

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

Mr. Michael Stricker was fatally shot at a shooting match at Linwood, Ont., the other day.

The Government steamer Napoleon III. is a total wreck.

A fire in Yarmouth, N. S., on Saturday night caused damage to the amount of \$125,000.

Mr. H. H. Dean of Harley, Ont., has been appointed professor of dairying husbandry in the Ontario Agricultural College.

The Hamilton Herald says natural gas has been found on the farm of Mr. Thomas Ramsay in East Hamilton.

The Dominion Indian Department does not think there will be any trouble with the Indians in the North-West.

It is officially announced that the Quebec Government will ask the Legislature for permission to borrow \$10,000,000.

Rev. John McMurray, D. D., a veteran Methodist clergyman of Nova Scotia, is dead.

Street railway stables at Quebec were burned last week, causing a loss of over \$40,000. Two horses perished.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoil, who heads the agitation against the live cattle trade, has arrived in Montreal.

John Shaw, who was a slave in Virginia and escaped by the British war ship Sapphire in 1812, has just died in Halifax, aged over 100 years.

The Empress of Japan, the second of the new C. P. R. Pacific fleet, has been launched.

Dr. Winnett, a Toronto physician, writes very hopefully from Berlin concerning the Koch discoveries.

The Government organ in Ottawa makes the novel proposal that as a settlement of the Behring Sea trouble, the Territory of Alaska be purchased from the United States.

Sir Joseph Hickson has retired from the general management of the Grand Trunk, and is succeeded by Mr. Sargeant, at present traffic manager.

The five Commercial Associations of Montreal, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, and Halifax have a combined membership of 6,500 travellers.

Last week a presentation was made to the Bishop of Rupert's Land by the clergymen and laymen of his diocese to mark the close of his twenty-fifth year of service as bishop.

Thirty-five guinea pigs have been procured for the Biological Department of the University of Toronto to enable the professors to study the curative possibilities of Dr. Koch's discoveries.

The lottery privilege secured by the St. Jean Baptiste Society from the Quebec Government has been transferred to Messrs Brault & Labrecque, of Montreal, for \$80,000 for ten years.

Sir Charles Tupper has submitted figures to the English Board of Agriculture proving that, considering the extent of the trade, there has been a remarkable immunity from loss of life among Canadian cattle on their way to England.

In the Ottawa Exchequer Court suit has been entered against Thomas Deane, of Montreal, for penalties amounting to \$68,000 for exporting deer, partridge, woodcock, and other game to the United States contrary to the Canadian Customs Act.

Mr. Thomas Greenway, Premier of Manitoba, arrived in Toronto last week on his way from England to Winnipeg. He stated that the English people are favourably disposed towards Canada, but that there is no organized system of emigration. The Canadian emigration agent at Liverpool is an official scoundrel reached except through correspondence.

GREAT BRITAIN.

On Monday Mr. Gladstone celebrated his eighty-first birthday.

Thos. Richardson, the Liberal Unionist M. P. for Hartlepool, is dead.

The Most Rev. William Thomson, archbishop of York, died on Sunday.

An attempt was made on Friday night to shoot Bishop Healy of Clonfert, Ireland.

Wm. J. Lane, the Irish M. P., is coming to America to be married.

Canon Gregory has been appointed dean of St. Paul's cathedral.

Mr. Parnell will resume the campaign at Limerick after visiting Paris.

Dr. Tanner is going to sue Parnell for libel.

Severe weather is said to have greatly interfered with the season's gaieties in London.

Chief Secretary Ralfour has changed his mind and will not go on the stump in Ulster.

Arrangements have been made between the two Irish factions by which the League funds can be paid out to evicted tenants.

The vote in North Kilkenny stood:—Hennessy, 2,527; Scully, 1,356; majority for Hennessy, 1,171.

Mr. Scully will protest the Kilkenny election on the ground of undue interference by the priests.

Lord Salisbury is said to be considering what British possession to offer to France as a territorial compensation in exchange for the French shore of Newfoundland.

The Very Rev. John James S. Perowne, of Peterborough, has been appointed Bishop of Worcester in place of the Right Rev. Henry Philpott, who recently resigned.

Mrs. Nellie Percy was hanged last Friday morning in London for the murder of Mrs. Hogg, the wife of her paramour, and Mrs. Hogg's child. She confessed that she had committed the crime, but said the evidence upon which she was convicted was false.

The London Times announces the resignation of Commissioner Smith, of the Salvation Army. He was the life and soul of the Darkest England movement, and the Times thinks, before soliciting any more subscriptions, Gen. Booth should explain what led to the resignation.

UNITED STATES.

Heavy falls of snow are reported from the Atlantic states from Maine to Virginia.

In New York the other day an old lady fell on the sidewalk and her hat pin was driven into her brain, causing instant death.

Returns from 497 cities, towns and plantations in Maine show 3,310 abandoned farms in state.

At Lyndonville, Vermont, on Christmas night the thermometer registered 40° below zero.

The Chicago Exhibition authorities have promised to reserve liberal space for Canadian exhibits.

The Masonic temple in Boston was damaged by fire to the amount of \$200,000 last week.

At Dover, N. H., Isaac Sawtelle was found guilty of murdering his brother and sentenced to be hanged on the first Tuesday in 1892.

The Sioux are rapidly coming into the agencies, apparently the "war scare" is over for the time.

Mary animals are dying of glanders in the central portion of New Jersey.

A Chicago despatch says there are over 150 persons in that city who are liable to indictment for bigamy.

James Vest, a school teacher, was found frozen to death near Hamlin, Va., on Sunday.

The neighborhood of Charleston, W. Va., is having the heaviest snowstorms known in 50 years. In the mountains the drifts are 18 feet deep.

Powder is being manufactured at Newport, R. I., which is not only smokeless, but has a higher explosive power than ordinary powder.

Owing to the inability of the contractors of the Union Pacific extension to Puget Sound to pay labourers, over a thousand men are in the greatest distress.

A gigantic counterfeiting conspiracy has been unearthed at Pittsburg, and 19 men are under arrest. Eleven hundred spurious silver dollars were secured.

The Chicago City Board of Education the other night unanimously voted down the proposition that extracts from the Bible be read daily in the Public Schools.

A St. Paul, Minn., despatch says Ignatius Donnelly is anxious to become a candidate for the U. S. presidency, and is laying wires to that end through the Farmers' Alliance.

Central Illinois is suffering from drought and sand drifts. No rain has fallen there for months. Farmers are greatly inconvenienced for lack of water.

The U. S. troops had a hot fight with the Indians near Pine Ridge agency on Monday. A number were killed and wounded on both sides.

In the United States Senate on Monday, Mr. Carlisle introduced a resolution providing for the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the trade relations between Canada and the United States.

It is alleged that U. S. consular agents in Canada have been conspiring with Canadian exporters to defraud the U. S. Government out of large sums of money by means of "crooked" certificates.

A special from Pine Ridge reports the capture of Bigfoot and his band of hostiles by the Seventh Cavalry, under Capt. White-side. The capture was made on Porcupine creek without a conflict.

An influential committee has been formed in Baltimore, with Cardinal Gibbons at its head, to consider the question of aiding Russian Jews. Clergymen of all denominations compose the committee.

John V. Clark, president of the Hibernian bank, Chicago, yesterday cabled to joint treasurers Webb and Kenny, Dublin, the sum of £1,250 sterling, the proceeds up to date from the Dillon-O'Brien mass meetings.

President Harrison last week issued a proclamation formally setting the seal of the Government on the Chicago World's Fair, announcing that the fair will be opened on May 1st, 1893, and inviting "all nations of the earth" to take part in it.

John P. Matthews, the Republican postmaster at Carrollton, Mo., was shot by W. S. McBride yesterday. The two were hunting for each other with Winchester, and McBride secured the first shot, which proved fatal.

At Fergus Falls, Minn., on Sunday night Henry Reher began shooting at his wife, son and three daughters. The son and one daughter were hit, and may die. Then Reher attacked his wife with a knife and stabbed her several times. The savage then wound up by hanging himself.

IN GENERAL.

French troops are marching against the Sultan, of Segon, near Senegal.

The present population of Berlin is 1,574,485, an increase of 259,000 in five years.

Eleven thousand Austrians and Germans are to be expelled from Russia.

The Gaulois says that Emperor William will visit Paris shortly.

The conference between O'Brien and Parnell is to take place at Boulogne, on Saturday.

Octave Feuillet, the well-known French novelist and dramatist, is dead.

Floods following the snows have damaged Italian railways considerably, and traffic about Naples has almost suspended.

The Christian forces lately defeated the Moslems in a fight on the frontier of Uganda, and now peace has been established.

It now appears that over 200 lives were lost by the burning of the steamer Shanghai near Nanking.

The coal mining companies of Belgium have decided on a general reduction of wages, and the miners threaten to strike.

The Belgian Radical Congress has passed resolutions in favor of universal suffrage and the representation of minorities.

The handsome hereditary Prince of Nassau is regarded as a suitor to one of the daughters of the Prince of Wales.

The Pope will shortly issue an Encyclical upon the Social question, in which he will suggest means of averting the impending struggle between capital and labour.

The Czarevitch has arrived at Bombay, where he was received with much pomp and ceremony by the British civil, military, and naval authorities.

Despatches from Berlin indicate a belief that Prince Bismarck is making his influence felt in opposition to some of the emperor's projects. The Liberals are clamoring for a dissolution of the Reichstag.

The Jews who have been driven from Russia by the severity of the laws are to be transported to the number of half a million to South America. Brazil expects to become their new home.

FOR THE LADIES.

Dust and the Complexion.

Dust is the great enemy of health and of women's good looks. It settles in the skin especially where there is a little steam to help it; the wax and oily matter of the skin fix it till no ordinary washing will remove it. Wrinkles are accentuated by it, as they have a deeper bed to draw in the dust with the stylus of time. That is the reason so many women look about ten years younger when they find time to take their hot bath and the vapor has fifteen minutes or more to soften the tissues.

There is nothing like steam for plumping up the skin and washing out the grime which clouds every complexion not daily treated to soap and hot water. How many have the heating pipes of the furnace cleared of the year's accumulation of dust? From the pipe coils it is ready to enter lungs and skin, and, being deadest of all dead matter, it is itself death to hair, to freshness of complexion and general vigor.—[Shirley Dare.

Bangs Made of Babies' Curls.

Baby curls on the brows of grandmothers! It is a fact that a great many false bangs are made out of the soft silky curls that grow on the heads of little folks. A deal of France and Germany, but much is bought right here in New York. The dainty golden curls of the four-year-old, who has grown too mannish to wear long hair, are now bedewed with mamma's tears and wrapped in silken tissue and put away in a treasure-box, but they are snipped off scientifically in a hairdresser's shop without sentiment, and sold for a goodly sum, which will perhaps buy a cap to cover the shorn head.

The short baby curls that cling closely to the tiny heads are more in demand than any other kind. They keep their kinks and crinkles seemingly forever, and they do not have to be dressed or recurred. Even crimps that grace the brows of women who can part their hair in the middle and look like St. Cecilia are made out of baby curls.

No one would dream that the seductive little waves that have such a very natural air once were tangled curls that befriended a baby's head.

To the question, "Do many women wear wigs?" the answer was "Oh, yes; but wigs are so nicely made that hardly anybody could tell that the hair does not grow on the wearer's head. Here's a wig which, when worn, would deceive even an expert hair dealer." The hair vendor said with enthusiasm, pointing to a coiffure that looked like a luxuriant head of hair artistically dressed.

There was a heavy coil on the crown, and dainty baby curls cleverly concealed the fell-tale edges at the neck and around the face. The baby curls have a softer look and retain the freshness a long time that belongs to natural hair growing on the head. Now that elaborately dressed coiffures are coming into style, false hair is in demand, and baby curls, whether black, brown or nondescript in hue, are golden in sale.

Floral Wedding Handuffs.

One of the prettiest novelties at English weddings is that of linking the bridesmaids together with chains of flowers attached to floral handuffs. Usually there are six maidens beside the maid of honor. They walk two by two, those on the right side of the aisle having the chains depending from their left wrists, the maids on the left side having their right wrists connected.

The chains are long enough to curve gracefully from wrist to wrist. The outside hand of each maid is free to hold her bouquet, posy or basket of blossoms, and linking the wrists, that are on the inside going up the aisle, brings the maidens in the right order as they form quarter circles, one on each side, at the chancel.

After the ceremony, in the twinkling of an eye, the maid nearest the bride on each side slips off her handuff, passes it to the second maid, takes the arm of "her" usher and falls into line. Maid number two follows suit, and the two who are last to leave the church carry the chains in loops on their disengaged arm.

The Affable Women.

If women could ever learn that it is quite possible to combine affability with dignity in commonplace daily intercourse with their fellow creatures, this would be a far brighter and more agreeable world. Nine-tenths of the gentlewomen one knows would no more address an uninitiated female than bite off a bit of their own tongues. Not once in a blue moon do they dare converse with their servants, the chance companion of a railway journey, or even the lady who has dropped in to call on a mutual friend.

Awkwardness and timidity, with a sense of alleged well-bred reserve, seal their lips to every form of communication. In their shyness and stupid fear of furnishing an opportunity for undue familiarity, they go through life like oysters, as far as those outside their narrow circle are concerned. But, thank Heaven! there is a woman, and her tribe is increasing, who realizes all of the beautiful opportunities and rights the gift of speech gives her. She can afford to talk to her domestics about anything and everything, and cement their affectionate respect with every word uttered.

Her kindly recognition of the shop girl and fragment of pleasant gossip across the yard stick is a wholesome break in the clerk's dull day. To sit beside a respectable female for an hour's train travel, and not exchange greeting as two human beings touching in their journey of life, would confound her kindly nature. She is sure of her dignity, and, strong in its integrity, affords to do what, possibly, a less fine-grained nature shrinks to essay. Her friendly, well chosen words are as far removed from volubility as her cordial manners are from gush. Recognizing the power of speech as the most potent of spells for removing dull, unlovely discontent, embarrassment, and loneliness, she is free with worthy thoughts graciously expressed. It is noticeable that such women never leave drawing-room, kitchen, shop or coach that they other creature of her kind present does not acknowledge to herself the supreme excellence of courtesy above all other feminine charms.

The oldest kissing story is probably that of the Hindoo herdsman who was walking along the road with an iron kettle on his back, a live goose in one hand and in the other a cane and a rope by which he was leading a goat. Presently a woman joined

POET'S CORNER.

AT THE NEW YEAR'S WHITE GATE.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.
They stood outside the great white gate,
That opens but once a year,
The bounding heart, and the heart grown old,
The silver hand, and the head of gold;
The youth and the aged seer.

"My son," said the old man's trembling voice,
"Step out of my path, I pray,
The gate swings quickly, and I must pass
Ere it be too late. My task, alas,
Was begun but yesterday."

"I was young when I entered the gate,
And hope in my breast ran high,
There was much to do; but time seemed long,
My heart was glad with its New Year's song,
And the swift days hurried by."

"I was young, nor heeded how quickly time
On its golden pinions flew,
For earth was sweet with its flowers in bloom—
I wept with May and laughed with June,
Nor thought of the 'much to do.'"

"I languished under the summer skies,
In autumn my task begun,
Too late to finish! Too late! Too late!
For see! I have reached the year's white gate,
And the work of my hands undone."

"I have lived my youth. My knowledge gained
Is of priceless worth to the sons of earth;
I have many a plan for the good of man,
"And so," said the youth, "have I."

"But one may enter the year's white gate,
My son, there is much to do!
Knowledge is powerful to combat sin,
The bells ring out, the white gate swung in,
And the agile youth passed through."

A SKATING SONG.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,
As it skirts the meadows and sweeps the hill!
Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight
That tingle and beat in a winter's night,
When over the crystal lake we glide,
Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide!

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye,
For the joyous laugh and the courage high!
Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong,
So that life is gay as a merry song,
For the motion fearless, smooth, and fleet,
When skates are wing the flying feet!

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair
Spread boldly out in the brilliant air!
Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,
On the mountains high, in the valleys low!
Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,
Fearless as over a highway tried!

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well—
Dorothy, Winifred, Kate, and Nell!
Hurrah for the race we're bound to win,
And the curves and figures we mean to spin!
Hurrah for the joy that wings our feet,
When like dancers gay, we pass and meet!

Who chooses may boast of the summer time,
Hurrah we cry for the frost and rime,
For the icicles pendent from roof and eave,
For snow that covers the next year's sheaves!
Hurrah for the gleaming glassy lake
Where the skaters hold their pleasure take!

At Last.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed space
I hear far voices out of darkness calling,
My feet to paths unknown,
Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not thy tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble do-r among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green ex-
pansions
The river of Thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long. J. G. WHITTIER.

Praise.

BY GEORGE HERBERT
King of Glory, King of Peace,
I will love thee,
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me;
Thou didst note my working breast,
Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me;
And alone, when they repelled,
Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven
I will praise thee;
In my heart, though not in heaven
I can raise thee.

Thou grow'st soft and moist with tears,
Thou relentest,
And when Justice call'd for fears
Thou dissented.

Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee;
E'en eternity is too short
To extol thee.

Sixty and Six; Or a Fountain of Youth.

Fons, delictum domus—Martial.
Light of the morning,
Darting of dawn,
Blithe little life, little daughter of mine!
White with the ranging
Sure I'm exchanging

Sixty of my years for six years like thine,
Wings cannot vie with thee,
Lightly I fly with thee,
Gay as the thistle-down over the sea;
Life is all magic,
Comic or tragic.

Played as thou playest! It daily with me.
Floating and ringing
Thy merry singing
Comes when the light comes, like that of the
birds.

List to the play of it!
That is the way of it;
All's in the music and naught in the words—
Glad of grief-laden,
Schubert or Haydn,
Ballad of Erin or merry Scotch lay,
Like an evangel
Some baby angel
Brought from sky-nursery stealing away.

Surely I know it,
Artist nor poet
Guesses my treasure of jubilant hours,
Sorrow, what are they?
Nearer or far, they
Glad of sunshine, like dew from the flowers,
Years, I am glad of them!
Would that I had of them
More and yet more, while thus mingled with
thine.

Age, I make light of it!
Fear not the sight of it,
Time's but our playmate, whose toys are di-
vine.
—THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.