

JUBILEE ECHOES.

Some of the Suggestions Offered by Enthusiasts.

Seat Swindling Operations Active at the Different Sea-ports.

United States Representative's Difficulty.

The Canny Scot Takes a Hand in Looking after Number One.

A London correspondent, writing of the preparations for the Queen's Jubilee, says—

It is impossible to escape the Jubilee echoes. Already everything is turning upon that celebration—drags, decoration and entertainments—while there is a shrieking chorus from the press, warning everybody against all imaginable disasters which, it is claimed, are likely to ensue. It is even pointed out that the proposed bonfires are likely to set the whole country in a blaze.

Some correspondents are so impressed with the importance of the Jubilee that they are not satisfied with the name of England or Britain, and want England rechristened Wiseland, the first four letters being the initials of Wales, Ireland, Scotland and England. This is capped by another correspondent who wants the Empire to be called Enwiscolia, so as to bring in the colonies of England, and that all subjects of the Queen be called Enwiscolians.

Jubilee seat swindling is rampant. Sharpers are meeting the incoming steamships at Port said, Brindisi and Queenstown and are selling to unsuspecting passengers unoccupied seats to view the jubilee procession. Many Americans have been victimized in this manner.

Complications in regard to the special Embassy of Mr. Whitehall Reid are already on the horizon. The Queen will receive Mr. Reid alone, following the same precedent with the other Special Embassies. The Foreign Office is prepared to provide quarters for Mr. Reid and his suite, embracing in the latter General Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A., and Rear-Admiral J. N. Miller, U.S.N. Mr. Reid, however, proposes to do credit to his brother-in-law, already here seeking a large house for the accommodation of the special Embassy. The Foreign Office officials are glad to have Mr. Reid do this, but they say they cannot separate Gen. Miles and Admiral Miller from the rest of his suite, and they must provide their own quarters.

Upwards of 85,000 signatures have already been obtained for the Scottish national memorial to the Queen, praying that in State documents the words "Great Britain" and "British" should always be substituted for "England" and "English." Among the signers of the memorial are the Duke of Sutherland, many peers, many members of Parliament, and more than 800 provosts and other members of the municipal corporations of Scotland. Mr. John Erskine, a merchant of Belfast, Ireland, has offered the Lords of the Treasury, for the Queen's acceptance, a magnificent freestone overlooking Belfast Lough, as the site of a royal residence in Ireland. The latter country, it is claimed in some quarters, has always fretted over the fact that the Queen does not visit that portion of her dominions, and it has been asserted that her failure to do so is the result of the refusal of Dublin, in the sixties, to grant a site in Phoenix Park for a monument to the late Prince Consort.

AN HISTORICAL COSTUME BALL.

HOW SOME OF OLD VANDERBILT'S MILLIONS WILL BE SPENT IN ENTERTAINING ENGLISH ROYALTY.

The Duchess of Devonshire's historical costume ball on July 2 promises to be a magnificent affair. It is understood that the Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt) will appear in the character of Columbia, and the Duke of Marlborough has ordered a Louis XVI. costume with wonderful jeweled embroideries. The Prince of Wales will represent one of his ancestors.

The young Duchess of Marlborough took a prominent part at the Duchess of Albany's bazaar, at the Imperial Institute, on Tuesday and Wednesday, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales and many other members of the royal family were present. The Duchess of Marlborough wore a handsome French frock of white embroidered muslin over pale green, with a big black picture hat. She did a roaring trade in the various knick-knacks displayed at her stall.

A DELICATE SURGICAL OPERATION

TIN WHISTLE EXTRACTED FROM THE THROAT OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILD.

Little Johnny Dennenbaum of Harrison, N.J., swallowed a circular tin whistle last week, and it lodged far down in his throat. The boy is less than 3 years old. The whistle is nearly an inch in diameter and is made of two concave disks of tin, with a hole through the centre. Were it not for that hole this would be an obituary notice instead of a record of a successful surgical operation, in which Roentgen rays, photography, and prolonged fishing took part. Two physicians in Harrison tried to get the whistle and failed. The youngster was sustained with milk and coffee for two days until he was taken to St. Michael's Hospital in Newark, where half a dozen physicians studied the case, and decided that X rays must be used to locate the obstruction. They could not find the whistle by ordinary probing, but knew that it was still somewhere in the throat, because it gave out a muffled note every time the boy inhaled or exhaled.

Dr. William F. Seidler, of Newark, has a very complete laboratory and a part of his apparatus is a costly plate machine for the generation of static electricity. It is driven by a small

electric motor. A dozen physicians visited the laboratory to see the effort to locate and extract the whistle from little Johnny's throat.

The child was put under the influence of an anæsthetic and his throat was examined with the aid of a new Crookes tube and a fluoroscope. The tin whistle was plainly seen, lodged far down in the throat, and an effort was made to extract it with the instruments at hand, but in spite of the fact that it was hooked several times, it could not be withdrawn, and the physicians concluded to desist after working upon it nearly an hour.

On Wednesday a number of special instruments were ordered, and on Thursday night the convale of doctors met again in Dr. Seidler's office. Dr. Joseph Fewsmith and Dr. Teeter assisted Dr. Seidler, and the others looked on. The child was chloroformed and the electrical machine was turned on. The Crookes tube worked to perfection, and the whistle was quickly located in the child's inflamed gullet. It was not now giving forth any sound when the child breathed. The special probe was passed down his throat, and at the third attempt it caught securely in the hole in the centre of the double disk. Then the whistle was carefully withdrawn.

And now Johnny is playing around the house as if nothing had happened, but his toys are selected with precaution. Dr. Seidler wears the whistle as a watch charm.—New York Sun.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The required amount has been subscribed for the Oliver Goldsmith Memorial Window to be placed in the church at his native place, County Longford, Ireland. The majority of the subscribers it is said are English men of letters. An Irish firm has received the contract for the work. The window is to be placed in the church near "Sweet Auburn."

Either the bicycle is a very democratic vehicle or the Chinaman is a very up-to-date individual. Last week I saw two Mongolians perched on wheels and riding along Western avenue and apparently enjoying themselves as much as their Caucasian brethren. Apropos of the bicycle, I saw a young man who had only one leg wheeling along St. Catherine street one fine afternoon recently and he was managing his wheel just as well as many men who have the use of both limbs.

The Daily Witness says—With the exception of Mr. Marchand, who is a notary, and Mr. Sheehan, who is a retired merchant, and Dr. Guerin, who is a physician, both of these without a portfolio, the Marchand Cabinet is made up exclusively of lawyers, though Mr. Stephens, also without portfolio, is a lawyer only in name. Mr. Marchand, we think, do well as soon as possible to work in a sprinkling of whatever other elements the House furnishes. There should be a merchant and a farmer in every government.

The celebration of "Decoration Day" in the United States is a very touching and beautiful occasion, when Blue and Grey mingle, and when men that have fought against each other meet in friendly union over the graves of those who have fought in the battles of that terrible Civil War. And this annual occasion stands out in strange contrast to the men of the Green and Orange that never mingle, whose feelings and sympathies are apart and have been and will be until some great evolution or revolution occurs under "the flag that braved a thousand years."

Rev. James E. Robier, a Canadian priest, now in the Holy Land, and formerly of New York diocese, to which he returns soon, will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on June 30. Father Robier is a native of St. Thomas, Ont., where he was born in 1841. He made his collegiate studies at St. John's College, Fordham, and his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained by the late Bishop Loughlin in 1872. Speaking of the celebration of silver jubilee, no less than seven priests celebrated theirs in New York last week in one day and a few days afterwards four priests in Springfield, Mass., celebrated their silver jubilees.

The Sun, N.Y., says—

Notwithstanding the cordiality with which the United States Monetary Commission has been received on all sides in France, it is not believed anything practical is likely to be accomplished there. Much has been made of the utterances of M. Meline, the French Premier, at last week's banquet; but, he carefully pointed out that he spoke in his own name and not in behalf of the Government of France. It is also known that he has declared France would not take the initiative unless certain that Great Britain would take part in the movement. Unfortunately for their usefulness in France, at least two out of the three American Commissioners do not speak a word of French and neither does the official secretary of the commission. The awkwardness of this was shown at the banquet when the American envoys could not respond to the toasts.

The Public Baths Association of Philadelphia has just been incorporated under the laws of Pennsylvania. This association is formed, as stated in its charter, "for the purpose of establishing and maintaining public baths and affording the poor facilities for bathing and the promotion of health and cleanliness." The association is about to erect a bath house, where, for a small fee, persons of both sexes can obtain hot or cold baths every day in the year. The basement of this building will contain a public wash room with a capacity of twelve sets of tubs with steam driers, mangles, etc. The bath house will have a capacity of 1,000 baths per day. About twelve years ago a similar institution on a larger scale, was opened in Dublin, on Townsend street. It was under municipal control and contained two large plunge baths and a large number of

clining baths, each in a separate bath-room, and in different portions of the building were bath-rooms for each sex. In addition females had the use of the plunge baths on certain days. For different classes of people there were two sets of baths and each of the plunges were for a different class. The first class cost 2 pence (4 cents) admission, and the second class 1 penny (2 cents.) Each bather was furnished with a clean towel, a pair of trunks for the plunge bath and a small square of fresh soap. Attached to these baths was a large wash-room which was patronized by those who had not sufficient means or accommodation for doing family washing at home. This room was equipped with about 100 sets of tubs and contained steam driers, mangles, wringers, etc. The charge for the use of a set of tubs, which, by the way, were of slate and stationary, was one penny per hour.

If you are anxious to find out about coming earthquakes ask a Chinaman, as the experience of the citizen (quoted below) will show, when a well-known man, who has a place of business on Bleury street, was speaking to his Chinese laundryman on the morning of the day on which the last earthquake took place, when the Chinaman told him in his pigeon English, "going to have belly much shake up 'n'ight." On asking for an explanation the citizen learned that the Chinaman wished to convey the information that an earthquake would take place on that night. The gentleman forgot about what the Chinaman had told him until he went home that evening, and shortly after ten he started to tell his "better half" of the Chinaman's forecast, when just then everything began to rattle and shake and the worthy citizen began to realize that the Mongolian was right.

Formerly the highwayman stood in some lonely spot in dead of night and with pointed pistol commanded the unfortunate wayfarer to "stand and deliver," now he stands out at high noon, and at night as well, and not in the lonely byways but in the busy thoroughfares. I am referring to the professional beggar. Of course he goes unarmed but he is as fully successful as his olden predecessors of mask and pistol. The ways and means by which these gentry obtain money are many and unique. Like everything else they have to be right up to date in order to be successful, and generally the business man is willing to pay for the privilege of hearing a good yarn. Now I am not writing of the really needy and deserving poor but of that other and far larger class who are too dissolute and idle to work except on the feelings of those to whom they apply for "assistance." A common class of these people is composed of those who have walked on a wager from almost anywhere. The gist of their story is always that they are to walk the whole distance without spending any money and must earn so much. These people generally make for a newspaper office, but the game is getting played out and the "boys" seldom receive the walkers with any degree of enthusiasm. The other day a rather seely looking individual rushed into a well known merchant's office with a cheery air and an expansive smile. "Hello N," he said, "How are you to-day? How's business? Say, will you lend me a quarter? Just been to the House but hadn't enough money and they put me out." "But, my dear man, I don't know you," said the merchant. "Oh that's all right, I know you," replied the seedy one. In order to get rid of him he was given a quarter and it was afterwards discovered that he had visited all the offices in the vicinity and in the same manner. It turned out that he was formerly a commercial traveller who had fallen through drink. A weary looking man strode into a tea merchant's office recently and after being refused money said: "Well gimme a pun of tea any'ow, b'kin get a drink fur that." I had a good laugh at a man who waylaid me on St. Catherine street on Saturday night. He was about forty years of age and according to his story "had been in the Crimean war." The fact that this campaign took place in the early 50's did not disconcert him in the least. For at least a month there was a young man on St. Catherine street who "had just landed from a steamer yesterday, and hadn't any money." A party of us met a most original "worker" the other night on Sherbrooke street. She stood at the edge of the group and told a long incoherent story to the effect that her only child—a girl—had just died in the "English Hospital" and she wanted enough money to "buy four boards for my darling's coffin." The narrator continued that she had sold the cup out of which the child had drunk her last drink. After some little questioning the truth of the story became doubtful, but we were willing to loosen our purse strings for such an original tale. When the woman counted up the sum which she held in her hand she announced that she was "just thirteen cents short" of the amount required. Then with a tearful tone she asked for "your names, please, young gentlemen, that I may put them in Mr. C——'s book."

A COSTLY BITE.

A LOUISVILLE WIDOW DEMANDS \$50,000 FROM AN INSURANCE COMPANY.

Is a mosquito bite an accident? That is what has been puzzling the Kentucky courts recently, and the point is not yet settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. The question is by no means a trifling one, either, as \$50,000 hinges on the answer. C. C. Campbell, a Louisville insurance agent, tells the story as follows:—

"The suit was brought by Mrs. Sally Amberg, of Louisville," he said. "It seems that Amberg had taken out a policy in our company, the United States Mutual Accident Life Insurance Company, for \$50,000. A year or so ago he died, and a claim was filed by his widow soon after for the amount of his policy. It was stated that he had received an unusually severe mosquito bite on the nose, from which he had contracted a fatal attack of blood poisoning. The company refused to pay on the ground that death was the result of a previously existing disease, and not an accident. The widow sued and lost. Then she appealed and the Court of Appeals re-

versed the lower court, deciding that the woman was entitled to the \$50,000. It was said in the decision that a mosquito bite was as much an accident as a kick from a horse."

But the company hasn't given in yet. The amount involved is too big, and the case will be carried to a higher court.

GIANTS FOR MANITOBA.

The First Contingent Arrives at the C.P.R. Depot, Montreal.

Their Peculiar Style and Dress—The Party Consists of Nearly Fifty People.

Last week there was an unusually large gathering of spectators in the vicinity of the special quarters set apart for emigrants at the Windsor Station. The cause of the gathering was owing to a rumor which had been circulated that a large band of foreign giants had arrived in the city. In part, the rumor was based upon truth, as a party of Ruseniak peasants the first that ever came to this country, had arrived and were merely waiting to be transferred to the special train for Winnipeg, Manitoba, where the British government has granted them an extensive tract of land. They were dressed in their national costume.

The Ruseniaks, or Ruthenians, as they are also called, are the inhabitants of the semi-independent duchy of Bukovina, of which the Emperor of Austria is the hereditary archduke. The duchy lies on the extreme south-eastern corner of the Austrian empire, bordering on Russia, Roumania, Galicia and Moldavia.

The language of the people is a Slav dialect, which is almost identical with Little Russian.

The party consisted of nine men, ten women and twenty-five children, all of magnificent physique. Not one of the men was less than six feet tall, and two or three were more than seven feet. The women were also tall and well formed, and the children seemed to be healthy and intelligent.

The men wore their hair long and clipped across the forehead in an old-fashioned "bang." They wore tight fitting trousers of coarse white homespun linen, tucked into high rawhide boots, the tops of which were turned down and heavily embroidered.

They wore shirts of the same material and a sheep skin coat, or "shuba," with the hair inside and laced in front with rawhide thongs. The hat was a wide brimmed straw affair, with a bunch of cock feathers stuck in the left side. Each man wore a wide belt of leather embroidered in geometrical designs, from which hung three or four pouches of untanned leather, containing food, tobacco and water. A long sheath knife was also hung from the belt.

The women wore sheep skin coats just like the men's, and their only other garment was of linen, with embroidered edges, and reaching to half way between the ankle and knee. The legs were bare and on the feet were heavy rawhide shoes. Their headdress was of white linen, somewhat similar to that worn by Turkish women, and with a long veil flowing over the shoulders. Most of the children were bareheaded, and they wore only a single sleeveless garment of white linen, which looked more like a flour bag, with holes cut in for hands and arms than anything else.

As a whole, both men and women were remarkable handsome. Their features were of the Grecian type, and the men were clean shaven, except for long and carefully curled mustaches. The women were all handsome and tidy.

ILLUMINATED CAR DRIVE.

On Thursday, June 17th, a grand trolley car party will drive through Westmount, St. Henri, St. Ceneogone, Hochelaga and Point St. Charles. The finest orchestras in the city have been engaged for the occasion, and those wishing to go should obtain tickets (25 cents each) immediately. They can be had at: P. Gibbons, cor. Ottawa and McCord streets; Mrs. McGuire, 433 1/2 Wellington; R. Mayne Bro., cor. Notre Dame and Inspector; P. Flannery, 2124 Notre Dame; John Lewis, druggist, cor. University and St. Catherine; T. Allard, 154 St. Lawrence. Special illuminated cars will leave Wellington square, cor. Centre and Wellington streets, at 8 15 p.m. sharp, and return about 10.30. No tickets will be sold after 15th inst. The drive is under the auspices of a number of our young men from the Point and we trust that the public will appreciate this grand opportunity.

HAVE TO LEARN THEIR ENGLISH OVER AGAIN.

At a convention in New York of professors of English in the various colleges of the country the statement was made that the average New York schoolboy on entering college had to be taught English as if he were learning a new language, the reason being the acquired slang of the street.—Utica Globe.

DERBY WON BY AN IRISH HORSE.

LONDON, June 2.—The Derby of 1897, otherwise the Derby Stakes of 6,000 sovereigns, by subscription of 50 sovereigns each, for three-year-old colts, to carry 126 pounds and fillies 121 pounds, was won to day by Mr. J. Cubbins' brown colt Galtee More, by Kendal, out of Morganette. Lord Rosebery's b.c. Velaquez.

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by Donovan, out of Vista, second; Mr. J. Simons Harrison's b.c. History, by Hampton, out of Isabelle, third.

The betting before the start was 4 to 1 on Galtee More, which was ridden by Charles Wood; 10 to 1 against Velaquez ridden by Watts, and 25 to 1 against History, ridden by Cannon.

Mr. J. Gibbins, the owner of Galtee More, was a poor man working in the United States when he inherited a great fortune from his uncle, Mr. Wyse, the great Irish distiller.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors by the Canadian and United States Governments. This report is specially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained:—

- CANADIAN PATENTS.
- 55939—William Fairbairn, Calabogie, Ont., envelope opener.
- 55945—Edouard Manley, Coteau du Lac, P.Q., car tender.
- 55982—Charles Mignault, J. Jys, Man., aerator and cooler combined.
- 56001—A. Tremblay, Montreal, improvements in harvesting machines.
- 56382—Maurice Barilouxi, Montreal, machine for engraving on glass.
- AMERICAN PATENTS.
- 55847—Emory M. Boster, stove or furnace.
- 55878—William Christie, electric illuminator.
- 55879—Marie C. B. E. Dupic, apparatus for quick tanning.
- 55882—Frank G. Fowler, steam boiler.
- 558710—Robert McNeil, street-sweeper.
- 558589—James J. Penneywick, apparatus for illuminating basements and dark rooms.
- 558361—William R. Smith, mechanical toy.
- 558525—Albert G. Wheeler, electric railway.
- 558561—William A. Williamson, cork-screw.

ALWAYS FELT TIRED.

"I suffered with severe headache and loss of appetite and I always felt tired. I concluded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking one bottle my headache disappeared. I continued taking it until now I am never troubled with headache and my appetite is good."—LAURA GARLAND, 247 Clarence street, Toronto, Ont.

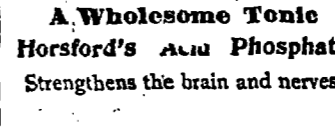
Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache.

ARTISTS OF THE PEN, BRUSH AND CHISEL.

There are said to be in France 2,150 women authors and journalists and about 700 women artists. The provinces contribute most of the writers—about two-thirds—while Paris is represented in the same proportion among the artists. Among the writers 1,000 are novelists, 200 are poets, 150 educational writers, and the rest writers of various kinds. The artists comprise 107 sculptors, and the others are painters, ranging over all branches of the pictorial art.

MARRIED.

MCGRATH—MCCORMICK—On Tuesday, June 1st, 1897, at St. Patrick's Church, by Rev. Father Quinlivan, P.P., Nicholas McGrath to Annie McCormick; both of this city.



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Friday, the 2nd day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

RY. BARBEAU, Manager.

Montreal, May 29th, 1897.