

WEEKLY MONITOR Supplement, June 27th, 1888.

Stanley in desperate straits.

A despatch received in London from St. Paul de Loanda, dated Wednesday, says: "Several deserters from the Stanley expedition have reached Camp Yambouja. They state that, after traversing the Upper Aruvimbé, Stanley struck into a rough mountainous country, covered with dense forests. The natives, who were excited by reports spread by Arabs, disputed the passage of the expedition, and there was continuous fighting. Stanley was severely wounded. He was compelled several times to construct camps in order to repel attacks, and was obliged to use the reserve provisions that were intended for Conia Bey. The Soudanese attacked the force had all died or disappeared. The deserters estimate that the caravan lost one-third of its men, and they say that many of those remaining were ill, including the Europeans. Stanley was encamped when the deserters left. He was surrounded by hostiles and was unable to send news to Emin Bey or directly to Yambouja. Major Bartollet had returned to Yambouja, where he was awaiting the men Mr. Ward was collecting to form a powerful expedition to go to the relief of Stanley. The sickness at Yambouja was lessening, but only 80 of the 125 Soudanese survived. Tippoo received 612 men to form two caravans, and started for the interior about the end of January. Ward left Bona on May 30 for Leopoldville, where he was to embark men and provisions in a Congo state steamer for the Aruvimbé early in May. Stanley left Stanley Falls taking Bartollet the first reinforcements and supplies, Yambouja advice reach the middle of April. The time the deserters left Stanley is uncertain. Governor Janssen left the Congo on the 15th instant on his way to Europe to consult regarding the expediency of assistance to Stanley.

About Advertising.

The Medical Association of Ontario has recently cast a brother medicine out of the synogogue for advertising. The event moves the Hamilton Spectator to the following grave reflection: "At the recent convention of doctors at Toronto the old question of advertising came up, and one gentleman who thought it best to tell the public that he was particularly *en fait* in one stated branch of the trade was fired out of the guild, and branded as a quack. He will probably go on advertising and curing and making money. There is this to say in favor of the doctors who don't like the newspaper: Quacks advertise, and advertise extensively. They get business, cure nobody and make money. That is bad. There is no doubt of it. But, from a newspaper point of view, it shows the utility of advertising. If some of the regularly qualified physicians would but let the public know, through the medium of the newspapers, how neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously they can cure human ills, what a boon it would be to the great reading public. But they won't. It is infra dig. Their predecessors in old times, when they used to stick out a striped pole, as barbers do now for a different purpose, to show that they bled people for a fee, did not advertise, principally for the reason that there were no newspapers in which to print their advertisements. And the doctors of to-day stick to 'the good old custom.'"

STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.—*Norwich, Conn., June 14.*—Timothy Dwight Williams, aged 76, who lived in the neighboring town of Lebanon, met with a singular and horrible death yesterday. He has lived a solitary life on a little piece of ground, from which he has eked a living by agriculture and apiculture. On Tuesday, he was awarined in a tree and climbed it with a saw to remove the branch and secure the tenants. During the operation, he lost his balance and fell, scattering the bees as he did so. The infuriated insects immediately attacked the old man, who with a broken leg crawled away and sought refuge under a wagon. Here he made a desperate fight with the bees, but without success. He was stung in his face and hand.

Beauties of the Law as Practised.

[From the Albany Journal, June 6.]

A recent incident in this city pretty well illustrates the elasticity and resources of the law. A gentleman bought at auction an alleged brick house for \$3,000, paying \$300 down. The same evening he was informed by friends that it was not a genuine brick house, but a "venered" one—that is, a frame house with a single thickness of brick outside. He consulted Lawyer A as soon as possible, and the lawyer secured an injunction restraining the auctioneer from paying over the \$300 to the seller and then brought suit to recover the \$300 and \$1,000 damages. Lawyer B, representing the seller of the house, locked into the matter, consulted one or two architects, and became satisfied that he had no case; that Lawyer A was right in claiming that the house was not brick and that a fraud had been committed in selling it for a brick house. He therefore compromised with Lawyer A by returning the \$300. The auctioneer was unable to collect his commission from the seller, the latter claiming that he had instructed the auctioneer to sell the house for what it was, and had not authorized him to sell it as a brick house. "Yes," "Then if we can prove it was a brick house we can recover," replied Lawyer A. He looked around and found two or three builders who were willing to testify that it was a brick house. The foundation and basement were brick. He then brought suit to recover the \$75 commission. Lawyer B again represented the seller. At the trial Lawyer A was on hand with several witnesses on hand to rebut him, and A secured a judgment for the \$75 with costs.

SAD END OF WORTHY MAN.—Probably one of the best known and most highly respected men in Hants county was Mr. John Palmer, who resided for many years at what is known as "The Forks," about two miles from Windsor. But his life terminated in a very tragic manner on Wednesday night last. Although at one time in comfortable pecuniary circumstances, he appears from some cause or other to have become comparatively poor. His property was mortgaged to Edward O'Brien, of Windsor, for \$5,000, and the Commercial Bank of Windsor held a judgment of \$6,000 additional. He had got behind hand in his interest payments, and his property was sold a few days ago for \$9,000. This so preyed on his mind, that on Wednesday night last he went down to the river, which runs a short distance from the house, and cut his throat with a razor. It is an open question that he attempted to drown himself as he was found sticking in the mud, the tide being out. He was found by his daughter and one of the servants, who missed him from the house, and was then not quite dead, but he only lived a few hours. He was in his 73rd year, and leaves a widow, two daughters and one son. *Halifax Recorder.*

A COLORED RELIGIOUS CRANK.—*Chatham, Tenn., June 14.*—One Andrew Jackson Brown, colored, is creating a decided sensation in Shoddy, a mining village near this city. He is a religious crank of the worst type. He claims to be Christ and the herald of a new millennium. Soon after his appearance he retired to the mountains and went through the farce of a forty-day fast, and then appeared in triumph to begin a reign of a thousand years of peace. His loins were girded with old pantaloons cut off at the knees. A singularly enthusiastic throng met him. Many white women kissed and embraced him, and did the colored sisters. The community is much excited, and the votaries of Brown and his white apostle, G. W. Patterson, have been ordered to leave in ten days. The Sheriff and deputies are at the scene, and trouble is imminent.

Refuse of a Great City.

WASTE RIGORS FROM A NEW YORK DUST HEAP WORTH \$300 A WEEK.

Many inquiries have been made at the New York department of street cleaning lately about the retelling of the scow trimming contract. Competitors are all ready to pay for the privilege of trimming the dirt scows, and the present holders of the privilege pay \$350 a week for it. This is because the trimmers are entitled to all the profit that can be made out of the refuse, which contains bottles, boxes, rags, paper, metals, and other despoiled articles of value. An Italian named Ciccarelli held the privilege at \$320 a week up to the 1st of January, when C. M. Smith got it at \$350. Smith had experimented with a cremating apparatus and separator, and, in his application, proposed to try to save much of the wealth that is lost and cast into the sea. This was despite the fact that no less industrious gleaners than the Italians then carefully looked over every ounce of the refuse before it was dumped into the Atlantic outside the bar. His expenses of \$350 a week were added to by the cost of a considerable plant. He uses a separator that separates the animal and vegetable matter from the rest, and while the two sorts are shaken down a series of runs, everything of value is picked out. The remaining refuse goes to a crematory and is burned. There is nothing left to carry out to sea, for the washed refuse makes excellent filling material. Mr. Smith has not yet fully satisfied himself as to the profit of the process, but there are a number of competitors for the work, and though the department is satisfied with him, it has been decided to put the contract up for a retelling to satisfy everybody.

A Domestic Tragedy.

ST. THOMAS, June 19.—Mr. George W. Goodfellow, one of the most prominent citizens in Avon, committed suicide this morning by shooting himself through the head. Goodfellow had just been arrested on the charge of committing an unnatural crime upon his fifteen year old daughter Lilian. Goodfellow, before being taken to the cells, asked the officer to allow him to take leave of his wife and family. The request was granted, and Goodfellow had been in his house for a few seconds only when the report of a pistol made the officer enter the house. He found Goodfellow on the floor prostrate beside the piano. It appears that Goodfellow's daughter was determined to break loose from the life which she had been compelled to lead, and after writing a letter telling her reason for running away she left for Buffalo. The letter afterwards fell into the hands of Rev. J. R. Gundy, the Methodist minister, and an investigation followed. The girl was brought back from Buffalo and Goodfellow was compelled to remain in the house to avoid indignant citizens who avowed their intention of lynching him. The town is much excited over the suicide. Goodfellow was a powerful man about 40 years old and worth \$20,000. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Goodfellow testified in church that he had never felt so happy as he had of late, and prayed that many more might be led into the right path.

STEARNS PATENT.—The splendid new steamer Dartmouth which is now to be seen daily on the Halifax harbor is a fair sample of the workmanship of the Barrill-Johnson Iron Foundry of Yarmouth in this province. Now that sailing vessels are being supplanted by steamers, it is gratifying to find an industrial establishment flourishing in Nova Scotia which is able in a few months to turn out a steamboat that is the excellence of its construction defies competition, either domestic or foreign. *Halifax Herald.*

Use Seavey's East India Liniment.

—Potter's Liniment, for sale at Palfrey's. —Crop reports received from all parts of the Northwest indicate magnificent prospects.

—A man with six marriageable daughters says that his house is a regular court house every Sunday night.

CLEVELAND, June 11.—A match was arranged here to-day between "Clingstone", 214, and "Harry Wilkes", 213. —Mrs. Warren, the Colorado cattle queen, who is said to be worth \$1,000,000, is the wife of Bishop Warren, of the Methodist church. —The venerable Metropolitan of Canada, Bishop Medley, called last week for England to take part in the pan-Atlantic Synod which is to be held in July at Lambeth.

LOUISIANA LOTTERY.—The story is current that at a recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, Mrs. Corbett, wife of keeper John Corbett of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, won a \$10,000 prize. *—St. John Globe.*

—The owner of Mialing, the fastest race horse in England, when asked a short time since to name a price for that horse, replied that he was not for sale, but that if he changed his mind the lowest price would be £20,000.

—London had in 1887 a population of 4,215,162. Paris had 2,200,745, Berlin had 1,385,292, New York had 1,429,697, Peking had 1,550,000 and Canton had 1,600,000. The figures for Peking and Canton are not exact, but are the estimates most widely accepted.

—The post office department has been officially informed that mail matter posted in London, England, has been distributed at Vancouver, B. C. within twelve days thereafter. It is expected that the proposed fast ocean service will reduce the time to ten days.

—The gem yield of North Carolina was enriched a fortnight ago by the discovery of two splendid emeralds at the Hiddenite Mines. One of the crystals weighed seventy karats and the other eighty, and they will yield several hundred dollars' worth of jewels.

—They are having hard work finding harpan for the foundations of the new bridge across the Thames at East New London, Conn. They have put spiles down 113 feet and have not got to solid earth yet. It is thought that bottom will be reached at about 130 feet.

—Miss McCready, of Wellington Row, St. John, won the prize of \$10 offered by the *British American Citizen* of Boston for the best written description (not exceeding 300 words) of any watering place in New Brunswick or Prince Edward Island. Her essay was on Dalhousie.

HALIFAX MARKET.—The following quotations are dated June 23th, and are furnished us by Messrs. Mumford Bros., Argyle St. Butter, choice dairy, 19; butter in rolls, in boxes, per lb., — to —; eggs per doz., 14; hams and bacon, per lb., 6 to 10; beef, quarters, 6 to 8; mutton, by carcass, 6 to 8; veal, by carcass, 4; dried apples, per lb., 7; potatoes, bib., —; oats, bush, 48; hay, ton, \$12.50 to \$13; wool skins, each, 80 to \$1.00.

A VALUABLE PEARL.—A young French lad from Bouchouche, whose name was not named, found a pearl in an oyster one day recently. It was of a beautiful pink color, as large as the end of one's forefinger and worth anywhere between \$50 and \$100. The lad brought the pearl to Moncton on Saturday and sold it to Watson and Nickerson, who have forwarded it to Toronto to be appraised. It is one of the finest pearls ever seen here. *—Times.*

—Mr. Edison's latest invention, the phonograph, is his most important.