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W. F. MACLEAN.

TUESDAY MORNING, OCT. 7, 1884.

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Sir John Macdonald's Trip.

There is naturally a good deal of speculation as to the cause of Sir John's sudden departure for England, and the general remark is: What is he after? We venture to make a few suggestions.

The Washington treaty expires a few months hence, and its termination reopens the whole fisheries question. Americans were entitled to the same privilege as Canadians on our coasts under the old reciprocity treaty from 1854 to 1866. From 1866 to 1871 they poached on our three mile limit and often suffered the poachers' fate—forcible expulsion. From 1871 to 1884 they have been again allowed to fish freely in Canadian waters. Believing that under the Halifax award they paid too much for this privilege, they will, not quietly withdraw, and if our government want to be in a position to expel them, imperial concurrence will be necessary. Under existing circumstances—that is with the Gladstone government in power, and troublesome foreign complications on Mr. Gladstone's hands in China, Egypt, Australasia and South Africa—what prospect is there of getting imperial aid to keep our waters free from poaching fishermen?

During the past few months the Chinese question has assumed most formidable proportions as a question of home politics. British Columbia is swarming with these Celestials, and they are streaming over from Canada into the United States. Sooner or later an international complication will arise out of this migration if it is not stopped. On the other hand, as Englishmen are allowed in China only under treaty stipulations, and as Canadians are only Englishmen in Chinese eyes, any anti-Chinese law we may pass must have imperial sanction. Are we likely to get it, with matters as they are at present in China? And if not, must we submit to have our country made a dumping ground for these people, merely in order that English traders may be allowed to supply the Chinese at home with opium?

A third matter occupying Sir John's attention is the proposed annexation of Jamaica. To have this island annexed to Canada would please the British government, as Lord Derby virtually admitted in his recent public remarks on the subject; but would it be profitable for Canada to assume such a responsibility? Whether it would or not, the conservatives will all say so if Sir John asks them to do it, and he would not be without reasons for making the request, inasmuch as there is a widespread feeling that such an addition to the territories of the dominion would give us just that variety of climate and products in which alone the United States now excels us.

Then there is some talk of closer commercial relations with Cuba, and of a visit to Madrid by Sir Charles Tupper in that connection. A personal interview between Sir John and Sir Charles touching this project would not be unpromptable.

Perhaps, too, the imperial government desires to consult with the premier upon the advisability of an amicable understanding between the federal and provincial governments, whose continuous wrangling and frequent appeals to the law lords must be a source of some surprise to the colonial secretary.

And on top of all these, a baronetcy for Sir John himself! The acceptance of this, if it be offered, will detract from rather than add to the value of any service that the premier may do Canada during his visit. It is high time for Canadian statesmen to seek their reward in the esteem and confidence of their fellow Canadians, and not in Downing street.

The Fly in Wolseley's Ointment.

Gen. Gordon is open to the suspicion of having timed his movements so as to wet the powder in Gen. Wolseley's fireworks, although the outcome may only be what is called, for want of a better name, a singular coincidence. Up to the time that the captain of the relief expedition was half seas over or more, after having taken his departure from England with much pomp and circumstance, the defender of Khartoum had given no assurance that he was at all able to take care of himself. At that critical juncture he burst upon the gaze of a waiting world, triumphant over difficulties which he had himself previously represented almost insuperable. The effect has been to make Wolseley look tame, if not ridiculous, and it is only crediting him with the possession of the average allowance of human vanity to say that he would probably rather have marched to Khartoum over hundreds of dead bodies than to have been relieved of his responsibilities in this inconsequential manner. He has been deprived of the opportunity of shining as a military Stanley, with Gordon for his Livingstone. Gordon is a man who disappoints all calculations, and grows great by defying all the dictates of prudence, and all the rules of warfare. His exploits in the Soudan have eclipsed anything ever achieved by his would-be rescuer. He is the first fly that has ever settled in Wolseley's ointment.

The License Laws.

Surmise says that the decision of the supreme court will be to the effect that the manufacture and importation of liquors—in a word the wholesale trade—is a matter of trade and commerce, and as such is constitutionally under the control of the central government; but that the retail trade, being subject to police regulation, is within the cognizance of the provincial authorities.

This certainly impresses the lay mind as a fair and reasonable interpretation of the British North America act, and the only fault to be found with the federal government in seeking some such authoritative interpretation is that it was not sought before the Macarthy act was called into existence to clash with the Crooks act, increase the number of barrooms, and confound the confusion in which the liquor question has been kept by the politicians of both parties for years past.

It is quite probable that no matter what the decision of our so-called supreme court may be, it will be challenged by either one litigant or the other before the privy council, unless the snubbings which the Canadian counsel in the boundary case received have a deterrent effect. It is an open secret that Lord Shelborne who, as the lord chancellor, is the ruling and master spirit of the law lords, comported himself towards Mr. Mowat and Mr. Christopher Robinson and Mr. McCarthy in a way that said almost as plainly as words could have said it: "What brings you here with your parish politics? Cannot you settle your miserable colonial affairs at home?" While not justifying his lordship's lack of urbanity, we must confess that the people of a vast dominion like this who tolerate a supreme court which is not supreme, and who are unable or unwilling to adjust their internal differences by either home legislation or litigation, but are content to go four thousand miles for the opinion of men who have never seen this country, are not in a position to command any great degree of respect.

It seems to us that Mr. Mowat might be well content to devote the control of the wholesale liquor traffic upon the shoulders of his wily opponent. Prohibition is a live and awkward question, which will have to be decided by legislation after the Scott act wave has reached high water mark, and the legislative body which assumes control of the wholesale liquor traffic will be compelled to assume also the responsibility of deciding between the manufacturers and importers and the prohibitionists. In such event Mr. Mowat may easily bring himself to regard the Macarthy act as a blessing in disguise.

Signs of the Times.

Canadians are not growing more democratic, or less in love with titles, if we may judge from the following "signs of the times."

This is from the first editorial column of the London Advertiser:

HON. D. MILLS.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

And this is from the first editorial column of the Toronto Tribune:

THE HON. T. W. ANGLIN,
Ex-speaker of the House of Commons,
EDITOR.

Editors are "all honorable men," but they do not all advertise the fact at the top of the editorial mast.

Meek swears that Cascaden offered, for a consideration, to manipulate the catholic grits of his constituency in the interest of a conservative candidate. When the electors referred to hear this they will feel disposed to manipulate Cascaden. It is only Cascaden's reputation for trickery that makes Meek's story credible.

It is given out in England that Lord Ripon will be made a duke upon his return from India. This is encouraging to Lord Bufferin. When a man swaps his liver for honors it is some consolation for him to have reason to expect that his new title will be of the highest possible rank.

San Francisco is doing a roaring trade with Hong Kong in flour, canned goods and other provisions. The presumption is that these are being bought to sustain the Chinese soldiery in their struggle with the French. What they need, however, is not so much food as pluck.

New York is the great pivotal state, and the signs multiply that Cleveland will carry it. Roscoe Conkling and many other independent or neutral republicans think so, and Conkling and his friends are a power in New York. The Halpin scandal has spent its novel force; Blaine is on the defensive against Fisher and Mulligan; Tammany has been wheeled into line; and all the old school democrats, such as Tilden and Seymour, whose names are powerful to conjure with, are heartily supporting the new leader. Against all this is to be set off the Butler vote and the hostility of the Sun, which will be at least counterbalanced by the republican prohibition bolt to St. John, and the attitude of the Times and Harpers' Weekly. Cleveland's chances of success are better now than they were before. What the remaining weeks of the campaign may have in store for him there is no oracle to foretell.

The Mail's attack upon Mr. Gladstone as a grand old idiot has been outdone by the Honorable and Reverend Irby of the established church, who, in moving a vote of thanks at a tory picnic, said that "the conundrum used to be, why does the grand old man wear such high shirt collars? I prefer to put it that the grand old artful dodger, wears them to hide his infernal cheek." The honorable and reverend gentleman has mistaken his calling. He ought to be crying fish up the London lanes.

HYDROPHOBIA HORRORS.

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR ABOUT MAD DOGS.

Fifty Cases of Alleged Hydrophobia Examined—The Result not Creditable to Journalistic Veracity.

The New York Telegram of Saturday devotes a column to the examination of hydrophobia stories as sent to the press during last summer. Some fifty cases are reproduced as originally published, together with the facts regarding them as obtained by correspondents with postmasters, newspapers, physicians, &c., the original of which is on file in the office of the Albany Times.

The result, to say the least, is not creditable to the veracity of American journalists. In many cases it appears that while the first vague sensational and invariably exaggerated report was published, any further information of an explanatory or contradictory nature was suppressed. The stories were printed as they were sent, and there was an end of it. The result of the present investigation ought to be comforting to nervous people, and do much towards allaying that superstitious species of terror with which many regard the least scratch inflicted by the teeth of a dog.

One of the most startling cases, that of a young man in Allegheny city, Pa., "a hopeless case," who "howls and barks like a dog, froths at the mouth and refuses water," is thus tersely accounted for by his attending physician: "The man was drunk—so was the reporter." The little son of James Copely, living in Alabama street, Cincinnati, was according to another report almost chewed up by a pet Newfoundland dog. The child's mother was also bitten and went mad. Investigation revealed that no such street and no such family were in existence. Annie Bennett of Burlington, N.J., got hydrophobia and could hardly be held down by four men. An inquiry showed that there was such a girl and that she had been ill, but there were no symptoms whatever of hydrophobia. A case at Painesville, O., is explained as a creation of the local doctor, who sought to gain for himself a reputation as a curer of rabies. At Mount Gilead, O., a 12-year-old girl, said the despatches, was bitten on the thumb and went raving mad. The girl was really bitten, but the wound was cauterized and no harm followed. From Chicago three cases were reported, of which two proved to be real cases of rabies. One boy died twenty days after being bitten and after twenty-four hours illness; the other took ill five months after the bite and died in fifty-six hours. It does not appear in these cases whether the bite had been cauterized.

But the most remarkable case of all was the great epidemic of hydrophobia at Eufaula, Ala. Those who recollect the stories of the burning of the natural bridge in Virginia, the volcanoes in North Carolina, the sinking lands in Georgia and such trifling episodes as that of the little Texas girl and her toy balloons need not be astonished at a pretty highly colored story from the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, but as a pretty good sample of the mad scare we will give our readers a portion of it as it appeared in the New York Sun with a display head:

EUFAULA, Ala., Aug. 22, 1884.—The people of this neighborhood are in a state of tremendous excitement over the wholesale spread of hydrophobia on the plantation of Punch Doughtie. Dr. E. B. Johnson has just turned from Mr. Doughtie's plantation, where he had been summoned. He found thirty-two persons suffering from a disease which he at once pronounced hydrophobia in a mild form. All the sufferers were negroes. Three of them were desperately sick, one being in the throes of delirium, and so low that the doctor says he is liable to die at any moment. More than three weeks ago a hog bitten by a dog died on Mr. Doughtie's plantation and the carcass was given to the negroes to be converted into soap grease. Instead of utilizing it for this purpose, thirty-two negroes on the place and in the neighborhood ate the flesh of the hog. Mr. Doughtie says that on July 25 one of his dogs went mad and bit a mule and several hogs. On Aug. 13 the first hog died, and was eaten by the negroes. Two more died on Aug. 18, one on Aug. 22 and one on Aug. 46, and all were eaten except the last, when the partakers of the poisoned flesh became sick. The mule exhibited signs of madness on the nineteenth day after being bitten. Eleven days after the first hog was eaten ten of the negroes were taken sick. Two days ago another dog was discovered to be mad, and was killed after having bitten a mule. Another dog on the lot is now housed, and will be experimented with for a cure. The dog that bit the mule and hogs disappeared, and the whole neighborhood is in terror lest he went through the cattle and hogs throughout the belt before dying. A consortium of the thirty-two eaters of the affected hogs are seriously sick, and the developments among the others are awaited with the greatest interest. Dr. Johnson, an able physician, says that it is a terrible case and that he fears the worst. It would not surprise him if the greater number of the thirty-two persons should die, etc., etc., for half a column.

Such a story is incomplete without the sequel, which follows:

EUFAULA, Ala., Sept. 3, 1884.

To the Editor of the Albany Times:

DEAR SIR: A mule on Mr. Doughtie's place acted strangely, bit another mule, and was killed. This last mule was badly bitten, but has shown no symptom of hydrophobia. Several hogs died with cholera on the place and some negroes ate them. Several of them were taken sick, as was to be expected, but they have all recovered, and none have hydrophobia. This seems to be the only ground for the reports, which are false. Yours truly,

H. C. RUSSELL, Postmaster.
Saratoga county.

A German journal vindictively reminds the English critics of the grand duke of Hesse that in Germany the union of Louise and Lorne would rank as a morganatic marriage. Well, their children would never feel the injustice of not inheriting princely titles.

Were it not that we know that the sparrow is eagerly eaten in England, we should regard the New York Sun's statement, that he is constantly served up in that city as a reed bird, as part of the conspiracy for his destruction. The majority of people have come to the conclusion that he is a nuisance, that he is no good, and that he drives away the indigenous song birds from our parks and gardens. As he is good to eat let us proceed at once to eat him and so settle the vexed question of his existence.

Did Denison Land at Dublin?

From the Hamilton Spectator.

Our army in Ireland.

A Prize Loafer in Trouble.

From the Kingston News.

It accidentally became known that the exhibitor of the first prize bread at the fair was one of the judges. Consequently there is trouble ahead.

Confusing Nudity With Nastiness.

From the Winnipeg Sun.

Toronto has suppressed a museum of anatomy on the ground of indecency, yet, in the same city, the nude in art is allowed to prevail without protest in a leading educational institution. If this virtuous city suppresses one, why not the other as well?

THE DEAD ACTOR.

A Sketch of Frank Chanfrau's Dramatic Career in America.

Mr. Chanfrau was buried at Long Branch last Sunday, where he owned considerable property. He leaves a widow and two sons, Frank and Henry. The latter will take his father's place in playing Kit, the Arkansas Traveler. Mr. Trayleure says the estate will amount to $500,000.

Mr. Chanfrau was over 60 years old. His youthful experiences, as a member of engine 14 company in the 5th ward of New York, where he was born, have become familiar by his skilful use of them in his great dramatic success, Mose. Before he made that hit, however, he had had some rough times in the west, whither he went fired by histrionic enthusiasm imbibed chiefly in the Forrest Dramatic association. On his return to this city he became a member of the company of the old Bowery theatre, then under Hamblin's management. He was engaged by Mrs. Poulsit's husband, that popular actress being at the time Mrs. Samuel Wallis. It was not in this house, however, that he became famous, notwithstanding that Mr. Hamblin recognized his ability. It was after he had engaged as a comedian in Mitchell's Olympic that his Jerry Cup, in The Widow's Victim, attracted attention, and it was here that he appeared in the noted play written for him by Benjamin Baker, showing the old-style fire laddie as he really was. A Philadelphia actress named Henrietta Baker became Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau in 1858. A tour through the south in Mose was very successful. Kit and Sam have since become about as famous and as lucrative as his Mose, and he showed his quality in the legitimate in this city in such roles as Richelieu, Virginius, Damon and other heroic and classical parts.

He Does not Write Stories.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: As I have more than once been accused of the paternity of the Zig Zag which appeared in your issue of to-day, I shall be obliged if you allow me to say that I have always had enough to occupy me in dealing with facts, without having recourse to fiction. As I leave Toronto this evening for England, I will add that any communication of mine which may appear in a local journal will be distinguished from that of another of my name by the addition, "formerly editor of the Critic." Long live The World!

Oct. 6. DAVID EDWARDS.

Warning!

—The most suddenly fatal diseases of Summer and Fall are the various forms of Bowel Complaints which Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will promptly remedy. 246

Saved by a Woman's Heroism.

A Denver despatch to the New York Truth, dated Oct. 4, says: What might have been a serious disaster in a mine was prevented yesterday within the corporate limits of Georgetown by the presence of mind and activity of a woman. Mrs. Rable observed a blaze coming out of the drift of the Centennial mine, and seizing a bucket of water ran to the mouth of the mine. Within the circle of the flames were some twenty pounds of giant powder and four pounds of giant caps, sufficient to entirely obliterate the mouth of the mine. She poured the water on the explosives and brought a sufficient quantity afterward to check the flames. The boxes of explosives were badly scarred, but no other damage was done. Three men were at work 250 feet inside, and knew not of their danger until all was over.

A Valuable Find.

—Mr. Isaac Brown of Bothwell, declares that he found one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters worth $500 to him. It cured him of Salt Rheum from which he had suffered years after other treatment had failed to relieve. 246

For Poets Only.

From a critique of Austin Dobson in the October Century, by Brander Matthews, who writes with the knowledge of a personal friend, are taken these brief rules of society verse: "Mr. Dobson, at the request of the present writer, drew up a code for the composition of easy verse; and although this has been printed before, it would be unpardonable not to republish it again. Here, then, are Mr. Dobson's 'Twelve Good Rules of Familiar Verse':

I. Be never vulgar.
II. Avoid slang and puns.
III. Avoid inversions.
IV. Be sparing of long words.
V. Be colloquial but not commonplace.
VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
VII. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced.
VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
IX. Be as witty as you like.
X. Be serious by accident.
XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules "has observed them himself."

A Song.

Some find Love late, some find him soon,
Some with the rose in May,
Some when the nightingale in June,
And some when skies are gray;
Love comes to some with smiling eyes,
And comes with tears to some,
But some Love sings, for some Love sighs,
For some Love's lips are dumb.
How will you come to me, fair Love?
Will you come late or soon?
With sad or smiling skies above,
By light of sun or moon?
Will you be sad, will you be sweet,
Sing, sigh, Love, or be dumb,
Will it be summer when we meet,
Or autumn ere you come?

A Set-to on Long Island.

New York, Oct. 5.—A prize fight for $200 a side, Queensbury rules, was fought at daylight this morning near Astoria, L.I., between "Paddy" Smith of this city and "Patsey" Dempsey's unknown, of Greenpoint. Smith was badly punished in the first 2 rounds, but in the 3rd he bruised the unknown in a terrible manner. Both men had to be assisted to the scratch in the 11th round. From this until the 24th round the fighting was tame. Then the unknown knocked Smith out; time 1h. and 33m.

Local Markets.

THE FARMERS' MARKET.—The receipts of grain were not as large to-day, and prices are without change. About 300 bushels of wheat offered and sold at 80c to 81c for fall, 81c to 83c for spring, and 63c to 65c for goose. Barley steady, there being sales of 5000 bushels at 50c to 70c, the bulk of it bringing 57c to 60c. Oats steady, with sales of 200 bushels at 33c to 35c. Peas are nominal at 62c to 64c, and rye at 60c. Hay was steady, with receipts of thirty-five loads; it sold at $9 to $14 a ton. Straw in fair demand, with sales of ten loads at $8 to $10 a ton. Hogs nominal at $7.00. Beef, forequarters $4.50 to $6; hindquarters $7 to $9. Mutton, carcass, $5 to $6.50. Lamb, $7 to $8.

ST. LAWRENCE MARKET.—This market was quiet to-day and prices without change. We quote: Beef—Roast, 11c to 14c, sirloin steak 13c to 14c, round steak 10c to 11c. Mutton—Legs and chops 10c to 13c, inferior cuts 7c to 8c, lamb per lb. 10c to 14c, forequarters 50c to $2, veal, best joints, 12c to 14c, inferior cuts 5c to 10c. Pork—Chops and roast 9c to 10c. Butter—Pound rolls 23c to 26c, large rolls 19c to 21c, cooking 14c to 15c. Lard 12c to 13c. Cheese 12c to 14c. Bacon 12c to 15c. Eggs 13c to 21c. Turkeys $1.50 to $2. Chickens, per pair, 45c to 65c. Geese 35c to $1. Ducks 55c to 70c. Potatoes, per bag, 50c to 55c. Cabbages, per doz., 15c to 20c. Onions, per doz., 15c to 20c. Apples, per brl., $1.00 to $2.50. Beets, per doz., 15c to 20c. Carrots, per doz., 15c to 20c. Turnips, per bag, 45c to 50c. Tomatoes, bush, 30c to 35c. Cauliflower, doz. 40c to 60c.

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Tenders endorsed "Tender for Fence Posts," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received on or before Tuesday, October 21st.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal,
September 24th, 1884. 532

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" $40 to $50, 25c.	" $80 to $90, 45c.
" $50 to $60, 30c.	" $90 to $100, 50c.

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