MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS

COMMERCIAL REVIEW AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 27, 1893. { MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 Post-Paid; 5c a Copy.

SUMMARY.

The Manitoba Legislature will be called together on Jan. 11.

Henry Pettit, the well known English dramatist, died at London of typhoid fever on Sunday evening.

Ex-Governor Alfred H. Littlefield, of Rhode Island, died at his home in Lincoln on Thursday, aged 65 years.

Jean Halberstadt, a banker of Berlin, doing business in Altona, near Hamburg, has absconded to America with 300 marks.

The Paris Municipal Council has been warned by Anarchists that the town hall will be blown up before Dec. 30. Special guards have been stationed at the building.

By the death of Presley Simpson at Paris, Ky., last week, there are now only two soldiers of the war of 1812 living. Mr. Simpson was 96 years of age.

Caribou and red deer are reported to be unusually abundant this year in all the region around Quebec, the former on the north and the latter on the south shore.

The battle ship 'Resolution,' which was damaged in a gale in the Bay of Biscay, while on her way from Plymouth to Gibraltar, returned to Queenstown, and will go to Portsmouth for repairs.

The British Vice-consul in Archangel has informed the Government that Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, who is trying to cross the Arctic ocean, sailed from Charova, on the North Siberian coast, early in August.

The Yaqui Indians of Mexico, have started their winter campaign depredations and a large number of outrages have been committed by them since the cold weather began. They recently killed four cowboys who resisted the driving off of the stock by the raiders.

The Union Pacific Coal Company has sustained a loss of three quarters of a million of dollars by the destruction of mine No. 7, by fire, at Almy, Wyoming Territory, and four hundred miners are thrown out of employment. The fire started last week from spontaneous combustion.

The report is confirmed that Sir Thomas Mellwraith, of the Queensland Government, will go to London, after visiting Canada, and it is expected that he will arrange particulars with the Government at Ottawa for a conference next June on the trade relations of Canada and Australia.

Mr. W. H. Waldeck, ex-captain of the East Indian army, and his wife are in the cells at Philadelphia charged with diamond robbery. Waldeck lectured through Canada two years ago. He is the man wanted for stealing a diamond ring from Kent Brothers in Toronto two weeks ago.

Alfred Boultbee, ex-M.P., has been appointed Customs Inspector for Western Ontario. He is sixty-three years of age, although Mr. Vankoughnet and others were recently superannuated at fifty-seven. Mr. Boultbee was elected to Parliament for East York in 1878, but was defeated by Mr. Mackenzie in 1882. He was the man who wrote the letter asking Mr. Dalton McCarthy to 'load Sir John Macdonald up the other way.'

AN ANARCHIST TURNS INFORMER.

ANOTHER BOMB EXPLOSION IN PARIS.

Barcelona, Dec. 25.—There have been numerous arrests of Anarchists here in the last few days. The information that led to them was given by Mariano Ceruelo, the Anarchist soap maker, who was arrested in Huesca, Arragon, and brought here. Immediately after his incarceration in this city he turned informant, as he believed that the other Anarchists under arrest were doing the same, and he hoped thus to help his own case. The whole story of the Lyceum outrage was traced with his and Jose Codina's aid.

Paris, Dec. 25.—A bomb was exploded at midnight in the church in Rezieres, Department of Herault. A large congregation was present, but nobody was hurt.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.

THE MELILLA TROUBLE SATISFACTORILY SETTLED.

Madrid, Dec. 25.—The Sultan of Morocco has guaranteed the indemnity to Spain for the encroachment of the Riffs at Melilla by conceding part of the customs duties. Preparations are already being made for the return of the First corps. The troops will be concentrated in Andalusia until the amount of the indemnity shall have been fixed. The 'Epoca' estimates the indemnity that Morocco ought to pay Spain at about sixty million francs. The ministerial newspapers consider the attitude of Muley Araaf as satisfactory, yet recommend the retention of one large force at Melilla and the concentration of another in Andalusia until the payment of the indemnity shall have been fully guaranteed through the receipts of customs duties. The Spanish minister at Tangier telegraphed to-day that the Sultan was expected to arrive at Markesh to-morrow.

A SURPLUS OF $1,354,000.

REPORT OF THE MINISTER OF FINANCE FOR THE FISCAL YEAR.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.—The public accounts for the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1893, have been given out. They form the annual report of the Minister of Finance.

	1892.	1892.
Receipts, Consolid'd F'd.	$38,163,606	$36,921,871
Expenditure, ditto.....	36,814,052	36,765,894
Surplus	$1,354,555	$155,977
Receipts from Customs.	$20,954,003	$20,501,029
Receipts from Excise....	8,367,363	7,945,097
Receipts from total taxes	$29,321,367	$28,446,156
	1893.	1892.
Net public debt.....	$241,681,039	$241,131,434
Charges on debt.....	10,020,682	9,947,916

The charges on debt in 1878 were $7,-243,969, so that the annual burden of the debt borne out of taxes has been increased by $2,779,713.

CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

The expenditure on capital account was:—

Canadian Pacific Railway	$413,836
Intercolonial Railway	228,984
Digby and Annapolis Railway.....	2,190
Cape Breton Railway.....	59,982
Oxford and New Glasgow Railway..	7,922
Lachine Canal.....	445,983
St. Lawrence Canals.....	987,709
Murray Canal	30,833
Soo Canal	569,901
Welland Canal	8,259
Trent Valley Canal.....	5,962
Cape Tormentine Harbor.....	42,900
Esquimalt Graving Dock.....	4,784
Kingston Graving Dock.....	48,612
Port Arthur Harbor.....	9,561
St. Lawrence Improvement.....	76,318
Dominion Lands.....	115,038
Total	$3,079,406

SUMMARY OF CANADA'S ACCOUNTS, ETC.

The receipts from Dominion Lands were $285,596 and the outlay on them $251,000, showing a net revenue of $34,000.

SAVINGS BANKS.

Thirty-one post-office savings banks were in operation in excess of 1892. The deposits amounted to $7,708,888 and the withdrawals to $6,631,578. In the 'Government Savings Banks' the deposits were $3,410,093, and the withdrawals $3,-533,094.

The liabilities of Canada amount to $300,054,000, an increase of $5,000,000. The total assets are $58,373,000, an increase of over four million dollars.

POST-OFFICE DEFICIT.

The receipts of the Post-office Department were $2,773,507, and the expenditure $3,421,208, a deficit of $647,000. This is $16,000 less deficit than in 1892, but about the same as in 1891.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

The deficit in operating Government railways during the year was $45,000. This is all chargeable to the Prince Edward Island Railway. The receipts on the Intercolonial exceeded the working expenses by $17,821, while the deficit on the Prince Edward Island Railway was $63,731.

EXPENDITURE BY SERVICES.

Some of the heavy expenditures were: Agriculture and statistics, $258,000 (increase $102,000); civil government, $1,367,-000; immigration, $180,000; quarantine, $101,000; Indians, $966,000; legislation, $867,000; militia, $1,419,000; mounted police, $615,000; North-West Territories Government, $276,000; penitentiaries, $346,000; pensions, $90,000; superannuation, $263,-710 (an increase of $10,000); customs, $901,000; excise, $387,000; mail subsidies and steamship subventions, $413,938; Senate, $170,000; House of Commons, $494,000.

SOME MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The following items of expenditure are charged:—North-West rebellion, $8,910; Alaska boundary commission, $32,000; Banff Hot Springs, $7,373; cost of litigation, $27,000; commission on liquor traffic, $20,000; miscellaneous printing, $25,163; portrait of Lord Lansdowne, $1,029; refund of money and expenses, disputed territory, $17,858; commercial agencies, $3,945; Behring Sea, $69,000; World's Fair, $120,000.

MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

Chicago, Dec. 19.—The Democracy of Chicago was victorious at the polls today when a mayor was elected for the unexpired term of the late Mr. Carter Harrison. The new mayor is Mr. John P. Hopkins, and his defeated opponent Mr. George B. Swift, now mayor ad interim, who will resume his duties as alderman. The campaign was short and sharp, and the contest a close one, as shown by the following figures: Hopkins, 112,996; Swift, 111,736; plurality for Hopkins, 1,260. The total vote polled was 224,732, there being two other candidates in the field. The election passed off quietly.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GIBRALTAR.

London, Dec. 19.—In reply to a question asked by Viscount Sidmouth, in the House of Lords to-day, Earl Spencer, First Lord of the Admiralty, said that the question of building docks at Gibraltar was under consideration by the Government. Lord Salisbury said he was gratified to hear that the Government still thought Gibraltar was important to the interests of England in the Mediterranean, adding that it was more important than ever since the junction of the French and Russian fleets.

The House then adjourned until Jan. 12.

GEN. CAMPO MURDERED.

New York, Dec. 21.—The 'Evening Sun' says: 'Information has been received from private advices at the Consulate General of the Republic of San Domingo, of the assassination of General Joaquin Campo, Governor of the province of Aseua and delegate in the southern part of the island. The news of the assassination reached the Capitol on Dec. 4. No details were given.'

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE OUT OF WORK.

New York, Dec. 24.—'Bradstreet's' estimate that in the United States there are 800,000 workers in enforced idleness, having two million of people dependent upon them, is felt by many here to be below the actual figures. The distress in this city is something unprecedented, and but for the energetic action of philanthropic associations and individuals, the newspapers being prominent in the work, the situation would be dangerous. The 'Commercial Advertiser,' reviewing the position, says:

'There are 100,000 idle, workless men, women and children in New York city. Of these, 20,000 are dependent on charity for food and fire and the barest necessities of life. It is not a question of butter on the bread, it is a question of bread. And New York has to face it. Not entirely for sentimental reasons. If there was no feeling of good will to men abroad at this season of the year the problem would have to be met just as resolutely. One-eighteenth of the population of New York is out of employment. This is a menace. What the result of a continued pressure of unrelieved want would be it is difficult to say. Fortunately, there is no occasion for speculating on this side of the problem. The charity of New York is prompt, ready and adequate. There remains only the difficulty of making it efficient, of distributing it where it will do most good.'

'Relatively, the situation in Brooklyn is as bad as that in New York. There are 40,000 idle wage workers—men, women and children—it is estimated, who usually have work at this time of year. Of these 10,000 are destitute. The only thing that stands between them and starvation is charity. Every church—Protestant and Catholic alike—is caring for members of indigent families. There is no prospect of improvement in the dirordered conditions of trade which have brought about the bad times there. Several factories have shut down. Others have given notice that they will cease operations after Jan. 1. The building trade is at a standstill. The shops are cutting down the force of employees. The King's County almshouse is filled with men and women; in fact, it is housing the unprecedented number of 1,500. And every day there are fresh applicants. There is a dreary monotony about the story. Everywhere it is one of destitution and inadequate charity.'

THE SITUATION IN BOSTON.

Boston, Dec. 25.—Representatives of Boston's labor organizations met the sub-committee of the Citizens' Relief Committee, in the Mayor's office at the City Hall, last evening, to discuss the present depressing situation. United labor deplored the existing state of affairs and told a sorrowful tale of suffering in the ranks, but refused to accept relief offered under the guise of charity. The reports on the conditions of the organizations showed that a large majority of the members were without work. Charitable offers of food and fuel had been accepted by some few of the most destitute, but only under protest, during the past week.

The garment workers petitioned the committee on different lines. It was unjust, they thought, for Boston merchants to send their goods to be made up in New York and Maine, where they can gain a few cents by the 'sweating' systems, while the garment workers of their own city are destitute.

The hatters are in a bad plight. But twenty percent are employed. But little could be suggested toward affording them employment in their own craft, but it was submitted that they, or at least many, would accept work in any form if they could possibly do it.

The stonemasons and bricklayers feel the situation keenly, and they think the city can help them out. The parks must be pushed through, they argue, and why not go ahead with the work? The roofers, too, complain bitterly of the lack of work. They also feel that their unemployed would welcome any kind of work the city would give. All the councils have assisted their fellows while the treasury held out, but the continuing hard times have depleted their funds.

A GLADSTONIAN VICTORY.

London, Dec. 22.—At the by-election in the Accrington division of Lancashire yesterday, Mr. Joseph Francis Lee, Gladstonian, was elected over Mr. Hermon Hodge, Conservative, by a vote of 5,822 to 5,564.

In the previous elections held in July, 1892, the following were the figures:

Joseph F. Liese, Q.C., (Lib.).....	6,019
Robert J. Hermon-Hodge (Con.).....	5,472
Liberal majority.....	547

In the election of 1886, the following were the figures:

R. J. Hermon-Hodge (Con.).....	4,971
J. F. Liese, (Lib.).....	4,751
Conservative majority.....	220

PNEUMONIA IN AMERICAN CATTLE

Rochester, N.Y., Dec. 18.—A Government inspector was in Hartford most of last week examining the drove of Jerseys at Frank Hawley's stock farm. There are over five hundred cattle in the drove and they are regarded as remarkably fine animals. It is learned that the inspector found the existence of pleuro-pneumonia in the drove and by his orders a considerable number must be killed. It is understood that from seventy to eighty percent of the Jerseys are to be killed.

CHILI LOSES HER CASE.

London, Dec. 20.—The Court of Queen's Bench to-day rendered judgment for the defendant in the suit of the republic of Chili against the Royal Mail Steamship Company and the London and River Plata Bank regarding the possession of 338 silver bars valued at £130,000, which were conveyed from Chili to the Montevideo branch of the River Plata Bank by the British warship 'Espiegle' at the request of President Balmaceda. The trial commenced on Nov. 23. The Chilian Government was represented by Sir Richard Webster, ex-Attorney-General.

THE WILLIAMS MURDER.

THE PORT CREDIT MURDERER CAPTURED.

Port Credit, Ont., Dec. 18.—Latest developments in the Williams murder case go to show that it was not the hired man who committed the diabolical crime. His movements have been traced since he quitted the employ of the murdered man on Wednesday last, when he was paid off and left the place. Suspicion has now fastened upon a young Englishman who, on Thursday evening, called at the residence of George Death, on the third concession, about two miles east of the Williams farm. This was between four and five o'clock. He asked where Williams lived, and being told wanted to know if the old gentleman was not lame. Getting the required information he started westward, and the next seen of him was at the house of William Mackay, about a quarter of a mile from Williams' house. Here, too, he asked to be directed to Williams.' This was done and he has not since been seen by any of the neighbors. It is supposed that the murderer of the old couple brained them with a bar of iron, although the only instruments that can be found are a heavy boot and potato digger covered with blood. With the horse and harness the murderer took a light cutter, once painted black, but now badly weather beaten. That robbery was the object of the murder is evident by the state of the house. Every room is topsy turvey, the floor being littered with clothing and goods that had been spread in various trunks. A silver watch with a long gold chain that the old gentleman always wore, and the gold hunting case with a long slender chain that went about the old lady's neck are missing, as also are the drops of the earrings she constantly had on. The pockets of the dead man were turned inside out by the dastard who, however, overlooked in his haste a roll of bills containing about $100 that has since been found under a mattress in the rear bedroom. Williams was reported to be very wealthy and it is said he always kept his money in the house, being afraid to trust it in the banks. Late this afternoon a jury was empanelled, viewed the remains and adjourned the inquest until 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, so that a thorough post mortem examination may be made.

AN AUTOPSY HELD OVER THE BODIES OF THE AGED COUPLE.

Port Credit, Ont., Dec. 19.—Drs. Heggie and Sutton this morning began the autopsy on the bodies of Mr and Mrs. Williams. Their examination only makes the crime more horrible. There are ten wounds in all on the old man's head, and any one of them would be sufficient to cause death. One blow in particular must have been made by a blunt instrument as the skull is entirely crushed in. It seems probable that different weapons were used and some of the cuts look as though they had been made with a hatchet. The woman's body has not yet been examined. A young lad who lives on an adjoining farm reports seeing the helping man on Thursday afternoon assisting the old couple out of the sleigh. This would prove beyond doubt that the supposed murderer was on the premises that evening, and he was the last man seen with Mr. and Mrs. Williams. James Biggins and the young Englishman who are suspected of the crime, spent part of Friday night at Nurse's Humber Hotel. From there they went to Weston and on Sunday night put up at Fryer's Hotel, in that village, where they spent the whole of Sunday. The identity of the young Englishman is still puzzling the detectives. No one that answers his description is known to them as an associate of Biggins. The general consensus of opinion is that the murderers after leaving Weston doubled back on their tracks and have headed for Hamilton or London, if they did not drive to some small place east of Toronto and leaving their rig there take a train for a border point. Their trail has been an easy one to follow, but it ends at Weston. Detective Greer has sent to the police authorities of every city and town in the province, and border places in the United States, descriptions of both the suspects, the horse, harness and cutter stolen, with orders that they are to be taken into custody.

Cooksville, Ont., Dec. 20.—The coroner's inquest on the murdered remains of Williams and his wife began here this afternoon. Several of the Williams's neighbors were examined, but nothing new was brought out. Samuel Williams, an elder brother of the murdered man, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, arrived to-day from McNabb, a small village in Renfrew county, and cried like a child when shown the battered body of his brother. The inquest was adjourned until to-morrow, when George Butcher, who was arrested at Little York, will be brought up. The police are very hot in the pursuit of the two men supposed to be the murderers of Mr. Williams and his wife. They are believed to be two desperate characters well known to the police.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 20.—The horse and cart taken away from a farm at Port Credit where Mr. and Mrs. Williams were murdered, has been found in the city and detectives have traced the missing farm hand.

Toronto, Dec. 26.—The Port Credit murderer, William Walter McWhirrell and his accomplice are in the cells here. They were caught at Woburn last night at twelve o'clock. Detective Davis of this city made the capture. McWhirrell was brought here by the police this morning.

RUSSIA DECLINES THE OFFER.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 18.—Russia has declined France's offer of a naval station on the Mediterranean, as Admiral Avelan told the Czar he could not guarantee the loyalty of the officers and men if they were to be permitted to visit French ports regularly.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

SOME STARTLING EVIDENCE SAID TO HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED IN FAVOR OF THE PRISONER.

London, Dec. 23.—In an interview with the solicitor of Baroness Roques, mother of Mrs. Maybrick, the lawyer said that fresh and sensational evidence had been discovered in favor of Mrs. Maybrick, and that urgent means were being taken to induce Mr. Asquith, secretary of state for home affairs, to open an independent enquiry. The newly discovered evidence comes from the captain of a Halifax, N.S., ship. He was intimate with Mr. Maybrick, and says he often saw the deceased put a white powder into the food which he was cooking on an oil stove at his office in Halifax. The captain thought that the white powder was some peculiar kind of pepper and questioned the deceased about it, but the latter said it was arsenic, and added: 'You must have something to keep yourself up. I take enough to kill you.'

A reporter to-day had an interview with Mr. Harris in regard to the case of Mrs. Maybrick. Mr. Harris said:—'We have communicated with the Home Office, asking for an independent inquiry into the case, at which the Crown and Mrs. Maybrick should be represented by counsel. Mr. Asquith, the home secretary, has promised to consider the application. We have strong accumulative interest that Mr. Maybrick was a regular arsenic taker.'

RUSSO-GERMAN COMMERCIAL TREATY.

London, Dec. 25.—The 'Exchange Gazette' of St. Petersburg confirms the reports that a Russo-German commercial agreement has been entered into. By the terms of the agreement Germany lowers her duties on Russian rye and oats to the level of the Austro-German tariff, while Russia reduces her minimum tariff of 1891 on German iron, tin, machinery and agrarian implements by from 10 to 20 percent. Russia also reduces her tariff on coal sent by sea. The tariff on iron and steel rails is unchanged. German duties on grain other than rye and oats have not yet been decided upon. A settlement of the whole question is, nevertheless, likely.

A FEROCIOUS NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Cincinnati, Dec. 25.—A large Newfoundland dog, weighing over 100 pounds, in resenting a kick from 14-year old James Collins, in Covington, to-day, literally chewed him to pieces. The dog jumped on the lad knocking him down, and tore one of his ears off. A crowd of 1,000 people were attracted by the boy's screams but not one of them had courage to interfere. A policeman finally succeeded in lassoing and afterwards shooting the dog, but before this was accomplished the boy's body has been terribly torn and lacerated. He will die.

THE HON. EDWIN STANHOPE DEAD.

London, Dec. 22.—The Right Hon. Edwin Stanhope, Secretary of State for War, from 1887 to 1892, in the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury, died suddenly this morning, at Seven Oaks, Kent, the residence of his brother, Earl Stanhope. He was the second son of the fifth Earl Stanhope, and was born in 1840. He had been Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade; Under Secretary of State for India, vice president of the Committee of the Council for Education, and president of the Committee of the Council for Trade.

A LONG SLEEP.

New Bedford, Dec. 21.—Mary Gould, wife of John Gould, residing at the South End, has slept continuously since the Monday previous to Thanksgiving. Apparently the sleep is that of a healthy person, and the physicians are at a loss to understand the case. On the Saturday before Thanksgiving Mrs. Gould was delivered of an eighteen-pound boy.

KOSSUTH IN FINANCIAL STRAITS.

Vienna, Dec. 21.—Louis Kossuth was compelled recently to sell his library, the collection of a lifetime. It was bought for the National Museum by a committee formed in Buda-Pest. Kossuth's need must have been great. He was induced to part with the whole for £130.

WANTS THEM TO REFUND.

Paris, Dec. 20.—The 'Autorite' says that the liquidators of the Panama canal company have appealed to the persons named in the papers of Arton, the go-between, who fled the country when the canal investigation started, to restore the sums they received from the company.

DOWN ON THE FRENCH SPIES.

Berlin, Dec. 20.—Newspapers condemn the proposal to pardon the two French spies, recently sentenced at Leipsig. The papers say that the prisoners have already had enough leniency shown them.

ALLEGED GOLD FIND.

Tacoma, Washington, December 22.—An eight-foot ledge of silver and gold quartz assaying $151 in silver and $27 in gold per ton has been discovered in the heart of the city by a workman who was digging a cellar.

MAJOR FORBES HEARD FROM.

Cape Town, Dec. 22.—Major Forbes, commanding the forces in pursuit of King Lobengula, telegraphed to Cape Town to-day, saying he had repeatedly beaten the Matabeles and that the British forces were safe and well.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

FROM THE POPE TO THE SACRED COLLEGE AT ROME.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE INVOKED UPON THE WORLD.

Rome, Dec. 23.—The Pope has recovered from his recent indisposition and is now enjoying excellent health and spirits. His voice is clear and powerful. Cardinal Monacola Valetta, dean of the Sacred College, who has also recovered from his late illness, read to him to-day an address of congratulation from the college, in which references was made to the Pope's labors to extend universal peace and harmony and to the success of his recent jubilee celebrations.

The Pope in reply said: 'Great and signal, without doubt, have been the blessings which we have received from a loving and divine Providence. We are pleased that the Sacred College recognizes them and gives praise and thanks to blessed God, though our praises and thanks would be little to offer for such abundant mercies. It is the hand of God that preserves us to this advanced age. It is the hand of God that gives us the great comfort of seeing an increase in the various peoples' reverence and devotion to this apostolic see, and which leads us in the midst of the cares of a ministry which even in less difficult times and circumstances would have been very heavy on our shoulders. Meanwhile intending, as we do, to accomplish this ministry and its great duties to our best ability, we feel the need of asking more ardently than ever the favor so well expressed by you to be able to effectually be, as were many of our illustrious predecessors, ministers and carriers of the peace of hope to the world. It is certain that we, by the nature of our office, are zealous defenders of this peace, since true peace in individuals as well as in the human race is the daughter of justice. Justice lives by faith as man does by faith. The high priesthood of Christianity is then the incorruptible custodian of the faith and the champion of all justice. Therefore, its nature is an apostolate unity. Peace will give free scope to this apostolate which holds its commission from on high. Receive without hesitation the message of its doings. Let it penetrate freely the minds of the people, in families and in states, then you will see flourishing tranquility, well being and order, which are the supreme needs of all nations.

'The moral reason of the troubles and evils which are deplored is the enfeebling religious belief and the separation of the world from God. When man, in his pride, disdains to turn his eyes to heaven and fixes them only on the earth, then charity diminishes. Thence arises discord, rivalry and unrestrained ambition, then inquietude increases in all the social grades, which causes an outbreak. Invading envies are the forerunners of disruption and strife. In such a tragic state of affairs, peoples and nations feel instinctively the need of peace and seek it anxiously. There is no true peace because it is forgotten who alone can give it. But can we not then excepting a reawakening in the people which will give hope of more peaceful times? Yes, and firmly, because Jesus will never abandon redeemed humanity. The spirit of God, as it moved over the waters to tranquillize them will in his appointed time and by his mercy descend to pour over the human race the spirit of peace, and by means of the Church re-animate the germs of faith.

'With these joyful wishes we receive thankfully the greetings expressed by your worthy dean, and in returning them on this happy occasion we pray that the Infinite will infuse in the Sacred College the fullness of his heavenly blessing.

'As a token of our paternal affection we impart to the Sacred College and the bishops and prelates here present, with the fullness of our heart, the apostolic blessing.'

A DEED OF HEROISM.

BRAVE ALICE KENNEDY RISKS HER OWN LIFE TO SAVE THAT OF HER FATHER.

New Brunswick, Dec. 25.—Brave Alice Kennedy, a school teacher in Middlesex County, lies in agony to-night at the home of her father, Mr. James Kennedy, of George's Road, near here. Her arms and hands are swathed in big bandages, and her face is marked by the burns she received last night in attempting to save her father's life. Mr. Kennedy took the part of Santa Claus at the Sunday-school entertainment at the George's Road Baptist Church. The schoolroom was crowded. It was Mr. Kennedy's duty to take the presents for the pupils from the Christmas tree. He wore a light costume covered with cotton batting to represent snow. The cotton took fire from one of the candles on the tree, and in an instant the whole costume was in a blaze. Miss Kennedy was the first to realize her father's danger. She rushed forward from her seat at the piano, and with her arms sought to smother the flames. Then she pulled the burning clothing from his back. While she was doing this her own dress caught fire. The audience still sat as if in a trance. No one thought to help her until Mr. Kennedy was well out of danger. Then Miss Kennedy fell in a faint. Mr. Kennedy's hair and eyebrows were singed and his face and hands were badly burned. Miss Kennedy suffered far worse injuries than her father. She was burned from her shoulders to the tips of her fingers. Her face, eyebrows and hair were badly scorched.

TERRORISM IN BARCELONA.

Barcelona, Dec. 20.—Of the six Anarchists who swore to avenge Pallas, five have been arrested and will be court-martialed. The feeling of alarm is rapidly extending throughout the city. Most of the theatres are closed and trade is completely paralyzed.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS.

BY L. DOUGALL,

Author of 'Beggars All,' etc.

BOOK I.

Necessity Knows No Law.

CHAPTER XV.

That evening Blue and Red were sent to bed rather in disgrace, because they had professed themselves too sleepy to finish sewing a seam their mother had given them to do.

Very sleepy, very glad to fold up their work, they made their way, through the cold, empty room which was intended to be the drawing-room when it was furnished, to one of the several bedrooms that opened off it. There was only one object in the empty room which they passed through, and that was the big family carriage, for which no possible use could be found during the long winter, and for the storing of which no outside place was considered good enough. It stood wheelless in a corner, with a large grey cloth over it, and the girls passing it with their one flickering candle looked at it a little askance. They had the feeling that something might be within or behind it which would bounce out at them.

Once, however, within their small whitewashed bedroom, they felt quite safe. Their spirits rose a little when they shut the door, for now there was no exacting third person to expect anything but what they chose to give. Theirs was that complete happiness of two persons when it has been long proved that neither ever does anything which the other does not like, and neither ever wants from the other what is not naturally given.

They were still sleepy when they unbuttoned each other's frocks, but when they had come to the next stage of shaking out their curly hair they began to make remarks which tended to dispel their drowsiness.

Said Blue, 'Is it very dreadful to be a dentist?'

Said Red, 'Yes, horrid. You have to put your fingers in people's mouths, you know.'

'But doctors have to cut off legs, and doctors are quite—'

There is another advantage in perfect union of twin souls, and that is that if is never necessary to finish a remark the end of which does not immediately find expression on the tip of the tongue, for the other always knows what is going to be said.

'Yes, I know doctors are,' replied Red; 'still, you know, Principal Trenholme said Mr. Harkness is not a well-bred American.'

'His first name is Cyril. I saw it on the card,' replied Blue, quitting the question of social position.

'It's a lovely name,' said Red, earnestly.

And I'll tell you,' said Blue, turning round with sudden earnestness and emphasis, 'I think he's the handsomest young man I ever saw.'

The rather odd plan Mrs. Rexford had hit on for lessening the likeness between these two, clothing each habitually in a distinctive color, had not been carried into her choice of material for their dressing-gowns. These garments were white; and, as a stern mood of utility had guided their mother's shears, they were short and almost shapeless. The curly hair which was being brushed over them had stopped its growth, as curly hair often does, at the shoulders. In the small whitewashed room the two girls looked as much like choristers in surplices as anything might look, and their sweet oval faces had that perfect freshness of youth which is strangely akin to the look of holiness, in spite of the absolute frivolity of conduct which so often characterizes young companionship.

When Blue made her earnest little assertion, she also made an earnest little dab at the air with her brush to emphasize it; and Red, letting her brush linger on her curly mop, replied with equal emphasis and the same earnest, open eyes, 'Oh, so do I.'

This decided, there was quiet for a minute, only the soft sound of brushing. Then Red began that pretty little twittering which bore to their laughter when in full force the same relation that the first faint chit, chit, chit of a bird bears to its full song.

'Weren't papa and mamma funny when they talked about what we should do if he spoke to us?'

She did not finish her sentence before merriment made it difficult for her to pronounce the words; and as for Blue, she was obliged to throw herself on the side of the bed.

Then again Blue sat up.

'You're to look down as you pass him, Red—like this, look!'

'That isn't right.' Red said this with a little shriek of delight. 'You're smiling all over your face—that won't do.'

'Because I can't keep my face straight. Oh, Red, what shall we do? I know that if we ever see him after this we shall simply die.'

'Oh, yes'—with tone of full conviction—'I know we shall.'

'But we shall meet him.'

They became almost serious for some moments at the thought of the inevitableness of the meeting and the hopelessness of conducting themselves with any propriety.

'And what will he think?' continued Blue, in sympathetic distress; 'he will certainly think we are laughing at him, for he will never imagine how much we have been amused.'

Red, however, began to brush her hair again. 'Blue,' said she, 'did you ever try to see how you looked in the glass when your eyes were cast down? You can't, you know.'

Blue immediately tried, and admitted the difficulty.

'I wish I could,' said Red, 'for then I should know how I should look when he had spoken to me and I was passing him.'

'Well, do it, and I'll tell you.'

'Then you stand there, and I'll come along past and look down just when I meet you.'

Red made the experiment rather seriously, but Blue cried out:

'Oh, you looked at me out of the corner of your eye just as you were looking down—that'll never do.'

'I didn't mean to. Now look! I'm doing it again.'

The one white-gowned figure stood with its back to the bed while the other went through its little acting down the middle of the room.

'That's better'—critically.

'Well,' pursued Red, with interest, 'how does it look?'

'Rather nice. I shouldn't wonder if he fell in love with you.'

This was a sudden and extraordinary audacity of thought.

'Oh, Blue!'—in shocked tones—'how could you think of such a thing? She reproached her sister as herself. It was actually the first time such a theme had been broached even in their private converse.

'Well,' said Blue, stoutly, 'he might, you know. Such things happen.'

'I don't think it's quite nice to think of it,' said Red, meditatively.

'It isn't nice,' said Blue, agreeing perfectly, but unwilling to recant; 'still, it may be our duty to think of it. Sophia said once that a woman was always more or less responsible if a man fell in love with her.'

'Did Sophia say that?' Weighty worlds of responsibility seemed to be settling on little Red's shoulders.

'Yes; she was talking to mamma about something. So, as it's quite possible he might fall in love with us, we ought to consider the matter.'

'You don't think he's falling in love with Eliza, do you?'

'Oh, no!'—promptly—'but then Eliza isn't like us.'

Red looked at her pretty face in the glass as she continued to smooth out the brown curls. She thought of Eliza's tall figure, immobile white face, and crown of red hair.

'No,' she said, meditatively; 'but, Blue'—this quite seriously—'I hope he won't fall in love with us.'

'Oh, so do I; for it would make him feel so miserable. But I think, Red, when you looked down you did not look prim enough—you know papa said "prim." Now, you stand, and I'll do it.'

So Blue now passed down the little narrow room, but when she came to the critical spot, the supposed meeting ground, her desire to laugh conflicting with the effort to pull a long face, caused such a wry contortion of her plump visage that seriousness deserted them once more, and they bubbled over in mirth that would have been boisterous had it not been prudently muffled in the pillows.

After that they said their prayers. But when they had taken off the clumsy dressing-gowns and got into the feather-bed under the big patchwork quilt, like two little white rabbits nestling into one another, they reverted once more to their father's instructions for meeting the dentist, and giggled themselves to sleep.

Another pair of talkers, also with some common attributes of character, but with less knowledge of each other, were astir after these sisters had fallen asleep.

Most of the rooms in the house were on the ground-floor, but there were two attic bedrooms opening off a very large room in the roof which the former occupant had used as a granary. One of these Sophia occupied with a child; the other had been given to Eliza. That night, when Sophia was composing herself to sleep, she heard Eliza weeping. So smothered were the sounds of sorrow that she could hardly hear them. She lifted her head, listened, then, putting a long fur cloak about her, went into the next room.

No sooner was her hand on the latch of Eliza's door than all sound ceased. She stood for a minute in the large, dark granary. The draught in it was almost great enough to be called a breeze, and it whispered in the eaves which the sloping rafters made round the edges of the floor as a wind might sigh in some rocky cave. Sophia opened the door and went in.

'What is the matter, Eliza?'

Even in the almost darkness she could see that the girl's movement was an involuntary feigning of surprise.

'Nothing.'

'I used to hear you crying when we first came, Eliza, and now you have begun it again. Tell me what troubles you. Why do you pretend that nothing is the matter?'

The cold glimmer of the light of night reflected on snow came in at the diamond-shaped window, and the little white bed was just shadowed forth to Sophia's sight. The girl in it might have been asleep, she remained so quiet.

'Are you thinking about your father?'

'I don't know.'

'Do you dislike being here?'

'No; but—'

'But what? What is troubling you, Eliza? You're not a girl to cry for nothing. Since you came to us I have seen that you are a straightforward, good girl; and you have plenty of sense, too. Come, tell me how it is you cry like this?'

Eliza sat up. 'You won't tell them downstairs?' she said slowly.

'You may trust me not to repeat anything that is not necessary.'

Eliza moved nervously, and her movements suggested hopelessness of trouble and difficulty of speech. Sophia pitied her.

'I don't know,' she said, restlessly, stretching out aimless hands into the darkness, 'I don't know why I cry, Miss Sophia. It isn't for one thing more than another; everything is the reason—everything, everything.'

'You mean, for one thing, that your father has gone, and you are homesick?'

'You said you wouldn't tell?'

'Yes.'

'Well, I'm not sorry about that, because—well, I suppose I liked father as well as he liked me, but as long as he lived I'd have had to stay on the clearin', and I hated that. I'm glad to be here; but, oh! I want so much—oh, Miss Sophia, don't you know?'

In some mysterious way Sophia felt that she did know, although she could not in any way formulate her confused feeling of kinship with this young girl, so far removed from her in outward experience. It seemed to her that she had at some time known such trouble as this, which was composed of wanting 'so much—so much,' and hands that were stretched, not towards any living thing, but vaguely to all possible possession outside the longing self.

'I want to be something,' said Eliza, 'rich, or—I don't know—I would like to drive about in a fine way like some ladies do, or wear grander clothes than anyone. Yes, I would like to keep a shop, or do something to make me very rich, and make everybody wish they were like me.'

Sophia smiled to herself, but the darkness was about them. Then Sophia sighed. Crude as were the notions that went to make up the ignorant idea of what was desirable, the desire for it was without measure. There was a silence, and when Eliza spoke again Sophia did not doubt but that she told her whole mind.

It is a curious thing, this, that when a human being of average experience is confided in, the natural impulse is to assume that confidence is complete, and the adviser feels as competent to pronounce upon the case from the statement given as if minds were as limpid as crystal, and words as fit to represent them as a mirror is to show the objects it reflects. Yet if the listener would but look within he would know that in any complicated question of life there would be much that he would not, more than he could not, tell of himself, unless long years of closest companionship had revealed the one heart to the other in ways that are beyond the power of words. And that is so even if the whole heart is set to be honest above all—and how many hearts are so set?'

'You see,' said Eliza, 'if people knew I had lived on a very poor clearin' and done the work, they'd despise me perhaps.'

'It is no disgrace to anyone to have worked hard, and it certainly cannot be a disadvantage in this country.'

'It was rough.'

'You are not very rough, Eliza. It strikes me that you have been pretty carefully trained and taught.'

'Yes, I was that'—with satisfaction. 'But don't you think, if I got on, grand people would always look down at me if they knew I'd lived so common? And besides, I'm sometimes afraid the man that went shares at the land with father will want to find me.'

'But you said you told him you were coming away.'

'I told him, plain and honest; but I had a long way to walk till I got to the train, and I just went off. But he won't find it so easy to fill my place, and get someone to do the housework! He'd have kept me, if he could; and if he heard where I was he might come and try to get me back by saying father said I was to obey him till I was twenty-one.'

'If your father said—that——'

'No,' cried the girl, vehemently, 'he never did.'

'You will hear from your uncle in Scotland?' said Sophia.

'I don't believe he'll write to me. I don't believe he lives any more where I sent the letter. It's years and years since father heard from him. I said I'd write because I thought it would look more respectable to Mrs. Rexford to have an uncle. And I did write: but he won't answer.'

This was certainly frank.

'Was that honest, Eliza?'

'No, Miss Sophia; but I felt so miserable. It's hard to walk off with your bundle, and be all alone and afraid of a man coming after you, and being so angry. He was dreadful angry when I told him I'd come. If you'd only promise not to tell where I came from to anybody, so that it can't get round to him that I'm here, and so people won't know how I lived before—'

'Well, we certainly have no reason to tell anybody. If it will make you content, I can assure you none of us will talk about your affairs. Was that all the trouble?'

'No—not all.'

'Well, what else?' Sophia laughed a little, and laid her cool hand on the girl's hot one.

'I can't be anything grand ever, and begin by being a servant, Miss Sophia. I say I'm not a servant, and I try not to act like one; but Mrs. Rexford, she's tried hard to make me one. You wouldn't like to be a servant, Miss Sophia?'

'You are very childish and foolish,' said Sophia. 'If I had not been just as foolish about other things when I was your age I would laugh at you now. But I know it's no use to tell you that the things you want will not make you happy, and that the things you don't want would, because I know you will not believe it. I will do my best to help you to get what you want, so far as it is not wrong, if you will promise to tell me all your difficulties.'

'Will you help me? Why are you so kind?'

'Because—' said Sophia. Then she said no more.

Eliza showed herself cheered.

'You're the only one I care to talk to, Miss Sophia. The others haven't as much sense as you, have they?'

As these words were quietly put forth in the darkness without a notion of impropriety, Sophia was struck with the fact that they coincided with her own estimate of the state of the case.

'Eliza, what are you talking of—not of my father and mother, surely?'

'Why, yes. I think they're good and kind, but I don't think they've a deal of sense—do you?'

'My father is a wiser man than you can understand, Eliza; and—' Sophia broke off; she was fain to retreat; it was cold for one thing.

'Miss Sophia,' said Eliza, as she was getting to the door, 'there's one thing—you know that young man they were talking about to-night?'

'What of him?'

'Well, if he were to ask about me, you'd not tell him anything, would you? I've never told anybody but you about father, or any particulars. The others don't know anything, and you won't tell, will you?'

'I've told you I won't take upon myself to speak of your affairs. What has that young man to do with it?'—with some severity.

'It's only that he's a traveller, and I feel so silly about every traveller, for fear they'd want me to go back to the clearin'.'

Sophia took the few necessary steps in the cold, dark granary and reached her own room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sophia was sitting with Mrs. Rexford on the sofa that stood with its back to the dining-room window. The frame of the sofa was not turned, but fashioned with saw and knife and plane; not glued, but nailed together. Yet it did not lack for comfort; it was built oblong, large and low; it was cushioned with sacking filled with loose hay plentifully mixed with Indian grass that gave forth a sweet perfume, and the whole was covered with a large, neat pinafore of such light washing stuff as women wear about their work on summer days. Sophia and her stepmother were darning stockings. The homesickness of the household was rapidly subsiding, and to-day these two were not uncomfortable or unhappy. The rest of the family, some to work, some to play, and some to run errands, had been dismissed into the large outside.

The big house was tranquil. The afternoon sun, which had got round to the kitchen window, blazed in there through a fringe of icicles that hung from the low eaves of the kitchen roof, and sent a long strip of bright prismatic rays across the floor and through the door on to the rag carpet under the dining-room table. Ever and anon, as the ladies sewed, the sound of sleigh-bells came to them, distant, then nearer, then near, with the trotting of horses' feet as they passed the house, then again more distant. The dining-room window faced the road, but one could not see through it without standing upright.

'Mamma,' said Sophia, 'it is quite clear we can never make an ordinary servant out of Eliza; but if we try to be companionable to her we may help her to learn what she needs to learn, and make her more willing to stay with us.'

It was Mrs. Rexford's way never to approach a subject gradually in speech. If her mind went through the process ordinarily manifested in introductory remarks it slipped through it swiftly and silently, and her speech darted into the heart of the subject or skipped about and hit it on all sides at once.

'Ah, but I told her again and again, Sophia, to say "miss" to the girls. She either didn't hear, or she forgot, or she wouldn't understand. I think you're the only one she'll say "miss" to. But we couldn't do without her. Mrs. Nash was telling me the other day that her girl had left in the middle of the washing, and the one they had before that for a year—a little French Romanist—stole all their handkerchiefs, and did not give them back till she made confession to her priest at Easter. It was very awkward, Sophia, to be without handkerchiefs all winter.' The crescendo emphasis which Mrs. Rexford had put into her remarks found its fortissimo here. Then she added more mildly, 'Though I got no character with Eliza, I am convinced she will never pilfer.'

Mrs. Rexford was putting her needle out and in with almost electric speed. Her mind was never quiet, but there was a healthy cheerfulness in her little, quick movements that removed them from the region of weak nervousness. Yet Sophia knit her brow, and it was with an effort that she continued amicably:

'Certainly we should be more uncomfortable without her just now than she would be without us; but if she left us there's no saying where her ambition might lead her.'

Mrs. Rexford bethought her that she must look at some apples that were baking in the kitchen oven, which she did, and was back in time to make a remark in exchange without causing any noticeable break in the conversation. She always gave remarks in exchange, seldom in reply.

'Scotchmen are faithful to their kinsfolk, aren't they, Sophia?'

'You think that the uncle she wrote to will answer. He may be dead, or may have moved away; the chances are ten to one that he will not get the letter. I think the girl is in our hands. We have come into a responsibility that we can't make light of.'

'Good gracious, Sophia! it's only the hen with one chicken that's afraid to take another under her wing.'

'I know you want to do your best for her—that's why I'm talking.'

'Oh, I—it's you that takes half the burden of them all.'

'Well, we want to do our best—'

'And you, my dear, could go back whenever you liked. You have not burned the bridges and boats behind you. There's one would be glad to see you back in the old country, and that lover of yours is a good man, Sophia.'

A sudden flush swept over the young woman's face, as if the allusion offended her; but she took no other notice of what was said, and continued: 'I don't suggest any radical alteration in our ways; I only thought that, if you had it in your mind to make a companion of her, the pains you take in teaching her might take a rather different form, and perhaps have a better result.'

'I think our own girls grow more giddy every day,' said Mrs. Rexford, exactly as if it were an answer. 'If Blue and Red were separated they would both be more sensible.'

The mother's mind had now wandered from thought of the alien she had taken, not because she had not given attention to the words of the daughter she thought so wise, but because, having considered them as long as she was accustomed to consider anything, she had decided to act upon them, and so could dismiss the subject with a good conscience.

The conversation ceased thus, as many conversations do, without apparent conclusion; for Sophia, vexed by her stepmother's flighty manner of speech, hid her mood in silence. Anything like discussion between these two always irritated Sophia, and then, conscious that she had in this fallen below her ideal, she chafed again at her own irritation. The evil from which she now suffered was of the stuff of which much of the pain of life is made—a flimsy stuff that vanishes before the investigation of reason more surely than the stuff of our evanescent joys. There was nothing that could be called incompatibility of temper between these two; no one saw more clearly than Sophia the generosity and courage of Mrs. Rexford's heart; no one else sympathized so deeply with her motherly cares, for no one else understood them half so well; and yet it might have been easier for Sophia Rexford to have lived in external peace with a covetous woman, able to appreciate and keep in steady view the relative importance of her ideas.

Meantime Mrs. Rexford went on talking. She was generally unconscious of the other's intellectual disdain. Pretty soon they heard bells and horses' feet that slackened at the gate. Sophia stood up to look.

There was a comfortable sleigh, albeit somewhat battered and dingy, turning in at the gate. A good-looking girl was driving it; a thin, pale lady sat at her side. Both were much enveloped in faded furs. Over the seats of the sleigh and over their knees were spread abundant robes of buffalo hide. The horse that drew the vehicle was an old farm-horse, and the hand that guided the reins appeared more skilful at driving than was necessary. The old reins and whip were held in a most stylish manner, and the fair driver made an innocent pretence of guiding her steed up the road to the back-yard with care. The animal the while, having once been shown the gate, trotted quietly, with head down, up the middle of the sleigh track, and stopped humbly where the track stopped, precisely as it would have done had there been no hand upon the rein.

Sophia, standing in the middle of the sitting-room, watched the visitors through the windows of that room and of the kitchen, with unwonted animation in her handsome face. The girl, who was now evidently coming with her mother to call upon them, had been named to her more than once by discriminating people as the most likely person in the neighborhood to prove a friend and companion to herself, and Sophia, in her present situation, could not be at all indifferent to such a prospect. She had already observed them in church, wondering not a little at that scrupulous attention to ceremony which had made them ignore the existence of the newcomers till their acquaintance should have been made in due form.

'Mamma,' said she, 'this is Mrs. Bennett and her daughter.'

'Something to do with an admiral, haven't they?' cried Mrs. Rexford.

It proved to be an unnecessary exertion of memory on Mrs. Rexford's part to recollect what she had heard of the relatives of her visitors, for not long after Mrs. Bennett had introduced herself and her daughter she brought her uncle, the admiral, into the conversation with considerable skill.

She was a delicate, narrow-minded woman, with no open vulgarity about her, but simply ignorant of the fact that bragging of one's distinguished relatives had fallen into disuse. Her daughter was like her in manner, with the likeness imposed by having such a mother, but much more largely made in mind and body, pleasant-looking, healthy, high-browed. Sophia liked her appearance.

Mrs. Rexford, her mind ever upon some practical exigency, now remembered that she had also heard that the Bennetts managed their dairy excellently, and, having a large craving for help on all such subjects, she began to bewail her own ignorance, asking many and various questions; but, although she did not perceive it, it soon became apparent to her more observant daughter that the visitors, having come out to make a call of ceremony, preferred to talk on subjects more remote from their daily drudgery, on subjects which they apparently considered more elegant and becoming. Unable to check the flow of her mother's talk, Sophia could only draw her chair cosily near to Miss Bennett and strike into a separate conversation, hoping for, and expecting, mental refreshment.

'I suppose there are no good lending libraries in any of the towns near here,' she began. 'How do you get new books or magazines?'

Miss Bennett had a bright, cordial manner. She explained that she thought there was a circulating library in every town. When she was visiting in Quebec her friends had got a novel for her at two cents a day. And then she said Principal Trenholme bought a good many books, and he had once told her mother that he would lend them any they chose, but they had never had time to go and look over them. 'It has,' she added, 'been such an advantage to Chellaston to have a gentleman so clever as he at the college.'

'Has it?' said Sophia, willing to hear more. 'Is he very clever?'

'Oh,' cried the other, 'from Oxford, you know;' and she said it in much the tone she might have said 'from heaven.'

'Is it long,' asked Sophia, 'since you have been in England?'

Miss Bennett said she had never been 'home,' but she longed, above all things, to go.

She had, it seemed, been born in Canada, and her parents had no possessions in the mother-country, and yet she always called it 'home.' This was evidently a tradition.

Sophia, who had come from England a little tired of the conditions there, and eager for a change, felt the pathetic sameness of the discontent wrought by surfeit and by famine.

'Yet,' said she, 'it is a relief to the mind to feel that one lives in a country where no worthy person is starving, and where everyone has a good chance in life if he will but avail himself of it. It seems to make me breathe more freely to know that in all this great country there is none of that necessary poverty that we have in big English towns.'

Little answer was made to this, and Sophia went on to talk of what interested her in English politics; but found that of politics, as well as of the social condition of the country she adored, Miss Bennett was largely ignorant. Her interest in such matters appeared to sum itself up in a serene belief that Disraeli, then prominent, was the one prop of the English constitution, and as adequate to his position as Atlas beneath the world. Now, Sophia cherished many a Radical opinion of her own, and she would have enjoyed discussion; but it would have been as difficult to aim a remark at the present front of her new acquaintance as it would be for a marksman to show his skill with a cloud of vapor as a target. Sophia tried Canadian politics, owning her ignorance and expressing her desire to understand what she had read in the newspapers since her arrival; but Miss Bennett was not sure that there was any thing that 'could exactly be called politics' in Canada, except that there was a Liberal party who 'wanted to ruin the country by free trade.'

Sophia ceased to take the initiative. She still endeavored to respect the understanding of a girl of whom she had heard that when her father's fortunes were at a low ebb she had retrieved them by good management and personal industry—a girl, too, who through years of toil had preserved sprightliness and perfect gentility. What though this gentility was somewhat cramped by that undue importance given to trifles which is often the result of a remote life, it was still a very lovely thing, a jewel shining all the more purely for its iron setting of honest labor. Sophia fought with the scorn that was thrusting itself into her heart as she listened when Miss Bennett now talked in a charming way about the public characters and incidents which interested her.

'I wish for your sake Miss Rexford,' she said, 'that some of the Royal family would come out again. The only time that there is any real advantage in being in a colony is when some of them come out; for here, you know, they take notice of every one.'

'One would still be on the general level then,' said Sophia, smiling.

'Well, I don't know. It makes one feel distinguished, you know, in spite of that. Now, when the Prince was out, he stopped here for a night, and we had a ball. It was simply delightful! He danced with us all—I mean with all who could claim to be ladies, and indeed with some who could not; but how could he discriminate? There was a man called Blake, who kept a butcher's shop here then—you may have noticed we haven't such a thing as a butcher's shop in the village now, Miss Rexford?'

'Indeed I have. It seems so odd.'

'Blake had a handsome daughter, and when we had a ball for the Prince, didn't he buy her a fine dress, and take her to it! She really looked very handsome.'

'I hope the Prince danced with her,' laughed Sophia. Her good spirits were rising, in spite of herself, under the influence of the liveliness with which Miss Bennett's mind had darted, birdlike, into her own element.

'Yes, he did. Wasn't it good-natured of him! I believe his aide-de-camp told him who she was but he was so gracious; he said she should not go away mortified. I never spoke to her myself; but I've no doubt she was unable to open her mouth without betraying her origin; but perhaps on that occasion she had the grace to keep silent, and she danced fairly well.'

'Was her head turned by the honor?' asked Sophia, led by the other's tone to expect a sequel to the tale.

'Poor girl! The end was sadder than that. She caught a violent cold, from wearing a dress cut low when she wasn't accustomed to it, and she died in a week. When we heard of it I was glad that he had danced with her; but some were cruel enough to say that it served Blake right for his presumption. He was so broken-hearted he left the place. The dress she wore that night was a green silk, and he had her buried in it; and some one told the Prince, and he sent some flowers. Wasn't it sweet of him! They were buried with her too. It was quite romantic.'

'More romantic to have such a swan-like death than to live on as a butcher's daughter,' said Sophia, and sarcasm was only a small ingredient in the speech.

'We were quite grieved about it,' said Miss Bennett, sincerely.

Sophia also felt sorry, but it was not her way to say so. She was more interested in remarking upon the singular method of getting butcher's meat then in vogue at Chellaston. A Frenchman, a butcher in a small way, drove from door to door with his stock, cutting and weighing his joints in an open box-sleigh. To see the frozen meat thus manipulated in the midst of the snow had struck Sophia as one of the most novel features of their present way of life. Miss Bennett, however, could hardly be expected to feel its picturesqueness. Her parents did not fancy this vendor's meat, and at present they usually killed their own. Her father, she said, had grown quite dexterous in the art.

'Really!' cried Sophia. This was an item of real interest, for it suggested to her for the first time the idea that a gentleman could slaughter an ox. She was not shocked; it was simply a new idea, which she would have liked to enlarge on, but good breeding forbade, for Miss Bennett preferred to chat about the visit of the Prince, and she continued to do so in a manner so lively that Sophia found it no dull hearing.

'And, do you know,' she cried, 'what Bertha Nash did? The Nashes, you know, are of quite a common family, although, as Dr. Nash is everybody's doctor, of course we are all on good terms with them. Well, Bertha asked the Prince how his mother was!' She stopped.

'I suppose he knew whom she was talking about?'

'Oh, that was the worst of it—he couldn't help knowing,' cried Miss Bennett. 'I should have sunk through the floor with mortification if I had done such a thing. I should have expected to be arrested on the spot for high treason. Bertha says, you know, that she was so nervous at the thought of who her partner was that she didn't know what she was saying, but I scarcely think she knew really how to address him. One can never be thankful enough, I'm sure, for having been thoroughly well brought up.'

She went on to explain what had been her own sensations when first accosted by this wonderful Prince, upon being led out by him, and so on. It all sounded like a new fairy tale; but afterwards, when she had gone, with cordial wishes, as she took leave, that another prince might come soon and dance with Sophia, the latter felt as if she had been reading a page of an old-fashioned history which took account only of kings and tournaments.

This visit was a distinct disappointment on the whole. Sophia had hoped more from it, and coming after weeks that had been trying, it had power to depress. It was late afternoon now, and the day was the last in the year. Sophia, going upstairs to get rid of the noise of the children, was arrested by the glow of the sunset, and, weary as she was, stood long by the diamond window that was set in the wooden wall of her room. It was cold. She wrapped a cloak about her. She did not at first look

observantly at the glow and beauty outside. Her eyes wandered over the scene, the bright color upon it rousing just enough interest to keep her standing there; her thoughts were within.

Sophia had set herself, like many a saint of olden and modern times, to crush within her all selfishness; and the result had been the result of all such effort when it is staunch and honest—to show that that against which she was warring was no mere mood or habit, to be overcome by directing the life on a nobler plan, but a living thing, with a vitality so strong that it seemed as if God himself must have given it life. She stood now baffled, as she had often been before, by her invincible enemy. Where was the selfless temper of mind that was her ideal? Certainly not within her. She was too candid to suppose for a moment that the impatient scorn she felt for those with whom she had been talking approached in any way to that humility and love that are required of the Christian. She felt overwhelmed by surging waves of evil within. It was at the source the fountain ought to be sweet, and there ambition and desire for pleasure rose still triumphant; and the current of her will, set against them, seemed only to produce, not their abatement, but a whirlpool of discontent, which sucked into itself all natural pleasures, and cast out around its edge those dislikes and disdains which were becoming habitual in her intercourse with others. It was all wrong—she knew it. She leaned her head against the cold pane, and her eyes grew wet with tears.

There is no sorrow on earth so real as this; no other for which such bitter tears have been shed; no other which has so moved the heart of God with sympathy. Yet there came to Sophia just then a strange thought that her tears were unnecessary, that the salvation of the world was something better than this conflict, that the angels were looking upon her discouragement in pained surprise.

She had no understanding with which to take in this thought. As she looked at it, with her soul's eye dim, it passed away; and she, trying in vain to recall the light that it seemed to hold, wondered if it would come again.

Perhaps the tears had given relief to her brain; perhaps some divine presence had come near her, giving hope that she could not weigh or measure or call by name; at any rate, as she looked round again with fresh glance, the scene outside seemed fairer than it had yet appeared to her.

A long strip had been swept on the ice of the river by pleasure-loving hands. Down this burnished path young men and maidens were skating, and their way was paved with gold. There was soft tinting of this same light on the undulations of the pearly land beyond; blue shadows were in its woods, and reflected fire on many a window of the houses that clustered near and far. She knew that in each house that was a true Canadian home there was joyous preparation going on for the next day's fete. She wondered what it would be like to be at home in this country, to be one in its sports and festivities. She could not see from her attic window the land on this side of the river, but she heard the shouts of some boys who were spending their holiday at the college. They were at some game or other in a field near. Sophia liked to hear them.

Just then Mrs. Rexford came upstairs to consult her about something. She joined in the outlook for a few moments, and the sunset made her reflective.

'Well, my love,' said she, 'last year at this time we did not know we should be here to-day! Ah, Sophia, it is always a little doleful to see the Old Year go out; but here, where there are no bells in the churches, it will seem less solemn.'

BOOK II.

'Necessity, like light's electric force,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us—.'

CHAPTER I.

The bells have solemn sound that from old belfries ring the passing of the year in the hearing of thousands; but perhaps it is a more solemn thing to watch and tell the birth of a new year by the march of stars that look down out of their purple void upon a land of trackless snow. If ceremony and the united sentiment of many hearts have impressive effect, they yet tend to lighten the burden of individual responsibility, which presses with weight, like the weight of the atmosphere upon a vacuum, when a man tries to grapple with his own soul in solitude.

Alec Trenholme was spending another wakeful night in the living-room of his small railway station. Winter lay around him. For a month the blueberry flats and bramble thickets had been wholly lost under the snow, which stretched far whiter than the pure white of the birch trees in the nearest groves. Now the last night but one of the old year had brought a fresh downfall, unusually heavy; the long, straight railway track, and the sleigh-road which was kept open between the station and Turrifs Settlement, had been obliterated by it. Alec Trenholme had awoke that morning to observe that his little station of new wood, and the endless line of rough telegraph poles, were the only remaining signs of man's lordship of earth, as far as his eyes could see. It was upon this sight, when the snow clouds had fled, that he had seen a scarlet sun come up over the same scene he had watched it roll its golden chariot all day, and, tinging the same unbroken drifts, it had sunk scarlet again in the far south-west. He had not been far from his house, and no one, in train, or sleigh, or on snowshoes, had happened to come near it.

He would have gone himself to Turrifs for milk, for the pleasure of exchanging a word with his fellowmen, and for air and exercise, had it not been that he had hourly expected to see an engine, with its snow-plough, approaching on the rails. Conversation by telegraph would have been a relief to him, but the wires seemed to have succumbed in more than one place to their weight of snow, and there was nothing for this young station-master to do but wait, and believe that communication would be re-established over the road and the wires sooner or later. In the meantime he suffered no personal inconvenience, unless loneliness can be thus named, for he had abundance of food and fuel. He watched the bright day wane and the sun of the old year set, and filled his stove with wood, and ate his supper, and told himself that he was a very fortunate fellow and much better off than a large proportion of men.

It is not always when we tell ourselves that we are well off that we are happiest; that self-addressed assertion often implies some tacit contradiction.

When darkness came he wondered if he should put on his snowshoes and run over to Turrifs. Yet for some reason he did not go, in the way that men so often do not do things that they think on the whole would be very good things to do. An hour or two later he knew that the good people there would have gone to bed and that he had no longer the option of going. He did not go to bed himself. He had not had enough exercise that day to make him sleepy; and then, too, he thought he would sit up and see the old year out. He had an indistinct idea that it was rather a virtuous thing to do, rather more pious than sleeping the night through just as if it were any other night. He put his much-handled, oft-read books down before him on the table, and set himself to passing the evening with them. Midnight is actually midnight when the sun goes down before five o'clock and there is no artificial interest for the after hours.

Most men have more religion at heart, latent or developed, than can be seen by others. When they have not, when what shows is as much as what is—God pity them!

Alec Trenholme was not given to self-dissection or to expression of his private sentiments, therefore neither to himself nor to others was the religion of him very visible. Nevertheless, this evening his books, which had become not less but more to him because he had read them often, palled upon his taste. When he was a boy his father had taught him that at New Year's time one ought to consider whether the past had been spent well, and how the future could be spent better. So, as time went on, he pushed his books further and set himself to this consideration. For a while he sat looking at his own doings only by the light, as it were, of two candles—the one, of expediency; the other, of rectitude. Had he been wise? Had he been good?

Not being of a contemplative or egotistical disposition, he soon fidgeted. Thinking he heard a sound outside, which might be the wind rising or might be the distant approach of the iron snow-plough, he got up to look out. The small panes of his window were so obscured by frostwork that he did not attempt to look through the glass, but opened his door. Far or near there was no sign of rising wind or coming engine; only, above, the glowing stars, with now and then a shaft of northern light passing majestically beneath them, and, below, the great white world, dim, but clearly seen as it reflected the light. The constellations attracted his attention. There hung Orion, there the Pleiades, there those mists of starlight which tell us of space and time of which we cannot conceive. Standing, looking upwards, he suddenly believed himself to be in the neighborhood of God.

When the keen air upon his bare head had driven him indoors, he sat down again to formulate his good resolutions, he found that his candles of expediency and morality had gone out. The light which was there instead was the presence of God; but so diffused was this light, so dim, that it was as hard for him now to see distinction between right and wrong as it would have been outside upon the snow to see a shadow cast by rays which had left their stars half a century before. All, all of which he could think seemed wrong, because it was not God; all, all of which he could think seemed right, because it was part of God. The young man's face sank on his arms and lay buried there, while he thought, and thought, and thought, trying to bring a life of which he could think into relation with that which is unthinkable.

Was ever reverie more vain! He raised his head and stared about him. The glaring lamp showed all the details of the room, and made it seem so real, so much more real than mere thoughts, let alone that of which one cannot think. He got up to alter the stove-damper, pushing it shut with a clatter of iron, burning his fingers slightly, and sat down again, feeling it a relief to know, if by the smart, that he had touched something.

The wood within the stove ceased blazing when the damper was shut, and when its crackling was silenced there was a great quiet. The air outside was still; the flame of the lamp could hardly make sound. Trenholme's watch, which lay on the table, ticked and seemed to clamor for his attention. He glanced down at it. It was not very far from midnight.

Just then he heard another sound. It was possibly the same as that which came to him an hour ago, but more continuous. There was no mistaking this time that it was an unusual one. It seemed to him like a human voice in prolonged ejaculatory speech at some distance.

Startled, he again looked out of his door. At first he saw nothing, but what he had seen before—the world of snow, the starry skies. Yet the sound, which stopped and again went on, came to him as if from the direction in which he looked. Looking, listening, intently, he was just about to turn in for his coat and snowshoes in order to go forth and seek the owner of the voice, when he perceived something moving between him and the nearest wood—that very birch wood in which, more than a month before, he had sought for the man Cameron who had disappeared from his own coffin. In an instant the mood of that time flashed back on him as if there had been nothing between.

All the search that had been made for Cameron in the first days of the snow had resulted in nothing but the finding of his coarse winding-sheet in this birch wood. Then and since, confused rumors had come that he was wandering from village to village, but no one had been brave enough to detain him. Trenholme knew that people on the railway line to the south believed firmly that the old man was still alive, or that his ghost walked. Now, as his eyes focussed more intently upon the moving thing, it looked to him like a man.

Again he heard the sound of a voice, a man's voice certainly. It was raised for the space of a minute in a sort of chant, not loud enough for him to hear any word or to know what language was spoken.

'Hi!' cried Trenholme at the top of his voice. 'Hi, there! What do you want?'

There was no doubt that a man out there could have heard, yet, whatever the creature was, it took not the slightest notice of the challenge.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light he saw that the figure was moving on the top of the deep snow near the outskirts of the wood—moving about in an aimless way, stopping occasionally, and starting again, raising the voice sometimes, and again going on in silence. Trenholme could not descry any track left on the snow; all that he could see was a large figure dressed in garments which, in the starlight, did not seem to differ very much in hue from the snow, and he gained the impression that the head was thrown back and the face uplifted to the stars.

He called again, adjuring the man he saw to come at once and say why he was there and what he wanted. No attention was paid to him; he might as well have kept silent.

A minute or two more and he went in, shut and bolted his door, even took the trouble to see that the door of the baggage-room was secured. He took his lamp down from the wall where, by its tin reflector, it hung on a nail, and set it on the table for company. He opened the damper of the stove again, so that the logs within crackled. Then he sat down and began to read the Shakespeare he had pushed from him before. What he had seen and heard seemed to him very curious. No obligation rested upon him, certainly, to go out and seek this weird-looking creature. There was probably nothing supernatural, but—well, while a man is alone it is wisest to shut out all that has even the appearance of the supernatural from his house and from his mind. So Trenholme argued, choosing the satirical fool of the Forest of Arden to keep him company.

'Now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.'

Trenholme smiled. He had actually so controlled his mind as to become lost in his book.

There was a sound as if of movement on the light snow near by and of hard breathing. Trenholme's senses were all alert again now as he turned his head to listen. When the moving figure seemed so indifferent to his calls, what reason could it have now for seeking his door—unless, indeed, it were a dead man retracing his steps by some mysterious impulse, such as even the dead might feel? Trenholme's heart beat low with the thought as he heard a heavy body bump clumsily against the baggage-room door and a hand fumble at its latch. There was enough light shining through his window to have shown any natural man that the small door of his room was the right one by which to enter, yet the fumbling at the other door continued.

Trenholme went into the dark baggage-room and heard the stir against the door outside. He went near it. Whoever was there went on fumbling to find some way of entrance.

By this time, if Trenholme had suffered any shock of dismay, he had righted himself, as a ship rights itself after shuddering beneath a wave. Clearly it now came within his province to find out what the creature wanted; he went back into his room and opened its outer door.

Extending beyond the wall, the flooring of the house made a little platform outside, and, as the opening of the door illuminated this, a man came quietly across the threshold with clumsy gait. This man was no ghost. What fear of the supernatural had gathered about Trenholme's mind fell off from it instantly in self-scorn. The stranger was tall and strong, dressed in workman's light-colored clothes, with a big, somewhat soiled bit of white cotton worn round his shoulders as a shawl. He carried in his hand a fur cap such as Canadian farmers wear; his grey head was bare. What was chiefly remarkable was that he passed Trenholme without seeming to see him, and stood in the middle of the room with a look of expectation. His face, which was rugged, with a glow of weather-beaten health upon it, had a brightness, a strength, an eagerness, a sensibility which were indescribable.

'Well?' asked Trenholme rather feebly; then reluctantly he shut the door, for all the cold of the night was pouring in. Neither of him nor of his words or actions did the old man take the slightest notice.

The description that had been given of old Cameron was fulfilled in the visitor; but what startled Trenholme more than his likeness, which might have been the result of mere chance, was the evidence that this man was not a person of ordinary senses and wits. He seemed like one who had passed through some crisis, which had deprived him of much, and given him perhaps more. It appeared probable, from his gait and air, that he was to some extent blind; but the eagerness of the eyes and the expression of the aged face were enough to suggest at once, even to an unimaginative mind, that he was looking for some vision of which he did not doubt the reality and listening for sounds which he longed to hear. He put out a large hand and felt the table as he made his clumsy way round it. He looked at nothing in the room but the lamp on the table where Trenholme had lately put it. Trenholme doubted, however, if he saw it or anything else. When he got to the other side, having wandered behind the reflector, he stopped, as if perhaps the point of light, dimly seen, had guided him so far but now was lost.

Trenholme asked him why he had come, what his name was, and several such questions. He raised his voice louder and louder, but he might as well have talked to the inanimate things about him. This one other human being who had entered his desolate scene took, it would seem, no cognizance of him at all. Just as we know that animals in some cases have senses for sights and sounds which make no impression on human eyes and ears, and are impervious to what we see and hear, so it seemed to Trenholme that the man before him had organs of sense dead to the world about him, but alive to something which he alone could perceive. It might have been a fantastic idea produced by the strange circumstances, but it certainly was an idea which leaped into his mind and would not be reasoned away. He did not feel repulsion for the poor wanderer, or fear of him; he felt rather a growing attraction—in part curiosity, in part pity, in part desire for whatever it might be that had brought the look of joyous expectancy into the aged face. This look had faded now to some extent. The old man stood still, as one who had lost his way, not seeking for indications of that which he had lost, but looking right forward and upward, steadily, calmly, as if sure that something would appear.

Trenholme laid a strong hand upon his arm. 'Cameron!' he shouted, to see if that name would rouse him. The arm that he grasped felt like a rock for strength and stillness. The name which he shouted more than once did not seem to enter the ears of the man who had perhaps owned it in the past. He shook off Trenholme's hand gently without turning towards him.

'Ay,' he said. (His voice was strong.) Then he shook his head with a patient sigh. 'Not here,' he said, 'not here.' He spoke as deaf men speak, unconscious of the key of their own voice. Then he turned shuffling round the table again, and seemed to be seeking for the door.

'Look here,' said Trenholme, 'don't go out.' Again he put his hand strongly on his visitor, and again he was quietly brushed aside. The outside seemed so terribly cold and dark and desolate for this poor old man to wander in that Trenholme was sorry he should go. Yet go he did, opening the door and shutting it behind him.

Trenholme's greatcoat, cap and snowshoes were hanging against the wall. He put them on quickly. When he got out the old man was fumbling for something outside, and Trenholme experienced a distinct feeling of surprise when he saw him slip his feet into an old pair of snowshoes and go forth on them. The old snowshoes had only toe-straps and no other strings, and the feat of walking securely upon them seemed almost as difficult to the young Englishman as walking on the sea of frozen atoms without them; but still, the fact that the visitor wore them made him seem more companionable.

Trenholme supposed that the traveller was seeking some dwelling-place, and that he would naturally turn either up the road to Turrifs or toward the hills; instead of that, he made again for the birch wood, walking fast with strong, elastic stride. Trenholme followed him, and they went across acres of billowy snow.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS.

MARK GUY PEARSE ON THE MEANING OF THE DAY.

In the delightful and profoundly instructive volume of essays by Dr. Marcus Dods, which Hodder and Stoughton have just published, there is one of peculiarly seasonable interest, entitled 'The Christian Element in Plato.' This essay was suggested by a volume with the same title written by Dr. C. Ackermann. While speaking very highly of some of Dr. Ackermann's criticisms and opinions, Dr. Dods is obliged to point out the radical defect in his treatment of this question, which is due apparently to the radical defect of his own creed. Dr. Ackermann comes very near, but finally misses, the true explanation of 'The Christian Element in Plato.' He sees correctly enough that it consists, not in those coincidences of texts and maxims that impress superficial readers but in a certain underlying tendency of thought. Dr. Dods says very truly that 'nothing is more striking in Plato than his belief that God is on the side of all who strive against sin; and that man is made—not to be the slave of sin, but to be fit for communion with God, and that this purpose of man's being will be effected.' The profound insight of Plato enabled him to realize the essential unnaturalness of sin, and his sublime optimism led him to anticipate its final overthrow. These convictions necessarily give a Christian tone and spirit to his philosophy. But a fatal defect of Platonism and its essential difference from Christianity consisted in the fact that the golden thinker of Greece had no conception whatever of the way in which sin was to be destroyed and his divine hopes accomplished. As Augustine finely and epigrammatically expressed it, 'The heathen saw whither they were to go, but saw not the way.' Plato believed, or tried to believe, that the great deliverance would be accomplished by his philosophy. But it would be difficult to imagine a more groundless delusion than that. Dr. Dods sums up this important conclusion in the following terms: 'Platonism resembles Christianity in its pervading and poignant sense of man's need of salvation from sin, and also in its belief that salvation may be attained;' but, 'it differs from Christianity in this, that it does not know the Saviour actually provided.' Dr. Ackermann, with all his vagueness and inability to grasp clearly and fully the difference betweeen Platonism, which proved to be impotent, and Christianity, which has been fertile of gigantic and immortal results, could yet see that 'the essence of Christianity consists in saving power; that of Platonism in saving purpose.' In Christianity, therefore, salvation is present in deed and reality; in Platonism only in thought and as the end of its striving.'

This ultimate, vital difference between Platonism and Christianity is due to the fact that Platonism is an abstract philosophy, and Christianity a concrete life. Sin is not as Socrates charitably imagined the result of ignorance, but of wilfulness, and this wilfulness can never be changed by any amount of mental illumination. It needs a radical change of nature, and that can be achieved only by the personal energy of a divinely capable Saviour. This is the explanatoin of the birth of Jesus Christ, which we once more celebrate this week. All influence is ultimately personal influence. Philosophies, arts, sciences, institutions are helpless and futile unless they are the expression and vehicle of personal influence. Everything that is ever done in this universe is done by persons, and the greatest thing ever attempted in this universe, the deliverance of mankind from sin, can be achieved only by the greatest Person in the universe, the Son of God, who became Jesus of Nazareth. The constant temptation of the Christian world is to leave that personal element out of the account. Two subtle tendencies are always at work. One in the direction of Ecclesiolatry, the other in the direction of Bibliolatry. The Catholic is everlastingly tempted to substitute the Church for Christ; the Protestant is equally in danger of substituting the Bible for the Christ. Neither the Church nor the Bible can do anything at all in the absence of the living Christ. Neither by sacraments nor by syllogisms can men be saved, but only by the living energy of the living Son of God. This fact is so spiritual, and logically involves such absolute self-repression, that men continually try to escape from it by putting either the Church or the Bible in the place of Christ. Both Catholicism and Protestantism are comparative failures to-day in consequece of this subtle and fatal mistake. In all so-called Christian lands the majority of the people go to no place of worship because they have had either ecclesiastical institutions or intellectual creeds thrown between them and the living Christ, who alone is able to melt the heart, arouse the conscience, and subdue the will. Whenever, on the other hand, Christian preachers recover the primitive Gospel, and preach Christ and Him crucified; the theme proves to be more attractive and more influential than ever. It is a notorious fact that a man may sedulously use all the sacraments and ceremonies and ordinances of the Church and still be a Pharisee or a reprobate. On the other hand, to use the striking phraseology of John Wesley, he may be 'as orthodox as the devil, and as wicked.'

Christmas Day should remind us all once more that personal submission to the personal Christ, personal trust in the personal Christ, personal obedience to the personal Christ, are three phases of one and the same thing, and that thing, and that only, is Christianity. There are many signs that this is a transition age in theology and ecclesiastical polity, as well as in political institutions. Many of the speculative dogmas and ecclesiastical controversies of the buried past have lost all moral force and have no influence whatever over the human conscience. But all that is best in every form of the Christian faith may be preserved if we return once more to the living Christ, and put our undivided trust in Him, and in Him only. Nothing could be better for us and for the human race than that we should forget, as far as possible, nineteen centuries of bitterness and strife and disaster and come to the cradle in Bethlehem, with all the simplicity and enthusiasm of the Judean shepherds. Let us realize that this Divine Babe has come to be our personal Saviour, and our unfailing Friend; that He will deliver us from the power of evil and give us strength to walk in His footsteps; and that the supreme purpose of His life and ours is not to wrangle over doubtful points of speculative truth, or of church order, but to promote peace and good-will upon earth.

PROTESTANT PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION AND POLITICS.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—The result of the elections in Bruce and Lambton has paralyzed the political wirepullers like a bolt from a clear sky, and, as might be expected, the party organs are indignant, and hurl their thunders at the Protestant Protective Association,—the 'Gazette' and 'Herald' vie with each other in denunciations of this newly discovered force, which threatens to disturb the political equilibrium, and forsooth they are ready to 'bury the hatchet' and sink their political differences for a season in order to crush the 'hydra-headed monster' the P.P.A Now, Mr. Editor, it is not the intention of the P.P.A. to fight its battles by newspaper controversy, but a word or two of explanation as to its objects will do no harm.

The half column of 'twaddle' which appeared in a recent issue of the 'Herald' purporting to be the obligation is misleading and untrue.

It was only when the 'Equal Rights' movement was frustrated by a brute force combination of the two great parties that the P.P.A. found a foothold in this country, and you will agree with me that when the Hon. Edward Blake crossed the House and congratulated the astute and cunning Thompson on the speech he had made in advocacy of the ratification of the Jesuits' Estates plunder, it was high time to cast about for some means of combatting the political rascality pervading both parties.

The P.P.A. rose on the ruins of the Equal Rights Association.

It has declared war, not against Roman Catholics, but against political Romanism and at the same time against political Orangeism, and while it is made up largely of members of the latter association, it has no room for the 'wirepullers' and heelers that have hitherto disgraced and debauched the Orange association.

The 'Gazette,' 'Herald' and other party organs may possess their souls in peace, the P.P.A. is here and here to stay. And if its methods are objectionable the political ethics of the papers in question are largely responsible for it.

Let the editor of the 'Gazette' resign his seat in Cardwell, and it will be clearly demonstrated that the P.P.A. will measure swords with the followers of Sir John Thompson as well as those of Sir Oliver Mowat, and that it is no respecter of persons.

LEX TALIONIS.

A CHRISTMAS SECRET.

'I know a secret,' said little Belle,
'A beautiful secret, but I sha'n't tell!
You'd like to know it, I'm sure you would!
And if you'll be very, very good,
P'raps I will whisper it in your ear,
Just to make certain nobody'll hear.
I've knitted mamma some slippers—oh,
The loveliest color! There, now you know!
And don't you' b'lieve she'll like them as well
As a thousand dollars? But don't you tell!'

READABLE PARAGRAPHS

MOTTO FOR LADIES.

'A bird in the hat is worth two in the bush.'—'Judy.'

TRESPASSING ON EUGENE'S FIELD.

(From 'Judge.')

When in Chicago I arrived I went to see
Eugene,
Whose great distinction 'tis to run a poetry
machine;
The wonder of the town it is, and well deserves to be,
And I was glad to have Eugene explain the
thing to me.

It had a keyboard, double-banked, whereon
the letters all
Appeared in strange confusion, both the capitals and small,
Along with punctuation marks and figures,
quite complete,
And when you wished to work the thing, you
worked it with your feet.

Said I, 'Eugene, if you feel well enough to
leave your prose,
I wish that you would seat yourself and show
me how it goes.'
At which Eugene at once sat down, few men
there be like him,
Said he, 'I'll do a poem now in style like 'Me
and Jim."'

He pulled a little ratchet down, and 'What's
that for?' asked I.
'That makes it spell in dialect,' he answered,
by and by;
'By simply moving that around, as fits the
case in hand,
You get the dialect of any district in the
land.'

'For lullabies,' he added then, 'this pedal
here below,
Arranges matters in the verse quite pianissimo;
For comic stuff this crank adjusts the many
wheels. And now,'
Eugene remarked, as he began, 'To play I'll
show you how.'

'Click, click,' the wonderful machine kept going all the time,
And inside fifteen minutes it had made a
foot of rhyme.
'I don't write poems,' said Eugene, 'in these
progressive days.
Behold the lyric, "Her and Jane," this is the
thing that pays."'

'The Fair is quite a miracle,' Eugene remarked to me.
'But nothing there so wonderful as this machine you see;
And not a poet in the land can match me,'
quoth Eugene,
'So long as I have strength enough to work
at this machine.'

Have Beecham's Pills ready in the household.

FUN IN THE KITCHEN

We have all heard of parlor games, but it has remained for a little girl to invent a kitchen game.

'Say, Dinah,' said five-year-old Molly, 'let's play I'm an awful-looking tramp. I'll ask you to give me a piece of pie, and you get frightened, and give it to me.'—'Harper's Young People.'

THE MAIN THING.

Little Henry's father and mother wish him to be a French scholar, and knowing that a foreign language is most readily acquired in childhood, they have given him a French governess, with whom he is expected to talk French. Henry gets along pretty well, but is not yet to be mistaken for a native Parisian. The other day he discovered that the barn was on fire. He ran into the house quite out of breath.

'Oh, mademoiselle,' he exclaimed, rushing into the schoolroom, 'I don't know whether it's "la feu" or "le feu," but anyhow there's a big blaze in the barn!'

A LOVER OF BEAUTY.

Little Johnny—'Our new teacher is just as pretty as she can be, and gets taken out most every night to concerts and things. It's just lovely!'

Mother—'You like pretty teachers, don't you, dear?'

Little Johnny—'Yes'm; they always has a good time, an' don't feel so much like givin' bad marks.'—'Street & Smith's Good News.'

Lawyer—'You made an examination of the premises. What did you find?' Witness—'Oh, nothing of consequence: a beggarly account of empty boxes, as Shakespeare says.' Lawyer—'Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned, and can testify for himself if he knows anything about the case.'—'Tit-Bits.'

A PROSY EXISTENCE.

Little Dick—'I don't believe I'll learn to be a sailor after all.'

Little Dot—'Why not?'

Little Dick—'I talked with an old man today who had been a sailor for fifty years, and never got shipwrecked on a desert island yet.'—'Street & Smith's Good News.'

'ANIMALS THAT TALK.'

PROF. GARNER AND HIS 'KULU KAMBAS.'

Trying to Fathom the Meaning of Monkey's Mutterings.

Professor Garner is an American, with a large bump of inquisitiveness and the sanguine temperament of his nationality. He has an idea that the ape is the link between man and the brute creation. He believes the ape has a language of its own which may be learned by man.

A year ago the professor set out to visit the ape in its home in the African forests and, if possible, to learn the language of the animal. The professor

PROF. GARNER.

took along no end of kodaks, phonographs, firearms, and, not least, a steel cage, in which he might pursue his linguistic studies secure from wild beasts.

Professor Garner is back again in England. He says he spent 101 days in his cage. His success has been great. He will relate his experiences before learned bodies and doubtless write a book by and by. The professor has brought two Kulu Kambas back with him, a male and female. Kulu, signifies sounds which natives say the animals made. Kamba is a native word and means 'to talk' or 'the thing which talks'. The Kulu Kambas are tailless. They are

TALKING WITH THE KULU KAMBAS.

supposed to be in their second year of age. The Kulu Kambas in their usual posture—knees wide apart and legs bent at the knee joints— are about twenty inches in height. Their complexion is mulatto-like, and the face hairless. Their bodies are covered with short, soft black hair.

The 'Kulu Kamba,' says the professor, is more like a human being than any other animal. The difference in the ossiferous structure of the chimpanzee and the Kulu Kamba, is still a matter of conjecture. The principal difference between a gorilla and a man in this respect, lies in the fact that the spine of the gorilla is less regularly jointed than that of a man. The grip of the gorilla is as bad as the grippe that afflicts humanity just now.

When Professor Garner wished to photograph a gorilla his method was, to fix the camera in a favorable spot, attach a string to the spring, hold the string and await results at a safe distance. He tried the plan three times. Mr. Gorilla would happen along, assimilate the bait and start, when the spring of the kodak 'clicked,' but somehow the subjects didn't take well, or got out of focus or something. There is much about the professor's sojourn among the ape tribes that is indefinite, like their language. Perhaps the professor will prophesy more when he knows. The professor's novel tent was pitched, or hung, in the forests around Fernanvaez Lake, thirteen days' travel from Cape Lopez. He was never troubled by large animals or by the natives. The latter were much impressed by the professor's 'selfcocker' revolver, the capabilities of which the former judiciously displayed, with the result that the natives let him severely alone. What the impressions of the monkey tribes were of Professor Garner, will doubtless transpire at some future interview with prominent members of the tribes, when their language is properly understood by the enterprising newspaper man.

A writer in the 'Pall Mall Budget', ahead of time, gives the result of an imaginary interview with the Kulu Kambas. The interview is accompanied by a picture of the professor conversing with his friends.

'Dreadfully cold, isn't it?' said the Kulu Kamba, shivering slightly and making himself as comfortable as possible in the warmest part of his cage. 'I give you my word,' he said, in answer to a question, 'that if I'd known it was so cold at the headquarters of Her Majesty's dominions, it would have taken a good deal more force than was found necessary to induce me to leave Africa. There may be drawbacks for people who cannot use their feet as well as their hands in Africa, but it was never too cold in my native country to sniff the night air without muffling yourself in furs that originally covered some one else. I've been in this country only a week. There is much in it that I admire, but why you cannot make a better climate, as you make many other things superior to anything I ever saw at home, I do not understand. Still, I am young yet, and I don't propose to set myself up as a judge, at least not for a year or so, if I live so long.' The Kulu Kamba in conclusion made a curious sound, not unlike the spasm of an eight-day clock that somebody had forgotten to wind up.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE PRINCE OF INDIA.

A favorite book among Christmas presents this season will be found in 'The Prince of India, or Why Constantinople Fell,' by Lew Wallace, the author of 'Ben Hur,' published in Canada by William Briggs, Toronto. In it the author takes the legend of the Wandering Jew as a basis for his Prince of India, and six years of conscientious labor have been devoted to securing correctness of fact and accuracy of detail in connection with the story. Whatever may be said of its interest as a story, the value of this book historically as a study of the Oriental culture of the Byzantine empire can hardly be overestimated. There is careful fidelity to fact also in the descriptive matter. Professor Grosvenor, of Amherst College, says:

No child of a merely human brain can claim for itself that it is inerrant and infallible. This simple human reservation granted, the 'Prince of India' challenges and compels the admiration of the scholarly world for its conscientious accuracy. Take the first topographic description of the first chapter. Little over two years ago I stood upon that venerable shore a few stadia north of Sidon, with my friend, the Rev. Dr. Sweeney, the Consul-General of the United States to the Sublime Porte. Seaward stretched the tiny 'Nameless Bay'; on either hand, about four miles apart, the two river-beds—one covered by a silver stream, the other bearing the traces of the dried-up torrent of the spring. Near the middle of the shore bend, the sweet-water well, whence villagers and camels may slake their thirst, as they have doubtless done thousands of years. Rivers in the East may indeed forsake their channels, but the wells remain changeless as the well of Sychar, cherished as their most precious possession by nature's nomad children. Like the waving of a magician's wand, the vivid page of the 'Prince of India' recreates the scene thousands of leagues away, and I see once more those piled sarcophagi and the single arch that actually might indicate the way to the imaginary royal tomb.

I cannot tax my reader's patience with the hundreds of like exactitudes which I might select. I cannot dwell upon the Blacherne Palace with its ceremonial of the Pannachides resurrected in its reality; nor the house of Uel, planted in the one rare spot along the Golden Horn, whence alone the threefold view of tower and church and palace is visible; nor the peculiar local phenomena of the sudden tempest on the Bosphorus—nor the cisterns and terraced banks at Therapia, relics of vanished splendor, where the author might well erect 'little mother's' imperial palace. Nothing is too trivial or too simple for the writer's accuracy. No less does it extend to the fashion of imperial robes, and the ceremonial of that most elaborate, long-vanished court, than to the haunts of the fishermen, and the individual fish species that sparkle under the Bosphorus's transparent waves.

The central figure of the romance is the mysterious Prince who at the period of the story aims to become the universal arbiter in religion and to restore mankind to their true relations with God, and thus earn as a reward his release from unending life. The siege and capture of Constantinople by the Moslems form the crisis of the story, and the description is one of consummate power and thrilling interest. In the fight the aged Prince of India is apparently killed. He, however, soon wakes from his trance to find himself again transformed.

Youth—youth—joyous, bounding, eager, hopeful youth was his once more! He stood up, and there was no creak of rust in the hinges of his joints; he knew he was standing inches higher in the sunlit air, and a cry burst from him—'Oh, God, I give thanks!' The hymn stopped there, for between him and the sky, as if it were ascending transfigured, he beheld the victim of the Crucifixion; and the eyes, no longer sad, but full of accusing majesty, were looking down at him, and the lips were in speech: 'Tarry thou till I come!' He covered his face with his hands. Yes, yes, he had his youth back again, but it was with the old mind and nature—youth, that the curse upon him might, in the moral sense, be eternal! And pulling his black hair with his young hands, wrenching at his black beard, it was given him to see he had undergone his fourteenth transformation, and that between this one and the last there was no lapse of connection. Old age had passed, leaving the conditions and circumstances of its going to the youth which succeeded. The new life in starting picked up and loaded itself with every burden, and all the misery of the old. So now, while burrowing, as it were, amongst dead men, his head upon the breast of the emperor whom, treating Nilo as an instrument in his grip, he had slain, he thought most humanly of the effects of the transformation. First of all, his personal identity was lost, and he was once more a wanderer without an acquaintance, a friend, or a sympathizer on the earth. To whom could he now address himself with a hope of recognition? His heart went out primarily to Lael—he loved her. Suppose he found her, and offered to take her in his arms. She would repulse him. 'Thou art not my father. He was old—thou art young.' And Syama, whose bereavements of sense had recommended him for confidant in the event of his witnessing the dreaded circumstance just befallen—if he addressed himself to Syama, the faithful creature would deny him. 'No; my master was old—his hair and beard were white—thou art a youth. Go hence.' And then Mohammed, to whom he had been so useful in bringing additional empire, and a glory which time would make its own forever—did he seek Mohammed again: 'Thou art not the Prince of India, my Peerless Messenger of the Stars. He was old—his hair and beard were white—thou art a boy. Ho, guards, take this impostor, and do with him as ye did with Balta Ogli—stretch him on the ground, and beat the life out of him.'

(Two volumes in box. Methodist Book Room.)

OLD NEW ENGLAND.

Alice Morse Earle, in a delightful book entitled 'Customs and Fashions in Old New England' (Scribner's Sons), gives the results of a careful study of old records and documents, and lets us into many a secret of the doings of the colonists and their descendants. Here is a tale of service:

We frequently glean from diaries of the times hints of the pleasures of having a wild Nipmuck, or Narragansett Indian, as 'help.' The Rev. Peter Thatcher, of Milton, Mass., bought an Indian in 1674 for £5 down, and £5 more at the close of the year—a high-priced servant for the times. One of her duties was apparently the care of a young Thatcher infant. Shortly after the purchase, the reverend gentleman makes this entry in his diary: 'Came home and found my Indian girl had liked to have knocked my Theodorah on the head by letting her fall. Whereupon I took a good walnut stick and beat the Indian to purpose till she promised to do so no more.'

The funeral customs of early days were curious. A funeral was the only occasion when, according to Hawthorne, 'jollity was sanctioned by universal practice.' Even town paupers had two or three gallons of rum or a barrel of cider given by the town to serve as speeding libations at their unmourned funerals. At a little boy's funeral in Concord, N. H., the six little pall-bearers were each presented with a tumbler of gin, water and sugar. An experienced committee was appointed to superintend the mixing of the funeral grog or punch and to attend to the liberal and frequent dispensing thereof. Sargent says that when he was a boy the school was dismissed for a funeral.

A table with liquors was always provided. Everyone as he entered, took off his hat with his left hand, smoothed down his hair with his right, walked up to the coffin, gazed upon the corpse, made a crooked face, passed on to the table, took a glass of his favorite liquor, went forth upon the plot before the house, and talked politics, or of the new road, or compared crops, or swapped heifers or horses, until it was time to 'lift.'

One chapter, entitled 'Artifices of Handsomeness,' gives curious ancient recipes for hair dressing and face powders, another tells of wearing apparel, and others of larder supplies and table plenishings and various habits and customs, many of which accounts will make the American reader unite heartily with the author in the sentiment expressed on the title page.

Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors; and let each successive generation thank him not less fervently for being one step further from them in the march of ages.

(W. Foster Brown, $1.25.)

JOHN B. GOUGH.

In the American Reformers Series, published by Funk & Wagnalls, we find a life of 'John B. Gough, the Apostle of Cold Water,' by Carlos Martyn. It is a vivid sketch of a well-known life, and included a great many of Mr. Gough's favorite anecdotes. Here is a story, which he would tell against himself, which contains a moral for temperance workers: He had been engaged to address a large number of children, and before the meeting a friend pressed upon him a gift of half a dozen cigars.

I wore a cap in those days, and I put the cigars into it, and at the appointed time I went to the meeting. I ascended the platform, and faced an audience of more than two thousand children. As it was out of doors I left my cap on, for fear of taking cold, and I forgot all about the cigars.

Towards the close of my speech I became much in earnest, and after warning the boys against bad company, bad habits, and the saloons, I said, 'Now, boys, let us give three rousing cheers for temperance, and for cold water. Now, then, three cheers. Hurrah!' Taking off my cap I waved it most vigorously when away went the cigars right into the midst of the audience. The remaining cheers were very faint, and were nearly drowned in the laughter of the crowd. I was mortified and ashamed, and should have been relieved could I have sunk through the platform out of sight. My feelings were still more aggravated by a boy coming up the steps of the platform with one of those dreadful cigars, saying: 'Here is one of your cigars, Mr. Gough.' Though I never after that put cigars in my hat when going to a meeting, I am ashamed to say it was some time after that before I gave up cigars altogether.

THE LATE JOHN B. GOUGH.

SCIENTIFIC.

Prof. Drummond's lectures on 'The Evolution of Man,' delivered in Boston last spring, were listened to by many with respectful and admiring attention, while in others the Professor's fine sounding language and curious arguments provoked only amusement and a sense of absurdity. The lectures are eight in number, and are contained in a little book carefully made up from contemporary reports and edited by William Templeton. They are published by Henry Alternus, Philadelphia, in the Alternus Library, a collection of handy volumes of standard and popular works. (W. Foster Brown, 75 cents.)——Macmillan & Co. publish 'The Distribution of

PROF. DRUMMOND.

Wealth,' by Prof. Commons, of Indiana University, a volume which endeavors to show the practical outcome of the theories of distribution held by leading economists. Prof. Commons devotes nearly a hundred pages to a discussion of the different factors in distribution, afterwards taking up the topics of diminishing returns and rent. Among other conclusions he says that tax reform should seek to remove all burdens from capital and labor and impose them on monopolies, and that public policy should leave capital and labor and business ability free and untrammelled, but endeavor to widen and enlarge the opportunities for their employment. (W. Drysdale & Co., $1.25.)——'Economical Cookery for the Middle Classes,' by Kate Addison (Hodder & Stoughton), is a volume of 250 pages of recipes giving careful directions for both plain and fancy cookery. It is a fourth and enlarged edition of a book published more than fourteen years ago. Among other things the writer says:

Since the first edition of my 'Economical Cookery' appeared, a great prejudice has arisen against every kind of tinned food, and many serious results have followed from want of knowledge in using these foods. There are but two precautions necessary; first, if directly an insertion is made with the tin-cutter, you hear the air rush into the tin, you may rest assured that the contents are good; but if on the other hand, no sound at all is heard, you may be equally certain that the contents should be thrown away. This applies to everything which has been boiled in water, but not to those articles of food which are preserved in oil. Second—Never leave any part of the food in the tin after you have opened it. If there is more than enough for immediate use, put the remainder away in an earthenware jar or basin.

(W. Drysdale & Co., $1.)

BY A YOUNG CANADIAN.

A little book, tastefully bound in white parchment, tied with silk cord, is entitled 'Venice and other Verse.' It contains a number of poems by Mr. Alan Sullivan, the son of the Bishop of Algoma, who, in some fine concluding lines, thus commends his work to friends:

Take, friend, the lines, though phrase and rhyme
Lack subtle turning, finer skill,
Expression of a thought sublime,
Record of deed sublimer still;

If something of that pure deep tone
The west wind whispers to a pine;
When all its tasselled top is blown
Be woven in a song of mine;

Or, if I catch the peace that sleeps
In starry depths, or silver lake,
Wher the white moon her vigil keeps,
And all the Northern Lights awake;

Or, if one kindly thought be stirred,
One moment's rest be free from pain
If memory lingers on one word,
It has not all been writ in vain.

Among the poems on Italian subjects are 'Venice,' 'A Mediterranean Night,' 'Lago di Como' and 'Colosseo Romani.' The heroic act of a Canadian 'shanty' man is chronicled in 'A Tale of the Drive,' which begins:

Where the rapids madly swirl
Down the height,
And the flying billows hurl
Shreds of white
High in air, the woodsmen say,
That a spectre haunts the day
And the night.

If you ask a shanty man,
Does he know
All the tale, his face of tan,
Dull will glow;
Half with pride, and half with shame,
He will mutter but the name,
'Pierre Lozeau.'

Another Canadian poem describes the voyageur:

See, by yonder pine he stands,
In his tasselled tuque of blue;
With the paddle in his hand,
Watching that far-off canoe;
Mark his ruddy, sun-kissed face
One of a soon vanished race,
Voyageur.

Among the variety of verse which fills the remainder of the book we may specially note an ode to 'Memory,' of which the concluding lines are as follows:

We can bend circumstances to our will,
And make them serve us, we are masters still,
Of more good than we wot of; we must rise
Superior to material things of clay,
Forgetting most things, in the few be wise,
And since night cometh, take heed for the day.

Our lines are cramped through our own littleness,
And too fast bound by custom and the stress
Of what we deemed necessity, we tread
Where trod our sires, and lo, our sires are dead!

To every life its object; if we die
With ends all unaccomplished, still we know
The mark in heaven was not set too high,
But feeble purpose aped the shaft too low.

This booklet is printed in Toronto, and will, we believe, be for sale by Messrs. Drysdale and Foster Brown & Co., in time for the holidays.

DECEMBER MAGAZINES.

The December number of 'Onward and Upward' (Edinburgh), edited by the Countess of Aberdeen, the President of the Onward and Upward Association, shows the admirable social and educational work which is being done by that association. There are, for instance, lists of questions for December and Jaunary, with needlework and knitting competitions, etc., etc. There are Bible Questions, History Questions, Physiology Questions anu General Questions, such as the following:

In what way can a mother instil the love of truth into her children?

State briefly some of the advantages and benefits a boy may gain by joining the Boys' Brigade?

Why should parents cultivate conversation in the family circle?

State how patching should be done, especially the knees of boys' knickerbockers.

Why should a mother be thorough in every detail of her housework?

These questions are evidently to be answered in writing, and marks are given for satisfactory answers. There are a number of illustrated articles and stories in the magazine, and a letter from the President, dated Government House, Ottawa, and signed 'Your ever affectionate and grateful President, Isbbel Aberdeen.'——'Wee Willie Winkie' is a magazine of the same class, with competitions, etc., for the little folks, with children's letters, stories and Home Recreations, and a separate colored plate. It is edited by Lady Marjorie Gordon, and Canadian children are invited to join in the competitions and write letters about interesting matters. The price is a penny a copy, or 1s 6d by mail. (S. W. Partridge & Co., London.)

Mr. F. S. Spence, of Toronto, edits a neat, sixty-four page monthly magazine entitled 'The Vanguard,' intended to be a journal of moral reform. The first number is devoted mainly to the prohibition question, and contains much valuable information on temperance questions in available form. Some of the special subjects in this number are 'Canada's Liquor Revenue and Drink Bill,' Municipal Revenue and Prohibition, 'The Failure of High License,' and 'The Scott Act and Drunkenness.' The price is two dollars a year, or fifteen cents a number.

Other magazines received are 'Cyclopedic Review of Current History' for the third quarter of 1893, illustrated (Garretson, Cox & Co., Buffalo, N.Y.); 'The Missionary Review of the World,' edited by Dr. Pierson (Funk & Wagnalls, Toronto); 'The New England Magazine' Christmas number, with colored picture of Lincoln Cathedral (Warren F. Kellogg, Boston); 'The Pall Mall Magazine,' with lines to Lord Roberts by Rudyard Kipling (Montreal News Co.); 'Romance,' a monthly magazine of complete stories; 'The Season,' containing the newest Paris fashions and needlework patterns (Montreal News Co.); 'The Sanitarian' (New York; 'Worthington's Magazine' (Hartford, Conn.); 'Babyhood' (New York).

IN PAPER COVERS.

'Montezuma's Daughter,' by F. Rider Haggard, which has already been before the public serially, is published in paper covers in Longman's Colonial Library, with twenty fine full-page sensational illustrations by M. Greifenhagen. The publishers announce that the next issue of this library will be 'What Necessity Knows.'——Since 1886, when the 'Captain of the Janizaries,' by James M. Ludlow, first appeared, several editions have been printed. It now appears as the November number of 'Harper's Quarterly.' The story is founded on the adventures of the patriot George Castriot, or Scanderbeg, who for twenty-three years resisted the powers of the Ottoman empire. (Price 50 cents.)——In the Franklin Square Library, 'The Burden of Isabel,' by J. Maclaren Cobban, is a well written story of English manufacturing life, in which Oriental characters are introduced but not found trustworthy.

PRINCESS AND ORIENTAL.

TWO DEVOTED FRIENDS.

A pretty photograph of one of the children of Princess Beatrice of Great Britain (Princess Henry of Battenberg) has just been made. The little Victoria Eugenie of Battenburg—named after her

grandmother and the ex-Empress of the French—is now six years old. She has the plump sweetness of healthy childhood.

The little girl is held up in the arms of her friend and ally, Abdul Karim the Queen's Indian secretary. The kind old Oriental and his wife live in a cottage not far from Princess Beatrice's house, and her children are all devoted to the dusky gentleman, who is always ready to play with them.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

It was in the early days of the Prohibition party, and a United States Senator from one of the corn-growing states was stumping his state against the new political factor. 'What would you farmers do with your grain if no liquors were made?' he asked of a large audience of farmers. No one could undertake to reply to such argument, and there was dead silence. Again he cried, 'What would you do with your corn if there were less distilleries?' There was a silence more oppressive than before for a few moments, when an old farmer in the back part of the hall shouted out, 'We would raise more hogs and less hell!' Could the connection of the liquor traffic with farming be more forcibly stated?

It is a fact established by the most careful scientific investigation (so states Prof. Richard T. Ely) that if the money consumed by the liquor traffic were spent for bread and other needed things, there would be a demand for seven bushels of grain for every one that is now used in the manufacture of the accursed stuff. Could the iniquitous traffic be wiped out, there would be an unprecedented boom, not only in all kinds of farming, but in legitimate business of every sort; and in place of nine-tenths of the want and misery existing, there would be plenty and happiness.—'Rural New Yorker.'

DEEP SEA MISSION.

Some of the Good Works Done by the Gospel Cruiser.

Around the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, there are 30,000 men and boys engaged in the deep sea fishing industry. Of all the arduous professions, perhaps less is known by the general public of the hardships, perils, and adventures which fall to the lot of a deep sea fisherman, than of any other. The everyday life of these men is replete with untold deeds of heroism and Spartan endurance. They are veritable sons of Neptune. The little that is known about these men comes principally through the mission to deep sea fishermen.

'TAIN'T SO DULL NOW.'

On the other side of the Atlantic in the old days, the men engaged in this industry had to contend with a peril that was deadlier in its effects than an angry sea—the Dutch caper—a boat laden with fiery schnapps and other intoxicants. Like the gabled 'Flying Dutchman,' a phantom ship, the appearance of which bodes disaster to the mariner, the caper cruised among the fisheries of the North Sea, spreading ruin everywhere. Then arose the mission to deep sea fishermen, whose object was to cope with the caper, drive it and his nefarious traffic from the seas and sow the seeds of good among the crews of the fishing smacks.

The mission work was uphill but its promoters and workers struggled valiantly on. The Gospel of Christ was revealed to the toilers, good literature was distributed among them, with clothes and bodily necessaries. The mission found doctors for the men and did all they could to make their rough life better and brighter. Among these fishermen to-day the mission boats are hailed with delight as veritable argosies laden with riches. The occupation of the caper is gone from their midst, and in place of temporary forgetfulness of their hardships in drink, the men look higher for comfort and strength, and the strong hands of the mission are ever stretched forth to help them. The hard earned success of the mission was its own reward. Its functions have grown and extended—extended now to the fishermen on the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, whose daily life is, if possible, more filled with hardship and loneliness than that of their brethren across the seas. The work to be done is vast and noble work and laborers are few. Dr. Grenfell, M.R.C.S., superintendent of the mission to deep sea fishermen who has labored among the men for years is lecturing upon the subject in Canadian cities, establishing branches of the mission and extending its beneficial influence everywhere.

To hear Dr. Grenfell is a revelation and an education. His lecture is like a new book, well illustrated and full of good things from cover to cover. The listener is carried back in imagination to the times of the Vikings. The lectures are filled with anecdote; tales of brave deeds done in loneliness and black of midnight, of great storms, and of perils and hardships. The trials of the men's daily life—a curious chapter in itself—the manners and customs of this nation dwelling on the bosom of the deep is graphically described. Dr. Grenfell tells earnestly of their great needs ,their spiritual and bodily wants—a strang and thrilling story throughout. The listener marvels that he knew so little of these men, that no echoes come to him from them, unless it be a brief paragraph in some newspaper telling of fishing smacks missing, or men swept overboard in storms.

A TRIBUTE TO CANADA.

LIFE AND PROPERTY SAFE IN EVERY PART OF OUR BROAD LAND.

The following is an extract from a letter of Col. T. T. Wright, Nashville, Tenn., to the late Hon. Jerry Rusk, Commissioner of Agriculture, in reply to his inquiry, 'How to prevent train robberies and protect rural settlers.'

'A pressing necessity for the present welfare of rural sections of the United States is a police system that will afford protection to its resident population, transportation corporations and travellers. That train robberies are permitted in the United States seems a reflection on this nation and its civilization. There are no train robberies in Canada. Why should there be in the United States? Is it not high time for legislators to give time and thought to this subject of police protection for rural districts? The superb mounted police system of Canada and the British colonial possessions affords ample protection of the residents of their rural districts where homes are often isolated and hundreds of miles apart. In the British colonial possessions a citizen is practically safe from harm, from Vancouver to Hudson's Bay and from the waters of the Indian Ocean to the Himalayas thousands of miles away. Train robberies and outrages on women, such as occur in the United States, are unknown in the lands of our British cousins. Their mounted police prevent such crimes. Suspicious characters are arrested or placed under espionage,

SERVICE FOR DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN.

Families in many sections of our union are flocking to cities for protection, afraid to expose their loved ones to the human brutes who roam at will in sparsely settled sections, and who are more to be feared than the black lion of Africa or the panther and tiger that haunt the jungles of India. As a question of dollars and cents, a mounted police for our rural districts, modelled after the Canadian system, would pay. It would settle up and increase the value of rural lands now vacant and to remain so while state authorities decline to afford protection to settlers. It will not do longer to ignore this question, neither to say that a mounted police system is impracticable for the United States. To admit this proposition is to announce to the world that the United States, unlike Canada, is incapable of affording protection to the life and property of her citizens.'

NINE AND ONE.

(From the Detroit 'Tribune.')

While tailors nine are needed still
A modern man to make,
A single tailor's quite enough
The modern man to break.

THE UNCHURCHED.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—There is another side of the 'Unchurched' question that I have not seen touched upon yet in the 'Witness.' It is this—the Church seldom rejects money from millionnaires, even though made by crookedness. It is not long since we read of a Baptist Church in Chicago that discharged its minister because he refused to receive help from a brewer. You will remember also how the praises of Mr. Rockfeller, of the Standard Oil Company, were being sung for his munificence to a college. The papers said not a word about the families he wrecked while establishing his company.

Will the Church turn out those manufacturers who have got rich by combines under the 'N.P.' Will she not rather laud them to the skies for the gift of a new library, or hospital, or church? One of our manufacturers only a few years since occupied only a small building; but now, thanks to the N.P., the sons can travel to the Holy Land, and the family can build for themselves a mausoleum said to have cost $60,000; and you may yet hear of them sending out missionaries with the money this so-called National Policy has enabled them to extract from the farmers' pockets. Doing it all in a 'legal way,' of course. Yet Mr. Nichols must handle such people very tenderly while telling the workers to 'be content with their wages.' These words in the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Luke were not spoken to workers, but to soldiers, and when Mr. Nichols saw fit to cast this answer of John's in the workingmen's teeth, why did he not quote the more appropriate answer to 'the people' in the eleventh verse? 'He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise.'

Let no one imagine that these capitalists are all rascals. Many of them are very estimable men, as the world goes, and no worse than the average of those who are not capitalists; but they have had a bad training by a ministry too cowardly to declare the 'whole counsel of God,' even if they knew it, which, alas, they too often do not—being not always taught of God, but of the college.

The Church needs cleaning out. Clean out from them the landlords who benefit by the present iniquitous law that says if a tenant erects a building, or plants a tree on his landlord's property it becomes the landlord's. Yes, clean them out till they procure a change in the law so that it will allow the tenant to remove his own, unless he receives compensation. 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?' Yes, friend Nichols, take him to your own table, and don't shut him up in an institution, and people will begin to believe in you. But, to continue.—'When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him,' etc.—'And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, (the alms count as nothing if the heart go not with it) and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday: and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not,' etc. Isaiah, lviii. Were words more sublime ever penned? Have you ever got into the position to have your soul thus satisfied? If not, your loss is tremendous. Every Christian should be contented with the very worst fare and usage for himself—it is the Lord's discipline, by which he is made a good soldier—while his whole soul should burn with indignation at the indignities heaped upon others, and he should do all in his power to help them, or his Christianity will accomplish little in this world.

HOPE.

Sir,—Since my removal from Montreal I have had few opportunities for seeing your paper, and have but recently learned that you invite opinions from the unchurched as to the causes operating to leave the ministers 'a beggarly array of empty benches' to preach to. Let us examine it in its relation to three separate and distinct classes of the community: Those seeking Churchianity; those seeking Christianity; those who have found Christianity. They of the first named class when coming into a neighborhood to reside seek the church of their particular denomination nearest them and if they like the preaching they stay, if not they go further and, having found preaching to their taste, the next step is to become members. This is not so easy, as by the time they have found a place where they think they could worship (?) they discover that many others of the same mind have pre-empted the seating capacity of the edifice. If the new comers are poor they have a very slim chance of being taken in even though strangers, and so they go church-hunting until they find a resting place which they can call 'their church,' but the pastor, not being up to their standard, they are but indifferent worshippers, and go, when they do, as a matter of form and for such social benefit as the 'connection' may bring them. If they happen to be well-to-do and know, or have letters of introduction to a few leading members of the church they may be invited to share a pew with some one until a vacancy occurs in the 'club church.'

In such institutions the members being of the wealthier class pay annual dues, and, having done that duty, and their seats being pre-empted by purchase or rental, they occupy them—when not more pleasantly occupying their time—and, assuming the church to be the Kingdom in embyro, they 'shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.' (Matt. xxiii., 13.)

With regard to the second class, those seeking for Christianity, they go from church to church, and, instead of hearing 'the glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people' are compelled to listen to learned discourses on the 'inerrancy of the Bible,' 'whether Moses or David or both or neither wrote the psalms,' and so forth ad nauseam, and in the babel of creeds and doctrines is it any wonder they do not find what they seek and give it up in despair or else settle down in some comfortably cushioned edifice and become members of the first-named class?

Both these classes receive the same scant courtesy from the occupants of the pre-empted sittings, and I, myself, have stood in the aisle of a leading church in Montreal with twenty others waiting our turn, as strangers, to be shown to seats by one solitary verger, while fully fifty pew holders passed us without even looking at us, much less asking us to accept the hospitality of their pews. And we had our best clothes on, too! Is it any marvel when such things exist that a heathen (?) delegate from Japan, at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, should say that 'his people would not join Christianity as long as they think it a western morality to preach one thing and practice another.' But he in his heathen blindness was only mistaking Churchianity for Christianity. With regard to those who have found Christianity, little remains to be said. If the other two classes failed to find it in the churches, then the churches are not the places for Christians to worship, and they obey the voice calling them, 'Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.' (Rev. xviii. 4, et seq.)

If the so-called ministers of the Gospel of Christ wish to find favor with Christians, they must give up club membership, vice-regal receptions, and public and private banquets, and seek to know something of the mind and spirit of the Christ whom they essay to preach, and at this season of the year more than all others I would call their attention to the whole of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and more particularly the seventh and following verses, as showing them how and where to begin.

F. G.

Dec. 6.

Sir,—Since you invited correspondence on this subject I have been much interested and have read carefully the letters published and reasons given. When you first presented the subject I asked myself many questions (being one of them), and thought what could be said that would interest the average reader. I only refrained from writing from fear that what I might say would not be accepted. That there are very many of the unchurched class, I have no doubt. That a person cannot be a Christian who does not belong to one of the sects has come to be a popular belief though few are bold enough to assert it.

Brought up to believe in churches and a member of a certain denomination for more than twenty-five years, I claim to have had some experience. I lived and labored in all good conscience to the extent of my ability to be a true Christian and to uphold what I thought to be the true Church of Christ. What a delusion! And how it grieves one to awake to the fact that what we believed to be true is false. Oh, how much we have to unlearn and undo.

During all this time if anyone had asked me why I belonged to a certain church or denomination I could not have given them an intelligent answer, though superintendent of a large Sunday-school and prominent in all church work.

About this time being interested in a mission Sunday-school just being started it fell to my lot partly by choice to form a young people's Bible-class, starting with two, which soon grew to be a large class. I felt the importance of my position and being anxious to teach them the truth, set myself to a diligent study of the Bible, discarding all creeds and previous teachings. What is the result? I find myself out of harmony with the Church life of the day, and more and more in harmony with the word of God and its teachings. I have often asked myself such questions as these:—What is Christianity? What is it to be a true Christian? What is the true Church of Christ? What is my duty as a man? If I go to creeds or sects, one says this, another says that. I get no satisfaction. But when I go to the Word of God I get the true answer. Eccl. xii., 13-14, 'Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: fear God and keep his Commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.' James i., 27, 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widows and fatherless in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.'

How different the teachings of the bible compared with the teachings and practices of the modern church. The first question asked now-a-days is 'what church do you belong to?' As if you could not be a Christian unless you belonged to one of them.

How disappointed many will look when you tell them you don't belong to any church, but you are a Christian, nothing more. They immediately begin to treat you as if you had no claim on them whatever.

If you will talk creeds and sects, speak of churches and praise their ministers, choirs and organs, they will talk for hours, but if you speak about the Word of God they have no time to talk. How different the modern minister to the one he claims to represent. Who said, 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head,' and when the great Head of the Church first sent out his disciples they were not to take scrip or purse, or two coats. And the last great command given was to 'Go into all the world and preach the Gospel.' Do they go and preach the Gospel, or do they build large fine churches (calling them the temple of God) for which they go in debt and want the people to 'come to them' and pay their debts, also a good salary and a good parsonage, etc., for all of which there is no warrant in the Bible. When Christ or his apostles went to teach in any place, did they first enquire about the stipend and parsonage, and the desirability or undesirability of this or that location; or did they go regardless of consequences and teach the word of life to all, many or few, anywhere, everywhere, all the same to them?

But, alas, how different with the so-called representative of the meek and lowly one! So, Mr. Editor, from these and other considerations I have come to the conclusion that it is not a religious duty to pay salaries or build fine churches, or support them either. But on the contrary, I firmly believe that it is almost impossible to live a humble, devout, God-fearing life, and be a good member of any of the so-called Christian churches. So I find myself one of the unchurched Christians.

J. D.

St. Cunegonde, Dec., 1893.

A WOMAN ON THE 'UNCHURCHED MASSES.'

Sir,—I would like to give some reasons for the existence of the 'unchurched masses' from a woman's point of view, as I think most of our correspondents on this question have been of the other sex, and I know you are a believer in equal rights in this as in other matters. It is true that the largest proportion of church members are women, active workers in the interests of their church as a rule, for women are not so half-hearted as men in this respect. Yet there are families who are seldom represented in church, except by the head of the household; and for these reasons, family cares, straitened circumstances, that enforce that lack of style which is so conspicuous in a woman's attire, in these modern days, and having no means of her own to contribute to the schemes of the church for which such frequent demands are made from the pulpit. We may, perhaps, admire the saintly meekness of the wife, who covertly receives from her husband the nickel or the dime for the contribution plate (just as it is about to be passed) as if she were a child, and is never consulted as to what the family purse(?) can afford, but to my mind it is a question how personal Christian responsibility can be met in this manner.

Then some may think that a Christian should rise superior to a matter of dress, but it must be a very spiritually minded woman who can be in a mood to receive the best that she might from the exercises of a Sabbath day when she is conscious that her bonnet is the same old thing she has worn for two seasons, and her attire in general is best described by that masculine, but very expressive adjective 'seedy'; while on either hand sit Mrs. F. and Mrs. B. dressed in dainty, fresh and fashionable apparel. For the same reason she does not wish to bring her children with her; for her Tommy has but the one suit of clothes for Sunday and everyday, and her Jenny, although a bright and intelligent girl, is not attired as the stylish young girls of her age dress in the modern church. So they gradually become indifferent about attending regularly, which they cannot do with self-respect.

Then where the wife is housekeeper, cook and seamstress, all unaided, it requires quite an effort to plan and arrange everything beforehand, so that all may attend church, even where there are no young children that cannot be left alone, and when the necessary self-sacrifice is made, she is often so wearied that instead of being in a receptive frame of mind for the teaching of the pulpit, she finds her thoughts wandering to the things she has left undone, or the tasks that await her tomorrow. I trust that some one will be able to throw some light on a woman's duty in such circumstances, or, at least, give some help and encouragement to one who wishes to do right.

A PERPLEXED PONDERER.

Winnipeg, Dec., 1893.

THE SEMINARY'S WEALTH.

Where the Extraordinary and Ordinary Revenues Go.

The 'Minerve' publishes another article in reply to the 'Globe's' charges against the Sulpicians. Taking as a basis the municipal valuations of 1881-82, it shows that $1,517,300 were expended out of the special revenue of the Seminary in the construction of churches, chapels, schools, colleges, asylums, etc., and holds that, owing to the increased value of real estate and the improvements made, these public institutions now represent a capital of about $2,500,000. The writer then goes on to say that such heavy expenditure required a loan, which has now been paid up, but the interest on which amounted to $18,000 in 1876, and it cannot be supposed that a community hoarding millions in its vaults, as has been alleged, would have been obliged to effect such a loan. Referring to the ordinary revenue, he holds that it goes to pay for the maintenance of the members of the order, to help the poor and to support the different institutions above referred to. These expenses are larger than the revenue. Thus for the year 1874-75, the expenses were $147,328.18, and the receipts only $130,000. This shows that the Seminary is sometimes obliged to reduce even its works of charity. The mere item of alms amounts each year to more than $24,000, and if to this are added the annual charities to asylums and educational establishments, the whole represents a sum of at least $80,000. The article then refers to the mode of life of the Sulpicians and invites their accusers to visit them in their rooms. There they will find simplicity itself. No carpeting, no costly furniture, but simply the bare floor and a few images of saints. There are no servants in attendance upon the individual members, each Sulpician being his own servant and attending to the wants of his own room. Nevertheless, this Sulpician is a Seigneur of Montreal, and very often belongs to some great family in France. The writer closes by stating that the Sulpicians have rendered an account to the proper authorities as often as they are required to do so, and they are still ready to repeat the operation.

Joined to Christ in mystic union,
We the members, thou the head,
Sealed by deep and true communion,
Risen with thee who once were dead,
Saviour, we would humbly claim
All the power of this thy name

* * * * *

Make thy members every hour
For thy blessed service meet;
Earnest tongues and arms of power,
Skilful hands and hastening feet,
Ever ready to fulfil
All thy word and all thy will.

—F. R. Havergal.

THE NELSON INCIDENT.

Lively Thoughts of the London 'Times.'

(London 'Times,' Nov. 22.)

The attempt of three young militia officers to blow up the Nelson monument at Montreal, is a very disagreeable incident. The persons concerned were well-known, one of them being a son of Mr. Mercier, the too-celebrated ex-Premier of Quebec; and, if the Canadian newspapers are rightly informed, many other conspirators were parties to the plot. The design was as reckless and as shamefully regardless of life and property as are all plots which have to do with dynamite; and the conspirators appear to have cared nothing for the destruction of the whole of the square, or for the inevitable loss of life, so long as they destroyed the monument of the man whose name is associated with British victories over the French. The presence of young Mercier in the design suggests that the political motives of the conspirators may have been complicated in his case by the wish to avenge his father upon those who had exposed and disgraced him; but there can be no doubt that the presence of the Nelson monument in Jacques Cartier square has been long resented by the more Anglophobe of the French population, and suggestions have been made that it should be removed to the English quarter of the town, and set up in Dominion square, giving place to a new statue of Cartier, the French sailor who discovered Montreal and explored the St. Lawrence. We offer no opinion as to the abstract desirability of such a change, which seems in itself to be fairly reasonable. Quite possibly, if only fair and persuasive means had been employed, the change might have commended itself to the city authorities. But dynamite puts all yielding out of the question for the present. No state can tolerate the employment of such means, or can dream of conceding a demand that is urged in such a way. The removal of the statue is postponed indefinitely, and, if we are to assume that the details given are true, we cannot doubt that severe punishment will fall upon those concerned. No civilized state can tolerate dynamite; least of all when it is about to be employed for an unlawful purpose by mutinous and treasonable military officers.

The incident will naturally direct attention to many questions connected with the French-Canadians. It will again set people asking how far the bulk of the provinces of Quebec and Montreal are loyal to the Queen, and what is the extent of the disaffection revealed by this plot. According to those who know the country best, though there is little or no enthusiasm for the British connection, Anglophobia in its acute form is a disease that has not spread very far. It has its victims chiefly among the journalists of the great towns. To say that the French-Canadian has any substantial grievance, is to say what is not the fact. Greatly attached as he is to his language, his laws, and his religion, he finds them all guaranteed to him. His language, in the Province of Quebec, is officially on an equality with our own; his Church, though not established, is protected, and may even collect tithes by legal process from its voluntary adherents; and his laws are made either by himself at Quebec or with his consent at Ottawa. Whatever grievance he has, then, is rather sentimental than practical; but no sensible person is likely to deny that sentimental grievances are sometimes acutely felt, and that they may furnish a real force in politics. The sympathies of the French-Canadians are inclined to go with France rather than with England whenever there is tension between the two countries; and lately, for example, when the Siamese question was acute, the newspapers of Quebec and Montreal made no secret of their preferences. The curious thing is that the France with whom they profess to sympathize, is a France which the large majority of them regard as hopelessly bad, religiously and politically. The French-Canadians have not moved on; they remain where they were when Canada was ceded; they have had no '89. They are Catholic and even Royalist; they look with horror upon the 'atheism' and 'freemasonry' of the present regime in France, and would vote to-morrow for the Compte de Paris. All this, however, does not prevent a certain number of them from resenting their position as a part of the British Empire, and from looking out for opportunities to break the connection. Sometimes this feeling leads only to a pronouncement in favor of annexation to the United States, such as appears in this month's number of the 'Forum.' Sometimes, as during the Mercier trial, it takes the form of a violent newspaper agitation. Now and then it breaks out in something worse, as in this wicked and yet childish conspiracy to destroy the Nelson statue. It may be no more than a coincidence, but it is impossible to forget that this last attempt has been deferred until the accession of Lord Aberdeen as Governor-General. Is it that the more eager spirits among the Canadians are determined to try how much can be squeezed out of that amiable nobleman, one of whose chief claims for high office was the zeal with which he swallowed Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy for Ireland? Canada has long since got home rule; but the methods of the dynamiter are still, it seems, occasionally practised there. The lesson will not be lost upon ourselves.

HOW TO BETRAY THEM.

The London 'Daily News' Paris correspondent tells us that chemistry is offering a means to oblige would-be dynamiters to betray themselves should they try to carry about hand grenades and cartridges. It is to mix dynamite with certain salts that give out a stench and to plunge cartridges into a solution of these chemicals. The foetid smell thus caused is not to be got rid of and is communicable. A person carrying an infernal machine or who had carried or handled one, unless with leather gloves, which had been taken off with great care, would be at once detected by the smell. Nature warns us in this manner of the presence of mice, foxes and musk-rats, of wild felines, and of different species of snakes.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

WOMEN AS WAGE EARNERS — THE PROBLEM IN MONTREAL—A PIONEER NEWSPAPER WOMAN—ALL VOTE ON THE PLEBISCITE—WHERE COMFORT IS—A WOMAN MISSIONARY DENTIST —WOMEN'S LOVE OF SHOW—PRETTY WINTER DRESSES.

WOMEN AS WAGE EARNERS.

THE PROBLEM IN MONTREAL.

The following is the first part of a paper by Carrie M. Derick, B.A., read a few days ago before the Woman's Club, of this city. It is of special interest as showing the result of recent investigation right in our midst. The rest of the paper will be given next week.

Make no more giants, God,
But elevate the race at once. We ask
To put forth our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eager-eyed, true-hearted.'

This might well be taken as the prayer of the numbers of societies started and managed by women, which are one form of evidence that a great wave of energy is sweeping over the feminine world. Women in every civilized land are entering new and varied spheres of labor, not from necessity only, but because they have accepted the gospel of work, and feel that they must have definite occupation, which will develop their natures to the utmost, ensuring them 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

It would, therefore, be but waste of time in a radical club to discuss the propriety of women becoming wage-earners, though not forced by poverty to work. But the recent arguments advanced in letters published by our newspapers seem to demand, at least, a moment's attention. The writers of many of these letters ascribe many of the present labor troubles to the competition of women with men, saying that by working, they are lowering the wages of fathers and husbands, and for the gratification of foolish longings are destroying the former beautiful relations which existed between the sexes. Surely the fallacy of these arguments is evident. If women, who work to satisfy the longings of their natures, are unjustly taking the bread of others, is it not equally true that the young man whose father is able to support him in luxury should also be debarred from entering any money-making profession or business. Our best political economists say, that the industry of each individual is essential to the highest well-being of the community, and all students of human nature agree that lack of definite employment is the most fruitful source of nervous troubles, and of mental and moral weakness. And as so many forms of work, formerly domestic, have already been handed over to institutions, the tendency being by co-operation to reduce still further the cares of the housekeeper, it must follow that woman will either become idle, or find much of their work outside the home. Must women then be condemned to the degeneration of their best powers for lack of fields in which to exercise them, lest they enter into competition with the work of men. Surely not!

THE FAULT LIES ELSEWHERE.

The fault lies not in the fact of women working, but elsewhere, and the solutions of the difficulties of the labor question are yet to be found. Or, if as the better class of Socialists think they are found, they are yet to be applied. In the meantime, we shall today try to deal with things as we find them, and shall see if there is not something which we, as individuals, can do to lighten the load of sisters grovelling in the dust, and to so educate public opinion, that the redemption of the race may in due course be accomplished, for notwithstanding our boasted civilization, the time seems far distant when man shall have worked out the beast. It is true, but probably it always will be true, that the majority of women will find their vocations in the profession of wife and mother. Still many from necessity, others from the mere dread of mental stagnation, must become wage-earners, and it is of this ever-increasing class I shall speak.

We hear so much of the many spheres of labor thrown open to woman, of the improvement in her lot, of the wonderful advantages she now enjoys, we are inclined to think, that if honest and industrious, she may at least live comfortably and decently on her wages, though she have no provider in the shape of husband or father. We fancy only incompetency fails. But a slight investigation shows that the great body of women earning their living, if we can call it a living, receive a pittance which may well be called the 'life-limit' of wages. They may be able to ward off starvation, but they certainly can lay nothing aside to meet the expenses of illness or enforced idleness. Even women filling positions which demand talent and cultivation receive, as a rule, salaries

ABOUT ONE-THIRD OF THOSE OF MEN

holding similar positions.

Time will not suffice to consider all branches, but I shall give you a few illustrations, the result of investigations made amongst my friends, and amongst the girls who go to the lunch-room conducted by the Aluminae of McGill College. In most factories girls earn from $1.50 to $3.50 per week, working at least nine hours a day; by piecework, and working overtime, they may increase their incomes to $5, and in very rare cases to $7 or $9 a week, but the average is certainly not above $3. Girls in 'milliners' and dressmakers' shops receive from 90c to 60c a day, and stitch away, hour after hour, in tiny crowded rooms, sowing the seeds of consumption, and other dread diseases. I know of cases of assistant-dressmakers, not apprentices, working in a fashionable shop for $3 a week. Shop-girls, for hours of weary standing and patient serving, earn in most of our large establishments from $2.50 to $4 a week; in many of the smaller stores the wages are still less. A bright, pretty girl who once attended our High School, had only $2.25 a week as clerk in one of our fashionable boot stores, and had no one to eke out her scanty earnings. A cashier in one of our large groceries, a really superior girl from the country, has $3.50 a week, and says there are many girls who would gladly take the place for $3. In the C.P.R. offices women spend their day sorting tickets and doing other work, which requires little skill, for $20 a month; in the office educated young ladies may obtain $35 a month, and even in some cases, $45 or $50. Telephone operators receive from $20 to $55; the last class of wage-earners are probably the best paid in proportion to the education required of any, and their salaries compare more favorably with those of men. In the C.P.R. they receive $5 a month less than the men in similar positions, but the men are compelled to go to the offices half an hour earlier in the morning, and to work at night, if required, being allowed, however, 30c an hour for all additional time. Stenographers and typewriters, if efficient, also get good pay, the supply being hardly equal to the demand.

Considering their cultivation, and the importance of the duties entrusted to them,

NO CLASS IS MORE POORLY PAID

than that of the teachers. There are a few enlightened places where their services receive the same recognition as those of men, but in Montreal public schools women begin at $200, and their average salaries is only $347, and it must be understood that this includes a few very high ones. Upon this girls are expected to live, to have the habits and appearance of ladies, and to constantly improve themselves, so as to keep up with the ever-increasing demands of the times. But the injustice of this is more evident when we take into consideration that men holding similar positions get, as a rule, about double the amount. This discrepancy cannot be explained by the incompetency of women, as the results of examinations and other tests show. In almost every branch of business employers bear testimony to the success of women. Helen Campbell, in her 'Prisoners of Poverty,' gives a summary of the results of a tour of enquiry among dry goods merchants in New York, in the words of a manager of one of the largest retail houses in the United States. 'We don't want men,' he said, 'we wouldn't have them even if they came at the same price. Of course, cheapness has something to do with it, and will have, but for my part give me a woman to deal with every time.' The success which women have had as doctors, lawyers, professors, journalists, manufacturers, machinists, stock brokers, bankers and farmers, proves that there is nothing inherent in women which disqualifies them for work, and the causes must be sought elsewhere.

But unjust as is the state of things I have just shown you, there is

STILL A DARKER SIDE

to the picture. Writers and speakers upon socialism press the claims of the poor upon us till there are few who have not some idea of the distress in our midst. In the depths of poverty revealed to us in 'How the Other Half Live,' and similar books, women and children suffer most. When men 'cry out in their distress for help, and none is found,' women are crushed so low, they cannot cry, but only endure, then die. I know a very pleasant paper could be made filled with the successes the few women have had, describing the emancipation of the few, which has not, however, freed the many; but I feel sure that you would rather have the stern facts in regard to less fortunate sisters. We hope that by getting more definite knowledge of the awful evils in our midst, we may be enabled to do something to lift the burden from suffering womanhood.

I have not been able to investigate the condition of our poorest class in Montreal, and we have no report of a commissioner of labor, to which I could refer, so perhaps you will allow me to give a few

EXAMPLES FROM AMERICAN CITIES

of the life the other half lives, for the conditions are similar in all, though, of course, the greater the overcrowding, the greater the distress. That I am justified in taking these as types may be proved by glancing at some of the advertisements in Saturday's 'Witness' and 'Star.' Here are a few examples: FOR SALE—Lamb caps, $1; shirts, linen fronts and cuffs, $1.50; boys' overcoats, $1.25; boys' suits, $2.10; children's mantles, $1.25; ladies' flannel skirts, 50c; ladies' flannelette night dresses, 60c; ladies' jackets at $4.30; ladies' mantles, dolmans, jackets, at 50c each; men's overcoats, $3.50; men's trousers, $1.

Of course, in these cases the material is shoddy, but the cut will be new, and the amount of work for the cost, appalling. Our bargain counters in underwear are beginning to rival those of our American cousins, and it may be well for us to know how we are enabled to get such wonderful and marvellous returns in tucks and frills for so little money.

At a woman's club some time ago someone said: 'The emancipation of women is certainly well under way, when all underwear can be bought more cheaply than it is possible to make it up at home, and simple suits of very good material make it hardly more difficult for a woman to clothe herself without thought or worry than it has been for a man.' To this Helen Campbell replied:

'Emancipation on the one side has meant no corresponding emancipation for the other, and as one woman selects, well pleased, garment after garment, daintily tucked and trimmed, and finished beyond any capacity of ordinary home sewing, marvelling a little that so few dollars can give such a lavish return, there arises from narrow attic and dark, foul basement and crowded factory, the cry of the women whose life blood is on these garments. Through burning, scorching days of summer, through marrow-piercing cold of winter, in hunger and rags, with white-faced children at their knees crying for more bread, or, silent from long weakness, looking with blank eyes at the flying needle, these women toil on, twelve, fourteen and sixteen hours even, before the fixed task is done. The slice of baker's bread, and the bowl of rank black tea are taken still at the machine. It is easier to sit there than in rising and movement to find that weariness is in every limb. There is always a child old enough to boil the kettle, and run for a loaf of bread; and all share the tea, which gives a fictitious strength, laying thus the foundation for the fragile, anaemic faces and figures to be found among the workers in the bag-factories, paper-box manufactories, etc.'

Listen now to the rewards such

WHITE SLAVES

receive as the price of their very existence. For babies' slips, with three tucks and a hem, the maker gets 75c a dozen (working at home and furnishing her own thread), and I may here mention that manufacturers find it cheaper to have the work done at the homes of the workers, thus saving rent and fuel for himself. Another woman earned 23c a day by putting three tucks and the hem in 142 yards of skirt ruffling. Drawers are made for 35c to 50c a dozen. Cloaks, which retail in New York, $30 to $75, have been known to be made for a dollar. Think of an expert working at children's suits for 12 or 14 hours daily, getting 85c a day. Widows have kept their little flock together by sewing up bags at 25c a hundred, and making umbrella covers at 10c a dozen. But even at these rates some bargain counters could not be stocked with a profit for the dealer, and we may be sure he never goes without, so some enterprising firms, mad with the thirst for gold, forced, as they say by competition, resort to other expedients. Apprentices are advertised for, and at the end of a short time are told they will not suit.

ANOTHER SET OF VICTIMS

take their places, putting forth their best efforts in the hope of being retained, and in their turn are dismissed, without wages, having no redress, for they are not yet regular workers. Then there are systems of fines, such as the forfeiting of the price of a whole dozen articles, if the machine should have slipped stitches for half an inch in one, accusations of inaccuracies where none exist, and other devices, until we are moved to sympathize with the young widow, who said: 'I used to believe there was Christianity, but I've given it up like many another. There's just one religion left, and that is the worship of money. The Golden Calf is God, and every man sells his soul for a chance to bow to it.'

And so case after case may be mentioned, each one, alas, a type. It is true that women of training enter the better-paying trades and professions, but all the more helpless ones, those too ignorant to reckon figures, too dull to learn by observation, take refuge in sewing in some of its many forms, all the branches of which are overcrowded with underpaid workers. The scale of payments is lessening every year owing to 'sweaters' or middlemen, contract work done by prisons and reformatories, and also by women, who already provided for, take work at even lower rates than those mentioned, for the sake of pin-money. No argument is sufficient to convince these that it is illegitimate for them to lower the wages by entering into competition with those already handicapped by necessity in an overcrowded field.

But the

GREAT CAUSE OF ALL THE EVIL,

lies deeply-rooted in the foundations of our social system, and when a prominent and respected business man calmly says, 'There is no such thing as success in an honest business,' it is evident that the struggle for riches, in which the weakest go to the wall, is criminal, and a radical change in thought, feeling and life, is necessary. It is frequently said that the working-girl enters into a 'free contract' when she agrees to work at certain pay, but the more appropriate expression would be 'forced contract,' the element of fairness is entirely wanting. It is the old story over again of the strong enslaving the weak. We hear much of the sacredness of material property, but surely more sacred are the rights of labor property, mental or physical. The power to work in some sphere of life was given to every woman, and it is inalienably hers, and if justice cannot be obtained otherwise, the State must interfere. 'We have had the morality of submission, and the morality of chivalry and generosity; the time is now come for the morality of justice.' 'No good will, no charity, however splendid, fills, or can fill the place owned by that need, which is forever, first, and most vital between man and man—justice. No love, no labor, no self-sacrifice ever can balance that scale in which justice has no place.'

A PIONEER NEWSPAPER WOMAN.

Many are apt to think that the 'Woman Question' is less advanced in England than upon this side of the water, but a very little looking into the subject serves to dispel any such illusion.

One of the great pioneer leaders among English women is Emily Faithfull, one of the first of her sex to gain recognition and distinction in this field. For over thirty years her name has been identified with thoughful and scholarly papers in leading periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic. Her name is known and honored in every part of the globe, as one of the earliest, bravest, and most devoted workers for the educational and material progress of her sex. Her wide experience of every phase of the 'Woman

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL.

Question,' as well as her generous sympathies and broad-mindedness, makes her one of the most popular authorities of the day upon all matters connected with the advancement of her sex. We have room for only a brief sketch of her life:—

'Miss Emily Faithfull, daughter of the late Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull, was born at Headley Rectory, Surrey, in 1835, and educated in a school at Kensington. She was presented at Court in her twenty-first year. On becoming interested in the condition of women, she devoted herself to the extension of their remunerative spheres of labor. In 1860 she collected a band of female compositors, and, in spite of great difficulties, founded a typographical establishment in Great Coram street, W.C., in which women (as compositors) were employed, and for which she obtained the approval of Her Majesty. Among many other specimens of first-rate workmanship produced at the 'Victoria Press' is the 'Victoria Regia,' dedicated by special permission to the Queen, who signified her approbation by giving a warrant appointing Miss Faithfull Printer and Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty. In May, 1863, Miss Faithfull started a monthly publication, called 'The Victoria Magazine,' in which for eighteen years the claims of women to remunerative employment were set forth. In the spring of 1863, Miss Faithfull published a novel, entitled 'Change upon Change,' which run into a second edition within a month. Shortly after this, Miss Faithfull made her debut as a lecturer, and achieved a marked success in this capacity, and has since frequently lectured in our leading literary and philosophical institutions. In 1872-1873, Miss Faithfull visited the United States. After a third tour in America in 1882-83, she published a book entitled 'Three Visits to America,' containing vivid descriptions of various feminine industries, and life as she found it among the Mormons in Salt Lake City, Colorado, California, etc. Miss Faithfull is a member of the staff of the 'Ladies' Pictorial,' to which she contributes two articles every week; and articles on the subject which she has made specially her own, are frequently to be found in our leading papers and magazines. In commemoration of thirty years dedicated to the interests of her sex, Miss Faithfull received, in 1888, an engraving of Her Majesty, which was sent to her by the Queen, bearing an inscription in Her Majesty's own handwriting, and followed by a Civil Service Pension. In September, 1890, she visited, by request, the Queen of Roumania, who was then in England, and detailed to Her Majesty the various movements of woman's work in England.

LET ONTARIO DO LIKEWISE.

Dear Editor 'Home,'—I think this to be an opportune moment to place in your columns a few thoughts on the plebiscite question. The plebiscite is, I take it, the opinion of the masses, as 'Plebeians,' as against the classes, or privileged orders. I think it a proper way to get at the sentiments of the people on the great political questions of the hour, and I think the most urgent question for the hour is the temperance question. The Manitoba people have set us a grand example in this line. In their plebiscite vote on prohibition, they gave an expression of their confidence in the principle of prohibition.

Now let Ontario do likewise, and move on to a settlement of this business, and resolve to destroy this hydra-headed monster, the liquor traffic, as soon as it is decided whether it is a provincial or a Dominion right to do so. I think we shall find that our Premier will be with us on this matter, as soon as he shall find that he has a right to do so, without fear of interference from the Dominion authorities. If I understand aright, Sir Oliver—I wish it was still plain Oliver—Mowat intends to act agreeably to the decision of the majority of the people of Ontario, as soon as it is settled by the Privy Council of England whether it is a Provincial or a Dominion right to issue license, or establish prohibition. So, Forward! ye voters in the Cause of Temperance, Home and God.

BEN JAPHETH.

PRETTY WINTER DRESSES

WHERE COMFORT IS.

Dear 'Home' Friends,—How comforting it is to have the assurance that Jesus knows all things. Our elder brother, and therefore, our friend, more interested in us than any earthly friend could be. Earthly friends may misjudge our purest motives, they cannot see how good our intentions have been, nor can they know how many times we have withstood the temptation by which at last we have been overcome, they only see our mistakes. But how sweet it is to realize that 'he knows' just how hard we have tried to be faithful when shadows obscured the pathway, and our feet grew weary, and the way seemed toilsome and long. He sees when we grow weary and falter, and his sympathy, and everlasting, unchangeable love never fails, and never grows cold. None can understand, as he can, how hard each peculiar trial may seem to us, insignificant as it may appear to the world. None can whisper words of consolation and hope, so tenderly as he, and no one but Jesus can bestow the heavenly gift of faith and trust. If our weak finite minds could only grasp the full meaning of this divine relationship, this gracious brotherhood; if we would open our hearts to receive the help and influence of his divine presence, the love and joy and sunshine he is waiting to pour into them, then would our souls be filled with rapturous songs; and resting on his promises, we would find sweet peace in the knowledge that we have a friend and brother, whose wisdom is infinite, whose power is omnipotent, and whose love is unbounded.

'He holds me with his own right hand,
And will not let me go;
And lulls my troubled soul to rest,
In Him who loves me so.'

H. E. Q.

A WOMAN MISSIONARY DENTIST.

Side by side with a woman who has achieved fame, it is interesting to place one who has a large life-work before her.

When Bishop William Taylor sailed for Africa on the steamer 'Majestic,' the other day, he was accompanied by his niece, Miss Jennie Taylor. Bishop Taylor, as every one knows, has charge of the Methodist Episcopal missions in Africa, and this, his fifth visitation to that distant mission field, will last two years and a half. Miss Taylor, who is about twenty-six years old, has the right to place A.B., M.A., M.D., and D.D.S., after her name, for she has diplomas showing her to be a graduate of Dickinson's College, at Carlisle, Penn., of the Woman's Medical College, in Philadelphia, and has taken a special course in dentistry in New York, doing the practical work at the office of Dr. Wm. E. Dunn, 331 Lexington avenue.

Miss Taylor will be the first proficient dentist that has ever been sent out on a missionary tour, and her trip will, therefore, be a unique one. She goes without salary, the Methodist Board of Missions merely paying her expenses. Her labors, which will be confined to work among the missionaries and their families, will be entirely gratuitous. The African natives have not yet reached that state of civilization where dental ser-

DR. JENNIE TAYLOR.

vices are deemed a requisite to their comfort.

'Miss Taylor is a daughter of the Rev. A. E. Taylor, of Martinsville, Penn., her father being a younger brother of Bishop Taylor. When in her "teens," Miss Taylor made up her mind to become a medical missionary, for the need of which there was considerable demand at the time she determined to labor in that field. With this end in view, all her studies were directed after leaving Dickinson Seminary, where she received her preparatory education. She was graduated in 1889 at Dickinson College, taking both the degrees of A.B. and M.A. It was securing the latter degree that enabled her to secure the appointment as resident physician in the Methodist College in Philadelphia, after graduation at the Woman's Medical College.

'A provision in the endowment fund of the Methodist Hospital at Philadelphia is that no resident physician shall be appointed who has not received the M.A. degree. Her collegiate education made her eligible, and she is the first woman ever appointed a hospital physician in Philadelphia.

'It was while serving in the Philadelphia hospital that an incident occurred which made her turn her attention to dentistry. Bishop Taylor had for some years been trying to find a dentist to go out for missionary work among the missionaries in Africa, some of whom have not been back to their homes for a dozen years. Many of them have suffered considerably for lack of attention to their teeth. Last year, a young missionary, who was a dentist, promised to go out and perform all the dental work necessary. But shortly before the time set for sailing he was married, and his wife, hearing reports of an unusually large number of deaths in the Congo district, prevailed on him to abandon the trip.

'It was then that Miss Taylor came to the assistance of her uncle, began studying dentistry, and now goes abroad as the first dental missionary, and also fully equipped for work as a medical missionary.

'Bishop Taylor and his niece, who sailed for Liverpool, will leave that port on a steamer which, three weeks later, will land them at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. After the necessary sojourn there, the two will take a steamer for the Congo district, and in the Province of Angola the two will pass the greater part of their time. But before they return, a trip will be made up the Congo, in row-boats, for several hundred miles, followed by a visit to mission stations in the interior. To these latter places the journey must be made on foot. Native guides and carriers will escort them to the extreme outposts of civilization, carrying tents, bedding, food, and other necessaries. During the two years and a half of their absence, the Bishop and his charge will visit about forty mission stations. The trip will be one of the most daring ever undertaken by a young woman.'

'WOMAN'S LOVE OF SHOW.'

Dear Editor 'Home,'—I fully agree with 'Myrtle Green' in thinking that there has been a great deal of foolish talk about this 'Woman Question.' We hear 'woman' being discussed as if she were some new race just discovered. Columns are written about her, some one talks about 'Woman as Woman,' another answers with 'Woman as she is supposed to be,' and yet another gives the discussion a final twist with 'Women as they are.'

She attends meetings and councils, and discusses 'the woman's side of the question,' from a woman's point of view.

Now, do you not think that we women are making a mistake by thus parading our work and our achievements as though they were to be regarded from a different standpoint than those of men.

As your correspondent 'Sara F. Simpson,' says, 'one of us is not superior to the other,' 'our interests are in all things identical, we are equal,' and as workers we should not have our work classed as woman's work and men's work, but it should be put side by side with that of men, and not, as in the 'Woman's Exhibit of the World's Fair,' apart, as though to make a marvel of it, and as if to imply that it was worthy to be there, not because of its merit, but because it was done by women. The fact that work was done by a woman has no significance at all. To make a separate exhibit of it is needless, and does honor neither to the work nor to women.

I, too, think it little becomes us to talk of our superiority, and I think the less said about 'rights,' the better for those 'rights,' and when we women learn to be content with less glorification and ostentation for what we do, the better will we serve our ends. Thank you, 'Sara F. Simpson,' for your pleasant words on 'Woman's Work and Worth.'

I think those lines from Tennyson: 'The woman's cause is man's, they rise or fall together,' most beautiful.

No 'Betty,' I think you are wrong. I would rather be 'Mary Black' than 'Miss White.' It is not where we are, or what we have, or even what we do, that makes one a lady, it is what we are.

Wishing you, and all the members of the 'Home,' a joyous and Happy Christmas, I remain, yours very truly, B.E.K.

SMART WINTER DRESSES.

There have not been, according to the European edition of the New York 'Herald,' any new suggestions for styles, excepting in materials and colors, for costumes for weddings and receptions. There may be different combinations of garments, in which colors to suit the taste of each individual are employed, but there will not be any new creative ideas before the fashion-makers begin to think of the spring and summer seasons.

Velvet in all colors seems to 'take' more than any other material for the winter months, and, naturally, to be elegant, the best quality should be used, and therefore it will never be common, nor can it be used as 'finery' with any effect, unless well made, and for suitable occasions.

The Comtesse de Casa Miranda, who is better known to us as the Swedish diva, Mme. Christine Nilsson, wore a superb velvet dress at a recent wedding. The color was a warm tone of heliotrope, the skirt was plain and full, and a wrap reaching to the waist was a cape of velvet made very full, with a collar of black moire silk, covered with another of rich antique lace. A capote of velvet of the same shade as the dress was edged with sibeline and lace, and a few feather aigrettes in front.

Here are designs of two stylish costumes. One is a full skirt of dark green cloth, embroidered with silk cord of the same shade. The bodice is princesse of russet green velvet, gathered at the waist with two knots, fastened by a jewelled buckle. The bodice is bordered with sibeline, having the natural heads of the fur. The sleeves are of velvet, with cuffs of cloth, embroidered with silk cord, and edged with sable. The collar is also embroidered, and the hat of soft felt, trimmed with feathers, aigrettes and twisted ribbons of the same shade as the dress.

Another is a cloth costume of chestnut brown in shade. The corsage is pointed in front and round in the back, and is made with a 'corselet,' with English embroidery over old rose silk. The collar is of old rose velvet, and the hat of dark brown velvet, with black feather poppies in front.

WANTED.

Could any of the sisters of the 'Home' give receipts for making the following: Chocolate cake, angels' food, walnut cake, hickory-nut cake and orange cake, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Will some one, through the 'Home,' give me instructions for moulding wax-work, or let me know where I could procure a book on wax-work, and its cost. Yours truly,

MRS. M. MUNROE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

THE FIRST ADAM.

January 7.—Gen. 1 : 26-31 ; 2 : 1-3.

The section of the history included in this lesson extends over the first two chapters, Genesis 1 and 2.

INTRODUCTION.

The Book of Genesis.—The book of Genesis is still a great battle-ground on which the combatants are contending more earnestly even than when we took up this study seven years ago. And the battle is still undecided. Many questions connected with the higher criticism and the relations of Genesis to science, are still unsettled. Learned, wise, and good men differ very widely.

Composite Character.—It is generally admitted that the author of Genesis used a number of ancient documents in composing this book. Some of these are very clearly marked in the book itself, as for instance ; 'The generations of the heavens and the earth,' at chap. 2 : 4 'The book of the generations of Adam,' from chap. 5 to chap. 6 : 8. 'The generations of Noah,' giving the history of Noah's family till his death, from 6 : 9 to end of 9. One of the first marks of these documents to be noticed is the exclusive use of the Elohim, God, in the first section, and the introduction of Jehovah (the Lord) in the next section beginning with 2 : 4.

These written documents 'coeval, or nearly so, with the events which they recorded, and composed by persons intimately acquainted with the subjects to which they relate, Moses may have collected with additions from authentic tradition or existing monuments, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, into a single book.' This book is a complete unity in plan and purpose.

Recensions.—We are to remember that there was no printing in those ages, but that each copy was made independently by hand, and in different centuries, so that naturally there would be a remodelling of the language, explanatory notes, and adaptations of ancient names to the times of the people for whom the copy was made.

This explains not a little of those later forms which lead some to give a much later date than formerly to the authorship of Genesis. We must remember also that we have but one Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament a thousand years old.

THE HISTORY OF CREATION.

I. **The Two Accounts of Creation.**—It lies on the face of the narrative that there are two creation stories divided at the fourth verse of chap 2. The narratives are not intended to be parallel accounts, but the second one is an enlargement of a portion of the first, just as very commonly on our maps there is placed in some corner a map of a small portion on an enlarged scale.

Science declares that the second account is an accurate picture of the region where man was introduced at the time of his appearance. Thus, Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., F.G.S., says ; 'We know that immediately before the appearance of post-glacial man there had been a great submergence of the land in the northern hemisphere, and that this was of sufficient duration to destroy all vegetation, from the lower and more northern parts of the continents. From this submergence the land rose, destitute of vegetation, and probably for a time, involved in mists and fogs belonging to the continued precipitation of a pluvial period. This is the condition of things referred to in Gen. 2 : 5, and which was destined to give place to the new creation of Eden.'—'Modern Science in Bible Lands,' p. 85.

EGYPTIAN WRITING CASE.

4. **The second account does not declare that everything was created in certain order.** The statement in Gen. 2 ; 19 does not say that God made animals after Adam, but states the fact that God made the animals out of the ground, as in 1 : 24, as preliminary to their naming by Adam. They may have come again into that region after Adam's creation, but whensoever they came, they were created by God.

II. **The Creation Story from Literature and Monument.**—Nearly every race has some legend or story of the creation and the origin of man, the Babyloaian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, East Indian, etc. The oldest recorded and most definite are those found on the stone tablets discovered among the ruins of Nineveh, which was destroyed 606 B.C. These latter, especially, have many resemblances to the story in Genesis.

The fact that they are found in nearly every race makes it almost certain that they had a common origin, in some original account of creation, and that in the very earliest ages before the races separated. 'The source in each case was an objective historical fact, which impressed itself upon the mind of many nations.'—Prof Harper.'

III. **The Creator.**—Two names or titles are given to God in these chapters.

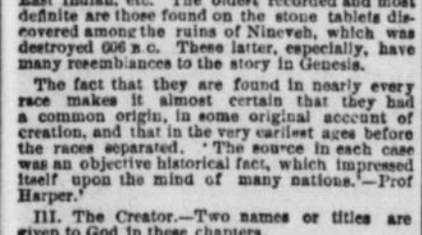
Elohim, the Almighty, the omnipotent. It is plural in form, but with rare exception is used with a singular verb when it refers to the true God, though when used of false god the verb is in the plural.

Jehovah, translated Lord, and printed in small capitals, denotes the eternal, self-existent spiritual nature of God, and the union of the two declares that the Lord of Israel was the same as the Creator.

IV. **The Six Creative Days.**—These may well have been not days of twenty-four hours, but long epochs that resemble days. 'The creative works mark off grand epochs in creation's history.'—'Prof. Dana.' We have only to adopt the supposition of a succession of great creative acts, passing before the eyes of the inspired writer, presented to him as in a series of tableaux, or in a waking or sleeping vision, and there is no difficulty. The 'evening' and the 'morning' are merely like the falling and rising of the curtain on the successive scenes.—'Bp. F. F. Perowne, in the Expositor, Nov. 1890.'

Firmament. This is not a good translation of the Hebrew wood, for it implies something solid and fixed, which the Hebrew word does not.

V. **The Accordance of Genesis and Science.**—'Science and the record in Genesis are one. 'This is not reconciliation, it is accordance.'—'Prof Dana.' While there is a difference of opinion as to the harmony of science and Genesis, even among devout scholars, some of whom regard the first chapter of Genesis as legendary or idealized history, or a poem of creation, and



WRITING TABLETS.

not strictly accurate, yet it seems to me that in every case the discord they find arises either from insisting that one possible meaning of the Hebrew is the only one, or that its language is scientifically precise, and not a popular description. There is a plain, natural, simple reading of the record that makes marvellously harmonious with the latest results of science. And if a statement by an honest man expresses the truth, we ought in all fairness to consider that he means to express that truth, even though his language could be made to vary from it.

Some of the greatest scientific men, such as Prof. James D. Dana, of Yale University, Sir. J. William Dawson, F.R.S., F.G.S., principal of McGill University, and one of the presidents of the British Association, the late Professor Arnold Guoyot, LL.D., of Princeton, who came to his conclusions from scientific facts, without a thought of Genesis, to which number may be added the English Premier, the learned Hon. William E. Gladstone,—all believe heartily in the substantial accordance of Genesis with the latest results of science, so as to come to the conclusion 'that the Ordainer of Nature and the giver or guide of the creation story are one and the same.'

Prof. Guoyot has called attention to the fact that the word create is used three times, and only three, in this chapter ; (1) for the origination of matter, ver. 1 ; (2) the origination of life, ver. 21 (the summary of the fifth day) ; and (3) the origination of soul, ver. 27. This is the same in the Hebrew as in our translation. Now, it is remarkable that these are exactly the points where Nature has said to Science, 'Thus far and no farther.' All the powers of modern science have failed to originate matter, or life, or soul. After they have these, men can go on developing but they cannot create. Here must come in a personal God who can create. 'So far as science can settle anything, this question is settled. The attempt to get the living out of the dead has failed. Spontaneous generation has had to be given up.'—Prof. Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E.

The record in Genesis is such as to harmonize with any doctrine of development or evolution under God. It does not affirm or deny the truth of the development theory. It states the fact that God created all things ; it does not state how he created them. God makes a tree as really when it grows in the field as if he had sent it ready made from heaven.

The order of creation as given in Genesis is in accord with the facts of science. Genesis gives no theories, but simply the broad and plain facts in common language. Hence the varying theories of science do not affect its truth. It does not speak in scientific language, but in the language of appearances and of use, just as the most learned scientific men not only speak but write in almanacs and treatises on science upon the rising and setting of the sun. The salient features that could be presented in visions or word pictures are the one shown. In respect to this order we have two or three apparent difficulties to clear away. In the third day the earth was commanded to bring forth 'grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind.' Yet these last did not appear till the later part of geological time. But 'this period was the beginning of life, a new creation whether expressed in an oak or a seaweed.'—'Prof. Dana.' The general order is correct, for 'vegetable must, of course, precede animal life, since all animals live immediately, or mediately, on vegetable food.'—Sir G. G. Stokes, F.R.S.

Notice that it is not said that God 'created' the sun and stars on the fourth day. They were created in the beginning, but on the fourth day he made them to be sun and moon and stars to the earth : God let them shine, as previously they had been concealed from the earth by the dense mists.

Reading the account just as it stands in the Hebrew, I find that God said : 'Let the lights in the expanse of heaven be for to divide between the day and the night,' etc. ; i.e., they were already there ; henceforth let them take new duties. Then I read : 'And it was so.' They obeyed the fiat. Next comes a parenthical statement : ('And God made the two great lights—He made the stars also.')—'Charles B. Warring, Ph. D.

VI. **The Creation of Man.**—Vs. 26 31 ; 2 : 7, 21-24.

First. **In God's Image.** 26. 'And God said,' he expressed his will and plan. 'Let us make man.' Here, as is usual after the plural Elohim, God, the verb is singular, denoting the unity of the 'us.' Man's soul is like God, a spiritual personality with intellect, memory, reason, self-determining will, conscience, emotions, moral and religious faculties, immortality. He was like God in the innocence and holiness of his nature, the right and true moral dispositions of the soul, undefiled with any taint of evil. **Man, Adam,** not meaning 'red earth' as frequently explained, but 'the builded one,' 'the created one'."— Prof. Hermann V. Helprecht.

Second. **Man's body from the dust, his soul the creation of God** (2 : 7). A more detailed account of the creation of man is given in the next chapter (Gen. 2 : 7), in which is made clear the distinction between body and soul, between the animal man and the spiritual man. Notice particularly that the Bible states simply the fact, but does not state the method in which man was formed of the dust. If the theory of evolution, believed by so many scientific men, should be proved true so far as relates to man's body, and it should be shown that the physical man was developed from the lower orders of animal life, yet that would not contradict the statement that man was made from the dust of the earth. It would only explain how he was made of the dust,—an explanation which the Bible nowhere gives, but leaves to men to discover. The word formed instead of create, in v. 7, favors this view.

But an absolutely perfect body without a soul would not be a man. It was only when God gave the body he had formed from the dust a living soul, formed in God's own image, that the creation of man took place. The soul was not evolved : it was 'created.' The soul is not an animal development ; it is a direct impartation from God. This is the noblest, the most honorable derivation of man. He is the son of God.

27. 'So (and) God created man.' Here it is stated that God actually did what in the previous verse it is said that he proposed to do. Man is 'formed' out of the dust ; but in his essential nature he was created.

Third. **The Creation of Woman. The Family** (vs. 27, 28 : 2 ; 21-24). 'Male and female created he them.' The plural pronoun is used in order to show that the creation of man included the woman who also was made in the image of God. The story of woman's creation is given in 2 : 21-24.

This method of creation expresses the utmost possible unity of husband and wife ; unity of life, of soul, of feeling, of home. 'They two shall be one flesh.' Woman was created from man by taking a rib (not merely the bone, but a piece of the side), and forming it into a woman. This is strictly in accordance with the processes of life as revealed by modern scientific research.

28. 'And God blessed them.' He gave them his favor, his care for their prosperity and their good, so that it would be a blessing, a happiness to live. 'Be fruitful and multiply.' God showed that the true family is composed of one husband and one wife, bound together in the closest ties (See Matt. 19 ; 4-6). Children are a great blessing in a family. Their presence cultivates every virtue and adds to every true joy. They tend to remove selfishness, to develop benevolence, patience, love, hope, piety, conscientiousness, self-government. It is almost impossible to attain to the best character without the influence of children. Family life is best also for the children. They need the care and training of parents : they need the training which comes from a large family of brothers and sisters. One of a large family has a great advantage in many over an only child. 'Home education is the law of nature.'

Fourth **The Dominion of Man** (v. 28). 'And subdue it.' Bring it under cultivation, master all its forces, possess themselves of its resources, subject it and all that it contains to their use. This man is gradually learning to do in the advancement of knowledge, and the progress of science and the arts.—'Prof Green.'

'And have dominion.' We who live in countries from which wild beasts have been exterminated cannot understand the insecurity and terror that they cause in regions where they abound.' We notice that as fast and as far as man becomes Christianized, and recovers the holy image of God, he regains his dominion over all nature, and enlarges his kingdom.

'To you it shall be for meat,' for food. Vegetables and fruits were the natural food of man. 'The grant of animal food was first given Genesis 9 ; 3 The plain inference seems to be that, if man had remained unfallen, he would have subsisted solely upon the fruits of the earth.'—'Prof. Green.'

2 ; 1. 'Thus (R.V. and) the heavens,' etc. There should be no division of chapters here, but at verse 4.

2. 'And on the seventh day God ended,' finished, completed, 'his work' of creation. The world was done, as far as creative energy was concerned. He still exercises his providence, he guiding, developing, sustaining care. But nothing since the advent of man has required the exercise of creative power. 'No fact of science is more certainly established than the recency of man in geological time.'—'Dawson.'

'And God rested on the seventh day.' And this seventh day is a long period like the other days. It is noticeable that of this day it is not said, 'There was evening, and there was morning, the seventh day,' as was said of all the rest to denote their completion as a creation. We are living in this seventh day of the divine rest.

3. 'And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it,' hallowed, made it sacred.

The division of time into weeks, though not in the calendars of the early Greeks or Romans, who were comparatively late nations, yet, says the 'Encyc opædia Brittanic,' 'has been employed from time immemorial in almost all eastern countries ; and as it forms neither an aliquot part of the year nor of the lunar month, those who reject the Mosaic recital will be at a loss to assign to it an origin having much semblance of probability.' Much less is there any other natural account of setting apart of the seventh day as a day of religious observance.—'Condensed from Peloubet's Select Notes.'

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

(By Mrs. Ruby E. Fairbank, of Wadale, India.)

'What shall we do for Christmas this year ?' This the missionary lady asked her husband on Saturday night just a week before the Christmas of 189--. It had been a bad year for the farmers. The crops had been scanty or else failed entirely, making the grain very dear. Rich and poor alike felt the 'hard times.' Even for their Hindu festivals in many homes the giving of the necessary dinner meant half fare for days to come.

'This is all the more reason we should have just the loveliest time possible, is it not, my dear ? So listen while I tell you of our stock in hand, and help me to plan a good time for young and old of our big family. Let us count who will come, first, and that will help us to find out whether we have enough presents to go around or not. There are the school children first of all,—sixty boys and forty girls.'

'You had better count at least ten extra ones,' interrupted the missionary. 'How alike the little youngsters are the world over, coming so regularly the few days before Christmas in order to get a share in the fun of the day.'

'Well, say one hundred and ten school boys and girls. Then teachers, matrons, pastor, medical catechist, school inspector, colporteur, and Bible women with their families, altogether will make another thirty to remember by some gift. And the odd families of Christians who live in the place must not be forgotten, so it looks as though one hundred and fifty at least must be planned for.'

'How are you going to get so many presents ready in so short a time ?'

'Why, don't you remember the splendid box which came just too late for last year's celebration, and which has been standing so innocently in a dark corner of my storeroom all these months ? It is only the reality of that box, with its generous and varied store of articles to delight young and old, that has made it possible for me to leave preparation for this Christmas until so late a date. The Society of —— sent us the box, and how I wish those ladies could know what a burden it has lifted from me to have all these presents ready to hang right on the tree.'

'Then I see we are going to have a tree, and not a bran pie, like last year.'

'Yes, I want a tree, because the dolls and bright sewing bags and caps will only show off to advantage when hung up, and the little tots do enjoy a tree so much. Don't you remember the tree we had the first year we were here ?'

The missionary and his wife talked late that night, going to the precious box, counting and sorting, and deciding and laughing in anticipation of the pleasure and surprise in store for certain ones in particular to whom Christmas had never come. They were alone in the station, this missionary family, for no other European resided in the place, and their nearest neighbors were twenty-six miles away, so there was no one to join with them in planning their treat ; and as the little trio of small folks would only be sure to let out the secret should they be taken into confidence, all that week the preparations went on only in the evening. But Christmas cheer was in the air. The old scholars remembered former celebrations, and in some instances had learned enough of the true blessedness of that glad day to desire to give to someone themselves, as well as to receive. The girls' sewing society gave of their little store to buy a garment for a poor blind woman, a member of the church, who lived three miles from them. They asked the Bible women to carry it to her the day before Christmas, when they went to speak to the women of that village. The church voted to give a blanket to a poor old man, also a member of the church, but most needy and quite without friends. The schoolboys presented a gay bandanna handkerchief to each of their three schoolmasters.

In homes where the second and third generations of Christians are found they are beginning to interchange gifts at Christmas, and the day is spent in a way as we spend it in the Indian winter, over which the Christian lands. But there is no chimney down which Santa Claus can come, and no snow on the ground in reindeer can draw that dear friend of all children ; and no stockings are hung up on Christmas eve, for no one does. But there is 'peace on earth, good will toward men.' And in their simple way they learn to enjoy this Christian festival as they never could their former Hindu feast days.

In the station of ——, on this particular Christmas, very early in the morning, the boys, and later on the girls, stood below the windows of the mission bungalow, and sang such Christmas songs as they knew. The boys went about from house to house and repeated their singing ; and though they only say 'Merry Christmas' to the missionaries, and that with a very foreign accent, yet their greetings were as joyous and eager as among us. The little girls were in the highest state of expectation, because the rumor was about that wonderful dolls had been caught sight of the day before, when one of the children in the bungalow had suddenly opened the door into the room where the Christmas treasures were kept. The school-girls were busy enough getting their dormitories and their own clothes in the best of order, in honor of the day. The older boys had responded most heartily when asked to put their schoolhouse, the largest building in the place, in readiness for the gathering to which all were invited in the afternoon. The younger boys must gather fuel for the matrons ; for was there not the promise of a dinner that evening, and extra fuel would be needed. The mothers in the different homes were preparing the Christmas dinner for their own little ones, and there was an unusual stir about the whole Christian community.

That evening, when the missionary and his wife were again alone, and were talking over the day, the lady said : 'It has more than paid, has it not, the labor and weariness of it all ? I remember helping at church Christmas trees at home, but there never was as much pleasure in it all as there has been to-day. Did you know how nearly the baskets of candy and bananas came to being upset on the way, between the bungalow and the schoolhouse ?'

'Yes,' said her husband, laughing ; 'these buffaloes seem to have taken quite a fancy to a foreign lady, with her big hat and umbrella.'

'I am thankful enough I had an umbrella to frighten them off in an opposite direction. They tell me they are harmless creatures, but with their huge, ungainly build, black skin and great horns, I confess they strike terror into my heart every time I meet them. Wasn't the tree pretty ? The little Hindu girls seemed almost awe-struck by it. But didn't their eyes dance over the little idols, as they called the dollies. To think that they had such strange foreign clothes, real hair, and eyes that open and shut ! I had no idea the boys would care for them too ; but Ba'ubai's little shantwan was inconsolable because there was no doll for him. Wasn't it funny ?'

'And didn't you like the way the boys sang,' the missionary added, 'as they stood up, class by class, to receive their presents ? It seemed as though they could not help singing, they were so glad.'

'All came, and all seemed pleased. It was almost pathetic to see the surprise and gratitude some of the older ones showed in being remembered by their more substantial gifts. It was our little orphan Sara's first Christmas, and I think she expressed the feeling of us all when she asked me most regretfully, "Can't Christmas come more than once a year ?" '—'Life and Light.'

THE BOMBAY RIOTS.

A missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Bombay says:—

Since the suppression of the riots by the overwhelming military force brought into the city, praiseworthy efforts have been made conjointly by Government officials and recognized leaders of the Hindu and Mohammedan communities to bring about a thoroughly friendly feeling between these hereditary enemies. To this end there have been numerous mass meetings, united processions and spectacular garlanding ceremonies ; and if one were to judge by the reported utterances of the chosen spokesmen of both parties, one would suppose that the hatchet has been buried forever. But to all who are measurably familiar with the real facts of the situation these well-meant efforts, while not altogether fruitless of present good effect, furnish no guaranty whatever against future outbreaks of religious strife and revengeful hate. A single spark would suffice at any moment to initiate a widespread conflagration. The police authorities fully understand this and know that their attitude for a long time to come dare not be other than that of unceasing vigilance and thorough preparedness. In regard to the effect of the riots upon Christian mission work in Bombay, I am glad to say that careful enquiry enables me to report that it has not been affected at all injuriously by what took place. With the exception of open-air preaching all mission work has been in uninterrupted full swing. The more public work has been necessarily suspended for a while, the gathering of crowds for any purpose having been forbidden by the authorities. But the reports from some of our native Christian preachers are that they have never known such willingness on the part of individuals of both sections of the population to converse amicably and seriously on religious matters. This is a hopeful and exceedingly suggestive sign. It was very noticeable during the riots that not the slightest attempt to molest native Christians was made by Hindus or Mohammedans. To be recognized as Christians invariably secured endangered ones against attack. It happened more than once that as soon as some unfortunate individual was discovered by a pursuing mob to be a Christian, all attempt at violence ceased, and he was allowed to depart in peace. We feared that it would have been otherwise—that in their passionate thirst for blood they would wantonly wreak their fury upon our defenceless native Christians. We praise God for the mercy vouchsafed in this special direction.—New York 'Independent.'

AMONG THE JEWS.

The distribution of the New Testament, which is being carried out by the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, is going steadily forward all over the world, and will receive a great impetus from Mr. Russell's legacy to that mission. This consists of about twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds, and will, as far as possible, be devoted to the free and world-wide distribution of the New Testament among the Jews of all nations. The following workers, who left England last month, will be engaged in the work of distribution, in addition to preaching Christ to the Jews:—Messrs. Dressler and Goldstein have gone to the Levant for three months, Messrs. Day and Malbert to South Africa for a similar period, and Dr. and Mrs. Rocha to Brazil for a period of three years. Mr. Goldstein, writing from quarantine in Turkey, speaks of opportunities they had for New Testament distribution at Vienna, and of the readiness with which they were received, many evincing surprise at the freeness of the gift. Pastor Jacob, of Ooromiah, Persia, has been preaching to Jews in their synagogues. They are looking for a temporal Messiah. Many Mohammedans were eager to obtain Testaments, but were disappointed, as the supply had run short. A missionary in Russia having given a New Testament to a Jew he met in the street on the Day of Atonement, got into conversation with him on the subject of the High Priesthood of Jesus. The Jew became interested and promised to call on the missionary. The Testament was blessed to him, and the result was that many other Jews called, anxiously enquiring for New Testaments. So great was the throng that the police interfered, but on discovering the cause gave full permission to the missionary to continue his work, and at the time of writing he had exhausted his stock of Testaments. Mr. Cohn, who sailed on Sept. 15 to assist Mr. Warszawiak, at New York, found 200 fellow Israelites on board. He writes: 'What a grand opportunity I had this day to proclaim the Gospel! I had much a large audience, larger than even in Glasgow. My Jewish brethren were astonished to hear such things. One Jew said: "Why do our Rabbis never tell us these things ?" '—'The Christian.'

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Two generations of children have grown up in Maine, and have never seen the open saloon defacing the streets of their towns.

The New York Senate, at Albany, after considerable debate, have resolved to exempt Y.M.C.A. property in that state from taxation.

The 'Indian Standard,' from far-away India, contains in a recent number a full and enthusiastic account of the Montreal Christian Endeavor Convention.

Twelve hundred beds at a penny a night each are offered to London's houseless poor in a new Salvation Army shelter, erected on the banks of the Thames, near Blackfriar's bridge.

The will of John Stephenson, the pioneer street-car builder—familiarly called 'Honest John'—charges his heirs and executors to see that none of the property is used for the benefit of the liquor trade. The estate is valued at several million dollars.

A. F. Schauffler, D.D., of New York, the vice-president of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, and so well known in connection with Sunday-school work, has sailed for a six months' vacation in Europe. He will also visit Algeria, Egypt, the Holy Land and Constantinople, his old home.

The Williston, Me., Society, the original Society of Christian Endeavor, has received a beautiful banner from the original society in Australia. Its affectionate greeting is worked in blue and scarlet velvet on a background of satin and is as follows: 'Greetings to those that love us in the faith. From Prahan Congregational Y.P.S.C.E.'

Mrs. Bishop, who has travelled much in Oriental lands, affirms that 500 Mohammedan missionaries go forth from Cairo every year, who are to be found everywhere in the East. She does not think that Mohammedanism can ever be successfully coped with except by Christian converts who are fully Oriental in mental habit.—'Missionary Review of the World.'

As an indication of the widespread evil effects of gambling in various forms is the movement which merchants in St. Paul, Min., have taken with reference to their clerks. They have adopted the device of a printed card, stating that pool rooms are schools of gambling, damaging to all who patronize them, and especially ruinous to young men,, and thus a source of danger to employers ; and they give notice that they will not hereafter employ, or continue in their employ, any persons found frequenting pool or gambling rooms.

Bishop William Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his niece, Dr. Jennie Taylor, sailed on the 'Majestic,' on Dec. 6. They are on their way to Liberia, where Bishop Taylor resumes his mission work, and Dr. Taylor will practice medicine and dentistry at the missionary station. She has specially prepared herself for her work and is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College, of Pennsylvania, and has taken a special course in dentistry, besides being graduated by Dickinson College in arts.

By the death of Horace A. Moses, of Chestnut Hill, Pa., a bequest of over $100,000 passes to the Mickoe Israel Congregation, of Philadelphia, to perpetuate the memory of the late Rebecca Gratz. It was left in trust by Hyman Gratz, her brother. Rebecca Gratz lived to the age of ninety years, in Philadelphia, Pa., and was famed for her beauty and her charitable deeds and good works. It is also said that she is the original of Scott's Rebecca in 'Ivanhoe,' the novelist having heard of the beauty of her person and life from Washington Irving, who had met her in Philadelphia.

Miss Leete, a Presbyterian missionary in Japan, writes : 'The civilization of Japan has been misleading, even to missionaries. The Japanese are so sweet and courteous in manners, so artistic in fine arts, so bright and gay, that we lose sight of the fact that they are as veritable heathen as if they were savages and fought with bow and arrow. We look for truth and find lying ; we look for virtue and find vice ; and we are disgusted. If they were living in wigwams we would expect no better. We forget their environment for generations.'

The ups and downs of the old Catholic movement in the United States, are certainly very interesting. The Most Rev. Archbishop Rene Vilatte, who received his consecration from a perfectly regular but extremely obscure Jacobite succession in Ceylon, where he had gone hunting after it, is happy over the accession of an immense Polish congregation in Detroit, which has been for a long while in rebellion against the Roman Catholic bishop of that diocese. Meanwhile, his American followers are getting uneasy, and we are informed that all the genuine Old Catholics of American descent have left or repudiated him, and are about to indicate their choice for a real American bishop by a formal election.

Influenza numbers among its latest victims Mr. A. L. Bruce, of Edinburgh, who died from pneumonia following upon a slight cold. Mr. Bruce was the friend and son-in-law of David Livingstone, whose elder daughter, Agnes, became his second wife eighteen years ago. He was an enthusiastic supporter of the exploration and Christianization of the Dark Continent, and he had intended to visit it next year. He was one of the founders of the Royal Scottish Geological Society, and only last Friday was made J. P. for Edinburgh. A member of the Established Church, he declined office in order to promote what he had very much at heart—the reconstruction and union of the Presbyterian bodies.

The Bishop of Liverpool has been addressing his clergy in the following strain : 'A clever, learned man, I see, may spend his life in reading tame and tasteless Christian essays, full of sound divinity, without a spark of fire in the whole discourse, and see no results among his hearers. On the other hand, I see less intellectual men,, without university degrees, like Spurgeon, Moody, John McNeil, filling places of worship to the doors, arresting attention and affecting lives. We want more simplicity of language, more plain speaking, more directness of style, more boldness and fire in the delivery. It would be well if most of the old sermons were burned.'

This is the testimony of the Superintendent of Police of New York city: 'More young men have stood here at this desk confessing their first offence against law and ascribing their downfall to their infatuation for pool-room gambling than I would care to attempt to estimate. Actual experience has satisfied me that no form of gambling offers greater temptations to young men to take what is not theirs. As horse racing is conducted now, it would be well for the community to stop racing altogether. We are sending men to prison right along on account of the race-gambling craze. Homes are being destroyed, the lives of young men blighted every day in this city for the same reason.'

National W. C. T. U. Bulletin:—The rentals of the Temple, Chicago, are now about $150,000 a year.——Finland has fifty thousand women who are total abstainers, in a population of two millions of people.——Fifty percent of the young men of Switzerland are ineligible for military service on account of physical deterioration produced by excessive drinking.——Forty-five counties in prohibition Kansas possessing poor houses and farms, are without a single pauper, and in thirty-seven counties at the last term of the district court there were no criminals for trial.——The thirty-fifth report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union states that in Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards, of whom 112,000 are men and the rest women.

Just ten years ago the honor of a baronetcy was conferred upon Sir Andrew Clark. It was a just recognition of his professional eminence. For many years before that date, as without intermission since, Sir Andrew Clarke has been the confidential friend and medical adviser of Mr. Gladstone and other notable personages. Sir Andrew was never a very strong man himself; some time ago he rearked to a friend that he had been 'living on a bit of a lung' since his youthful days, when, indeed, eminent medical authorities had warned him that he had really only the use of one lung. He was a warm adherent of temperance. His religious views were strong and definite, and he never hesitated to give expression to them. On a memorable occasion, three years ago, presiding at the annual meeting of the Christian Evidence Society, he set forth his grounded and settled conviction that the Gospel of Christ is the one unfailing remedy for the disease of sin, and followed up the declaration with an admirable testimony as to his own lively faith and hope.—'The Christian.'

While the Rev. E. P. Hammond was recently preaching in one of the churches in Savannah, Ga., it was suddenly discovered that the building was on fire. Immediately, without confusion, the whole audience retired, and thus averted a calamity. There was only one pail in the building to cary water to put out the fire. Mr. Hammond stepped to the outside door, and in a loud voice called to every man to go to some house for water. As it was some time after this before the engines arrived, the hearty response to this apparently saved the church from destruction, for the fire had begun bursting out in one of the aisles. The fire originated from an overheated flue below. Very soon the people crowded the square, coming from various parts of the city. Mr. Hammond seized the opportunity to preach the Gospel from a buggy, which was kindly offered him. He spoke for nearly forty minutes. Deep solemnity prevailed, and no doubt a most serious impression was made.

In view of the daily increasing distress in New York, which, those who are best informed say is greater than has been witnessed since the panic of 1873, the Industrial Christian Alliance has opened at 179 Bleecker street, a people's restaurant, and will shortly open a hotel, as separate departments of its work. The restaurant, which has a capacity of from 1,000 to 2,000 meals a day, is open from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight every day, including Sunday. A full meal of hot food is given to any man for five cents, or in return for an Alliance meal ticket. Tickets are to be had either personally or by letter to the address of the restaurant, at the rate of five dollars per hundred. It is hoped thus to start a counter influence to that exerted by the saloons which offer free lunches. The hotel will provide supper, bath, bed and breakfast at merely nominal cost. Tickets may be secured at the same address. During the past two years the Alliance has furnished over thirty thousand lodgings and nearly one hundred thousand meals. It has temporarily housed, fed and clothed more than one thousand men for nearly half of whom situations have been found. Almost the entire work of the house in all different departments, together with the shops, is done by men who drift in from the streets.

If your parts were somewhat slow, and your understanding heavy, your way had been to have taken the more pains with yourself, and not to have lain fallow and remained content with your own dulness.—Marcus Aurelius. Ah me ! how many perils do infold

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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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 also issue money orders under $5.00 for 5c, and $10 for 8c. Subscribers in the United States can remit by P. O. order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or order of American Express Co. When wishing to have your address changed from one post office to another, it is necessary to give the old address as well as the new. If this be not done such changes cannot be made. Address all letters concerning subscriptions or advertising: John Dougall & Son, "Witness," Montreal.

When stamps are sent to make up a remittance, the only denominations we accept are 1 and 2 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 writing us on a postal card the name and address to which he would like the paper sent.

The Witness.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 27, 1893.

ONTARIO'S CHANCE.

The people of Ontario have a splendid chance of beginning the new year well. The plebiscite vote on prohibition will be taken on New Year's day, when all the other municipal elections are held. The farmers should make the day a regular prohibition festival. From every farm-house a sleigh drive should be organized to the polls, and the voters, men and women, should have the preemption of the seats. The family dinners would then be eaten with good consciences and cheerful hearts, as well as with heightened appetites and improved digestion. New Year's day used to be a sort of Bacchanalian feast, which was dreaded by the mothers, wives and sisters of men who were given to drinking. It is very fitting that a great protest, a notice of prohibition, should be served upon the liquor traffic on that day of all days in the year. That the prohibition majority will be an immense one everybody believes. Let every man and woman determine that it shall be larger by one through his or her action. No one should stay away from the polls because there is sure to be a majority. What is wanted is an overwhelming majority. The governments say that public opinion is not strong enough to secure the enforcement of the law. A big majority is necessary to convince them that it is not the fault of public opinion, but the fault of the officers of the law that liquor laws have not hitherto been enforced. The liquor traffic should be figuratively buried under an avalanche of yellow and blue ballots on New Year's day.

The Presbytery of Kingston, emphasizing the expressed desire of the General Assembly of the church in Canada, has called upon its officers, members and adherents to cast their ballots in favor of the total suppression of the liquor traffic, at the election on New Year's day. The Royal Commission on prohibition will probably note the action taken both by the Presbyterian and Methodist bodies in connection with this fight. If there were any real desire on the part of the commission to get at the reasons why these great churches have taken the stand they have it could easily be done by asking each to put on record a memorial that might be incorporated in the evidence. As the commission will probably not close until after Jan. 1, however, the verdict of the whole of Ontario, added to that of Prince Edward Island, will be available for that purpose, and must be more convincing than the evidence already in possession of Sir Joseph Hickson and his colleagues. After Ontario's opinion is voiced, the next step should be to compel the Government to respect it and legislate accordingly.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Lothrop Motley, the sympathetic historian of the great struggle of the Low Countries for national liberty, is reported, in answer to an enquiry from Mr. Froude as to whether the Canadians would be willing to accept annexation to the United States, to have asked, 'Would I like to become a partner in the house of Barring?' It is impossible to imagine Mr. Motley so sordid as to think this appeal to his country's god, the dollar, covered the whole question. Certainly Canadians do not think so. When Canada was menaced from the United States her children in that country unhesitatingly threw aside their means of living and beggared themselves to reach home and fight for her defence. The beaver is our national emblem, and Canadians are proud of their industry, but beaverism is not regarded by them as the end and object of existence. We are glad to believe that the Americans are as patriotic a people as ever lived, and we are sure that a people so rich in national feeling will not think so poorly of a kindred people. Mr. Froude makes a great mistake, too, when he charges the United Kingdom with 'a barren imperial policy,' which leaves the colonies 'to grow or wither' without aid. Canada's interests have, it is true, been too often sacrificed by the Mother Country but that has been principally in cases where the ignorance of her statesmen in regard to Canada made them an easy prey to the devious ways of American negotiators who regarded fraud and deception as allowable in diplomacy. Otherwise Canada, as well as South Africa and Australia, has been treated generously, not to say magnanimously, by Great Britain. Great Britain willingly bears the cost of the defence of our commerce, of our foreign relations, of part of our government, and she asks—what in return? A few powers and prerogatives which she never uses, or has used but once or twice. If in building up Canada and developing her resources we are serving the interests of the Mother Country, as well as of the empire at large, we are glad of it, but the purpose was primarily to serve ourselves. On the other hand, Canada has not hesitated to use the powers of self-government against the Mother Country, which bestowed them, where her interests were wrongly supposed to be not identical with ours. Yet Great Britain has not withdrawn her favors, nor has she even protested. The kind of imperial policy which Mr. Froude would like to see adopted might smash the empire into fragments in a few years. Great Britain, by refusing to use whip and reins, by a little wise neglect, has avoided the mistakes which drove the United States into revolt, and has indued the colonies with such a sense of freedom that they feel like tightening the bonds themselves rather than loosing them. So much for annexation.

In regard to the commercial relations of the United States and Canada, the interests of the great majority of the people of both countries are identical, and lie in absolute free trade. Only the protectionists of the United States, blinded by self-interest, believe that the people of the United States would buy in Canada and import to the United States to their own injury. Only the protectionists of Canada, also blinded by narrow self-interests, believe that Canada can be injured by trading too much and too freely with her neighbors. In their hearts these Canadian protectionists are as antagonistic to the Wilson bill as the American protectionists; they would like to see it 'modified' into a high protection bill which would make the importation of Canadian products into the United States even more difficult than the McKinley bill makes it. Let not the 'Tribune' and the American protectionist think for one moment that the Canadian protectionist leopard has changed his spots. He is of the same hue and the self-same spot as his brethren in the United States, who, in their own narrow interests, would like to see another top layer added to the Chinese wall of restriction between the two countries. The rejoicing over the United States tariff scheme has in Canada, as in the United States, been confined to the Liberal and independent journals, which are in favor of tariff reform for Canada also, and who have long been agitating for the pulling down of the Canadian tariff wall between Canada and the United States. And it is safe to say that the great majority of Canadians are now determined upon a broad measure of tariff reform. It is not only because the Wilson bill will make trade between Canada and the United States freer that Canadian reformers rejoice over it; they also hail it because it will give an impetus to the movement in Canada which is about to throw down the Canadian tariff wall and let in British and American products and goods to compete with our own goods, and make all cheaper for the benefit of the farmer, the artisan, the laborer, the professional man, and in short, the great mass of the people. We are very much mistaken if the 'Tribune' does not hate the free trade movement in Canada as heartily as the Canadian protectionists of its own stripe hate the free trade movement in the United States. It is the protectionists like the 'Tribune' and its party and the Conservative Government and its party in Canada who believe in a war of retaliatory tariffs between Canada and the United States, and they are furious because the people of both countries are determined, after a long, bad experience of retaliation, to try reciprocity. That does not suit the protectionists, who like to see the governments and their people carrying on a retaliatory war, because each retaliatory blow in the shape of increased duties enables the protected manufacturers of both countries to extort higher prices from the infatuated, quarrelling peoples. The 'Tribune' knows that the Canadian Government will be compelled to pull down its tariff wall as fast, if not faster, than the American Government pulls down the higher American wall. Protection as a foundation for Imperial Federation was rejected both by Canada and Great Britain, and it was one of the causes of the bursting of the Central Council. It was a fad of a few dreamers and protectionists, and proved fatal to the movement in which they were seeking a good end. Great Britain and Canada have both subsidized steamship and railway lines which carry goods cheaper for the people of the United States than they do for the people of Canada, but the people of the United States should be the last in the world to grumble at such generosity. The 'Tribune' is, as usual, not thinking of the people, but of the monopolists, the railways and the heavily subsidized American steamship lines.

The United States, and especially the Republican party, should be ashamed to raise any question about the course, proceedings and results of diplomatic negotiations and treaties between Canada and the United States. The 'Tribune' makes itself ridiculous when it talks of Canada as a wolf in the guise of a lamb, robbing the United States of its rights. The United States robbed Canada of a large part of what is now Maine and Vermont; of vast territories in the West; it tried to filch our inshore fishing and ordinary territorial water rights, and set up claims to a sort of independent protectorate of all America. It tried to take possession of the Behring Sea and of all the fur seals in the Pacific. Canada has managed before courts of arbitration to expose American falsehoods and frauds, and to secure part of her rights. But the United States has yet to pay for seizing Canadian sealers on the high seas and ruining their owners, and it has been checked in some, though not all, of its unjust pretensions in that affair. Canada's interests, like those of the United States, lie in the freest and friendliest possible relations, commercial, social and political, with the United States. Canadians do not, however, want either annexation or union. Will the 'Tribune' try to swallow that fact and digest it. The late James G. Blaine, the 'Tribune's' patron saint, who preached and, after a very mistaken fashion, worked for annexation of Canada, seems to have bequeathed his hateful method to his worshipper.

'SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.'

The sale of liquor to Indians is forbidden with universal consent. The same veto prevails with regard to the so-called 'natives' of South Africa. It is one of the boasts of the foreign policy of President Cleveland that he takes the lead in preventing the sale of liquor to the negroes of the Congo. Is not this a wicked oppression of men and infringement of the personal liberty of individuals, of whom in two of the cases the whites are the natural guardians, and with regard to whom in the other they have no responsibility except as being their brother's keeper? If it is a good thing for men to live in the presence of this temptation why not allow this good thing to red, yellow and black men? If manhood is thus best developed, why refuse them the opportunity to develop manhood? Why not send out missionaries selected by Canon Dumoulin and Dr. Rainsford to set up sanctified bars among them and open them with prayer? The proud Saxon will reply that these reds and blacks and yellow are children, and many things must be refused to children that are not refused to men. It might, indeed, be urged that if temptation is good for the development of manhood then undeveloped men need it most. But supposing the distinction a good one, it would serve the turn of those who make it better if they could prove that the people among whom we license the sale of liquor are all grown men. Even Dr. Rainsford has made it a proviso of his covenanted tolerance of a law-breaking saloon in the immediate neighborhood of his church that it shall not sell to women. So it seems that women are not to have their womanhood developed in the same way that men are to have their manhood developed. Either womanhood has to be made of different stuff or women are to be classed with children, imbeciles and savages, as not fit to be trusted with such heroic methods of self-development. If he thinks it is not nice for women to drink in the same houses with men—though, throughout Christendom at least, women are allowed to eat with men, with no harm to either—that difficulty could be got over by providing special barrooms or parlors in separate houses for women to develop their womanhood in. But, besides women, the majority of those whom the licensed and sanctioned barroom tempts are actually children in the eye of the law. Possibly the reverend providers of liquor would exclude these also from the operations of the model saloon; but how they are going to save these impressible minors from basing their conduct on the practice and sanction of their spiritual guides we do not see. But even supposing prohibition to be enforced on women and children by the moral weight of Christianity, are the promoters of the manhood saloons sure that all full-grown male human beings of the white races are men in the category of those who are able to develop their manhood in the barroom? If they are sure of this they are themselves only fit for the lunatic asylum. If, then, it is right in principle and not impracticable in practice to protect red men and yellow men and black men by prohibition; if it is right in principle and not impracticable in practice to protect women and minors by prohibition, how can it be wrong in principle or impracticable in practice to protect the whole of our race from what is readily acknowledged to be its greatest curse? Surely the opponents of prohibition are governed by delusions, the result, probably, of inherited prejudice, such as to raise questions as to their capacity for intelligent judgment.

MARITIME PROVINCE SHIPPING.

The failure of the extensive and well-known ship-owning firm of Troop & Son, St. John, N. B., once more directs attention to the fact that shipbuilding and ship-owning in the Maritime Provinces are not the profitable businesses they were formerly. The ships of those provinces are mainly wooden ships, and the days of wooden vessels in some lines of freighting are practically over. The iron ship, the composite (wood and iron) ship, and the steel sailing and steamship have displaced the wooden sailing ship in many branches of the shipping business. In the lumber carrying trade of Canada with Europe the Norwegian, German and Italian sailing vessels are displacing the Canadian to a great extent. The New Brunswick spruce and hackmatack or tamarac ship, however, still holds a place in certain other and more profitable lines of freight carrying, more especially on long voyages. These vessels are cheaply, though well, built, they are handled economically by their Canadian managers, and they are able to bid low for suitable freights which do not require to be freights which do not require haste. Most of the ocean-going ships of the Maritime Provinces have each a large number of individual owners, whose interests are cared for by the 'ship's husband,' usually a considerable shareholder, whose business it is to secure freights in advance, so that the ship may never be idle. Most of these 'ship's husbands' are uncommonly capable business men, very thoroughly posted in the trade of the greater part of the world, with exact knowledge of the proper time to move the staple crops—as of tea, rice, cotton, grain, etc.—by water; the 'port charges' at all the great shipping ports of all the continents; the character and condition of all the harbors everywhere, with their tides, bars, depth of water, wharfage facilities, tug service and all the rest of it. Much of the same knowledge is also possessed by the ordinary shareholders in Canadian wooden ships, and it is not an uncommon thing to find among these owners in such places as St. John, Yarmouth, Halifax, Windsor, Maitland and other maritime points an acquaintance with the world's commerce that may be looked for in vain elsewhere in Canada. The valuable fleet managed by Messrs. Troop & Son was owned largely by this firm alone, although others were interested in the individual ships to a greater or less extent; it was well handled, and in the past had made much money for its owners; but a run of unprecedented losses at sea during the last three years, in which some fifteen of their ships were lost, with little or no insurance, caused such a drain on their resources as to compel them to assign. As against the suspicion of bad management in not insuring, it may be explained that the owner of a large number of wooden or steam vessels can better afford to be at the risk of an occasional loss than to pay insurance premiums on all his shipping all the time. In Messrs. Troop & Son's case the unforeseen losses were of late not occasional but frequent, and having been crowded into a few years when freights were poor and earnings light, they sufficed to pull down a hitherto staunch firm, with whom there is a large amount of sympathy in local mercantile circles. It is understood that the firm has offered twenty-five cents on the dollar, secured; and a joint stock company, composed of the members of the firm and the principal creditors, is in course of being organized to take over the Troop fleet, which includes, besides many wooden ships, some superior steel vessels that were constructed in Great Britain. If the compromise offer be accepted, the fleet will probably be retained by Troop & Son, and the joint stock company will not be utilized.

END OF A FARCE.

The tariff conferences between the Comptrollers and the farmers are a confessed failure, and no more are to be held. Ten have been held in as many sections of Ontario, and it would appear that at each of these meetings an average of sixteen of the farmers of the neighborhood made suggestions. According to the report of the Comptrollers, the conferences seem to indicate that the farmers are, by a large majority in favor of protection and of all its works and against tariff reform. In view of the fact that the Patrons of Industry, the farmers' institutes and other farmers' associations have at scores of meetings attended by hundreds of delegates, declared against protection and in favor of tariff reform, this conclusion of the labors of the Comptrollers is an extraordinary one. The Government will, we think, be foolish if it acts on the Comptrollers' report, which is contradictory of all other signs and indications of the current of public opinion. The farmers' associations have almost unanimously declared that protection of farm products has been productive of little or no benefit to them, and that protection of manufactures has been a great burden upon them. It appears that freer trade with the United States is far and away more popular with the farmers who attended the conference than freer trade with Great Britain. More extraordinary still, only seven farmers were in favor of absolute free trade, while nine were in favor of direct taxation; we suppose the Comptrollers suppose the nine are out-and-out protectionists. 'Forty-six out of 'fifty farmers desire sugar to remain 'free, as at present,' we are told by this precious report, the authors of which, the Comptrollers we mean, do not seem to know that sugar is still a highly protected article, much more highly protected by the Canadian tariff than by the McKinley tariff. But as the Government itself seems to admit, the enquiry has proved a farce, so there is little use in discussing its foolishness.

THE NORTH-WEST CROFTERS.

Apropos of the comparative failure of the crofter settlements in the Canadian North-West, a Quebec contemporary remarks that 'if the crofters 'cannot succeed in our country the 'fault, one would think, was ours, 'since they are hard working people, 'simple in their habits and very frugal. We must try and treat them 'more liberally. It is clear that on 'the terms they came to Canada success is not possible. A bad year 'would wipe them out of existence, 'and that we cannot afford.' If we are not mistaken, the crofters received from the Imperial Government funds, at least $500 in cash, or food or implements for each family, besides a passage to America. Being unacquainted with the western methods of farming, they had the benefit of the services of a special commissioner to advise them, this commissioner being paid out of the Imperial fund. 'The terms,' though not of Canadian making, were exceedingly favorable to the crofters, but, unfortunately, everything in that western country in connection with farming and the mode of living is so different from what they had been brought up to, that years must elapse before they can make a success of their new life. The crofter government-aided colonies do not differ greatly in results from the government-aided colonies that have been placed in the eastern provinces. Only after great tribulation have these assisted immigrants made a success of farming in Canada and many of the members of such colonies were absolute failures. We have in our mind one such colony which cost the Government of the province, that paid the bills, not less than $20,000; and three years after the location of the colony not a trace of it was left, except the log houses, into which French-speaking natives had moved. The best farmer-immigrants for the North-West are those who do not need to be subsidized; who understand the making of a home for themselves, and can pay their way. Before the financial crisis in the United States, last spring, some farmers from the states of Washington, Idaho, Oregon, Michigan and Nebraska moved into our western territories, making a most desirable addition to their population. When the financial difficulty in those states will have passed away the march into the Canadian North-West will probably be resumed; United States farmers, as in the present year, will sell their high-priced lands and take up our Government homesteads or cheap railway lands, bringing with them their cattle, horses, sheep and agricultural outfits—all this at no expense to the Government, except the cost of enlightening the western Americans on the advantages offered by our North-West to such as they. The poorer classes of the peasantry of Europe, who in their own native country never learned to till more than a small plot, and who eked out their living by fishing or by choring, or by irregular employment of some other kind, cannot be expected to farm successfully a greater section of different land in a different climate and under altogether different conditions. Probably neither the middle-aged nor older generations of such immigrants will be able to hold their own, but the younger and those born here will, in all probability, make ordinarily successful citizens. If the Imperial Government has an eye only to the comfort and satisfaction of the older generations, it is justified in stopping the work of aiding crofter immigration, though if it allows noble landowners to turn the people off the land which has produced them and their ancestors for hundreds of generations, something will have to be done for them, for, after all, men have to have land to stand upon as well as air to breathe. But if the Imperial Government is farsighted enough, and not too time-serving to care for the future generations, it can hardly do better than assist the crofters to settle in Canada. They ought to be able to support themselves as laborers, where labor is so greatly in demand; and thus they will live with probably more material comfort, though with less satisfaction, than they did at home, and their children and children's children will have a fair start in the world.

THE GOVERNMENT'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

Sir Hibbert Tupper, in his Windsor Hall speech, declared that he spoke with authority when he announced that the Government would adhere to the National Policy; would stand or fall by the protective tariff, and that protection would last as long as the country. It is also announced that the various delegations that have been visiting Ottawa in the interest of the protected manufacturers—the woollen men, the cotton men and others—have returned 'well satisfied with their interviews' with the Minister of Finance. They have been advising him how to frame his new tariff, and the assurances they have received are apparently as satisfactory as they could have desired. All of which furnishes a significant commentary on the bona fides of the Government's promises in regard to tariff reform and the 'lopping off of the mouldering branches.' The Government are again playing up to the manufacturers, who are expected to furnish 'the sinews of war' for a general election, and know how to use their power; and they are trusting to the operation of the new United States tariff to reconcile the farmers to the gross impositions and iniquities of the Canadian tariff. We cannot help thinking they are trusting too largely to their ability to befool men who are giving daily evidence of having their eyes wide open. Such a speech as that of the younger Tupper will be the signal to farmers everywhere to prepare for the worst. They will leave the United States tariff to be framed by the people of the United States, and utilize every opening that it offers; but the tariff they have to deal with is the one which is crushing Canadian farmers to the earth, that monopolists may grow rich and with their wealth retain in office the Government that hands the people over to them to be taxed at their pleasure. What the farmer means to have a voice in is the tariff that increases the cost of his agricultural implements, his hardware, his cottons and woollens, and

nearly everything he eats and drinks and wears. His vote can destroy this tariff and substitute something less cruel, more civilized and more in harmony with nineteenth century ideas.

SHALL WE KNIFE OUR HEROES?

No country can hope to be blessed with good public men which is willing to see those whose services are as blameless as human wisdom and untarnished probity could make them, placed among public criminals. Those who have never shunned to blame either party or the supporters of either party when blame seemed called for must not shun, through fear of misrepresentation, the defence of such as are wrongfully accused. There are, we believe, many charges of the abuse of patronage and power that can be truly laid at the door of the Mowat Government, but none the less do we believe, and none the less we are sure does the country believe, that Sir Oliver Mowat is not only an honest man, but what is more difficult, an honest and disinterested public servant. It might be claimed that partisan attacks are hardly worth answering, as the public is too well accustomed to them to attach to them any importance; but public honor is not so abundant nowadays that we can afford not to guard it jealously, nor is the public belief in the possibility of political probity so strong that we can allow it to be said that politicians are all alike. Even the partisan newspapers seem to echo the charge of nepotism against Sir Oliver Mowat with uneasy consciences. Sir Oliver's disinterestedness is surely above suspicion. At actual financial sacrifice he left a safe and very exalted position on the bench to enter again the dangerous battlefield of politics when assured that his country had need of him. He has given the Province of Ontario twenty-one years of administration so honest and economical, so capable and so free even from ill report, that his political foes have been constrained to praise both him and his administration. If the Ontario exchequer is to-day that of a wealthy province, when all other provinces are plunging deeper and deeper into public debt, it is owing to the just and economical government of Sir Oliver Mowat.

It is, perhaps, a pity to burst an iridescent bubble which the foes of Sir Oliver have for twenty years tried to keep the attention of the people of Ontario fixed upon to the neglect of Sir Oliver's substantial services. They keep declaring that the late Mr. John Sandfield Macdonald, who now seems to be claimed as a Conservative, 'amassed and preserved,' as the 'Gazette' put it only the other day, for Ontario the surplus which Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake, and after them Sir Oliver Mowat, found in the treasury when they in turn succeeded to office, and which has ever since been preserved in whole or in part. Mr. Sanfield Macdonald did not amass the surplus; every province in the Dominion started with some money, so to speak, in hand; Quebec as well as Ontario. From 1867 to 1878 Quebec had a succession of Conservative governments, and when Mr. Joly arrived in power on the latter date he found the treasury empty, the provincial resources squandered, the province heavily in debt, and deficits as annual as the budgets themselves, and ever increasing. Mr. Joly's government lasted a little more than a year, the only Liberal government this province has known since confederation. Then came the Chapleau, Mousseau and Ross administrations, with things ever going from bad to worse till 1887. Then came the Mercier Government, a nationalist administration, which was not less corrupt, but had less time to squander in than the Chapleau administration. To-day Quebec is in debt to the depth probably of thirty-five millions, though it is nominally placed at twenty-five millions. Ontario started out with her surplus under John Sandfield Macdonald's administration—Conservative, let us call it. His administration lasted from July 16, 1867, to December 19, 1871, a period of four years, five months, and three days. He had not in that short time squandered and wasted the surplus with which he started; that is to be said for Mr. Macdonald. Then came the Liberal administration of Mr. Edward Blake, which lasted less than a year. Through the efforts of the Liberals dual representation was done away with, and Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie resigned office and kept their seats as members in opposition at Ottawa. They, likewise, left the surplus unimpaired. Sir Oliver Mowat stepped down from the bench and formed an administration, which with changes, has lasted over twenty-one years. During that long period the surplus has not been squandered or wasted, and the financial equilibrium has been carefully maintained, while a splendid system of educational, industrial, charitable and asylum and punitory institutions has been built up and maintained, and municipalities have been assisted with large public works. The province has, especially of recent years, reaped full benefit from the increase in the value of forest and mineral lands, which are yet of great value and promise to yield large revenues, so careful has been their administration in the public interest.

Everyone ascribes Ontario's good government to the influence of Sir Oliver Mowat. It was in view of all his services, of all his sacrifices, of all that he has done to maintain the purity of public life in Ontario during a long carnival of public corruption in the Dominion and in Quebec that Sir Oliver Mowat's Government was publicly urged and pressed;—was, if we remember aright, almost forced to appoint Sir Oliver's son to the shrievalty of Toronto, which was done with the utmost reluctance. We believe that political foes as well as political friends joined in pressing the appointment. That is the chief charge in the indictment against Sir Oliver. Those foes who urged the appointment should now be heard from in protest. Another charge, that of appointing Mr. Andrew Patullo, who is said to be a son-in-law's brother-in-law, a pretty far off connection, registrar of Oxford, is not accurate, to say the least. Mr. Andrew Patullo is the editor of the 'Sentinel-Review,' of Woodstock, who has made himself well known and popular by the ability and assiduity with which he has forwarded the interests of the agriculturists of south-western Ontario. Mr. G. R. Patullo is the registrar of Oxford. We do not know whether he is connected with the premier, but no one doubts that he received his appointment for his services as organizer and manager of the Liberal party of Ontario. Such appointments should be impossible; the Liberal party, not the public, should bear the cost of the rewarding of party services, but nepotism is certainly not the proper charge in this case. Two of the other appointments, a professorship and a registrarship in the University, were, in all probability, practically made by the University authorities. The appointment to a clerkship in a registry office is made by and at the cost of the registrar. When the list is looked over it is seen to have been prepared with a desire to imply more than the truth, and that in the interest of party and not of the public, which can only be served by the truth. Sir Oliver Mowat is an old man of seventy-seven years, not yet broken, though so long laden with the cares of state. He has done his province some service in his day, and we are mistaken if Dr. Ryerson's attack does not injure the man who has made it a great deal more than the man against whom it is made.

IT'S ALL THEIR BASHFULNESS.

Canadian correspondents of British and American newspapers are making a great deal of the statement that the English societies of Canada have not presented addresses of welcome to their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen. It is only too well known that newspaper correspondents, like all other men who work hard for a not very fat living, jump at the chance of a job, and lose as few opportunities as possible of seizing incidents or events which are likely to prove interesting or suggestive to foreign newspaper readers to turn them into profitable copy. Of course, there are large classes of foreigners, and alas! Britons too, who like to hear of trouble between the Sovereign or her representatives and her subjects anywhere in the world-wide empire. Republicans who close their eyes to the fact that the self-governing colonies in Australasia, Africa and British America are to-day the freest democracies in existence, pretend to dislike monarchies because they do not admit of democratic institutions, and they profess to attach importance on this account to any signs which arise in the British empire of friction between the princes and nobles who are supposed to rule, but who only reign, and the people supposed to be ruled, but who are the rulers. We suspect that the importance they attach to such signs and incidents arises rather from jealousy of the political, moral, social and commercial progress of the democratic empire than from any desire for the spread of democratic freedom. How otherwise account for the ostentatious friendship of the great republics for the despotism of Russia. It is one of the most encouraging signs anywhere visible in the political horizon, vast as that horizon is rendered by the means which science has placed at our disposal for everywhere discerning it, that the United States is losing, if she has not lost, her infatuation for Russia, and is at the same time allowing her natural sympathy for the Mother Country to expand and extend.

Still there survive in the United States many who have a strong prejudice against things British, while in France and elsewhere on the Continent there are whole nations who welcome news of difficulties between the British colonies and the Crown. In England there are the 'little England' radicals, who think that if England could only be got to give all her attention to beaverism, mere money-making work on English soil, and cast the empire aside as an incubus, the English would be fat and happy in their beaver-dam. In England there are also Unionists who are so opposed to home rule for Ireland that they would be glad to hear of real trouble between Canadians and their Governor-General, because Lord Aberdeen is a strong home ruler. Is it to be wondered at that with such presumable demand for just such matter as might easily be 'worked up' out of the omission of any class in Canada to publicly express their welcome to Lord Aberdeen, the newspaper correspondents have made something out of it? They may perhaps claim credit that with so profitable a theme they did not make a bigger story than they did, and like Warren Hastings, when the treasure-houses of Sultans and Maharajahs, with all their barbaric wealth of pearl and gold, were thrown open to him that he might help himself, they may 'stand amazed at their own moderation.' Still, what has been said has not been free from disingenuousness. The facts, whatever they are, are absolutely without import.

We do not know whether it is a fact, as stated in some of these despatches, which are now reaching us in papers from abroad, that none of the various 'English' societies of Montreal, Ottawa or Toronto have presented addresses to Lord Aberdeen, but whether or no, it should also have been stated that these same English societies very seldom present addresses to anybody on any occasion. Somehow they have never got into the way of 'demonstrating' and 'celebrating,' and holding concerts and so forth, as the other national societies do. The English are quite satisfied to be English without making a fuss. It is seldom, indeed, that the English societies are heard of in public; never hardly in connection with politics, municipal or national. This takes all significance out of their omission to emulate other national societies like the St. Andrew's, the Caledonian, the St. Patrick's, the St. Jean Baptiste and the Welsh societies, which are more in the habit of making these very commendable public demonstrations. It should have been mentioned, too, that English societies of other cities like Hamilton were among the most prominent in publicly welcoming the Governor-General, who, it is unnecessary to say, was as warm and friendly, nay as brotherly in his fine way, in his reply to and reception of them as of the other societies. Some of these correspondents declare plainly that it is not on account of Lord Aberdeen's opinions on any Imperial question or because of any political views that he holds that he was not welcomed by some of these societies. We know nothing of the feelings of any of these societies except by hearsay, but should suppose that to be true. Whatever may be the notion of individual Englishmen with regard to the application of federal institutions to the British Isles, their feelings are not so warm one way or the other as to allow their opinions to prejudice them against a man or woman of such noble character as Lord and Lady Aberdeen or against the representative of one of the best beloved and most revered sovereigns the world has ever known, and especially against people like the Aberdeens, who had made a home in Canada and shown their interest in it in no uncertain way years before they became officially connected with it.

These correspondents are, we hope, quite mistaken in supposing that Englishmen and their descendants in Canada are so silly as to resent, except in the joking, humorous way in which it was said, Lord Aberdeen's remark that his wife, although proud of her Scotch and Irish blood, always 'disclaimed' being English. Lady Aberdeen has probably good English blood in her veins or she would not need, even in fun, to 'disclaim' it; if Englishmen had half the love of fun Irishmen have they would long ago have hunted up this English blood and confronted her with it. However that may be, Englishmen understand well the feelings which prompt Scotch and Irish to be a little assertive of their nationality and to show themselves proud of it in view of the fact that not so long ago a journey from London to Ireland or to Scotland was regarded as a pilgrimage to some outlandish country. Doctor Johnson wrote of Scotland as a Canadian would hardly write to-day of Saghalien Island, and the 'Surveys of Ireland,' published at the end of the last century are full of naive surprise over the civilization of the country. In the presence of the historical renown of England, of the wealth of her people, of the number and pride of her nobles, of her commercial and industrial resources, of her possession of the capital, the parliament, the court and all the central institutions of the empire, and of the spirit, too, of many of her people, it is not a bad thing for Scotch women and Scotch men too, for Irish men and Irish women, for Welsh women and Welsh men, to hold their own particular country dearer to their heart and to be proud of its excellencies and of their birth in it. To disclaim being English where and when snobs are constantly claiming to be English is natural enough, and will be commended by the English themselves, who originated the word snob. We have no doubt that Lord and Lady Aberdeen hold empire on their own account as people of noble character, as well as on account of representing their sovereign, in the hearts of all true manly Englishmen as well as of Scotch, Irish, Welsh and Frenchmen throughout Canada.

The Hawaiian mess is anything but an easy one to deal with. The United States Government declare that inasmuch as the revolution was made possible by its representative, who aided it, the Government is morally bound to restore the deposed Queen and place things as they were before the unjustifiable interference of the American minister made trouble. It is not possible, however, to restore them. The provisional government has got things so entirely under control, and is so confident of its own strength, that it refuses to step down except on, at least, a show of force, which it claims would be as unjustifiable on the part of the American Government in its case as in the case of the Queen. The Queen, too, believes that she would be assassinated or again deposed by the Americans, and she asks for temporary protection, at least, from the American Government. For this reason, probably, she declares she will not grant a general amnesty, which means that she will not allow the revolutionists to remain in Hawaii. The President of the United States can only proceed peaceably in the settlement of such affairs; it is Congress that must deal with a foreign affair when it involves a certainty of war. President Cleveland will therefore hand over the whole affair to Congress, with a message containing recomendations. Congress will probably decide against annexation and perhaps also against a restoration of the Queen under the temporary protection of the United States. The provisional government of Hawaii will then have to decide whether they intend to take possession of the Hawaiian islands as an oligarchy or an aristocracy, or some other form of government under which one-thirtieth of a population will be enabled to rule over the remaining twenty-nine thirtieths against their will. Of course, the Americans are republicans, who say they believe in democratic forms of government, but they will not find it easy to persuade the world that they are republicans in anything but name.

The report, published a fortnight ago, that one hundred thousand tons of steel rails had been shipped from England via Cape Horn to British Columbia for the so-called British Pacific Railway, turns out to have been a hoax. The British Pacific Railway Company is a concern with a large name and a vast ambition, but, unfortunately, its resources are as yet limited. Some British Columbia politicians are suspected of a desire to utilize this concern for money-making purposes. They are willing to have the Legislature grant it enormous subsidies in money and public lands under the pretence that it is to build another transcontinental railway through Canadian territory. What of the public resources on the Pacific coast was not absorbed by the Canadian Pacific Railway, it is proposed in some quarters to hand over to the British Pacific. There is a strong prejudice in Victoria, B. C., against the Canadian Pacific Railway because Vancouver, and not Victoria, is the railway company's port on the Pacific coast; and this prejudice is availed of by those who are endeavoring to push the fortunes of the British Pacific Company. The premier of British Columbia has taken an active interest in this company, and so have some members of his Cabinet; and there is a belief that they are willing to go great lengths to set the company on its feet. In all probability the British Pacific will be heard from at the next session of the Dominion Parliament as a hungry applicant for Dominion moneys and Dominion lands. It will probably be claimed for it that it will give the country a new line of railway through British Columbia, the North-West Territories and Manitoba by the route proposed by Mr. Mackenzie's Government, utilizing the Yellowhead Pass through the Rocky Mountains—as if this country could stand the cost of another Canadian Pacific Railway, when two out of the three United States transcontinental lines are to-day in the hands of receivers!

In Chicago five thousand men are being fed and lodged by relief organizations. Ten times that number really need assistance to live; 124,400 are unemployed. At Hurley, Ironwood, Wakefield and Bessemer, in Minnesota, 6,500 persons are being clothed and in part warmed by public charity. St. Louis county (Minnesota) has already exhausted its poor fund, and will have to raise $20,000 more before spring. In New York 100,000 working men are idle, of whom ten thousand are cigar-makers, four thousand stone-cutters, 2,200 painters. It is alleged that not less than fifty thousand are dependent on charity in Philadelphia. In about twenty industries in Cincinnati there are nearly six thousand operatives unemployed. One estimate of Boston's idle workmen places the number in only thirty occupations at 26,645. The Boston 'Herald's' latest estimate is forty thousand. And so of nearly every large business centre in the United States. Here is a vast field for the exercise of public and private charity, which will, no doubt, extend throughout the entire winter. We notice, by the way, that a prominent Roman Catholic clergyman in Brooklyn has publicly denounced the large manufacturers for closing their factories and sending their workmen out to starve,—all for political effect, with a view to influencing the action of Congress on the tariff question! Nothing more inhuman could be imagined; and yet there is reason to believe that much of the misery now prevailing in the United States manufacturing cities is due to this very cause.

It is little wonder that the Government insisted upon closing the debate on the Beauport Asylum deal. Every day brought out some new disclosure of looseness in the contract, which will, of course, make the job a more expensive one for the Government. It appears that the seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of repairs to the asylum building is not provided for in the contract, and although twenty-two thousand dollars have already been spent, it is not clear whether the Government or the Sisters are to pay for them. The Sisters say they will not. Then, again, there are to be quite a number of extras—that open door of extravagance and corruption in government contracts. The Sisters are to have extra allowance of expenses in special cases. The number of special cases will likely be very large. Then, again, when the patients are ill of any disease other than insanity they are to be medically treated at the expense of the Government. The chaplains, too, are to be paid by the Government. This is the most extraordinary contract that was ever, in all probability, given out by any government in Canada. It is safe to say that with none but a religious order would it ever have been made, and that no government which did not count upon the active support of a church with which the order is connected would for a moment have considered such a contract.

The Winnipeg 'Free Press' alleges that there is in British Columbia official circles 'a land ring that is picking the eyes out of the province.' It claims that the efforts of settlers to get titles to lands which they select are almost invariably forestalled by members of this ring, who are described as 'important men, having much influence about the throne.' To this, among other evils, is credited the failure of immigrants to take up land in the province. Another drawback is said to be the dispute between the Dominion and Provincial governments over the reserved lands in the railway belt, in consequence of which a satisfactory title is not forthcoming from either of the governments. Our contemporary advises British Columbia to unearth and wipe out its land ring, and it suggests that the two governments should close their dispute. If the state of things in connection with the public lands in British Columbia is as described by our usually well-informed contemporary it is simply disgraceful, and a remedy cannot be applied too soon. After what the 'Free Press' has said the British Columbia Government will be compelled to take action either to disprove the existence of a land ring or to uproot it if it really exists. Press strictures of this character by a thoroughly respectable journal cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed.

The promotion of judges from positions on the bench to positions of honor or power outside of the judiciary is obviously a very unwise practice. To accustom judges to look for preferment beyond the sphere of the administration of justice is to tempt them to think of other matters than their duties and of the effect of their decisions upon the possibilities of a future off the bench. People will not hold the judges and their decisions above suspicion if it becomes the practice of the government of the day to appoint to high positions off the bench judges whose decisions have been quarrelled over by politicians. The Dominion Government has by its dealings with the judges during the last four or five years undoubtedly lowered the bench in the opinion of the people. Occurrences in Ontario, New Brunswick and Quebec have made impressions upon the public mind which will remain for a long time.

TORONTO.

(Special Correspondence of 'Witness.')

Toronto, Dec. 23.—The mayoralty contest in this city has assumed a form which is a new illustration of the saying that is is always the unexpected that happens. A few days ago, in response to a largely signed requisition Mr. Warring Kennedy, a prominent wholesale merchant and member of the Board of Trade, entered the field. Some twenty years ago, when Toronto was a very different place from what it is now, he served one year as an alderman. He is to all intents and purposes a novice in our present civic administration, and this is sure to prove the most formidable obstacle to his election. In his platform efforts he talks generalities for the simple reason that he has no such knowledge of affairs as will make it safe to enter into details. But just now practical details are what the taxpayers want to hear about. The tax rate is high on a high assessment of real property and on fixed incomes which pay largely for those that the assessor cannot reach. People want to have the taxes reduced, and Mr. Kennedy cannot say what he will do to reduce them. This is unfortunate because he possesses many excellent qualifications for the office. His opponent is to be the present mayor, Mr. Fleming, and interest is added to the contest by the fact that both are prominent members of the powerful Methodist Church of this city, both are well known as favorable to temperance, both are, or have been, Liberals in party politics. It speaks volumes for the strength of the temperance sentiment in the city that no candidate has appeared to speak a word of protest against prohibition, and it is somewhat significant also that the advocates of a

SUNDAY STREET RAILWAY

service have no standard bearer. The other day a deputation of prominent citizens waited on the Premier, Sir Oliver Mowat, asking him for legislation to surround the taking of the next Sunday service vote with proper precautions. It will be necessary to declare who for this purpose are 'citizens,' who shall be responsible for the list of voters, what penalties shall be attached to personation, and what constitutes bribery in such an election. There can be little doubt that the appeal to the Premier will not be in vain, for he is known to sympathize with those who favor the observance of the first day of the week. A few years ago in the Legislative Assembly he openly supported a Sunday observance bill introduced by a leading member of the Opposition, though more than one of his colleagues voted and spoke against it. There is good reason to believe that on a fair vote a large majority of the people of Toronto would be found opposed to the noise and bustle of Sunday street cars, and all who take this view will be glad if the veteran Premier can see his way clear to use his influence for the purpose of protecting them against fraud and personation. The platform attacks on

SIR OLIVER MOWAT

during the past two weeks have taken two distinct form. He has been charged with pro-Catholic sympathies, and also with nepotism. Dr. Ryerson, the new member for Toronto, is the most active opposition now on the stump, and when he has not a good opportunity to speak he writes a letter to the papers. Dr. Ryerson's attitude on the Catholic question has called forth a spirited rejoinder from Mr. J. A. Macdonnell, of Glengarry, who lived for many years in Toronto, and practised law here. Mr. Macdonnell is a Conservative and a Catholic, and he openly declares in no mild terms his dislike for Dr. Ryerson's stand. The latter retorts by a reference to Mr. Macdonnell's 'barelegged' ancestors, which will be regarded as a personal insult by every Highland Scotsman in Ontario, and they are 'legion.' Sir Richard Cartwright indulged in 1878 in a joke at Sir David Macpherson's expense, when he hinted that he had inherited the 'predatory instincts' of his freebooting ancestors, and even so harmless an allusion proved very embarrassing to the Mackenzie Government. Similarly Mr. Meredith may pay dearly yet for Dr. Ryerson's reference to the Highland people and their dress. Even in this city it may affect Dr. Ryerson's own seat, for the Celtic element is very strong, and is bound to two active organizations—the Highland regiment and the Gaelic Society. Meanwhile the discussion of

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION

goes on without attracting much attention, except from those who are either very much opposed to it or very strongly in favor of a prohibitory law. Some amusement was created a few days ago when Dr. Ginner, secretary of an association organized to oppose prohibition, was sued in a local court for payment for services rendered by one whom he had hired to write against prohibition, part of his task being to write letters to the press over pen-names and to write on both sides of the question. The Sunday temperance meetings in the Horticultural Pavilion are well attended, and so are the special meetings throughout the city under one auspice or another. No meetings are held to oppose prohibition and it still appears probable that of those who vote at all on the question in Toronto, a majority will be found favoring the principle. The activity of all parties in

NOMINATING CANDIDATES,

for the Legislative Assembly would seem to indicate that a general election is impending, but there is to be a session first, and no one knows as yet when the Assembly will be called for the despatch of business. The session, when it is held, will be one of unusual interest and excitement. The Patron victory in North Bruce and the P. P. A. victory in East Lambton have combined to disturb calculations and derange plans to an unprecedented extent in both the regular parties. The Government cannot avoid making a move in some direction, but Mr. Meredith keeps persistently silent in spite of all attempts to 'draw' him. Perhaps this is his wisest course, but it will hardly be possible for him to keep up this attitude during the coming session.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL

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

FARM GLEANINGS.

A request will be made to the United States Congress to appropriate $2,000,000 to eradicate the Russian thistle, which is becoming a considerable nuisance in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska. This pest was introduced 17 years ago in some Russian flaxseed, and in the past year has worked $4,000,000 worth of damage.

The practice of saving small sums induces valuable habits of thrift and economy among people whose daily earnings are small, and by developing their business qualities, increases their power of earning money. Savings banks were instituted first for the very lowest classes of wage earners. But it was soon found that they were a benefit to all classes, and since then their growth has been marvellous.

The cheapest fumigator is made by placing an iron tray of large size on the floor of the room to be fumigated, putting a few ounces of sulphur in the centre, and dropping a red hot nail into it. Before commencing this, all articles that will bleach upon exposure to sulphur fumes should be removed, and all outlets—such as the chimney and cracks round window sashes—stuffed up. In a few hours after shutting the door, all animal life in the fumigated apartment will be extinguished.—'Work.'

It can hardly be doubted that there has been a great waste of funds in the expensive endowments of the Agricultural colleges when the result in the lines of education for which they were intended, measured by the cost of such schools, are considered. Only a very small percent of the students who attend these institutions take a course in agriculture, but apply thmselves to the branches more strictly belonging to the colleges and universities, so plentifully found in every state in the Union. In fact, the nation is becoming top-heavy in its social and intellectual progress in what is called the higher education, to the neglect of the more practical lines, which are a pressing need of the masses, and which are necessary to the permanency of the superstructure of our Government.—'Prairie Farmer.'

Are farmers traders? This was a point decided by the Malling magistrates recently. The question arose during the hearing of a case in which Mr. Robert Mercer, a farmer, of Ditton, was summoned on a charge of having on his premises, for use in trade, a weighing machine that was unstamped. On behalf of the defendant it was contended that a farmer was not a trader, and it was given in evidence that the machine in question was used only for checking the weight of manure to throw on the ground. The magistrate, after considering the point raised, decided that the defendant was a trader within the meaning of the act, and accordingly fined him. He was also fined for having unstamped weights in his possession. This is a very important decision, as affecting farmers who have weights, scales, or measures in their premises.—Kentish 'Express.'

A plan will soon be effected it is hoped, for the consolidation of all the farm societies. The principal leaders of four out of five of the organizations have already endorsed the movement, and will do what they can to carry it forward. The object is to form a closer union among the producers and to lift them opt of party politics to a higher plane of freedom and independence which will enable them unitedly to besiege the halls of legislation and to see that laws are passed and enforced to the end that justice shall be established in the land. Why is it that the masses are in poverty and the business of the country languishing in the throes of death in the hands of a nation which, it is claimed, owns one-third the entire wealth of the globe? Unless farmers grapple with these problems to solve them the money power will continue to fatten upon the profits of productive labor.—'Western Rural.'

The odors of a stable may not be so fragrant as those of a chemist's shop; it may not be so conducive to a 'gentlemanly appearance' (whatever that may mean—perhaps a black coat and white hands) to shear sheep as to sell silk, to drive a mill as to cast up an account, but it is more conducive to the development of muscle. Physical and mental perseverance, punctuality, patience, promptitude, ingenuity, courage, forethought, fortitude, are constantly called for in a farmer's life. And say, is the occupation that calls for and calls out such qualities a mean occupation, to be left to Hinds and Hodges? For healthful, manly, improving work let farming be commended! And let it be added that among the many in our land who 'bear without abuse the grand old name of gentleman,' perhaps none bear it with more manly (if homely) grace than does the hearty, honest, hospitable British farmer. May God speed his plough.

The last month of the year is preeminently the suitable one for the storing of turnips. Now and then a day or half a day at this job is obtained, but by the time the land is dry enough for it on comes pelting rain or a new snowstorm. That is annoying. No progress to speak of can be made. Patience and perseverance, however, must be exercised. In time they do much. There will be no holding back from the storing of turnips now from hope of their growing any more. Short but sharp frosts have put an end to that. The tops of the turnips are very much down. Further growth would do harm rather than good. The bulk of the turnip crop is not in all cases what it is was expected to be. Yellows are splendid, but swedes have more small ones amongst them than people looked for. And canker has done a good deal of harm in some places. Still it is believed the supply of turnips will be plentiful. They have been let for being eaten on the ground by sheep at from £7 to £8 an acre, and where payment for them is by the week the price is very commonly 4 1-2d per sheep per week.—Glasgow 'Herald.'

As compared with the actual outlay there is nothing about a well regulated dairy that will give better returns than a well-filled ice house. It is now a good time to lay in the supply needed for next summer. The rush of the year's work is over, and two or three day's work is all that will be required to lay in the needed supply. Almost any empty room about the farm buildings will answer for a storage room. It should be boarded up with two thicknesses, with space left between for sawdust. Cut out a door near the top of the room. Have a good supply of clean sawdust on hand, and you are then ready for the ice harvest. Tools for cutting ice may be secured at almost any hardware store. It is well to commence cutting and putting in just as soon as the ice is thick enough. Those having fruits to market during the summer season will need some kind of a cold storage; and to the dairyman the well-filled ice house is almost indispensable. Then a good supply of ice will come in very nicely next July when the thermometer is hovering about 100 degrees in the shade.

Whatever may be the case elsewhere, some English farmers appear to attach importance to the value of co-operation, and for holding conferences for reviewing the situation. Under the auspices of the Tenant Farmers' Association, Mr. W. Smith, M.P., addressed a meeting of farmers at Lancaster. He was afraid the position of farmers was worse rather than better, compared with six months ago, owing to the unfortunate season, but stated that where high-class farming had been exercised there had been less suffering on that account, so that afforded another illustration of the contention, that every obstacle should be removed that tended to prevent tenant farmers from developing the best farming that was possible. He showed that the House of Commons now stood pledged to redress farmers' grievances, practically on the lines of the programme expressed by the 'Three F's.' This is gratifying no doubt to the agricultural section, on whom, however, Mr. Smith explains, a duty devolves. Farmers must be persistent in their demands, and press their views upon their representatives and upon the Government by resolutions. Farmers, in addition, must not shirk the sacrifice that the bringing about of reforms demanded, and must not be led away from their great purpose by hoping that relief would come from bimetallism or a return to protection.—Wrexham 'Advertiser.'

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Never let any animal get in poor flesh. If you do your profit upon it is gone. The expense of restoring it to good condition is greater than the profit in any sort of stock will warrant.

If one has plenty of yard room, where the cattle can keep clean and dry, we think it is a good plan to turn them out for a while every pleasant day. Exercise, fresh air and sunlight help wonderfully toward keeping them well and hearty.

If you are feeling any stock with the idea of making a profitable gain of flesh, see to it that they are well protected from storms and cold. You cannot feed them profitably otherwise. Nothing in the whole system of stock management has been more thoroughly proven than this.

It is within the reach of every farmer who reads these lines to keep a little better stock in the future than he has done in the past. Look about and see in what line there is the best chance for improvement, in your own case, and then set to work to bring about this improvement.

Every one who has tried it knows that fall calves are a little more difficult to raise and to make thrifty, than such as are dropped in the spring. Consequently more attention should be given them and an extra effort made to feed them well. Flaxseed meal is one of the best things you can give to supplement the milk ration.

All the mountain sheep in Colorado are owned by the state and carefully protected. The penalty of slaying a mountain sheep in Colorado is ten years in the penitentiary. This is probably the severest game law upon the statute books of any state, but it is occasionally violated.

There is one thing about growing stock—if properly handled you have something all the time that is turning into money. With cultivated crops as your sole dependence, there is a season when everything stands still. In the winter it is a fine thing to go out to the barn and watch the cattle contentedly feeding, and know that they are making money for you, even if the earth is asleep under its white blanket.

One cow takes her feed and turns it into milk and butter, and she will eat a heavy ration each day, and still keep in that channel. She has a constitutional fitness for the performance of dairy work; and so feed stimulates her powers in that direction. Another cow having a beef tendency in her blood will do dairy work up to a certain extent, when she turns the food into flesh and fat on her own ribs. Therefore, in the study of economy of feeding, it is highly essential to have the right kind of a cow to put the feed into.—'Hoard's Dairyman.'

It is related of a successful coursing man that, when asked how he succeeded in always having first-class greyhounds, he replied—'I breed many and hang many.' Not every breeder makes such wise use of hemp. Not all pure-bred animals are equally well-bred. The well-bred animal is that which has inherited genuine merit from his immediate progenitors, and the more of his ancestors that were distinguished in the same direction the better is the breeding. Not every pure-bred animal measures up to this standard. Many of them are pedigreed 'weeds.' This, it is needless to say, is a prolific source of disapointment, and suggests its own cure. To limit our reply, however, to one single point, I would be strongly tempted to assert that more good breeding stock is ruined by poor keep—a failure to maintain the animals in an atmosphere conducive to thrift—than by any other single cause. As a rule, the best specimens of the various improved breeds are those that have been generously reared upon proper food, and handled by men who were too much in love with their beasts to permit them to be abused in any shape or form. To transplant good animals to farms where the elements of successful management are wanting, with the expectation that they will maintain their excellencies and transmit them to their progeny, is to expect the seed from sound, heavy-yielding grain to produce a bountiful harvest when sown in sterile soil and turned over to the tender mercies of noxious weeds.

A dairyman in my neighborhood raises a great many rutabaga turnips, which he supplements with grain and hay for the winter feeding of his milch cows. He had in his dairy a beautiful Guernsey cow, for which he has been offered seventy-five dollars. He had been feeding a ration of roots for some time, when a few days ago his Guernsey choked on a small uncut turnip. Without attempting to dislodge the turnip in the cow's throat, my friend sent post haste for a veterinary surgeon, two miles away. The cow died fifteen minutes before the surgeon arrived. The latter examined the obstruction and said that it could easily have been pushed down into the stomach by careful manipulations with a greased swab on the end of a pliable stick, aided by outside manipulations with the hands. While it is always advisable to send for a skilled veterinary man when there is anything serious the matter with the domestic animals, every dairyman should know how to cope with such accidental emergencies as above. Of course, in the case of a choking cow he may not always be able to dislodge the obstruction, but as death is imminent before the arriva: of skilled help, he should at least try. There is little danger of a cow's choking when eating roots cut into small square or triagular-shaped pieces. It is the uncut or smooth round vegetables that the cow fails to catch and grind, that slip into the throat and choke her. The manner in which cows are fed has much also to do in causing the accident. Cows seldom choke feeding at leisure and unmolested, but do so when they are greedily fighting over their rations in the stanchions or barnyard.

POULTRY PARAGRAPHS.

A lot of eggs that might well be classed as 'first class,' will get an inferior rating when sent in the dirty condition so often seen. A half dozen stale and poor eggs among a case full of fresh will send the whole lot into an inferior division, though they be large, clean and of the uniform color desired.

A number of farmers in the vicinity of Ingersoll are likely to be considerably 'out' by the sudden closing up of the dressed poultry dealing establishment in that town. A Mr Webb was carrying on a large trade in poultry buying, but the establishment suddenly closed and the proprietor could not be found. One farmer claims $200 unpaid.—Huron 'Expositor.'

I have neighbors, who cultivate an average of thirty acres of land each year, and keep three or four scrub horses and twice as many cattle and a dozen hogs, which eat up the larger part of what they grow, and who rarely sell from their farm $200 worth in a year; and to do this they perform a large amount of labor and reduce the fertility of the soil, and if they would do away with all the stock, except two horses, two good cows, and enough pigs to furnish the family and thoroughly care for 150 to 200 hens their labor could be reduced to one-half at least and their sales much more than doubled.

Sulphur is quite useful to promote general health and thrift among fowls. Give it to the poultry only on bright, pleasant days. Once or twice a week a teaspoonful may be mixed in the feed of a dozen hens. Salt is very needful to all animal life, and a dozen hens may receive a teaspoonful mixed in their soft feed every day. Charcoal corrects acidity and promotes digestion. Wood charcoal may be fed in minute quantity now and then, or ears of corn may be charred and then thrown to the fowls, and they will pick off the kernels and be given some work to do. All these substances are not foods in the proper sense of the term, but condiments and general health promoters, when used in very limited quantities.

A very interesting addition to our knowledge of poultry-keeping is furnished in a recent article by a Belgian investigator. It is shown that the hen, in proportion to her weight, is one of the largest producers of salable products on the farm, exceeding in this respect even the cow. M. G. Gilelkens has compiled a table showing the number and weight of eggs produced annually by a hen of each of the best breeds employed in Belgium. The two breeds giving the largest number of eggs are the Campine and Hamburg; these produce respectively 225 and 220 per hen per annum, corresponding to 6.45 and 6.40 times the live weight of the hen. The Leghorn and Spanish come next with 190 and 155 eggs, but these are of larger size than those just mentioned; they amount to 5.51 and 4.22 times the hen's weight. The smallest egg-producers in proportion to their weight are the Dorking and Langshan breeds, these produce annually 120 eggs, the weights of which are in the proportion of 2.64 and 2.24 to the live weight of the hen. It thus appears that the best egg producing breeds will furnish at least five or six times their own weight of eggs in the course of a year.'

According to a writer in the 'Mirror and Farmer,' the advantages of a warm mess in the morning, after the weather becomes cold, cannot be denied. When the hens come off the roost they are chilled not only from the cold, but by reason of having been in a state of inactivity for ten or twelve hours, and nothing is so invigorating or stimulating as a warm drink or a warm mess for breakfast. It must not be overlooked, however, that the best thing for hens, in order to become warm, and keep themselves warm, is exercise. If they are given warm food the quantity should be but little. The practice of giving a full meal early in the morning of soft food is a mistake, as a portion of the meal should consist of whole grains, for which the hens should scratch. For a dozen hens a small piece of lean meat should be cooked to a broth, about half a pound of meat in a half pint of water being sufficient. This should be thickened while boiling, until stiff enough to dry crumble, with ground oats and bran, equal parts. The meat should be chopped fine before cooking. Place the mixture in a long trough, so as to allow each hen to receive a portion, and then scatter a pint of wheat over the yard, so that the hens may hunt for the grain, and thus keep themselves busy.

Roup is a most unnecessary disease, and the breeder who lets it get hold of his flock is not well posted in his business. When my fowls begin to show signs of catching cold I don't let them go on until it has developed into contagious roup. I look about for the crack where the draft came in at. I go to the drug store and get some Sulphgia 3d in liquid form and put 15 drops of it in each quart of water the birds have to drink and drop two drops into the mouth of each sick one. I keep them well fed on wholesome food. They don't have to live in the nameless filth of the barnyard. They get clean corn, clean wheat, clean water or milk to drink and even the scraps from the butcher shops are clean enough for a hungry man to eat. I never give my chickens anything to eat or drink that I could not eat or drink after a twenty-four hours fast, and they are healthy and happy. Too many keep their fowls in unsuitable and cold houses, and are disappointed because they receive few or no eggs in return to the food bestowed upon them. When poultry are kept during cold weather in cold and draughty houses, it takes all the food that is given to them to keep up the animal heat in their bodies; and, consequently, there is nothing left over to be applied to the production of eggs. This is a clear waste of food, as in a warm, comfortable building the same amount of food would probably have resulted in a good supply of eggs; and that, too, when the latter were scarce and dear in price. Those, then, who wish to get some returns from their hens should see to it that all cracks and airholes are filled up, all loose boards nailed on tight, and everything done to render the poultry comfortable. While a warm house with but a slim allowance of food may not be much better than a cold one with plenty of food, yet a warm house and proper rations for the fowls in it will work wonders in creasing the supply of eggs.

Hanging will not make an old hen tender. At least it will need to hang until it begins to drop before that auspicious moment arrives. It is to the cooking more than to the hanging that we must look in order to secure the best result. Prior to being killed it should be kept without food for twenty-four hours, after which it should be plucked and dressed in the usual way. Let it hang about four days or so, and then proceed as follows:—Place the fowl in a saucepan with cold water sufficient to cover it easily, and add a little salt. It is best to place the saucepan by the side of the fire, for the water does not want to boil fast, only simmer. This is an important point; if allowed to boil, the old hen will be as tough as old boots, and the wrestling of the carver with the joints presently will be a sight to behold. The time allowed for simmering depends somewhat upon the age and size of the bird, and ranges from about two to four hours. Some people make it a rule to simmer old birds an hour for every year of their age. Thus a bird of two and a half years remains two and a half hours in the pot, and a four year old four hours. This, no doubt, may be taken as a general guide, but a little longer will probably be required. Too much water should not be employed, as after the simmering process it will nearly then go to a jelly when cold, and come in very useful for broth. The simmering may be regarded as the first part of the process, the ground work as it were. The after treatment may vary according to taste. The old hen is rendered tender now, and may be partaken of as it is with the usual accompaniments. Some allow the bird to remain in the water in which it has been boiled until cold, when they lift it carefully out, surround it with fat bacon and roast it. Others merely lift it from the boiling pot, allow it to stand and drain for a few moments and roast it forthwith.—'West Sussex Gazette.'

FARMERS' WIVES IN INDIA.

Miss Jeanne Serabji, of Bombay, spoke in the recent agricultural congress for the women of India, and said in part: I had the pleasure not very long ago of speaking of the educated women of India. I have now another phase of womanhood to bring before you, those of the agricultural class, who, though not educated in fine arts, can still be useful to the world at large. Women whose physiques are a novelty to behold—strong, healthy, well-built working women, who are able to stand the hardship of rain and storms, clouds and sunshine—who are the bread-winners of families and who live to a grand old age in consequence of their toil—these women in the ploughing season live in small huts on the scene of their labors. They rise in the small hours of the morning, cook the food for the day's consumption, go out some miles for water for drinking purposes, and then begin their work on the fields, leaving their infants tied up in white cloths by shady nooks under a bush, where, having been well dosed with opium, they lie for hours without moving; indeed, very often it happens that the mothers are too busy to return to their infants until the noonday sun gives way to the light of the moon. The husbands work, too, side by side with their wives, and so do the children, little boys and girls tilling and sowing and ploughing the ground in the different seasons as they come around, each one carrying his or her own burden until the harvest, and then on the first day of gathering in there is a grand festival equal to the Thanksgiving day in Christian lands, when the idols are taken in procession through the streets.

TRAINING A COLT.

I do not like the idea of 'breaking a colt.' If training is substituted there will never be any need for a breaking process, for when the colt is old enough to put to work it will be prepared for change from idleness to usefulness, without any special effort. Training should begin the first day of a colt's life. It should be systematically petted and made familiar with handling, and accustomed to the halter from the very first. As it grows older straps and robes should be placed on it at frequent intervals, and all the time gently, so as to keep it from getting any notion that it is going to be injured. Later a set of harness may be put on and allowed to remain on for a little while and bits should be put in its mouth, and by the time it is a year old it will be harness broken, and if a little attention is paid to it, it will not be long before it may be hitched to a light load and at the age when it is put to work there will be no need of breaking it after the common style of putting it in harness and because through fright it plunges a little, making it worse by yelling at it and clubbing it in the process of breaking.

A good old book says: Train up a child in the way it shall go and when it gets old it will not depart from it. This is true of a colt also, and by the way, it might be applied to the other farm animals as well.

Let us have more of training and less of breaking on our farms. It will be better for the stock and we shall rest easier and live longer for it.

BERT CARROLL.

Keokuk Co., Iowa.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

[We invite questions on all possible subjects of general interest, to which we shall do our best to obtain correct answers, and shall insert such queries and replies as we can make room for. This must not be used, however, as an advertising column or as an enquiry bureau for matters not of public interest. Every query must be accompanied with the name and postal address of the sender and no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.]

GENERAL.

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF THE BAPTISTS.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—A short time ago it was stated in 'Answers to Questions' that the birth-place of the Baptists was Germany. I do not think the writer was purposely misstating the facts, for he appeared to write in a good and amicable spirit. He was merely repeating an oft-time repeated historical error, and it goes to prove how tenacious of life error is, even when it has no support in fact. It is quite true that the Baptists appeared in Germany at the time stated by the writer in the 'Witness,' but it is also a truth susceptible of the clearest and amplest proof that this was not their first appearance by more than a thousand years. Von Mosheim, a learned historian of the Lutheran Church, whom no one suspects of the slightest partiality for the Baptists says, when speaking of these same German Baptists:—'The true origin of that sect, which acquired the name of Anabaptists by administering the right of baptism to those who come over to their communion, is hidden in the remotest days of antiquity, and is, in consequence, very difficult to ascertain. Before the rise of Luther and Calvin there lay concealed in nearly all the countries of Europe, particularly in Bohemia and Moravia, Switzerland and Germany, many persons who adhered tenaciously to the spiritual nature of the Kingdom of Christ, and that this kingdom should not be access ble to the wicked and unrighteous, but should be exempt from all human institutions,' among which infants' baptism was always enumerated. This is plain from the charges brought against them, and the laws made for their punishment. Take one example, and it is but one in a multitude that might be given, for constant complaint was made against them, and they were subjects of ceaseless persecution. Imprisonment, banishment, and death were their certain and never-failing lot. An old Catholic writer, addressing himself to St. Bernard in 1140, says: 'There have lately been discovered among us some heretics near Colim, who say that the true church is only among themselves, because they alone follow the way of Christ and imitate his apostles, not seeking secular gain, and possessing no property, they place no confidence in the intercession of saints; they do not hold to infant baptism.' These were clearly the Baptists of the twelfth century, about four hundred years before the time of Luther. Equally conclusive examples are furnished in the preceding centuries, and might be given in numbers did the space of your paper permit. In the seventh century the Paulicians made great progress among the Greeks, and multiplying, spread into many other countries. They doubtless were the stock from which sprung the Albigenses, and as they continued to grow they spread into the countries of Europe, Spain, France and Germany. The Paulicians have in some quarters been given a bad character just as is given to some good people at the present day by certain sects, who count all as heretics who will not submit to one head. Milner, in his 'Church History,' says, when speaking of the Paulicians, 'From the little I have seen concerning them, I hope it may shortly appear that they originated from a heavenly influence, teaching and converting them, and that in them we have one of those extraordinary effusions of the Holy Spirit on his name, by which the knowledge of Christ and the practice of godliness are kept alive in the world.' Jonas in his 'Lectures,' vol. 2, has gone more particularly into their faith and doctrine, and among other things he tells us 'they hold that the sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper were peculiar to the communion of the faithful, and restricted to believers.' Then there were the Baptists of the seventh century.

I need not go further back, though it were easy to do so. As the highest authorities tell us that infant baptism was not introduced till the middle or latter end of the second century, and did not become general till long afterwards, and as all parties almost universally followed immersion as the mode of baptism for the first 1200 years. It is quite an easy matter to show that the Baptists, so far from having had their birth-place in Germany, have had an existence from time immemorial, and if any one would find their true birth-place, he must look to the banks of the Jordan, where he will find John the first Baptist, with a commission from heaven to perform the rite. JAMES GREEN.

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 such question.]

FOR SIMPLE COMPLAINTS.

M.H., City.—Q.—I am from England, and would like to know (1) some useful medicine to be employed at any time when any member of a family is suffering from derangement of the stomach, such as sick headache, and bad taste on rising; (2) what remedies are employed for ordinary cold, such as sore throat, or tightness on the chest? (3) Also, what is good for earache? Ans.—1. Powdered rhubarb, half a drachm; bicarbonate of soda, two drachms; peppermint water, to make six ounces. Give from a dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful at a dose, according to age, and three or four times a day until it produces the desired effect. Shake the bottle well before using. 2. Aconite, in pills or liquid form; give frequently, as every hour, until the skin becomes moist. The patient should not go out while taking it, and should guard against exposure for some hours after. 3. Pour a few drops of warm oil into the ear. If the oil is not at hand, breathe into the ear, or apply a hot dry flannel externally.

ERYSIPELAS.

W.H.L., Vermont.—Q.—I am sixty years of age, of temperate habits. For nearly a year I have been troubled with facial erysipelas. The skin thickens, turns red, burns and itches fearfully. It does not gather, but sometimes discharges a thin matter. The upper lip, and about the eyes, are the parts most affected. It appears worse in cold weather. It commenced last winter in the

back of my neck, but soon moved to the face. Otherwise my health is good. 1. I have always shaved my upper lip. Ought I to let my beard grow? Please prescribe. Ans.—Your diet is too rich in nitrogenous food. Better adopt a skimmed milk diet until your blood is purified of the excess of nitrogenous waste, and the skin returns to its normal condition. Drink from six to nine pints of warmed skimmed milk daily. Take no other food nor drink. Take a moderate amount of out-door exercise daily. Shaving has no influence upon the cause of the disease, and it is immaterial whether you shave the upper lip or not.

CHANGE YOUR DIET.

F.P.—Q.—I am a young man, thirty years of age. I am troubled with a dull pain, and a soreness in the region of the liver, tongue constantly furred, and very dry; bad breath. Have a full feeling after eating heartily; appetite good. I am employed in an office, leaning over a desk all day. What treatment will benefit my case? Ans.—A diet of grains and fruits. You are eating too much nitrogenous and heat producing foods for the amount of exercise you are taking. Take a long walk in the open air every day, and a cold sponge bath every morning.

THROAT TROUBLE.

Bruce.—Q.—I am a married woman, past fifty. I am troubled with a thickening of the mucous membrane of the throat. The phlegm comes in my throat, causing sickness and a tendency to vomit. The trouble is worse since the cold weather set in; general health fairly good, though often rheumatic. Please prescribe. Ans.—Keep the skin active by a cool sponge bath every morning, and a warm bath at bedtime, two or three times a week, and use the inhaler, with the iodoform mixture, an hour daily.

RHEUMATIC PAINS.

An Old Subscriber, Ont.—Q.—I am a woman, over seventy years of age. Some time ago I caught cold, and the pain settled in my right arm. It is very severe at times. Please say what will stop the pain? Ans.—Eat foods rich in phosphates, as preparations of barley, wheat, oatmeal, southern corn, peas, beans, potatoes, apples, prunes, and figs. Take a tablespoonful of maltine with each meal. Bathe the painful part with very hot water, and sponge off with cool water.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Another Subscriber, Ont.—Q.—I am a man, thirty years of age. I am suffering from very severe pain in my left hip, and frequently the pain is severe between the knee and the ankle, and under the foot. Please state the cause, and cure. Ans.—Follow the same instructions given 'An Old Subscriber, Ont.'

STILL ANOTHER.

An Old Subscriber.—Q.—I am a farmer, 50 years of age. I am troubled with a pain in my back just between the shoulders. It comes on every night. If I remain in bed until morning I am so sore I can hardly move for a time; then as I move about it goes away, and I feel all right until the next night. My appetite is good, and I can work very well. Please prescribe. Ans.—Follow the same instructions as given 'An Old Subscriber, Ont.'

PLEURISY.

T. McL., Ont.—Q.—For some years I have been troubled spring and fall with pleurisy in my left side. The pain is always worse when I lie down. Please prescribe. Ans.—Wear a Johnson's belladonna plaster over the painful part; take McGee's Emulsion with each meal, and follow same instructions regarding diet as given 'An Old Subscriber, Ont.'

Winona.—Q.—Please give me a prescription for a wash for pimples on the face. Ans.—Precipitated sulphur, one drachm; oxide of zinc, half a drachm; rectified spirits of wine, one ounce; camphor water, half an ounce. Shake well before using.

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

A Manitoba Subscriber.—Your questions are indefinite; state definitely the questions that you want answered.

A.B., Que.—Better consult an oculist.

Subscriber's Daughter.—It will not be opened for about two years.

A Reader of the 'Witness.'—Eat grain foods, vegetables and fruits; take McGee's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, Malt and Hypophosphites with each meal.

Evangelist.—Address Secretary, Royal Victoria Hospital, for information.

LEGAL.

(ONTARIO.)

A PURCHASER IN DEFAULT.

Morland, Ont.—Q.—A sells B a farm for $700, one hundred dollars down, the balance yearly with interest at six percent. B has failed to pay. What resource has A? Can he turn B out, and hold the fall crop B has put in, or what can he hold? Ans.—A should instruct a lawyer to take the appropriate legal steps.

A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

J.A., N.W.T.—Q.—A, who is the proprietor of a newspaper, went to B, saying if B would send him a weekly letter for publication of one and a half columns in length, he would pay $1.50 per letter. B replied by sending twenty letters of from ninety to one hundred lines each, which A published without any complaint. A now refuses, or neglects to pay B's demand of $1 per letter. 1. Has B a just claim? 2. If so, what steps are necessary to enforce payment? Ans.—1. Yes. 2. Suit proceedings.

CATTLE DOING DAMAGE.

R.P., N.S.—Q.—A and B live on opposite sides of river. No fence on either side. B's cattle cross the river and destroy A's crops. Can A recover damages off B? If so, what steps should A take? How can A prevent them from destroying crop next year, there being no pound near? 3. Is it lawful to let stock run on the roadway or river? Ans.—A local lawyer should be consulted.

REGISTRATION OF MORTGAGE.

A Subscriber, Ont.—Q.—If a person takes a mortgage as security for a debt, how soon after it is drawn does the law require it to be registered? Ans.—Generally speaking, mortgages should be recorded without delay. And the law expressly requires that for some purposes real estate mortgages should be registered forthwith, and certain chattel mortgages, within five days from the execution thereof.

A VILLAGE CEMETERY.

An Old Subscriber, Ont.—Q.—I live in an incorporated village. The council appointed a committee to find a suitable place for a cemetery. They found one half a mile outside of the corporation, but have not yet purchased. 1. Are the council the proper parties to purchase and manage the cemetery? 2. Or should it be a corporate body outside the council of the village? 3. Is there an Ontario law as to the management of cemeteries, and how do we proceed? Ans. 1. Yes. 2. Not necessarily. 3. The Consolidated Municipal Act, 1892, sec. 489, provides for the acquiring of land by an incorporated village for a public cemetery, and the laying out, improvement, and management thereof. But no land can legally be accepted or purchased by the village council for such purpose, except by a by-law declaring in express terms that the land is appropriated for a public cemetery, and for no other purpose. Thereupon the land, although without the municipality becomes part thereof, and ceases to be a part of the municipality to which it formerly belonged. Such by-law cannot lawfully be repealed.

VETERINARY.

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

SITFAST.

W.G.C.—Q.—Please tell me what is the matter with a horse four years old. He has a swollen lump on his back just where the saddle rests, just behind the backing of the harness, on the left side of the backbone. It is about three-quarters of an inch high, and five inches across, and is round. We have no knowledge of his getting hurt. It has been there nearly a year. Please explain the case and the cure. It seems to be sore when a person is on his back. Ans.—This is due to a bruise, and is named a sitfast. Having been neglected so long it will be removed with difficulty now. Try continuous poulticing with hot linseed meal poultices. Should it not suppurate, rub it with a liniment consisting of equal parts of hartshorn, spirits of turpentine, tincture of iodoine and olive oil. Rub it well in daily with the fingers as long as the skin will bear it.

CRACKED HEELS.

Orillia.—Q.—I have a colt rising three years, suffering from raw sores above the hoofs. His heels are cracked, and there is a discharge from them. He is otherwise in fine condition. Please prescribe. I have tried several remedies with no good results. Ans.—Have his feet well cleaned, the toes shortened, and the sole and clefts of the frogs made quite clean. Apply poultices of linseed meal to the sores for two days, then wash clean, and apply benzoated oxide of zinc ointment twice daily, keeping the legs dry and free from impurities. Such a condition in a colt so young indicates mismanagement in the stable.

FORM OF MEGRIMS.

A Settler, Que.—Q.—I have a young horse that has been in the habit for about two months past of raising and working his nose as though flies were troubling him. I have never observed him do it while on the road, but only when he is in the stable. He does it most, I think, when he is feeding. Some days he is troubled that way a good deal, and then for several days at a time I do not notice him behaving so. I have examined, but cannot find anything that would cause him to act so. He feeds well, and masticates his food and grain all right. What do you think is the cause of his acting so? Please answer and oblige. Ans.—This is a form of megrims, a derangement of the brain. He may continue the same for years, or he may get gradually worse. It is sometimes due to the formation of tumors in the brain. Give him a drachm of iodide of potassium, and a drachm of bromide of potassium alternately night and morning for two weeks, and feed him on soft food. He must do no fast work, nor be exposed to strong sunlight while under treatment.

RHEUMATISM IN A PIG.

A Subscriber.—Q.—I have a pig seven months old, healthy, and growing fine until three weeks ago, when it was taken with a lameness of the back and hind legs. It seems to have great difficulty in getting on to its hind feet, but can walk very well after it is up; has been running in the orchard eating apples, and getting a little corn on the ear. What is the trouble, and what can cure her? Ans.—Give her half a drachm of salicylic acid, and the same quantity of carbonate of soda night and morning. Rub the back with the following liniment:—Tincture of arnica, two ounces; spirits of camphor, two ounces; tincture of opium, one ounce, and water five ounces; mix. Apply twice daily. Keep the pen dry and warm.

BRAIN TUMOR.

T.E.B.—Q.—Will you please have inserted in the veterinary department of your paper answers to the following questions, so far as they can be given:—1. I have a fine horse about seven years old. Three weeks ago while driving he acted as if he wanted to run away. I had hard work to hold him, and in about a minute after his first effort to run away he began to tremble, and every particle of his body shook, and he became stiff and unable to walk, and I had to hold him so that he would not fall. In about 20 minutes he got all right, and seemed to be the same as ever, until one evening when driving the same symptoms appeared, only with a far greater intensity. He seemed to want to run away, and when I got him from the rig, he shook and ran around, not knowing what he was doing, and at last he fell and became stiff, and in about an hour he seemed to be all right. What is the matter? Can he be cured? If so, what shall I give him? Ans.—This is evidently due to a tumor forming on the brain. It is incurable, and usually progressive. Such horses are dangerous, becoming uncontrollable when unconscious during the fit. It would be advisable not to use him in a carriage. Iodide of potassium in drachm doses may be administered experimentally.

SWOLLEN LEGS.

W.H.—Q.—I have a mare three years old, which lost her colt about Sept. 1. She got very poor, and a little hide-bound. She was not working regular, but only once in a while. I commenced feeding her on oats, but still she has not improved. Lately I have been giving her boiled grain and turnips, and flaxseed boiled to a jelly, and some condition powders. Yesterday one of her hind legs swelled at the hock, and there is a vein that is swollen from the udder down. The other hind leg is slightly swollen between the hock and the fetlock. There is no veterinary surgeon within one hundred miles. Please prescribe through your paper. Ans.—The filly probably had an attack of irregular strangles, from which she has not recovered. The general debility has become complicated with derangement of the kidneys. Give her a ball containing five drachms of aloes, and follow it up by a small tablespoonful of liquor arsenicalis, night and morning. Feed her on boiled oats with linseed tea. Give her regular, but moderate exercise.

FALSE APPETITE.

E.A., Nova Scotia.—Q.—I have a stock of 21 head of cattle, and since putting them in the barn, they are crazy to eat all the old boards, shingles and bones they can get at, in-doors and out, and they will stand for hours and chew sticks. The cows were fed considerable wheat bran last summer, but it seemed to stop for a while, but now they are worse than ever. From the oldest down to the calves they have turnips once a day, and are fed good hay with a little straw four times a day, and are watered once a day from a well. Please inform me through the columns of the 'Weekly Witness' some remedy, and as to the probable cause. Ans.—The condition is a peculiar derangement of the digestive organs, due probably to insufficiency of lime salts in the soil, and consequently in their food, suggesting the treatment of your land by plaster or lime dressing. In the meantime give each of the cattle a laxative dose of Epsom salts (sulphate of magnesia), from four ounces to a pound. Sprinkle their food with carbonate of soda, an ounce to each, twice daily; place lumps of rock salt in the feeding troughs for the animals to lick. Prevent them as much as possible from gaining access to indigestible substances.

ULCERATING BOWELS.

C.P.S.—Q.—I have an ox, eight years old. In the mornings when I take him out to work he has a desire to make his droppings, very often in small quantities, mixed with frothy slime, with some blood mixed in it. He seems to have good health, and is in good condition. What is the disease, and what is good for it? Ans.—This can only be due to an ulcer of the posterior bowel, probably within the reach of injections. An examination should be made to ascertain if it is within reach. Injections of a weak solution of sulphate of zinc, say two ounces to a gallon of water, should be tried, that is if the ulcer is formed within reach.

SWOLLEN LEGS.

A Carlisle, North Dakota, Subscriber.—Q.—I have a young horse four years old, that a few days before the close of the ploughing season this fall commenced to swell at night in the front feet in the fetlock joints, then in a few days commenced swelling in the hind legs. He does not seem to be sick. What is the matter with him? Please prescribe. Ans.—This may be due to so many causes that from the information given we can form no idea which it may be due to. If there are cracks in the heels, poultice them. If not, foment the legs with hot water; provided you have a warm stable, hand rub and bandage the legs. Feed him on mashes, and give him a laxative, say, six drachms of aloes in a ball. Follow it by three drachm doses of saltpetre, three times a week for two weeks. Gentle exercise will assist in removing the swelling.

AGRICULTURAL.

(Conducted by W. F. Clarke, "Lindenbank," Guelph.)

SEVERAL QUESTIONS.

Young Farmer, Guysboro County, N.S.—Can you give me any reason why our Early Rose potatoes miss or fail to grow, only about one half of them coming up at all. The later kinds treated in the same way grow all right. We keep the potatoes in a rather small cellar with ground floor, ventilated at one side. It may be a little warm, as we never knew frost to do any harm in it. It used to be a rule here when planting to turn the skin side of the seed down. We never observed this rule and a neighbor said that that was why they missed; so last spring we turned the skin down, but it made no difference. What do you think is the cause? 2. When we pulled our carrots we put them in the barn till there was danger of freezing; we then put them in the cellar, the same one the potatoes are in, and now they are beginning to rot. A kind of white mould comes on the skin of the carrot, and under it will be a soft rot. Please state the cause, and remedy if you can. 3. I intended to get 'Beadle's Canadian Fruit, Flower and Kitchen Garden,' but you have recommended 'Storer's Agriculture' in a recent number of the 'Witness.' Which is the best, and where can 'Storer's Agriculture' be got, and what is the price? 4. Is the system of clovering you recommend treated of in any of the agricultural books. 5. When is the report of the 'Experimental Farms' published; I mean the one for 1893? 6. If a farmer sends a sample of any substance he wishes to use as manure to the chemist at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, will he analyze it, and let the sender know what its value is as a manure? What would be the charge, if any? Ans.—1. All varieties of potatoes in course of time lose their vitality in some degree, and hence it is that new sorts are constantly being originated to take the place of kinds that are run out, or in course of deterioration. The Early Rose has had its day, and must give place to other kinds that have more of the vigor of youth. If you plant newer sorts, you will probably have no trouble about their failing to grow. 2. The cellar is probably too warm. All roots do best in a cool cellar. Of course, it must not be so cool as to go down to the freezing point, but the cooler roots are kept without exposure to being frozen the better for them. Not only is there liability to rot in a warm cellar, but the flesh of the roots loses its solid and crisp character, becomes flabby, and is of less value for feeding purposes. 3. Both works are excellent, and neither can take the place of the other. Mr. Beadle's book is full of practical directions for the management of the orchard, flower and kitchen garden. Storer's work is devoted to the discussion of great principles involved in soil culture. Storer's work may be had through any respectable bookseller, price $5. 4. Yes; all modern books on general agriculture treat of it to a greater or less extent. The farming journals, too, are constantly referring to some one or more features of the system. 5. It is usually published soon after the adjournment of the Legislature. 6. Artificial fertilizers, such as superphosphates, chemicals, etc., are now usually sold with some guarantee as to constituents and value, but I believe the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa is at all times glad to make analyses for any parties desirous of them, and I do not think that any fee is charged for such service.

CANADA AS A PARTNER.

(New York 'Tribune.')

Mr. Froude in one of his works refers to a conversation which he once had with Mr. Motley, respecting the probable accession of Canada to the American Union. Mr. Froude asked him if he was sure that Canada would like it. 'Like it?' was the reply. 'Would I like the House of Baring to take me into partnership?' Mr. Froude records his passing reflection that it would be at least as great a thing to be a partner in the British Empire as in the American Union. Then he enlarges with more deliberation upon a barren imperial policy which vitally detaches colonies from the mother state and leaves them to grow or to wither, according to their own inherent strength; and in the end he reaches the conclusion that Great Britain does not take its dependencies into partnership at all.

What Mr. Froude did not forecast was the American Union's magnanimity in taking the Canadians into commercial partnership on their own terms without imposing any liabilities or obligations in return. This is what President Cleveland and the Democratic party are now bent upon doing. The new tariff scheme has been hailed with rejoicing from Nova Scotia to British Columbia. It opens the American market to Canadian coal, lumber, ores, salt and agricultural and dairy products. It is a larger measure of relief for the Canadian export trade than any statesman of the Dominion would have ventured to propose in reciprocity negotiations; and it is offered gratuitously. No conditions are imposed for the sake of reciprocal advantage. It is a commercial partnership, in which Canada is to be credited with all the profits and not charged with any liabilities. Its products are admitted upon the most favorable terms into the American market. Its own tariff barriers against the United States are allowed to stand.

Naturally, Canada likes to be taken into partnership in this way. It will have all the commercial advantages of political union with the United States without forfeiting its claims upon Great Britain for imperial protection and support. A partner on the most favored terms with the American Commonwealth, it can put aside all temptations to exchange of citizenship, and it can hope for the gradual accomplishment of some scheme of Imperial Federation by which it may be admitted into partnership with Great Britain. With subsidies from England for its steamship lines, with its own high tariff for the protection of its industries and the collection of large revenues, and with the American market opened wide to nearly all its natural and agricultural products, Canada can well afford to stand and wait, taking all the commercial privileges which are flung away and giving nothing in return.

And how has Canada earned this one-sided partnership? By pursuing for a generation an aggressive policy against the United tates; by denying to American fishermen their historical treaty rights and arresting them and libelling their ships; by systematic raiding upon the American continental railways; by a destructive campaign against American shipping interests in the Pacific, with subsidies drawn from Ottawa and London; and by a long career of depredation upon the Behring Sea fisheries. Canada has been intensely hostile to American interests for a generation, and it now has its reward in the unconditional surrender of the American market without equitable terms of reciprocity. What a prodigal spendthrift Brother Jonathan can be in his partnership dealings with his poor relations!

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

A recent number of the 'Philadelphia Press' contains an account of a curious celestial clock, the invention of Mr. Wynn Molesworth, which was recently exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society. The entire face of the clock rotates under a wire bar representing the equatorial horizon, and is regulated to perform one evolution in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, four seconds, this being the time in which the earth turns once upon its axis. The apparent annual motion of sun, moon and planets in the opposite direction is effected by movable pins, while the north and south polar stars, that do not rise or set for us, revolve simultaneously with the rest by a separate movement. Thus may be seen the entire heavens, with sun, moon, planets and constellations in their actual places, ever rising and setting as they rise and set in the heavens.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stepped quickly in at the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

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Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
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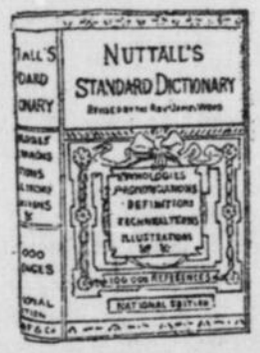

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THE COPPERHEAD.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

CHAPTER I.

ABNER BEECH.

It was on the night of my thirteenth birthday, I know, that the old farmhouse was burned over our heads. By that reckoning I must have been six or seven when I went to live with Farmer Beech, because at the time he testified I had been with him half my life.

Abner Beech had often been supervisor for his town, and could have gone to the Assembly, it was said, had he chosen. He was a stalwart, thick-shouldered, big man, with shaggy dark eyebrows shading stern hazel eyes, and with a long, straight nose, and a broad, firmly shut mouth. His expansive upper lip was blue from many years of shaving; all the rest was bushing beard, mounting high upon the cheeks and rolling downward in iron-gray billows over his breast. That shaven upper lip, which still may be found among the farmers of the old blood in our district was, I dare say, a survival from the time of the Puritan protest against moustaches of the Cavaliers. If Abner Beech, in the latter days, had been told that his shaving on Wednesday and Saturday nights was a New England rite, I feel sure he would never have touched razor again.

He was a well-to-do man in the earlier time—a tremendous worker, a 'good provider,' a citizen of weight and substance in the community. In all large matters the neighborhood looked to him to take the lead. He was the first farmer roundabout to set a mowing machine to work in his meadows, and to put lightning-rods on his buildings. At one period he was, too, the chief pillar in the church, but that was before the episode of the lightning-rods. Our little Union meeting-house was supplied in those days by an irregular procession of itinerant preachers, who came at their own sweet will and spoke with that entire frankness which is induced by knowledge that the night is to be spent somewhere else. One of these strolling ministers regarded all attempts to protect property from lightning as an insolent defiance of the Divine Will, and said so very pointedly in the pulpit, and the congregation sat still and listened and grinned. Farmer Beech never forgave them.

There came in good time other causes for ill-feeling. It is beyond the power of my memory to pick out and arrange in proper sequence the events which, in the final result, separated Abner Beech from his fellows. My own recollections go with distinctness back to the reception of the news that Virginia had hanged John Brown; in a vaguer way they cover the two or three preceding years. Very likely Farmer Beech had begun to fall out of touch with his neighbors even before that.

The circumstances of my adoption into his household—an orphan without relations or other friends—were not of the sort to serve this narrative. I was taken in to be raised as a farm-hand, and was no more expected to be grateful than as if I had been a young steer purchased to toil in the yoke. No suggestion was ever made that I had incurred any debt of obligation to the Beeches. In a little community where everyone worked as a matter of course till there was no more work to do, and all shared alike the simple food, the tired, heavy sleep, and the infrequent spells of recreation, no one talked or thought of benefits conferred or received. My rights in the house and about the place were neither less nor more than those of Jeff Beech, the farmer's son.

In the course of time I came, indeed, to be a more sympathetic unit in the household, so to speak, than poor Jeff himself. But that was only because he had been drawn off after strange gods.

At all times—even when nothing else good was said of him—Abner Beech was spoken of by the people of the district as a 'great hand for reading.' His preeminence in this matter remained unquestioned to the end. No other farmer for miles owned half the number of books which he had on the shelves above his writing-desk. Still less was there anyone round about who could for a moment stand up with him in a discussion involving book-learning in general. This at first secured for him the respect of the whole country-side, and men were proud to be agreed with by such a scholar. But when affairs changed, this, oddly enough, became a formidable popular grievance against Abner Beech. They said then that his opinions were worthless because he got them from printed books, instead of from his heart.

What these opinions were may in some measure be guessed from the titles of the farmer's books. Perhaps there were some thirty of them behind the glass doors of the old mahogany bookcase. With one or two agricultural or veterinary exceptions, they related exclusively to American history and politics. There were, I recall, the first two volumes of Bancroft, and Lossing's 'Lives of the Singers,' and 'Field-Books' of the two wars with England; Thomas H. Benton's 'Thirty Years' View;' the four green-black volumes of Hammond's 'Political History of the State of New York;' campaign lives of Lewis Cass and Franklin Pierce, and larger biographies of Jefferson and Jackson, and, most imposing of all, a whole long row of big calf-bound volumes of the 'Congressional Globe,' which carried the minutiae of politics at Washington back in to the forties.

These books constituted the entire literary side of my boyish education. I have only the faintest and haziest recollections of what happened when I went during the winter months to the schoolhouse at the Four Corners. But I can recall the very form of the type in the farmer's books. Everyone of those quaint, austere and beardless faces, framed in high collars and stocks and waving hair—the Marcys, Calhouns, DeWitt Clintons, and Silas Wrights of the daguerreotype and Sartain's primitive graver—gives back to me now the lineaments of an old time friend.

Whenever I could with decency escape from playing checkers with Jeff, and had no harness to grease or other indoor jobs, I spent the winter evenings in poring over some of these books—generally with Abner Beech at the opposite side of the table immersed in another. On some rare occasion one of the hired men would take down a volume and look through it—the farmer watching him covertly the while to see that he did not wet his big thumbs to turn over the leaves—but for the most part we had the books to ourselves. The others would sit about till bedtime, amusing themselves as best they could, the women folk knitting or mending, the men cracking butternuts, or dallying with cider or apples and fried cakes, as they talked over the work and gossip of the district and tempted the scorching impulses of the stovehearth with their stockinged feet.

This tacit separation of the farmer and myself from the rest of the household in the course of time begat confidence between us. He grew, from brief and casual beginnings, into a habit of speaking to me about the things we read. As it became apparent, year by year, that young Jeff was never going to read anything at all, Abner Beech more and more distinguished me with conversational favor. It cannot be said that the favoritism showed itself in other directions. I had to work as hard as ever, and got no more playtime than before. The master's eye was everywhere as keen, alert and unsparing as if I had not known even my alphabet. But when there were breathing spells, we talked together—or rather he talked and I listened—as if we were folk quite apart from the rest.

Two fixed ideas thus arose in my boyish mind, and dominated all my little notions of the world. One was that Alexander Hamilton and John Marshall were among the most infamous characters in history. The other was that every true American ought to hold himself in daily readiness to fight with England. I gave a great deal of thought to both these matters. I had early convictions, too, I remember, with regard to Daniel Webster, who had been very bad, and then all at once became a very good man. For some obscure reason I always connected him in my imagination with Zaccheus up a tree, and clung to the queer association of images long after I learned that the Marshfield statesman had been physically a large man.

Gradually the old blood-feud with the Britisher became obscured by fresher antagonisms, and there sprouted up a crop of new sons of Belial who deserved to be hated more even than had Hamilton and Marshall. With me the two stages of indignation glided into one another so imperceptibly that I can now hardly distinguish between them. What I do recall is that the farmer came in time to neglect the hereditary enemy, England, and to seem to have quite forgotten our own historic foes to liberty, so enraged was he over the modern Abolitionists. He told me about them as we paced up the seed rows together in the spring, as we drove homeward on the hay-load in the cool of the summer evening, as we shovelled out a path for the women to the pumps in the farmyard through December snows. It took me a long time to even approximately grasp the wickedness of these new men, who desired to establish negro sovereignty in the Republic, and to compel each white girl to marry a black man.

The fact that I had never seen any negro 'close to,' and had indeed only caught passing glimpses of one or more of the colored race on the streets of our nearest big town, added, no doubt, to the mystified alarm with which I contemplated these monstrous proposals. When finally an old darky on his travels did stroll our way, and I beheld him, incredibly ragged, dirty and light-hearted, shuffling through 'Jump Jim Crow' down at the Four Corners, for the ribald delectation of the village loafers, the revelation fairly made me shudder. I marvelled that the others could laugh, with this unspeakable fate hanging over their silly heads.

At first the Abolitionists were to me a remote and intangible class, who lived and wrought their evil deeds in distant places—chiefly New England way. I rarely heard mention of any names of persons among them. They seemed to be an impersonal mass, like a herd of buffaloes or a swarm of hornets. The first individuality in their ranks which attracted my attention, I remember, was that of Theodore Parker. The farmer one day brought home with him from town a pamphlet composed of anti-slavery sermons or addresses by this person. In the evening he read it, or as far into it as his temper would permit, beating the table with his huge fist from time to time, and snorting with wrathful amazement. At last he sprang to his feet, marched over to the wood-stove kicked the door open with his boot, and thrust the offending print into the blaze. It is vivid in my memory still—the way the red flame-light flared over his big burly front, and sparkled on his beard, and made his face shine like that of Moses.

But soon I learned that there were Abolitionists everywhere — Abolitionists right here in our own little farmland township of northern New York. The impression which this discovery made upon me was not unlike that produced on Robinson Crusoe by the immortal footprint. I could think of nothing else. Great events, which really covered a space of years, came and went as in a bunch together, while I was still pondering upon this. John Brown was hanged, Lincoln was elected, Sumter was fired on, the first regiment was raised and despatched from our rustic end of Dearborn County, and all the time it seems now as if my mind was concentrated upon the amazing fact that some of our neighbors were Abolitionists.

There was a certain dreamlike trickstiness of transformation in it all. At first there was only one Abolitionist, old 'Jee' Hagardorn. Then, somehow, there came to be a number of them—and then, all at once, lo! everybodp was an Abolitionist—that is to say, everbody but Abner Beech. The more general and enthusiastic the conversion of the others became, the more resolutely and doggedly he dug his heels into the ground, and braced his broad shoulders, and pulled in the opposite direction. The skies darkened, the wind rose, the storm of angry popular feeling burst swooping over the country-side, but Beech only stiffened his back and never budged an inch.

At some early stage of this great change, we ceased going to church at all. The pulpit of our rustic meetinhouse had become a platform from which the farmer found himself denounced with hopeless regularity on every recurring Sabbath, and that, too, without any chance whatever of talking back. This in itself was hardly to be borne. But when others, mere laymen of the church, took up the theme, and began in class-meetings and the Sunday-school to talk about Antichrist and the Beast with Ten Horns and Seven Heads, in obvious connection with Southern sympathizers, it became frankly insufferable. The farmer did not give in without a fierce resistance. He collected all the texts he could find in the Bible, such as 'Servants obey your masters,' 'Cursed be Canaan,' and the like, and hurled them vehemently, with strong, deep voice, and sternly glowing eyes, full at their heads. But the others had many more texts—we learned afterwards the old 'Jee' Hagardorn enjoyed the unfair advantage of a Cruden's Concordance—and their tongues were as forty to one, so we left off going to church altogether.

Not long after this, I should think, came the miserable affair of the cheese-factory.

The idea of doing all the dairy work of a neighborhood under a common roof, which originated not many miles from us, was now nearly ten years old. In those days it was regarded as having in it possibilities of vastly greater things than mere cheese-making. Its success among us had stirred up in men's minds big sanguine notions of co-operation as the answer to all American farm problems—as the gateway through which we were to march into the rural millennium. These high hopes one recalls now with a smile and a sigh. Farmers' wives continued to break down and die under the strain, or to be drafted off to the lunatic asylums; the farmers kept on hanging themselves in their barns, or flying westward before the locust-like cloud of mortgages; the boys and girls turned their steps townward in an ever-increasing host. The millennium never came at all.

But at that time—in the late fifties and early sixties—the cheese-factory was the centre of an impressive constellation of dreams and roseate promises. Its managers were the very elect of the district; their favor was more to be dreaded than any condemnation of a town-meeting; their chief officers were even more important personages than the supervisor and assessor.

Abner Beech had literally been the founder of our cheese-factory. I fancy he gave the very land on which it was built, and where you will see it still, under the willows by the upper-creek bridge. He sent to it in those days the milk of the biggest herd owned by any farmer for miles around, reaching at seasons nearly one hundred cows. His voice, too, outweighed all others in its co-operative councils.

But when our church-going community had reached the conclusion that a man couldn't be a Christian and hold such views on the slave question as Beech held, it was only a very short step to the conviction that such a man would water his milk. In some parts of the world the theft of a horse is the most heinous of conceivable crimes; other sections exalt to this pinnacle of sacredness in property a sheep or a pheasant or a woman. Among our dairymen the thing of special sanctity was milk. A man in our neighborhood might almost better be accused of forgery or bigamy outright, than to fall under the dreadful suspicion of putting water into his cans.

Whether it was mere stupid prejudice or malignant invention I know not—who started the story was never to be learned—but of a sudden everybody seemed to have heard that Abner Beech's milk had been refused at the cheese-factory. This was not true, any more than it was true that there could possibly have been warrant for such a proceeding. But what did happen was that the cheese-maker took elaborate pains each morning to test our cans with such primitive appliances as preceded the lactometer, and sniffed suspiciously as he entered our figures in a separate book and behaved generally so that our hired man knocked him head over heels into one of his whey vats. Then the managers complained of the farmer. He went down to meet them, boiling over with rage. There was an evil spirit in the air, and bitter words were exchanged. The outcome was that Abner Beech renounced the co-operative curds of his earlier manhood, so to speak, sold part of his cattle at a heavy loss, and began making butter at home with the milk of the remainder.

Then we became pariahs in good earnest.

CHAPTER II.

JEFF'S MUTINY.

The farmer came in from the fields somewhat earlier than usual on this August afternoon. He walked, I remember, with a heavy step and bowed head, and, when he had come into the shade on the porch and taken off his hat, looked about him with a wearied air. The great heat, with its motionless atmosphere and sultry closeness, had well-nigh wilted everybody. But one could see that Abner was suffering more than the rest, and from something beyond the enervation of dog-days.

He sank weightily into the arm-chair by the desk, and stretched out his legs with a querulous note in his accustomed grunt of relief. On the moment Mrs. Beech came in from the kitchen, with the big china wash-bowl filled with cold water, and the towel and clean socks over her arm, and knelt before her husband. She proceeded to pull off his big, dust-baked boots and the woollen foot-gear, put his feet into the bowl, bathe and dry them, and draw on the fresh covering, all without a word.

The ceremony was one I had watched many hundreds of times. Mrs. Beech was a tall, dark, silent woman, whom I could well believe to have been handsome in her youth. She belonged to one of the old Mohawk-Dutch families, and when some of her sisters came to visit at the farm I noted that they too were all dusky as squaws, with jet-black shiny curls and eyes like the midnight hawk I used always to be afraid of them on this account, but I dare say they were in reality most kindly women. Mrs. Beech herself represented to my boyish eyes the ideal of a saturnine and masterful queen. She performed great quantities of work with no apparent effort—as if she had merely willed it to be done. Her household was governed with a cold impassive exactitude! there were never any hitches, or even high words. The hired girls, of course, called her 'M'rye,' as the rest of us mostly did, but they rarely carried familiarity further, and as a rule respected her dislike for much talk. During all the years I spent under her roof I was never clear in my mind as to whether she liked me or not. Her own son, even, passed his boyhood in much the same state of dubiety.

But to her husband, Abner Beech, she was always most affectionately docile and humble. Her snapping black eyes followed him about and rested on him with an almost canine fidelity of liking. She spoke to him habitually in a voice quite different from that which others heard addressed to them. This, indeed, was measurably true of us all. By instinct the whole household deferred in tone and manner to our big, bearded chief, as if he were an Arab sheik ruling over us in tent on the desert. The word 'patriarch' still seems best to describe him, and his attitude toward us and the world in general, as I recall him sitting there in the half-darkened living-room, with his wife bending over his feet in true Oriental submission.

'Do you know where Jeff is?' the farmer suddenly asked, without turning his head to where I sat braiding a whip-lash, but indicating by the volume of voice that his query was put to me.

'He went off about two o'clock,' I replied, 'with his fish-pole. They say they are biting like everything down in the creek.'

'Well, you keep to work and they won't bite you,' said Abner Beech. This was a very old joke with him, and usually the opportunity of using it once more tended to lighten his mood. Now, though mere force of habit led him to repeat the pleasantry, he had no pleasure in it. He sat with his head bent, and his huge hairy hands spread listlessly on the chair-arms.

Mrs. Beech finished her task and rose, lifting the bowl from the floor. She paused, and looked wistfully into her husband's face.

'You ain't a bit well, Abner!' she said.

'Well as I'm likely ever to be again,' he made answer, gloomily.

'Has any more of 'em been sayin' or doin' anything?' the wife asked, with diffident hesitation.

The farmer spoke with more animation. 'D'ye suppose I care a picayune what they say or do?' he demanded. 'Not I! But when a man's own kith and kin turn agin him, into the bargain —' he left the sentence unfinished, and shook his head to indicate the impossibility of such a situation.

'Has Jeff—then—' Mrs. Beech began to ask.

"Yes—Jeff!" thundered the farmer, striking his fist on the arm of the chair. 'Yes—by—! Jeff!'

When Abner Beech swore we knew that things were pretty bad. His wife put the bowl down on a chair, and seated herself in another. 'What's Jeff been doin'?' she asked.

'Why, where d'ye suppose he was last night, 'n' the night before that? Where d'ye suppose he is this minute? They ain't no mistake about it, Lee Watkins saw 'em with his own eyes, and ta'nted me with it. He's down by the red bridge—that's where he is hangin' round that Hagadorn gal!'

Mrs. Beech looked properly aghast at the intelligence. Even to me it was apparent that the unhappy Jeff might have been better employed in committing any other crime under the sun. It was only to be expected that his mother would be horrified.

'I never could abide that Lee Watkins,' was what she said.

The farmer did not comment on the relevancy of this. 'Yes,' he went on, 'the daughter of mine enemy, the child of that whining, backbiting old scoundrel who's been eating his way into me like a deer-tick for years—the whelp that I owe every mean and miserable thing that's ever happened to me—yes, of all living human creatures, it's his daughter that that fool of a Jeff must take a shine to, and hang around after!'

'He'll come of age the fourteenth of next month,' remarked the mother, tentatively.

'Yes—and march up and vote the Woollyhead ticket. I suppose that's what'll come next!' said the farmer, bitterly. 'It only needed that!'

'And it was you who got her the job of teachin' the school, too,' put in Mrs. Beech.

'That's nothin' to do with it,' Abner continued. 'I ain't blamin' her—that is, on her own account. She's a good enough gal so far's I know. But everything and everybody under that tumble-down Hagadorn roof ought to be pizen to any son of mine! That's what I say! And I tell you this, mother'—the farmer rose, and spread his broad chest, towering over the seated woman as he spoke—'I tell you this; if he ain't got pride enough to keep him away from that house—away from that gal—then he can keep away from this house—away from me!'

The wife looked up at him mutely, then bowed her head in tacit consent.

'He brings it on himself!' Abner cried, with clenched fists, beginning to pace up and down the room. 'Who's the one man I've reason to curse with my dying breath? Who began the infernal Abolition cackle here? Who drove me out of the church? Who started that outrageous lie about the milk at the factory, and chased me out of that, too? Who's been a layin' for years behind every stump and every bush, waitin' for the chance to stab me in the back, an' ruin my business, an' set my neighbors agin me, an' land me an' mine in the poorhouse or the lockup? You know as well as I do—"Jee" Hagadorn! If I'd wrung his scrawny little neck for him the first time I ever laid eyes on him, it 'd 'a' been money in my pocket and years added onto my life. And then my son—my son! must go taggin' around—oh-h!'

He ended with an inarticulate growl of impatience and wrath.

'Mebbe, if you spoke to the boy—' Mrs Beech began.

'Yes, I'll speak to him!' the farmer burst forth, with grim emphasis. 'I'll speak to him so't he'll hear!' He turned abruptly to me. 'Here, boy,' he said, 'you go down the creek-road an' look for Jeff. If he ain't loafin' round the school-house he'll be in the neighborhood of Hagadorn's. You tell him I say for him to get back here as quick as he can. You needn't tell him what it's about. Pick up your feet, now!'

As luck would have it, I had scarcely got out to the road before I heard the loose-spoked wheels of the local butcher's waggon rattling behind me down the hill.

Looking round, I saw through the accompanying puffs of dust that young 'Ni' Hagadorn was driving, and that he was alone. I stopped and waited for him to come up, questioning my mind whether it would be fair to beg a lift from him, when the purpose of my journey was so hostile to his family. Even after he had halted, and I had climbed up to the seat beside him, this consciousness of treachery disturbed me.

But no one thought long of being serious with 'Ni.' He was along in the teens somewhere, not large for his years but extremely wiry and muscular, and the funniest boy any of us ever knew of. How the son of such a sad-faced, gloomy, old licensed exhorter as 'Jee' Hagadorn could be such a running spring of jokes and odd sayings and wicked fun as 'Ni,' passed all our understandings. His very face made you laugh, with its wilderness of freckles, its snub nose, and the comical curl to its mouth. He must have been a profitable investment to the butcher who hired him to drive about the country. The farmers' wives all came out to laugh and chat with him, and under the influence of his good spirits they went on buying the toughest steaks and bull-beef flanks, at more than city prices, year after year. But anybody who thought 'Ni' was soft because he was full of fun made a great mistake.

'I see you ain't doin' much ditchin' this year,' 'Ni' remarked, glancing over our fields as he started up the horse. 'I should think you'd be tickled to death.'

Well, in one sense I was glad. There used to be no other such back-breaking work in all the year as that picking up of stones to fill into the trenches which the hired men began digging as soon as the hay and grain were in. But on the other hand, I knew that the present idleness meant—as everything else now seemed to mean—that the Beech farm was going to the dogs.

'No,' I made rueful answer. Our land don't need drainin' any more. It's dry as a powder-horn now.'

'Ni' clucked knowingly at the old horse. 'Guess it's Abner that can't stand much more drainin',' he said. 'They say he's looking all round for a mortgage, and can't raise one.'

'No such thing!' I replied. 'His health's poorly this summer, that's all. And Jeff—he don't seem to take hold somehow, like he used to.'

My companion laughed outright. 'Mustn't call him Jeff any more,' he remarked with a grin. 'He was tellin' us down at the house that he was going to have people call him Tom after this. He can't stand apswerin' to the same name as Jeff Davis,' he says.

'I suppose you folks put him up to that,' I made bold to comment, indignantly.

The sugegstion did not annoy 'Ni.' 'Mebbe so,' he said. 'You know Dad lots a good deal on names. He's downright mortified that I don't get up and kill people because my name's Benaiah. "Why," he keeps on saying to me, "Here you are, Benaiah,' the son of Jehoiada, as it was in Holy Writ, and instid of preparin' to make ready to go out and fall on the enemies of righteousness, like your namesake did, all you do is read dime novels, and cut up monkey-shines generally, for all the world as if you'd been named Pete or Steve or William Henry." That's what he gives me pretty nearly every day.'

I was familiar enough with the quaint mysticism which the old Abolitionist cooper wove around the Scriptural names of himself and his son. We understood that these two appellations had alternated among his ancestors as well, and I had often heard him read from Samuel and Kings and Chronicles about them, his stiff red hair standing upright, and the blue veins swelling on his narrow temples with proud excitement. But that, of course, was in the old days, before the trouble came, and when I still went to church. To hear it all now again seemed to give me a novel impression of wild fanaticism in 'Jee' Hagadorn.

His son was chuckling on his seat over something he had just remembered. 'Last time,' he began, gurgling with laughter—'last time he went for me because I wasn't measurin' up to his idee of what a Benaiah ought to be like, I up an' said to him, "Look a-here, now, people who live in glass houses mustn't heave rocks. If I'm Benaiah, you're Jehoiada. Well, it says in the Bible that Jehoiada made a covenant. Do you make covenants? Not a bit of it! all you make is butter firkins, with now an' then an odd pork barrel."'

'What did he say to that?' I asked, as my companion's merriment abated.

'Well, I come away just then; I seemed to have business outside,' replied 'Ni', still grinning.

We had reached the Corners now, and my companion obligingly drew up to let me get down. He called out some merry quip or other as he drove off, framed in a haze of golden dust against the sinking sun, and I stood looking after him with the pleasantest thoughts my mind had known for days. It was almost a shock to remember that he was one of the abhorrent and hated Hagadorns.

And his sister, too. It was not at all easy to keep one's loathing up to the proper pitch where so nice a girl as Esther Hagadon was its object. She was years and years my senior—she was even older than 'Ni'—and had been my teacher for the past two winters. She had never spoken to me save across that yawning gulf which separates little barefooted urchins from tall young women, with long dresses and their hair done up in a net, and I could hardly be said to know her at all. Yet now, perversely enough, I could think of nothing but her manifest superiority to all the farm girls round about. She had been to a school in some remote city, where she had relations. Her hands were fabulously white, and even on the hottest of days her dresses rustled pleasantly with starched primness. People talked about her singing at church as something remarkable; to my mind, the real music was when she just spoke to you, even if it was no more than 'Good-morning, Jimmy!'

I clambered up on the window-sill of the school-house, to make sure there was no one inside, and then set off down the creek-road toward the red or lower bridge. Milking-time was about over, and one or two teams passed me on the way to the cheese-factory, the handles of the cans rattling as they went, and the low sun throwing huge shadows of drivers and horses sprawling eastward over the stubble-field. I cut across lots to avoid the cheese-factory itself, with some vague feeling that it was not a fitting spectacle for anyone who lived on the Beech farm.

A few moments brought me to the bank of the wandering stream below the factory, but so near that I could hear the creaking of the chain drawing up the cans over the tackle, or as we called it, the 'teekle.' The willows under which I walked stretched without a break from the clump by the factory bridge. And now, lo and behold! beneath still other of these willows, farther down the stream, whom should I see strolling together but my schoolteacher and the delinquent Jeff!

Young Beech bore still the fish-pole I had seen him take from our shed some hours earlier, but the line twisted round it was very white and dry. He was extremely close to the girl, and kept his head bent down over her as they sauntered along the meadow-path. They seemed not to be talking, but just idly drifting forward like the deep slow water beside them. I had never realized before how tall Jeff was. Though the school-ma'am always seemed to me of an exceeding stature, here was Jeff rounding his shoulders and inclining his neck in order to look under her broad-brimmed Leghorn hat.

There could be no imaginable excuse for my not overtaking them. Instinct prompted me to start up a whistling tune as I advanced—a casual and indolently unobtrusive tune—at sound of which Jeff straightened himself, and gave his companion a little more room on the path. In a moment or two he stopped, and looked intently over the bank into the water, as if he hoped it might turn out to be a likely place for fish. And the school-ma'am, too, after a few aimless steps, halted to help him look.

'Abner wants you to come right straight home!' was the form in which my message delivered itself when I had come close up to them.

They both shifted their gaze from the sluggish stream below to me upon the instant. Then Esther Hagadorn looked away, but Jeff—good, big, honest Jeff, who had been like a fond elder brother to me since I could remember—knitted his brows and regarded me with something like a scowl.

'Did pa send you to say that?' he demanded, holding my eye with a glance of such stern enquiry that I could only nod my head in confusion.

'An' he knew that you'd find me here, did he?'

'He said either at the school-house or around here somewhere,' I admitted weakly.

'An' there ain't nothin' the matter at the farm? He don't want me for nothin' special?' pursued Jeff, still looking me through and through.

'He didn't say,' I made hesitating answer, but for the life of me I could not keep from throwing a tell-tale look in the direction of his companion in the blue gingham dress.

A wink could not have told Jeff more. He gave a little bitter laugh, and stared above my head at the willow-plumes for a minute's meditation. Then he tossed his fish-pole over to me and laughed again.

'Keep that for yourself, if you want it,' he said, in a voice not quite his own, but robustly enough. 'I sha'n't need it any more. Tell pa I ain't a-comin'!'

'Oh, Tom!' Esther broke in, anxiously, 'would you do that?'

He held up his hand with a quiet, masterful gesture, as if she were the pupil and he the teacher. 'Tell him,' he went on, the tone falling now strong and true, 'tell him and ma that I'm goin' to Tecumseh to-night to enlist. If they're willin' to say good-by, they can let me know there, and I'll manage to slip back for the day. If they ain't willin'—why, they—needn't send word; that's all.'

Esther had come up to him, and held his arm now in hers.

'You're wrong to leave them like that-' she pleaded, earnestly, but Jeff shook his head.

'You don't know him!' was all he said.

In another minute I had shaken hands with Jeff, and had started on my homeward way, with his parting 'Good-by, youngster!' benumbing my ears. When, after a while, I turned to look back, they were still standing where I had left them, gazing over the bank into the water.

Then, as I trudged onward once more, I began to quake at the thought of how Farmer Beech would take the news.

(To be Continued.)

CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine.
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,
Christmas where peace like a dove in its flight
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;
No palace too great and no cottage too small.
Then angels who welcome him sing from the height,
'In the city of David' a king in his might:
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!
Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,
Christ's pity of sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light;
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round,
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound,
And cry, 'Look! the earth is aflame with delight,
O sons of the morning rejoice at the sight!'
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!

—Phillips Brooks.

A CAROL.

'God rest' ye little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night,
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.'

—D. M. Mulock.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

Peace in the dreaming sky,
Peace on the starry thrones
That are girt about with the melody
Of the seraphs' joyous tones;
Peace, deep peace, in the Heaven above
Where sits enthroned the Eternal Dove;
But Earth sent upward a bitter cry,
The inarticulate, deadened moans
Of those who are dazed with their agony,
And the sharp-rent sufferer's heavy groans,
For Violence covered her as a flood,
And the thick air reeked with the stream of blood.

Everywhere sights and sounds of fear.
Death lurked hid in each country glen,
And Murder stalked through the haunts of men,
Clash of armor and glint of spear,
Gleaming of sword, and catapult's rattle,
And the war-horse neighing to snuff the battle;
Woe to the widows and orphans then!
Fraud and deceit in the wares at the mart,
Cruelty rampant where men were sold,
And the princes and judges sat apart,
Or traded the innocent off for gold.
The halls of justice were foul to the eaves,
And the Holy Place was a den of thieves.

Blood-red the sun rose up in the morn;
Blood-red he sank to his rest at night;
As was the promise at early dawn,
So the fulfilment throughout the light;
As was the threat on the western wave,
So did Night bring with her Death and the Grave.

'Lift up your heads, Everlasting Gates,
And be thou lift up, O Eternal Door;
For the time hath come that the earth awaits,
And the Lord of Hosts is going to war.
For the comfortless, needy's sighing,
For the widow and orphan's crying,
The Lord hath buckled His armor on;
Lift up your heads that He may be gone!'

No trumpet's martial sound,
Echoed the skies around,
No angel cohorts mustered for the strife;
No hedge of sword and spear,
Nor glint of arms drew near
To compass, as he went, the Lord of Life;
The everlasting portals
Of the home of the Immortals
Stood open that an army might march on,
And lo! a little sigh,
Faint as an infant's cry,
Breathed through them for an instant, and was gone!

II.

A dreamy stillness reigns
Upon the grassy plains
O'er which the crags of Bethlehem hold guard,
And peaceful slumbers keep
The lambs and mother sheep,
Safe in the simple shepherd's faithful ward.
The little laughing rills
That babble down the hills
Grow silent, stealing through the meadow flowers;
The breeze that all day long
Swept by with murmured song,
Lies netted in the vine leaves of the bowers.

The song-birds dream 'mid leaves,
The sparrow in the eaves
Chirps soft 'good night' above the stable door;
The full-fed kine within
Lie down before the bin
Chewing the lazy cud upon the floor:
And by the manger stands
The Mother with clasped hands,
And eyes all moist with happy dews and mild,
Watching His calm repose
Where, wrapped in swaddling clothes,
Sleeps the Desire of Earth, the Promised Child.

And overhead the Star,
Clear-shining from afar,
Summons the eastern kings from distant coasts,
To lay before His feet
The royal tribute, meet
For Him who comes to war, the Lord of hosts.
And lo! the battle cry
Resounding through the sky
Startles the shepherds watching o'er the plain,
The shout of myriad voices,
As when a host rejoices,
Sending from heaven to earth the glad refrain.

And this the song they sang
Until the spaces rang,
And the stars trembled in the blue profound,
'To you, this happy morn,
The Promised Child is born,
And in the stable-manger shall be found.
Peace upon earth, good will!
Peace upon earth'; and still
'Peace and good-will with this, the Saviour's birth,'
Nor changed the heavenly lay,
As faint it died away,
'Hosannah in the highest; peace on earth.'

III.

Is there a lesson in this, a lesson yet to be taught,
Though the years have come and gone in centuries since that day?
A lesson plain to be learned, and not far off to be sought;
Though we shut our eyes to its teaching and pass unheeding away?

We set up race against race, and we set up creed against creed;
Man arms himself against man, and friend against bosom friend;
We listen to naught but our lusts, and the passion of gain and greed,
And we struggle and fight from the cradle until death makes an end.

And the trader cheats in his wares, and justice is bought and sold,
And the cry of famine goes up from the helpless, and poor, and oppressed.
What matter? We must have lands, and we must have houses and gold;
Let each one fight for himself, and Heaven take care of the rest.

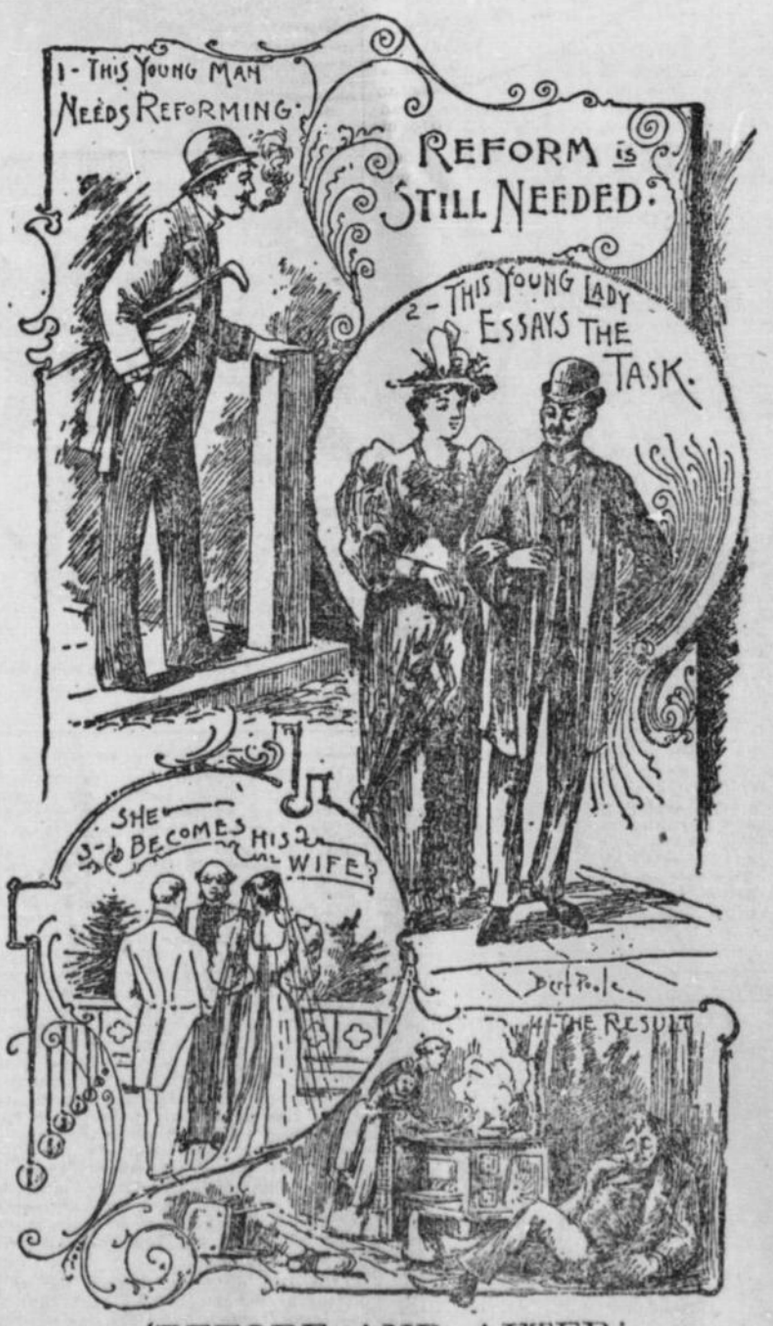
And the nations are hostile camps, bristling with horrible arms,
Ready to fly at each other's throats when the word has gone forth,
And peace is a fair-seeming fraud, deep-set in the midst of alarms
Of wars, and rumors of wars, from east, west, south and north.

Not so does the Lord go to battle; He takes not the sword and spear,
When He cometh to right the wrong from the throne of glory above,
His is not the shout of the warrior that strikes on the startled ear,
But the whispered words of peace, and the proffer of infinite love;

Love, and forgiveness and peace: and the whole wide world shall bow down
Conquered and won at the last by the tender touch of His hand;
And when that morning shall dawn, it is love that shall wear the crown,
No longer a crown of thorns, in the midst of the ransomed band.

Can we not learn the lesson this Christmas time of the year,
And clasp it close to our hearts through all the days that we live,
That perfect love casteth out distrust and malice and fear,
And he hath conquered his foe who hath learned to say, 'I forgive'?

JOHN J. PROCTER.



'BEFORE AND AFTER'

(From the 'Golden Rule.)

THE BIBLE AS A LITERARY STANDARD.

Charles A. Dana recently delivered a lecture on 'Journalism' at Union College, in which he gave some excellent advice to students having journalism in view. His remarks on the subject of style were especially interesting. In suggesting books to read for the formation of a good style, he recommends as pre-eminent for this purpose the Bible. On this point, he remarked: 'There are some books that are absolutely indispensable to the kind of education that we are contemplating, and to the profession that we are considering; and of all these the most indispensable, the most useful, the one whose knowledge is most effective, is the Bible. There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation and professional use for a journalist. There is, perhaps, no other book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you can learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence; there is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is it that sets up the right principle for you, which pleads for a cause so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?'—Methodist Reporter.

THE RED DOLLY.

MASTER HAROLD SOLILOQUIZES.

(By Kate Douglas Wiggin, in 'St. Nicholas.')

A very strange thing happened at our house the other day. Not that there is anything unusual about that, for curious things have been occurring regularly ever since I came here to live, which is exactly three years ago. I happen to know the precise length of time because I have just had my third birthday. They say that I had two others before this, and of course it must be so. I suppose grown-up people never make any mistakes, or they would be a little more delicate in correcting ours. The other day I told grandmama an interesting thing that happened in heaven the morning I came away, and she was very severe with me on the subject of telling fibs. What on earth a 'fib' is, and why I shouldn't have told it, is more than I can understand.

All that I have to say about the other birthday is this; that they couldn't have been celebrated with much pomp and festivity or I should have remembered them. Things that are worth remembering are always remembered. I do not have any difficulty in recalling my last birthday. I had a rocking chair, and a Noah's Ark, and a woolly dog, and a frosted cake with three candles. I lighted them myself, and when I stretched out my hand to do it, nurse observed that my fingers were dirty, and I was dragged out to be scrubbed in the very middle of the party. The only occasions when I am safe for a moment from her eagle eye are those on which I play in the park. Nurse has so many friends there that I can be dirty a long time before she notices it. Sometimes it is the policemen themselves that draw her attention to the state of my hands. We love to play with the policemen, nurse and I, and they always manage to get through with their work, so as to have nothing to do when we are in the park. If life were all policemen, and birthday parties and frosting, I should like it. Mama allowed me to pull off a large piece of frosting from the birthday cake, and eat a little of it twice a day. When the frosting is so much nicer than the cake why do they not fill the pans with that, and after it is baked spread a thin layer of cake over it? But the same method is followed in a great many other things, in which I look in vain for rhyme or reason. For instance, they give me a spoonful of jam on my bread, when what I should like is a spoonful of bread on my jam. They drop a lump of sugar in my cup of milk and water, when I should prefer a cup of sugar-lumps with a little milk and water poured over them. They put me to bed at the very most interesting part of the day. When the drawing room fire is bright, and the tall lamps are lighted, and mama has on her loveliest dress, and papa has just come home and is dying to play 'bear' with me—that is the exact moment when I am seized by nurse and carried struggling to my crib. I always make a point of struggling; not that it alters the course of things in the very least—for in point of numbers I am only one to four, and a small one at that, still, I always struggle, because I think it is better to make some slight manifestation of individuality, or nurse will crush me altogether with her tyranny.

But I was going to tell you about the strange thing that happened in our house, and I have been talking about everything else. This is the way grandmama tells a story, and I have caught the habit from her. When she knits she likes to tell her reminiscences, and sometimes she talks and talks till papa has to say, 'Come to the point, mammy!' and then she says, 'Where was I? Oh, yes!' I like this way very much, and so I am going to make believe you are interrupting me, and telling me to come to the point, and now I am going to say, 'Where was I? Oh, yes!'

The strange thing is the appearance of a new red dolly up-stairs in the nursery. Everybody is playing with it, from grandma down to the cook. My hair has not been curled for three or seven days (there is no cloud without it silver lining); and nurse, instead of scrubbing my nose up and down when she washes my face, simply rubs it down once or twice absent-mindedly and flies off to the mysterious dolly. I call it a dolly because I haven't decided what else to call it. At first I thought it was alive because it cried and moved its arms, and opened and shut its eyes, but then so does Elsie Bennett's electric doll; and if it is really alive, why doesn't it walk and talk? It might be a baby, but I am the baby in this house, so that supposition is disposed of. It must be a dolly, a huge, red, electric dolly; but isn't it curious that all the grown-up people play with it? I have always thought that only children cared for dolls, but here is grandmama, who is as old as anybody in the world, and she is forever holding this dolly. I don't believe she would even lend it to mama, for all she preaches to me about selfishness; but mama is not well now, and doesn't care to play with anybody or anything. The house, when mama keeps her room, is as dreadful as the park would be if the policemen were ever too busy to play with nurse and me.

As far as beauty is concerned, this doll doesn't compare with Elsie Bennett's, or even with some of mine, though I haven't a good collection, because at Christmas time my friends run to drums and trumpets and soldiers and tops. Elsie's dolls have beautiful curly hair that sometimes comes unglued, and peels off if you're not careful. This dolly's hair has evidently been unglued, too, but I suppose when they can spa[illegible] they'll send it away and have it mended. I never can spare my toys until they are broken, and then mama says they are not worth mending, and had better be given to the poor children. (Here is another mystery to add to the long list of things I have to look into when I am grown up; exactly what are 'poor children,' and why do they prefer broken toys to nice new ones that do whatever it says on the corner of the box?)

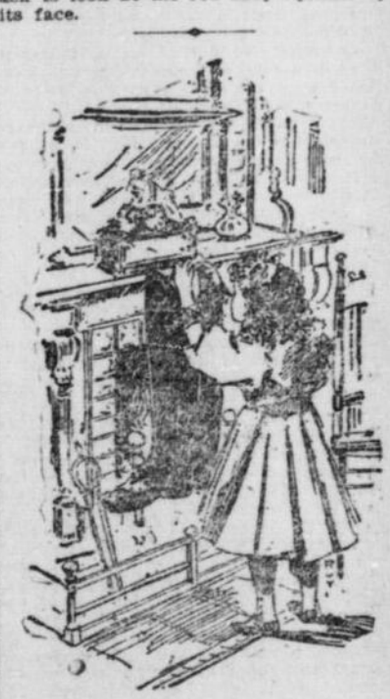
Perhaps they bought the red dolly not so much for its beauty as for its splendid works that never seem to get out of order. Elsie Bennett's electric doll performs some days, and on other days it has to be put back in the box until it feels in a better humor. This dolly did just the same things each time I saw it; it opened and shut its eyes, squizzled up its red face, clenched its fists and cried. The crying part was not particularly well done; that is, it doesn't compare with the way in which I cry when I can't get what I want. There it goes again! Papa must be playing with it; he is the one who makes it cry best—and there is Elsie Bennett's mother coming in at the side door.

LATER.

The mystery is solved. Mrs. Bennett inquired if I liked the new baby. 'What baby?' I asked. 'The little baby sister up in the nursery,' she answered. 'That is not a baby,' I said decidedly, 'that is a red electric dolly—I am the baby!' 'You were the baby day before yesterday,' she said, smiling in a particularly offensive manner; 'but now that there is another, you are mama's great boy.'

It seems then that there can be more than one baby in the same house; an idea that I had never entertained. I don't see what is to become of me. I used to keep them all busily employed, and what do they propose to do with me now? A little less attention I don't mind for I cannot remember three more interesting days than the three through which I have just passed. I have been a good deal in the kitchen with the cook, and she allowed me to knead dough-balls, and run my finger round the edge of the cake-bowl and eat it off, and then run it round many, many times more, until I was quite ill. I have climbed up on chairs and handled all the pretty things in the library, and this, of course, was a comfort and pleasure; but how about falling down on the hard polished floor, and lying there for hours unremarked, though I yelled and yelled in a manner that has never before failed to bring the entire family to my feet? To be sure, I finally got up by myself and found nothing at all the matter with me, but that was simply my good fortune—it doesn't alter the fact of their criminal neglect. As to being put to bed, I had to suggest it myself last night; and that, I consider, is going a little too far.

'Mama's great boy!' It sounds rather attractive on the whole. It seems as if it might mean trousers and a pony in course of time! As I've done every earthly thing there is to do to-day, I think I'll go up to the nursery (always providing the fat lady who lives there now will let me in at the door), and ask to look at the red baby squizzle up its face.



AN EYE FOR SCOPE.

When Ethel trips to social laws,
'Tis silken shoon her fancy suits,
But when she trysts with Santa Claus
She borrows papa's rubber boots.

N. Y. 'World.'

LOOKING OUT FOR HIMSELF.

Johnnie—'Do these spectacles of yours magnify, mother?'

Mother—'Yes.'

Johnnie—'Well, you might take them off when you're making my lunch, please.'—'People's Journal.'

American women are securing the right of medical practice all over the world. Following on the success of Miss Eddy, of Constantinople, it is said that Dr. Mary A. Suganuma, an American woman who married a Japanese gentleman, has been licensed by the Japanese Government to practise in Nagasaki.

HELEN WHITEWOOD.

BY ALBERT J. FLINT.

CHAPTER I.

By the window, knitting, sat Helen, the youngest daughter of the late Cyrus Whitewood, in his lifetime, farmer—according to the records of the township—landed proprietor and gentleman—according to the traditions of the family revised and corrected to date.

Her deft fingers plied the needles nervously and it could be easily seen that her mind was not in the work she was doing. She even bore a demeanor of pettish agitation, and her little foot which peeped from beneath her pretty gown tapped incessantly on the floor that expressed her inability to vent all she felt upon the subject of conversation in which she and the other two members of the Whitewood family present were deeply engaged.

'It's too bad that Silas acts so,' she said, quite warmly, 'and I think it a shame that you side with him.'

'Well, what else would you expect him to do?' chimed in Jim, her younger brother, who sat before the big box stove with his feet on the fender, balancing himself on the two back legs of the chair, 'you must take him to be a big fool. Don't those folks owe him the money, and hasn't a man a right to his own?'

'His own, indeed!' replied Helen scornfully, and looking Jim square in the face. 'If that were true it would not be so bad, but how can you sit there and talk so, when you know perfectly well he is claiming more than his right. Just think of him charging these poor people interest that overlaps the principal before half a season is out.'

Helen's face was now flushed, and stamping her foot firmly on the floor, she continued: 'It's an outrage, and I say it although he belongs to me. Haven't you heard him boast that he would have all the settlers in Somerset in his debt and keep them there? If he asked only what was his right your brother would not be called the meanest man in the district to-day. Just to think of the name we are getting! The idea of his hounding these people is a shame, and at Christmas time, too, when everyone wants to be happy.'

Helen, almost choking with anger, threw her knitting into the basket with an exclamation of disgust.

'You must not take on so,' cried Sarah, more advanced in years, 'Silas will have his own way in spite of all and we can't do any good by talking about it.'

'Oh, I guess we wouldn't have heard anything of this only that Cathcart's men are in the trouble,' remarked Jim, with a side look at his younger sister. 'It serves them right for going to work for that fellow when Silas wanted them most. Cathcart thinks he is smart, but he had bettter look out or he will be getting into a box some day, too..'

The mention of Cathcart's name was evidently a tender subject with Helen, for her face colored enough to prove to Jim that she was not disinterested in him. She half smiled, gave her head a pert toss, moved towards the window and remained silent.

As stated before, Helen was the youngest, and I might mention incidentally and without intention of casting any reflection whatever upon the rest of the eleven children—particularly her two sisters—that she was the flower of the flock, pretty, bright, and, yes, reasonably good-natured, considering she had Silas for a brother. And I might also say, by way of corroboration, that all the young farmers of the second concession of the township of Somerset, who dared to express an opinion, thought so too, and further, to dispel any doubt that might yet remain in the minds of those who were not fortunate enough to be acquainted with Helen, I would refer them to Bob Cathcart, the only son of the postmistress on the town line, whose word you would not gainsay if you once knew him.

Everybody believed Bob, everybody liked him; that is, generally speaking, of course. There were some who would lead you to think that Bob was not a fit person to pass an opinion upon the charming girl in question, or anybody else. These were oddly enough, some of the members of the Whitewood family, Helen being an exception. The Whitewoods were considered fairly well off, and, by virtue of this condition, were to a certain extent influential in the township. The boys still retained the large tracts of land which the late head of the house had acquired, partly through the good graces of the Crown, partly by hard work and shrewd dealing, and, although they lacked the push and enterprise which characterized the old pioneer, yet they managed to keep pretty well intact the world's goods that had come to their control through the natural course of events. There had been trouble over the last will and testament, to be sure, and some uneasiness rested upon the family domain for a time after the demise of Whitewood, senior, but to all outward appearances this had vanished, and whatever cankered feelings remained in the heart of any member of the family they were not imparted to the neighbors, for the Whitewoods were proud and did not consider that there was anyone in the district worthy of their confidence. The elder members of the family were getting along in years at the time I speak of, and the third generation had become quite a factor when the exchequer came up for consideration, so much indeed, that their demands told pretty well upon the revenue of the much divided estate, which had not grown in the proportion it should have under the circumstances. It was the knowledge of having to provide for a large family, and wishing to provide for it well that caused considerable worry to Silas, the eldest of the Whitewoods. For although Silas desired much to treat his children in the same manner that his father had treated him, yet he lacked the ability and perseverance to reach that end in the ordinary way. It was too slow, and then he did not like drudgery, as he called it. Schemes by which he could get something for nothing were more suited to his tastes even if there was a display of meanness in his transactions. He sought to take advantage of the weakness of his neighbors to build up a fortune for himself and family. Usury was one of his trump cards and in oppressing a borrower he would put a Shylock to shame.

Hard times were good times for Silas and when he once got his nefarious business pretty well established the dove ever returned to the cabin of many a poor settler without the olive branch of prosperity to brighten his hopes of the future. In his own and adjoining township—the new one staked out in the forest—there was more than one deserted cabin; the result of his greed.

One was Tom Robinson's old home, down in the hollow on the road to the lumber camps. Tom was gone, no one knew where, and his wife and little Bessie. But there remained what was once the scene of happy days. No one cared to usurp the modest domain and the little cabin rested in the clearing for many a day and communed with naught but the dark forest which sheltered it and the birds that found resting places under its moss covered and drooping eaves. The rough deal door swung and creaked with every breeze, as if to rid itself of the sheriff's poster, which hung ragged and dirty on the outside facing the road. The small window, deeply inlaid in the hewn logs, around which Tom's wife trained scarlet runners and sweet pea vines, and through which the morning light cast silvery sunbeams for Bessie to play with, was broken and let in the snow and the rain without resistance.

The interior, silent and lonely, still bore evidences of work done by tender hands, and odd pieces of wall paper and pictures culled from books hung on the walls where they had been pasted and tacked in the bright days when Tom thought he saw his way clear to paying off the last instalment to the Government for the land it professed to endow him with. A link or two of stove pipe, all that the district then afforded for a chimney remained in the roof, rakish like, certainly, but still sufficient to inform the stranger passer-by that some one had lived there. On the floor were still the marks showing where the big three decker box stove stood, and in one corner under the scalloped, paper covered shelves, which answered for the household cupboard, lay a scattered heap of newspapers, mouldy and browned by time and weather, rubbish now, but at one time a pleasure that helped to pass the long winter evenings and keep the readers in mind that there was yet another world beyond the forest.

The forked pegs driven securely in the log wall, which served as the family wardrobe, and upon which used to hang Tom's rifle and snowshoes, were bare, excepting that the spiders had chosen them for guy posts, to stay their aerial mansions. The grass and fireweed struggled for supremacy in the clearing, with long odds on the latter, and the path leading to the stream was almost indiscernible. The stream alone changed not. It ran the same course and murmured the same song it did when Bessie romped upon its banks and played mariner with chips that always sailed away, she knew not where, never to return. The little log dam, close by which the cattle drank, still remained and the granite boulders had not moved a hair's breadth; but Tom was gone with his wife and Bessie.

Tom said he would return the same day. He claimed to the last that he had been cheated; but Silas was stronger than he and the papers that would have cleared all were missing. It was oath against oath and Silas got the benefit of the doubt. Tom was unable to produce the receipts he was sure he had received from Silas, and the latter, knowing this, swore that the money in dispute had not been paid him. Silas showed his debtor no mercy, for their relations previously had not been of the most cordial, and the time came when Tom and his family crossed the boundary line near by to continue the struggle for life and build up a new home.

There were others in the district that had suffered through the greed of the elder Whitewood in various ways, and among them were the handful of struggling settlers over the harsh treatment of which Helen was so indignant. In a black hour when their distress was great and land dues and store bills had to be paid, and there was not the wherewithal to pay them, these men fell into the meshes of the money-lender whose sole aim was to procure the land which they had received from the Crown and partly improved.

It was a cheap way of obtaining property and Silas generally sold it at a good profit to newcomers who were more able to pay.

In this particular instance he was more than usually severe for they refused to work for him, when he requested it, preferring to engage with Bob Cathcart, the lumber jobber, who not only paid them cash but treated them well and kindly.

They had worked in the woods since the fall and were now looking forward to a little ready money and a jolly Christmas at home with their wives and children.

Silas Whitewood, however, from the badness of his heart, had made up his mind to spoil that bit of pleasure.

CHAPTER II.

Although Helen was aware that her brother intended to play a sharp trick upon Cathcart's men yet she did not know by what procedure he intended to accomplish this villainous desire.

'I know he will do something awfully mean,' she said to herself, but she did not care to broach the subject again to any one in the house.

Silas lived only a short distance away and her first thought was to go to him and intercede on behalf of these poor people, but then he might think her an ambassador of Cathcart's, and Silas and Cathcart were not on the best of terms, for very good reasons, unnecessary here to relate.

It was after supper, and she was worrying her little head over the matter, when Silas entered accompanied by a stranger. This was not an unusual occurrence. Helen being the only person present to receive them arose and acknowledged the unceremonious salutation that had been tendered her. Silas motioned the stranger to a chair and seating himself they entered into conversation. Helen adjusted the lamp upon the table and taking a book retired to one side of the room, prepared to listen, for she had been suspicious that the stranger was in some way connected with the matter that caused her so much pain and worry.

'Now, Griffin, I want you to do this job up slick, and no bungling, you understand? said Silas, hitching his chair up to the table. 'Have you got the papers all right?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the said Griffin, drawing a package of cold-looking papers from the inside pocket of his heavy army overcoat. Taking off the elastic band which bound them together, and spreading them out on the table, he drew forth the papers he required and threw them towards Silas.

'There's the documents.'

Silas took them up and glanced over them one by one.

'They seem all right,' he said, returning the papers to Griffin. 'Now, you will have to be at the camp to-morrow morning bright and early and serve them on Cathcart. If he is not at the camp you will find him at some of the skidways. But be careful and don't let those men know what you are after or all will be up with the game.'

'Don't fear,' said Griffin, with a knowing nod. 'If Cathcart should get wind of this,' continued Silas, 'he would keep himself out of the way until it was too late to do anything.'

'Don't fear,' said Griffin, again. 'Take my word for it. It'll be all right.'

'Well, be sure that it is,' said Silas, impressively, 'Everything is in good shape, and I don't want any hitch at this stage. I'll make those fellows know who they are dealing with.' Then in a quieter tone, 'Cathcart intends to let them off early the day before Christmas and pay them down at the postoffice. I learned accidentally that he had drawn on the bank in town for that purpose, and if you are smart enough to serve those papers upon him they will get mighty little of it. Its mine, and I'm going to have it. May they have a merry Christmas, for the way they served me,' and Silas slapped the table with both hands, his face bearing a wicked sneer.

Helen threw down her books and moved towards the men, trembling with indignation.

'Silas,' she cried.

'Well, what is it?' he replied, looking at her angrily.

'Silas, you shall not do this.'

'That's my business, and I expect no interference from you.'

'It's their business, too, and you are taking a mean advantage. Haven't they already repaid what you advanced them?'

'That makes no difference; they still owe me money and the judgments have got to be satisfied.'

'But remember their wives and children.'

'That's their matter, not mine.'

'They have done you no wrong.'

'They snubbed me,' shouted Silas, stamping his foot.

'Helen could now hardly speak, from the emotion that was growing up within her, but, after an effort, she said, pleadingly.

'Silas, try and look at this in the right way. Remember their poverty and their struggle to get along. Think that you are about to take from them the little they have. Remember, especially, that this is the time of the year, above all others, that there should be peace and goodwill among men. Remember that serious trouble may arise and harm come to you. Don't do it. I plead of you, don't do it,' and she sank in a chair sobbing as if her heart would break.

Silas's heart was hardened. Snatching up his cap, he moved towards the door, 'Come, Griffin,' he said; and both men strode out of the big, warm room into the cold night.

'I think that girl should be watched,' said Silas to his companion, before they had gone very far, 'she's just the one to spoil our business.'

Helen by this time had firmly re-

(From the London 'Graphic.'

THE GOOD BOOKS OF SANTA CLAUS.

SANTA CLAUS ON HIS TRAVELS.

solved to strain every effort to thwart the plans that had been made by her brother.

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'Twas after midnight when Helen arose from a sleepless couch and looked out upon the snow-clad fields glistening in the bright moonlight. A mile away over the straggling second-growth, she saw the ice-covered lake stretching far into the hills, white and motionless. Beyond, the boundary mountains, timber-clad and dark, the haunts of none but the hunter and hardy lumberman, the clumsy moose and nimble red deer. Bob's camp was up there somewhere, she did not know exactly, but she had before been part of the way and would trust to the beaten logging road to guide her the rest. Fifteen miles away, at least; but she had resolved.

Clothing herself warmly she stepped lightly down the stairs through the big living room, where she and Silas had quarrelled. Noiselessly drawing the bolt of the heavy door, she stepped out into the night. There was an awful stillness that made her shudder and she began to realize the severe task that she had taken upon herself. But Helen hesitated only a moment, and taking advantage of the shadows cast by the moonlight stole cautiously to the stables. Helen's entry created quite a stir among the cattle, quite startling her for a moment. By the aid of the moonlight, which streamed through the doorway, she made her way to the stall where her pet horse, Prince, lay resting. The animal raised itself at Helen's approach.

'Come, Prince,' said she, patting him gently on the neck, 'come, you have got to help me to-night.'

The horse laid his head upon his young mistress's shoulder and subjected himself to her caresses. It took but a few moments to adjust the saddle and bridle, and leading him to the barred fence which enclosed the yard, Helen mounted.

The pace down the lane was slow and quiet, but when the road was reached the fair rider tightened the rein and Prince broke into a quick trot. They had gone but a few rods when a figure stepped out into the road a short distance in front. A glance was sufficient to show Helen that it was Griffin and she was quick to perceive that he intended to intercept her.

'Hold,' he shouted, when she got within a few paces of the bailiff.

But she heeded not, and giving Prince a sharp cut with the riding whip the animal broke into a gallop. Griffin stepped to one side, not caring to be run over, and on her approach put out his hand to seize the rein. The rider was too quick for him, however, and she dealt the outstretched member a blow that made its owner howl.

'Take that,' she exclaimed, and the horse and rider passed on at a furious rate. Helen glanced back and saw Griffin gesticulating wildly, and although she knew now that the coast was clear yet she would have to make all speed, for the enemy were aware of her movements.

The road was good and under the gentle encouragement of his fair burden, Prince sped along at a rapid rate. In a few minutes the lake appeared through the avenue of second growth and a little later the horse's sharpened shoes gripped the hard snow and ice and they were out upon the dazzling plain heading for the mountains.

It was a long stretch, but Helen had no difficulty in keeping Prince on the bushed track, and at the end of an hour's time she had entered the woods that skirted the shore. Now she was in a locality strange to her and she urged Prince forward with mingled feelings of doubt and fear. Helen was a brave girl; yet she shuddered as she followed the narrow and winding road through the silent forest; the stately pines and dark spruces towering their heads high above her, shutting out the light of the moon, soon to sink behind the mountains.

This was a trying time for her, when she became aware that part of the journey would have to be made in darkness, and the road being new and the locality strange, her heart sank for fear that she would not accomplish the object of her mission before it was too late. She felt that her brother and Griffin would make all haste to overtake her, and although she calculated on fully an hour's start, yet the handicap, under the circumstances, was not enough to place the result of her race beyond a doubt.

With the sinking of the moon the difficulties of the journey increased, and Prince, more than once, nearly fell to his knees by swerving from the beaten track. The pace was now necessarily slow, and as the time passed on Helen's anxiety increased. Occasionally a straight piece of road would present itself, enabling the horse to move more quickly, but it was only for a few rods, when the animal would suddenly be brought to a standstill by an unseen pitch or sharp knoll. But on she went, mindful of nothing but Bob and his men sleeping quietly in the camp ignorant of the misfortune gathering about them.

After a time, she did not know how long, but to her it was an age, since the forest was entered—a logging road was reached, much broader and smoother than the one just travelled. But to her dismay, the tote road continued across it, and she was in that dilemma that many a strange traveller finds himself when he comes to the cross roads and does not know which one to take. This was something the brave girl had not reckoned on and in her intense anxiety Prince's head was turned around a dozen times before a course was finally selected. With great misgivings, and an aching heart, Helen turned the horse's head to the left and urged him on with feverish haste. Poor girl; the task was greater than she expected, and although as robust as any girl in her township, and possessed more than ordinary grit, yet she began to feel the rigors of the journey, accompanied by a sense of uncertainty, most keenly. There was no end to the road she now travelled. It apparently led to nowhere, and in vain she looked for the light of the lumber camp at the turning of every bend. At last she came to where the road again forked, and in her distraction gave Prince the rein. The horse had the choosing this time, but with him one road was as good as another.

It was a good road at first, but like nearly all logging roads it led to a dozen others, striking out in every direction, like the branches of a tree. In the darkness there was no choice and it is no wonder that after a long and fruitless ride, at one time taking the right branch, at another the left, now ascending a steep incline, now descending into low and soft ground, that seldom freezes until far in winter, that Helen hesitated for some time, when she came once more to a place where the road stretched away in two directions. There was no need now for haste; she felt that the race was lost. It was hard to give up the contest; yet the odds were against her, and as she looked about in every direction for a welcome light, the hot tears filled her eyes, and she wept bitterly. The reins lay slack upon Prince's neck, and he brushed the snow from the tender alders with his hot nostrils.

How long the horse and rider would have remained in this spot it is hard to say, had not the former taken it into his head to proceed. Only a short distance had been covered when a clear, open space came to view which, upon nearer approach, proved to be a small lake, strange and unknown to the poor, tired girl. Helen's heart beat quick, as she urged Prince to the edge of the wood. A blazing camp fire arrested her eye, only a few rods distant on the shore. She drew the horse up sharply, causing a rustling among the small bushes and dead branches under her feet. At this a figure sprang up and by the light of the fire she could see that it was a man holding a rifle in his hand. Her tired frame quaked with fear. Her position was now a most dangerous one, for the individual was apparently a hunter and he might take her faithful charger for a denizen of the forest.

'D'—don't fire,' she managed to gasp. The quivering voice puzzled the hunter, but it was sufficient to satisfy him that the object which startled his slumbers was not one to shoot at. Still holding his rifle, he called out in a clear voice:

'Whose thar?'

'Me,' replied Helen, quite simply, not knowing what to say.

'Wall, whose me?' asked the hunter.

'H—Helen—Whitewood,' replied the girl.

'What de ye say?' exclaimed the man, now advancing.

'Helen Whitewood,' gasped the rider, hardly able to retain the saddle.

The stranger had now reached her side and taking the horse's head led it to the fire, murmuring to himself, 'I must be a'dreaming.

Grasping Helen by the hand and helping her to alight he asked, 'What in the name of old Bill Jones are ye doing here?'

Helen did not answer directly, but asked the man who he was.

'Me? My name's Robinson—Tom Robinson. If ye don't know me, yer brother Silas does.'

The hunter arranged the blankets, which were spread upon a pile of soft spruce boughs, and Helen seating herself, told him all of her wild ride.

'But where am I,' she asked, as Robinson handed her a big tin cup of hot tea that he had prepared during the conversation.

'Why, ye are not so far away as ye think, me brave lass. This is Rock Pond, just back of my old place, a little more'n a mile. Ye have been travelling the wrong direction all the time. Poor fellows; but it's too late to save them now. Ye've done ye'r best. Rest ye'rself and I'll take ye out all right when it's light enough.'

Helen, exhausted by her night's adventures, and overcome by the heat of the fire, covered herself with the warm blanket and fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

'Wake up, me lass, wake up.'

Helen heard the voice and felt the gentle shake that Tom gave her, but it was with difficulty that she could move a muscle. Her eyes, too, were sore and swollen from weeping and the heat and smoke of the camp fire. At last, after an effort or two, she sat upright. Tom had evidently been busy attending to her comfort while she slept, for she noticed now that her eyes were wide open, and it was broad daylight, that he had erected a rough lean-to of boughs over her that afforded a warm shelter, and warded off the snow that was falling in large, soft flakes.

'You have been at work,' ventured Helen, with a half smile.

'Yas, ye see, I ken be housemaid when I likes,' replied Tom, 'and cook, too.'

Tom bestirred himself about the fire.

'I ain't got much for yer breakfast, lass; but ye are welcome to what thar is; biscuit, tea and deer-meat,' said, Tom, serving the several courses in the most primitive style. 'I'd luck yesterday, and brought down as fine a buck for me Christmas dinner, so I started out three days ago to git it. Deer seems to be scarce and wild this season and I did not strike a good trail till I came across this fellow's yesterday at noon, near the boundary. He led me over the mountains to this spot where I brought him down the first shot.' Tom paused. 'It's like old times bein' here, and now that I'm going to guide you out, I'll have a chance of seeing the old place.' There was just a touch of sadness in Tom's voice as he referred to the old home, that did not escape Helen's notice.

'I suppose they'll be all a' looking for ye,' continued Tom, 'but they'll have a hard time of it, seein' that the tracks are snowed up.'

IN AN ENGLISH MANSION.

It was not long before he had gathered up all his traps and cached them with the hind quarters of the deer in a safe place. Then Helen again mounted her faithful horse, and Tom leading the way, they proceeded along a narrow trail, which led to the lumber road near by which the old log house stood.

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It was true, as Tom had said, they were all looking for Helen. Griffin, accompanied by Silas, who had become anxious as to his sister's safety, and decided to go along with the bailiff had reached Cathcart's camp earlier than they had intended, and performed the necessary formality, it is almost unnecessary to say, to the great indignation of Cathcart and his men. Helen not being there, however, the storm which was fast rising among the poor victims of the sharp moneylender, was for the time averted when it became known that the girl that had tried to do them a good turn was lost. Cathcart was particularly concerned. And half choking with rage at Silas and emotion influenced by the tender feelings he had for the noble girl, he adjured the men to do their best to find her. It did not take much persuasion to get them to act, and in the quickest possible time they were out in the woods in all directions, pursuing the search. Cathcart, Silas and Griffin, with several of the men struck out for that part of the forest in which Helen had travelled during the night, thinking it probable that it was there she had lost her way. With hearts made heavy by the occurrences of the morning, the lumbermen scoured the woods for miles around far into the day.

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'Only a little way now,' said Tom, encouragingly, to his fair companion, 'I see the clearing right yonder, and see, thar's the old house,' pointing to the deserted habitation, the roof of which could now be distinctly seen over a ridge of underbrush.

'I am so glad,' faltered his companion who was completely exhausted, and found it difficult to keep her place in the saddle. The hardship she had undergone was too much for her, and she was sick and weary both in body and in mind. It was agreed that she should stop in the old house while Tom went along the road to the nearest settler, for a conveyance to take her the rest of the way home.

When the old log house was reached Tom helped Helen to alight and they went in.

The hunter looked around and the tears came to his eyes as they rested upon the simple decorations which hung upon the walls. For the few silent moments he stood there his mind wandered back to the days when this was his happy home, and he saw his wife and Bessie as they were then. Bessie was a wee toddler then, and he could see her coming across the floor in innocent glee, and he felt the childish kiss that was impressed upon his lips. He saw the big three-decker stove, and heard the crackling of the logs that blazed merrily within it. The table was spread with the good things his sweet wife had prepared for him and he kissed her as they sat down to the humble meal, thanking God for his goodness. He saw it all, and a feeling of anguish sprang up in his heart when he thought of the day when he had to leave the old home through the instrumentality of the man who that very moment was hounding men down in the way that he had hounded him.

'Sit down here,' said Tom, folding up a blanket and laying it on the floor, 'Make yourself as comfortable as possible while I light a fire. I'll have one in no time.'

How Tom was going to do this in the house without a stove Helen did not know, but her mind was satisfied on that point, when she saw him pull up some of the flooring, now loose and rotten, and prepare a fireplace on the ground. He was busy breaking up some of the flooring for firewood when his eye fell on a small package of papers, tied with thread, close to the bottom log of the house, just where he had pulled off the boards. He picked them up and looked at them critically, turning them over and over. His curiosity was now fully aroused, and he tore off the thread binding in haste, and trembling with suppressed excitement, looked at them. It was enough. With a sharp glance at Helen, who was watching the proceedings, he thrust the papers in his blouse.

At that moment there was a noise of voices in the distance, and, looking through the doorway, Helen saw several men enter the clearing. A glance told her it was the search party, for her brother and Cathcart were with them.

'Here they are,' she cried.

'Who,' queried Tom.

'Silas and the rest.'

'I'm glad of it.'

It was with a scowl on his face that Silas looked through the open doorway of the house and saw his sister there.

'You've given us a pretty tramp,' he said, stepping inside followed by the rest of the party. Taking a glance at Tom, he continued, 'And pray, who is this?'

'Why, don't you know him,' faltered Helen, at the same time casting a pleading glance at Bob Cathcart, 'why that's Tom Robinson who used to live here. He brought me here.'

Silas started at the mention of Tom's name, wondering what it was that brought him back to the township. 'Well, what are you doing here?' he said with a sneer, addressing Tom.

'That's my business,' the hunter replied.

'It is, is it?' said Silas, now getting in a passion and stepping up to the man he hated in a threatening manner, 'Do you know whose place this is?'

'Yes, I do; it's mine,' replied Robinson, folding his arms and looking Silas steadily in the face.

'You scoundrel,' shouted the enraged man. 'I'll have you in jail if you don't get out of this pretty quick.'

'Take care, Silas Whitewood,' said Tom with surprising calmness, 'ye could talk to me that way one time but ye can't do it now. It's yerself that should be in jail and I kin put you thar quicker nor lightnin' ef ye don't keep a civil tongue in yer head.'

The men now gathered closer around and listened eagerly, for, up to this point, they had not attached more than ordinary importance to the quarrel. Tom evidently had a mine to spring upon their oppressor, and they were only too anxious to see it explode.

What do you mean! Scoundrel!' screamed Silas, his face white with passion.

'I mean that yer a perjurer and thar's the proof.'

Tom drew forth the papers he had found under the floor and flourished them in the air. 'Thar's the proofs,' he repeated triumphantly.

The enraged man made a rush as if he would like to crush him and no doubt would have done the hunter bodily harm had the men not seized Silas and thrust him back rather forcibly. This treatment seemed to bring him to his senses. He saw his position as it really was and concluded that it would be just as well for his own good to make terms with the enemy. This was all Tom wanted.

After a few preliminaries, came the conditions of the treaty. 'Wall, this place is mine, ain't it?' queried Tom, calmly.

'I suppose so,' came the sullen reply.

'And ye withdraw all proceedings against these men?'

'Yes.'

This was emphasized by a cheer from the delighted lumbermen. They shook Tom by the hand and called him a 'brick,' and several other complimentary names, and all agreed that it was not such a black day after all.

Helen felt sad at her brother's humiliation, yet all had turned out with regard to the poor lumbermen as she wished it. They could have their money for Christmas and a good Christmas time. And indeed they had. The incidents which preceded it only helped to heighten their appreciation of the occasion, and a jollier lot of men and a happier lot of wives and children were never seen before or since in the township of Somerset.

That was some Christmases ago; yet if you were to go down in that locality to-day, you would find some of the settlers that helped in the search for Helen Whitewood, and I warrant that if you were to happen to drop into some of the houses about dinner time you would hear some talk of the events of that day over the turkey bones.

The incident in the old log house had a good effect upon Silas and he changed his ways for the better to the relief of the neighborhood and the delight of Helen.

As for Helen, well, she is down there too, but if you wish to make her acquaintance don't enquire for Miss Whitewood, but for Mrs. Robt. Cathcart, and I am sure you would think her every bit as sweet as Bob does.

Tom Robinson came back to the old place, but built a new and nicer home for his wife and Bessie, who is a big girl now and teaches in the frame school-house on the road that led to the logging camps. Helen often goes over to see Tom and never omits calling around at Christmas time to talk of the night that she was lost in the woods. 'It was lucky for me that I came upon your camp that night, wasn't it, Tom?'

'Yes, and it was a lucky thing for me, too.'

DOGS AS RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

Dogs in Belgium, it appears, from a rather singular case that has just been heard before the law courts of that country, are raised to the dignity of passengers, if their owners choose to take them into a railway carriage with themselves. The point on which opinions differed has just been settled, the question brought under the notice of the law courts being whether a dog whose master has duly taken a ticket for him is entitled to a seat, or whether his rights be limited to a place on the floor of the compartment, at the feet of the human occupants. A sportsman, we read, was not long ago travelling in Belgium with his dog, a fine retriever, whose place had been paid for. However, in spite of this, there being at a station on the line, no room for a traveller, a railway employee turned the dog off his seat. Probably the dog's feelings were not hurt, but his master protested indignantly, and subsequently appealed to the administration of the state railways for a decision on the subject. It has been given, and is in favor of the dog, it being decreed that he is as much entitled to a seat as his master, and that where a compartment has room for ten passengers, and there happen to be five men and five dogs therein, it must be considered as full, tickets of course being taken for the dogs.—London 'Standard.'

THE COMMON SCHOOL FUND.

DISCUSSED IN THE LEGISLATURE

Quebec, Dec. 16.

The Hon. Mr. Hall made a lengthy speech in explanation of the resolutions on his motion that the House go into committee on them. They set forth some very interesting information to the following effect: The Province of Quebec is, in common with the Province of Ontario, interested in a fund called the Common School Fund, which originally consisted of one million acres of public land situated in the Huron tract in the Province of Ontario. At the time of Confederation a large portion of these lands had been sold and partly realized upon by the late Province of Canada, and the proceeds are still in the possession of the Dominion, to which they were passed, to the credit of the provinces. Since Confederation the Province of Ontario has sold all the remaining portion of the said land, except a small quantity, collecting both on the price of such sales and on account of the balances remaining unpaid of the price of the sales made prior to Confederation. By a certain deed of agreement of submission dated April 10, 1883, passed and approved under an act respecting the settlement by arbitration of accounts between the Dominion of Canada and the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the arbitrators were authorized to ascertain and determine the amount of the principal of the fund, taking into account the amount now held by the Dominion, the amount for which Ontario is liable and the value of the land at present unsold. No provision was made, however, for the payment to the province of the principal of the fund or for the sale and transfer to the Province of Ontario of the moneys remaining uncollected and of the lands remaining unsold. The resolutions, therefore, propose that the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec in-Council be authorized to agree with the government of the Province of Ontario upon the price to be paid by the latter for the acquisition by it of the uncollected balance upon the lands first sold, and for the payment by the Province of Ontario of the value of the unsold land, also to give a receipt and discharge and a transfer of the said unsold lands to the province. The resolutions also propose that the Lieutenant-Governor may enter into an agreement with the Governments of the Dominion and of the Province of Ontario for the purpose of effecting a final distribution and payment of the principal of the fund, according to the distribution ordered by the arbitrators or agreed to by the province. In the event of the Government of Ontario failing to agree on the proportion of the division, distribution and payment, the question is to be referred to the arbitrators. The resolution was adopted.

A SCENE IN THE SENATE.

IT ADJOURNED IN DISORDER OVER AN ANTI-CLEVELAND RESOLUTION.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Representative Boutelle created a scene in the House of Representatives to-day, by attempting to introduce a resolution denouncing President Cleveland's Hawaiian policy. He did not get far. As the reading of the resolution ended, half a dozen Democratic representatives were on their feet gesticulating wildly, and in a brief second the whole House was in an uproar. The din was awful. Speaker Crisp made futile attempts to secure order but he would have been just as successful had he stood on the ocean's shore and commanded the waves to be still. Somebody moved the adjournment, the Speaker was only too willing and almost before the House was aware of the fact it stood adjourned. There is a promise of a lively time ahead, as Mr. Boutelle says that he intends to reintroduce the resolution just so often as is necessary to secure for him a respectful hearing. Following is the resolution in full :—

Whereas, the Executive communications just received, to the House clearly disclose that the rights and dignity of the House of Representatives as a co-ordinate branch of the Congress of the United States, have been invaded by the Executive Department in furnishing secret instructions to a minister plenipotentiary of the United States to conspire with the representatives of a deposed and discredited monarch for the submission and overthrow of the established republican government to which he was accredited, and to which his public instructions pledged the good faith and sympathy of the State and Government and people of the United States, therefore

Resolved—That it is the sense of this House that any intervention by the Executive of the United States, its civil and military representatives, without the authority of Congress, in the internal affairs of a friendly recognized Government, to disturb or overthrow it and to aid or abet the substitution or restoration of a monarchy, therefore, is contrary to the policy and traditions of the Republic, and the letter and spirit of the constitution, and cannot be too promptly or emphatically repudiated.

AN INTOLERANT EDITOR.

HE ATTACKS THE BAPTIST MISSION AT CHARLESBOURG AND URGES THE PEOPLE TO CRUSH IT OUT.

Quebec, Dec. 19.—The 'Evenement' of this evening says: 'We are informed that within the last few days Baptist missionaries have established themselves at Charlesbourg. This need not surprise any one, for the moment that the slightest difficulty arises in a parish between a cure and his parishioners, Baptist missionaries at once put in an appearance to try to take advantage of the difficulty in order to make new converts. Our readers will remember what happened at Maskinonge and Kamouraska. At Maskinonge they had some success, but at Kamouraska the population compelled them to clear out of the parish. We advise the parishioners of Charlesbourg to do the same thing with the Baptist missionaries who have established themselves in their midst!'

A JUROR'S MIND UNHINGED.

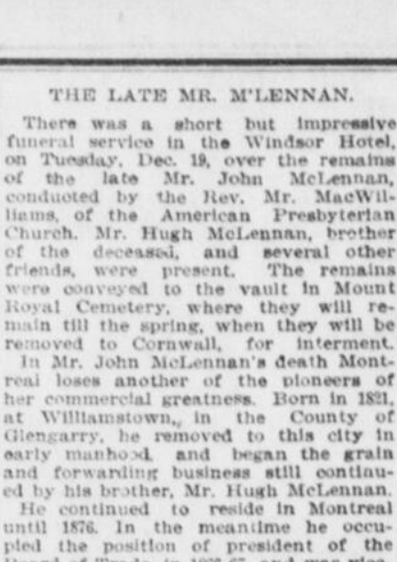
New York, Dec. 18.—One of the jurors in the trial of Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer went crazy early this forenoon, and the trial was brought to a sudden stop. Whether it will be continued or a new trial ordered is as yet an open question. The afflicted juror was Alex. B. Lowe.

THE LATE MR. M'LENNAN.

There was a short but impressive funeral service in the Windsor Hotel, on Tuesday, Dec. 19, over the remains of the late Mr. John McLennan, conducted by the Rev. Mr. MacWilliams, of the American Presbyterian Church. Mr. Hugh McLennan, brother of the deceased, and several other friends, were present. The remains were conveyed to the vault in Mount Royal Cemetery, where they will remain till the spring, when they will be removed to Cornwall, for interment.

In Mr. John McLennan's death Montreal loses another of the pioneers of her commercial greatness. Born in 1821, at Williamstown, in the County of Glengarry, he removed to this city in early manhood, and began the grain and forwarding business still continued by his brother, Mr. Hugh McLennan.

He continued to reside in Montreal until 1876. In the meantime he occupied the position of president of the Board of Trade, in 1866-67, and was vice-president of the Merchants' Bank. In 1876 he went to Europe and thence returned to his native county, and in 1878 was elected member for the riding as a Conservative. His large grasp of business gave him a prominent place in the House, and his opinions were sought



THE LATE MR. JOHN McLENNAN.

after by the leaders of the Government in the final formulation of their policy. During the same period he took an active part in the discussion of public questions, and his arguments are noted for their clear, crisp, business-like force. In private life he was beloved by a wide circle of personal friends. He had the unqualified confidence of his fellow Glengarrians, and was always regarded by them as a warm friend and kind, sympathetic neighbor. At the time of his death he was president of the Canadian Shipping Company, and a governor of the Montreal General Hospital, and McGill College and the Montreal Art Gallery bear tokens of his generosity in promoting the cause of education and art.

ACCUSED OF BOODLING.

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT WAS FALSE HOWEVER AND WAS WITHDRAWN IN THE HOUSE.

London, Dec. 21.—Mr. Bartley (Conservative) called the attention of the House of Commons to-day to a public speech made by Mr. Knox, anti-Parnellite, to the effect that shares of the British South African Co. had been given to a number of members of the House of Commons for the purpose of influencing them to support the company.

Mr. Knox denied that he had said the shares had been given to members for corrupt purposes. If anything he had said implied that members had been bought he withdrew the remarks and apologized for them.

Mr. Bartley was not satisfied with the apology. He said the matter should be dealt with as a breach of privilege.

Mr. Gladstone held that the matter could not be made the subject of a motion declaring it to be a breach of privilege. He said further that Mr. Knox had absolutely withdrawn the statement.

Mr. Balfour suggested that Mr. Knox ought to be asked to specifically withdraw the statement that 'several members of the House had been allotted shares, £3 being payable on allotment, which they could sell the next day for £4.'

Mr. Knox said he declined to withdraw what he knew to be a fact. He only withdrew the inference that members had been influenced in their public conduct by the element of shares.

Mr. Balfour then said that it was the most serious accusation that had been brought against the House during the whole of his parliamentary experience. He recommended that Mr. Knox's apology be accepted, but moved that the statement be placed upon the record that the words were a breach of privilege.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said he doubted that anything could be gained by adopting the motion. The motion was negatived without division.

SUNK BY A BRITISH BATTLESHIP.

Athens, Dec. 21.—The British war vessel, 'Humber,' came into collision today with an Italian barque, off Cape Matapan, the southern extremity of Greece, and cut her to the water's edge. There were no further details. The British warship 'Amphion' has gone to the scene of the collision to render assistance.

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

Liverpool, Dec. 21.—The Portuguese consul at this port has received information that two shipowners named Beauchimal, who were formerly in business at Liverpool and Manchester, and who are now making their business headquarters at Dio de Janeiro, have been sentenced by President Peixoto to be shot for carrying insurgents on one their steamships.

THOUSANDS STARVING.

AWFUL CONDITION OF AFFAIRS ACROSS THE BORDER.

New York, Dec. 18.—As some kind of an offset to the terrible distress among the unemployed, a people's restaurant and lodging house will soon be opened at 170 Bleeker street, as a separate department of the work of the Industrial Alliance. The restaurant, which will be open from 7 a.m. till midnight, will be able to supply over two thousand meals a day, and will furnish a full meal of hot food for five cents. Meal tickets will be sent to charitable people by the alliance at the rate of $5 a hundred. It is proposed to open other similar eating houses as soon as possible. The lodging house when opened will provide men with supper, bed, bath and breakfast, and their clothing will be cleaned by superheated steam. For these purposes contributions of furniture, bedding, towels, provisions and coal are urgently solicited. A preliminary committee has been formed as follows: Messrs. John P. Townsend, David H. King, jr., James G. Beemer, the Rev. Drs. W. S. Rainsford, W. H. P. Faunce, J. T. Day, C. W. Bitting, A. J. Palmer, H. S. McEwen and D. J. Burrell; Messrs. Edwin Packard, George D. Mackay, John S. Huyler, W. L. Strong, Charles A. Morse, jr., and R. W. Stevenson.

In reply to the circular recently issued by a committee of business men, asking for information concerning places where hungry men can be fed, the council of the Charity Organization Society has prepared a list of institutions and lodging places, nearly all of which were established to benefit homeless men and women, and many of which will sell meal tickets that may be given by purchasers to persons asking relief. Some also have sitting rooms, where the destitute may go and get warm.

IN BROOKLYN.

Brooklyn, Dec. 18.—The Rev. Father Mahoney, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, Putnam avenue, near Ralph avenue, Brooklyn, aided by his assistants, has, during the past week, made a house to house canvass of his parish to satisfy himself as to the extent of the prevailing distress. The results of his inquiries were made known in a rather startling manner to his congregation yesterday. At every mass he ascended the altar steps and graphically pictured cases of hunger and destitution of which he had been an eye-witness. 'Never in all my experience,' he said, 'has Brooklyn been in such a condition as at present. Hundreds of families are starving right here in our midst. Unless relief comes, and that speedily, the results will be appalling to contemplate. I have seen strong men, steady and industrious, actually begging for bread to feed their starving children. For months they have been out of employment. There is no work for them nor are there any indications that the situation will improve for two or three months at least. This is the first time in my career that I have been obliged to use such language. I have invariably held that actual want and poverty are caused by the people themselves; that they are shiftless, spendthrifts or drunkards. This time it is different. Good, honest families are feeling it. The little they had been able to save has disappeared. In many homes in the district this morning there is not as much as a loaf of bread.'

IN BOSTON.

Boston, Dec. 18.—The 'Herald' this morning says: The workers of the charitable organizations make the statement that hundreds of people who never knew what want was before are starving in cold rooms to-day. Every organization is dealing with a class of people it has never met before, and scores of cases are related of people who go days and days without food or fire before they will admit their condition. Missionaries say that families are being broken up and children placed in kindergartens and missions until many institutions are crowded. The industrial homes, where men cut so much wood for bed and board, have filled the lecture rooms with mattresses to meet the demands made upon them; the people in the employment bureau are besieged with applicants, and in many cases employment bureaus have been forced to take up charitable work. The men and women of the churches and charitable societies who come in contact with the thousands who are suffering from the present depression, say it is impossible for people in comfortable circumstances to realize the amount of suffering in the city at present.

THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

Providence, R.I., Dec. 18.—The unemployed Olneyville operatives have determined to apply to the public poor departments for relief, and to-day a petition to the mayor and board of aldermen of this city is being circulated for signature. It sets forth that the persons are in need and can be no longer supported by private charity. There is no change in the situation.

Danielsonville, Conn., Dec. 18.—The Aspinock Knitting Company has announced a reduction of 20 percent in wages, to take effect on Dec. 22. This is the second reduction by the Aspinock company in four months and is attributed to competition and the tariff scare.

Franklin, Mass., Dec. 18.—The mills of the Norfolk Woollen Company at Stony Brook, Norfolk, and Hellingham, have shut down indefinitely. The Meadon mill of this company has been closed several months, and now only the factory at Unionville, Franklin, is running.

THE BARCELONA BOMB THROWER.

London, Dec. 22.—A despatch from Madrid to the 'Central News' says the arrest of Jose Codita, who has confessed he was the author of the bomb explosion in the Lyceum Theatre, at Barcelona, has afforded relief to workingmen, who are now less harassed by police visitations to their houses. Hundreds of families are in great distress, lacking the necessaries of life, owing to the wholesale arrest of men who were suspected of being implicated in Anarchist plots. One of the men in custody, a soap maker named Mariano Ceruelo, has confessed that he assisted Palas in his attempt to assassinate Gen. Martinez Campos at Barcelona. He also says he acted as a confederate to Codita in planning and causing the explosion in the Lyceum Theatre. The police believe the evidence they have secured as to Anarchists' plots in Barcelona is now complete.

HOWLAND MEMORIAL SERVICE.

THOUSANDS OF TORONTO CITIZENS MANIFEST THEIR RESPECT FOR THE LATE PHILANTHROPIST.

Toronto, Dec. 18.—The memorial service in the Auditorium yesterday to the late ex-Mayor Howland, was attended by over two thousand of the representative Christian workers of the city of all grades of society. Eloquent tributes to his memory were paid by Mayor Fleming, Mr. Henry O'Brien, (brother of Col. O'Brien, M.P.,) the Hon. S. H. Blake, the Rev. Dr. Dewart, Mr. Edward Gurney, and other prominent citizens.

Mr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., upon whose shoulders Mr. Howland's mantle as president of the Ontario Alliance has fallen, said that it was no exaggeration to say that there had been no death in Toronto that had come home to so many people. It seems to me that the Dominion Alliance will feel his loss more than any other organization. It had seemed that as prohibition advanced, Mr. Howland was destined to enter Parliament and take the lead there. The temperance cause occupied a more favorable position in Canada than it did in any other country, and this was very largely due to the personal influence of their departed friend.

Mr. F. S. Spence said of the prohibition movement and Mr. Howland : For the past ten years he has been our recognized leader. His time, his pen, his purse, were always at our disposal, and two weeks hence we are going into the fight without our leader. May we with consecrated effort, and means, and power, from this moment out, do our utmost to insure the victory which it would have been the joy of our brother to have seen, a victory for humanity, for God, for our country, and for all the homes of our city, for whose welfare and in whose interest his heart was so warm.

At the Pavilion the sixteen hundred people present listened spellbound as from the lips of Colonel George W. Bain, the king of the prohibition platform, poured forth a burst of such silvery eloquence to the memory of one, who had for ten years been his friend also, for ten years ago Col. Bain was Mr. Howland's guest, as charmed, while it thrilled with sorrow and inspiration the magnificent gathering, who cheered the tribute to their beloved friend and leader, to the echo. Col. Bain's address so influenced the gathering that scores of young men thronged, at his invitation, the pledge table. Col. Bain's home was three weeks ago bereaved by the death of his talented daughter, said to have been the most brilliant woman in Lexington. The great speaker left to-day to speak at Canisteo, then in New York, and returns to his Kentucky home for Christmas.

Toronto, Dec. 21.—The Evangelical Alliance, on motion of Principal Caven, has adopted the following tribute to the late president, Mr. W. H. Howland: There was hardly any department of Christian activity which had not felt the benefit of his single-hearted, energetic and courageous exertions. It was of necessity that such a man should cherish catholic sentiments towards his brethren of all evangelical churches, and that he should be deeply interested in the work of this Alliance. Hence his election to the office of president was unanimous and cordial; and during his term of office, alas, too brief, his wise counsel and his loving and affectionate nature drew still closer to him the members of this body and enhanced their estimate of his many qualifications for the service of the Lord.

NEWS FROM MATABELELAND.

DEATH OF CAPT. WILLIAMS.

HIS BODY FOUND WITH A BULLET WOUND IN THE TEMPLE—THE CHARTERED COMPANY MEETS.

Cape Town, Dec. 19.—Letters have been received here stating that the body of Captain Williams has been found with a bullet in one of his temples. He was killed by the Matabeles. Captain Williams was in charge of a force that was in pursuit of King Lobengula and the Matabeles, who fled forward from Buluwayo with him. The last heard of him was on Nov. 3, when it was stated that he had been wounded in a skirmish with the Matabeles on Oct. 23. He was a son of Gen. Owen Williams, who was one of the principals in the great baccarat scandal in England a few years ago. Captain Williams formerly belonged to the Royal Horse Guards.

London, Dec. 19.—The annual meeting of the British South Africa Chartered Company was held to-day, the Duke of Abercorn presiding. He congratulated the shareholders on the success of the company's military operations against the Matabeles. He added that the directors hourly expected to hear of the safety of Major Forbes and the capture of Lobengula. The report of the directors and the agreements with the concession company were adopted.

A COMING ROYAL MARRIAGE.

Berlin, Dec. 20.—The wedding of Grand Duke Ernest of Hesse, to Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (the Duke of Edinburgh), will take place during the last week of April. The Emperor William, Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, and some members of the Russian Imperial family will be present. The Grand Duke, who was born in 1868, is the son of the late Grand Duke Louis IV. and Princess Alice, of Great Britain. Princess Victoria is his cousin. Both are grandchildren of Queen Victoria.

DUCRET PARDONED.

Paris, Dec. 20.—Ducret, the editor of 'Cocarde,' a Boulangist journal, who was sentenced on Aug. 7 to one year's imprisonment for complicity in the forgery of papers that were alleged to have been stolen from the British embassy in Paris has been pardoned. The principal in the crime, the mulatto Norton, who was sentenced to three years' imprisonment, will in all probability be compelled to serve the entire period of his sentence. Ducret will be released on Saturday.

MONSON'S TRIAL.

MORE EVIDENCE OF AN INCRIMINATING CHARACTER BROUGHT OUT YESTERDAY.

Edinburgh, Dec. 18.—In the Monson trial to-day Mrs. Keen testified that the missing Scott, under the name of Davis, lodged with her in Pimlico street, London, On Aug. 7, three days before the death of Lieut. Hambrough, Scott went to Scotland. He returned at the end of the week and disappeared during the first week of September. Prior to his disappearance letters bearing the Edinburgh post mark were daily left for him at witness's houses. When he disappeared the letters suddenly stopped.

Mr. Deuchar, an accountant, stated that the value of the estate that Lieut. Hambrough would have come into possession of when he attained his majority was £24,940.

Mr. F. J. Joiningham testified that he became associated with Monson in the projected purchase of Major Hambrough's life interest in the estate. The witness was shown the lease of the Ardlamont estate, which purports to have been signed by himself and Lieut. Hambrough. He denied his alleged

SCOTT, THE MISSING WITNESS.
FROM AN AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCED IN LONDON 'GRAPHIC.'

signature and said that he never saw the document before. His signature was a forgery.

The judge here refused to allow the prosecution to accuse the prisoner of forgery, as the crime was not charged in the indictment.

Arthur Toovey, a solicitor, testified that in 1883 he levied an execution on Monson's effects for a debt of £678. At the sale of these effects only £65 was realized.

A string of witnesses was produced to show that Scott and Davis were the same man. All the witnesses were cross-examined by the defence, but their evidence was not materially shaken.

Sydney Russell, a bookmaker, then went on the stand and was identified by another witness, who stated that Russell had been introduced by Monson at the Hotel Metropole, London, under the name of Davis. Russell explained that Davis was his chum. Monson knew and dealt with both him and Russell. He last saw Davis on Aug. 16. Davis told him something. The defence here protested against the admission of hearsay evidence. After a prolonged wrangle the judge decided that the evidence was inadmissable. The court then adjourned.

Edinburgh, Dec. 19.—The Monson trial was continued to-day. A constable testified to the finding of cartridges in Lieut. Hambrough's pockets after his death. The depositions made by Monson after his arrest were then read and the prosecution announced that the case was closed. The first witness for the defence was H. N. Cater, a solicitor, of Leeds. He testified as to the negotiations over the purchase of the Ardlamont estate and other matters with a view to showing that Monson had acted honestly and was not interested in the death of Lieut. Hambrough.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

Edinburgh, Dec. 20.—The defence of Alfred John Monson, indicted for the murder of Lieut. Hambrough, submitted further evidence to-day to the fifteen men who compose the jury. The court room was filled as usual. To those not acquainted with the Scotch criminal procedure, it may not be uninteresting to point out that a jury in Scotland must agree upon a verdict. Fifteen jurors are chosen and a bare majority gives a verdict guilty, not guilty or not proven. If either of the last two verdicts is given the accused is set free.

The first witness called to-day was Dr. Matthew Hay, professor of the medical department at the Aberdeen university. He testified as to the results of experiments he had made with two guns, one of twenty and the other of twelve bore. These experiments were made on skins and the bodies of horses. Dr. Hay said that he had visited Ardlamont and examined the shot marks on the trees in the covert where the body of Lieut. Hambrough was found. In his opinion these marks were two or three months old at the time he examined them. Some of them were covered with a partial growth of bark. His visit was made five weeks after Lieut. Hambrough's death. He thought the shot marks were in no way connected with the fatality. He concluded from his observations that the spread of the shot among the trees was by a gun that had been fired from a point fifty or sixty feet away. The spread of the shot would have been reduced if they had first struck a head. The inference of the witnesses for the Crown that the shot had been fired from a point twenty-two feet distant was worthless. The witness said he was unable to reconcile the position in which the body was said to have been found with the theory that Lieut. Hambrough had been shot from a gap in the hedge, for the body would fall in a contrary direction from the hedge, and the head would have been where the feet were. The bleeding from a gunshot wound was slow. It would have been possible to have carried the body without soiling the clothing. The pieces of bone and the gun wad found on the dyke might have fallen while the body was being carried. The witness saw a large hole on the fatal spot which formed almost a trap on the top of the dyke. He had examined the skull of the deceased and believed that he had been shot from behind, the shot going in an upward course. Dr. Hay was of opinion that the fatal shot could have been fired from the gun in the hands of the deceased. There were many attitudes in which it was quite possible for the accident to have happened. The witness produced photographs showing persons holding a gun in the right hand in a manner that if the gun was discharged it would have produced a wound similar to that which killed Lieut. Hambrough. It was possible, Dr. Hay said, that the accident had been caused by Lieut. Hambrough attempting to jump across the ditch, the hammer of his gun striking the wall behind him. An examination of the skull and experiments show that the muzzle of the gun might have been at any distance from a few inches to four from the head of the deceased. A shot fired from a twelve-bore gun at a distance of a foot had produced a wound similar to that which killed Lieut. Hambrough. It was quite possible that a gun could be fired at a mark nine feet distant without there being detached disposition of the shot. From the bulk of probable causes he would conclude that death had been caused by the gun Lieut. Hambrough carried.

Upon cross-examination, Dr. Hay admitted that he drew his conclusions from information given him by Dr. Stevens, factor of the Ardlamont estate, respecting the position of the body. When the witness was at Ardlamont he found no trace of where the body was supposed to have been. Neither did he find any trace of blood.

'NOT PROVEN'.

Edinburgh, Dec. 22.—Another chapter of the famous Ardlamont mystery was closed to-day when the prisoner, Monson, accused of murdering Lieutenant Hambrough, was found 'not proven,' by the jury in the case.

Edinburgh, Dec. 22.—The argument in the Monson case was concluded to-day and the case given to the jury. In his address to them, Lord Justice Clerk said that in 1892 the Monsons were practically without means. He proceeded to refer to the extraordinary proposal of Lieutenant Hambrough to form a partnership with Sebright, which, he said, showed the absurd notions of the deceased respecting the largeness of the estate which he would inherit. The next episode touched upon was the obtaining of a judgment against Lieutenant Hambrough at the instance of Mrs. Monzon, and its sale to Tottenham, at a quarter of its value. Monson had deceived Tottenham in respect of taking the Ardlamont shooting in the letter of July 23, when he stated that he had completed the lease, whereas no negotiations had taken place. His object evidently was to induce Tottenham to send him £250, nominally to pay the deposit, but really to provide an insurance premium.

After referring to other details of the Ardlamont lease, the Judge said that up to that stage the story was a sad one of untruthfulness and dishonesty, Monson's affairs from this time were in a desperate condition. He waited to carry out the purchase of the life interests. It had been proved that Monson was aware that the assignation of the insurance would be absolutely worthless if Hambrough died before he reached his majority. If the question of motive were displaced, or if it were doubtful, the evidence was enormously in the prisoner's favor. After Lord Justice Clerk had finished the case was given to the jury and they retired for deliberation. They were out only about three-quarters of an hour when the returned with the Scotch verdict 'Not proven.'

There was a large crowd present and the verdict was received with cheers.

THE MISSING MAN.

Edward Sweeney, alias Edward Davis, alias Edward Scott, is wanted by the Scotland yard detectives for complicity in the murder of Lieutenant Hambrough at Ardlamont on August 10 last. A reward amounting to $1,000 is offered for his apprehension.

DAMROSCH'S ORCHESTRA.

THIS FAMOUS MUSICAL ORGANIZATION A THING OF THE PAST AS A RESULT OF THE STRIKE.

New York, Dec. 19.—The symphony orchestra, which Mr. Walter Damrosch has worked so hard for the last three years to establish, is a thing of the past. Yesterday formal written notices were sent to each of the members of the organization informing them that the contracts made with them were at an end, and that they were released from their engagements. These engagements were for a series of one hundred concerts, covering a period of twenty-five weeks. Speaking to a reporter, Mr. Damrosch said: 'I have no plans, and have had no chance to think as to what I shall do in the future. I am so unnerved by the unexepected outcome of the revolt that I have not been able to think, in fact.' Because Mr. Damrosch engaged two musicians who were not members of the Musicians' Trades Union, the others refused to perform at a concert on Sunday. The affair was altogether unexpected. Said Mr. Damrosch, 'If I had had any idea that the trouble would have become so great as it is I should have been in a measure prepared for it, but I had no intimation that the strike was to occur until I arrived at the music hall, when that misguided committee waited on me. I assure you I was as much astonished and annoyed as were the people who had assembled to hear the music. What to do in the face of it I do not know. I must rest and think.' Mr. Damrosch was very much pleased at the way the crowd at the music hall showed their appreciation of the position that he took by the storm of cheers that were given him for daring to assert his right to resent the dictation of the Musical Union.

CONDEMNS MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY.

Berlin, Dec. 22.—The delay in the British House of Commons on the question of strengthening the navy is discussed in this country with great interest. Mr. Gladstone's answer to the demand of the nation that the strength of the navy be maintained is referred to by the press as evasive and unworthy of any minister of a constitutional state and the declaration is freely made that if any ministry should fail in such a vital duty as the strengthening of naval defences, it would deserve to be swept from office with universal indignation.

MUNICIPAL NOMINATIONS.

HELD THROUGHOUT ONTARIO

Toronto, Dec. 22.—Messrs. R. J. Fleming and Warring Kennedy were nominated to-day for the mayoralty.

OTTAWA.

For mayor—Ex-Ald. W. R. Stroud, ex-Ald. C. R. Cunningham, ex-Ald. George Cox.

For aldermen, Central ward—Ald. Grone, Ald. Wallace, Ald. Henderson, ex-Ald. Cluff, ex-Ald. Morris, Michael Casey.

Wellington ward—Ald. Campbell, Ald. Ashe, Ald. Corry, ex-Ald. Hill, ex-Ald. Serim, Robert Stewart, C. B. Taggart, H. Burgess, W. J. Longhrehan.

Victoria ward—Ald. Masson, Ald. McLean, James Hope, A. D. Fraser, Nelson Perkins.

Dalhousie ward—Ald. Jamieson, Ald. McGuire, Ald. Peterkin, ex-Ald. Howlett, R. J. Davidson, Geo. Perkins.

St. George's ward—Ald. Baldwin, Ald. Campeau, Ald. Grant, Fred Cook, Dr. Parnell, E. A. Connell.

By ward—Ald. Starrs, Ald. Casey, Ald. Gareau, W. Goodall, John Gleeson.

Ottawa ward—Ald. Olivier, Ald. Champagne, Mayor Durocher, ex-Ald. Laverdure, Dr. Valande, Thomas Kinsella.

Rideau ward—Ald. Roger, Ald. Fraser, Ald. Hawken, ex-Ald. Forde, John H. Gordon.

ARNPRIOR.

Mayor—R. G. Moles, Dr. R. G. Cranston, Jon. Harvey.

Reeve—Arthur Burwash.

Deputy reeve—Jos. McDougall, Michael Galvin.

Councillors, North ward—M. D. Graham, J. J. Neilson, Jonathan Wolfe, Geo. Belford, George Vollin, Wm. G. McKay, David Chambers.

Centre ward—Joseph Goudette, Andrew Russell, W. J. Johnson, H. Mohr, James Tierney, John L. White, J. H. McKerracher, John Harvey, J. J. Moir, J. J. Neilson, Geo. Hubbell.

South ward—P. McGogill, Arch. Kerr, A. C. Pye, C. F. Sinn, Robt. Drysdale, Herman Staye, John Banning.

School trustees—Centre, John Buller; South, T. W. Kenny; North, Dr. Ward.

HAWKESBURY.

J. G. Higginson, reeve; councillors, Wm. Robertson, F. Harbic, R. G. Parnell and J. B. Morrison.

LANCASTER.

Reeve, D. McNaughton; acclamation, councillors, W. Henderson, N. McGillis, W. Dewar, and D. D. Darragh, all by acclamation.

MORRISBURG.

For reeve, J. H. Meikle, F. Tyrell; for councillors, John Barry, H. Montgomery, S. B. Fell, George Dillon, sr., Dr. Chamberlain, F. C. Denesha, G. N. Hickey, A. G. F. Drew.

SMITH'S FALLS.

Mayor—W. Stacey, S. M. Barnes.

Reeve—Robert Lewis, M. Gardiner.

Deputy reeve—A. Burrows, W. B. Taylor.

Councillors, Dufferin Ward—George Douglass, A. Allport, James Lyle, J. L. McCormick, A. H. Weagant.

Rideau Ward—Dr. Anderson, J. D. Lamb, R. Hawkins, Ezra McGillivray.

Elgin Ward—John Tuck, Henry Miner, Herman Phillips, Thomas Clint, L. Rice, W. J. Graham, Ogle Carss.

CARLETON PLACE.

Mayor—A. Nichols, by acclamation.

Reeve—D. Cram, by acclamation.

Deputy Reeve—Colin Sinclair and Jas. Warren.

Councillors, Victoria Ward—Jas. McNeely, Jos. McKay, Robert Hughes, Wm. Williamson, John McNee, Charles Glover.

Dufferin Ward—E. Peter Grant, Nathan McCallum, John Taylor, D. Moffatt, Wm. Shanks.

Stanley Ward—H. McCormick, Alex. Campbell, John Dudley, Thomas Bigley, James Morrison.

CORNWALL.

Mayor—C. J. Hamilton, M.D.; Sam Crosbie, T. A. Ross and John Bergin, Q.C.

Reeve—A. F. Mulhein and William Hodge.

First Deputy Reeve—Wm. Gallagher and E. O. Callaghan.

Second Deputy Reeve—W. H. Craig and Harry Williams.

Councillors, East Ward—W. J. Deruchie, A. Cunningham, A. Lalonde, elected by acclamation.

Centre Ward—A. McCracken, M. Herniston, J. F. O'Neil and J. E. Snetsinger.

West Ward—S. Pettitt, P. McCourt, H. Roberts, Geo. Armstrong and R. Conroy.

PERTH.

L. Kippen, mayor, by acclamation.

West Ward—J. M. Rogers, R. Burris, J. A. Allan, by acclamation.

Centre Ward—William Meighen, W. B. Hart, H. M. Shaw, by acclamation.

East Ward—G. O. Consitt, Dr. Grant, Robert Little, James Hamill.

RENFREW.

Reeve—Edward Mackay, James Craig.

Deputy Reeve—Dr. Gallingan, Joseph Clark.

Councillors—W. A. Mackay, William Mills, H. Moss, S. Moffatt, P. O'Reilly, T. Stafford, E. Mayhew.

ALEXANDRIA,

Reeve, D. A. Macdonald, P. M., and Hugh Munro; councillors, Messrs. Robt. McLennan, D. D. McPhee, Hugh Munro, J. J. McGregor and A. Lalonde.

PRESCOTT.

Mayor, Jos. Steel, acclamation.

Councillors, West Ward—A. Whitney, D. J. McCarthy and Norton Miller, acclamation.

Centre Ward—Dr. Hart, W. McPherson, John Hollingworth, Alexander Wells, L. W. Bumb, R. W. Hillyard, H. Isler, Geo. H. Reck, Jas. Glasgow, Jas. Elliot.

East Ward—Jas. Cosgrofe, F. A. Knapp, Geo. Wilkinson, Thos. Connolly, H. Rankin.

BROCKVILLE.

Mayor—John Culbert, A. Derbyshire.

Councillors, East Ward—John Stagg, Wm. Simpson, A. S. Booth, R. B. Easton.

North Ward—W. J. Wright, Thos. Patterson, W. H. Bissell, V. R. Marshall.

Centre Ward—W. H. Harrison, W. H. Davis, W. A. Johnston, Capt. Buckman.

South Ward—Geo. Craine, C. C. Lyman, W. J. Cluff, W. L. Maley.

West Ward—A. F. Stagg, Wm. Carruthers, James Logan, N. Lacasse.

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

SHE NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH WHILE TRYING TO RESCUE HER THREE DROWNING CHILDREN.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 19.—A quadruple drowning accident occurred on Chocolate Lake, about three miles from this city, this afternoon. A lot of boys and girls have been skating on the lake for several days past, but the weather has been very mild and the ice gradually grew weaker. This afternoon Mary Doyle, aged 29; her brothers, James, 13 years old, and Johnnie, 12, children of Peter Doyle, quarryman, and Charles Neal, 16, a boy from the Industrial School, who works in the shovel factory near the lake, went on the ice to skate. They had scarcely covered twenty yards when the ice broke and all four disappeared in the water and were soon carried under by the current. Mrs. Doyle, mother of the first three mentioned above, saw the catastrophe, and frantically rushed to try to save some of her children. She also got beyond her depth and was only saved by the heroic conduct of her little daughter, nine years old, who bravely went out on the rotten ice, reached the pole to her drowning mother and pulled her to land. The mother is almost crazed with grief and suffers from her immersion in the icy water. The alarm soon spread, grappling irons were procured and the bodies of the three Doyles recovered. Neal's body has not yet been found. Exaggerated reports were current of six having been drowned and quite a number from the city drove out to the scene of the calamity.

SUCCEEDS LIEUT.-GOVERNOR BOYD.

JUDGE FRASER MADE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW BRUNSWICK—HIS CAREER.

Ottawa, Dec. 20.—At yesterday's Cabinet Council, Judge Fraser was appointed Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, and Mr. Barker, ex-M.P. of St. John's, to succeed Judge Fraser on the Bench of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick.

The new Lieutenant-Governor is a son of the late Mr. John Fraser, a native of Invernessshire, Scotland, who came to Nova Scotia in 1803, and in 1812 removed to Miramichi. Judge Fraser was born at Miramichi, Aug. 1, 1829, and educated at the Newcastle Grammar school. He was called to the Bar in 1852, and created a Q.C. in 1873. He sat for York in the Local Legislature from 1865 until the general elections in 1866, when he was defeated. He was given a seat in the Legislative Council in 1870, and sat there until 1872, when he resigned to contest York county. He was successful and was re-elected at the general elections in 1874 and 1878. He was president of the Executive Council from June 2, 1871, until July, 1872, when he was appointed to the offices of Provincial Secretary and Receiver-General, which he held until June, 1878, when he became Attorney-General and Premier.

Judge Fraser has a recent history not the less interesting in view of the reward now given to him. It was he who the Moncton 'Transcript' accused of drunkenness on the bench for which accusation Mr. J. T. Hawke was summoned for contempt of court and sent to jail. As Lieutenant-Governor Mr. Fraser will possess no such arbitrary power to muzzle the press. In the York county election cases two years ago, Judge Fraser fixed a day for the trial of the petition against the return of the Conservative member, Mr. Temple. Subsequently an appeal was taken to the full court to quash the trial on the ground that the date fixed by Judge Fraser was beyond the legal limit. The court quashed the trial and dismissed the petition and Judge Fraser concurred thus reversing his own decision. The object of the whole thing was so plainly partisan and served the Ottawa Government so well that Mr. Fraser's reward is not surprising. The principle of rewarding judges with political offices will appear objectionable to any thoughtful person.

Mr. F. Barker, Q.C., who has been appointed puisne judge of the New Brunswick Supreme Court, belongs to one of the old families in St. John and is highly respected. He was elected to the House of Commons for the city of St. John to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Sir Leonard Tilley as Lieutenant-Governor in 1885 or 1886.

Fredericton, Dec. 22.—Mr. J. J. McGee, clerk of the Privy Council of Canada, arrived this afternoon and drove immediately to the residence of the Hon. J. J. Fraser, where he was received by Judge Tuck and a few friends, after which Mr. McGee presented the documents to Judge Tuck and swore in Mr. Fraser as Governor of New Brunswick. The ceremony was performed in private owing to the illness of Mr. Fraser.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

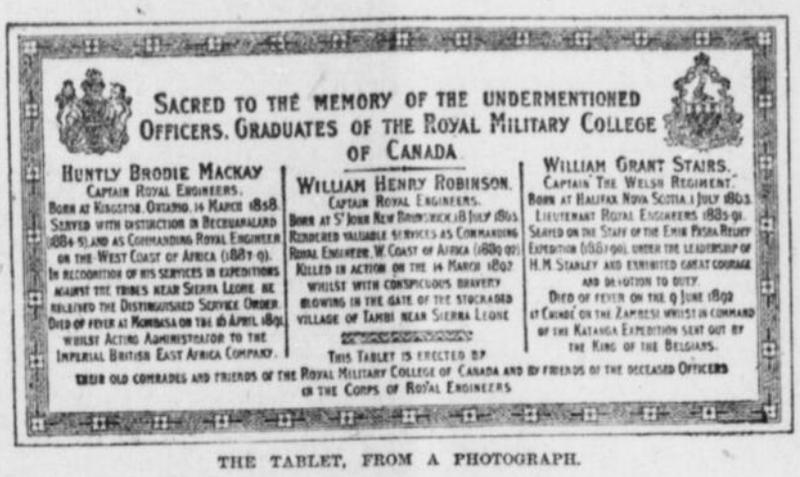
Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19.—The Pope's latest encyclical, dated Rome, Nov. 18, 1893, has been received by Cardinal Gibbons. In summarizing it the cardinal said:—It strongly recommends the study of the sacred Scriptures to clergymen and students and the study of eastern languages, those in which the text was originally written, with a view to the better understanding of the text of the Scriptures, in order to meet the objections of adversaries of the Scriptures. The encyclical is entitled 'On the Study of the Holy Scripture,' and it starts from the Catholic view that supernatural revelation is vouchsafed to mankind, both in unwritten tradition and in Holy Scripture—that is to say, 'books composed under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, whose author is the Lord, and which as such were given to the Church itself,' as contained in the Old and New Testaments. About twenty pages are filled with special regulations and provisions for the searching of the Scriptures in the Catholic schools, academies and seminaries, 'according to the requirements of the times and the importance of this department of study.' The Pope counsels a more prudent and careful selection in the choice of the teachers and professors of this important discipline. He then lays down certain detailed rules for a thorough and scientific course of Biblical interpretation. The apparent conflict between Biblical doctrines and the discoveries of modern science, between faith and knowledge, is referred to and denied. Natural and supernatural revelation, the God of creation and the Lord of Salvation, do not contradict each other.

THE TABLET UNVEILED.

THE REV. DEAN SMITH URGES THE CADETS TO IMITATE THE CHARACTER OF THE HONORED DEAD.

Kingston, Ont., Dec. 19.—On Sunday the unveiling of the Mackay-Robinson-Stairs memorial took place at St. George's Cathedral immediately after morning prayer. There was a large congregation, the cadets and A Battery were out in full force and many of the officers of the district were in attendance.

After the reading of the sentences from the burial office and the chanting of the ninetieth Psalm, at the request of the Dean, the President of the Royal Military College Club, R. W. Leonard,



THE TABLET, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

drew aside one large union jack, which served as the veil, the band of the 14th stationed in the chapel playing the National Anthem. Appropriate collects followed and after the singing of a hymn the Dean addressed the congregation.

The preacher reminded the cadets of the responsibility resting upon them to preserve the character, conspicuous for courage and devotion to duty, which the deceased had stamped upon the college. 'Remember,' he continued, 'your motto: Truth, duty and valor. Be as true to it as were these your honored and lamented brothers. Adhesion to such virtues it is which gives nobleness to character, and character it is which makes men, which makes soldiers, which makes Christians. Men of wealth and men of learning may do much to relieve and benefit their fellows, but it is the men of character, men who rise above the selfish, pleasure-seeking, money-making spirit of this age, who seek not self but follow where duty leads, those are the men who inspire, stimulate, encourage; the men who influence and have power, the men who make their country truly great.'

A BATTLE WITH DERVISHES.

ITALY HAS TROUBLE IN ONE OF HER COLONIES.

OVER ONE THOUSAND KILLED IN THE CONFLICT.

Rome, Dec. 22.—Reports from the Italian Red Sea colony state that there has been some fighting between the Italian troops and the Dervishes, the latter being in every case defeated.

Further details received regarding the battle state that it took place near the spot where the Italians fought the Dervishes in 1890. The force under Commander Arimondi numbers 1,800 men, principally natives. Italian officers, in company with Italian soldiers, who took part belonged to Asmara garrison. The two officers killed were Capt. Forno and Lieut. Penazzi. The latest despatches add that a large number of the native allies, together with some of the Italian troops, were killed.

Rome, Dec. 22.—Late this evening it was learned that three Italian officers and more than one hundred soldiers of the Italian army were killed in the battle with the Dervishes. More of the soldiers killed were natives. Among those who were shot dead on the field was Hamid Ali, one of the commanders of the Dervishes in the battle at Metanmmeh in January, 1885. Gen. Baratieri, governor of Italy's Red Sea colony, starts for Massowah to-morrow.

London, Dec. 22.—The Rome correspondent of the 'Central News' telegraphs concerning the conflict between Dervishes and Italian troops. There were three distinct engagements, one at Agordat, another at Serobati, and the third at Biscia. The Italians were everywhere successful.

London, Dec. 22.—The Rome correspondent of the 'Daily News' says that about one thousand men are believed to have been killed in the battle near Agordat.

ALLARD EXONERATED.

Quebec, Dec. 20.—In the Privilges and Elections Committee this morning the report in the Allard affair was brought in. It declares, after reviewing the evidence, that the witnesses summoned at the express desire of Mr. Turgeon, the accuser, far from establishing the charge against Allard had completely disproved his accusations and had exonerated Mr. Allard, who is therefore freed from all reproach and suspicion.

On the motion to refer the report to the House, Messrs. Deschene and Turgeon proposed instead, that the proof be referred to the House and that it be requested to pass upon it. The amendment was lost and the report was referred to the House.

In committee these gentlemen stated that they would prosecute Mr. Cornellier before the committee on the charge of intimidating witnesses, etc., and gave notice to have certain witnesses summoned to give evidence in the case on Friday morning.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC.

London, Dec. 22.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the 'Standard' says that cholera still spreads in the capital, owing to the consumption of bad fish among the poor, and to the infection of the drinking water.

Reports from Constantinople and Salonica indicate that the cholera epidemic is abating in both cities.

HAWAIIAN AFFAIRS.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT DETERMINED TO RESIST TO THE LAST ANY ATTEMPT TO RESTORE THE QUEEN.

San Francisco, Dec. 21.—The steamer 'Mariposa' brings the following advices up to Dec. 14: The United States cutter 'Corwin' arrived here this morning, bringing despatches to Minister Willis, the contents of which have not yet been disclosed. The general belief here is that he is instructed to make every effort to restore the Queen short of using force. The Provisional Government has prepared a manifesto declaring their intention to resist with military force all attempts to overthrow them.

Washington, Dec. 21.—The House Committee on Foreign Affairs to-day, after some discussion, tabled the resolution of Mr. Boutelle (Republican), Maine, condemning the action of the present administration in the Hawaiian matter, and reported a substitute for it, condemning the landing of troops at the time the Queen was deposed and the position Minister Stevens took in the matter.

HE DRANK POISON.

SAD DEATH OF WENTWORTH FRANCIS DEAN PAUL—NO REASON ASSIGNED.

London, Dec. 22.—Wentworth Francis Dean Paul, son of Mr. Edward Paul, committed suicide on Wednesday evening by taking poison. The deed was committed at a hotel in Piccadilly, where deceased was staying. The dead man was very popular in the coaching world and was one of the best whips in England and America. He took the first prize for driving a team in a competition at the Chicago Columbian Exhibition. On Tuesday last he drove a coach to Oatlando Park, and on Wednesday evening went to his room, apparently in his usual health and spirits to dress for dinner. When Mr. Paul failed to appear at eight o'clock a servant went to his room and found him lying on the bed dead. On a table near by was a bottle filled with prussic acid. Among the papers in the room was a letter written by the deceased showing it was his intention to kill himself. An inquest will be held to-day.

RIO OVERTHROWN.

Pernambuco, Dec. 22.—Startling and sensational rumors are in circulation here from so many sources and directions as to indicate some foundation for widespread commotion. The report received from Rio De Janeiro to-day says the insurgent fleet, after two days' desultory fighting with the Government troops, has made a determined and successful attack upon Rio which has resulted in the capture of that city. It is added that President Peixoto has resigned the presidency in favor of Admiral Mello, and that Peixoto is a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

Such are the reports as they have reached us here; but it should be added that the authorities of Pernambuco, who have been questioned on the subject, doubt the truth of the news which is in general circulation. Newspaper correspondents have so far been unable to obtain any reply to messages sent south, and messages from Rio de Janeiro have apparently been intercepted. This gives color to the report that something of an extraordinary nature has occurred.

PERNAMBUCO EXCITED.

Pernambuco, Dec. 22.—There is great excitement in this city over the well authenticated report that the 'Republica,' the most formidable ship in the Brazilian insurgent fleet, accompanied by the 'Aquidaban,' has been sighted heading northward apparently for this port. As the 'Nictheroy' sailed southward on Wednesday and as the 'America' is off this harbor, the occurence of a fierce naval battle between the Government and revolutionary warships seems imminent.

A SWEEPING VICTORY FOR PROHIBITION.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Dec. 23.—The returning officers of Queen's and Prince Counties will not declare the plebiscite vote until Wednesday, Dec. 27.

King's County vote was declared last Wednesday and stands as follows by districts:

1st. For prohibition, 759; against, 209.
2nd. For, 400; against, 176.
3rd. For, 621; against, 140.
4th. For, 555; against, 61.
5th. For, 464; against, 132.
Total, for, 2,799; against, 718.

The total vote cast for the political election was 4,153. The figures only show one poll where a majority was cast against prohibition, Peake's Station in the 2nd district, where the vote stood 27 for and 48 against. In the 1st district, Priest Pond, stands 44 for; 43 against.

In the 4th district, Murray Harbor, South, stood 150 for and none against. It is believed Queen's and Prince will show even a better result.

A HERD OF BUFFALO FOUND.

Denver, Col., Dec. 19.—A state deputy game warden has found another small herd of buffalo, larger than the one found in Lost Park last summer, in North Park, Routt County, a region more isolated than any other part of Colorado. The herd is said to consist of two dozen animals. They are very tame, and are fed regularly by some of the few farmers who inhabit the park.

THE PLEBISCITE CAMPAIGN.

NEWS FROM ONTARIO'S WESTERN BOUNDARY.

THE BATTLE ON IN EARNEST—ESSEX COUNTY FOR PROHIBITION—THE WALKERS AND WALKERVILLE.

Windsor, Ont., Dec. 21.—Essex County occupies a peculiar position and as a consequence many phases of the prohibition question are presented. Situated in the extreme south-western peninsula of Ontario, adjacent to Uncle Sam's domains, with one of the largest distilleries in Canada in its midst and the Dunkin act in force in one of its most flourishing townships, circumstances which would have no bearing whatever in almost any other part of the province, enter largely into the discussion of the question here.

To ascertain the feeling on prohibition and Sir Oliver Mowat's plebiscite a 'Witness' representative made a trip through the county.

Although not the county town, Windsor is the metroplis and only city. The American city of Detroit lies on the opposite side of the Detroit river less than three-quarters of a mile distant, and connection is had every ten minutes during the day, from six o'clock in the morning until 11.40 at night, by a splendid line of ferries.

Walkerville lies above Windsor on the east side and the corporation limits come together but they are entirely separate and distinct. Walkerville is the home of the great distillery and breweries of H. Walker & Sons. There are immense establishments there and several hundred hands employed. While it is true that there are numerous other manufactories in the town, if a law prohibiting the making of liquors was enacted,

WALKERVILLE WOULD CEASE TO EXIST.

In Colchester South township the Dunkin Act, one of the pioneer temperance measures, has been in existence for over twenty years.

Many people, particularly those living in the westerly half of the township, with easy access to Detroit, while favoring prohibition, think a prohibitory law would result disastrously to this portion of the county. The reasons are many and varied. The principal ones set forth are to the effect that living so close to Detroit a prohibitory law would fail in its effect. The manufacture and open sale might be stopped, but it would be smuggled in in such quantities that there would be fully as much sold and consumed, with no consequent benefit to the Government in the way of revenue, and a state lawlessness would be engendered. Then again even if it were possible to put a stop to the smuggling the drinking people need only cross the river, pay their money over American bars, thereby enriching the exchequer of Uncle Sam, and cause just as much misery as ever on this side of the river.

Many leading men throughout the county were interviewed on this question. Mr. William Robbins, private secretary and confidential adviser of H. Walker & Sons, was the first person seen. He said the firm had held aloof from the plebiscite question, preferring to take no part in it whatever. They had even refused to contribute to the fund of the organization in Toronto formed to fight against the plebiscite. He thought prohibition was impracticable, as shown by experiments made

IN THE UNITED STATES.

He knew it was a failure from personal experience, as the firm makes large shipments of whiskey to Iowa, which is a prohibition state. He says that letters have been received from their customers there stating that a doctor's prescription for whiskey can be obtained for ten cents and that physicians whose profession should make them gentlemen and above such things actually make a living by selling prescriptions for drink at ten cents a drink. 'We are not worrying about the plebiscite, as we regard it only as a makeshift of Sir Oliver Mowat, who thought it an easy way out of a difficulty. We do not think the Ontario Government will pass a prohibitory law even if the people do say so by their votes, which I have no doubt they will. In the meantime we are gradually extending our business abroad and enlarging our premises at home.'

Police Magistrate Bartlet, of Windsor, who is well known as a good old Presbyterian and thoroughly temperance, thinks that there is is no doubt about prohibition being beneficial to the country at large, but is afraid that the enactment of a prohibitory law would not be for the best interests of Windsor and vicinity. He is of the opinion that a worse state of affairs would develop than if there was no law governing the traffic at all.

In Windsor and Walkerville the feeling is undoubtedly against a prohibitory law but in other parts of the county farther removed from the border, the large majority of the people are for a prohibitory law pure and simple. The concensus of opinion regarding

THE QUESTION OF COMPENSATION

is expressed in the published statement of Mr. Stephen Lusted, city clerk of Windsor, who says: 'Think what one may of the business it is a legalized one; and if it is stopped and the property of manufacturers and vendors thereby injured or destroyed, fair reparation should be made.'

The question of the revenue is the great rock upon which many people strike. Some go it blindly and quote Mr. Gladstone: 'Give me a sober people and I will look after the revenue,' maintaining that under an enforced prohibitory law, with intemperance driven from the homes and land, the people will be in much better circumstances socially and financially than at present and able to pay, by direct taxation, if necessary, the extra amount that would be required to make up the revenue and not feel the burden as heavy as in these days of high taxation.

Many farmers who raise corn for the Walkers cry aloud that their market will be swept away and under direct taxation they would be rendered destitute or driven from the country.

As usual there is another side to this portion of the question and practical farmers who figure for themselves claim that with pork at a fair market price they can realize on an average more from corn by feeding it to their hogs than they can by selling to the brewers. Mr. A. L. Ferris, a prosperous farmer of Colchester South who has experimented along that line, says that by raising his hogs on grass and cheap feed during the summer and fattening them on corn in the winter he can make more out of his corn than by selling it at the best market price.

PRESBYTERIANS AND THE PLEBISCITE.

Belleville, Dec. 11.—The Presbytery of Kingston at its meeting here, on motion of the Rev. J. L. George, seconded by the Rev. G. Porteous, unanimously resolved, 'that the attention of the office bearers, members and adherents of the Church throughout our bounds, be called to the decided stand taken by the General Assembly with regard to the evil of intemperance, and that all the people of our Church be urged to cast their ballots in favor of the total suppression of the liquor traffic in our province, on Jan. 1, 1894.'

THE HON. G. W. ROSS THINKS ONTARIO CAN ENFORCE PROHIBITION.

Toronto, Dec. 21.—The Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Minister of Education, speaking at the young citizens' mass meeting in the Horticultural Pavilion, said: We are met to discuss one of the greatest questions which has come before the people for many years, and it is a question which can be discussed without reference to other subjects. From the opinions expressed in the press and from the tone of the meeting held to consider the question of prohibition, it is clearly apparent that it is being discussed in a way it has never in this province been done before. Whatever the result of the coming vote may be, I am quite satisfied that the educative process will have a gratifying influence on the future. The campaign, I am glad to say, has been carried on with the greatest possible vigor. It is unnecessary for me to define my own views on this question. They are well known to the citizens of Toronto and of Ontario. I have shown in my public and private utterances for many years that I believe that prohibition is the only means which will be completely successful in eradicating intemperance. I have the most confident belief that if public opinion pronounces itself in favor of carrying a prohibitory law into effect, the whole people will be ready to accept the decision. However the law may be carried out in the United States is not the question here. The people of Ontario have the greatest possible respect for the laws of their own creation, and although there may be great difficulties in enforcing the laws in the United States, there will be comparatively little trouble in Ontario. If a prohibitory measure is adopted in Ontario, and it will be if the people decide to have it, it will be respected by the people.

The Hon. Mr. Ross's speech was followed by spirited addresses by leading young citizens, including one radiant with sparkling wit by Mr. J. W. Bengough.

COMMERCIAL TAXES.

SEVERAL CHANGES INTRODUCED BY MR. HALL.

THE BEAUPORT ASYLUM BILL BECOMES LAW—ALLARD'S EXONERATION COMPLETED—THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Quebec, Dec. 22.—Mr. Hall introduced his tax measures to-day in the Legislature. The changes are as follows:—

1. Tax on transfers of property reduced from one and a half to one percent.

2. In successions, estates in direct line up to $3,000 will be exempt.

(a). From $3,000 to $5,000 the tax will be one-half percent;

(b). Estates between $5,000 up to $10,000, one percent;

(c). Estates over $10,000 up to $50,000, one and a quarter percent;

(d). Estates over $50,000 up to $100,000, one and a half percent.

(e). Estates over $100,000, but under two hundred thousand, two percent.

Estates over $200,000 three percent.

As regards collateral estate and strangers, the law remains as it is.

With respect to manufacturing and trading licenses, the distinction between manufacturers generally and between tobacco and cigar manufacturers and between traders and professional men is done away with, and all are put in the same category.

The rates for the cities of Montreal and Quebec will be six percent on the rental. In other cities and towns and villages, the rates will be the same as the present law.

The report exonerating Allard from the charges made against him was adopted and the asylum bills finally passed, excepting the third reading of one of them.

Resolutions respecting the public debt were also introduced to provide that the $7,000,000 still due the province for the sale of the North Shore Railway, together with other amounts, making ten million in all, which might be paid in by July, 1894, should form the sinking fund for the loans made in 1876, 1877 and 1878, and be employed towards the conversion or redemption of that part of the debt.

Resolutions were also adopted to pay $2,600 per annum to the Commissioners for revising and amending the code of civil procedure, and $1,000 a year for secretaries, but nothing to be paid any member of Executive Council engaged in the work.

The House adjourned shortly after midnight.

A UNIQUE PETITION.

Washington, Dec. 20.—Senator Hoar (Mass.), with the assistance of several employees of the Senate presented in that body to-day a petition unique in form and mammoth in proportions. The petition was wound around two wheels of a bicycle made of oak, the whole weighing six hundred pounds and standing seven feet in height. It contained the names of 150,000 signers from all over the United States praying that there shall be founded in Washington a road department similar to the Agricultural Department, for the purpose of promoting knowledge in the art of constructing and maintaining roads, and ask that [illegible] such department provision be made [illegible] teaching students. The petition [illegible] with Col. A. A. Pope, of [illegible] is 1,400 yards long, and is signed [illegible] governors of seventeen states, by the Massachusetts Legislature and [illegible] several banks and chambers of commerce. The petition was referred and wheeled to the committee on interstate commerce.

MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

HOW THE GREAT INLAND CITY WAS CONNECTED WITH THE SEA.

Manchester, until recently, has been an inland city. It has traded with the uttermost ends of the earth, but has boasted no yawning docks and bristling mast forests. Instead it has paid tribute to Liverpool, to the carter and to the railway; in a measure, too, for many years to a little old-fashioned ditch called a canal, now forgot forever beside the noble stream that engineering artifice has brought within its borders. The Manchester ship canal is not only thus a work of vast importance, but it is almost entirely unique. Unlike the canals of Suez and Corinth, and those projected at Nicaragua and across Schleswig-Holstein, it is no highway of commerce from sea to sea. Its purpose is solely to convert one inland city into a shipping port. A dozen years ago men said: 'Manchester must be joined with the sea; and since we cannot take Manchester to the sea, we must bring the sea to Manchester.' It may well be believed this scheme did not please the Liverpool people. They rose against it as one man, heart, voice and purse; they and the railway companies. One would have thought the safety of the kingdom was at stake.

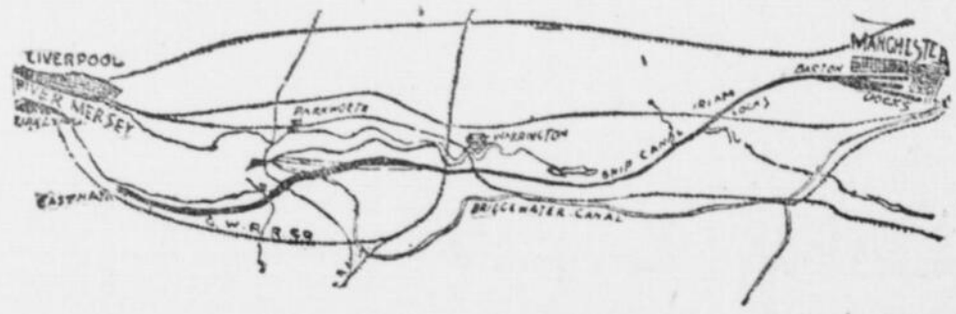
The first attempt to get a charter cost the canal folk $200,000; and failed. The second attempt cost them $400,000, and likewise failed. The third attempt cost $100,000; and, to vindicate the old wives' proverb, was successful. The undertaking was sanctioned by the Government in the summer of 1885, after a fight of four years at nearly $500,000 a year on both sides. Even then delays and controversies ensued for two years more, so that not until 1887 was the work actually begun, with Barings and Rothschilds furnishing the cash and Thomas Walker furnishing the brains.

The route chosen for the canal was thirty-five and a half miles long, from a point near Eastham, on the Cheshire or southern side of the Mersey, to Manchester. It followed the shore of the Mersey as far as Runcorn, and then pursued an independent route, crossing the Mersey and the Irwell several times before reaching Manchester. The country there is fairly level, but it was found that Manchester stood about seventy feet higher than Liverpool; wherefore it would be needful to have several locks in the canal. For this purpose the whole canal was divided into five levels, or reaches. The first is tidal, and is twenty-one miles long, extending from Eastham to a little above Warrington. Then a huge set of locks raises it sixteen and a half feet, and at that level it runs seven and a half miles further, to Irlam. The second set of locks raises it sixteen feet, to the third reach, which is only two miles long. The third locks, at Barton, raise it fifteen feet, to the fourth reach. Finally, three and a quarter miles further on, the fourth locks raise it thirteen feet, to the fifth and last reach, which is only a mile and three-quarters long, and which leads to 114 acres of docks, artificially constructed between Manchester and Salford. Locks at the Eastham end will keep the first or tidal reach at the level of the highest spring tides. The minimum depth of water in the canal will be twenty-six feet, and it can be increased at any time to twenty-eight. The minimum width at the bottom is 120 and at the top 170 feet. It is of interest to note that the Suez Canal is only twenty-six feet deep and seventy-two feet wide at the bottom, the Amsterdam Canal twenty-three feet deep and eighty-nine feet wide, and the Corinth Canal twenty-six feet deep and seventy-two feet wide. The Panama Canal was intended to be from twenty-seven to twenty-nine feet deep and from seventy-two to seventy-nine feet wide. The Manchester Canal thus ranks in these dimensions as decidedly the greatest artificial waterway in the world. Each group of locks consists of two or three, side by side, of different sizes, the largest in each group being 600 feet long and seventy to eighty feet wide, affording room for the largest ocean steamships. The time required for a ship to traverse the entire length of the canal will be about ten hours.

The engineering problems involved in the work of construction were noteworthy chiefly for their magnitude. Neary fifty million cubic yards of earth and stone were excavated, more than one-fifth being solid rock. A substantial standard-gauge railway was first built along the entire route on one side, and for nearly half the way on the other side. On this were run enormous 'land dredges,' like dredging-scows on wheels. From these long arms extended out over the bed of the canal, bearing endless chains of shovels and scoops, which, operated solely by steam power, dug up and carried away the earth and gravel. For removing the excavated matter no less than 170 locomotives and more than six thousand cars were used, enough to equip an extensive railway system.

Besides excavating, there was a vast amount of building to be done: the locks, wall, bridges, etc. In these works nearly one million five hundred thousand cubic yards of concrete were used. Four great railway bridges cross the canal, at a clear height of seventy-five feet above the water, and seven other bridges have been built for other roads. But the most extraordinary bridge of all is at Barton, where the old Bridgewater canal crosses it. There is a difference of twenty-eight feet in the levels of the two canals at this point. It was impossible to bring them to a level, unless by a most elaborate and costly system of locks, and the smaller one was not high enough above the larger to allow vessels to pass under it. The engineers therefore decided upon the novel and daring expedient of a drawbridge in an aqueduct. A massive bridge was therefore constructed, with a vast central span turning on a pivot in midstream of the lower canal. When the draw is opened to allow ships to pass, gates are closed at each end of this span, and it is then turned just as an ordinary drawbridge.

The most striking feature of all, however, was the army of men employed, varying in number from 11,000 to 15,000. These lived in regular villages, built for them along the line. Pleasant, well-furnished wooden houses were provided for the men and their families, and in each village there were a chapel, a hospital, a school and a reading-room, with ministers, doctors and teachers, all provided by the literal contractor. It was an extraordinary social phenomenon, this sudden gathering of a myriad of men, many of them with families, to live and work together for a few years, and then be scattered back again to all parts of the country. They were, on the whole, a sober, orderly set, with much natural gentlemanliness. While the work was in progress, thousands of visitors, many of them ladies, visited the scene of operations, and they received nothing but courteous attention from the navvies. If, says an observer, a lady were near a muddy place the odds were great but that, in a careless sort of way, the laborer threw a plank over the soft ground. The missionary and the harborer of the navvy tell of many acts of kindness on his part. If a penniless comrade looking for work appeared among them, his appeal, though unspoken, was never in vain. A levy was made to supply him with immediate relief, and if it were at all possible the 'ganger' took him in the ranks. If a poor man were maimed or killed—as too often happened—an instant and substantial collection for any one who might be dependent upon him was set on foot. For six hundred years Manchester has been the centre of textile manufacturing, and has been the theatre of the great inventions of Kay, Arkwright, Crompton, Cartwright and their fellow-laborers. Now it is surrounded by a circle of tributary cities, Bolton, Oldham, Stockport, Hyde, Ashton, Macclesfield, Stalybridge—technically mere towns, but really great, wealthy and populous cities. The Town Hall of Manchester is the largest municipal building in the world, and one of the handsomest; and in parks, art galleries, public libraries and similar features Manchester takes high rank among the great cities of the old world. Such it has come to be as an inland city. To-day it becomes a seaport, and one of the four or five most populous in the world, with a future promise and potentiality beyond all reckoning.



THE AUSTRIAN MINISTRY.

The prospects of the new Austrian Ministry, formed by Prince Alfred Windischgratz, with Count Kalnoky as minister of Foreign Affairs, and others who belonged to the late Cabinet under the direction of Count Taaffe, appear to be improving. It represents a coalition of steadfast and moderate politicians of the three most influential parties, loyally disposed to assist the Emperor Francis Joseph in his difficult position between the Clericalists and the champions of Bohemian, Galician, Moravian, Croatian, and other provincial claims of home rule. One of the strongest arguments that are felt as objections to further legislative subdivision of the Austrian monarchy is the necessity of possessing an equipoise to the power of the kingdom of Hungary, which has, with the same personage, his Imperial and Royal Majesty, sovereign of the two states, an entirely separate Government, conducted by its own Ministry, and will now have its own Royal Court. Hungarian and Austrian views of policy do not often precisely coincide; and Dr. Wekerle, the Premier of the kingdom whose capital is at Buda-Pest, has his ideas of

PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ, THE NEW AUSTRIAN PREMIER.

what is required by the interests of that country, different from those of the statesmen ruling at Vienna. In times of peace, however, when domestic legislation is the most important, there need not be any conflict between them. —Lordon 'Graphic.'

EDUCATIONAL GAMES.

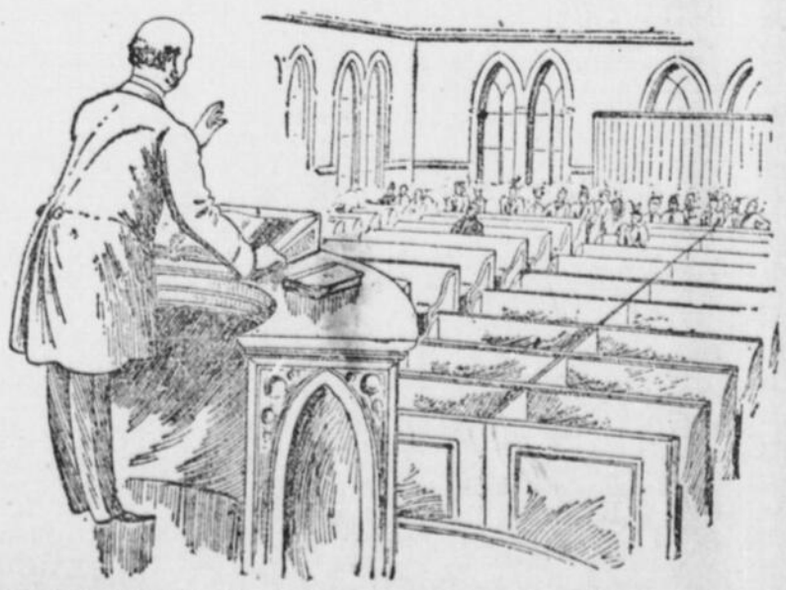
'For my part, I do not believe that all the kindergarten games in Christendom, all the gentle joy of pretending you were a swallow and had your little baby swallows cuddled under your wing, can compare for an instant with the lost delight of playing "London Bridge" ('Oranges and Lemons') in the dusk of a summer evening, or in the dimly-lit schoolroom at bedtime. There was a mysterious fascination in the words whose meaning no one understood, and no one sought to understand—

'Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a hatchet to cut off your head.'—

And then the sudden grasp of four strong little arms, and a pleasing thrill of terror at a danger which was no danger—only a shadow and a remembrance of some dim horror in the past, living for generations in the unbroken traditions of play.'—Agnes Repplier, in the 'N. A. Review.'

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE.

It used to be a pretty safe prediction in this country that the Government would gain in a bye-election. In the general elections of 1887 and 1891 the Dominion Government lost heavily, but in each case it required a large part of the loss in bye-elections, and converted a slim majority into a safe one. To a less extent the same feature was observable in bye-elections for the Legislature. Winnipeg set at naught all the calculations of the politicians by going over from the Government to the Opposition. North Bruce and East Lambton have not gone over to the Opposition, for the Opposition was not in the fight, at least openly, in the latter, and its candidate was beaten in the former. But these two constituencies have taken an equally new departure in Canadian politics by striking out a course for themselves. These events and the defections from the ranks of the supporters of the Government at Ottawa seem to be evidences of the coming of a new order of things in politics. Party lines are becoming less distinct, party feeling is losing its power. Names and personalities do not influence the electors as they once did. People are thinking, not perhaps with absolute independence of authority, but outside of party lines. There is no use in quarrelling with this tendency, and certainly the quarrel could not be carried on in the name of Liberalism, the very basis of which is liberty of thought, speech and action.—Toronto 'Globe.'



AT THE WEEKLY PRAYER-MEETING.

[Designed by T. Fenwick.

My Hearers—I must say to you as Joseph said to his brethren; 'Come near to me I pray you.' We are told that they then came near to him. I hope that you will now follow their example. Read Genesis xlv-4. I cannot well call you 'brethren' for you are only very distant relations. If I do call you 'brethren.' I must call you brethren many degrees—miles I mean—removed.

The daughter of the late Professor Windscheid, the famous German authority on Roman law, has been graduated from the University of Heidelberg with the degree of Ph. D. Fraulein Windscheid is the first woman to be admitted to the old seat of learning with the privilege of taking her degree. She passed a brilliant examination. The university, in all probability, will soon be thrown open to women who wish to enter it.

HERE THE WATCHERS SPY

ALL THAT GOES ON IN THE SKY

Fourteen American Buildings Where Astronomers Work Night and Day.

Nearly everybody has heard of the famous Royal Observatory at Greenwich, but few realize that an observatory, almost as valuable exists on this continent, at Washington. The Washington observatory is supported by the Government of the United States, just as that at Greenwich is supported by the Government of Great Britain.

The Washington observatory is under the direction of the United States Navy Department. It has been brought specially before the public of the United States by reason of its having been shifted into new quarters. 'Pretty Prospect,' where it is now located, was the site selected by a special commission. It is said to be as perfect a site as any that could be found near Washington. It is 280 feet above mean tide in the Potomac and the mists that rise from the river and hang over the lowlands rarely extend to its height. The character of the soil is gravel, sand and clay, with a sufficient proportion of the latter to render the foundation of the buildings exceedingly firm. It is a very salubrious location, and last, but not least, the area admits of the buildings being placed 1,000 feet distant from all public roadways, thereby averting the disturbing tremors of passing vehicles. All things considered, there is little doubt that the site was the most desirable, as it was the most beautiful in the vicinity of Washington for the location of the new Naval Observatory.

The sum paid for the grounds, which comprise about sevety acres, was $63,000. It has cost more than half a million dollars to erect the buildings and get the institution in running order. The work is approaching completion, but there yet remains much to be done.

There are fourteen buildings, constructed mostly of white marble. The main building is three hundred feet in length, and two stories in height. It contains offices, library, reception, museum, chronometer, and testing rooms.

The 26-inch great equatorial has the dignity of a house of its own. It may, not, perhaps, be properly termed a peripatetis mansion, but it certainly is a moving structure. Its elevating floor has a rise and fall of twelve feet, and is operated by means of four hydraulic rams. The weight of the floor is fifteen tons, which is nearly balanced by counterweights running in recesses in the wall. The dome, too, moves around at the will of the observer as easily as a toy, although it weighs twenty-four tons. The instrument itself weighs twenty-eight tons.

There is little that goes on in the heavens above us that this monster, under the direction and manipulation of skilful observers, does not search out. It has already won fame, in unison with Prof. Asaph Hall, U.S.N., for the discovery, in August, 1877, of the two satellites of Mars, among the smallest heavenly bodies yet known.

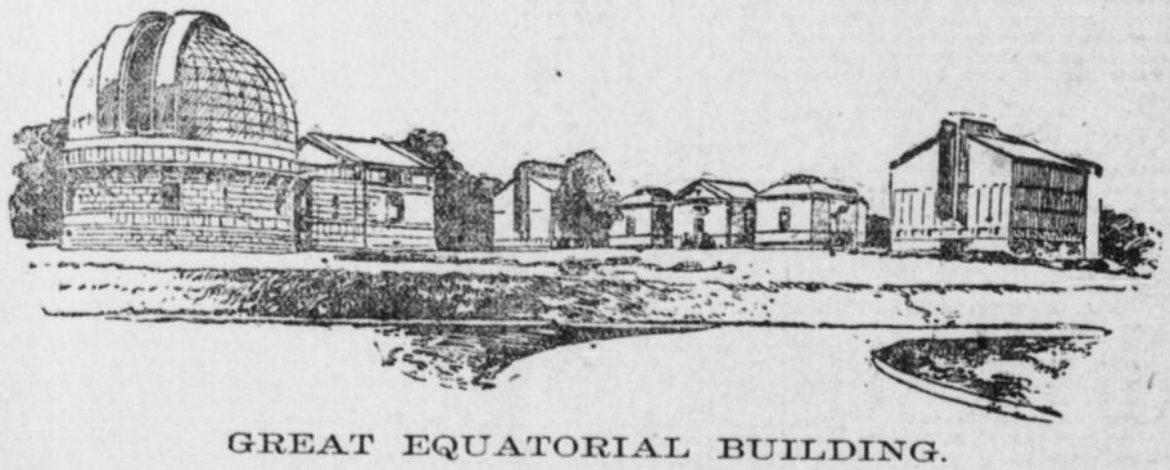
Before being put into position in its new home, the great equatorial had entirely new mountings especially constructed for it from designs made by Professor Harkness, the chief astronomical assistant to the superintendent of the observatory.

The 12-inch equatorial was similarly improved, and both of these instruments have a feature entirely new, an invention of Professor Harkness. It is a pair of dials for indicating the right ascension and the declination of the point in the heavens to which the telescope is directed.

The 9-inch transit circle instrument has already a famous campaign laid out for it. A congress of astronomers recently planned the observation of all the stars down to the ninth magnitude. This immense work has been divided into sections of zones, and has been apportioned to the different observatories of the world. The Naval Observatory has arranged to observe the zone from fourteen degrees to eighteen degrees south declination, containing nine thousand stars, and requiring at least twenty-five thousand observations. It will consume about three years, during which time it is safe to assume that there will be few idlers in the department to which the 9-inch transit circle belongs. A catalogue of the stars will be made. The work is under the direction of Assistant Astronomer A. N. Skinner, who has been engaged in astronomical work at the Naval Observatory for the past twenty-three years.

The walls of the transit circle building are covered with corrugated iron on the outside and lined with zinc on the inside. The air circulates freely between the two, and this construction insures identity of temperature between the external and internal air.

INTERIOR OF THE 9-INCH TRANSIT CIRCLE BUILDING.



GREAT EQUATORIAL BUILDING.

A VERY HOLY HINDU.

THE SUNNIYASY, WHO IS BLESSED FOR BEGGING.

Every March, a large heathen festival is held near Neyoor, 'to which,' says the Rev. I. H. Hacker, 'hundreds and thousands of people flock for ten days. The people come from fifty to one hundred miles' distance, nearly all on foot. They come in bands of twenty to thirty. Sometimes they have men with musical instruments who lead the little processions. Sometimes the leader is a singer, who starts an invocation to his god as he walks along, and others following him take it up, and the choruses of these pilgrims as they pass along the road by the side of our houses are most striking. On the last great day of the feast I, with our new missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Fells and Miss Macdonnel, went together with a great band of native Christians, and the whole day was spent in trying to tell them of the better and only way of obtaining peace with God. The noise, the excitement, the horrible sights, the sacrifices, and the crowd that surrounded that temple are beyond all description; Dr. Fells said, in a quiet prayer-meeting we had together during the heat of the day, that he had never realized before how much he owed to Jesus Christ. That is true. It is only when we see the depth of degradation to which heathenism leads its people that we realize the rich, pure blessing which Jesus Christ has brought to us. May we serve him much, as he has given us much. We saw a Hindu saint sitting by the roadside at this festival. He is considered a very holy man. He is called Sunniyasy: that means a man who has given up all social life and enjoyment, and lives upon what the people give him. He is a religious beggar, and the land is full of them. He is covered with ashes, his hair is never combed, he wanders from village to village and from town to town begging from the people, and although the poor people think him a very good man, in many cases he is intensely selfish, greedy and no good to anybody. I met one the other day with a great snake eight feet long tied round his neck, just like ladies tie those fur boas which they wear in winter, or used to wear when I was in England some years ago. It looked very horrid, and it is sad that they think that these things please God, not knowing the true-hearted service for our brothers and sisters is the truest way to serve God, who is always loving us by serving us.'—'Church Missionary Journal.'

THE HINDU SAINT.

SLAUGHTER ON RAILWAYS.

(New York 'Ledger.')

No feature of American development either receives or deserves more admiring attention than our railway system. Last year 32,139 locomotives operated over 168,402 miles of track, dragging 1,215,611 cars and more than eighty-one billions of freightage. The expenses of this colossal enterprise was $731,887,983; $4,538 per mile. Forests, fisheries and mines, thoughts that breathe and words that burn, events making history, and that modern miracle, the newspaper, all owe an incalculable debt to our railways.

But really one is more than astonished, indeed, deeply pained to learn that the number of persons killed in the last year was 7,029; injured, 33,881. To put these astounding and melancholy figures in another way: The slaughter exceeded that of the war of 1812. It is a great and damaging blot upon everybody concerned that this useless slaughter should be allowed its annual massacre unnoticed and apparently unchecked.

Of the killed, 2,660, and of the injured, 26,140, were employees. Many of these poor fellows lost their lives in gallant attempts to save those committed to their charge.

Railway companies are, as a rule, wealthy—well able to provide every contrivance which decreases the danger ever attendant upon rapid motion, switching, etc. Should the lust of gold outweigh the love of life? Time and again more than one president has officially proclaimed against this calamitous evil. Had their words been heeded, practically acted upon, many a home now darkened with sorrow through the mangling, maiming for life or sudden death of the loved one and the breadwinner would have been happy and bright, nor filled with anxious thoughts as to the future. The public sentiment of this nation will surely demand that the future shall see no such toll of wasted lives in railroading as the past year was compelled to witness.

'The first lady who ever gave money to Harvard College could not have fancied in her most imaginative moment that more than 250 years later her girlhood's name would be given to a college for women at Harvard. Anne Radcliffe, who was afterward Dame Moulson, sent her hundred pounds over the seas from England to aid in the cause of education. She cast her bread upon the waters, and it is returned to her memory in honor after all these many days. Mrs. Agassiz, the president of the Harvard Annex, is congratulated on this most charming and suggestive choice of a name.'—Boston 'Transcript.'

BANK OF MONTREAL.

The appointment of Mr. Andrew F. Gault to the vacancy on the Board of directors of the Bank of Montreal, caused by the death of Sir John J. C. Abbott, is heartily approved of in business and

MR. A. F. GAULT.

financial circles, and is the subject of much favorable comment. Mr. Gault's great business ability and sound integrity are recognized throughout the country, and he is looked upon as a worthy and capable successor to his distinguished predecessor.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE.

The Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby has had a most successful session. Nearly a hundred boarders have been in regular attendance, besides day pupils in music and art. A very interesting social event took place a few days ago at the Victoria University buildings, in Toronto, when the young ladies of the Ontario Ladies' College provided the concert programme, and the young men the refreshments. Everyone was delighted. The young ladies did themselves great credit, not only in the finished work of the concert, but in their quiet and commendable comportment. The Rev. Dr. Hare has been principal of the college since its inauguration, in 1874, and its marked success is largely due to his able and judicious management.

MONTREAL NEWS.

A co-operative bakery has been determined upon for Montreal, the board of directors being already chosen.

The Rev. B. Fay Mills, the distinguished evangelist, has announced his intention to begin work in Montreal on Thursday evening, Feb. 1.

A man named Therrien, in the Shedden Company's stables, while attending his horses one morning last week, dropped down and in a few moments died. His death was due to heart trouble.

Liquor legally distilled is evidently not being permitted to be altogether a monopoly, as J. Desjardins, jr., of St. Jean Baptiste has been fined $100 for illicit distillation of liquors at that village.

The city police has organized the new patrol waggon system, which enables them to send to different parts of the city in a hurry, in case of a disturbance, and to convey the prisoners to their destination with little loss of time.

Dr. Leprohon, well known for many years as Spanish consul, was thrown from his sleigh last week and somewhat shaken and bruised about the chest. He was confined to the house for some days.

The Montreal Philharmonic Society gave their ninth annual performance in Windsor Hall, last week, the 'Messiah,' by Handel, having been selected. The choir, which numbers three hundred, did their part exceedingly well. The orchestra fulfilled their duties in a meritorious manner, and there was a magnificent audience present.

The three watch pedlers who have been victimizing the public by selling 'gold' watches for large sums of money, —to the disgust of the purchasers, who soon find that their cheap gold watches turn to dear brass, when they put them before the jeweller,—have been sent to jail to await their trial at the Court of Queen's Bench.

Thieving impudence is of huge proportions when it reaches the length of a sleigh load of poultry. That is what occurred in the case of a farmer named George Rousseau, of Vaudreuil. Two men drove up beside his sleigh, and emptied its contents into their own. The police have found the thieving men's sleigh and the plunder, but the men have escaped thus far.

Mr. A. F. Gault, one of the cotton kings, has been elected director of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. Gault is congratulated on all sides upon the fact.

Three convicts from the jail were brought to the Court House, last week, to assist in placing a new wardrobe. They were objected to by workmen in the building, who at once went out on a strike, and the convicts were not brought back next day. The strikers resumed work afterwards.

A gentleman who was vexed at the electric street railway disappointing him at a crossing by passing on, and refusing to stop for him, chased the car in a sleigh, and when he discovered who the conductor was, tried to sue the company in court. He learned that the company has been protected in having it set down in the bond that only the City Surveyor can sue them for neglect of passengers.

Christmas eve was celebrated in the churches with more or less of musical accompaniment. In the Roman Catholic churches, the musical service was full of ceremony, and there was great ringing of bells and playing of chimes, with the ushering of the early moments of Christmas Day. It was wet and uncomfortable on the streets; but it was within doors that the day's festive hours were principally enjoyed. The holiday trade is described as having been extra good.

The investigation which has been progressing in the Wellington bridge expenditure has closed. It has been shown that there was friction between the chief engineer, Mr. Parent, and the superintendent, Mr. Edward Kennedy, both of whom are under suspension. It has been also proven that there was stealing of lumber by certain persons and an excess of time and labor charged against the Government. The estimate was exceeded by over $200,000. The commission will make a report to the Minister of Public Works as soon as convenient. The suspensions, meantime, continue in force.

FLOODS AT BRANTFORD.

Brantford, Ont., Dec. 26.—The Grand river has been very high in this section for the past week, owing to a bad jam of hard and slushy ice which gave way on Sunday causing a serious flood in West Brantford which made its way into all the houses in the vicinity. Sidewalks are floating and coming to pieces and the flats are also completely covered with water. The water has since gradually subsided, and the water from the river is now running over the canal bank into the canal. It is reported that the canal bank below the starch works has given away. This will make an outlet for the water. The bridge over the canal at the White mill is washed away. The bridge at the foot of Murray street is badly wrecked and cannot be driven over.

CANADA-AUSTRALIA CABLE SCHEME.

Toronto, Dec. 26.—The following special cable appears in this morning's 'Globe,' dated London, Dec. 25: The 'Times' to-day discusses fully the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Canada-Australia cable scheme as submitted by Mr. Bowell to Australia. The 'Times' says if such a cable is constructed it is hardly conceivable that the Imperial Government will abstain from contributing its reasonable share. So far as Mr. Sandford Fleming's estimates can be trusted, the paper says, there is nothing extravagantly impossible in the figure.

VICTIMS OF INFLUENZA.

Kingston, Dec. 23.—Alex. Kippen, aged ninety-three, Mrs. Michael Foy, aged eighty-seven; John Richmond, eighty-five, and Mr. Donald McCallum, ninety-eight, all of Perth and vicinity, died within the week from influenza.

COMMERCIAL.

WITNESS OFFICE, Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1893.

HAS THERE BEEN A DEAL?

THE C.P.R. AND THE RICHELIEU.

Almost simultaneous with the opening of the fine C.P.R. hotel in Quebec comes the report that the friends of the C.P.R. Company have secured the control of the Richelieu Navigation stock. What truth there is in the report it is impossible to say. The brokers probably know, and the street will, no doubt, learn before many days. The gradual advance in the last two or three months in the value of the stock of this non-dividend paying company has been a surprise to the uninitiated; and those who claim to know, allege it is due to the steady buying up of the stock by parties who desire to place the controlling interest in the hands of the big railway company. The C.P.R. people have been credited so often with schemes and enterprises in which they have had no hand that, of course, all such rumors have to be taken with many grains allowance. When, however, one considers the large investment the company have made in hotel property in Quebec, and the 'pull' which this control of the Richelieu Company would give them in diverting tourist travel to the Lower St. Lawrence, the rumor does not seem to be very unreasonable. There can be very little doubt of the company using all the means within their power to carry travel to the 'Frontenac,' and if they become the practical owners of the Richelieu steam line there is but little doubt that improvements will be made in the hotel accommodation at points lower down the St. Lawrence,—on the Saguenay, for instance. There can be no doubt of one thing, much more might be made of the scenic attractions of the St. Lawrence, and of the travel on the Richelieu steamers than has been made in the past; and Montreal, in particular, must participate in the advantages of any large movement to bring United States and British tourist travel in this direction.

AMERICAN GRAIN FIRM.

The wheat market was rather dull to-day, but firm. In Chicago wheat opened ¼ of a cent lower than the last closing, but soon recovered, and advanced half a cent, making the price at noon 66c May. Corn opened slightly easier at 34½c Jan. and 38¼c May, but at noon was quoted at the same figures as the closing of Friday, 34⅝c Jan. and 38⅝c May.

The grain market weakened again this afternoon and fell back to about the same figures as Friday. In Chicago wheat closed at 65⅜c for May delivery, the same price as at the close of Friday, and corn closed to-day at 38¼c May, a decline of ¼ of a cent since Friday.

LOCAL STOCKS DULL.

The local stock market was very dull this morning. Some stocks were pressed for sale but there was little disposition to buy. Canadian Pacific sold at 71¼ and Commercial Cable at from 132½ to 133. Street Railway sold early in the day at 160, and later at 158.

There will be no afternoon board this week.

Reported by Messrs. W. L. Jackson & Co.

	Between Banks Buyers.	Between Banks Sellers.	Counter
New York Funds	1-16 dis. to Par.		⅛ prem to ¼
Sterling, 60 days.	8⅞ to 9		9¼ to 9⅜
Sterling, demand	9⅜ to 9⅝		9¾ to 10
Sterling, cables..	.....		10 to 10¼
Paris Cheques...	5.18¼ to 5.16¾		5.15 to 5.13¼

Guilders, 3 days, 39⅝ to 40; Reichmarks, 3 days, 94¾ to 95; Documentary, 60 days, 8⅛ to 8¾; Cattle Bills, 3 days, 9 to 9⅛; Money in London, 2½; Bank of England rate, 3 percent.

The morning sales were: 75 Canadian Pacific at 71¼; 25 Commercial Cable at 133, 25 at 132¾, 25 at 132⅝; 50 Telegraph at 141; 25 Richelieu at 76¼; 4 Street Railway at 160, 25 at 159, 60 at 158, 1 Gas at 177½; 16 Montreal Cotton at 100,

MONTREAL STOCK REPORT.

(Furnished by Macdougall Bros., Brokers.)

Montreal, Dec. 22.

Stocks.	Asked.	Bid.
Canadian Pacific Railway	71¼	71¼
Do. L. G. Bonds	....	109
Duluth S. S. & A	6¼	5½
Do., Preferred	17¼	12
Commercial Cable Co	134	133¾
Montreal Telegraph	144¼	143¼
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co	77	76½
Montreal Street Railway Co	162	159
Montreal Gas Co	180	178
Bell Telephone Co	136	130
Royal Electric Co	140	135
Bank of Montreal	222	218¼
Ontario Bank	120	....
Peoples Bank	....	117
Moisons Bank	....	160
Bank of Toronto	....	259
Jacques Cartier Bank	....	....
Merchants Bank	160	155
Merchants Bank of Halifax	141	137
Eastern Townships	....	....
Quebec Bank	....	120
Union Bank	....	....
Bank of Commerce	137	136
Hochelaga Bank	....	....
Intercolonial Coal Co	50	35
Canada North-West Land Co	....	....
Colored Cotton Co	....	....
Montreal Cotton Co	115	100
Colored Cotton Bonds	98	....
Dominion Cotton Co	100	....
Cable Rights	....	....
Royal Electric Bonds	....	....
Merchant Cotton	130	....

STATE OF TRADE.

Dry Goods—The dry goods trade showed a little more life the week before Christmas and considerable sorting up was done in the wholesale houses for country and city retailers. Still, the season's business is considerably behind that of last year and the condition of the trade is anything but satisfactory. There is little business doing this week in the wholesale houses and nearly all the travellers are at home for the holidays. Little change is expected until after the new year. There was a very fair business done by the retail dry goods houses in the city and suburbs during the week preceding Christmas. Collections show some improvement, still are not altogether satisfactory.

Iron and Hardware.—The trade in heavy metals is practically at a standstill, for there is little demand for any grade. Prices are low. There was a fair amount of business done in the hardware establishments recently, and is keeping pretty well up with expectations. We quote: Summerlee, $18.50 to $19; Gartsherrie, $18; Carnbro, $16.75 to $17; Siemens, $18; Eglinton, $17 to $17.25; Wrought scrap, No. 1, $15 to $16; bar, $1.90 to $1.95. Tin plates, coke, $3.00 to $3.20; charcoal, $3.75 to $4.25; Canada plates, $2.50 to $2.55; terne plates, $7.25 to $7.75. Oxford copper, 11½c, to 12½c; ingot tin, 21½c to 22c.

Leather.—There is not much of interest to mention in regard to the local leather market. Trading is very quiet. We quote to-day as follows:—Manufacturers' sole, No. 1, 18c to 19c; do., No. 1, 16c to 17c; do., No. 3, 13c to 14c; ordinary, No. 2 16c to 17c; do., No. 2, 14c to 16c; do., No. 3, 13c to 14c; No. 1 slaughter sole, 20c to 22c; harness, 18c to 20c; waxed uppers, 20c to 26c; French calf, $1.05 to $1.40; splits, Quebec, 10c to 12c; Western, 14c to 18c; pebbie, 10c to 13c; russets, heavy, 30c to 35c.

Hides.—The supply of hides is small, but prices are unchanged owing to quiet demand. We quote: No. 1 at 4½c, No. 2 at 3½c, No. 3 at 2½c to tanners and to dealers ½c less all round. Calfskins at 7c. Sheepskins, 70c to 75c.

Cement and Firebricks.—There is little doing in cement and firebrick, which was about as expected for this time of the year. Prices are unchanged. We quote: Cement, English brands, $2.10 to $2.20; Belgian brands, $1.90 to $2.05; firebricks, $15.50 to $18.50, according to quality.

Petroleum—There is a good steady demand for refined petroleum and prices are firm. We quote as follows to-day—Canadian, 11¼c in shed or round lots, and from 11½c to 12c in smaller quantities. American, 16c in car lots, single barrels, 17c to 17¾c; American benzine, 23c to 25c; Canadian, 12¾c.

Coal—The demand for fuel is steady. Prices are unchanged. We quote as follows to-day: Stove coal and chestnut at $6.50, and egg and furnace, at $6.

GRAIN AND FLOUR.

Grain.—There is nothing doing in grain of any account, and little change is expected before the new year. We quote: No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat, 69c to 70c; No. 2, 67c to 68c; corn, duty paid, 62c to 64c; No 2 oats in store, 37c to 37½c; No. 2 peas, in store, 68c to 69c; do. afloat, 70c to 71c. No. 2 Rye, 56c to 57c. Barley, for feeding, 42c to 43c; malting, 52c to 54c. Buckwheat 51c to 52c.

Flour.—The local flour market is dull and uninteresting. Prices are easy, We quote:

Patent Spring	$3.70	to	$3.90
Patent Winter	3.50	to	3.80
Straight Roller	3.00	to	3.10
Extra	2.90	to	3.00
Superfine	2.60	to	2.90
Strong Bakers' (Man)	3.50	to	3.55

Meal—The market is quiet, but prices hold steady. We quote:—

Granulated, in bris	$4.10	to	$4.30
Granulated, in bags	2.00	to	2.15
Standard, in bris	3.95	to	4.00
Standard, in bags	1.85	to	2.00

Feed.—There is a fair demand for feed stuffs at prices quoted. We quote:

Bran	$15.50	to	$16.00
Shorts	17.00	to	18.00
Moullie	20.00	to	22.00

GENERAL PRODUCE.

Hog Products.—The market is quiet, but there is no change in prices. Dressed hogs are steady and prices range from $6.75 to $6.90 by the car lot and $7.00 small lots. We quote:

Canada short cut, mess pork	$17.25	to	$18.25
Chicago new mess pork	17.00	to	18.00
Hams, city cured, per lb	00.12	to	00.13
Lard, compound	00.8¼	to	00.8½
Lard, pure	00.10½	to	00.11
Bacon	00.11½	to	00.12½

Butter.—The butter market afforded little interest to-day. Prices are firm. Townships, 21c to 22c; creamery 23c to 23½c; western dairy, 19½c to 20c.

Cheese.—There is no change in the local cheese market which is very quiet. We quote as follows to-day:—Finest Ontario, 11c to 11½c; Townships, 10¾c to 11c; Quebec, 10½c to 11c; other grades, 10c.

Eggs.—The egg market holds steady at the following prices. We quote:—Boiling stock at 20c to 22c; candied at 17c to 18c; limed at 16c to 17c.

Ashes.—There is no chang. We quote: First pots at $4.80; seconds $4.10. Pearls at $5.50.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—Dec. 22.

Despite such serious drawbacks as a zero-line temperature, large snow drifts and the lack of an ice-bridge over the St. Lawrence opposite the city, there were probably more farmers who brought produce to the markets to-day than was ever the case before since Montreal became a city. At half-past nine this forenoon, there were over 300 farmers' sleighs on Jacques Cartier square, while there were probably twice as many more gathered around Bonsecours market, on Leroyer street, and in the yards adjacent. The basket-brigade overcrowded the market hall and adjacent passages, and tons of dead poultry were offered for sale. There were swarms of intending purchasers early on the rounds, and judging by the brisk demand there is for dead poultry, pork and butter, the gastronomical department of Montreal's citizens is not much affected by the prevailing depression in trade, or the ravages of la grippe. Grain of all sorts was in pretty large supply, but the weather was rather cold for exposing potatoes out of doors. There seemed to be no changes in the prices of grain, potatoes, and other roots and vegetables. Hot-house celery is brought all the way from Kalamazoo, Michigan, and sells at 60c the dozen; cauliflowers are from $2.50 to $4.50 the dozen. Dressed hogs were very plentiful, but sold at advancing prices, or from 7¼c to 7½c per lb. Pretty high prices were being asked for fresh killed turkeys and geese, but it is probable that lower prices will prevail later on, as there were enormous quantities offered for sale. The prices of butter seem to be advancing all along the line and fresh laid eggs bring fancy rates.

The fruit market is abundantly supplied with oranges, but owing to the active demand, prices are higher; lemons are at a premium; a few boxes brought here by express were sold at $6 the box, but there will probably be a better supply in a few days.

The following are to-day's prices:—

GRAIN.—Oats sell at from 80c to 90c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; buckwheat, 45c to 50c do.; beans, $1.40 to $1.80.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 60c to 65c per bag; cabbages, 50c to 60c per barrel; cauliflowers, $2.50 to $4.50 doz.; celery, 25c to 50c per doz.; Quebec turnips, 50c per bag; artichokes, $1 do.; carrots, 30c per bush.; onions, 40c to 60c do.; beets, 35c do; parsnips, 50c do.; horse radish, $1.00 do.

FRUIT.—Lemons, $4.50 to $5.00 per box; apples $3.50 to $5 barrel; oranges, $2.25 to $2.75 box; cranberries, $6.50 per barrel. Almerian grapes, $4 to $5.00 the 50 lb. barrel.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Tub butter, from 19c to 25c per lb.; prints, 30c to 45c; fresh eggs, 50c to 60c; packed eggs, 18c to 25c per dozen.

POULTRY.—Fowl, 8c to 12c per lb.; turkeys, 10c to 12½c do.; geese, 7c to 8c do.; ducks, 80c to $1.10 the pair; chickens, 60c to 90c do.; partridges, 75c the pair; wild ducks, 65c to $1 do.; prairie chickens, $1 do.; dressed hogs, 7¼c to 7¾c per lb.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, $7.00 to $9.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; pressed hay, 60c to 70c per 100 lbs; straw, $5 to $6 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs. each.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—Dec. 21.

There were about 350 head of butchers' cattle, 600 mutton critters and a few small calves offered at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in considerable numbers, but few of them were wanting cattle, as most of them had bought all they want in that line early in the week. A few extra beeves were sold at from 4½c to 4¾c per lb., and pretty good stock brought from 3½c to 4c, and the rough and half-fatted beasts, which constituted the greater part of the offerings to-day, were sold at from 2½c to 3¼c per lb. A pair of very fine bulls were sold for $160, or a trifle over 4c per lb.; several other large bulls were sold at from 3½c to 3¾c per lb. There was an active demand for good calves, but all that were moderately good were bought up before reaching the market. There was an active demand for good lambs, and prices of these were from 3¾c to 4c per lb.; mixed lots sold at from 3¼c to 3½c per lb. Fat hogs are rather dull of sale, and prices are from 5c to 5¼c per lb.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

Chicago, Dec. 26, 1.15 p.m.—Closing.—Wheat, 65¾c May. 66¾c July, 60½c Dec. Corn, 34⅝c to 34¼c Dec.; 34¼c Jan.; 38¼c May. Oats, 30¾c May. Pork, $12.37½ Dec. and January; $12.58½ May. Lard, $8.10 Dec.; $7.87½ Jan.; $7.65 July. Short ribs $6.40 Dec. and Jany.; $6.47½ May. Closing cash prices—wheat, 60½c; corn, 34⅝c; Oats, 27¾c; pork, $12.40; lard, $8.10; short ribs, $6.40.

Milwaukee, Dec. 26, 1.15 p.m., closing prices—Wheat, quiet, 58¼c Dec.; 62¾c May.

New York, Dec. 26, 2.15 p.m.—Closing—Wheat 66½c Dec.; 66¼c Jan.; 68¾c March; 71c May. Corn, 42⅜c Dec.; 42½c Jan.; 42⅞c Feb.; 43½c March; 44¼c May. Oats, 33⅝c Dec.; 33¼c Jan.; 33⅝c March.

Duluth Dec. 26, 1.15 p.m.—Closing, wheat, No. 1 hard, 61¼c Dec.; 63¼c May; No. 1 Northern, 60c Dec.; 63⅝c May.

Toledo, Dec. 26, 1.15 p.m.—Closing, wheat, quiet, 60¼c Dec.; 62⅝c May; corn, dull, 37c Dec.; 38⅝c May; oats, 29c Dec.

MONTREAL STOCKS IN STORE.

	Dec. 23, 1893.	Dec. 16, 1893.	Dec. 24, 1892.
Wheat, bush	615,882	615,882	482,454
Corn, bush	1,176	2,021	14,597
Peas, bush	82,929	95,335	236,918
Oats, bush	85,379	88,191	221,815
Barley, bush	52,669	46,858	77,295
Rye, bush	37,397	36,708	12,455
Buckwheat, bush	2,879	3,810	
Flour, bbls	46,673	48,243	40,321
Meal, bbls	294	294	129

MONTREAL STOCK YARDS COMPANY.

The receipts of live stock at the yards of the Montreal Stock Yards Company, Point St. Charles, for the week ending Dec. 23, 1893, were as follows:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Calves.
Left over from previous week	30	....	....	....
Total for week	684	1429	719	33
Left on hand	44	....	....	....

The offerings of cattle for the Christmas market were small and met with a good demand. Sheep and lambs, receipts larger but prices unchanged. Light supply of hogs and prices firmer. Calves scarce.

We quote the following as being fair values:—

Cattle—Export		to	....
" Extra	good	4¼c to	5c
" "	medium	3½c to	4c
" "	calls	2½c to	3c
Lambs		$3.25 to	$3.50
Hogs		$5.25 to	$5.50
Calves		$5.00 to	$12.00

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

WEST END MARKET.

(Reported by the Montreal Horse Exchange, Point St. Charles.)

The receipts of horses at these stables for week ending Dec. 23, 1893, were 81; left over from previous week, 46; total for week, 127; shipped during week, 25; left for city, 45; sales for week, 14; on hand for sale, 46. The horse trade at these stables for week was better than that of last. There was considerable enquiry and 14 horses were sold at fair prices. We have on hand for sale 45, comprising heavy and medium draught, choice drivers, saddle and coach horses, with one car to arrive early in the week.

THE MANITOBA WHEAT MARKET.

The local situation has been very dull this week. There has been a rapid decline in the movement eastward since the close of shipments by water. For the week ended Dec. 9, receipts at Fort William were only 180,358 bushels. Shipments were 79,386 bushels. No all-rail shipments east are being made since the close of navigation, and the little moving is going into winter storage. Stocks in store at Lake Superior (Fort William and Port Arthur) on Dec. 9 were 1,226,490, being an increase of 101,972 bushels. The final official Manitoba crop bulletin, published this week, places the wheat crop yield at 15.56 bushels per acre, or a total crop yield of 15,615,923 bushels for the province, which is about 3,-700,000 bushels less than the estimate made in the August bulletin. In Manitoba country market deliveries have continued very light, partly perhaps on account of cold, rough weather. There is little or no business doing and values are nominal, the idea being about 58c to 58¼c for cash No. 1 hard on track at Fort William, and 65c to 65½c for May delivery afloat. Prices to farmers in Manitoba country markets vary from 40c to 45c per bushel for No. 1 hard, according to local influences.—The Winnipeg 'Commercial.'

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

Edinburgh, Dec. 11.—Messrs. John Swan & Sons' weekly report says:—Supplies of fat cattle have been about the same as last week. With better weather for slaughtering and clearer meat markets trade in Edinburgh was sharper and prices advanced 20s a head but in Glasgow the demand was slower, with a stiff finish. Bulls and cows made more money. Fat sheep have been shown in rather larger numbers, trade for which was firm at quite previous prices. Fat calves were a remarkably good show, and realized high prices. Pigs in fair numbers, and made slightly lower prices. There were small supplies of store stock on offer. The demand for cattle was slightly better at fully as good prices as the previous week. Milk cows a fair show, and they were in active demand at rather more money. Best beef, 8s to 8s 3d per stone; secondary, 7s 6d per stone. Best mutton, 7¼d to 7¾d per lb.; secondary, 6d to 7d per lb.

Salford, Dec. 13.—Larger supply of cattle and sheep yesterday. Choice quality of both in good demand at better prices, but inferior dull at late rates. More calves, and a few of the best made more money, but all others late prices. Cattle, 5d to 6¼d per lb; sheep, 6d to 6¼d; calves, 5d to 7¼d. Cattle, 3,032; sheep, 6,175; calves, 172.

Liverpool, Dec. 11.—Beasts, 2,925; sheep, 6,345. Best beast, Scotch, 7d; second, 5¼d; third, 4¼d. Best Scotch sheep, 8d; other sorts, 6¼d, 7¼d. Increase of 397 beasts, and increase of 1,939 sheep. Fair demand for all classes at about late rates.

BUTTER.

Cork, Dec. 12.—Ordinary—Firsts, 125s; seconds, 111s; thirds, 93; fourths, 83s. Kegs—Seconds, 106s. Mild-cured firkins—Superfine, 127s; fine, 111s; mild, 94s. In market—172 firkins, 6 kegs, 55 mild.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.

Bacon.—There has been very little demand this week, either for immediate or forward delivery and holders are anxious sellers. Prices are quotably lower on the week about 2s to 3s per cwt., and the tendency is downwards. We quote choice Staffordshire lean on and Birmingham cuts, 33 to 40 lbs., 46s to 47s 6d: New York or clear Staffords lean-off, 40 to 50 lbs., 45s 6d to 46s 6d; Cumberland cut, 25 to 35 lbs., 46s to 47s; clear bellies, 14 to 18 lbs., 50s to 55s; rib-in bellies, 50s to 55s; Short middles, rib-in, scarce, 25 to 28 lbs., 48s to 51s; short clear backs, 18 to 20 lbs., 46s to 47s; long fat backs, 35s to 39s 6d; long clear middles, 45 lbs., 46s to 47s; 55 lbs., 46s; short clear middles, 55 lbs., 45s to 46s; shoulders 1s to 2s lower, square cut, 12 to 18 lbs., 39s to 42s; New York cut, 10 to 12 lbs., 38s to 39s per cwt.

Hams.—There is no improvement in the demand, and all descriptions have declined about 1s to 2s per cwt. on the week. We quote Choice Light Long Cut 10 to 12 lbs. scarce, and worth 60s to 62s; 14 to 17 lbs. offered at 42s to 43s; Short Cut and A C. light weights 12 to 18 lbs., are steady at 47s to 49s, but 14 to 17 lbs. are offered at 43s to 46s per cwt.

Beef.—Quotations for Extra India Mess remain nominally at 100s to 115s per 304 lbs., but there is very little stock to be had.

Pork is dull, though stocks are light, and a slight reduction in price is quoted. Finest Prime Mess 80s to 85s per 200 lbs.

Lard.—There has been a rather better enquiry, but importers being anxious, sellers have accepted a decline of about 2s per cwt. Prime Western, in tierces, is offered at 48s 6d to 49s per cwt.

Cheese is without any material alteration this week. There has been a steady country consumptive demand for choice Fall make, holders being very firm at fully last week's quotations. We quote to-day Finest September-October make, Colored or White, at 55s 6d to 56s per cwt. Mediums between 42s to 43s are scarce and wanted, but low strong common grades from 5s to 15s are quite neglected.

Butter is dull, there being only a small trade passing in Finest American and Canadian Creamery at 110s to 118s per cwt., and qualities under this class at 85s to 90s. We quote Irish Butter—Cork Firsts, 121s per cwt.; Seconds, 112s; Thirds, 95s and Fourths, 81s.

Flour and Wheat.—These markets have maintained the firmness noted last week. A good business has been done in Wheat at a general advance of 1d per cental and also Flour at slightly improved prices over last week. Indian Corn is unchanged in value with a moderate business passing. We quote to-day Canadian White Wheat, 5s 2d to 5s 3d per 100 lbs.; Canadian Red, 5s 3d to 5s 5d; American Red, 5s 4d to 5s 9d; Spring, (none offering); Californian, 5s 6d to 5s 7d; Bombay White 5s 3d to 5s 8d. Flour—Extra States and Canadian, 19s to 21s per 280 lbs. Patent, 21s to 23s. Indian corn (mixed) 4s 2d to 5s 3d per 100 lbs. Canadian Peas, 5s 2d to 5s 3d per 100 lbs.—Hodgson Bros.', Liverpool, Dec. 16, 1893.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 23.—Beeves: Receipts, only three cars, or 56 head—two cars for a west-side slaughterer and a single car to be sold. No trading whatever in live cattle. Very little enquiry is reported for dressed beef. Poor to choice native sides were selling this morning at 6½c to 9c per lb., while a little fancy beef was held as high as 9½c and 10. Exports to European markets to-day were 1,103 beeves and 3,500 quarters of beef. Latest cable advices from London and Liverpool quote American refrigerator beef higher at scant 9c per lb. and American steers firm at 10½c to 12c per lb., dressed weight.

Sheep and Lambs.—To-day's arrivals, 6 car loads, or 1,176 head, including 2 carloads, direct to a slaughtering firm. Counting the 28 carloads unsold yesterday, 32 carloads were on sale. It was not a question of prices to-day. Butchers now have more stock than they can sell and there was no inquiry for sheep or lambs. Two and a half carloads of good to prime Western sheep at $3 to $3.50 per 100 lb., and 4 carloads of Western and Canada lambs (good to choice), at $4.37½ to $4.80, constituted the day's total business. These were bought purely on speculation and remained in the selling pens as there was no room for them in the overcrowded slaughter-houses of their purchasers. The prices received were fully ¼c per lb. lower than the ruling figures of yesterday.

Hogs.—Receipts, 19 carloads, or 3,210 head—all consigned to slaughterers. Nominally unchanged at $5.45 to $6 per 100 lb.

THE CHEESE MARKETS.

Ingersoll, Ont., Dec. 25.—There is still no change in the Ingersoll market. The attendance was small on Tuesday, and only 5,899 boxes were offered, the price bid was 11c, but salesmen are still holding for 11¾c.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, Dec. 26.—Market quiet. We quote—Straight roller, $2.75 to $2.80; extra, $2.50 to $2.75; white wheat 56c; spring, No. 2, 57c; red winter, 56c; goose, 54c; No. 1 Man. hard, 73c; do. No. 2, 70c; do. No. 3, 66c; peas, No. 2, 51c to 51½c; barley, No. 1, 41c; feed, 35c to 37½c; oats, No. 2, 29½c to 30c. Sales, straight roller, Toronto freights, $2.72; peas, outside, at 51c; oats, outside, at 30.

INGERSOLL MARKET.

Ingersoll, Ont., Dec. 23.—White wheat, 56c to 59c per bushel; red fall wheat, 56c to 59c per bushel; spring wheat, 56c to 59c per bushel; barley, 40c to 43c per bushel; peas, 52c to 55c per bushel; oats, 31c to 32c per bushel; bran, $14 to $16 per ton; shorts, $15 to $17 per ton; potatoes, 70c to 80c per bag; onions, $1 do.; live hogs, $4.85 to $4.90 per cwt.; flour, $1.75 per cwt; oatmeal, $2.50 to $3 per cwt.; cornmeal, $2.50 to $3 per cwt.; apples, 75c to 90c per bag; butter, 23c to 25c per lb.; eggs, 18c to 20c per doz.; hay, $8 to $8 50 per ton; hides, $2.00 to $3 per cwt.; wool, 17c to 18c per lb.; lard, 13c to 15c per lb.

GUELPH MARKETS.

Guelph, Ont., Dec. 23.—Flour, roller, $1.60 to $1.85; fall wheat, 57c to 59c; spring wheat, 52c to 53c; Bran, 12c; Middlings, 16c; shorts, 14c; barley, 40c to 45c; oats, 30c to 31c; rye, 50c to 55c; peas, 50c to 53c; hay, $6.50 to $7.50; eggs, 21c to 22c; butter, 22c to 24c; potatoes, per bag, 40 to 50c; pork, $5.75 to $6.00; sheepskins, 50c to 75c; hides, $3 to $4; turnips, 8c to 9c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A PETERBORO MIRACLE.

BROUGHT BACK FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

A YOUNG GIRL'S WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE—SICKLY FROM FOUR MONTHS OF AGE—HER PARENTS DID NOT THINK SHE WOULD LIVE A MONTH—NOW A PICTURE OF HEALTH—A MARVELLOUS CASE.

(From the Peterboro 'Examiner.')

To be dragged to the edge of the grave in the grasp of dread disease is an experience that comes once to all, but to contemplate entering the grave and mingling with its dust, to have, even in hope, bidden good-by to life and all its sweetness, and then to be snatched from the brink of the grave and to be restored to health, strength and happiness, is an experience that few enjoy. We hear and read of such cases so well attested that doubt finds small space for its exercise, but heretofore no case has, until now, come under our notice in Peterborough with such directness as to 'make assurance doubly sure.' Such a case, however, exists.

Many persons have heard of the illness of Miss Amelie Ranger, who lives with her parents, at 19 Parnell street. She was brought down to the very gates of death and was restored to perfect health when all human aid seemed to be unavailing. Her miraculous cure excited so much comment that a representative of the 'Examiner' was detailed to obtain the particulars, and the result of the investigation is to verify the reports that have been current. On calling at Mr. Ranger's house, the reporter was met at the door by a bright-eyed, healthy looking young girl who readily consented to give the particulars of her illness and cure. She remarked that her mother was absent in Montreal on a visit, and added with no little pride that she was keeping house and doing all the work, a thing that would have been impossible a year or so ago, as she was then so ill that instead of taking care of the house she needed constant attention herself.

'I have been sickly from the time I was four months old,' she said, 'and as I grew up, the weakness and ill-health became more pronounced. My blood was said to have turned watery. I was weak, pale and dull, and could do nothing but suffer. Nothing the doctors did for me was of any use and I grew worse and worse. Father spent a farm on me, but it was of no avail, and father and mother gave me up and felt that I was going to die. I expected to die myself. I had no blood, I was as pale as a corpse and so weak I could hardly walk. My heart also gave me very much trouble, and if I lifted my hands, my heart would jump until I thought I would die. About two years ago we heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and got a box, but as they did not seem to do me much good I didn't take any more at the time, but as I got worse and the doctor could do nothing for me, I determined to try the Pink Pills once more, this time I made up my mind that I would give them a fair trial. I got eight boxes and before the third box was done I felt better and my appetite was better. I kept on taking the pills until I had taken the eight boxes, and all the time kept growing stronger and stronger. My color returned, my heart trouble left me and my appetite was better than it had ever been before. Now I can do any work about the house, and feel strong and well all the time. It is a great change since last July, when I could scarcely walk across the floor without falling. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going to the grave, and I am very thankful I took them.'

There was no doubting the honesty of her conviction that Pink Pills saved her life. A younger sister corroborated what was said, remarking, 'when Amelia was so bad last spring, she was so pale she was almost green, and mother did not think she would live a month.'

In evidence of the dangerously ill condition of Miss Ranger, a couple of neighbors were seen. Mrs. Tromblay said the girl was very ill, and her friends did not expect her to recover, and she had been cured by the use of Pink Pills. Another lady present also bore testimony to the hopelessly ill condition of Miss Ranger, a few months ago.

The remarkable and gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Ranger, show that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous

'THE COPPERHEAD.'

WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF IT.

THE 'WITNESS'S' NEW STORY BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

A ROMANCE OF THE REBELLION.

(New York 'Sun.')

'The Copperhead' reads so truthfully that the lad who tells his story seems to have actual existence. As an episode of war times, Mr. Harold Frederic has selected a certain period, the outbreak of the contest, and peopled it with actors who talk as if they were taken from life. To-day we forget what were the passions which burned so fiercely, and that it was not in the cities alone, but in the remote villages and in distant counties, that party feeling was at fever heat.

Abner Beech is the type of an American farmer, who, having much English blood in his veins, thinking he is in the right, would rather die than change his opinions. M'rye, his wife, is of mixed Dutch stock, maybe has a streak of Mohawk in her composition. Jee Hagadorn is the uncompromising fanatic, in religion and politics, who sets the small rural community at loggerheads. Hagadorn has done his best to ruin Beech, and believes it is his mission to do so. Jee's two children, Ni and Esther, are not of his child, though they are on the side of the North. Jeff, Beech's only son, much to his father's disgust, loves Esther, and, what is more, enlists. Then Antietam's bloody fight takes place, and Jeff is among the missing. Abner, the father, though his soul is racked, shows no sign of grief, but the mother cannot hide her sorrow. It is Ni who goes South to track Jeff Beech. Mr. Harold Frederic produces his effects in the simplest way, and the simplest ones are the truest ones. As a short story, 'The Copperhead' is perfect, commendable for its terseness and vigor.

It is a page of American history, written without exaggeration, and complete within itself.

FORCIBLE AND TRUE.

(Milwaukee 'Sentinel.')

The study of a country community in Northern New York is accurate and thorough. The cast-iron convictions, the narrow horizon, the atmosphere electrical with ante-bellum excitement, reproduce with vivid earnestness the merits of a controversy long set within the boundary of settled issues. That is a capital full-length of Abner Beech, strong, dignified, almost scriptural figure of a man, bringing home the first volume of Theodore Parker's anti-slavery addresses. 'In the evening he read it, or as far into it as his temper would permit, beating the table with his huge fist from time to time, snorting with wrathful amazement. At last he sprang to his feet, marched over to the wood-stove, kicked the door open with his boot, and thrust the offending print into the blaze.' That it should be his son that enlists on the Union side furnishes the natural tragedy of the story. Abner Beech is a powerful portrait, full of coarse strength and veracity.

But the sidelights thrown upon his character through his relations with the minor personages are judiciously managed, and the refraction of his views through the transparent medium of a child's mind, reflected with the complete, unreasoning acceptance of inexperience, is an effect as novel as well devised. Mr. Frederic's is an unhackneyed topic, it is presented with an artist's faculty for selection, and is forcibie and true.

FORCIBLE AND DRAMATIC.

(Charleston 'Courier.')

Mr. Harold Frederic's new story is one of the best that he has written, and is altogether an exceedingly meritorious piece of work. It is brief, forcible and dramatic, both in its situations and its characters, and the reader whom it fails to interest must be 'blase' beyond hope of cure. The figure of old Abner Beech, 'The Copperhead' farmer of the Mohawk Valley, who could not tolerate the Abolitionists, and who looked upon the war against the South as a shameful sacrifice of white men to the negroes, is a very expressive one; and this novel is, so far as we know, the first attempt that has been made in fiction to paint a type of character and of opinion which was very much more prevalent at the time than most Northern writers admit. The story is extremely well told, and there is absolutely no padding in the book. It ought to advance Mr. Frederic's reputation as a novelist very decidedly.

THE JUNIOR HOWELLS.

(Cincinnati 'Commercial Gazette.')

'The Copperhead' is a valuable contribution to the literature of the war. It describes with the force of knowledge the feelings and passions engendered by the war in a quiet, secluded village of the North, far away from the scenes of conflict and centres of strife. The struggles of an abolitionist who dep.. cated the shedding of blood while he worshipped Wendell Phillips are told with realism and fine feeling. The plot is simple enough. The novel is chiefly interesting because of its accurate description of the emotions and passions of the war, little of which comes to us in literature. In setting down this true transcript of life of those eventful days, Mr. Frederic has performed a valuable work. All of us know the history of the war, but it is given only to those who took an active part in it, at home and afield, to know the moving passions of the people of that day. This Mr. Frederic has written, in the style that has made for him the name of being 'the junior Howells.' The novel is not only worth reading, but worth studying.

It is a vivid, strong dramatic sketch of New England country life in abolition days, and the figure of Abner Beech, the stiff-necked, but high-principled farmer, with copperhead sympathies, is fine character drawing. Mr. Frederic's journalistic experience stands him in good stead in making this tale sinewy and lively, while it has genuine literary charm also. It teaches history in the most attractive of ways and should be read by young and old.—Hartford, Conn., 'Courant.'

Realism still more unrelieved than in the case of Mr. Howells, but it portrays a type and set of conditions of great historical and social interest so we may hardly make of its fidelity to matter-of-fact a reproach.—New York 'Deal.'

* * * It is, however, a strong, pleasing, well-savored story of a dramatic character in a dramatic age of our country's development. Mr. Frederic is writing good, masterful, American work, and may he continue!—New York 'Recorder.'

Mr. Harold Frederic's excellent and powerful story, 'The Copperhead.' * * * The force, originality, and strong but discreet dramatic intensity of the novel, as well as the vividness of its local color, give it a distinction that lifts it far above the average fiction of the period, and stamp its author as a thorough artist in his chaft.'—Boston 'Globe.'

As in the case of his former successful novels, the scene of Mr. Frederic's new story is laid in the Mohawk Valley, the people whom he knows so thoroughly, and whose characteristics he portrays with marked vividness and dramatic intensity.—Albany, N.Y., 'Journal.'

An ideal American novel. Brief in compass, it has a valuable central idea, excellent local color, and pictures people with not merely photographic fidelity, but with artistic touch. * * * Developed with rare fidelity and power. —Pittsburg, Pa., 'Chronicle.'

Told in the words of a boy and we fancy the author has put not a little autobiography into the narrative. The story is so naturally and unaffectedly told that it is difficult to believe it entirely 'made up.'—New York 'Deal.'

A new story of the people. Mr. Frederic knows so well and portrays with such vividness and dramatic intensity.—Toledo 'Bee.'

A spirited sketch. * * * A faithful and picturesque description of a New York village community in the war time. —San Francisco 'Chronicle.'

Charmingly shows a thrilling phase of rural life in the stirring times of the civil war.—New Orleans 'Daily Picayune.'

Has all the hard touches of a photograph, but a wonderful reality.—Baltimore 'Sun.'

The old Copperhead is drawn with vigor and fidelity.—'Public Opinion.'

A very attractive figure.—Pittsburg 'Bulletin.'

A stirring story.—St. Paul 'Pioneer Press.'

A pleasant story, well written.—Portland 'Evening Press.'

Passions burned fiercely then. * * * An agreeable ending is seen.—Chicago 'Herald.'

Mr Frederic's book is illuminating.—Providence 'Journal.'

DECEMBER RENEWALS.

Our subscribers whose subscriptions will terminate on Dec. 31, are reminded that the end of the year is very near, and one of the first duties is to secure the weekly visit of the 'Witness' during 1894.

OUR PREMIUMS.

The premium knives, silverware and books are in demand with the workers for the 'Witness' and are giving great satisfaction to all who have earned them. Intending canvassers will do well to start at once, for there is every sign of a 'rush' and 'first come first served' is the rule. When the letters come in by the hundreds it is very easy to understand that all cannot be served at once and delays will occur, so a word to the wise is sufficient, and that is, send in early.

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Notices of births, marriages and deaths must invariably be endorsed with the name and address of the sender, or otherwise no notice can be taken of them. Birth notices are inserted for 25c, marriage notices for 50c, death notices for 25c prepaid. When announcement of funeral, extended obituary or verses accompany such notice further charge will be made. Notices received from annual subscribers inserted free.

BIRTHS.

AIRD—In this city, at 101 St. Urbain street, on the 8th instant, the wife of James M. Aird, of a son. 19

ALLAN—At 90 Durocher st., on the 17th inst. the wife of David W. Allan, of a son. 20

CAMERON—In this city, on Dec. 12, at 107 Hutchison street, the wife of Allan Cameron, of a son. 18

COBBLEDICK—On Dec. 16, 1893, at the Methodist parsonage, Brussels, Ont., the wife of the Rev. G. H. Cobbledick, B.D., of a son. 20

MALTBY—On the 14th inst., at 8 Lincoln avenue, the wife of Charles L. Maltby, of a daughter. 22

MASTERTON—At Mille Roches, Ont., on the 12th instant, the wife of G. H. Masterton, of a daughter. 22

SOLANDT—At the Congregational Parsonage, East Berkshire, Vt., the wife of the Rev. A. P. Solandt, of a son. 22

LOGAN—At Howick, P.Q., on Dec. 9, 1893, the wife of Thomas Logan, of a son. 18

WOODS—On the 16th December, 1893, the wife of Mr. Alex. Woods, of a daughter. 16

MARRIED.

BLAIR—HUNT—On Dec. 20, 1893, at Gardiner, Maine, by the Rev. A. T. Ringold, James, son of John Blair, Esq., Montreal, to Lucy A., youngest daughter of John A. Hunt, Esq., Gardiner. 22

CRANE—CRAVEN—On Wednesday, Dec. 13, at Olivet Baptist Church, by the pastor, Rev. W. B. Hinson, Frederick E. Crane, of Brooklyn, N.Y., to May Gertrude, youngest daughter of W. J. Craven.
Brooklyn and New York papers please copy. 16

CAMPBELL—KENNEDY—At Osgoode, Dec. 13, by the Rev. D. G. S. Connery, M.A., of Winchester, Ronald Campbell, of Dunvegan, to Kate Kennedy, of Osgoode. 18

CARRUTHERS—PRATT—At the residence of Arch. Johnston, Esq., Perth, by the Rev. H. Scott, M.A., on Wednesday, the 13th instant, Mr. Andrew C. Carruthers, of Cobourg, to Miss Kate Pratt, of Perth. 20

CAVANAGH—CLARK—On the 13th instant, at Lombardy, Ont., by the Rev. W. W. Weese, George Cavanagh, Esq., to Miss Maria Clark, both of Frankville, Leeds Co., Ont. 20

DERBYSHIRE—BROWN—At the Methodist parsonage, Athens, Ont., on Dec. 13, 1893, by the Rev. John Grenfell, Mr. Wing A. Derbyshire, son of Isaac Derbyshire, Esq., of Phillipsville, Leeds County, to Miss Lenna V. Brown, daughter of Delorma Brown, Esq., of Phillipsville, County of Leeds, Ont. 18

DONNELLY—BRAWLEY—On Monday, Dec. 18, at the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D.C., by the Rev. J. Thomson Cole, Sarah Brawley to Thomas Donnelly, of Montreal. 21

GRANT—GRANT—At the residence of the bride's uncle, 110 Bellevue avenue, Toronto, on Dec. 15th, 1893, by the Rev. W. A. Hunter, M.A., Erskine Presbyterian Church, Allan Grant, Esq., Frenchman Valley, Imperial, Neb., to Anna Bella Grant, eldest daughter of Wm. Grant, Esq., Grantown, Scotland. 18

GAGE—McGILL—At the residence of the Rev. S. D. Chown, pastor of Sherbrooke St. Methodist Church, Montreal, on December 10, 1893, James Gage, of Norfolk, England, to Mary Jane Etta McGill, of Osnabruck.
English papers please copy. 18

GOWLING — KENNEDY — At St. James Church, Hudson, Que., on Monday, Dec. 18, 1893, by the Rev. Mr. Wright, John, youngest son of James Gowling, of Mount Victoria, to Ellen Kennedy, of London, Eng.
English papers please copy. 20

HARRINGTON—WERT—On the 13th Dec., at the residence of Edgar Wert, Esq., of Osnabruck, Ont., brother to the bride, by the Rev. Geo. C. Wood, assisted by the Rev. Samuel Quinn, Mr. James Harrington, of Russell, Ont., to Miss Acie Wert, of Osnabruck, Ont. 16

LYLE—ANDISON—By the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6, 1893, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. William Lyle, of North Elmsley, to Miss Annabella, only daughter of Henry Andison, Esq., of Drummond. 20

MALTBY—GOLD—On Thursday evening, Dec. 21, 1893, at the Church of the New Jerusalem, by the Rev. E. Gould, Herbert Lassey Maltby, to Mattie M. Gold, daughter of John Gold, Esq., of Melbourne, Que. No cards.

McCALLUM — McDERMID — At the manse, Maxville, Dec. 13, by the Rev. James Cormack, William McCallum, of the Township of Charlottenburgh, to Catherine H. McDermid, of the same place. 16

MACGREGOR—TRUE—On the 13th instant, at St. John's Church, Hallerton, by the Rev. T. B. Jenkins, Chandler MacGregor, to Evelyn Amanda, youngest daughter of Mr. Hugh True, Hallerton, P.Q. 19

REDDY—LOUSON—On Dec. 20, 1893, at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, by the rector, the Rev. Canon Ellegood, Herbert Lionel Reddy, M.D., to Amy Caroline, daughter of W. J. T. Louson, Esq. 21

ROWAT—CHAPLIN—On Dec. 12, by the Rev. W. Herray, B.D., at the manse, Ottawa, William Rowat, formerly of the Scotch line, now of Long Island, to Mrs. Chaplin, formerly of the third line, Bathurst, now of Manotick.
Glasgow, Scotland, papers please copy. 16

STANTON—SCOVILLE—At the manse, in Kemptville, on Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1893, by the Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, Mr. W. T. Stanton, of Crosby Co., Leeds, to Miss Maggie Rosinda Scoville, of Oxford Mills, County Grenville. 22

SANDERSON—WOODINGTON—At Toronto, on December 7, 1893, by the Rev. A. H. Baldwin, of All Saints' Church, George Sanderson, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late W. Woodington, of Quebec. 18

SHIPMAN—JOHNSON—At the residence of the bride's father, on Dec. 13, 1893, by the Rev. John Grenfell, Mr. Joel A. Shipman, son of Luther M. Shipman, Esq., of the Township of Yonge (near Lyn), County of Leeds, Ont., to Miss Macey E. Johnson, daughter of Charles Johnson, Esq., of the Township of Yonge (near Elbe), County of Leeds, Ont. 18

THOMPSON—BAILEY—at the residence of the bride's father, on Dec. 13, 1893, by the Rev. J. M. Whitelaw, B.D., William Thompson, of Sawyerville, to Christina Cromwell Bailey, of Kinnear's Mills, P.Q. 16

DIED.

APPLETON—On the 20th of December, at his residence, 132 St. Denis street, of pneumonia, James Appleton, aged 40 years.

ANTHONY—At 6 a.m., on Dec. 18, '93, Jas. Anthony, aged 54 years and 4 months, foreman G.T.R., a native of Montrose, Scotland, and an employee of the G.T.R. for the last 39 years.

AUSTIN—Henry William Austin, late Chief Justice of the Bahamas, at 1 a.m., on Saturday, the 16th instant, aged 68 years.
English papers please copy. 16

BRODIE—At Verdun, on Dec. 18th, James eldest son of John Brodie, aged 24 years and 10 months.

BRODIE—At his residence, St. Henri, on the evening of the 18th instant, William Brodie, only brother of Hugh Brodie, notary public, of this city, aged 49 years and 8 days.

CONNOLLY—In this city, on Dec. 22, 1893, William Connolly, a native of Coriegny, Belturbet, County Cavan, Ireland, aged 53 years.
Denver, Colorado, papers please copy. 22

DERY—On Dec. 14, 1893, Marie Louise Elodia, aged 18 years and 8 months, beloved daughter of Pierre Dery, proprietor of Quebec Hotel, Bridge street, Quebec. 16

DURKIN—On the morning of Dec. 14, 1893, at the residence of her son, John Durkin, of the Crown Lands Department, Toronto, Mrs. Patrick Durkin, aged 78 years, native of Navan, Ireland, being a resident of Quebec city for fifty years.

DRUMMOND — In this city, John Stewart Drummond, engineer, on Saturday, Dec. 16th, aged 50 years.
Melbourne, Australia, papers please copy. 18

ELLIOTT—At Boston, Mass, on Dec. 14th, 1893, Elizabeth Tiffin, wife of the late John Elliott, Esq., late of Montreal.

ENGLISH—On Dec. 12, 1893, at 133 Laval avenue, John, aged 27 years, fourth son of John English, of Kilkenny, Que. 20

HODGSON—At 82 Bloor street west, Toronto, on Dec. 17, 1893, Sarah Eastwood, aged 72 years, relict of the late James Hodgson, and mother of J. E. Hodgson, Inspector of High Schools. 20

FREUND—At Mannheim, Germany, on Dec. 16, Adelheid Freund, beloved mother of Mrs. S. Fischel, of this city. 18

HOUSE—At Franklin Centre, Dec. 18, 1893, Mrs. Charlotte Melentha Hoyles, wife of the late John House, and mother of Mrs. A. M. Hain, aged 89 years, 10 months and 5 days. 21

HECKLINGER—In this city, on the 16th inst., of pneumonia, Charles Arthur, the youngest son of Henry Hecklinger, aged 15 months and 18 days.

JONES—At Strong's private hospital, on Saturday, the 16th instant, Charlotte Lindsay, youngest daughter of the late John Jones, Esq., of Quebec.

JACKSON—At her late residence, Stonefield, Eldon, Ont., Elizabeth Niven, in her 83rd year, widow of the late John Jackson, late of Lochilphead, Argyleshire, Scotland.
Edinburgh and Argyleshire, Scotland, papers please copy. 20

LEFEBVRE—In this city, on Saturday, Dec. 16, 1893, at the age of 67 years and 8 months, Marie Salomee Lessard, beloved wife of Michel Lefebvre, Esq., Vinegar Manufacturer.

LECKIE—At Londonderry, N.S., on Dec. 14, 1893 Sarah J., beloved wife of Mr. W. G. Leckie, manager of the Londonderry Iron Mines, and daughter of the late Rev. John Edwards, formerly of the Ottawa Valley. 19

PENTLAND—At Birtle, Manitoba, on Dec. 12, 1893, William George Pentland, Dominion Lands Agent, late of Cobourg, Ont., aged 77. 16

MATTHEWS—In Tweed, Dec. 7, Elizabeth Morton Matthews, widow of the late John Matthews, in her 77th year.
Her end was peace. 16

MURPHY—In this city, on Tuesday, Dec. 19, Ann Kearns, in her 75th year, youngest daughter of the late Dr. James Kearns, niece of the late Rev. Father Kearns, and widow of Patrick Murphy, tailor, native County Wexford, Ireland, and one of the oldest residents ofr St. Ann's Parish.

MOORE—On the 16th instant, at her late residence, 281 Seigneurs street, Margaret Moore, aged 52, widow of the late Wm. Hoole.

MACDOUGALL — In this city, on Sunday morning, the 17th instant, at the age of 79, William Macdougall, formerly wholesale dry goods merchant.
Inverness (Scotland) papers please copy. 18

MORRIS—At 79 Britannia street, on the 21st instant, of scarlet fever, Frederick George, infant son of J. W. Morris.

McNAUGHTON—At Vicars, P.Q., on Dec. 16, Ann Cameron, widow of the late Donald McNaughton, native of Lochaber, Inverness-shire, Scotland, in the 94th year of her age.

McGILLIS—At Los Angeles, California, U.S., Dec. 8, Eliza Caldwell, wife of the late John McGillis, Esq., (late Laird of Williamstown, Glengarry, Ont., and beloved mother of Robert and John C. McGillis.

McSHANE—Suddenly, at his residence, 374 Napoleon road, of heart disease, Mr. Michael McShane, aged 61 years.

MUIRHEAD—In this city, on the 18th inst., at 428 St. Dominique street, Stuart Muirhead, a native of County Monaghan, Ireland, in his 87th year. Father of Mr. S. Muirhead, general secretary of the S.S. Union of the Province of Quebec.

McLENNAN—At Montreal, suddenly, on Dec. 18, 1893, John McLennan, Esq., of Lancaster Ont., in his 73rd year.

MOHR—At Quebec, on Dec. 15, 1893, Sigismund Mohr, aged 67 years. 18

O'HARA—In this city, on the 20th instant, of pneumonia, James O'Hara, aged 42 years.

O'NEIL—At Quebec, on Dec. 17, 1893, John O'Neil, employee of the Culiers' Office, aged 74 years, a native of Clonmel, County Tipperary, Ireland, and for the past sixty years a resident of Quebec. 20

PALLISER—At Morris, Man., on the 17th instant, Thomas Palliser, late of Lachute, Que., of paralysis, in the 79th year of his age. 21

PARKER—On the 16th instant., Margaret Parker, mother of Wm. Armstrong, undertaker, aged 72 years.

SCOTT—At St. Laurent, on the 21st instant, Barbara Peden, widow of the late John Scott, aged 88 years.

SCOTT—At Quebec, on Dec. 15, 1893, Charles Armstrong Scott, C.E., General Manager Lower Laurentian Railway, aged 53 years. 18

SCOTT—In this city, on the 19th instant, in the 77th year of her age, Rebecca McConkey, widow of the late George Scott, confectioner, formerly of Quebec.

TAYLOR—At Eastbourn, Sussex, Eng., on the 14th instant, Mary Redpath, widow of the late Thomas M. Taylor, Esq., in her 70th year. 15

TOURJE—At Cobourg, Ont., on Dec. 16, 1893, Sarah Clark, relict of the late Wm. Tourje aged 82 years and 10 months. 20

WHYTE—On Friday, the 15th inst., James Whyte, formerly of the 'Greenlaw,' Paisley, Scotland, in his 69th year.

WOODS—At his residence, 49 McGill College avenue, on the 15th instant, Robert Woods, aged 86 years.

Those sending notices for the above column may send with them a list of names of interested friends. Marked copies of the "Witness" containing such notice will be sent free to any address in Canada, Montreal excepted.

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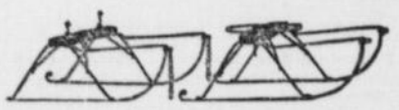

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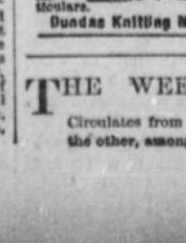

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Montreal, 4th December, 1893.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed 'Editor of the "Witness."'