THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1883.

Public Works Report.

The second volume of the General Report of the Minister of Public Works is replete with interest to Canadians. It is full of statistics regarding the waters, forests, roads and rivers of Canada, and of matters generally affecting the prosperity and development of the Dominion since Confederation. Our limited space will not permit us to give the information contained in it except in the most condensed form; but even thus cribbed and confined it will be of interest. From this report we learn that the St. Lawrence is the third largest river in the world, that it drains an area of 565,000 square miles, and that it discharges 900,000 cubic feet of water per second into the Gulf, or in reality into the Atlantic Ocean. Its two superiors are the Amazon, 4,000 miles in length, and the Mississippi, 4,400. The length of the St. Lawrence is 2,600 miles.

The distance between Quebec and Malin Head, Ireland, is 2,469 geographical miles, and from Malin Head to Liverpool 192 miles. The distance from the head of Lake Superior to Quebec is 1,355 miles, and to Liverpool *via* Belle Isle and Malin Head, 4,016 miles. The distance from Quebec to Liverpool *via* Cape Race and Malin Head is 158 miles longer than that *via* Belle Isle. From Prince Arthur's Landing *via* Belle Isle and Malin Head is 3,911 miles. From Halifax to Cape Clear, S. W. of Ireland, is 2,200 geographical miles; from St. John, N. B., to Cape Clear, 2,490. From Portland, Maine, to Liverpool *via* Cape Sable and Cape Clear, 2,520 miles. From Cape Clear to Liverpool up St. George's Channel, 330 miles. From Lunenburg, N. S., to Galway, in Ireland, 2,100 miles; from Halifax, 2,140; from Boston to Galway, 2,600; from New York, 2,700. From St. John's, Newfoundland to Cape Clear is 1,610 miles. From Yokohama, Japan, to Burrard Inlet, B. C., is 4,374 miles; from Burrard Inlet to Montreal, 1992; from Montreal to Belle Isle, 892 miles; Belle Isle to Tory Island (Ireland), 1657. Total from Yokohama *via* Montreal to Ireland (air line), 8,915 miles; Yokahama to San Francisco, 4,470; San Francisco to New York, 2,228; New York to Queenstown, 2,870 miles. Total, Yokohama to Ireland *via* San Francisco and New York, 9,568 miles. Advantage of Canadian route, six hundred and fifty-three miles, an advantage which will be of immense importance in the near future when every mile gained will be of account and when the volume of trade will irresistibly seek the shortest route.

The tables of the report shewing at what time navigation closed and opened in the principal Canadian ports since 1867 will be of special interest just now. Commencing at Charlottetown we find that in 1867 navigation opened on April 16 and closed on the 7th of December. In Georgetown navigation was not closed till the 22nd December of same year. In 1869 navigation opened on the 15th April, and closed on the 10th of January, 1870. In 1871 navigation opened on March 20th, but closed early also—30th November. In 1875 the navigation period was very limited indeed, opening, as it did, the 5th May, and closing 29th November. That, however, was an exceptional year; and we find that in 1877 it extended from the 12th April to the 4th January '78, in all 268 days, or 59 days more than in 1875. In Pictou and Sydney, N. S., navigation opens later and closes later than in Charlottetown; but the latter has least open days on the whole. Navigation opens in Quebec usually about the 25th April, and closes on the 25th November, thus giving the Quebecois seven clear months. Montreal opens a few days earlier than Quebec, and closes a few days later. Kingston, Ontario, has a fortnight or three weeks advantage over Charlottetown; but Port Hope, Ontario, has none, for though navigation opens there on the 1st of April, it closes about the 10th December, thus giving Port Hope masters 254 days in which to sail the ocean blue, while Charlottetown mariners have on an average 275 days. The ports on Lake Erie are pretty near the same as Kingston. In port Dover, for instance, navigation generally opens 25th April, and closes on the 10th December. At Windsor, on the Detroit River, there is a perceptible improvement, that port being open, on an average, three hundred days in the year. The report says, as regards 1876, that navigation opened on the 1st of January and closed on the 4th December; but this may be an error. Ports on Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay are limited to seven months on an average, and Collingwood to, perhaps, even less. Lake Superior is still worse, being limited to the period from the first or second week in May until the last week in November, or the first in December. Toronto (Lake Ontario), which we have inadvertently skipped over, is fortunate in having navigation open about 290 days in the year. In 1882 navigation commenced 13th February and continued till the 9th December; but that was an exceptional case. There are sixteen ports in Canada open all the year round. These are: Annapolis, Barrington, Digby, Halifax, Liverpool, Lockport, Lunenburg, Parrisboro, Shelburne and Yarmouth (Nova Scotia); St. Andrew's, St. John and St. Stephen (New Brunswick); Tadoussad, Quebec; and Morpeth and Windsor, Ontario.

Longevity.

When people turn their attention to longevity it is a pretty sure sign they are prosperous, for though even the most wretched are loth to part with life, yet as a general rule they do not pay that philosophical attention to the means of living long manifested by millionaires or those whose lives have been cast in pleasant places—terms far from synonymous. They are piling up statistics in the United States at present which, though they may not be as well appreciated as they ought to be, prove abundantly that long life, at least, is considered valuable. It is felt that it is good to live long. "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long in the land," says the sacred writer. It appears that in some of the States, Colorado for instance, you have to pass one thousand one hundred persons in review before you strike an octogenarian; while in New Hampshire one turns up in every sixty-eight. This disparity, however, proves nothing in hygiene or climatic influences, for it is well known that every year a number of fine, healthy people are buried in the Western States with their boots on, who, if it were not through local causes, amongst others the free and indiscriminate use of the six-shooter, might live to a green old age. Some people go to Colorado and Texas for the benefit of their health, others for excitement, and others again for fortune, and most of them are satisfied. But without travelling so far West for illustrations let us review some of the causes of longevity advanced generally by the *experts*. If the newspapers and magazines are to be relied upon, and they certainly are not, one might be driven crazy with the diversity of opinion expressed on the subject by those humbugs called scientists. If one had leisure and inclination to clip and save the views of doctors for one year he would be sorely puzzled at the end at their contradictory nature. The use of and abstention from every mortal thing known as food or drink are recommended by the scientists. Sir Moses Montefiore is now in his hundredth year, and the London newspapers try to make people believe he has lived so long because he has been so philanthropic. Some of the New York journals say yes to this, and instance the late Peter Cooper as confirming such a theory. But look at the vast number of misers living who are octogenarians and nonogenarians, misers, too, who in order to save a few cents live in a state of filth and dirt and deny themselves the necessaries of life. There are thousands of such living in all our great cities. We see the best-hearted men dying every day around us, and those surviving who are not the fittest by any means, philanthropically speaking. At the census of 1881 two men lived on the same street in Dublin, both nonogenarians; one had been a sailor, was rather a hard case in his time, drank rum when he could obtain it, smoked tobacco almost from morning till night, entertained a perfect contempt for seasonable clothing, objected to soap on principle, in fact had violated all the laws of hygiene and disgusted the doctors. After all this he was sound as a mountain trout, and is so still for aught we know. His contemporary had been cuddled; he had taken the usual walks, studied the laws of hygiene and was governed by them, washed and scrubbed himself, etcetera, etcetera; he was also sound as a trout, "but," says the statist, "did not look quite so fresh as the old salt."

The truth is, if a man acted upon the advice of any three doctors he would not, he could not, live long; but if he did, would life be worth living under the circumstances? The person must have a love of life bordering on the insane who would consent to exist on a diet of cold gruel three times a day. What! no beefsteak, no succulent mutton chop, coffee excluded, tea tabooed. Perish the idea! Give us food or give us death! Better, far better, to live seventy years having three square meals per diem and a smoke, if you feel inclined, or even a glass of beer if you find it necessary, than drag on ninety years of a miserable existence as a vegeterian. And observe, scientists are complaining that the world is in danger of being over-populated. If we may accept this as truth, is it not a duty we owe our kind, our posterity, so to speak, to shuffle off this mortal coil at a decently reasonable age? As the world grows older, and as the irrepressible statist developes himself, another delusion has been dispelled, by which we mean the superiority of a country to a city life, if longevity be considered worth anything. Centenarians are springing up every day in the great towns thick as strawberries in season, while folks in the country have to be content with monogenarianism. Is it possible, then, that pure air is worth nothing, or is it that farmers work themselves to death? By and bye the statists, scientists and experts will lead us into the habit of believing in nothing but the incredible.

The abduction of Charley Ross is one of the most melancholy incidents in domestic history. There is as much poetry in the search of the father for his lost darling as in the search of Evangeline after Gabriel. And it is not yet over; Mr. Ross entertains the hope that his labors and sacrifices will yet meet with their reward. He was last week decoyed into Missouri on a false scent, but he does not despair. If "hope deferred makes the heart grow sick," so also hope springs eternal in the human breast.

Lord Derby and Australia.

Lord Derby, representing the British lion rampant, declares, in language as forcible as it is perspicuous, that the Australians shall not annex New Guinea, or any part thereof. This strong protest was drawn from the Colonial Secretary by the action of General Musiner, who has been sent by Victoria, ostensibly to explore the southern half of the Island, but in reality to plant the flag of Britain there, and call it an Australasian dependency. Lord Derby says the natives will, if necessary, be protected by force. Without pausing to measure the hot indignation of our southern brothers over this high-handed proceeding, we may be permitted to ask, in astonishment, what is the world coming to? Here is a fine, large and utterly defenceless Island, having no protectors or treaty rights, and yet not only will England not annex it herself, but she will not let one of her colonies annex it. Has the time at length arrived when Britain is surfeited, gorged with territory. She owns one-sixth of the earth's surface already, and, may be, thinks that quite enough. Even the Romans—those imperial masters of what was known of the earth—came to a dead stop in the reign of Augustus. They wanted no more, and as a consequence, began to decline. There may, however, be another cause for this generosity on the part of Lord Derby. The Australians are about forming a Confederation, and it is suspected it will have a flag of their own and a Republican form of government. In such a case, would it not be good imperial policy to withhold New Guinea from them? Perhaps Lord Derby knows what he is doing. If Australia did set up for itself, it would be irresistibly compelled to capture that Island even in spite of Britain. And then? But this is the merest speculation. We shall see what we shall see, in the sweet by and bye.

A Star Fallen in Israel.

Mr. George Washington Ross, Dominion member for West Middlesex, Grit leader in Israel, and one of the many Finance Ministers in *esse* of that party when it attains to power, has been unseated for acts of bribery and corruption by agents, just as Sir John Macdonald was the week before last for Lennox. Now we protest at the outset against any comparison that may be instituted between the two cases. There is none. The Tories, as every one knows, are naturally corrupt. They bribe right and left, sinful creatures that they are. But as Grits never do, either by agents or personally, we must conclude there is a mistake somewhere. Some one has blundered. The Judge, probably, for though in Sir John's case the decision was quite correct and what was expected, it is different with G. W. He is a Grit, which means a purist, therefore he could not have bribed or done anything corrupt. Neither could his agents, for they also are purists. We do not know the merits of the case as yet, or the evidence upon which the Judge based his decision, all we do know for certain is that George Washington Ross is a martyr to machinations, Tory just as the *Patriot* declares Dr. Drake to be, just as the *Globe* discovers every defeated but gallant reformer to be. But it may be asked us what about Laflamme? Wasn't he a Grit, and did he not stuff ballot boxes? Did he not drill small, beautifully formed holes in the boxes after the election and stuff in through them a sufficient number of Grit ballots of the dead and the departed and those in penetentiaries, to return him, the Hon. Mr. Laflamme, to the Ottawa House? Well, that may be true enough, in fact it cannot be denied, but the object was good. It was to put an end to an era of Tory fraud and corruption, and in all likelihood this case of Mr. Ross's will bear a similar charitable construction. Probably the agent built a few churches for the people of West Middlesex, or subscribed to a charitable institution, or subscribed toward sending a few missionaries to the North-west—Boston O'Brien, or the Slugger, for instance, or Charley the Bull Pup, or did some other meritorious act, not strictly inside of the election law, but still benevolent and praiseworthy. The gross corruption practised by the Tory agents in Lennox was, of course, altogether different—they gave money here and there, to every bad character they encountered, to this one for tobacco, to that one for purposes of whiskification, and to the other to enable him to purchase a complete set of burglar's tools.

We are anxious to see the *Globe* and the *Hamilton Times*, and the *London Advertiser*, and the Charlottetown *Patriot*, on this difficult subject. We have tried to do our best to whitewash the afflicted G. W., but as we are not accustomed to that sort of thing, we must consider our picture a mere daub in presence of such masters.

French arms are not in the ascendant, either in Annam or Madagascar. Their government are as slow in sending reinforcements to the scene of operations as were French governments in the days when Lally was fighting against British supremacy in India and Montcalm in Canada. France has always one of its hands tied by some European quarrel; but even allowing for this, what is its splendid navy doing, if indeed it is only splendid on paper, as was its army in 1870.

Editorial Notes.

Although the Democratic factions of New York have coalesced for the sake of harmony without counting the spoils of office, there is an undercurrent of feeling amongst the Irish against the machines. The Irish say that while they are welcomed at the polls with cheerfulness, their names do not appear on the ticket.

Our friend and confrere Nicholas Flood Davin, of the Regina *Leader*, has streaks of fortune good, bad and indifferent. First he was fined $50 and costs for having a flask of potheen lying beside him on the train, next his head is punched by a bank manager, who is also fined $50 and costs; and then he is made Queen's Printer for Manitoba, as a salve for his many wounds.

This is how the *Patriot* does it: "Mr. G. W. Ross, the Liberal member for west Middlesex, has been unseated because one Harper offered two electors $20 each for their votes." We breathe a sigh of intense relief, and we admire the *Patriot* beyond expression. It has risen to the occasion. It is almost a pleasure to a Grit to be unseated, when he finds out how innocent he has been, and how beautifully the organs let him down.

The Earl of Cork and Viscount Dungarvin, his son and heir, are now visiting this Continent. They register at the hotels as Earl of Cork, England, and Viscount Dungarvin, England, respectively. And yet neither Cork nor Dungarvin is in England, and strange as it may sound, neither is Ireland. This conduct is like that of the Canadians who pass themselves off as "Americans" while doing the European Continent.

James McDermott, who was lately discharged from custody at Liverpool, now turns round and accuses O'Donovan Rossa as an informer, and cheerfully exculpates himself of the same charge, although, perforce not in the most eloquent language. It is possible both gentlemen may be right—but even if they are wrong—they will hardly free Ireland. If they did, Ireland would be a singular country. Speaking seriously, it is time the Irishmen of the United States rid themselves of such excrescences on the body politic.

The law abiding citizens of Southport complain that, in a small way, life is becoming unsupportable there, and the worst of it is there seems to be no way of punishing the transgressors. On a late occasion a rough sent a knife or dagger up to the handle in the jamb of a store door. It was intended for the proprietor. On another recent occasion a man was stabbed by a local rough and dangerously wounded. Nevertheless, the stabber is at large. Southport is gaining a notoriety that might be envied by a frontier town in Dakota or Missouri.

It is easier to preach than to practise, as every one will admit who has heard and read the denunciations against costly funerals, and the coolness with which they are for the most part disregarded. A poor man dies, whose greatest anxiety was for the future of his widow and children, and behold, as if defying the wishes of the dead, the widow immediately spends all she has, and goes into debt besides, in order that the deceased may have as splendid a funeral as others. The costly coffin and trappings of men are eaten by the worms in as short a space of time as the plain unvarnished article a San Francisco millionare was lately buried in, at his own wish, as expressed in his will, in order, as he said, that the cheap funeral might be a good example.

We must score one point for Lord Lansdowne already. The St. George's and St. Andrew's Societies wished to be informed when his Excellency would receive their loyal addresses, and they were told by his Excellency that they would not be received at all, or words to that effect. This is Canada, and though national societies are good institutions, they should not single themselves out from Canadians as being extra loyal. What do such addresses amount to, but that societies presenting them answer for the loyalty of the nationalities they claim to represent. If we had the making of the laws (not the ballads, mind) it would be high treason for any but the Canadian Legislature to present loyal addresses. They cover the entire ground.

Germany is uneasy over the immense war preparations of her dear friend and neighbor the Muscovite. Germany herself is armed to the teeth, but thinks she has the right, and that no other power, and certainly not France or Russia, has. Russia, however, begs to think differently, and so does France, two extremes; though they may meet some day and crush the Vaterland between them. The two men who made Germany what it is, are old and feeble. They will soon die, and so will the pious old Emperor. History tells us that Thebes was brought to a commanding position by Pelopidas and Epaminondas; but fell to its former obscure position after the death of those two celebrated men. Von Moltke and Bismarck are the Epaminondas and Pelopidas of Germany, perhaps. At all events Germany need not be so insulting.

The Fall Elections yet to be held in the States will come off on Tuesday Nov. 6th. They are: Connecticut—half the State Senate and a full House of Representatives. Maryland—Governor, Comptroller and Legislature. Massachusetts will elect Governor, Lieut. Governor, and most of the great offices of the State. Nebraska—a Justice of the Supreme Court. New Jersey will elect a Governor, part of the Senate and a full House of Representatives; and New York will elect a Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Attorney General, Engineer, Surveyor, and both branches of the Legislature; finally, Pennsylvania will elect an Auditor General and State Treasurer; and Virginia, part of a State Senate and a full Assembly. New York and Massachusetts are watched with great interest.

Those Americans who imagined they were in a fair way of getting rid of the Heathen Chinee find that they have been over sanguine. The law provides for the exclusion of Chinese laborers only; but anyone having a certificate that he was not a laborer was, if not welcome, at least admissable. Now the Chinese are an ingenious people, and can easily obtain certificates, as those Californians who recently saw two cargoes of them come ashore at San Francisco know full well. Everyone of them had a certificate which he shewed up to the astonished inspector with the "smile that is childlike and bland." Such a number of doctors, lawyers, editors, theological students, artists of all descriptions, has seldom before been seen assembled together. But that is not all. Chinamen are imported daily from British Columbia by the hundred. Keeping them out is like—keeping out the tide with a pitchfork.

Review of Books.

HISTORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

We have received a beautifully bound volume of a History of Newfoundland, published by Messrs. Doyle & Whittle, of Boston, for review. Its editors—for it is a conjoint work—are Mr. Joseph Hatton, author of "To-day in America," and other well-known works, and the Rev. M. Harvey. It is illustrated, and so far as appearances go, the letter-press and all outward forms are perfect. But the letter-press is the least important part of it. It is well written, and is undoubtedly a first class and exhaustive history of the important Island of Newfoundland. It begins at the beginning and ends in 1882, leaving nothing undone, nothing unsaid that could make it a work complete in itself. The ethnology of the Island is treated of in a masterly manner, and, as may be supposed, a good deal of its space is devoted to the Island fisheries, famous all over the world. After reading the History of Newfoundland, the mind of the reader is disabused of the idea that it is barren and fruitless and good for little but its fisheries. On the contrary, there are hundreds of thousands of acres of land capable of a high state of cultivation, and the farmers already settled are very comfortable and content. As the authors themselves say:—

"It will be seen by the foregoing abstract of contents, that the history, present condition, and future prospect of the Island are fully dealt with. No other history of the country could have treated of this wide range of subjects, as the interior of the Island remained, until within a few years, an *incognita*. The English publishers put the work beyond the reach of general readers, the price in the United States being $7.50."

The work can be had from Doyle & Whittle, Boston, at reduced rates.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The North American Review for November is well worth reading. Its first article is one by Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, defending the miserably limited and un-American suffrage of that small State, in the best way he can. A suffrage that makes of Mr. Anthony a Senator, is quite good enough for him. "John Brown, of Ossawatomie," is the title of an Essay furnished by Rev. David N. Utter, meaning thereby the great abolitionist whose soul is marching on. The author does not draw John Brown as a hero, by any means; he is, on the contrary, perhaps a little too rough on him, but this is the generation which is beginning to think Uncle Tom's Cabin a gross caricature. The North American has no equal as a review; its literature is of the highest order; its contributors men of world-wide fame. It can be had yearly for five dollars, single copy fifty cents, by writing to No. 30, Lafayette Place, N. Y.

REDPATH'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

We have received our first copy of this now well-known illustrated paper, edited and owned by the famous James Redpath, whose letters from Ireland made the world ring with the crimes of Irish landlords. It has become essentially an illustrated story paper, chiefly on Irish subjects. The present number contains "Kearban, or the Headstrong Turk," by Jules Verne; "Lay Brother Ardle McMahon; "Colleen, dhas Cruith na mo;" "Who killed Tom Mullbane;" "Mick McQuaide, the Evangelizer," and many others. Terms, $2.50 per annum. No 6, Park Place, N. Y.

Death of an Islander.

Thomas Hagan, twenty-two years old, son of Thomas Hagan, Kelly's Cross, Lot 29, was killed on the 22d inst., on the Shore Line Railway, in the town of Dedham, State of Maine. He belonged to a gang of men who were "undermining" at a place called Stewart's Cut, and was in a peculiarly dangerous place in case the bank caved in. To prevent accidents, a man had been specially told off to watch signs of the "dump" moving, but it seems he neglected his business, and the "dump" did move, and fell upon poor Hagan, killing him instantly, for when his comrades cleared away the "dump," in a few minutes, they found him a bleeding corpse. He had been pressed to death by tons of earth, and although no bones were broken, several arteries had been burst. Mr. Hagan left his home on the Island in June last, with the intention of making money to pay the balance of the purchase money on a farm he had bought just previous to his departure. His remains were brought to Kelly's Cross on Wednesday night by his friends, and interred in St. Joseph's Cemetery on Thursday.

A Voyage Round the World.

Mexico is crowded with bible sellers.

Winnipeg wants a Dominion Exhibition for next year.

And now Prince Jerome Napoleon wants to publish a manifesto.

A treaty of peace has at last been signed between Peru and Chili.

Norway is sailing in for a Republican form of government.

McMahon, the Parnellite, is sure of his election for Limerick.

Gov. Butler has discovered more human hides than have been tanned.

It is beginning to be thought that after all O'Donnell may not be guilty.

The Pope is preparing an allocation on the condition of the Catholic Church.

Crushed again. The Lennox Grits will not nominate Sir Richard Cartwright.

The *Freeman's Journal* demand that the Orange leaders at Rosslea be prosecuted.

Mrs. Langtry, who sometimes passes as an actress, will try to act in Montreal next week.

Mrs. Langtry has been hooted by boys in Wall St., who called out "Hi, hi, where is Freddie?"

The enormous sum of $86,000,000, has been voted for United States pensioners this year.

Colonel Williams of the 46th Battalion, accuses General Luard of brutality and blasphemy.

Dr. Carbery, Bishop-elect of Hamilton, Ontario, is to be consecrated at Rome on November 11th.

It is said a million of Englishmen rise up in the morning not knowing where they will sleep that night.

It is reported that the herring fisheries on the Cape Breton coast have proved a failure this year.

The proposal to withdraw the British troops from Egypt is disturbing financial circles in London.

The heir to the late Lord Mountcashel is confined in a lunatic asylum. The estates are not worth a curse.

It is hinted Sir Stafford Northcote has softening of the brain. It is the Liberals, however, who hint it.

Centenarians are on the increase, and fears are now entertained the world will soon be overpopulated.

O'Donovan Rossa blushes with pleasure when anyone talks of the dynamite scare at Halifax in his presence.

The Duke of Albany and the Duke of Connaught, are quarrelling about a suite of rooms in Buckingham Palace.

The financial situation of Montreal has greatly improved, and a general revival of commercial confidence is reported.

The Liberals are abusing Gladstone for giving the Garter to the Duke of Argyle, who, they say, has deserted the party.

Seamen's wages are: For run to United Kingdom $40; monthly to United Kingdom or continent, $19; coasting $2?.

A game something like foot ball has been introduced for the benefit of the belles of New York. It is also like can-can.

Several Paris papers are violently attacking Rev. Mr. Shaw. We are afraid that's all he is likely to get from the French.

The Toronto *Mail* refers in highly complimentary terms to the selection of Hon. Senator Miller as Speaker of the Senate.

One secret that has never been mastered by railroad conductors is how to temper the heat of each car to the shorn passenger.

An Irish paper says Northcote's lambs are all armed with revolvers. American ideas perhaps permeate even the Orangemen.

A Montreal inventor, or crank, is in communication with the Imperial Government, over a plan he has of crossing the ocean in three days.

The circulation of the National Banks of the United States has been contracted by nearly ten millions of dollars since last January.

The husband of Baroness Burdett-Coutts is running a fish market. He expects to have upwards of seventy smacks in his fishing fleet.

Once upon a time everything touched by Mr. Senecal turned into gold. Now everything he handles is a failure. It is the natural re-action.

Archibald Forbes is writing an article for the *Fortnightly* proving that Bazaine is innocent of treachery in giving up Metz. But who believes Forbes?

Within ten years, writes a Western man, thirty Californian millionaires have died and not one of them was distinguished in life for anything but his money.

A Montreal scientist saw a meteor one night last week, which divided itself in two and disappeared. Perhaps it was one man lighting his cigar at another man's.

It is rumored that if the powers depose the Sultan the Duke of Teck will obtain the Caliphat. A change of religion would be a small matter to his Sublime Highness.

Patrick Egan, the Irish agitator, fyled papers in Lincoln, Neb., last week, preliminary to becoming an American citizen. He will engage in the grain business here.

Talmage says the American of the future will be compounded of German brain, Irish wit, French politeness, Scotch firmness, English loyalty and Italian æstheticism.

The idea that Bacon wrote "Shakespeare's" plays, is gaining ground in England. On the same principal, perhaps, it was Shakespeare who wrote Bacon's essays.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is 38. His estates in Cork and Kerry would bring him $150,000 if the tenants paid. These estates were once the property of the Sullivans.

Bismarck is jealous of Dufferin's influence with the Sultan. In fact he rules the Turkish Empire. Bismarck is growing old so is Von Moltke, so are all the old heroic duffers.

A great many natives of Calcutta have turned Protestant lately. In connection with this it may be stated that the natives are beginning to realize that Chistians get the good places.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* publishes a four-column letter from James McDermott. He denounces O'Donovan Rossa as a traitor to the Irish cause, and asserts that some dynamite prisoners have made a proposition to the Government

The new French Minister of War will, it is announced, devote all his energies towards reforming the system of moblizing the army. It is supposed he will take this action in case a war with Germany might be threatened under his *regime*.

The *Chicago Tribune*, it is said, receives for a column of advertisements $26,000 a year. The *New York Herald* receives for its lowest priced column $39,723, and for its highest $348,000. The *New York Tribune*, for the lowest $29,751., and for its highest highest $85,648; and these papers it is stated, are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

New York, Oct. 29.

The World's special cable from London says:—The Marquis of Lansdowne's friends continue to be very apprehensive for his personal safety in his new position as Governor General of Canada, as the Fenians have made explicit threats against his life. The Marquis has been notoriously imprudent in stirring up against him the hatred of the Irish extremists. When the appointment was made the Marquis and his wife arranged a series of farewell visits throughout Ireland and left their visit to the Duke of Abercorn to the last. The Duke and Lord Rossmore had arranged to revive Orangeism in Ireland as an offset against Nationalism. The politicians succeeded in arraying Protestants against Catholics. Besides this the Dublin Castle Government have already found reasons for proclaiming six of the most important Parnellite meetings upon the ground that the Orangemen were determined to break them up by resorting to riot. And during nearly the whole of this bitter campaign the Marquis was the guest of the duke. From a Parnellite point of view Lansdowne's record as an Irish landlord is bad enough. His open rupture with the cabinet on the land question was worse than his record, and the fact that he consorted intimately with leading Tories, Protestant and Orangemen, and accompanied Sir Stafford Northcote in the great revival of Orange enthusiasm, is denoted as the hated landlord's crowning infamy. It is impossible to convey to Americans anything like a correct idea of the bitter feelings of resentment at present entertained by the Nationalists against Lansdowne. Although he took no active part in the recent Orange revivals, he is believed by the leaguers to have been at the bottom of the whole business. Many profess to believe that he is a doomed man and do not hesitate to express fears that his career as Governor General of Canada may be cut short by a repetition of the Phœnix Park horror.

New York, Oct. 29

Henry Irving, the English actor, has met with a perfect ovation. He appears in the "Bells."

Ottawa, Oct. 29.

G. W. Ross, M. P., for West Middlesex, has been unseated for bribery and corruption. It is understood that he will again contest the county in the Grit interest.

The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise sailed on Saturday for England by the steamship *Sardinian*. The Earl of Cork and Viscount Dungarvon have arrived at Montreal.

Cairo, Oct. 29.

One hundred and fifty Egyptian soldiers were recently surprised and massacred by hill tribes in Serat in a defile between Snakir and Cassala, Nubia.

Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 29

The gale to-day was very severe, up to five o'clock this afternoon, when it moderated. A large fleet of fishermen and other vessels were in the harbor, many of which dragged their anchors and fouled each other. An English coaster, of St. John, N. B., anchord off the eastern point, dragged, but cut away her foremast and rode out on the gale.

Paris, Oct. 29.

The *Gaolois* says in view of the contingency of war between France and China, several French ironclads have been ordered to be put in readiness to reinforce the French squadron in Chinese waters.

Dublin, Oct. 29.

The *Freeman's Journal* declares the Government circular just issued contains suggestions to the Irish Emigration Committee proposing the wholesale shipment of Irish people to Canada. Every facility is to be offered the boards of guardians, and to clerks of unions to promote emigration. No workhouse paupers are to be sent. A large contract has been made with a shipping company for the conveyance of emigrants. The Canadian Goeernment is a party to the scheme, against which the *Freeman's Journal* warns all Irishmen.

We have received the *Farmer's Advocate* for October, published by William Weld, London, Ontario. It is a valuable Magazine, and is especially useful to Canadian farmers. It can be had for one dollar a year, or ten cents a copy.

MARRIED.

At St. Dunstan's Cathedral, on the 30th inst., by the Rev. Father Corbett, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proprietor of the Railway House, Charlottetown, to May Grace, daughter of Captain M. L. Mullins, of Antigonish, N. S.

At St. Dunstan's Cathedral, on Tuesday, 30th Oct., by the Rev. John Corbett, Mr. Michael Luby to Miss Agnes Blackburn, all of Charlottetown.

At St. Dunstan's Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, the 30th inst., by the Rev. John Corbett, Mr. Edward Doyle, of South Shore, to Miss Ann. J. Murphy, of same place.

On the evening of the 29th inst., at the clergyman's residence, by the Rev. Charles O'Meara, Mr. John McNevin to Miss Evangeline Binns, both of this city.

At St. Dunstan's Cathedral, on Wednesday, the 24th inst., by his Lordship the Right Rev. P. McIntyre, Bishop of Charlottetown, and Rev. John Corbett, Priest Assistant, John A. Macdonell, Esq., of Donaldston, to Eliza Maria, daughter of the late Hugh Macdonald, Esq., of Panmure.

At the residence of Capt. Walpole, of this city, on the evening of the 28th of October, by the Rev. John W. Wadman, A. B., Mr. John Arbing, of Charlottetown, to Miss Laura Carter, of Rustico Road.

DIED.

At North Bedeque, on the 12th instant, of heart disease, Mrs. James Murray.

At Reynold, Dakota, on the 19th inst., of bilious fever, Artemas Dickieson, aged 22 sears 6 months, son of Daniel and Catherine Dickieson, of Wilmot Valley.

At her residence, Park Corner, on the 14th inst., Mr. Kenneth McLeod, aged 80 years.

On Tuesday, Oct. 24th, at Government House, Halifax, N. S., the Rev. Matthew Richey, D. D., in the 81st year of his age.

On Saturday, 27th inst., of congestion of the lungs, George Frederick Harris, aged 16 months, beloved son of Thomas and Carrie Pickrad.

MARKET PRICES.

Charlottetown, Oct. 30, 1883.

Beef (small) ℔ lb.	5 to 12
Beef (quarter) ℔ lb.	4 to 8
Mutton, ℔ lb.	5 to 9
Lamb, ℔ lb.	5 to 8
Pork, small	7 to 12
Turkeys	60 to 70
Geese	40 to 50
Ducks	20 to 30
Fowls	20 to 25
Chicke ns, ℔ pair	35 to 50
Butter, fresh	22 to 25
Butter, Tub, lb.	20 to 23
Eggs, ℔ doz.	21 to 24
Flour, ℔ 100 lb.	2.75 to 3.00
Oatmeal, ℔ 100 lb.	2.50 to 3.00
Oats, ℔ bush., black	32 to 33
Oats, ℔ bush., white	37 to 38
Hay, ℔ 100 lb.	45 to 50
Potatoes ℔ bush., white	none
Potatoes, ℔ bush.	16 to 20
Turnips, ℔ bush.	16 to 18
Sheepskins	35 to 50
New Potatoes, ℔ peck	none
Green Peas, ℔ quart	none

George Lewis, Market Clerk.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Remnants Cotton—2 cases just opened at John McPhee & Co's.—wonderful bargains.

Cheap Dry Goods.—John McPhee & Co. are giving special bargains in every department.

Great bargains in Tweeds, Worsteds and Ready-made Clothing at John McPhee & Co's.

Great rush for Tea at P. Monaghan's Grocery and Tea House, an evidence of its strength and flavor. oct

☞ The reason there is such a rush for Groceries to George Carter's store on Great George Street, is that he gives good value for the money. "Only this and nothing more." He sells good Sugar for 8c. per lb., good Tea for 32c. and Raisins for 10c. He sells all his goods low and guarantees the quality. Customers consult their own interests when they deal with him.

Important to all concerned—I will pay as high in cash for Eggs as any dealer in the city, and will allow one cent per dozen extra when exchanged for goods. Parties having Eggs for sale will do well to remember this—George Carter, Great George Street. se 11 tf