

## FIGHTS IN COMMONS.

British Parliament Is Not a Stranger To Fisticuffs.

"How many more times," an M.P. persistently inquired in the lobby of the House of Commons recently, "is the House Rule question going to make members lose their temper and dignity? And how many more traitors and Judases are we going to discover?"

"Judases," of course, was the word which led to the memorable uproar in the Chamber on July 27th, 1893, in comparison with which the affair of a few days ago was but mild outburst. Chamberlain was sneering at Gladstone's Home Rule arguments, when Mr. T. P. O'Connor shouted "Judas!" and then the uproar began. Sir Edward Carson shouted something at the Irish members, upon which Mr. Logan came over and threw himself into the seat next to him. Mr. Hayes Fisher promptly seized him by the neck and hung him from the beam. The battle became general, and for three minutes the floor of the House was a mass of surging, struggling, and excited legislators, many of them hitting out right and left. The members were brought to their senses by the hisses, loud and sustained, from the astonished spectators in the galleries, and when they came to their senses one member discovered that the use of his eye had been temporarily interfered with, and another complained that a colleague had attempted to mar the beauty of his nose.

In 1881 no fewer than thirty-six Irish members, including Mr. Parnell and Mr. Justin McCarthy, were suspended after scenes of indescribable uproar, during a debate on Mr. Forster's Coercion Bill, and in the following year twenty-five members from the other side of St. George's Channel were relieved from attendance for wilful obstruction.

It was on this occasion that the Irish members refused to go into the lobby for a division. They were named, their suspension was moved, and carried, but the Irishmen refused to budge an inch until a body of police walked into the House. Even then it was as much as the constables could do to move them on. As a matter of fact, the police and the Irish members had a regular fight before the former conquered, and carried the Irishmen out of the House.

The recent scene recalls that of July last year, when the knowledge of a man in living memory the Prime Minister was shouted down. The occasion was the discussion of the Veto Bill, when the Opposition refused, as they did the other day, to allow any speeches to be made. On that occasion, too, the word "traitor" was hurled at the Prime Minister, and ultimately the House adjourned.

Fortunately for the dignity of the British Parliament, however, much of the passions of members may rise, they never forget the respect that is due to the Speaker, and he only has to rise to at once quieten the House. This is by no means the case, however, in other parliaments, and in September of last year, Mr. Willis, the Speaker of the Sydney Parliament, was bombarded with books because he had ordered the removal of a certain member. The execution of the order was frustrated by the resistance offered by other members, and finally the police had to be sent for before the turbulent M.P.'s calmed down.

## England Was Submerged.

At a recent meeting of the Birmingham and Midland Institute Scientific Society, A. W. Knapp gave a lecture on "The Earth's Record in the Rocks." The lecturer took each geological age in turn, and gave some idea of the life that existed at those times as shown in fossilized remains. He also showed how the geography of the world from age to age could be defined from the composition of the rocks. The limestone, he said, proved that the greater part of England was at one time under the sea, and by collecting evidence of this kind one was able to draw a map presenting all the various periods of the world's development. The lecturer went on to show how the land rose and luxuriant vegetation grew, to be covered in turn by other deposits, leading to the formation of the coalfields. The earliest remains of man were toward the end of the ice age. Would he asked, the people of to-day leave any remains? There would be the churchyards and the great cities like London, while the deposits in the Black country, which looked so much like volcanic dust, might mislead the scientists of some future age.

## The Home of a Genius.

Beethoven was born in a small house in Bonn. His father had inherited the vice of drinking, and often Beethoven and his younger brother were obliged to take their intoxicated father home. He was never known to utter an unkind word about the man who made his youth so unhappy, and he never failed to resent it when a third person spoke uncharitably of his father's frailty. Young Beethoven was thus taught many a severe lesson in the hard school of adversity, but his trials were not without advantage to him. They gave to his character that iron texture which upheld him under his heaviest burdens.

## Elephants as Executioners.

Some idea of what Baroda, India, was in times past may be gathered from the following: A hundred elephants were kept at the expense of the state, and criminals were executed in a most horrible manner. The poor wretch, tied hand and foot, was fastened by a long rope round the waist to the elephant's hind leg. Then the animal was made to trot through the city, and the man, at almost every step rebounding against stones and obstacles, soon became a mass of bruises and wounds and a ghastly spectacle. If he survived this his head was placed on a block and the elephant crushed it with his foot.

## Yes, Indeed.

A man may have a heart big enough to love two women at one time, but he ought to have more head.

## WOULD COME BACK.

Finally Bouchier and His Friends Destroyed the Suit.

The English drama owes much to Mr. Arthur Bouchier, who has been one of the most influential actor-managers for a number of years. He has portrayed all manner of roles, from Shakespeare to very modern comedy, and his career has been as lengthy as it has been successful.

From his earliest years Arthur Bouchier was stricken with stage fever. When a very small boy he was sent to a private school kept by a Dr. Hawtreys, the uncle of Mr. Charles Hawtreys. He spent the greater portion of his pocket-money on toy theatres, in which he produced fearful melodramas. Even at the age of twelve he was noted throughout his native place of Newbury for the zeal with which he produced plays and charades during his holidays, and all the boys in the neighborhood were pressed into service for these dramatic triumphs. But when young Bouchier began to show signs of whiskers, his father, Captain Bouchier, informed him that his career was to be the army. Even-though a compromise was made by the father saying, "Go to Oxford—take your degree—then you shall go on the stage."

At Oxford young Bouchier maintained his interest for things theatrical. At that time the only theatre in Oxford was a wretched place, visited by fifth-rate companies. One night a melodrama was produced, and in the first act a character entered sporting a suit that had once been black-and-white, but was now green with age. The suit was greeted with weird noises, and when at the end of the act its wearer announced his intention of going to Africa for ten years the cheering was tremendous. When the second act commenced the ten long years were supposed to have elapsed, but, nevertheless, the wanderer returned in the same moth-eaten suit in which he had left the old home a decade ago. This was too much for the audience. Some rowdy Christchurch men jumped on to the stage, chased the wearer of the suit to the wings, thence to the stage-door, and out into the street. There they caught him, and tore the offending suit into as many pieces as decency would permit, so that there might not be any chance of its appearing again. This episode came to the knowledge of authorities, and the offenders, amongst whom was Arthur Bouchier, received a severe warning. The final upshot of this adventure was that Mr. Bouchier received permission from the vice-chancellor to found the University Dramatic Society, and build a theatre at Oxford.

Mr. Bouchier made his first professional appearance at Wolverhampton twenty-three years ago in "As You Like It." Five years later he married Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who has been associated with him in all his big successes.

## Just Moving Pictures.

Perhaps it is safe to say that the large majority of the discoveries and inventions which have benefited and blessed as well as instructed and amused the world were the outcome of experiments conducted for altogether different results. What we know as moving pictures originated in a question asked by Sir John Herschel of his friend John Babbage. This was in 1833, and the question asked was how both sides of a shilling could be seen at once.

Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it before a mirror. This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning on a large table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with a rotating coin, both sides can be seen at once.

Babbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Dr. Pittion, who immediately made a working model. On one side of the disc was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty bird cage. When the card was revolved on a silk thread, the bird appeared to be in the cage. This model showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effect.

The eye retains the image of the object seen for the fraction of a second after the object has been removed.

This model was called the thaumatrope.

Next came the zoetrope, or "wheel of life." A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots, and within the cylinder was placed a band of drawings of dancing men. On the apparatus being slowly rotated, the figures seen through the slots appeared to be in motion.

The first systematic photographs of men and animals taken at regular intervals were made by Edward Maybridge in 1877.

## An Eccentric Chemist.

The Cavendish House estate, Clapham, takes its name from the home of the eccentric chemist, the Hon. Henry Cavendish, whose famous experiment for the determination of the earth's density, made in his Clapham garden, gained him the title of "the man who weighed the earth." Cavendish, who left over a million sterling on his death, in 1810, lived all alone at Cavendish House, carrying his craze for solitude to such an extent that, as Lord Brougham tells us, he refused to let himself be seen even by his servants and "used to order his dinner daily by a note left on the hall table, whence the housekeeper might take it."—London Mail.

## A Historian's Joke.

Macaulay is not usually regarded as a humorous writer, but in his "History of England" he perpetrates the following in relating the death of Charles II.: "Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by four doctors. He recovered his senses, but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger."

## An Idea.

The word idea formerly meant a completed performance.

## TRIAL LASTED THREE MINUTES.

Summary Dismissal of Cases In Early Victorian Days.

In these days of criminal trials long drawn out it may be not uninteresting to glance back at a time when, in England at least, complaint ran in the opposite directions. Such were the earlier years of Queen Victoria, when the old criminal code still survived in much of its archaic barbarity, and the picturesqueness of legal procedure inadequately compensated for its cruelty.

The late Lord Brampton, better known as Sir Henry Hawkins, refers in his reminiscences to the scandals of what he calls the "after-dinner" trials of that period. It was then a custom for the court to adjourn for dinner at five o'clock, at which meal there was no lack of conviviality, so that, when bench and bar returned to their duties, they were in no mood for protracted toil. In Lord Brampton's own words, "Judges and counsel were excitedly accelerated." In confirmation of this he notes that these "after-dinner" trials "did not occupy, on an average, more than four minutes apiece, and, in illustration, cites an actual case, the pithy nature of which, contrasted with the enormity of the punishment involved, throws a lurid light on the inhumanity of the times."

The case was that of a pickpocket, in which the prisoner had, inconsiderately, pleaded "not guilty," and, therefore, had a right to be heard. We may guess Lord Brampton's account, beginning with the examination of the witness for the prosecution by the prosecuting counsel: "I think you will walk up to Ludgate Hill on Thursday, the 25th, about 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon and suddenly felt a tug at your pocket and missed your handkerchief, which the constable now produces?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose you have nothing to ask him?" says the judge. "Next witness, Constable stands up."

"Where you following the prosecutor on the occasion when he was robbed on Ludgate Hill, and did you see the prisoner put his hand into the prosecutor's pocket and take his handkerchief out of it?"

"Yes, sir."

Judge to prisoner: "Nothing to say, I suppose? Then to the jury: 'Gentlemen, I suppose you have no doubt? I have none.'

Jury: 'Guilty, my lord.'

Judge to prisoner: 'Jones, we have met before. We shall not meet again for some time. Seven years' transportation. Next case.'

Time: Two minutes, 53 seconds. As this seems to be a "record," it is only a matter of time before the judge's name will be changed to "Jones."

## Wouldn't Stand For It.

Lady Duff-Gordon, who is regarded by English women as an authority on fashions, has not much use for the new gown that is slashed at the knee nor for the woman who wears that kind of a gown.

"That departure from convention is too much—too much even for this 20th century," she said, at a tea recently given in her honor. "I'll tell you a story about these gowns: 'An Englishwoman bought one in Paris and, while she was shooting in Scotland, her maid wore the gown to a dance in the Queen's room.' 'Somebody betrayed the maid and her mistress, her return from the Highlands, said to her severely: 'Smithson, you wore my new slashed gown to one of your low dances! You bold brazen creature, aren't you ashamed of yourself?'

"Smithson burst into tears and, her handkerchief to her eyes, she sobbed: 'Indeed I am ashamed of myself, madam. I've lost my young man who I've been walking out with these four years. When I sat down in that gown, and my knees showed through the slash, my young man gave me one look, and he said, said, that I could consider it all off between us, for any one that would wear a gown like that in public, says he, was too bold and brazen ever to be his wife. Boo hoo.'

## Could Enjoy Himself.

It is not always that the autocratic editor lords it successfully over the obedient press correspondent. One of the latter persuasion, pending the pronouncement of the Government's naval policy by the Premier last week, was enterprising enough to secure an advance copy of Mr. Borden's speech and to have it mailed to the office of his paper, a loyal Conservative Toronto daily, for release after the Premier had spoken. But the best laid schemes sometimes "gang awry." By the engaging of a special staff of operators, held waiting at their keys, a Liberal contemporary succeeded in beating competitors to the streets with the news of the momentous deliverance. Within a short time a breathless page delivered to the foresighted Conservative correspondent a telegram from his editor couched in the following caustic words: "You will be pleased to know that The Evening Blank, Liberal, published Borden's speech verbatim hours before we could use it."

The enterprising correspondent merely smiled, and promptly penned the reciprocal message: "The pleasure is all yours."—Canadian Courier.

## An Awful Shock.

The deputy stage manager at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, at one time was a little man named Linders, who had a strange dislike of the ladies of the ballet and treated them rather harshly. He wore a wig, but the fact was not generally known. On one occasion, however, an enraged coryphæe seized him by the hair, and off came the wig, exposing a shiny expanse of cranium. He at once dashed off to complain to Mrs. Harris, the manager's wife, but the good lady could only gasp in stupefied tones: "Good gracious, Mr. Linders! Why, you are bald!" To which Linders instantly replied: "No, madam, no. My hair became loose with horror!"

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15 dozen All Wool Cashmere Hose, ribbed, double knees, sizes 8 to 10, regular 60c and 60c. Sale price ..... 39

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## SECOND SECTION

## COUNTY

A Keen Fight Taken  
ship and in O  
come o

There was keen interest in elections in Brantford Township. As the outcome Mr. McCann elected First Deputy Reeve, Jennings, Second Deputy, Messrs. Greenwood and Scace, cillors.

Reeve—Mr. Kendrick by ac

First Deputy.

Div. Batson M

1. 20

2. 29

3. 41

4. 49

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14. 26

15. 20

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473

Second Deputy Reeve.

Div. Jennings P

1. 28

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NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—A cabl

The Herald from London says:

The ambassadors of the po

held a long conference in the of

office yesterday afternoon, and

felt in diplomatic circles that in

end they will force Turkey to ac

conditions that make for peace.

The newspapers this morning

upon the powers to prevent a

sumption of the war. All insist

Adrianople is bound to fall.

should be given to the Bulgari

adding that the Isles of Gr

should be restored to the Hell

kingdom.

The Standard voices the con

sus of British press opinion, say

"We look forward to united ac

by the powers, which will have

effect in removing the Balkan

block and affording the Otto

Government a necessary excuse

yielding to the inevitable."

Mr. Venizelos in a statement

The London Times this morn

says:

"No other solution is poss

than the concession by Turkey

Adrianople and the Aegean Isles

The Greek Prime Minister

phases the point of the posses

by Greece of all the Aegean Is

except those held by Italy—hold

that the latter would have fa

GRAND-T