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MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS.
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MISSIONARIES MASSACRED

Shocking Outrages Upon British Women and Children in China.

CHINESE OFFICIALS BLAMED.

GREAT INDIGNATION IN ENGLAND.

London, Aug. 3.—A despatch from Shanghai gives the details of the reported massacre of Christians at Ku Cheng. The ladies who are supposed to have been killed are believed to have been members of the Church of England, the Zenana, and the American Methodist Episcopal missions. According to the despatch, they were butchered after suffering atrocious outrages. A number of other missionaries including women and children, were seriously wounded. The despatch declares that the Chinese officials connived at, if they did not instigate, the attack on the Christians. The revival of outrages is attributed to the apathy of the British and American ministers, despite the increasing anti-foreign feeling that is displayed. Foreigners in Shanghai regard the commission sent to enquire into the recent riots at Chengtu as a farce. Many officials who were charged with complicity in these riots are being promoted.

Washington, Aug. 3.—A cable message received at the State Department to-day from Mr. Jernigan, the United States consul-general at Shanghai, reports a massacre of Christians at Ku Cheng, China. No Americans were killed, but one was seriously wounded. The name of the place where the massacre occurred was not plain in the despatch, but it is understood to be Ku Cheng, where, according to a United Press cable message from Shanghai received this evening, a frightful massacre of Christians has occurred.

The despatch gave the name of a young lady who was seriously wounded as Miss Harlow, and stated that five English ladies were killed.

Washington, Aug. 4.—The State Department received the following cablegram from Consul Jernigan at Shanghai to-day in reference to the reported massacre near Ku Cheng: 'Americans safe; none hurt. Ten British killed.'

THE KILLED AND SAVED.

London, Aug. 4.—The 'Telegraph' to-morrow will print a despatch from Shanghai stating that the massacre at Ku Cheng occurred on July 31. The officials suppressed the news for three days. The names of the killed are:—Miss Elsie Marshall, Miss Annie Gordon, Miss Bessie Newcombe and Miss Flora Stewart, all of the English Zenana Mission; Miss Nellie Saunders, Miss Topsy Stewart, the Rev. Dr. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart, of the Church Missionary Society. Five of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart's children were killed and two survive. One had a knee broken, and the other, a baby, lost an eye. The following were saved:—Mrs. Hartwell, of the American Mission; Miss Codrington, of the English Zenana Mission, and the Rev. H. S. Phillips, of the English Church Missionary Society.

United States Consul Hixon, who is stationed at Foo Chow, with a party of volunteers, upon receipt of the news of the massacre, started on a steam launch for the scene and has returned bringing with him the wounded Americans. The experiences of the survivors were terrible. They say that death was the least part of the sufferings of the butchered women. The indignation here is intense. Nevertheless the many warships in the harbor are idle. A mass meeting has been arranged for to-morrow to protest against the lack of energy on the part of the authorities and to urge that reparation be made and that the guilty persons be punished. The Mandarins endeavor to blame certain secret societies for the outrage. Europeans, however, regard this as nonsense. The officials are renewing their old tactics of stopping telegrams.

The reports of the outrage are rather mixed. The latest says it is now known that ten persons were killed, including Miss Lena Stewart and Dr. Stewart's whole family except two. The American missionaries, Miss Hartford and Dr. Gregory, escaped, but the former was fearfully injured. Several English and American children were killed.

RETURNED MISSIONARIES' VIEWS.

New York, Aug. 4.—The report of the massacre of Christians at Ku Cheng, a city ninety miles south-west of Foo Chow, in the province of Fo Kien, one of the southern Chinese provinces, occasioned much alarm at the offices of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions yesterday. The board has had at Ku Cheng a flourishing mission, comprising a school for boys and girls. Dr. Leonard, secretary of the board, at once cabled to Foo Chow

to learn if the Americans were safe, as it was reported that five foreign women were killed in the massacre. The Methodist missionaries stationed at Ku Cheng are Dr. Gregory, of Dakota, who is in charge of the hospital; the Rev. Dr. Wilcox, of Iowa; Miss Mabel Hartford, of Dover, N.H., and Miss W. H. Rouse, of Lakefield, Minn. There is also an English Church mission at this point, in charge of the Rev. Dr. Bannister and the Rev. Mr. Stewart, both of whom had their wives with them. The Rev. Dr. C. C. Baldwin, who has been a missionary in China since 1847, and left there last April because of failing health, was seen at his home in Newark yesterday.

'It is likely,' said Dr. Baldwin, 'that the trouble which culminated in the massacre was occasioned by friction between two native elements—the Vegetarians, who believed that they were unjustly discriminated against regarding taxes, and the anti-foreign group, who, through their secret societies, are constantly striving to prejudice the government against the missionaries. The Vegetarians are more amenable to Christian influences, and are, generally speaking, more moral, but the anti-foreign group outnumber them. Before we left China the American consul at Foo Chow had ordered that all the women connected with interior missions should be brought to the treaty ports, where, if necessary, they could seek safety on the American men-of-war. The missionaries are in no way to be blamed for this outbreak, but if the report is true, have undoubtedly been at the mercy of a large anti-foreign mob before government troops could be called in. There are several thousand natives at Ku Cheng and in the surrounding country.'

The Rev. Dr. S. L. Baldwin, of Brooklyn, who was a missionary in China for years, and is well acquainted with the city of Ku Cheng, said last night:—'If the despatch is true, there is no doubt that the five foreign women mentioned belong to our mission or to the English Church mission. This is one of the most flourishing missions we had in China, and a vast amount of good has been accomplished there. I think our hospital at Ku Cheng is the largest one connected with any foreign mission in China. Trouble has been feared between the native factions for months, and I hope later reports will show that our missionaries heeded the consul's warning, and are safe at Foo Chow. The anti-foreign element is very lawless under excitement, and, unless checked by government troops, may have looted the mission sections completely.'

CHINESE TROOPS DESPATCHED TO THE SCENE.

London, Aug. 5.—The 'Globe' publishes a despatch from Hong Kong saying that the massacre of Whasang, near Ku Cheng, commenced early on Thursday. The mob set fire to the houses of the missionaries and killed eight women, one child, and the husband of one of the women. Several Christians were wounded, two of them probably fatally. The bodies of those who were killed are expected to arrive at Foo Chow to-morrow. Chinese troops have been despatched to the scene. The British and American consuls will interview the Viceroy of the province in regard to the outrage. All the foreigners who were killed were British, all Americans escaping. The members of the attacking party belonged to a Chinese sect.

Dover, N.H., Aug. 5.—Isabel C. Hartford, said to have been badly injured in the massacre in China, was brought up in Dover. Her father and mother are dead. She is thirty-five years old. For six years she was a teacher in the Yale Primary School here, and then went to China as a missionary. She was sent by the St. John's M. E. Church Foreign Missionary Society, and has been in China eight years.

LADY SOMERSET LOSES HER CASE.

London, Aug. 1.—In the Chancery Court this afternoon, Justice Chitty decided a case against Lady Henry Somerset, who sought to refuse the renewal of a license for the sale of liquor in a hotel situated upon her estate in Reigate. The Justice informed the lady that she must not allow her personal opinions to affect her actions in her fiduciary capacity, she merely holding her estate as a tenant for life, and decided that the license should be renewed. Inasmuch, however, as she had acted in good faith, the Court would allow her costs.

DR PPED DEAD IN LONDON.

London, Aug. 1.—John McConnell, of Toronto, a delegate to the Forester's Convention, fell dead in St. Martin's Town Hall, London, at five o'clock this afternoon. A few minutes previous he was chatting with other delegates and made no complaint as he walked into the corridor, where he was found dead. It is supposed that apoplexy was the cause.

A coroner was immediately summoned and the convention adjourned in deep sorrow.

CALM SUCCEEDS STORM.

Politics in Great Britain.

A CRISIS AVOIDED BY THE SETTLEMENT OF THE SPEAKERSHIP QUESTION.

MR. GLADSTONE AND ARMENIA.

New York, Aug. 4.—Mr. Harold Frederic cables from London to the 'Times': There is a notable and extremely welcome lull in politics here in England. The very immensity of the Unionist majority affects the public imagination like an opiate. The Speakership question hardly concerned the general crowd at any time, and, except for a passing impression that Mr. Chamberlain has proved too smart for Mr. Balfour in the matter, its settlement in favor of Mr. Gully has roused no interest. It was, perhaps, in

to dispense with the services of a leader who is now the brains of the Tory Democracy.

The premature efforts of the Unionist journals to forecast the policies of the government have scarcely left a ripple on the stagnant waters of politics. Everyone knows instinctively that the financial votes will be easily obtained when parliament reassembles for a fortnight's session, and that nothing else will be done. The Unionist propaganda will not be disclosed until February. Lord Salisbury never has been accustomed to allow any minister to dictate policies to his government, nor to suffer the party to anticipate his own decisions. A prime minister with a majority of over a hundred and fifty behind him can be depended upon to lead his party without much assistance from the journalists.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

A cabinet meeting held this week settled the question of the retention of Mr. Gully as Speaker of the House of Commons. The temptation to displace him

A COSTLY FRIENDSHIP.

HOW THE CZAR'S LOVE FOR BULGARIA KEEPS HER IN HOT WATER.

THE PRESENT RULER MUST GO BEFORE PEACE CAN BE SECURED.

New York, Aug. 4.—Mr. Harold Frederic cables from London to the 'Times': With all the good will in the world, Europe is not permitted to take its mind off Bulgaria. By day and by night this wretched little community sits on the old world's chest. It will not be shaken off. The week's developments seem on the surface to have wrought a great change in the Balkans. A few days ago everybody took for granted that the Czar and Prince Lobanoff had come to an explicit arrangement with the Metropolitan and his Bulgarian deputation, and that Russia was prepared to resume, upon her

diers fish with profit in the troubled Bulgarian waters. There is naturally talk of another conference to draw up a fresh treaty, and I even hear that England has begun sounding the other powers on this project; but the Continental courts are rather afraid of recourse to such an important step. It might go off smoothly, but the chances seem to be the other way; and then the fat will be in the fire. Yet, without a conference, it is plainly seen that Russia will go on slowly complicating affairs in the Balkans till somebody will have to object and be prepared to support the objection by a show of force. This is Europe's dilemma, not all new, but rendered somewhat more acute now week by week. Meanwhile, it is very interesting to note how all the different centres of political speculation and rumor on the Continent agree in ascribing an active part to England. Russian newspapers are publishing as authentic the story that Lord Salisbury has offered to join the Triple Alliance if it consents to give Austria a mandate at once to occupy all Macedonia. Berlin newspapers declare that of their own knowledge, England has just made a new compact with Italy by which their forces are to co-operate in Africa to keep the French out of the Nile valley. The Parisian press has not the shadow of a doubt that England has committed herself body and soul to the Triple Alliance, and teams with detailed plans for joint Russo-French navy action in the Mediterranean and Red seas with the view of seizing the Suez canal and preventing the British and Italian fleets again from closing the water route to the East. There is, in fact, so much studying of army lists and war maps on this side of the world just now, that perhaps the more serious imminent problems over on the Pacific coast will meet with next to no attention. It is not supposed here that Lord Salisbury can accept the new Franco-Chinese treaty without a protest, or, at least, without seizing for England's territorial compensations, and it is confidently expected that friction will be developed in that far away quarter, either on this point or between Japan and Russia, before Europe discloses any genuine cause for uneasiness.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

London, Aug. 5.—The 'Sun' says it is believed that Sir Julian Pauncefote, at present British Ambassador to the United States, will succeed Sir Edward Malet as ambassador to Germany.

SUMMARY.

A French gentleman named Meunier is said to have purchased the island of Anticosti for \$160,000.

President Cleveland, rumor says, may be a candidate for the United States Presidency for a third term.

The Behring Sea fleet report great scarcity of seals this year, due to the indiscreet slaughter of these animals in former years.

Geo. Porter, paying teller of the Quebec branch of the Bank of Montreal, was arrested last week on a charge of embezzling the funds of the bank. The missing money will very probably be refunded.

The first of a series of Liberal meetings was held in St. Jean, Montmorny County, on July 29. Senator Pelletier spoke, declaring against any attempt to make the Manitoba School question a plank in the platform at the next general elections.

Colonists who returned from Liberia, Africa, to Philadelphia, tell a sad story of suffering and destitution among those who were sent from the United States by the International Immigration Society of Alabama. Many died of starvation and others of disease.

Mr. Thomas J. Watters, late assistant commissioner of Customs, has been released from jail after having served five months of the term of his imprisonment for misappropriating public money. He was sentenced for one year. Ill-health was given as the reason for his release.

The Belgian Steamship Navigation Company has secured from the Canadian Government a subsidy of \$50,000 yearly, for a fortnightly service between Canada, a French port, and Antwerp. The first steamer will leave Montreal on May 1, 1896, and will average eleven knots per hour.

The trial of Durant, on the charge of murdering Miss Williams and another lady, whose bodies were found in the San Francisco church, has been in progress for some days. No particularly incriminating evidence has been adduced in addition to that already given to the public. There seems no doubt of Durant's guilt.



THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY, PRESENTED BY LADY WANTAGE TO PRIVATE HAYHURST.

a sense, Mr. Chamberlain's triumph, but the really conclusive element was the solidity of the Tory lawyers in the House against unseating the eminent Queen's counsel who had obtained the Speakership. The English bar is the most powerful and clanish trades union in the world, and when it said 'Gully' there was nothing left for anybody else to say. Mr. Chamberlain had merely the acuteness to see this and get on the winning side before his slower-witted colleagues in the cabinet had begun to imagine that Mr. Gully's being a lawyer might be of importance. It is stated—I do not know on what authority—that Mr. Gladstone, in his Armenian speech next Tuesday, intends praising Lord Salisbury's correct official attitude on the matter and, by implication, ignoring what Lord Rosebery has done. This would be a most curious development in the whole strange story of the Grand Old Man's vehement alienation from his successor in office. As the successive chapters of this story have been detailed in these despatches, from the very outset, they have been in conflict with all other contemporary accounts yet none the less have they been absolutely true. This last report, however, seems to be too historically complete to be true. As the election turned out, it is hardly likely that Mr. Gladstone's appearance in the campaign with his Armenian atrocities would have made much difference in the result; but he did intend making this appearance, and then abandoned the idea in a furious rage at Lord Rosebery's attempt to saddle him with the odium of selling peerages.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

New York, Aug. 4.—Mr. Isaac N. Ford cables to the 'Tribune': After the tidal wave there is a sudden, complete calm. Liberal leaders and journalists have abandoned their attempts to explain the Unionist flood, and are silent, except the cynical Labouchere, whose fire against Lord Rosebery cannot be appeased. The only consolation which they have after their overwhelming defeat is the reflection that the Unionist majority is so large as to be unmanageable, and that Mr. Chamberlain, the man whom they hate, cannot dictate the government's policy, and may some time head a revolt against Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. This conclusion leaves out of account the fact that Mr. Chamberlain is something more than an adroit political organizer and election campaigner; he is a statesman of lucidity of mind and creative energies, and represents ideas as well as votes. Even with its great majority, the Salisbury Government can hardly afford

was strong, but the opinion amongst most of the influential party leaders was general that after a prolonged campaign of denunciation of the so-called revolutionary tendencies of Liberalism, it would be a grave mistake to reverse recent precedents and to convert the Speakership into a partisan office. The feeling against his displacement was so strong that there might have been a cave formed on the government side at the opening session, and a Unionist speaker might have been elected only by a small majority. Mr. Balfour, who has been credited with a determination to turn down Mr. Gully, has been alarmed by the vision of a powerful faction of his supporters marching into the Opposition lobby and defying his authority. The reinstatement of Mr. Gully in office by his political opponents will reaffirm the principle established by the Conservative Government in 1874, when Mr. Brand, who had been a Liberal whip and was then elected Speaker, was retained in that position. Mr. Chamberlain is silent on this question. In a brilliant and triumphant speech delivered last night at Birmingham, he extolled, however, the Unionist alliance as a coalition which had endured the storm and stress of three general elections and was stronger and more stable now than ever before.

The Irish members, having slightly increased their representation in parliament, are taking an optimistic view of the situation. Mr. Justin McCarthy is not downcast nor disheartened, but is encouraged by the constancy of Ireland to the home rule cause. Mr. Timothy Healy's Dublin organ advocates a return to the liberal lines of the Irish policy. This may be a sign of a coming alliance between Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy, based not upon Mr. Gladstone's bill but upon a more radical measure of Irish independence. The main policy of the Irish members under Mr. McCarthy's leadership is not likely to alienate Liberal sympathies by following Mr. Healy into Mr. Redmond's camp.

Mr. Gladstone is silent on political questions outside the circle of his intimate friends. An attempt may be made to draw him out on the Armenian question at the public meeting at Chester before his departure for Scotland. Lord Salisbury, however, if the Unionist journals are not over-anguine, does not need Mr. Gladstone's co-operation in order to bring the Porte to terms. The change of government is represented by them to have had the wholesome effect of forcing the Sultan to accede to the demands of the powers.

own conditions, her old dominant position in the principality. Now, on the strength of a semi-official despatch from St. Petersburg, which, of all places, appeared first in the 'Cologne Gazette,' everybody has rushed over to the other side, and regards it as settled that Russia implacably persists in her chronic refusal to have anything to do with Bulgaria at all. Nothing could better illustrate the mental confusion to which eighteen years of suspense under an annual threat of war, have reduced the Continental press, but the English journals have much less excuse for being so easily rattled. The Bulgarian delegation is timed to arrive at Sofia to-day, and in the course of the public reception organized for them, it is presumed that the Metropolitan Clement or his companions will make a statement of what news they bring. This statement could have been foretold weeks ago. The Czar has never ceased to love the Bulgarians dearly, but friendly relations with them are impossible so long as they persist in supporting an illegally formed government shadowed by a prince not properly elected according to the treaty of Berlin. They may, therefore, make their choice, either to get on without Russian recognition as best they can, or chase out their prince and his irregular government, throw themselves at the Czar's feet, and, under his paternal guidance, re-construct themselves on the lines laid down by the Berlin treaty. We know so little about the actual state of feeling throughout Bulgaria, that it is difficult to be sure what its answer will be. No doubt Clement, who, since Stambuloff's destruction, is the man who seems most clearly to know his own mind and to be likely to enforce it on the country, aims at entire submission to Russia. If we assume that he can deliver his goods, then Prince Ferdinand will not return, his ministers and administrative machinery will disappear, and a provisional regency, probably with Clement at its head, will ask Russia for a safe interpretation of its duties under the treaty of Berlin.

THE BERLIN TREATY.

Having broken most sections of this famous treaty, Russia knows them intimately. Taking them as they originally stood and adding to them all the modifications in practice which the contracting parties have subsequently made to suit their own convenience, there is material enough for all the internal jurists to rack their brains over. There is hardly any conceivable point on which Russia cannot spin out debate indefinitely while her furious advanced wing of political sol-

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

By Ian MacLaren.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF LACHLAN CAMPBELL.

I.—A GRAND INQUISITOR.

The Free Kirk of Drumtochty had no gallery, but a section of seats at the back was raised two feet, and anyone in the first pew might be said to sit in the 'briest o' the laft.' When Lachlan Campbell arrived from the privileged parish of Auchindarroch, where the 'Men' ruled with iron hand and no one shaved on Sabbath, he examined the lie of country with the eye of a strategist, and seized at once a corner seat on the crest of the hill. From this vantage ground, with his back to the wall and a clear space left between himself and his daughter Flora, he had an easy command of the pulpit, and within six months had been constituted a court of review neither minister nor people could lightly disregard. It was not that Lachlan spoke hastily or at length, for his policy was generally a silence pregnant with judgment, and his deliverances were for the most part in parables, none the less awful because hard of interpretation. Like every true Celt, he had the power of reserve, and knew the value of mystery. His voice must not be heard in irresponsible gossip at the Kirk door, and he never condescended to the level of Mrs. MacFayden, our recognized sermon taster, who criticised everything in the technique of the pulpit, from the number of heads in a sermon to the air with which a probationer used his pocket-handkerchief. She lived in the eye of the public, and gave her opinions with the light heart of a newspaper writer; but Lachlan kept himself in the shadow and wore a manner of studied humility as became the administrator of the Holy Office in Drumtochty.

Lachlan was a little man, with a spare, wiry body, iron grey hair and whiskers carefully arranged, a keen, old-fashioned face sharpened by much spiritual thinking, and eyes that looked at you from beneath shaggy eyebrows as from some other world. His face had an irresistible suggestion of a Skye terrier, the most serious of animals, with the hair reduced, and Drumshough carried us all with him when, in a moment of inspiration, he declared that 'the body looks as if he had just come out o' the Ark.' He was a shepherd to trade, and very faithful in all his work, but his life business was theology, from Supremacy in Election to the marks of faith in a believer's heart. His library consisted of some fifty volumes of ancient divinity, and lay on an old oak kist close to his hand, where he sat beside the fire of a winter night. When the sheep were safe and his day's labor was over, he read by the light of the fire and the 'crusie' (oil lamp) overhead, Witsius on the Covenants, or Rutherford's 'Christ Dying,' or Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding,' or Owen's '130th Psalm,' while the colliers slept at his feet, and Flora put the finishing stroke to some bit of rustic finery. Worship was always colored by the evening's reading, but the old man never forgot to pray that they both might have a place in the everlasting covenant, and that the backslidings of Scotland might be healed.

As our inquisitor, Lachlan searched anxiously for sound doctrine and deep experience, but he was not concerned about learning, and fluency he regarded with disgust. When a young minister from Muirtown stamped twice in his prayer at the Drumtochty Fast, and preached with great eloquence from the words, 'And there was no more sea,' repeating the text at the end of each paragraph, and concluding the sermon with 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' the atmosphere round Lachlan became electric, and no one dared to speak to him outside. He never expressed his mind on this melancholy exhibition, but the following Sabbath he explained the principle on which they elected ministers at Auchindarroch, which was his standard of perfection.

"Six young men came, and they did not sing songs in the pulpit. Oh, no; they preached fery well, and I said to Angus Bain, 'They are all goot lads, and there is nothing wrong with their doctrine.'"

"Angus was one of the 'Men,' and saw what was hidden from me, and he will be saying, 'Oh, yes, they said their lesson fery pretty, but I did not see them tremble, Lachlan Campbell. Another is coming, and seven is a goot number.'"

"It was next Sabbath that he came, and he was a white man, giving out his text, 'Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb,' and I was thinking that the Lord had laid too great a burden on the lad, and that he could not be fit for such a work. It was not more than ten minutes before he was seeing, and will not hef the words. He had to go down from the pulpit as a man that had been in the heavenly places and was stricken dumb."

"It is the Lord that has put me to shame this day," he said to the elders, "and I will nefer show my face again in Auchindarroch, for I ought not to have meddled with things too high for me."

"You will show your face here

every Sabbath," answered Angus Bain, "for the Lord said unto me, 'Wait for the man that trembles at the Word, and is not able to speak, and it will be a sign unto you,' and a fery goot minister he was, and made the hypocrites in Zion to be afraid."

Lachlan dealt tenderly with our young Free Kirk minister, for the sake of his first day, and passed over some very shallow experience without remark, but an autumn sermon roused him to a sense of duty. For some days a storm of wind and rain had been stripping the leaves from the trees and gathering them in sodden heaps upon the ground. The minister looked out on the garden where many holy thoughts had visited him, and his heart sank like lead, for it was desolate, and of all its beauty there remained but one rose clinging to its stalk, drenched and faded. It seemed as if youth, with its flower of promise and hope, had been beaten down, and a sense of loneliness fell on his soul. He had no heart for work, and crept to bed broken and dispirited. During the night the rain ceased, and the north wind began to blow, which cleanses nature in every pore, and braces each true man for his battle. The morrow was one of those glorious days which herald winter, and as the minister tramped along the road, where the dry leaves crackled beneath his feet, and climbed to the moor with head on high, the despair of yesterday vanished. The wind had ceased, and the glen lay at his feet, distinct in the cold, clear air, from the dark mass of pines that closed its upper end to the swelling woods of oak and beech that cut it off from the great Strath. He had received a warm welcome from all kinds of people, and now he marked with human sympathy each little homestead with its belt of firs against the winter's storms, and its stack-yard where the corn had been gathered safe; the ploughman and his horses cutting brown ribbons in the bare stubble; dark squares where the potato stalks have withered to the ground, and women are raising the roots, and here and there a few cattle still out in the fields. His eye fell on the great wood through which he had rambled in August, now one blaze of color, rich green and light yellow, with patches of fiery red and dark purple. God seemed to have given him a sermon, and he wrote that evening, like one inspired, on the same parable of nature Jesus loved, with its subtle interpretation of our sorrows, joys, trust and hope. People told me that it was a 'rae bonnie sermon,' and that Netherton had forgotten his after-sermon snuff, although it was his turn to pass the box to Burnbrae.

The minister returned to his study in a fine glow of body and soul, to find a severe figure standing motionless in the middle of the room. "Was that what you call a sermon?" said Lachlan Campbell, without other greeting.

John Carmichael was still so full of joy that he did not catch the tone, and explained with college pedantry that it was hardly a sermon, nor yet a lecture.

"You may call it a meditation." "I will be calling it an essay without one bite of grass for starving sheep."

Then the minister awoke from a pleasant dream, as if one had flung cold water on his naked body.

"What was wrong?" with an anxious look at the stern little man who of a sudden had become his judge.

"There was nothing right, for I am not thinking that trees and leaves and stubble fields will save our souls, and I did not hear about sin and repentance and the work of Christ. It is sound doctrine that we need, and a great peety you are not giving it!"

The minister had been made much of in college circles, and had a fair idea of himself. He was a kindly lad, but he did not see why he should be lectured by an old Highlandman who read nothing except Puritans, and was blind with prejudice. When they parted that Sabbath afternoon it was the younger man that had lost his temper, and the other did not offer to shake hands.

Perhaps the minister would have understood Lachlan better if he had known that the old man could not touch food when he got home, and spent the evening in a fir wood praying for the lad he had begun to love. And Lachlan would have had a lighter heart if he had heard the minister questioning himself whether he had denied the Evangel or sinned against one of Christ's disciples. They argued together; they prayed apart.

Lachlan was careful to say nothing, but the congregation felt that his hand was against the minister, and Burnbrae took him to task.

"Ye maunna be ower hard on him, Maister Campbell, for he's but young, and comin' on fine. He hee a hearty word for ilka body on the road, and the sight o' his fresh young face in the poopit is a sermon itself."

"You are wrong, Burnbrae, if you will be thinking that my heart is not warm to the minister, for it went out unto him from the day he preached his first sermon. But the Lord regardeth not the countenance of man."

"Nae doot, nae doot, but I canna see anything wrang in his doctrine; it wudna be reasonable tae expect auld-fashioned sermons frae a young man, and I wud count them barely honest. A'm no denying that he gae far afield and taks us tae strange lands when he's on his travels, but ye'll acknowledge that he gathars mony treasures, and he aye comes back tae Christ."

"No, I will not be saying that John Carmichael does not love Christ, for I hef seen the Lord in his sermons like a face through a lattice. Oh, yes, and I hef felt the fragrance of the myrrh. But I am not liking his doctrine, and I was thinking that some day there will be no original sin left in the parish of Drumtochty."

It was about this time that the minister made a great mistake, although he was trying to do his best for the people, and always obeyed his conscience. He used to come over to the Cottage for a ramble through my books, and one evening he told me that he had prepared what he called a 'course' on Biblical criticism, and was going to place Drumtochty on a level with Germany. It was certainly a strange part for me to advise a minister, but I had grown to like the lad, because he was full of enthusiasm and too honest for this world, and I implored him to be cautious. Drumtochty was not anxious to be enlightened about the authors of the Pentateuch, being quite satisfied with Moses, and it was possible that certain good men in Drumtochty might resent any interference with their hereditary notions. Why could he not read this subject for his own pleasure, and teach it quietly in classes? Why give himself away in the pulpit? This worldly counsel brought the minister to a white heat, and he rose to his feet. Had he not been ordained to feed his people with truth, and was he not bound to tell them all he knew? We were living in an age of transition, and he must prepare Christ's folk that they be not taken unawares. If he failed in his duty through any fear of consequences, men would arise afterwards to condemn him for cowardice, and lay their unbelief at his door. When he ceased I was ashamed of my cynical advice, and resolved never again to interfere with 'courses' or other matters above the lay mind. But greater knowledge of the world had made me a wise prophet.

Within a month the Free Kirk was in an uproar, and when I dropped in one Sabbath morning the situation seemed to me a very pathetic tragedy. The minister was offering to the honest country folk a mass of immature and undigested details about the Bible, and they were listening with wearied, perplexed faces. Lachlan Campbell sat grim and watchful, without a sign of flinching, but even from the Manse pew I could detect the suffering of his heart. When the minister blazed into polemic against the bigotry of the old school, the iron face quivered as if a father had been struck by his son. Carmichael looked thin and nervous in the pulpit, and it came to me that if new views are to be preached to old-fashioned people it ought not to be by lads who are always heady and intolerant, but by a stout man of middle age, with a rich voice and a good-natured manner. Had Carmichael rasped and girded much longer, one would have believed in the inspiration of the vowel points, and I left the church with a low heart, for this was a woeful change from his first sermon.

Lachlan would not be pacified, not even by the plea of the minister's health.

"Oh, yes, I am seeing that he is ill, and I will be as sorry as any man in Drumtochty. But it is not too much work, as they are saying; it is the judgment of God. It is not goot to meddle with Moses, and John Carmichael will be knowing that. His own sister was not respectful to Moses, and she will not be feeling fery well next day."

But Burnbrae added that the 'auld man cudna be mair cast doon if he hed lost his docht'er."

The peace of the Free Kirk had been broken, and the minister was eating out his heart, when he remembered the invitation of Marget Howe, and went one sweet spring day to Whinnie Knowe.

Marget met him with her quiet welcome at the garden gate.

"Ye hae dune me a great kindness in comin', Maister Carmichael, and if you please we'll sit in this sunny corner which is dear tae me, and ye'll tel me yir troubles."

So they sat down together beside the briar bush, and after one glance at Marget's face the minister opened his heart, and told her the great controversy with Lachlan.

Marget lifted her head as one who had heard of some brave deed, and there was a ring in her voice.

"It maks me proud before God that there are twa men in Drumtochty who follow their conscience as king, and count truth dearer than their ain freends. It's peitifu' when God's bairns fecht through greed and envy, but it's hertsome when they are wullin' tae wrestle about the Evangel, for surely the end o' it a' maun be peace."

"A've often thoct that in the auld days balth the man on the rack and the inquisitor himself might be gude men and accepted o' God, and maybe the inquisitor suffered mair than the martyr. A'm thinkin', Maister Carmichael, that it's been hardest on Lachlan."

The minister's head was buried in his hands, but his heart was with Marget.

"It's a strange bulk the Bible, and no the bulk we wud hae made, tae judge by oor bit creeds and confessions. It's like a head o' aits in the harvest time. There's the ear that hauds the grain and keeps it safe, and that's the history, and there's often no mickle nutriment in it; then there's the corn lying in the ear, which is the Evangel frae Eden tae Revelation, and that is the bread o'

the soul. But the corn maun be threshed first and the cauf (chaff) cleaned aff. It's a bonnie siet tae see the pure grain fallin' like a rind burn on the corn-room floor, and a glint o' the sun through the window turning it intae gold. But the stour (dust) o' the cauf room is mair than anybody can abide, and the cauf's worth naethin' when the corn's awa'."

"Ye mean," said the minister, "that my study is the threshin' mill, and that some of the chaff has got into the pulpit."

"Yir no offended," and Marget's voice trembled. Then the minister lifted his head and laughed aloud with joy, while a swift flash of humor lit up Marget's face.

"You've been the voice of God to me this day, Mrs. Howe, but if I give up my 'course,' the people will misunderstand, for I know everything I gave was true, and I would give it all again if it were expedient."

"Nae fear, Maister Carmichael, naebody misunderstands that luvie, and the folk all luvie ye, and the man that hauds ye dearest is Lachlan Campbell. I saw the look in his een that canna be mista'en."

"I'll go to him this very day," and the minister leaped to his feet.

"Ye'll no regret it," said Marget, "for God will give ye peace."

Lachlan did not see the minister coming, for he was busy with a lamb that had lost its way and hurt itself. Carmichael marked with a growing tenderness at his heart how gently the old man washed and bound up the wounded leg, all the time crooning to the frightened creature in the sweet Gaelic speech, and also how he must needs give the lamb a drink of warm milk before he set it free.

When he rose from his work of mercy, he faced the minister.

For an instant Lachlan hesitated, and then at the look on Carmichael's face he held out both his hands.

"This is a goot day for me, and I bid you a thousand welcomes."

But the minister took the first word.

"You and I, Lachlan, have not seen eye to eye about some things lately, and I am not here to argue which is nearer the truth, because perhaps we may always differ on some lesser matters. But once I spoke rudely to you, and often I have spoken unwisely in my sermons. You are an old man and I am a young, and I ask you to forgive me and to pray that both of us may be kept near the heart of our Lord, whom we love, and who loves us."

No man can be so courteous as a Celt, and Lachlan was of the pure Highland breed, kindest of friends, fiercest of foes.

"You hef done a beautiful deed this day, Maister Carmichael; and the grace of God must hef been exceeding abundant in your heart. It is this man that asks your forgiveness, for I was full of pride, and did not speak to you as an old man should; but God is my witness that I would hef plucked out my right eye for your sake. You will say every word God gives you, and I will take as much as God gives me, and there will be a covenant between us as long as we live."

They knelt together on the earthen floor of that Highland cottage, the old school and the new, before one Lord, and the only difference in their prayers was that the young man prayed they might keep the faith once delivered unto the saints, while the burden of the old man's prayer was that they might be led into all truth.

Lachlan's portion that evening ought to have been the slaying of Sisera from the Book of Judges, but instead he read, to Flora's amazement—it was the night before she left her home—the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, and twice he repeated to himself, 'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face.'

II.—HIS BITTER SHAME.

The Free Kirk people were very proud of their vestry because the Established Church had none, and because it was reasonably supposed to be the smallest in Scotland. When the minister, who touched five feet eleven, and the beadle, who was three inches taller, assembled for the procession, with the precentor, a man of fair proportions, there was no waste ground in that room, and any messenger from the church door had to be selected with judgment.

"Step up, Airchie, man, tae the vestry," Burnbrae would say to the one under-sized man in Drumtochty, "and tell the minister no tae forget the Jews. Ye can birae (push) in fine, but it wud beat me to get by the door. It's a bonnie bit room, but three fook stannin' maks it kontrakt for another man."

It was eight feet by eight, and consisted largely of two doors and a fireplace, and its chief glory was a portrait of Dr. Chalmers, whose face, dimly seen in the light of the lamp, was a charter of authority, and raised the proceedings to the level of history.

Lockers on either side of the mantelpiece contained the church library, which abounded in the lives of Scottish worthies, and was never lightly disturbed. Where there was neither grate nor door, a narrow board ran along the wall, on which it was simply a point of honor to seat the twelve deacons, who met once a month to raise the Sustentation Fund by modest, heroic sacrifices of hard-working people, and to keep the slates on the church roof in winter. When they had nothing else to do, they talked about the stove which 'came out in '43,' and, when it was in good humor, would raise the temperature in winter one degree above freezing.

Seating the court was a work of art, and could only be achieved by the repression of the smaller men, who looked out from the loop-holes of retreat, the projection of bigger men on to their neighbors' knees, and the absolute elimination of Archie Moncur, whose voice made motions on temperance from the lowest depths. Netherton was always the twelfth man to arrive, and nothing could be done till he was safely settled. Only some six inches were reserved at the end of the bench, and he was a full sitter, but he had discovered a trick of sitting sideways and screwing his leg against the opposite wall, that secured the court as well as himself in their places on the principle of a compressed spring. When this operation was completed, Burnbrae used to say to the minister, who sat in the middle on a cane chair before the tiniest of tables—the living was small, and the ministers never grew fat till they left—

"We're fine and comfortable noo, Moderator, and ye can begin business as sune as ye like."

As there were only six elders they could sit in state, besides leaving a vacant space for any penitents who came to confess their sins and receive absolution, or some catechumen who wished to be admitted to the sacrament. Carmichael used to say that a meeting of Session affected his imagination, and would have made an interior for Rembrandt. On one side of the table sat the men who represented the piety of the district, and were supposed to be 'far bon' in the Divine fellowship, and on the other some young girl in her loneliness, who wrung her handkerchief in terror of this dreaded spiritual court, and hoped within her heart that no elder would ask her 'effectual calling' from the Shorter Catechism; while the little lamp, hanging from the ceiling, and swinging gently in the wind that had free access from every air, cast a fitful light on the fresh, tearful face of the girl and the hard, weather-beaten countenances of the elders, composed into a serious gravity not untouched by tenderness. They were little else than laboring men, but no one was elected to that court unless he had given pledges of godliness, and they bore themselves as men who had the charge of souls.

The little Sanhedrim had within it the school of Hillel, which was swayed by mercy, and it's Rabbi was Burnbrae; and the school of Shammai, whose rule was inflexible justice, and its Rabbi was Lachlan Campbell. Burnbrae was a big-hearted man, with a fatherly manner, and had a genius for dealing with 'young communists.'

"Weel, Jessie, we're awfu' pleased tae think yer gaein' forrit, and the Dominie we're tellin' me juist last week that ye did yir work at schule grund, and knew yir Bible frae end tae end."

"It'll no be easy to speir (ask) the like o' you questions, but ye mind Abraham, Jessie?"

"Ou ay, and Jessie is all alert, although she is afraid to look up."

"What was the name o' his wife, noo?"

"Sarah, an' their son was Isaac."

"That's right, and what about Isaac's wife?"

"Isaac mairrit Rebecca, and they hed twa sons, Jacob and Esau, and the girl takes a shy glance at the honest elder, and begins to feel at home."

"Domsie wesna far wrang, a' see, but it's no possible ye cud tell us the names o' Jacob's sons; it maybe no fair tae ask sic a teuch question, knowing all the while that this was a test case of Domsie's."

When Jessie reached Benjamin, Burnbrae could not contain himself.

"It's nae use trying to stick Jessie wi' the Bible, neeburs; we'll see what she can dae wi' the Carritches (Catechism). Yir no the lassie that said the questions frae beginning tae end wi' twa mistakes, are ye?"

Yes, she was, and dared him to come on, for Jessie had forgotten the minister and all the Session.

"The elders wud like tae hear 'What is the Lord's Supper?'"

"That's it; and, Jessie, ma woman, gie's the 'worthy receiving.'"

Jessie achieves another triumph, and is now ready for anything.

"Ye hae the Word weel stored in yir mind, lassie, and ye maun keep it in yir life, and dinna forget that Christ's a gude Maister."

"A'll dae ma best," and Jessie declared that Burnbrae had been as kind as if she had been 'his ain bairn,' and that she 'wasna feared awa'." But her trial is not over; the worst is to come.

Lachlan began where Burnbrae ended, and very soon had Jessie on the rack.

"How old will you be?"

"Aughteen next Martinmas."

"And why will you be coming to the sacrament?"

"Ma mither thoct it was time," with a threatening of tears as she looked at the face in the corner.

"Ye will maybe tell the Session what has been your 'lawwork' and how long ye hef been at Sinai."

"A' dinna ken what yir askin'."

"I was never oot o' Drumtochty," and Jessie breaks down utterly.

"A' dinna think, Moderator, we ocht tae ask sic questions," broke in Burnbrae, who could not see a little one put to confusion; "an' I canna mind them in the Gospels. There's ae commandment Jessie keeps weel, as a' can testefy, and that's the fifth, for there's no better docht'er in Drumtochty."

A move, Moderator, she get her token; dinna greet, pulr woman, for ye've dune weel, and the Session's rael satisfied."

"It was Dr. John's mark I was trying the girl by," explained Lachlan

after Jessie had gone away comforted. "And it is a goot mark, oh, yes, and very searching."

"Ye will maybe not know what it is, Moderator," and Lachlan regarded the minister with austere superiority, for it was the winter of the feud.

No, he did not, nor any of the Session, being all douce Scotchmen except Donald Menzies, who was at home fighting the devil.

"It is broken bones, and Dr. John did preach three hours upon it at Auchindarroch Fast, and there was not many went to the Sacrament on that occasion."

"Broken bones is a fine mark to begin with, and the next will be doubts. But there is a deeper," continued Lachlan, warming to his subject, "oh yes, far deeper, and I heard of it when I was North for the sheep, and I will not be forgetting that day with Janet Macfarlane."

"I knew she was a professor, and I was looking for her marks. But it was not for me to hef been searching her; it was that woman that should hef been trying me."

A profound silence wrapt the Session.

"Janet," I said, "hef ye had many doubts?"

"Doubts, Lachlan? was that what you asked? I hef had desertions, and one will be for six months."

"So I saw she was far beyond me, for I dare not be speaking about desertions."

Two minutes after the minister pronounced the benediction, and no one had offered any remark in the interval.

It seemed to the elders that Lachlan dealt hardly with young people and those that had gone astray, but they learned one evening that his justice had at least no partiality. Burnbrae said afterwards that Lachlan 'looked like a ghaist comin' in at the door,' but he sat in silence in the shadow, and no one marked the agony on his face till the end.

"If that is all the business, Moderator, I hef to bring a case of discipline before the Session, and ask them to do their duty. It is known to me that a young woman who has been a member of this church has left her home and gone into the far country. There will be no use in summoning her to appear before the Session, for she will never be seen again in this parish. I move that she be cut off from the roll, and her name is," and Lachlan's voice broke, but in an instant he recovered himself—her name is Flora Campbell."

Carmichael confessed to me that he was stricken dumb, and that Lachlan's ashen face held him with an awful fascination.

It was Burnbrae that first found a voice, and showed that night the fine delicacy of heart that may be hidden behind a plain exterior.

"Moderator, this is a terrible calamity that has befallen our brither, and a'm feelin' as if a' hed lost a bairn o' my aye, for a sweeter lassie didna cross oor Kirk door. Name o' us want tae know what has happened or where she has gane, and no a word o' this wull cross oor lips. Her father's dune mair than cud be expectit o' mortal man, and noo we have oor duty. It's no the way o' this Session tae cut aff any member o' the flock at a stroke, and we'll no begin with Flora Campbell. A' move, Moderator, that her case be left tae her father and yersel, and oor neebur may depend on it that Flora's name and his ain will be mentioned in oor prayers, ilka mornin' an' nicht till the gude Shepherd o' the sheep brings her hame."

Burnbrae paused, and then, with tears in his voice—men do not weep in Drumtochty—with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption."

The minister took the old man's arm and led him into the manse, and set him in the big chair by the study fire. "Thank God, Lachlan, we are friends now; tell me about it as if I were your son and Flora's brother."

The father took a letter out of an inner pocket with a trembling hand, and this is what Carmichael read by the light of the lamp:

"Dear Father,—When this reaches you I will be in London, and not worthy to cross your door. Do not be always angry with me, and try to forgive me, for you will not be troubled any more by my dancing or dressing. Do not think that I will be blaming you, for you have been a good father to me, and said what you would be considering right, but it is not easy for a man to understand a girl. Oh, if I had my mother, then she would have understood me, and I would not have crossed you. Forget poor Flora's foolishness, but you will not forget her, and maybe you will still pray for me. Take care of the geraniums for my sake, and give milk to the lamb that you called after me. I will never see you again, in this world or the next, nor my mother . . . (Here the letter was much blotted). When I think that there will be no one to look after you, and have the fire burning for you on winter nights, I will be rising to come back. But it is too late, too late. Oh, the disgrace I will be bringing on you in the glen.—Your unworthy daughter. FLORA CAMPBELL."

"This is a fery trial, Lachlan, and I cannot even imagine what you are suffering. But do not despair, for that is not the letter of a bad girl. Perhaps she was impatient, and has been led astray. But Flora is good at heart, and you must not think she is gone forever."

Lachlan groaned, the first moan he had made, and then he tottered to his feet.

The Boys' Page.

A POSTAL CARD JURY.

If everyone who enjoys the Boys' Page will say so on a postal card addressed to

'The Editor of the Boys' Page,'
'Witness' Office,
Montreal,

it will greatly encourage him to keep on making the page better each week. And any suggestions as to how to make it better will be very much appreciated. The fact is, the editor of the Boys' Page wants to make his the best page in the whole paper. The venture is new and is merely an experiment, and will only be kept up if it is found that it is appreciated sufficiently, and how will that be known unless the readers say so? Please send the postal card by return mail. The opportunity of thus expressing an opinion is open to everybody, but especially the boys and their sisters.

The readers of the 'Witness' are therefore constituted a jury, and in so far as may be, the editor of the Boys' Page will conform to the wishes of the largest number. Should most of those heard from approve of the page as it has appeared lately the editor will continue to be governed accordingly. Should, on the other hand, a sufficiently large proportion of those interested ask for less story and more information about athletic sports and pastimes, or for departments on the care of pets and stamp and coin collecting, or hints for yacht building and the like, the editor of the Boys' Page will give less room to stories and more room to such departments. However, a goodly number must be found to favor any one opinion or the editor will not feel warranted in adopting it.

Everyone is interested in this, and it is hoped that all the younger readers of the 'Witness' will do their duty on the jury by sending their verdict on a postal card as soon as possible. A hearty and prompt response will be very much appreciated by

The Editor of the Boys' Page.

Afloat in a Crystal Palace.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

Among the stories of adventure heard everywhere in the North, and which the fisher-folk in winters' nights love to tell or hear when the fire burns bright and the storm howls outside, not one has attracted me so much as this which came to my ears from a resident of the temperate island of Anticosti. My informant vouches for its accuracy.

It appears that Arthur Haversham, a youth of about nineteen, and full of spirit and a love of adventure, left Oxford to make a tour of the world, taking with him a servant, Sam Morris by name. He was in some doubt at the first about the direction of his wanderings, but decided to bathe himself in the tempests of Anticosti. This island lies in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and is beaten by fierce storms nearly all the year. Its shores are thickly strewn with the planks, spars and ribs of ships, and its fringe of coast is the cemetery of over a thousand seamen.

When Arthur reached the Quebec coast it was early in March, and heavy gales blew in the Gulf; so he found it difficult to hire a boat to take himself and his servant to the stormy island. They were at last successful, and without any adventure landed in a bleak cove. A few fishermen with their families brave it out on the island through the winter, and with one of the most comfortable of these Arthur and Sam took up their abode. Some days it was too stormy to walk outside, but when the wind fell the two travellers set out for the plains to shoot such birds and animals as could survive the season. The way was the time spent till the first of May arrived. Then the weather grew mild, the mountains of snow began to melt rapidly, and sometimes great masses of fog, spanning the sky from south to west, rolled in from the ocean, shutting nearly all the light out of the sky and smothering the hills and plains. In this dense fog the rock ptarmigan was in his glory; he found the loftiest hills by instinct, and crowed loud enough to be heard a mile. Here was Arthur's greatest sport.

There is a peculiarity about the fogs on this island which I wish to explain, because it bears upon the story. It does not swell and run low as it does on Labrador and in Newfoundland, but generally moves landward in a vast, high body, its front resembling the face of a perpendicular mountain. In calm it hangs in the air like a mighty cloud, and you may step from a piece of heath red with the sun into a bank of fog nearly as dark as the night.

In the midst of this reign of calm, fog and storm, a great ice-floe, more than a hundred miles square, was gradually moving southward. One morning the fishermen of Anticosti saw it and knew that it would soon hold the island in its chill, rigid embrace. Arthur looked at the great white invader with much disappointment, for he was making ready to leave for the mainland the first fair wind. But this great floe might shut him in for five or six weeks. He scaled

a hill with Sam to look at it. The prospect was gloomy enough; it seemed to fill all the ocean. A dozen or so of great bergs rose here and there through the field, and their crests and pinnacles quivered in golden flame. In a day or two it was upon the land, and no longer could a sound or even a sigh of the sea be heard. The mighty ocean had found a master which could quell it!

One day soon afterward Arthur and Sam went farther away from their abode than usual and the sun was not more than half-an-hour high while they were yet about four miles from home. A covey of duck flew up from a half-open pond and whirled across the bare, brown peatlands. Sam, who had obtained permission to shoot, followed the birds, saying he would join his master presently. But it was some time after dark before he did come up with him, for a great mass of fog had rolled over the land, and it was only by constant whistling that the two were enabled to come together.

But dark as it was, Arthur saw by the pallor of his servant's face that something unusual had happened. The man seemed unable to speak for excitement.

'What is it, Sam?'
'Why, sir, just as it came dark I was turning a small clump of bushes, making out across the marshes to overtake you, when what should I see right before me but an old man with long, white hair, another middle-aged man, and a young lady, and a boy who looked like her brother.'

'Well, what of that? Some of the fisher-folk, I suppose.'

'Oh, no, sir; they were not fisher-folk. They were gentle people, except the one who I knew was a servant.'

'If that be so, then these people must be residents of the island. It is strange, though, that we should not have heard of them. What is your idea about it, Sam?' There now, no ghosts or anything of that sort.'

'Oh! I don't think them ghosts; but there they were, and they are now not more than half a mile away making for the sea.'

'Why didn't you speak to them? It would have been quite proper under such strange circumstances.'

'I would have spoken, sir, but the old man turned hastily and disappeared in the fog, and the others followed him. It seemed as if they wanted to escape me.'

Then the two indulged in all sorts of conjectures, but no guess seemed satisfactory. Nor could the coast people make any explanation; they only knew that no one answering to the description given by Sam of each member of the mysterious party lived on Anticosti. Nor could they have belonged to any ship, for the ice surrounded the entire front of the island, and no ship could get within leagues of the coast. So Arthur had to curb his curiosity and see what the future would show.

A few days after the apparition the two travellers, toward sunset, were walking leisurely toward a vast mass of fog hung in the sky, the face of it resembling the side of an upright cliff. No spurs or ragged edges projected from it; it was clear cut and sombre. The marsh was a bright brown from the withered leaves of bake-apples and the reflection from the bowls of the Indian pipe. In front of Arthur and Sam lay a thicket of scraggy fir, and as they came to it they stopped for a moment to light their pipes. Turning to proceed around the edge, what was Arthur's astonishment to see coming almost directly toward them the identical party described by Sam. There was the old man with his long, white, venerable hair and a heavy cloak which hung from his shoulders to the ground; there was a young lady, probably about eighteen tall and singularly resembling the old man; there was the lad, about sixteen, in movement and feature strongly like the other two. But the fourth person was not there. All that I have described was noted with one flash by Arthur; but before he had time enough to raise his hat in salutation they had turned for the sheltering fog which lay in the calm air only a few paces distant from them.

When Arthur saw that they were about to disappear again, he spoke, saying: 'I beg your pardon, sir; I know this island; could I be of any service to you or your party?'

To his astonishment the old man deigned no reply nor so much as looked at the speaker, but hurried his pace toward the fog. As the young lady and the boy reached the gloomy mass, they both turned hastily and made a quick but graceful gesture of thanks and farewell, and then followed the strange and dignified old figure. In a minute the three were lost to sight, and Arthur stood musing as to whether it would be proper for him to make any further advances after the silent rebuke given him by the old man. He concluded that he would not press himself further on their notice, but he would follow and endeavor to find where they went.

It was not to be wondered at that his feelings were so overwrought. Here was a company of gentle-folk at large on a desolate island, manifestly without a dwelling, since, had they one, the fishermen must have seen it; and without a ship, for this side of the island was blockaded by the ice-floe. With noiseless feet Sam followed his master in the direction taken by the strangers. They walked rapidly on, pausing frequently to listen for the sound of voices; but everything was still, save for the lone, some whistling of some belated early-mover, or the sudden whirr of the wings of ducks, which, passing in the gloom, seemed like the little gurgle in the throat of a drowning man. They had not been able to find footprints; it was too dark for that.

In spite of the disappointment, Arthur was resolved to unravel the mystery. The touch of anguish in the silent adieux of the boy and the girl as they disappeared, haunted his mind. They evidently would have been glad to make his acquaintance; why should the old man refuse it?

The next morning when the sun had purged the peatlands of mist, Arthur and Sam were at the spot where the strangers disappeared. They were looking for footprints.

'Here they are,' cried Sam; 'they lead this way. Sometimes a bramble was kicked up, tearing and overturning the moss; again a lichen or a bunch of la-

dian pipe was crushed; but a little further the footmarks of the three were plain on the surface of a patch of raw, black peat, from which the marsh-sod had been stripped. But farther in the heath and through the whort bushes the trail was lost, and was no more found.

A short walk brought them to the shore. The ice-floe extended still beyond the range of Arthur's glass; and it was pushed with such force upon the land that great cubes eight and ten feet thick were piled upon each other like rows of cardboard boxes. It was impossible to look at this mighty army of ice without feeling in a way fascinated. The most impressive objects in view were the ice-bergs. Some of these towered up more than 200 feet, while their bases, which rose some distance above the level of the ice-field, were from two to seven acres in area. Most of them were fantastically shaped, sending up spikes that resembled towers, minarets, steeples, great chimneys, and a score of other things. They reminded Arthur of the great castles he had read about in fairy stories. Some of them were a chill blue, but those touched by the sun fairly flamed in crimson and gold. Great shafts of light struck out from them, covering the field with tracks of pale, quivering fire.

Among the several bergs in range of the glasses was one more notable than all the rest. It was much higher, had more pinnacles, and its foundations were greater. Flocks of gull-mot and razor-bill awoke about its blue peaks and rested in the little cup-shaped lakes of clear salt water. Arthur and his servant gazed at the ice for perhaps a quarter of an hour without speaking to each other. Then once more, disappointed, they went home.

The night was calm with indications of an auroral storm, and the two went upon a high hill overlooking the ice. Faint long bars of soft light began to appear in the northern sky, stretching from the pole to the zenith, and there terminating in vague, white smoke. It seemed as if these long gauzy streamers were being shaken across the sky by some invisible hand near the polar star. But the light from these erratic bars was dim and uncertain, and left the landscape in gloom.

Presently, however, there seemed to begin a general mustering of electrical forces, the radiating point being at the zenith. The auroral shafts stretching away in every direction at last seemed as if a mighty umbrella spread above their heads. Still the light was dim, and sometimes the wonderful framework disappeared for a second. But after a while, with a suddenness that made both men bound from the ground, the whole sky burst into flame, making objects nearly as plain as day. Arthur took his diary from his pocket and found that he could read it easily. He then turned his eyes toward the ice, through which rose the bergs, looking like sullen spectres, part of them a ghastly white under the auroral glow and part of them in deep gloom. He had not been looking more than a minute when he turned and grasped his servant's arm.

'There they go, Sam, the four of them.'

'Where, who?' 'Oh, the mysterious strangers; and Sam strove through the auroral light to catch a glimpse of them. Arthur stood there motionless, his hand upon Sam's arm, his eyes straining toward the four persons. Then, as if all things were conspiring to defeat him in solving this mystery, the auroral light gave a great flicker, brightening the world as if it were noon; the next instant the glorious pageant had utterly vanished from the sky, and there was the densest dark. It seemed as if God had at an instant blown out his wonderful light.

What Arthur, in the brief minute vouchsafed him, had seen was this: Four persons, all clad in white, moving along the ice toward the shore. They moved swiftly, as if accustomed to such travel. It was useless now that Arthur bade Sam come down with him to the sea-shore, at a point near where they must land; for the night was dark as pitch, and the mysterious ones evidently wore soft skin boots and would make no noise as they walked. It was nigh unto midnight ere they reached the fisherman's cottage; but they were no nearer to the solution.

Then the days dragged wearily on. Arthur yearned to leave the wild place and get into civilization once again. But still the floe clasped the shore. One morning the two men made ready to go upon the ice to shoot sea-fowl. Some of the fishermen tried to prevent their going, saying that the wind might change and blow off-shore any time, and that to spread apart, but Arthur did not change his purpose. A few things to eat were packed in a small bag, and they set out.

Their first point was a berg, about three miles distant, around which sea-fowl wheeled all day. To their unaccustomed feet, the walking was not easy, and the strong glare made them 'ice-blind' before they were out an hour. Nevertheless, they shot from twenty to thirty birds, and then rested on the platform of the berg and ate a hearty lunch. 'Sam,' said Arthur, 'I want to see that big fellow, pointing to the largest ice mountain.'

'But it is nearly five miles away.'

'No matter; let us away there; I think there are some porcupines on it, and I would like one to skin.'

So presently they were trudging off, paying little heed to the changes in the sky. When they set out, the sky was the most heavenly blue; now it was filled with smoky clouds of an almost invisible indigo; and these began to troop from the south and fill the heavens to leeward with heavy, threatening masses. So far, however, no breath of wind had reached the two venturesome sportsmen.

The commotion in the clouds at last caught Arthur's eye. 'What is this, Sam; surely it isn't going to blow hard off the shore?'

But it already was blowing, and even while he spoke a great rent went through the ice, leaving a rift as clean out from top to bottom as if it had been cloven by an earthquake. Then the storm was at hand, flapping their coat-tails and blowing their hair; the next moment they could hardly stand before it. Away it went, piping and shrieking over the floe and toward the scene, whirling and black and so full of tumult that one might think a whole legion of any demons had been set loose.

(To be continued.)

'We are builders, and each one Should cut and carve as best he can, Every life is but a stone; Every one shall have his own; Make or mar, shall every man.'

—Bishop Doane.

Battle With Rats.

PENNED IN A SMOKE-HOUSE, THEY PUT UP A STIFF FIGHT.

It was a hard-earned victory that Walter Carter won over an army of rats in Camden yesterday. It was a case of fight or perish, and Carter fought. When the fierce battle was finished he counted the heap of fallen enemies. There were 102 of them. Carter is a member of the firm of Roberts & Carter, provision dealers, on Second street, above Pearl. For a long time the firm suffered seriously from the depredations of rats, which seemed to grow in boldness as they increased in numbers. They were into everything, climbing all over the store, and gnawing into boxes, barrels, and bins to such an extent that the owners were appalled.

It was the junior partner's habit to open the store in the morning, and he invariably heard a great scampering over the place, as he entered by the dim light. It concluded at last to have it out with the little beasts, and began an investigation to find out their rendezvous. As he had no difficulty in finding, he opened the door of a small brick smoke-house in the rear of the store, now little used, he saw fully a dozen rats run into holes in the floor and walls. They quickly recovered their fright, however, and emerged to glare viciously at him out of their wicked little black eyes. Carter walked out, got a short thick club and a lantern, and re-entered the smokehouse. This time he closed the door behind him. The dim light of the lantern served to half-dazzle the rats, and Carter had no difficulty in killing three big fellows. As they gave vent to lying squeals, however, scores of other rats emerged from seemingly nowhere, surrounding the young man with the club on all sides. To show an instant's fear meant probable death for the invader of the rats' domain. It must be a fight to a finish. Carter's retreat was cut off, and he started in to fight.

The rats leaped at his hands and face, and crawled over his feet, all the while keeping up a horrid din of squealing that never ceased for a single instant. One after another of the soft, ugly things struck him as he stood dealing blows right and left, and felling a rat almost every blow. Still the numbers multiplied, and the courageous fighter began to fear that he would have to fall before the horrid foe. He had been bitten several times on the hand, but managed to keep the fangs of the vicious beasts from his head and face. Thus the fight kept up for fully fifteen minutes, and Carter was growing weak from the violent exertion. At last, however, he felt that the rats were gradually thinning out, and he had less trouble in keeping them off him. This gave him fresh courage, and at length he realized that he had won. No more rats appeared.

Almost overcome by the exertions and excitement Carter staggered out into the open air, he gathered himself together. In a few minutes he recovered and, piling up the dead, found that he had killed 102! —Philadelphia Press.

In Case of Drowning.

The following passage from a serial story in the 'Christian Herald' (London) shows the importance of understanding the proper treatment of the apparently drowned.

No sooner had Madge disappeared under the water than renewed screams of terror resounded, and the Muir children fled toward the hotel, crying, 'Aunt Madge is drowned.'

'What do you mean?' Graydon asked, seizing Harry by the arm. 'Oh, Uncle Graydon! run quick, Aunt Madge fell out of a boat under water.'

A moment later he saw the young girl rise to the surface with a child in her grasp. With one headlong plunge, and a few strong strokes, he was at her side, exclaiming, 'Madge, what does this mean?' 'Take her to the shore, quick; no matter about me; and she pushed the limp and apparently lifeless form into his arms. 'But, Madge, she began, 'Haste, haste, and the child may be saved. Don't think of me; I can swim as well as you,' and she struck out toward the shore. Wondering and filled with admiration in spite of the confusion of his thoughts, he did as directed, and took the child to land at once.

Madge was there as soon as he, crying, even before she left the water, 'Run for Dr. Sommers, and if he is not at home, ride after him.'

Meanwhile, gentlemen and employees of the house were arriving, and some turned back in search of the physician. The awful tidings had come upon poor Mrs. Wilder, the mother of the child, like a bolt out of a clear sky, and she had run screaming and moaning towards the scene of the disaster. Motherly love had given her almost superhuman strength; but when she saw the pale little face on the ground, with the hue of death upon it, she crouched beside it in speechless agony, and watched the efforts that were made to bring back consciousness. Madge led and directed these efforts. In truth, she did as much to save the child on land as when it had lain submerged in the muddy bottom of the pond. Graydon, seeing that she was coming up the bank, had paused a moment irresolutely, and then was about to start for the hotel with his burden. Madge caught his arm, and took the child from him. Graydon, take off your coat and give it to me,' she said, imperatively, as she laid the child down on its back; your handkerchief also,' she added.

'She forced open the pale lips and wiped out the mouth with marvellous celerity, paying no heed to the clamorous voices round her.

'Some one give me a sharp knife,' she cried, 'and don't crowd so near.'

Lifting the child's clothing at the throat, she cut it downward to the waist, then down each arm, leaving the lovely little form exposed and free. Dropping the knife, she next rolled the coat into a bundle, and turned the child over so that her abdomen should rest upon it; then, with hands pressed rather strongly on each side of the little back, Madge sought to expel the water that had been swallowed. Turning the child over on her back again, the bundle made by the coat was placed under the small of her back, so as to raise the chest. Then, catching the little tongue that had awakened merrily echoes but a few moments before, she drew it out of the mouth to one side by

the aid of the handkerchief, and said to Graydon, 'Hold it so.'

All now saw that they were witnessing skilled efforts. Discordant advice ceased, and they looked on with breathless interest. 'Has anyone smelling salts?' Madge asked. There was no response. She snatched a bit of grass, and tickled the child's nose, saying, at the same time, 'Bring water.' This, after a few seconds, she dashed over the face and exposed chest, waited an instant, then gave her patient a slap over the pit of the stomach.

Graydon, kneeling before her, looked on with silent amazement. Her eyes shone with an absorbed and merciful purpose; she was oblivious of her own strange appearance.

Others looked on in wonder, and with a respect akin to awe. Among them were her sister and Henry Muir, Mr. Arncliffe, and Miss Wildmore—her feelings divided between envy and commiseration for the child and its stricken mother.

These first simple efforts having no apparent effect, Madge said, quietly, 'We must try artificial respiration. Move a little more to one side, Graydon.'

Kneeling behind the child, she lifted the little arms quickly but steadily up, over and down, until they lay upon the ground behind the wet golden curls. This motion drew the ribs up, expanded the chest, and permitted air to enter it. After two or three seconds Madge reversed the motion, and pressed the arms firmly against the chest, to expel the air. This alternate motion was kept up regularly at about the rate of sixteen times a minute, until the sound of a galloping horse was heard, and the crowd parted for Dr. Sommers. He took in the situation with his quick eye, and said, 'Miss Alden, let me take your place.' 'Oh, thank God you are here!' she exclaimed. 'Let me hold the tongue, Graydon; I must do something.' 'Yes, Mr. Muir,' added the physician, 'let her help me; she knows just what to do. How long was the child under water?' 'I don't know exactly; not long.' 'Not more than four or five minutes?' 'I think not.' 'We must save her,' cried Madge. 'I once saw people work over an hour before there were signs of life.' 'Oh, God bless you,' murmured the poor mother. 'You won't leave my child—you won't let them give her up, will you?' 'No, Mrs. Wilder, not for one hour or two. I believe that your little girl will be saved.'

Graydon knelt near, while the doctor kept up his monotonous efforts, pressing the arms against the lungs, then lifting them above the head and back to the ground, with regular and mechanical iteration. The child's eyelids began to tremble. 'Ah!' exclaimed the doctor; a moment later there was a slight choking cough, and a glad cry went up from the throng.

Madge now gave up the case to him and Graydon, and slipped down beside the mother, who was swaying from side to side.

'Don't faint,' she cried; 'your child will need you soon, as she is conscious.' 'Oh, heaven bless you! Heaven bless you!' cried the mother; 'you have saved my darling.' 'Yes, madame, you are right. It's all plain sailing now,' the doctor added.

Then Madge became guilty of her first useless act. In strong revulsion she fainted away.

Meanwhile, Mr. Muir and Graydon were carrying out the doctor's directions, and the unconscious girl was borne rapidly to her apartment, where, under her sister's ministrations, she soon revived.

HE HAD BE OBEYED.

Some years ago, when the Prince of Wales opened the Royal Agricultural Show at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there was the inevitable procession and the usual crowd to witness it.

Indeed, so great was the throng at one particular part of the route, that it considerably encroached upon the line of march, when one of the foremost of the crowd was pounced upon by a burly north country policeman with—

'Stand back, will ye! Divn't ye see yer blockin' the road?'

'But, mistlor, look at the crowd! Hoo th' dickens can aa get back?'

'Then ye winna get back?'

'Hoo can aa, when they winna let me?'

'Ye winna move?'—threateningly.

'Aa cannot.'

'Ye winna move?' repeated the now thoroughly exasperated bobby; 'ye winna?'

'Then—then—stop where ye are. For, say what ye like, aa will be obeyed!'

He was.

TALKING CLOCKS.

The new chronometers, which, through an ingenious application of the phonograph, speak the hours instead of striking them, are particularly useful as alarm clocks. A French inventor is already at work on clocks, which, instead of the strident and ear-piercing bell that everyone is acquainted with, have speaking discs. One can thus have himself awakened by the crowing of the cock, or by the vigorous accents of a well-known voice. He is constructing some alarms which, with a disc of six or seven centimetres, cry out to you from one room to another, through closed doors, such phrases as 'Get up! Come, wake up! loudly enough and long enough to snatch you from the arms of Morpheus. By retouching the phonographic grooves, representing some of them, and exaggerating others, the inventor has succeeded in giving the words pronounced, the peculiar accent characteristic of such and such a locality. Amateurs who may not be content with ordinary discs, will thus be able to order others that will be true family souvenirs.—N.Y. Observer.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CONVERTS.

Count on victory in the name of Christ. Determine to make a success of your Christianity, if you have to fail at everything else.

Be a bible Christian; a prayer meeting and a prayer loving Christian.

So live that all who come near you will know that you find it a joy to know Christ.

Let it become the fixed habit of your life to be something for God wherever you go.

If you are a banker, be a Christian one, and if you are a blacksmith, be a better one than a man without grace could be.

Be a willing worker, and a faithful witness for the Master everywhere.

Depend much on Christ, and don't worry about things you can't help.—Ram's Horn.

The Silver Shoe.

The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor tells a Chinese parable about a lad who was employed as a house servant, and went about singing all the time, and somewhat boisterously. His mistress, whose nerves were none too well balanced, complained to her husband that Ah Sing had quite too much 'sing' in his composition; that he sang night and day, upstairs and down, outdoors and in, and that her request to him to stop his noise had no effect even in moderating his melodies.

Her husband replied that, if she desired it, he thought he could put an end to Ah Sing's music without adopting any severely repressive measures. So he went into the barn and hid, down in the bottom of a bran box, a silver 'shoe,' weighing about fifty ounces. He then bade the boy shovel out the bran and remove it to another place. Ah Sing began his work, and, as he came to the bottom of the bin, brought up on his shovel something unusually heavy. The bran being brushed away the shining shoe was revealed. Ah Sing, who, like most Chinese youths, knew little of the distinction between 'mine' and 'thine,' looked on the silver treasure with no little amazement. He was suddenly made rich. Visions of great wealth and luxury were suggested to his imagination by that shining shoe. Somebody had left it in the bran—he said to himself—and forgotten it, and when the bran was bought and brought to the barn all trace was lost to the owner.

Without hesitation, Ah Sing appropriated the suddenly-acquired fortune, and the next question was what to do with it. If he buried it, someone might notice the earth newly turned up, and suspect hidden treasure. If he hid it in the haystack, it might be observed that the haystack had been disturbed, or the cattle might eat it up and disturb the precious ingot. He tried one way after another to husband his silver wealth and guard it from other eyes. He put it in various successive hiding places, but could not be content to let it remain. He would come down at midnight to change its place of concealment. But from the hour when he found that silver shoe he lost his song! He went about no longer singing or light-hearted; he looked troubled, and appeared as one who bore a burden of anxiety. The fact was, he had a secret, a guilty secret, and so he had no more singing in his heart. That ingot, though it weighed but fifty ounces, was too heavy for Ah Sing to carry.

He not only lost his song, but his rest, his sleep, his appetite, his health; he began to get pale and thin, and his mistress became anxious for him. She said to her husband one day, 'My dear, what have you done to that boy? He not only does not sing any more, but he has lost his health, and, I fear, is going into a decline.' 'Wife,' answered her husband, 'if you desire, I think I can bring back his song.' So he said to Ah Sing, 'What did you do with that silver shoe that I left in the bran box? When you found it, you knew it was not yours. Why did you not bring it to me, and tell me about it. Now run along Ah Sing, and bring it to me, for I know all about it.' So the boy, knowing that his secret was a secret no longer, went and brought out the precious ingot from its hiding place, and delivered it to its proper owner. Scarcely twenty-four hours had gone by before Ah Sing was himself again, and went about singing as before. He had got rid of the burdensome treasure and the secret that weighed on his conscience, and now he was happy again.

Vain is it for us to hope to carry a true song if we are bearing a burden of conscious guilt.—'Christian Herald.'

CATCHING TROUT WITH THE BARE HANDS.

Sometimes when city boys go to the country equipped with all the gilded paraphernalia for angling, they are surprised at finding that the barefooted urchins of the farms are expert in catching trout without the use of hook or line. Speaking of this art, a writer in the 'Times,' New York, says:

'Shakespeare is far from being the only high authority who asserts the possibility of catching trout without the aid of any other angling implements than the fisherman's own hands. Robert Louis Stevenson knew all about this simple but effective method. There is a passage in "Kidnapped" that describes it minutely. While David Balfour and Alan Breck Stewart were hiding in the mountain, they supplemented their diet of porridge in just this way, and, as David says: "grilled the little trouts that we caught with our hands under the stones and overhanging banks of the burn. This," he adds, "was indeed our chief pleasure and business. We spent a great part of our days at the water's edge, stripped to the waist, and groping about or (as they say) "guddling" for these fish. The largest we got might have been three-quarters of a pound." It will be seen that Stevenson used the word "guddling." In the north of Ireland the term is "ginning." The latter comes probably from the Scotch "ginner," or "ginner," a fish's gill. None of the dictionaries make any attempt to explain "guddle." An ancient fisherman in whom there is no guile informs us that trout remain quiet when tickled because parasites, especially at the low-water season, fasten themselves upon the creatures' skin, causing discomfort which friction of any kind allays. This is not a poetic theory.'

HOW A MANDARIN TRAVELS.

Zoom—crash—zoom! sounded a mighty gong. Then again, crash—zoom! 'What on earth is that?' The boy Ananias made answer: 'That belongs China mandarin—look-see!' We looked-saw, and lo! there came along an enormous boat, with a piano-polish all over it—long, wide, low, with a great cabin in the middle, and a roof over each end. In front was the gong, that sounded like the crack of doom, and some sailors lounging near it. In the middle, behind plate-glass framed with carved and gilded arabesque, was his excellency the governor. Next came the kitchen-shed, with a cook and a woman among the pots and pans, while over the stern and far away floated a big red banner hung on a sort of fishing-rod. Crash—zoom—zoom! went the mandarin, curving grandly among the smaller fry, with a dignity and a stateliness we finite folk know not how to produce, except it be where men bowl along on elephants' backs, or away in palanquins, or glide in such barges as this.—From 'Everyday Scenes in China,' by Julian Ralph, in 'Harper's Magazine' for August.

WHAT A SERMON SHOULD BE.

REFORMATION BY SALVATION.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—You started the above question in your issue of Saturday, July 20, and it ought in these days of multi-form reform movements and problems of social science to be of great practical utility. These good and laudable movements are pressing their claims with so much force and persistence, there is great danger of the minister of the gospel becoming a mere moral reformer instead of the minister of salvation. Indeed some have gone so far as to say the gospel is for this life, and in comparison make little of the life to come.

The papers you invite, I see, are not to be so long as yours, but had you allowed us equal length it would be but a poor measure for the discussion of all the points you put into your article, but I suppose you expect in the number you will get, we shall obtain this information among them as to what a sermon should be.

If the minister of the gospel has any authority whatever to preach he derives it from Christ his Lord and Master, whose last great commission was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. One would think there could be no mistake about this. The matter of his preaching is the gospel, and its object or purpose, "Salvation." Whatever a sermon may be, if it fails to proclaim salvation through Christ crucified, either in direct terms, or by plain implication, it is not what a sermon should be. It is plain from this that Christ's plan was to reform the world by saving it. But this is not at all in conformity with many of the theories now in vogue, to save the world by reforming it. A sermon on this model is not a gospel sermon, and not what it should be. A noted writer has somewhere said, "That the soul of all reformation is the reformation of the soul, and any sermon that stops short of this aim is, however brilliant, however able, how what a sermon should be, and a humbler, even an illiterate effort that keeps to this aim is more in conformity with the commission. Any and every attempt to preach so as to save the world by reforming it is pre-empted to failure, and like all such efforts in the past, must prove abortive. It is to make clean the outside of the cup and platter, while the inside is all filth and uncleanness. Not but what outward reforms may sometimes be needfully undertaken, as for instance when drunkenness and the liquor traffic dominate the sober part of a nation, a model sermon may refer thereto as evils ruinous to both this life and that which is to come, and if the evil does not repent, it is right and proper to use other means, but if the evil passion be only restrained, not cured, it will break out again at the first chance. When corruption has become epidemic, and has fastened itself upon councils and legislatures, a model sermon may very properly expose it; but even so, the more it can be brought into harmony with the gospel plan of reforming the soul by saving it, the better. If the sinner and evildoer be only checked in his career, though for a time he may be restrained by the law, he will return to his vomit at the first opportunity. A certain orator in New York, said 'Tammany is dead and buried, but we shall have to water the grave for a long time yet.' The gospel plan, the plan of reforming the world by saving it, is the only effectual remedy, and however many helps the preacher may have in his work, he may welcome them all, but he knows full well the holiness of constrained reformation, and his sermon to be what it should be will still insist, 'Ye must be born again.' This makes the work of reformation, true reformation, very hard and difficult in any community where sin and wrong doing can be condoned for a price; but the preacher's duty is all the more imperative to preach the reformation of the world by saving it, to preach the necessity of a reform that begins by reforming the soul.

This will be quite plain when we consider that by this change the soul is furnished with a standard of justice and righteousness, the justice of Christianity, the only perfect one the world ever had and enforced by an ever present consciousness of sanction and reward, and sanction which no system of police can furnish, and no system of mere morality can supply, beside which all other methods are mere surface work which will ever succumb to temptation.

My notion, therefore, of what a sermon should be, is that it should be the old gospel method of 'Christ Jesus and Him crucified for the salvation of sinners.' This is the power of God and the wisdom of God and alike adapted to high and low, rich and poor, learned and illiterate. In the hand of a Spurgeon or a Moody this can still work wonders, and without which we shall at the best only have an Ingersoll or a Byron with a host of rapacious plunderers in our legislature and city councils. This also is the only guarantee of true social reforms by which the poor and the laboring classes will ever get their due. Much has been said of late about the Sermon on the Mount. But is not the crucial point of all that sermon, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire?'

This is in strict conformity with all other scripture, self denial and sacrifice, emancipation from sin, to gain eternal life and a blessing. The first great essential of a sermon therefore is not sociology, not moral reform, but salvation through Jesus Christ, knowing that faith in him will beget likeness to him and all reforms will follow.

JAMES GREEN.

Montreal, July 21, 1895.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—Accepting your kind invitation extended, to write on sermon making; I will briefly give my views. The fact that every Christian should be in word and deed a preacher of the Gospel, places those who are called to the ministry in a special manner, in a position of sacred trust, and are thereby expected to give to humanity the remedy for one great

need. That need demands the 'Truth as it is in Jesus.' The mission of our Master while upon this globe, was not to answer people, to please a fancy for dogma, or to tickle their ears with sensational sentences. His mission received from His Father, our Father, was to uncover sin. He well knew that sin must be uncovered before it can be destroyed. The work of Jesus the Christ, and its perfect success in healing the sick, raising the dead, reforming the sinner, rested on the power of truth—'Thy word is truth.' The sermons that are needed to-day, are the Gospel sermons, the people want them, they are the real craving of the human heart, and because they reflect the loving Master, they will be blessed by Him to 'whom all things are possible.' God's word will not return unto him void. He will honor those who honor Him—by using the means He has provided.

W. H. MACFARLAND.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—When a 'would-be' minister 'out West,' asked one of his expected hearers what he should preach about to please the people, he said, 'preach about twenty minutes.' Well that would be just twenty minutes too long for that man to preach. As a rule, twenty minutes is long enough for any man. The old Scotch minister's 'And now to be brief, eighteenthly,' is simply monstrous. When a man has anything good to say, he is generally not long about it. If there is an unsaved sinner present, give him or her a warm, earnest, loving, tender invitation to decide for Jesus now. God does not want lukewarmness in either pulpit or pew. Do not stand back and preach at sinners, get near to them, and then plead for souls, as one that must give account, yes, and who loves them and sees their souls to be in great danger (as though the house was on fire about them, and they asleep.) Have a word for saved ones too, not a miserable essay on morality, but something that will fit right into their everyday life, and make them better workers for the Master everywhere. Get them (if possible) to feel that they are just as responsible for the state of religion as you are. Use plain words that the simplest can understand. Fodder that the sheep cannot reach is only an aggravation; and also remember the command is, 'Go preach the Gospel,' not read it. Last, and greater than all the rest, never, never go into the pulpit without the presence of the Holy Ghost with you, even if it takes all the week to get it, with Aaron and Hur to help you. Yours in Christ,

JOHN H. PIERCE.

Sir,—Speaking with due reverence, a good sermon should be, to my mind, like a beautiful garment, the three most important qualifications of which are (1) that it should fit, (2) that its use or meaning should be evident, and (3) that it should be neither too dull nor too bright. A well-fitting garment lasts twice as long as an ill-fitting one, so a sermon loses half its value when it does not fit, in other words when its lesson does not apply or applies only indirectly to the circumstances and conditions of those to whom it is preached. Thus no man would talk of the sin of uncharitableness to one who had given his life and fortune to charities, nor yet to a class of children of minute points of doctrine. To ascertain, first, how much his hearers already know and then to go on from that point should be a fundamental rule in preaching as in teaching. So a preacher should not soar above his hearers nor yet lag behind, but aim to strike on the exact spot where his skill is needed. (To continue my figure of speech) To have the cap fit. Secondly, a garment to be beautiful must have a use. With what dislike we regard a garment which is not appropriate to the occasion. What is the meaning of the senseless thing? We say, Come, put it out of sight. Nothing good can come of a thing without a meaning. Just so far then can a sermon be of use as its meaning is clear. Clear in every way or else it is like a useless garment—a failure. He who would be clear, must present his subject in many different lights, in many aspects, he must establish many links of association, for he will then most surely meet the need of each hearer. His illustrations should be human, the more so the better. How human were the illustrations of the Master. Thirdly, there should be a little brightness about a garment. Not too dull and not too bright. To the sense of sight uniformity of tint is wearisome. If it is dull, it is depressing and the jaded sense requires relief by change. If too bright, the perceptions are deadened. It is well, then, for the preacher to prevent his sermons becoming a gray monotony, not forgetting that it is easy to err grievously by permitting a distracting variety of lights and shades.

Enough about the sermon; what about the hearers? Let them remember these lines of the pious George Herbert:—
Judge not the preacher for he is thy Judge;
If thou mislike him thou conceivest him not.
Grudge not to take out blessings from an earthen pot.
The worst preach something good, if not
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

B. E. K.

SOLUTION OF THE FRENCH QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—I have had considerable experience among our French-Canadian compatriots, and am a firm believer in the fact that the solution of the French question in Canada, is to give them a liberal common or public school education, and where possible, force it upon them in the face of all the opposition that their clergy can muster.

BRITISH FAIR PLAY.

Prescott County, Ont.

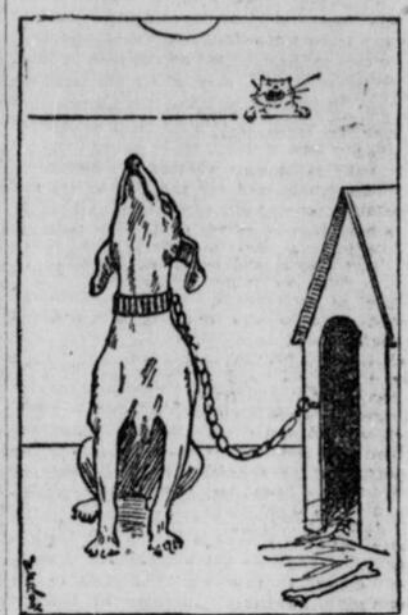
GOOD NEWS FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

As already stated, the Rev. Father LaCombe, the veteran North-West missionary, recently arrived in this city with the Mayor of Edmonton. The Rev. Father states that all the crops in his district have a splendid appearance, and the settlers are quite satisfied. Since last fall, some \$20,000 worth of gold has been extracted from the sands of the Saskatchewan, in the vicinity of Edmonton, and preparations are now being made to thoroughly utilize this new source of wealth, by digging the river by means of steam machinery. The fur trade has also been very active this year, the transactions representing over \$100,000.

ME AND MINE.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—I must first explain my heading. 'Me' means me, and 'Mine' means some of my neighbors, or, rather, some of their belongings. Personally my neighbors are all good, quiet, friendly, clean, respectable, law-abiding citizens, and I live up on the best of terms with them. But regard for truth forbids me to say this much of their belongings. Sir, I am suffering from nervous irritability; I have nervous prostration; my whole nerve-



LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

centres have gone G. Y.—I am prostrate—I am beginning to cherish fancies for Verdun, Longue Pointe and Beauport. Tell me, oh! tell what I am to do. It all comes out of my neighbor's belongings. It is well known that I am an extremely light sleeper, so much so that a German band could not play 'Ehrein on the Rhine,' in my bedroom without disturbing my best efforts at slumber. How much more so, the bells, the dogs, the cats, the hens, the roosters, the locomotives of my neighbors! These are summer nights in that district of the city bounded by St. James and St. Antoine, Lusignan and Versailles streets, and comfort requires that we allow the inside windows to remain open during the night. But the noises!—screaming, screaming, scuffling, yelling, barking, steaming, spitting, dinging, danging, clanging, and other conflicting incongruities, from things animate and inanimate, all nature and art combined,—where, amid all



THE VICTIM.

these, is to be found 'tired nature's sweet restorer?' The writer has sought and sought in vain this 'balmy sleep'; until he has become desperate, confused, distracted, bewildered—almost demented—and so he gets up to pen this letter and plead for pity.

We are swarming with cats and dogs, enough in this locality to drive a city



ROOF CONCERT.

mad,—stray cats, and stray dogs,—respectable and depraved—ever ready to contribute a snarl, a screech and a howl to the harmonies of an evening. They begin about the time when decent people put on their nightcaps and seek for much-needed rest, and then carry on their feline and canine pleasantries, and interchange of courtesies, for a few hours, in the back lane, on the fence, on the shed, and in their neighbor's garden. Sleep is

impossible. I have done everything an honest and church-going man can be expected to do, without compromising his sense of the sacredness of language and life. I have thrown all my wife's slippers and boots and flower-pots at the offenders, with the only result of increasing the uproar. My friend in the other yard, a few nights ago, discharged the contents of his revolver at these brutes. It was a kind act, and was done with the best intentions, no doubt, but for some reason or other the aim was not all that the circumstances required. He is living in hope of better results.

A little past midnight, these hideous brawls begin to subside and silence begins to reign, except for a stray bark or yell, now and then. 'Now for a good night's rest,' said Mr. Jonas Beagle. But alas! 'the best laid schemes,' and so on. I can sympathize with that good man's hopes and the distressing disappointment which followed. There is an evident conspiracy among my neighbors' belongings—a kind of relay of means, as it were, to keep up the agony, by frustrating my attempts at sleep. I have not quite reached my first snore before I am cheerfully reminded that we are blessed with a few farmyards about here. I like poultry, sir, as much as the best Chinaman can possibly like it. Poultry, in a city, however, is best when it has been killed, and dressed and nicely cooked and brought to table on a slice of bread. But my neighbors keep it in a kind of undeveloped state, for which I do not admire their taste. Scarcely have cats and dogs given up their dialogues and strifes, when the sprightly chattering issues his early challenge,—throws down the gauntlet, as it were—which is responded to and taken up by his antagonists around. The fun rages furiously for an hour or two. The rooster is not a modest bird. He is never ashamed of his own voice, and has no need to pray for a trumpet voice on all the world to call. His lungs are general-



THE MUCH VAUNTED EGG.

ly in good order, and as an early morning disturber, he leaves little to be desired,—he is a consummate nuisance, and while I do not wish him any harm, I do heartily wish his owner would eat him. Is there no remedy for this nuisance? Where is Mr. Meldrum? Why does he not come and live here? His mate—I mean the rooster—is responsible for some part of his row. She deposits an egg in the nest, and straightway shouts, 'Oh! that all the world might know.' Then the rooster—evidently 'henpecked', takes up the shout in a voice pitched in a dozen octaves higher—and all the world does know—that is, our little world down here. O for the wings of a dove, that I might fly away to some quiet spot.

It is now five o'clock and I have not slept; but the night's entertainment is by no means at an end. There is some institution across yonder, on Guy street, with a bell,—a bell with one note—a kind of monotone,—staccato, with the full swell on. It begins for some unaccountable reason precisely at five o'clock,—clangs about one hundred times and can be heard at St. Lambert, if not at Laprarle. One is weary, exhausted, exasperated.



NEEDS NO CALLING EARLY.

ed for want of sleep, and every clang of that bell excites an agony in the nerves, like a rough toothed saw driving through the quivering flesh. In my ignorance, I can conceive of no intelligible reason why people should be tortured like this. If it be to rouse the inmates the best place for that bell is within the walls of the building. If it be to notify the public that some Brother or Sister or somebody else has just left the couch—well, as part of the public, I do not care a straw for the information. I want to sleep. This morning that bell rang at five, at half-past five, and at six o'clock, giving from sixty to one hundred knells on each occasion. That bell is a great nuisance, and it would give me unspeakable pleasure to be told that its brazen tongue had dropped out of it.

But what shall I say of my neighbor's parrot? I admire a man who makes a pet of dumb animals—but that parrot is not dumb. I wish it were. It has two good points—first, it is a very gentle-

manly looking parrot, and secondly, it respects the sleeping hours of the neighborhood. But as soon as ever the cats, dogs, roosters and bells have ceased to torment, that parrot begins to make havoc of its good reputation. It screams with a harsh, rasping, unmelodious, penetrating voice. I wish for the sake of a quiet neighborhood that my friend had stuck to canaries instead of going into business in parrots.

And now, sir, I have told you a few of my troubles. What am I to do? Leave



A DREADED THING.

the locality? But I can't afford to do that; and my landlord holds a lease—besides, what is to become of the locality if I leave it?

INSOMNIA.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—The present may be an opportune time to publish the enclosed tribute to the British flag by the late Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of the United States, being an extract from a speech before the whale fishery commission in Massachusetts in 1864:

I pray to know where you will go that you will not find the flag of England fixed, planted, rooted into the very earth. If you go northward it waves over half of the North American Continent which we call our own. If you go southward it greets you on the Bermudas, Bahamas and the Caribbean Islands. On the Falkland Island it guards the Straits of Magellan; on the South Shetland it watches the passage round the Horn, and at Adelaide Island it warns you that you have reached the Antarctic Circle. When you ascend along the south-western coast of America, it is seen on Gallapagos overlooking the Isthmus of Panama, and having saluted it there and at Vancouver you only take leave of it in the far North-West when you are entering the Arctic Ocean. If you visit the coast of Africa you find the same victorious cross guarding the coast of Gambia, Sierra Leone and St. Helena. It watches you at Cape Town as you pass into the Indian Ocean, while on the northern passage to that vast sea it demands your recognition from Gibraltar as you enter the Mediterranean; from Malta when you pass through the Sicilian Straits. On the Ionian Islands it waves in protection of Turkey and at Aden it guards the passage from the Red Sea into the Indian Ocean. Wherever western commerce has gained an entrance to the Continent of Asia there that flag is seen waving over subjected millions, at Bombay, at Calcutta, at Ceylon, at Singapore, at Lahore and Hong Kong, while Australia and nearly all the islands of Polynesia acknowledge the protection of the ships which sail under this flag carry with them not only the language, but also the religion of the people of England.

C. T. M. R.

GERMAN WAR DOGS IN TURKEY.

(From the London 'Daily News'.)

The Gardepage Pachmann and Herch, who took two German war dogs to Constantinople the Saturday before Whit-suntide have returned to Potsdam. The two dogs, when they arrived at Constantinople, had several days' rest before they were shown to the Sultan. His Majesty and his officers were so much surprised at the clever and useful performances of the dogs that the German Jager were begged to give some Turkish soldiers instruction in the training of such dogs. This was done for several days, after which the Sultan gave the German soldiers each a decoration and 1,000, and caused them to be shown the city and its surroundings. The two war dogs were a present to the Sultan from the German Emperor.

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THE WEEKLY WITNESS

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

A WELL-KNOWN EDINBURGH WOMAN—SHE DOES NOT LIKE THE 'NEW WOMAN'—TWIN BALLOTS—THE SUMMER BOARDER—OUR OPPORTUNITIES—CONTEMPTIBLE FRET—HOW TO KEEP GOOD LOOKING—DAINTY SUMMER DISHES—OUR PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

A WELL-KNOWN EDINBURGH WOMAN.

The current number of the 'Woman-at-Home' gives an interesting account of Mrs. Margaret C. Blaikie, wife of the Rev. Professor Blaikie, D.D., of New College, Edinburgh. One feels, she says, like basking in sunshine in the presence of warm-hearted Mrs. Blaikie. Her capacity for loving has grown with use, for she has had fourteen children to draw forth her maternal affections and a husband to whom she is devoted. Before these words appear in print Professor and Mrs. Blaikie will have celebrated their golden wedding.

Mrs. Blaikie was born at Banff. Her father was an Edinburgh gentleman who had settled there, and it is interesting to note that her mother, Ann Duff, belongs to an old Banffshire family, of the same stock as the Duke of Fife. Her uncle, Captain George Duff, fell at Trafalgar, beside Nelson. A monument is erected to his memory in the Nelson crypt of St. Paul's. She was married to the Rev. Professor Blaikie at the time when he was minister of the Free Church of Scotland at Pirig, a suburb of Edinburgh. For many years her time was taken up with family cares. It was not until her children were reared that Mrs. Blaikie came forward into public work. For twenty-one years she has conducted a weekly prayer meeting for mothers, and since its formation in 1874, she has been president of the Scottish Branch of the British Women's Temperance Association.

I am conscious that the word branch is not agreeable to Mrs. Blaikie's ears, for as she told me in her breezy manner, 'Scotland is as proud of its nationality as it was in the days of Wallace and Bruce, and we do not like our societies to be called branches of English Associations, although our feeling is, of course, fraternal.' Having a weak side to patriots in all countries, I did not enter into argument with the Scottish president of the B.W.T.A. Her tact and peaceful disposition have been of eminent advantage to the association, and her sturdy Scottish independence is delightful, accompanied as it is by such good humor.

'My mother,' she told me, 'became a total abstainer in the hope that her example would influence the poor people in Banff, amongst whom she labored. But although I had been in favor of temperance all my life, it was not until about twenty years ago that Dr. Blaikie and I came publicly forward as total abstainers. You know,' added Mrs. Blaikie, 'that I always work in conjunction with my husband. I once started a lady by telling her that I could not cross the road without his permission. Husbands and wives should always work together, and let every woman consider her home first. No one can take the place of the wife and mother in the home, and there is no sphere of influence so sacred.'

I did not pause to remind Mrs. Blaikie that all husbands are not, unfortunately, so worthy of unquestioning obedience as her own, and she went on to tell me of her visit in 1870 to Canada, where she came into contact with Miss Annie Macpherson, and was influenced by seeing the beneficial results of her emigration work to start something of a similar character on her return to Edinburgh. The result was the Emigration Home for Destitute Children in Lauriston Lane. Shortly after the Home was opened, Mr. Moody visited Edinburgh, and he and his family were the guests for two months of Dr. and Mrs. Blaikie. 'My husband sometimes tells me,' said Mrs. Blaikie, 'that I am a Moody-idolator. Mr. Moody had a wonderful influence over me, and it was at his suggestion that I started the weekly prayer meeting for mothers, which has been held regularly every Thursday since 1874. It is for ladies who meet together to pray for their children.'

At this juncture Mrs. Blaikie was called away to see the woman who takes charge of the coffee-stall at the Slaughter House, Edinburgh, which has for some years been financed by Mrs. Blaikie, with the help of friends. It has been a great boon to the people employed there, and has quite changed the aspect of this once drunken neighborhood. 'This good woman comes each Saturday to go over her accounts with me,' explained Mrs. Blaikie, upon her return to the dining-room. 'Now, I do not think there is much else for me to tell you,' she continued. 'I am busy all the time with meetings and correspondence, and as Dr. Blaikie is engaged at the college all day, and we have only one son living at home with us, I feel free to undertake public work. I once made a vow that I would never speak at a public meeting in Edinburgh, yet here I am speaking frequently, not only in the city, but in various towns. I have never addressed a meeting without my husband's sanction, and would not do anything which would vex him for the world. I don't like the New Woman, and I just detest these women novels—I think they are perfectly abominable—and one cannot but regret that they should appear to be mixed up with the woman's movement. I have never been a worker for woman's suffrage, although I acknowledge the principle to be just. I should like to emphasize that nothing should interfere with a woman's influence in the home.'

OPPORTUNITIES.

Dear Home,—I have been trying so hard lately to find time to write a few lines to you, but what with the three babies, and the very 'newest baby,' it seems impossible. Of course, you know I don't believe in letting work be the ruling power in my home,

but I begin to realize it is quite a power, after all, for the dishes must be washed, and the floor must be swept, and the four babies 'must' be bathed, whether the letter is written, or the walk taken, or the paper read or not.

I have thought a lot lately about 'our opportunities.' These strange, fleeting, subtle things, that meet us, fly over us, and surround us every day. So definite we can grasp them; so strange, we hardly know them; so vital, that to miss them may mean our own, or our neighbors' eternal weal or woe, and yet, so awfully, truly ours, that we shudder at the responsibility of their existence.

We think we would like to do something 'in His Name'; we intend to do it; we resolve to do it; but we wait; we draw back; we forget and the chance is lost; the opportunity is gone, and gone forever, and we are the losers; for I believe every impulse to do good, every thought that moves us, every inclination to help others is a stone in the temple of character we are building by our every thought, word and deed. Oh, what a rickety, imperfect, tumble-down temple some of us will have if all these 'going to do's,' 'ought to do's' and 'didn't do's' are just 'so many holes, cracks, and blemishes in our fair building.'

We see a chance to do good, but we just wait to see what the minister will do, or the teacher, and while we wait the glorious chance is gone, and perhaps a brother, or sister, carries home a bitter heart, or a settled doubt because we crushed the heavenly impulse to grasp their poor, cold hands in ours, and let them feel we love them, and wish to help them. And every week day, and every Sabbath is crowded full of just such chances as these, and 'we would like to,' but we don't. But if we did, this life would have a different meaning; to thousands the Lord's Table would be a foretaste of heaven; and the word 'Christian' would have a charm, a halo, and a glory it often lacks—for we don't; we simply miss our opportunity.

I often think of these lines—
'Oh, friends estranged, I plead
Keep not your kisses for my cold dead brow,
My heart is lonely, and I need them now,
When dreamless sleep is mine, I shall not need'

The tenderness for which I crave to-night.'

We think we would be content if we could save one from the Destroyer, and maybe, the very word or act that would save them, trembles on our lips, or is within reach of our own hand, and we just falter, or wait until the tide carries it away, and so far as we are concerned, they are lost, and a great wrench is given our growing tower, or our graceful arch. Let us beware lest a chance having been offered us in the work, any of us should ever seem to come short.

THISTLE.

TWIN BALLOTS.

(By Request)

Along in November when chill was the weather
Two ballots were cast in a box together;
They nestled up close like brother to brother,
You couldn't tell one of the votes from another.

Chorus:

They were both rum votes,
And sanctioned the license plan;
But one was cast by a jolly old brewer
And one by a Sunday-school man.

The Sunday-school man, no man could be truer,
Kept busy all summer denouncing the brewer;

But his fervor cooled off with the change of the weather,
And late in the autumn they voted together.

The Sunday-school man has always been noted
For fighting saloons except when he voted;

He piled up his prayers with a holy perfection
And knocked them all down on the day of election.

The foxy old brewer was cheerful and mellow,
Said he: 'I admire that Sunday-school fellow,
He's true to his church, to his party he's truer,
He talks for the Lord, but he votes for the brewer.'

THE SUMMER BOARDER.

The two parties most concerned in the plans for summer board, remarks a lady in the 'Congregationalist,' do not always understand each other's position nor realize that their exchange of commodities should be governed by business laws and customs. Persons who are accustomed to hotel life find difficulty in adapting themselves to the small boarding house or private family where a few outside parties are taken temporarily into the home life, and actually or apparently demand that everything shall be reorganized to suit their convenience or whims. The would-be boarders do not hesitate to write to a dozen different localities, or to as many houses in one village, asking for prices and the refusal of rooms, but they seldom take the trouble to let any but the chosen one know that they have made a choice. Yet meantime the poor landlady may lose other excellent tenants because she has given the first choice to those who have no idea of accepting her terms.

Some thoughtful souls fix a day and hour for their arrival and abide by it, but many consider that a matter to be governed wholly by individual convenience and caprice. Persons who are extremely punctilious in regard to a visit seem to think that because they are to pay for their food and lodging every aspect of the case is altered. It is a question which is the more disagreeable, to have a stranger arrive some hours before we are looking for him or to delay his coming beyond a reasonable expectation. We greet our friends gladly whenever they can come, but a stranger should give us due warning of its approach.

Especially in the country the landlady should be advised at what meal to expect her boarders, for supplies must often be ordered days in advance. A hurried meal brought together after the arrival of unexpected guests may leave a bad impression that will affect the whole of their stay and

make it an uncomfortable period for both parties. On the other hand, meals are often prepared for boarders who do not arrive until a day or two later, and who never offer to pay for food which has been bought entirely on their account. Such matters must be reckoned on a very different basis when dealing with a private family from what would be necessary with a hotel.

Boarders seldom imagine how quickly their landlady gauges their character and position in life. The top-lofty lady with innumerable wants is soon recognized as a person who has so little at home that she expects everything when away. It is small wonder that children are not wanted as boarders when mothers allow behavior in another's house that would not be tolerated at home.

Most persons would be better for a total change of life during their summer vacation, and should adapt themselves to the table which is set before them instead of demanding that the same sort of food shall be provided as that to which they have been accustomed throughout the year. It is usually safe to see what the landlady can do before insisting that she adopt your ideas. When the hours of meals are reasonably convenient the boarder should conform to them instead of asking for an early dinner or coming in late to tea because an excursion was not properly planned. Due notice should be given when a picnic lunch is wanted, or there may be no bread in the house or some other standard article be unavailable at short notice. Persons who consider themselves well bred have been known to comment freely upon the quality of food while at the table, and to draw comparisons with the cooking at neighboring houses.

Sometimes the summer boarder does not stay long enough in one place to employ a washer-woman, and some emergency makes it desirable for her to wash a few pieces in her room, but she should remember that the landlady might prefer not to have stockings and handkerchiefs hung from her front windows to dry.

Too many summer boarders look upon the



MRS. BLAIKIE.

members of the families where they make their summer home as they would upon characters in one of Miss Wilkins's stories, and not as human beings having rights which they are bound to respect.

WOMEN INDIFFERENT TO THE SUFFRAGE.

Dear Editor Home,—The woman suffrage measure has been thrown out, presumably through the apathy and indifference of the women of the country. Is not this a sad state of things? Surely a great sin will lie at the door of those women. Many of them have sons whom they might have saved from frequenting the saloons, and from worse if they had the suffrage and would use it in the fear of God to uphold purity and righteousness.

Oh, I think this apathy is the most selfish and cruel thing in all the wide world. I think at the great day that it will fare better with the saloon-keepers than with those mothers who shirk their duty. God entrusted to them the care of precious souls and they would not try to save them when they knew that by demanding the suffrage and coming out to the help of the Lord against the mighty they might have done so.

So surely as a large majority of our women really want the suffrage so surely will they get it, and if they don't awake to their duty so surely will the power of the liquor men increase.

God made woman equal to man. I hear some one say he made her much more when he made her the mother of man. He made her his guardian angel. Some will say, 'We do our duty when we care for husband, children and home.'

Did God or Christ anywhere say that woman was to shut herself up in her home and let her sons go out into the world to be trampled down and overcome. Is it not the command of Christ to go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. Woman has proved herself the equal of man when she chose to use her powers.

A boy may be brought up by a most godly mother, but let him go out into the world—mothers, mothers, you know what happens in thousands of cases.

Won't you for a little while leave the shelter of home for those boys? You will never save them if you don't.

ELIZA GALLAGHER.

Oregon, July, 1895.

CONTEMPTIBLE FRET.

It was said of George Bancroft, who died at the advanced age of ninety, that he had acquired the German habit of utter contempt for all fret and worry. As a student in Germany, in early life, no doubt, he had formed this magnificent habit; and well he might in that happy land. Germany has had as many woes as any land, as heroic struggles in arms, in philosophy, in politics, as any brave nation on the earth. Germany is, however, pre-eminently the land of no fret.

Hard work, by brain and hand, but very little worry, says a late writer in the New York 'Weekly,' is what a traveller sees from end to end of 'Fatherland.' It is a good place for a fretful American to visit. He sees smiling content on the faces of man, woman and child, even under the most adverse circumstances. And the German has imported much of this cheerful disposition into our own country, as he comes here. It remains to be seen whether our highly exciting climate, and our race for wealth and political power, will allow him to keep it, or infuse much of his good cheer lastingly into our American blood. God grant he may! for the English, the Irish, the Scotch blood in the veins of most of us Americans often runs hot and irritating with fret and worry.

We commend this Bancroft contempt for fret and worry; remark it—contempt is the word. A thing is contemptible for its weakness. Fret and worry are weak. They exhibit a pitiable want of manliness; they are indices of an unbecoming spirit. We say of a lie that it is contemptible. In the same sense, fret and worry are the same. A lie is disgraceful and so is fret; a falsehood is cowardly, and so is worry. We give a liar all the room, and avoid him as an exceedingly undesirable member of society; likewise should we, only with an infusion of pity, if the trait is in some one we love, regard the fretful and worrying disposition.

man. The grass grows over the out of the spade. I say, then, that I have found out Bancroft's secret, when I look back over my past worryings. It remains to be seen if I can look on my present worryings with equal philosophy.

I find in myself a disposition called self-preservation. It is said to be the first law of nature. It leads me to snatch back my hand from the fire without thinking. It is said to be done 'instinctively.' The same instinct prompts me to fight for my country, to defend my own rights when attacked. Now, I have been thinking of this miserable fret and worry. It kills me; it unites me for work or pleasure; it poisons my cup and makes my bread bitter after I have earned it; so that often I have no appetite to eat it. Then it is my enemy this bad disposition. I will preserve myself; I will do right by all men, and ask God's mercy for my shortcomings, and then rise up in simple self-preservation and stamp my heel on fret and worry. I do not desire to be made so wretched. I will feel above it. I will blush for any hour that I have given way to its tortures, as if I had done a mean thing by myself. I feel that I have been false and cruel to my good self by yielding place to such vermin to crawl over me. As I love myself, I will kick these things out with all the contempt that I would kick from my door an insulting beggar. My pride shall come to my rescue; my self-respect shall scorn these things. If contempt means a superior's disgust at the insults of an inferior, then shall my faith in God and my good will toward all men spurn these dirty foes to my peace. I thank Bancroft for the secret of a long and tranquil life.

DAINTY SUMMER DISHES.

Asparagus Soup.—Boil one quart of asparagus, cut in inch lengths, in one quart of water until tender; rub through a colander and return to the water in which it was boiled. Heat one pint of milk, stir into it one teaspoonful of butter rubbed with one of flour, and cook a few minutes. Season and pour into asparagus. Let get boiling hot, pour into tureen over toasted bread cut into dice. Serve at once.

Baked Corn.—Cut the grains of one dozen ears of corn down the middle and scrape. Add one cup of boiling milk, one half cup of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put in buttered baking dish, dot over small bits of butter and bake in moderate oven three quarters of an hour.

Scalloped Onion, Cauliflower or Asparagus.—Boil either vegetable until tender, then put in baking dish, and pour over sauce made of one teaspoonful of butter rubbed into one and one half tablespoonfuls flour, pour over it one pint of hot milk and cook until like custard. Bake one half hour. Cut cauliflower or asparagus into small pieces before pouring over the sauce.

Turnip a-la-Creme.—Cut peeled turnips into half inch dice, boil in salted water and drain, pour over a cream sauce made of one cup of hot milk poured gradually over one tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed together. Salt and pepper.

Lettuce Dressing (without oil).—One half pint of cream or rich milk, one half pint of good vinegar (weak), one small teacup of sugar, three eggs, well beaten, a lump of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of ground mustard, pepper and salt. Mix all together cold and cook until thick as custard.

Delicious Peach Pudding.—Fill a pudding dish with whole peeled peaches, and pour over them two cups of water. Cover closely and bake until peaches are tender; then drain off the juice from the peaches, and let it stand until cool. Add to the juice one pint of sweet milk, four well beaten eggs, a small cup of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder mixed in it, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter and a little salt. Beat well three or four minutes and pour over peaches in dish. Bake until a rich brown and serve with cream.

Blueberry Sherbette.—One and one half cups of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, three and one half cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of berries washed. If eaten hot make a sauce of cream and sugar, or simply sugar over.

Frozen Peaches.—Take two quarts of peaches peeled and sliced, sprinkle with one pound of sugar and let stand for two hours. Mash fine, add one quart of cold water and freeze the same as ice cream.

To Serve Watermelon.—Cut enough of the rind from each end of the melon for it to stand upright. Halve it and serve by cutting the pink part out with a spoon.

Bohemian Cream.—One quart of cream, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one ounce of gelatine dissolved. Whip half the cream to a stiff froth. Boil the other half with the sugar and a vanilla bean until flavor is extracted, or add vanilla extract after it is removed from the fire. Add the gelatine, and when cooled a little the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Beat until it begins to stiffen, then beat in quickly the whipped cream.

Pour in well wet moulds and set on ice to freeze.

Moonshine.—Beat whites of six eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar (add more if not stiff enough). Beat thirty minutes, then beat in one heaping tablespoonful of preserved peaches cut in tiny bits, or one cup of jelly. Set on ice until very cold. Serve with rich cream sweetened and flavored.

Pineapple Sherbet.—One tablespoonful of gelatine soaked in one cup of cold water 15 minutes. Dissolve with one cup of boiling water. Take one half of grated pineapple and one and one half cups of sugar, juice of one lemon. Add the strained gelatine, put in freezer. Pack into ice and salt and freeze.

Iced Tea.—Use the black or the green tea, or both mixed, as fancied. Serve without milk; sweeten with sugar. A few slices of lemon heightens the flavor.

Iced Coffee.—Make more coffee than usual at breakfast time and stronger. When cold put on ice. Serve with cracked ice in each tumbler.

FOR MRS. JAMAL'S SCHOOL.

We have this week to acknowledge the following sums received:—Mrs. Strathdee, \$1; a Friend, \$2; One Who Wishes to Help, \$5; Nathaniel Dunbar, \$3.50; F. H. Clarke, \$2; Miss H. Lang, \$2.25; Mrs. E. H. Styles, \$1; Hugh Creighton, \$2; Mrs. W. P. Webb, \$3; M. B. Watt, \$1.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

H. F. S. asks: Can someone give me the remainder of the little poem by Margaret Sangster, beginning:

'T is not the things we do, dear,
It's the things we've left undone;
That gives us a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.'

One Who Wishes to Help.—Yes; you're right; \$20.00 is the sum required.

L. Bentley.—Will someone be kind enough to send a copy of the verses: 'The Bird with the Broken Pinion.'

THE 'WITNESS' PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Home Dressmaking Made Easy.



No. 755—LADY'S SQUARE AND POINTED YOKE.



No. 756—LADY'S SHIRT WAIST WITH SAILOR COLLAR.

'WITNESS' PATTERN DEPARTMENT.**COUPON FOR PATTERNS.**

Cut this Coupon out, fill in your name and full post-office address, with number and size of patterns wanted. Enclose 15 cents for single pattern, or 30 cents for three. Mail to 'Witness' Pattern Department, John Dougall & Son, corner Craig and St. Peter streets, Montreal.

Pattern No. _____ Bust measure, In. _____

Pattern No. _____ Bust measure, In. _____

Name _____

Address _____

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ALL IN ADVANCE.

Daily Witness		\$3.00
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" " 10 copies to one address		2.50
" " 20 " " "		4.50
" " 50 " " "		10.50
" " 100 " " "		20.00

All the above papers sent free of postage to the Dominion and United States.

For Great Britain add \$1.04 for postage on "Weekly Witness"; "Northern Messenger" add \$2.00; "Daily Witness" add \$3.00.

ADVERTISING RATES.

WEEKLY WITNESS.—Casual advertisements, 50¢ per line per insertion, including cuts and large type. One-third of, when set in our usual small advertising type. Contract Rates—1 year, \$7.50 per line; 6 months, \$4.00 per line; 3 months, \$2.25 per line. "Farms to Rent," "Farms for Sale," can be inserted for 10¢ a word per insertion. Money must accompany order.

DAILY WITNESS.—10¢ per line first insertion, and 5¢ per line each subsequent insertion on order. CUTS OR LARGE TYPE, double rates. Contracts on favorable terms. "Employment Wanted," "Situations Vacant," etc., 10¢ per insertion, up to 20 words. Money must accompany order, as this quotation is reckoned on a cash basis.

Births and Deaths, 25¢ per insertion; Marriages, 50¢. (These must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender.) Inserted without charge for subscribers. All obituaries with poetry, 50¢ a line, a line measure. Money to accompany notices.

Contracts payable quarterly in advance. Five is the minimum number of lines for which an advertisement is charged.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—When remitting be particular to give the correct post-office address and the Province or State, and either register your letter, which will cost 5¢ in addition to the regular postage, or procure a post-office order (in all cases we prefer the latter, as it protects the sender and ourselves). Post-office orders can be obtained at the following rates: \$1 to \$4, 2¢, and \$4 to \$10, 5¢. The American Express Company also issues money orders under \$5.00 for 5¢, and \$10 for 5¢. Subscribers in the United States can remit by P.O. order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or order of American Express Co. When wishing to have your address changed from one post-office to another, it is necessary to give the old address as well as the new. If this be not done such changes cannot be made. Address all letters concerning subscriptions or advertising: JOHN DUGALL & SON, "Witness," Montreal.

When stamps are sent to make up a remittance, the only denominations we accept are 1 and 3 cents.

Any subscriber of the Montreal "Witness" who would like to have a specimen copy of the paper sent to a friend can be accommodated by sending us on a postal card the name and address to which he would like the paper sent.

The Witness.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1895.

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS.

Christian martyrdom has become in most men's minds matter for art, for romance, for devotional reading, for anything but contemporary history. Yet the horrors that have come down to us from the days of Stephen and Paul and the Roman arena are fully paralleled, if not more than paralleled, by events passing before our eyes. The massacre of Christian missionaries at Ku Cheng must not be confounded with the recent assault on those at Chen Tu, in the province of Sz-Chuen. That province is the innermost one of China, and is drained by the upper waters of the Yang tse river, while Fu Kien is one of the provinces best known to foreigners. It is on the seaboard looking towards the south-east, and is that in which Fu Chow and Amoy, treaty ports, are situated. So long as outrages upon Chinamen in Christian countries are daily reported in the press, resulting for the most part from nothing but absolute antipathy of race—the same reason which makes dogs and cats who are unacquainted dislike each other—we are forced in confusion of face to curb our bitterness at those committed by the ignorant cannibal of the Chinese streets. As we are very indignant whenever there is any suspicion that magistrates in America show any sympathy with or allowance for brutal or murderous attacks on helpless foreigners, we have a right to be likewise indignant at the reported connivance of the Chinese authorities at the attack made upon Christian missionaries. We demand, as we hope the whole press of Christendom will demand, that evil-disposed or pusillanimous officials who may have made themselves responsible for the outrages reported shall be held to strict account therefor, whether it be the removal of their top buttons or the removal of their heads that justice calls for. Still more indignantly we demand that if it be true that mandarins who have connived at outrages have been promoted, the emperor himself or his responsible satraps shall be directly reckoned

with in a manner that will make it to his and their interest to act differently.

Burning as we are, however, with shame and horror at the villainess of the iniquity through which, according to report, possibly false, holy women have been called to pass, we are bound to consider the condition of the population among whom it has occurred, as well as of their rulers. To them, according to their most sacred and deepest convictions, a foreigner is a devil. The more he acts differently the more mysteriously unholy he appears to them. Or if they have it forced upon them that he is not only not wicked but that his generous beneficence is a reproach to themselves, they very heartily resent the contradiction of their prejudices. All prejudiced people are specially offended when they are forced to see in spite of themselves that their dearest prejudices rest on no foundation. At the present moment the anti-foreign prejudice is, with cause, specially rampant. Through the haze of lying and suppressed information there has gradually reached them a consciousness that their country and government have recently passed through some great humiliation at the hands of foreigners. Foreigners are all alike to them. The only ones they know are the red-bristled barbarians of Europe. The fact that their country has been humiliated is reason enough in their minds for revenge. The fact that their government has been humiliated is reason for not fearing it. Now is their chance to give vent to all their pent up hatred. Their rulers no doubt share in some degree those prejudices, and even where they do not share them they value them. The Chinese are no doubt a very intelligent, but they are not a well-informed people. If they have a national vice more noticeable than another it is the lack of imperial patriotism. The recent war seemed to prove that they had not a vestige of this. Is it then to be wondered at if even good rulers should be somewhat tolerant of the nearest thing they have to patriotism, namely, race prejudice? It is the one principle possessed by the Chinese people to which the Government can look as a nationalizing one or on which they can hope to consolidate the soulless mass of cognate humanity which the ages have agglomerated into an empire.

A London paper remarks that the whole question of Christian missions will need to be reconsidered, and that those who send out weak women to the midst of such dangers must be held to their share of the responsibility. We have not enough of the "Chronicle's" article to know whether it is the policy of the kingdom of heaven or that of Great Britain towards it that it proposes to revise. If the latter, it is quite within its sphere; if the former it is evidently beyond its depth. Dangers have not generally been a check on Christian zeal. Though there is little, if any, morbid seeking of the crown of martyrdom for its own sake, which is said to have existed in the desperately circumstanced church of the first centuries, there have generally been found, as on fields of earthly contest, two to step in where one falls, and Christians still rejoice, as did the apostles, in being counted worthy to suffer for the name of their Lord. The blood of the martyrs has in all ages been the seed of the Church. If there is to be any reconsideration or revival of the policy of the kingdom of God it will certainly take the form of self-accusing inquiry as to whether the Church has done its whole duty by these ignorant people, and will result in renewed consecration and renewed daring in the way of spreading the light of life. Out of the bitter anguish of this terrible experience will rise a new interest in the ignorant millions of China and a new desire for their salvation. Nothing has yet been told us about the behavior of the native Christians at Ku Cheng, but it has been a singularly cheering feature of almost every outbreak of Chinese violence which has taken place of late years that these have most valiantly, heroically and self-forgetfully stood by the missionaries. It shows that the kind of Christianity which is produced under the pressure of such danger and obloquy as surround Christians in China is of pretty good stuff, and well calculated to serve as a good foundation for what will probably ere long grow into a gigantic Christian movement.

IN A BAD WAY.

It seems to be admitted now not only that the Bowell Government's Manitoba policy was a blunder, but that it has made the settlement of the difficulty, by that government at least, well nigh impossible. Mr. Sifton, by exposing the actual condition of the Manitoba separate schools under a regime which gave them the utmost scope, not only showed how rash had been the order-in-council which despotically ordered their restoration without having informed itself as to what they really were, but blotted out all hope of its ever being enforced. The revelation by a Roman Catholic bishop of an attempt made through the Vatican to influence the decision of the Privy Council shocked the country and weakened the effect of the decision in the minds of all who, like Monseigneur Gravel, thought that tribunal might be influenced by such processes. Indeed, it greatly shocked all who desire to look upon the judiciary as free, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, to act in accordance with the law which they administer. Knowing the allegiance paid by all good Roman Catholics to the Church, it was simply terrible to think of the contest that must rack the bosoms of strong and true men between that allegiance and their allegiance to truth, and of how certainly weak men would yield to such unrighteous and unholy pressure. Now comes a report that the investigation into the working of the separate schools at Ottawa, which has been undertaken by the government of Ontario in response to the complaints and demands of the Roman Catholics themselves, has reached conclusions which discredit the separate school system of Ontario, though that is under the control of the government, which the Manitoba separate school system was not. This development will probably suggest to friends of the Dominion Government that it has been rash a second time in its utter rejection of the Manitoba Government's invitation to investigate the educational condition of Manitoba before doing anything else, and especially before announcing remedial legislation at a coming session. Indeed, the government has so entangled itself in rash promises and rash acts that it is a question whether it can now move hand or foot.

The "Gazette" no longer takes the trouble to hide its opinion that a general election will take place before the problem is solved by remedial legislation or in any other way. In speaking of the reports concerning the management of the separate schools at Ottawa, it says: "This, coming after the developments in connection with the French-speaking schools in Prescott and Russell, will not help to make the separate school idea any more popular in the province whose electoral vote may have a good deal to do with deciding whether or not separate schools shall be re-established in Manitoba." Realizing the deadlock into which the Ottawa Government's blunders have brought it, nothing is left to its advocates but to accuse the Liberals of causing all the trouble. The Winnipeg and Ottawa Liberals, they say, conspired to foment it to make trouble for the Ottawa Government. The readers of Conservative journals are evidently supposed to be ready to believe anything whatever against their political opponents. It is notorious that the Liberal party has disliked this question as much as the Conservative party has, and from first to last their effort has been at all their meetings to turn the attention of the voters to other questions. It is the people of Manitoba, Conservative and Liberal, who are responsible for abolishing the separate schools and maintaining the public schools. Mr. Hugh John Macdonald himself once declared that he would work and vote against the restoration of the separate schools. Had the Conservatives followed Mr. Laurier's frank advice to acknowledge their obvious constitutional responsibility and to inquire into what the grievances of the Manitoba minority really were and how they could be reasonably met in a conciliatory manner, they would have come out of the difficulty with dignity and with at least far greater success than has followed the shift and offensive course they have pursued. Instead of that they have worked the parties up to a fever by protracting the dispute from year to year by means of questions at law which need never have been raised and by leading the minority, by means of more and more des-

perate shifts and promises, to hope that all would go their way if they would only consent to present postponement. That course could only end in a precipice, and now that that is in plain sight they are naturally frantic.

CANADA AND THE AMERICAN UNION.

In a single number of the "Forum" Mr. Carnegie and the unspeakable Senator Lodge, both leading Republicans, the one wise and the other foolish, have without collusion stated what in the view of each should be, under the coming Republican regime, the policy of the United States towards Canada. Both of them think Canada should be whipped into the union by hostile laws. So, if they have their way, we know what to look for, and if either of them comes this way he ought to know what to look for. Senator Lodge says: "If Canada desires the advantages of our great markets let her unite with us entirely or as to tariffs. Until she does so it is our obvious policy to exclude her from our markets and give her no advantages of any kind." Mr. Lodge does not even profess any liking for Canada. Not so Mr. Carnegie; he loves us. Here is what he says:—

Although I am opposed to taxing the food and the necessities of the people, I should make an exception in regard to products of Canada, and this without regard to the doctrines of either free trade or protection, but as a matter of high politics. I think we betray a lack of statesmanship in allowing commercial advantages to a country which owes allegiance to a foreign power founded upon monarchical institutions, which may always be trusted at heart to detect the Republican idea. If Canada were free and independent, and threw in her lot with this Continent, it would be a different matter. So long as she remains on our flank as a possible foe, not upon her own account, but subject to the orders of a European power, and ready to be called by that power to exert her forces against us, even upon issues that may not concern Canada, I should let her distinctly understand that we view her as a menace to the peace and security of our country, and I should treat her accordingly. She should not be in the Union and out of the Union at the same time, if I could prevent it. Therefore, I should tax highly all her products entering the United States; and this I should do, not in dislike for Canada, but for love of her, in the hope that it would cause her to realize that the nations upon this Continent are expected to be American nations, and I trust, finally one nation so far as the English-speaking portion is concerned. I should use the rod not in anger but in love; but I should use it. She would be either a member of the Republic, or she should stand for her own self, responsible for her conduct in peace and war, as other nations are responsible, and she should not shield herself by calling to her aid a foreign power. This, as I have said, neither free trade nor protection, but it does bear upon the subject of the tariff. I would tax Canadian articles so long as Canada continued the subordinate of a European power.

These doughty protectionist leaders find a competent antagonist in Dr. Clark Murray of this city, who responds in "The Open Court," published in Chicago. He hails Mr. Carnegie's professions of friendliness as "no greater enemy of the human race could well be conceived than one who would deliberately stir up war between two countries." Yet the policy urged by these two worthies is virtually one of war. Mr. Carnegie's objection to the present political position of Canada is that it is incompatible with a friendly relation to the United States. The two great questions which the position taken by Mr. Carnegie raises are, first, whether the position of Canada justifies this fear, and second, whether his policy of coercion is the way to mend it.

First, what is there in the position of Canada which makes her a menace to the peace and security of the United States? Mr. Carnegie finds two circumstances in Canada's position which makes her a menace; first, she is at the dictation of a foreign power; second, her institutions are monarchical, and she must therefore detect "the republican idea." As to Canada's relations with Great Britain being a reason for regarding her as an enemy, Dr. Murray points out that war is a result not so much of men's external relations as of their internal passions. Neither the closest alliance nor the best statecraft has been able to prevent conflict where men's interests have become irreconcilable. The greatest war of our century has taken place between diverse interests in the United States, and patriotic American thinkers even to-day see more danger to their country's peace from divergent interests within than from the ambitions of any foreign power. The annexation of Canada would if anything add to the divergency of internal interests.

Mr. Carnegie thinks that the peril arising from Canada would be removed if she separated from Great Britain. This is certainly not based on known facts, which all tell in a contrary sense. Canada is constantly complaining—whether rightly or wrongly does not affect the question—of her interests being sacrificed by Great Britain to those of the United States. It is presumable, therefore, that Canada's connection with an empire like that of Great Britain, whose interests in favor of peace are immeasurable in quantity, and are scattered in every corner of the world, is the greatest possible check upon her warlike passions. As for Canada's always detesting the "republican idea," the question it suggests is what may be meant by that interesting phrase. If it means government of the people by the people for the people, every Canadian thinks that Canada has already more of that than the Americans have. Apart from sentiment, the principal objection to the idea of annexation has always been that the United States does not enjoy responsible government as we do. Americans, even the most educated and even men who have lived in Great Britain, do not seem to be able to get over regarding the Queen as a ruler like their President and the House of Lords as a power like their senate. In both notions they are far away from the facts. England is a monarchy in form only, her real rulers being immediately responsible to the parliamentary majority, while the United States is for four years at a time a monarchy in fact.

But suppose Canada, through her connection with Great Britain, to be a menace to the United States, is Mr. Carnegie's policy the one to secure Canada's independence or annexation? The immediate object of that policy is to injure the industries of Canada; its ultimate object is to sever her connection with Great Britain. First, then, can the United States at her pleasure render Canada's existence intolerable by injury to her industries; and, second, would she by so doing gain her end? Dr. Murray thinks the power of the United States to injure Canada by hostile tariffs may easily be overestimated. Of course, any production which had grown up in response to demand from the United States would be fatally injured by cutting off that demand and industry would suffer until it found other channels, but Dr. Murray thinks the introduction of a new machine may have often thrown as many temporarily out of employment as a hostile tariff could. It is a very difficult thing to reach conclusions as to what might result under untried circumstances, but here, as Dr. Murray observes, the circumstances are not untried. "Mr. Carnegie's party has already," he says, "pretty accurately gauged the extent of the damage which can be inflicted on Canada by their policy. No administration is likely to venture further in this direction than the tariff associated with the name of Mr. McKinley, and it is a patent fact that during the years which have passed since that tariff was adopted the people of Canada have suffered less from industrial depression than the people whom it was designed to benefit."

Grant, however, that the industrial life of Canada could be completely paralyzed, would it have the desired ultimate effect? The policy proposed is one of war. It is all very well to say the blows are administered in love; most conquerors have looked on themselves as benefactors. The time was when such an assumption was counted good warrant for an invasion, but that time is past in Europe, and the idea never was an American one. Dr. Murray says: "The usurpation by the United States of a right to decide the policy of Canada would be treason to the immortal truths out of which they took their origin. If the American colonies, in declaring their independence, did not proclaim the inalienable right of all peoples to secure 'life, liberty and happiness under such forms of government as they voluntarily elect, then the history of the Revolution has been wholly misread.' The United States may be said to have retreated from the 'immortal truth' appealed to by Dr. Murray when it successfully coerced the Southern States into renewed allegiance, but all the same it cannot very consistently object to Canadians asserting their liberties as the Americans did."

"We may differ in opinion," quotes Dr. Murray, "as to what the future of our country should be, but there is one point on which we are all agreed; our future, whatever it is to be, shall be decided by our own free election; it shall not be forced on us by the dictation of a foreign power." Americans will admit that Canadians resisting coercion would be better representatives of the spirit which animated the heroes of the revolution than Americans adopting it.

But even supposing that the proposed policy of coercion were justified by the highest righteousness, there would still be room to conjecture the effect it might be expected to produce on Canadian sentiment towards the United States. Indeed, the result is not left to conjecture. The union of the thirteen British colonies on the Atlantic coast of America was counted an impossibility, so diverse were their sentiments and interests, until coercion from without welded them into a unit of resistance. King Edward of England, called on his tombstone the hammer of the Scots, thought it was for the benefit of all concerned that the whole island of Great Britain should be under common rule. He it was who by his attempts upon their liberties welded the scattered tribes of Scotland into a single kingdom under a national name, and developed among them a national feeling that had never before existed. It is possible that Mr. Carnegie's method might be the very thing needed to send through Canadians that common thrill of life which makes a people into a nation. Supposing, however, the war should prove successful; supposing Canadians, after struggling for a time against hardship, should at length succumb to superior power, what would be the result? The United States would have along their northern border, instead of a friendly power, a number of sullen states who would, to say the least, be more, rather than less than now a menace to the peace and security of the United States.

THE MOST WORTHY GRAND MASTER.

Mr. Clarke Wallace has been re-elected by acclamation grand master of the Orange Grand Lodge of British North America. There were those who thought that opposition to Mr. Wallace's re-election would manifest itself and prove successful, because Mr. Wallace remains a member of the government which passed the order-in-council commanding the restoration of the separate school system of Manitoba, and so is, jointly with it, responsible for a policy to which the Orangemen are most determinedly opposed, and which all the lodges have protested against. It is not surprising, perhaps, that people generally should have expected that the Orangemen would require their grand master to resign either his place in a government whose policy on a question, counted by them of primary and vital importance, is hostile to all their principles and interests, or resign his place at the head of their society. Probably the Orangemen would have acted as they were generally expected to but for Mr. Wallace's anomalous attitude of hunting with the hounds while he is running with the hare. Although a member of the government which passed the order-in-council, which has never rescinded it, and which pledged itself just before the prorogation of parliament to call another session in order to execute the order unless Manitoba executed it, Mr. Clarke Wallace declares himself totally opposed to the order-in-council. Not only that, but he publicly condemns and denounces the policy of the government of which he is a member. In his address as grand master to the grand lodge from which he was seeking re-election, he took particular pains to manifest his hostility and that of the Orangemen to the state of things which the government, of which he is now a member, is doing its best to drive or coax the Manitoba Government into forcing upon the people of Manitoba, in the face, among other things, of the loud protests of the grand lodge of Manitoba.

It is unprecedented for a minister of the crown to remain in office, and in receipt of emolument, when he is opposed to the policy of his government; such a one resigns because his presence in the ministry is constitutionally an endorsement of all that ministers do, because it strengthens the ministry and consequently their policy, to which he is opposed, and be-

cause a position in which monetary interest and moral principle are antagonistic is an impossible one for an honorable man. Mr. Wallace, however, seems to feel free, when his position in the Orange Grand Lodge demands it, publicly to oppose the policy of his own government. He does not exercise the same liberty when mere public interests would seem to demand it, as, for instance, in a session of parliament; yet there may be reasons for that which do not concern Orangemen. Who can blame the Orangemen, therefore, for re-electing as grand master a man who has the courage, moral or other, openly to support their policy against that of the government of which he is a paid member, thus defying that government to turn him out? If the government chooses to tolerate the presence of a member who opposes its policy in public, that is the government's business, which it understands best, and it is not for them to kick. On the other hand, it is probable that if they were to dismiss their grand master the government would dismiss him too. The likelihood is that the government tolerates him because his occupancy of both positions is still counted to be in some sense condonation by the order of its Manitoba policy. The government's organs certainly seem to look upon it in this way, as they are undisguisedly pleased at Mr. Wallace's re-election. There are Orangemen of equal eminence and of clean record whom the order might have chosen in Mr. Wallace's place. The government is apparently quite encouraged by their preferring him.

QUEER OLD WIGGINS.

'Professor' E. Stone Wiggins's brain seems to be a regular old lumber room. All the crippled and ragged and worn-out furniture and cast-off clothing of the pseudo-sciences of past ages, together with witches' and wizard's broomsticks and alligators, and skulls and cross-bones, and old wives' tales, seem to have found their way there, and to be valued by its proprietor as the keeper of an old curiosity shop values his wares in proportion to their quaintness, out-of-dateness and second-handness. In sultry seasons, or in wet weather, or during gloomy days, when children are out of sorts and have to find amusement and entertainment, they are packed off to the lumber room, where they are allowed to masquerade in the cast-off clothing of their ancestors, shoulder the matchlocks of their grandfathers, and excite themselves with the ghosts of the past generally. Just so the grown-up big children of Canada are amused and entertained during silly seasons by the contents of Mr. Wiggins's lumber room, which are got out by the newspapers and made to look as if they might be of use or worked, or as if they were still things of importance. While the storm lasts, and the children cannot get out into the fresh air to play with real things of their own age and life, this lumber room stuff serves the purpose of keeping them in good humor. Mr. Wiggins, with his dusty, romantic relics and rubbish, and his battered old books of ghost stories of science, is an old Mother Goose of whom Canada has good reason to be proud in this somewhat matter-of-fact age.

TRINIDADE.

Great Britain probably had no idea that she would stir up such a hornet's nest as she has done by taking possession of Trinidad island, in the South Atlantic ocean. The island is a rock bare of life, and so far has been of no value or use to any nation. It seems to have been regarded as a colonial possession of Portugal, probably because the nearest portion of any continent was Brazil, a colony of Portugal. In one of its wars with Portugal, Great Britain took nominal possession of Trinidad, but after some years made it over to Portugal, probably as one possession in a list of others handed back at the same time. When Brazil became independent it seems to have been taken for granted that Trinidad was a portion of her territory; at any rate, she was its nominal possessor. Her possession was merely nominal; it was considered hers because it was off her coast and was a sort of no-man's-land. It lies about seven hundred miles away from the nearest promontory in Brazil, and Brazil never occupied it, never took formal possession of it. It remains to be seen whether her nominal ownership of it will be

allowed to stand in the way of its being put to use by Great Britain. There is a sort of international understanding that every nation must make good its claim to any unused territory by taking actual possession of it. It will be remembered that in the recent partition of Africa each nation had to make good its claim to districts by taking possession. Germany, by hoisting its flag at Witu, took possession of that part of the coast against the protests of Great Britain, whose people had done missionary work there, and claimed it. Germany afterward abandoned it and Great Britain again took possession. Great Britain also took formal possession of Uganda and the Equatorial Provinces after the same fashion, and disregarded Portugal's claims to Mashonaland because Portugal had not taken possession of it, and could show no treaties with the occupying tribes to make good her nominal ownership, which had long been admitted. There is a rock in the Arabian sea which nominally belonged to the Presidency of Bombay, but had never been formally occupied by the British. The French secretly sent out a man-of-war to take it in the name of France, but the British heard of it, and when the French man-of-war arrived she was greeted with a friendly salute from a small British garrison over which the Union Jack waved. Another island in the Babelmandeb straits, together with the coast opposite Aden, at the entrance to the Red Sea, was occupied by Great Britain, though not previously claimed by her because France was on the point of seizing it. More recently a rocky, barren island of the Sandwich group, in the Pacific, was thought of by the British as a possible station for a cable between Australia and Canada. The Honolulu Government, in order to establish its claim to this island, which had always nominally belonged to it, sent out a steamer and took formal possession in order to forestall Great Britain. Unless Brazil can show that she has taken formal possession of Trinidad her nominal claim to its ownership, however well understood, will not avail her. Great Britain offers to submit the question of its actual ownership to arbitration, but it is likely that when Brazil hears from Washington she will surrender her claims, for Washington authorities all agree that Brazil's claim is untenable.

NAZURALLA AND THE MAP.

Diplomacy is a very difficult and dangerous game, and demands for successful playing constant and careful watchfulness. It appears that during the recent visit of the younger son of the Ameer of Afghanistan to England an incident occurred which nearly resulted in the cession of a part of the Indian empire to the Ameer, through the strict observance of decorum by the Ameer's son and the innocence of a little school girl. Nazuralla Khan was taken to see a girls' school in London, and out of compliment to the Shahzada the pupils were set the task of drawing a map of Afghanistan in his presence. When they had completed their task, the Ameer's son seemed much pleased with the result of their labors, and the best of the maps, made by a little girl, was offered for his acceptance. It is not in accordance with the etiquette or ceremonial law of Mohammedans for a man to accept anything at the hands of a woman unless his wife or mother, and the Shahzada refused to take the map from the girl's hands. On the contrary, he insisted on the map being presented to him with due ceremony by Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, who was present. It seems that this would have given the map a certain official sanction, and before handing it over it was thought well to have it examined by the expert geographers of the Indian office, so as to make sure the boundaries were right. It was found that the little school girl had included in Afghanistan a good deal of territory belonging to British India, she having drawn it from an old map. The question is being discussed whether the Shahzada noticed the error in the map and took advantage of a form of etiquette to establish a claim upon Great Britain for a big slice of territory. Anyway, he did not get the map. This occurrence has called forth criticism of British school books, which are not sufficiently up to date. If the geography books of the schools had to be changed every time an addition is made to the frontiers of the empire, parents would

have still more cause than they now have for grumbling over the frequency with which new books are needed, for there is hardly a month goes by in which the empire does not expand in some direction.

A DESOLATE CREED.

It would be hard to enunciate a more desolate creed than that to which a theological writer in the 'Minerve' has given voice in his valuation of the pan-American congress at Toronto, which we quote in this paper. This writer has not even the faith which had, we supposed, become instinctive throughout Christendom in the good time coming, the time which Burns looked forward to—

'When man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be and a' that.'

Is it because universal fraternity was the dream of the Revolution that the orthodoxy represented by this defender of a hopeless and sterile faith has gone back on it and declares it not to be, or at least, with some Protestants, thinks it cannot come except by a miraculous reversal of God's present methods with men? Does not this prophet of dreariness know that our Lord came to set up His kingdom in the hearts of men; that he declared to those about him that this kingdom was even then within them; that it was a grain of mustard seed with an irresistible germinant power, and would grow until the whole earth was governed by its laws; that the laws were that men should love God with all their being and love their neighbors as themselves, and that no man should live for himself, but for all about him. In the days before Christianity no doubt the law of Babel prevailed. 'Ye have heard,' said the Saviour, 'that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy,' or as He interpreted it, thou shalt love them of thine own race, language and creed, and count as aliens them of different race, language and creed, such as the Samaritans, 'but I say unto you, Love your enemies,' and count the Samaritans as your brethren. The theologian of the 'Minerve' has re-proclaimed the law of Babel as coolly as if eighteen centuries of Christianity had availed nothing to make a Christian of him.

The next astounding statement of this extraordinary creed is one which would shock a Buddhist and which would shut off all intercourse between God and man. Goethe calls the satanic spirit the spirit that denies. We doubt if any denial could be more radical than to declare that there is only one man to whom the Divine Spirit has promised direct assistance. There seem to be among us persons who do not know of that promise to the disciples of Christ most dwelt on of all, of the presence of the Holy Spirit in their souls, and who have not been aware of this presence in living men and women about them. If this writer looks about him, we have no doubt he will find in many a humble home of his own faith persons whose lives are ruled by the indwelling God and who bring forth the fruit of holiness and of power for good. All spiritual power, of which there is more in our day than in any previous day, is accompanied by a conviction of the presence of God in the soul. There are many who are willing to own they have not got it, but few who care deny the possibility of it. The third error in our neighbor's creed is that he only seems to see outward things. If there is to be unity, he asks, which language, which traditions, which faith will prevail? He rightly answers that on this continent it would almost necessarily be the English and the Protestant. Unity and fraternity are therefore to be resisted by those who are not English and not Protestant with all their might. The congress, however, did not contemplate uniformity, but fraternal affection between diverse elements and co-operation in those things in which those who differ agree. The blessing or curse of Babel may remain for the present, until free intercourse and oneness of spirit produce resemblance in outward things. What is desired is that the kingdom of Christ should come, in which love and co-operation will take the place of all oppositions and enmities. As a step to this, the desire of the promoters of that congress was that at least wherein men who are seeking the world's salvation agree they should help each other. There is no doubt that progress towards this is rapid in our day.

The decision of Justice Chitty in favor of the renewal of a lease to a liquor shop on the property of Lady Henry Somerset will exonerate that lady from the slanders of the foul-mouthed liquor interest which ridiculed her in the pothouses for deriving a revenue from liquor shops. Lady Henry did well, whether she thought she had a good case or not, to refuse the renewal of this lease and thereby set forth to all the world that whoever was responsible for the iniquity she was not. Serious questions would appear to arise out of this decision, unless there is something in the circumstances of the case which does not appear in the brief and imperfect telegraphic report. The property in question would seem to be hers only during her life or during the minority of her son. She is counted not a proprietor but a usufructuary, or an administrator. She is a trustee, and the court holds that as such she cannot refuse such an employment of the property as will bring in the greatest revenue. We presume that had her ladyship been able to show that the use of this place as a drink shop was a pecuniary injury to the property as a whole she would have had the support of the court in her course with regard to it. The point that seems to be settled by this decision is that conscience, or moral considerations, what Judge Chitty calls opinion, has no place in the fiduciary administration of property. A proprietor may have a soul, but a trustee must positively do without one. Would it not be worth while for the temperance people of England to join Lady Henry Somerset in carrying this case to the foot of the throne to see if Judge Chitty's decision is final? It is so easy for people nowadays to find an excuse for doing wrong. A fair corollary from this decision would appear to be that in any business where others besides one's self are interested, and what business is free from this condition, one is bound to take every legal advantage and not give any consideration to moral claims. This is no doubt the principle on which much business is done, but we have always counted it a most unholy one.

It is not only the government itself but the administration of the departments which has become demoralized. During the late session of parliament questions were asked of the Comptroller of Customs as to the reasons of the government for not taking criminal proceedings against the firm of Boyd, Ryrie & Campbell for defrauding the customs. The comptroller, Mr. Wallace, in defence of his department, alleged that the case had been handed by his department over to the Department of Justice to be dealt with; it had therefore been dealt with promptly by his department. The curious part of this explanation was that it merely shifted the blame upon the Department of Justice, and that department, represented by Sir Hibbert Tupper, said not a word to clear itself before the House. In fact, it could not do so without making a very grave charge against the Department of Customs. When the correspondence came down it was found that the Deputy Minister of Justice had written to the Department of Customs in February last declaring that one of the members of the firm in question was criminally responsible, and asking for instructions from the Comptroller of Customs to institute proceedings, and that this letter was not answered. Mr. Wallace explained that no such letter could be found among the documents of his department. How had it disappeared? After the matter had been raised in the House by Mr. Lister a reply was sent to it saying that it was in the interest of the department to take action, but discouraging prosecution by referring the Department of Justice to the want of success in similar actions in the past, an excuse which is always available when wanted. It is impossible to say from the facts whether the government was simply preoccupied and incapable, or whether it was worse.

People in the vicinity of Seraphim Lake and Long Lake have been somewhat surprised, at the request made from the pulpit of one of the adjoining parishes, calling upon the people to change the name of Seraphim Lake to 'Lake Duhamel,' and Long Lake to 'Oulmet Lake.' The people are said to object to the change, which depends upon them to become usage. They are determined to stick to the

old names. The region about St. Jovite, Ste. Agathe, and other parts of the same section of country, have been much frequented this season by holiday seekers. Those who displace established names, especially if such be at all quaint, can have no capacity for judging what goes to make a resort attractive to pleasure seekers, who are usually greatly governed by sentiment. The impudent overthrow of landmarks to gratify petty vanity, is an assault on one of the truest sentiments of cultured men, and manifests a very vulgar taste. The City Council of Montreal is an absolute vandal in this matter. It not only changes names which have woven themselves into the lives of generations, but chooses names which must either be always pronounced in French, or which will be entirely different if rendered into English, and thus be a source of endless confusion. Is it not possible to find names that will read the same in both languages? How utterly banal is the name Hotel de Ville street, and it will have to be labelled alternately City Hall street.

A stage play is being enacted before the highest court in the realm. From confederation until now the chief study of national and provincial statesmen with regard to the question of prohibition has been how to throw all responsibility with regard to it off their own on to each other's shoulders. There is no very clear evidence from any quarter that either party is any more anxious now than at any former time to secure the responsibility of dealing prohibitively with the traffic. Yet each party has to go before the supreme court of the empire urging claims which it is not seeking. Of course, this can be done in good faith. In selecting Mr. MacLaren as its advocate the Ontario Government gave complete proof of its good faith, as the temperance people whom he so well represents naturally desire as large powers as possible for the temperance province of Ontario, which has registered a popular vote by a two-thirds majority in favor of prohibition, and for a government which has pledged itself to grant prohibitory legislation to the top of its powers. There is one party to this question which is always in genuine earnest, namely, the liquor interest. As far as can be judged from the remarks made by their Lordships during the progress of the case so far, their opinion would deprive Ontario of even the most partial right of local prohibition.

The Trappist monks of Tracadie, the same who secluded an ex-priest when he had been lured away from his helpless wife, have, with the countenance of Bishop Cameron of Antigonish, political patron of Sir John Thompson, entered on a gambling scheme by circulating lottery tickets through Her Majesty's mails. Not even drink is more blighting to the soul than the vice of gambling, and no form of gambling is more pervasive in a community and more insidiously tempting than the lottery, whose tickets find their way to the utmost recesses of society, carrying their influence to benumb industry to the poorest as well as the richest, to the city slum and the settler's cabin. Still more powerful is this enthralling vice for harm when it gets the sanction of piety. When a vice is promoted in the interest of religion it must necessarily rob religion of all power to make people good or raise them toward God.

CHICAGO MAIN DRAINAGE CANAL.

BY THOMAS C. KEEFER, C.E.

Chicago has been struggling for the last forty years with her drainage system. Her lake frontage is low, and the principal portion of the business section was originally drained by the Chicago river with its branches and forks, which are stagnant streams in dry weather. After much effort to flush these still water cesspools in the dry season by pumping water into their upper levels, it was determined to cut through the dividing ridge between Chicago and the Illinois river and send the sewage into the latter. This was done in 1871, but it was soon found that the fall between this summit cut and Lake Michigan was so slight that when the lake was lowered by wind, the current was reversed and the sewage came back through the city and into the lake, where it, as before, affected

the water supply. Six years ago the city determined to make the canal through the dividing ridge so deep and wide that it would maintain a constant flow from the valley of the St. Lawrence into that of the Mississippi. This work was commenced in 1892, and is now all under contract. It will be double the width of the Lachine canal and nearly double its depth, when fully enlarged, or twenty-six feet. It will be about twenty-eight miles long, and is estimated to cost about as many millions; or a million dollars per mile, the total excavations reaching 40,000,000 cubic yards. It is designed to handle the sewage of 3,000,000 people, and when the full dimensions are reached it will be capable of abstracting from the St. Lawrence 600,000 cubic feet of water per minute. This will be about four percent of the low water flow of the Niagara river, and about three percent of that of the St. Lawrence at Montreal. There is no authority for this diversion of the waters of the lakes except an act of the Illinois State Legislature. The only defence of it (besides that of necessity, which recognizes no law) is that 'it is the accepted geological teaching that the great lakes at one time emptied into the Gulf of Mexico.' It is an accepted legal maxim that if you divert water from the channel of a river in order to utilize it for any purpose you must return it to the same river again. This is done at Niagara Falls without any influence on the levels of the river where navigable. The diversion in such a case is sending the water through a useful channel to do its work on the wheels, instead of falling ornamentally over the cataracts.

The Chicago enterprise is an abstraction, not a diversion, and is so looked upon by every one out of Chicago. Engineers estimate a reduction in the lake levels, below Superior, from three or four to seven or eight inches, and the Federal Government has appointed a commission to ascertain the probable effect of Chicago's sewer upon the navigation. If a permanent reduction of the lake levels is established every harbor is affected, as well as the deepened channels in St. Mary's, Detroit and St. Clair rivers, and the carrying capacity of the lake fleet will be diminished to the extent of perhaps millions of tons, and their earnings reduced at least a million of dollars each year. Under these circumstances, although the matter is a fair subject for protest by Canada, little interest has been shown here because there is a certainty that this 'abstract right' will be tested without effort or expense upon our part. Some in Chicago, as well as outside, have connected this big drainage ditch with a scheme for making Chicago an ocean port—because so far as it goes the ditch will be a magnificent ship canal—being wider than and as deep as the Suez and Manchester canals; but its dimensions have been determined entirely by the flow required so to dilute the sewage of three millions that it may not become objectionable to the dwellers on the Illinois river. It would only make Chicago an ocean port via the Gulf of Mexico, and ocean steamers, except, perhaps, the smaller ones (fruit steamers from the Gulf, etc.) would not find it profitable to stem for a thousand miles the current of the Mississippi, and then ascend the Illinois river nearly three hundred miles, with about five hundred feet lockages to reach Chicago. Chicago may be assailed by injunction from the navigation interests of the harbors and shipping of other states. The charter of the State of Illinois may legalize any pollution of the waters in that state, but if the dwellers on the Mississippi should scent an odor and a law suit in this gigantic sewer of so rich a city she may also be attacked from the rear as well as the front. The enormous quantities of excavation in so short a canal have given rise to the invention of new methods of handling the material—and to the employment of machines and power to a greater extent than elsewhere—resulting in a great reduction of the cost. Channelling machines put a smooth face on the rock sides of the canal; hydraulic dredges suck up all that can be made fluid enough and spout it over the spoil banks. Air hoists are used to clear out the large rocks. Belt conveyors carry off earth as they do grain from a vessel. Steam shovels, of half a dozen patterns, fill cars which are sent over 'cantilever conveyors,' 'bridge conveyors' and 'incline conveyors,' emptied and returned to place without manual labor.

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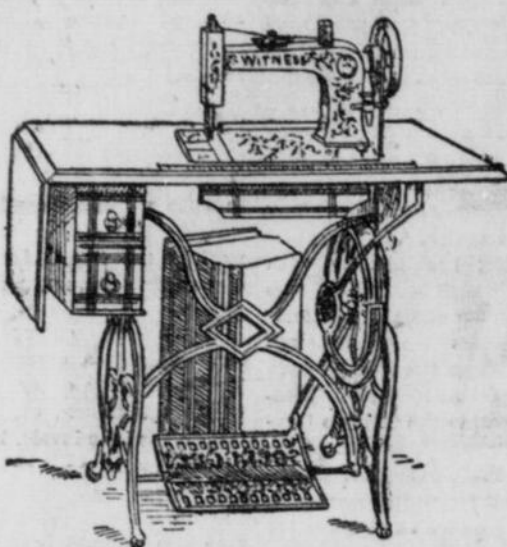
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To any housewife desiring a sewing machine, this is a genuine bargain.

AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL

[We invite communications from farmers giving their experiences on matters interesting to them as a class, and also enquiries, to which, if we cannot answer them ourselves, some of our readers may be able to furnish satisfactory replies. Questions must always be accompanied by name and address, though not necessarily for publication.]

COLD STORAGE ON THE FARM.

Some interesting articles on the above subject have lately appeared in United States agricultural journals, and farmers across the lines are beginning to turn their attention to the matter. Canada should not be lagging behind in anything pertaining to the march of progress and improvement, so it may not be amiss to give the readers of the 'Witness' an inkling of what is going on in this direction. Cold storage is a mode of keeping cheese, butter, small fruits and other perishable products, which is already being extensively practised in cities, and has made a great revolution in the produce trade. Formerly, when these goods arrived in the market in hot summer months, they had to be rushed off at any prices that could be got for them in order to place them in the consumer's hands before they spoiled. Sometimes, when large quantities of these products were offered for sale, they had to be sacrificed at prices which would hardly pay transportation rates. Then, again, there would be a scarcity of such articles and prices would become extravagantly high. The markets were very uncertain, and it was quite a risk to produce articles of a perishable nature. They might or they might not pay the cost of production. If they happened to reach market when there was a keen demand for such things, high prices would be realized for them. But, not infrequently, whole carloads of goods were lost through lack of demand, and both producers and middlemen sustained great loss. There was loss also to the general community, because it is production that makes national wealth. But now, wherever the cold storage system is in operation all such loss is prevented, while the price of perishable goods is regulated so that quotations do not fluctuate to any great extent from week to week. According to all accounts the cold storage system has already reached vast dimensions. It is no longer an experiment, but a well tested method of management. Enormous warehouses have been erected where butter is frozen hard as soon as it arrives in market. It can be kept in this condition all summer without any loss of flavor or deterioration of quality. If the demand is low when it arrives, there is no imperative reason why it should be sold immediately. It can be kept, at comparatively small expense, until prices improve. June grass butter is frequently kept frozen in storage houses until the middle of winter, when fancy prices are cheerfully paid for an article that has a distinctive grass flavor. The same is true of cheese made when the sweetest and richest juices are in the green forage, and the pastures are at their best. In the same way, small fruits are kept in their freshness and remain so for many days after picking in the heat of summer. In short, the storage system, wherever it is in operation, is a decided gain to the producer, and is at the same time a source of profit to the owners of warehouses.

Advanced farmers in the United States are beginning to think that this cold storage system ought to be utilized by them, both individually and collectively. When June grass butter is bought in the open market at low prices, the speculators who store it, are the ones who make the profit out of it. When poultry is abundant and cheap, these same speculators buy up the best specimens and freeze them. Later, they put them on the market when prices are at their best. The farmer is not benefited by this arrangement, except that there are no perishable articles lost, and that there is a more uniform quotation of prices. But the golden harvest is reaped by the speculator instead of the producer. With cold storage on the farm, the dairyman, poultry keeper and fruit grower could watch the markets, note the rise and fall of prices, hold on to their goods during dull times, and sell when the demand was briskest, and the price at its best. Thus the lion's share of the profits would go into the hands of the producers rather than those of the speculators, and more even-handed justice would be dealt out all round. Farmers have all the facilities for cold storage, ready to hand. Ice, buildings, land and everything requisite, is much cheaper in the country than it is in the city. A farm of any pretensions is not completely equipped without an ice-house, and it could be easily constructed so as to provide cold storage on a small scale. Many years ago, some plans appeared in the 'Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs,' combining an ice-house and milk-house. A modification of these would be well suited for the purposes of cold storage on farm premises, and need not be very expensive. But the same arrangements which have been carried out so effectively for co-operative dairying could be just as well applied to co-operative cold storage. One large ice-house can be built much cheaper than several small ones, and the building once erected, the cost of filling it in winter

would be but trifling. If a number of farmers would combine together, the cost to each would be comparatively little. Then, year by year, the ice-house could be filled at practically no cost whatever, except that of time and labor, which the farmer can easily furnish in the season of winter. This appears to be the best way to develop the cold storage system in the rural districts. It will surely not be long before co-operative cold storage takes its place beside cheese factories and creameries. The value of cold storage for the preservation of fresh fruits is very great. Small fruits are generally picked from a hot field and kept overnight in crates where the air is close and warm, to be shipped to market next day. As a result, they are liable to decay and deteriorate at once, so that they are often soft and spongy-looking when they come to be opened out for sale. If these small fruits could be picked one day and put as fast as they are gathered into a cold storage house, the chill they would get there would stop all tendency to decay, keep them firm, and enable the seller to place them on the market in an attractive condition. Berries that by the ordinary method of marketing would rank as second-rate and inferior fruit, would by reason of their firmness and generally excellent appearance be classed as a fancy article, and as such bring the top price. It is very important to bear in mind that quality and appearance always dominate the market in every class of products. In the preservation of winter fruits, cold storage at the proper temperature, somewhat above the freezing point, is very helpful in prolonging the season of apples, grapes and pears. Kept too warm, these fruits decay rapidly, pears especially. By means of cold storage, Seckel and other favorite pears are kept in prime condition until spring, when they readily sell in the large cities for five and six dollars per box. With proper storage facilities, farmers and fruit-growers could keep their choicer specimens at home, and drop them in on the market at a time of scarcity and high prices. This is one of the lines along which a shrewd business policy will have a tendency to increase the wealth and prosperity of the rural population.

LINDENBANK.

FARM GLEANINGS.

Fertility tends to make fertility. Good crops grown from the land, fed to good stock upon the land, and the by-products returned to the land with due care, will make better land, bigger crops, and enable the feeding of more stock. Then you have more manure again, and the same round goes on and grows more money as it does so.

A composite garden may present to view far different things; for instance, I have seen gardens with a wretched blending of brush-piles, tin cans, discarded foot-wear and weeds, with here and there a poor, pitiful row of potatoes, half scattered and starved from lack of proper soil constituents, and with perhaps an onion bed in a like neglected state.

Thomasville is the centre of the watermelon district, which covers an area of about one hundred and fifty miles square, including the south-western portion of Florida, and when the season opens, the freight departments of the railways in this section move their headquarters to Thomasville, and the telegraph company sends down five extra operators to handle the increased business occasioned by the purchase and shipment of the crop, says the Chicago 'Record.' The season lasts about two months, beginning with July and ending with August, and last year between 7,000 and 8,000 carloads were shipped outside the state, carrying an average of 1,200 melons to a car, which makes a total of about 9,600,000 melons contributed to the northern and western appetite.

In a recent discussion on the sparrow nuisance, some of the members of the Ararat Agricultural Society gave interesting details of the extent of the losses sustained by the depredations of these birds. The president remarked that his losses had been so great that he had quite abandoned the idea of planting a considerable area in vines. Other members followed in the same strain, and much useful information was given regarding the best methods of destroying the birds. Operations of a partial character would, of course, be of no use; unless all put their shoulders to the wheel the evil would increase, and the growing of grain crops and grapes would be impossible. It is evident that the sparrow question is one calling for effective action. Societies should at once take it up and discuss it in a practical spirit.—'Australasian.'

Even when cultivated crops are well managed, some weeds are likely to escape notice, and to raise their vigorous heads high over the surrounding crop. It is well, then, to go through the crop once, some time after cultivation has entirely ceased, and to destroy all these. It is a great matter that we in Ontario are able to grow cultivated crops to so great an extent, because of the influence which such cultivation exerts in cleaning the land. We here can have no idea of the extent to which weeds prevail in the grain crops in Manitoba, and in the western and north-western states, where hoed crops do not receive relatively anything like as much attention as is given to them with us. And it is well never to let the idea get a foothold in our minds that hand-hoeing, to some extent, cannot be made to pay. To be sure, the chief portion of the work must be done with the cultivator, but the cultivator cannot do it all. The finishing touch in many kinds of cultivated crops must be given with the hoe. Just as soon as the idea becomes firmly rooted in the minds of the farmers that farming can be all done while sitting on the seat of an agricultural implement, just so soon will that neighborhood become smitten with the taint of decay. They will not prosper. Their farms will soon bear evidences of that sloth which is the sure forerunner of the ever-devouring mortgage.

KEEPING WEEDS OUT OF THE GARDEN.

Under the best of management this work is never easy, but under bad management it is very difficult. It will be very much simplified if the weeds receive timely attention. When garden seeds are sown quite early in the season, if the weather is cool, they will take a long time to reach the surface. Weeds, however, being much harder, and having much more vigorous powers of growth, will spring up much sooner than the seeds, and if left undisturbed will soon take possession of the ground. It will be a good plan, therefore, to hoe over the entire surface of the ground some time after the seeds have been planted, and before they are sufficiently near the surface to take any injury. In doing this, however, several things will have to be taken into account, such as the difference in time required for different plants to germinate, and the variations in the temperature. Some kinds of vegetables germinate quickly, and grow very fast. Other sorts germinate very slowly. In warm weather they will come up more quickly than in cold weather. When one has become accustomed to these variations, however, he will soon be able to judge as to how late the stirring of the surface of the ground may be continued. Other advantages follow in addition to those which relate to weed destruction. The stirring of the surface prevents a crust from being formed, and breaks any that may exist there. Ground moisture is arrested in its upward ascent, and the young plants will, in consequence, grow much more quickly. Sometimes when the young plants have come so near the surface of the ground that it would be dangerous to hoe over it with the cutting edge of the hoe, the ground may be gently broken with the back edge of the same without any damage to the plants.

THE EDUCATIONAL WORK OF AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

We take it that the public money granted annually to assist in carrying on agricultural exhibitions, is given with some idea of educating the public in general, and the agriculturist in particular, to a fuller realization of the importance of agriculture in all its varied interests, and, by furnishing object lessons in these collections of the products of experts, create a higher ideal, and stimulate a desire for improvement.

For some years past the tendency of many of the larger shows has been more in the direction of furnishing amusement for the crowd, by introducing what are called 'attractions,' and in some cases this element has virtually absorbed everything else, and the agricultural departments seem to be looked upon as side-issues, which bring in no revenue, but which have to receive some portion of the proceeds. However, a better day is dawning, everywhere agriculture is being looked to as the foundation of our country's progress. The great heart of commerce beats either strong or weak, as the telegraph bulletin indicates the crop conditions to be favorable or the reverse; the farmer suffers from low prices of poor crops, and all portions of the community suffer with him. A new interest is awakening, articles on agriculture appear in the leading magazines, our educational authorities are endeavoring to introduce agricultural teaching into the schools, and some progress is, we believe, being made in this direction. And now we find a growing feeling that if the agricultural exhibition is to continue to receive support from the public treasury, it must make a stronger effort to attain the object for which it is intended, viz., that of a public educator.

We do not wish to be understood as objecting to amusements; in fact, we heartily approve of them when they are honest and clean, and we know that no one enjoys or deserves a day's enjoyment better than the farmer.

But we do maintain that the purely agricultural departments, including all branches of live stock, should receive more attention; everything should be done to make these sections more complete and attractive, and to interest and instruct visitors. Some of the leading fairs have adopted the official live stock catalogue, which has proved a valuable acquisition for years at the larger English shows, and which is this year to be introduced at the Winnipeg Industrial in the horse and cattle classes, where, we have no doubt, it will be thoroughly appreciated.

There are doubtless many other ways by which what we have referred to as the 'chief end' of the agricultural show may be attained, and we believe the managers of most exhibitions are desirous of making improvements; but, as a matter of course, suggestions for such improvements must come chiefly from the farmer and breeder. We therefore ask our readers, while attending the fairs this season, to keep this in mind, and let us have suggestions for the attainment of the desired object.

BEE-ESCAPES.

(By John Myers.)

As the time is approaching when the surplus honey will have to be removed from the hives, and as the profit to be derived from it is determined, in a great measure, by the amount of labor bestowed thereon, we should see to it that we have the most improved implements made, in order to lessen the labor as much as possible. The bee-escape, I think, is one of the greatest labor-savers, when taking off surplus honey, that has ever been invented.

There are a great many kinds of escapes made, but I think the Porter is the best and most complete, and I have tried nearly all of them. The Porter Escape, being very simple, is made of tin, and contains a pair of very sensitive springs, through which the bees can pass very easily one way, but when they try to return or go through the other way, the spring closes, and the harder the bee tries to go through, the more difficult it is for her to do so. I think one of the features that makes the Porter Escape more complete in its workings than any of the others, is because it more nearly closes the connection between the bees in the super and those in the brood nest. The bees in the super have to congregate in a cellar or cup before they can make any connection with those in the brood chamber, and then they have to travel through an enclosed passage way, which entirely separates them from the bees which are in the upper or lower stories. When the bees in the upper story and themselves shut off from the queen and brood, their whole energies are bent on getting back to where the queen and brood are. The more completely they are shut off from those in the lower hive, the greater will be their effort to get to

the other bees; while, on the other hand, if the connection between them is not so complete, they will be more tardy in leaving the super, thus taking a longer time to clear the super of bees. I have often put on a Porter Escape and had every bee out of the super in three hours, while nearly all the other kinds that I have tried, would take fully double the time to get the bees out. In using bee-escapes, care should be taken to avoid leaving them on the hives too long, as the bees, when crowded into the lower story, seem to take a delight in chinking in pieces of comb between the tops of frames and the escape-board; of course, if more than bee-space is allowed between tops of frames and escape-board, it makes things worse; but they seem to have a great desire to do so even when the right bee-space is left between them. Now, just imagine, if you can, the ease and comfort there is in going to a hive and removing the whole of the top story with scarcely a bee in it to bother you, to what it was when we had to lift the combs out one by one and brush off the bees and place them in the comb bucket. Now you have only to lift off the top story and place it on the barrow and wheel it in to extract. No bees in the way to bother a person, and I believe one can take off and extract fully double the quantity of combs as he can in the old way. The bee-escape is one of those things that has come to stay. Of course, a person should have a quantity of them according to the number of colonies he has; not necessarily one for each hive, but enough so he can put them on in time to have all the bees out before he needs to take off the super. I like to have as many as I think I will want to extract in one day. The evening before, I go and slip them between the brood nests and supers, and then I can commence extracting as early as I like the next day; the bees having all night to leave the super. Of course, if there is any brood or a queen in the super, the bees will not go down and leave it.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Roots and clover hay are a combination that give excellent results as food for cows, and contain many elements, especially mineral matter, that are in but small proportion in grains, though roots abound more largely in starch. Clover is rich in nitrogen and mineral matter, while the succulent roots promote digestion.

The young of all animals, from the human down, are greatly affected by unsanitary conditions. Every intelligent mother knows the necessity of keeping the nursing bottle of an infant clean and sweet. Cholera infantum is a frequent result of neglect in this particular. As long as pigs or calves take milk from their mothers they are fairly well insured against bad conditions of the milk vessels used. But a large proportion of these young animals are fed skim milk from the pail. Hardly one farmer in a hundred pays much, if any, attention to scalding out and keeping sweet the feeding pail, even if they are careful to give the milk sweet. Very serious derangements in digestion, and fatal attacks of diarrhoea, have been repeatedly traced to the sour, filthy feeding pail. For this reason great care, in these hot days, should be exercised in looking after these matters. It is best to use only tin pails and have them scalded out every day.—Hoard's Dairyman.

It may be laid down as a general rule that the best bred bullock and the one that fattens the most readily will have the worst hide, but this is open to a few exceptions. The well-bred shorthorn, Devon, Sussex and Suffolk beasts have all of them poor hides. It is true they differ considerably one from another, certain strains of blood showing a thicker or a thinner skin. The conditions of feeding and of climate (or temperature) also affect the nature of the hide greatly. Bullocks kept in close, warm sheds, with bad ventilation, grow a much inferior hide to their brothers, in the open yard. The exceptions to the rule I have laid down are the Welsh, Highland Scot and the Hereford. Of late years, it is true, the quality of the hide from the last-named has deteriorated—probably owing to early maturity and the forcing system—but that of the Highland Scot and the Welsh runt is the best of all, and I see no signs of deterioration. The semi-wild condition in which these young animals are reared, the exposure to the wild blasts of their native hills, and the inherited thickness, all combine to render their hides by far the most valuable that are grown in this country.

LOADING CARS OF STOCK IN HOT WEATHER.

A great many animals die every summer in the cars on their way to the various places where they are to be sold. This mortality is not infrequently caused by the greed of the drover, who, in order to save freight charges, overloads the car by crowding into it more animals than it can properly accommodate. Oftentimes, however, the farmer who has sold the stock to the shipper is to blame. He drives the animals on the hoof to the station, and, as he is pretty busy about this time, hurries them on, in order that he may get back sooner to his work. In consequence of this, the stock, which are generally full of feed and water, arrive at the station in an overheated and exhausted condition, and, not having time to rest and get cooled off, suffer dreadfully while standing in the hot cars. During the hot spell that we had in the early part of May several animals died in the cars before reaching Toronto, solely from this over-driving. Now, it is to the interest of the farmer to land his stock at the station in as fresh a condition as possible. If he does not do so the shipper will not be likely to patronize him again, or, if he does, he will be very apt to quote him a low price on his stock. The other dealers, too, will soon get to know of it, and the farmer will find himself, as in a manner, boycotted.

The most convenient way of conveying stock to the market or to the station, if only two or three animals are to be taken, is in wagons fitted with high sides. When you have your animals in and secured firmly, there is no further trouble, unless the animal is cross or timid. All the running up side roads and into other men's yards in pursuit of your stock where gates have been left open, is avoided in this manner, and your stock arrive in good shape at their destination. Buyers will consider this in the price of the stock when they next come to you. If any of our readers have not tried this method of taking one or more animals to market let them do so now, and they will be convinced of its advantages.—Canadian Live Stock Journal.

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Kilmarnock Farmers' Society claims to be the oldest association of the kind in Scotland, having been instituted as long ago as 1793. 'Auld Kille' only escapes possession of this distinction by the skin of its teeth, as Gargunnoch Farmers' Club in this district was formed in 1794, and is still as prosperous as any similar society in this or any other county.

BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION OF AMERICA—INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

Millwood, Va., July 23.—The fifth annual convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, was a wonderful gathering. Coming just after the monster meetings of the Christian Endeavor in Boston, the numbers may fall to impress one, as they might otherwise do, but the gathering together of eight thousand delegates, the flower of the Baptist body, men and women with life before them, having the enthusiasm and sacrifice of youth, and under mature counsel and direction, has great significance for the denomination and the Christian life of the country. July is not a good time for convention in the South, on account of the heat. An immense circular tent, with twelve thousand chairs in it, had been provided, on a beautiful mound, on the edge of Druid Hill Park. As the thermometer was at eighty-two degrees at 8 a.m. on the opening day, it may be believed that by noon the heat in the tent was almost unendurable, and by three o'clock a score of persons had been brought to the hospital tents, overcome by the heat.

DELEGATES WELCOMED TO BALTIMORE.

Mayor LaRoe, in the absence of Governor Brown, gave a fine address of welcome, of which we give a few lines, to indicate its spirit. "That your deliberations will result in good for the people there is no doubt. The anthems of praise and the words of prayer that will rise toward heaven from this great multitude in the cause of religion is an additional evidence that we are a God-fearing people, living in a God-favored land." The Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton next spoke, and at once put himself on good terms with the young people by a few telling hits, such as "This reminds me of Toronto, only more so." "You do not believe in the red hat, but you do believe in the little red school-house." "Before the Roman Catholic Church was established, and before the Protestants left it, we are." This gentleman is the pastor of Brantly Church, and is possessed of a splendid voice, in concluding he sang a solo of welcome to the tune of "The Star Spangled Banner."

A UNIQUE REPLY.

The Rev. Mr. Haynes, of Rochester, replying for the delegates, said, among other good things: "For a great many years the world read the first chapter of Genesis. God created man in his own image, male created he him." Of late years some wise people have arisen, who read that passage, "God created man, in his own image, female created he him." This Baptist Y. P. U. has discovered that they were both wrong, and they read the passage "God created man in his own image, male and female created he them." And this dispensation has come to stay. We have no faith in the conclusion of the minister who said that "God made the earth and then rested. After that he made man and then rested again. After that he made woman, and there had been no rest for God or man since." In part this is true for women's prayers to God have given him no rest, while her work among men in temperance and purity reform has kept them on the move until they begin to think that something is going to be done."

First-class speakers had been provided for the various sessions, Baptist doctrine was naturally much in evidence, but was not made offensively prominent. The Baptist contention is that in the C. E. societies, the young people are not sufficiently impressed with certain aspects of the truth, which they (the Baptists) consider worth preserving and worth contending for. The Methodists seem to have the same kind of idea in reference to their views in the creation of the Epworth League.

SOME OF THE SPEAKERS.

Space permits of the mention of but a few of the fine addresses. "Culture for Service" was taken up by Chancellor Wallace of Toronto; "Money and the Kingdom," by the Rev. F. L. Anderson, of Rochester; "Systematic and Proportionate Giving," by the Rev. E. E. Chivers, New York; "Field Review of Baptist Schools," by Mr. W. R. Harper, president of Chicago University; "The Relation of Baptists to Good Government in America," by Dr. Carroll, Waco, Texas; "Adoniram Judson and the Dawn of American Baptist Missions," by Dr. M. B. Wharton, Norfolk, Va.; "Christ for the World," by Dr. A. C. Dixon.

Here are a few thoughts from this latter address to give "Witness" readers a taste of the splendid speeches: "The Church cannot bring the world to Christ. That is the work of God, but we can bring Christ to the world. Our work is not to convert the world but to preach the gospel to every creature." "The world needs this son of man. We have enough sons of America, sons of England, Germany, France, Ireland and Italy. Men are naturally tribal or national in their character, hence national quarrels, with war and bloodshed. When we all become like Christ, sons of men, children of a universal humanity, we will love our neighbor as ourselves and not try to kill him." "Civilization and education are not salvation. Electric light is not 'The light that lighteth every man.'" "Steam power is not the power to salvation. The printing press scatters millions of leaves for the harnessed rather than the healing of the nations." "Man needs to be saved from his religion, which, next to sin, is at times the worst enemy to Christianity. Religion is used just five times in the bible and only once in a good sense, and that is when it speaks of 'pure religion and undefiled before God.'" "Men may be wretchedly defiled through their religious notions. Paul stood in the midst of idolatrous Athens and said 'I perceive that you are decidedly religious.'" "The tendency of the times is to syndicate. Great commercial syndicates are distressingly common. Let us hope that God is not binding them in bundles to burn them. The latest attempt of this kind—to syndicate all religions, Christianity among the rest—does not harmonize with the spirit of the bible, which from beginning to end breathes death to idolatry. A parliament of religions may

have been a great success as an ecclesiastical manager, a religious piasance, or a sort of pious show, but as a factor for giving Christ to the world it was a dismal failure." "I am aware it is considered narrow to certain liberal ears to criticize this 'union' of sects. I am glad that it does, for the Lord Jesus Christ, though broad in his sympathy with struggling humanity, was and is, in his loyalty to truth, a very narrow person. Narrowness is his mark of the road to heaven; breadth is his mark of the road to hell. His truth is too narrow to include falsehood. His virtue too narrow to include vice; his claim too narrow to include any rival god of wood or stone. He is the friend of peace, and at the same time a man of war, for there is a kind of peace which comes only as the result of victory through conflict."

A bicycle parade was arranged for on Saturday afternoon, and in spite of the intense heat, two hundred wheelers were in line and made a tour of the city. The wheels were decorated with flags and bunting, and two had big red and white umbrellas attached. Among the lady cyclists, local and visitors, it was observed that most of them had abandoned long skirts, and some had divided skirts; the only outcro costume was that of a young lady who appeared in blue flannel bloomers, with leather leggings and a white duck cap.

HOW SUNDAY WAS SPENT.

On Sunday there was an early service in the tent, and then the visitors spread themselves out among the twenty-two Baptist churches of Baltimore, for the morning. In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Kerfoot, of Louisville, Ky., addressed the vast assembly in the tent on "The saloon and the present crisis in good government." Here are some of his good points: "The saloon constitutes the crisis in good government. If by the word crisis, danger imminent and great is meant, then there is no doubt that the saloon is a danger to the country. If, on the other hand, by crisis, a situation for weal or woe is to be understood, there is no doubt that the saloon is the greatest crisis this land has ever faced. There can be nothing but evil in the saloon, and I challenge you to find one good thing it has ever done. What the saloon is costing in the deterioration of labor far exceeds computation. The loss by flame and fire last year is not equal to the idleness and poverty brought on the nation by the saloon. Our workmen would be thrifty were the evil removed. To-day the most aggressive factor in politics is the saloon. And how is good government to be realized so long as such a power exists and controls. Why, if a danger one-tenth the magnitude of the saloon's domination of our politics were to occur the people would arise in their sovereign might and crush it out!"

THE CONVENTION SERMON.

The eloquent Dr. Henson, of Chicago, gave the convention sermon on "Emergencies and men." The Doctor told of Gideon's band, in an ingenious and taking way, and said: "Emergencies do not make men. God makes men and the emergencies come afterward. The world today is in rebellion against the holy hosts. I believe the world would go on being devilish if the devil were dead. There are plenty of men who would play the devil if he were annihilated. If I were the devil and wanted to head off the religion of Jesus Christ, I would go about saying: 'The Lord never does anything, and the devil does the same.'"

A profitable after meeting followed, led by the Rev. Dr. Jno. Gordon, formerly of Montreal. In the evening was the closing consecration service, the exercises being of a deeply spiritual power and impressiveness, and still later an adieu service. After silent prayer, five thousand persons arose and gave solemn pledges for personal work during the year. Then every one in the vast audience joined hands and heartily united in singing, "God be with you till we meet again." This ended the four days' session, and at 11.30 p.m. the fifth convention passed into history.

Although the Canadian delegation was but small, some seventy persons in all, the internationality and the Union, was very manifest in the decorations.

STRANGE STORY FROM MEXICO.

A NEW APPARITION OF THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE.

THE IMAGE SAID TO SHED LIGHT.

Mexico City, July 29.—A new apparition of the Virgin of Guadalupe is reported, but it is not true, as has been said, that Archbishop Alarcon has vouched for it. The story as told is this:—Matilde Perez, a washerwoman, had in an old basket a collection of flat irons and other objects, including a very much battered small image of the Virgin of Guadalupe. Entering the room where the basket was on the night of June 17, Matilde was astounded to see a light issuing from the basket. Upon examining it she found that the illumination came from the sacred image. She placed it on the wall and invited sick people in her humble neighborhood to visit it. They went in throngs and, touching the miraculous image, which continued to shed supernatural light, were all healed. Newspaper reporters who saw the image yesterday assert that it sheds a violet light. Ramona Sanchez, seventy-three years old, and afflicted with catarrhs on her eyes, looked on the image, and it is said that full power of vision was restored. Paula Linas testifies that she was completely cured of chronic rheumatism. The owner of the image now refuses to allow heretics to gaze on it.

The celebrated Virgin of Guadalupe (Spain) is said to have been carved by St. Luke and to have been given by Gregory the Great to San Leander, the Gothic proponent of Arianism. It was miraculously preserved during the six centuries of Moorish invasion of Spain and was rediscovered in 1330 by one Giles, a cow-keeper. A hermitage was immediately built on the spot and ten years afterwards a chapel. This was converted into a convent in 1839 by Pope Juan I., who made it directly subject to the Pope. It was then granted to the Geronimite monks, who became enormously rich. The Geronimite convent towers above the plaza of Guadalupe.

ORANGE GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Master Delivers His Annual Address.

THE ORDER IN A PROSPEROUS CONDITION.

Halifax, July 30.—The annual meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America began here this afternoon. Over two hundred delegates are in attendance, and unusual interest is taken in the proceedings. Mr. E. F. Clarke, of Toronto, deputy grand master, is to oppose the Hon. N. C. Wallace for the grand mastership, and a lively campaign is under way. It is probable also that Mr. Robert Birmingham, the grand secretary, will be opposed by Mr. Gass, of Nova Scotia. In the course of his annual address this afternoon the Hon. N. C. Wallace said:

In meeting once more the delegates to the Grand Orange Lodge of British America I desire to say how much pleasure it affords me to greet you in the capital city of Nova Scotia, a province rich in historic events, memorable for the brave



CLARKE WALLACE,
Grand Master of the Grand Orange Lodge of British America.

deeds of its early sons, the land of Evangeline, famous in story and song; a province in which the two races that make up our population are found working in harmony side by side and hand in hand; a province endowed by nature with illimitable resources of field, fisheries and mines; a province whose soil has witnessed deeds of heroism in the cause of the British Empire that will ever reflect glory upon her people and make her one of the brightest stars in the federal constellation. The prosperity of our association in Canada has never in its history been so marked as at the present time.

There is no province in our broad Dominion that fails to send word of continuous progress, of increasing membership, of augmented vitality. Our numbers are greater than ever before; and our principles and purposes are steadily winning more and more commendation from lovers of liberty, loyalty and equal rights towards all, with special privileges to none. The celebration of our glorious twelfth was this year unusually enthusiastic. In almost every leading city of the Dominion our brethren turned out in thousands to proclaim their fidelity to Queen and country, the Protestant religion and the principles of the British constitution, while in remote hamlets, smaller though the numbers participating may have been, the same fervent spirit of devotion to our principles was manifested.

THE TRIENNIAL COUNCIL.

I had the great pleasure last summer of attending the meeting in London, England, of the Triennial Council of the Orangemen of the world, and the high honor of presiding over the proceedings of that body. The occasion was one long to be remembered. The cosmopolitan character of the gathering, the eminence of the men assembled and the importance of the subjects discussed all combined to make the event a signal one in the annals of our order. From every portion of the Queen's Dominion, as well as from the United States, our brethren were represented, and I am rejoiced to be able to tell you that without a single exception they reported the principles of our association to be taking deeper and deeper root wherever the English tongue is spoken, and wherever men learn to prize the value of the liberty of speech and conscience and the tenets of the Protestant religion. In Australia and in South Africa to the same degree as in Canada and in Great Britain the cause for which our forefathers fought is upheld, with the courage and the ardor that enabled them under the blessing of Heaven to win the victory, and so secure for us the rights we now enjoy. Let us pray that the zeal of the men of Derry, Aughrim, Enniskillen and the Boyne will ever continue, as now, to animate their descendants and that the priceless heritage we enjoy will be kept as a sacred trust, unswayed and unstained.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Addressing the Grand Lodge at its annual meeting last year, I reviewed the legal phases through which the Manitoba school question has passed, and concluded with the observation that the whole subject might, I thought, be regarded as having reached a finality, since the Supreme Court of Canada had declared that no appeal of the Roman Catholic minority to the Governor-General-in-Council could be entertained. In this expectation I have been disappointed. The decision of the Supreme Court respecting the appellate jurisdiction of the Governor-in-Council was taken in appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and in January last judgment was rendered by the latter tribunal reversing the finding of the Supreme Court, and declaring that the appeal might be heard by the federal authorities. This subject is of such great importance and has evoked so large and active a public interest that I may be pardoned if I proceed to refer to it at some little length. In the first place I would direct your attention to the character of the opinion of the law Lords of the Privy Council, embodied in an Imperial order-in-council passed at the court at Osborne House, Isle of Wight, on Feb.

2, 1895, and assented to by Her Majesty the Queen. That opinion states in relation to the appeal of the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba, that the Governor-General-in-Council has jurisdiction and the appeal is well founded, but that the particular course to be pursued must be determined by the authorities to whom it has been committed by the statute; that the general character of the steps to be taken is sufficiently defined by sub-section 3 of section 22 of the Manitoba act, 1870. The judgment goes on to say that 'the acts of Manitoba relating to education passed prior to the session of 1890 did confer on the minority a right of privilege in relation to education within the meaning of sub-section 2 of section 22 of the Manitoba act, which alone applies; that the two acts of 1890 complained of did affect a right or privilege of the minority in such a manner that an appeal would lie thereunder to the Governor-General-in-Council.' Now, as you are aware a great deal of stress has been laid by the friends of remedial legislation upon this decision of the highest court in the Empire, approved by Her Majesty the Queen, as being practically a command to the Dominion Government, and the Parliament of Canada to provide the redress asked by the Roman Catholics, namely, the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba; but in my own view, and I know that I am not alone in holding it, all the Judicial Committee has declared is that the appeal of the minority may be heard, and that jurisdiction may be given to the Parliament of Canada by the government by making an order upon the Manitoba authorities. This phase of the question, however, is essentially and distinctly political, and not judicial or merely automatic. The Dominion Government cannot divest itself of political responsibility by assuming to act as a judicial body. In the last resort, the Parliament of Canada, the matter must be dealt with on political grounds, not party grounds. As you are aware after the Judicial Committee rendered its opinion the Federal Government heard the appeal of the minority and subsequently made an order on the Manitoba authorities to restore to the Roman Catholics the rights and privileges which they had enjoyed previous to the enactment of the public school laws in 1890. That order has not been complied with. The Provincial Legislature, in a moderately worded memorial, has set forth the reasons why the order cannot be carried into effect, at the same time intimating that if any real grievances on the part of the minority exist, they will be duly considered with a view to their removal; and in consequence of this intimation the Federal Government has resolved, with the approval of the House of Commons, to renew communication with the Manitoba authorities for the purpose of ascertaining more definitely what the latter are disposed to regard as grievances calling for redress. Now, I have never concealed from myself that this whole question is

SURROUNDED WITH DIFFICULTIES.

nor have I hesitated to frankly express my own opinions upon it when occasion has required. The line of distinction between secular and religious education is easily drawn. The one is the duty and the care of the state; the other pertains to the church and the home, and just in so far as the two are conjoined in the public schools to that extent is the danger of church and state alliance created. No man, least of all members of our association, would desire to ride roughshod over or in any way interfere with the conscience or the religious convictions of any portion of our population. Liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religion lies at the very root and foundation of Orange principles. But separate schools, the recognition by the state of one denomination as entitled to special privileges in matters of education seems to me wholly incompatible with that absolute divorce of church and state which we hold to be essential to the well-being of the community at large, and necessary to the inculcation of a spirit of common citizenship, and a sense of common patriotism. Education has been committed by our constitution to the provinces. Out of the seven provinces which form the Dominion of Canada in two only has a system of separate schools been established by law, and speaking here, in the capital of Nova Scotia, I appeal to you of the Maritime Provinces to bear me out in the statement that the public school system which you have so long enjoyed has worked to the advantage of all classes and creeds, to the benefit of the people as a whole, and to the injury of none, either in respect to secular or religious education. I do not believe that the people of Manitoba would tolerate the infliction on any class in that province of a real, tangible, manifest grievance in the matter of the schools. I know them well enough, and have sufficient faith in their sense of right and justice to be convinced that no appeal made to them which is based on a case of actual hardship or oppression will be allowed to remain unheeded, but I do strenuously object now and at all times to any law being imposed upon that or any other province at the dictation of a church. What has been proved by experience to be sound policy in the case of Prince Edward Island, of New Brunswick, of New Brunswick, of British Columbia, may safely be applied to the young and lusty province of Manitoba; and if the time should ever arrive when coercive interference, with its educational system is attempted, I will not fail to give effect to the views which I have so often previously expressed, and which I have now once more reiterated.

Then followed a reference to the elections in Great Britain, in which the Grand Master congratulated the Mother Country upon the splendid success which the opponents of the disintegrating policy of home rule for Ireland have just achieved. The lesson of the victory has not, I am confident, been given in vain. Not only are we spared the hazard of an experiment in Ireland which could not fail to be a menace to Protestant interests, but we find the public sentiment of the British electors so emphatically recorded against the home rule scheme that not again in our generation is it probable that our brethren in Ireland will find it necessary to fight the foe at the very walls of the citadel.

The address was received and referred to a special committee, consisting of Messrs. McGlaughlin, McNeill, Fowler, Garrison, Kidd, Sam Hughes, J. E. Smith, Scott and Keys.

The grand secretary's report shows forty new lodges have been organized during the year; twenty-eight in Ontario, four in Manitoba, two in Nova Scotia, one in Manitoba, four in the North-West Territories and one in British Columbia.

Returns of provincial grand lodges show 6,256 new members added to the order by initiation, 1,580 by deposit of certificates, and 476 by re-instatement; total, 8,312. The losses during the year by expulsion and death were 467, making a net total gain of 8,845. The Orange Young Briton lodges now number seventy-three, with a total membership of 2,460, an increase during the year of five lodges and 299 members.

Halifax, N.S., July 31.—At the afternoon session of the Orange Grand Lodge the election of officers took place. The Hon. N. Clarke Wallace was elected grand master by acclamation amidst applause. Major A. J. Armstrong, of St. John, was elected deputy grand master on a vote of 130 to 33, his opponent being Mr. William Galbraith, past grand master of Quebec. Mr. J. C. Gass, grand master of Nova Scotia, was nominated for the position but declined to run. Mr. Robert Birmingham was re-elected grand secretary by acclamation. A complete list is as follows:

Grand master—N. Clarke Wallace, M.P. Deputy grand master—Major A. J. Armstrong, St. John, N.B.

Grand chaplain—The Rev. John Helliwell, M.A., Vankleek Hill, Que.

Grand secretary—Robert Birmingham, Toronto.

Grand treasurer—M. J. Parkhill, Midland, Ont.

Grand director of ceremonies—R. Burns, Toronto.

Deputy grand chaplains—The Rev. Messrs. Wm. Walsh, D. Carscadden, Brampton, Ont.; Phillip Jones, Elmsdale, Ont.; Chas. E. Perry, Davenport, Ont.; S. A. Duprau, Belleville, Ont.; F. M. Finn, Portage la Prairie, Man.; J. E. Flewelling, M.A., Centerville, N.B.; A. L. Geggie, Truro, N.S.; J. W. Jones, Maxwell, Ont.; J. C. Madill, Sarnia, Ont.; P. T. Mignott, B.A., Milton, Ont.; Wm. Moore, D.D., Ottawa, Ont.; E. W. Sibbald, M.A., St. John, N.B.; W. J. Smyth, D.D., Montreal, Que.; A. F. Thompson, Bathurst, St. John, N.B.; David Wright, Springfield, N.S.

Deputy grand secretary—John C. Gass, Shubenacadie, N.S.

Deputy grand treasurer—Lt.-Col. J. H. Scott, Kincardine, Ont.

Deputy grand lecturers—John Shepherd, Ottawa, Ont.; John Cox, Montreal, Que.; G. R. Vincent, P.G.S., St. John, N.B.; B. K. Brace, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; J. Armstrong, Medicine Hat, N.W.T.; R. Bell, Vancouver, B.C.; E. G. Martin, G. S. St. John's, Nfld.; A. J. Munro, Amherst.

Grand lodge editors—Major S. Hughes, M.P., Lindsay, Ont.; W. H. Stewart, P. C.M., Warwick, Ont.

There was a warm and protracted discussion in the Orange Grand Lodge to-night over a resolution censuring the Dominion Government for its stand on the Manitoba school question and expressing sympathy with Manitoba. The resolution was supported by E. F. Clarke, Sam Hughes and Major Armstrong and opposed by Geo. Taylor, M.P., and Robert Birmingham. It was adopted after midnight, only ten voting against it.

The Grand Orange Lodge concluded work at two o'clock this morning. Collingwood, Ont., was fixed upon as the next place of meeting.

Halifax, N.S., Aug. 1.—The Manitoba school deliverance was presented by Mr. H. H. Pitts, M.P., of York, N.B., as follows: "We, the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of British America, emphatically express our adherence to the principle of a non-sectarian school system and view with regret the persistent efforts of the Roman Catholic clergy to propagate sectarian doctrine through the medium of the public school. We appeal with confidence to the superior intelligence of the Dominion Parliament to look beyond the mere vote seeking policy on this great question and reject any action that would tend to create an unwarrantable conflict between the Federal and provincial authorities, which the enforcement of the proposed remedial legislation would probably engender."

We strongly disapprove of the decision of the Governor-General-in-council calling upon Manitoba to enact further legislation which would have the effect of virtually repealing laws within the legislative competence of the province and which we believe to be in the best interests of the people of Manitoba.

PROF. E. STONE WIGGINS SAYS OUR LAKES ARE DECREASING.

Ottawa, July 29.—Prof. E. Stone Wiggins says the great lakes of North America are decreasing every year, and the time is near at hand when Niagara Falls will cease to be. The lakes were all one since man came upon the earth, when the states east of the Mississippi were an island. At that time the ocean stretched through North America, from the mouth of the Mackenzie river to the Gulf of Mexico, when the latter was part of the Pacific. One of the causes of this constant decrease in the volume of the great lakes is that the rivers that drain them are constantly wearing away the earth and gaining a deeper bed. But the chief cause in our day is the constant decrease in the rainfall on the southern half of the continent. The great lake region and the provinces of Ontario and Quebec received the largest share of their rain from the great air current that runs up from the Gulf of Mexico to the lake region and then turns eastward down the valley of the St. Lawrence. Till within the last twenty-five years this was loaded with vapor and abundantly watered these provinces. Twenty-five years ago this great east moving current was highly charged with electricity from the time it left the mouth of the Mississippi till it reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Now the telegraph and telephone wires that form a wire netting across its path over the western states conduct off its electric energy and not only in the vapor it contains precipitated in the regions but it is unable to reload itself with vapor on reaching the great lakes. There is no electricity in the air and without it the humidity will not rise.

COOLEY'S AIR SHIP CAME TO GRIEF.

Rochester, N.Y., Aug. 1.—Mr. J. F. Cooley's air ship did not make a very successful ascent at the picnic of the Callahan Association here yesterday. The wind was blowing a gale and proved to be too much for the model. On the second trial it went up 250 or 300 feet and then shot down again with great speed, ploughing a deep hole in the ground, breaking two of its spars in the descent and otherwise damaging the ship quite badly. Mr. Cooley is not a bit discouraged by this failure, having sent the model up four times before and knows that it works all right on a calm day.

THE WAR IN MADAGASCAR.

ONE OF THE HOVAS' ENGLISH COMMANDERS INTERVIEWED ON THE SITUATION.

London, July 31.—Captain Charles Hall, the second in command of the Hova army, who resigned his post in common with other British officers when Colonel Shervinton left Antananarivo, has now arrived in London from Madagascar, and in an interview with a press representative has given some interesting information regarding the progress of the war and the situation generally. In reference to the French march upon the capital, Captain Hall said: "When I resigned—since which time, even when in the capital, we got no official news—General Duchesne's force had only landed at Mojanga. Now, according to the latest information, they have covered the greatest portion of the journey to Antananarivo, or, at all events, have got over the most difficult part of it. Every day makes it much easier so far as the physical conditions of the island are concerned. But while the country is becoming more open, the column is getting further from its base, and there are still enormous difficulties of lack of transport and of fever to contend with. Beyond these the French have nothing worth speaking of to stop them. The Malagasy are left to their own devices, and there is no reason, in my opinion, why the tricolor should not float over the Queen's palace by the beginning of September. The difficulty," Captain Hall added, "lies with the Hovas themselves. They do not grasp the situation. The Prime Minister seems to have lost his former hold on the people, and the latter, neglecting the advice of the officers, have brought disaster on their own heads. To-day they are not in any way capable of successfully opposing the French. The French party are fast obtaining the ascendancy in the capital, and it is highly probable that there will be a revolution there before the expedition arrives. The serious character of the last news, that inflammatory placards against the Hova Government had been posted upon the church and palace walls, cannot be overrated. This will be the more readily understood when I say that formerly to hear a native of any party say a word against the government was absolutely unknown. It was, in fact, a very dangerous proceeding. The public posting of placards shows, therefore, to what a pass things have come, and foreshadows an imminent revolution, a sort of coup d'etat, in which the palace will be seized and the Queen and Prime Minister either removed or murdered. On this turns the question of how the French will be received on their reaching the capital. The French party is a fairly large one. It includes many prominent persons—relatives of the Queen and Prime Minister—and consists of men who were bribed by the French before they left the capital and who expect to get the state offices when the French arrive. Their aim was to thwart Colonel Shervinton and the Prime Minister in everything. If these people get the upper hand, General Duchesne's force will be received at Antananarivo with open arms—with no Queen or Prime Minister to trouble them. It is my firm belief that this will be the case, and that the French, on arrival, finding the ground prepared for them, will only have to take over the town. So much for the French party. The Hovas generally are indifferent, and even the Prime Minister allows matters to drift. When the French landed at Mojanga there were about a thousand Hova troops stationed in the neighborhood, and in March a quantity of guns and a force of three thousand men were despatched from the capital, but the majority of the troops deserted. Since the resignation of the officers, reinforcements of four thousand men have been sent to the north-west coast to oppose the French, but everything was perfectly quiet, and if the people did realize that the forces of a great power were at their doors they remained indifferent. It was only when we actually left that they began to realize how critical was the situation. The peasants were very eager to fight, but as many of them are governed by chiefs obeying the French party they will be compelled to follow their lead."

Toulon, Aug. 1.—Orders have been received by the commandant to prepare for the immediate dispatch of fresh detachments of troops to Madagascar, to replace the invalid troops who are ordered home.

Paris, Aug. 2.—The "Figaro" publishes an article criticising and denouncing the slow progress which is being made by the French expedition in Madagascar and threatens to make revelations which will arouse public wrath.

BACK FROM LIBERIA.

THREE RETURNED COLONISTS TELL A WOFUL TALE OF SUFFERING.

Philadelphia, July 31.—At the Wayfarer's Lodge on Lombard street, homeless and destitute, are three Arkansas negroes who have just returned from Liberia, whither they went as colonists, some months ago. Of nearly one hundred members of the expedition some are said to have died of starvation, and others are eking out a wretched existence in Africa. The three men are Frank Shelton, J. R. Tucker, and Ebenezer Russell. They say the international immigration society of Birmingham, Ala., offered twenty-five acres of land to every colonist and used as endorsement the name of Bishop H. M. Turner, of Atlanta, Ga. The subscribers were required to pay \$41 in advance instalments and their passage to Savannah. In return they were to be given their passage, food and the land on arrival. The ship sailed in March for Monrovia with ninety-two colonists who were in the care of the society's secretary. The men declare they were simply dumped ashore and allowed to shift for themselves. A score of their comrades died of climatic fever and some perished by starvation. Work could not be secured and the flesh of dead animals and snails was seized upon with avidity for food. Shelton and his two companions succeeded in obtaining passage to Liverpool and thence to America. They expect help from Arkansas to enable them to return to their homes.

LIFE INSURANCE MURDERS.

A MAN FOUND IN CHICAGO WHO ARTICULATED SKELETONS FOR HOLMES.

THE DETECTIVES CLOSING IN ON THE ACCUSED MURDERER.

Chicago, July 28.—Unmistakable evidence of murder at the Holmes' castle in Englewood was last night placed in the hands of Inspector Fitzpatrick. That at least four persons have been murdered in this chamber of horrors is now a practical certainty. The skeleton of one of Holmes' victims, supposedly that of Mrs. Julia O'Connor, is now in the Inspector's office in the City Hall. The other skeletons which came from the same place will be placed in his possession tomorrow. A fourth body has been traced to Philadelphia and its recipient there will, no doubt, be discovered in a few days. The man who produced this startling evidence was closeted with the Inspector and Detective Horton and Fitzpatrick from six till nine p.m. last night. The Inspector declined to make his name known at present for the reason that it would handicap his further investigations. This man's story is that he first met Holmes in response to an advertisement in a daily newspaper. This was in the summer of 1892. He worked for Holmes in that capacity for several months. One day Holmes came to him and asked if he could mount a skeleton. The man said he could. Holmes conducted him to a dark room on the second floor in the central part of the building and there pointed out the remains of a man. There was considerable flesh on the lower limbs but the arms were practically bare. He took the arm bones and skull away with him that night. The next day Holmes took the remainder of the skeleton to the machinist's house. This was on Oct. 1, 1892. On Jan. 2, 1893, Holmes came to him and asked him to articulate another skeleton for him. Another trip to the dark room produced another human body. This time that of a female. This body had much more flesh on it than the other. This is the skeleton now in the possession of the Inspector, who believes it to be all that is left of Mrs. Julia Connor.

In June, 1893, the man was called upon by Holmes to articulate a third skeleton, which was produced from the same dark and mysterious chamber in the 'castle.' Holmes paid him \$36 each for two of the skeletons and took them away. The third he did not call for. Another most important feature of this man's story was his statement that during all this time that he was fixing up skeletons for Holmes, Pat Quinlan was about the premises, and seemed to be Holmes' trusted man. To verify his statement in this regard, Quinlan was sent for and confronted by the machinist and mounter of skeletons. What took place between the two men, the Inspector declined to say, but when Pat came out of the 'sweet box' this time, he looked ten years older and his whole bearing was that of abject despair.

The name by which the mechanic is generally known, is Charlie Chapman. He has not been formally placed under arrest, but probably will be as soon as the police get from him all the information he will give. It is said that he knows too much of Holmes and his skeletons to be an innocent man. It was what he claims to be the skull of Mrs. Connor which he brought to Inspector Fitzpatrick. He claims that the balance of the bones are now in the hands of a young medical student, to whom he loaned them. The entire skeleton will probably be in the hands of the police tomorrow, together with that of Annie Williams. Chapman is quite positive that he knows from whose bodies the skeletons were taken, and does not seem to realize that he can be made to tell where he acquired the information, or explain why he has kept his knowledge secret. The mechanic was greatly startled when he found that the police knew of his existence or connection with Holmes. He was drinking in a saloon yesterday, and becoming slightly intoxicated, let slip several remarks which are accountable for his being in the position in which he now finds himself. He at first denied all knowledge of Holmes or his doings. Upon information obtained from Chapman, Inspector Fitzpatrick to-night got possession of the trunk in which Holmes claims to have put the Williams girl. The body was put in the trunk, but instead of being sunk in the lake, it was sent to a house on Wentworth avenue for Chapman to work on. He cleaned the bones and set the skeleton for Holmes. This skeleton, he alleges, is still in the city, and early tomorrow morning he promises to take the police to it. Chapman was to-day taken to the Holmes house in Englewood. He pointed out two spots, one in the north-east corner of the cellar and another under the sidewalk, where he claims the police will find beneath the surface, two brick graves, and he is of the opinion that a body may be found in one or both of them. Chapman says that Holmes offered him \$250 to set up the skeleton of two children, and that he refused to do it. When asked his reason, he became confused, and said he simply disliked the job. Chapman says Holmes was not implicated in any of Holmes' crimes. Inspector Fitzpatrick claims to have sufficient evidence already to hang Quinlan. Quinlan was questioned again to-day. He admitted some things which yesterday he denied. He was greatly confused and has told so many stories that he cannot now remember what he has said.

Chicago, July 26.—Chief Badenoch has detailed men to investigate the suspicion that Horace Williams, brother of Minnie and Annie Williams, was murdered by Holmes. There is reason to believe that this is true, because the young man had his life insured for \$2,500 in favor of his sister Minnie, which was equivalent to making Holmes the beneficiary.

Emily Van Tassel, who has been missing from her home since June, 1892, is thought to have been another of Holmes' victims. She lived at 641 North Roby street. Her occupation was that of cashier in a fruit store, and it was here that she met Holmes. All that the police are able to ascertain about her connection with Holmes is that he saw her on

four occasions. She showed a remarkable liking for him, and her mother believes in the light of recent revelations as to Holmes' character, that she went with him. Not a single clue to her fate has ever been received since she left home, and there is little doubt in the minds of her friends that she is dead.

Lafayette, Ind., July 28.—After two days searching by wire, Peter Cigrand, the father of Miss Emeline Cigrand, Holmes' supposed victim, has been located at Anderson, Ind., and he had not heard, he says, from his missing daughter since the time of her supposed marriage. The letter he received then was to the effect that she was going to Europe to spend the following year. After failing to hear from her again he wrote to Holmes and later heard from him, stating that he had not seen her since she had married Phelps, and that he did not know where she was. The old man was prostrated when he learned for the first time that his daughter was being searched for and why.

ONTARIO DOES NOT WANT HOLMES.

Toronto, Ont., July 30.—Though Acting Attorney-General Hardy has not yet given his decision, it is learned on reliable authority that Ontario will not ask for the extradition of Holmes, the insurance swindler and murderer until all legal sources have been exhausted in the United States. The Attorney-General is under the impression that the police authorities here have been a little too sanguine in their belief that they have strong enough evidence to hang Holmes. In short, he prefers to interstake to international extradition, and would much rather have Illinois or Pennsylvania bear the expense and trouble than Ontario. The expenses of extradition and trial, it is estimated, would cost the province in the neighborhood of \$8,000.

ANOTHER SUPPOSED VICTIM—SHE DISAPPEARED FROM BOSTON TWO YEARS AGO.

Boston, Mass., July 31.—The 'Globe' prints a story to the effect that in July, 1893, Holmes, the insurance swindler, persuaded Mabel Barrett, an orphan, eighteen years old, to go to New York city, ostensibly to open a manuring establishment on Sixth avenue, and that the Boston friends of the girl have not seen or heard from her. Miss Barrett was educated in a private school in New York, while under the protection of an aunt. When she had graduated, her aunt told her that she must earn her own living. She came to Boston in answer to an advertisement for a companion to an elderly woman, and was lured to a place of ill-repute. She managed to escape from the house, and was sheltered by a philanthropic woman in this city. Through an advertisement she met one Minnie Williams who is supposed to be the woman that name whom Holmes is accused of murdering in Chicago. Minnie introduced Mabel to a Mr. Howard, who is believed to have been Holmes. Howard agreed to start Mabel in business in New York, and Mabel accompanied Howard and Minnie Williams to that city, promising to write to her friends here. These friends have received no letter from her, and they have been unable to find any trace of her in New York. They are positive that Holmes murdered her to obtain insurance money. Mabel learned the names of many wealthy men who visited the house of ill-repute while she was an inmate, and it is thought that Holmes obtained information of this through Minnie Williams, and intended to blackmail them. This may explain why a Boston man has been financially assisting Holmes, it being suggested that he is being blackmailed.

HOLMES MAKES A STATEMENT.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 1.—H. H. Holmes, who is charged with about every crime on the calendar, made a statement yesterday in the county prison regarding the latest developments in the chapters of murders with which he is accused. 'The Chicago officials,' he said, 'may claim that I am responsible for the death of Minnie Williams, Emily Cigrand, and Mrs. Connor and little Julia, but I can show conclusively that these people have not and could not have been done away with by me. I am willing to admit that Emily Cigrand was employed by me as a clerk and stenographer for a while, but I cannot say where she is now.'

Holmes declares that Minnie Williams is alive. 'After leaving her in Detroit,' he continued, 'I sent Howard Pictzel with her from Indianapolis and both of them came east. Since then I have seen neither the girl nor the boy. Regarding my acquisition of her property, all I can say is that I traded a piece of property in Williamette, Ill., with her for a double corner lot in Fort Worth, Texas.'

'How did the Williamette property again come into your possession?' was asked. 'That property is not in my possession,' replied Holmes. 'I have a note though, which calls for a loan of \$5,000 given by Minnie Williams to her brother, Horace A. Williams. Horace used the note as collateral and I advanced some money on it. He gave me the note and I gave him a due bill for the balance, which was not called for. I think that explanation accounts for my dealings with Minnie Williams and her property.'

When Holmes was asked as to the identity established between Allen, alias Caldwell and Hatch, who is now confined in the Little Rock penitentiary, he said he was not disposed to discuss the matter at present. 'I will say, however,' he went on, 'that the police out west are away off in this case. They do not know what they are talking about. I will tell you frankly that I do not care what number of confessions Allen makes, they cannot harm me. But Hatch is the man I fear. He is responsible, or at least can account, for the disappearance of the Pictzel children. He took them from Toronto, and I have not seen them since. Should the police find Hatch he is liable to turn round and accuse me of murdering these children. Of all the things I am accused of, none is so bad as this. As long as Hatch keeps out of the way they cannot prove that I murdered the Pictzel children, but if he is found and accuses me of that crime, I do not know what to do. It would be a case of dog eat dog, for he can swear as strongly as I can.'

Holmes persistently refused to discuss the report that Allen and Hatch are the same person. Then, touching upon the Quinlan end of the case he said: 'This talk about Quinlan making a confession and implicating me in all these horrible crimes is the veriest nonsense. Quinlan will not confess anything and his wife does not know anything to confess. Even if Quinlan did know something about me, he is not that kind of a man to shoot off his face to those infernal fools of police,

and the fact that he cannot tell them anything makes my mind much easier. I don't fear Quinlan, and whatever confession he makes to the police cannot injure me. In relation to the aggregation of charges made by the Chicago police, I will say that they cannot prove anything positively against me. The bones that they claimed to have unearthed in my building do not mean anything. That place was originally a dumping ground, and all kinds of rubbish was deposited there. I can confidently say that neither the police in Chicago, Toronto, Philadelphia, nor anywhere else, can produce evidence to show that I ever murdered anybody.'

EVIDENCE ACCUMULATING AGAINST THE PRISONER.

Chicago, Aug. 3.—A morning paper gives the following particulars of the confession made by the Quinlans yesterday to Chief Badenoch, which was taken down by a stenographer. They related that in their opinion Miss Cigrand, Mrs. Julia Connor and her daughter, Pearl, and Minnie and Annie Williams, are all dead and that Holmes murdered them. Pictzel, they said, quarrelled frequently with Holmes because the latter would not act squarely with him in the dealings, and they believed that Holmes killed Pictzel so as to prevent him from telling of his crimes, which, they believe, Pictzel was aware of to some extent. As to whether Pictzel participated in any of the murders they do not know. They believe that Holmes, after killing Pictzel, felt it necessary to dispose of the dead man's children, and that Alice, Nellie and Howard Pictzel were killed by him. As to Miss Van Tassel they know nothing, and never saw her. Miss Cigrand, Mrs. Connor, Pearl Connor and Minnie and Annie Williams, they thought, came to their death in the Holmes building. Mrs. Quinlan related that one day when her husband was away she saw Holmes poking into the stove in his office, which was red-hot, something that looked like a portion of a human body, and that a horrible odor came from the room. Quinlan said that after Holmes had gone away he found a bottle of chloroform in the steel vault. They both said that they saw the Williams girls about July 5, 1893, for the last time, and that they must have been put out of the way at that time.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS.

ANTARCTIC FIELDS TO BE EXPLORED BEFORE THE CLOSE OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

London, July 30.—The sixth annual International Geographical Congress opened its fourth day's session in the great hall of the Imperial Institute, at ten o'clock this morning. The chief subjects of discussion were the reports upon Prof. Penick's proposed map of the world, on the scale of one to one million. Comprised in these reports were the report of the committee appointed at Bern, and the report by Messrs. H. M. Fabry and Leotard for the Geographical Society of Marseilles. The reading of the reports occupied some time, owing to their exhaustive character, and the ensuing discussion was decidedly animated. The French delegates called attention to the fact that Great Britain's foot to an inch measurement was a great hindrance to the adoption of Prof. Penick's plan, and urged that it was most desirable that the metrical system should be generally adopted.

London, Aug. 1.—The International Geographical Congress at its session to-day received a gift of several valuable works of Prince Roland Bonaparte. A resolution was passed affirming that the greatest geographical exploration yet to be undertaken was to be pursued in Antarctic fields, in view of the great additions to geographical knowledge which must result from such exploration. It was therefore recommended that the assembled societies throughout the world urge in whatever way may seem to them most effective that this work be undertaken before the close of the century. Prof. Elize Reclus read a paper on the construction of a terrestrial globe on the scale of one to one million, and Mr. Hy. J. Bryant, of Philadelphia, read a paper on the Esquimaux of the extreme north. Several of the delegates attended a garden party at Kew this afternoon and tomorrow many of them will visit the United States war ship 'San Francisco,' at Gravesend.

NEXT MEETING TO BE HELD IN BERLIN.

London, Aug. 3.—The concluding meeting of the sixth International Geographical Congress was held in the Imperial Institute to-day. The president, Mr. Clements R. Markham, announced that it had been decided to hold the next meeting at Berlin in 1899. The congress approved the proposed map of the world, on the scale of one to one million and charged the executive committee with the duty of carrying out the work. The Congress also adopted the Greenwich meridian metrical measurement and disapproved almost unanimously the proposed International Institute of Geography as altogether needless. It was agreed to call the attention of geographical societies to the application of the decimal system to time and angles, the societies being requested to report upon the matter at the next congress.

President Markham, in his concluding address, said the labors of members of the congress had tended to the advancement of science, and that the congress had performed a great public service.

MANY SCOTCH MINERS LOST.

London, Aug. 2.—A despatch from Saltcoats, a town on the Bay of Ayr, Scotland, says that the Auchenharvie Colliery, near that place, was flooded to-day. The disaster was caused by water breaking out from old disused workings. At the time the despatch was sent, the water was still rising in the mine. About ninety miners were at work when the accident occurred. Most of them escaped, but fourteen were known to be still in the mine, and it is feared that all have perished.

London, Aug. 3.—None of the twenty miners left in the flooded mine at Saltcoats, Scotland, have yet been rescued. The inflowing water has jammed the entrance to the mine with debris and though attempts have been made to clear the way by the use of dynamite the pit is still choked up. It is believed that all of the men have perished.

REGINA HAS A HOLIDAY.

THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES EXHIBITION OPENED FORMALLY BY LORD ABERDEEN.

Regina, N.W.T., July 30.—The first North-West Territorial Exhibition was opened here to-day under circumstances which cannot fail to make the event impressive. There was all the effect of military pomp, added by those picturesque features which are peculiar to life on the western plains. It was typical of the North-West that the splendid corps of mounted policemen should form a foreground to the rough trappings of the cowboy and the multi-colored garb of painted Crees and Blackfeet. His Excellency arrived on the grounds at three o'clock, accompanied by Lady Aberdeen, Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the Hon. T. M. Daly, Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, vice-president of the C.P.R., and a company of distinguished ladies and gentlemen. Complimentary addresses were presented to the Governor-General, the Premier, and the Minister of the Interior, respectively, by the executive of the exhibition, the Legislative Council, and the corporation. His Excellency was well received, and in reply to the addresses said:—'It is well that there should be an exhibition of the products and a demonstration of the capabilities of the North-West as it is justly called. An exhibition for the North-West is of necessity pre-eminently an agricultural display, and when we say that, we speak of a vast and comprehensive industrial enterprise, and not only so but an exhibition, a proof of successful agriculture, implies also something more than material products. It implies qualities of character. A distinguished thinker has said a farm is not merely a place for growing crops, it is a place for growing men. He alluded, of course, to the qualities which are brought into requisition in order to make a good farmer. We all know that one necessity for the husbandman's pursuit is that of the long patience with which he waits for the fruits of the earth, and not only so, but the qualities of energy, perseverance and skill are in no little sense constantly demanded in the carrying on of the agricultural profession.'

I refer to this particularly because there have been times when, perhaps, a notion has prevailed that in these wide and splendid lands nature will be ready to do more than her share, and that something of the unremitting care and labor which is the prevailing law in this as in other departments of industry may be dispensed with, but if some have undertaken farming with this impression, they have, no doubt, learned sad but necessary lessons. Apart from the ordinary and normal call for the patience and the energy of which I have been speaking, we have latterly passed through a phase involving a more special demand for courage and hopefulness. Such periods are trying and heavy to bear, but let us not look upon them as unmitigated evils. I will not be so lacking in caution as to seem to preach a moral in regard to anything relating to this country, but I venture to think that the period of agricultural depression in another country with which I am connected, I mean Scotland, has taught us lessons. We were, perhaps, getting a little complacent, even a little careless, certainly in some respects somewhat extravagant. To-morrow we thought shall be as this day, only much more abundant. Also at that time there was a sort of rashness in the employment of highly stimulating artificial manures which were more advertised than analyzed. (Laughter.) A man who was a believer in some of these nostrums, said to his farm overseer: 'The time is coming, John, when I may carry in one of the pockets of my waistcoat what will fertilize a whole acre of land.' 'Aye, aye,' was the reply, 'and I am thinking that when your time comes you'll be able to carry the crops in the other pocket.' (Great laughter.) You will not imagine that I am speaking against the use of manures. On the contrary, I suppose that there is danger in this country that we may do too little in that direction. I was referring rather to the need of caution and discrimination. Now, let me exchange congratulations with you upon the inauguration of the first North-West Territories Exhibition, and especially upon the auspicious nature of the circumstances under which it is held. Everywhere around there are prospects of a grand crop, and with this there are also signs of increasing activity and vitality in mercantile affairs. Generally, the one will react favorably upon the other, and not only for a good crop, but for a good price.'

His Excellency also referred in most eulogistic terms to the extraordinary energy displayed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor in promoting the exhibition, and then resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell followed, and was also received with enthusiasm. He spoke of the delight it gave him to see such an excellent and comprehensive exhibit of the resources of the Territories. He had made many visits to the North-West, but had never seen brighter prospects for a bountiful harvest, nor more encouraging evidences of substantial progress. He proposed before returning to Ottawa, to make an extended trip through the northern portion of the Territories with Mr. Daly. He spoke warmly of his abounding confidence in the future of the North-West. If settlement had not been as rapid as some had expected, it was, nevertheless, steadily increasing. Railway land grants to the extent of 27,500,000 acres had already been earned, and in return Manitoba and the Territories had incidentally to the class of people who were coming into the country, and said his own experience might encourage him in the belief that the highest position in the land was within their reach. He alluded to the marvelous success being achieved by the Indian industrial schools, and in conclusion he paid a high compliment to the zeal and enterprise of the Lieutenant-Governor.

When the Hon. Mr. Daly began speaking, a heavy rainstorm broke over the Fair ground, and limited his remarks to a few words of thanks and congratulations.

The town is filled with visitors. A state dinner took place at Government House to-night.

THE INDIANS PLEASED.

Regina, Aug. 1.—There was a great pow-wow to-day between the Governor-

General, Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh, and the Crees, Sioux, Piegan, Bloods, and Blackfeet. The Indians, to the music of tom-toms, indulged in dancing. Afterwards His Excellency addressed the painted braves and their wives, the address being interpreted. He said: 'Friends and brothers: I am glad to see you. ('Ho, ho, ho.') I have been looking forward to this, and it is better than I expected. I am much pleased with the exhibition of the Indian children. You ought to be proud of the children who make these articles. I have got a list here of the Indian boys and girls who won prizes against everybody in competition with the white people. ('Ho, ho, ho.') We will get the list printed in the paper so that all may know how well the Indian children have done, and when I write to the Queen, the great mother, I will tell her how well her Indian subjects have done. It will give great pleasure to the Queen to hear of their success.'

The building in which the exhibit was shown was built by the boys from the school without outside help. We are very much pleased with the Indian hands. There are four bands of Indian boys and we are going to give a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best. The competition for this will be held afterwards, but because they have all done so well every boy in each of the bands will be given a small medal to wear in remembrance of the occasion. ('Ho, ho, ho.') We are going also to offer a prize in the shape of a medal for those who have the best cultivated piece of land on the reserve, for the man who has the best garden on the reserve. Lady Aberdeen will give a prize to the Indian woman whose house is the nicest. Several reserves may compete for this. Mr. Forget has reminded me about the shows, and I will arrange for all the chiefs to see these shows while they are here. We would have gone to Crooked Lake reserve, but there are so many here we will not go this time, but will on another occasion. We hope to visit the Blackfeet reserve on Thursday of next week. I am very pleased we have come to this great exhibition, and we are all pleased because the Lieutenant-Governor has organized it so well. It is time to say good-bye, and we are pleased that you gave us the dance, and it was a fine show.'

'I am going to leave you some tea and tobacco. ('Ho, ho, ho.') The Queen has told us that she is much interested in her Indian children.'

Turning to the Indian children he said: 'We are glad to see you children here, and I am sure it is a great advantage, because there are a great many people present who have come from different parts of the country, and they will see from your appearance and from what you have done, what good training can accomplish. We are especially pleased to see the nice appearance you have, and still more to see how well those articles you have exhibited have been made. We wish you all well, and it is great pleasure to see you here to-day.'

At the conclusion His Excellency called for three cheers for the Queen.

THE CANADIAN FLAG ABROAD.

THE RIGHT TO FLY IT IN FOREIGN WATERS VINDICATED.

Ottawa, Ont., Aug. 1.—The Dominion Government has just taken steps which will probably effectually prevent a repetition of the indignities to which the Canadian flag was subjected last winter at Hamilton in Bermuda, where the Canadian ensign on board the Nova Scotia schooner 'Emma S.' was confiscated by order of the colonial authorities; and not even the Imperial official at the port was in a position to safeguard Dominion interests. The attention of the British Government was drawn to the incident at the time and complaint was made. The naval authorities at Hamilton were not sufficiently acquainted with the Admiralty regulation to be aware that vessels of the Dominion were entitled to fly the Canadian flag in foreign ports. In reply the suggestion was made by the Colonial Office that copies of the Admiralty warrant of Feb. 12, 1892, which gives this authority, should be placed on board all Canadian vessels trading abroad. Accordingly an order-in-council has been passed intimating to the British Government that this suggestion has been adopted by the Minister of Marine, and that instructions have been issued to have copies of this Admiralty warrant furnished to the master of every Canadian vessel clearing for a foreign port. This action, it is hoped, will prevent the recurrence of such indignities as befel the flag of the Dominion in Bermuda.

VILE LITERATURE ANSWERABLE FOR THEIR CRIME.

London, Aug. 1.—The finding of the coroner's jury in the case of Robert and Nathan Coombs, the two boys who were accused of having murdered their mother, was officially announced to-day. The jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Robert, the elder son, while Nathan was held as accessory before the fact. The jury added a rider to their verdict, urging that the sale of inflammatory and shocking literature be stopped on the ground that it is answerable for many crimes. Acting on the advice of the coroner the jury ignored the case of Fox, the half-witted man, who helped the boys to spend the money obtained by them by pawning goods taken from the house after the murder of their mother. Fox's case is considered distinct from that of the two youthful criminals.

VERY HEAVY CHARGES.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 2.—Two fine specimens of white pine from British Columbia are now in the city to be used in the construction of the dredge for Connolly Bros. The pine came via C. P. R. The cost of the sticks was over \$500, while the freight charges were \$658.

A WOMAN SHOTS A BOY.

Washington, Aug. 2.—About noon to-day a daughter of Gen. Plagier, Chief of Ordnance, United States Army, shot and killed a boy who, she claims, was stealing fruit from her father's garden. The young woman was arrested.

A MOUNTAIN CLIMBER'S FATE.

London, Aug. 2.—A Vienna despatch to the 'Standard' says that Prof. Alois Schmidt, of Komata, Bohemia, climbed Mount Triglav in the Carpathians without a guide. He fell and was killed.

'EXTERMINATION' THE CRY.

BURNING AND SACKING OF SABANA CONFIRMED.

THE HORRORS OF WAR VIVIDLY DEPICTED

New York, Aug. 2.—A despatch to the 'World' says: The insurgents in Cuba have only just begun an aggressive war. The revolutionary party leaders in New York declare that the motto from this time will be: 'Extirpation and no quarter.' This declaration was brought out by private information in cipher received from Cuba yesterday confirming the report of the burning of Sabana by the insurgents. Sabana is east of Baracoa, not far from Point Mayal. The destruction of so much property is excused on the ground of military necessity. The town had a strong garrison. There were four forts and the Spaniards were confident they could defend themselves. When the insurgents, under Gen. Felix Ruen, surrounded the place the government troops refused to surrender. After a brief council of war, word was sent to



CAPTAIN-GENERAL CAMPOS.

the Spaniards that they must give up the town forthwith or it would be attacked and the Cubans would not answer for the result. The Spaniards refused to yield. A squadron of cavalry drove everybody in sight within the town, notwithstanding a heavy fire seemed to pour continuously from the Spanish guns. With 'Cuban yells,' the insurgents charged the fort again and again, scattered the troops and fired the town. Two or three times the insurgents were checked, but they rallied with renewed fury and a general slaughter began. Women and children sought protection in their houses, while the men feebly tried to repel the Cubans, who were said to have fought like 'wild beasts from the jungles.' This was the situation when a sea breeze sprang up and swept the fire through the town. The Cubans, attacking in advance of the flames, showed mercy to none except women and children. The discomfited Spaniards sought to break the Cuban cordon and many escaped. The woodwork about the flimsy forts, already heated by the tropical sun, burned as if saturated with petroleum. Soldiers covered with blood rushed hither and thither, some seeking glory in the thickest of the fight, others flying like frightened animals before the enraged Cubans. In the streets the machetes worked frightful execution. Amid the roar of the flames and the shrieks of the terrified populace men fell like corn before the scythe. For the first time the Cubans began to have a vivid idea of how the war was to be prosecuted on the coast. It is related that a young lieutenant, Manuel Garcia, of the South Coast, killed three Spanish soldiers with his machete and shot a fourth, also, going to the aid of his company. The property loss is estimated at from \$500,000 to \$700,000. The town of Sabana, except for a few blackened ruins, is obliterated. The ground is littered with half-burned weapons of war, twisted rifle barrels, broken machetes and dead horses.

Santiago de Cuba, July 24, via Key West, Aug. 2.—Excitement here about affairs in Bayamo does not diminish. The people are all anxious for news from there. It is very difficult to obtain, as communication between Manzanillo and Bayamo is almost impossible at present. The insurgents are very numerous and do not allow anyone to pass. Of seven messengers that the Spaniards sent from the first mentioned to the latter, five were caught and hanged by the rebels. Marshal Martinez Campos is unable to leave Bayamo and is practically a prisoner of the insurgents. The government has sent about ten thousand soldiers to Bayamo, having taken troops from here, Santa Cruz, Holguin, Cienfuegos and Manzanillo, but it is said that the rebels do not allow them to reach Bayamo. The early condition of this city grows worse every day and yellow fever has increased to such an extent that the consuls of Colombia and Venezuela have asked the governor to inform them whether or not the disease can be considered as epidemic, their desiring to communicate to their governments the true situation. The governor consulted the board of health, which answered affirmatively. The soldiers are dying in great numbers daily. The Spanish troops on the island at present number 52,000.

THEIR LAST RIDE.

SHOCKING DEATH OF SEVERAL TRAMPS.

Chicago, Aug. 2.—A freight train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway broke in two on a heavy grade near Stark siding this morning. The rear crashed into the first part and ten cars were wrecked. Twelve tramps were riding in a furniture car, which was smashed to splinters. When the trainmen came up they were horrified to see arms and legs of human beings sticking from all parts of the wreckage. Thomas Collins, of South Bethlehem, Pa., lived just long enough to give his address and state that his mother, Mrs. Dennis Collins, should be notified. Three others badly mangled were taken out. Two of them were dead and the third died on the way to the hospital. Michael Moran, of Cleveland, had his head cut open and may die. Adolph Eulen, of New York; John Lugen, of Chicago; Charles Eckert, of Philadelphia; Louis Simpson, of Pittsburgh; William Maher and Charles Wills, of Soho, were badly hurt.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IS PARALYSIS CURABLE?

MR. GEORGE LITTLE, OF ESSEX COUNTY, SAYS IT IS.

HE GIVES HIS OWN TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF HIS ASSERTION—SUFFERED FOR OVER TWO YEARS—BOTH HIMSELF AND FAMILY THOUGHT THAT ONLY DEATH COULD END HIS SUFFERINGS—AGAIN ENJOYING THE BLESSING OF SOUND HEALTH.

(From the Essex 'Free Press.') Life is truly a burden to those not blessed with a full measure of health and strength, but when a strong man is brought to the verge of almost utter helplessness, when doctors fail, and there is apparently nothing left to do but wait the dread summons that comes but once to all, the case assumes an aspect of extreme sadness. In such a condition as this did Mr. George Little, of the Township of Colchester North, find himself, and recently the 'Free Press' learning incidentally that he had recovered health and strength, a reporter was sent to investigate. When seen, Mr. Little expressed a willingness to state the nature of his case, and his story is as follows:—



'HAD TO SIT WITH FEET IN A HOT OVEN.'

Some four years ago Mr. Little suffered from a severe attack of la grippe, which left his lower limbs partially paralyzed. He called in one of the best known physicians of Essex county, who appeared to do all that lay in his power for the relief of Mr. Little, but to no avail. For two and a half years he suffered the most intense pain and was confined to his bed for the greater part of the time. The doctor was puzzled with his case and as he seemed to obtain no relief, he changed doctors for a period. The second doctor did no better than the other, and Mr. Little returned to the one he had first called in. Finally, despairing of ever obtaining relief, he told the physician that he did not see any further use of taking his medicines, and believed he should die if he did not obtain relief in a short time. He had wasted away to little more than a mere skeleton, and was an object of pity by his neighbors, and felt himself a burden to his family. His wife and family had given up hope, and his neighbors all thought it was merely a question of time when Mr. Little's death would relieve his sufferings. While his limbs were partially paralyzed he could use them sufficiently to hobble about the house and door yard, but if he undertook to walk to the stable he would be confined to his bed for a week after. His limbs grew numb and cold. During the hottest summer days he was obliged to sit with his feet and legs in a hot oven, wrapped in fannels and hot cloths until the skin would come off in scales. Mr. Little believes that his physician was doing all that could be done, and has nothing but kindly feelings for the treatment he received at his hands, but he is certain that the doctor had no hope of his recovery. He had tried an advertised mineral water, taking in all seven gallons of it, but failed to obtain relief. After suffering for two and a half years, Mr. Little, in the summer of 1893, read of a case similar to his own, that had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at this last hope, he sent for a few boxes and began taking them. Before the second box was all used, Mr. Little was satisfied that he had found a remedy that would cure him of his exceedingly painful and mysterious ailment. Mr. Little continued the use of the Pink Pills for several months and was able to get out and do light work about his farm, which he had not been able to do for over two years. He continued taking Pink Pills a while longer, when he was fully recovered and was able to do any of the hardest work on his farm, and in the winter time worked almost steadily at saw-logging and wood-chopping. During the next fall, he says, he was frequently caught out in heavy rain storms when away from home, but he had so far recovered that his exposures have not brought any bad results. During the very cold weather of the present winter he was hauling wood to Windsor, a distance of fifteen miles. He looks at present as if he had hardly seen a sick day in his lifetime.

Mr. Little feels deeply grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claims that his complete recovery is entirely due to the use of the pills. He gives his testimony for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. Mr. Little's wife, who was present at the interview, corroborated Mr. Little's testimony and believes he owes his entire recovery to the use of Pink Pills. The entire family look upon the husband and father as one rescued from the grave by the timely use of Pink Pills.

On enquiry among Mr. Little's neighbors, we find that he is a man of undoubted veracity. He has lived in Essex county all his lifetime, and on his present farm in Colchester North, about four years. He is the superintendent of the Edgar Mills Sunday-school, and his case is too well known in that district to be disputed. His neighbors looked upon his cure as a most miraculous one, his death having been expected among them for many months before he began the use of Pink Pills.

ESSEX COUNTY'S BIG CROPS.

Windsor, Ont., July 31.—Reports from all parts of Essex County show that the crops which are now growing will be very heavy. The late rains have done a wonderful amount of good.

A CHINESE MOB

Make a Savage Attack on the Christian Missionaries at Chen-Tu.

SEVERAL CHAPELS RUINED.

MORE THAN ONCE THE MISSIONARIES AND THEIR FAMILIES ESCAPED BY MIRACLE FROM THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH.

(Special Correspondence of the 'Witness'.)

You will have heard by wire of the riots at Chen-Tu. Some details may be of interest to the friends of China missions.

It appears that on the afternoon of May 28, which is a Chinese festival, some boys and youths assembled before the door of the Canadian Methodist Mission. It is not quite certain who commenced the row, but the gate-keeper had trouble with some of the crowd, and either shut the door upon them, or he struck one. But this fact is not clear. Then a crowd began to gather, and soon after a great rush was made from the parade ground, as if some one had been inciting the crowd. Very soon, a vast crowd, many filled with wine, gathered, and showed signs of mischief. Stones were thrown, the book shop was wrecked, and the door attacked. Not till then did the missionaries show themselves, when they saw how serious things were. They thought they might check the crowd till the mandarin came. They had sent off at once to the police station, asking for help, but the official refused to receive the card, so the messenger went on to the district magistrate (Hwa Sang Hsien), who promised to come at once. They fired several shots over the heads of the crowd, which scattered. Soon, however, they returned. By this time about fifteen soldiers appeared, but the crowd had increased so much that they were unable to do anything, and as soon as the missionaries went in the shouting began again. They knew that they were in for a riot, so that their only hope was to restrain the crowd till the mandarin should arrive. By this time another crowd had begun to batter down the hospital door. At dusk the missionaries went to their house and thought of escape. Immediately the crowd burst through the doors, and the work of destruction commenced. The missionaries then tried to get over a bamboo fence, but a neighbor dared them to come. Then they hid among some timber, but the children commencing to cry they could not stay there. They then thought of hiding in the dispensary, but found that would only be a trap, so their only plan was to risk a run. They first of all fired a gun through the top of the hospital door, which scattered the crowd for the time being, and one by one they got through the hole in the door.

A man who had been cured of opium by Dr. Stevenson, acting as a friend, kept the crowd off for a time. They tried to go into a house opposite, but were driven out again into the street. They then made for the parade ground. Dr. Stevenson keeping back the crowd, by pointing his gun at them. They went into the soldier's camp, but were driven out with curses, and one man kicked Mrs. Stevenson as they ran out. They then made their way to the city hall, and there were safe from the crowd. Looking back, they saw their house in flames. They made their way barefooted round the wall to the western parade ground, and sent a man to get chairs, arriving at the China Inland Mission House about midnight all safe, but very weary.

In the meantime, the district and prefecture magistrates had arrived on the scene, and the crowd was quieted for the time being, they left for a consultation with the treasurer. Of course, as soon as the magistrates left the riot began again. In the afternoon notes were received by the missionary from Dr. Canright, saying that placards had been posted the day before, and that day, in their quarters, so they thought it would not be wise to come to a united meeting with the other missions. Mr. Vale had sent to the Yamen, and forty soldiers were sent to the China Inland Mission house for the night. The next morning, the crowd began again, and finished the hospital, carrying away everything, wood work, stone and bricks. Then they commenced to attack Mr. Hartwell's house on the opposite side of the street, and finished it by noon, the officials taking no notice whatever. Mrs. Hartwell with the two children got away early in the morning, and took refuge in the ladies' house. Mr. Hartwell had just time to get over the back wall and take refuge in a neighbor's house. About noon the crowd went to the ladies' house and looted it. The ladies had been warned and escaped by the back way, and got safely to the China Inland Mission. Repeated messages had been sent to the officials for help, and sixteen men were sent. The missionaries consulted together what was best to be done. It was decided that the ladies had better be sent to the Yamen at once. Some delay was made, and the street was soon crowded, and a free fight took place with the soldiers, the latter driving back the crowd, but it was soon evident that it would break in. The official then came and said he thought they had better get to the Yamen at once. Chairs were ordered and six of the party got safely away. But before the rest, Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, Misses Ford and Brackbill, three children and Mr. Vale could get away, a cry was made that the crowd from the American mission had arrived and the yells were fearful. They knew it would be madness to attempt to go now, so they, with the officials, rushed to the back wall and got over to a neighbor's house. The neighbor shut the door, not wishing to have us, but the official pushed it off its hinges and we followed in. The official was leading them right down toward the crowd, not knowing the way. Dr. Kilborn said, 'We cannot go there.' He

then, pointing to a door, said, 'Go in there.' They did so. Eight persons crept into a bed and there sat for three hours, scarcely daring to breathe. The yelling and crashing was within ten yards of our hiding place.

During this time the American friends had suffered the same fate, their place being utterly destroyed, and they themselves hiding in a neighbor's house. About eight o'clock they got safely to the Yamen. Later on the official got all the other missionaries there, so that the party complete consisted of eighteen adults and eleven children. All this time the six separate chapels of the Roman Catholic had shared the same fate as the Protestant. Thus, within twenty-four hours, eleven separate houses and chapels had been destroyed, not so much as a brick or stone being left. The next day was a great day of anxiety. Rumors were afloat that Kuan-hsin, Kia-ting and Chong-king had all been destroyed. There were rumors also of rebellion. The city was in the wildest excitement till the Governor-General's second proclamation was issued, which gave the warning that wicked persons inciting the people to evil were to be beheaded without trial. Gradually the rumors subsided. The district official did his best to make the missionaries comfortable and well supplying their wants. Next day a placard was posted up saying that American, English and French were not Japanese. A mock case was got up by one of the officials, to which the higher officials paid no attention. He got a boy who, they said, was found in a tin box under the Canadian mission chapel. The boy was speechless, but wrote in four letters saying that on the day of the riot he was captured by the missionaries and drugged, then put in this tin box. The boy was sent to the Hsien magistrate the night of the riot. Next morning his mother came and recognized him as her son. The magistrate asked if they knew anything of it. The doctor, of course, denied the whole thing. The official said it was of no importance, if the doctor would heal the boy now all would be well. The natives warned them that it might be a trap of the officials to get a case against them. If they could cure him it must have been they who had drugged him. So they said they would not look at the case. The district and prefecture magistrates came for consultation and the doctors said they would go no further in that case, stating if they had done anything wrong they were willing to be sent to the consul. The above report of Kia-ting and Chong-king were untrue at the time, but later on Melcheu and Tan-lin mission stations were attacked and looted.

By June 2, the riots at Chen-Tu were pretty well known in Kia-ting, but nothing was suspected until the morning of June 4, when tickets were put up in several places in the city, asking the people to rise and beat the foreigners. Some of our men went and tore them down, but there was a good deal of talk about the matter.

The city was crowded with nearly ten thousand students and their followers, for the examinations. During the forenoon, numbers of students came to visit us, but were not at all unpolite. After drinking a cup of tea they went away. The missionaries consulted, and agreed to get into a boat and go to the hills over the river until the excitement was over. At noon, Drs. Hart and Hare, began to put some goods out for the boat. The carrying out of the goods drew the attention of the idlers to their house. People wanted to go in and see, and the doorkeeper had a row with them. He found he could not shut the door when the carriers passed out, and soon the house began to fill. The two doctors, I am told, tried to put them out, and failing, got out and away by a private road. The doorkeeper, frightened, also left, and the house was left open. The official who had been notified by Dr. Hart of his leaving, had not yet come. The people then began to carry off the things. One of the neighbors came and called me, and I rushed over to the Canadian Methodist Mission House, and met a string of people carrying on the guest hall furniture. I called on them to carry it back, and they put it down in the street and fled. I then went to the door and shut one half of it, and the evangelist went in and drove out the people. As they passed out, I made them pile the things in the lobby. Soon I had quite a collection of 'stolen property,' plates, pans, pickles, bottles of medicine, broken glass, books, maps, etc., some contented themselves with Chinese tracts and books. These I asked them to take and distribute. One man had two bottles of medicine and a pile of tracts. I took the medicine and gave him the tracts, and he meekly consented. Another fellow got a bottle of carbolic acid, which unfortunately was broken, and his hands were changing from 'man color,' to something like leprosy. Several came with glass articles which they did not know how to handle, and blood was running from their fingers. There must have passed out in about half-an-hour, two hundred people variously loaded, a great many of them unable to stop, and now I was beginning to have difficulty with the outside people trying to come in. The district Magistrate now turned up with a military officer and twenty soldiers. I stood aside, and they took charge. They also made the people put out the things, but as soon as a soldier laid hands on a thief, the crowd on the outside booted. The magistrate, I think, put all the people out and fastened the door on the inside, leaving several soldiers outside to keep guard. Then they returned. I had meantime gone back to our house but could not get in, the door being fastened, and such a noise in the street that I could not make them hear my voice, so I had to stay at the door a while among the crowd, now numbering several thousands, most of whom were students. It was evident by this time that all was up as far as the protection of property was concerned.

The people finding the door resisted, then went and got in by the back of the Canadian Methodist Mission House, and soon it was full again. The Prefect came and got knocked about a bit, and had to return without doing anything. All this, however, gained precious time for my wife and Miss Bridgwater to get a few necessary things packed up and get into hiding over the garden wall. When I knocked at the door they thought it was the crowd, and with the help of the servants, the necessary things were got out. I got some silver out and hid it not a moment too early. The cook at last had opened the door for me, and I barricaded it inside, but the rioters soon found a back way, and were into the house. The rioting was now general at the three houses of the Canadian Methodist Mission, China Inland Mission and American

Baptist Mission Union. Mr. Beauman had got a lot of his things into his landlord's house next door, and he himself hid there. In spite of much anxiety on account of the ladies, I could not but laugh at some of the things I saw. One woman came out with a ladies' dressing gown, and said 'What on earth is this? It is very pretty.' I said never mind what it is, it will make baby clothes. A boy had two beautiful illuminated text cards we received from Mr. Beauchamp and had framed. I asked him where the frames were, and he said he threw away the frames and glass, they were not pretty. One man was running off with a volume of a commentary in English. A woman had a lap full of foreign sugar. She said she did not know what it was, but would take it home to feed her pigs. Some had tins of butter and milk, but when they opened them they threw them away, saying it was stinking.

The crowd handled me pretty roughly at one time, thinking I had silver. Two men got hold of the ends of my girdle and pulled different ways, I thought they were going to cut me in two. Had it not been for a few Kia-ting young men, I might have fared badly. Finally I got into hiding until night, when I came out to make arrangements for the safety of the ladies. Dr. Hart had kindly got a boat for us, but the gates were watched and we saw it was no use to go on the river, besides, if we went down river it was doubtful when we would be able to return. The street chapel and Roman Catholic house had also been looted. There was no place for us but the Yamen, so we sent a message to Dr. Hart not to wait for us as we had decided to stay in the city. About ten o'clock p.m., we got an invitation from the District Magistrate to come to the Yamen, and by midnight the streets were quieting down and the ladies were sent off in chairs, I going another way disguised.

We all got into the yamen safely without any outsider knowing, and found ourselves in a comfortable cottage with garden. Drs. Hart and Hare, with Mr. Beauman left Kia-ting by boat about 11 o'clock p.m., it being beautiful moonlight. I heard that a band of robbers had followed them, but that they got away safely. The mandarin here is most kind, he came to see us about one o'clock in the morning to see if we are all comfortable, made me sit in the seat of honor; asked to see the ladies and baby; said he was sorry he could not do more for us. Promised to get us anything we needed as far as he could. The Lord has inclined the hearts of the neighbors towards us. Had it not been for a few young men who stood by me I might have fared badly in the mob. The magistrates, I think, have done their best under the circumstances. The trouble came here just like a thunderstorm. Only two hours before many of the natives expressed themselves as hopeful that any trouble would be averted. However much one may regret the suffering caused to all, especially the women and children, I cannot say, personally, that I am sorry for these riots. We were able to show the people that we had a God to trust in, and that we could take joyfully the spoiling of our goods. Then I never knew I had so many friends in Kia-ting until yesterday. The Christians and servants have stuck to us through-out like bricks at the risk of their lives, not only so, but the neighbors could not have shown us greater kindness. Mr. Vale Chentu writes: 'I have learnt two things. The faithfulness of God and the faithfulness of the native Christians.'

Thursday, June 6, 1895.—This has been a day of excitement in the city. They finished demolishing the Roman Catholic house outside the city taking down the high brick walls and carrying off the bricks. Later on they attacked the private houses of some of the Christians and either pulled them down or burned them. When there was no danger of setting fire to other houses, they burned them. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Squire, to whom I had sent a message warning them not to come back, missed my message and returned to Tan-shen, thirty miles north, and had no sooner landed than they were attacked by a band of armed men who asked them to open the door. Not getting a reply they burst in the doors and one man brandished an 18 inch knife over Mr. Squire's head. Mr. Squire picked up his little boy and taking Mrs. Squire by the hand rushed on shore leaving the boat and their goods in the hands of the robbers. They lost their shoes and had to run barefooted. They attempted to get into the Custom House, but the officials there refused them admittance. They then got into a house where some friendly neighbors lived. Here they stayed until we got an escort from the magistrate and brought them here in safety. They have lost everything, but we praise God for lives saved.

Friday and Saturday were days of wildest rumor. Tickets were put up on Friday saying the rioters were to attack the Custom houses and pawn shops, the latter large, wealthy establishments. Reports came from coal districts that the people were rising in rebellion. The latter turned out to be untrue, except that several robberies had taken place and people with money had moved into the cities for protection.

About 8 a.m. on Saturday morning Mr. Uperatt, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Miss Bliss, Mr. Openshaw and Mr. Bradshaw, all from Ya-Choo-Fu, passed down the river without stopping here. Misses Neess and Nilson, who left us in May, itinerating, are, we rejoice to hear, safe in Kiong-cheo. They arrived there during the riot and were taken into the Yamen for safety. We hope to have them back here with us when the examination is over. The officials have caught about two dozen of the ringleaders, but dare not give them a trial yet for fear of an attempt to rescue them.

Monday, June 10.—Things in and round Kia-ting are quieting down. All our party—Mr. and Mrs. Squire and boy, Miss Bridgwater, my wife and baby and I are all well. Let us keep believing. The Lord will cause the wrath of man to praise him and the remainder he will restrain.

The following is a list of the missions in Chen-Tu, capital of Sze-chuan province, and of the missionaries and families:—

China Inland Mission—Mr. Vale, Mr. and Mrs. Cormack, one child, Misses Nilson and Hol, absent itinerating. Canadian Methodist Mission—Dr. and Mrs. Stevenson, three children; Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, one child; Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, two children; Misses Brackbill and Ford.

American Methodist Episcopal—Dr. and Mrs. Canright, two children; Mr. and Mrs. Peat, two children; Mr. and Mrs. Cady.

Church Missionary Society—Mr. Jack-

son, Kiong-cheo, native pastor; Mel-cheo, native pastor; Tan-lin, native pastor; Sinking, French missionary; Pen-shan, French missionary; Omel-shang, French missionary; Kia-ting, French missionary. China Inland Mission—Mr. and Mrs. (Bee) Rivie, one child; Mr. and Mrs. Squire, one child; Miss Neess, absent itinerating; Miss Bridgwater, absent itinerating.

Canadian Methodist—Dr. Hart, Dr. Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, left June 3 for Chong-king.

American Baptist Missionary Union—Mr. and Mrs. Viking, left June 3 for Suifu; Mr. Beauman. B. PIRIE.

PROHIBITION TEST CASE.

Argument Before the Privy Council in London.

London, Aug. 1.—The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to-day began the hearing of the prohibition appeal to decide whether the power to pass prohibitory liquor legislation belongs to the Federal or the Provincial authorities of Canada. The appeal is against a judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada, handed down on Jan. 15, 1895, and questions regarding the right to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are also raised. Lord Halsbury, Herschell, Watson, Morris, and Dwyer and Sir Richard Couch formed the committee of the Privy Council. Mr. J. J. MacLaren, Q.C., and Mr. Richard H. Haldane, M.P., Q.C., were the counsel for the appellants, the Province of Ontario, and Mr. E. L. Newcombe, and Mr. H. W. Lochnis, for the Dominion of Canada; while the Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, watched the case in the interests of the Brewers' and Distillers' Association of Ontario. Judges McLelland and Dutton and Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. Aemilius Irving, Mr. C. W. Moss, Mr. H. W. Hayles, all of them Queen's Counsels of Ontario, were also present.

Mr. MacLaren narrated the history of the litigation and submitted the seven points which had been adversely decided by the Supreme Court of Canada, and asked that an affirmative answer be given to each. All of the points submitted, he maintained, came within the classes and subjects enumerated in section 92 of the British North America Act of 1867, which, he maintained, put the powers of prohibiting the manufacture and sale of fermented and intoxicating liquors into the hands of the provincial legislatures.

Answering a question by Lord Halsbury Mr. MacLaren submitted to the committee the proposition that municipal institutions had powers which, though not stated in section 92, were not on the other hand conferred upon the Federal Dominion by the provisions of section 94.

Lord Herschell—Then you contend that all of the powers not conferred upon the Dominion by Section 91 are conferred upon the provinces?

Mr. MacLaren—Though such powers are not expressly conferred they are yet within the rights of the provinces, they having previously held them.

Lord Herschell said he understood that all powers had been taken from the provinces by the act of 1867. Then new powers were given by section 92 of the act of 1867. He could not see anything in the statutes relating to any powers having been retained. Moreover, by the act of Confederation the provincial legislatures were debarred from amending the acts which had existed before the formation of the Dominion, the powers conferred by such acts having been vested in the Dominion.

Mr. MacLaren continued his argument, saying that prior to the passage of the act of 1867 the legislatures of several provinces had conferred upon the municipalities within these provinces large prohibitory powers in the regulation of the liquor traffic. He then read copies of judgments rendered by Justice Barton and others in defence of this contention and proceeded with his argument. In the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, he said, restrictions had been placed upon the retailing of liquors by the local legislatures.

Lord Herschell—It should not be assumed because certain restrictions came within the scope of the municipal powers prior to 1867 that necessarily these powers were considered to belong to a specified municipality now. It was his opinion that if these powers could not be brought within the scope of section 92 of the act of 1867 they were always open to being overruled by the authority of the Dominion.

Mr. MacLaren said the Legislature of the Province of Ontario only held that so far as it was not over-ruled by any existing Dominion law, the power conferred was not liable to be overruled. Mr. MacLaren had not finished his argument when the committee rose and the hearing was adjourned.

London, Aug. 2.—The hearing of the Canadian prohibition appeal by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was continued this morning, a considerable number of Canadian barristers and judges being present.

Mr. J. J. MacLaren, Q.C., continued his argument for the appellants, the Province of Ontario, contending that the provincial legislatures were entitled to prohibit the importation of liquors into their provinces.

Lord Watson remarked that that was a speculative question and ought not to be brought to the notice of the committee.

When Mr. MacLaren finished his argument, Mr. R. B. Haldane, Q.C., M.P., also for the appellants, made the point that the liquor restrictions came within the meaning of the words 'regulations for trade and commerce,' which was within the right of a provincial legislature.

Lord Watson again interrupted, calling attention to the speculative character of one of the questions submitted.

Mr. Haldane said that the question had been inserted in the list by the temperance party, which was very strong in the Ontario Legislature. Continuing he quoted voluminously from judgments pronounced by the Canadian courts in regard to local option and partial prohibition.

Lord Herschell said he had read these judgments and was greatly impressed and influenced by the forcible reasoning of many of them upon the question of

what was to be understood by the term 'municipal institution.'

Mr. E. L. Newcombe, for the Dominion of Canada, argued that neither the manufacture, the importation nor the sale of liquor fell within the matters in section 92 of the act of 1867, enumerated for provincial legislation.

Mr. Newcombe continued his argument until the committee rose and adjourned the hearing until Tuesday next, when the other counsel for the respondents will be heard.

Ottawa, Aug. 1.—The questions in the prohibition case argued in London, and the answers given by the Supreme Court were as follows:—

1. Has a provincial legislature jurisdiction to prohibit the sale within the province of spirituous, fermented or intoxicating liquors? Answer—No, Chief Justice and Fournier dissenting.

2. Has the legislature such jurisdiction regarding such portions of the province as to which the Canada Temperance act is not in operation? Answer—No; same dissenting.

3. Has a provincial legislature jurisdiction to prohibit the manufacture of such liquors within the province? Answer—No; unanimous.

4. Can it prohibit the importation of such liquors into the province? Answer—No; unanimous.

5. If it cannot prohibit sales of such liquors irrespective of quantity, can it prohibit the sale by retail, according to the definition of a sale by retailer in statutes in force in the province at Confederation or any other definition thereof? Answer—No. Chief Justice and Fournier dissenting.

6. If a provincial legislature has a limited jurisdiction only as regards prohibition of sales subject to the limit provided by the several sub-sections of the 99th section of the Canada Temperance act or any of them? Answer—No; same dissenting.

7. Had the Ontario Legislature the jurisdiction to enact the 18th section of the act in 53 Vic.: 'An act to improve the liquor license acts,' as said section is explained by the act in 54 Vic.: 'An act respecting local option in the matter of liquor selling?' Answer—No; same dissenting.

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

A COMMUNICATION TRANSMITTED FROM OTTAWA TO MANITOBA ON THE SUBJECT.

Winnipeg, July 30.—To-day a member of the Greenway Government informed a correspondent that a communication had been transmitted from the Ottawa Government to the Manitoba executive. He stated that the communication was in the form of a request that the Manitoba Government should state what it was prepared to offer in the way of a compromise on the school question. He also stated that there was no mention or suggestion in the communication of an official investigation or commission of enquiry into the working of the present school act compared with the results of the old system of education. Without defining the course the provincial Government would pursue in the matter, he stated that the message would be considered in Council and a reply transmitted to Ottawa. It was a communication from government to government and was, so far as he knew, without a precedent. A full meeting of the Cabinet will take place this week to consider the communication. The information was also vouchsafed that the sending of this communication was not likely to provide the Dominion Government with a way out of the difficulty.

THE TORONTO 'GLOBE' SPEAKS.

Toronto, July 30.—Concluding an article on the interminable school question, the 'Globe' to-day says:—Is there a man of the least foresight or judgment who will say, even if a majority can be got to put a coercion bill through parliament, that it will compel Manitoba to restore separate schools? Whatever the province might do under the influence of appeals to her generosity and neighborly consideration, it is next to certain that nothing can be accomplished by force. In her determination to resist outside interference in the management of her schools Manitoba would have the sympathy and moral support of the great mass of the people. The remedialists may imagine themselves to be the particular friends of the minority in Manitoba. We are much mistaken, however, if before all others, the latter will not feel like exclaiming to be saved from their friends if matters are pushed to an extremity. The minority, it must be remembered, are more desirous of getting certain concessions to their principles, or prejudices, if you like, in the conduct of the schools to which their children resort. They have no interest in assisting the politicians in the absurd attempt to humiliate Manitoba. All they want is the concessions mentioned, and they will never get these except by the free will of the people of Manitoba. Why not, then, go straight about the matter? Withdraw the remedial order, and let an appeal be made in the name of the minority, as citizens of Manitoba, for a redress of the grievances under which they believe they labor, and which it was the opinion of their lords of the judicial committee do exist. There is nothing humiliating to the minority in that course. It is the procedure that every minority has to observe, and under our system of government we have yet to know that a minority with a real grievance ever appealed in vain.

Minneapolis, Aug. 2.—A special to the 'Tribune' from Winnipeg says: Sir John Schultz, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, has transmitted to Mr. Greenway a communication from the Dominion Government asking Mr. Greenway to state just how far he will go in a compromise on the Roman Catholic school difficulty. Sir John, after transmitting the communication, took the train for Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, where Sir MacKenzie Bowell, the Premier of Canada, now is.

In Winnipeg to-day the startling rumor was circulated that if Mr. Greenway persists in his refusal to remedy the Roman Catholic grievance, he and his ministers will be dismissed from office by the Manitoba Governor. The Governor has the power to do this, but such a high-handed course would be calculated only to intensify the trouble and bitterness. It is certain, however, that the Dominion Government is contemplating some decisive movement.

THE WEEK IN ONTARIO.

(Special Correspondence.)
THE ORANGE MEETING.

Toronto, Aug. 3.—The Grand Orange Lodge meeting at Halifax has caused quite a sensation here. It has been the fashion to doubt whether the Conservative Orangemen would stand firm in their opposition to remedial legislation at Ottawa in the interest of the Manitoba Catholics. The first evidence of their intention to do so was furnished by the Western Ontario Grand Lodge meeting at St. Catharines. It was made clear there that the great majority of the members present had taken 'no surrender' as their motto, but there was still room for doubt about the Orangemen elsewhere. The proceedings at Halifax have swept all doubt away. Had there been nothing adopted except the official reply to Grand Master Wallace's address, it would have been necessary to admit that the remedial order, and all legislation on its lines, will be treated with uncompromising hostility by the Orange body. But the express censure of the Governor-General-in-Council for passing the remedial order, and the adoption of the vote of censure by an overwhelming majority, sets the question at rest. It is now regarded on all hands as certain that remedial legislation at Ottawa is out of the question. It will, one hears all around, be impossible to secure its enactment, and it would be impossible to secure its enforcement if it were enacted. Coming as a sequel to the resolutions of Church Courts of most of the Protestant denominations within the past two months, this is taken to mean that, irrespective of political complexion, the Protestants of Ontario will be found practically unanimous in favor of leaving Manitoba to solve her own educational problems, and that any member from this province who declares in favor of remedial legislation in the Dominion Parliament, may as well bow himself out of public life. This does not raise the question of either the right or the expediency of the remedial order; it is simply on account of the present state of public opinion on this question in this province. Those who pay any attention to education will be interested in learning that during these two weeks, two

CATHOLIC TEACHERS' CONVENTIONS have been in session in this city, and that they were preceded by one in Hamilton. One of those held here is a convention of the teaching sisters of the Loretto order, the other of the teaching Sisters of the Order of St. Joseph. Each order furnishes many ladies as teachers in the separate schools of Toronto, and each has several contingents similarly engaged in other places. The members of these sisterhoods are able under our system of certifying teachers to pass the non-professional examinations if they are ready to do so, but it is impracticable for them to attend pedagogical institutions to secure professional training. Till recently they had to learn from experience alone, but they have begun to hold regular institutes in their own convents, and to secure for this purpose the services of public officers engaged in pedagogical work under the auspices of the Education Department. Each institute lasts from one to two weeks, and during that time a somewhat varied programme is taken up, including psychology, school management and methods of teaching the more important subjects in the public school programme. It has been the custom to regard the separate school teachers as inferior alike in attainment and skill to the public school teachers, but there is no proof, so far as the sisters are concerned, that they are so. As the order to which they belong has required them to devote themselves to teaching as their life-work it has also undertaken to prepare them for it, and, unless women remain more permanently than they now do in the profession of public school teachers, it is only a question of time when they will be distanced by the members of the sisterhoods. The latter have no family cares to distract their attention, and they are not required to take any thought for their own subsistence. Their living is provided for them, the amount paid by the separate school board for their services being handed over to the order in its corporate capacity. This new departure is a very interesting one, and it will become more and more so as time passes. Whatever be the ultimate effect of it on the condition of the separate schools it is satisfactory to be able to believe that it is already producing some improvement in the lot of the pupils who attend them.

THE TORONTO, HAMILTON, AND BUFFALO RAILWAY.

Has suddenly become a somewhat disturbing institution. It was at first proposed to run it inland from a point this side of Hamilton to Cookville on the present Canadian Pacific Railway, and to use the track of that road as a means of getting to the Union station. It seems likely now that an effort will be made to keep it south of the Grand Trunk between Hamilton and the Humber River, and then run it through Howard Park to join the C. P. R. north of Parkdale. This has raised a chorus of protests against allowing this fine park to be so cut up, and with some good reason. There is absolutely no justification for permitting the railway to do more than parallel the G. T. R. across the Park front, and this would not injure it at all. It would do good by furnishing an opportunity to settle the whole question of procuring a more convenient entrance into the park than any at present available. The people of Toronto are very much in sympathy with this T. H. & B. project, but they will not surrender any portion of their great park until they are compelled to do so, and that would be only after long and costly litigation. The road when built will considerably shorten the time between Toronto and Buffalo, and will also furnish a new direct route to Detroit by means of the Toronto, Hamilton and Bradford line to Waterford on the Michigan Central.

PRIESTS MOBBED IN LISBON.

Lisbon, July 30.—A serious riot occurred here today as the result of the circulation of a report that priests were stealing children. Several priests who appeared on the streets were chased by a mob and roughly handled, some of them being seriously hurt. The police finally scattered the mob and arrested the ringleaders.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Enquiry in the Boyd, Gillies & Co. arson case reveals the blackmailing letters of Jenkins, one of the accused, to Boyd, who is now in Europe. The developments show an extraordinary desire to get money by fraud.

The winner of the Queen's prize—medal, badge and \$250—Private Hayhurst, of Hamilton, Ont., is to get a great reception from Montreal volunteers when he reaches Montreal, next week. Other cities are also to do him honor.

The body of an aged woman, found in Laprairie wood, near St. Hubert, has surprised residents in that vicinity, none of whom appear to know who she is. It appears that she must have fallen down and died several months ago, so badly decomposed are the remains.

A. L. Barlow, of Craig street, was fined five hundred dollars for selling coal, light weight, to Mr. A. Haig Sims. The habit of fraud was to weigh coal and instead of placing on the certificate the real number of two thousand pounds, there would be a figure added to make the load pass 2,400 pounds.

A pickpocket, W. J. Robertson by name, who served a term in jail, was said by one of the local newspapers to have fallen heir to \$75,000. He was 'much written up' at the time. Now his history has reached the point where he is following a travelling circus through the Maritime Provinces and thus earning his bread.

Three-quarters of an inch of rain fell last Tuesday, and Montreal has had some heavy showers since, all very welcome to the market gardeners in the outskirts and to house-pot and garden growers in the city. The grasshoppers have been much too numerous for successful gardening this season; at least in many parts of the city.

A customs circular has been issued to collectors warning them to watch carefully the consignments of a Glasgow tailoring house, which was doing business in Canada by means of commercial travellers, and which is suspected of sending through by parcel post the goods to their customers. The customs authorities charge the Glasgow firm with using false invoices.

A thirteen-year-old lad by the name of Lussier, whose parents live on Malsonneuve street, met with a horrible accident early on Friday morning while playing round one of Messrs. Hurlburt & Co.'s hay wagons. Sliding off the top of the hay, the boy became impaled on a projecting hook, and a long, ugly gash was made in his abdomen. The injury was attended to at the Notre Dame Hospital.

A young girl, fourteen years old, servant in James McCrory's, corner of Ottawa and Nazareth streets, has been found stealing small sums from her employer. He says that in twenty-seven weeks she has stolen in all over five hundred dollars, as he has missed sum after sum without ever suspecting the girl. She confessed to spending the money with her lover and was sent to the reformatory for four years.

A woman, Josephine Verina by name, has been playing an old trick upon new grocers who sell liquor by the bottle. She would fill an ordinary bottle with water and take it and an empty one with her to the grocer's. She would order a bottle of whiskey to put in the empty bottle. When the grocer placed the whiskey on the counter, she would order some small articles of groceries, and when the grocer's back was turned, would substitute the bottle of water for the bottle of whiskey. She would then leave with her groceries, saying she had not money enough for the liquor, but would return and pay for it. She would, of course, carry away with her the full bottle of whiskey and would not look at the same grocer again. She played the trick so often that the Magistrate sent her to jail for three months.

Napoleon Demers has been held for trial for the murder of his wife. The murder was mysterious until Demers was considered, when many discrepancies—pointing to screening of himself from suspicion, appeared to show themselves in his statements. He stated that his wife was an angel, and that they never had quarrelled; his relatives swore that he had struck her and that she was in terror for her life at times. There was no key found for the woman's front door, though it was searched for in every direction; when Demers was arrested, the key was found in his pocket. His wife was murdered, he claimed, after he left her to go to his work, in the early morning. The medical men say she must have been murdered long before the hour of 2.30 o'clock, when her body was found. Blood had been discovered upon clothing worn by Demers, and as there have been certain circumstances pointing to Demers' apparent coolness as cunningly assumed, the authorities deem it wise to hold him for trial at the criminal Court of Queen's Bench. He pleaded 'not guilty' with much firmness when challenged formally.

Firemen had a fire, a fright, and a fight with death all about them on Thursday morning. Mrs. D. Sineet, of 9 Victoria square, keeps sportsmen's requisites, and, among others, two kegs of gunpowder. Her house took fire at about 6.30 a.m., and as it was all aflame in the kitchen, the stairway was cut off, and the family forced to the front window. The firemen burst in the shop door, and E. Benoit got upon the roof, from which he reached down to the window, where the flames had already come upon Mrs. Sineet's daughters. He leaned over and drew two of the women up to the roof, and thus the whole party escaped. Mrs. Sineet was badly burned on the arms while hanging to the window sill waiting for the fire department ladders. Her brother-in-law was also burned on the back of the head. The firemen fought for mastery of the fire before it should reach the upper story, where the kegs of gunpowder were stored. Failure for them meant certain death to someone. They faced it, and won. The burned people were transferred to the care of their friends, but their clothing and household effects were ruined.

Murder of the most startling nature was discovered late on Tuesday afternoon last. A cigar maker named Alarie Gauthier, had been courting a young woman named Colina Consigny, a worker in Miller's paper box factory. The young man had taken the girl away from her mother's house, No. 14 Busby lane, to purchase the wedding ring. They were to have been married on Monday. After buying the ring, the pair went to an infamous house on Bonsecours street, where they seem to have gone more than once previously to spend the night together. In an upper room in the house,

Gauthier shot the girl four times. When the police arrived she was lying with only her chemise covering her, upon the floor, and was dead before the policeman first on the scene could send for doctor or ambulance. After the shooting, Gauthier tried to escape from the room, but the keeper of the rendezvous held the door of the room and sent for the police, who took him in charge. He was evidently greatly excited, but admitted the deed, and said both had concluded that they could not marry because of some internal disease, and that the girl had agreed that he should kill her and then shoot himself, when they would leave the world together. He said there were no bullets left in the revolver or he would have killed himself. It is believed that there was a jealous quarrel and in process thereof he made up his mind to shoot the girl, and induced her to go with him to the rendezvous in order to carry out the intention. He will be tried at the next session of Queen's Bench. The girl's relatives are decent people, and hard-working. Gauthier once lived with his father in Detroit. At the inquest Gauthier developed peculiar conduct as to speech and action, and it was stated by his counsel that he had been told that Dr. Lebadie had Gauthier actually under treatment for insanity at the time he committed the murder. He also stated that he was under surveillance in his own home for the same reason.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

DIABOLICAL PLOT AGAINST A NEW YORK POLICE REFORMER.

New York, Aug. 5.—Police Commissioner Roosevelt was probably saved from a sudden and untimely death through the discovery this morning by Miss Daisie James, of 33 Bank street, a clerk in the general post-office, of a box addressed to Theodore Roosevelt, Central Police Office, New York, and supposed to contain a small dynamite bomb. The package contained a wooden jewellery box with a sliding lid, which held a sealed cartridge and a fuse. The fuse was covered with gunpowder and on it was a block on which three matches were placed, a short distance apart. Beneath the matches a piece of coarse sandpaper was fixed, so that as the lid was opened, the matches would pass over and be ignited by the sandpaper and thus set fire to the fuse connecting with the cartridge and explode it. Miss James opened the box to discover its contents, and as she did so, one of the matches was immediately ignited and flared up. She promptly extinguished the flame. Superintendent Campbell said he thought the box had been probably mailed in Brooklyn or Jersey City.

DEATH OF MRS. TALMAGE.

Danville, N.Y., Aug. 5.—The wife of the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage died at the Sanitarium here at half-past five o'clock this morning. Her husband and children were present at her deathbed. The remains will be taken to Brooklyn tonight.

Mrs. Talmage has been always regarded with great affection by the members of her husband's various congregations. She was deeply devoted to him, the cause of her illness having dated from the cause of her husband's death.



MRS. DE WITT TALMAGE.

her alarm for his safety at the last Tabernacle fire. She was a woman of very charming artistic tastes, and her Brooklyn home was filled with souvenirs of her travels with Dr. Talmage in the Holy Land and in Russia. Mrs. Talmage was a member of all the ladies' societies in her husband's church, and was extremely active in aiding him in his pastoral work. She was an enthusiast in regard to the extension of her husband's influence, and contributed all of the enormous influence she possessed among her friends toward this end. She was Dr. Talmage's second wife. His first wife was drowned while boating in 1862, leaving him a daughter, Miss Jessie Talmage, and a son, now dead. Nine months after this sad accident Dr. Talmage was introduced to Miss Susie Whittemore, a member of a Presbyterian Church in Greenpoint, Brooklyn, by his brother, the Rev. Goyt Talmage. This acquaintance ripened into a much warmer affection, and the following year Miss Whittemore became the second Mrs. Talmage. She bore Dr. Talmage five children—Mrs. Dorin, Mrs. Mangan, the Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, and the Misses Maud and Daisy Talmage. Mrs. Talmage recently broke down completely, and her illness threatened to interfere with her husband's work she entreated him to leave her in the Danville Sanitarium and to continue it.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

HOMING PIGEONS BRING NEWS FROM THEM.
San Francisco, Aug. 5.—A special from Tacoma, Wash., says:—Homing pigeons which had been sent out with mountain climbers, returned yesterday afternoon with messages stating that Fred. P. Cowden, H. J. Firs, F. A. Linn, William T. Ives, Walter M. Bosworth and Fred. Ivens, nearly all experienced mountain climbers, had been badly frozen in attempting to reach the summit of Mount Tacoma. The messages stated that the wind is blowing a gale. The pigeons were released at the height of 12,000 feet, at a point known as 'The Camp of the Clouds.'

Notices of births, marriages and deaths must invariably be endorsed with the name and address of the sender, or otherwise no notice can be taken of them. Birth notices are inserted for \$10, marriage notices for \$10, death notices for \$10 prepaid. When announcement of funeral, extended obituary or verses accompany such notices further charge will be made. Notices received from annual subscribers inserted free.

BIRTHS.

CARSON—At Valleyfield, Que., on the 24th, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carson. 31

COLE—At 'Hamwood,' Ste. Foye Road, Quebec, on July 26, 1895, the wife of the Rev. R. H. Cole, B.D., of a daughter. 29

DOLE—On July 29, 1895, at Meckling, South Dakota, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dole. 5

DUNSFORD—On Monday, July 29, at No. 1 Winning street, the wife of F. Dunford, of a daughter. 1

ELLIOT—At 19 Canning street, on July 31, 1895, the wife of R. W. Elliot, of a son. 21

LIPSEY—At Ascot Corner, on Sunday, July 28, 1895, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. Lipsey. 31

McKERACHER—At Maple Grove Farm, Howick, Que., on July 31, 1895, Mrs. D. G. McKeracher, of a daughter. 2

MARRIED.

CARTER—FROATS—At the Methodist parsonage, Morrisburg, by the Rev. W. Timmerlake, on July 21, 1895, Colin Bruce Carter, of Matilda, Ont., to Miss Catherine S. Froats, of Morrisburg, Ont. 1

CATON—GIBSON—At Worcester, Mass., on July 29, 1895, at the residence of William Wattle, brother-in-law of the bride, by the Rev. T. Richard Pease, Benjamin B. Caton to Hulda L. Gibson, youngest daughter of the late John Gibson, of Boston, formerly of Lachute, County of Argenteuil. 31

DEAN—HOOK—At the residence of the bride's father, 127 Dunn avenue, Parkdale, Ont., on July 28, 1895, by the Rev. E. E. Scott, assisted by the Rev. Dr. German, the Rev. S. Wesley, Dean of Little Current, to Rosa M., daughter of Thos. Hook, Esq. 29

ELLIOTT—MOORE—At the residence of the bride's father, 103 Emerson avenue, Chicago, on July 25, by the Rev. G. P. Brushingham, W. J. Elliott, late of Montreal, to Etta, daughter of W. H. Moore. 29

GILMAN—LAWSON—On Saturday, July 27, 1895, at Calvary Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Ed. M. Hill, M.A., Mr. Frank M. Gilman, son of the Hon. J. E. Gilman, to the Rev. S. Wesley, Dean of Little Current, to Rosa M., daughter of Thos. Hook, Esq. 29

HAIG—M'LEAN—On July 24, 1895, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. F. Smith, Andrew Haig, M.A., M.D., of Campbellford, Ont., to Marion Gertrude, eldest daughter of Allan M'Lean, Bradford, Ont. 29

MANN—MAINLAND—At 'Rockview,' Grimsby, Ont., the residence of the bride's father, on July 24, 1895, by the Rev. John Muir, M.A., assisted by the Rev. J. G. Murray, the Rev. A. J. Mann, B.A., of Smithville, to Laura, youngest daughter of John Mainland. 29

PANLY—STEPHAN—At 1424 Delisle street, Montreal, on July 31, 1895, by the Rev. T. Roy, Louis Panly, son of Antoine Panly, to Esther Stephan, daughter of Louis Stephan. 29

STONE—LAPLIN—At Sutton, Que., on the 24th inst., by the Rev. W. Howitt, B.A., M. Howard Stone to Adella E. Laplin. 27

SHAW—HAWLEY—On Wednesday, the 24th instant, at St. Paul's Church, Robinson, Que., by the Rev. Mr. Washer, Helena Gertrude Hawley, daughter of Augustus Hawley, to Thomas P. Shaw, M.D., C.M., son of Thomas Shaw, of this city. 27

DIED.

BRUCE—In this city, on Aug. 1, 1895, Edward Bruce, brass moulder, aged 31 years, youngest son of the late W. Bruce, plane maker. 29

BAPTIST—At Three Rivers, on July 31, Eliza Langley, aged 16 years, eldest daughter of the late John Baptist, and granddaughter of the Bishop of Montreal. 29

CHALMERS—At Verdun, on the 27th inst., Ellen Chalmers, daughter of A. Chalmers, late of River Beaudette. 29

EVANS—Mrs. Anna Malley Evans, on Wednesday, July 31. 29

HOUGH—At Syracuse, N.Y., Emma S. Hough, formerly of Lower Ireland, P.Q., youngest daughter of William and Lucinda A. Hough. Deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. 26

HURTEAU—In Montreal, on the afternoon of August 1, 1895, Marie Emmeline Larocque, wife of N. A. Hurteau, aged 38 years. 29

JOHNSTON—At Black Lake Mines, P.Q., on July 28, 1895, Phyllis Gertrude, only child of J. M. and Della Johnston, aged six months. 29

LIFTON—On the morning of the 29th inst., Frank Harcourt, infant son of W. T. Lifton, aged 12 months and 18 days. 29

LUTTRELL—In this city, on Aug. 1, 1895, Richard Luttrell, late with the G. T. R., aged 63 years. 29

MAYBURY—In this city, on Aug. 3, 1895, Lillie Maybury, third daughter of the late Thomas Maybury, aged 22 years. 29

MULCAIR—At Quebec, on July 31, 1895, John Mulcair, aged 78 years, a native of the County Limerick, Ireland, and for the last 64 years a resident of Quebec. 2

MACPHERSON—At Levis, on July 25, 1895, Charles John, aged two years, only son of C. Gethings Macpherson. 29

McDONALD—In this city, at 613 St. Catherine street, George Walter, youngest son of W. G. A. McDonald, aged three months and ten days. 29

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The Ontario Agricultural College will re-open October 1st. Full courses of lectures with practical instruction for young men who intend to be farmers. Send for circulars giving information as to course of study, terms of admission, cost, etc.

Guelph, July 1895.

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