is done so badly that some of them are continually running away and going to the ordinary almshouse instead.

Army reformers are now pointing out that the sale of the property with the cessation of the annual charge would give a fund of six pence a day to 20,000 old soldiers, instead of a mere handful who now monopolize this gigantic charity. It happens that 20,000 is just the number of veterans over the age of 65 which the British army produced so that the entire problem of the army's poor pensioners is thus solved.

Labouchere has taken the matter up, and, in fact, the arguments against the above are so overwhelming that there seems really a chance they will avail. What makes the thing all the more monstrous is the fact that every penny of money originally invested in the hospital and its sixty-two acres of land was calmly raised by deducting a sum annually from the pay of every soldier in the army.

LONDON, May 4.—In the house of commons this evening, Samuel Smith, liberal member for Flintshire, moved a resolution that the government endeavor to secure a standard par for the exchange of gold and silver by international agreement. The house, however, counted the motion out without discussion.

Sir Edward Clarke's motion in the house of commons today to reject the registration bill, on the ground that it does not provide for a re-distribution of seats, was rejected by a vote of 272 to 278. The registration bill then passed its second reading.

LONDON, May 4.—The Standard says that Sir Wm. Harcourt told several of his friends that he feared he would have to resign after the budget had been approved. There is good reason for believing that he never entirely accepted the Rosebery premiership, and that he resents the action of those who supported it. A modified ministry, the Standard says, may therefore be expected during the year.

The Daily News announces that Basley Brothers, cotton spinners, of Manchester, have suspended.

John Henniker Heaton, M. P. for Canterbury, has sent a dispatch to George Dibbs, premier of New South Wales, offering to represent the colony gratis at the Ottawa conference in June, and Sir George cables declining the offer.

The Canadian Gazette, in an editorial, contains the opposition manifesto in Canada towards the French treaty, and quotes a report of the British consul at Bordeaux, showing the disadvantages which Canada experiences compared with the United States. The writer says the treaty must increase trade between Great Britain and France.

## VERY DRY WOOD.

Vendors of "Strait Shore Coal" Exchange Compliments.

The vendors of deal ends and edgings, better known as "Strait Shore coal," who congregated daily at the "wood market," on the corner of the street, and who were devoid of a sense of humor. For example, if one of them sells a customer as "nice dry wood" a load of stuff that would extinguish a volcano, he appreciates that the customer is a fool, and that if it is a different way, as does the customer.

And they chaff each other, these merry peddlers of wood. For instance, one who has deal ends and edgings to sell, and who is loaded with edgings:

"Say, gimme one of your splinters to pick me teeth."

"Whose mill pond did you fish them slaps out of this mornin'?"

"And they talk about each other's horses."

"Lean him agin that post."

"Put him in a museum."

"How'd you git that skin over them bones?"

"If you wear a straw hat and drive that horse I'll report you to the S. P. C. A. for aggravated cruelty."

These and like pleasantries relieve the monotony of waiting. But the great trouble of contention is the respective quality of the wood forming their stock in trade. There has lately been much dispute as to whose stock is the driest and best for the quick lighting of fires. For the present, however, this question is settled. It was settled on Thursday, when one man's load was discovered to be on fire. The crowd gathered around and extinguished it, and then began to conjecture as to the cause of the blaze. One asked the owner if he had lighted it himself in order to try and start his horse, and various questions of like nature were propounded. But the owner of the load was not disturbed by these jibes. He leaned gracefully against the wheel of his wagon, expectantly profiting on a rival load of wood and acidly responded:

"You fellows is too fresh. What made that wood burn? Why, that's dry wood, that is. It don't need no kerosene. Whenever the sun comes out from under a cloud it just catches fire itself. See?"

There was a dull thud as all those rival merchants went and butted their heads against the nearest post.

## You Can't Get Too Much

Of a good thing. This is eminently the case with Polon's Nerviline, the great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedy known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polon's Nerviline.

A wedding gift has just been forwarded to the Duchess of York from Bombay, consisting of two diamond bangles composed of forty brilliant, and two diamond earrings enclosed in a box of carved Burmese sandalwood.

## OUR BOSTON LETTER.

Some Pointed Proofs of Hard Times Over the Border.

The Latest Lumber and Fish Market Quotations.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BOSTON, May 4.—Vegetation has made wonderful progress this week, and the trees and parks present the appearance of mid-summer. The thermometer Wednesday reached 60, and naturally the summer landlord indulged in a quiet chuckle.

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## A DEAR DAUGHTER SAVED.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Her Active and Strong.

ALLOPATHIC AND HOMEOPATHIC TREATMENT PROVED ALMOST USELESS.

Fathers! Mothers! Make Your Dear Ones Healthy.



MISS STINCHEMBE.

A loving and thoughtful mother gratefully testifies that her dear child was saved, and made well and strong, through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. The medicine that always cures after physicians give up, and pronounce their patients incurable. Mrs. A. E. Stinchcombe, 19 William Street, London, Ont., writes as follows: "I have tried many medicines, and have had her under allopathic and homeopathic treatment, with but little benefit. Almost in despair, and as a last resort, I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using three bottles she is now perfectly well and strong. I have also used your medicine myself for complications arising from overwork and loss of rest, and am greatly benefited thereby. I would strongly urge all who are in any way afflicted to do as I have done, 'try Paine's Celery Compound,' and be convinced of its wonderful curing power."

It makes the heart sad and sorrowful to see the young suffer when they should be bright, strong and active, full of lively hope and pleasure, and enjoying the glorious springtime of life.

There are thousands of boys and girls in our fair Canada who are in such a condition that they cannot mingle happily with their school fellows and playmates. They are pale, weak, nervous, listless and fretful; their blood is impure and stagnant, and they go about half dead from day to day. Such boys and girls require a nerve food and builder—a medicine that will act on the entire nervous system.

Experience and grand results have clearly demonstrated that Paine's Celery Compound is just what the young require for the strengthening and building up of the body, for the making of pure and healthy blood, and for the harmonious working of all the digestive organs.

Do not trifle with the common advertised nostrums of the day; they aggravate suffering, and often cause serious complications. Paine's Celery Compound has the endorsement of the ablest physicians (many of whom prescribe it daily) in our land. You are not asked to use Paine's Celery Compound because it is recommended by those who prepare it; you have the testimony of your friends and neighbors to rely on; our best Canadian people have loudly spoken in its favor. Clergymen, lawyers, bankers, members of parliament, business men, farmers—all have written in its favor, and hundreds have confessed that it saved them from the grave.

Fathers! Mothers! Surely this is the medicine for your dear ones. Now is the time to strengthen and tone up the weak children. Paine's Celery Compound, except something else; there is only one medicine that can rescue and save the frail and perishing.

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## A DESPERATE CHARACTER.

The Notorious John Larkin Again in Custody, and Should be Severely Punished.

The ship *Reedproddy*, which arrived the other day, brought with her a man who has given the police almost as much trouble since he landed as he gave Capt. Hammerburg during the voyage from Greenock. The man is John Larkin. The captain gave him in custody on reaching port, charging him with attempting to take his life and with destroying stuff on board the vessel. Larkin was not presented, and on receiving his pay got drunk. He was looked up, paid the fine and started out again. On Saturday afternoon he entered the Cafe Royal on Prince William street, and entering the dining room called for something to eat. He was served by one of the waiters, in whose absence Larkin determined upon a wholesale raid on the silverware.

The boy re-appeared, and in order to get rid of him Larkin poured the contents of his teacup into the sugar bowl and sent the lad out for another cup of tea. As soon as the boy had passed out into the kitchen Larkin pocketed six silver spoons, three silver forks, three silver plated knives, two china salt dishes and a bell. Then out he ran.

A policeman who saw him inquired of Mr. Clark, the proprietor, if he had missed any of his stuff.

On investigation Mr. Clark discovered what had been taken, and the police soon had Larkin in custody. The missing articles were found on his person. On Saturday night Larkin attempted to set fire to the police station. As his clothes were wet a fire was lighted in the stove in front of his cell. He thrust his coat out and into the flames, setting it on fire. This latest act of the crook was discovered, and he was put where he could do no further harm.

Why is Westminster Abbey like an ash-pit? Because it contains the ashes of the great.

That which is called dotage is not the weak point of all old men, but only of such as are distinguished by their lively and weakness. [Cicero.]

When is a hat not a hat?—and it becomes a young lady.

## HAD TO PAY UP WITH COSTS.

Newspaper men and others are interested in a case tried at the Division court in Port Hope lately before Judge Ketchum.

The publishers of the *Guide* continued, as is the custom, to send the paper to a subscriber until he was in arrears for several years; and upon receipt of the payment of the bill, the subscriber said that he hadn't ordered it for the time he had received and accepted it, and therefore refused payment. The judge made a lengthy deliverance on the subject, the contents of which may be inferred from his order.—It gave judgment for the plaintiffs for \$11.50 and costs.—[The Printer and Publisher, Toronto.]

For Files, blind bleeding or itching, POND'S EXTRACT is the best remedy known. For constipation application use POND'S EXTRACT.

What three authors would you mention at a house on Great Dickens, Howitt, Burns.