

LOVE'S NEMESIS.

A Young Girl Faces Her Sweetheart and Shows Him Down—Says He Vowed Fidelity and Gave Her the Pistol as a Pledge.

People who were busily passing along Spring street near Crosby and others who stood around the doors of the big tenements near by saw a dramatic shooting affair this morning says the New York World. At about 8:30 o'clock a young Italian, well built and swarthy, and who looked a little better off than the ordinary laborer, came along on the eastern sidewalk from downtown. When opposite No. 70 Spring street a woman appeared about ten feet in front of him, so suddenly that it was not known whether she had sprang upon him from a neighboring tenement hall, way or had been following him. She was very young, little more than a girl in appearance, and was good looking. She swept across his path like a woman moved by force passion. Her eyes fairly blazed upon him. Some words passed, hot with meaning, but not clearly heard by any one. The man shrunk back and tried to escape. For a moment he turned his back as if to fly. At that moment, however, the young woman drew a revolver and fired. Again, again, and a fourth time, without lowering her weapon, she pulled the trigger. The man fell to the sidewalk, wounded and gasping. The crowd pressed around, and some one knocked the weapon from the woman's hand. Others seized her and held her till a policeman came. She struggled until exhausted, shrieking out maledictions upon the victim of her wrath. An ambulance from St. Vincent's Hospital took the wounded man to that institution. The surgeon said two of the bullets had entered his body. One had lodged near the heart. The woman's remaining shots had done wide of the mark, and were found flattened upon the sidewalk. At the Mulberry street station house the woman calmed down and coolly admitted that she was glad she had not missed her aim. She said she was Pasqueline Robertelli, by trade a tailoress, and that her home was 15 Mott street.

"The man whom I shot," she said, "is Nicolo Piero."

"He is my betrayer," she continued, "and it serves him right."

"He lives in Sullivan street, near Houston street. The number is 145, I think."

"I had a right to kill him."

"About four months ago this man took advantage of me. We were engaged to be married, and he broke his promise."

"When I reproached him he told me he would surely make me his wife."

"He gave me his revolver then, and told me that if he failed to fulfill his promise I might shoot him dead whenever I saw him."

"I only did what he gave me leave to do and they cannot harm me for it. A woman has some rights."

At 10 o'clock Pasqueline was taken to the Tombs court by Policeman Haggerty, who arrested her.

A crowd thronged the court room to see the girl, whose beauty made a great impression upon all. She is really pretty, with black eyes, fine hair and rosy cheeks and lips. She told her story to Justice Taintor, stating little in addition to what appears above. She said, however, that she was told yesterday that Piero was on the eve of sailing for Europe. She believed he was going to day, and waited all night for him in front of his home, 145 Sullivan street. He did not come home at all, but she met him on Spring street, as he passed through on his way to breakfast. She was remanded to await the result of Piero's injuries, and was taken back to the station house. The revolver with which the deed was done was produced in court. It is a new and rather fancifully ornamented weapon of 28 calibre. A witness of the shooting, Pasquale Varrone, of 68 Spring street, was committed to the House of Detention. Pasquale is only twelve years old and lives next door to the house opposite which the scene occurred.

CANVASSING WITH CARDS.

Latest Plan of That Gentry to Secure an Audience.

The "want to see the lady of the house" dodge has been discarded by fakirs, book agents, collectors and other door-bell ringers of private houses for a newer and better method, says the *Yonkers Statesman*.

They now pick out a route and learn the names of the occupants of the most desirable-looking houses. They then ring the bell, and when the servant comes to the door inquire if Mrs. Blank is in. If she is, the bell-ringer presents a neat card containing his name, and patronizingly says: "Present this card; I will wait."

That this new form of annoyance is more exasperating than the old one is explained by the fact that it not only secures an audience with "the lady of the house," but frequently compels "the lady of the house" to undergo the tedious process of making her toilet in order to receive the visitor, whose identity she cannot suspect, and whom she cannot refuse to see for fear she may be guilty of breach of etiquette.

A Fast-Talking Parson.

Two hundred and forty words a minute, four words every second, is a rate of speed which seems almost beyond the power of articulation, yet was the measure of the torrent of eloquent exposition and appeal poured forth in St. Paul's Church last Monday by the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks. Try to equal it reading from a printed page in a conversational tone, and then imagine the immensely increased difficulty of the task in a large church, before a great congregation, and without the guidance even of a written note. The business men, for whom the service was especially designed, had been assured that the discourse would be short, and so it was in time, for it was finished in 25 minutes, but the report made by two stenographic reporters, of the *Journal's* regular staff, covered 6,000 words, and gave the extraordinary averages with which this paragraph opens.—*Boston Journal*.

—Tommy—What sort of preachers are called "doctors," pa? Pa—The kind who practice what they preach, my son!

The Oregon Legislature has passed an Act prohibiting profanity. The proviso ought to be that sidewalks shall be kept clear of ice and snow.

THE CHINAMAN IN CANADA.

How He Kludges the Vigilance of the Customs Officials.

Every Chinaman who leaves Canada takes a certificate which shall serve as his passport when he returns. He may take out a certificate when he does not mean to leave the country. He may take one when he is merely going to smuggle himself over our border, and never means to go back to the Dominion. Or he may take a certificate when he has made all the money he needs, and is on his way to China to end his days there, after years of that luxurious idleness which the average laborer counts upon obtaining in China from the judicious investment of \$2,000—the coolie's plum. Of course it is fair to presume that in many cases the certificates are demanded by men who mean to return. At all events, these certificates, which are passports to Canada, and indirectly to the United States, have a money value. They are sold in China. They can be purchased openly to-day in the streets of Hong-Kong, like ducks or chopsticks. There they possess a fluctuating value, and have been known to fetch as high as \$65. Sometimes they are let go at a less price than the \$50 they are expected to save in the avoidance of the poll-tax, the fluctuations being governed by the demand at the time of the departure of a vessel, because only so many unscrupulous Chinese laborers may take passage on the steamers under the Canadian law—one to every fifty tons of the ship's burthen. Of those who carry certificates and of those not of the laboring class as many as choose may come.

It is to guard against trickery with the certificates that the customs officials at Victoria and Vancouver have all that they can manage. When a Chinaman enters the office of the collector to apply for a certificate, several men are called in—the interpreter and a clerk or two. The Chinaman gives his name, age, place of birth, and other particulars of value in identifying him. He is asked to step upon the platform of a measuring machine, such as is in use in our army and elsewhere—an upright pole marked off in feet and inches, and fitted with a sliding rod that gives the man's height when it rests upon his head. All this the Chinaman perfectly comprehends; but what he does not know is the description of himself that the men around him are going to write down in the big Government book after he has gone, a description which takes in his general appearance, the peculiarities of his features and limbs and shape, with notes of every scar or pit or mark upon his hands, neck, face and head. And yet, in spite of these precautions, Chinamen who go away from Canada looking at least 40 years of age, return appearing to be only 24; and others who measure five feet and nine inches when they depart, come back in a few months several inches shorter. Or, taller than when they sailed for China. They are new-comers, with the certificates of other men, of course. The silent scanning of the features of applicants for certificates does not pass unnoticed by these shrewd and intelligent people. The manner in which they endeavor to make themselves appear like the persons whose certificates they carry shows this. They frequently go as far as to disfigure themselves for life in order to save the \$50 and to bear out the customs book against the numerals that mark each of the certificates—which, by-the-way, contain no word of descriptions of the men who take them out. Jocksters was in Victoria one of these. In his arrival with a great scar burned in, and forehead, a cut disfiguring one cheek. When a deep pit burned in his neck. When questioned and proven to be a fraudulent fellow, he confessed that he had never been to Canada before.

The cross-examination each certificated Chinaman must undergo in the British Columbian custom houses before he is allowed to pass into the country without paying the tax is very searching. He is asked what city he worked in while in Canada, and then he must name the principal streets in that city, some of the names of the merchants there, and also the notable peculiarities of the town; what sort of looking things drag the railroad cars; what kind of machines are used to put out fires—a hundred questions cleverly devised. In spite of all this, the customs officials frequently have to admit that they cannot tell whether they are being imposed upon or not in special cases. Doubtless many Chinamen slip through without attracting suspicion. The men who sell the certificates accompany the sales with descriptions of themselves, and with a great amount of the information they acquired of the localities they were familiar with. As to the general facts about Canadian life, there are plenty of men in China and on the ships to post the immigrants fully. Every three weeks, when a ship arrives, the Chinamen with certificates are questioned, and several are found to be the purchasers of the certificates of others, but not one Chinaman has yet been sent back on this account. All that Canada wants is her tax, and if any Chinaman caught at this trickery, looks the \$50, he finds his countrymen in Victoria or Vancouver willing to advance the money to him.—*From the "Chinese Leak," by Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Not Exactly Aristotelian.

A tall man can't help living long. A millionaire has large will power. A novel industry—writing romances. An affair of the heart—when it is a trump. The sewing machine agent's toast—Howe. Conjugal love is not preserved in family jars. There is a great deal of back talk in the phonograph. Suspenders ought to sell readily in braising weather. Is it proper to speak of two physicians as a paradox? It doesn't hurt a missionary to be shot in his tracts.—*Picked up all around.*

—An economical bartender can make two lemonades with one lemon, but it's a tight squeeze.

—First man—Your wife and my wife don't seem to get on very well together. Second man—Well, it's undoubtedly my wife's fault. First man—It's nothing of the sort, sir. My wife is entirely to blame. And after a few more angry words they came to blows.

A NEW CURE FOR LOCK-JAW.

The Treatment a Japanese Discovery—How It Is Effected.

The Berlin correspondent of a syndicate of provincial papers has had an interview with Dr. Kitasato, of Tokio, a Japanese doctor now studying at the hygienic institute there, who professes to have discovered a method for the cure of lock-jaw. This cure is based on a principle somewhat similar to that of Mr. Hankin's cure for anthrax. Yet it is different in some important particulars. Dr. Kitasato first renders an animal impervious to tetanus, and then injects the blood serum of that animal into animals suffering from the disease. In order to render an animal insusceptible, he first injects the germs or bacilli of tetanus, and follows this injection with injections of trichloride of iodine, which he repeats at intervals of twelve hours. After four days the animal, which under ordinary circumstances would have died from lock-jaw, is not only cured, but rendered impervious to the disease. The blood serum of such an animal has been found in successive experiments on mice to act as a complete cure. Hankin's method for the cure of anthrax is to obtain from rats directly the peculiar chemical product which secures for them immunity from particular diseases, and, after cultivating and preparing it, inject the extract obtained into suffering animals. Both discoveries are based, however, upon the law of antagonism postulated by Sir William Robert Grove in a lecture at the Royal Institution, and illustrated as far as bacteriology is concerned in a paper by Mr. Hankin, contributed to the *British Medical Journal*, entitled "The Conflict between the Organism and the Microbe."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Paper Wheels.

Persons who have never had any business with a railroad except to ride on its cars occasionally, have an idea that paper car wheels are entirely made of that substance. This is a mistaken idea, as the only portion made of paper is the inside or filling of the wheel. This paper is held in place by steel plates which are bolted together through the paper. The tire is then put on and the wheel is finished. Of course there is a good deal of work included in the making, but this is the sum and substance of a paper wheel. There are several sizes of paper wheels made for instance, 42-inch wheels, 33-inch, 30-inch, 28-inch and 26-inch. The last two sizes are locomotive truck wheels. Some roads use paper wheels exclusively under their passenger equipment and cast iron ones under their freight equipment. These paper wheels are made by a Chicago company. Tires for paper wheels are made in Europe and in this country also. The weight of a 42-inch paper wheel is 1,150 pounds, and an axle 350 pounds, so that the weight of a pair mounted on an axle is 2,650 pounds. There are two pairs on each truck and two trucks under a car, so that the combined weight of the wheels and axles placed under each car is 10,600 pounds. The value of a pair of 42-inch paper wheels is in the neighborhood of \$150, the tire alone being valued at about \$55. The wheel centre is worth about \$17 itself.

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood. To purify the blood, is to cure the disease! As a blood-purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery knows head and shoulders above any other known specific! Its power in this direction is nothing short of wonderful. Guaranteed to benefit or cure in every case, or money refunded.

Reciprocity Under Foot.

A story just started will give Congressman-elect Jere Simpson, of Kansas, a wide reputation for repartee. While he was at the Capital at Washington Monday a pretty woman thus addressed him: "Is it true that you don't wear socks, Mr. Simpson?" "Well, you let me see, please?" "Madam," replied Mr. Simpson, gravely, "I'm a believer in reciprocity. Do you wear socks? If you'll show me yours I'll show you mine!"—*New York Standard.*

A boiler in the dye house of James McCombe, on South Pearl street, Albany, N. Y., exploded as noon yesterday. The boiler went through the upper floor and roof and over house-tops and landed in a yard fifteen feet square three hundred feet distant. James McCombe and his sons were in the second story and were buried in the wreck, which caught fire. James McCombe, George McCombe and Samuel McCombe were terribly injured.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumption his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

ROBERT FERGUSON.

Brief Sketch of the Man Who Was the Inspirer of Robert Burns.

Robert Ferguson, whom Burns acknowledged as his master, was born in 1751 in Cap and Feathers Close, the site of which is now covered by the buildings standing on the east side of the North Bridge. He went to a small school in Niddry's Wynd, and later to the first High-school, and before he had reached the age of twenty-four he died in the pauper lunatic asylum called Old Darien House, which was demolished a century later. A tablet on the comparatively modern building, No. 15 Bedlam Place, states that there the conduct of poor Ferguson stood. Like so many children of genius, Ferguson's conduct reflected but little credit on his dam, and he was a relentless enemy toward himself, if not toward his brothers and sisters. He abandoned the study of medicine because he fancied himself afflicted with every disease of which he read the description, and no doubt he died in a mad-house from fear that he would die insane. Ferguson can be traced to his taverns and his clubs in Edinburgh more easily than to any of his homes, except the last one, and wherever fun was rampant and gin cheap, there was Ferguson to be found. He would often, as he sang in his "Caller Oyster,"

"To Luckie Middlemist's loup in,
And sit fu' snug
Ower oysters and a dram o' gin
Or haddock lug."

A favorite resort of Ferguson's, where "wi' sang and glass he'd see the power o' oars, that was the hour," was the Cape Club, which met at the Isle of Man's Arms, Craig's Close (265 High street). In Craig's Close is still to be seen the broken-down and neglected sign of the Cookburn tavern in front of a broken-down and neglected tenement, about half-way up the close on the east side, with all of its fishes of merit gone this many a year. Standing as it does "between the back and front tenements," this may perhaps have been one of the Isle of Man. Still another of the inns to which Ferguson went to "get his cares and pother laid" was Johnnie Dowie's tavern, in Liberton's Wynd, which was later a favorite resort of Burns, and which has been dubbed "The Mermaid of Edinburgh." It was famous as the Burns Tavern in the last years of its existence, and was long one of the architectural lions of the Old Town for Burns' sake; but when George IV. Bridge was built both tavern and wynd were swept away, and like everything else associated with Ferguson in life, no trace of it is left. There is even no absolutely authentic portrait of him known to the collectors; and the best, if the most homely, of the contemporary descriptions of him represents him as being "very small and delicate, a little in-kneed, and waigled a good deal in walking."—*From "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh," by Laurence Hutton, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH.

In his *Forum* article on "The Ring and the Trust," Rev. Dr. William Barry quotes Hegel's remark that reason governs the nations of the world. You cannot, he says, put back the hand on the clock. All mankind are drawing together into a confederacy which may be checked or thwarted, but which has already united Europe and America and the Isles of the Sea into a Hanesatic league, vexatiously disturbed from time to time by tariff disputes, yet forming one great republic of commerce. Capital has no country; it is unpatriotic and cosmopolitan. And whereas formerly it held by the Ishmael principle of every man's hand against his fellows, it now finds that it is a good deal cheaper to buy up competitors than to eat them up. We may trace the development of great industries, of the houses of universal provision, and of trusts of the first magnitude, by the failures, bankruptcies and suicides of smaller men to which they have led. But the system, though utterly without compassion, looks rather to the absorption of such than to their ruin as individuals.

A Toronto Slander.

Toronto Telegram: On Monday a haughty stranger from London, Ont., struck Hamilton, Ont.

The crowd was coming out of the Centenary Church.

"What's all this about—this ain't Sunday?" was the question, hurled at a citizen.

"Memorial service."

"Who's dead?"

"John Wesley."

"Poor man. An old settler, I suppose?"

"Only a hundred years."

"A hundred years, eh? That's Hamilton all over. A hundred years, and you only getting on to it now. London ain't as slow as that."

Prof. Liebreich, in a lecture before Berlin physicians yesterday, presented cases showing the rapid improvement of lupus under treatment with cantharidate of potash. He dilated upon the necessity of extreme care in preparing and using the remedy.

A troop of cavalry and 24 Indian scouts are stationed in a line 25 miles long across the Cherokee strip, Kansas, to eject all settlers. The arms and ammunition of "boomers" will be confiscated, and all houses and stationary tents burned.

A Marseilles distillery company has been obliged to suspend operations owing to the inability to stand the duty of three francs on maize. The closing of the distilleries will ruin the pork breeders in that vicinity, who use the maize refuse in feeding their hogs.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I am glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who care to write for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—M. G. SLOOM, V.C. 138 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and the Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to Cure it once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address:—M. G. SLOOM, V.C. 138 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

A Successful Man Tells Why He Succeeded

The fact that success is mainly due to hard work has been expressed in many different ways, says "Youth's Companion," but one of the best was recently employed by a very successful "drummer," or commercial traveller. He was talking with a companion, a rather lazy fellow, when the latter exclaimed:

"I declare, Jack, I can't understand why you always succeed in selling so many more goods than I do!"

"I'll tell you why it is," replied Jack; "but," he added, "it's a trade secret, and you mustn't give it away."

"Of course, I wouldn't do such a thing," was the answer.

"Well, then," said Jack, impressively, "I succeed because, when I'm after business, I wear out the soles of my shoes more than the seat of my trousers."

School Board Wisdom.

The trustees of a school house near Monticello, Ga., the other day adopted resolutions to the effect that "that big hickory near the left hand of Ben Hill Academy is dead, and that if it should fall on any of the children between their 7th and 17th year, and near the small of the back, they would surely die; therefore, that we hire an unbleached American to raise the aforesaid hickory tree to the ground."

The Pope celebrated his eightieth birthday on Tuesday last. Although subject to fainting spells, he has the buoyancy of spirits of a man ten years his junior, and it may be several years yet before his successor will be needed. Just now His Holiness takes a keen interest in the struggle going on in Italy between Signor Crispi, the late Premier, and the Marquis Rudini, the Present Premier. In the fight for power the church may regain some of that which it lost. Rudini's followers propose to conciliate the Pope by ceding the Ladinia city, and a free strip of territory along the Tiber to the sea, provided this territory is neutralized forever by a joint treaty of all the powers. This would partially restore the Pope's temporal power.

A Russian named Frises, residing in the suburbs of Berlin, has been arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of Gen. Seliveroff, who was shot, it was supposed, by a Nihilist named Padlewski, in Paris on November 18th last.

D. C. N. L. 12, 91

St. Jacobs

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