

Montreal Weekly Witness.

FIFTIETH YEAR.

MONTREAL, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS.
\$1.00 Post-Paid; 5c a Copy.

SUMMARY.

The French admiralty are preparing a bill to put an end to racing by ocean greyhounds.

The Sultan of Turkey has ordered that 2,500 pounds (Turkish) be disbursed among the needy inhabitants of Sassoun.

California's state labor commissioner has asked for the restriction of Japanese coolie immigration, which white labor cannot compete against.

The New South Wales Government has created ten new members of the Legislative Council. All of the new members are free traders of prominence.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is trying to raise \$1,000,000 to clear the debt of the Woman's Temple in Chicago. About \$70,000 has been subscribed.

According to the latest official statistics, Russia in Europe now has about 35,000 miles of navigable rivers and canals, or about 6,000 miles more than all the rest of Europe.

Cholera has appeared in Podolia, Russia, not far from the Austrian border, and has been very destructive. There have been riots and the troops have been called upon to quell them.

Bridgetown, N.S., and vicinity, last week were visited by a storm of wind and rain which did much damage, smashing elms as if they were straws and tearing up trees in forests and orchards.

The Liberty Bell, Philadelphia's treasure, will be taken to the Atlanta Exposition, starting on Sept. 11. Stops will be made at several points on the journey, and people will be allowed to inspect the relic.

Boston policemen are notifying all sidewalk vendors and merchants who make use of the public streets to display their wares, that they must cease doing so at once. There is considerable opposition to the new order.

A member of the French Academy of Medicine, moved to pity for the mutilated sufferers from 'phossy-jaw' in the state match-works, has taken up the subject, and shows that the disease can and ought to be prevented.

A number of farmers in Ottawa county set upon the sheriff, recently, while he was on the way to execute warrants against fifteen persons who had refused to pay taxes. They took his warrants from him and sent him off.

The review of the Geological Survey, says that the product of antimonial ores of the United States was 250 tons in 1894, valued at \$45,000. Nearly the entire supply is from California. The production of platinum is still insignificant.

In Kansas City, Kans., on Friday, fifty Texas steers being driven from the stockyards to Armour's packing-house, stampeded and created great consternation in the streets until rounded up by cow-boys. A few were drowned in the river.

A railway collision near Albuquerque, New Mexico, on Wednesday, killed twelve and wounded twenty-five passengers. On Thursday morning the 'cannon ball' express train smashed into a special train at Plymouth, N.H., and three were killed and a number wounded.

Charles Elliott and Ella Park, while making a balloon ascent at Jackson, Mich., on Aug. 5, were brought to the ground suddenly. The balloon had taken fire while the aeronauts were doing trapeze feats a thousand feet in the air. Both were killed, to the horror of the spectators.

The trial of Durant, who murdered two young women in a San Francisco church, is exciting widespread interest. A play founded on details of the murder was produced in one of the theatres; but it was suppressed, and the manager was arrested, and is held under bonds to appear in court on Sept. 2.

United States naval officers in Washington, who have recently examined specimens of aluminum which have been submitted to tests in salt water, say that the metal will not be available for use in the construction of naval vessels, because after being in salt water for a time, it crumbles to pieces.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, the Irish leader, has issued a manifesto against Mr. Healey's charges and declaring that dissensions in the ranks are injuring the Irish cause. Mr. Healey has written a bitter reply, in course of which he makes very personal allusion to the Hon. Edward Blake as to the latter's action in the recent elections.

Miss L. Huntington, a young woman, a guest at the Grand Hotel, in Indianapolis, Ind., abruptly entered the State Bank of Indiana on Friday, threatening, that if she was not given \$50,000, she would return to her hotel and cut her throat. The police were sent for, but soon afterwards she returned to the hotel, apparently having recovered her mental balance.

The will of the late Susan C. Talmage, wife of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, who died at Dansville, N.Y., on Monday last, was filed in the Surrogate's office, King's County, on Friday. The will is dated Sept. 30, 1875, and leaves the entire estate, \$30,000 in real estate and \$136,000 in personal property, to her husband, who is made executor. Letters of administration were granted.

Miss Flagler, daughter of Gen. Flagler, who shot the colored boy in Washington for stealing fruit in her father's garden, has been discharged from custody. She says she did not mean to do more than frighten the boy away, and her father was absent at the time. The affair caused much excitement among the colored people and citizens generally. She will probably be tried by the grand jury, to whom she afterwards reported.

COERCION FOR THE PORTE

The Armenian Atrocities Demand it.

BRITAIN STIRRED UP BY MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECH.

New York, Aug. 11.—The 'Sun's' London cable says: Once more have the wonderful power and the true greatness of England's Grand Old Man been demonstrated in the remarkable revival of popular interest in the fate of Armenia. The whole nation is marvelling over the great speech at Chester. Nobody is any longer foolish enough to deny the main features of the fearful atrocities in Armenia, and there is no possible doubt of the accuracy of the latest reports that thousands near the scene of the massacres are perishing of starvation. The only protest against Mr. Gladstone's speech has been a long letter from Khalif Khalid, a conspicuous Turk, who asks the Grand Old Man why he hates and denounces the Turks so indiscriminately, when as many and as great outrages against the Mohammedans have been perpetrated by the Christians as were ever committed by the subjects of Islam. Mr. Gladstone's reply was made public to-day. It is one of the most pointed epistles the old man ever wrote. He says:

'I entirely disclaim the hatred and hostility to the Turks, or any race of men, which you ascribe to me. I do not doubt that you write in entire good faith, but your statements of facts are unauthenticated. I proceed only upon authenticated statements. I make no charge against the Turks at large, but against the Turkish government. I make the charges which they have been proved guilty of by public authority. In my opinion I have been a far better friend to the Ottoman empire than have the Sultan and his advisers. I have always recommended the granting of reasonable powers of self-government, which would have saved Turkey from terrible losses. This good advice has been spurned and in consequence Turkey has lost 18,000,000 of people and may lose more. Pray weigh these words.'

New York, Aug. 11.—Mr. Isaac N. Ford cables from London to the 'Tribune': Mr. Gladstone and the Chinese assassins have diverted public attention from domestic politics to the horrors of barbarous fanaticism. Mr. Gladstone's speech on the Armenian massacres, while not one of his greatest addresses, rose high above the level of ordinary political oratory, his voice was clear and resonant, and he spoke with splendid energy. While he disavowed any intention of treating the Armenian question in a party spirit, he virtually imposed on the Salisbury government the obligation to bring the Porte to its senses. Undoubtedly Lord Salisbury's hands have been strengthened by this speech, which has been received with signs of approval by the press of all parties. Reports from Constantinople betoken an increased disposition on the part of the Sultan to make concessions on minor points, but coercion was a natural corollary to Mr. Gladstone's speech, and Lord Salisbury has not yet shown any indication that he is prepared to use force. The Porte, as Mr. Gladstone said, will listen to the word 'must', but the word 'ought' will have no weight with it. Lord Salisbury did not hesitate last June to embarrass Lord Kimberley by making a speech in which coercive measures were deprecated. His opponents have not repeated his tactics, but have arrayed behind him in the Foreign Office the moral forces of public opinion. The Sultan is not yet convinced that the powers are in earnest. A threat to seize some of the Turkish islands and hand them over to Greece would open his eyes.

HELIOGRAPHIC SIGNALS.

Denver, Col., Aug. 9.—The Heliograph corps of the United States Army has succeeded in exchanging signals between Pike's Peak and Denver, 120 miles.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Gully Unanimously Elected Speaker.

London, Aug. 12.—The fourteenth parliament of Queen Victoria opened to-day with the customary ceremonies. Prior to the formal opening of the House there were the usual contests among the members for the seats they will occupy during the session. Mr. Hatch was the first of the members to arrive. He reached the House at five o'clock in the morning and sat at the door for an hour before it was opened. He was followed at half-past six by Mr. Ashcroft. Messrs. Hatch and Ashcroft are the two new Conservative members for Lancashire.

Before half-past nine, thirty seats had been reserved on the government benches by members placing their hats in them. The custom is always followed. The Opposition did not display great eagerness to obtain seats as at half-past nine they had secured only six.

Sir John Mowbray, in moving the re-election of Speaker Gully, said he rejoiced that Mr. Gully would be re-elected without a dissenting voice. Mr. Mowbray extolled Mr. Gully's impartiality,



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND HIS BRIDE.

The Duke of Argyll, K.G., married on July 30, the Hon. Ina Erskine McNeill, youngest daughter of the late Archibald McNeill. The Duke is seventy-two years old and had been married twice before. His first wife, a daughter of the second

Duke of Sutherland, died in 1878. His second wife, a daughter of Bishop Clough, died July 4, 1894. The Duke is thirty-one and attractive. She was Extra Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen and a great favorite with Her Majesty.

iron bar trade as they have previously secured the wire rod trade.

Balkan politics is a game of blind man's bluff, in which all eyes seem to be bandaged and everybody keeping in the dark. Bulgaria may proclaim its independence under Prince Ferdinand, or the Prince may abdicate any day if Russia persists in demanding that the discredited ruler be sent to the rear. Civil war may follow his obstinate refusal to secure order in his country. The Macedonian revolt has momentarily been suppressed, but the smouldering embers may be fanned into flames by the slightest breath of revolutionary excitement in Sofia.

His day is over. The poor Shahzada, who, a few weeks ago, was the Hon of London, can now hardly draw a crowd about him when he visits the Empire of India exhibition with Imre Kiralfy. So passes away the glory of royalty.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Duke of Connaught is now believed to have relieved the Salisbury Government from an embarrassing position by intimating that he is not a candidate at present for the office of commander-in-chief of the army. This will enable the War Office to place a military man of experience and reputation at the head of the land forces and to reorganize the service in accordance with the proposals of the Harrington commission. The Duke of Connaught would simply be a successor to the Duke of Cambridge, and no radical reforms would be possible.

NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The transfer of the Bishop of Rochester to the great See of Winchester is understood to be largely the Queen's work. His health is so seriously impaired that it is feared he will not be equal to the arduous labors of his new diocese. His first work will probably be the raising of a fund for repairing Winchester Cathedral, which is said by architects to be in a dangerous condition. His predecessor expended large sums improving Farnham Cathedral.

THE GROUSE SEASON GOOD.

New York, Aug. 11.—The 'Times' London cable says: The hardship of gentle-

men having to be in London on Monday and most of next week for the opening of parliament, while their more fortunate fellows are opening the grouse season, is treated quite respectfully by the press as a genuine grievance, and was incidentally brought out much more grouse literature in the press than usual. It seems that the predictions of last winter, that the exceptional severity of the past cold season would hurt the birds, have been entirely falsified. There never were so many grouse in such splendid condition, as are now awaiting Monday's battue. This is explained by the theory that the bitter weather and deep snow killed the weak birds and forced others to scatter widely over the country in search of food, with the result of a great infusion of new blood in various districts, to the immense benefit of young and old. The fashion of shooting over dogs on Aug. 12, which involved the slaughter of young birds and was in full vogue a dozen years ago, has now absolutely gone out. The present custom is driving with beaters which brings the old birds first over the butts to be killed.

BRITISH TRADE STATISTICS.

Trade statistics for the quarter show that while there has been a shrinkage in British exports to the principal European countries, except Germany, the total value has been largely increased through the expansion of commerce with the United States. The increases are most noticeable in the woollen, cotton and linen manufactures. The English and Scotch centres of those trades are now feeling the beneficial effects of the revival of trade with America, and the new tariff is regarded as highly favorable for the woollen, worsted, cotton, linen and jute industries in Great Britain. The improvement does not extend to iron and steel manufactures and tin plate. Barrow and other centres of the steel trade are greatly depressed. The manufacturers reluctantly admit that Americans are no longer large customers for heavy classes of steel and grade quality, and are taking possession of the



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL AND HIS BRIDE.

The Duke of Argyll, K.G., married on July 30, the Hon. Ina Erskine McNeill, youngest daughter of the late Archibald McNeill. The Duke is seventy-two years old and had been married twice before. His first wife, a daughter of the second

iron bar trade as they have previously secured the wire rod trade.

BULGARIA.

Balkan politics is a game of blind man's bluff, in which all eyes seem to be bandaged and everybody keeping in the dark. Bulgaria may proclaim its independence under Prince Ferdinand, or the Prince may abdicate any day if Russia persists in demanding that the discredited ruler be sent to the rear. Civil war may follow his obstinate refusal to secure order in his country. The Macedonian revolt has momentarily been suppressed, but the smouldering embers may be fanned into flames by the slightest breath of revolutionary excitement in Sofia.

HIS DAY IS OVER.

The poor Shahzada, who, a few weeks ago, was the Hon of London, can now hardly draw a crowd about him when he visits the Empire of India exhibition with Imre Kiralfy. So passes away the glory of royalty.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The Duke of Connaught is now believed to have relieved the Salisbury Government from an embarrassing position by intimating that he is not a candidate at present for the office of commander-in-chief of the army. This will enable the War Office to place a military man of experience and reputation at the head of the land forces and to reorganize the service in accordance with the proposals of the Harrington commission. The Duke of Connaught would simply be a successor to the Duke of Cambridge, and no radical reforms would be possible.

NEW BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The transfer of the Bishop of Rochester to the great See of Winchester is understood to be largely the Queen's work. His health is so seriously impaired that it is feared he will not be equal to the arduous labors of his new diocese. His first work will probably be the raising of a fund for repairing Winchester Cathedral, which is said by architects to be in a dangerous condition. His predecessor expended large sums improving Farnham Cathedral.

THE GROUSE SEASON GOOD.

New York, Aug. 11.—The 'Times' London cable says: The hardship of gentle-

men having to be in London on Monday and most of next week for the opening of parliament, while their more fortunate fellows are opening the grouse season, is treated quite respectfully by the press as a genuine grievance, and was incidentally brought out much more grouse literature in the press than usual. It seems that the predictions of last winter, that the exceptional severity of the past cold season would hurt the birds, have been entirely falsified. There never were so many grouse in such splendid condition, as are now awaiting Monday's battue. This is explained by the theory that the bitter weather and deep snow killed the weak birds and forced others to scatter widely over the country in search of food, with the result of a great infusion of new blood in various districts, to the immense benefit of young and old. The fashion of shooting over dogs on Aug. 12, which involved the slaughter of young birds and was in full vogue a dozen years ago, has now absolutely gone out. The present custom is driving with beaters which brings the old birds first over the butts to be killed.

CHOLERA IN RUSSIA.

From very small beginnings in the Russian Province of Volhynia cholera has suddenly made an expanding break in several directions, notably to the south and west, various despatches from Carcow, Lemberg and other points, showing that it is spreading rapidly in Austrian Poland. Still more circumstantial stories come from Southern Russia, where the epidemic has reached the vicinity of Kiev and even, it is rumored, the city itself. This entire section, including Odessa and the Crimea, has been suffering from extraordinary heat. During the prolonged drought springs were dried up, crops were burned, the cattle are dying of thirst, and the conditions are most favorable for the ravages of the contagion. In Odessa the death rate for the past six weeks was more than double the usual summer rate, high as it is, and the citizens are in mortal terror lest the cholera add to their woes.

A CLERICAL LOTTERY.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN MANITOBA TO BE SUPPORTED BY IT.

Quebec, Aug. 9.—The 'Evening' says this evening: The Rev. Father Guillet, of St. Boniface, is in town. His visit to Quebec relates to the scheme for the establishment of a lottery in the province of Quebec, the proceeds of which are to be exclusively devoted to the support of Roman Catholic schools in Manitoba. Archbishop Begin, consulted on the subject, has approved the project. But it is not yet known in what way it will be carried out. During the ecclesiastical retreat, which will begin shortly, the clergy of the archdiocese of Quebec will be consulted in regard to it. Father Guillet stated to our representative that the Roman Catholics of Manitoba are crushed by the payments they have to make not only for their own, but for the public schools as well. They are exhausted and if the school question is not settled soon, they will not be much longer able to keep up their own separate schools for which they have drained themselves since the passing of the iniquitous law of 1890.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

HOW THE PARTIES NOW STAND.

London, Aug. 10.—The result of the last election—that held in Orkney and Shetland—was announced to-day. Sir L. Lyall, the Liberal candidate, who sat in the last parliament, was elected by a majority of 781, defeating Mr. R. W. Fullerton, Liberal-Unionist. The vote stood: Sir L. Lyall, 2,361; Mr. R. W. Fullerton, 1,580. The Liberal majority shows a falling off of 225. The composition of the new parliament, which opens on Monday, will be as follows:—Conservatives, 338; Liberal Unionists, 73; Liberals, 177; Anti-Parnellites, 12. This gives the government, including Liberal-Unionists, 411 seats, and the Opposition 259, a government majority of 152. The Conservative majority over any combination of parties including Liberal-Unionists, that might be formed, will be six.

'BABY' STEWART DEAD.

New York, Aug. 11.—The 'World's' special from Foo Chow, China, says Baby Stewart is dead, the eleventh victim of the massacre of missionaries by the Chinese at Wha Sang. One of the murderers of the Stewarts has been caught and confessed that they cut off the hands, feet and head of the wife. Mr. Stewart was frenzied and fought till hacked to pieces. Foo Chow is cut off from Peking. The Chinese say the telegraph lines are blocked north of the Yangtse river.

ANARCHY IN CHINA.

Foreigners Fear More Massacres.

THE POWER OF THE 'VEGETARIANS' GROWING.

THE ELEVENTH VICTIM OF THE WHA SANG HORROR.

New York, Aug. 11.—The 'Sun's' London cable says: There are manifold indications that both the British and the United States governments fail to recognize the state of anarchy the Chinese Empire has been reduced to—a condition which threatens the lives of all the foreigners within its borders. Protests against the adequacy of the measures adopted thus far by both the governments concerned have been pouring in for the last three days from the foreign residents of Peking, Canton, Hong Kong and other places. All urge in the strongest possible language that the Chinese Government is powerless to redeem any of its treaties-given promises, and that any foreign guns and men will be of any use in the grave crisis which is at hand. Simultaneously with the cabled accounts of outrage and massacre have come foreshadowings of these and even worse events, which were sent by mail more than a month ago. These letters tell of the rapid growth of the secret society of Vegetarians, which now openly defies all authority, even that of Peking. The society was organized several years ago. One tenet was that the members should eat neither meat nor opium. They, therefore, have been described as Vegetarians, although there are numerous Vegetarians in China who do not belong to any secret society. Proceeding slowly they discovered that their actions were not opposed nor repressed. They moved from one bold action to another. The leaders, who were well-known, defied arrest. Still nothing was done; by degrees they realized that the officials were afraid of them. They, and not the officials, were the true rulers. The war with Japan was just what the Vegetarians wanted. At last news came that Foo Chow might be attacked, and they seized the opportunity to plan an attack upon the officials at Ku Cheng. It was found out in time and the city gates were closed. The Vegetarians had received their first check, but they found that nothing further was to be done beyond replacing the mandarin. No soldiers were sent against them, and they knew that many of the troops were members of their society. Knowing perfectly well the power that lies behind the Englishmen and the American, they thought that to get rid of them both would be a bold stroke. They knew the policy that so often has been pursued, of paying so much money, and they reckoned that they never would be punished. The plan was risky, but worth trying. They tried it and succeeded, and at the present moment they openly defy the authorities. The way they are to be met is by orders from Peking, for which they care nothing and by an enquiry, for which they care less. Their names are known, and have been known a long time. An enquiry will suit their plans excellently as it will give them time to spread ramifications of their society. The Englishmen at home who are familiar with the situation in the disturbed district unite in this view and all agree that the only effective policy which England and America can adopt is such a display of force as will amount to a serious punitive expedition, and to avoid more extensive operations which would not be short of war. The blow must be struck without a moment's unnecessary delay to be properly effective.

REPRISALS ADVOCATED.

London, Aug. 11.—The 'Times' will tomorrow print a despatch from its Tien Tsin correspondent, saying the recent massacre of foreign missionaries is regarded there as a symptom of incipient anarchy and that the belief is expressed that it will be followed by worse scenes unless the foreign powers deal strongly with China. The despatch will also say that at a meeting of the foreign residents of Tien Tsin the declaration was made that the massacre was the natural outcome of the leniency shown towards the Chinese upon the occasion of outrages committed by them in the past thirty years. The meeting also expressed distrust in platonic remedies. The British Government was urged to make local reprisals in every case of outrage, and it was demanded that the provincial authorities be made answerable for all officials under whose jurisdiction foreigners are attacked and be dismissed. This, it is asserted, would certainly be effectual and is in accordance with the Chinese principles of government.

BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

By Ian MacLaren.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF
LACHLAN CAMPBELL.

II.—(Continued.)

The railway did not think it worth while to come to Drumtochty, and were cut off from the lowlands by miles of forest, so our manna remained the fashion of the former age. Six elders, besides the minister, knew the tragedy of Flora Campbell, and never opened their lips. Mrs. Macfayden, who was our newspaper, and understood her duty, refused to pry into this secret. The pity of the glen went out to Lachlan, but no one even looked a question as he sat alone in his pew or came down on a Saturday afternoon to the village shop for his week's provisions. London friends thought me foolish about my adopted home, but I asked them whether they could find such perfect good manners in Belgravia, and they were silent. My Drumtochty neighbors would have played an awkward part in a drawing-room, but never have I seen in all my wanderings men and women of truer courtesy or tenderer heart.

"It gars me hert greet tae see him," Mrs. Macfayden said to me one day, "sae bood an' disjacket, him that wae that snod (tidy) and firm. His hair's turned white in a month, and he's awa tae naething in his clathes. But least said is soonest mended. It's no richt tae interfere wi' another's sorrow, an' it wad be an awfu' sin tae miska a young lassie. We maun juist houp that Flora 'ill sune come back, for if she disna Lachlan 'ill no be lang wi'. He's sayin' naething, and a' respect him for't; but onybody can see that his hert is breakin'."

We were helpless till Marget Howe met Lachlan in the shop and read his sorrow at a glance. She went home to Whinnie Knowe in great distress.

"It was waeome tae see the auld man githerin' his bit things wi' a shakin' hand, and speakin' tae me about the weather, and a' the time his eyes were sayin', 'Flora, Flora.'"

"Whar div ye think the young hizzie is, Marget?"

"Neobody needs tae know, Weelum, an' ye maun speak that way, for whatever's come ower her, she's dear to Lachlan and tae God."

"It's laid on me tae visit Lachlan, for a'm thinking oor Father didna comfort us without expectin' that we wud comfort other folk."

When Marget came round the corner of Lachlan's cottage, she found Flora's plants laid out in the sun, and her father watering them on his knees. One was ready to die, and for it he had made a shelter with his plaid.

He was taken unawares, but in a minute he was leading Marget in with hospitable words.

"It is kind of you to come to an old man's house, Mistress Howe, and it is a fery warm day. You will not care for speerits, but I am fery goot at making tea."

Marget was not as other women and she spoke at once.

"Maister Campbell, ye will believe that I hev come in the love of God, and because we hev baith been affliktit. I had ae son, and he is gone; ye had a dochter, and she is gone. A' ken where George is, and am satisfied. A' doot sairly yir sorrow is deeper than mine."

"Would to God that she was lying in the kirkyard; but I will not speak of her. She is not anything to me this day. See, I will show you what I hef done, for she has been a black shame to her name."

He opened the Bible, and there was Flora's name scored with wavering strokes, but the ink had run as if it had been mingled with tears.

Marget's heart burned within her at the sight, and perhaps she could hardly make allowance for Lachlan's blood and theology.

"This is what ye hev done, and ye let a woman see yir wark. Ye are an auld man, and in sore travail, but a' tell ye before God ye hae the greater shame. Juist twenty years o' age this spring, and her mither dead. Nae woman to watch ower her, and ye can dae is to tak her oot o' yir Bible. Waes me if oor Father had blotted oot oor names frae the Book o' Life when we left his hoose. But He sent His ain Son to seek us, an' a weary road He cam. A' tell ye, a man wudna leave a sheep tae perish as ye hae cast off yir ain bairn. Yir worse than Simon the Pharisee, for Mary was nae kin tae him. Puir Flora, tae hae sic a father."

"Who will be telling you that I was a Pharisee?" cried Lachlan, quivering in every limb, and grasping Marget's arm.

"Forgie me, Lachlan, forgie me. It was the thocht o' the misguided lassie carried me, for a' didna come tae upbraid ye."

But Lachlan had sunk into a chair and had forgotten her.

"She has the word, and God will hef smitten the pride of my heart, for it is Simon that I am. I was hard on my child, and I was hard on the minister, and there was none like me. The Lord has laid my name in the dust, and I will be angry with her. But she is the scapegoat for my sins, and has gone into the desert. God be merciful to me a sinner." And then Marget understood no more, for

the rest was in Gaelic, but she heard Flora's name with another she took to be her mother's twined together.

So Marget knew it would be well with Lachlan yet, and she wrote this letter:

"My Dear Lassie,—Ye ken that I was aye yir friend, and I am writing this tae say that yir father luvies ye mair than ever, and is wearing oot his hert for the sicht o' yir face. Come back, or he'll dee thro' want o' his bairn. The glen is bright and bonny noo, for the purple heather is on the hills, and doon below the gowden corn, wi' bluebell and poppy flowers between. Naebody 'ill ask ye where ye've been, or onything else; there's no a bairn in the place that's no wearying tae see ye; and, Flora, lassie, if there will be sic gladness in oor wee glen when ye come hame, what think ye o' the joy in the Father's hoose? Start the verra meenute that ye get this letter; yir father bids ye come, and I'm writing this in place o' yir mother. MARGET HOWE."

Marget went out to tend the flowers while Lachlan read the letter, and when he gave it back the address was written in his own hand.

He went as far as the crest of the hill with Marget, and watched her on the way to the post-office till she was only a speck upon the road.

When he entered his cottage the shadows were beginning to fall, and he remembered it would soon be night.

"It is in the dark that Flora will be coming, and she must know that her father is waiting for her."

He cleaned and trimmed with anxious hand a lamp that was kept for show, and had never been used. Then he selected from his books Edwards's 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,' and 'Coles on the Divine Sovereignty,' and on them he laid the large family Bible out of which Flora's name had been blotted. This was the stand on which he set the lamp in the window, and every night till Flora returned its light shone down the steep path that ascended to her home, like the Divine Love from the open door of our Father's house.

III.—LIKE AS A FATHER.

It was only by physical force and a free use of personalities that the Kildrummle passengers could be entrained at the Junction, and the Drumtochty men were always the last to capitulate.

They watched the main line train that had brought them from Muirtown disappear in the distance, and then broke into groups to discuss the cattle sale at leisure, while Peter, the factotum of the little Kildrummle branch, drove his way through their midst with offensive pieces of luggage, and abused them by name without respect of persons.

"It's maist aggravatin', Drum-sheugh, at ye 'ill stand there girnin' at the prices, as if ye were a puir cottar body that hed selt her ae coo, and us twal meenutes late. Man, get intae yer kerridge; he 'ill no be fat that buys frae ye, a' 'ill wagger."

"Peter's in an awfu' feery-farry (excitement) the nicht, neeburs, Drum-sheugh would respond, after a long pause; 'ye wud think he was a mail gaird tae hear him speak. Mind ye, a'm no gain' tae shove ahint if the engine sticks, for I hae no time. He needs a bit nip,' and Drumsheugh settles himself in his seat, 'or else there wud be nae leevin' wi' him.'"

Peter escaped this winged shaft, for he had detected a woman in the remote darkness.

"Keep's a', wumman, what are ye stravin' about there for out o' a body's sicht? a' near set aff without ye."

Then Peter recognized her face, and his manner softened of a sudden.

"Come awa', lassie, come awa'; a' didna ken ye at the moment, but a' heard ye hed been veestin' in the sooth."

"The third is terrible full wi' thae Drumtochty lads, and ye 'ill hear naething but Drumsheugh's stirks; ye 'ill maybe be as handy in oor second." And Flora Campbell stepped in unseeing.

Between the Junction and Kildrummle Peter was accustomed to wander along the footboard, collecting tickets and identifying passengers. He was generally in fine trim on the way up, and took ample revenge for the insults of the departure. But it was supposed that Peter had taken Drumsheugh's withering sarcasm to heart, for he attached himself to the second that night, and was invisible to the expectant third till the last moment.

"Ye've hed a lang journey, Miss Cammell, and ye maun be nearly dune wi' tire; juist ye sit still till the fouk get awa', and the guid wife and me wud be proud if ye took a cup o' tea wi' us afore ye staired hame. A' come for ye as sune as a' get the van emptied and ma little trokes feenished."

Peter hurried up to his cottage in such hot haste that his wife came out in great alarm.

"Na, there's naethin' wrang; it's the opposite way this nicht. Ye mind o' Flora Cammell that left her father, and nae o' the Drumtochty fouk wud say onything about her. Weel, she's in the train, and a've asked her up tae rest, and she was glad tae come, puir thing. Sae gie her a couthy welcome, wumman, and the best in the hoose, for coors 'ill be the first roof she 'ill be under on her way hame."

Our women do not kiss one another like the city ladies; but the motherly grip of Mary Bruce's hand sent a thrill to Flora's heart.

"Noo a' ca' this rael kind o' ye, Miss Cammell, tae come in without cere-

mony, and a'd be terrible pleased if ye woud dae it ony time yer traivelin' in." The rail is by ordinar' fa-teegin' and a cup o' tea 'ill set ye up," and Mary had Flora in the best chair, and was loadin' her plate with homely dainties.

Peter would speak of nothing but the new engine that was coming, and was to place the Kildrummle branch beyond ridicule forever, and on this great event he continued without intermission till he parted with Flora on the edge of the pine woods that divided Drumtochty from Kildrummle.

"Gude nicht tae ye, Miss Cammell, and thank ye again for yir veest. Bring the auld man wi' ye next time ye're passing, though a'm feared ye've been delved (deafened) wi' the engine."

Flora took Peter's hand, that was callous and rough with the turning of brakes and the coupling of chains.

"It was not your new engine you was thinking about this night, Peter Bruce, but a poor girl that is in trouble. I hef not the words, but I will be remembering your house, oh yes, as long as I live."

Twice Peter stood on his way home; the first time he slapped his leg and chuckled:

"Sall, it was gey clever o' me; a hale kerridge o' Drumtochty lads, and no a' o' them ever hed a glint o' her."

At the second stoppage he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Puir lassie, a' houp her father 'ill be kind tae her, for she's sair broken, and looks liker deith than life."

No one can desire a sweeter walk than through a Scottish pine wood in late September, where you breathe the healing resinous air, and the ground is crisp and springy beneath your feet, and gentle animals dart away on every side, and here and there you come on an open space with a pool, and a brake of gorse. Many a time on market days Flora had gone singing through these woods, plucking a posy of wild flowers and finding a mirror in every pool, as young girls will; but now she trembled and was afraid. The rustling of the trees in the darkness, the hooting of an owl, the awful purity of the moonlight in the glades, the cold sheen of the water, were to her troubled conscience omens of judgment.

Had it not been for the kindness of Peter Bruce, which was a pledge of human forgiveness, there would have been no heart in her to dare that wood, and it was with a sob of relief she escaped from the shadow and looked upon the old glen once more, bathed from end to end in the light of the harvest moon. Beneath her ran our little river, spanned by its quaint old bridge; away on the right the Parish Kirk peeped out from a clump of trees; half way up the glen the clachan lay surrounded by patches of corn; and beyond were the moors, with a shepherd's cottage that held her heart. Two hours ago squares of light told of warmth and welcome within; but now, as Flora passed one house after another, it seemed as if everyone she knew was dead, and she was forgotten in her misery. Her heart grew cold, and she longed to lie down and die, when she caught the gleam of a lighted window. Someone was living still to know she had repented, and she knelt down among the flowers with her ear to the glass to hear the sound of a human voice.

Archie Moncur had come home late from a far-away job, but he must needs have worship with his sister before they went to bed, and well did he choose the psalm that night. Flora's tears rained upon the mignonette as the two old people sang:

When Slon's bondage God turned back,
As men that dreamed were we,
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody;

while the fragrance of the flowers went up as incense unto God.

All the way along the glen the last words of the psalm still rang in her ears. 'Rejoicing shall return,' but as she touched the footpath to her home, courage failed her. Marget had written for her dead mother, but no one could speak with authority for her father. She knew the pride of his religion and his iron principles. If he refused her entrance, then it had been better for her to have died in London. A turn of the path brought her within sight of the cottage, and her heart came into her mouth, for the kitchen window was a blaze of light. One moment she feared Lachlan might be ill, but in the next she understood, and in the greatness of her joy she ran the rest of the way. When she reached the door, her strength had departed, and she was not able to knock. But there was no need, for the dogs, who never forget nor cast off, were bidding her welcome with short, joyous yelps of delight, and she could hear her father feeling for the latch, which for once could not be found, and saying nothing but 'Flora, Flora.'

She had made up some kind of speech, but the only word she ever said was 'Father,' for Lachlan, who had never kissed her all the days of her youth, clasped her in his arms and sobbed out blessings over her head, while the dogs licked her hands with their soft, kindly tongues.

"It is a peety you hef not the Gaelic," Flora said to Marget afterwards; "it is the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father will be calling me every one that night I came home."

Lachlan was so carried with joy, and freilicht is so hopeful, that he had not seen the signs of sore sickness on Flora's face, but the morning light undeceived him, and he was sadly dashed.

"You will be fery tired after your

long journey, Flora, and it is good for you to rest. There is a man in the clachan I am wanting to see, and he will maybe be comin' back with me."

When Lachlan reached his place of prayer, he lay on the ground and cried, 'Have mercy on me, O Lord, and spare her for Thy servant's sake, and let me not lose her after Thou hast brought her back and hast opened my heart.' . . . Take her not till she has seen that I love her. . . . Give me time to do her kindness for the past wherein I oppressed her. . . . Oh, turn away Thy judgment on my hardness, and let not the child suffer for her father's sins." Then he arose and hastened for the doctor.

It was afternoon before Dr. MacLure could come, but the very sight of his face, which was as the sun in its strength, let light into the room where Lachlan sat at the bedside holding Flora's hand, and making woful pretence that she was not ill.

"Weel, Flora, ye've got back frae yir veests, and a' tell ye we've missed ye maist terrible. A' doot thae sooth country fouk haena been feeding ye ower weel, or maybe it was the toon air. It never agrees wi' me. A'm half chokit a' the time a'm in Glasgi, and as for London, there's ower mony fouk tae the square yaird for health."

All the time he was busy at his work, and no man could do it better or quicker, although the outside of him was not encouraging.

"Lachlan, what are ye traivelin' in and oot there for with a face that wud sour milk? What ails ye, man? ye're surely no imaginin' Flora's gaein' to leave ye?"

"Lord's sake, it's maist provokin' that if a body hae a bit whup o' illness in Drumtochty, their friends tak tae prophesieen' deith."

Lachlan had crept over to Flora's side, and both were waiting.

"Na, na; ye ken a' never tell lees like the grand ceety doctors, and a' warrant Flora 'ill be in kirk afore Martinmas, an' kiltin' up the braes as hardy as a hielan' sheltie by the new year."

Flora puts an arm round her father's neck, and draws his face to hers, but the doctor is looking another way.

"Dinna fash wi' medicine; gie her plenty o' fresh milk and plenty o' air. There's nae leevin' for a doctor wi' that Drumtochty air; it hasna a mair in Scotland." It starts frae the Moray Firth and sweeps doon Badenoch, and comes ower the moor o' Rannoch and across the Grampians. There's the salt o' the sea, and the caller air o' the hills, and the smell o' the heather, and the bloom o' mony a flower in't. If there's nae disease in the organs o' the body, a puff o' Drumtochty air wud bring back a man frae the gates o' deith."

"You hef made two hearts glad this day, Doctor MacLure," said Lachlan, outside the door, "and I am calling you Barnabas."

"Ye've ca'd me waur names than that in yir time," and the doctor mounted his horse. "It's dune me a waird o' guid tae see Flora in her hame again, and I'll gie Marget Howe a cry in passin' and send her up tae hae a crack, for there's no a wiser wumman in the glen."

When Marget came, Flora told her the history of her letter.

"It was a beautiful night in London, but I will be thinking that there is no living person caring whether I die or live, and I was considering how I could die, for there is nothing so hopeless as to hef no friend in a great city. It is often that I hef been alone on the moor, and no man within miles, but I was never lonely, oh no, I had plenty of good company. I would sit down beside a burn, and the trout will swim out from below a stone, and the cattle will come to drink, and the muirfowl will be crying to each other, and the sheep will be bleating, oh yes, and there are the bees all round, and a string of wild ducks above your head. It is a busy place a moor, and a safe place too, for there is not one of the animals will hurt you. No, the big highlanders will only look at you and go away to their pasture. But it is weary to be in London and no one to speak a kind word to you, and I will be looking at the crowd that is always passing, and I will not see one kent face, and when I looked in at the lighted windows the people were all sitting round the table, but there was no place for me. Millions and millions of people, and not one to say, 'Flora,' and not one sore heart if I died that night. Then a strange thing happened, as you will be considering, but it is good to be a Highlander, for we see visions. You maybe know that a wounded deer will try to hide herself, and I crept into the shadow of a church, and wept. Then the people and the noise and the houses passed away like the mist on the hill, and I was walking to the kirk with my father, oh yes, and I saw you all in your places, and I heard the Psalms and I could see through the window the green fields and the trees on the edge of the moor. And I saw my home, with the dogs before the door, and the flowers that I planted, and the lamb coming for her milk, and I heard myself singing, and I awoke. But there was singing, oh yes, and beautiful too, for the dark church was open, and the light was falling over my head from the face of the Virgin Mary. When I arose she was looking down at me in the darkness, and then I knew that there was service in the church, and this was the hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,"

So I went in and sat down at the

door. The sermon was on the Prodigal Son, but there is only one word I remember. "You are not forgotten or cast off," the preacher said; "you are missed," and then he will come back to it again, and it was always "missed, missed, missed." Sometimes he will say, "If you had a plant, and you had taken great care of it, and it was stolen, would you not miss it?" And I will be thinking of my geraniums, and saying, "yes" in my heart. And then he will go on, "If a shepherd was counting his sheep, and there was one short, does he not go out to the hill and seek for it?" and I will see my father coming back with that lamb that lost its mother. My heart was melting within me, but he will be still pleading, "If a father had a child, and she left her home and lost herself in the wicked city, she will still be remembered in the old house, and her chair will be there," and I will be seeing my father all alone with the Bible before him, and the dogs will lay their heads on his knee, but there is no Flora. So I slipped out into the darkness and cried, "Father," but I could not go back, and I knew not what to do. But this was ever in my ear, "missed," and I was wondering if God will be thinking of me. "Perhaps there may be a sign," I said, and I went to my room, and I saw the letter. It was not long before I will be in the train, and all the night I held your letter in my hand, and when I was afraid I will read, "Your father loves you more than efer," and I will say, "This is my warrant." Oh yes, and God was very good to me, and I did not want for friends all the way home.

"The English guard noticed me cry, and he will take care of me all the night, and see me off at Muirtown, and this is what he will say as the train was leaving, in his cheery English way, "Keep up your heart, lass, there's a good time coming," and Peter Bruce will be waiting for me at the Junction, and a gentle man is Peter Bruce, and Maister Moncur will be singing a psalm to keep up my heart, and I will see the light, and then I will know that the Lord has had mercy upon me. That is all I have to tell you, Marget, for the rest I will be saying to God."

"But there is something I must be telling," said Lachlan, coming in, "and it is not easy."

He brought over the Bible and opened it at the family register where his daughter's name had been erased; then he laid it down before Flora, and bowed his head on the bed.

"Will you ever be able to forgive your father?"

"Give me the pen, Marget," and Flora wrote for a minute, but Lachlan never moved.

When he lifted his head this was what he read in a vacant space:—

FLORA CAMPBELL.

Missed April, 1873.

Found September, 1873.

"Her father fell on her neck and kissed her."

IV.—AS A LITTLE CHILD.

Drumtochty made up its mind slowly upon any new-comer, and for some time looked into the far distance when his name was mentioned. He himself was struck with the studied indifference of the parish, and lived under the delusion that he had escaped notice. Perhaps he might have felt uncomfortable if he had suspected that he was under a microscope, and the keenest eyes in the country were watching every movement at kirk and market. His knowledge of theology, his preference in artificial manures, his wife's Sabbath dress, his skill in cattle, and his manner in the Kildrummle train, went as evidence in the case, and were duly weighed. Some morning the floating opinion suddenly crystallized in the kirkyard, and there is only one historical instance in which judgment was reversed. It was a strong proof of Lachlan Campbell's individuality that he impressed himself twice on the parish, and each time with a marked adjective.

Lachlan had been superintending the theology of the glen and correcting our ignorance from an unapproachable height for two years before the word went forth, but the glen had been thinking.

"Lachlan is a careful shepherd and fine wi' the ewes at the lambing time, there's nae doot o' that, but a' canna thole (bear) himself." Ye wud think there was nae reilegion in the parish till he came frae Auchindarroch. What say ye, Domsie?"

"Campbell's a censorious body, Drumsheugh, and Domsie shut his snuff-box lid with a snap."

Drumsheugh nodded to the fathers of our commonwealth, and they went into kirk with silent satisfaction. Lachlan had been classified, and Peter Bruce, who prided himself on keeping in touch with Drumtochty, passed the word round the Kildrummle train next market night.

"Ye haena that censorious body, Lachlan Campbell, wi' ye the nicht, thrusting his head in on the thirds."

"There's naething Peter disna ken," Hillocks remarked with admiration afterwards; 'he's as gude as the 'Advertiser'."

When Flora had come home, and Drumtochty resumed freedom of criticism, I noticed for the first time a certain vacillation in its treatment of Lachlan.

"He's pluckit up his speerit maist extraordinary," Hillocks explained, "and he whuppit by me like a three-year-auld laist Sabbath."

"I'm glad tae hear the Miss is comin' round fine," says I.

"It's the fouk o' Drumtochty has

made her weel. God bless you, for you hev done good for evil," and 'w' that he was aff afore I cud fin' a word."

"He's changed, the body, some yir o' ther, and there's a kind o' warmth about him ye canna get ower."

Next day I turned into Mrs. Macfayden's cottage for a cup of tea and the smack of that wise woman's conversation, but was not able to pass the inner door for the sight which met my eyes.

Lachlan was sitting on a chair in the middle of the kitchen with Elsie, Mr. Macfayden's pet child on his knee, and their heads so close together that his white hair was mingling with her burnished gold. An odor of peppermint floated out at the door, and Elsie was explaining to Lachlan, for his guidance at the shop, that the round drops were a better bargain than the black and white rock."

When Lachlan had departed, with gracious words on his lips and a very sticly imprint on his right cheek, I settled down in the big chair, beyond the power of speech, and Mrs. Macfayden opened the mystery.

"Ye may weel look, for twa months syne I wudna hae believed this day, though a' hed seen him wi' ma ain een."

"It was juist this time laist year that he cam here on his elder's veestation, and he catches the bairn in this verra kitchen."

"Elsbeth," says he—it was Elsie the day, ye mind—"div ye ken that ye're an oreignal sinner?"

"It was nichtfa' afore she got ower the fright, and when she saw him on the road next Sabbath, she cooried in ahint ma goon, and cried till I thoct her hert wud break."

"It's meeserable wark for Christ's elder," says Jeems, "tae put the fear o' death on a bairn, and a'm thinkin' he wudna get muckle thanks frae his Maister if He was here," and Jeems wasna far wrong, though, of course, a' told him tae keep a quiet sough, and no conter the elder."

"Weel, I sees Lachlan comin' up the road the day, and a' ran oot to catch Elsie and hide her in the byre. But a' might hae saved myself the trouble; afore I got tae the gairden gate they were coming up as chief (friendly) as ye like, and Lachlan was calling Elsie his bonnie dawdle."

"If he hadna a pock o' peppermints—but it wesna that wiled Elsie's hert. Na, na, dogs and bairns can read foukes' faces, and mak nae mistakes. As sune as a' saw Lachlan's een a' kent he was a new man."

"Hoo has it come about? That's easy tae guess. Sax months syne Lachlan didna ken what father meant, and the heart was wizened in the breast o' him wi' pride an' divinity."

"He kens noo, and a'm jalousing that nae man can be a richt father tae his ain without being sib (akin) tae every bairn he sees. It was Flora he was dawting (petting) ye see the day, and he's learned his trade weel, though it cost him a sair lesson."

Wonderful stories circulated through the glen, and were told in the kirkyard of a Sabbath morning, concerning the transformation of Lachlan Campbell.

Ane o' ma wee lassies, expatiated Domsie, fell comin' doon the near road frae Whinnie Knowe, and cuttit her cheek on the stones, and if Lachlan didna wash her face and comfort her; an' mair, he carried her a' the road tae the schule, and says he in his Hieland way, "Here is a brave little woman that has hurt herself, but she will not be crying," and he gave her a kiss and a penny tae buy some sweeties at the shop. It minded me o' the Gude Samaritan, fouks, and everybody understood that Lachlan had captured Domsie for life."

"It beats a' things," said Whinnie; 'a canna mak' oot what's come ower the cratur. There's a puckle o' the upland bairns pass oor wy frae schule, and whiles Lachlan 'ill meet them when he's aifter his sheep, and as sure as a'm stannin' here, he 'ill lay aff stories about battles and fairies, till the laddies 'ill hardly gae hame. I was telling Marget this verra mornin', and she says, "Lachlan's become as a little child." I dinna haud wi' her there, but a quieter, mair cautious body ye never saw."

Drumtochty was doing its best to focus Lachlan afresh, and felt the responsibility lay on Domsie, who accepted it cheerfully.

"Marget's aye richt, neebours, and she's put the word on it noo. His tribble hes melted Lachlan's heart, an'—it's in the Evangel, ye ken—he's become as a little child."

This language was too figurative and imposing for the parish, but it ran henceforward in our modest speech, "He's a cautious body." Cautious, with us, meant unassuming, kindly obliging, as well as much more; and I still hear Drumsheugh pronouncing this final judgment of the glen on Lachlan as we parted at his grave ten years later, and adding, "He 'ill be sair missed by the bairns."

While the glen was

'But they are true names, and it is good for me to know myself.' 'You heft just one true name, and that is father. And now you will be singing a psalm.'

'There is a book of hymns (hymns) here, and maybe you will be liking one of them.'

And Lachlan produced the little book Flora got in that London church when the preacher told her she was missed.

'We will not sing hymns, father, for I am remembering that you heft a conscience against hymns, and I did not know that you had that book.'

'My conscience was sometimes better than the Bible, Flora, and if God will be sending a hime to bind up your heart when it was broken, it is your father that will be wanting to sing that hime.'

'It is here,' continued Lachlan, in triumph, 'for I heft often been reading that hime, and I am not seeing much wrong in it.'

'But each hymn has got its own tune, father, and you will not know the way that it goes, and the doctor will not be wishing me to sing.'

'You are a good girl, Flora, but you are not so clever as your father, oh no, for I heft been trying that hime on the hill, and it will sing beautiful to a Psalm tune. You will lie still and hear.'

Then Lachlan lifted up his voice in French.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The singing was fairly good, with a whisper from Flora, till they came to that verse:

'Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor sinner, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.'

when Lachlan seemed to lose the tune, and be falling into a coronach.

'We must not be singing that today, father, for God is fery good to us, and I will be stronger every week, and maybe you will be saying that we are thankful in your prayer.'

Then I realized my baseness, and went off on tiptoe (had the dogs been at home it had not been so easy to escape); for first I heard, 'Our Father,' it was a new word for Lachlan; he used to say Jehovah.

The doctor paid his last visit one frosty winter day, and was merciless on Lachlan.

'What for are ye cockering up this lassie, and no getting her doon the kirk? Its clean disgraceful in an elder, and if I were yir minister a' wud hae ye sessioned. Sall, ye're hard enough on ither fook that are no kirk greedy.'

'You will not be speaking that way next Sabbath, for it is in her pew Flora will be sitting with her father,' said Lachlan, in great spirits.

Flora caught him studying her closely for some days, as if he were taking her measure, and he announced that he had business in Muirtown on Friday.

When he came up in the market train he was carrying a large paper parcel, and attempted a joke with Peter at a window of the third. From a critical point of view it was beneath notice, but as Lachlan's first effort it was much tasted.

'Ye'll believe me noo, Peter, since ye've heard him. Did ye ever see sic a change? It's maist astonishin!'

'Man, Hillocks, div ye no see he's gotten back his dochter, and it's made him anither man?'

Lachlan showed Flora a new pair of shears he had bought in Muirtown, and a bottle of sheep embrocation, but she did not know he had hidden his parcel in the byre, and that he opened it four separate times on Saturday.

From daybreak on Sabbath Lachlan went in and out till he returned with Marget Howe.

'Mrs. Howe is very kind, and she will be coming to help you with your dresses, Flora, for we will be wanting you to look well this day, and here is some small thing to keep you warm,' and Lachlan produced with unspeakable pride a jacket lined with flannel and trimmed with fur.

So her father and Marget dressed Flora for the kirk, and they went together down the path on which the light had shone that night of her return.

There were only two dog-carts in the Free Kirk Session, and Burnbrae was waiting with his for Flora at the foot of the hill.

'I bid ye welcome, Flora, in the name o' oor kirk. It's a gied day for your father, and for us a' tae see you back again and strong. And noo ye'll just get up aside me in the front, and Mistress Hoo'll hae ye round, for we mauna let ye come tae any ill the first day yir out, or we'll never hear the end o't.' And so the honest man went on, for he was as near the breaking as Drumtochty nature allowed.

'A' body's pleased,' said Marget to Lachlan as they sat on the back seat and caught the faces of the people. 'This is the first time I have seen the fifteenth of Luke in Drumtochty. It's a bonnie sicht, and a'm thinkin' it's still bonnier in the presence o' the angels.'

Flora Cammill's in the kirk the day, and the preacher looked at Carmichael with expectation. 'The fook are terrible taen up wi' Lachlan and her.'

'What do ye think of the hundred and third Psalm, Robert? It would go well this morning.'

'The verra word that was on my lips, and Lachlan'll be lookin' for Coleshill.'

Lachlan had put Flora in his old place next the wall (he would not

need it again, having retired from the office of inquisitor), and sat close beside her, with great contentment on his face. The manners of Drumtochty were perfect, and no one hurt his head by one inch; but Marget Howe, sitting behind in Burnbrae's pew, saw Flora's hand go out to Lachlan's as the people sang:

'When Zion's bondage God turned back,
As men that drappened were we,
Then filled with laughter was our mouth,
Our tongue with melody.'

The Session met that week, and a young girl broke down utterly in her examination for the Sacrament, so that not even Burnbrae could get a correct answer.

She rose in great confusion and sorrow.

'A' see it wudna be fit for the like o' me tae gae forrit, but a' had sot ma hert on't; it was the last thing He askit o' His freends, and she left before anyone could bid her stay.'

'Moderator,' said Lachlan, 'it is a great joy for me to move that Mary Macfarlane get her token, and I will be wishing that we all had her warrant, oh yes, for there is no warrant like love. And there is something that I must be asking of the elders, and it is to forgive me for my pride in this Session. I was thinking that I knew more than any man in Drumtochty, and was judging God's people. But He has had mercy upon Simon the Pharisee, and you heft all been very good to me and Flora. The Scripture has been fulfilled, "So the last shall be first, and the first last."'

Then the minister asked Burnbrae to pray, and the Spirit descended on that good man, of simple heart:

'Almighty Father, we are a' Thy puir and sinfu' bairns, wha wearied o' hame and gae awa' intae the far country. Forgive us, for we didna ken what we were leavin' or the sair hert we gied oor Father. It was weary wark tae live wi' oor sins, but we wud never hev come back had it no been for oor Elder Brither. He cam' a long road tae find us, and a sare travail He had afore He set us free. He's been a gude Brither tae us, and we've been a heavy charge tae Him. May He keep a haud o' us, and guide us in the richt road, and bring us back gin we wander, and tell us o' we need tae know till the gloamin' come. Gither us in then, we pray Thee, and a' we luve, no a bairn missin', and may we sit doon forever in oor ain Father's House. Amen.'

As Burnbrae said Amen, Carmichael opened his eyes, and had a vision which will remain with him until the day break and the shadows flee away.

The six elders—three small farmers, a tailor, a stone-mason, and a shepherd—were standing under the lamp, and the light fell like a halo on their bent heads. That poor little vestry had disappeared, and this present world was forgotten. The sons of God had come into their heritage, for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

(To be continued.)

MEDALS FOR WORKS OF ART.

The following are pictures of the bronze medals won by the Canadian Pacific Railway for views of scenery, oil paintings and steamship model at the two large exhibitions of 1894, mention of which has already been made in the 'Witness.'



MEDAL AWARDED AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, ANTWERP, 1894.



MEDAL AWARDED AT THE CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1894.

ENGLAND'S CHIEF CARICATURIST

A SAMPLE OF HIS WORK AGAINST MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

(London 'Spectator'.)

If one judged by the political caricature and irony of the day, one would be



CHAMBERLAIN ON STEPPING STONES OF HIS DEAD SELVES.
From the 'Westminster Gazette.'

disposed to prefer Mr. Chamberlain's position to that of any other of our statesmen. Mr. F. C. Gould, who is certainly our cleverest caricaturist, is absolutely possessed, or should we say obsessed, by his desire to make Mr. Chamberlain ridiculous, but though he has made a great many clever caricatures of him, he has, we think, done more to make it clear that Mr. Chamberlain has turned the tide of public opinion against the Radicals than he has to injure Mr. Chamberlain in public esteem. Mr. Gould's admirable picture of Mr. Chamberlain standing in a Court suit on what Lord Tennyson called 'the stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things,' brings out very powerfully the many phases of rather wild and hasty political life which Mr. Chamberlain has surmounted, in order to attain his present high position as the arbiter of the political destinies of the United Kingdom, but it does not in the least succeed in persuading anybody that the last platform of the pyramid is the 'Tory' phase by which the caricaturist chooses to label it. No one who has the slightest acquaintance with Mr. Chamberlain regards him as a Tory.

The Court suit which Mr. Gould intends to be the very essence of his satire, makes no impression on one's mind at all. Mr. Chamberlain has nothing of the courtier in him. What he has done, he has done through the keenness of his sagacious instinct as to what will stir patriotic feeling at the same time that it stirs popular sympathies. And yet Mr. Gould insists on drawing his countenance with all the poor-spirited Radical grudge in it which it was his great triumph to dissipate before he obtained, or could have obtained, any influence with the stolid Conservatism of the party of privilege. In a very recent and very clever caricature of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Gould represents him as the dog pulling Lord Salisbury as a railway porter ruthlessly about at a railway station—the unhappy porter complaining that he does not know where he should take the dog as he has 'eaten all his labels.' That again, is laying emphasis on Mr. Chamberlain's greatest achievement. He has eaten all his labels, what Carlyle would have called all his formulas, but everybody knows where he is going. He is going to reconcile English patriotism—yes, and Irish patriotism, too—with every popular sympathy. He has sacrificed all the paralyzing and aggressive elements in his old sectarian Radicalism to the building up of a strong popular party which shall be at once national and wide-hearted. He is aiming at retaining all the vivacity and warmth of patriotism with all the wide and disinterestedness of a wise and yet passionate sympathy with the struggles of the poor.

TOBACCO.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—Although not an habitual smoker, I would like to say a few words on the subject of tobacco. I would not advise anybody to cultivate the habit of smoking; it is preferable not to do so.

I believe that if a man sees fit to abstain from the weed he is wise in so doing. I have no sympathy, however, with those persons who look down on others simply because they use tobacco. Certain people say that the tobacco habit is a vice—an insult to God. A few days ago I received a printed letter advertising an anti-tobacco book; the author described tobacco as the devil's weed.

Thousands of ministers use tobacco. It is possible that smoking may harm some people and benefit others. All men are not constituted alike. 'One man's meat is another man's poison.' It is a sin to indulge in a habit that is detrimental to the health. But, as tobacco has no evil effects on the constitution of the majority of smokers, and has been known to benefit some, a man should be allowed to do as he pleases without being severely censured by anti-tobacco authors. I have read anti-tobacco literature of the most fanatical kind. It is an insult to call a man gentle epithets of 'inconsistent Christian,' 'sinner,' 'slave of nicotine,' etc., on account of his own particular opinions and tastes. I will quote one or two opinions: 'Smoking is atheistical, agnostical and otherwise detestable.' The smoker is brought down to the level of an atheist. 'We cannot find words strong enough to express our utter detestation of this abominable habit.' Smokers should be moderate and not abuse their privilege. Anti-tobacco writers should be moderate and not compare the moderate smoker to the miserable drunk-

ard. 'Let us be moderate in all things.' The following is taken from the Bedford 'Times':—'The following two items may, and then again they may not, throw light on the tobacco question: Paducah, Ky., points with pride to an 85 year old citizen, H. Rice, who never chewed nor smoked tobacco. Meanwhile, Philadelphia is getting ready to celebrate on Aug. 6, the 102nd birthday of Jacob Urban, a little old gentleman who has been an inveterate smoker and chewer since boyhood.'

W. R. BOWER.

CANADIAN NOVELISTS.

Canadian romance, like Canadian poetry, has, of recent years, won prominence in contemporary English literature. It has been owing to appreciation of the editors of the United States' magazines of the highest class that Canadian poetry has become known to the English-speaking world. On the other hand our Canadian novelists have found publishers among the oldest and most conservative publishing houses in England, and at first their most appreciative public was found on the other side of the Atlantic. Of late, however, Canadian poetry has gained recognition in England and Canadian novels are appreciated in the United States, and, most noteworthy of all, both have become popular in Canada itself, so that Canadian writers may at last be said to have got the ear of the English-speaking world. The last number of Appleton's 'Monthly Bulletin' publishes in connection with announcements of new works by Mrs. Cotes, Miss Dougall and Mr. Parker ('The Story of Sonny Sahib,' Mrs. Cotes; 'The Zeitgeist,' by L. Dougall, and 'The Trespasser,' by G. Parker), portraits with a few biographical notes of these three Canadian novelists which we give.



MRS. COTES.

Mrs. Cotes is the daughter of Charles Dunoon, a merchant of Brantford, Ontario, where she was educated. After teaching for a time she entered upon journalistic work, and her first literary success with 'A Social Departure' was due to a journey around the world, undertaken as the correspondent of various English and Canadian newspapers. She is the wife of Prof. Everard Cotes, who was stationed for some time at the Indian Museum in Calcutta.



MISS L. DOUGALL.

Miss Dougall's home was formerly in Canada, but of late years she has spent much time in England. Canada usually furnishes the background for her tales. The originality, nobility, and sympathetic quality of her work have gained prompt recognition, and she is one of the few who can point a moral without straining the interest of her readers.



MR. GILBERT PARKER.

Gilbert Parker is but thirty-one years of age. He spent the early part of his life in Canada, where his father was a British artillery officer. He was educated at Trinity College, Toronto. Later he spent several years in travelling. Three years ago Mr. Parker definitely settled in Harpenden, near London, where he has since devoted himself entirely to fiction, with frequent intervals of travel. It has been said that Mr. Parker has done for the romantic side of Canadian life what Mr. Kipling has done for India.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.



HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Auntie—'Archie, run up to the house and fetch my racket. There's a dear!'
Archie (preparing to depart)—'All right. But I say, auntie, don't let anybody take my seat, will you?'—Punch.

MUSHROOMS.

There is a French story of some travellers in Africa who, while on an exploring expedition, ran out of supplies. By chance they came upon a native hut, but it was empty and the only visible edibles in it were several strings of mushrooms suspended from the rafters to dry. For lack of anything better or more substantial, they stewed these and made a meal of them. After a while the owner of the hut, who was a powerful native chief and warrior, returned from a hunting expedition and having greeted the explorers in a friendly manner, set up a wild howl of despair.

'What is the matter?' asked the explorers. 'They are gone! My evil spirits have stolen them,' wailed the chief.

'What are gone?' 'Those!' shrieked the chief, pointing to the out cords on the rafters.

'Why, no evil spirit took them,' said the explorers. 'We ate them.'

The chief seized his stomach in both hands and rattled the bones inside the skin. 'Aie what?' he gasped.

'Those dried mushrooms.'

'Oh! suffering Mahomet,' roared the warrior, or words to that effect; 'why, you fools! you've eaten the ears of all the enemies I killed in battle!'—The 'Collector.'



LUCK.

First Friend—'Had any luck?'
Second Friend—'Bully. Why, it isn't an hour since I had a lovely nibble.'—Judge.

Butcher—'Will you have a round steak, miss?'
Young Housekeeper—'Oh, I don't care what shape it is, so it's tender.'—Detroit 'Free Press.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Sunday-School Teachers.

If you want to remember in a nice way the birthday of any of your scholars you should consider the 'Northern Messenger,' providing, of course, the scholar does not get it through the school. The 'Northern Messenger' only costs thirty cents to separate addresses (still less in clubs for classes or schools) and is a present that will be more and more appreciated as the year goes by. It is a most profitable 30 cent investment. Send for sample copies and other information to

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Witness Office, Montreal.



I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give names and Post Office address. H. G. MOOT, M. C., 140 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

DO YOU WANT A FARM?

Advertise in the 'Weekly Witness' Twenty-five cents for twenty-five words each insertion additional words one cent each.

'What I can't understand about the sun's light,' said Wallie, when he first heard how many millions of miles away from the earth the sun is, 'is how it manages to get here so early in the morning without travelling all night.'—Harper's Round Table.



Lady—'Didn't you hear me ring, Mary?'
Mary—'Not till the third time, mum.'—Sketch.

PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

She—I see no chance for us to marry. We can't afford it.

He—But, darling, you forget that the editor said if I could only start another war, he would buy my war poem.

SHE HAD STUDIED FRENCH.

'Have you any ben-vi-vant this morning?'
'Boned what, mum?'
'Bon-vi-vant. Why that's French for 'good liver.'—Life.'

A DETECTIVE'S LOSS.

Police Inspector—'Why didn't you report at 11 o'clock, as I told you to do? It is after 12 now!' Detective—'Fact is, sir, I didn't know the time. One of those pick-pockets I was shadowing stole my watch.'



AN OPPORTUNITY NOT TO BE MISSED.

Billy Jiggers—'Hortense, run home straight away, an' ask mother ter git out my Sunday pants an' iron me a collar an' lay in a pen'orth o' soap. This is a chance of a lifetime.'—Judge.

'The baby did come mighty nigh being named Trilby,' said the lean man with the yellow vest, 'but I managed to save her.' 'How?' asked the fat man. 'Told my wife that we would be liable for infringement of the copyright law.'—Indianapolis 'Journal.'

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the miner to be successful must dig in vein.

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

The Boys' Page.

The Forest Fire.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

The night was grim and still with dread;
No star shone down from heaven's
dome;
The ancient forest closed around
The settler's lonely home.

There came a glare that lit the north;
There came a wind that roused the
night;
But child and father slumbered on,
Nor felt the growing light.

There came a noise of flying feet,
With many a strange and dreadful cry;
And sharp flames crept and leapt along
The red verge of the sky.

There came a deep and gathering roar,
The father raised his anxious head;
He saw the light, like a dawn of blood,
That streamed across his bed.

It lit the old clock on the wall,
It lit the room with splendor wild,
It lit the fair and tumbled hair
Of the still sleeping child;

And zigzag fence, and rude log barn,
And chip-strewn yard and cabin gray,
Glowed crimson in the shuddering glare
Of that untimely day.

The boy was hurried from his sleep;
The horse was hurried from his stall;
Up from the pasture clearing came
The cattle's frightened call.

The boy was snatched to the saddlebow.
Wildly, wildly the father rode;
Behind them swooped the hordes of flame,
And hurried their abode.

The scorching heat was at their heels;
The huge roar hounded them in their
flight;
Red smoke and many a flying brand
Flew o'er them through the night.

And past them fled the wildwood forms—
Far-striding moose, and leaping deer,
And bounding panther, and coursing wolf
Terrible-eyed with fear.

And closer drew the fiery death;
Madly, madly the father rode;
The horse began to heave and fall
Beneath the double load.

The father's mouth was white and stern,
But his eyes grew tender with long
farewell;
He said: "Hold fast to your seat, Sweet-
heart,
And ride Old Jerry well!"

"I must go back. Ride on to the river;
Or the ford and the long marsh ride,
Straight on to the town. And I'll meet
you, Sweetheart,
Somewhere on the other side."

He slipped from the saddle. The boy rode
on;
His hand clung fast in the horse's
mane;
His hair blew over the horse's neck;
His small throat sobbed with pain.

"Father! Father!" he cried aloud.
The howl of the fire-wind answered
him.
With hiss of roaring flames, and crash
Of shattering limb on limb.

But still the good horse galloped on,
With snout braced and strength re-
newed;
The boy came safe to the river ford,
And out of the deadly wood.

And now with his kinsfolk, fenced from
fear,
At play in the heart of the city's hum,
He stops in his play to wonder why
His father does not come!
—The Independent.

PROFITABLE VENTRILOQUISM.

Brewster tells of a master in his art, Louis Brabant, a valet-de-chambre to Francis I., whose suit was rejected by the parents of a beautiful and well-dowered girl with whom he was in love. He called on the mother, after the death of her deceased husband expressing remorse for having rejected Louis Brabant, and conjuring her to give immediate consent to the betrothal. Frightened, she consented, Brabant, deeming it desirable to behave liberally in the marriage settlements, but not having much cash at command, resolved to try whether his ventriloquism would be as efficient with a money-lending banker as it had been with the widow. Calling on the old usurer at Lyons, he managed that the usurer should turn upon the subject of demons, spectres, and purgatory. Suddenly was heard the voice of the usurer's father complaining bitterly of the horrible sufferings he was enduring in purgatory, and saying that there was no way of obtaining alleviation except by the usurer advancing money to the visitor for the sake of redeeming Christians in the hands of the Turks. The usurer was terrified, but too much in love with his gold to yield at once. Brabant went next day and resumed the conversation, when shortly was heard the voice of a host of dead relations, all telling the same terrible story, and all pointing out the only way of obtaining relief. The usurer could resist no longer; he placed 10,000 crowns in the hands of the unsuspecting ventriloquist, who, of course, forgot to pay it over for the ransom of Christians, either in Turkey or anywhere else.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A BOOK.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us lands away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears the human soul!
—Emily Dickinson.

Fight With Angry Apes.

SELF-SACRIFICE OF A BLACK SERVANT, WHO FACED THE INFURIATED BEASTS.

We came upon the apes unexpectedly, within sight of my farmhouse. There were thirty or forty of them, a fact quite contrary to the convictions of some of the noble gentlemen who write books on zoology.

The apes were in a great state of excitement. They seemed to discuss a matter of immense consequence to themselves and shrieked wildly, gesticulating at the same time, after the manner of the low Italians. All appeared to be above five feet high—indeed, many must have reached seven feet. When I first caught sight of them, the majority were on all fours, but as their savagery increased, they swung the body awkwardly forward between the arms, supporting it by their bent knuckles.

Suddenly the entire mob turned against one orang-outang that stood in their midst like a prisoner. They beat him, using, as far as I could see, their left hand principally. Then a grey-haired man-of-the-woods immediately afterward let out a terrifying screech, which was probably a signal, for he and his mates began to tear to pieces the comrade condemned to death. They tore him limb from limb—I heard his bones break, so near was I to the place of execution. The orang-outang cried piteously, his voice resembling that of a woman in sore distress.

Pamba, my servant, had fired in the midst of them. All fled but one, an old ape, who rolled on the ground with a broken arm. The Malay advanced upon him, whereupon the animal ran off.

My servant is a native of these parts and is intimately acquainted with its animal world. He gave it as his opinion that the orang-outangs had never seen a white man and did not know anything of firearms. The shot had startled and frightened them.

About a week ago Pamba appeared breathless in the dining-room, just as we were sitting down to our evening meal. "They have come," he cried. "See for yourself, master."

I walked out on the verandah, and following the Malay's direction, observed a large number of orang-outangs assembled at the end of the carriage-way leading to my house. In front of them stood a colossal grey-haired ape, who undoubtedly acted the part of the leader. He was screeching and chattering away at a tremendous rate, pointing toward my house as he did so. "Look at his arm," said Pamba, "that is where my shot struck him."

It was, indeed, the orang-outang we had encountered, to his sorrow, some time ago. The more I observed him, the more convinced I became of the fact. "We ought to teach him a lesson," I said; "fetch my gun!" Pamba, trembling with blood-thirstiness after the manner of his race, went and returned with lightning rapidity, but before we could raise the ruses to our cheeks, the orang-outangs had vanished. The servant was rather proud of the fact. "Man-of-the-woods is smart animal," he said—"knows when he has enough. Will not stand in front of a gun."

Next morning we found the body of a native child in our front yard. The little one had been strangled to death. The orang-outangs had entered upon their campaign of revenge.

This death in the circle of the natives instructed to our care, struck my poor wife as an evil foreboding. Her excitability at last became so pronounced that I decided to take her to Penang at once and send her home by the next mail steamer. Last Saturday afternoon at three o'clock our carriage was brought up to the door. Pamba took me by the arm and said:

"If the master be wise, he will wait till to-morrow and not drive through the forests, which is full of ferocious beasts." I laughed away his misgivings. "My good fellow," I said, "whoever heard of an attack by wild animals on Europeans in broad daylight? Jump in the rear and take care of little Charley; you may take my pistols if you will. The mistress and myself will take the box seats."

Travel was comparatively easy during the first hour or so, though the road grew worse and worse all the time the further we progressed on the way to the sea. Now the forests became thicker, the road more uneven than ever, thorns and stones interfered with the gait of the pony. We had to go at a very slow pace. From Pamba came not a word. In his lap rested my two pistols, from his girdle hung the kris, a two-edged knife, sharp as a razor, which the natives handle with astonishing dexterity.

Just as we were entering upon the second half of our journey, we heard sounds over our heads in the trees. It was like "Tajik-tajik-tajik."

"Man-of-the-woods is here," said Pamba, stoically. I looked up—more than a dozen orang-outangs were watching us with gleaming big eyes from above. As we proceeded, we observed that each tree forward on the road was manned by a couple of tailless apes. They are the sentinels, whispered the Malay. When we had passed the first guard house tree, its hairy occupants let themselves down on the ground and trotted after us with uncertain, wavering steps, crying their monotonous "Tajik-tajik," and showing their horrible teeth. The further we proceeded, the more numerous the procession grew.

Our pony seemed to be aware of the danger; before I could raise the whip he had entered upon a fast trot and now broke into a gallop.

The black-brown monsters were well able to keep pace with us. Further and further toward the seaboard sped our brave pony, but horrors upon horrors, the number of sentinels above us, the army behind us increased every minute. I counted six apes in each tree on the road. Some of the monsters tried to jump into our carriage from the lower branches, but happily did not calculate the movements of the horse, and all fell to the ground. Suddenly an old ape alighted on the step of the cart. His tremendous jaws opened for a moment not a foot from my face; a whiff of his polluted breath struck my nostrils. At that moment Pamba's right arm brought an iron flimby down upon the orang-outang's head, who fell to the ground with a terrible howl.

My wife, who had been leaning heavily upon me for some time, swooned away, and my two little ones began to cry for help and mercy. I recognized the impossibility of escape by flight; our cart was swinging from one side to the other and might turn over at any moment.

When the troop of apes were only seventy-five feet distant from us, I ordered Pamba to fire.

One of the apes fell as a result of two shots fired, the others continued to run after us. I handed Pamba another revolver. He waited until they were but twenty feet away, then fired six times in quick succession. For a second or so the beasts seemed to be taken by surprise; they had probably anticipated but one shot. Seeing two of their comrades drop they hesitated, conferred among themselves in their own shrill-toned language, then trotted off in the neighborhood yielding succor, the troop increased frightfully—at least in our eyes. The pony was panting and struggling hard for breath, and the next house was at least four miles away.

"Master must go ahead; Pamba will fight man-of-the-woods," said the Malay, after awhile. God is good to white man; the master will look after Dhoba and Pamba's children. Good-bye, master. (Dhoba was the Malay's wife.)

With that the brave fellow jumped from the wagon, in his right hand the glittering kris. I saw him face the army of apes, dealing terrific blows with the knife. Then, as my wagon turned the corner, he disappeared amid the hundreds of howling, screeching beasts.

We arrived at Penang without further accident. On the next morning I started off with ten well-armed men to search for Pamba. The orang-outangs had vanished. Pamba's body, torn in fifty or more places, we found in the roadway, surrounded by eleven dead apes, each one as big as a man.—Malacca Correspondence.

EFFECTS OF EXPOSURE.

It has often been remarked how differently the same amount of exposure affects different persons. If, for example, half a dozen men are shipwrecked, one of them may be seized afterward with an attack of rheumatism, another may suffer from pneumonia, another from simple "catarrh," and so on; while one perhaps, will escape with no inconvenience.

The explanation is to be found in the tendency of each individual to suffer from a special class of disease, and on enquiry it will often be found that the persons in question have suffered from previous attacks of a similar nature.

Weakness of special organs or parts of the body may have its origin in direct exposure of such organs to attacks of disease, to occupation or habits of life, or it may be hereditary.

Exposure may thus bring to the surface a trouble already existing, or it may be provocation of some disorder in one whose previous illness has never been interrupted by illness of any sort.

The effects of exposure to the elements may be minimized, if not averted altogether, by accustoming one's self to exercise in all conditions of weather, by which means the organs themselves are strengthened. This good result is not to be accomplished by any system of "hardening," which includes any insufficient amount of suitable clothing. It is rather to be gained by habitual and systematic habits of exercise performed daily in the open air.

The organs of excretion, for example, may be habitually overtaxed until, on the occasion of a prolonged chilling of the body surface, which prevents activity of the skin, the functions of the kidneys may be so severely taxed that congestion or inflammation ensues. A weakness may then become established, and so each succeeding exposure or provocation will meet with less resistance on the part of the organ originally affected.

Hereditary plays an important part in the tendency of the individual to suffer from certain diseases.—Youth's Companion.

SWISS WATCH SCHOOLS.

The famous Swiss watch schools are said to be the most exacting industrial institutions in the world. In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least fourteen years of age in order to enter. After being admitted, the student is first introduced to a wood turning lathe, and put to work at turning tool handles. This exercise lasts for several weeks, according to the beginner's aptitude. This is followed by exercises in filing and shaping screw drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools.

He next undertakes to make a large wooden pattern of a watch of about a foot in diameter, and after learning how this frame is to be shaped, he receives a ready cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil directing him with the greatest care. The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them. This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the stem winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand. Later on he learns to make the more complex watches, which will strike the hour, minute, etc., and the other delicate mechanism for which the Swiss are famous.

KITE FLYING.

Mr. Woglom, of New York, has a hobby for kite flying. He says:— "I have forty kites in all, and it would not be so very difficult for me to send them all up and suspend a man below them almost as high as that flag was."

All of the kites are tailless. They are made of stout sticks, crossed, each of the same length, their point of crossing depending upon fixed laws that the experimenter has evolved from experience. They are covered with gauzy white Japanese napkins sewed together, weighing only a few ounces.

The kites are all named, just as one would name a boat, and Mr. Woglom says that the experiments he is making are simply for his own amusement; but he admits that the eyes of many great men of science are following him closely. Six kites were sent up on one occasion recently but two were so far out of vision of the wondering spectators below that only four were noted.

Afloat in a Crystal Palace.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

(Concluded.)

There was no use in facing for the shore, for the wind was too strong, and the ice was already away from land. Terror was written on Sam's face; but his master cheered him.

"Keep up, man; we will take shelter on this big fellow over here, and we can't starve while all these birds and seals are about. A sealing craft will pick us up any way."

But he was far from sure about this; for one violent storm will break into shreds a floe even as large as this, provided it drives into the open Atlantic.

By the time they reached the berg it was near sundown, for travel in the storm, on the slippery ice, was very slow. Moreover, the great cubes rose and fell under their feet, and yawned and closed again before them. As they drew near their place of refuge, some of the lesser ice hummocks began to sway and reel, but the great berg held its head up in the howling clouds and was as steady as a Laurentian hill.

They had some difficulty in getting upon it, for its side was somewhat steep for several feet and the darkness of the storm and of the approaching night made it impossible to discover an easy way of ascent. When they did get upon it, the surface was level, the great mass which formed the berg proper rising out of the centre. About forty feet up this divided into towers and pinnacles through which the tempest howled and shrieked. Sam could hardly speak for terror.

"Come," said his master, "there are caves here, I am sure; I saw them with my glass." He had with him two or three boxes of "fuses" or wind matches, and some heavy tapers, which he produced as they searched for a cave. A gloomy spot soon appeared and Arthur lighted a fuse.

"Here we are, Sam," and the two entering, found a chamber hollowed out, with a level floor and rough sides and "What is this? A passage-way, Sam? Live!" And Arthur made his way through a narrow passage and again lighted a wind match. Then an exclamation burst from him. There under the sputtering light was a cosy cell, the skins of beasts strewn upon the floor, guns and spears hanging upon the walls, a table, chairs, camp-tools and a stove, all like a dwelling place lately occupied.

The amazement of master and man was so great that they could not speak. But while they looked at each other, a door in the wall opened and an old man appeared with a candle in his hand, and there were three others behind him. It was the mysterious party!

Between astonishment and confusion Arthur could not find a word to say; but the old man was prompt. He raised himself to his full height, and looking at Arthur, asked:

"To what am I indebted for this visit, sir?" and without waiting for a reply continued: "I am a poor host; very fond of solitude, and I cannot see what attraction such a place as this, and afloat upon the sea too (as he uttered the latter words there was a wild ring, almost a shriek in his voice,) can have for persons like yourself."

Arthur went on to explain how he had been overtaken by the storm and could not get back.

"But you cannot surely think of staying in a place like this. The berg may founder at any moment."

"It is safe for me, sire, as for you," replied Arthur, "and none too secure for any."

"True, true," half-shouted the old man; "all the more reason why you should get ashore."

From the curious light in the eyes of the old man Arthur was certain that his reason was not good; yet he seemed quite rational in his speech. Before he could continue further to advise Arthur the girl came into the cave.

"Oh, papa," she cried clasping her hands, "you would not deny these strangers such shelter as we have? It is certain death for them if they leave us."

"Well, then, for the night they remain; put rugs for them in the inner chamber."

"And they will sup with us too, father," said the girl, appealingly.

The old man gave consent with a petulant nod of his head, and pointing to a couple of rugs indicated that Arthur and Sam might remain there for the present. They accepted the proffered hospitality, and the four mysterious ones passed to another chamber of the berg.

In a little while, as Arthur lay marvelling and guessing on his rug, the boy entered and said:— "Please strangers, come in and sup with us."

There was an unmistakable look of sorrow in the boy's eye, and he lingered as if he would like to remain and talk to Arthur; but he seemed afraid and went back. But Arthur was not to be baffled. Tearing a leaf from his note-book he scribbled upon it:

"Cannot you or your sister join us at eleven or at the first convenient moment. You can trust me. I know there is mystery about you; but I will befriend you if I can. I implore of one of you to come and explain your situation."

ARTHUR HAVERSHAM.

Crumping this note in his hand he went through the passage-way, Sam following, and found himself in the dining apartment. All were standing, and the old man motioned places with his head. As Arthur passed on to the seat assigned to him he slipped the paper into the boy's hand. The supper was eaten in silence, and it was plain that even now to Arthur that the boy and girl were in sore dread and that their father was insane. There was broiled sea-fowl, good coffee, excellent bread, butter, and all that belongs to a comfortable table. Was ever anything in fairy story more wonderful than it all!

"I know you wonder about us, sir," said the girl. "Father sleeps now, and I have come to tell you what you ask." The brother held fast by his sister's arm. "I have only a minute or two, for father awakens constantly. Oh, sir, his reason is overthrown. Five years ago he took my brother, myself and six serving men away from Newfoundland, where our home was, in a large ship. We thought he was going on a cruise, but he made the captain sail farther and farther north till we were far past Upernivik on the Greenland coast. Then a lonesome place was chosen and a hut built there. Abundance of provisions were brought and landed; and we lived in the hut for a month. One day father came and said he had found a better place for our abode; you can judge our horror when he took us to a great iceberg. He said they never moved from these northern bays, but remained for all time where they were. The ignorant men believed him and set at work preparing the awful place as you now see it. All the provisions were carried out, and father settled down to permanent life in the caves. After a year some of the men began to grumble, and at last five of them went away one morning and never came back. They took our ship with them, I suppose, for she was farther down the coast where the sea was open. In this place we lived on from month to month, and year to year, till about four weeks ago, when a violent storm blew off the land, driving the ice-floe before it. The whole mass drifted constantly southward till it came here. In spite of our danger father would not stay ashore although we often went on land to gather kindling wood. I have seen you, sir, and we have seen you and your man often than you have seen us. But what is to become of us? Should the berg get loose from the ice and turn over, what then?"

"Destruction," answered Arthur. "What is to be done?" "Trust in Providence; that the berg will float on its present foundations till we see a vessel and signal it."

"But father will not leave!" "Oh, he must leave, child! It is wicked to humor a person bereft of reason, when he may bring destruction upon all. But why has he done this?"

"Well, I had a sister who married shortly after my mother's death; my other brother also married and we were left very lonely. Father began to brood, and often said we would all soon be gone and he would be all alone. Melancholy turned to the madness that resulted in what I have told you. But brother and I will trust. Our servant, of course, joins us. May God reward you if you can rescue us. And now I must go, sir."

Arthur slept little that night. The first glare of dawn showed a turbulent sea roaring and foaming around the lonely berg. Patches of ice were visible here and there; but none of it clung to the monster.

The old man raved and was seized with fever. He tossed all day in his bed, saying that his son and daughter were to be stolen from him.

Sam and his master kept out of the way, and did not let the old man see them till the hour of deliverance arrived. The deliverer was a coaster, plying along the St. Lawrence, and she was attracted by the firing of guns on the berg.

Let me close this narrative briefly. Ones out of peril and landed at Quebec the old man's dread left him and he became almost entirely rational. A little while afterward an Allan steamer conveyed the four, and Sam and his master as well, to the old home on the island of Newfoundland. The old man recovered completely and lived for many years happily with his family; but I fear that Arthur carried Rose off to England.—N. Y. "Independent."

DANGER FROM LIGHTNING.

Certain facts about lightning strokes, the result of years of experiment by the Weather Bureau, have recently been tabulated. Thunderstorms reach their maximum in June and July, though reported in every month except January, the regions of winter thunderstorms centering about Louisiana. Forty such storms are the maximum average for any section. The average annual loss of life from lightning in the United States is 224 persons, of loss of property over \$1,600,000. People living in cities and thickly built towns run little danger, the risk in the country and suburbs being five times as great as in the same reason the centre of a grove or forest is much safer than its edges or isolated trees, the dense growth acting to distribute the current. Lightning strikes three times as many barns as dwellings, and is more likely to strike a full barn than an empty one. The trunks of trees are struck three times as often as their boughs. The current usually travels directly to the ground. Trees in damp places or near bodies of water are most likely to be struck. The oak is the most frequently struck, the beach the least. Pines are rarely struck. It is unsafe in thunderstorms to stand under trees, in the doorways of barns, close to cattle, or near chimneys or fireplaces. Nothing is gained by going to bed, or smothering one's self between feather mattresses, etc., nor need one fear danger from holding small metallic articles, such as knives or scissors, these being too slight to affect a current. Lightning may destroy tissues and cause immediate death, or arrest breathing and heart-beating, through excitement of the nerve-centres. In such cases life may be saved by methods of restoring the action of the lungs. The so-called tree-like marks made on the skin by lightning are really only congested blood-vessels.—New Science Review.

A NOVEL TEAM.

Park Row, this city, the home of the newboy, was electrified one day last week by the appearance on that thoroughfare of a pair of elk harnessed to a dog-cart. They paused in Printing House Square but attracted so great a crowd that they had to be driven on at once. They belong to a doctor of this city and were purchased by him in Canada.—New York "Witness."

PUGNACIOUS BLACKIE.

Professor Blackie had a large share of pugnacity in his composition, and a curious instance of it is given in this same account by himself. "As a boy," he said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I will knock you down,' and immediately did it, amid great applause."

A CURSE FROM THE PULPIT.

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE ST. ANDREWS' CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

ON SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1895, BY CHAS. R. ASHDOWN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.—Isaiah 56:10.

Habakkuk, the prophet, lived in troublous times. Those were the days of spilling and violence, of grievance and iniquity; and what was worse, there was no redress, for the law was stacked, and true judgment never went forth; the wicked compassed the righteous about therefore wrong judgment proceeded.

But still the man of God was neither blind that he should not see his path of duty, nor was he lacking in courage to go and do his duty when he saw it; and so in the midst of all the sins of violence and freebooting, of bribed lawyers, and law courts, and of loose and lawless and useless judgments—he arises, and in the name of God tells the people of their sins and warns them of the wrath of a righteous God whom they are denying and defying by their outrages upon their fellow men. Would to God that we had more Habakkuks here and now, they are needed— sorely needed.

And of all the curses which the prophet invoked upon these people, none was more awfully severe and stupendous than that which should come upon the drunkard-makers. 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

And the conditions have not changed from that day till this. To-day, in this land, and in every land, the curse of Almighty God is upon the drunkard maker, the vials of divine wrath are poured forth upon the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips. God has no blessing nor can he have for that man who wilfully plans and devises the degeneration and death and destruction of his fellow man. Let us then consider the nature of this divine curse. 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

Woe. Woe. Woe. Do you know what woe means? It means unrest, unhappiness, unblissfulness; it is to be bereft of all peace of mind, all sense of self-respect, all love of that which is good and true and beautiful; it is to be dishonored and despised by all good men; and to be disowned, disallowed and destroyed by God; in a word, it means what it is—destruction for all time, and death for all eternity.

And this punishment is a just one. If there is any sin upon which the divine omnipotence looks with more disfavor than another, it must be that sin which degrades men to the level of beasts, which robs manhood of all its royal dignity, and womanhood of all its sweet purity, and childhood of all its smiling simplicity; that sin which lays hands upon the most brilliant intellects and bows and bends and breaks them down to its own disgusting, wallowing level; that sin which crawls insidiously into the business mart, the legislative hall; and even into the sacred precincts of the church; that sin which has caused nothing but sores and shame and sorrow from the time of Noah, whose debasement was brought about by strong drink, right down through the ages to the time when the last trembling drunkard ended his downward and deathward career in the grave of a suicide. Do you doubt it? Look around and see. Here is a man with red, swollen eyes, and bleared face, his hair dishevelled, his whole appearance loathsome and disgusting—and to-night I ask him what it is that is responsible for all this; and he tells me, 'It was the drink, the cursed drink; would to God I could break from it.' And as you look upon his bloated countenance, and see his utter helplessness, and then reflect upon the fact that this very man was once as pure as that little boy that knelt at your side last night with head bowed and hands clasped in infant prayer, the scene is a solemn, life-size commentary on the words of the Book, 'Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.' And here is a woman bowed down in her silent grief and woe; a woman who bears more than should be borne, yea, almost more than can be borne, for whom life has no longer any sweetness, and to whom death itself would be a welcome release; and as she comes near all battered and bruised and bleeding by the hand of the very man who a few short years ago, in the presence of God and men had promised to watch over and keep her, to love and cherish her till death should part, I ask her, what is the cause of all this sorrow, and she says, 'Oh, sir, it's not him; no, don't blame him, he would not do it when he's sober, a better husband never was when he's in his right mind—but, oh, sir, it's the drink that does it; it's the drink.'

This is not poetry, nor imagination; it is fact—hard fact. You have seen and heard, and I have seen and heard, just such scenes and words as these. And here is a little child whose life might have been as full of sunshine and song as a May day—and God never intended that it should be otherwise—but now, as we look upon her, we see a thin, pale face, whose eyes have lost the brightness of childhood, and whose lips have lost their sweet curve, for there has been too much of sorrow in that little heart, and on her white cheeks, where the smiles ought to be playing, we see the course of the trickling tear, which is all too plainly marked. She has no toys or playthings, except an old rag doll upon which she bestows all the love that has not been crushed out of her young soul; she is roused from her sleep by the oaths and curses of a dissolute parent; she spends her day in wandering up and down the streets, for she does not know what 'home' means, and at night she is lulled into a restless sleep by drunken carousings and ribald mirth. And when I ask her why it is that things are so, she replies, 'Please sir, mother is very sick, and father drinks, and we are poor.' O God pity the children who spend their lives under the shadow of this cursed

thing, and God help the women who are bearing all things, enduring all things sooner than lose the love which they bear even to the hand that smites them; and God move to acts of resolute determination against this all-consuming habit of men, who are enslaved by it and are enslaving others, and are making miserable and unbearable lives that might have been happy with an angel's happiness; and God curse with an infinite, undying, omnipotent curse that traffic and all those who are connected therewith, who either support it directly or who countenance it indirectly, or who refuse to oppose it with all their might! And he will. 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

Now, who are these people who are under God's curse? Who are the drunkard-makers? Who holds the bottle to his neighbor's lips? I answer there are six classes in the community who are responsible for this giant evil of intemperance; and each of these co-workers with the devil stands directly charged before the bar of Almighty God with the crime of aiding, or abetting, or what is just as guilty—of refusing to resist the drink habit. Let us review this black army as they pass by, column by column. Yonder they come, the thick dust cloud betokens their approach, and as they come nearer we see waving above the foremost ranks the black banner of death, and engrossed upon it in ashen gray are the skull and cross-bones, fitly emblematic of the business of disease and decay and death in which they are engaged, and the music to which they stagger and reel and shamble along is composed of death marches, the delirious hiccoughing songs of the drunkard, the wild cries of interested party politicians, and a certain confused mumbling of prayers, for you may observe in this—as well as in every other crusade of darkness—there is a fair sprinkling of church members, who amble along rather awkwardly with a certain ashamed expression as if they are not altogether satisfied with their position in the midst of this motley throng. But they are approaching now so near that we can see what each column is composed of.

Here is the first column, and by their reeling, staggering gait, and bloated countenances, and wild and disorderly cries, and the clashing of canteens and liquor flasks, we can tell that this column is composed of habitual drinkers. This is the first class in the community upon which the curse of God's prophet falls: 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.' How terrible is his position! Worse than any thirst for drink, worse than any craving for more of the curse, worse than any nights spent in the raging torments of delirium tremens, followed by days painfully and slowly dragged out in a Dantean Inferno of remorse, worse than any or all of these combined will be the future life of the habitual drinker, which will be an endless doom in that bottomless pit whose flames are never quenched and whose smoke ascends for ever and ever. 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

And now here is the second column in this army which is marching against God and man; and this column marches so close upon the first one that at times they seem almost to touch and run into one another, although there are some in this second column who march as far back as possible, so as not to be looked upon as keeping company with their fellow-soldiers in front; this second column is composed of moderate drinkers. These are very worthy fellows. They can take their glass, and they can leave it alone. Ah, but the trouble is the glass will not leave them alone. Proudly confident of their own power they do not observe that there is a slimy form which is slowly but surely winding its coils about their persons, ever tightening its hold until it springs at last to the death grip, and as the poisonous fangs and hot breath strike upon their pale faces they learn when all too late that the cup is no longer their servant but their master. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

'Oh, you say, 'It is impossible that ever a moderate drinker should come to this.' Wait a moment. Here we have all mankind divided into three classes. On the left we place the habitual drinker, in the centre we place the moderate drinker, and on the right we place the total abstainer. Now we know that as time goes on these habitual drinkers are slowly but surely passing away into dishonored graves. Tell me, where do the men come from who take their places? They cannot come from the total abstainers; they must come from among the moderate drinkers. O you who think that you are your own masters in this matter be warned in time!

But it is against the moderate drinkers that this curse is most vehemently directed, because they are most guilty in the matter of leading away total abstainers from right and into wrong. Many a young man who would shrink from the company of the drunkard, and would flee horror-stricken if asked by him to share his vile potations, has yet been lured into the sin of intemperance by the candid smile and hearty invitation of the moderate drinker; and then having broken his honor he goes from bad to worse, and as we stand by his grave—the grave of promises blighted and hopes blasted by the demon of intemperance we ask: 'Who is responsible? Who holds the bottle?' And the answer comes back: 'It was the moderate drinker, he holds the bottle, he is responsible.' O moderate drinker, be warned, be warned in time, by your nefarious treating system. You are steeping your hands in the blood of souls, and that blood will rise up against you at the last day. Listen, listen, moderate drinker, 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

And as these pass by we see the third column following, and this column is composed of those men who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. These men are directly responsible for the great sin of intemperance and towards them has the condemnation of God's wrath gone forth, for are they not guilty of putting the bottle to their neighbor's lips. 'But, they say, 'If we do not engage in this business, someone else will.' Well, what is that to you? If some one else is waiting to put his bottle to his neighbor's lips, is that any reason why you should escape the curse if you do it. 'But, you say, 'It is a lawful business. According to what law? I ask. The law of the land, you reply. But remember that there is a higher law than that. There is the law of Almighty God, promulgated amid the thunders of Sinai. The law of the land

says, 'You may manufacture and sell the damnable stuff, you may degrade men, you may kill women, you may wreck homes, you may blast hopes, you may turn earth into hell, but the law of God Almighty has echoed and re-echoed the divine fiat, 'Thou shalt not kill.' And remember, O liquor dealer, that in that last day, when your soul stands trembling on the brink of eternity, you will be judged not according to the laws of men, but according to the laws of God.

And men are coming more and more to despise those who are engaged in this traffic—so despise not only the retailer who deals the liquor out glass by glass, but to despise also the great manufacturer, who distills it by the hundreds of gallons. A year ago the hotelkeepers of Ontario—Ontario which has already recorded her conviction against the liquor traffic by a magnificent vote of three to one—met in council in Toronto; and a deputation was sent asking the Mayor of that city to come and give them an address of welcome; but Warring Kennedy refused to do so, for he said that no enemy of Canada was welcome to that city. And this is one of the hopeful signs of the times. There was a time in the days of slavery when men would abhor the slave-catcher, but still they would receive into their most honored assemblies the great plantation owner, for those fields the slaves were caught; and those were the days when slavery flourished. But there came a day when men abhorred not only the poor illiterate slave-catcher but they also abhorred and detested the great plantation owner, for they saw that he was equally a party to this nefarious business; and that was the day when slavery was doomed. And so it shall be with regard to the liquor traffic. The day will come—coming when men will look down upon the millionaire manufacturer with as much disgust and loathing as they now look down upon the bartender, and will not allow the one into respectable society any more than the other. In that day state institutions will no longer be accepted if they are built by men who have acquired their wealth by ruining the most precious thing that there is in any state—its pure and noble manhood; in that day universities and public libraries will refuse to be endowed by men who have made their money by brewing beer and distilling whiskey; and in that day a cleaned and purified and awakened church will strike from its membership roll all those who are engaged in, or who sanction or wink

in the gutter, than to answer for the deeds of the mayor of this place who, last Monday, gave two votes against the cause of temperance, of righteousness and of God. The legislators of this community and of this country and of every country will one day be called upon to answer for these actions; and if they will not learn now they will learn then that the divine retribution is awaiting those who by legislating the liquor traffic are putting the bottle to their neighbor's lips. 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

But here is the fifth column in this army of death, and it is a much larger column than any of the others for it is composed of all those men who by their votes sanction the liquor habit. It is one of the signs of the times that men are coming to appreciate more the power of the ballot. Greater victories have been won by it than those which were won in other days by the bloody sword on the battlefields of nations, because men are seeing more and more the duty which is implied in citizenship and in the great crusade of intemperance a mighty power for evil has been wielded by those who have voted in favor of bad legislators and evil legislation. Upon all those who have had either act or part in electing the country's rulers rests this awful condemnation of God, if by their use of the franchise they have encouraged law makers to enact laws for the advancement of the liquor traffic. No loyalty to a party, no excuse about side issues, can avail to avert the divine wrath from that man who has wilfully and stolidly cast his vote against the temperance cause. What we need to-day is the enlightenment and arousing of the public conscience to see the great evils that are being wrought by intemperance, and then for the voters to arise in their might and sweep away the nation's shame and disgrace. Is it any excuse to say that the revenue derived from this industry is great? Whatever the revenue may be, it will always be true that the shame and dishonor and death which the liquor traffic brings upon the land is infinitely greater. Is it any excuse to say that it is a necessary traffic? Necessary for what? For disease? For corruption? For the ruin of men? For the unhappiness and unhealthiness of the whole nation, political, social and religious? For these it may be necessary; but for good citizenship, for clean politics, for pure religion, for peace on earth and good-will towards men—for

from every village there will arise grand hallelujah choruses from hearts that have been redeemed from the terrible blight and destruction and death of the liquor traffic; and upon the entrance gates of every town and city there will be emblazoned in letters of purifying fire the words of Ezekiel's prophecy: 'And the name of the city from that day shall be, 'The Lord is there.''

But there is still another class of men in the community who are calling down upon their own heads the curse of their Creator. These men are much surprised when you accuse them of holding the bottle to their neighbor's lips. But here they are, marching on, in this army of death, and they form the sixth column—this column is composed of all those who refuse to work or vote against the liquor traffic; and there are those in our land who do refuse to fight against intemperance, therefore they must be for it. Do you doubt it? Let the book speak. 'He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.' Some of these people are too indifferent to engage in work against the liquor traffic and others are 'too religious' to do so. But, whatever may be their reasons, the curse is upon them, for they know their Lord's will, and they do it not. That man is guilty of putting the bottle to his neighbor's lips who refuses to do his utmost to keep it away. 'To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' We hear men say that they do not believe in Christians going into politics. O poor little soul, what kind of Christianity or Christ-likeness do you possess if you are afraid of being contaminated by this world which is its duty to reform. Go back to him who ate with publicans and sinners, who came down to the very depths of this poor, sordid world that he might buy it back and lift it up to his own glorious height; go back to him and ask him to make you bigger and stronger and more faithful than you are, and listen again to those words with which he will re-commission you—'Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven.' One of the most terrible curses in all the pages of this book was pronounced, not upon God's enemies, who were fighting against him, but upon some of his own followers who did not join in the battle when the children of God were sorely pressed by Jabin, King of Canaan. Read it in the fifth chapter of Judges, and listen to the fearful imprecation. 'Curse ye Meroz,' said the faithful angel of the Lord, 'curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.' And there are Merozites to-day who are coming under the same almighty wrath, because that to-day when God's forces are being marshalled against this giant evil they hang back; they come not to the help of the Lord against the mighty; they are guilty before God of putting the bottle to their neighbor's lips; and unless they change their front and engage in the King's business, they will be numbered finally among his enemies, and upon their surprised but condemned souls there will fall the terrible words 'Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.'

And so this army marches past in all its six-columned array of misery and woe and death, but above them I see already the storm clouds of divine displeasure are gathering, and it will not be long till the vengeance of the Almighty shall break upon them with irresistible force, and they shall know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

Now you have seen the one army in all its black array and you ask 'Who are they that oppose these gloomy columns of death? Who is on the Lord's side? Oh, they are a mighty host. They are those men who refuse to betray their manly honor and dignity and purity by becoming the slaves of the vile liquor—they are those women who are willing to bear any burden, to make any sacrifice rather than allow this giant curse to go any longer unchallenged, they are those young people who are making an honest Christian endeavor to suppress all intemperance, they are those boys and girls marshalled together in their Bands of Hope—God's glorious light infantry—who are learning the greatness of the curse which the drink habit brings upon their country and so are arming themselves and preparing to strike a blow for their homes, their loved ones, and the liberty of their native land; and upon their banners I see the inspiring motto of the young Italian patriots—'Tyrants, tremble, we are growing up.''

And the end for which this righteous army is marshalled is nothing less than the total destruction of the liquor habit. What we want is not the Dunkin act, nor the Scott act, nor local option, nor the license system, nor prohibition, but abolition. The liquor traffic is doomed to die; it must die, and it will. God is marching on.

Men may say that this is only the wild chimera of a frenzied enthusiast. Yes, that is what they said a hundred years ago about the slave's freedom in the Southern States; but the year came, and the day came, and the hour came, when, after many reverses and defeats the call echoed from Washington for one more last effort; and the nation awoke and gave again of her best and her bravest, and the immense army marched on singing gloriously:

We are coming, Father Abraham, Three hundred thousand more.

And that day such a blow was struck for freedom that the shackles were smitten from the hands of four millions of slaves, and they leaped forth from their bondage free men. Even so shall the day come—and its glorious dawning is drawing nearer hour by hour, when there shall be overcome and cast down, and utterly abolished the last liquor shop in America, the last opium den in China, the last harem in Turkey, the last slave fetter in Africa, the last idol in the islands of the sea. Then shall men become subjects of that new and glorious kingdom wherein dwelleth righteousness; and men shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, 'Know the Lord; for they shall all know him, from the least of them unto the greatest, for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters do cover the sea.'

Dr. Oscar Baumann, the African traveler, makes some serious statements as to the slave trade on the island of Zanzibar. He says that the trade in slaves is carried on openly and undisturbed,

NEW HOME FOR MISSIONS.

THE FINEST PLACE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

The officers of the Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday moved into their new building at the corner of Fifth avenue and Twentieth street, New York. It is the finest structure for its purpose in the world.

The building is eleven stories high, of Indiana limestone, and is designed in a modern Gothic style of architecture. It is fire-proof, and, including the site, cost \$1,670,000.

At the time of its projection the two mission boards did not foresee the financial difficulties. There was no opposition to the building until recently, and that seems to have been silenced by the almost unanimous endorsements of three successive General Assemblies.

For years the two boards have occupied the historic old Lenox mansion, at Fifth avenue and Twelfth street. That property will be sold later and the proceeds will be devoted to the payment of the mortgage. The new building is on the site of the old Stuart mansion, which was purchased for \$670,000.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

Science MEDICAL SCIENCE

has achieved a great triumph in the production of

BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

School Trustees

If you want a teacher you are sure to get applications from the right kind through the 'Witness.'

Conscientious teachers are naturally reached through the medium of a conscientious paper.

Teachers Wanted.

The cost of advertising under this head is, 20 words or less:

In the Daily Witness, six insertions, 50c
" " Weekly Witness, two " 50c.

Remittances to accompany order.

Additional words or insertions may be had at pro rata. Initials and figures are each counted as one word.

This is the net cash with order rate. When cash is not sent with the order the charge is very much higher as there is additional bookkeeping and postage involved.

Address
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office,
MONTREAL.

EUROPE, EUROPE, EUROPE

TICKETS BY ALL LINES.
ALLAN, DOMINION AND BEAVER LINES.
GUION, ANCHOR, HAM-AMERICAN, INMAN, WHITE STAR, CANADIAN, NETHERLANDS, STATE, & C. LLOYD, FRENCH LINES, Etc., Etc.
Also to FLORIDA, WEST INDIES, AUSTRALIA and all parts of the world.
227 Write us before looking elsewhere. Illustrated Pamphlet sent free on application. Established 1851.
Telephone 1553.
D. BATTERSBY, Agent,
184 St. James st., Montreal.

HO FOR FOREST, STREAM

AND LAKE.
The best article in the market to ward off Mosquitoes, Black Flies, &c. Everybody going to the country should have a Little.

HELLEBORE
The only remedy that destroys the Current and Gooseberry Caterpillar in White Birchbark. For sale at the Glasgow Drug Hall.

DENTIFRASH
An extremely fragrant, pleasant and effective Liquid Dentifrice and Mouth wash. Price, 25c.
J. A. HART, Druggist,
1780 Notre Dame st., & 2353 St. Catherine st.



THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS BUILDING, NEW YORK.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

NOTED SINGER—AN OLD-FASHIONED MISTAKE — A KITCHEN IN SMALL COMPASS — WOMEN WHO DO NOT WORRY — PRACTICAL POINTS IN NURSING—ROSES—HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE—SUMMER RECIPES—MOTHER LOVE — NOTES AND QUERIES.

MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.

By Frances E. Willard.

"I am not a singer, I am a minstrel—I am God's minstrel," and with these words she showed me the place in the bible where it says: "And the hand of the Lord was laid on the minstrel." Thus spoke the most popular contralto singer in London as we sat together on the platform of Queen's Hall, London, on the night of the good-by meeting at which my British friends gave me testimonials of their good-will just before I sailed for America last June. It was Madame Antoinette Sterling, a woman of New England ancestry, New York birth and New York and European training as a vocalist. She is a woman of noble presence and bearing, with a heart that beats with motherly rhythm for all humanity. Her remarkable voice led to her being early trained in music, and her first fame was earned in Dr. Adam's church of New York city, and afterwards she sang



in Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn. But Madame Sterling has now lived in London twenty years. A happy home with a husband, a daughter and two sons early fell to her lot. She has sung in all the great concert halls of London, and of the provincial cities of the realm, and always captures the eyes, ears and hearts of her audience. She sometimes dresses in pure white, and never in any but the simplest and most womanly way, without any of those "exhibitions" that characterize the operatic stage. She stands before her audience with a little silver book in her hand containing the words of her favorite songs. Sometimes she precedes or follows her singing by a brief, simple hearted address, in which she urges some great shining virtue like temperance, purity, patriotism, but most of all the love that not only forgives but blesses those to whom it comes.

Madame Sterling is a great friend of Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, and has been wont to go with her to "Quaker Meetings," and feels she is a Quaker according to the true principles of that society.

Madame Antoinette Sterling is a thorough white ribboner, and when she went to Australia two years ago (where she created an immense furore, and put in some excellent strokes of work for the purity movement), she everywhere avowed her temperance sentiments, and our women rallied round her. While in Australia she lost her husband, who was also her manager, and her Christian faith and natural optimism was heavily taxed, but bore her safely through the shock and trial.

At a lunch party in her home Lady Henry Somerset and I had the pleasure of meeting several of her friends, among them Jean Ingelow, the poet; Mrs. Millicent Fawcett, the woman suffragist; Mrs. Huggins, the astronomer; Mrs. Hannah Whitall Smith, the evangelist, and several other interesting women of less fame. Our white ribbon minstrel is ready for every good word and work that helps to advance the causes she has so nobly illustrated by her character and career. God bless her, say we, every one. She has for many years longed to visit her native land, but the way has never opened until now. Her present purpose is to go across to Canada in a few months, and after singing there, to go down through the states and out to California. I am sure our white ribbon women everywhere will welcome her as a sister and comrade beloved and honored, and I trust she will have many opportunities to sing to her own people the same blessed evangel she has sung for so many years in the land that has adopted her.

AN OLD-FASHIONED MISTAKE.

"No," said the meek voiced little woman, "I thank you very much, Mrs. Graves, for asking me to join your Book Club, but I cannot do it. Oh, yes, it must be delightful to read new books, and meet socially to talk them over, but a mother with six children has no business to belong to clubs. Mr. Robertson and I agreed long ago, that if I did my full duty to my children I would have no time for outside matters."

So the Book Club passed Mrs. Robertson by, and the Foreign Missionary Society, and all the rest of the gatherings together, and left her to live for her children alone. In a way she made a great success of living for her children. They were well dressed, well fed, had a comfortable home, took a good stand at school, knew their Sunday-school lessons and the catechism. Mrs. Robertson's praise was in all the land for well-brought-up children. And yet—and yet—those children lacked something that I could not help fancying the Book Club, or what it stood for, might have helped the mother to give them.

"Fanny Robertson does nothing but live for her children, and they live for themselves too, and think that is all there is to do," said Mrs. Graves, in her brisk, spicy way. It seemed to answer well enough while the

little Robertsons were in the nursery; but they are trying their wings now, fluttering here and lighting there, taster of this, sipper of that—and who is to guide and direct them?

Not the busy father, or so he thinks; he long ago turned them over to the mother, while he keeps his nose to the grindstone. But not the mother, indeed! For ten or twelve years her horizon has been bounded by the front yard fence; she never goes anywhere but to church; she knows nothing of even the village world now opening before her children. They are simply left to their own callow judgment, or to chance advisers. I have one more little stone to fling at poor Mrs. Robertson.

Mrs. Graves's husband and children are as proud of her as if she were a reigning belle; they take satisfaction in her pretty clothes, they quote her bright sayings, and the children at least adopt her opinions on the topics of the hour as reflected in books and magazines and papers. It is easy to see that her influence over them is dominant.

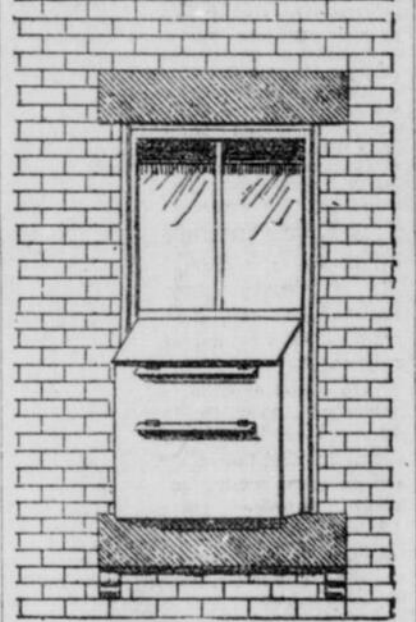
Mrs. Robertson's children, grown now, are kind and tolerably respectful to their poor little faded, silent mother, but they do not enjoy her society; how can they? She knows nothing of their thoughts, of their environment; she is, in fact, as much outgrown as their dog-eared primers.

This is very sad, and you feel angry with the pert young Robertsons; you sympathize with the poor, faithful woman, and fling bitter reproaches at the lack of filial piety in the 'fin de siècle' girl and boy. But is it their fault? Did not the trouble begin back to those morning hills of life, when the mother made the old-fashioned mistake of narrowing herself down for their baby sakes?

Surely it is a beautiful and womanly ambition to live for one's children; but a mother needs to be very sure that she is living for the best that is in those children before she cuts herself off from growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength, for the life is ever more than meat, and the body than raiment.—Elizabeth P. Allan, in 'Christian Work.'

A WINDOW KITCHEN.

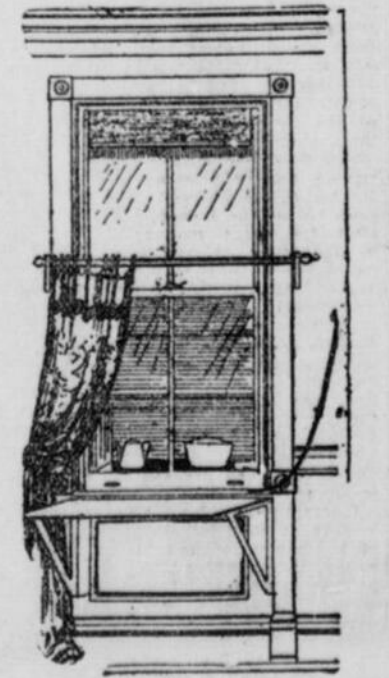
Year by year the number of girl students away from home increases. Each year the greater number of them are confronted by the old problem how to make each one of their scanty dollars do the work of two. One of the most common ways of economizing is boarding themselves. We know of one girl student who saves as much as eleven dollars a month in this way. Then the



OUTSIDE VIEW OF BOX-KITCHEN.

house-wifely instinct is strong in our girl students, the multitude of croakers to the contrary notwithstanding. And if she has but one room on the third floor back, everything is attractive and cozy. She can have on a hot morning her fruit and cocoa instead of the tough steak and greasy potatoes her brother puts up with in the restaurant, and at any time she can entertain her special chums to five o'clock tea, and there is no one to say her nay.

For such a girl, who is fortunate enough to have a back room with more than one window, we imagine the following 'extension kit-

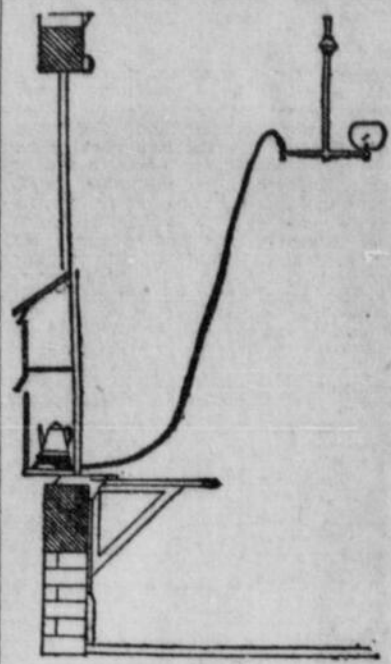


INSIDE VIEW OF BOX-KITCHEN.

chen' arrangement would prove a great convenience. It is designed not only to keep the room free from cooking utensils, but to carry off the objectionable odors that too often hang about after the most careful cooking.

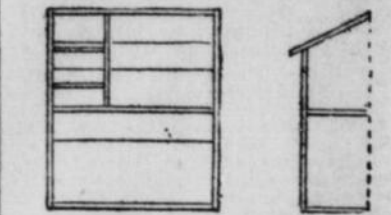
The accompanying scale illustrations will show at a glance what is simply a quickly made extension to an ordinary rear bedroom window, constructed in the form of a cupboard. It consists of an arrangement of shelves. The upper portion is divided into

two parts, the right side intended to be used for pots and pans, and the left for plates, dishes, etc. We will take for example, a window frame measuring 62 1/2 feet. Procure a good sized packing box, made of an ordinary thickness of pine. The sides of



SECTIONAL VIEW.

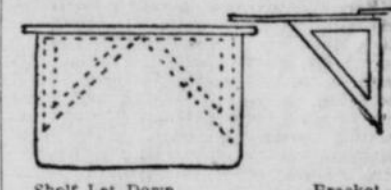
the box-kitchen each measure 3x4 feet. Cut the top in an angle to enable the rain to run off. Board up the back (tongue and groove if possible). Place a shelf in about the middle, and arrange the partitions for dishes as will be most convenient. Two ventilators hung on hinges are fixed at the back, one below the lower shelf (to take off the steam, etc., from cooking), and the other under the lower edge of the roof, to give air to any provisions that may be kept



Front Section with Shelves.

Side Section.

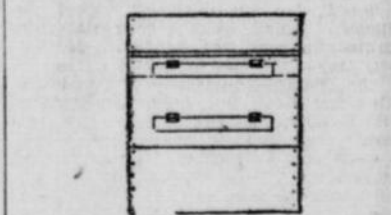
on the top shelves. A gas stove is placed in the lower part of the box, and a 3x4 inch slit is inserted within the space of the window sill and the side frames, the lower end of the window resting on this. A hole of a suitable size to allow the gas tube to pass through is bored in this slit, the tube having been previously securely fastened on the nearest gas burner. By this arrangement the window can be opened without disturbing the tube. A folding shelf, 3x2 1/2 feet, is hung on two hinges to the inside of the window sill, and has two triangular folding



Shelf Let Down.

Bracket.

brackets that may be swung back against the panel below the window sill. By folding these back and dropping the table leaf no space is taken up in the room when the shelf is not in use. A pole with a curtain arranged at half the distance between the floor and the ceiling conceals this convenient cooking apparatus. The cooking box should be made to fit snugly to the outside window frame, and can be held firmly in place by half a dozen screws inserted through the sides of the box into the window frame without damaging the house. A piece of



BACK, WITH VENTILATORS.

oilcloth tacked to the roof of the cooking box insures its being water tight. An oil stove can be substituted for a gas one. One can readily see that the window will only require to be open for a few moments at a time, and even then comparatively little air comes in between the sides of the box and the window frame. This is also a very convenient arrangement for the nursery, or preparing food for an invalid, and in giving cooking lessons in a dining room.

Where there is only one window the box could be made of glazed sashes, and so less light need be sacrificed.

SHE WON'T WORRY.

By Edward Bok.

I greatly admire the English woman for her utter refusal to worry or get worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at fifty. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day. By this I do not mean that she procrastinates. She simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill-health and early old age. She is a frequent bather, and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else though the breakfast might be an hour late. She sleeps nine hours and takes a nap during the day at that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner, and her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours; they are for rest. She eats heartily, but the most digestible food. In the most modest home, no matter how little there may be on the table, there is nothing but the best. She would rather have a mouthful of good food and go partly hungry, than eat a whole meal of cheaper things. She is a true economist; regulates her expenses carefully, and is a

true believer in the allowance system. There are some things about the English woman which her American sister dislikes just as it is vice versa; at the same time, there are others which would make our American women happier and healthier if they imitated.

PRACTICAL POINTS IN NURSING.

A long illness, writes Elizabeth R. Scott, gives one a knowledge of practical points in nursing such as can be acquired in no other way. However familiar one may be with the divine art of healing, as seen by a nurse from the outside, there are numberless delicate refinements of the science of nursing that can only be fully appreciated when one has experienced the comfort of them in one's own proper person.

Many trifles that would not be recognized as discomforts when one is strong and well become the source of acute inconvenience and distress when the tension of every nerve makes a far as agonizing as a wound. The sick are always more or less unreasonable; it is very rare to find a perfectly patient sufferer. It is not strange that this should be so, for the mind is weakened to a certain degree and self-control impaired by the weakness of the body. Under these circumstances the nurse who can avoid fretting her patient, and so irritating the overwrought nervous system still further, is a past-mistress of her craft and deserves a blue ribbon, a red cross, or whatever decoration is most valued in the profession.

It is always difficult to decide what to tell and what to refrain from telling an invalid. While she should not be troubled with perplexing subjects that can be kept wholly from her knowledge, any questions she asks should be promptly and truthfully answered. The truth is that a person who is seriously ill cares little for the outside world. It is inconceivable to those about her who are in the full tide of eager interest in the daily happenings how little she cares for all that once made up her life. The roar comes in a softened undertone to her ears and if at times a louder note rouses her curiosity it should be gratified without any appearance of hesitation. It requires more grace than is given to most women to submit quietly when she feels that something is being kept back from her that she wants to know.

As strength returns, if the patient is of an active, energetic disposition, doctor and nurse are confronted with another problem. What may the convalescent be allowed to do and what must she be restrained from doing? The anxiety of mind that is caused by being obliged to leave a piece of work undone may do far more harm than the fatigue that would have resulted from the doing of it. The physician and nurse, blessed with that common sense which is such a rare endowment, permit the effort to be made, stipulating that only a little shall be done each day. Often the invalid, finding the task beyond her strength, relinquishes it willingly, and then no harm is done, while she is satisfied by the attempt that as yet it is beyond her power. Sometimes by judicious husbanding of her resources she is able to bring it to a successful conclusion, and then the joy of achievement makes it a milestone on the way to complete recovery.

Among the practical points that conduce to the comfort of the sick none is more important than the state of the under sheet. This is usually changed once a day, a matter of no difficulty to the initiated. Beside this, at intervals of a few hours, the careful nurse pulls it smooth and tight, tucking it firmly under the mattress and if need be pinning it in place on the under side with safety pins or long sheet pins. The sense of coolness and freshness is delicious as creases are smoothed out and wrinkles disappear; one feels almost as if the bed had been newly made.

The full sponge bath can only be given when the doctor permits, but the hot hands and flushed face can be frequently bathed with cool water. There is an art in doing this to refresh without disturbing the sufferer. The towel is deftly placed under the chin to protect her night-dress from stray drops, the cloth squeezed until it holds exactly the right amount of moisture, and the face wiped with long, even strokes. Nothing is more annoying than dabs and pecks at one's face when one is lying helpless and has not strength of mind or body to protest against the infliction.

ROSES.

Roses! The very name brings a breath of perfume with its sweet sound. A garden without roses would be an anomaly, and certainly no more beautiful and attractive, as well as profitable addition can be made to the flower garden than a plentiful supply of roses. When we see roses in the flower garden our childhood days come up before us; the roses that our mother tended with such care, and a tiny bush that a beloved sister cherished before she went away to the better land. All these memories make roses dear to us. We sometimes wonder which is the most beautiful, the Imperial Marshal Neil or the glorious Gloire de Dijon, the dainty Bride or La France. Shakespeare says: "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." We beg leave to differ with the great bard. Roses have a sweet name, and a sweeter perfume; the perfume of the rose somehow is always associated with home; it has grown into our hearts, and no matter by what high sounding and Latin names they are designated, we come back to the simple one of rose. It is a rose, no matter what its other name or color may be.

A place in the flower garden, apart from other flowers, should be given to the rose, for they are royal, and do not look well surrounded by others. Nothing but the pansy should be allowed to associate with the rose. Their culture is simple; any person can have them who can have a little earth and sun. I have seen a beautiful rose growing in a window where the sun never looked in on it. Try to grow some roses and see what pleasure they will give you.

Frelighsburg.

Mrs. J. W. F.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

To the Editor of the Home Department,—

"H. E. Q." seems to think that the ministers are not respected as much as they deserve. In answer, I would say, let the ministers, by their lives, command respect, and they will get it. People cannot be forced into respecting an unworthy minister, not even if they were punished by fine, whipping, banishment, or cutting off the ears. I think as a general rule, it is not so much the minister's weaknesses, mistakes, or cracked voice, that causes the disrespect, that we sometimes see shown to ministers, but something else. "H. E. Q." thinks the minister should not be criticised for fear it may injure his influence. I would say, certainly not; if he is a man who is trying to do what is right, and be an example to his congregation. I would ask "H. E. Q." what would he think of a minister who buys his butter and eggs on a Sunday? Would he pass that over as right, and a fitting example to the members of the church, and especially to the children? "H. E. Q." thinks all ministers have given up worldly prospects to do God's work. In some instances they have; but, alas, in many instances, they get into a better position than they could have filled if they had not got into the Church.

A minister who is truly in earnest in his work will gain the respect of his congregation. I know a minister who was in a certain church for many years; his congregation loved and respected him. They would never have thought of criticising him. His successor came to the same people. They welcomed him, and for a time they respected him until they found out his true character. Then they lost all respect for him, and no command to respect the minister could have been obeyed. To end the subject, I will quote the Apostle's injunction "Render honor to whom honor is due."

CRITIC.

P. Q., July 22, 1895.

DAINTY SUMMER DISHES.

TOMATO SOUP.

Cook thoroughly a dozen ripe tomatoes, and add a pinch of salt, and a half teaspoon of baking soda, and a tablespoon of butter. Strain through a colander. (They should be cooked in granite or porcelain. Tin or iron should never be used for acid fruits or vegetables.) Heat two quarts of milk, to which add a teaspoon of bread or cracker crumbs. Serve in hot dishes with buttered toast. This will serve eight people.

POTATO SOUP.

Mash potatoes and season as for table, beating with a large fork until 'creamy.' Use rich milk, to which add cream or a little butter, and heat two quarts. Stir the mashed potato in slowly, and when again cooked up, serve in hot dishes with celery, and hot buttered toast. As a substitute for oyster stew, when oysters are out of season (or out of 'reach') I know of nothing equal to this nourishing, yet delicate dish—some people preferring it to its more expensive prototype.

STEWED CARROTS.

Wash and scrape the carrots, then let them boil until perfectly tender, with one or two whole onions. When quite soft, remove the onions, and cut the carrots into small pieces, like dice. Put the carrots into a saucepan with a little meat gravy or soup stock, season with pepper and salt, add a teaspoonful of vinegar and half as much sugar, and let them cook slowly for an hour.

CARROTS IN CREAM.

Wash and scrape the carrots, let them boil fifteen minutes, then drain off the water, cut them in thin slices, add boiling milk to cover them nicely, put in a generous lump of butter, and use pepper to taste. Just before serving, add salt to taste. After draining off the water, slice them while in the stew pan, so they will not become cold before the milk is added. They should cook at least fifteen minutes in the milk, and great care should be used to keep them from becoming burned.

CHICKEN SALAD.

Measure the meat, from which every last bone has been picked, (if 'short' of chicken, piece out with lean, fresh pork, boiled until very tender.) Add double the quantity of cabbage, celery, and lettuce, equal parts. Mix thoroughly, and over all turn the liquor—or so much of it as is needed, in which the chicken was cooked. Chop in coarse pieces two hard boiled eggs for each quart of the mixture. Salt to taste. Set away in a cool place (in earthenware or glass), until ten or fifteen minutes before wanted. Mix thoroughly with the following:—For each quart of salad allow two eggs, well beaten; a tablespoon of melted butter (salad oil if preferred), a teaspoon of mustard and a cup of vinegar. Stir the mustard smooth, with a little of the vinegar; add the rest, and the eggs, with a pinch of salt and the butter. Cook slowly, so as not to curdle. Use it cold.

MOTHER LOVE.

(By Mrs. M. Ella Cornell.)

"Yes," said an old lady to me, "this is a photograph of my only son Charlie. His father died when he was but a child, and since then he has been all I have had to live for. He is married now and has left me, but I love him just as well as I ever did. We had a pleasant home together, but his bride wanted a home of her own, so, of course, I had to give up."

"I shall never forget the night previous to his wedding. He slept in the apartment adjoining mine, and it was my custom every night, from the time he was a little child to go into his room before retiring and see that everything was comfortable for him. When he was a little boy I used to tuck the cover down around him and kiss him good night; as he grew to be a man, however, he would often be out so late in society that I would have to retire before he returned home. But I never failed to light the gas in his room, turn back the covers from his bed, and hang his dressing-gown by the register. I loved to do it, because it told him I was thinking of him. On the night before his wedding I had made everything comfortable for him, and as I was ready to leave the room, I paused by the bedside, and oh, such a feeling of deso-

lation and loneliness swept over me as I realized that this was the last time I would ever have these little offices to do for him. I fell on my knees beside the bed, and I wept as I had not wept before since his father died. I laid my cheek upon his pillow and thought of the little curly-headed boy I had watched grow up to manhood, who to-morrow was to leave me, whose home was to be no more my home, his pathway in life was to get farther and farther from mine each day. I thought I had become reconciled to the fact, but at that moment a great wave of sorrow and loneliness seemed to overwhelm me. However, after giving way to my grief for a while, I turned in prayer to my Saviour and thanked him for that blessed promise of his, which holds so much of comfort for lonely hearts, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

As I listened to these words my eyes filled with tears of sympathy, and it was, doubtless, due to this fact that the speaker was led to say as much as she did to me, a comparative stranger, whom she had known but a few weeks, meeting as we did at a summer resort.

Young man, reading these lines, do you know how much your mother loves you? Do you know that this mother's experience would be the experience of almost every mother's heart under similar circumstances? Change the old adage a little and read it thus: "A son is a son 'till he gets a wife. But a mother's a mother all the days of her life."

You may have more than one wife, but you can never have but one mother.

If you knew how an affectionate word from her boy thrills a mother's heart with happiness and delight, you would not be so indifferent.

If you knew how sweet an unasked for kiss is to her, you would oftener bestow it. If you knew how some little helpful deed, which is nothing for your young, strong arms, but is a task for her, is appreciated, you would oftener lift her burdens.

Young man, stop and think! If you do, you will be a more loving, affectionate, dutiful son in the year that lies before us than you were in the one that is past.

It is likely you will marry; God intends that you shall do so; but when another takes the first place in your heart that the dear mother has filled so long, make the trial for her as light as possible. Just about that time do not keep all your endearments for your sweetheart, but give your mother more than her usual share.

A man can find room in his heart for a new love without driving out his dear mother at all.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Dear Editor Home.—Enclosed you will find the words of the poem asked for by H.F.S., in 'Witness' of Aug. 3.

THE SIX OF OMISSION.

By M. E. Sangster.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun:
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone,
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence
Each mild, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives the bitter heartache,
At the setting of the sun.

Also, can you give me the words of the rest of this. I think it was written by a Montrealer.

'Be of good cheer, dear girl,
It cannot last for long,
These years will soon be over,
Your trouble, past and gone—
The dear God up in heaven,
Who sees a sparrow fall,
Will surely help his children,
He watches over all.'

And oblige L. E. P., Montreal.

KINDERGARTEN TEACHER WANTED.

Will some one tell me how to secure a Kindergarten teacher in a small town like this. Many like myself have little ones whom they will send, and we are willing to canvass the town for pupils, and feel sure of twelve, if not more. Would twelve be a sufficient number to start with? I should like to hear from some one about this home. Living in the country, I am in the 'Home Department' in the 'Witness' is a welcome visitor, and I read it faithfully.

MRS. JAMES PLANCHE.

Cookshire, Que., July 21.
Write to the Kindergarten Training School, High School, Montreal.

LIBRARY BOOKS WANTED.

The Rev. Peter McGregor, Methodist minister of Glen Lyon, Man., writes:—We have started a new Sunday-school, and would like some books for a library. If any Sabbath-school has a number of books to spare, we would be pleased to receive them. Address all books to Russell Station, M. & N. W. R. R., and oblige yours truly,

PETER MCGREGOR,
Methodist Minister,
Glen Lyon, Manitoba.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ALL IN ADVANCE.

Daily Witness		\$3.00
Weekly Witness		1.00
Northern Messenger (single copy)		20
" " 10 copies to one address		2.25
" " 20 " " "		4.40
" " 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 25c; "Daily Witness" add \$3.00.

ADVERTISING RATES.

WEEKLY WITNESS.—Casual advertisements, 25c per line per insertion, including cuts and large type. One-third off 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. "Parks to Rent," "Parks for Sale," can be inserted for 10 a word per insertion. Money must accompany order.

DAILY WITNESS.—10c per line first insertion, and 5c per line each subsequent insertion on order. CUTS OR LARGE TYPE, double rates. Contracts on favorable terms. "Employment Wanted," "Situations Vacant," etc., 10c per insertion, up to 20 words. Money must accompany order, as this quotation is reckoned on a cash basis. Births and Deaths, 25c per insertion; Marriages, 50c. (These must be authenticated by the name and address of the sender.) Inserted without charge on subscribers. All obituaries with poetry, 50c a line, space 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 5c 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, 3c, and \$4 to \$10, 5c. The American Express Company may issue money orders under \$5.00 for 5c, and \$10 for 6c. Subscribers in the United States can remit by P.O. order on Boston'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 DODD & 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 13, 1895.

HAVE WE RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT?

Shortly after the meeting of parliament for the session just closed there were reports that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, which never lets a session go by without a raid upon the government and the treasury, was demanding from the Bowell Government a large increase in their mail subsidy. The matter was talked over among leading members of the House, and in view of past and prospective deficits and the continuous demands of the Canadian Pacific upon the government, there can be no doubt that there would have been the keenest inquiry into the extravagance of the Canadian Pacific's demands and of the government's concession to them before any such proposal could have passed. Sir Richard Cartwright made especial inquiries of the government as to its railway proposals, and especially demanded of the Finance Minister and the Postmaster-General information as to postal subsidies and so forth. He asked that the House be informed in detail as to how the \$2,125,000 for mail subsidies was to be distributed, and declared that the expenditure should be kept down. He also inquired as to whether any increased subsidies were to be granted. Sir Adolphe Caron said in reply: "I can tell the honorable gentleman that there is no increase at all in the 'amount.' There had even been a slight discussion in the press as to the reports of the increased subsidy the Canadian Pacific were said to be seeking. Everyone accepted these assurances of Sir Adolphe Caron, confirmed by the silence of his colleagues, which gave assent that no increase in the Canadian Pacific subsidy was proposed by the government. The session closed late in July, after a lengthened sitting, but the members have hardly had time to greet their friends and get into harness again in their regular business before being startled with the announcement that the government had passed an order-in-council granting the Canadian Pacific Railway an increase in its annual

subsidy of \$100,000, and that the increased subsidy was payable from July 1, at which date parliament was actually sitting.

While parliament was in session, therefore, and while the members were actually inquiring anxiously as to whether the postal subsidies were to be increased or not, with special reference to the Canadian Pacific, and while Sir Adolphe Caron was informing parliament that there would be no increase and his colleagues were listening in silence to his assertions that on the contrary there would be a reduction in his department, the government had agreed to pay the Canadian Pacific out of the treasury, and without the consent of parliament, \$100,000 a year from July 1. There is no room to doubt that parliament was of set purpose kept in the dark and deceived, the government fearing that with the deficits in view a discussion of such a grant in parliament would be damaging to it. It therefore deliberately usurped the authority and power of parliament when it might have consulted it, which it did not do, because it was afraid of the force or effect of its objections. The government organs, which obsequiously try to defend the government, do so on the ground that the subsidy was defensible and that the Canadian Pacific deserved it. Then why was the project concealed from parliament? Why was it not openly proposed, and why was it not defended before parliament? Why hold the affair over until after parliament had adjourned, and then just after the close make the grant without parliament's authority by order-in-council, and to take effect, too, prior to the close of the session? The government organs do not deal at all with this insult to parliament and to the constitution or with the implied conviction on the part of the government that it was acting contrary to the mind of parliament, and that it was in this matter unable to command the confidence of parliament even with its majority. It passed an order-in-council on the Manitoba school question which it dared not submit to parliament for its sanction, though three of the Cabinet ministers resigned because the government broke its pledge to do so. The government passed an order-in-council granting the Hudson's Bay Railway Company \$2,500,000, and dared not submit that proposition to parliament, though it afterwards forced through a vote of \$1,600,000 to what the Canadian Pacific Railway magnates called a wildcat scheme. Was it in compensation for this Hudson's Bay Railway subsidy that the Canadian Pacific demanded and received the increased postal subsidy of \$100,000 per year also by order-in-council? Did the Canadian Pacific Railway threaten to oppose the government on account of that grant, and has it now undertaken for value received to renew its powerful political support? It is significant that only a few weeks ago the Winnipeg "Free Press," which is owned by Canadian Pacific Railway magnates, dismissed its Liberal editor and announced the withdrawal of its support from the Liberal Government. Next we may look for another manifesto in favor of protection from Sir William Van Horne and a declaration that the Canadian Pacific Railway is out of politics.

SACERDOTALISM.

Of all countries in the world one would think that Scotland would be the last to need a society to oppose the advance of Romanism, yet such there exists under the name of the Scottish Reformation Society. It is noteworthy that where there is least of the real thing there the human tendencies which lead people toward materialistic creeds and sensuous modes of worship are most free to work. The Church of England has in the last half century made vast strides in this direction. Some of its leading places of worship have grown almost indistinguishable from Roman Catholic ones, the crucifix is freely used in private devotion and the confessional and other sacerdotal functions receive more and more toleration. Ritualism has there associated itself with the most self-sacrificing piety and has drawn to itself many of the most devout of the people. It is also the fashionable religion with those who have little of any sort. It adopts some very unpuritan standards of morals, as, for instance, with regard to the Lord's day, and its devout

forms are often practised in association with much laxity of allowance in matters of lotteries, the turf, the performances of loose people on the stage and in the circus arena, and so forth. Even in Scotland there is a constant march towards ritualism, and under cover of it towards ritualism. One of the works of the reformation society has been to employ a clergyman, the Rev. John McDonald, D.D., of Airdrie, in the study of Romanism and in the preparation of a handbook to be used in indoctrinating the people against it. This work of indoctrination is, we are told, being systematically done by pastors in sympathy with the movement, who gather their young people into classes for the purpose. Mr. McDonald's work, "Romanism Analyzed," is consequently put into catechetical form, a form which admits of the greatest clearness, combined with the utmost clearness of expression, while it represses passion and harangue. "Why," says this book, "should the history and dogmas of popery be studied by Protestants at the present time?" It would have been better not to have used the word "popery." Being used only by the foes of the Roman Church, and as an expression of condemnation, its adoption in a controversial work involves what the Scotch call Jeddart justice, which was to hang a man first and try him afterwards. The answer given to this question is, "Because the Church of Rome is the same in creed and spirit to-day she has ever been, and her presence therefore is a menace to the liberties of the land; because she is stronger socially, organically, and politically in Britain to-day than she has been since the Reformation, and is growing stronger in these respects every day, and because there is a deplorable apathy abroad, combined with false charity, which encourages the advances of the system and exposes the nation to the judgments of God." In the interests, therefore, of truth and of civil and religious liberty Protestants ought to inform themselves with regard to the character and history of the papacy." It is to be noted that the ways in which Romanism is advancing are carefully limited. It is not declared to be gaining ground on the whole, which is far from being true. The weaker is conquered by the stronger, and to say that Romanism is gaining on Protestantism would be to offer a very powerful practical argument in opposition to those which support the thesis of this book. The Christianity of Africa and Spain, which was overrun by Mohammedanism, was a Christianity which was better swept away, and the same may be said of the Protestantism which gives way to Romanism. The fact that Roman Catholics are now accorded civil rights which were before withheld from them is a proof, not of the decadence of Protestantism, but of the advance of it, for Protestantism means religious liberty if it means anything. In many other ways what may appear an advance towards Rome is at bottom the reverse. We, however, agree with the society in realizing the fact that a generation has arisen which knows nothing of the danger of encouraging sacerdotalism and which has no weapons wherewith to oppose it, and that instruction on these matters is really needed. The arguments of "Romanism Analyzed" and of "The Protestant Catechism," which is virtually an abridgment of it, are based exclusively on the acknowledged standards of the Roman Catholic Church, and the aim of the author has been to be temperate, precise and clear.

DISCORD IN A CHURCH.

There is trouble in the Elm Street congregation of the Methodist Church in Toronto. The papers of that city have been full of it, and echoes of it have sounded abroad, the chief effect of which has been to leave the impression that the congregation has been rent by quarrels between the people and the minister, between the minister and the boards, or between one board and the other, and that the people had largely deserted the church. As the minister is the Rev. Dr. Galbraith, who was long stationed in Montreal, and was for a period president of the Montreal Conference, and who is well known in many places, the matter has a personal interest far beyond Toronto. We have always thought that congregations had a right to privacy in matters of internal administration. We presume, indeed, that where the curtain of privacy which should shield fam-

ily quarrels is lifted or rent it is usually done by angry hands from within. Certainly, there is nothing private now about this one. It has been aired both in the newspapers and in the courts, and that to the extent of making public property of the names and doings of the members of the boards, of the choir, of the Society of Christian Endeavor, and so forth, after the fashion usually spoken of as the public exhibition of the unlauded family wash. The "Witness" will probably be thanked for declining to open its columns to questions as to who showed, by appearing at a Christian Endeavor meeting, that he cherished no ill-will, or as to whether Dr. Galbraith's questioning the wisdom of having the former pastor occupy his pulpit at two consecutive services amounted to discourtesy. There is, however, an underlying question of constitutional importance which is making this dispute of intense interest to official Methodism everywhere, and our present purpose is to set this forth as briefly as possible.

The Methodist polity recognizes two kinds of boards of congregational administration, both of which are found working side by side in every completely organized congregation. Broadly speaking, the function of the Quarterly Board is to pay the minister's salary and to administer connexional funds, and to supervise the spiritual interests of the church. It is the supreme court of the circuit, and to it Trustee Boards must report by audited statements. The function of the Trustee Board is to hold and manage the church property. The clash was between these, and, as is not seldom the case, the discord was over music. Music is commonly accounted to be the fountain of harmony, yet we are not sure that when the story of things is spiritually read it may not be found that more of discord than harmony has flowed into the church's soul from the unspiritual organ loft. The trouble generally arises out of disputes between people who love music for music's sake and those who are determined to subordinate it to the service and use of the common people as an aid to their expressions of worship and as an excitant of religious feeling. Perhaps the trouble in this case so arose. It certainly arose out of the music. We would greatly deprecate a discussion of that part of the question in connection with any particular congregation. Suffice it to say that if such was not the essence of the quarrel at Elm Street it usually is. And here is where the boards clash, for in almost all forms of church government since the days when the apostles chose seven to administer a fellowship fund there have been collateral committees whose duties looked in one case more toward things spiritual and in the other more towards things material, and there has often been by natural selection a diversity of tendency between the one and the other. By use and wont the management of the choir has among Methodists come to be a matter between the minister and the Trustee Board. The discipline gives the minister the control of the music as a part of religious service, and the trustees by custom engage and pay the organist and singers. Both the "discipline," which vests the appointment of a suitable person to conduct the singing, in the minister and the "model deed," which vests the church property in a board of trustees, come down from times when paid musicians were not thought of in connection with Methodist services.

When fault was found with the music, and differences developed heat, it was natural that any uncertainty of jurisdiction should come to the front. In Elm Street the Quarterly Board disputed the constitutionality of the Board of Trustees having management of the musical part of the service. The discipline makes the minister responsible for the service in all things, and Dr. Galbraith, while formally allowing that the administration in the church had been irregular, formally sided with the Board of Trustees, declaring that while the whole management of the services was the pastor's prerogative, custom had given the employment and payment of musicians to the Board of Trustees. This was the question which was made the subject of an injunction, and was taken into court. It fortunately came before the man of all others the most competent to deal with it, Mr. Justice Rose, who before his elevation to the bench was

the leading authority at the bar on all things Methodist. His judgment does not bear out Dr. Galbraith's ruling, but declares that "the trustees, according to church law, had not the power to use trust funds for the 'payment of an organist or a choir.' What seems important now is that out of this ruling similar unholy contention be not developed into public warfare in other congregations. If the Church, having grown out of its eighteenth century swaddlings, needs new legislation, such will no doubt be agreed on at the next conference and granted by the next parliament. In the meantime let the Quarterly Boards and Trustee Boards show to the world that they can come to agreement on the Christian basis of mutual concession, instead of brother going to law with brother."

ARE OUR ELMS IN DANGER?

In Canada, as in New England, the older and more cultivated parts of the country are more dependent for picturesque adornment upon the elm than perhaps upon any other tree. We do not know that the elm is generally considered more beautiful or more picturesque than the pine; both are graceful and stately, the pine with a more majestic air than the most majestic of elms, and the elm with more tenderness than the pine. The pine, where it flourishes best, especially in mountainous and rocky regions, is perhaps more striking, and a forest of pines is certainly far more impressive in every way than a forest of elms; they do not hide one another and do not hide the sky above them, and sky and tree lend awe to one another. A single great English elm against a high blue sky is magnificent, but with less of awe and in a more friendly way than the pine, but under a forest of elms the sky is hidden and all is gloom. While many would perhaps prefer a region adorned with the beauty of the pine, we think that everyone will allow that as a matter of fact the older and more inhabited parts of Canada are, as we have said, more dependent upon the elm than the pine for actual adornment, and that it is probable that as the newer portions of the country grow older the pines will become fewer and finally cease to be notable in a landscape. Forests of pine renew themselves from age to age, but groups only for a few years, while solitary pines die and disappear and have no successors. Elms, on the contrary, flourish as individuals; growing alone or in small groups, they seem to attain their greatest size and their beauty is then most noticeable. It is the elm which gives Montreal island its park-like beauty. There seem to be several varieties, all of which, both great and small, have their own peculiar grace or magnificence. Who can say whether he prefers the great single-boled elm, which lifts a magnificent canopy, as wonderful in its way as that of the palm before the exquisitely stately fern-shaped group, or before the slender drooping, long, trailing limbed elm, or before the smaller elm, clothed with foliage from its foot to its crown? One can stand almost anywhere on the island of Montreal and compare the beauties of the different varieties from specimens near at hand. Their variousness is one of the charms of the elm; individuals of the same species have more striking dissimilarities than those of any other tree probably, with the exception, perhaps, of the oak.

Without its elm trees the island of Montreal would be rather tame and monotonous so far as tree adornment is concerned. It would be little less than a calamity should our elm trees be swept away. We do not know that there is any danger, but in view of what is now happening to the famous elm trees of New England and New York, it is time that steps should be taken to ascertain whether our Canadian elms are flourishing or whether precautionary measures are necessary to their preservation. In Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut and New York the elm trees have been during some years past attacked by a very small insect which infests the trees in great numbers and to which science has given a very big name, the "Galeruca Xanthomelaena," which is Greek for the plain name of the "orange and black beetle" which the New Englanders give it. Although nothing is known of any similar great ravages of this insect upon the elms of

Europe, yet Americans hold that this evil comes from England. It is said that it is only within the last ten years that it has made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic. At first no attention was paid to it because it seemed to do little harm, but three years ago it was discovered that some of the noblest elms on the campus of Princeton University were dying, and since then more than a dozen of the largest have been destroyed. About the same time its ravages among the famous elms of Massachusetts became noticeable, and for the last year or two the forest authorities of the state and of the different cities of Massachusetts have set on foot a regular and thorough inspection of all the elm trees in the parks and public places. Where trees are too far gone to be saved in any way they are felled; where it is not quite certain that they are affected the "suspected trees are marked and watched, and where the trees are healthy efforts are made to save them from attack by removing from their neighborhood, even trees suspected of being attacked. The insects feed on the leaves and bark of the trees, and in early and mid-summer, when all the other trees are bright green, the leaves of the trees attacked look dark and sere. When examined, the leaves are found thickly mottled with brownish patches, and the bark has a grey and dead appearance, and finally the leaves shrivel up and the bark falls away little by little. It is said that the application of a solution of "London purple" and water by spraying the entire foliage and bark is effective, but with large trees this method is too costly and is hardly practicable. The only really practical method of dealing with the pest is to prevent it from getting established in any neighborhood by watching the trees and cutting down those that become affected at once. In this way the evil can be kept from spreading to adjoining trees.

It is said that English elms are always first attacked, and that it is only where they are neighbors to American elms that the American elms are ever attacked. One of the chief park authorities of New York advises the felling of all English elms so as to save the American elms, which he declares are far more graceful and beautiful trees, and worth saving by such a sacrifice. When a shade tree is attacked, or even suspected of being attacked, a young tree should be planted immediately near by, so that if it becomes necessary to remove the old tree there will be another in its place. It is said that all the elms on the front campus of Princeton University are already so far gone that they will have to be taken down this year, and that many of the trees in the long lane near the president's mansion, which is called McCosh's walk, will fall victims, though heroic measures are being taken to preserve them. It would be well if our government and city authorities took steps to ascertain whether the elms of Canada are threatened or not. It seems that at first the attacks of the insects are not noticeable, that it takes some years for them to establish themselves, and that it is possible to prevent their spreading by vigorous measures. Some of our trained botanists might perhaps also give such an important matter a little of their attention in leisure moments.

CONFESSION OF CRIME.

In view of the numerous trials for murder about to begin in Canada and the United States, the late confession of Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, should strengthen the confidence of the public in the justice of the sentences pronounced for capital crimes. The value of the claimant's confession in this respect has perhaps been underestimated by persons whose level reasoning powers were never imposed upon by his preposterous claim. Up to the time of his acknowledgment of guilt many still believed him to be the victim of aristocratic injustice. It would be to the interests of justice, as well as of criminals, if condemned persons could be more frequently persuaded to make a public confession, which in their case is the only sort with the slightest moral virtue in it. Care would, of course, have to be taken that the acknowledgment should be wholly voluntary. Such confession would not add to the stigma already resting upon the relatives of the condemned person, while it would remove all suspicion as to the justice of the sentence, and would be of con-

considerable spiritual benefit to the felon himself, who would not in this case leave the world with a lie upon his lips, or at best a reservation of truth as illustrated in his demeanor and actions. Spiritual advisers of criminals take upon themselves a serious responsibility when they receive confessions of guilt under the seal of secrecy. Some thirty-six years ago a murderer made a confession before his trial to a Canadian Anglican bishop. Notwithstanding his guilt, thus acknowledged, the evidence brought forward was not sufficient to convict him. The jury brought in a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and he was set at liberty. Two days afterwards he was killed by accident. Had he lived his spiritual adviser would have been placed in a very embarrassing position.

The policy attributed by the Minneapolis 'Tribune' to Sir John Schultz, the lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, of giving his ministry their choice between compromise on the school question and dismissal could be called nothing less than high treason against the British constitution, and to put it in practice would be to deserve impeachment and condign punishment. We can imagine some slavish minion of an Eastern monarch exalted to a satrapy because he was willing to do dirty work acting as the agent of such despotism. Certainly no king or queen of England would dare dismiss a ministry which had notoriously the support of the great majority of both the legislature and of the country. The slander, which has received currency without protest through the 'Mail and Empire,' the government's chief organ, is a grievous one against any man brought up under and acquainted with British institutions, but not surprising in view of Sir John's recent unexpected sycophancy, rewarded as it has been by continuance in office. He may not, however, be altogether to blame for the continuance of his office. It may be promised to some member of parliament whose constituency the government does not dare to open at present. Even if Sir John was willing to do so contemptible a thing, there is only one chance of his daring to do so, and that is in case the Bowell Government, which is in no way above such acts, were able to convince him that it had the means of bribing the Manitoba electorate into supporting any advisers he might choose to call in. The present Manitoba Government has no fear of this, and we presume Sir John Schultz and his masters have no hope of it. Sir Mackenzie Bowell and he would have others besides the Manitoba electorate to deal with, as no one having the soul of a Briton in him could ever again vote for a government which did not scruple to wipe out the British constitution and govern like a czar. Sir John's usefulness would certainly be gone.

The Winnipeg 'Tribune,' which is said to be the organ of the Greenway Government, demands that the Dominion Government shall rescind the order-in-council as a preliminary to its proposed negotiations for a compromise. It declares also that no government should contemptuously refuse to inquire into the past and present facts of a question on which it presumed to interfere with local legislation, as the Bowell Government by rejecting the proposed commission of inquiry has done. The great majority of the people of the Dominion agree with the 'Tribune' and the Manitoba Government in this, and the Bowell Government committed a big blunder when it from pure moral cowardice rejected the proposition for an inquiry into the educational system which it proposes to sweep away and into that which it proposes to restore in the face of the opposition of the people concerned. The 'Tribune' also declares that the Greenway Government could not carry out the order-in-council in the face of the opposition of the great majority of the people of the province, both Conservative and Liberal, even if inclined to do so in obedience to the Bowell Government's order-in-council. The 'Tribune' is quite right in declaring that while the order-in-council remains as the definition of the demands of the national government the proposed negotiations are nothing but a farce, and that until it is rescinded the Manitoba Government can only maintain its position, which is one of refusal to carry out that order.

The New York Yachting Club has at last received a slap in the face for not impartially enforcing the rules and regulations governing sailing races. The British yachts have always had much cause for complaint, though they have kept quiet over it out of courtesy. They did, however, protest against steamers being allowed to get in their way toward the end of each race. Mr. Willard and Mr. Gould, sailing the 'Vigilant,' have had to complain of the unfair treatment, and Mr. Willard, acting on behalf of Mr. Gould, has taken decisive action in regard to an even more serious cause of complaint. In starting Wednesday's race the 'Defender' ignored the rules to get the better position from the 'Vigilant,' though by doing so she was courting a collision for which she would have been held responsible and which might have destroyed her and left the United States without a defender of the cup. Once before the 'Defender' did the same thing, but the New York Yacht Club paid no heed to the protest of the 'Vigilant.' Now, the 'Vigilant' has withdrawn from races for which she was entered against the 'Defender' in order to force action on the part of the club. Mr. Willard, the protestor, is a prominent member of the New York Yacht Club, and it is to be hoped he will be successful in convincing them of the necessity of enforcing rules and regulations with strict impartiality. It is well that the Americans' fault of taking an unfair advantage should be brought home to them by an American.

If you wish to leave a good reputation behind you do not leave a hundred millions. We commend this advice to the proprietor of the New York 'World,' that is, if he sets any more store by his own posthumous reputation than he does by those reputations which for the amusement of the base he tears to tatters. To the Fourth Ward there is no tid-bit so delightful as the slaughtered, hashed and fricasseed reputation of a millionaire. Poor Judge Hilton was done to death by this process, and now the ogre has opened on the daughters of Jay Gould. The 'World' has found out that Jay Gould's whole name was Jason, and the public suspects that the 'World's' whole name is 'the World, the Flesh and the Devil.' A man named Fair died recently in California worth a great many millions, whereupon it was soon found out by the papers—the 'World' has no monopoly of the scandal business—that he was married to countless women. He must have married at least once every summer holidays. On the whole, it is probably better not to die rich. The 'World' publishes a likeness of the woman who in her green simplicity, or in his, married young Jason Gould. Her portrait absolves Gould from all responsibility in the matter. If he married her she must have been sitting on him at the time or she must have led him to the altar 'vi et armis.' She is evidently the woman to do it.

The Mayor of Sorel, in welcoming Mr. Laurier to that city on behalf of all the citizens, without regard to political views, expressed in very warm and obviously hearty and sincere words the esteem, admiration and pride in which the French-Canadian people of this province justifiably hold him. Mr. Moursasse spoke of 'the noble talent, the superb eloquence, the broad views and the frank character of the eminent statesman whom they were so proud of as a compatriot.' It is something in days such as these which Canada has fallen upon, when evasion, tergiversation and downright falsehood characterize the utterances and conduct of politicians in power, to know that Canada has a great party leader whose integrity has never been assailed and whose frankness and beautiful courtesy are winning a way for him, as the Mayor expressed it, into all hearts. If Canadians can be taught to value honesty and frankness in political life, to look for economy and purity and carefulness in the management of public affairs, a great change for the better will be wrought in the character of the nation. Mr. Laurier stands for all this in the minds of many people, and his figure is growing larger every day in the eyes of his countrymen. Such meetings as that held at Sorel show plainly the hold he is obtaining over the minds of the people of this province, as his meetings in Ontario showed the growth of his influence there.

A great number of the most prominent men in public life in Ontario have been educated at Upper Canada College. Its roll of distinguished pupils, which has been published at intervals during the last ten or fifteen years, is a long one, and contains the names of many brilliant men in various walks in life. At one time it was the only thorough grammar school in the province, and many, if not most, men intended for the learned professions, especially for that of law, were sent there by well-off parents who could afford it because of its success in imparting to youth a classical education. Owing to the high fees it was, too, 'select and genteel' in the narrow senses of those words. Of late the public schools and high schools in connection with the public schools have, together with the universities, offered such a complete and connected course of sound education that Upper Canada College has been rather left out in the cold. It has been gradually going down, until it is doubted whether even under such a distinguished principal as Dr. Parkin, the Canadian historian, it can be maintained. The letter of our Toronto correspondent recalling its history will be read with interest.

We have the word of Sir Mackenzie Bowell for it that all the vacant senatorships were promised long ago. By so saying he has pinned a certificate to each one who shall in process of events receive the reward for which he has long and faithfully served. We are extremely sorry to find that the first to go to the Senate thus ticketed by his chief as having duly supported the government through thick and thin with an appointment in his pocket is the greatly esteemed Mr. Josiah Wood, the Conservative member for Westmoreland county in New Brunswick. The government is not, it appears, afraid to open his constituency, which at the last general elections gave a government majority of 2,148 votes. If the Liberals think it worth while to contest a by-election in such a constituency when there can be only one session of parliament for the representative returned to it, and that an exceedingly improbable one, it will be interesting to note whether the government can even in a by-election maintain its old majorities at the present time. It may be that Mr. Wood's appointment is only the forerunner of other similar appointments of members of parliament to office, in which case it may be taken for granted that there is going to be no sixth session.

The wreck of the Australian steamship 'Catterthun' seems to have been from an ordinary and unavoidable cause; she was blown out of her course in a gale, struck a reef and foundered. Her crew, which was composed altogether apparently of Chinese and Lascars, seem to have been well disciplined and to have done their best, but in vain, the gale rendering it impossible to make use of the boats with one exception. Most of those whose lives were saved seem to have been washed ashore while clinging to wreckage. It is ridiculous that such importance should be given to the nervous fears of a niece of one of the passengers who, when the 'Catterthun' was leaving Sydney, became hysterical and gave utterance to her fear that her aunt, who was on board, would be drowned. We suppose that hundreds of such scenes take place weekly, if not daily, but no one ever hears of them because nothing comes of them, but when by coincidence something does follow one such it is put forward as a remarkable presentment which might have been heeded. To give importance to such happenings is silly, and does harm.

The international chess match at Hastings, in England, is about the most interesting contest that has ever been arranged, there are so many great players at the present time so evenly matched, and all are present. Lasker, the world's champion, is in poor health, and is not doing well. Steinitz has recovered condition apparently, and is playing carefully but brilliantly and with success. The Russian champion, Tschigorin, is in good form, and seems to conquer the English players easily enough. Tarasch, his great opponent, who drew a match with him recently, is not doing so well. Pillsbury, the young American player who defeated Tarasch, has one feather at least in his cap.

Our own Pollock, a Montrealer, has not done badly so far in drawing one game and winning another. The contest is a most interesting one, and if Steinitz and Lasker play against one another, the struggle will be a stern one, as Steinitz was very much chagrined and nettled because of his recent defeat by Lasker in the great match which finished in this city.

During the Boston Christian Endeavor convention a Boston paper announced that the British flag had been hissed in one of the meetings. The 'Witness' did not repeat the story, but it naturally got abroad in Canada, and awakened much resentment. Dr. Rose, who was frequently called on to speak for Canada at the various functions of the convention, has written to correct it. Dr. Rose's account of the hissing incident is an infinitely more probable one than that of the Boston paper. He says that the display by a speaker at a consecration meeting of a British flag merely as a badge to show where the speaker was from having aroused a flutter of applause where that was out of place, it was promptly met by the usual sibilant sound which commands silence and which need not be mistaken for hissing. It seems that Dr. Rose's impression was not the same as that of others, that there was manifested at Boston an offensive lack of recognition of the international character of the gathering. Any defect of that sort seems at all events to have been fully made up by the exuberant patriotism of the Canadian delegates.

In future Manitoba is to be blessed with two kinds of schools. There will be the public schools with an odor of bible and the Lord's prayer about them which makes them offensive to some of Her Majesty's subjects, who have a constitutional right to their opinions. Then there are to be Lottery schools. Schools founded on a lottery and quite free from the bible will surely be all right. With the admirers of separate schools there are two ways of raising the means necessary for their support; the people may be taxed through the government or through their gambling propensities. By the government system they used to tax the people among whom the schools were; by the gambling system they will be able to tax those in other provinces who are determined that the Manitobans shall have separate schools. Under the old system the children were said in many of the schools to be taught little else than their ecclesiastical duties. They will now also be taught the virtues of the lottery.

We are urged in the name of many in St. Andrews, in this province, to print the sermon by the Rev. Mr. Ashdown, which appears to-day, against the drink traffic. The circumstances which drew it forth are given by the correspondent who obtained the manuscript for publication. In opposition to the granting of a license in that village the ladies had visited the council armed with a petition containing several hundred names. Their urgency delayed the granting of the license for some weeks. Watching their opportunity, however, the advocates of the liquor-seller pushed his petition through by the help of the double vote of the Mayor. The sermon, which was preached the next Sunday, concentrates the light of conscience on the events, and pronounces the curse of heaven on the murderous traffic.

A Brazilian telegraph and cable company is at the bottom of the terrible fuss reported in Brazil over the acquirement of Trinidad by the British. It appears that the Brazilian Cable Company levies heavy toll upon all messages between Argentina and Great Britain, and since the development of the trade between the two countries owing to the great quantity of wheat exported to Great Britain by the Argentine Republic the business is a very profitable one. The British cable by way of Trinidad island would rob the Brazilian cable of this business, hence the big fuss made over the British seizure of the barren rock. It is believed that mail advices from Brazil will show that the reports of the trouble have been greatly exaggerated by the cable company in its own interests.

For the lieutenant-governorship of Manitoba and the postmastership of Winnipeg there have been three aspirants—Mr. Patterson, ex-Minister of

Militia; Mr. W. B. Searth and Mr. Ross. Of course, three into two will not go, so there has been trouble and delay. The government has found a way out, namely, 'superannuation,' which adds to the burdens of the country, but who cares for that? Mr. Lowe, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, is to be superannuated, and his place taken by Mr. H. H. Smith, land commissioner at Winnipeg. Mr. Searth is to get the land commissioner'ship, and Mr. Patterson the lieutenant-governorship, and we suppose that leaves the postmastership to patient Mr. Ross. But what about Sir John Schultz? Is he to go out into the cold?

Canadian riflemen seem to be inspired by the success of the Bisley team this year and the example of Hayhurst, the Queen's prizeman. The shooting of the volunteers at the Province of Quebec Rifle Association's matches Thursday at the Cote St. Luc ranges was splendid, being far above that of last year. The shooting of the battalion teams in the association match, in which the first team won only by one point and three teams tied for second place, while a fifth was only two points lower, was magnificently steady.

HAGAR.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

When the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy at the making of the world, there fell from highest heaven a drop of the Fountain of the Water of Life which has its seat in God's throne. Through the rings of adoring angels it fell, and through glories of cloud and sunshine until it lighted upon the bosom of a great desert, where in the sand it was not lost, but grew into a tiny fountain and ever bubbled up in refreshing streams. Little by little there gathered around it a green vegetation, making an oasis in the waste land. Grass and tall palms grew luxuriant by the sparkling water, which did not lie still like a crystal well, but overflowed upon the sands. When the hot south wind blew, the palms would wave their large hands and beckon weary travellers to the place of refreshment. And here, when the earth was young, would come the long caravans, and here simple-minded men who knew no anxious cares, and whose hearts had not been hardened by a world full of sin and wickedness, and anger and war, drank sweetly of its waters and slept peacefully beneath the shade of the palms. And here would come great birds, some from the light of the upper air, some in low flight across the desert, to cool their scorched wings. The lion and the bear, too, would come, and these all would rest peacefully in the shade, the birds in the branches of the trees, the animals in the grass beside the fountain. But it came to pass that as the world grew older the love that was in men's hearts began to wane, and wickedness increased. Great evils were done among men, battles were fought, fierce feuds sprang up between rival families, and animals, meek and patient, were slaughtered for food and grew savage under the oppression of man.

When all these evils came about it happened that the fountain ceased any more to give water to the desert, and turned to a block of hard and brilliant crystal, being frozen by the coldness of men's hearts. The trees and grass around it faded and were soon parched by the sun, having no longer the supply of moisture at their roots. At night the broad red moon, as it rose far over the level desert, peered in silent amazement through the gaunt, black stems of the dead trees. And at noontide the caravans on the long, hot road no longer rejoiced over the wayside stream. They called the place 'Huzzoth-Irez,' which means the 'dreams of childhood'; for the stone still looked like water and tempted their thirst, but they knew it to be a delusion and disappointment, as are the hopes of youth. Often in their anger as they passed the place they would strike the shining rock with their staves and curse it for its resemblance to clear water. So it chanced that as years passed away and many men and many nations had been gathered into the silence of oblivion, one day the caravan of Prince Abraham journeyed across the desert and halted by the circle of dead palms on the wayside. And when the afternoon grew cooler, and the richly-broidered tents were folded up on the camels' backs, and the train resumed their journey, poor Hagar lingered behind with Ishmael, her son, driven into blind despair by the taunts of her mistress. Through the silence of the night, until sleep came with its balm of forgetfulness, mother and child sobbed in their loneliness and sorrow, knowing that only death awaited them in the desert. The air was chill when they awoke in the morning and turned pale, scared faces towards the red of the rising dawn; but as soon as the sun appeared above the horizon the sand became hot and scorched their naked limbs. Their thirst grew upon them and their tongues burned as with fire. Little by little the tepid water in the leathern bottle was sucked away till the last drop had gone, and the new day looked down upon the agonized face of the dying child. Then Hagar in her grief forgot herself and her own sufferings. She grew strong as a lioness, and raised herself from the sands and, taking up the boy in her arms, ran wildly along the barren tracks. But the child's life was fast ebbing away, and he cried piteously as the motion of her running shook his shrunken body. So she kissed him with a dry, tearless kiss of despair, and laying him softly by the wayside, turned herself back to the place of 'Huzzoth-Irez,' and knelt there with her face in her hands beside the crystal fountain, so that she might not see the death agony of her loved one. And as she knelt she prayed to God:—

'O God, take my life, but spare that of my child.'

'O God, let the arrows of thy wrath pierce my heart, but speed him on his way.'

'O God, burn up my flesh, but turn my blood to water to nourish him.'

Then as she lay prostrate an angel came and touched her shoulder, and she turned, and lo! the crystal had melted and the Fountain of the Water of Life flowed again as in the sweet days of old. The angel looked down upon her, and, smiling, said:—

'Arise, Hagar, and bring hither thy son that he may drink and revive, for thy prayer is heard, and the stream which was once frozen by the coldness of men's hearts hath been melted by thy great love, for the love of a mother is as the love of God.'

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

HE MAY VISIT CANADA ON HIS WAY FROM ENGLAND.

Washington, Aug. 11.—If Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador to the United States, shall, as is anticipated, visit Canada before his return to Washington, it is not likely that the Canadian Minister of Marine will later in the season meet Sir Julian here, as was expected when the latter sailed for Europe last June. It was then the purpose of the Canadian Minister of Marine to have a conference with Sir Julian in this city, presumably in October, with reference to the new treaty which will be negotiated between the British ambassador and Secretary Olney looking to the settlement of the claims of certain Canadian seal fishermen in Behring Sea against the United States under the terms of the Paris award. While the Canadian Government, as such, will have no hand in the preparation of the treaty, it is intended that their wishes shall be learned and respected so far as circumstances will permit. Sir Julian said several months ago that a personal conference with the Canadian Minister of Marine of even forty-eight hours would greatly facilitate the work of drafting the treaty. It is believed, therefore, that he desires to save him the trouble of coming to Washington in October by visiting Ottawa instead and there acquainting himself with the wishes of the Canadian people. A letter received at the British embassy from Sir Julian contains the intelligence that he will sail from Southampton on Sept. 12. Should he visit Canada en route he will not probably reach Washington much, if any, before the last of that month.

THE LOST FOUND.

THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Boston, Aug. 6.—The 'Globe' says Mrs. L. Gardner, the delegate to the Christian Endeavor Convention, who so mysteriously disappeared, is not dead. It was discovered yesterday that Mrs. Gardner, instead of stopping in South Boston during the convention, as she wrote her husband in her first letter, stopped in Cambridge under an assumed name. Everything now points to a deliberate plan on the part of the woman from the time she reached Boston to abandon her husband and three children and to begin life anew under an assumed name. This is the more peculiar because she was supposed to be especially happy. Her husband is well-to-do, and both were devout Christians.

COAL OPERATORS' THREAT.

GOOD NEWS FOR CONSUMERS IF CARRIED OUT. New York, Aug. 6.—The 'Morning Journal' says:—As a result of the daily increasing demoralization in coal rates caused by the coal carrying railways, the individual anthracite operators have decided to take matters into their own hands. It is announced that they will forthwith place a million tons of anthracite on the market at two dollars a ton, unless prompt action is taken by the coal carrying lines to restore prices and limit the output.

but with age, flat, and liquidifying in decay; the gills are loose, of a pinkish red, changing to liver color, in contact with but not united to the stem, some next the edge of the cap, some at both ends, and generally, in that case excluding the immediate smaller gills. It is most readily distinguished when of middle size, by its fine pink or flesh-colored gills and pleasant smell. In a more advanced stage, the gills become of a chocolate color; and it is then more likely to be confounded with other kinds of false quality, but the species which most nearly resembles it is slimy to the touch, and destitute of the fine odor, having a rather disagreeable smell. Further, the noxious kind grows in woods, or on the margin of woods, while the true mushroom springs up chiefly in open pastures, and should be gathered only in such places. As a brick of mushroom spawn can be got for twenty-five cents, and the cultivation is simple, it is not wise to run the risk of using a poisonous kind for food.

PRESCRIPTION FOR FOWLS.

G.A.F. Ottawa.—A good while ago you gave a prescription to me for a hen that was not laying. I lost the prescription, and I would be pleased if you could repeat it in the 'Weekly Witness.' Ans.—What chicken ailment was the prescription for? So many have been given in the 'Witness' since 'a good while ago' that I should run the risk of sending the wrong one. I will be very glad to give you a prescription for a hen that is not laying without more definite information.

VETERINARY.

(Conducted by D. McEwen, F.R.C.V.S.)

SWOLLEN GLANDS.

E.L. Man.—I have a horse which had the distemper about a year ago and has not been right since. There is a swelling on the glands of the throat on the left side. The horse coughs somewhat after being driven. She is getting weaker and the swelling is affected. Ans.—Rub the swollen gland with the following liniment till it bilsters: Linseed oil, 4 oz.; spirits of turpentine, 1 oz.; aqua ammonia, 1 oz.; tincture iodine, 2 oz.; mix. Give internally for six doses once a day: Iodide of potassium, 1 drachm in a mash or dissolve in water.

BOTS.

A Subscriber, Que.—I have a four-year old horse that has worms. I find them in the manure. They are about three-quarters of an inch in length and one-quarter of an inch in diameter and of a brownish color. Are these what are called 'bots'? What causes them, and what should I give my horse to get rid of them? Ans.—Bots are the larvae of the gadfly (Oestrus Equi). Feed him on bran mash for two days, then allow him to fast for eight hours and give him a pint of raw linseed oil in which two ounces of spirits of turpentine is thoroughly mixed by shaking. Give him a mash two hours after. Repeat this in six days, and follow it up by a powder night and morning consisting of two drachms of sulphate of iron and half an ounce of brown sugar, for four days.

RUPTURE.

Old Subscriber, Ont.—Can I do anything with a young pig, about fourteen weeks old, which has a large lump on the under part of its stomach? It is about four or five weeks ago. It is getting larger. It is soft to the touch and is almost as large as a teacup. Can anything be done for it? Ans.—It is probably a rupture of the abdominal wall. It is of little consequence; is not likely to enlarge with age. You might try pressure with a bandage, push the intestine in and apply a pad over it with a moderately tight bandage. Should you find on closer examination that it is of the nature of an abscess you should puncture it till it bursts of itself.

MEDICAL.

[Letters for this department should be addressed "Medical Editor 'Witness,' Montreal." Should a subscriber ask any question which is not suitable for publication, a reply will be sent by mail if a stamped addressed envelope and \$1, physician's fee, be enclosed with each question.]

GOITRE.

Enquirer, Ont.—Have been troubled with goitre for some time. Have painted with iodine, which takes it away but it returns shortly after. What would you advise as an internal medicine? Ans.—Goitre is most common in limestone or magnesian limestone districts. Some have thought that snow-water caused it. Doubt as to the cause of it still remains. It may be due to an actual micro-organism developed over certain rock foundations. Where several cases of goitre occur in a district, change of locality is worth consideration, as well as a change of the drinking water. Iodine is advised to be taken internally, while the gland is painted externally. Two drachms of iodine of potash, and half a drachm of iodine can be taken in six ounces of infusion of coltsfoot. Dose:—A dessertspoonful three times a day. Syrup of Stillingia can be substituted for the infusion of coltsfoot. If there is a cyst in the goitre, that is, a soft fluctuating place full of fluid, this can be operated for and with good hope of success. When the goitre gland is removed, a very curious condition is apt to follow, called myxoedema, where the skin of the face and body undergoes a peculiar swelling; the mind becomes dull, and the patient weak. This danger has prevented large goitres being removed. When they press upon the wind-pipe, the larynx, or part of the gland which crosses the wind-pipe to join the two lobes of the gland, is sometimes divided. Many other operations have been done not unattended with danger. The patient should be out in the sun, and should take milk, eggs, and fresh vegetables, and an iron preparation in some cases.

DEAFNESS.

Anxious Parent.—My son, aged five, is hard of hearing. No disease except a cold in February. He can hear when we speak to him very loud and sharp. What is the cause and cure? Ans.—Deafness comes on gradually from catarrhal inflammation in the ears which may spread up from the throat. Sometimes wax in the ears causes deafness. Nothing hard or sharp should ever be used to clean the ears; have a doctor syringe the ears and examine the throat. When you have seen this done you can do it if necessary. If a child's ears have been poked at the drum is sometimes perforated and springing the drum may cause deafness. After wax has been removed by the doctor a little absorbent cotton should be put in the outer ear to protect from cold.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

John McN., always at the end of his strength; has always worked on a farm, as has his father, and his mother, and is now in head. Here seems to be one of those cases so very common in Canada, of a weak person expecting to increase in strength while he is always over-drawing upon his resources. Such persons must lay up a little spare strength every day if they would have health improve. No matter how little they can accomplish without overtaxing their must make up their minds to live within their means. If not, a wear upon nervous centres, and a diminution of nervous power will make cure impossible. There is another element in a case of nervous exhaustion which needs careful attention, and that is the grooves of thought, or habitual lines of thought, which make daily impressions upon the nervous system, and in the brain, but in the body. People cannot dwell upon any subject to the exclusion of others without making themselves abnormal. This fact lies at the bottom of the advantage gained by change of air, as it is called. Fresh air is life to persons living in crowded places, where the air and food are con-

taminated by deleterious organisms, but in country life, where the air is fresh and the currents of their thoughts are healthy, a few weeks of each year spent in some different occupation and place would be of the greatest use to them. The current of thought most likely to become morbid is the one so habitually that the patient imagines he is not thinking at all. The constant return of the mind to the idea that there is disease in some part of the body is probably the greatest factor in preventing a return to health. If duty prevents leaving home, a new line of thinking can be opened up by applying the thoughts to some new object of interest, and living a different life in one's own mind.

CATARRHAL COLDS—PIMPLES.

Constant Reader.—Am very subject to catarrhal colds, which renders breathing through the nose very difficult, accompanied by severe headache. Would you please recommend something to prevent these colds. Also have pimples and blackheads. Ans.—You are probably subject to colds because of the condition of the mucous membrane of the nose which is never normal. Stuff up the nostrils some pure water containing a little glycerine and liquid extract of hamamelis, keep the last two in separate corked bottles upon your toilet table and see that this mixture gets through in sufficient quantity to wash your throat. The sneezing which often follows will not hurt you. Take one grain of Dover's powder and a warm drink and put on an extra wrap, whenever you have been chilled. Good soap and hot water is good for the face in some cases, especially after sweeping or any exposure to dirt. Persons having nasal catarrh should be careful not to convey any of the discharge by the finger-nail to the skin. If you eat plain wholesome food and keep your face perfectly clean and are regular in all your habits the pimples will be apt to disappear before long.

INDIGESTION.

'Witness' Lover.—Am a young man, 20 years of age; am greatly troubled with my stomach. Everything I eat seems to ferment, and am constantly belching up gas, until my stomach seems to be raw. It has been so bad of late that there is a soreness around my heart, and my left arm at times seems to be useless. It seems to make very little difference as to the kind of food I eat, everything I eat. I cannot get proper sleep at night having to sit up and rub my stomach, feeling better after being relieved of the gas. I take a cup of hot water after rising in the morning and one hour before each meal, which seems to relieve me very much. My diet consists chiefly of white bread, toast, the oven, porridge, milk, cream, eggs, honey and any easily digested article. Eat very little meat or vegetables; drink neither tea nor coffee. Am very fond of cream. Have failed in flesh of late to a mere nothing, not weighing one hundred pounds. Have been sickening in a store, but am unable to do anything at present. Feel bloated at times. Am very low-spirited. Can I be cured? If so, please state what treatment would be beneficial to me? Ans.—It does make less difference what kind of food you eat than how you prepare your stomach for the food. It would be useful in a case like this to cleanse the stomach out in the morning half an hour at least before eating. This might be done by a stomach pump, but more easily by mineral water. Just as little of Carlsbad or Vichy water should be taken as will effect an easy movement after breakfast. Having taken these salts on rising take, a few minutes before eating, something to call the blood to the stomach which is too weak and pale to digest well. Quinine would be useful in many cases for this purpose as it is antiseptic as well as tonic. Half a grain can be taken in pills or in syrup of Yerba Santa, or it might be better for a short time to take compound tincture of cinchona instead of the quinine. A four-ounce bottle may be bought at half a dollar and a successful taken minutes before eating with hot water. Milk, meat, and tender vegetables, also mild fruit are good.

CEREBRAL HYPERAEMIA.

T.C. would be interested to read Hammett's monograph upon 'Cerebral Hyperaemia.' There is probably a portion of the brain in your case which flushes abnormally. As you do not take drugs those which may help this condition need not be mentioned. Alternate hot and cold sponging of the nape of the neck has been advised.

CHURCH UNION.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir.—In thinking upon systems of Church government and discipline, one is led often to regard them as to their results. There is a way to measure them and that is by God's word, and their interpretation and elucidation by the practice of the Early Church. This I take to be the only way; but, inasmuch as we live in a time when, more than ever, men judge of the value of things by the effect they produce, and this is such a utilitarian age, I may be allowed to say a few words respecting this phase of the matter, in the hope that another ray of light may be thrown upon the burning question of Church union. If the Papal Encyclical, as some good church-people argue for the purpose of rejecting it, is addressed to the English people instead of to the Church of England, it signifies this much, that to foreign eyes England's prosperity or position among the nations is not altogether bound up with what is called the National Church; and it will be our duty as well as our wisdom to try to see ourselves as others see us. The result of Church of England life in connection with English history, gives us reason to be proud of the manifest token of the blessing of God; but we must not forget that we may take to ourselves credit which does not solely belong to us, and thus rob others of a reward which, in the providence of God, they will eventually have, and much to the confusion of those who have built so unstable an edifice as Anglican exclusiveness. One can plainly see the ultimate effect of being bound up in our own position, which we consider so firmly as a bent, and forgetful that by a system of evolution other principles have become embodied as a counterweight and protest to spiritual tyranny or deadness. Men have been massed in other camps, but all have united to carry on English fame and name. The effect of such a course is to breed a littleness among ourselves, to carve out a tiny aristocracy and thus introduce into our system a quantity of starch which no respectable body should tolerate. In thus trying to check a fault, I by no means yield an inch to those who deny the high claim which the Church of England makes, and which she founds upon the principle and teaching of Catholic antiquity. She is said to have the merit of seeing her faults and trying to amend them, and this course is her only safe one—a prescription which would have the utmost salutary effect, if followed by other Christian bodies.

(Rev.) F. W. SQUIRE.

Casselman, July 11, 1895.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES

MR. SMALLEY WILL TRY TO MAKE THEM BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH EACH OTHER.

Mr. George W. Smalley, who for many years has kept the better class of American newspaper readers well



MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

informed regarding British affairs, or at least given a conservative view of British affairs, through the columns of the New York 'Tribune', whose London correspondent he was, may succeed in keeping the British public informed concerning American affairs and American opinion of British affairs. This is to be his duty, as he has been given the mission by the London 'Times', which has appointed him its American correspondent in New York. Hitherto the 'Times' has had for an American correspondent a regular old mossback in Philadelphia who sent it occasionally from that sleepy city dry-cut little items of American news, which were accurate enough statements of fact, but nothing more. Of course few people did more than glance over such items.

It must be remembered, however, that English people are a very self-contained, self-dependent people, who take little interest in other peoples' affairs, and even less interest in other peoples' opinions of their affairs, unless in the case of official and diplomatic questions directly arising between Great Britain and other countries. British people pay no heed to what other people say of their political affairs, domestic or foreign. The British newspapers have, therefore, had no such correspondent to keep them informed of American opinion and American affairs as the American papers have had in London. It has apparently at last occurred to the 'Times' that some attention ought to be paid to the United States opinion and United States affairs by the British people, and it has determined to make an effort to interest and keep its readers informed concerning transatlantic things. To this end it has secured the services of the most successful, most prominent and most experienced of the London correspondents of American papers, namely, Mr. Smalley, of the 'Tribune', whom it has sent to New York to send it daily cables and weekly cable letters. If any body can possibly stir up an interest in British minds on American affairs, Mr. Smalley will do so. He is a newspaper man of the widest acquaintance with men and affairs both in Great Britain and the United States, and he has a very good, plain style. He is an entertaining writer and always a partisan, which of course renders his letters interesting if not always reliable. He often arouses the antagonism of his readers by his somewhat opinionated, dogmatic way of condemning everybody and everything he does not agree with, and arguing unfairly in favor of all he supports, but he also arouses interest and imparts a good deal of reliable information. Mr. Smalley has started out well. Already he has some what started England by impressing it with a sense of the strong impulse existing in the United States in regard to the Venezuela boundary question. It may be surprising to readers of the Canadian newspapers who have read about the future kicked up for months back in the United States on Great Britain's treatment of Venezuela, and then told about the Monroe doctrine in that connection, to be told that the writers of the great London dailies had no idea that the people of the United States took not the slightest interest in the Venezuelan question, but it is a fact. Yet the American papers have been talking on the question and it has been raised in Congress. Of course a great deal is allowed in England for American buncme and American disregard of diplomatic courtesy and less attention is on that account paid to American opinion. All the same the lack of communication between the mind of the English-speaking democracy in America and that of Great Britain is to be deplored, and should be provided for so that no serious misunderstanding may arise through complete ignorance of our matters, opinions and affairs. Mr. Smalley, through the 'Times', gives the English people an interesting report of Mr. Campbell, the ex-governor of Ohio's recent speech on the Venezuela affair, together with a record of the sayings and doings of the United States government and politicians on the subject, and has thereby annoyed the English people, who cannot yet quite make out why the United States people should know or care anything about a question or dispute between England and Venezuela. It appears, too, that Venezuela's side of the story, for which there is a good deal to say, has thus been first set before the English people in general. It appears that even the foreign and colonial offices in London were unaware of the feeling in the United States on this question until Mr. Smalley's letter in the 'Times' informed them of it. Mr. Smalley will perform a very real service for the English-speaking people the world over should he succeed in arousing in the people of Great Britain a deep interest in the United States affairs and opinions. Great Britain might learn a good deal from the United States in regard to industrial legislation and administration, and also in regard to the benefit of federalization and of local administration.

THE TALKATIVE AMBASSADOR.

THE MAN WHO WOULD 'GOBBLE UP' CANADA AND CUBA.

Mr. James B. Eustis, the United States minister to France, who has been making an exhibition of himself and of American diplomacy since his arrival in Paris, has probably suffered a rebuke from President Cleveland's chief secretary long before this. Mr. Eustis informed a French newspaper man that the United States might annex both Cuba and Canada if Spain and Great Britain made trouble for the United States on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Eustis's idea was, of course, to ingratiate himself with the people of France by a display of his Anglophobic tendencies. Mr. Eustis has since seen the folly of his ways, and he declared that he did not know he was talking to a newspaper man at the time he let his tongue wag so freely, and that his opinions were not for publication. Since then, however, it has been explained in the United States that the folly of Mr. Eustis has caused a great deal of shame, we are glad to notice; that Mr. Eustis is a man given to drinking, and that he had taken too much wine before his conversation with the Paris newspaper man. This is the probable explanation, but it only renders still more plain Mr. Eustis's unfitness to occupy a diplomatic position in which his indiscretion may cause his country both humiliation and injury and other countries a great deal of inconvenience. United States diplomats have long been the laughing-stock of the world, and lately they have become the butt even of the journals of their own country. It must be said, however, that the ministers the United States sends to London are almost invariably men of the highest ability and broadest intellect, and of the finest



HON. JAMES B. EUSTIS,
United States Minister to France.

discretion. Such men as Lowell and Bayard have few equals, and no superiors, among the diplomats of any country, and they have done a great deal in a wise way to bring about good feeling and mutual understanding between both the rulers and democracies of both nations.

THE BRITISH FLAG.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)
Sir.—In your reply to 'E. S.' regarding the British flag you call the three animals on the English quarters of the shield 'lions.' All the old workers invariably called them 'leopards.' The Scottish emblem always was, and is now, the 'Lion Rampant.' Sir Walter Scott, no mean authority, alluded to both in his 'Thomas the Rhymer' thus, stanza 9, part II:

A Scottish king shall come full keen,
The ruddy lion bearth he;
A feathered arrow, sharp I ween,
Shall make him wink and warre to see.
Again in stanza 12, in allusion to the battle of Pinkie, where the Scottish army were defeated:
Then shall the lion lose the gyfte,
And the libbard bear it clear away;
At Pinkie Cleuch there shall he spilt,
Much gentle blade that day.
And further on, the battle of Bannockburn, stanza 16:
Besides a headless cross of stone,
The libbards there shall lose the groe;
The raven shall come, the erne shall go,
And drink the Saxon blood so free.
The first Napoleon, also, in his conversations, frequently alluded to the English leopards. If they were leopards then, how and why are they lions now?

ENQUIRER.

The English lions are no doubt properly leopards, as the 'Witness' has before pointed out, but they are hereditarily spoken of as lions. Sir Walter Scott, like all Scotchmen, proud of the red lion ram-



pant of Scotland, delighted to note the distinction and he was archaeologically correct, for in the times of which he was writing they were commonly spoken of as libbards or leopards. Natural history was not in heraldic days an exact science.



The leopard, in Latin, leo pardus, or pard lion, was counted a kind of lion. The heraldic forms are remarkably true considering that the animals they represented were seldom seen in Christendom and the representation of them must have been conventional traditions. We cannot do better than add the definition

given in the Standard dictionary under the word 'leopard.' 'Leopard—heraldic: A lion passant guardant (that means walking and looking at you) blazoned as a leopard in the arms of England until far into the fifteenth century. The early heralds confounded the lion with the leopard and used the names according to the attitude of the animal. When rampant he was a lion or leopard leoné; in any other attitude he was a leopard or a lion leoparded.'

[For the 'Witness'.]
CANADA OUR COUNTRY.
BY F. E. LUNDY, MONTREAL.

Fair Canada, our country dear,
Our hearts accord thee praise,
And with our voices loud and clear
Thy anthem we would raise.

Land of the forests, hills and streams,
Of beauty unsurpassed,
We have for thee most cherished dreams
Into the future cast.

Thy sons devoted, brave and strong,
Are worthy of thy land;
Will ever help thy cause along,
With strong and willing hand.

And may thy arts and science, trade
And army, be supplied
With men who never were dismayed,
Their patriotism tried.

Then, may prosperity increase,
And may our Queen long live
To rule the land with reign of peace,
And righteous counsels give.

O Canada, once more we raise
Our voices to the sky,
And gladly, for we know our praise
Is heard above, on high.

THE CURFEW TOLLS AGAIN IN THE WEST.

(From the Philadelphia 'Times'.)
Of all the returns to ancient usages the queerest is the revival in many of the western towns of the curfew. By regular ordinance the bells are rung in some towns at nine and in others at ten o'clock, and after them all children must be home and no boy or girl is free from arrest. Even the parents favor their being locked up if they disobey. All the towns in Minnesota, except the two largest cities, have adopted it, and the practice has spread through South Dakota. In some of the towns and cities the church bells are rung at the curfew hour, and in all of them the town bell, either in the fire tower or the town hall, rings out the command for the police to clear the streets of children. It has become such a question that in some places the issue has been raised that 'curfew shall not ring to-night.'

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, GUELPH.

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.

JAMES MILLS, M.A., President.



Why not try WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?

Doctors highly recommend it to those

Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
And to Nursing Mothers,
as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Here is an Opportunity to Secure

A Sewing Machine FREE.
A Shot Gun FREE.
A Bound Volume OF 'Picturesque Canada' FREE.
A Celluloid Carving Set FREE.

Now that boys and girls have their holidays here is a good offer. Our plan is as follows:—From date until Sept. 30 we will accept TWENTY cents for the 'Weekly Witness' for three months to a NEW SUBSCRIBER and allow the canvasser a commission of five cents on each order leaving only fifteen cents to be remitted. The person sending the highest number of subscriptions up to Sept. 30 next, will secure a 'Witness' sewing machine free, and to the one sending the second largest list will be awarded a double barrel shot-gun, and to the third largest list the sender will receive a complete set of 'Picturesque Canada' (in 4 parts), neatly bound; and to the fourth largest list the sender will receive a handsome celluloid carving set of three pieces.

In each case the three months' subscription must be to a name not at present on the mailing list.

The friends of the 'Witness' are asked to make this competition known. The sender will be required to mark each list 'in competition in order to be credited with the

correct number of subscribers. The result of the competition will be published at the close. Now is the time to commence the canvass. The 'Weekly Witness' is more popular than ever, and is acknowledged to be the best family paper published, and a welcome weekly visitor to thousands upon thousands of homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific on both sides of the boundary line. Our object in making this special offer is to get the 'Witness' introduced into the many thousand homes where it is not now known. All our efforts to gain new subscribers are made in the interest of existing subscribers as much as in those of our own enterprise, as increased circulation adds enormously to the means of improving the paper so that all get so much the more for their money. Every subscriber to a newspaper should, in his own interest, be an active agent for the promotion of its circulation.

Sample copies of the 'Weekly Witness' with blank lists will be forwarded free on receipt of postcard. Address all communications

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

MISSIONARIES MURDERED.

Chinese Plan and Carry Out a Massacre Which Appears to be General.

GREAT BRITAIN'S RESPONSIBILITY IN THE MATTER—SHOCKING BARBARITY PRACTISED BY THE MURDERERS.

CHINESE AUTHORITIES APOLOGIZE AND PROMISE TO PUNISH THE PERPETRATORS.

Foo Chow, Aug. 6.—The survivors of the massacre at Whasang, in the course of an interview to-day, say the work of the mob had evidently been carefully planned and all the arrangements made for the destruction of the mission stations and the killing or driving out of the foreigners were carried out with diabolical cruelty. The first attack was made while the missionaries were asleep and the charred bodies of some of the victims were found in the ruins of the burned homes.

A rumor was current in the city at midnight last night that further riots had occurred nearer to Foo Chow than Ku Cheng.

London, Aug. 6.—During the session of the Wesleyan Conference at Plymouth this morning a vote of sympathy with the relatives of the victims of the recent outrages in China was unanimously passed.

Shanghai, Aug. 6.—The Foo Chow correspondent of the Shanghai 'Mercury' telegraphs to-day that the position of the Europeans there is critical owing to the openly expressed hostile feeling of the natives towards them. The Chinese officials declare that in the event of an outbreak directed against foreigners they will not be able to cope with the mob. The province of Foo Kien, in which are situated Ku Cheng and Foo Chow is in a state of rebellion. The American mission house at Fung Foo has been burned and gun boats have been telegraphed for to protect the foreign settlement there.

THE WOMEN'S PITIFUL CRIES FOR MERCY UNHEEDED BY THE MOB.

London, Aug. 5.—The 'Daily Telegraph' will print to-morrow a despatch from Shanghai, saying that the Rev. H. S. Phillips, of the English Church Missionary Society, witnessed the atrocities at Whasang, but was powerless to do anything to prevent them. The Chinese magistrate, the despatch also says, waited until the foreigners were murdered or had fled before he appeared. The massacre was carefully planned. There are about a thousand soldiers stationed at Ku Cheng and they could have stopped the riot had the officials chosen to do so. The same despatch states that the American mission at Shashi, near Hankow, on the Yang Tse Kiang river, has been destroyed and its former occupants are fugitives. The American consul here has advised the missionaries in other parts of the country to retire.

The 'Times' to-morrow will print a Shanghai despatch saying that the ladies at the missionary stations begged for life promising to surrender their property and valuables, but the leader of the mob shouted out orders to kill them outright.

A meeting of the foreign residents of Shanghai of all nations was held this afternoon under the auspices of the China Association. Foreigners were urged to appeal direct to the governments of the various countries to secure reparation for the many outrages committed in the Chinese Empire, especially for that at Whasang. Some of the speakers at this meeting declared that no confidence was to be placed in the diplomatic representatives at Peking. The American residents desire the appointment of a committee to enquire into the outrages in So Chuan and other inland provinces apart from the British commission and to be under the control of the American consul, Mr. Jernigan. Mr. O'Connor, the British minister, has given his assent to the proposition. The existing commission is composed of the British consul, Mr. Tratman, of Chung King, one missionary, the native prefect at Shengtu, the provincial treasurer and the provincial judge. All of the latter are regarded as having been implicated in the attacks upon foreigners.

TO PUNISH THE MURDERERS.

London, Aug. 5.—The Secretary of the Admiralty, in an interview to-day, said that a message telegram had been received at the Admiralty office announcing the massacre at Whasang, near Ku Cheng. The Chinese Government, the despatch also said, had issued imperative orders to search out and punish the persons guilty of the outrages. The government deprecates the event, which is most unfortunate for China.

Dr. Taylor, a missionary who has just returned to London from the districts of China where the outrages had been committed, said to-day that all the trouble had been caused by the secret society 'Ko Lai', which has increased in strength enormously since the war. The society was established with the object of overturning the dynasty. It is especially inimical to foreigners. The government had been informed of its practices, but had done nothing. Dr. Taylor paid a high tribute to the American consul, Mr. Hixson, at Foo Chow, and expressed the opinion that the escape of the Americans at Ku Cheng was due to his energetic action.

Toronto, Aug. 5.—Among the missionaries massacred in China was the Rev. Dr. Stewart, who, with his wife, visited Toronto last year. He delivered an address last October before the alumni of Wycliffe College on the subject of missions. As a result of the visit some changes were proposed in the working of the missionary system.

INQUIRY DEMANDED.

London, Aug. 6.—A despatch has been sent from the Foreign Office to Mr. O'Connor, British minister at Peking, instructing him to demand of the Government of China that it secure the safety of British subjects residing in that country. Mr. O'Connor has also been instructed to demand a full enquiry into the recent massacres at Ku Cheng and the

punishment of those found to be guilty of the crime. In addition to the instructions sent to Mr. O'Connor, Her Majesty's consul at Ku Cheng has been ordered to make an independent enquiry into the massacres.

Intelligence was received here this afternoon from China stating that the Emperor and the government had agreed to the demands made by Lord Salisbury through Mr. O'Connor, and that an Imperial proclamation had been issued ordering the capital punishment of the murderers. A military court has also been ordered to protect the British consul at Ku Cheng during his enquiry into the outrages. The government has instructed the British naval commander in Chinese waters to enforce if necessary Great Britain's demands looking to the protection of British subjects throughout China and the prompt punishment of all who are implicated in the recent massacres.

CORRECT DETAILS.

London, Aug. 6.—A corrected statement regarding the attack and the victims are as follows:—

'The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, Miss Nellie Saunders and Miss Lena Irish were burned to death in the house.'

'Miss Stettie Newcombe was speared and thrown down a precipice.'

'Miss Marshall's throat was cut.'

'Miss Gordon was speared in the head.'

'Miss Topsy Saunders was speared in the brain.'

'Master Herbert Stewart's skull was fractured and the brain was exposed.'

'Lena Stewart died from shock.'

'Four other Stewart children, the correspondent reports, and Miss Codrington were seriously wounded.'

AN IGNORANT COMMUNITY.

Buffalo, Aug. 6.—Mr. Samuel L. Gracey of this city, formerly United States consul at Foo-Chow, China, was interviewed to-day on the reported massacre at Ku-Cheng. Mr. Gracey said: 'Ku Cheng, the place mentioned in the press despatches as the scene of the latest anti-foreign riots in China, is in the Fokien province, about ninety miles above Foo-Chow. It is fully a hundred miles from Peking anchorage, the highest point of navigation for steamers in the Min River, hence is entirely beyond the protection of American or other foreign gunboats. The literati have been stirring up trouble against the foreign residents there for many months, and the danger to life and property became so great that about two months ago all American residents there were recalled to Foo-Chow. These were the Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Wilcox and three children, Miss Mabel C. Hartford, and Miss House, the latter representing the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and all of the Methodist Church.'

'The other foreigners there were three or four members of the English Church Mission, who may have been recalled during recent troubles. It is probable that matters may have quieted down there after the foreigners came away, as above indicated, and some may have been encouraged to return. The common people do not distinguish between Japanese, American, English and German nationalities, but all are alike "foreign devils" and obnoxious. We cannot but fear that outrages such as have just recently occurred at Chengtu, in the north-west interior, will occur in other localities where foreign missionaries are residing, far away from the treaty ports, and hence beyond the protection of foreign gunboats.'

'The people are extremely ignorant, excitedly superstitious, and easily imposed upon. The fact that the recent outrages in the Sechnan province were connived at by the highest authorities in the district at the time gives cause for much anxiety concerning all foreign missionaries living in the interior.'

OFFICIALS DID NOT PROTECT.

Mr. Gracey gave to the reporter the following clipping from an article published in the 'North China Herald' on July 5: 'At Chengtu the officials, who have more than an adequate force at their disposal, made no serious attempt to stop the destruction of the Protestant and Roman Catholic property, though appealed to from the first, although, when the destruction was complete, they protected the lives of the missionaries; for the word seems to have been "Drive out, but do not kill." The chief of police at Chengtu, a Hunan man, a Taoti in rank, issued the following proclamation on the second day of the riots:—

"At the present time we have ample evidence that foreigners deceive and kidnap small children. You, soldiers and people, must not be disturbed and hurried. When the cases are brought before us, we certainly will not be lenient with them."

"Another placard, which appeared a day or two before the riots, said:—

"It is hereby notified that at the present time foreign barbarians are hiring bad characters to steal small children, that they may extract oil from them for their use. I have a female servant who has personally seen this done. I therefore exhort you, good people, not to allow your children to go out. I hope you will act in accordance with this."

"Another placard put out the day after the riots, and evidently intended as a sort of justification, read:—

"At the present time, when Japan has usurped Chinese territory, you, English, French and Americans, have looked on with your hands in your sleeve. If in the future you wish to preach your doctrines in China, you must drive the Japanese back to their own country; then you will be allowed to preach your Holy Gospel throughout the country without hindrance."

'There was also, we learn, a proclamation put out by the Viceroy, attributing the outbreak of the riot to the presence of foreigners on the parade ground during the feast of the fifth day of the fifth moon, but, as a matter of fact, there was no foreigner on the parade ground during the whole day.'

'The people and the officials of the Fokien Province, in which Ku-Cheng is situated,' continued Mr. Gracey, 'have been among the most friendly of all in the Empire toward foreigners, and this massacre will be most surprising to all familiar with the country. It can only be accounted for by supposing that the literati have excited the people by false stories, such as have been referred to above.'

MR. STEWART'S LAST LETTER.

London, Aug. 6.—The last letter, dated April 8, from the murdered English missionary, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, has been received in London and describes the critical situation of affairs at Ku-Cheng. Mr. Stewart wrote:—

'Ten days ago we were awakened at

four o'clock in the morning by a native clerkman, who crossed the river in order to bring us the startling news that the Vegetarian rebels were expected at daylight to storm Ku-Cheng. The gateway of the city was being blocked with timber and stone in order to prevent their entry. We had a hundred men, women and children in our compound outside the town. We passed a terrible time of suspense until daybreak, when torrents of rain fell and the Vegetarians, not liking the rain, postponed the attack. All the mission party started to get inside of Ku-Cheng. The male and female staffs, in the early morning, after crossing the river in small parties in a tiny boat, reached Kueseng Wall, the gates of which were blocked and had to be scaled with ladders.'

'During the three following days bodies of citizens guarded the walls, armed with pikes and rusty swords. On the fourth day the gates were opened and the mandarin in command conferred with the Vegetarian leaders. What occurred during this interview we do not know, but nobody believes we have seen the end of this matter. Such a serious affair cannot be so easily patched up and is probably only begun. Mr. Stewart's letter concluded:—

'All the women and children, on the advice of the American and British consuls, will be sent to the coast. The opinion prevails that if the Japo-Chinese treaty is arranged soldiers will be sent from Foo-Chow to arrest the leaders of the rebels. But, if it is not arranged, then the Vegetarians will increase sufficiently to make the rising a success.'

FOREIGNERS FLEEING FROM FAT SHAN.

London, Aug. 8.—A despatch to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' from Shanghai says that Europeans there ridicule the idea of a Chinese escort accompanying the British consul at Foo Chow to Ku Cheng, where he goes to investigate the massacre of British missionaries. When the Viceroy's troops were despatched to the scene of the massacre they immediately looted the mission houses. The despatch adds that owing to the unsettled state of the province it has been decided to send two hundred British Sikh troops from Hong Kong to escort the consul to Ku-Cheng.

The London Missionary Society has received a cable despatch from its central Chinese agent stating that Central China is quiet.

Hong Kong, Aug. 8.—A great indignation meeting was held here last night to protest against the massacre of Christians by Chinese. Among the resolutions adopted was one expressing disgust at the apathy and indifference of the British Government in failing to recognize the gravity of the situation and for not taking adequate measures to protect British subjects.

London, Aug. 8.—A despatch from Hong Kong states that a large mob of infuriated Chinese attacked the British and American mission at Fat-shan near Canton, at noon yesterday. Some of the missionaries fled to Shamen for safety, but the others remained at Fat-shan. A Chinese gunboat has been sent to quell the rioting. It is reported that the anti-foreign agitators intend to soon destroy all the missions in the Quang Tung province and to drive the missionaries into the treaty ports. The Chinese sect known as the 'Vegetarians,' who are at the bottom of the outrages, now number twelve thousand. They are organized and well armed and are able to withstand the Chinese troops.

Washington, Aug. 7.—A prominent member of the Chinese legation, one of its most intelligent attaches, who is close to the minister, talked at some length this evening regarding the situation.

'The papers,' he said, 'seem to have some difficulty in locating Ku Cheng, where the missionary troubles are reported to have occurred. It is in the Province of Fokien, in the south-eastern portion, very near the border, and somewhat to the northwest of Amoy. You will hardly find it in any European or American atlas. It is not on the Min River, according to maps which we have, but is considerably to the south, and I should say some twenty miles west of the prefectural city of Ting-chow. It is what you would call in the United States a "county seat." The present governor of the province, appointed within a few months, is Pien Pao Chuan, who had previously held a subordinate position in another province. We know very little about him, but we have every reason to suppose that he is a man of capacity. He succeeded Tan Chun Ling, who was Viceroy of the province for several years.'

'I don't know the size of Ku Cheng, but it has probably between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants. While the Province of Fokien has a large population the section around Ku Cheng is thinly settled. I am under the impression that means of communication with the coast are not of the best.'

'We absolutely have received no official advice regarding the trouble. That being the case, we naturally will have nothing to say concerning it.'

DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST CHINESE OFFICIALS.

London, Aug. 8.—To-day the 'Standard' published a despatch from Shanghai stating that Mr. J. C. Hixson, United States consul at Foo Chow, has, in the course of his enquiry into the recent outrages, obtained a list of names of more than fifty natives who are known to have been actively engaged in the outrage at Whasang. This list includes the names of the leaders and of some of the actual murderers. Mr. Hixson has also collected from the villagers abundant evidence to prove conclusively that the district officials were fully cognizant of the fact that mischief was brewing many days previous to the actual commission of the crimes. No representative of the Chinese officials attended the funerals of the victims. The despatch further says that reports arrive daily from almost every province in the empire of the horrible persecutions to which native Christians are subjected by the officials and of the molestation and insults to foreigners residing in the interior.

London, Aug. 9.—The chairman of the indignation meeting held in Shanghai to protest against outrages upon foreigners and to demand protection, has sent to the 'Times' the following statement, which will be printed to-morrow: 'We strongly urge upon the British people and the House of Commons that Lord Salisbury's demands upon the Chinese Government are utterly inadequate. The Chinese authorities have always promised to protect missions and to punish the guilty, but they never perform their promises. We believe that the outrages are generally inspired by officials. It is im-

perative that the consul at Foo Chow shall have a British escort to accompany him to Cheng Tu. The commission of enquiry must be reformed; both cases require that more than one British official of adequate rank shall be appointed. Delay will be dangerous to the outposts and mission stations.'

CANADIAN SHEEP.

TERMS ON WHICH THEY WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE UNITED STATES.

Washington, Aug. 7.—Secretary Morton has announced that sheep and lambs intended for immediate slaughter, may be admitted to the United States from Canada, when accompanied by certificates, as specified, as follows, instead of those provided for in section 3 of the regulations of the Department of Agriculture, dated Feb. 11, 1895.

1. A certificate from the official veterinary inspector of the port of export, or of the province or district in which the sheep or lambs were raised or fed, stating that no contagious disease affecting sheep has existed in said province or district during the past three months.

2. An affidavit from the owner or importer that the sheep or lambs offered for importation are from the district covered by the certificate above mentioned: That they were not outside of that district during a period of three months preceding shipment and that when not driven they have been shipped direct from said district to the port of import in clean and disinfected cars.'

DISASTERS AT SEA.

AN AUSTRALIAN SHIP STRIKES SUNKEN REEFS AND SINKS.

FORTY OR FIFTY PEOPLE DROWNED—THE SURVIVORS.

London, Aug. 8.—A despatch to Lloyd's from Sydney, N.S.W., states that the British steamship 'Catterthun,' bound from Sydney to Hong Kong, ran on the Seal Rocks which lie between Sydney and Brisbane and became a total wreck.

London, Aug. 8.—Further despatches from Melbourne regarding the loss of the steamer 'Catterthun' state that she struck at 2.45 o'clock in the morning and sank twenty minutes later. The names of those who are supposed to have been lost are: Neil Shannon, the captain; Mr. Finney, the first officer; Third Officer Leffer, Chief Engineer Harper, Second Engineer Adams, Third Engineer Wilson, Fourth Engineer Wolstenholme, Chief Steward Manning and Surgeon Anderson Phillips, thirty Chinese and eighteen Lascars. The passengers who are supposed to be lost are: Mesdames Matthias, Loring and Smith, Miss Loring, Mr. Robert Fraser and fifteen Chinese steerage passengers. At the time the vessel struck a heavy south-west gale was prevailing. When the vessel hit there was a severe shock that could be felt in every portion of her. The passengers were greatly alarmed and there was much confusion. The captain reassured them, stating that there was no danger. He thought the steamer had only been struck by a heavy sea. The ship continued on her way, but before many moments had elapsed it was found that she had a hole in her bottom and making water rapidly. She began to settle down and took a list to starboard. The fires under her boilers were soon extinguished and the vessel was then helpless. She broached to and the seas swept over her fore and aft. Every effort made to lower the boats was baffled by the seas, which swept them inboard after they had been swung out on the davits. Notwithstanding the dangerous position of the steamer, which it was now seen was doomed, excellent discipline was maintained. During an attempt to lower the starboard cutter a tremendous sea broke aboard the steamer and carried away the cutter. It also swept from the bridge the captain and chief and second officers and Captain Fawkes. The last named was unable to reach his cabin to obtain a life belt, had borrowed the captain's knife and was in the act of cutting the lashings of a small table on the bridge when he was swept off into the sea. A few minutes later, after a very great effort, the starboard lifeboat was lowered and it picked up Captain Fawkes, who was clinging to some floating wreckage. Only three other Europeans were rescued. These were Second Mate Tranter, Dr. Copeman, and a passenger named Crane, belonging to Melbourne.

The Seal Rocks are a hundred and ten miles north of Sydney. The 'Catterthun,' in addition to her general cargo, had on board eleven thousand sovereigns. Mrs. Matthias, wife of the captain of the steamer 'Cam,' trading between London and Japanese ports, had been at Sydney visiting friends. When the 'Catterthun' cast off her lines at the wharf yesterday Mrs. Matthias's niece was on the wharf crying bitterly. She said: 'Oh, auntie, you'll be drowned; I will never see you again.'

A despatch from Melbourne received this evening says that divers have left there for the wreck for the purpose of attempting to recover the eleven thousand sovereigns in specie on board the steamer. The despatch further states that it is now known that the total number of lives lost in the disaster is fifty-four, many of the Chinese passengers and crew being saved. Of the Europeans on board only four, previously mentioned, survive.

BAD TORONTO BOYS.

New York, Aug. 8.—Herbert McConnell, the young Brooklyn drug clerk, who was found gagged and bound yesterday morning in J. F. Windolph's apothecary store, at State street, and Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, and who claimed that robbers had beaten him into unconsciousness and then robbed the cash drawer of over a hundred dollars, confessed to the police this morning he was the thief. He was a victim of poker and wanted the money to pay gambling debts. He admitted that the injuries on his face and body were inflicted by a friend, Charles E. Louthwood, who struck him and then bound and gagged him. Louthwood acknowledged he was in the crime. He is a stenographer and telegraph operator. Both men are charged with conspiracy and grand larceny. They were held for trial. Both men came from Toronto. They belonged to a poker club made up of Toronto boys. Both pleaded guilty this morning when arraigned and were held.

A MODERN BLUEBEARD.

Holmes and His Murderous Deeds—Detectives Still Unraveling Them.

SEARCH IN HIS CHICAGO CASTLE DISCLOSES TELL-TALE RELICS OF VICTIMS.

Chicago, Aug. 5.—On Saturday a careful search was made through the rooms at the Holmes castle, formerly owned by Mrs. Julia Connor, and a pair of blood-stained overalls and a blood-stained undershirt were found. Both articles were picked up in the room occupied by Mrs. Julia Connor when she lived at 'The Castle.' The room in which the clothes were found is one of the darkest of the many in the house of mystery. It is located next to the bath-room in which is the trap that leads to the second stairs to the basement, and adjoins the dummy elevator leading from the top of the basement. Several pieces of the garment



LATEST PICTURE OF H. W. MUGGETT, ALIAS H. H. HOLMES.

were cut out and submitted to a chemist for analysis. Yesterday Detective Norton received a message from the chemist, saying, 'Look up the clothes that were shown to me yesterday.' Quinlan will now be required to tell what he knows about the garments, and it will be ascertained whether they belonged to him.

Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 4.—Minnie Williams, of Holmes case celebrity, is said to be in this city and the declaration is made by one who claims to have seen and conversed with and heard a partial admission of her identity from the woman's own lips. The man who makes the assertion is a Little Rock resident who makes frequent trips to and fro and is well known in Memphis. One of the parties to whom he gave this information and who will assist in the development of the case, came over from Little Rock to-day to look after some essential details. He was not advised as to the location of the woman, the acquaintance keeping this secret until the receipt of a photograph of Minnie Williams, which is expected to-morrow. Fortified with this the Little Rock agents will come at once to Memphis, call upon the suspect and clear up the mystery as they anticipate. It is insisted that the description is perfect.

Portland, Ind., Aug. 3.—Investigation here indicates that Herman Mudgett alias H. H. Holmes, was for a time a resident of Red Key, in this county. In October, November and December, 1894, it is said he had a woman and three children there while he dodged in and out at odd and uncertain intervals. The household had a large array of furniture and three loads were stored. They declined all social intercourse and the house as a rule was kept closed, only the children being out. It is told by some that at night it would be brilliantly lighted with persons coming and going at unseemly hours. The head of the family, as he was supposed to be, was away much of the time and generally came and went in the night. At one time the entire family left for a few days and on their return the boy was not with them. Toward the close of the year these mysterious people packed their belongings and gave it out that they were going to Indianapolis.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—Mrs. B. F. Pletzel said yesterday that Holmes had given her a number of dresses, two or three pairs of shoes, and one or two hats, with the remark that they had once belonged to his cousin, Minnie Williams, who, he said, had gone east to live, and did not need them. He advised Mrs. Pletzel to cut the dresses up at once and remodel them to fit her daughter, who was then fifteen years old. She also told of a narrow escape she had from death by a dynamite plot which Holmes had fixed up for her in the long chase which Holmes led Mrs. Pletzel in the vain hope of meeting her husband. The last plot they reached in their chase after B. F. Pletzel was Burlington, Vt. There Holmes engaged rooms for Mrs. Pletzel with a Mrs. Richardson, at No. 26 Winslow avenue, and there, she says, he planned a murder more diabolical than anything he had attempted before. He had hardly been in the house a day before he expressed a desire to visit the basement for some alleged trivial purpose and secured a lamp to make his explorations. Mrs. Pletzel began to grow suspicious of Holmes's mysterious actions, and decided to go to the basement to see what he was doing. She found him working with his coat off. He had torn up the flooring and was digging in the soft black earth with a tool he had found in the cellar. When he saw Mrs. Pletzel he appeared disconcerted. He told her he was digging a hole to bury a box of valuable papers, and asked Mrs. Pletzel not to mention the circumstance to anyone. A few days afterward Holmes suddenly started for Boston on the strength of a telegram from Chicago. In Boston the detectives finally ran him down, and almost the first act he did was to write to Mrs. Pletzel. He told her if she would look in a certain place under the flooring in the cellar she would find a bottle of nitro-glycerine.

He said it was in a dangerous place, and directed Mrs. Pletzel to carry it up to a room in the attic. Holmes had arranged a trap to fall on the bottle if it was disturbed on the approach of anyone. Mrs. Pletzel, however, started to search for the bottle from the opposite direction, and by doing so missed the trap he had laid for her. Mrs. Pletzel afterwards related the incident to Mr. Perry, of the Fidelity Insurance Company, and he had Detective Geyer investigate the matter. The detective found the nitro-glycerine, and the place where Holmes had first placed it. But he saw at a glance that Mrs. Pletzel had overlooked the deadly trap which would have fallen on the bottle and exploded it if Mrs. Pletzel had followed Holmes's directions more carefully. Chicago, Aug. 6.—Additional discoveries are being made in the Holmes castle. To-day, a physician again examined the stains found yesterday on the wood-work in the rooms occupied by Mrs. Connor, and said that there was absolute proof the stains were those of human blood. Another new feature brought to light to-day, was that of the finding of some clothing. Wadded into the plastering where a door sill was torn away, was a woollen shirt, a little girl's dress and a pair of socks. They had been imbedded so long that the fabric scarcely held together. No blood stains were visible, although a minute examination was made. It is now believed that Pletzel was known in Dwight, Ill., as Phelps. Emeline Cigrand, the stenographer at the institute, on coming to Chicago one day, told her friends that she was engaged to a man named Phelps. Holmes says Miss Cigrand left his employ to marry a man named Phelps. With Miss Cigrand engaged to marry his chief accomplice, she would have been an easy victim for Holmes. This leads the police to believe that Miss Cigrand has been killed.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Workmen have uncovered, in a room on the second floor of the Holmes 'Castle,' a gas pipe running into the windowless room, where it is believed Mrs. Julia Connor and perhaps others were murdered, and in another room is a cut-off where the gas could be turned on and off at the pleasure of the occupant. This cut-off was carefully concealed under a board in the floor.

THE WAR IN CUBA.

HAVANA FEARS ATTACK FROM THE REBELS.

New York, Aug. 7.—A special to the 'Herald' from Nassau, N.P., says: Reports from the rebel headquarters in Balre, Cuba, confirm the rumored foundation of a provisional government in the valley of the Yara. General Bartolome Maso, nominated by the general-in-chief, Maximo Gomez, was proclaimed as president by the revolutionary forces simultaneously in the Central Provinces and the Department of the East. Delegates from the Province of Santiago have gone to Puerto Principe to meet representatives from Camaguey, Las Villas, Havana, and Vuelto Abajay, to draft a constitution for the new republic. This will include military and civil codes. The cabinet has not yet been announced, although Antonio Maceo, it is said, has received an offer of the portfolio of war. The Marquis of Santa Lucia is slated for the interior and Manuel Sanguilly for foreign affairs. It is understood that Dr. Castillo may be sent to Washington to attempt to secure recognition and belligerent rights for the provisional government.



GENERAL BARTOLOME MASO, President of the 'Cuban Republic.'

Key West, Fla., Aug. 9.—Private advices to this city state that much uneasiness is felt in Havana. The officials fear that an attack will soon be made on that city. It is reported that shortly martial law will be declared.

Fortifications are being erected at Puentes Grandes, a suburb of Havana. The insurgents are said to be gaining strength in the province of Santa Clara, and in the course of a few weeks they will be in complete control.

A SORRY SALE.

THE THOMPSON FUNERAL MATERIALS DISPOSED OF BY AUCTION.

Halifax, N.S., Aug. 7.—After the state funeral of the late Sir John Thompson it was announced that all the drapery, trappings and materials would be divided pro rata among the denominational charitable institutions of Halifax. Everything was hurriedly taken down wet with snow and rain after the obsequies and thrown in a conglomerate mass into an unoccupied building. Many applications for these materials were made but ignored. This spring the owners of the building in which the materials were stored, moved, and everything was dumped into another building. Since protracted a month ago, the government has advertised everything to be sold at auction. The sale took place yesterday and caused no little amusement. The funeral car, which was built by DeWolfe & Co., at a cost to the country of \$1,500, was bought back by them for \$21. The silk hats used by the pallbearers brought 70 cents to \$1.15. Mourning materials, not much damaged, brought fair prices. It is understood there is still a large amount of unpaid bills in connection with the state funeral and it is presumed the realization from yesterday's sale will go towards meeting this.

MANITOBA'S SCHOOLS.

Goldwin Smith's Opinion Given

HE DECLARES AGAINST CATHOLICS GETTING RECOGNITION TO DISPARAGE OTHER CREEDS.

SIR JOHN SCHULTZ AND THE GREENWAY GOVERNMENT.

Winnipeg, Aug. 5.—Discussing the rumor that Lieut.-Governor Schultz is to dismiss from office the Greenway Government, if it does not comply with the terms of the schools remedial order, the 'Tribune,' Mr. Greenway's paper, has this to say: 'However it may be with Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Hilbert Tupper, no evidence has yet been furnished that Sir John Schultz has taken leave of his senses, and till he has done so it may be considered as a very sure thing that the course indicated will not be taken. His Honor knows a good deal about the feeling on this question among five-sixths of the people of Manitoba. He also knows the whole merits of the case, and consequently exactly what justification the people here have for their feeling in the matter. He is not so tired of political life, we believe, as to be quite ready for political suicide.

'There are no doubt some people in Manitoba who have been exasperated by the truculent and unconsidered course of the Dominion Government who would not be sorry to see them take the course indicated in the rumor. But more moderate persons would dread any such event. They know the amount of material in this province which has been rendered inflammable by the inauspicious insolence of the Dominion authorities, and they have a very lively apprehension as to the consequences which would ensue if the "statesmen" should crown their colossal record of stupidity by an attempt to deprive this province of all its constitutional autonomy.'

Governor Mackintosh and the fair managers came in for an awful roast from the clergymen of Regina for keeping the exhibition open on Sunday. The announcement that the fair would be open on Sunday was only made late on Saturday night, and the clergymen, when they tried to get an injunction, found they could not do anything until Monday morning.

DIVERSE OPINIONS.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 6.—The 'Tribune,' which usually speaks with authority for Mr. Greenway's Government, to-night says: Regarding the reply to the rejoinder from Ottawa on the school question, it is not likely the Local Government will take it up for a fortnight yet, as nearly all the members of the Cabinet are out of town on their vacation, and they will scarcely be back by that time. In fact, it may be considerably later before they are all in town at one time, and it would require a session of the full council to draft a reply. It is, however, hinted that the reply will be a New England one. They will answer one question by asking another. The Ottawa Cabinet has asked how far they are prepared to go; the Local Government will reply by asking how far the Dominion Cabinet think they ought to go. As the matter is one of the utmost importance the Local Government will not do anything hurriedly.

The 'Nor'-Wester,' which is not Mr. Greenway's organ, has this to say on the same subject: From the scurrying of local ministers hither and thither it is evident that there cannot be a cabinet meeting to discuss the latest communication from the Federal Government on the school question at least for a week yet. No one who is up to the little devices of Mr. Greenway and his colleagues ever expected anything else. There cannot be a cabinet meeting until the communication in question has been sent east and advice as to the action to be taken obtained from Mr. Laurier, Mr. Mills and Mr. Dalton McCarthy. These are the gentlemen who are acting for Manitoba in this matter, and not Mr. Greenway and his colleagues. The latter have to put in the time until the advice comes, hence the scurrying.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S OPINION.

Toronto, Aug. 7.—The 'Catholic Register' of March 8 published the following communication from Prof. Goldwin Smith on the separate school question:

The Grange, Toronto, Aug. 8. (To the Editor of the 'Catholic Register.')

Sir,—I have received a copy of your journal of Thursday last, in which my attention is directed to what you designate as 'The steady and splendid increase' in the attendance at the Roman Catholic schools.

I am, myself, as far as possible from being an enemy to religious schools, whether Roman Catholic or of any other denomination. The only thing to which I object is to the privilege to whatever denomination it may be accorded. Let Roman Catholics take their stand on the broad ground of parental duty and right. Let them say that it is every man's duty to educate as well as to feed and clothe his own children, and every man's right to have his children brought up in the way which he conscientiously deems best. Let them say that the state has no right to deprive a man of the means whereby to give his children a religious education by forcing him to pay for a system of which he cannot conscientiously avail himself and to which his convictions are opposed. They will then occupy a position which it will be extremely difficult to assail, and the sympathy of Liberals of the old school, who are favorable to individual and family freedom, will incline to their side. But if we have the public schools system and the school tax I do not see how we can allow any one church to be recognized by the state to the exclusion, and not only to the exclusion, but to the virtual disparagement of the rest.

Yours faithfully
GOLDWIN SMITH.

Editorially commenting on the above, the 'Catholic Register' remarks: 'Mr. Goldwin Smith states, with a degree of accuracy that is quite satisfactory to us, the broad ground upon which the cause of Roman Catholic education is based when he says: "It is every man's right to have his children brought up in the way which he conscientiously deems best." There is no room for any mistaking of that ground, either in Roman Catholic or Protestant countries. And though it may appear a long way from

that free ground to the "public schools system and the school tax," it is a way that is bridged by the unbroken history of the cause of Roman Catholic education supported in our own country by the constitution, which neither recognizes privileges nor exclusiveness, but simply admits the "broad ground of parental duty" which Mr. Goldwin Smith describes. In a word, the Roman Catholic ground was occupied, and so it was admitted by the constitution before we had the public schools system. Let us keep the horse before the cart, not behind it.'

Toronto, Aug. 12.—The threatened dismissal of the Manitoba Government by the Federal authorities is taken seriously by the 'Globe,' which gives a column and a half leading editorial on the crisis which such action would involve. The 'Globe' says in brief: 'It is evident this sinister suggestion is being urged by the Federal Government, and while it is difficult to believe that they would be insane enough to adopt it, it is just as well that the consequence of such a course should be plainly stated. The attempt to coerce Manitoba by enforcing Federal law, and the attempt to bring about the same result by conspiracies between the Dominion Government and the Lieut.-Governor would be equally futile, but the latter would be the more foolish and dangerous of the two. To argue against it seems like giving undue importance to that which is manifestly absurd. Yet the course of the Federal Government on several recent occasions has been so erratic and has shown so much disregard for the constitution, for the authority of parliament and for the rights of the people that it is scarcely safe to allow the mildest proposals to pass without protest and warning. If the Manitoba Government is dismissed no power on earth can prevent the Manitoba school question overshadowing all others. It would then be a question of the principle of responsible government.'

THE HON. JOSIAH WOOD NOW.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY NOW VACANT BY MR. WOOD'S APPOINTMENT TO THE SENATE.

Ottawa, Aug. 5.—Another of the vacancies in the Senate has been filled by the calling to that body of Mr. Josiah Wood, M.P. for Westmoreland, in place of the late Senator Burns. Mr. Wood has been thirteen years in parliament. He has for several years been chairman of the Committee on Banking and Commerce. A short meeting of the council was held this morning at which a returning officer was appointed for the election in Westmoreland to fill the vacancy caused by the calling of the Hon. Mr. Wood to the Senate. Nomination will take place on Saturday, Aug. 17, and polling, if any, will be one week later.

Josiah Wood, M.A., M.P., Westmoreland, N.B., is a son of Mariner Wood, a merchant of Sackville, N.B., where he was born in April, 1843. Going to the pub-



THE HON. JOSIAH WOOD.

lic school he passed from thence to the Mount Allison Wesleyan College at Sackville, graduating with honors, shortly afterwards obtaining the degree of master of arts. He studied law at Dorchester with the present Judge Palmer and was called to the New Brunswick Bar in 1866, and continued practicing law for some time. However, finding mercantile pursuits more congenial, he subsequently relinquished the profession in order to enter upon a business career. His father had a large mercantile business in Sackville, which needed his services, and he became a partner in the firm of M. Wood & Son. He soon became the leading partner and since his father's death has been and is still the sole manager and owner of the firm. He became a large ship owner and builder in Sackville, his business, owing to his keen perception and knowledge of details, flourishing in a marked degree. In addition to shipping he is interested in farming and stock-raising, having a large farm in Sackville. He is noted as being one of the most prominent men in the development of the cattle-raising industry in the Lower Provinces, having devoted considerable time and attention to this particular pursuit. Mr. Wood has always been a munificent contributor to the various charitable institutions of Westmoreland county. He is also interested in the educational movements going on in his country, and especially of what may be termed the higher education, and is deeply concerned in the well-being of the Mount Allison University of Sackville, at which institution of learning he graduated, and of which for many years he held the office of treasurer of the board of governors.

GENERAL NEAL DOW.

Toronto, Aug. 8.—The prohibitionists of Toronto have been anxious ever since General Neal Dow's visit to Montreal, three years ago next month, to secure an address from the father of the Maine law. Mr. Moody's meetings here last November caused a demonstration which the pioneer prohibitionist was to have addressed. Another invitation sent to General Neal Dow last week, elicited this response, written by his own hand, every letter in it being as clear as engraved: 'I would like very much to visit Toronto again, where there is so much temperance sentiment and so much earnest work in the cause, but I think it is so far away that it might be imprudent in me to undertake the journey.' The veteran of war and politics, with that modesty and courtesy so characteristic of greatness, signs his letter: 'Respectfully, Neal Dow.'

CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE.

THE CONVENTION AT OLD ORCHARD.

—THOUSANDS AT THE CAMP GROUNDS—DIVINE HEALING.

Old Orchard, Aug. 6.—The wonderful two weeks' convention of the Christian Alliance at Old Orchard, is at present in full tide. The Rev. A. W. Simpson, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. Stephen Merritt, Major Whittle and a dozen other powerful men and women are conducting the meetings, and thousands gather daily in the camp-ground to listen with eager hearts. The first few days were given specially to the work of the Holy Spirit, and whenever opportunity was given, great numbers came forward to seek, on their knees, deliverance from the bondage of sinful habits, and the full surrender which is necessary before God can come in and reign in the heart by His Spirit. Meetings begin at half-past six in the morning, and last until late evening, several being held simultaneously. Even during the dinner hour five hundred persons will be found in the grove listening to the irrepressible Stephen Merritt, who loves to tell of the work of the Holy Ghost.

The question of 'Divine Healing,' which has been so marvellously opened up to Christians in the last few years, has occupied several days, and out of hundreds of testimonies given, with more or less fulness, we select the following given at some length at a special meeting in the grove. Dr. Wilson, formerly an Episcopal minister of Kingston, occupying the chair. Dr. Wilson in his opening remarks alluded to his own healing eleven years ago, and said he was healed up to date. For seventeen and a-half years he was a half-invalid, having dyspepsia, liver trouble, in constant pain, and daily fainting fits. A lady in New York asked some-one who Mr. Wilson was, and being informed he was Dr. Rainsford's assistant pastor, she replied, 'He looks as if he had been dead and dug up.' Eleven years ago when, to use Dr. Wilson's expression, 'he was a walking apothecary shop,' he knelt at Dr. Simpson's table, and took Christ for his healer. Since then he has never handled medicine and says that now he is a giant in physical strength. Mr. Chamberlain, of Somerville, Mass., was healed of mortification in his hand. There was originally a carbuncle on his hand, and after using many appliances, in spite of all the doctors could do, the hand became black with mortification, but now it is as well and sound as the other.

Mrs. Morehouse, of Boston, told of her healing from paralysis. After her shock, one side was helpless and seemed as heavy as iron. Her doctor told her she was destined to spend six months in bed. She was peaceful and acquiescent in whatever should be the Lord's will. In three days, Mr. and Mrs. Kinney, of Sing Sing, called, united with her husband in praying for her recovery, and received assurance that their prayer was answered. In a week and a day she felt that she should get up. She did so, and walked a little; soon after, she sat up all day and suffered after it. Then she faced the question, 'Either the Lord is my healer, or He is not.' She walked with her husband through their rooms on the third story. As she came to the top of the stairs and thought of the forty steps down to the parlor, she said, 'Forty miles!' Her husband said, 'Which will you let triumph, faith or doubt?' Then she went downstairs, taking each step in the name of the Lord. She sat down to the piano, playing 'Jesus is Victor,' with both hands. She has been up and downstairs freely ever since. A friend, trained precisely as she was, afterwards had two other shocks and died. Dr. A. T. Pierson called soon after the shock occurred, asked to see her, and prayed with her. He received such assurance of her recovery that he gave a thank-offering donation to Mr. and Mrs. Moorehouse of Manchester, N.H., began his testimony with a prayer that God might be glorified in the telling of his healing, as much as he had been blessed in the receiving of it. In 1884 he came to Manchester, unable to walk a block, suffering from mercurial medicine taken for malaria caught in the swamps of Louisiana. The doctors said the mercury was eating his bones, and he suffered with intense pain and sleeplessness, giving up hope. After some time, Mr. Davis, of New London, and Mr. Morehouse, of Boston, prayed with him for restoration of health. God took possession of him. New life came into his body. He thought he would prove the stairs. He ran up and down with a heart full of praise, took a long walk, gave his cane away, and has not wanted it since. He did not regain the use of his left arm at that time, but healing for that came here at Old Orchard two years ago. Last summer he worked in the hay field, injuring his shoulder and arm, and breaking his collar-bone. The doctor bandaged his arm until the collar-bone should knit. The next Sunday he fulfilled his appointment to preach. People were saying, 'Where is the Lord?' 'Where is your healing?' He replied, 'I gave my body to the Lord. He will heal it when He gets ready.' That Sunday he felt it was healed. The next morning the doctor said, 'It is knitted,' and took off the bandages, and that day he pitched two loads of hay. There is a bunch on the collar-bone where the break occurred, and that shoulder is a little looser.

The Rev. Mr. Holding, from El Paso, Texas, told the large audience that he was ordained for a missionary nine years ago, but was providentially detained in the country. He worked hard in his church in Bloomington, Ill., and passed sleepless nights worrying because he had not done better. The result was he was 'shelled.' The doctors gave his wife no hope that he would recover from his nervous condition, but told him that he could not preach for five years. At the last of the Mills meetings in Los Angeles, two years after, the seventh verse of the fifth chapter of Isaiah, was made a message of healing to him: 'For the Lord God will help me, therefore I shall not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.' He had been at a low ebb, but then received a 'full tide of the Holy Ghost.' Immediately after, he was

asked to go to Mona Park to preach the next Sunday. He said, 'I'll go.' He found he had to hold a prayer meeting on Saturday night and five services on Sunday. He grew stronger to the end, and said to himself, 'Here you are stronger than you have been for years.' He had Abraham's experience 'Surely blessing will bless thee and make thee a blessing.' One real relapse occurred, when care and sorrow came into his heart. 'We cannot be like Atlas carrying the globe. Set it down. Let us come down into the everlasting arms. The blessing stops when we cease humbly to obey.' His wife said, after his relapse, 'I see now you are strong only in God.'

The topic of the Second Coming has occupied the attention of the convention since Sunday and while missionary meetings have been held daily the great missionary enthusiasm and zeal that the gospel may be speedily preached in every part of the world is only beginning to find expression. The remaining days will be given entirely to that topic and on next Sunday it is expected that there will be a repetition of the large offerings made on previous occasions for missionary work. The Alliance has at present over two hundred missionaries in the foreign field, quite a number having gone from Canada.

An earnest desire has been expressed by those present from Montreal, that a convention should be held in that city, and it seems probable that Mr. Simpson may be able to arrange to go there in September with a number of the workers. Two churches have been offered for the purpose and announcements will probably soon be made.

THE C. P. R. BONUS.

SEVERE CRITICISM OF THE GOVERNMENT AND RAILWAY.

Ottawa, Aug. 5.—It is understood that on account of the increased and enlarged postal service on the Canadian Pacific Railway, a rearrangement of the postal subsidy to that company has been made, which will have the effect of increasing about \$100,000 per annum. The amount will appear in the next estimates submitted to parliament.

Toronto, Aug. 7.—The 'Globe' at considerable length and in severe language points the finger of scorn at the Dominion Government and censures the Canadian Pacific Railway for the surreptitious bonus to that company granted secretly while Parliament was in session and in direct contradiction to Sir Adolphe Caron's pledge that postal expenditure was to be reduced. The 'Globe' says the C.P.R., in accepting a subsidy granted in this way have left themselves open to the charge of negotiating for money with those having virtually no right to give it.

The 'Mail and Empire' has a leader on the same, claiming that the secret passing of the order-in-council was constitutional, and, in justifying it, revives the Mercier regime history. It makes no attempt to explain why, when Sir Adolphe Caron was claiming retrenchment, the cabinet was secretly voting a hundred thousand dollars mail bonus to the C.P.R.

Ottawa, Aug. 7.—Referring to the underhand way in which the government have provided for the increased mail subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway by order-in-council, an old parliamentarian said to-night that it eclipses anything he had ever witnessed in the way of legislation, is an insult to parliament and an outrageous abuse of the powers vested in the cabinet. Let us look at the 'Hansard' of last session and see if we can find any extenuating circumstances that might be offered in apology for this mysterious deal. On July 12, ten days before prorogation, the Postmaster-General brought down his estimates. During the discussion Sir Richard Cartwright said: 'We want to know how much has been paid to the principal railways and steamboat service, and to other services, which should be stated in some detail how the vote of \$2,125,000 for mail subsidies is distributed, and especially how much goes to the Canadian Pacific Railway, Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways.' He pointed out the large deficit and said that he thought that three-quarters of a million dollars a year spent over and above receipts was more than ought to be spent by any department. Continuing, he said: 'I am not quite satisfied as to the extent to which our railway subsidies have gone, and that is one reason why I wanted to get the details of the amount paid to these various great railway corporations.' Sir Richard held that it was the business of the Postmaster-General and the Minister of Finance when they come to parliament for money to be prepared to give these details in full and not tell the House that the information could be found in the Auditor-General's report. In reply, Sir Adolphe Caron said: 'I can tell the honorable gentleman that there is no increase at all in the amount.' Here we find the Postmaster-General on July 12 telling parliament that 'there is no increase at all in the amount.' At the very moment he was making this statement in parliament an arrangement had been given effect privately by order-in-council which had gone into operation on July 1 that was to increase the mail subsidy to the Canadian Pacific Railway at least one hundred thousand dollars. On July 13 the supplementary estimates for the year were brought down and if he did not see fit to include the increased subsidy in the main estimates, why did not Sir Adolphe include it in the supplementary? At the time this increased subsidy was being drawn by the Canadian Pacific, Sir Adolphe told the House, there was, to use his own language to Sir Richard Cartwright, 'no increase at all in the amount.' The barefaced manner in which the Postmaster-General attempted to conceal, and in fact succeeded in concealing, the facts from the House, that have since become known, had hardly a parallel in parliamentary history in Canada. His estimates for mail subsidies was \$2,125,000, the same as the year before. He knew the re-arrangement of the mail subsidy to the Canadian Pacific would involve at least \$100,000 additional vote, yet he refused to acquaint the House with what he had been doing privately. He led the House to believe that he would want no more money. That the \$2,125,000 would meet his expenditure, yet without consulting them he incurred a further liability of \$100,000, instead of being \$100,000, I am now given to understand may reach double the amount. When all the facts become known the manner in which provision has been made to meet the increased subsidy to the Canadian Pacific is likely

to overshadow many of the striking evidences we already have of maladministration of public affairs which the country has been suffering for the past sixteen years.'

AN EXTRAORDINARY MINISTERIAL EXPLOIT.

Toronto, Aug. 8.—The 'Globe' continues its editorial war upon the secret grant of a hundred thousand dollars as mail subsidy and says: 'The grant of a hundred thousand dollars a year to the Canadian Pacific Railway without the authority of parliament is, beyond question, the most extraordinary ministerial exploit ever carried on under constitutional government,' and remarks further, 'It is difficult to explain such a piece of suicidal dishonesty on the part of a ministry soon to be put on trial before the electorate.' The 'World,' Conservative, also goes so far as to say 'The government at Ottawa, it would appear, are not disposed to trust parliament, and not even a great bulk of the Conservative party in connection with its railway policy.'

THE SALOON STIGMATIZED.

THE FOULEST ENEMY OF THE CHURCH, SAYS FATHER CLEARY.

New York, Aug. 7.—The afternoon session of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union in Columbus Hall, at which six hundred delegates are present, began at three o'clock. The president, the Rev. Mr. Cleary, read his report, in the course of which he said: 'What a mighty revolution this Roman Catholic organization for the uplifting of the unfortunate has wrought during a few years. It has silenced the suspicions of the weak. It has covered with confusion the criticisms of the cowardly. It has rescued the Church from any suspicion of unhallowed alliance with the saloon, the foulest enemy of the Church and our country. It has won fairly the lasting admiration and confidence of wise and conservative men in state and church. It has shamed from the festive board of all assemblages of self-respecting Roman Catholics intoxicating drink in any form. It has earned the warmest commendation of the greatest Pontiff who has sat in St. Peter's chair for centuries. The practical problem for the American workman to solve is not the amount he may be fortunate in earning, but the sum he may prudently save to provide for happiness and plenty in a contented home. Excessive drinking is not the cause of dependence and poverty, but it far outstrips all other sources of these misfortunes. It is not the sin of drunkenness alone that our organization is prepared to combat. Our purpose is to aid in correcting the foolish drinking customs of society, to make the practice of total abstinence popular and to brand with odium the indefensible and dangerous social customs that are a stumbling block to the weak and a temptation to all. Our church has again and again voiced its convictions in no uncertain terms. There can be no affiliation between the Church and the saloon. The Church will not and cannot permit that the drinking den shall flourish beneath the shadow of the consecrated house of prayer. A man cannot be a good Roman Catholic, a faithful and docile child of the Church and continue in the unbecoming business of conducting a liquor saloon.'

LIQUOR SELLING DENOUNCED.

New York, Aug. 9.—The third day's meeting of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union Convention began this morning. The Rev. P. O'Brien, chairman of the committee on resolutions, read the majority report, which was a bitter attack on liquor sellers and asked those engaged in it to give up the business. It also advocated a strict Sunday excise law. The resolutions also thanked the press, Archbishop Corrigan and Mr. St. John, but made no mention of the beer brewed by St. Vincent's Abbey, which it was expected the convention would condemn. The minority report, which was read by Father Zuercher, was practically the same except that it attacked St. Vincent's Abbey and condemned the Roman Catholic monks for making beer and selling it. 'If we do anything else,' said he, 'we will mix matters up.' It has been agreed by most of the delegates that the name of any place should not be mentioned. The majority report was finally adopted. St. Louis was selected as the place for holding the next convention on the first Wednesday in August, 1896.

EPIDEMIC IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton, N.J., Aug. 7.—The Milk Inspector, Mr. Vandegrift, who was sent by the State Dairy Commissioner to Cumberland County to inspect the cattle supposed to be infected with anthrax, reported to-day that the Dairy Commissioner said that seventy-two cattle had died in Cumberland County from that disease, and that many other cattle are sick from it, and that they would probably die. The report has had the effect of preventing the shipping of milk to Philadelphia from the infected locality.

Trenton, N.J., Aug. 7.—A new disease has broken out among the hogs of Upper Freehold Township. At Cream Ridge, Imlaystown, and throughout that section, hogs are dying by the hundreds. A depopulation of farmers from the stricken vicinity, headed by Dr. John Price, were here to-day for the purpose of seeking relief from the State Board of Health. They want the State to stamp out the plague, or they say the farmers will be ruined. The disease is constantly spreading. The farmers say that the loss by death has been extraordinary within the past week, some farmers having lost every hog. The section is noted for hog-raising, some of the farmers having herds of swine numbering well towards a thousand. What makes the loss greater, is that farmers have been feeding expensive grains in anticipation of killing time next month.

BRITISH CROPS.

London, Aug. 6.—The 'Mark Lane Express,' in an article upon the wheat crop in Great Britain, says that reports from the various districts in England, show the yield this year to be 78.4 percent of the average. The yield in Wales is 80 percent of the average, and in Scotland, 83.1 percent, making the entire crop for Great Britain 22 percent behind that of last year. The harvest is now in progress, but the weather is unfavorable for the work.

MR. LAURIER AT SOREL.

Many Thousands Listened to the Liberal Leader.

MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION

AND OTHER QUESTIONS DISCUSSED BY WEIGHTY SPEAKERS.

The Liberal meeting in the thriving city of Sorel on Thursday, was certainly a successful event, several thousand persons from the adjoining districts and other parts of the province being present. The Hon. Mr. Laurier and his Montreal friends reached Sorel by a special excursion train, which also took up a large number of passengers at every station along the route.

After the presentation of an address by Mr. Dauphinais, in the name of the Liberal Association of Sorel, Mr. Laurier himself addressed the meeting, and was enthusiastically received. After the usual thanks to the electors for having come in such large numbers, Mr. Laurier referred to the holding of the last session, instead of which a general election should have been held. The reason given for that session was to give legislative force to the remedial order. During the Vercheres election, the bold Colonel Outmet had called religion to his aid, and declared before high heaven and the Supreme Being, that if executive effect were not given to the Remedial Order by parliament at the session which was then coming on, he would cut off his head, he would cease to be a member of the Cabinet. Heaven had seen Mr. Outmet leave the Ministry, and heaven had seen him go back to it after three days had expired.

Why had the government broken its promise? The false gods who constituted the government at Ottawa only knew. One thing was certain, and that was that the two Ministers who went back after their three days' strike, had gone back to pick up the crumbs that fell from the government table. He, the speaker, was a friend of Confederation, and had the fullest faith in the institutions of our country, if they were honestly administered. If anxiety and distrust prevailed to-day, it was not the fault of Confederation, but of the men who were now administering the affairs of the country. These men were the incarnation of hesitancy, tergiversation and vacillation. It seemed as though their virility had been buried in the grave with Sir John Thompson. Was any further proof necessary than the fact that the session was called to settle the school question, and that no attempt at all at settling it was made during the session? As had just been stated by Mr. Beauséjour, the present government would never settle the Manitoba school question. It had never intended to settle it.

Mr. Laurier then referred to the repeated statement of the Conservative press that he had been silent on the school question. The ultra-Catholic Conservative press in Quebec and the Tory and Orange organs in Ontario were both watching with a club, ready to down him, for different motives, if he dared utter a word on the school question. Now, he had said over and over again that it was a question of fact, and that the Federal Government had a right to interfere. But it had never yet interfered. He would tell them why, and in doing so he was speaking with a sense of his responsibilities as a public man speaking to his countrymen. It was because in this country Roman Catholics and Protestants had each their own ideas on the subject of education, and that the ideas of each were different. That the school question could not be settled by an appeal to Roman Catholic or to Protestant prejudices. It could only be settled by a statesman who had the courage to discuss the question in the same terms before both Roman Catholics and Protestants. He had used the same language in dealing with this question in Montreal, in Toronto, in Winnipeg, in every place east and west which he was then using in Sorel. Our constitution guaranteed to our people and to every minority every right to which they could fairly lay claim. Every reform that had been accomplished in Canada had been accomplished by Liberals—the Liberal Roman Catholics of Quebec and the Liberal Protestants of Ontario. The school question could only be settled by an appeal to the sentiments of justice, which existed in the hearts of both Protestants and Roman Catholics. Mr. Laurier then explained the fact of Mr. Angers's withdrawal from the government, when it had stated that separate schools would be restored in Manitoba, by saying that the honorable gentleman felt and knew that the government did not mean what it said.

The speaker then referred to the public contracts and contrasted the action of the Attorney-General of Ontario with that of the Attorney-General of Quebec in bringing to justice men like McGreevy, Connolly and St. Louis, and after speaking of the evils of protection, concluded by stating that when the Liberals got into power they would see that a tariff was levied as would benefit the masses of the people and not a few monopolists.

Mr. Laurier was loudly cheered and applauded, several times, during the course of his speech.

The Hon. Mr. Marchand followed and argued that the inability of the Conservatives to preserve equilibrium in the public budget, and their line of conduct in favoring party contractors were equally apparent both at Ottawa and in Quebec. He predicted the defeat of both governments within twelve months.

Mr. A. Pattullo, editor of the Woodstock 'Sentinel-Review,' then addressed the meeting in English. Referring to the school question, he said that the people in Ontario were not as much excited over it as the politicians tried to make it appear.

Mr. Laurier enjoyed the perfect confidence of those who wished to see justice done, and while the people of Ontario believed in provincial rights they also believed in the sacredness of the constitution as the guardian of the rights of minorities. Had not the Conservative party tried to make political capital of the school question it could have been settled long ago in a manner satisfactory to the people of this province.

HARD ON THE BISHOPS.

Mr. Rouillard's Views on the Attitude of the Hierarchy.

Mr. J. B. Rouillard, formerly of this city, and now of Salem, Mass., referring to the present Manitoba crisis, in his journal, 'L'Aigle,' says: 'How the high Canadian clergy must bitterly regret their unseasonable intervention which saved the Tories in 1776, in 1837, and in 1885, and perpetuated the government that authorized, first, the abolition of the French language in the North-West Territories, and now disowns its most sacred engagements and refuses all justice to the Manitoba minority. Has the time not come at last for the high French-Canadian clergy to part with the profane, scandalous and satirical alliance, to part with Orangism, to become themselves once more, free, respected and loved, as we wish them to be. That high clergy cannot forget that the miserable men who caused the death of Joan of Arc, in the interests of the English, were also French bishops, and that their title of bishop did not preserve them from the shame of being called traitors, cowards, men sold over, all well deserved epithets now bestowed upon them throughout the whole of the civilized world. Something like an electric current is at present running through all the masses that constitute the French element on this continent; light is dawning. Woe to those who betray their mission, woe to those who may be their hierarchical or political position. Let us remember that the language most cherished is the one in which a mother has accustomed us to pray to God for our brethren and our country. When one begins to pray in another language, one begins at the same time to part with tradition; it is a step towards retirement from religion, which, among our own people, becomes more and more apparent as it is being practised.'

The most evident sign of assimilation or servitude is the disappearance of a nation's language. Ireland, Poland and the Jews are a most striking proof of this. Now, we do not wish to walk in their footsteps, or follow their bad examples.'

WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

PROF. WATKINS NAMED PROVOST OF HURON COLLEGE.

The Rev. Prof. Watkins, M.A., of Jesus College, Cambridge, who has resigned the professorship of classics in Bishop's College, Lennoxville, has been unanimously elected provost of Huron College, London, Ont., (Western University). Provost Watkins was educated at the celebrated school of Rugby, and was third boy when in the sixth form, winning an exhibition as an introduction to a highly successful university career. At Cambridge he was greatly distinguished as an undergraduate; prizes, scholarship, etc., being awarded him, and at the B.A. examinations he obtained high honors in the classical tripos. At Bishop's College (the professorship in which was offered to him six years ago) he proved highly successful, not only as a teacher, but also in gaining the affections of the students. The esteem in which he was held by them was shown on all fitting opportunities, notably on the occasion of his marriage, three years ago, by a very complimentary inscription on the handsome and costly wedding gift presented by them, and in June last when he was drawn in triumph, in a carriage, by the students through the streets as a preliminary to a banquet given in his honor. Huron College is one of the four universities which, in connection with the Diocesan College, affiliated to McGill University, and Wycliffe College, affiliated to Toronto University, have united to hold one common examination for divinity degrees for members of the Church of England in Canada. Attention has hitherto been given chiefly to the faculty of theology, but it is reported that steps are contemplated for developing the other faculties of the university also.

THE SS. 'ELBE' CASE.

THE MEN TO BLAME FOR THE DISASTER.

Bremerhaven, Aug. 11.—The Admiralty Court, after a sitting lasting ten hours, yesterday rendered a decision in the case of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company against the owners of the British steamer 'Crathie,' by which the vessel, the company's steamer 'Elbe,' was sunk off Lowestoft, England, in January last. The court found that the mate, Craig, of the 'Crathie,' was guilty of quitting the bridge of the ship before the collision without adequate reason. The chief officer of the watch on the 'Elbe' was censured also for neglecting to shift his helm and use his steam signals. The verdict exonerates the captain of the 'Crathie' from all blame for not rescuing the crew and passengers of the 'Elbe' inasmuch as his own vessel was dangerously damaged by the collision. A warm tribute was paid to the crew of the fishing smack 'Wildflower,' who rescued the survivors of the disaster and landed them at Lowestoft. The court expressed the opinion that regular boat exercise ought to be practised on all the transatlantic passenger vessels and that the individual duty of each member of the crew of such vessels should be better understood than heretofore.

OSGOODBY BUILDING FIRE.

ARREST OF THE ALLEGED INCENDIARY.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 9.—William McMillan, aged twenty-two, was arrested at three o'clock this afternoon by Detectives Lilly and Sadler on suspicion of being the man wanted in Toronto on the charge of arson in connection with the recent million dollar fire in that city. McMillan has been in the city about six weeks and was in the employ of Paige, Chope & Booth. He was identified by photographs sent to the police department here by the Toronto authorities. McMillan said this afternoon that he would go back to Toronto without requisition papers. He said that he believed his arrest was part

of a blackmailing scheme and that he could prove an alibi.

Toronto, Aug. 11.—William McMillan, who is charged with setting fire to the Osgoodby building, which caused the destruction of \$600,000 of property, on Jan. 10, was brought back from Detroit on Saturday by Detective Simin. Adolph Rosenthal, a pedler, was arrested to-night on the charge of setting fire to the same building. McMillan protests his entire innocence of the crime and Rosenthal swears he saw McMillan fire the building.

GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F.

THE ANNUAL REPORT WHICH WILL BE PRESENTED THIS MONTH.

THE SUCCESS OF THE ORDER.

The next annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of the Province of Quebec of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Baltimore Unity, will take place in the town of Coaticook on Tuesday, Aug. 20, at 9 a.m.

According to the report of the grand secretary, which will be presented to this meeting, six new lodges were instituted during the year, namely: Fraternity, No. 21, Montreal; Aberdeen, No. 23, Robinson Bury; Century, No. 24, Dunham; Sutton Valley, No. 25, Sutton; Granby, No. 26, Granby and Waterloo, No. 27, Waterloo. On June 30, 1895, there were sixteen lodges with a membership of 1,132. On June 30, 1896, there were twenty-seven lodges, with a membership of 2,150. As will be seen by these figures the membership has almost doubled in five years.

During the year ending June 30, 1895, \$7,339.37 was spent for the relief of members and their families. The Rebekah degree branch of the order has also made good progress, three new lodges having been instituted during the year. The total membership of this branch is 518, an increase of 180 over the previous year.

The proceedings of the Grand Lodge this year promise to be of unusual interest. It is expected that the question of inviting the Sovereign Grand Lodge, which has been discussed in the city lodges for some time, will be brought up. The retiring Grand Lodge officers for this year are: Bro. C. J. Brown, St. Johns, grand master; Bro. J. Robb, Valleyfield, deputy grand master; Bro. J. Wilson, Jr., Montreal, grand warden; Bro. T. J. Potter, Montreal, grand secretary; Bro. A. W. Philips, Huntingdon, treasurer; Bro. Lyon Silverman, Montreal, grand representative; Bro. John Edwards, Montreal, grand marshal; Bro. R. H. Fairfield, Farnham, grand conductor; Bro. T. J. Loo, Quebec, grand guardian; Bro. H. McGarry, Montreal, grand chaplain; Bro. John McRae, Lachute, grand herald.

END OF A USEFUL LIFE.

Palermo, Ont., Aug. 11.—Charles Porter, a well-to-do farmer and horse dealer, near Appleby, Township of Nelson, who was crushed under a load of wheat on July 16, sustaining fractures of the cervical vertebrae, causing paralysis and a loss of sensation and motion from his neck down, died at his residence, about nine o'clock last night. No hopes were entertained by the medical men, but strange to say Mr. Porter remained conscious, his mind being clear to the end. He talked with his family and those in attendance about his accident and the utter hopelessness of his condition, saying death would be preferable to life. Deceased was forty-five years of age. He leaves a wife and eight children and a large circle of friends. He was widely known and greatly esteemed as an upright and honest man. In politics Mr. Porter was a thorough Liberal, and a brother of the late M.P.P. of North Bruce.

CURIOUS 'REVENGE.'

London, Aug. 12.—A tall, dark and stylishly dressed American woman, about thirty years of age, known as Mabel Stanley, alias McLean, alias Millet, alias Vaughan, was remanded in the Bow street police court this morning, charged with stealing jewellery valued at £687 from Mrs. Gibbons, who resides in London, and with whom the prisoner had lodged for a month. The accused was arrested on the steamer 'Etruria' at Liverpool on Saturday as she was about to sail for New York. The detective who made the arrest testified that when he read the warrant to the prisoner, she admitted that she had taken some of the jewellery out of revenge. All the jewels were recovered.

HIS THIRD MARRIAGE.

Toronto, Aug. 11.—Sir William Pearce Howland will be married next month to Mrs. James Bethune, widow of a lawyer. The announcement of the marriage was received with surprise by most of the intimate friends of Sir William, who had no idea he was contemplating matrimony for the third time. In spite of his eighty-four years he is a hale old gentleman. Mrs. Bethune is a daughter of Dr. Rattray, of Cornwall, and was married in 1860 to Mr. Bethune, who died in 1884. She is well known in Toronto society. Sir William has been previously married, in 1843, to Mrs. Webb, who died in 1859, and in 1865, to the widow of the late Captain Hunt.

A MURDEROUS 'MONKEY.'

Windsor, Ont., Aug. 10.—Yesterday afternoon Charles Verplanck, better known as 'Monkey Charlie,' a renowned Canadian jockey, and Clarence Larier, son of a Detroit doctor, had a discussion at the bar of the Walker House. Larier, it is charged, took a 'lucky' stone from his pocket and hurled it at Verplanck out his forehead badly. The latter pulled a revolver and fired at Larier, but missed his mark. This morning the 'Monkey' was fined \$25 for carrying a concealed weapon.

BICYCLES FOR MESSENGER BOYS.

Philadelphia, Aug. 10.—The Western Union Telegraph boys are to be furnished with bicycles, thus facilitating the delivery of despatches. Arrangements will be made so that the boys can increase their present pay, the extra being stopped to pay for the wheels, which will become the property of the boys when the last payment is made.

TWO MEN FIGHT A DEVIL-FISH.

HE GOT ONE OUT OF THE BOAT, BUT THE OTHER KILLED HIM.

San Francisco, Aug. 11.—The Giglio brothers, who own a fishing boat, had a lively tussle with a big devil-fish off Farallone Islands. He measures within a few inches of thirteen feet. The men were fishing for rock cod, when 'Joe' Giglio felt a tremendous strain on his line. He shouted for his brother 'Bart' to help him. 'Bart' knew something big was on the other end of the line, and he braced himself behind his brother. Inch by inch the brothers hauled in the line. At last waving tentacles shot through the water, and the fishermen knew they had hooked something they did not want. They dropped the line and tried to escape, but it was too late. The angry devil-fish clapped a six-foot feeler over the side of the boat, and in two seconds both men were fighting for their lives. One grabbed an oar, the other a hatchet, and, keeping out of reach of the tentacles, they watched for an opportunity to get in a blow. 'Bart,' with his hatchet, cut off a section of a tentacle nearest him, but it did not do much good. There were plenty more. For a few minutes the devil-fish had it pretty much his own way. A lurch of the boat sent Joe rolling past the blazing eye of the fish. A tentacle shot around him, and the next moment he was tangled up in three of the monster's hideous defenders. While the fish was getting a good grip on the chest and neck of Joe his brother picked up a club and managed to put in a smashing blow on the head of the fish. 'The knife, Bart; the knife!' shouted Joe. Bart wanted to slash off more tentacles, but Joe had breath enough left to tell him to cut the fish's throat. Bart watched his chance and plunged the knife deep into the creature's neck. That settled the fight. Gradually the feelers relaxed, and Joe released himself. They brought the fish to this city.

GERMAN WAR CELEBRATIONS.

THEIR OBJECT IS TO PROMOTE UNITY.

Berlin, Aug. 11.—None of the Emperor William's doings in England has attracted greater interest here than his speech on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the first decisive encounter that took place between the German and French armies on Aug. 6, 1870. The idea that the fetes in celebration of German victories are intended to re-open a French wound is repudiated. The main object of the demonstration is to celebrate the founding of the unity of the empire and not to remind France that she is a conquered nation. Germans hold that, without taking the feelings of any nation into consideration, they have the right to celebrate the events that placed Germany in the front of the nations of the world, and it is hailed in many quarters that the British adverse criticism has its base in jealousy. The ceremonies that will attend the unveiling of the Emperor William I. memorial on Aug. 18, are anticipated with interest. It will be a brilliant function, though 'he interest is somewhat lessened by the inability of Prince Bismarck to be present. This ceremony will be followed about a fortnight later by the consecration of the Emperor William memorial church near the Zoological Gardens on Sedan day, Sept. 1. The Emperor, Empress and the Imperial princes will attend the consecration. On the same day there will be a parade of the German-American veterans, who will be reviewed by the Emperor, and a great military musical festival will be given in front of the royal castle on the eve of Sedan day.

JAPANESE IN CANADA.

Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 11.—The Japanese consul, Mr. Nosse, has just received word from that government that passports will not be granted to any more Japanese to leave that country for Canada unless they have sufficient money to engage in farming or trade. This action is taken in accordance with the report made by Mr. Nosse, owing to the large number of Japanese laborers out of work here a few months ago.

THE CO-OPERATIVE PLAN.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 12.—The co-operative sash and door factory has concluded its first year's business. In spite of the depression and keen competition the employees are satisfied with the result. A division of profits, however, will not be made this year as it was decided to carry the funds forward to the end of another year. The profits would have given the employees a bonus of four percent in their wages.

ALLEGED COUNTERFEITERS.

Lindsay, Ont., Aug. 12.—On information supplied by the Dominion police four members of a family named Murphy were arrested this morning on a warrant issued by Col. Bacon, county police magistrate. The accusation is uttering and having in their possession counterfeit coin and the plant for manufacturing the same. The arrest was made on the fourteenth concession of Manvers and the accused were brought to Lindsay this morning. They were committed on remand.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.

Oneida, N.Y., Aug. 10.—Supervisor A. W. Hustins, of Crown Point, and Miss Helen E. Randall, of Oneida, were killed on the New York Central tracks, one mile east of this place, to-night, by the train No. 47, westbound. Hustins was about thirty-five years old, and Miss Randall twenty-four years of age. The young people were soon to be married and were returning from this place to the house of her father, Dr. O. M. Randall, a prominent physician, residing just east of here.

A WOMAN AS SHERIFF.

Springfield, Mo., Aug. 11.—Mrs. Helen C. Stewart has been appointed sheriff of Green county by the county court to succeed her husband, who died three weeks ago. She will hold the place until Sept. 10, when a special election will have to be held to fill the vacancy. The indications are that she will be the Republican nominee for the place, which insures her election at the polls. Mrs. Stewart is a woman of about forty-five years of age and has a large family.

FRUITS OF THE TRAFFIC.

A DRUNKEN FATHER CAUSES THE DEATH OF FOUR CHILDREN.

Whitesburg, Ky., Aug. 6.—News of a horrible accident reached here to-night from Big Stone Gap, Va., on the Louisville & Nashville Railway. Eli Hix, a laborer, went to his home near the depot while drunk and built a fire in the stove. While he was asleep on the floor fire caught from the stove and soon spread to a sleeping room occupied by Mrs. Hix and five children, who were asleep. Four of the children were burned to a crisp before the mother awoke. Although badly burned herself she made her escape through a window and carried one of the children with her. Hix was fatally burned.

A RELATIVE OF GEN. GORDON DIES FROM ALCOHOLISM.

Santa Monica, Cal., Aug. 8.—'Jack' Gordon, who claimed to be a relative of 'Chinese' Gordon, died on Tuesday night from alcoholism. He was born in London in 1844 and was the son of Capt. Gordon, of the British navy, a near relative of the famous general. Up to about twelve years ago Gordon was a clerk in the Bank of England. He then separated from his wife owing, it was said, to drink, and came to this country with about \$30,000. He engaged in the paving business with a wealthy Englishman in Sioux Falls, Ia., but they failed and Gordon was left penniless. He came here nine years ago. Of late he gained a livelihood by serving as porter in a saloon.

FRENCH SHORE OUTRAGE.

A CASE OF APPARENT HARDSHIP.

St. John's, Nfld., Aug. 9.—Another French shore outrage is reported here. A company, of eight men, who were fishing at the Bay of Islands, were forced by the British warship 'Pelican' to remove to another harbor, because French fishermen complained that the Newfoundlanders were interfering with them. Not satisfied with this, the French fishermen insisted that the Newfoundlanders be expelled from their second location, and this also was done by the British naval commander; so the Newfoundlanders were forced to abandon the fishery altogether and return home. They will lay the case before the Local Government. The 'Telegram,' the government organ, promises that prompt and vigorous action will be taken by the ministry to secure indemnity for the sufferers from the British Government.

It is considered very likely that Sir Ambrose Shea, a native of Newfoundland, who recently held the post of governor of the Bahamas, will be appointed governor of this island, because his knowledge of its affairs would be invaluable in the present crisis.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

A CLAIM THAT CANADIAN CATTLE AT DEPT FORD, WERE INFECTED.

London, Aug. 7.—A claim has been made by the officials at Deptford that a number of cattle landed there on July 10 from the steamer 'Huron,' from Montreal, were affected with pleuro-pneumonia. The fact that the cattle were diseased was not discovered until they had been killed, when local veterinary surgeons reported that the lungs of the animals were diseased. An examination was at once ordered by the Board of Agriculture, which resulted in the confirmation of the report. Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian High Commissioner, was not notified of the facts of the case until recently. No opportunity for an examination of the cattle by a Canadian expert was afforded.

Ottawa, Aug. 9.—The Department of Agriculture to-day received a cable from Sir Charles Tupper in answer to enquiries about the alleged cases of pleuro-pneumonia amongst Canadian cattle. The High Commissioner says that all he knows about the matter is that a cargo of cattle was landed from the 'Huron' on July 10, and that all he has heard about the alleged pleuro-pneumonia is what he has seen in the newspapers. The department here is endeavoring to trace where the cattle came from, so as to inspect the district. The opinion here is that if any disease at all was found, it was not pleuro at all, but the common cattle ailment known as the cornstalk disease.

A MICHIGAN MURDER.

A STATE SENATOR KILLS AN ALLEGED SLANDERER.

Jackson, Miss., Aug. 9.—T. Dabney Marshall, senator-elect for Warren and Hinds counties, shot and killed R. T. Dinkins, of Jackson, at Brandon this morning. Marshall and three friends, H. Coleman, R. P. Fox, and W. P. Volens, drove to Brandon in a hack and met Dinkins at the depot. As Dinkins turned a corner of the building they opened fire on him, and shot him fifteen times. Dinkins was unarmed, but grabbed Marshall's pistol from him as he fired the first shot. Two weeks ago Dinkins, it is said, spread a report that Marshall had attempted an infamous crime while he and Marshall had roomed together. This report was damaging and there was a clamor that Marshall be taken off the ticket for state senator. Marshall denounced the report as a lie, but Dinkins stuck to it, and everybody looked for bloodshed sooner or later. Marshall is a little man, and weighs but 75 pounds. He is a lawyer and a man of letters, and his family is one of the most prominent in the state. He has hosts of friends at home and elsewhere. He has served a term in the legislature, and was the nominee for senator of Warren and Hinds counties. The Dinkins are equally as good a family. Dinkins was a brother of W. L. Dinkins, of Madison, President Cleveland's United States marshal during the first term, and was closely related to the first term, and was in the state, being a cousin of Bishop Charles B. Galloway, of this city. Marshall and his companions are under arrest at Brandon. The affair is deeply regretted here, where both men were well known and highly respected. The body of Dinkins will be brought to Jackson.

FIRE ONLY MADE HER COOL.

A WOMAN BREATHES FLAME AND HANDLES RED-HOT ARTICLES.

Lilly Dale, N.Y., Aug. 8.—Mrs. Mary Suydam Green, of Chicago, amazed a large audience here last night by a demonstration of her 'fire test.' Physicians pronounced her hands, arms and face free from chemicals or any preparation that would defy the effect of flames. A large lamp was lighted and the chimney heated piping hot. Mrs. Green, who appeared to be under hypnotic influences, then took the heated chimney in her hands and rolled it over her bare face and arms with apparent relish. Then she removed the chimney from the lamp and pushed her hands and arms twenty times through the flame. Women spectators screamed hysterically, but the performer was cool as a refrigerator. Then holding her mouth close to the blaze she inhaled it with seeming relish. Her hands, arms and face, were not even pink, from the effect of the 'test' when she was released from the hypnotic influence.

FIGHT OVER A PRIEST.

MAY RESULT IN MURDER.

Buffalo, N.Y., Aug. 10.—There is a split in the Polish congregation of St. Adalbert's Church, the bulk of the congregation desiring the dismissal of the priest and radical changes in church management. The dispute has been in the nature of a rebellion and there has been intense feeling between those who adhere to the priest and those who are yielding. This feeling found expression on Sunday night, when three of the rebellious members pitched into Martin Janesewski, an adherent of the priest. Two of them held him while the third, Anthony Wichak, stabbed him several times and the wounded man lies at the hospital without the possibility of recovery. Wichak and one of his accomplices are under arrest.

INSANE ASYLUM MURDER.

THE INFAMOUS DEED OF TWO ATTENDANTS.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—John Budilek, an Austrian patient at the County Insane Asylum, at Dunning, was brutally murdered on Thursday night by two attendants, George Goff and George Anderson, who are under arrest and have confessed their crime. The murderers say that during the night Budilek had become unruly and had struck one of them when both the attendants jumped on the unfortunate man, knocked him down and crushed the life out of his body with their feet.

FOREIGN INTRUDERS

DESTROYING THE FISHERIES AND DEMORALIZING THE INDIANS OF THE CANADIAN NORTH.

Ottawa, Aug. 7.—Sir John Schultz, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, has sent a communication to the government here drawing attention anew to the operation of American whaling vessels at the mouth of the Mackenzie river. The information which is forwarded is gathered from the letter of a missionary who spent last winter in that inhospitable region. It is to the effect that no less than fifteen United States whaling vessels wintered at Herschell Island. Complaints have frequently been made of late years by the Hudson's Bay Company, who have protested to the government against the unfair competition to which they are subjected by the operations of these intruders in the far north. All the Hudson's Bay supplies brought into the country pay duty upon entry, while the goods which whalers trade to the Esquimaux pay no customs fines whatever, there being no organization in these districts. Another objection is that by means of this traffic the Indians are supplied with spirits with the usual demoralizing effects. Apart from these objections there is the further consideration of which the government is bound to take notice sooner or later, viz., the destruction of very valuable fisheries by those foreign intruders.

THE GRAND MASTER'S MANIFESTO.

HE SAYS HE IS NOT A 'BOMB THROWER.'

Toronto, Aug. 8.—Mr. N. Clarke Wallace has written Mr. W. F. MacLean, M.P., as follows regarding his alleged projected manifesto: 'I beg to give an emphatic contradiction to the statement in your paper of to-day with reference to myself, prefaced with startling headlines. I am not a bomb-thrower. Equally untrue are the statements with reference to Mr. E. F. Clarke. I gave Mr. Clarke a cordial invitation to occupy our car, but as he had engaged his Pullman accommodation in Toronto, while I engaged mine in Ottawa, and as we happened to be in different cars he was unable to accept my invitation.'

FOUND GUILTY.

KILLED HIS WIFE FOR INSURANCE MONEY.

Fargo, N. Dak., Aug. 8.—The jury in the trial of Myron R. Kent, charged with instigating the murder of his wife at Mandan, in order to secure the \$50,000 insurance on her life, brought in a verdict of guilty, and fixed the penalty as death. Kent was arrested at Trenton, Neb., in the summer of 1894. Mrs. Kent was murdered by the hired man, Tom Swinicki, but it was charged that Kent hired him to do it, so as to collect the insurance on his wife's life.

CANADIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

ITS OBJECT AND PURPOSES.

Toronto, Aug. 9.—A new organization called the Canadian National Association has just been instituted in this city with over eighty chartered members. The constitution, says the association, composed only of Canadian-born members, has been formed for, among others, the following purposes and objects: To foster and cherish the sentiment of nationality; to oppose the passing of unjust laws by any of our parliaments or legislatures or the continuance of such upon the statute-books of Canada or the provinces; and to advocate and work for the removal, by constitutional means, of our present system of dual languages, and for the abolition of separate schools, and, if needs be, to amend the constitution of our country that there will be but one official language and one system of schools for Canada.

A LIGHTNING SNAP-SHOT.

TREES PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE BODIES OF BOYS BY THE ELECTRIC FLUID.

Glen Cove, L.I., Aug. 8.—Lightning played a curious prank here on Saturday. After ripping off the windows and clapboards from a newly erected house it made a good photograph of a big tree upon little Thomas Foley's back and Charles Miller's leg. The boys were sitting on the stoop of the house when the lightning struck it. The pictures are clearly defined and are marked in black and blue. A severe electrical storm passed over the place shortly before noon. The Foley and Miller boys were playing about the house at the time, and ran to the stoop for shelter. Suddenly there was a terrific clap of thunder and the lightning struck the house. It played about the roof in a weird manner. It cavorted around, ripped off shingles, and scattered them right and left. Then it tore down the side of the building, cutting up the clapboards like a razor. The boys crouched on the stoop and watched the fluid dance about. They seemed fascinated by the sight, and could not move. The lightning then made a sudden bolt towards the boys. It strapped a section of the house into kindling wood, going around a corner. The flying electricity played about the boys in a blue flame. It leaped over them and bristled their hair. Finally, it pranced off to the ground and entered the earth. The boys were left, stunned, upon the veranda of the building. Many people who had witnessed the fantastic actions of the electric fluid rushed to the place. The lads were discovered lying on their backs unconscious. They were carried to their homes. On being undressed the photograph of the tree was seen. Foley's unique memento of his experience was first discovered. Then the Miller family were communicated with and their youngster was examined. He had been knocked upon the leg. The picture is a very good representation of an old tree which stands near the house. Many persons viewed the novel pictures. The anxious mothers of the boys tried to efface the markings. They scrubbed away at the pictures, but the lightning had done its work well, and the spots would not wash out. The tree on Foley's back begins just beneath his shoulder blades and extends upward. The branchings are perfect. Thomas Foley owns the house which was struck. It is badly damaged. Both the boys are doing well.

Southampton, Ont., Aug. 10.—This morning about two o'clock during a thunderstorm when about off the Ausable Beach a fisherman, named Gabriel Granville was struck and instantly killed by lightning. He was standing against the foremast of the boat when the mast was struck by lightning which glanced from the mast, striking Granville on the side of the head, passing down the front of the body and legs and out of his boots, which were torn to pieces. Two other men who were also in the boat, were stunned by the force of the shock, but recovered without any injury.

DARING BURGLARY.

Berlin, Ont., Aug. 10.—A daring burglary was committed early this morning at the village of Blair, eight miles south of here, when burglars entered the flour mills of J. Hilborn and blew open the safe. About this time Joseph Hilborn, son of the proprietor, arrived home from a drive, and noticing the door of the mill open, he drove up to investigate and in an instant was covered with revolvers by the intruders, who ordered him to throw up his hands. This he reluctantly did and gave up what cash he had in his possession, about a hundred dollars. They then warned Hilborn to raise no alarm, and after they had got out of sight Mr. Hilborn went to the house and told his experience.

IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS.

A NEW LAND COMMISSIONER AND NEW DEPUTY MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 8.—The Dominion Lands Commissioner, Mr. H. H. Smith, of Winnipeg, confirms the report that he has been appointed Deputy Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, and that his successor as land commissioner will be Mr. W. B. Scarth, of this city. The change will be made on September 1. At the same time it is said Government House will be vacated by Sir John Schultz to make room for the new Lieutenant-Governor. It is understood that Sir John Schultz received notice several days ago that a successor had been appointed and would assume his duties six weeks after the date of notification. It is the general supposition that the Hon. Mr. Patterson, ex-Minister of Militia, has received the appointment.

Both Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir John Schultz, Governor of Manitoba, are on the Pacific coast. Both were interviewed by a Vancouver reporter. The Premier said that Sir John and he were having a conference on the Manitoba school question and were in hopes of an amicable settlement. Sir John Schultz, however, said: 'I came to the coast to see Sir Mackenzie Bowell. I have seen him, but my business with the Premier had nothing to do with the school question. It was entirely another matter. I cannot see how a report to that effect has gone into the newspapers.'

Ottawa, Aug. 8.—It is currently reported here, but lacks official confirmation, that Mr. John Lowe, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, who is at present in Manitoba, will be superannuated on his return, and that he will be succeeded by Mr. H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Winnipeg. Mr. W. B. Scarth, ex-M.P., who has been spoken of in connection with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba, will, it is said, take Mr. Smith's place as land commissioner. These changes will probably be made about the first of September.

A CALL TO MR. PEDLEY.

London, Ont., Aug. 12.—The members of the First Congregational Church, at a meeting held last night, voted to extend a call to the Rev. James Pedley, of Vancouver, B.C. They offer a salary of \$1,200 per annum.

A NOTED COUNTERFEITER.

WILLIAM E. BROCKWAY AND THREE ASSOCIATES ARRESTED IN NEW YORK.

THEY MADE CANADIAN BANK NOTES AND DID IT ON A LARGE SCALE.

United States Secret detectives have just effected the arrest of a gang of expert counterfeiters who have for more than a year been actively engaged in printing United States and Canadian bank bills, principally the latter. The detectives succeeded also in capturing valuable plates for both Canadian and United States notes, \$200,000 in Canadian currency, with the reverse side only printed, the plate for the front side of the same bills, and a sufficient amount of fibre paper to print \$400,000 worth more of Canadian money. The members of the gang are William E. Brockway, aged seventy-three, the most expert counterfeiter and forger in the country; Dr. O.



WILLIAM E. BROCKWAY.

The Century's Greatest Counterfeiter.

E. Bradford, who conducted a dental parlor at 514 Third avenue, New York; Libbie Smith, a cousin of Bradford; Sydney Smith, the engraver of the party, said to be the woman's husband, and William S. Wagner. The plant was found at 542 Ann street, Hoboken.

For ten days or more since the plant was located the detectives have had the place under surveillance night and day in the hope of capturing the entire gang in the raid. Brockway, who was known as Col. Spencer, came and went daily, but the officers made no move. Being shadowed it was found that he was running a cottage hotel at Rockaway Beach under the name of E. W. Spencer. The woman, Libbie Smith, was a daily visitor to the house, frequently driving up in a carriage. She is a stylish brunette of about thirty. Brockway was also seen about the house daily, and his venerable appearance, instead of starting enquiries, was calculated to check gossip. Dr. Bradford appeared irregularly. The detectives hoped by postponing the raid to get Dr. Bradford with the other four, but they waited in vain for several days. Chief Hazen, of the secret service, who in person was directing the proceedings, ordered the detectives to enter the house on Saturday night. Libbie Smith and Wagner were the only members of the party there. They were taken to the county jail and locked up, and the fact of the arrest was kept quiet. Chief Hazen, with several officers, then went to New York and found Bradford at his dental office on Third avenue. He denied all knowledge of the counterfeiting and called his apprehension an outrage. Brockway and Smith were still at large, and as both men have records Hazen determined to take no chances by removing Bradford. It was then about midnight, and Detectives Bagge and Colligan were left at the house to watch Bradford over night. When Chief Hazen returned at 7 a.m. on Sunday he found his prisoner had escaped.

Sunday evening Brockway was found at his Rockaway cottage and was taken to Jersey City police headquarters. A \$500 United States gold certificate and \$350 in Canadian notes were found wadded together in his coat pocket. In his rooms were found a \$1,000 railway bond, a number of unused cheques on various banks throughout the country and several hundred dollars in counterfeit Canadian \$10 notes. Smith, the engraver of the gang, was located and surprised at his home, 4 East Fourteenth street, at 9 p.m. on Monday. A search of his rooms resulted in the finding of a half-finished plate for \$400 United States gold certificates, and a completed face plate for the Canadian counterfeiters which were printed only on the reverse side. Had the detectives not stepped in, the \$200,000 of Canadian money would have been ready for shipment to the Canadian agents of the gang within a week's time. Counterfeit Canadian money was found on the person of each of the four arrested, and the secret service officers say they have a clear case that they have been making and uttering counterfeit gold certificates of the denominations of \$500 and \$1,000.

Libbie most counterfeiters, Brockway, early in life, learned the art of engraving and becoming an expert he made good wages and saved sufficient money to pay for a special course in electro-chemistry in Yale. This technical knowledge he applied to the production of electrotype. His career as a counterfeiter and forger began almost the day he left Yale. He was arrested in 1889 for counterfeiting and forging \$1,000 six percent United States coupon bonds, and was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. Managing to arrange a compromise with the government, he did not serve a day of this sentence. He was arrested again in New York, in November, 1883, for forging Morris and Essex railway bonds, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to Sing Sing for five years. He was discharged on Aug. 4, 1887, to be again arrested exactly eight years afterwards.

SHE PREFERRED DEATH.

A WOMAN WHO LEFT HER HOME WHILE HER HUSBAND WAS DRINKING.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 6.—News comes from Napanee that on Friday morning Mrs. J. T. Loggie was found drowned in

a well. Mr. Loggie had been drinking and on Saturday evening as he was in his cups the children and Mrs. Loggie were advised to go to her mother's, across the road. She did so and washed and put the two children to bed and about ten o'clock retired herself with the little girl. In the morning Loggie himself called out that Maggie had drowned herself in the well, but Mrs. Fraser and her daughter thought he was mistaken, and that she was safely in bed upstairs, and it proved only too true. In the spring she was, through fear, for a time out of her mind, but the doctors said her mind was not diseased, but that she was suffering from nervousness and dread and she recovered, and nothing was feared from her. It is thought in a moment of forgetfulness she ended her unhappy life. Deceased was thirty-six years of age and leaves two children, a boy and a girl, aged seven and nine years. Much sympathy is expressed for the children, mother and sisters of deceased.

COMMERCIAL.

ACTIVE, STRONG.

WITNESS OFFICE.
Monday, Aug. 12, 1895.

The general advance on the favorite stocks was maintained through the morning. Sales: 25 Pacific at 54½, 25 Cable at 164½, 25 at 164½, 100 at 165, 75 at 164½, 25 at 154½, 125 at 164½, 50 at 164½, 150 at 164½, 120 Street Railway at 211, 25 at 211½, 15 at 211, 150 new at 210, 25 at 209½, 700 at 210, 75 at 209½, 425 at 209½, 25 at 209½, 25 at 209½, 25 Toronto Railway at 86½, 75 at 86, 60 Telegraph at 165, 50 at 164, 50 Richelieu at 99½, 10 gas at 206, 125 at 206½, 150 at 207, 1 Bank of Montreal at 220½, 4 at 221, 2 People's at 40, 25 at 44½, 5 Merchants at 165½.

Reported by Messrs. Nichols & Marler
Between Banks. Counter.
Buyers. Sellers.
New York Funds..... 5-23 to 1-8 dis. par to ½ prem
Sterling, 60 days..... 91-15 to 91-16 10 to 10½
Sterling, demand..... 10-16 to 10-16 10½ to 10½
Sterling, cables..... 10½ 10½

MONTREAL STOCK REPORT.

Stocks.	Asked.	Bid.
Canadian Pacific Railway.....	53	52½
Do. L. G. Bonds.....	74	73½
Duluth S. S. & A.....	15	14
Commercial Cable Co.....	154	153½
Montreal Telegraph.....	167	166
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.....	100	99½
Montreal Street Railway Co.....	210½	210
do. new stock.....	209½	209
Montreal Gas Co.....	207	206
Bellevue Electric Co.....	110	109½
Royal Electric Co.....	125	124½
Bank of Montreal.....	223	222
Ontario Bank.....	95	94
People's Bank.....	35	34
Molson Bank.....	177½	177
Bank of Toronto.....	241½	241
Jacques Cartier Bank.....	185½	185
Merchants Bank of Halifax.....	163	162
Eastern Townships.....	119	118
Quebec Bank.....	119	118
Union Bank.....	138	137
Bank of Commerce.....	138	137
La Banque Nationale.....	135	134
Rockaway Bank.....	135	134
International Coal Co.....	125	124
Canada North-West Land Co.....	125	124
Montreal Cotton Co.....	125	124
Colored Cotton Co.....	125	124
Colored Cotton Co.....	125	124
Chaplain Bonds.....	100	99½
Canada Central Bonds.....	100	99½
New Street.....	85	84
St. Louis.....	85	84
Merchants Cotton.....	85	84
Toronto Railway Co.....	85	84
Postal Telegraph.....	85	84

WHEAT OPENS WEAK.

Wheat opened weak this morning, with long stiff coming out freely. Wheat off coast quiet but steady. Corn quiet. On passage, wheat nominally unchanged; corn dull. Liverpool wheat quiet but steady; demand moderate; holders offer moderately; demand moderate.

MOVEMENTS OF GRAIN AND FLOUR.

At Chicago—	Receipts.	Shipments.
Wheat, bush.....	61,000	86,000
Corn, bush.....	241,900	254,000
Oats, bush.....	278,000	166,000
Flour, bush.....	6,000	3,375
At New York—		
Wheat, bush.....	104,500	28,341
Corn, bush.....	8,715	111
Oats, bush.....	175,900	20,940
Flour, bush.....	13,475	2,332
Flour, sacks.....	2,382	1,025
At Milwaukee—		
Wheat, bush.....	94,000	111
At Duluth—		
Wheat, bush.....	25,000	165,000
At Detroit—		
Wheat, bush.....	15,000	7,000
At Minneapolis—		
Wheat, bush.....	95,000	51,000
At St. Louis—		
Wheat, bush.....	137,000	29,000
At Toledo—		
Wheat, bush.....	51,000	87,000

MONTREAL STOCKS IN STORE.

	Aug. 10.	Aug. 3.	Aug. 11.
Wheat, bush.....	9920	10230	540332
Corn, bush.....	2098	2750	5011
Peas, bush.....	33629	32994	83868
Oats, bush.....	159734	166135	109672
Barley, bush.....	2947	2947	2947
Rye, bush.....	4338	4338	11524
Flour, bush.....	85119	29368	39612
Meal, bush.....	25	46	107

CHICAGO MARKETS.

The following table shows the range of prices in Chicago to-day, and the closing quotations as compared with those of Saturday:

Saturday's To-day's	Close.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
Wheat.....	67	67	67	65	65
Aug. 67.....	67	67	67	65	65
Sept. 67.....	68	68	68	65½	65½
Dec. 70.....	70½	70½	70½	68½	68½
Corn.....	39½	39½	39½	39½	39½
Aug. 39½.....	39½	39½	39½	39½	39½
Sept. 39½.....	39½	39½	39½	39½	39½
Oats.....	20½	20½	20½	19	19
Aug. 20½.....	20½	20½	20½	19	19
Sept. 20½.....	20½	20½	20½	19½	19½
Pork.....	9.75	9.60	9.60	9.60	9.60
Aug. 9.75.....	9.60	9.60	9.60	9.60	9.60
Sept. 9.75.....	9.60	9.60	9.60	9.60	9.60
Lard.....	6.15	6.10	6.10	6.07	6.07
Aug. 6.15.....	6.10	6.10	6.10	6.07	6.07
Sept. 6.15.....	6.10	6.10	6.10	6.07	6.07
Short Ribs.....	5.77	5.75	5.75	5.75	5.75
Aug. 5.77.....	5.75	5.75	5.75	5.75	5.75
Sept. 5.77.....	5.75	5.75	5.75	5.75	5.75

GRAIN MARKET.

Grain—Oats are weaker this morning. People are buying from hand-to-mouth, looking for new crop. Car lots are worth from 35½c to 36c. Very little is doing in peas. Otherwise the markets are unaltered. We quote:—

No. 2, oats, per 34 lbs. 40½c to 40¾c
Peas, per 60 lbs., in store 72c to 73c

Flour—Volume of business is small and prices are easy. Ontario grades are only nominal. The following are leading millers' prices:—

Spring wheat, patents \$4.35 to 4.50
Manitoba strong bakers 4.35 to 4.50
Winter patents, nominal 4.35 to 4.50
Straight rollers 4.15 to 4.25
Extra 0.00 to 0.00

Meal—Quiet and steady. We quote as follows:—

Granulated, in bbls \$4.10 to 4.25
Standard, in bbls 4.05 to 4.15
No. 1, in bbls 4.10 to 4.20
Rolled oats, bags 2.25 to 2.50
Port barley, per bbl 3.75 to 4.00

Feed—The market is active and strong. We quote as follows:—

Bran \$17.00 to 20.00
Shorts 19.00 to 20.00

PRODUCE MARKET.

Provisions—The pork market is dull; very little demand for Canada mess pork or Canada short cut. We quote:—

Canadian short cut, heavy, \$15.50 to 17.50
Lard, city cured, per lb. 00.10 to 00.11
Ham, compound 00.05 to 00.07½
Lard, pure 00.08 to 00.10½
Bacon 00.10 to 00.11

Butter—The market is dull and shows a weaker tendency. We quote best creamery at 17½c to 18c, and Townships dairy at 15c.

Eggs—We quote fresh boiling stock at 12c to 13, with straight candied stock offering largely at between 10c and 11c.

Cheese—The cable this morning was 58s. Locally, Quebec makes range from 7c to 7½c. Ontario cheese ranges nominally from 7½c to 8c, and the weaker do. Receipts of cheese continue large and in the absence of any export demand are going into cold storage and adding to the already very large stock which has accumulated in the market. Stock now being estimated at between 280,000 and 300,000 boxes. Business passing any article in light and the market has a unsettled tendency and rules altogether in favor of buyers, and there is nothing favorable or promising in the outlook for the future.

MANITOBA WHEAT.

The Winnipeg 'Commercial' says the market is purely nominal, and only a car lot can be occasionally sold. We quote the price of Manitoba No. 1 hard nominal at about 77c to 78c abattoir Port William.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—Aug. 9.

The crowd gathered in the vicinity of Bonsecours Market and Jacques Cartier square, on business intent, was even more dense than usual this forenoon, but owing to the activity of a couple of policemen, vehicular traffic was less obstructed than has often been the case of late. The prices of oats are declining as the new crop is beginning to come in more freely, and though a dollar per bag was the general price asked, less would be taken in most cases; buckwheat is scarce and dear at \$1.50 the bag; potatoes are very plentiful at about 50c the bag. Quebec turnips 40c; blue and green plums, 40c to 50c; red plums, 15c to 20c; gooseberries, 60c to 70c; tomatoes are still rather scarce and high priced, generally about the rate of \$3 per bushel is demanded for them. The supply of hay is not large and prices are firm, loose hay selling at from \$7.50 to \$9 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs., pressed hay is from 60c to 70c per 100 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—AUG. 8.

There were about 550 head of butchers' cattle, 250 calves and 1,600 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were out in full force, but only bought when they got a reduction on former low prices, the decline being greatest in the prices of lambs, which were a drag on the market to-day. The best butchers' cattle were sold at 34c per lb. and a number of large cattle were bought for shipment to Great Britain at about 34c per lb. Common dry cows sold at 24c to 34c per lb., and the leaner and older, including several hard-looking bulls, at about 2c per lb. It is probable a considerable number of the cattle and lambs will have to be held over for a future market. Good calves sold fairly well at from 45c to 55c each, the former sold at 34c to 34c per lb. for good large sheep, and the others are sold at from 2c to 34c per lb. Lambs sell at from \$1 to \$2.25 each, or 24c to 34c per lb. Fat hogs are plentiful and lower priced, or from 4½c to 5c per lb. Mr. Joseph Richardson paid \$28 for four fine sows, and \$10 each for a flock of good lambs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—AUG. 12.

There were about 450 head of butchers' cattle, 50 calves and 800 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were less numerous than usual and those who came were not caring to buy much meat in such muggy weather. There was a fair demand for the best cattle, but all others kinds were very difficult to sell, even at lower prices than usual, and it is probable that a considerable number will have to be held over for a future market. Mr. McLaughlin brought ten superior steers for shipment to Great Britain at 54c per lb., less one dollar per head. A few very choice butchers' cattle were held at from 4c to 4½c per lb., but few sales were made at more than 3½c; pretty good cattle selling at from 3½c to 4c; broken and half fat cattle selling at from 2c to 2½c per lb. Calves brought better prices, as there were not many of them on the market, but there were no superior veals on offer. Prices ranged from \$2.50 to \$3 each. Shippers are paying from 34c to 34c per lb. for good large sheep, but the others are difficult to sell at any price. Good lambs sell at from \$2.50 to \$3 each; common lambs at from \$2 to \$2.50; and the culs at from \$1.50 to \$1.75 each. There were several carloads of Manitoba hogs delivered here to-day, which were previously bargained for at 54c per lb., but this rate is above the present market prices, which ranged from 4½c to 5c per lb.

HOG MARKET.

There were 600 live hogs at both abattoirs this morning. No sales have been made at present; buyers and sellers are apart; sellers are asking \$5.00, which buyers are not disposed to give at present. Sales, however, around this figure are expected during the afternoon.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Aug. 12, 1895.—Hogs—To-day's estimated receipts, 30,000; yesterday's receipts according to official returns, 5,924; shipments, 2,360; left over, 800; light mixed, \$4.65 to \$5.25; mixed packing, \$4.50 to \$5.00; heavy shipping, \$4.30 to \$4.95; rough grades, \$4.20 to \$4.50. The receipts of cattle were 17,000, including 1,000 Texans and 6,000 Westerns; best, market steady.

TORONTO CATTLE MARKETS.

Toronto, Aug. 10.—Offerings were heavy at Western Cattle Yard to-day, and the result was that in many cases prices were lower. The feeling was not quite so steady as it was last market day. About the best business was done in export cattle and sheep and lambs. Other lines were weak and heavy. There were 71 carloads of stuff in all, including 31 carloads which arrived yesterday. Among the offerings were 1,500 sheep and lambs, 760 hogs and 21 calves. Export Cattle—James Eakins, of Port Hope, was the principal buyer, he taking 14 car loads, but Snell, of Galt, and Coughlin, of London, were also operating to some extent. The market was steady. Prices paid by Mr. Eakins were from 4c to 4½c per lb. One or two picked loads of cattle, averaging 1,400 lbs., sold for 4½c per lb., but these sales were exceptional and should not be taken as a criterion of the market. The ruling figures were from 4c to 4½c per lb., up to 4½c per lb. for choice.

Stocks and Feeders—These were worth from 34c to 35c per lb., but not many offered. Good feeders are wanted for the distilleries.

Butchers' Cattle—There was a weaker feeling in this line to-day. There were a lot of poor cattle on the boards, some of which were sold for less than 2c per lb. The ruling figures were from 2½c to 3½c per lb. for common cattle, 3c per lb. for mediums and 3½c to 3¾c per lb. for good to choice cattle. Local butchers were operating only sparingly and buying for Montreal was quiet. About four car loads were taken for that market.

Hogs—There was a weaker feeling in this line to-day, and prices were lower. The ruling figures were from 4c to 4½c per lb. for common hogs, 4½c to 5c per lb. for mediums and 5c to 5½c per lb. for good to choice hogs. There were over 6,000 head. Best hogs were off 2c per lb. to-day, prices ruling from 4c to 4½c per lb. weighed off the car. At Jersey City, N. J., the ruling figures were from 4c to 4½c per lb. for common hogs, 4½c to 5c per lb. for mediums and 5c to 5½c per lb. for good to choice hogs. There were over 6,000 head. Best hogs were off 2c per lb. to-day, prices ruling from 4c to 4½c per lb. weighed off the car.

Sheep and Lambs—There was a firm tone to this line to-day, good shipping ewes and wethers fetching from 34c to 34c per lb. and even 4c per lb. in some cases. Bucks and stags were in demand in active demand at from \$2.25 to \$2.50 per head, or about 4c per lb. for extra choice.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Aug. 9.—Cattle—Receipts to-day, including all local points, were 153 cars, or 2,748 head; 58 cars to be exported to Great Britain, alive and in dressed quarters. 65 cars consigned direct to home trade slaughterers, and 30 cars for the market, making, with the few cattle carried over on Wednesday, a total of 31½ cars to be sold—25½ at Jersey City, and 6 at Sixty-third. On light supplies and fairly favorable Western advices, trade started off moderately brisk, with steers of all grades ruling firm, and bulls and dry cows selling at a slight advance. The close was fully as strong as the opening. In the yards were again cleared at a reasonable hour. Exporters bought very sparingly, taking only 4 cars. Poor to strictly prime native grass and corn-fed steers sold at \$4.50 to \$5.75 per 100 lbs. Western ranges at \$4.50 to \$4.75; grass bulls at \$3.50 to \$4.25; dry cows at \$1.25 to \$1.50, and at \$3.75 to \$10 each. No oxen or distillery-fed steers were offered. Dressed beef steady at 7c to 9c per lb. for poor to prime city dressed native sides.

Cables from Liverpool and London quoted American steers at 11½c to 12½c per lb., dressed weight; American sheep at 10c to 12c per lb., dressed weight; choice wethers reaching 13c; American refrigerator beef at 10c to 11c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts were 22½ cars, 4,507 head—3 cars to be exported to Great Britain, direct to local slaughterers and 17½ cars for the market. Fourteen cars already on hand brought the total to be sold up to 31½ cars—25½ at Jersey City and 6 at Sixty-third street. The market was very quiet and again decided to close. No prime or choice lambs were offered, which were seemingly wanted at full prices. But there was little enquiry for sheep or common to medium lambs, and the trading dragged considerably at last about former figures, closing at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per head. Poor to prime sheep sold at \$2 to \$3.50 per head. Inferior to good Southern lambs at \$1.25 to \$2.25; Michigan lambs at \$1.50 to \$1.75; state do. at \$4.75 to \$5; common Ohio do. \$3.50. Dressed mutton, 4c to 6½c per lb.; dressed lambs, 10c to 12c.

Hogs—Receipts, 17 cars, or 2,853 head, including 70 head on sale. Market weaker at \$5.50 to \$5.75 per 100 lbs.

Chicago, Aug. 9.—Hogs—Official receipts yesterday, 15,203; shipments, 5,552; receipts, 11,000; left over, 4,500. Market fairly active. Light, 5c higher; others steady; light, \$4.45 to \$5.15; mixed, \$4.40 to \$5.00; heavy, \$4.30 to \$5.00. Estimated receipts to-morrow, 7,000. Cattle—Official receipts yesterday, 10,939; shipments, 2,791; receipts, 4,500, including 300 Texans and 1,500 Westerns. Market steady at \$3.50 to \$4.50. Texas steers, \$2.50 to \$4; bulk, \$2.25 to \$3.50. Sheep—Official receipts yesterday, 12,274. Shipments, 1,741; receipts, 2,000; market quiet and unchanged.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

Edinburgh, July 29.—Messrs. John Swan & Son's weekly report says:—Supplies of fat cattle have not been quite so large, and the general quality not up to an average. Best descriptions met an active trade at slightly higher prices, but secondary met a slower market at rather lower prices. Sheep and lambs have been shown in less numbers, the best made previous prices, but secondary were cheaper. Calves and pigs a fair show, and made fully last week's prices. Store cattle were in slight better demand, and nearly all those on offer were disposed of at fully higher prices. Store sheep, also continue to sell fairly well. Milch cows a small show and again made rather lower prices. Best beef, 5s 6d per stone; best mutton, 7s 6d to 8s 6d per lb. London, July 29.—Rather larger supply of beasts. Trade firm for best quality at a slight advance in value, but slow for other grades at last values. Rough cattle a shade cheaper at market rates. Sheep and lambs have been shown in less numbers, the best made previous prices, but secondary were cheaper. Calves and pigs a fair show, and made fully last week's prices. Store cattle were in slight better demand, and nearly all those on offer were disposed of at fully higher prices. Store sheep, also continue to sell fairly well. Milch cows a small show and again made rather lower prices. Best beef, 5s 6d per stone; best mutton, 7s 6d to 8s 6d per lb.

LONDON CATTLE MARKETS.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 12, 1895.—The market is quiet. Wheat—Car lots of new offered liberally, middle grades in demand and buyers bid 70c. No. 1 Manitoba hard offered west at 60c. Flour—Straight rollers, Toronto freights, offer at \$3.50. Peas—Prices not yet established for new peas and old crop practically out. Oats—Old white offered middle prices at 30c and new at 28c. Barley—New feed barley sold west at 39c. The new crop, according to samples received here from various districts in Ontario, is heavy but dark in color. The proportion of No. 1 bright will be small. Rye—Car lots were quoted nominally at 60c a bid for one car of rye was asked for to-day.

INGERSOLL MARKETS.

Ingers

