LIKE A LAUNDRY TICKET.

INTERESTING LEGAL AGREEMENT FILED AT THE COURT HOUSE.

The following legal document derives interest as being perhaps the first of the kind ever executed in Montreal between Chinamen. As will be seen it is a deed of co-partnership between some Chinese merchants who are about to commence business in our city, as already noted in the 'Witness.' The main curiosity is that the signatures, as will be observed, are in native Chinese character, and, according to Messrs. Lighthall & Macdonald, the advocates who drew the instrument, mean a good deal more than simply the names, having reference to the theology, ancestry and family, and general particulars so commonly introduced by Orientals in all documents of legal or diplomatic nature. In the same connection it may be added that lawyers are much puzzled as to whether the signatures would legally stand the test of our English courts should the document be contested, and in such case it would be for the full bench of judges to decide how far a signature in Chinese character is valid outside of China. The test, however, is never likely to be required, the present parties being highly educated Chinese gentlemen, who know well the responsibilities of a deed of partnership before entering upon it.

'We, the undersigned, Wong Cheeping, merchant, of the city of New York, State of New York, one of the United States of America; Lee Chan Hoy, book-keeper; Wong Chung, merchant; Lee Som, merchant; Chun Man, merchant, and Lee Gyn, merchant, all of Montreal aforesaid, hereby declare that we have been carrying on business at Montreal, in co-partnership, as importers and dealers in groceries and general merchandise, under the firm name of the Tye Loy Company, since September last, and that we intend to continue said business.

In writing whereof we have signed:—

Montreal, April 2, 1894.

W. CHEEPING.

Witnessed by A. McNaughton Stewart.

陳盧燦闲
曉盧深昌黃
李見

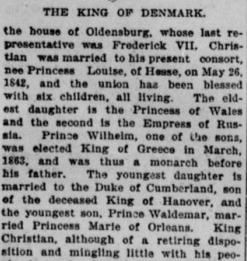
A ROYAL ANNIVERSARY.

KING OF DENMARK.

His Majesty King Christian IX. of Denmark reached the ripe old age of 76 years on Sunday, April 8. King Christian was proclaimed sovereign of Denmark on Nov. 15, 1863, and has thus reigned more than thirty years. He is the first king of the present dynasty, the house of Glucksburg, having succeeded

THE KING OF DENMARK.

the house of Oldensburg, whose last representative was Frederick VII. Christian was married to his present consort, nee Princess Louise, of Hesse, on May 26, 1842, and the union has been blessed with six children, all living. The eldest daughter is the Princess of Wales and the second is the Empress of Russia. Prince Wilhelm, one of the sons, was elected King of Greece in March, 1863, and was thus a monarch before his father. The youngest daughter is married to the Duke of Cumberland, son of the deceased King of Hanover, and the youngest son, Prince Waldemar, married Princess Marie of Orleans. King Christian, although of a retiring disposition and mingling little with his people, is much admired for his exemplary home life, and is, in spite of his 76 years,



THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

erect and healthy. He takes daily exercise, and is considered even now one of the finest horsemen in Denmark.

A CHAT WITH CRISPI.

'ONE MUST ALWAYS BELIEVE IN GOD.'

(From the Westminster 'Gazette.')

When the King and Queen of Italy were visiting the Uffizi Gallery some years ago one in their suite seemed very much bored. He was evidently following the royal party only until a means of escape should occur to him, which presently did, when, dropping behind, he got a guardian to open a small side door, and quietly slipped away. The guardian explained to me it was Crispi. Few, pro-

bably, would have felt they possessed the privilege of doing such a thing, and fewer still would have had the courage to profit by it. But Crispi has a good deal of courage of the kind which has grown somewhat obsolete in his country, the kind which permits of his running an appreciable risk in the attainment of his object, which makes his stratagems of altogether a superior quality, and which would enable him to obtain his object where stratagems failed. Among a people whose main trouble seems to be their inertia he stands out as the man embodying all the force they lack. If the best measure of a man's power is when he is out of it, Crispi has nothing to desire. For in accounts of Roman fetes and festivals, merely as Crispi, no one except, perhaps, the King and Queen is mentioned more frequently, and at state entertainments in close proximity to the Queen sits Mme. Crispi among the few ladies rejoicing in the Order of the Annunziata. The power of the quondam republican is hardly of the kind to make him popular with the people.

Characteristically, Crispi's house has two entrances—one on the Via Gregoriana, near the Trinita Steps, with a great deal of glass about the vestibule opening at once on the street, and the other off the Piazza Mignanelli, more modest, with 'Studio' marked in large letters on the brass door-plate. I had written to ask if I might see him, and Crispi's answer came on a hastily torn scrap that he would be at his studio in the afternoon; 'studio,' being interpreted, meant lawyer's office.

Through a rather ambiguous entrance hall, I was shown into a room with a very long table and very high, closely packed bookshelves, over which presided, at a certain distance from each other, framed photographs of Garibaldi and the German Emperor. The room was not calculated, perhaps intentionally, to put one at one's ease. The valet held the door open for a gentleman to pass in. He walked more slowly than I expected, with a sort of dignity, and his look was disconcertingly severe and interrogative, and very direct.

The next time I called I was allowed to step beyond the austere room, with its furniture of bookshelves, into the study, where he came to meet me from behind his high-backed desk. Crispi had changed. He was cordial. He smiled. His face had become sympathetic in the French sense. The beauty of his eyes does not seem usually to strike the interviewer, unless he be an Italian, I suppose because the interviewer is not usually a woman, and in an unbusiness-like conversation there is something in his habitual expression which at once appeals for sympathy and rejects it, that a man might also ignore.

There is a touch of melancholy in his attitude. Privately he seems as sensitive as he is publicly unrelenting. The study was in orderly disorder. Like the room preceding it, its walls were thick with bookshelves, but it had easy-chairs, and was flooded with Roman sunlight. On his desk, quite close to his paper as he writes, stands a photograph of Crispi's daughter, Donna Giuseppina, a southern beauty, with large, proud eyes and a strangely interesting face. The poet in Crispi has gone into his worship for her.

'And what do you think of France as a republic?'

'The only genuine republic to-day,' Crispi replied, 'is the American. For how do you expect a genuine republic to exist at once in a country where the government has been for centuries monarchical?'

Though Crispi finds his ideal form of government in England, it is not certain he would have the Italian a replica of it. Nor is it surprising. For to a man of belligerently aggressive republicanism in his youth, in a country where Machiavellian and Medician theories are still those of the most characteristically Italian, it can only be cause for regret that it is too late for another Medici. Crispi's tone betrayed more than he intended when he replied:

'The time for a Medici has passed.'

Crispi's present opinions to suit the altered conditions of the world may perhaps be gathered from his finding that the German Emperor meddles too much in other people's affairs and his own. He should leave more to his Ministers, and should have left most to Bismarck, whom Crispi considers still the greatest living statesman.

I had forgotten the time, and Crispi was good enough not to remind me of it.

'They call you superstitious, and you are not a favorite of the Church—'

'I believe in God,' Crispi answered. 'You believe in God, don't you? One must always believe in God.'

A YELLOW DOG FOR NURSE.

SHE ATTENDS TO THE NEW-BORN CUBS OF WICKED 'SULTANA,' THE LIONESS.

SHE TAKES TO THEM VERY KINDLY—AT FIRST SHE SEEMED SURPRISED AT THEIR ROUGH BEHAVIOR, BUT SHE CARES FOR THEM WELL—THREE ALIVE AND GETTING ON.

(New York 'World.')

The three surviving cubs of the lioness Sultana, who lives in the 'Noah's Ark,' in Brooklyn, where she gave birth to five cubs on Friday morning, have been removed to the Trafalgar Hotel, West Fourteenth street. There they are thriving as well as can be expected and are enjoying all the comforts of home. It was decided yesterday that the 'Noah's Ark' was too cold for the little ones. Besides, it was feared that Sultana would kill them. So the manager of the ark—or captain of the ark, which seems a more appropriate name—sought a lady dog and arranged to have her play the part of mother to the infants.

His search was long, but at last he found one. Her name is Silvestra. Her color is a dirty yellow and she has a tail almost as large and flat as that of a beaver. Her offspring, five in number, were not thought beautiful enough to save, so they met an untimely and ignominious end in a wash boiler while still very young.

MISS BOYCE CARING FOR THE LION CUBS.

This tragedy added sadness to the naturally sad Silvestra. Her big brown eyes had such a yearning in them that the officers of the ark thought even cubs would fill a long-felt want in her maternal heart.

So Silvestra was engaged and taken to the Trafalgar Hotel, and the cubs, two boys and a girl, were fetched from Brooklyn in a packing trunk, with holes knocked in it, in an express waggon. Silvestra's eyes lighted with satisfaction and joy when she was picked up by the scruff of her thick neck and gently put in the trunk by pretty Miss Effie Boyce, who is watching the ill-assorted family. Then Silvestra's troubles began. The look of tender solicitude in her face gave place to an expression of puzzled and pained uncertainty. When she licked the trio they did not behave well, and furthermore they did not nurse as should well-ordered pups. They did not whine, as was to be expected, but yawped a weak imitation of a roar. Then they clawed and scratched poor Sylvestra, and the poor mother looked at them with mild remonstrance and reproach.

She had been a mother many, many times, but never had she had such an experience. When a 'World' reporter called yesterday, and Miss Boyce led the way to the trunk, Silvestra, who had just been scratched on the nose till the blood came, was critically examining the cubs. None of her other children ever had such wretchedly long claws. She looked very unhappy, and whined a pitiful little whine as she looked up.

But maternal instinct overcame every other feeling in the yellow dog, and the intrusion induced her to lie down close to her cubs to protect them from all possible harm. She shut her canine teeth together and submitted like a martyr to the clawing and scratching which began again.

The lioness cub is not so well and strong as the two lion cubs, though in one sense all three are strong enough. Yesterday afternoon she refused to nurse, and had to be fed from a medicine dropper. Silvestra came out of the trunk and watched the operation with considerable anxiety.

Silvestra is so very small that it is feared the cubs may eat her when they get a little larger, and an effort will be made to get a larger nurse, who, when the cubs show their inborn ferocity, will be able to defend herself.

'When I was a boy I wasn't allowed no freedom o' liberty the way you boys is,' said Old Jack. 'I wasn't allowed no time for wastin', an' most of my young days was spent wrastlin' with book larnin'. I got teached 'most everythin'. There was joggerphy. My! how I did study joggerphy! Couldn't stump me on nothin'. I knowed where the horrid zones were. I knowed which were the temperance zone, an' when it come to arctic and antarctic regions, you could of set the globe a-rollin' 'long the floor an' I pick out one from t'other seven times out of ten.

COXEY'S ARMY.

A MONTREAL MAN'S LETTER TO THE LOCAL LABOR KNIGHTS.

At the meeting of the Dominion Assembly K. of L., the following letter was read from an ex-member:

Allegheny, Pa., April 2.

'Secretary of the Dominion Assembly:

'Sir,—Your very kind and sympathetic letter, dated March 31, has just been handed to me. I read it to a number of the boys and you have no idea of the amount of enthusiasm such sentiments as those contained in your letter infuse into a lot of men who, it must be admitted, are undergoing much hardship and many privations for the benefit of humanity. The army of the Commonweal has had one object in view from the outset, and that is the destruction of the national banking system. Other things are spoken of but that is the main issue.

However, as I told you in my letter of the 28th, that I would keep you posted on the movements of the army. From Salem we went to Columbia, but no incidents of any importance occurred from the time we pulled stakes at Camp Salem. We were met by small groups of people here and there along the way, who sent up a cheer and gave us words of encouragement, which we needed very much, for the weather was anything but pleasant for a few days. We camped at Columbiana Thursday night and left for East Palestine early Friday morning. There was a rousing meeting held at the latter place, in the afternoon, at which thousands of people congregated. There were several speeches made on the objects of the army, and the methods by which they meant to secure their demands. The result was that a large contingent joined our ranks, and we were supplied with more provisions than we could conveniently carry with us, so that some of our stores had to be sent by rail to Pittsburg.

On Saturday we made an early start for New Galilee, where we held another meeting in the afternoon, and another contingent dropped into line. We camped at Beaver Falls on Sunday, where we were treated to religious services in the afternoon, at which several sermons were preached by members of the army including your humble servant. The bible was taken as the foundation on which the structure must be built which will secure to the people freedom from the present system of capitalistic slavery. The usurer was painted in his true colors, as the leech who was sucking the life-blood of the country seven days in the week, and who no doubt, sometimes prayed to God, the common Father of all, to 'give us this day our daily bread,' notwithstanding that through his unchristian business thousands of people were deprived of the means of earning their daily bread, and were slowly but surely starving to death. On Monday we marched to Sewickley, where another meeting took place in the evening. I may here state that we were received right royally by the people everywhere along the line of march and in the towns we visited, but the enthusiasm we met with from the time we formed into line in Sewickley, until we pitched our tents on Smicky Island, Allegheny City, was something that I really could not begin to describe.

The road we traversed was very hilly, in consequence of which we were obliged to rest several times on the way. We halted at Jack's Run for lunch, which was the last stopping place until we reached Allegheny city. We were met a few miles outside the city at a place called Wood's Run by a large number of citizens with band and banners, flags and bannerettes, marked 'The Coxey Brigade,' 'Down With Usury,' 'The Land for the People,' 'On to Washington,' 'Ballots, not bombs, will emancipate the people,' etc. About one mile outside the city we were again met by five or six thousand people who escorted us right into camp. As the army numbered three thousand men there must have been at least ten thousand men marching through the streets of Allegheny. The escort consisted of one hundred and fifty cyclers on their wheels, every one decorated with a small flag or banner; the Allegheny city police in carriages; the mayor and numbers of officials; representatives of various societies wearing badges; contingents trades unions, Knights of Labor assemblies and others. The houses and stores along the whole line of march were elaborately decorated with mottoes, flags and bunting.

To say that the thoroughfares were crowded would be putting it in a mild form. They were simply packed with people eager to get a look at the army of the commonweal. The cheering was long and loud enough to be heard at Washington. When we reached the camping ground several speeches were delivered to at least twenty thousand people. There it was explained that the troops were not going to Washington expecting that they would be received with open arms by the so-called representatives of the people, but the intention was that there on the steps of the Capitol the army, in the name of the people of the United States, would demand from Congress the abrogation of all laws that do not bear equally upon capitalists and laborers; the enactment of laws that will restore to the people the land for which their fathers bled and died; that occupancy and use shall be the only title to the possession of land; the establishment of a national monetary system in which a circulating medium shall issue directly to the people without the intervention of banks, and that the government shall not guarantee or recognize any private banks or create any banking corporations; that the government shall obtain possession under the right of eminent domain of all telegraphs, telephones and railways when making those demands. Congress may turn a deaf ear to them, but the voice of the speakers will be heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No man is admitted into the army who is not an American citizen.

THE TARIFF CHANGES.

SOME OF THOSE COMPLAINED OF

(Toronto 'Mail.')

Never, since the introduction of the protective policy in 1879, have so many changes been effected in the rates of importation, for though there may be other changes, still the new rates are, for the time being, the law of the land. Of the pressure which has been brought to bear on the Government since the budget was delivered, much has from time to time been said. The three individuals constantly in demand since the delivery of the budget were Mr. Foster, the Minister of Finance, Mr. Wallace, the Comptroller of Customs, and Mr. Bowell, the Minister of Trade and Commerce: To these the manufacturers and importers have confided, or have signified their intention of confiding, their troubles. All their complaints may not have leaked out, for the deputations are received in private, but sufficient has been gleaned in one way and another to show that many and varied are the interests that are still pressing for tariff changes. In this connection the correspondent of the 'Mail' has been furnished with a list of the items against which objections have been raised. It is as follows:—

Article.	Old Duty.	New Duty.
Scrap iron until 1896	$2 a ton.	$3 a ton.
Scrap iron after 1896	$2 a ton.	$4 a ton.
Bridge iron	30 p.c.	35 p.c.
Structural iron	30 p.c.	35 p.c.
Barbed wire fencing	1¼c per lb.	1c per lb.
Iron and steel wire	15 p.c.	10 p.c.
Stamped tinware	35 p.c.	25 p.c.
Japanned ware	35 p.c.	25 p.c.
Galvanized ironware	35 p.c.	25 p.c.
Manufactures of tin	35 p.c.	25 p.c.
Enamelled ironware	35 p.c.	30 p.c.
Enamelled steelware	35 p.c.	30 p.c.
Granite and agateware	35 p.c.	30 p.c.
Unenumerated articles of steel and iron	30 p.c.	27½ p.c.
Books	15 p.c.	6c per lb.
Coal oil	1-5c p. gal.	7 1-5c p. g.
Roofing slates	80c to $1 per square.	20 p.c.
Jewel cases	10c each and 30 p.c.	35 p.c.
Ready-made clothing	10c per lb. & 25 p.c.	22½ p.c.
Cloth	16c per lb. & 25 p.c.	30 p.c.
Woven woollen underclothing	10c per lb. & 20 p.c.	30 p.c.
Bleached cotton drills	1c per yd. & 15 p.c.	25 p.c.
Colored cotton drills	2c per yd. & 15 p.c.	30 p.c.
Rice, uncleaned	1¾ p.c.	⅞c per lb.
Bituminous coal	60c per ton.	60c perton.

From this list it will be seen that in some instances the changes complained of are increases, and in others, the majority, are decreases. In some instances, notably coal oil and bituminous coal, the complaint is that there has been no change. This list does not by any means exhaust the variety of interests that are complaining, because one item, that of scrap iron, has aroused very many branches of the iron manufacturing trade. They have been subjected to lessened protection, against which they appear to think it hopeless to complain; but they protest against the increase at the same time of the cost of their raw material. Besides these many and varied interests, the vinegar manufacturers, who will be called upon to contribute $30,000 more to the treasury when the inland revenue restrictions are brought down, are objecting in strong terms. Nothing more is necessary to show the difficulty and complexity of the tariff situation. It is in Canadian history, a unique one, because the protective interests have so far been unable to dictate to the Government, and cannot even turn to the Opposition for consolation and comfort.

RECORD BREAKING.

In the 'World's' composing room are two gentlemen operators on the Mergenthaler linotype machines believed to be the swiftest in the Dominion. A few weeks ago we chronicled the record made by C. M. Galbraith, which exceeded 5 1-2 thousand ems per hour. This was so remarkable that it was cabled to London and appeared in the British printing trade journals. Mr. Galbraith has been but a few months on this style of machine, so that his 'string' was regarded as a wonder. But ending with last Monday another operator, T. G. Duncan, eclipsed the record of his fellow machinist, by measuring up a string of 291,200 ems for twenty days of eight hours each day, as follows:

Monday, March 19	48,500
Tuesday, March 20	48,000
Wednesday, March 21	48,600
Thursday, March 22	49,400
Saturday, March 24	48,200
Monday, March 26	48,500
Total	291,200

This is a record which has not yet been equalled in Canada, and accomplished by few in the United States. It becomes more remarkable when it is stated that Mr. Duncan took this copy from the book and that it contained but little of what is known as 'phat' matter. To accomplish such a record, by hand compositors, at least six men—and good average ones at that—would be required. This will illustrate the advantage the type-setting machine possesses over hand-work.

The 'World' is now giving fully more than double the quantity of reading matter which appeared in its columns last fall, a fact which is appreciated by its readers, who are likewise much greater than they were a few months.—Vancouver 'World.'

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

Colonel Gore—'Here is my card, sah.'

Jones—'But, my dear sir, I don't want to fight.'

Colonel Gore—'You are a coward, sah!'

Jones—'You would never have challenged me if I wasn't.'—'Judge.'

A GOOD REASON.

Dunn—'Why is it that you never have any money the day after you receive your salary?'

De Fissett—'It's all owing to other people.'—'Life.'

Have Beecham's Pills ready in the household.

NOT DISCOURAGED.

Teacher—'You have failed in your history lessons every day this week.'

Boy (reluctantly)—'Y-e-s-m.'

Teacher—'What will you do when you grow up?'

Boy (brightly)—'I'll buy a cyclopaedia.'—Street & Smith's 'Good News.'

IN THE TUNNEL.

Simon Weatherby (on his first trip away from Spunkville, to fellow-passenger)—'Say, mister, I's never in a kentry whar night come on es sudden es it do hyur.'—'Harper's Weekly.'

A TEARFUL MITE.

Mother—'What have you done to your little sister?'

Boy—'Nothin'.'

'Then what is she crying for?'

'I dunno. Guess she's cryin' because she can't think of anything to cry for.'—'Street & Smith's Good News.'

AN AFFAIR OF TASTE.

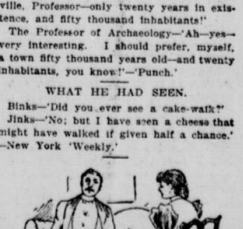
Oxbridge Undergraduate (from America)—'I should like you to see our town of Pokerville, Professor—only twenty years in existence, and fifty thousand inhabitants!'

The Professor of Archaeology—'Ah—yes—very interesting. I should prefer, myself, a town fifty thousand years old—and twenty inhabitants, you know!'—'Punch.'

WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

Binks—'Did you ever see a cake-walk?'

Jinks—'No; but I have seen a cheese that might have walked if given half a chance.'—New York 'Weekly.'



WHAT DID SHE MEAN?

Young Verrisopht—'S'pose you've heard I'm going abroad, Miss Mabel? Ya'as—may remain thwee or four yeahs; p'waps longer.'

Miss Mabel—'How nice!'—'Judge.'