



THROUGH A WOODEN WALL.

BY MISSA STREETON, AUTHOR OF "THE SIBS' FIRST PRAYER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Herford was one of the little sea-board parishes which encircled England; each one containing its small, grey, stone-towered church, perched on a crag overgrown with ivy and moss, or built low down on the shore, with the moan of the sea sounding incessantly round the graves of the dead.

In every season of the year the flowers were to be found in Herford, for the valley lay open to the south, and the soft-mild south wind alone could breathe freely along it. There was neither biting cold in winter, nor scorching heat in summer; and the noisy, narrow rivulet, which sang and played all down its winding curves, was never parched up by drought, and but seldom overflowed its deep banks.

The whole parish, almost to a single field, was the property of one landowner, old Richard Herford, of Herford Court, whose ancestors had dwelt there for many generations, gradually rising from the position of farmer to that of gentleman, and as gradually adding field to field, until the whole of the parish, with a small living attached to it, had come into their hands. The old man now in possession was past eighty. He had been cast in a somewhat rougher mould than his immediate forefathers, and, instead of taking any part in the affairs of the county, had led a homely, rustic life, fishing in his meadow, and tending his own fields, and ruling his tenants, both farmers and fishermen, with a high hand. He had not married till late in life, and when his only son and heir was born he was already sixty years of age—a strong-willed, selfish man, neither able nor willing to learn any lesson disagreeable to his egotism.

Master Dick, as he was called by all the village, grew up a boy, and a terror to the women of the place. He would not go to school, and the tutors provided for him at home found him unmanageable and incorrigible; but he was laughed at and scorned by his father, if he made any complaint against him. The boy can always be managed by me," he said.

Mrs. Herford, who was more than thirty years younger than her husband, had been a widow with one child when she married a second time. Until this marriage her life had been spent in large towns, chiefly in London, amid the bustle and stir of a populous community. She had been fascinated by the seclusion and quiet of Herford, and fancied a perpetual peace must reign there. Her husband, who was more than thirty years younger than her husband, had been a widow with one child when she married a second time.

Justly Webb, her elder boy, was ten years of age when his mother was born. He was always a thoughtful, advanced lad, prematurely wise from knocking about in the world during the homeless years of his mother's widowhood. He was old enough to feel a sharp pang of resentment at her second marriage; a step which throughout his life he never fully forgave.

But the change was not so much to his advantage to him. Old Richard Herford was not unkind to the fatherless boy, and in a rough fashion of his own he tried to make a man of him. He succeeded in training the town-bred lad into a capital sailor, and a still better farmer. The quiet, beautiful country life was all just what the boy needed, and a little else to cling to. The bright, cheerful sea, never bearing the same aspect long; the dangerous cliffs, which he soon learned to scale with the most venturesome of the village urchins; the wild slopes of the deep valley, with their delicate birch-trees and ferns and flowers, that lived all the winter through; the large, well-stocked farmstead adjoining the Court; the Court itself, with its low, wainscoted rooms, and long, dark lobbies, and high-roofed attics set in the gables—all these took almost the place of human friends, and were in his heart the strong, deep love which no one else could give him.

strong, uncurbed will came into frequent collision with the strong, uncurbed will of his aged father. Old Richard Herford grew more obstinate and tyrannical as he advanced in years, and began to sink under the infirmities of his great age. His increasing deafness and dimness of sight made him increasingly suspicious and untrusting to the other hand, and his son could not submit to any control, and it was enough for him to know that his father had forbidden a thing to cause him ardently to desire to do it. Time after time violent quarrels arose, in which Justin played the part of peacemaker, the old man being always more readily pacified than his son. But there could be no lasting peace between them. Threats were constantly handed to and fro; on the one hand of disinheritation, on the other of running away, and never more being heard of. At length young Richard put his threat into execution. When he was little over eighteen he disappeared suddenly and completely, and no enquiry or search availed to procure a solitary trace of him. Some of the fishermen whispered that he must have been seized with cramp whilst bathing, and been carried away by the tide; but there was no evidence to support this suggestion, and it did not receive a very fresh of the unseen world, commit him a fresh offence that might endanger his own welfare there; yet he could not bear to keep his bitter threats against his only son. It was a moment of fierce inward conflict with Justin also. He knew well that Richard had been disinherited, and he himself, in his place, and all his future depended upon his next word. Yet he stood there as a minister of Christ to the dying man all he would receive of Divine truth.

"On the contrary," he said distinctly and slowly, "God requires of you to forgive every one that has trespassed against you. It is your bounden duty to pardon your son."

"Ah, I do, I do!" cried the old man with a sudden burst of tears and sobs. "Oh, I forgive him! I love him! I do not upon him still, Justin! He must be my son again. I believe now in God Almighty, if He orders me to forgive my own son. I was afraid I must stick to my word and my curses. Oh, God bless you, Dick! my boy, my son!"

He had fallen back upon his pillow, and his shaking with sobs. Justin's face was pale as he waited for this paroxysm to pass over. "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," he said, after a painful effort to speak clearly. "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you." "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven you." Justin felt as if he was reading the words of some solemn sacrament. Death had not yet lost his sacred mystery for him.

Old Richard Herford lay still for a quarter of an hour to recover his strength for further speech after his fit of sobbing was over. But Justin did not move away. He stood with his arms folded and his head bowed down, waiting in profound patience for the next word from the dying lips, though the pause seemed intolerably long.

"Justin," he said at last, opening his dim-sighted eyes, "you know I made a will after Dick ran away, making you my son. It's in the old cabinet there, and my will when he was born, leaving it all to him. I meant to burn the new one the very day he came home again; but he's never come. Here's the key; bring them both to me. I'll burn it now, because I've forgiven him from the bottom of my heart, for he's my only son, born when I was sixty years of age; and why should I leave what I've got to another man's son?"

He muttered the last words to himself; but Justin's ear caught every one of them. He took them up, and looked at them through his spectacles. In a drawer within the cabinet door, he found a small, old-fashioned key, tied and sealed. His hand shook a little as he took them out, and he dropped the very touch of them was a pain to him. With crooked, palsied fingers the dying father took them up, and looked at them through his bleared eyes. "Call your mother in," he said sharply and suspiciously. Justin hastened to the door and called aloud, without leaving the room. She was not far away, and the next moment she was standing by her husband's bed.

"Take this packet," he said to her, "and drop it in the fire, and let me see it burn away to a cinder. Justin, you put this one back in its safe place. That's my last will, and you can testify I'm of sound mind."

It was four o'clock in the morning when Justin left Herford Court to return to his own home. Old Richard Herford was dead, and his death had been a depressing one, completely had the selfishness of his nature displayed itself, even in the solemn hour of passing away. A stormy wind was driving the thin clouds hurriedly across the sky, where the moon shone alone out now and then with a fitful and watery light. He could not see the sea along the deep lane he was treading, with tall hedgerows on each side; but the moan of it filled the silent air of the night, mingling with the rush of the wind through the leafless trees overhead. There was no other sound except the own tingling and lardy footsteps, as he turned round and stood longer than he was aware of, gazing at the gabled front of the Court, which stood on the brow of a low rocky hill, with the sheltering cliffs behind it, its high roof and strong stacks of chimneys looking black in the fitful moonlight. It had been every stone of the pile of building. It had been the only home he had ever known, though he had had but a stepson's place in it. He had never forgiven his mother for marrying old Richard Herford; but he had long ago acknowledged the advantages that had accrued to him because of it. But when he could tell him what he might have become by his own exertions, had his mother remained a poor widow?

his heart felt very sore as he stooping at the black gabled roof of the Court. He had just been passing through a vehement struggle with a strong temptation; and his victory, so far from making him feel triumphant, had left him depressed and disappointed. He had wished in his inmost heart that it had not fallen to his lot to impress upon the conscience of the dying man the duty of pardoning his graceless son. He had seen the will destroyed which would have made him master of the estate, Herford of Herford, in the place of his half-brother. It had been promised to him scores of times, with many oaths; and although he had always disclaimed the promise, even to himself, the hope had unconsciously sprung up in his heart that some day the old place, so dear to him and so little cared for by Richard, might become his own.

It was true that he had been a better son to the old man than Richard had ever been. He had worked for him, submitted to him, carried out his schemes, and waited whilst Richard had acted like the spoiled scape-grace that he was. He had looked at his father, and he had wished in his inmost heart that he had not fallen to his lot to impress upon the conscience of the dying man the duty of pardoning his graceless son. He had seen the will destroyed which would have made him master of the estate, Herford of Herford, in the place of his half-brother.

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he could have filled the offices of owner and master, squire and magistrate! Richard would do mischief in each of these positions—Richard, the ignorant, reckless spendthrift, as selfish as his father, with low habits bordering on vice. Justin had always despised Richard while he lived. He had continually drawn comparisons between them, and in all these comparisons his own character and conduct stood out well; yet Richard was to be master of Herford!

At last Justin roused himself from his long reverie, stood up shivering, and lifted his soft cap from his head to let the keen sea-breeze cool his throbbing temples. The thought that had passed through his mind he could not utter to no man; and he must guard himself against entertaining them, even as passing guests. It was a poor man's life he was going back to, doomed to it for the remainder of his days; for if Richard came into unconditioned possession it was little help his mother would get from her younger son, and she would become an additional burden upon him. Two hundred a year was the full value of his little living. Poverty had not yet looked in through his window, for old Richard Herford's widow would not have brooked the idea of any one belonging to him being in low condition; but now Richard was master he would spend all on himself in riotous living. His stepfather's last coherent words haunted him as he retraced his way homewards: "Justin has always been a good son to me; I wish I'd done something for him, but it's too late now."

CHAPTER IV. PANSY. Justin's vicarage was built in the shadow of the church—a small, low house, not much better than the best of the village dwellings; yet such as it was he had been content with it until his younger brother disappeared, and his stepfather ostentatiously and continually proclaimed him heir to Herford Court. Since then he had, unawares to himself, looked upon it as a merely temporary abode, which answered his purpose well enough till he could move into a larger habitation. Now it must be his home for life, for Justin had no desire to quit Herford, for which he felt an almost passionate love, and no ambition apart from his beloved village tempted him. He had never left it as a boy without suffering from that strange malady, half physical and half mental, which we call home-sickness; and to be banished from it altogether would have seemed to him like tearing up his life by the roots.

He looked up expectantly to the small window of the closet adjoining his own study, where his mother's child slept, and which he could enter with quiet footfall any moment of the long evenings he often spent alone, and mark every change on the sweet rose face asleep on the little bed. He was not disappointed, for Pansy was already up and dressed, and was watching for him, with her face pressed close against the window. She ran down swiftly, and he heard her fingers busy at the fastenings of the door, which were but slight ones, for no one feared housebreakers in Herford. There was no lack of warmth in

the parish clerk, a hale old man of eighty him, who was silent as he drew his little daughter into the homely room where his breakfast was being laid. What could he say in reply to the important question we ask of each one that passes away from our sight and he had hitherto been so much occupied with his own position that the thought of the old man's destiny had barely touched his mind. No one knew him as well as he did, no man was better fitted to pronounce upon his doom, but Justin's heart sank within him as he vainly tried, for an instant, to follow the journey his stepfather had taken since he had left his questioning little daughter.

"Justin is gone to his own place," he murmured half aloud. "Is it a pleasant place?" asked Pansy. "Is it where you'd like us two to go, father?" "God forbid!" he answered hastily, pressing the child closer to him; "my darling, your grandfather is dead!" "Like my poor mamma!" said Pansy, in a pitiful tone. "Never mind, father. I'll make up to you for him, as well for poor mamma. Don't I make up for her to you?" "Yes, my little girl," he answered tenderly. "Are you very sorry he is dead?" she enquired again, after a little pause. She did not find that she felt very sorry. He was a yellow, toothless, rough-faced old man, with a numbing voice, of whom she had been secretly afraid; though she had too much native sweetness and grace to show it in any way.

"I am grieved," answered Justin, stroking his child's sunny curls, with as loving a touch as a mother's. For the first time he felt an emotion of grief for the old man; for his wasted life, so long in passing, and so solitary in its close. Could it be possible that he had possessed the same absorbing love for Richard which Pansy received from him? What poignant anguish must the forsaken father have undergone! What a sore spirit must he have carried about with him under his proud hair that had reached the man's hard and selfish heart had pierced it through with many sorrows.

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breakfast table. She was not tall enough to sit down to her task, and she stood at the tray, with a grave face puckered up into supernatural seriousness, as she carefully portioned out the cream and sugar, and poured out the hot coffee; breaking out into a triumphant little laugh as she placed the full cup in Justin's hand.

"There! You'll never pour out my coffee for me again," she said, "like you used to do when I was a little girl. Not if I never break any of the cups and saucers? Don't make believe I'm little again, please. I'm going to learn how to mend your stockings; and some day when I am quite tall, I shall wash your surplines and iron them. I'm almost a woman now I think. Was it very cold and dark all night, father?"

"It was neither cold nor dark in your grandfather's room," he answered. "Four grandpapa said Pansy, in a voice of awe and pity: 'Did he know he was going away all alone? Did he want to stay here little longer? Would grandmamma have gone with him if she could? He would have liked somebody to go with him.'"

"She would rather stay with us as long as she could," replied Justin. "Father," said Pansy, running to him and throwing herself in his arms, "if you were obliged to go away I should want to come too. I should never, never like you to leave me behind. Didn't you want to go with poor mamma when God called her?"

"No, my little daughter," he answered, with soothing caresses: "I have her choice for us. Thank God, we are not called upon to choose whether we will go with these we love or stay behind! God calls each of us when He sees it best; and none can refuse to obey, neither can we go till He calls." "It is a strange and dreadful," sobbed Pansy, hiding her face in his breast, and clasping him more tightly in her arms. "Why! how is this?" he said. "My little woman was quite merry a minute ago, and now she is crying her poor little heart away. Tell me, how you are so suddenly so much? There could be no harm in teaching her child that but he was reluctant to burden her young mind with any theory of the great mystery and tragedy which he had just witnessed. It came home to himself more closely than any death had done since his wife's, and had awakened whole hordes of questions that lumbered easily enough in the recesses of his brain so long as death passed by our own circle. He exerted himself to chase away the gloom on Pansy's face; and presently she was sitting again at the head of the table chattering almost gaily, though a suppressed sob now and then forced itself from her lips. Her father, who had been so long in the vicarage of Herford Court, and Pansy ran up-stairs to her little room to ask God to grant a very quiet place to her old grandfather.

CHAPTER V. READING THE WILL. Justin had to pass through the whole length of the village before reaching the road which led up to Herford Court. The road was in an unusual stir and excitement, with groups of men and women standing here and there talking busily. Only the very oldest among them could remember the death of the last Herford of Herford, more than sixty years before; and the news that their old master had at last been seen by the great market had shaken the village as with the shock of an earthquake. There was no other death that could come so closely home to all of them. They had neither loved nor respected him; they had not even been his friends, and his hands which he would use for their welfare or injury. But it was not so much his loss as the question who would succeed him that was agitating them, every one. There was scarcely a child among them who had not heard their dead master say that his runaway son should be off from his estates, and that his stepfather should be master of Herford Court; and the confirmation of these other things had been genuine and true. But there was the doubt. Old Richard Herford had worshipped his son so openly that it seemed incredible he could really leave him penniless and landless. The villagers were vehemently discussing this point when Master Justin, as they still called him, came visible in the street. He felt inclined to hurry past without speaking to the weather-beaten, hard-featured men and women; but they came thronging about him with the familiarity of long acquaintance.

"So the old squire's dead and gone," said the parish clerk, a hale old man of eighty him, who was silent as he drew his little daughter into the homely room where his breakfast was being laid. What could he say in reply to the important question we ask of each one that passes away from our sight and he had hitherto been so much occupied with his own position that the thought of the old man's destiny had barely touched his mind. No one knew him as well as he did, no man was better fitted to pronounce upon his doom, but Justin's heart sank within him as he vainly tried, for an instant, to follow the journey his stepfather had taken since he had left his questioning little daughter.

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had looked at it with their eyes, of a possible owner than it had been before; but it had always been an object of admiration to him. Richard was not fit to be master of it; yet he was left in absolute, unrestricted, immediate possession, as though destiny itself had decreed the speedy ruin of Herford Court.

It was not probable that she could feel any profound grief at the loss that had just befallen her. Her husband, like any other man who had been so long in the vicarage, had a wife and a mother, and she might one day have cherished for one who had taken her from poverty, and who was the father of her favorite son, had long ago been worn out. But she had not failed in the fulfilment of her duty towards him; partly, because he had never released his claim upon it. The day after his death when Justin kissed her, but she moaned a little, and rocked herself to and fro, as if bound to prove in this manner the depth of her affliction.

ENGLISH NEWS. A JUDGE ON WIFE-BEATING.—Lord Justice Thelwall, at the Assizes recently, sentenced a laborer to twenty years' penal servitude for an aggravated assault upon his wife. He said these dreadful outrages had been dealt with too leniently, and he regretted that it was not in his power to extend the punishment to penal servitude for life.

THE CHURCH TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND CYPRUS.—In reply to a memorial from the Church Temperance Society, Sir Garnet Wolseley has written a long and able paper, in which he is being of the population of Cyprus, and assured them of his clear recognition of the evils that intemperance engenders, and of the warm interest that he takes in all measures calculated to encourage temperance.

THE APPROACHING ROYAL MARRIAGE AT WINDSOR.—During the absence of the Queen and Court in Scotland, the various departments have been busied in the restoration and renovation of several of the principal state-rooms at Windsor. The anticipation of the approaching marriage of the Duke of Connaught, which will take place, according to the most recent arrangements, about the middle of February.

MILK TYPHOID.—A number of cases of typhoid fever have occurred in the Bridgend district of Pembrokeshire, and are ascribed to the sanitary inspector that all the families in which fever appeared had obtained their milk from one farm in the vicinity. The local authority resolved to have the water supply of the farm analyzed, and due precautions to be taken to prevent the spread of the disease.—British Medical Journal.

THE OLDEST CLERGYMAN in the world is the Rev. Dr. Ingraham, who is 102 years of age, having been born in Westminister, Scotland, in 1776. Dr. Ingraham is a member of the Free Church of West Scotland. His physical health is said to be good. His vital organs are thoroughly sound. He eats with a relish, and has a hearty appetite. He is a little leaning on his cane. He never tasted intoxicating drinks of any kind.

THE NEW LAW OF DIVORCE.—A workman applied at the Hammersmith Police Court recently, for a divorce from his wife, stating that she was a drunkard, and that she had been so since she was first married. The magistrate said power to grant a divorce was given by the new Separation Act. He had power, on the application of the wife, to grant a separation from bed and board, but he could do nothing for the latter. The man felt the case greatly astonished.

HYDROPHOBIA.—A fatal case of hydrophobia has been investigated by the coroner at Sudbury, Essex. The victim was a little girl named Charlotte Edey, aged six years, daughter of Mr. John Edey, of Sudbury, who had been in the habit of driving into Sudbury, followed by a number of cattle dogs. One day, about a month since, he brought some dogs into the town, and one, on being whipped by the dogs, was taken in a cart, separated itself from the rest, and flew at the girl Edey, who was in the street with a child in her arms. It knocked her down, and she was taken to the hospital, where she died of the disease. The coroner said Mr. Edey had acted unwisely in driving into the town with so many dogs, but a simple verdict of death from hydrophobia was returned. Mr. Edey has since had all his dogs destroyed.



SO THE OLD SQUIRE'S DEAD AND GONE!



Subscription Rates table with columns for publication type (Daily, Weekly, Monthly) and price in advance.

Terms to Ministers and Teachers table with columns for publication type and price.

Advertising Rates table with columns for publication type and price per line.

CTTS or LARGE TYPE double the above rates. Contract rates for 1 year, 6 months, 3 months.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

In the opening of our campaign of this year it perhaps will not be out of place to say a few words as to the results of last year's work.

During the campaign of 1878 about 300 pairs of skates were secured by successful competitors.

WALLACE, N.S.—"The skates came to hand, and I am much pleased with them; they are just the thing I want."

BIRD, Ont.—"I received my skates and chronos, and was highly pleased with them."

ST. JOHNS, N.B.—"I received the skates all right; they are a splendid pair and are well worth my trouble."

Hundreds of such letters have been received by us, those we now quote having been picked at random out of a large number.

The "Signal Service Barometer" met with general approval, and over 100 of them were won by our readers.

West Montrose writes thus:—"I received the Barometer you sent me in good condition, and was very much surprised when I opened the package to find such a nice prize. I thank you very much for it, and as there are other prizes which are just as nice, I intend to get one if I can."

SCOTTSBORO, Que.—"I beg to acknowledge receipt of prize Barometer and I thank you for it, it is well worth \$2, and is easily earned; it is better than I expected."

STONEY, N.S.—"I am in receipt of my prize Barometer; I must say I am very well satisfied with it."

About 150 rings (both keepers and rings with stones) were sent to successful canvassers. As will be expected, the greater number of the competitors for the rings were ladies, one of whom, a resident of Picton, Ont., says:—"I write to thank you most heartily for the ring, which is very nice indeed; its receipt was a pleasant surprise to me." A little boy living at Brucefield, Ont., writes: "The box of points came safely to hand; it is just splendid. I thank you very much for them."

Besides the articles enumerated above, about 750 chronos of Lord and Lady Dufferin, 50 Photograph Albums, 25 Gold Lockets, several Magic Lanterns and other articles were sent to successful canvassers.

This year we expect to send as many if not more prizes away, and as we are offering many new articles, each and every one of our old workers will no doubt start afresh and win some of the latest prizes. Already letters are coming in rapidly, and if they continue to increase we expect we shall have our hands full in attending to each letter, and sending off the prizes desired. If you are working for us, send in your lists and money as soon as possible, in order to give us time to have your subscribers names entered upon our mailing list.

JOHN DODGALL & SON, Montreal, Que.

ISSUED LAST WEEK.

Table showing number of copies of Weekly Witness, Daily Messenger, and Total.

AFGHAN SOCIETY.

While there is a pause in the serious drama which is preparing in the gloomy defiles adjacent to and in Afghanistan, it may not be amiss to look at the place with an imaginary glance.

The Witness.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1878.

THE REMOVAL OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC DEMAND.

The more intolerant portion of the French-Canadian Conservative press, led by the Canada Free and the Courier, is loud in its denunciation of the Lieutenant-Governor, and incessant in its demands for his immediate removal.

present Cabinet, it would be the best piece of good luck that could happen to the Liberals. The advocates of this action appeal constantly to some pretended utterance of the Earl of Dufferin, which, however, they do not quote.

The case is perfectly familiar to everyone, and too long to enter into in detail, but the most salient features may be marked in very few words. The Lieutenant-Governor became alarmed, and not without reason, at the financial embarrassments in which the Province was becoming more and more deeply involved, and on that score made a remonstrance to the Premier, Mr. De Boucherville. It will not, we presume, be pretended that he had no right to do so; it cannot even be argued that he could, without a serious neglect of duty, have avoided doing so.

During the campaign of 1878 about 300 pairs of skates were secured by successful competitors, and are giving satisfaction to those who have so won them, as the following letters will testify:

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inguishable in the crowd among the native Afghans, with their light brown complexions, flowing beards, muscular figures and sunlike features. A Cabullee doka or shop has but a very faint family resemblance to one on Notre Dame or St. James streets. One has only to imagine a hole in the wall about the height and breadth of a man in a sitting posture, and picture that man squatted outside of it like a dog at the door of his kennel. Ranged and piled around him are his wares for sale, according to his calling of hardware, dry goods, caps, shoes or what you will.

The placid and sober truth is that the Afghan men and women are considerably worse than almost any others on the face of the globe. It is regrettable to state that in accordance with their national character for suspicion, intrigue and corruption, an Afghan dwelling is like an Afghan bookshop—a whitened sepulchre. The flat roofs of the houses have generally a parapet wall formed of rail work, thickly overlaid with mud, and five or six feet high, to allow the women of the family to take an airing unveiled, as their lords are very jealous about their being overlooked. At a recent occupation by the British of this city—to exemplify the jealousy which exists in this respect—a surveying officer ascended to the upper part of the Bala Hesar to obtain a better view of the surrounding country, which was credited with a delicate hint in the shape of a ball from a jezail whizzing past his head.

But however much an Afghan would think himself disgraced by his wife's face being exposed to the vulgar gaze, she is permitted to go wherever she pleases unattended to their bookshops, to shop, or visit relatives. In some of the walls facing the street, little loopholes with tiny shutters exist, and it is not infrequently that an Afghan beauty may be seen glancing quickly and furtively at the passing stranger, while her grin old lord and master sits stolidly gazing at vacancy through a wide aperture below. We will endeavor to portray an Afghan beauty behind the purdah. The blue-black hair is plastered down stiff with gins in various forms on the head, and from the roots being plaited into numerous long tails, hanging over the shoulders and back. The outer margin of the ears all round is pierced and decorated with small silver rings, larger ones hanging from the lobes. The neck and breast are tattooed and dotted over with little figures of stars and flowers. The lustrous black of the eyes is further enhanced by lowering the lids with soot, or black antimony. The cheeks are rounded and picked out with little round morsels of gold and silver tinsel, fixed on with gins. A loose yellow, red or blue jacket of muslin or silk hanging below the waist, and pajamas, or wide trousers of silk or other colored material, form the indoor costume. On going out leggings of cotton cloth gathered at the knee, walking shoes of red or yellow leather are worn, and the indispensable bookish-pose is added. A lady of the Kurzibash tribe is sometimes distinguished with the further addition of a black horse hair veil, and it is also considered chic to wear a vinaigrette filled with attar of roses, or other scent, on the forehead.

Afghan ladies exercise considerable influence over their husbands, both in domestic and political matters. Savage and untractable as the men usually are among themselves, it is pleasing to see how docile and tractable they are to the discipline of the weaker sex. As an instance, we may mention that an officer related not long since in the Times newspaper how Shere Ali has the slipper applied to his august head by the mother of his deceased heir, Abdulla Jan; and it is well known that Shere Ali's own mother, Khadijah, a daughter of a Popular noble, held paramount sway over his father, Dost Muhammed. On another page of this paper will be found a good representation of Shere Ali's capital.

A HINT FOR AN EMERGENCY.

Our Government having got into power by promises of protection which cannot be fulfilled must be casting about for the best means of diverting the thoughts of the hungry people from the good things which were but now dangled so temptingly before the eyes of an imagination, somewhat fevered as it is likely to be when men are hungry.

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ceed, and we wish to calculate how we may, in the most economical manner, get and expend that one hundred million of dollars. They must be around somewhere. Got the divining-rod of Mr. Hermann Dusterwey. That money and that railway are the great desiderata of Canada. If it was a right enterprise in the day when Manitoba could be ruled by Riel, it is surely now that the prairie is covered with thriving homesteads, and prairie with unmarketable grain. Like charity, the setting of it would, in the eyes of many, hide a multitude of sins. We do not like to think how many sins it would need to cover if manipulated by the wrong hands. Canada herself, the true country, would have to see to it, and we think, would see it, that the right men were in the right place. Even falling Dr. Tupper's hundred millions, something might be done to unlock the golden stream of Western produce. There are doubts and uncertainties even in the minds of its most enthusiastic abettors as to the practical practicability of protection. We do not ask them to give up their theory in the matter—let them hold to it; but, in the meantime, at the same time, and immediately, let the most gigantic engineering skill and power Canada can command be brought to bear on the point of difficulty, the completion of the connection by railway with Winnipeg through Canadian ground, and thence the pushing out westward of the lag line over the prairie. Were this once done, the tide of business would soon overflow, and silence many croakers, both commercial and political. The Manufacturers' Association would be a natural death; the cry of protection, ill that of annexation twenty-eight years ago, would dissolve into air because its friends were so busy they had no time to attend to it.

LORD SALISBURY'S REPLY.

Mr. Secretary Everts is not to be envied. The position in which he now finds himself is a most uncomfortable one. So much opposed were the people of the United States to the payment of the award of the Halifax Commission, that Congress, in view of the approaching election, haggled and quibbled, and finally before voting the amount, instructed the Government to forward a priest to the British Government before they allowed the money to pass through their hands. We have never thought so meanly of Mr. Everts' readiness as to suppose that he looked for any valuable result from the protests with which he was entrusted further than the satisfying of the popular feeling at home. It would have been incumbent on a responsible minister in Mr. Everts' situation to have declared his policy, and if the people represented in Congress did not approve of it to have resigned, for responsible ministers are not only responsible to the people but to their own dignity; an American Minister is relieved alike from both. Mr. Everts is, in this matter, simply the corresponding Secretary of Congress, and the special pleader of whatever views Congress or popular impulse puts into his hands. From statesmanship he is excluded. It is probable that Congress hit upon the protest as the best means at hand by which to make a last stand against an unpopular payment, one to which they could not elect. But in order to make their course appear justifiable, it was necessary to make their case as strong as possible, and in this they were only too successful. On behalf of the United States Mr. Everts, an astute lawyer, made an ex parte statement of the case, and the American press took it up, and presented it in a still more one-sided light. By a constant contemplation of the subject in this light, and by constantly representing it thus, it may be that the Government and the press at last deduced themselves into believing that their view of the case was a just one. Whether or not, certain it is that they were very successful in convincing the people who were only too willing to be convinced that the award was an exceedingly unjust one, and that the majority of the Commissioners were fools or soundrels, or both. They made their case too strong by half; they left no room for doubt in the minds of their own people that the injustice of the case could not but strike the British Government if it were only presented aright. Thus Mr. Everts left himself no refuge in case of foreseen failure, and that refuge was necessary to be made manifest by Lord Salisbury's reply to his long despatch. Lord Salisbury after reviewing the circumstances which led to the appointment of the Commission, and noticing the thorough and careful manner in which the work was done, states Mr. Everts' conclusion that the commissioners must have taken into consideration matters which the Treaty of Washington had not referred to them. Lord Salisbury in his reply to this at once reveals the ground taken by the English Government, that they are not inclined to overlook the work of the commissioners, which the United States Government have always been too ready to do in valuing the fisheries. "There is nothing," answers Lord Salisbury, "on the face of the award which gives any countenance to the supposition that the commissioners travelled beyond the limits assigned to them by the treaty." Lord Salisbury sums up the argument of Mr. Everts to the effect that the sum fixed by the award is so much higher than these arguments warrant, that the only explanation is that the Commission has mistaken the question submitted to it. He states that he believes Mr. Everts' reasoning, powerful as it is, is capable of being refuted, but—here lies the whole difference between the ground taken by the two men—the British Government would not be justified in following Mr. Everts into the details of his argument. Were Her Majesty's Government to put forward any opinion adverse or favorable, they would not do so without undertaking the same laborious investigation as that which was performed by the commissioners. This is surely a grave enough rebuke to the government which was ready to make the most reckless objections upon even a partial hearing of one side of the case. But before the British Government would undertake such investigation, which it assuredly would not do, they consider it necessary or right, good reasons would have to be given, and these Lord Salisbury shows the United States Government are without, as the miserable ground upon which they go is a virtual begging of the whole question. "To argue against the validity of the award, solely on the ground that the conclusion arrived at by the arbitrators on the very point referred to them is erroneous,"—Lord Salisbury points out, "in effect, to dispute the judgment of the Commission to which both countries had assented, were the British Government to proceed on such grounds it would amount to an expression of belief in the dishonesty of their own claims, which were placed high above the amount awarded, at fifteen millions. Although the British Government have apparently some ground for belief that amount of the award was too small, yet Lord Salisbury declares they do not think it open to them to examine how it was that the Commission came to form an opinion of the claims so widely different from their own. This is also a very grave rebuke, although it is expressed merely by an announcement of the motives which in-

pire the course of the British Government. With regard to the unanimity of the arbitrators being necessary to make the award valid, Lord Salisbury pronounces a very decided dissent. That in international courts, the decision of the majority of the arbitrators is considered binding unless, the contrary is expressed, as in this case, by reference to recent text books, and Lord Salisbury states the language and stipulation of the Treaty point to such a conclusion. He points out that litigation would otherwise be fruitless, and says that England would have declined in such a case to submit to arbitration which would have no result. It was hardly likely, he points out, that England would, by the Washington Treaty, have consented to allow the Americans valuable fishing privileges under circumstances which would have left them little chance of ever receiving any compensation for them. By an honorable nation this conclusion would be taken as somewhat uncompromising at least, but the whole past course of the United States Government in this as in other matters warrant it. Our neighbors have in the past invariably come out the gainers in diplomatic contests and have been only to consider themselves for the loss of dignity and the respect of other nations by the substantial advantages they secured. It must be galling indeed to have on one occasion at least to forfeit both. Certainly Mr. Everts' position is not a comfortable one. He made the best of a bad case, but in a nation accustomed to gain by sharpness and astuteness, he will be measured by his success. There can be little doubt now that the award will be paid on the 23rd inst., as the American Government have been buying sterling exchange. It is to be hoped for their own credit that the United States will enter no further protests.

HARD TIMES IN ENGLAND.

The commercial depression which has for the last four years existed everywhere is just now being most severely felt in Great Britain. Its severity is not to be wondered at. Possessing, as she does, almost universal commercial relations, it was to be expected that, though long deferred by her fabulous riches and immense resources, the depression should at last come with multiplied severity. Weaker nations were at first affected, and she seemed to escape; but as each nation over which the wave passed curtailed her trade, the effect was felt, only slightly perhaps, but still felt in Great Britain. Nearly all nations have now been swept, and the force of the whole sum is now pressing sorely upon the world's banker. The condition of trade was gradually becoming worse for some time before, and the Glasgow Bank failure only precipitated what was in any event certain. Although it was at first feared that there would be panic, this great calamity, at least, has been averted. A steady succession of great failures has ensued, but the Glasgow crash has only carried the fall of tottering houses. The failure of one large manufacturing firm, followed by the closing up for the time of others, and the reduction of production by the remainder, is telling most severely upon the laboring classes. For some time they have necessarily been subjected to a series of reductions of wages, the effects of which have been tested and heightened in many instances by abrupt changes of work, with a lack of thought and foresight unhappily not uncommon among them, struck in some instances against reductions and in some for higher wages, thus damaging their own interests at least. The famous shipbuilders of the Clyde, surely a long-headed enough race, have been foremost in this folly, but nevertheless the reduction was enforced as it had to be and the yard staff reduced. In Lancashire the cotton mills have closed down one after another, and the pasty cotton-spinners, men, women and children, are thrown out of employment, and are the subjects of great distress. The miners of Wales and Cornwall are among the first and greatest sufferers, and the colliers of the north of England are many of them idle, though in somewhat better circumstances than those of the other classes. But perhaps the most notable feature of this great industrial distress, consequent upon the depression, is the lately announced reductions of wages among the agricultural classes. This has been rendered necessary by the low prices of breadstuffs, consequent partly upon the generally good crops which have been reaped in nearly all great agricultural countries, and partly upon the low prices of the commodities. The laborers having reaped a crop above the average in England as well as elsewhere cannot see the necessity for the reduction, and have consequently banded to resist it. The result is as certain in this case as in that of others. A large number will, for the time, be thrown out of employment, and the remainder will have to work for reduced wages. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and Canada seems about to reap some benefit by the distress. A despatch announces that the Committee of the Sussex and Kent Laborers' Union have accepted an offer of the Canadian Government to set off 5,000 acres of land for the locked-out laborers. This will, doubtless, result in benefit to all concerned. The English people will have less distress to deal with; the agricultural laborers will, after some necessary hardships, be placed where depression will not be attended with distress, and Canada will gain a good class of agriculturists.

A DISAPPOINTED FARMER.

A subscriber to the WITNESS called on Tuesday to complain both personally and politically as follows: "I find," said he, "that your market report is at fault, for last week he reported 'dressed hogs at \$5 per hundred, and now when I bring mine to market I can only get \$4.25. Some three weeks ago I brought down butter, and met with a similar disappointment. I expected a change for the better, as farmers were promised better prices for their produce after a change of government would take place, but instead of that they are growing rapidly worse." As to the promises made we have nothing to do, but as our friend is a Conservative he was referred to one of that party whom he accused of having made rash promises at a political meeting previous to the general election. The WITNESS city market reporter having been questioned as to the other portion of the complaint gives the following explanation: "The prices given in the weekly reports of the farmers' market are the retail prices of the article as sold by farmers at the markets, and are necessarily higher than the prices paid for produce sent or brought to the city in quantities and sold by wholesale. In the case of dressed hogs, the wholesale prices in wet or soft weather are often one dollar per hundred pounds less than the retail price, and even in favorable weather they are usually from fifty to seventy-five cents less, owing to the fact that housekeepers buying pork for their own use prefer to purchase direct from the farmer who brings it to market, as it is generally fresh killed and less soiled by handling than when brought from a distance. Prices also have been declining of late, and the prices current last week are too high for this week's market. An apple also there is considerable difference at present. A large quantity was recently brought from Western Ontario and sold at \$1.50 per barrel; three apples could not be bought by the single barrel at less than \$2 to \$2.25 per barrel. But the

greatest trouble is with the prices of butter, as it is difficult to sell it in quantities of over 12c to 13c per lb. for any but the very choicest, and most of what comes to town has to be disposed of much lower than these rates. Since it is little short of the unpardonable sin to hint to any farmer's wife and daughter that her butter is not the best that can be made, improvement in this line is very difficult, although there is the most ample room for it, for not a tenth part of the butter made in the country is so good that it could not easily be made much better with scarcely any extra expense; while with a small outlay in providing a proper place for keeping the milk with an ice-house convenient, butter might be made that would command 18c per lb., even at the present time of low prices.

THE CHRISTIAN PIONEER.

No other organization is more essential to the well-being of Canada than the Sunday-School Union, whose mission is to seek out primitive settlements that are beyond the bounds of organized church work, many of them even out of the beat of the travelling preacher, and there establish a union Sunday-school. There are few communities so small that there is no one, whether man or woman, willing to devote an hour on Sunday afternoon to a Bible lesson for the benefit of the young, and few also where there are not enough of young people ready to join in such study to make at least one interesting class. To start such a little religious centre in every neighborhood, to visit it occasionally, to interest himself in supplying it with such books and papers as may exert a healthy influence, is the laborious task of the agent of the Sunday-School Union, and a nobler or holier is not given to any man in Canada. Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. So it is with communities. How gratefully do villages and towns that have become great treasure the names of the true and good among their founders by whose godly influence and stalwart morality in the day of small things, the character and future of the place were shaped, while localities whose early history is godless never cease to suffer the consequences! It is to sow a small seed of Christian activity and co-operation in the soil of rural neighborhoods, whose fruit may yet "shake like Lebanon," that the missionary travels in all weathers, and puts up with all sorts of accommodation. There are few works the fruits of which are more easily traceable. It is usual for a Sunday-school so established to grow into a church, while the moral influence of instituting as it were the Sabbath where none was is most easily seen. There is no other organization among us whose field of labor is so large in proportion to its modest resources. The area of the operations of the Canada Sunday-School Union extends from Brockville and the Ottawa valley on the west, over the whole Province of Quebec, and the counties of Gloucester and Northumberland in New Brunswick. Nor is this vast territory only nominally assigned to this society, but is ground that has been actually reached by its agency during the present year. Aided by an assistant for two months, the Rev. J. McKillop since April has prosecuted his work with more or less thoroughness in the Counties of Prescott and Argenteuil; in the Eastern Townships, especially the southern portion of them, in Quebec, Portneuf, Gaspé, the valleys of the Restigouche and York rivers, and the shores of Bay Chaleurs. The labor of one man spread over such an extent of country as this denotes must necessarily have its effectiveness lessened by the great amount of travelling required, the delays and interruptions caused by bad weather and bad roads, and the interference of agricultural employments at certain seasons. But in spite of these and other drawbacks, the Union is able to give a good report of its work. In the period named, ninety-four sermons were preached, and a hundred and forty-two addresses delivered. Such a statement should awaken gratitude and win sympathy and co-operation, for it implies that in not a few places the Word of God has been brought to those destitute of it, and religious instruction provided for those in want of it; that the most efficient means for counteracting ignorance and vice are being more and more widely employed, while active usefulness is taking the place of dormant religious life, and a living Christianity supplanting a nominal Protestantism. In the prosecution of this work the Sunday-School Union depends entirely upon the voluntary contributions of those who appreciate its mission. Every effort is, we believe, to be made this year to put the enterprise into a new state of efficiency and prepare it for laying hold of new fields. It is reasonable to hope that the response will be one that will enable the Union not only to continue but to extend its operations. There is a field, so far as we know unoccupied as yet, crying earnestly for the labors of this or some kindred society, and that is the Province of Manitoba. A region of country wherein hundreds of new communities are forming every few months, where the lone settler of to-day is the patriarch or oldest inhabitant next year, is beyond the powers of all church organizations to supply with pastors and teachers; but people who have left churches and Sunday-Schools in Ontario and the Eastern Townships only need to be organized into schools to have all the blessings of Sabbath rest and stated religion firmly established among them; whereas if allowed to lapse even for a few years into carelessness it will be hard to calculate the mischief. We therefore appeal to all who have it in their power to send Sunday-School organizers into that fertile field at once.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S SPEECH AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S SPEECH at the Lord Mayor's banquet has caused a very favorable impression, not alone or especially in England, but through Europe, even the Russian press commenting upon its pacific tone. From the small portion of it which has reached us, it is not difficult to understand what has created this impression. England's attitude, as portrayed by Lord Beaconsfield, is one of watchfulness, but not of jealous watchfulness. While she was determined that the Treaty of Berlin should be carried out fully and promptly according to its spirit, and while she was prepared to bring all her vast energy and resources to bear to bring about this end, yet there appeared to be no prospect of at least immediate necessity for this. A number of the provisions of the treaty had been already fulfilled although only one third of the time for its execution had elapsed, and although Lord Beaconsfield is not prepared seemingly to express his satisfaction with what has already been accomplished, yet there was no need for alarm because the statements that the Treaty of Berlin would never be carried out. He does not say that there is no ground for these statements, but what has been done is in some measure an earnest of what shall be. The Government had received no intimation whatever from any of the signatories that they intended, or even desired to evade the complete fulfilment of the treaty, and he thought it quite impossible for any power to attempt to do so. Lord Beaconsfield does not refer directly to the dilatoriness of the two belligerent powers in carrying out the provisions of the treaty—delays which have already led to protests and counter protests and also to a

want of unity of action on the part of Germany and England. But he denied that the state of affairs points to danger, which can only mean, if it means anything, that no serious results were to be looked for from what has already taken place, whatever dangers the unfulfilled demands of the treaty might involve. England seems ready to repose, and other countries to breathe more freely, when even Lord Beaconsfield sees no call for active interference. From Lord Beaconsfield's speech it would appear as though Britain's willingness to enter into what many have regarded as an unnecessary and hardly just quarrel with the Amerer has been the result of a settled policy to bring about the rectification of the north-western border of India. England does not want to annex Afghanistan, and does not care whether the Amerer likes or does not like her conduct, or thinks it just or unjust. Her boundary does not present to Lord Beaconsfield the line of beauty with which John Bull's Asiatic possessions ought to be rounded out, and Quetta, the Naboth's vineyard in question, must therefore be annexed. Indeed the quiet way in which England proposes to extend her boundary to the Hindoo Kooch and the march of Russian forces towards Herat looks almost as if our Asiatic magician had already agreed with Gog and Magog about the ultimate partition of Asia. When the unsized Tartar regions fall to Russia we suppose we would look to see the valley of the Euphrates falling to England, and Lord Beaconsfield ruling the Aryan world from the Garden of Eden.

PRESIDENT HAYES' POLICY OF CONCILIATION.

The South has always been regarded by a section of his own party as a mistaken one, inasmuch as conciliation in that direction seemed to have been the main policy of the Democrats. The manner in which the Democrats carried the late elections in the Southern States would appear to justify these questionings. In South Carolina and Louisiana the wholesale fraud and intimidation openly practised and executed by the Democratic party can hardly be credited. In whole sections of the first-named State, where Republicans were numerous, the polling places were tightly closed, and the ballot-boxes in other sections were filled with spurious papers. A district which in the last election gave the Republicans a majority of over five thousand votes was by these means declared by the Democratic election officers to have returned the Democratic candidate at the late election by over seven thousand of a majority. In Louisiana so great was the intimidation that Republican candidates who had been nominated were compelled from fears as to their personal safety to retire, and leave the Democratic candidate a walk over in districts in which there was beyond question a majority of Republican voters. With these and other examples of the great crimes the Democratic party of the South is prepared to commit in order to gain its own ends, it is not surprising that certain Republicans should look eagerly to President Hayes, and anticipate an announcement of the failure of his policy, and the promulgation of a sharper one, defensive of the rights of Southern Republicans. President Hayes' answer is a noble one. His policy was not adopted with a view of procuring by unjust concessions the good will of the Southern people, much less the success of the Republican party, but it was adopted because it was a right one. He believes that in pursuing the right course in this matter the Republicans have not lost, the Democrats having lost ground in the North more than to counterbalance what they have gained by crooked means in the South. But whether the Republicans have gained or lost, he was justified in a plain performance of his constitutional duty. It is generally better to rely on moral influences than to strain every constitutional right in the application of mere force if that can be avoided. The question with President Hayes, however, was, as he puts it, not which policy would accomplish the end best, but which the constitution under which he was elected enjoined upon him.

LORD SALISBURY'S REPLY PROVES SOMEWAT HUMBLED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

LORD SALISBURY'S REPLY proves somewhat humbled to the American people, if the utterances of the press are any criterion of their feelings in this matter. Though friendly enough in tone, and even conciliatory in spirit, it manifestly indicates that the British Government, though not at all inclined to treat the matter contemptuously, do not attach to it that importance that the United States Government have sought to invest it with. Viewing the matter from Lord Salisbury's point, as they cannot help doing in reading his brief but dignified reply, it cannot but appear to them, as it no doubt appeared to Lord Salisbury, that the American Government were giving themselves an unnecessary amount of trouble about an exceedingly small matter, and have in fact acted in a fussy, undignified way. Lord Salisbury confines himself solely to the matter of the injuries sustained by the American fishermen on the Newfoundland coast and the questions arising out of it. In reply to Mr. Everts' objection that the evidence upon which the British Government based their decision, concerning the lawlessness of the American fishermen, was one-sided, Lord Salisbury sends the depositions, and points out that in the absence of other testimony it was considered conclusive, and appears to hold that any divergence between the evidence collected by the United States authorities and that collected by Captain Sullivan, though natural, and perhaps extending, does not contravert the facts of the case. While not inclined to lay down any principles of international law, he repudiates firmly the doctrine laid down by Mr. Everts, that American fishermen are not subject to British authority while fishing in British waters, and points out that if universally adhered to such a doctrine would lead to anarchy upon all waters. He acknowledges that treaty obligations cannot be nullified or affected by municipal legislation, but at the same time it must be admitted that any laws which do not contravene existing laws are not to be broken by American fishermen at their own discretion, and if violence in breaking such laws is met by violence in maintaining them there can be little injustice to complain of in either case. Lord Salisbury justly concludes that all laws should be obeyed by natives and foreigners alike, and that if any law is passed which is at variance with rights conferred by treaty to foreigners, it should, instead of being ignored, be brought into accordance with the treaty as early as possible.







MONTREAL NEWS.

A SILK FACTORY for the manufacture of broad web silk was opened in the East End of the city on Saturday last, being the first factory for that purpose established in this city.

A CLAYTON BROTHERS was perpetrated in J. Lavender's tailoring establishment on St. James street Thursday night, over \$1,000 worth of goods being stolen.

THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS of the Church of England in Canada should meet shortly to ratify the election of the Very Rev. Dean Bond as Bishop of this Diocese, and to elect a Metropolitan.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT will be introduced for practical use in Montreal within a few weeks, a leading founder of the project being Mr. J. Chantou, having promised to illuminate the harbor, Bonaventure Railway Station, and the great Notre Dame (R. C.) Church with it.

THE STOCK of the insolvent estate Savage, Legrand & Co., jewellers, is being sold out by the assignee, but the majority of the trader has not ceased in the courts. Judge Mackay decided that the assignee and inspectors were legally appointed, but this judgment has been appealed from.

SPECIAL SERVICES to young men were preached in a number of Protestant churches last Sunday, it being the closing day of the Young Men's Christian Association's week of prayer.

A DESTITUTE YOUNG WOMAN is now in the lying-in hospital, mother of a new-born infant, who was deserted by her husband a few days after she came to this city about two months ago.

THE OWNERS of Two Houses in Montreal, who is a man of education, applied to the Police Magistrate the other day and begged to be sent to jail as a vagrant, because he had no income, being unable to rent his houses.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the Diocese of Montreal (Church of England) held their quarterly meeting on Wednesday, the 14th inst., when it was shown that the Diocese had \$2,028 to the credit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, \$22 to the Superannuation Fund, \$8,980 to the Sustentation Fund, \$2,400 to the Clergy Trust Fund, and a deficit of \$5,604 in the Mission Fund.

IN PURCHASING articles advertised in the "Witness" please mention in what paper you saw the advertisement. Advertisers always wish to know which advertisements are most effective.

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