

have already been... the new president... Mr. Brynildson... the constitution... Mr. Jacobson... the young people... Mr. S. S. Searles...

A REVIVAL OF FALCONRY. Cruelty Defended as Being Less Than That Indicted by Shooting. Considering the sport obtained during the past autumn, it is surprising that falconry is not a much more popular amusement. Its some extent, no doubt, is due to its being a more expensive one, but this need not be so very large as is often represented. We know of some who enjoy it very much, and whose birds of prey are rigidly limited. One of these is a man who has been the death of many larks; another has a sparrowhawk which has proved the bane of the blackbirds; a third has procured the most beautiful flight of all with a kestrel, and so it goes. It seems to have quite overcome its native affection for mice, and has begun to fly at all sorts of insectivorous man. No doubt the modern hunter is not much to be envied on the ground of manliness, but the common sense of the sport is in contrast with the gun, which is only more destructive, but does not result in the addition incidental to the manship of young gunners. This consideration applies to adults as well as juvenile sportsmen. For in the case of the former, it is not a very expensive sport. Mr. Searles, who has been the occasion of the party left after a gentleman a happy year. Mr. Searles, who has been the occasion of the party left after a gentleman a happy year. Mr. Searles, who has been the occasion of the party left after a gentleman a happy year.

HOARDING IN PARIS. How the Habits of the People Make Popular Loans a Success. The trouble with the popular loans is that they are not popular. They are a kind of some politicians and a few newspapers. They have been tried with most indifferent success. The reason why they succeed in France and do not succeed here is that the habits of the people regarding money are radically unlike. The French people use banks but little, and keep the pieces or notes they receive in a bureau drawer, or some more occult place on the premises. This is the reason that the per capita volume of money in France is larger than any other country; the peasant and the small tradesman hoard currency and, therefore there must be more than in a country where the currency is kept circulating. The habit of hoarding is the reason that there is always in the possession of the French people a large sum of money awaiting investment in land or government securities. Land comes into the market slowly and when the government offers a loan the money goes into its hiding places and is transferred to the government. An additional reason for the popularity of government loans is that they are a kind of a security, and are held by so many voters that no ministry dares to make much of a cut in the rate of interest. The situation here and the habits of the people are radically different. Here there are almost no securities for investment and the people are universally accustomed to put their spare money into savings banks and building loan associations, or to invest it directly in securities, if their own business does not offer an opportunity. Government loans are held here in small quantities, and are rarely worth anything, and the security being ample, the rate is low and not very tempting. As nearly every one has, in investments, all the means he can command, the money for a government loan cannot be procured, and for other things; this cannot be affected on a large scale without loss, and the return on government bonds is not great enough to be an inducement.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

CHAMPIONS IN CHESS. Wonderful Feats of the Late Paul Morphy, While Blindfolded. An American lad is conquering in the great city of St. Petersburg all the rest of mankind in a game which has no equal for the amount of force of energy required, football not excepted. The game is one in which the mental faculties past, have participated to the name of chess. The young fellow's name is Pillsbury. No higher tribute can be paid him than to say he is the Paul Morphy of our day and generation. He has now promises to be the victor of the greatest chess tournament known in the history of the world. Paul Morphy reigned in the chess world from 1854 to 1860. He was only thirty-five years of age when he died, and to those who know the intensity of the intellectual work required for chess, it will not sound surprising that he flickered out with a diseased brain. It would be strange if it were otherwise. Gray matter comes tired as well as muscular tissue. But in his day he was phenomenal. He was the first man to play chess blindfolded, meeting in this darkened condition six to eight opponents at one time. One who has not witnessed this feat cannot appreciate its marvellous character. The blindfolded contestant sits far away from the table of his antagonist, and carrying in his mind the positions of every piece upon the checker-board, meets move after move, when informed of it, without seeing either piece or table. To do this he must be able to photograph upon his brain every table upon which he is making a move. The next man to accomplish this feat was Zinkertort, a German, who played blindfolded, at one time, sixteen separate games, and estimate in which this feat was held in England by the fact that, by special solicitation, it was done in the presence of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and all other members of the Royal family of Great Britain. This is now outdone by an American boy. For twenty-six years Steinitz has been recognized as the chess champion of this country. He introduced a new school and remained its master for more than one-quarter of a century. He is a Bohemian, and was born in England, and finally came to America and became one of its citizens. He has played as many as four games at one time blindfolded. In the Irving House, in this city, he did a little more than the best of his handicapped opponents, and at one time he blindfolded, at one time, sixteen separate games, and estimate in which this feat was held in England by the fact that, by special solicitation, it was done in the presence of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and all other members of the Royal family of Great Britain. This is now outdone by an American boy.

DRIVEN MAD BY GRIEF. Philadelphia Press: A peculiar case of a dog's fidelity is just reported from Treskow, near Hezelton. A few weeks ago Charles Miller, who was stable boss at the mine, died. His dog Nero has been his constant companion at the mine, and he is so attached to his master that the dog became melancholy. A great favorite with all the workmen, and Nero's strange actions after Miller's death excited sympathy among all the men. The dog would hang around the stable looking in vain for the return of his master. He whined and growled almost incessantly, and refused to be consoled with caresses or food. Nero had determined to die. He could not be driven from the place, and daily his wailing became more pronounced. The result was that the dog became crazy. The breasts leading from the gangways in the Treskow mine in one strip of the gangway, where a dozen miners and driver boys were employed. The sight of the dog sent cold shivers through the miners. By the dim light of the lamps they could recognize Nero, and some supposed it was Old Nick himself. The wildest excitement was created. The men ran towards the bottom of the slope, where they took the coal cars to escape, not waiting for the regular car to be sent down. Even the driver boys deserted their teams and joined the men as soon as they could escape from the pit to the surface. The mad dog jumped on a mule's back and tore the flesh terribly. The frightened mule ran to the stable with the dog clinging to its back. "Lizzie, I have been calling for you for an hour," "Yes, I was listening to it, and saying to myself, 'If she keeps on, she'll break the bell.'"

HYDE PARK'S DEMON DOG. Jerome K. Jerome's Story of a Canine Which Was Dangerous. Jerome K. Jerome has been playing the jester again. In a recent issue of his weekly he thus tells of a demon dog which for some time was a factor of importance to the park along the Knightsbridge in Hyde Park. His story is as follows: "Hyde Park bicyclists are nervous riders, and a small dog is their chief terror. I have been watching with some interest during the last few days the career—now happily ended—of one of the most active, one of the most daring, and one of the most unscrupulous haired terriers that has ever dominated in the passes of Rotten Row. At nine o'clock to the minute every morning this dog entered the ride by the passage that opens into the park alongside Knightsbridge barracks. Demurely and sedately he would sit upon his haunches at the edge of the curb and cast his eyes east and west. There was something about that eye which fascinated every bicyclist within half a mile. Ladies at Hyde Park corner would catch sight of him in the distance. They would attempt to ride on with a careless and indifferent air, but that dog's eye would draw them, and by the time they reached Albert Gate they were mere wobbling bags of indirection. "Strong men would screw up their courage and endeavor to ride by it. At one hundred yards' distance or so their courage would ooze out. They commenced to describe involuntary circles. Looking up and down the row one could see a whole line of bicyclists gradually becoming utterly demoralized. The dog's eye moved but just above the pavement and pretended that something had gone wrong with their chain. Ladies would dash into the curb, and zigzag hysterically at people they did not know. At the exact psychological moment when there was only a narrow nerve left among the whole crowd to face a black beetle, the demon dog would give one fiendish yelp and dash into the middle of the road. Then the collapse would be complete, and the police and park keepers would be engaged for the next half hour picking up cyclists and sorting them on to their respective machines. "The dog became notorious. His fame went abroad throughout the bicycle land. Expert riders arrived upon the scene, expressing a determination to ride over him and kill him. But the dog had studied bicycling, and knew his work, and the experts rode over him, things and injured many things, but they never touched the dog. Then Scotland Yard was communicated with, and the police came down in force to capture him. Two strong constables, full of pride in their inexperience, thought they could manage it by themselves—with disastrous results. Each constable came provided with a piece of rope, and when the dog rushed into the road they both rushed after it. The few bicyclists that the dog did not upset the policemen upset. A muddy and disreputable looking crowd, that had once been well dressed and happy, cursed the policemen and everything else that was round about. The policemen crept away to a quiet corner to scrape each other down. The dog, remembering an appointment, trotted off toward the Marble Arch. "But the resources of civilization were not exhausted. An intelligent constable was found—where and how I am not prepared to say. He was a man of resource, and maybe in his happy youth he had been a cowboy. He came provided with a lasso, weighted with a bit of lead. It was a mean trick, and the dog was not prepared for it. Amid cheers he roped in the dog, together with a respectable old gentleman who had come down to ride in the row for the first time, having been told that it was just the place for a beginner. The struggle that ensued was desperate, but the policeman was reinforced, and the last that I saw of that dog was his being carried away by five policemen. I shall repeat its absence, and so, I think, when they come to reflect upon the matter, will the Hyde Park bicyclists. Peddling with grim solemnity up and down along a street of muddy roads must be unexciting work. The dog gave them something to think about. He leaves a blank behind him."

CLARKE WALLACE'S POSITION. The Ex-Controller Makes a Statement to His Friends. The following letter is being circulated by Hon. Clarke Wallace among his friends: Woodbridge, Dec. 23rd, 1895. Dear Sir,—I take pleasure in addressing you as a loyal citizen of Canada, and one who desires her advancement along the lines of moral, intellectual and financial prosperity, and I desire to explain to you my position as Controller of Customs, with the hope that my action may be understood by you as to receive your cordial cooperation in the present crisis. For the last three years up to the date of my resignation, although I was a member of the cabinet, I was not a member of the cabinet; and therefore not personally responsible for the remedial order issued. I used my best efforts and influence to prevent the cabinet from bringing down a bill to effect this purpose, and in the hope that all hope of success of this question had been abandoned that I resigned my position. The decision of the cabinet and his colleagues to cover my resigned province left me but one alternative, namely, to accept such a policy and continue my unscrupulous and conscientious servitude, and the best interests of the people would be served by my resignation. I chose the latter course. I have always been opposed to separate schools, and believe that the national system of schools is best calculated to bring about national unity—the accomplishment of which is worthy of the best efforts of every patriot. The main advanced by the friends of separate schools, namely, that the cabinet is in honor bound to give effect to the decision of a minority, is untenable. It is untenable and illogical. No legal obligation exists for enforcing injurious legislation, either in the form of a law or in the opinion expressed by Her Majesty's private council. In this conclusion I am fortified by no less an eminent constitutional and Conservative authority, the late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Macdonald, who, speaking upon the advisability of submitting such questions to a tribunal for adjudication, said in Parliament, April 25th, 1890, in reply to Mr. Blakely: "Of course, my hon. friend in his resolution, has stated that the proposition of such a declaration is binding upon the executive, but such a declaration only declares the intention of the government." The executive is not relieved from its responsibility. "The answer of the cabinet will be simply for the information of the government. The government may dissent from the decision. The above does not effectively dispose of the plea set up by the apologists, who assert that interference is demanded by the constitution. In regarding its decision, the privy council is in accord with the view, Lord Watson said, speaking in reference to the Canadian parliament: "The majority of the court is not bound to give effect to the decision of a minority, but the majority of the court is bound to give effect to the decision of a majority." The legal grievance was founded on reason or justice or not. As a supporter of the National Policy, I am bound not only to consider the encouragement, protection and development of our agriculture, but also to foster and cultivate the principles which build up a united and self-reliant people. I earnestly and conscientiously believe that I would be recreant to my duty as a public man if I did not at this crisis stand up for national schools as against separate schools. For the last seventeen years I have had the honor and responsibility of representing the province of Manitoba. It is a privilege to be in hearty accord with the trade and financial policy of the present government at Ottawa; but I am unalterably opposed to their Manitoba school policy. I have no doubt that you have given great consideration to the subject which has been the privilege of discussing with you, and I trust that the subject which has been common to are in common with my own, enabling us to cordially work together as one united and self-reliant people. I am, Sir, as ever, your most faithful, N. CLARKE WALLACE. For bachelors and maidens, to do with a year manual is due. A year's manual is due. Instruction in the use of arms.

NOVEL LIFE PRESERVER. Made by Inflating the Cellular Tissue Beneath the Skin. A novel means of saving life in marine accidents has been discovered, which, if generally used, will probably lessen greatly the number of lives lost by such accidents. The invention has been proposed very recently by Mr. Schaeffer, a member of the Academy of Sciences, which, at one of their last meetings, listened very attentively to a lecture, by Dr. Lavenex, upon the new invention. The inventor does away with all artificial belts and other floating apparatus. He proposes to inflate the cellular tissue beneath the human skin on the breast, which, if filled with air, forms a natural pneumatic belt, by the aid of which one may not only float himself, but even support another body. The idea is said to be perfectly practicable. It has been proved that a man weighing 140 pounds, whose specific weight is between 1.08 and 1.10, whose head may weigh seven pounds, needs only about 200 cubic inches of air within his body in order to float with his head out of water. This amount of air is easily inserted into the hollow of the chest by means of Dr. Schaeffer's aseptic syringes, which will, in one injection, inflate from 20 to 35 cubic inches of air. The introduction of the air, which is only two millimetres apart, will not be felt. Such a pump is not even necessary. It is much simpler to use a little apparatus, which consists of a hollow needle, a thin rubber hose, 18 inches long, and a small syringe, which will, in one injection, inflate from 20 to 35 cubic inches of air. The introduction of the air, which is only two millimetres apart, will not be felt. Such a pump is not even necessary.

SOME NEW DOG STORIES. Some Instances of Remarkable Canine Instinct. About a fortnight ago I was given a fox terrier, on condition that if it did not suit me I should return it to the donor. Last Sunday evening I was sitting in the drawing-room with my wife, the dog lying on the mat by the fire. I said that I was dissatisfied with the dog, and should write and offer to return him. My wife urged me to do so then and there, and after discussing the matter for a short time I got up to go to the letter. As I did so the servant came in to take the dog for a run prior to turning in for the night. No sooner was the garden gate opened than the dog, which had been taken out in the same way before and had always come in on being called. Whether he understood the conversation or not, I cannot tell. All that I can say is that I can offer no other explanation for his disappearance. My wife and the servant who let the dog out on the checker-board, met me after moving, when informed of it, without seeing either piece or table. To do this he must be able to photograph upon his brain every table upon which he is making a move. The next man to accomplish this feat was Zinkertort, a German, who played blindfolded, at one time, sixteen separate games, and estimate in which this feat was held in England by the fact that, by special solicitation, it was done in the presence of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and all other members of the Royal family of Great Britain. This is now outdone by an American boy.

ROYAL Baking Powder has been awarded highest honors at every world's fair where exhibited.