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GUE EAL.

THE IRISH BILL. Rt. Hon. Mr. Gladstone Delivers Another Splendid Speech on Home Rule.

virulent Attack on the Measure by Hicks-Beach, the Well-Known Tory.

April 6.-Mr. Gladstone, noving the second reading of Home Rule bill, said the ent had no intention of amendbill as presented, except in some particulars. He earnestly debring home to the House the of when this great controversy and. He did not address the to the Opposition in a spirit ed superiority, but he would h both sides were equally inter-For many years the question of Iome Rule has blocked the way station. The Liberal party had a solution, but when they asked ponents where all this was to y rarely obtained an answer.
the Opposition had not yet venpoint out a process whereby
test of Irish questions should

adstone proceeded with a histhe development of the rise and uses of the demand for Irish Rule. He said that the progerents in the past century had the fallacy of the argument of the opponents of Home Rule, e and patience would see Ire-ified without special legisla-Never was there a time when eople were so near the ac-the Union as during the years after the act of union passed, and the reason was use they loved it, but because re trodden under foot, they or peace, and they had no genu-sentatives in the Imperial Par-As soon as the voice of Ire-heard in Parliament, the cononal movement for self govern-vas commenced. "Let the House," dstone continued, "look at the the the world offers in regard to ons. In the civilized world no cated union effected and mainforce has ever prospered. challenge of some boldness. Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-

for West Bristol, inter-Gladstone with the remark: the ease of the United States."
Gladstone—"I said incorporated
(Liberal and Irish cheers.) You
the essential word. (Hear,
Holland and Belgium tried inted union, and after an existence een years a divorce was efAustria and Hungary tried intion and, after years of sad exe, they found the choice lay in the control of the empire (cheers) sia incorporated Poland. Take stand there, if you think fit; let opposition make the most of their riunities. (Hear, hear.) To all one principle can be applied, hat is whether or not they require maintenance by force. n the force disappears harmony re-ns, the union is good. If the maine by force, actual or reserve, is ary, the value of the union is Unions not incorporated Take

utonomous, have been attended in and always considerable. Take ia and Hungary, under their presention; Norway and Sweden, Denand Iceland, Russia and Finland, dustrations. The most complete ss was the German confederation, each state had its own powers, nion only affecting Imperial inter-In the United States each state own rights, and anyone in Amerring to interfere with these rights be regarded as a madman. The es had some points in common Ireland. The disease of disaffecnce permeated them, but a remfound in self-government.

onclusion, Mr. Gladstone referred retention of the Irish members Imperial parliament. During the xty years, he said, twelve instanoccurred of cabinets being disby a vote of censure. Amongst nstances there was not a case the question at issue was purely eight having been Imperial and Irish questions, therefore he less inconvenience ought to be from the Irish members vot-British questions than had been ated. Regarding the question of . Mr. Gladstone admitted that no easy matter to disentangle inces of countries associated for st ninety years. It could not be in any way free from inconveni-but the trouble was mere dust in lance compared with the vital ime of the great purpose of aiming real union of the two countries he consolidation of the Empire. ill carefully guarded the possibili-increasing Imperial expenditure, Ireland ought to pay her share event of war and other causes. House was not satisfied with the offered under the existing finanuses of the bill, he was ready to reely with the question, and to the clauses objected to. Until period, the question between Britain and Ireland has been one en class and nation, now it was en nation and nation. There was There was fore melancholy spectacle on earth the spectacle of wrong inflicted by ation to another. On the other there was nothing nobler than to nation deliberate upon the removal justice, and deliberately determin-

break with whatever remained. rejection of the Home Rule bill ved by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, ent of the board of trade in the Salisbury cabinet. He taunted ladstone with having made a long expected to answer the multitudin-criticisms on the bill. Since the the most intense antagonism veloped against it. In a large Ireland the people were irrecon-opposed to all the details as well the principle of the bill. 'The Ireland rang with protests.
Prime Minister ignored this
le agitation and would not se in his retrospect to answer ments of the men behind it. ime Minister had said that the Rule bill had been before the seven years. This was not Before the bill was introduced ruary, only the vaguest stateits proposals had The assertion was made fre-that Ireland demanded Home at here the electors had accept-le Rule. This was only partly the majority of the Irish elec-demanded and accepted it, but and determined minority had de-have none of it. Nevertheless, a unanimous sentiment in Ire-Home Rule, the proposal for lution of the Union was rethe other party to the bargain.

jority of the electors of Great

Britain were convinced that Parliament once persuaded to take the fatal step now proposed could never retrace it without plunging the country into the horrors of a civil war. (Cheers.)

LONDON'S OLD CLO' MART.

Fortunes Made in One of the Dinglest Parts of the City.

Walk down Houndsditch, leaving Bishopsgate street behind, and on the left you come to Phil's buildings. Go up the steps and the Old Clothes Mart is in front of you. There is a barrier in front of the mart, however, and behind the barrier is a prosperous looking young Jew, who says "Pay here." When the situation has been explained you find that the young Jew is Mr. H. L. Hart, whose mother is the owner of the mart, and that the price of admission is 1d. and that the price of admission is 1d.

The first impression one gets of the market is one of squalor and rags. It was a wet day when I called, and doubtless that accentuated the depresd superiority, but he would so it earnestly upon their understandings as a matter oth sides were equally inter-The wet pavement was the only floor, and the islands of dry pavements upon which the clothes stood were momentarily threatened by the overflowing puddles. Yet on more closely inspecting the goods on sale, it became clear that they were not all rags and tatters. o point out a process whereby atest of Irish questions should ments among the rubbish, and the heaps of wornout shoes, as green as ripe Stilton in many instances, were leavened.

There are no stalls, in the usual acceptance of the term. Down the length of the market run a number of wooden rails. These are marked out into lengths and allocated as stalls. The goods are placed on the flags in large sacks, and samples in the form, perhaps, of a nice pair of striped trousers and a moleskin waistcoat, are displayed on the sack and hung over the rail. One sack had ex-hibited upon it the muslin skirt of a hibited upon it the muslin skirt of a ballet dancer. It was not a large sack, and I hazarded the suggestion that it was a sackful of ballet-skirts. The Hebrew dealer to whom I spoke overwhelmed me with ridicule. "Vy, the vearing apparel of all the ballets in the vorld vouldn't fill a sack that size, vould they?" he said.

they?" he said.

The market is supplied with its heterogeneous assortment of goods in an in-teresting manner. The hawkers scour the suburbs to buy up left off garments, but they do not go with money in their pockets when they go buying. Purchase for cash would be too direct a method. Just as the money-lender persuades the borrower to take part of the loan in wines, cigars or pictures, so the hawker offers his price for old clothes in crockoners his price for old clothes in crock-ery ware. A couple of vases, worth sixpence a piece, look so much more gen-erous an offer than would the shilling for the shiny coat or the ragged trou-sers. So, before setting out on his ex-pedition, the hawker goes to a shop in Houndsditch and loads his barrow with the flashy ornaments which he knows by experience will captivate the taste of the pert ladies' maid or the suburban housewife; and by that simple expedient he gets his stock 50 per cent.

cheaper. Then he wheels his barrow full of old clothes to Phil's buildings, and outside the market he generally finds a knot of commission buyers ready to bid for goods, distributes them among his various stall-holders, and then the public are invited to enter at a penny a time to buy. The best customers are the Irish dealers, who buy wholesale quantities for Belfast, Dublin, Cork and elsewhere. Frequently a £30 or £40 deal is heard of, and the cash passes bands before, the clothes are parted hands before the clothes are parted with. There is no credit trade there. -Pall Mall Gazette.

The Postmaster General's Nickname. Wilson Bissell, the postmaster general, has been the possessor of a pet name for years. Among all his friends and to a good many others besides the old law partner of Grover Cleveland is known as "Babe" Bissell. The name was never applied in disrespect, but refers simply to his smooth face, which is round and bland and covered with a cherubic expression that would set an angel to singing a lullaby. His Buffalo associates say that his expression is only an index to his disposition, and there are several people in his own city who think Mr. Bissell a fair subject for a ped-

One of these is a quaint old German who keeps a little "garten" wherein is a common round table to which the old fellow points with pride. Years ago, when Mr. Cleveland was sheriff and later mayor, he and Mr. Bissell and Mrs. Cleveland's father, Mr. Folsom, used to go over to this little "garten," call for their ale mugs and then sit for an hour at this table and play pinochle-up in Buffalo they call it "peaknuckle.

The three men always came at the same hour, sat at the same table and generally staid just the same time each day. The corner table became their especial property, and any one who had attempted to occupy the place about the time of the trio's arrival would have received small courtesy from the old German. Since Mr. Cleveland became president the proprietor has been pointing out the table with a mixture of thrifty pride and veneration .- Mrs. Mc-Guirk in Kate Field's Washington.

A Hindoo's Water Bicycle. Babu Jagadiswara Ghatak, living in Chetla in Alipore, known as the inventor of a patent for rice mills, has lately invented an apparatus by which a man may safely cross over the great waters. It is in the shape of a bicycle placed over two strong airtight small horizontal buoys constructed sidewise underneath the cycle. The man will take his seat on the cycle even more comfortably than on an ordinary bicycle, and the machinery being propelled by the legs will cross safely over rivers and lakes without drenching the propeller.

The experiment was made on Monday morning by the inventor himself, and it proved a success. Baju Jagadiswara, seated on a wonderful cycle of the water, passed from Chetla through the Tolly's Nullah across the great river Hooghly into the Botanical gardens, and in the same way returned home, to the great joy of his friends and admirers. The whole journey, including the return, was completed with in five hours.—Cor. London Globe.

This age has probably produced more vigorous minded and what is known as thinking women, than any other age in the world's history. This will in a measure account for the unprecedented large sales of the Rigoy porous waterproof cloth for Ladies' cloaks and

wraps. To a thinking woman the predominant properties of this cloth are sufficient to effect a sale, viz, its porous and waterproof properties, while to the female mind irrespective of its vigor the peautiful designs which are being shown

will produce the same effects. In Rigby, hearth, comfort and elegance are the trio which have worked its suc-

# A POVERTY JUNCTION.

An Odd Gathering of Odd Folk in an Odd Corner of London -Typical Scene.

Music Hall Performers, Their Origin and Haunts-Weekly Symposium.

(Correspondence of the Times.) London, March 27, 1893. In order to appreciate one of the oddof the oddest corners of London, one of the oldest corners of London, one must first know something about those whose strange lives and unique vocations made the noted London "Poverty

Junction" what it is.

They are the "pros" or "prossers" or music-hall performers of the world's metropolis. There are from 3000 to 5000 of them, great and unknown, men and women, and there are no other folk just like them within the whole world. They provide the "amusement" for the score or more of great music-halls, into each of which nightly crowd from two to five thousand peope, and for the hundreds upon hundreds of lesser affairs, ranging from the old-time free-and-easy, from which the modern music-hall has sprung, to the "penny-gaffs," where audiences of from one to five hundred persons may

Besides these, I would almost venture the assertion, there are thousands of "pubs" or public houses, drinking places with assembly rooms behind the bar, where free "smoking concerts" attract a permanent audience every night of from a score to a hundred workingmen and the foul rabble that subsist upon their generosity and weakness.

Indeed any one who knows this great city at all in the wandering, vagrant, observant way which leads thought observant way which leads thought into yerv grave conclusions, would have no hesitancy in saying that a quarter of a million human beings may be found any week-day night in these places "cheery" or more so, from liquor and from these sources forming their odd ideas of international contrasts; gathering from vile-mouthed performers' quibs the news and scandals of the day; increasing their contempt of order day; increasing their contempt of order and law from their endless satire and and law from their endless satire and ridicule; gaining in general and particular deeper hatred of English society above them; and hearing, often with wives and daughters beside them, the most sacred relations of men and women never spoken or sung of save as perennial playground for cunning and infidelity; until the heartiest laugh is in re-sponse to the broadest entendre, and the loudest roar rises from these great seas of upturned faces when the vilest music-

hall indecencies are prepetrated.

Of all these places the "penny-gaff," or outrageously ridiculous pantomime, or voiceless melodrama, or wordless tragedy, in which there is indescribable murable murable and other lurid der, highway robbery, and other lurid crime, but all enacted without spoken word to evade the law governing dram-atic representations, is the least harm-ful, for it has no bar; and to get his "penny'orth" of play, the Whitechapel barbarian is kept for at least two hours away from a public house. The great London music-hall is simply a larger and more insiduously hurtful

type of the free "smoking concert" room.
It is practically a gigantic bar or series of tiers of bars, surrounding an auditorium where the thousands instead of scores can be admitted, at scores can be admitted, at a merely nominal entrance fee; where a stage with specialty performers supplant the platform, the pianist and the volunteer; and where the same classes, or more vicious ones, with "Arry and Arriets" of London fill the pit, while every manner of cad, fast fellow of the gentry and nobility, including a good sprinkling of ner of cad, fast lends of the gently and nobility, including a good sprinkling of London Bohemia, saunter in the promenades and fill the boxes and stalls. About 20 different acts called "turns" are done by as many performers in one evening, and each actor will have from one to four "turns" for the same evening, each at different halls to which he speeds in every sort of conveyance, from a coster's donkey cart to a brougham. Programmes are furnished, on payment, and huge numerals, slid into the proscen-

ium sides, correspond with the programme numbers. These shows, with few exceptions in favor of individual performers, are utterly pointless, mirthless, inane and beast-There are perhaps in all this host London music-hall "actors" a half lozen who have demonstrated that true art may find reward even in so hopeess a field. Such are George Beauchamp, comedian; Jenny Hill, impersonator of coster girl, "the ludging-'ouse misand Albert Chevalier, whose studies and representations of the London coster-monger should give him rank as a really great actor and a man of positive gen-

But between all these odd folk and the London actors of the dramatic stage, there is endless emulation mingled with tantalizing attempts at "freedery" and airness on the one side, and a fadeless dread and contempt on the other. The "pros" or "prosser" as he is everywhere known in London, is in nearly every instance a product of the lowest London life. As a rule he was originally a costermonger, stable-boy, "boots," starveling from the traveling booth shows, Billingsgate crate-carrier, or from some-where out of the East End slums. If he be of as good quality as from the humblest laboring classes he still, as well as all other music-hall performers, graduates into his profession through one unvarying school of low and often vile training—from the "pennygaff," or from the "smoking concert" den where he has as "volunteer" sang, danced, contorted, or slugged, for the free entertainment of the gutter hosts of Lontertainment of the gutter hosts of London. Many of these favorites command salaries of from £50 to £100 per week. But about all of them reach their affluence, and often respectability, out of the same original depths, and along the

same vicissitous road. The only time when dramatic actor and "pros" ever meet is at the annual Christmas plays and pantomimes. Then the "pross" is in demand at the theatres to do specialties. The lofty scorn and airy defiance between the actor and the "pros" is then something wonderful

to behold. "What's that?" is the contemptuous query of one actor to another, as a "pros" is espied in the stage wings at Christmas time waiting to do his "turn" as his act or specialty is called.

"Oh, its only a thing from the 'alls (the music-halls); his companion will as witheringly answer.

witheringly answer.

"Gor bli me!" retorts the "pros" with an airy snort at his persecutor, "hit cawnt be hits on the sta-ige; they would nt average are bloomin hobjects in In America there is considerable friendly commingling of actors and var-iety performers. This makes possible the "Rialtos" of our large cities, which are noted as haunts of all manner

with the unusual character of the neighborhood and with the manner and dress

But between the London actors and London music-hall performers the gap is impassable. The London actor is a gentieman bred and born. He has been given the best of home and school, often of university, training. He is a student; often a traveler. His culture has been persistent, sequential and unavoidable. And his excellent social status keeps him in touch with the best rather than the best rather than

and his excellent social status keeps him in touch with the best rather than the undesirable elements.

So, for many years, indeed for a greater part of the present century, these ostracised music-hall performers have gradually merged their business and social interests in one large and interesting resort, known by theatrical people throughout the world as "Poverty Junction." No one knows how long it has been "Poverty Junction." This it is now and will ever remain. It is outside the old city borough, and the actors are glad of it. If you were wandering in the Strand and came to a region, along by Waterloo Bridge approach, of old bookstores, your haunting of these would lead you almost to the bridge itself. Then the Thames and its picturesque scenes would bring you upon the great structure; and your vagrant fancy, playing about the sunny fields of Kent, would lead you southward to the Surrey side of London. Should it happen to be of a Monday mornabout eleven o'clock, you would have scarcely passed the Surrey approach to the bridge when, at the corner of York and Waterloo roads—each a great city street—you will have come upon as curious a scene and study as may be found in any land.

In olden times this was a region of resort for the ruddy farmers of Surrey and

Waterloo roads—each a great city street—you will have come upon as curious a scene and study as may be found in any land.

In olden times this was a region of resort for the ruddy farmers of Surrey and Kent; of yards where wagons, carts and divers belongings of the farm were picturesquely bestowed before, during or after Covent Garden market hours; of rough shops which dealt in goods to the liking of the yeomanry; and of quaint old inns and public houses, where all the long day and throughout the night were the bustle and elatter of incoming and departing coaches; and where still lingers a perennial flavor of lrave drinking, hearty eating and rough but unctious good cheer.

But one of these ancient inns remains. This is the York Tavern. While prim new public houses have crowded close, seeking to lessen its prestige and divert its patronage, it is still, as of old, the centre of all the busy scene. At both sides of each intersecting street, and reaching for more than a square away, are single and double rows of hansoms, dog-carts and broughams. Many of the latter have liverled coachmen and footmen. They are the equipages of rich music-hall managers, bejeweled and foxy "theatrical" agents who control the booking of all music-hall and variety engagements, and of all those favorites among performers, like Cherwin, Leno, Godfrey, Cobburn, Beauchamp, Chevalier. Bessie Bonehill and Jenny Hill, whose specialties and popularity command earnings of from #40 to #150 per week.

Between these and the street facades, and quite often extending into the middle of York and Waterloo roads, will be gathered on any pleasant Monday morning from 1000 to 3000 music-hall and variety "prossers." A special detail of police is always required to keep passage-ways open to other pedestrians. Of all this strange mediey of folk perhaps not more than one-half will belong to London. Among the remainder will be found every manner of variety performers, good and bad, from American are here. Cowboy and puglistic "actors" are here. Provincial tale

all here, along with all the unnameable "human warious" of superlatively megatherian freaks, who scale the dizzy heights of fame in the bewildering borderland of the vast amusement world.

All those of the motley throng having real business at this weekly Poverty Junction assemblage, are here for the purpose of either securing new engagements or for paying he "dramatic" agents their stipulated regular weekly commissions on current engagements. These agents, some forty in number, occupy all accessible ground apartments or fully half a square on either angle of each of the four corners of York and Waterloo roads. No "prosser" dare secure an engagement, and no manager dare engage a "prosser" without the booking is done by them. They first charge a large booking fee, and subsequently receive ten per cent. of every performer's contract money, which is sent weekly, by mail, or paid in person every Monday morning. They are held in deadly hatred, and treated with pitiable servility, by all music-hall folk. London, provincial and all foreign music-hall and other managers come here in person to secure their evervarying attractions. A halo of awe sur-

all foreign music-hall and other managers come here in person to secure their ever-varying attractions. A halo of awe surrounds them as the pass from one agency to another, but Billingsgate porters could not equal the lively remarks upon their persons and character that mingle with sturdy calls for "bitter" and "four ale," the moment they have disappeared from view. sturdy calls for "bitter" and "four ale," the moment they have disappeared from view.

Secondarily, those here on necessary business take kindly to this form of Poverty Junction weekly reunion or symposium. They are thus enabled to exchange gossip and greetings, coster oaths and choice Billingsgate; and to keep informed as to the movements of rivals, and city, provincial or foreign managers. All the others comprise a great horde of unemployed unreliables who, in Poverty Junction vernacular, are here to "wait for captains," that is, drink and any manner of pickings; a vaster horde of budding "prossers," endearingly called "Tommy Rots;" and a still greater and more pitiable number of broken down and utterly helpless old-time favorites who, and blessed be the tender humanity of the prosser at large! here secure in ungrudged alms every penny on earth that keeps them from the workhouse or a pauper's grave.

The business and social conversation of a Poverty Junction symposium is the most graceless that ever fell from the tongues of mortal men and women. The latter are here in equal numbers with the men. Both drink on equal footing at the York Tavern's first, second and third class compartments. All are relieved by their lurid denunciations of star favorites, managers and agents. They are a kindly-hearted lot, but their language is simply untellable. This, of companion prossers leaving an agent's office, is as chaste as lilies by comparison:—

"Ah, cull, Hi've made a shop (contract)" But between all these odd folk and the

agent's office, is as chaste as lines by camparison:—
"Ah, cull, H'i've made a shop (contract) in the country, an' four turns (nightly engagements at different music-halls) to open Bank 'olidays. Gawd's truth, cull. The bleedin' keaffir kneows H'i'm in demand, er ee wouldn't a give me th' shops. Go'n to th' country fur on'y fifteen quid (sovereigns). Get the town fur seven a turn. H'i cud a 'ad more, but w'at's th' bloody use a standin' on ceremonies!"

He probably was to receive five pounds

bloody use a standin' on ceremonies!"

He probably was to receive five pounds per week for his provincial engagement. and perhaps eight pounds altogether for his London "turns."

"W'y didn't ye get yer wife on for a small part?" sympathetically inquires his companion.

"W'at's the bloody use? The cow aint

"W'at's the bloody use? The cow aint got no bloomin' grammar in 'er!"

With a "Gor bli me, ol' chap, we'll 'ave a wet!" and a "Look sharp eere!" to the waiter, they drown their professional pride in York Tavern four ale, when the lucky prosser is off with all haste to the Registry office to get his precious contract stamped, lest the bloomin' h'agent tries to throw 'im down."

The symposium is at its height of confusion and "cheeriness" by one o'clock; but an hour later, save for the brave managers and their foxy agents still lingering over their wine in the rooms of the York Tavern, and a half score of the God-forsaken riffraff, lingering for a possible h'apenny from some belated reveler, all the region round about this London Poverty Junction is as silent as a shadowy, hawthorn-spangled English lane.

Sir Donald Smith's magnificent gift of

# FRANCO-CANADIAN TREATY.

The Terms of the Agreement Considered Satisfactory by the British.

Minister Foster's Action Was Hasty but Will Cause Only One Year's Delay.

London, April 8.—The practical settlement of the French treaty difficulty by the understanding that the Domision Government will submit the treaty for ratification at next session, gives satisfaction here, and is regarded as proof that Lord Dufferin and Sir Charles Tupper, when they were in Paris, were able to show that Mr. Foster's action was due to an entire misconstruction of the due to an entire misconstruction of the actual facts. A year's delay is regrettable, but assurances are given that will avert the results the hasty decision at Ottawa would otherwise have involved, and remove the serious strain in the relations between the high commissioner and the ministry. It is believed that when the question is discussed next year it will be found that the view taken from the first here as to the Govern-ment's responsibility for the treaty is fully warranted.

A Lord Mayor's Duties. The functions of a Lord Mayor are very varied, but never before, probably, has an occupant of the office been requested by an unknown correspondent in the colonies to find three hearthstone in the colonies to find three hearthstone sellers among the five millions of the inhabitants of London and been successful in his search. A lad wrote to the Lord Mayor from Montreal recently stating that he left London in May, 1882, and that he was once in the Middlesex Industrial School, whither he had written and received no answer. "So now, dear sir," his letter proceeded, "I write to you to see if you can give me any of the whereabouts of my brothers. The last time I wrote to them they was living in Duke street, Bethnal-green. I living in Duke street, Bethnal-green. I wrote to them three times and I only got one letter, and the rest came back as dead letters with the word 'Moved' on the back of them. My brothers' ocas dead letters with the word 'Moved' on the back of them. My brothers' occupations is selling hearthstones, and their names are George, Thomas and Walter — And now, dear sir, you will do me a very great favor if you will try and get the police to hunt them up. I hope you will excuse my writing to you as I thought you were the only man who would do me the favor. Hoping to hear from them soon, I remain your obedient servant, Albert —." The Lord Mayor, who is chairman of the police committee, requested Col. Smith, the commissioner, to see if the boy's relatives could be found. After boy's relatives could be found. After considerable difficulty the three brothers who live in different parts of London, were discovered and placed in communication with the Lord Mayor's Canadian correspondent.—London Times.

### THE ENERGETIC WOMAN.

How She Stores Up Vitality and Why She

Doesn't Look Faded. "Have you ever known and envied any of those women who seem all energy and vitality, whose delight in life is accumulated work, and if that work must be accomplished within a limited time, the keener their delight? If you ask them how they manage to expend so much energy on business problems, and yet remain fresh and ready to enjoy the last play and the newest book, they usually say: "Oh, I suppose I am unusually healthy;" but one of them has confessed to a fondness for certain methods of hygienic treatment, and, perhaps, if you follow her advice, you too may find yourself still pleasant-faced and sweet-voiced at evening time, though your day has been spent in la-

bor.
This woman is an early riser. Before anyone else is stirring she has dashed her face with cold water, eaten an orange, a peach, an apple, according to the season, and finished her toilet by bathing face, neck and arms in warm water. She doesn't believe in a morning plunge. She says it is likely to give a woman with delicate throat or lungs a severe cold. When breakfast is ready she has copied her report of last night's lecture or prepared matter for some magazine, perhaps, and her morning meal must always com-mence with fruit. She believes in plenof fruit and plenty, of water. fruit for the stomach, the water for the body. If one drinks much water, the flesh becomes soft and flabby; by bathing frequently the flesh becomes firm

and elastic. As secretary for a famous scientist, this woman spends her day in strug-gling with the grammatic chaos of learned treatises, for, be it whispered, the great man is a poor grammarian, and when she puts away the last paper and wipes the last pen she feels worn out in body and mind. When she goes home, even if she only means to read and rest, she brushes out her hair and bathes her she brushes out her hair and bathes her face and arms with very hot water; it relaxes the tired muscles; and she says when she has heated her hand at the gas burner, moistened it with aromatic vin-egar and rubbed the back of her neck well, all the heavy, exhausted, feeling has disappeared, and she is ready for

anything that may be afoot.

Before going to bed she likes a cracker and some stewed fruit, and then the very last thing she takes her bath. Three times a week she revels in a sulphur bath. At the springs last summer she noticed that even old ladies whose faces were wrinkled and yellow returned from the bath house with cheeks all aglow with soft, pink color, and she determined to try to have a suiphur bath at home, so she fills the tub and throws in a handful of sulphur, and next morning her skin is as fresh and cool as a child's, and she has the pretty flush that we all envy.

That is how one woman retains her dainty color, her light, elastic step, and her power to make conversation interesting, even when working under intense mental strain, and when, according to old fashioned ideas, she should be pale and languid, and unresponsive to pleas-

DEATH PENALTY IN BELGIUM. Its Practical Aboiltion Attended by a Great Increase in Crime.

The race of public executioners is not wholly extinct in Belgium, although the office has been little more than a sineoure for nearly half a central public of the sineoure for nearly half a central public of the sineoure o tury. The other day the headsman of Brussels was borrowed by headsmanless Bruges to go through with becoming solonwith the corrections of the second of the Bruges to go through with becoming death the solemnity the exceedingly silly ceremony at once. of nailing to a post a sentence of im-prisonment pronounced in default on some petty larcener. Antwerp almost simultaneously obtained a loan for sare noted as haunts of all manner of stage performers, and which are the resort, at certain hours of every day, of many theatrical people. The casual passer lingers curiously within the region. Even one not accustomed to striking city phases, is at once impressed in 1805. The disappearance of a condemned convict necessitated in 1805. The disappearance of a condemned convict necessitated the journey of M. Hamel to the banks of the Scheldt, where he gravely performed the same farce as was enacted by his colleague of Brussels in the city of Memling. Since 1855 no digestion.

assassin has perished on a Belgian scaffold. Last year's catalogue of crime
in Belgium was long and terrible; 1893
is still young, but each week has brought
with it some deed of blood.
Within the last few days the Belgian
press has chronicled the deaths by deliberate violence and no fewer than five
persons, some of them being attended
with circumstances of aggravation persons, some of them being attended with circumstances of aggravation which beggar description. In view of this state of affairs the Belgian News asks whether this long suspension, amounting almost to abolition, of capital punishment has or has not been for the public good, and suggests that in spite of the great aversion which King Leopold is known to feel to signing a deatth warrant the amended Belgian constitution mush deal effectually with constitution mush deal effectually with a state of things which has insensibly remdered negative and illusive that most salutary clause of the Belgian penal code, which should, under other circumstances, strike terror into the hearts of avail deem. of evil-doers.—St. James' Gazette.

## CANADIAN DISPATCHES

The News of Eastern Canada in Short Paragraphs.

David A. Thomson, a well-to-do farmer of Ellismere, township of Scarboro, is dead. The Winnipeg tailors' strike is again on, the bosses refusing to sign any con-

tract. Thomas Robson, a prominent and prosperous farmer of Oden township, is dead, aged 35.

Hyacinthe Lauthier, one of the few survivors of the Lower Canadian rebellion of 1837, has just died at Smith's Falls. A Boston syndicate is trying to purchase or lease the Farmers' Binder Twine and Manufacturing Co. at Brantford, guaran-teeing seven per cent. to stock holders. A Frenchman narrowly escaped drowning while crossing the Red river near Winnipeg. His horse was drown-

R. P. Murray, of the firm of Murray and Co., dry goods, London, is dead. He was well-known through western Ontario.

Col. Worsley, D.A.G., of the Nova Scotia district, and Col. Murray, district paymas-ter, have been compelled to retire on ac-count of irregularities connected with their offices.

Jerry Freeman, father of the three Freeman boys in jail at Chatam for the murder of Constable Rankin, is dead, aged 75.

The Tay Electric Light Company has been incorporated by the Ontario government, with a capital of \$30,000, to light the town of Perth. Among the incorporators are Minister Haggart and John C. Balderson. Edward Lemieux' store, residence and stables, and Hector Lemieux' residence

at Chicoutimi were burned. Loss, \$10,-000; insurance partial. N. J. S. Laochelle, a merchant at the Thetford mines, Quebec, and a son of Leon Larochelle, merchant of St. Henry, is dead from injuries received while trying to board a moving train.

Nominations in Vaudreuil for the Commons have resulted as follows; Alphonse Chevrier, of Rigaud (Conservative), and Henry Harwood, of Vaudreuil (Liberal.) W. J. Cook, an English immigrant who recently arrived at Montreal suffering from typhus, is rapidly recovering, and all danger of the disease spreading

is over. It is unlikely that any movement for the formation of a wheat pit in connec-tion with the Montreal Board of Trade will be sucessful or without opposition on the part of some members of the

Robert Lougheed, of the third concession of Euphrasia, a prosperous farmer, aged 38, committed suicide by hanging. He had been greatly annoyed by not receiving an invitation to his sister-inlaw's wedding recently.

The announcement is made that syndicate has been formed to establish a new English paper in Montreal. The Canadian Pacific and another wealthy institution are said to be at the back of the affair.

Word has been received of the death in New York of James Finn, formerly of Kintail. The remains were found on a railway, but foul play is suspected, as the deceased was known to have received \$600 aa short time before, none of which was found on the body.

At an inquest in Port Stanley on the body of Mrs. Sutton, who was burned to death, a son of hers testified that his mother was of weak mind, and he kept her locked in an upper room, and, owing to the excitement caused by the fire, he forgot all about her and she had to perish.

At auction last week in St. John, N. B., there were sold forty shares Bank of New Brunswick stock at 150 3-4 per cent. premium; \$700 city six per cent. bond, due 1895, at 3 per cent. premium, and \$1,000 city fown was continued by the state of the state and \$1,000 city four per cent bonds, due 1930, at 97 per cent.

The New Brunswick Legislature has passed an act making compulsory the teaching of the temperance theory in the public schools of New Brunswick. Hitherto temperance teaching has been regulated by the board of education, and many teachers paid little attention to the board's instructions.

.Thirty-five hundred immigrants are expected at Halifax this week. The steam-ship State of Nebraska is bringing 350; steamship Slavonia, from Hamburg, 610; the steamship Vancouver, from Liverpool, 1290; the steamship Austrian, 200; the steamship Lake Ontario, 500, and the steamship Peruvian, 534.

A despatch from Frederickton states that the sugar refinery amalgamation bill, which is similar to the one now before the legislature of Nova Scotia, and on somewhat similar lines to the one before the parliament at Ottawa, has been passed by the legislature of New Brumswick without a dissenting vote.

Reports from the southern lake coun-Reports from the southern lake counties in Ontario say that the fall wheat is badly damaged by frost and falling rains, and that the crop will probably be much smaller than last year.

The Toronto World says it is rumored that Dalton McCanthy will be asked to head the Patrons of Industry movement.

A cave-in of earth adjoining the Ogilvie mill, Winnipeg, completely buried three men and a fourth probably. One was dead when reached by the rescuing party, while the others were severely injured, one having a leg broken, another an arm, and the other had severe bruises on the head. Ben. Johnson is the name of the man killed. He leaves a large family.

The list of subscriptions to the Alexander Mackenzie memorial fund, started last summer, has been given to the public. The total amounts to \$16,250, of which Toronto subscribed over \$10,000. The original idea was to give Mrs. Mackenzie the interest during her lifetime and found a chair of political

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, similar purposes of the services of its proprietors make no idle or extrava"Monsieur de Leige," one Hamel, whose gant claim. Statements from thousands practical acquaintance with the guillo-tine ceased in 1855. The disappear-rilla has done for them conclusivey prove the fact-HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES.