

THE FIRE IN LONDON, ONT., NOV. 6TH.

On the evening of Monday, Nov. 6th, the city of London, Ont., was visited with a most disastrous fire, consuming property to the value of about \$100,000. The alarm was given about eight o'clock, when it was found that Moorhead's extensive furniture works on King street were in flames. The fire originated in the engine-room, and had there been a good supply of water, it is probable that the prompt action of the London firemen would have confined the destruction to that part of the building. From the situation of the seat of the fire some difficulty was found in getting the two fire engines properly placed; but when that had been got over the firemen worked gallantly, and as it was believed at length subdued the flames. The London papers state that many people went home in the belief that the fire had been subdued, though the smoke was still rising thick and black from the engine-room and machine shop. Unfortunately the fire was still raging within, and just when the firemen were about withdrawing their engines it burst forth again with renewed fury. When the firemen resumed the contest with the devouring element they found that the supply of water had given out. "At this point of the fire's progress," says the *Free Press*:

"The insurance agents, who up to this time kept the front entrance in hopes that the building would be saved, now opened the doors, and called upon the people to assist in clearing the ware-rooms. In an instant hundreds of men rushed in, and returned again and again loaded with furniture of various descriptions, until most of that on the lower flats was rescued. The disorder, however, was anything but conducive to safety, and many collisions occurred, which were not only damaging to the furniture, but in several cases severely injurious to the person. The cuts and contusions sustained were numerous and painful. We regret to have to record that Mr. T. Winnett, while actively bestirring himself in front of the premises, was most seriously hurt by a 'hook' which was borne at a headlong pace down the street by some of the firemen. He was knocked down, rendered insensible, and removed to his house on a stretcher. It was reported that several of his ribs were broken. A young man whose name we did not learn, sustained a deep and severe cut on the eye, by coming in contact in his haste with a piece of furniture in the hands of some one else. With so many willing hands, and sturdy spirits actively at work, it was not long before the opposite side of the street was lined with furniture removed from the warehouse. Both east and west of the immediate scene of the fire, the way was blocked up with it, but in course of time it was removed to places of greater security by friendly draymen and waggons. The fire had by this time advanced to the front part of the building, which it in turn destroyed with merciless hand. Great tongues of flame flickered over the uppermost walls, and threatened to seize hold of the large two-storey frame building opposite belonging to Messrs. J. & O. McClary. Once during an intense blast of heat, the bearding boiler and smoked, but just then a stream of water was directed upon the front, which prevented an actual conflagration."

The fire spread and caught Mr. Bennett's new machine shop in the next yard, which was also destroyed. Mr. Bennett's loss is stated to be about five thousand dollars, and he had no insurance. Several other buildings in the neighbourhood of the fire were also very much damaged or pulled down to prevent the spread of the flames, and much furniture and household articles were carried out to the streets, the Londoners fearing their city was doomed to the fate of Chicago. Happily, however, the firemen and citizens, with such supplies as the water carts brought them, were enabled to prevent the further spread of the fire, which was completely got under by eleven o'clock—lasting in all about three hours. Mr. Moorhead's loss is stated at \$80,000; insurance \$35,000. By this disastrous fire about one hundred workmen are temporarily thrown out of employment.

THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGION.

The existence of the Pennsylvania oil-springs, or wells, has been known for over two centuries. In the seventeenth century the Indians showed the first Jesuit missionaries the oil swimming on the water, and explained to them its character and virtues. Among the Senecas it was highly prized for its medicinal properties, and was extensively used by the French and English troops garrisoned along the Alleghany as a purgative. Later on, during the War of Independence, the American soldiers discovered that the oil was an excellent specific for rheumatism, and as such it was sold, under the name of "the Senecas' Oil," by certain Quaker physicians, who made an uncommonly good thing out of the little speculation. It was not until 1854 that the petroleum was used as an illuminating material. In that year two New-Yorkers acquired a property at the upper end of Oil Creek, Penn., and started a company to work the claim. Three years after, the agent of a Connecticut company started boring in the neighbourhood of Titusville, and in April, 1858, he "struck oil" at a depth of 71 feet, and soon after the well was in good working order, producing from ten to twenty-five barrels a day. Since that time the business has gone on steadily increasing, and is now one of the greatest sources of wealth on this continent. Of the mode of producing the oil we have already fully treated while speaking of our own Canadian oil region at Petrolia.

The illustration shows the method of transporting the oil in vogue at Oil Creek.

A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN NAPLES.

In no other country in the world are the ceremonies of the Catholic Church conducted with so much pomp and splendour as in Italy. In this respect Rome, where of course the highest degree of ceremonial prevails, is equalled in almost every way by its sister city Naples. The Neapolitans are passionately fond of show. They omit no possible occasion of making a display. Weddings, christenings, and even burials, are accompanied with an amount of show and scenic effect that would astonish, perhaps disgust, our more matter of fact minds.

Such a scene as that reproduced on another page is no uncommon one in the streets of Naples. A young girl, the daughter of a noble house, has died, and the sorrowing parents are compelled by the uses and traditions of the place to bury her with all the splendour becoming her position. The sketch, of which our picture is a reproduction, was made at

the funeral cortège was entering the church of Santa Lucia, where the last rites of the church were to be performed over the corpse. A long line of priests and monks, preceded by a cross-bearer, and chanting the litany for the dead, headed the procession. Then came four *becchini*, or professional bearers of the dead, habited in their characteristic costume, and bearing a catafalque, gorgeously decorated, on which lay the corpse. No coffin enclosed the remains, which lay on a couch, exposed to the gaze of every by-stander. On either side of the catafalque walked chorister-boys bearing huge wax tapers, and children were strewing flowers on the road. Then came a long line of mourners, gradually increased by such sympathizing passers-by as had the time or the inclination to assist at the sad ceremony.

THE SENSATION OF ABSENT LIMBS.—It has long been known to surgeons that when a limb has been cut off the sufferer does not lose the consciousness of its existence. This has been found to be true in nearly every such case. Only about five per cent of the men who have suffered amputation never have feeling of the part as being still present. Of the rest, there are a few who in time come to forget the missing member, while the remainder seem to retain a sense of its existence so vivid as to be more definite and intrusive than is that of its truly living fellow-member.

A person in this condition is haunted, as it were, by a constant or inconstant fractional phantom of so much of himself as has been lopped away—an unseen ghost of the lost part, and sometimes a presence made sorely inconvenient by the fact that while but faintly felt at times, it is at others acutely called to his attention by the pains or irritations which it appears to suffer from a blow on the stump or a change in the weather.

There is something almost tragical, something ghastly, in the notion of these thousands of spirit limbs haunting as many good soldiers, and every now and then tormenting them with the disappointments which arise when, the memory being off guard for a moment, the keen sense of the limb's presence betrays the man into some effort, the failure of which of a sudden reminds him of his loss.

Many persons feel the lost limb as existing the moment they awaken from the moribund stupor of the ether given to destroy the torments of the knife; others come slowly to this consciousness in days or weeks, and when the wound has healed; but, as a rule, the more sound and serviceable the stump, especially if an artificial limb be worn, the more likely is the man to feel faintly the presence of his shorn member. Sometimes a blow on the stump will reawaken such consciousness, or, as happened in one case, a reamputation higher up the limb will summon it anew into seeming existence.

In many, the limb may be recalled to the man by irritating the nerves in its stump. Every doctor knows that when any part of a nerve is excited by a pinch, a tap, or by electricity—which is an altogether harmless means—the pain, if it be a nerve of feeling, is felt as if it were really caused in the part to which the nerve finally passes. A familiar illustration is met with when we hurt the "crazy-bone" behind the elbow. This crazy-bone is merely the ulnar nerve, which gives sensation to the third and fourth fingers, and in which latter parts we feel the numbing pain of a blow on the main nerve. If we were to divide this nerve below the elbow, the pain would still seem to be in the fingers, nor would it alter the case were the arm cut off. When, therefore, the current of a battery is turned upon the nerves of an arm-stump the irritation caused in the divided nerves is carried to the brain, and there referred at once to all the regions of the lost limb from which, when entire, these nerves brought those impressions of touch or pain which the brain converts into sensations. As the electric current disturbs the nerves, the limb is sometimes called back to sensory being with startling reality.

On one occasion the shoulder was thus electrized three inches above the point where the arm had been cut off. For two years the man had ceased to be conscious of the limb. As the current passed, although ignorant of its possible effects, he started up, crying aloud, "Oh, the hand, the hand!" and tried to seize it with the living grasp of the sound fingers. No resurrection of the dead, no answer of a summoned spirit, could have been more startling. As the current was broken, the lost part faded again, only to be recalled by the same means. This man had ceased to feel his limb. With others it is a presence never absent save in sleep. "If," says one man, "I should say I am more sure of the leg which ain't than of the one that are, I guess I should be about correct."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

DISKASED HARES.—A Belfast correspondent writes:—"It may not be generally known that the foot-and-mouth disease in cattle, which just now is prevalent in the counties of Meath and Louth, has during the last fortnight extended also to the sheep—a further and a most serious calamity to stock-breeders, farmers, &c. No person, however, would take it into his head that the hares would be smitten with the distemper. This has been ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt; and it has also been discovered within five or six days past that hares are the medium of conveying the disease from one place to another. This has been shown in one instance where cattle were attacked in an isolated district, and where some hares were found incapable of locomotion. In the early part of the present week I was informed by gamekeepers and others that there is little difficulty in capturing a hare with the hand when it has run any distance."

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

CYANO-PANCREATINE.—We copy the following from the *Canada Lancet*, of September, a monthly Journal of Medical and Surgical Science:

"We beg leave to call the attention of the profession to this new remedy, a sample of which we have received through the kindness of its proprietors. It has been found very efficacious in the treatment of indigestion in all its various forms, Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh, Consumption, or Debility from whatsoever cause. It has the sanction of some of the most eminent Physicians in Canada, and we have no doubt it will be found very serviceable in the treatment of those diseases for which it has been so highly recommended."

The flattering character of the certificates would be an inducement to have them printed here, but their number and want of space prevent us from reproducing these eulogistic testimonies received from the most distinguished physicians.

VARIETIES.

Charles Kingsley says "history is largely a lie." Hear! hear!

Great powers and natural gifts do not bring privileges to their possessors so much as they bring duties.

The "Odorless Rubber Company" has been incorporated. The title suggests that it is destitute of (O) cents.

A Georgia laundress of colour wept because some paper collars which she tried to renovate "done wash all to blinders, for true."

A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born over again."

If half the pains were taken by some people to perform the labour allotted them that are taken by them to avoid it, we should hear much less said about the troubles of life, and see much more actually completed.

A French authoress says: "A kiss gives more pleasure than anything else in the world." To this an editor responds: "That child evidently never experienced the childish rapture of descending the stairs by sliding down the banisters."

A Swiss geologist lately met his death in a singular way, while geologizing over the Alps. He stopped to pat a tame kid, which bounded off, and as he stooped to resume his work, dislodged a pile of rocks upon him from a ledge above, killing him instantly.

The following characteristic funeral item is from the *Kansas City (Mo.) Times* of the 10th:—"The funeral of Mike Williams, shot by Wild Bill, at Abilene, took place in this city on Sunday. Wild Bill paid the expenses of the funeral." The *Chattanooga Times* adds: "Mr. Williams, we have no doubt, deeply regrets his inability to thank Wild Bill for his liberality."

The *Mt. Pleasant Press* tells this:—"A certain gentleman, who, involved in domestic troubles, met with a genuine 'Job's comforter' the other morning. Meeting an old friend who was a widower, he related his trouble to him, and told him he expected to be broken up, as his wife had commenced suit against him for the sum of three thousand alimony. 'Well,' said the widower, 'I'll wait and see how she comes out, and if she succeeds, I'll go for her.'"

Some time ago an occasional contributor to the *Independence Belge*, the leading paper of Belgium, conceived and executed a clever plan of commending himself to the administration of that journal. He inserted a paragraph to the effect that a Mr. Du Bois had died, leaving an enormous fortune to be divided among persons of the name of Du Bois who could claim kinship with him; and further stated that full particulars about the fortune would be given from time to time in the *Independence*. Now, the Du Bois are about as numerous as the Smiths. Hundreds of the more affluent instantly became subscribers of the paper, and in consequence the hoaxer was put upon the regular staff.

The following is the salutatory of an Oregon editress:—"We have served a regular apprenticeship at working—at washing, scrubbing, patching, darning, ironing, plain sewing, raising babies, milking, churning, and poultry raising.—We have kept boarders, taught school, taught music, written for the newspapers, made speeches, and carried on an extensive millinery and dressmaking business. We can prove by the public that this work has been well done. Now, having reached the age of thirty-six, and having brought up a family of boys to set type, and a daughter to run the millinery store, we propose to edit and publish a newspaper, and we intend to establish it as one of the permanent institutions of the country."

A very disagreeable prophecy is mentioned by an Indian paper, the *Udu Akbar*, as having been uttered by Maulvi Muhammed Salimuz-Yaman, the famous astronomer of Rampore, whose deductions have generally turned out right. This gentleman predicts that in the coming year a blaze of light resembling a shooting star, the like of which no mortal has yet seen, will be visible in the sky. "It will dazzle the eyes of the people of particular places with lustre, and after remaining for a *ghat* (i.e. twenty-four minutes) will vanish. The direction in which it will make its appearance will be the north pole, accordingly the people of northern countries will see it distinctly. Probably the natives of China and Persia will likewise have a sight of it. The effect of this meteor will be that the extent of the globe over which its light will fall will be visited by famine during the year, and a large number of the people inhabiting it will be destroyed, while vegetation will also be scanty." This news will make British housekeepers intensely nervous, more especially as there are already predictions among farmers that in the course of the next twelve-month mutton will cost eighteen-pence the pound. The wisest course they can pursue is to keep a sharp look out for the appearance of the star, and in the meantime to lay in a good stock of Australian preserved meat.

AN UNFAIR USE OF A PHOTOGRAPH.—A correspondent of the *Times* some days ago wrote to complain that his wife having presented him with a baby, he began to be pestered with circulars. He adds:—"But what I objected to especially was an enclosure, at the same time of a photograph, said to be executed by a 'poor cripple,' of the births in the *Times*, and containing, of course, my announcement." A few days afterwards the photographer, Mr. A. W. Wilson, thus unceremoniously styled a "poor cripple" to excite pity, writes to the *Times*, and sends the following explanation and protest:—"I am a photographer, having a large connection in one of the suburbs of London, and some time since a clergyman of the Church of England (whom I looked upon in the light of a friend) came to me and requested, as a particular favour, that I would make the photograph he required. I did this for him at the height of the busy season, and at great inconvenience to myself, at exactly cost price. I now find that, as I have the misfortune to be lame, he has issued his begging letter in the hope of obtaining money for his cause by exciting sympathy through my infirmity. Unfortunately, I never saw the letter 'Nemo' received, the letter shown to me not being the one issued with the photographs. I never participate in any profits gained by the rev. gentleman, merely receiving a fair price for my work; and write this to say that any subsequent photographs that may appear, the 'poor cripple' will have nothing to do with."