Montreal Weekly Witness.

FIFTY-EIGHTH YEAR. MONTREAL, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1903. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS. $1.00 Post-Paid; 5c a Copy.

VERDICT FOR THE 'WITNESS.'

Result of the Ten Thousand Dollar Action Taken by Mr. Mills.

THE JURY MAKES AN EMPHATIC DECLARATION UPHOLDING THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Mr. R. C. Smith's Forcible Presentment of the Case for the 'Witness.'

Mr. Justice Trenholme Lucidly Points Out the Provisions of the Libel Law.

Did Defendants publish of and concerning Plaintiff in the newspaper known as the Montreal 'Witness' the several articles set forth in Plaintiff's declaration?

YES.

Were said articles published maliciously?

NO.

Were the saidarticlespublished libellous?

NO.

Were they substantially true?

YES.

Has Plaintiff suffered damages by reason of the publication of said articles, and if so to what amount?

NO.

These were the questions submitted by Mr. Justice Trenholme, in the case of J. B. Mills vs. the 'Witness' for $10,000 damages for alleged libel, and the answers are those given by the jury.

In accordance with the desire of Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields, counsel for Mr. Mills, His Lordship postponed rendering the formal judgment of the court until Wednesday morning, but when the court was opened in the morning the learned counsel thanked His Lordship for the delay, and added that after giving the matter consideration he had no motion to make.

Mr. Justice Trenholme then instructed the clerk to enter the formal judgment of the court in accordance with the verdict, dismissing the action, with costs against the Plaintiff, Mills.

It may be here stated that the Plaintiff had previously given security for costs, the 'Witness' counsel having insisted upon this being done.

The case of J. B. Mills vs. the publishers of the 'Daily Witness,' in which the 'Witness' was sued by Mills for $10,000, as reported last week, was continued before His Lordship Justice Trenholme and a jury on Monday afternoon, Dec. 14,

The evidence of Mr. Mills was continued, and he was cross-examined by Mr. R. C. Smith, K.C. The witness told of his transactions in connection with the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association in Montreal. He acknowledged that he had had the blue book of the Business Men's Union interleaved and re-covered, and had sold it to old subscribers in a few cases under the new name, for two dollars. He, however, strongly denied that he ever enforced the contract for the second book by threats of a suit. He said it would be preposterous for him as the head of the Merchants' Association to try to enforce a contract made with the Business Men's Union. He reiterated the statement that he had no official or responsible connection with the Business Men's Union. The contracts signed by business men were produced and shown to the witness, but he denied any knowledge of how they were obtained, further than that he believed Mr. Bement secured them. Mr. Mills did not deny that he took some of the contracts around when he went to deliver the second book, but it was not for the purpose of compelling subscribers to take the book. It was simply to show that he was a person authorized to supply the book promised by Mr. Bement to the subscribers. He believed the book he delivered contained genuine names and true accounts. He admitted that some of the accounts might have been fifteen or twenty years old. Some of the persons named might have died since or even before the book was published. If the subscriber did not keep him informed about debtors he could not be expected to know. Some accounts might be outlawed. Mr. Mills was asked why no new Montreal names appeared in the book he delivered, seeing a book containing new names had been published by him previous to his visit here in 1902. He replied that it was too much trouble. Asked about numerous accounts of one, two and three dollars, Mr. Mills said he could not carry all the details in his head.



MR. G. H. MONTGOMERY,
who acted with Mr. Smith, for the 'Witness.'

Mr. Mills was then asked whether in 1902 he did not make an effort to sell the business in Montreal.

'No, sir; I did not,' was the emphatic reply.

'Did you not try at a certain time to sell out the business in Montreal to Mr. Fred. Hamilton'

'I might possibly have remarked that I was willing to dispose of my share, and I feel certain there is nothing wrong in that, is there?'

'To come nearer to the point, did you not offer to sell to Mr. Hattersley for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars?'

'It is quite likely that I did.'

'Did you offer to let Mr. Hattersley have the business in Montreal if he paid one month's rent?'

'No, sir; I assure you I never did.'

'Did you offer to sell to Mr. W. J. Paterson for the sum of twenty-five dollars?'

'No, not exactly; that gentleman remarked to me one day that he represented some insurance company, and requested membership in the "Business Men's League."'

At this point the counsel for the defence showed Mr. Mills copies of dunning letters, and asked witness if they had been sent out by the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association.

He thought that it was possible that they had been sent out, although he was not certain.

Mr. Smith, K.C., also showed Mr. Mills a letter such as referred to, which had been sent to a merchant in Gananoque, requesting payment of an account which had been settled nearly two years previously.

'Now, Mr. Mills, did you ever go with Mr. Bement to certain printers and ask to have work done by them?'

'I may have done so.'

'Did you pay for all your printing?'

'Yes, I have.'

Mr. Smith desired to know whether Mr. Mills gave his 'bon' for five dollars, payable in six months, for printing done by a certain firm in Hamilton.

'It was a note,' came the reply from Mr. Mills, 'and I refused to pay until the court authorized, as I lost hundreds of dollars on account of a certain mistake on the circular.'

This concluded the examination of Mr. Mills by Mr. Smith, and Mr. Greenshields followed in a brief cross-examination, in which Mr. Mills stated that he had assisted Mr. Bement when he was in hard circumstances. Mr. Mills declared he had heard of no complaints regarding his business outside of the 'Witness' articles. He thought he had about a thousand subscribers, and he had never been charged with carrying on business illegally except by certain people who did not know what they were talking about.

'In Montreal,' continued Mr. Greenshields, K.C., 'did you ever receive any printing from Mr. Waters?'

'No, never; that I can remember.'

'Did you ever derive any profit from transactions with Montreal business men?'

'No; none whatever.'

'That you are certain about?'

'Yes, quite certain.'

Mr. Greenshields next led the witness to talk of the reproduction of the first 'Witness' article in the Hamilton 'Herald.' The 'Herald' subsequently published a retraction under the heading 'It was a mistake.' The retraction was read and filed. It was to the effect that an injustice had been done to Mr. Mills as it connected his name with a business conducted in Montreal by a man he had befriended and assisted, but with which he personally had no connection

Next the question of the two books which figure so prominently in the case was brought up. The printing was done at the Hamilton 'Spectator' office. There was no difference between the books except the covers and that the second book was interleaved with blank pages. These blank pages were very essential to the operation of the Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association, Limited. The agents were supposed to visit subscribers monthly and to register on the blank pages all reports obtained during the month. There was no difference in the printed parts of the books as filed and witness was positive that it had never been represented that there was any difference. Several supplements had been published.

Then Mr. Greenshields led the witness to talk of the question of the rent of his Montreal office. He testified that he had no lease with Miss Graham, only a verbal agreement that if he decided to remain in Montreal after the first of July, two weeks thence, he would pay ten dollars a month rental. He only occupied the office for two weeks, leaving before the first of July, and had no rent to pay. Miss Graham never made any demand upon him for rent, Mr. Charlebois never made a demand upon him for money, neither did Messrs. Ronayne or Walsh. Until he saw the article in the 'Witness' he had not the least intimation that there was going to be any claim made upon him by anybody in Montreal.

With a view of proving damages, as the learned counsel explained to the Court, Mr. Greenshields produced a copy of the 'Witness' containing the first article, and handed it to Mr. Mills. He identified the paper as one mailed to and received by his daughter at his residence in Hamilton. As the witness put it, 'Every slur was heavily underlined.'

Re-examined by Mr. Smith, witness, looking at a printed circular received by Montreal subscribers to the Business Men's Union, described as Mr. Bement's enterprise, identified his secretary's signature affixed thereto. The circulars in question had been sent out from his office in Hamilton, with the object of realizing on the money spent through Mr. Bement.

His Lordship, Mr. Justice Trenholme, put some pointed questions to witness with a view to establish the exact nature of the relationship existing between Mr. Mills and Mr. Bement's business in Montreal. Witness declared positively that he had no direct personal interest in Mr. Bement's business. He had given him some of the Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association's books as a merely friendly act and had received nothing for them. He could in no respect be considered a partner of Mr. Bement's as there was no partnership. It had been brought to his attention that Mr. Bement had printed some cards bearing the names Mills & Bement, as joint owners or managers; but it was not with his knowledge or consent.

Mr. Sydney W. Grant, of Toronto, advertising agent, was next placed in the box by counsel for plaintiff. Witness had been a resident of Hamilton and knew Mr. Mills, the plaintiff in this case, for twelve years. The effect of the publication of the article in the 'Witness' upon the reputation and business of Mr. Mills would be damaging.

William Victor Mills, aged twenty-four, clerk, of Hamilton, son of plaintiff, deposed to having been present when the marked copy of the 'Witness' was received by Miss Mills at her father's residence.

Mr. Greenshields announced that this completed the case for the plaintiff.

Before calling the first witness for the defence, Mr. Smith, K.C., explained that it would be impossible to call the witnesses in arranged order as many had come from a distance, and it was desirable to examine them first and let them return home.

Mr. W. G. Rogers, grocer, of Gananoque, Ont., was called to the box as the first witness for the defence. Mr. Rogers deposed that he had received a dunning letter from the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association, Limited, in February, 1902, for an account of $8.80, due to Messrs. Phelps and Binns, of Montreal, which had been paid in full on Jan. 22, 1900. Witness produced the dunning letter, and also the cashed cheque by which the account in question had been paid. Witness had a substantial business rating at $30,000 or $35,000 over all indebtedness, and owned considerable real estate. He was not aware that he was recorded as a 'bad pay' in the 'Confidential Reports of the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association, Limited.' Being shown the entry to that effect, he said he had no doubt that he was the Rogers meant, as he was the only man of the name, as given, in Gananoque.

As witness was leaving the box he asked if he could retain the dunning letter produced, 'Just to look at, and in case I might want to take an action for damages.'

The court explained that as the document was filed as an exhibit it would have to remain for the time being. In due course it would be returned to witness.

Mr. T. W. B. Binns, of Montreal, the sole proprietor of the firm of Phelps and Binns, was the next witness. He had never placed such an account as that on which Mr. Rogers had been 'dunned' in the hands of the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Agency. In 1900 one of the representatives of that concern had gone over the firm's books and probably saw that this account was open and made a memorandum of it. The account was an ordinary one contracted in March, 1900, and promptly settled on receipt of the ordinary mailed statement in September of the same year. He did not personally give the account over to the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association, and did not think any of his employees had done so.

John O'Neil, printer, Hamilton, of the 'Spectator' Company, was next called. Witness had known Mr. Mills for about fifteen years, and had done printing for him during three years. He recognized the 'Blue Book of the Business Men's League' filed as exhibit D. 1, as a book he had printed for Mr. Mills about three years ago. The book marked as exhibit D. 5 called the 'Confidential Reports of the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association, Limited,' was the same book interleaved and in a different cover. He recalled that Mr. Mills had seen him about rebinding a certain portion of the edition, but he had been too busy to undertake the work.

Witness produced a number of forms, cards, etc., being copies of printing done for Mr. Mills, among them a copy of a circular, of which witness had printed 64,000 copies. Witness first met Mr. Mills with regard to the printing of the books in May, 1900.

Mr. Smith next asked witness for his opinion as to Mills's general reputation in Hamilton.

The witness, who delivered his testimony all through with impressive caution and deliberation, hesitated for a few moments, and remarked: 'I hardly know what to say on that head. It is a very awkward question to put to a man, but I suppose as I am on oath, I cannot help giving a reply.'

Mr. Greenshields—'The witness, my lord, can only be expected to reply with hearsay evidence.'

The Court—'He can say what the plaintiff's general reputation in Hamilton is.'

Mr. Smith, K.C.—'Well, Mr. O'Neill, so far as you know, what is Mr. Mills's reputation in Hamilton?'

Witness—'I can say with positive knowledge that he paid for all the work I did for him in advance. He gave me his cheques for $3,000 before I took his order.'

Mr. Smith—'So he had no credit at your office, at any rate.'

Mr. Smith—'Now, Mr. O'Neill, tell us what Mr. Mills's reputation in a business and social way in Hamilton is, so far as you know.'

Witness (deliberatively)—'This is a very awkward position for a man to find himself in; I would like, my lord, to know whether I am justified under the oath I have taken in answering the question generally.'

The Court—'Well, if you can say what his general reputation is that answers the question.'

Mr. Smith—'Do you know what Mr. Mills's general reputation is?'

Witness—'Yes, Mr. Mills has the reputation of being slow pay.'

Mr. Smith—'Further than that you do not know?'

Witness—'No.'

Mr. Greenshields—'That's all you have heard?'

Witness (promptly)—'Oh, no! I have heard lots.'

At the request of a juror, His Lordship asked witness if he had printed the cards bearing the names of Messrs. Mills and Bement associated.

The witness replied that he had not.

The court then adjourned until Tuesday morning.

The jury empanelled to try this case is composed as follows: James Robinson, Alex. Bremner, Levi R. Rabold, Charles B. Gordon, John B. Bell, Robert Anderson, W. B. Hutchison, James A. Wright, J. M. Riddell, George Miller, Thomas J. Parkes and James Simpson.

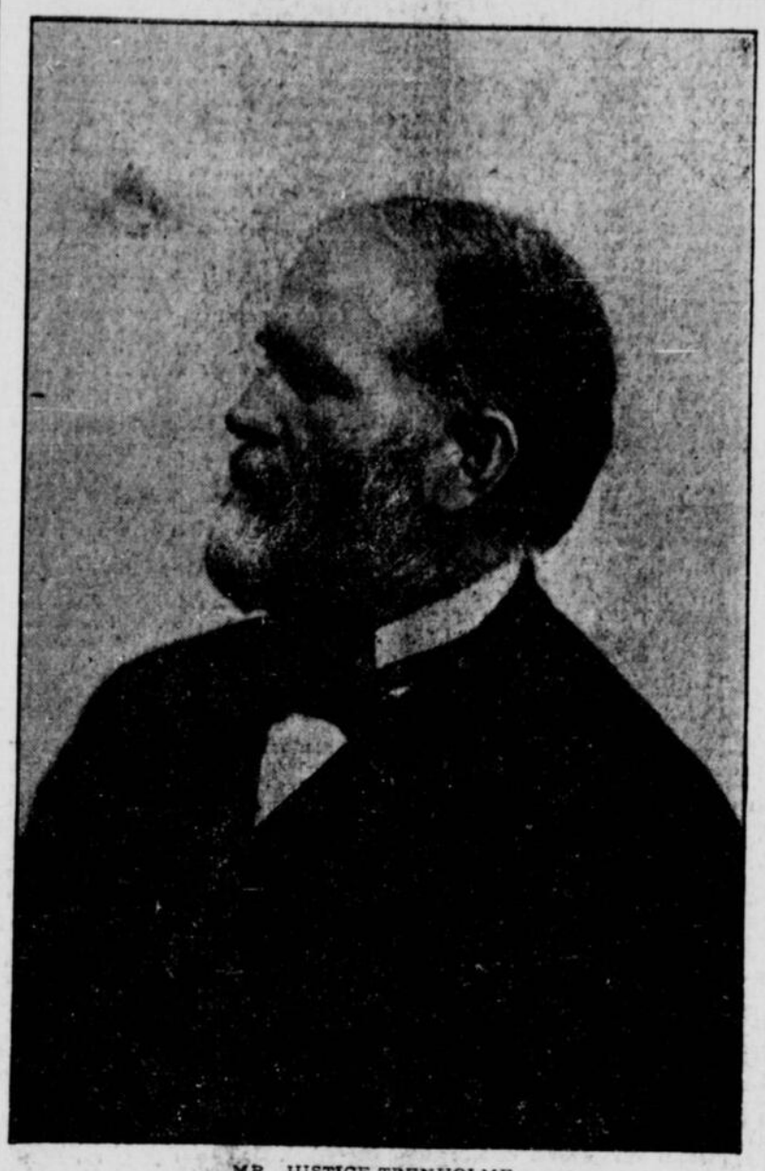
Following is a copy of the letter referred to on the first day as having been sent by Mr. Werry, of the 'Witness' staff to the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association (Limited):

'Montreal, July 17, 1902.

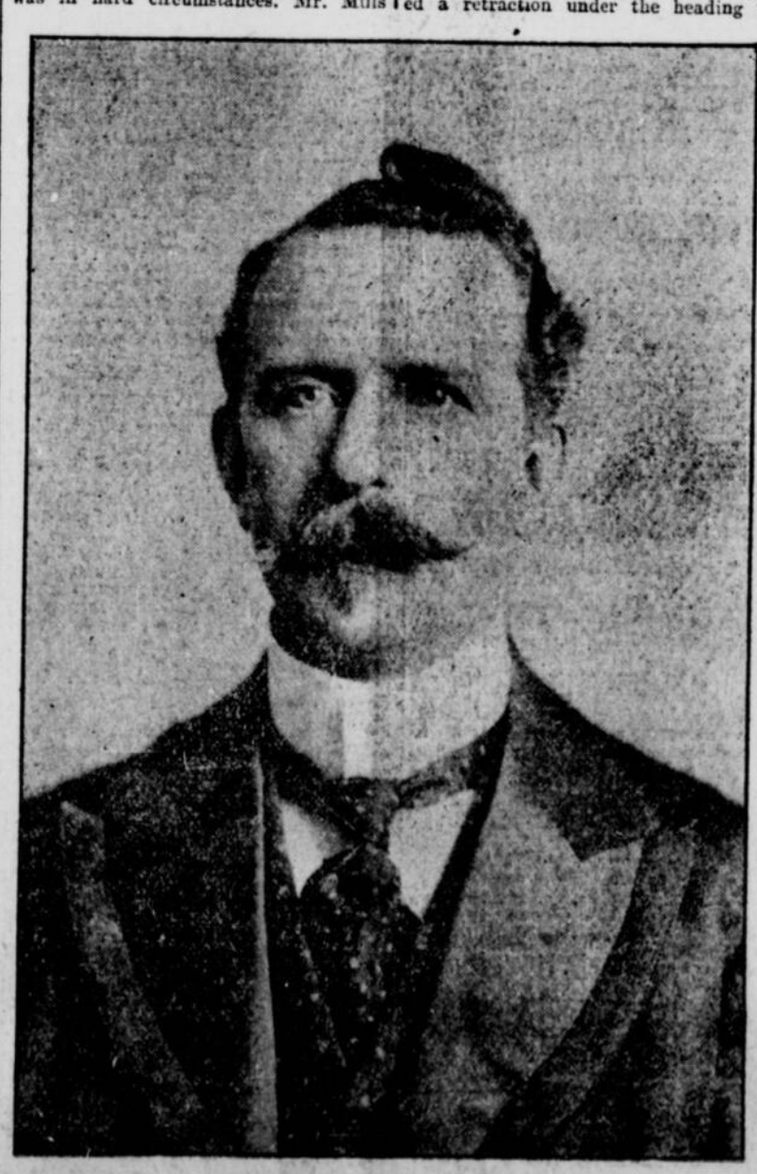
'The Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

'Sirs,—We have recently received complaints regarding the action of agents representing or pretending to do business for you. About two years ago a man visited Montreal merchants and took some orders for a 'dead beat' directory entitled 'Blue Book for the Business Men's Union.' Some books were delivered and money collected and the agent disappeared. Recently another agent called on old subscribers and said he had called to get the old book and replace it with a new one. The 'new' book was entitled 'Confidential Reports

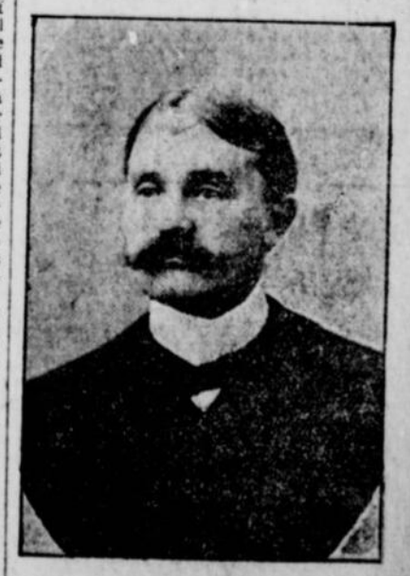
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MR. JUSTICE TRENHOLME.
Who presided at the trial.



MR. R. C. SMITH, K.C.
Who conducted the case for the 'Witness.'



MR. R. A. E. GREENSHIELDS,
who represented Mr. Mills.

THE CHILDREN OF ASSA

A Romance of Ancient Egypt, by Georg Ebers

CHAPTER XXXII.

Early on the following day the dwarf Nemu went past the restored hut of Uarda's father—in which he had formerly lived with his wife—with a man in a long, coarse robe, the steward of some noble family. They went towards old Hekt's cave-dwelling.

'I would beg thee to wait down here a moment, noble lord,' said the dwarf, 'while I announce thee to my mother.'

'That sounds very grand,' said the other. 'However, so be it. But stay! The old woman is not to call me by my name or by my title. She is to call me "steward"—that no one may know. But, indeed, no one would recognize me in this dress.'

Nemu hastened to the cave, but before he reached his mother she called out: 'Do not keep my lord waiting—I know him well.'

Nemu laid his finger to his lips.

'You are to call him steward,' said he.

'Good,' muttered the old woman. 'The ostrich puts his head under his feathers when he does not want to be seen.'

'Was the young prince long with Uarda yesterday?'

'No, you fool,' laughed the witch, 'the children play together. Rameri is a kid without horns, but who fancies he knows where they ought to grow. Pentaur is a more dangerous rival with the red-headed girl. Make haste, now; these stewards must not be kept waiting!'

The old woman gave the dwarf a push, and he hurried back to Ani, while she carried the child, tied to his board, into the cave, and threw the sack over him.

A few minutes later the Regent stood before her.

She bowed before him with a demeanor that was more like the singer Beki than the sorceress Hekt, and begged him to take the only seat she possessed.

When, with a wave of his hand, he declined to sit down, she said:

'Yes—yes—be seated! then thou wilt not be seen from the valley, but be screened by the rocks close by. Why has thou chosen this hour for thy visit?'

'Because the matter presses of which I wish to speak,' answered Ani; 'and in the evening I might easily be challenged by the watch. My disguise is good. Under this robe I wear my usual dress. From this I shall go to the tomb of my father, where I shall take off this coarse thing, and these other disfigurements, and shall wait for my chariot, which is already ordered. I shall tell people I had made a vow to visit the grave humbly, and on foot, which I have now fulfilled.'

'Well planned,' muttered the old woman.

Ani pointed to the dwarf, and said politely: 'Your pupil.'

Since her narrative the sorceress was no longer a mere witch in his eyes. The old woman understood this, and saluted him with a curtsey of such courtly formality that a tame raven at her feet opened his black beak wide, and uttered a loud scream. She threw a bit of cheese within the cave, and the bird hopped after it, flapping his clipped wings, and was silent.

'I have to speak to you about Pentaur,' said Ani.

The old woman's eyes flashed, and she eagerly asked: 'What of him?'

'I have reasons,' answered the Regent, 'for regarding him as dangerous to me. He stands in my way. He has committed many crimes, even murder; but he is in favor at the House of Seti, and they would willingly let him go unpunished. They have the right of sitting in judgment on each other, and I cannot interfere with their decisions; the day before yesterday they pronounced their sentence. They would send him to the quarries of Chennu. All my objections were disregarded, and now—— Nemu, go over to the grave of Amenophis, and wait there for me—I wish to speak to your mother alone.'

Nemu bowed, and then went down the slope, disappointed, it is true, but sure of learning later what the two had discussed together.

When the little man had disappeared, Ani asked:

'Have you still a heart true to the old royal house, to which your parents were so faithfully attached?'

The old woman nodded.

'Then you will not refuse your help towards its restoration. You understand how necessary the priesthood is to me, and I have sworn not to make any attempt on Pentaur's life; but, I repeat it, he stands in my way. I have my spies in the House of Seti, and I know through them what the sending of the poet to Chennu really means. For a time they will let him hew sandstone, and that will only improve his health, for he is as sturdy as a tree. In Chennu, as you know, besides the quarries there is the great college of priests, which is in close alliance with the temple of Seti. When the flood begins to rise, and they hold the great Nile festival in Chennu, the priests there have the right of taking three of the criminals who are working in the quarries into their house as servants. Naturally they will, next year, choose Pentaur, set him at liberty—and I shall be laughed at.'

'Well considered!' said Hekt.

'I have taken counsel with myself, with Katuti, and even with Nemu,' continued Ani, 'but all they have suggested, though certainly practicable, was unadvisable, and at any rate must have led to conjectures which I must now avoid. What is your opinion?'

'Asso's race must be exterminated!' muttered the old woman, hoarsely.

'Let the boat be scuttled,' she said at last, 'and sink with the chained prisoners before it reaches Chennu.'

'No—no; I thought of that myself, and Nemu, too, advised it,' cried Ani. 'That has been done a hundred times, and Ameni will regard me as a perjurer, for I have sworn not to attempt Pentaur's life.'

'To be sure, thou hast sworn that, and men keep their word—to each other. Wait a moment, how would this do? Let the ship reach Chennu with the prisoners, but, by a secret order to the captain, pass the quarries in the night, and hasten on as fast as possible as far as Ethiopia. From Suan, the prisoners may be conducted through the desert to the gold workings. Four weeks or even eight may pass before it is known here what has happened. If Ameni attacks thee about it, thou wilt be very angry at this oversight, and canst swear by all the gods of the heavens and of the abyss, that thou hast not attempted Pentaur's life. More weeks will pass in enquiries. Meanwhile do thy best, and Paaker do his, and thou art king. An oath is easily broken by a sceptre, and if thou wilt positively keep thy word leave Pentaur at the gold mines. None have yet returned from thence. My father's and my brother's bones have bleached there.'

'But Ameni will never believe in the mistake,' cried Ani, anxiously interrupting the witch.

'Then admit that thou gavest the order,' exclaimed Hekt. 'Explain that thou hadst learned what they proposed doing with Pentaur at Chennu, and that thy word indeed was kept, but that a criminal could not be left unpunished. They will make further enquiries, and if Assa's grandson is found still living thou wilt be justified. Follow my advice, if thou wilt prove thyself a good steward of thy house, and master of its inheritance.'

'It will not do,' said the Regent. 'I need Ameni's support—not for to-day and to-morrow only. I will not become his blind tool; but he must believe that I am.'

The old woman shrugged her shoulders, rose, went into her cave, and brought out a phial.

'Take this,' she said. Four drops of it in his wine infallibly destroys the drinker's senses; try the drink on a slave, and thou wilt see how effectual it is.'

'What shall I do with it?' asked Ani.

'Justify thyself to Ameni,' said the witch, laughing. 'Order the ship's captain to come to thee as soon as he returns; entertain him with wine—and when Ameni sees the distracted wretch, why should he not believe that in a fit of craziness he sailed past Chennu?'

'That is clever! that is splendid!' exclaimed Ani. 'What is once remarkable never becomes common. You were the greatest of singers—you are now the wisest of women—my lady Beki.'

'I am no longer Beki, I am Hekt,' said the old woman shortly.

'As you will! In truth, if I ever heard Beki's singing, I should be bound to still greater gratitude to her than I now am to Hekt,' said Ani, smiling. 'Still, I cannot quit the wisest woman in Thebes without asking her one serious question. Is it given to you to read the future? Have you means at your command whereby you can see whether the great stake—you know which I mean—shall be won or lost?'

Hekt looked at the ground, and said after reflecting a short time:

'I cannot decide with certainty, but thy affair stands well. Look at these two hawks with the chain on their feet. They take their food from no one but me. The one that is moulting, with closed, grey eyelids, is Rameses; the smart, smooth one, with shining eyes, is thyself. It comes to this—which of you lives the longest. So far thou hast the advantage.'

Ani cast an evil glance at the king's sick hawk; but Hekt said:—'Both must be treated exactly alike. Fate will not be done violence to.'

'Feed them well,' exclaimed the Regent; he threw a purse in Hekt's lap, and added, as he prepared to leave her: 'If anything happens to either of the birds let me know at once by Nemu'

Ani went down the hill, and walked towards the neighboring tomb of his father; but Hekt laughed as she looked after him, and muttered to herself:—

'Now the fool will take care of me for the sake of his bird! That smiling, spiritless, indolent-minded man would rule Egypt! Am I then so much wiser than other folks, or do none but fools come to consult Hekt? But Rameses chose Ani to represent him! perhaps because he thinks that those who are not particularly clever are not particularly dangerous. If that is what he thought, he was not wise, for no one usually is so self-confident and insolent as just such an idiot.'

CHAPTER XXXIII.

An hour later, Ani, in rich attire, left his father's tomb, and drove his brilliant chariot past the witch's cave, and the little cottage of Uarda's father.

Nemu squatted on the step, the dwarf's usual place. The little man looked down at the lately rebuilt hut, and ground his teeth, when, through an opening in the hedge, he saw the white robe of a man, who was sitting by Uarda.

The pretty child's visitor was prince Rameri, who had crossed the Nile in the early morning, dressed as a young scribe of the treasury, to obtain news of Pentaur—and to stick a rose into Uarda's hair.

This purpose was, indeed, the more important of the two, for the other must, in point of time at any rate, be the second.

He found it necessary to excuse himself to his own conscience with a variety of cogent reasons. In the first place the rose, which lay carefully secured in a fold of his robe, ran great danger of fading if he first waited for his companions near the temple of Seti; next, a hasty return from thence to Thebes might prove necessary; and finally, it seemed to him not impossible that Bent-Anat might send a master of the ceremonies after him, and if that happened any delay might frustrate his purpose.

His heart beat loud and violently, not for love of the maiden, but because he felt he was doing wrong.

The spot that he must tread was unclean, and he had, for the first time, told a lie. He had given himself out to Uarda to be a noble youth of Bent-Anat's train, and, as one falsehood usually entails another, in answer to her questions he had given her false information as to his parents and his life.

Had evil more power over him in this unclean spot than in the House of Seti, and at his father's. It might very well be so, for all disturbance in nature and men was the work of Seth, and how wild was the storm in his breast! And yet! He wished nothing but good to come of it to Uarda. She was so fair and sweet—like some child of the gods: and certainly the white maiden must have been stolen from some one, and could not possibly belong to the unclean people.

When the prince entered the court of the hut, Uarda was not to be seen, but he soon heard her voice singing out through the open door. She came out into the air, for the dog barked furiously at Rameri. When she saw the prince, she started, and said:

'You are here already again, and yet I warned you. My grandmother in there is the wife of a paraschites.'

'I am not come to visit her,' retorted the prince, 'but you only; and you do not belong to them, of that I am convinced. No roses grow in the desert.'

'And yet I am my father's child,' said Uarda decidedly, 'and my poor dead grandfather's grandchild. Certainly I belong to them, and those that do not think me good enough for them may keep away.'

With these words she turned to re-enter the house; but Rameri seized her hand, and held her back, saying—

'How cruel you are! I tried to save you, and came to see you before I thought that you might—and, indeed, you are quite unlike the people whom you call your relations. You must not misunderstand me; but it would be horrible to me to believe that you, who are so beautiful, and as white as a lily, have any part in the hideous curse. You charm every one, even my mistress, Bent-Anat, and it seems to me impossible—'

'That I should belong to the unclean! —say it out,' said Uarda softly, and casting down her eyes.

Then she continued more excitedly: 'But I tell you, the curse is unjust, for a better man never lived than my grandfather was.'

Tears sprang from her eyes, and Rameri said: 'I fully believe it; and it must be very difficult to continue good when every one despises and scorns one; I at least can be brought to no good by blame, though I can by praise. Certainly people are obliged to meet me and mine with respect.'

'And us with contempt!' exclaimed Uarda. 'But I will tell you something. If a man is sure that he is good, it is all the same to him whether he be despised or honored by other people. Nay—we may be prouder than you; for you great folks must often say to yourselves that you are worth less than men value you at, and we know that we are worth more.'

'I have thought of you too,' said Uarda. claimed Rameri, 'and there is one who recognizes your worth, and that is I. Even if it were otherwise, I must always —always think of you.'

'I have thought of you too,' said Uarda. 'Just now, when I was sitting with my sick grandmother, it passed through my mind how nice it would be if I had a brother just like you. Do you know what I should do if you were my brother?'

'Well?'

'I should buy you a chariot and horse, and you should go away to the king's war.'

'Are you so rich?' asked Rameri smiling.

'Oh, yes!' answered Uarda. 'To be sure, I have not been rich for more than an hour. Can you read?'

'Yes.'

'Only think, when I was ill they sent a doctor to me from the House of Seti. He was very clever, but a strange man. He often looked into my eyes like a drunken man, and he stammered when he spoke.'

'Is his name Nebsecht?' asked the prince.

'Yes, Nebsecht. He planned strange things with grandfather, and after Pentaur and you had saved us in the frightful attack upon us he interceded for us. Since then he has not come again, for I was already much better. Now to-day, about two hours ago, the dog barked, and an old man, a stranger, came up to me, and said he was Nebsecht's brother, and had a great deal of money in his charge for me. He gave me a ring, too, and said that he would pay the money to him, who took the ring to him from me. Then he read this letter to me.'

Rameri took the letter and read.

'Nebsecht to the fair Uarda.'

'Nebsecht greets Uarda, and informs her that he owed her grandfather in Osiris, Pinem—whose body the kolchytes are embalming like that of a noble—a sum of a thousand gold rings. These he has entrusted to his brother Teta to hold ready for her at any moment. She may trust Teta entirely, for he is honest, and ask him for money whenever she needs it. It would be best that she should ask Teta to take care of the money for her, and to buy her a house and field; then she could remove into it, and live in it free from care with her grandmother. She may wait a year, and then she may choose a husband. Nebsecht loves Uarda much. If at the end of thirteen months he has not been to see her, she had better marry whom she will; but not before she has shown the jewel left her by her mother to the king's interpreter.'

'How strange!' exclaimed Rameri. 'Who would have given the singular physician, who always wore such dirty clothes, credit for such generosity? But what is this jewel that you have?'

Uarda opened her shirt, and showed the prince the sparkling ornament.

'Those are diamonds—it is very valuable!' cried the prince; 'and there in the middle on the onyx there are shapely engraved signs. I cannot read them, but I will show them to the interpreter. Did your mother wear that?'

'My father found it on her when she died,' said Uarda. 'She came to Egypt as a prisoner of war, and was as white as I am, but dumb, so she could not tell us the name of her home.'

'She belonged to some great house among the foreigners, and the children inherit from the mother,' cried the prince joyfully. 'You are a princess, Uarda! Oh! how glad I am, and how much I love you!'

The girl smiled and said, 'Now you will not be afraid to touch the daughter of the unclean.'

'You are cruel,' replied the prince. 'Shall I tell you what I determined on yesterday,—what would not let me sleep last night,—and for what I came here to-day?'

'Well?'

Rameri took a most beautiful white rose out of his robe and said—

'It is very childish, but I thought how it would be if I might put this flower with my own hands into your shining hair. May I?'

'It is a splendid rose! I never saw such a fine one.'

'It is for my haughty princess. Do pray let me dress your hair! It is like silk from Tyre, like a swan's breast, like golden star-beams—there, it is fixed safely! Nay, leave it so. If the seven Hathors could see you, they would be jealous, for you are fairer than all of them.'

'How you flatter!' said Uarda, shyly blushing, and looking into his sparkling eyes.

'Uarda,' said the princess, pressing her hand to his. 'I have now but one wish. Feel how my heart hammers and beats. I believe it will never rest again till you—yes, Uarda—till you let me give you one, only one, kiss.'

The girl drew back.

'Now,' she said seriously. 'Now I see what you want. Old Hekt knows men, and she warned me.'

'Who is Hekt, and what can she know of me?'

'She told me that the time would come when a man would try to make friends with me. He would look into my eyes, and if mine met his, then he would ask to kiss me. But I must refuse him, because if I liked him to kiss me he would seize my soul, and take it from me, and I must wander, like the restless ghosts, which the abyss rejects, and the storm whirls before it, and the sea will not cover, and the sky will not receive, soulless to the end of my days. Go away—for I cannot refuse you the kiss, and yet I would not wander restless, and without a soul!'

'Is the old woman who told you that a good woman,' asked Rameri.

Uarda shook her head.

'Then it cannot be true—' cried the prince. 'Then she has spoken a falsehood. I will not seize your soul; I will give you mine to be yours, and you shall give me yours to be mine, and so we shall neither of us be poorer—but both richer!'

'I should like to believe it,' said Uarda thoughtfully, 'and I have thought the same kind of thing. When I was strong, I often had to go late in the evening to fetch water from the landing place where the great water wheel stands. Thousands of drops fall from the earthenware pails as it turns, and in each you can see the reflection of a moon, yet there is only one in the sky. Then I thought to myself, so it must be with the love in our hearts. We have but one heart, and yet we pour it out into other hearts without its losing in strength or in warmth. I thought of my grandmother, of my father, of little Scherau, of the gods, and of Pentaur. Now I should like to give you a part of it too.'

'Only a part?' asked Rameri.

'Well, the whole will be reflected in you, you know,' said Uarda, 'as the whole moon is reflected in each drop.'

'It shall!' cried the prince, clasping the trembling girl in his arms, and the two young souls were united in their first kiss.

'Now do go!' Uarda entreated.

'Let me stay a little while,' said Rameri. 'Sit down here by me on the bench in front of the house. The hedge shelters us, and besides this valley is now deserted, and there are no passers-by.'

'We are doing what is not right,' said Uarda. 'If it were right we should not want to hide ourselves.'

'Do you call that wrong which the priests perform in the holy of holies?' asked the prince. 'And yet it is concealed from all eyes.'

'How you can argue!' laughed Uarda. 'That shows you can write, and are one of his disciples.'

'His, his!' exclaimed Rameri. 'You mean Pentaur. He was always the dearest to me of all my teachers, but it vexes me when you speak of him as if he were more to you than I and every one else. The poet, you said, was one of the drops in which the moon of your soul finds a reflection—and I will not divide it with many.'

'How you are talking!' said Uarda. 'Do you not honor your father, and the gods? I love no one else as I do you—and what I felt when you kissed me—that was not like moon-light, but like this hot mid-day sun. When I thought of you I had no peace. I will confess to you now, that twenty times I looked out of the door, and asked whether my preserver—the kind, curly-headed boy—would really come again, or whether he despised a poor girl like me? You came, and I am so happy, and I could enjoy myself with you to my heart's content. Be kind again—or I will pull your hair!'

'You!' cried Rameri. 'You cannot hurt with your little hands, though you can with your tongue. Pentaur is much wiser and better than I, you owe much to him, and nevertheless I—'

'Let that rest,' interrupted the girl, growing grave. 'He is not a man like other men. If he asked to kiss me, I should crumble into dust, as ashes dried in the sun crumble if you touch them with a finger, and I should be as much afraid of his lips as of a lion's. Though you may laugh at it, I shall always believe that he is one of the Immortals. His own father told me that a great wonder was shown to him the very day after his birth. Old Hekt has often sent me to the gardener with a message to inquire after his son, and though the man is rough he is kind. At first he was not friendly, but when he saw how much I liked his flowers he grew fond of me, and set me to work to tie wreaths and bunches, and to carry them to his customers. As we sat together, laying the flowers side by side, he constantly told me something about his son, and his beauty and goodness and wisdom. When he was quite a little boy he could write poems, and he learned to read before any one had shown him how. The high priest Ameni heard of it and took him to the House of Seti, and there he improved, to the astonishment of the gardener; not long after I went through the garden with the old man. He talked of Pentaur as usual, and then stood still before a noble shrub with broad leaves, and said, "My son is like this plant, which has grown up close to me, and I know not now. I laid the seed in the soil, with others that I bought over there in Thebes; no one knows where it came from, and yet it is my own. It certainly is not a native of Egypt; and is not Pentaur as high above me and his mother and his brothers, as this shrub is above the other flowers? We are all small and bony, and he is tall and slim; our skin is dark and he is rosy; our speech is hoarse; his as sweet as a song. I believe he is a child of the gods that the immortals have laid in my homely house. Who knows their decrees?" and then I often saw Pentaur at the festivals, and asked myself which of the other priests of the temple came near him in height and dignity? I took him for a god, and when I saw him who saved my life overcome a whole mob with superhuman strength must I not regard him as a superior being? I look up to him as to one of them; but I could never look in his eyes as I do in yours. It would not make my blood flow faster; it would freeze it in my veins. How can I say what I mean! my soul looks straight out, and it finds you; but to find him it must look up to the heavens. You are a fresh rose-garland with which I crown myself—he is a sacred persea-tree before which I bow.'

Rameri listened to her in silence, and then said: 'I am still young, and have done nothing yet, but the time shall come in which you shall look up to me, too, as to a tree, not perhaps a sacred tree, but as to a sycamore under whose shade we love to rest. I am no longer gay; I will leave you, for I have a serious duty to fulfil. Pentaur is a complete man, and I will be one too. But you shall be the rose-garland to grace me. Men who can be compared to flowers disgust me!'

The prince rose, and offered Uarda his hand.

'You have a strong hand,' said the girl. 'You will be a noble man, and work for good and great ends only look, my fingers are quite red with being held so tightly. But they, too, are not quite useless. They have never done anything very hard certainly, but what they tend flourishes, and grandmother says they are "lucky." Look at the lovely lilies and the pomegranate bush in that corner. Grandfather brought the earth here from the Nile, Pentaur's father gave me the seeds, and each little plant that ventured to show a green shoot through the soil I sheltered and nursed and watered, though I had to fetch the water in my little pitcher, till it was vigorous, and thanked me with flowers. Take this pomegranate flower. It was the first my tree has borne; and it is very strange, when the bud first began to lengthen and swell my grandmother said: "Now your heart will soon begin to bud and love." I know now what she meant, and both the first flowers belong to you—the red one here off the tree, and the other, which you cannot see, but which glows as brightly as this does.'

Rameri pressed the scarlet blossom to his lips, and stretched out his hand toward Uarda; but she shrank back, for a little figure slipped through an opening in the hedge.

It was Scherau.

His pretty little face glowed with his quick run, and his breath was gone. For a few minutes he tried in vain for words, and looked anxiously at the prince.

Uarda saw that something unusual agitated him; she spoke to him kindly, saying that if he wished to speak to her alone he need not be afraid of Rameri, for he was her best friend.

'But it does not concern you and me,' replied the child, 'but the good, holy father Pentaur, who was so kind to me, and who saved your life.'

'I am a great friend of Pentaur,' said the prince. 'Is it not true, Uarda? He may speak with confidence before me.'

'I may?' said Scherau, 'that is well. I have slipped away; Hekt may come back at any moment, and if she sees that I have taken myself off I shall get a beating and nothing to eat.'

'Who is this horrible Hekt?' asked Rameri indignantly.

'That Uarda can tell you by and by,' said the little one hurriedly. 'Now only listen. She laid me on my board in the cave, and threw a sack over me, and first came Nemu, and then another man, whom she spoke to as "Steward." She talked to him a long time. At first I did not listen, but then I caught the name of Pentaur, and I got my head out, and now I understand it all. The steward declared that the good Pentaur was wicked, and stood in his way, and he said that Ameni was going to send him to the quarries at Chennu, but that that was much too small a punishment. Then Hekt advised him to give a secret commission to the captain of the ship to go beyond Chennu, to the frightful mountain-mines, of which she has often told me, for her father and her brother were tormented to death there.'

'None ever return from thence,' said the prince. 'But go on.'

'What came next, I only half understood, but they spoke of some drink that makes people mad. Oh! what I see and hear!—I would lie contentedly on my board all my life long, but all else is too horrible—I wish that I were dead.'

And the child began to cry bitterly.

Uarda, whose cheeks had turned pale, patted him affectionately; but Rameri exclaimed:

'It is frightful! unheard of! But who was the steward? did you not hear his name? Collect yourself, little man, and stop crying. It is a case of life and death. Who was the scoundrel? Did she not name him? Try to remember.'

Scherau bit his red lips, and tried for composure. His tears ceased, and sudddenly he exclaimed, as he put his hand into the breast of his ragged little garment, 'Stay, perhaps you will know him again—I made him!'

'You did what?' asked the prince.

'I made him,' repeated the little artist, and he carefully brought out an object wrapped up in a scrap of rag.

'I could just see his head quite clearly from one side all the time he was speaking, and my clay lay by me. I always must model something when my mind is excited, and this time I quickly made his face, and as the image was successful, I kept it about me to show to the master when Hekt was out.'

While he spoke he had carefully unwrapped the figure with trembling fingers, and had give it to Uarda.

'Ani!' cried the prince. 'He, and no other! Who could have thought it! What spite has he against Pentaur? What is the priest to him?'

For a moment he reflected, then he struck his hand against his forehead.

'Fool that I am!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'Child that I am! of course, of course; I see it all. Ani asked for Bent-Anat's hand, and she—now that I love you, Uarda, I understand what ails her. Away with deceit! I will tell you no more lies, Uarda. I am no page of honor to Bent-Anat; I am her brother, and king Rameses's own son. Do not cover your face with your hands, Uarda, for if I had not seen your mother's jewel and if I were not only a prince, but Horus himself, the son of Isis, I must have loved you, and would not have given you up. But now other things have to be done besides lingering with you; now I will show you that I am a man, now that Pentaur is to be saved. Farewell, Uarda, and think of me!'

He would have hurried off, but Scherau held him by the robe, and said timidly: 'Thou sayst thou art Rameses's son, Hekt spoke of him, too. She compared him to our moulting hawk.'

'She shall soon feel the talons of the royal eagle,' cried Rameri. 'Once more, farewell!'

He gave Uarda his hand, she pressed it passionately to her lips, but he drew it away, kissed her forehead, and was gone.

The maiden looked after him pale and speechless. She saw another man hastening towards her, and recognizing him as her father, she went quickly to meet him. The soldier had come to take leave of her, he had to escort some prisoners.

'To Chennu?' asked Uarda.

'Ah, to the north,' replied the man.

His daughter now related what she had heard, and asked whether he could help the priest, who had saved her.

'If I had money, if I had money!' muttered the soldier to himself.

'We have some,' cried Uarda! she told him of Nebsecht's gift, and said: 'Take me over the Nile, and in two hours you will have enough to make a man rich. But no; I cannot leave my sick grandmother. You yourself take the ring, and remember that Pentaur is being punished for having dared to protect us.'

'I remember it,' said the soldier. 'I have but one life, but I will willingly give it to save his. I cannot devise schemes, but I know something, and if it succeeds he need not go to the gold-mines. I will put the wine-flask aside; give me a drink of water, for the next few hours I must keep a sober head.'

'There is the water, and I will pour in a mouthful of wine. Will you come back and bring me news?'

'That will not do, for we set sail at midnight, but if some one returns to you with the ring you will know that what I propose has succeeded.'

Uarda went into the hut, her father followed her; he took leave of his sick mother and of his daughter. When they went out of doors again, he said: 'You have to live on the princess's gift till I return, and I do not want half of the physician's present. But where is your pomegranate blossom?'

(To be continued.)

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LITERARY REVIEW.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

A most interesting series of living pictures of pioneer life in the Ottawa Valley is given by Mrs. Bertha Wright Carr-Harris in 'The White Chief of the Ottawa,' which sketches, from diaries and letters of the period, the experiences of Philemon Wright, who, with his family came from Woburn, Massachusetts, into a then unknown region one hundred years ago. Some years before, Mr. Wright had made careful explorations and in 1800 he led his party up the old stage road from Boston to Montreal, running through Woburn, Haverhill, Concord and along the shore of Lake Memphremagog to Montreal, which was reached on the ninth day. Montreal was a 'gloomy little town surrounded by a fifteen-foot wall with battlements and other fortifications, with crooked streets and a population of about seven thousand.' The further journey was more difficult as the seven sleighs loaded with mill irons, tools, household effects and provisions, were wider than those used in Canada. 'We kept,' said Mr. Wright 'our axemen forward cutting the road and our foraging team next and the families in the rear.' At night they encamped round a fire, the women and children sleeping in covered sleighs, the men in their blankets, and the cattle tied to the trees, 'and,' continues the leader, with unconscious pathos, 'I never saw men more cheerful and happy, having no landlord to call upon them for expenses and no unclean floors to sleep upon, but the sweet ground which belongs to our sovereign.' So journeying, first on land and then on ice, they at last reached the Chaudiere Falls and the new settlement was started. The young people called their new home the 'Wigwam.' It was in the midst of an estate of twenty-two thousand acres, part of which had been received as a grant, but the greater portion had been purchased from the government, as the chief had brought with him a capital of nearly fifty thousand dollars. The story of the Indian visitors who came to the white chief's home is touchingly told, and throughout the book the author takes pains to carefully depict the habits and ceremonies of the native races. Mrs. Wright, the wife of the pioneer lumber king, was a most potent influence for good in the new community. 'To the Indians and early settlers in their loneliness she was a mother and more than a mother, for she was the only physician, the only clergyman, the only teacher that the little colony possessed for the first few years of its struggling existence. Her medical book and case of medicines, a gift from Dr. Green, of Woburn, brought relief to many sufferers. Her 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Saint's Rest,' and other books did much to cheer darkened souls, while from the newest Boston school books she trained the youth of the settlement in the elementary principles of the arts and sciences. Before long the new settlement could boast of a grist mill, a saw mill, a vegetable alkali factory, a tannery, a small foundry, a bakery, a tailor shop and a general store. Mr. Wright's chief income, however, came from hemp, of which he raised three-quarters of the amount produced by Lower Canada at the time. The Baltic Ports were shut to British ships and England had to look elsewhere for cordage and lumber. The price of hemp had risen from £25 to £118 per ton and Mr. Wright's hemp mill gave employment to over one hundred men. A vivid picture is given of a sunny evening in May, 1805, when the young people, enjoying the sunset, saw twelve canoes coming up the mighty current, bearing the Hudson's Bay Company supplies for the forts in the north. They watched them camp for the night at the entrance to the portage. Shortly after there arrived on the scene, coming the other way, the crews of twenty-two canoes belonging to the company, and twelve crews of Iroquois Indians, who were on their return from the hunt with their families, furs, etc.

The clamor, jargoning and confusion of this wild impetuous multitude cannot be described. The commander of the brigade was a Welshman, David Thompson, with a young Scotchman named Simon Fraser as assistant, whose names have been handed down to posterity as the discoverers of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers.

During the night the old factor entertained the settlers by telling them about his auld friend Sandy Mackenzie who some twenty years before had started out exploring from Fort Chipewyan and had gone down to Slave Lake and sailed away down the river, which had been called after him, until 'at the hinner en' they foond 'oot that it emptied intae the North Sea.' 'Did your friend make any other discoveries?' asked one of the boys.

'Ay, sir,' replied the Scot. 'He made the discoverie o' his life, when, three years aifter his comin' back tae the Fort, he set oot in sairch o' the Pacific Ocean, and foond it, tae. It was a thing that nae white mon had ever dune afore 'im, an' I doot if ony ane but Sandy could a stood the dangers and difficulties that he cam' through, what wi' a sulky crew that nearly drave him mad an' ither things. He was a brave, graun' mon, was Sandy. Weel, he left the Fort in October, an' gangin' up the Ungigah River, he gaed across the continent till he got tae the sea the next July, when he inscribed on the solid cliffs on the shore the fac' o' his discoverie.'

In 1808 the Wrights had a visit from the Hon. Joseph Papineau, who, with his son, Louis Joseph, had come up in a canoe and had just performed the feat of canoeing to the foot of the Chaudiere Falls for the first time. He had recently purchased from Bishop Laval the unsettled seigniory of Petite Nation, where he had a summer cottage. Time passed on. The American invasion affected the settlers little save that wheat went up $3 a bushel and Mr. Wright in 1814 disposed of his crop at a profit of $7,000. In 1826 Colonel By, Colonel Durnford, Lord Dalhousie and others met in Mr. Wright's house to arrange plans for the building of the Rideau canal and in 1827 the corner stone of the locks was laid, advantage being taken of the presence of Captain (afterwards Sir John) Franklin, who had just arrived in a canoe, having travelled five thousand miles exploring the northern coast of the continent.

'We could not do better,' said Colonel By, 'than have the ceremony quietly performed by one whose name is a household word on two continents, one who has braved untold peril and hardships in his country's service, not only in the Polar Seas, but at Trafalgar, Copenhagen and New Orleans, one whose name stands for everything that is honorable, self-sacrificing and courageous.'

'I agree with you, said Mr. Mackay. 'Mr. Redpath, Mr. McTaggart and myself were discussing the matter this morning, and decided to suggest to you, sir, that the corner stone should be laid with some ceremony, and the work is sufficiently advanced to have it done to-morrow.'

It was finally decided that the ceremony should take place the following day, Aug. 16, 1827, at 4 p.m.

Upon that corner stone so 'well and truly laid' was built a city which in thirty-one short years became the capital of a domain nearly three and a half million square miles larger in extent than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, nearly five hundred thousand square miles larger than the United States, and almost as large as the combined countries of Europe. With the laying of the foundation of the city of Ottawa will ever be associated the names of Rear-Admiral Sir John Franklin, who afterward laid down his life in the frozen North in the cause of his country; of Lieut.-Colonel John By, who filled so important a place in the public works of Canada in the constfuction of two canals, the building of two Martello towers on the Plains of Abraham, and whose recommendations to the Duke of Wellington resulted in the building of the present fortifications at Quebec; of Thomas Mackay, the contractor for the locks, who afterwards built Rideau Hall; of John Redpath, who later settled in Montreal, and built up one of the largest commercial enterprises in Canada; of John McTaggart, clerk of the works, to whose able pen we are indebted for much of the history of the time, and who returned to Scotland on the completion of the work; and last, but not least, of the White Chief of the Ottawa, the pioneer 'Lumber King.'

The book is published by William Briggs, Toronto, with seven full page engravings. ($1.25.)

HEATHER LORE.

A most entertaining book for genuine lovers of Scotch tradition is 'Heather in Lore, Lyric and Lay,' by Alexander Wallace, editor of 'The 'Florist's Exchange.' It may surprise many readers to be told that heather grows not only in Scotland, but in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Yukon. It was discovered growing wild in Tewkesbury, Mass., about forty years ago, and still grows in the same spot. Heather is also now cultivated as a garden plant in various parts of the United States. To data of this kind, and descriptions of the different varieties of heather, Mr. Wallace gives the first part of his book. Then we learn of the uses to which the plant used to be put, the beds, the brooms, the ropes that bound the thatch on cottage roofs, the heather honey and the heather ale of Scottish tradition. There are chapters on heather as associated with clans, with fairies and with martyrs, and many a poem, Jacobite and modern, mentioning 'heath-clad hills' 'a sprig of white heather,' or 'heather-bells.' The volume is tastefully bound and well illustrated. It would be a charming present for some patriotic Scot.

(A. T. De La Mare Publishing Company, New York.)

CANADIAN VERSE.

'Sea Murmurs and Woodland Songs,' by S. E. Sherwood Faulkner (Briggs, Toronto), contains some bright scenes of country life, and shows touches of poetic insight. One of the longer pieces begins with a child's delight over the first snow:

'It is snowing, mother, snowing!
Look, O look! I see it coming!
I have waited long for winter—
Waited long to see a snowflake
Flutter down to earth so dreary.
Now I see it—here's another:
Yes, they're coming fast and faster,
And the ground is growing whiter
As though strewn with down of eider;
And the sky—O mother! did you
Ever gaze up toward the snow-cloud—
Gaze as I do at the snow-stars
Falling thickly all around one
Till you thought that they were resting
And that you were going upward—
Upward to a land of glory,
Where the Snow-King scattered diamonds
In soft circles all about you?'

A quaint but touching analogy is worked out in the two stanzas called 'Homebound.'

She hastened toward the home-bound train—
Fond friends had said 'Good-bye'—
And thoughts of home now filled her mind
And joy lit up her eye.
A mental vision crossed her gaze,
Of transitory bliss;
She saw her waiting husband's smile
And felt her daughter's kiss.

She stands upon the heaven-bound train,
Her quickened vision sees
Her heavenly home beyond the sky—
The earthly vision flees:
She hears the angelic chorus swell,
She wakes to perfect bliss,
She sees her heavenly Father's smile,
And feels an angel's kiss.

"Wood Notes Wild,' by 'The Bard o' Glen Erie,' is a booklet of Canadian verse in the Scotch style. The praises of bonnie Jessie Annie and Mary are here associated with Fort William, Port Arthur and 'the banks o' the Kam,' or Kaministikwia river. Local descriptive pieces are 'Kakabeka Falls,' and 'The Sleeping Giant.' In the latter the following verses occur:

The thunders still boom o'er this famed 'Thunder Cape,'
The lightnings still flash in their fury and hate,
And the waves of Superior still beat 'gainst the side
Of this famed 'Sleeping Giant,' now cold in his pride.

But the eagle's departed: the red men are few;
No longer they call on the great Manitou,
And the Giant still sleeps with heaven's mists for his vest,
Well guarding the gate from the East to the West.

(J. W. Robertson, Fort William, Ont., 10 cents.)

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Those who are looking for suitable gifts for pastors, Sunday-school teachers and Christian workers will find this year a large variety to choose from. Among other volumes of stimulating religious thought we may mention the following recent publications: Dr. Torrey's 'Revival Addresses' (Revell Co., $1.00) contain the sermons which so wonderfully stirred the cities of Australia and New Zealand, and were afterwards used in Japan, China, India and the British Isles, the audiences sometimes numbering five and six thousand. After one sermon delivered in a Japanese city through an interpreter, eighty-seven Japanese came forward and publicly accepted Christ. The addresses are full of illustrations and incidents. In connection with these sermons another very useful book may be mentioned, and that is Mr. S. D. Gordon's 'Quiet Talks on Power,' from the same publishers. Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the singing evangelist, who went everywhere with Dr. Torrey, says that as he went from one university to another and met the pastors in different cities, he heard students, professors and ministers speaking of the change that had come into their lives through the influence of Mr. Gordon's talks. He bought the volume and loaned it everywhere, and the universal verdict was, 'a remarkable book, and so different from any other.'——The books of the Rev. Hugh Black, of Edinburgh, have long been a favorite choice for gifts. His new volume is entitled 'Work' (Revell Co., Toronto, 75 cents). A self-centred life, he says, results in the direst misery, but work takes us out of ourselves, and 'the true reward of working is not the material wage it earns in money or position or fame, but the increased and facile power of working. The fruits of labor can only be reaped by steady, well directed, faithful labor; and the fruits of work are capacity for better work, but are also fruits of character. The richest gains are in the result on the man himself, giving him the habit of application and discipline of thought and stiffening his power of will.' Dr. Black is the coadjutor of the celebrated Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, and has been sought for the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of New York.——'City Temple Sermons' (Revell Co., $1.00) is a volume containing twenty-three sermons taken by a stenographer as they were preached by Joseph Parker's eloquent successor, the Rev. R. J. Campbell. An address on 'Passive resistance' concludes the series.——Other welcome gifts to Christian workers will be found in the books of the brothers Hadley. 'The Blue Badge of Courage,' Henry H. Hadley, from the Saalfield Publishing Company, of Akron, Ohio, and 'Down in Water Street,' by Samuel H. Hadley, published by Revell. Both books tell of marvellously successful work.——An appropriate Bible class or Christian Endeavor gift will be found in 'Steps Christward,' by Howard Allen Bridgman, managing editor of the Boston 'Congregationalist' (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 75 cents). Mr. Bridgman has for ten years been writing on the topic for Christian Endeavor prayer meetings, and the material thus produced has been re-shaped in the form of counsels for young Christians.

'THE BOOK-LOVER.'

'The Book-Lover,' which should not be confused with the 'Book-Lovers' Magazine,' is a large quarto devoted to the curiosities of literature, old books, bits of biography, and book binding. One of its longer articles this month is on 'Some eighteenth century children's books.' It appears that abridged editions of the famous but rather improper novels of the day were printed in small editions for children, as well as the moral tales written especially for their edification. The instructive ones, however, were very instructive indeed. One was entitled, 'The valentine's gift, or a plan to make children of all sizes and denominations behave with honor, integrity and humanity, very necessary in a trading nation.' An essay of some length, called 'Literary Lumber,' describes, among other inconsistencies of a library's fate, the ravages of cleaning-day, saying: 'Archbishop Laud may have played no enviable part in our ecclesiastical polity; but, so far as can be gleaned from so ferocious an opponent as William Prynne, the indomitable little man stood firm on his feet so long as he kept his head. Yet he has been made to stand on his head long after he had lost it, by the indiscriminate disarrangement of the nymphs of spring cleaning.' Among a score of shorter articles we find 'Charles Lamb's proposal,' 'The change in Kipling,' and 'Romances of the publishing world.' 'The original of Blumine' tells of Carlyle's first admiration, a Miss Margaret Gordon, afterwards Lady Bannerman, apparently a Canadian. She recognized his great abilities, and advised him gently in a letter not to repel ordinary people by inconsiderate manners. 'Let your light shine before men, and think them not unworthy the trouble.'

A MONARCH FOR CANADA.

(St. Johns, Que., 'News.')

'Harper's Weekly,' once the cleverest and most influential weekly in New York, has for the past couple of years, or since the collapse of the old firm, been steadily declining in prestige. Formerly it was admired for its frankness and impartiality; but of late it has become a partisan sheet and its diatribes about Canada and the future of this country have been sadly wanting in common sense or even in ordinary tact. Forgetting that Canada by its own choice is in everything but name a republic, and a much better organized republic at that than the United States, it asserts that we are strongly wedded to a monarchial form of government, that should we become in name, as in fact, independent, we should at once set about finding a king. The following is a fragment of its foolish talk:

'There is a curious report that, if the Dominion should secede from the Mother Country, it would organize a government monarchial in form. Where would it look for a king? Would it invite a member of the family now reigning in Britain to become its sovereign? There is a rumor that some of the British-Canadians would prefer the Scottish Duke of Hamilton, who is descended, through the Princess Margaret Tudor, from the Plantagenets, who were claimants of the throne of France, through Isabelle, daughter of Philippe IV., king of that country. On the other hand the French-Canadians are said to look with more favor on the present Baron de Longueuil, a descendant of one of the founders of Montreal, and now chief of the seigneurial order in the Province of Quebec.'

Did ever one read greater tomfoolery? 'Harper's Weekly' must indeed be in desperate straits to re-awaken interest in its editorial utterances. If there has been any talk about hunting for a king in this country it has not been outside of the lunatic asylums, but possibly it is from lunatic asylums that our contemporary draws its information. The Scottish Duke of Hamilton might possibly become the Governor-General of Canada, but that is the highest position to which he could ever attain on this part of the continent; and as for the Baron de Longueuil—the man who draws his income from ancestral estates in the neighborhood of St. Johns, but who spends it entirely abroad and is never seen here, and who has no recognised status in the Dominion—he has just about as much chance of ruling over Canada as he has of becoming President of the United States. Altogether, it must be evident to those best informed that 'Harper's Weekly' is a very unreliable authority when speaking about matters Canadian.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE FOR RAILWAY MEN.

Western railways are insisting upon total abstinence among employees. If all of the large corporations are going to keep their employees out of saloons on or off duty thousands of rum shops will have to close. The officials of the Rock Island road hope in this way to reduce the percentage of disasters and to secure a higher standard of efficiency. The use of whiskey on the Northwestern is the cause for immediate discharge. The Northern Pacific is very strict, while the Milwaukee delights to have prohibitionists in its employ. The Wabash has recently fallen into line. Men who drink even while not at work are not wanted.

A recent Peru, Ind., dispatch says that the temperance rule is being rigidly enforced on the Wabash lines. Superintendent S. E. Cotter and Trainmaster S. Wells, at that point have thrown a bomb into the ranks of the enginemen and trainmen on the eastern division of the system by discharging one of the most fearless and swiftest running enginemen on the line for disobeying the rule of the company pertaining to the use of intoxicants. It is said that the one dismissed was a frequenter of saloons. Fifty or more other men have been summoned before the officials and there is much anxiety among the men, many of whom know that the officials are aware of their wrong doing.

The Wabash company has been striving for years to keep its employees away from the saloons but the determination among the officials here never was so earnest as at present, and it is likely that quite a number of men will be discharged within the next few days.

The engineer, with a bottle in his blouse and a turmoil in his brain, is not trusted with the safety of a train. He is recognized as unfit for responsibility.

Public opinion backs up this decision. Men and women and children will not trust their lives to a drunken man at the throttle. It would be next to suicide.—'National Advocate.'

AN EARLY TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

(From a Correspondent.)

The first organized temperance society in British North America was promoted at Beaver River, N.S., on April 28, 1828, by the late Josiah Porter. Even at that early date Mr. Porter saw the blighting effects of intemperance in the community, and at once took a decided stand against the evil. In the old school house at Beaver River Corner he and seven others drew up a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, and there and then signed it.

Time passed on, and the pledge grew to be a society which had actually been kept kept up until the present day. In 1880-81 a new hall was erected on the very spot where the pledge was signed, and dedicated to temperance work as a memorial.

In a history of Beaver River, written by the late Mr. Raymond, another of the noble band, he tells of the wonderful growth of the temperance movement there in face of almost insurmountable obstacles. The new hall, erected in 1880, was built by voluntary subscription and labor. Men came for miles around and worked with enthusiasm until it was finished. The names of the devoted band of eight co-workers who first set the light of temperance burning in the village with a flame unquenchable were: Josiah Porter, Ebenezer Corning, Jonathan Raymond, David Corning, Daniel R. Corning, Joseph Corning, William Ferry and David Corning.

[For the 'Witness.'

THE ALLIANCE OF BLOOD.

Hard in the wake of the sun there waves a
banner that's good to see,
Tho' tattered and old it is sturdy and bold,
as a banner should always be.
'Tis the Flag, ho, ho, of a thousand deeds!
'Tis the emblem red of a thousand breeds!
'Tis the flag of our fathers who fought for
its cause, for freedom and liberty!

O'er sea and rill and snow-capped hill,
from zone to zone it soars—
From the Arctic rim of Baffin dim to far
Australia's shores.
'Tis the Flag, ho, ho, of the forest and
flood!
'Tis the emblem of the Alliance of Blood!
'Tis the creed of the clans who will spring
to the front, in defence of Imperial
scores!

O'er Egyptian sands and Fiji lands, the Jack
patrols the way,
O'er the Transvaal veldt and the great
North belt, our homage warm we pay.
To the Flag, ho, ho, of the bravest and
best!
To the flag of the host that will not be
oppress!
'Tis the flag of the Brotherhood, scattered,
yet near, engirdling the globe in its
sway!

'Neath the Polar Star, and the Southern
Cross, in India's vast domain,
On the sacred Nile, on many an isle, we
salute the sweet refrain:
'Tis the Flag, ho, ho, of no buccaneer
fame!
'Tis the emblem of fearless and chivalrous
name!
'Tis the flag of the free which afar in the
van, the Alliance will ever sustain!

A. A.

Advertisements.



BABY WANTS
to make his bath perfect.
BABY'S OWN SOAP,
Pure. Fragrant. Cleansing.
The ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Montreal.
Manufacturers.
Beware of Imitations.

Advertisements.

INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS

Mr. Elder—'There is something I want to say to you, Bessie—er—that is, Miss Kuteley.' Miss Kuteley—'Call me Bessie if you wish.' Mr. Elder—'Oh, may I?' Miss Kuteley—'Of course; all old gentlemen call me Bessie.'—Philadelphia 'Ledger.'

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas's Eclectric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble, and immediately affording relief. Administered internally it will still the irritation in the throat, which induces coughing, and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

WELL CONNECTED.

Yeast—Are the Rich's well connected?

Crimsonbeak—Oh, yes; they've got a telephone, fire-alarm and police call all in the house.—'Yonkers Statesman.'

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant; adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Visitor—'How does the land lie out this way?'

Native—'It ain't the land that lies, sir; it's the land agents.'

A Sure Cure for Headache—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alterative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves, which causes the headache. Try them.

Bloom—'I'm glad I met your wife. She seemed to take a fancy to me.'

Pecque—'Did she? I wish you'd met her sooner.'

Pale, sickly children should use Mother Graves's Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children, and should be expelled from the system.

HIS WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

Mr. Roxe—This portrait doesn't look like my wife at all.

Artist—I know it doesn't, but it looks as she thinks she looks.—'Judge.'

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative, without question, the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap, considering their excellence.

He—'Yes, I need only talk with a lady fifteen minutes, and I know just what she thinks of me.'

She—'But you must find it very unpleasant.'

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Pupil (after repeated attempts)—'Oh, I'm sure I never shall be able to!' Professor—'Oh, yes, you will. I was just as big a donkey myself at first!'—'Punch.'

Monkey Brand Soap makes copper like gold, tin like silver, crockery like marble, and windows like crystal.

The Lady—'I gave you a piece of pie last week, and you've been sending your friends here ever since.' The Tramp—'You're mistaken, lady. Them was my enemies:'—'Judge.'

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought
CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought
CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Gabberley—'Since I bought my place here property in the neighborhood has depreciated terribly.'

She—'That's only natural.'

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Boys' Page.

CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.

Work and Play for all.

ONE MORE CHANCE TO WIN THE SPECIAL PRIZE OF $5.00.

Twelve Prizes and Thirty Honorable Mentions—Open to all Readers 18 Years of Age and Under—The Prizes and Mentions Awarded in These Competitions will be the Last Included in the 1903 Series.

TO THE BOYS' PAGE READER WIN NING THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PRIZES AND MENTIONS IN THE 1903 SERIES A SPECIAL MERIT PRIZE OF $5.00 WI LL BE AWARDED.

I.

FOR OUR AUTHORS.

1st prize—Solid nickel school watch, stem winding, open face, good strong movement; or a long silver chain, suitable for either watch or muff chain.

2nd prize—Solid silver brooch, with design Scotch thistle, set with cairngorm, or cuff links, rolled gold, Canadian arms, enamelled.

Five honorable mentions.

FOR THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF WHERE THE COMPETITOR LIVES.

Number of words not to exceed 250.

Write clearly on one side of the paper only. Write your name, age and address clearly at the top of the first page. Address to the Editor of the Boys' Page, 'Witness' office, Montreal, and mail not later than Jan. 30, 1904. Prepay full postage.

II.

FOR THOSE WHO RHYME.

1st prize— 'Every Boy's Book of Sport,' edited by Prof. Hoffman, a fine large volume telling all about riding and hunting, shooting, sailing; all sorts of sports, games, outdoor and indoor; scientific recreations and magic and conjuring tricks, etc., etc.

2nd prize.—Stanley Gibbons's Stamp Album, with envelope containing stamps, pages divided, and illustrated headings of the stamps of the different countries; or, silver gilt stick pin, with Canadian arms, enamelled.

Five honorable mentions.

FOR THE BEST SET OF VERSES ON 'THE WITNESS' 'BOYS' PAGE.'

Write clearly on one side of the paper only, giving name, age and address of competitor on the first sheet. Address to the Editor of the Boys' Page, 'Witness' office, Montreal, and mail not later than Jan. 30, 1904. Prepay full postage.

III.

FOR THOSE WHO DRAW.

1st prize—'The Kindred of the Wild,' by Charles G. D. Roberts, beautifully bound and illustrated with many fine pen and ink, pencil and wash drawings, by Charles Livingston Bull, a book every one who sees it or reads about it wants to possess for its fascinating stories of the wild things.

2nd prize—Sterling silver brooch. With grey finish which is so pretty and the design a dainty one of a water lily with two leaves.

Five honorable mentions.

FOR THE BEST PEN AND INK ILLUSTRATION.

The incident illustrated to be taken from any story published in the 'Witness' during December. Not only the stories in the Boys' Page, but those in the Children's Corner or the new serial story, 'Never Too Late to Mend.' More than one illustration may be sent, as the quality of the work may be judged more easily than when only one drawing is received.

The illustration must be made with the blackest ink possible, and the endeavor made to tell the story so clearly in the drawing that the judge will need no title to describe it. Write in pencil on the back of your drawing your name, age and address and the name of the story, with the incident chosen for illustration, adding also the date of the 'Witness' in which it appeared. Do not fold.

Address to the Editor of the Boys' Page, 'Witness' office, Montreal, and mail not later than Jan. 30, 1904. Prepay full postage.

IV.

FOR THOSE WHO WHITTLE.

1st prize—'Bailey' adjustable wood bench plane. A tool every boy should have, and one which will last a lifetime.

2nd prize—Scarf pin, sterling silver gilt, royal blue enamelled shield, with white fleur de lis and enamelled crown above; or brooch in same design.

Five honorable mentions.

FOR THE BEST SET OF DOLL'S FURNITURE.

The set must contain not less than six pieces, to be made in proportion for a doll five inches tall. Must be made of wood, but may be upholstered or trimmed in any way desired. Neatness and strength of construction, good proportion and design will all be considered in the award. Tie a card, giving name, age and address, to one of the pieces. The pieces should be carefully packed in strong cardboard or wooden box, addressed to the Editor of the Boys' Page, 'Witness' office, Montreal, and mailed not later than Jan. 30, 1904. All postage must be prepaid.

V.

FOR THOSE WHO CAN WRITE.

1st prize—Writing portfolio, fine black leather, 9 x 10 in. in size, with lock fastening; or writing portfolio, brown embossed leather, lined with brown satin, 9 x 6½ in. in size.

2nd prize—Silver penhandle, of unusually dainty design and good shape.

Five honorable mentions.

FOR THE BEST COPY OF THE FOLLOWING VERSE:

'For jolly good fun,
When lessons are done,
And duties no longer engage,
There is no employment
So full of enjoyment
As reading the 'Witness' Boys' Page.

Write your name, address and age at the top of a postal card. follow it with your copy of the verse, and have it signed at the bottom or across the end by your teacher.

Address the card to the Editor of the Boys' Page, 'Witness' office, Montreal, and mail not later than Jan. 30, 1903.

VI.

FOR THE PUZZLERS.

1st prize—'Bird Neighbors,' an introductory acquaintance with one hundred and fifty of our common birds. A fascinating book, vouched for by John Burroughs. It has 48 life-sized colored plates of birds, and a commonsense description, in which they are grouped according to size and again by color.

2nd prize—A sterling silver brooch, set with cairngorm, a spray of yellow thistle in a silver and grey stone heart, or a Stanley Gibbons's Postage Stamp Book as described in II. competition.

Five honorable mentions.

ANAGRAMS ON 'READ THE BOYS' PAGE.'

For the list containing the largest number of words made up by using any of the letters represented in the line, 'Read the Boys' Page.'

Write your list neatly and clearly on one side of the paper only, numbering each word.

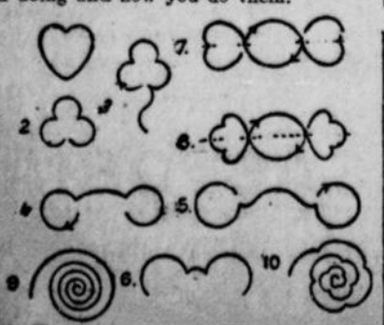
At the top of the page write your name, age and address.

Address to the Editor of the Boys' Page, 'Witness' office, Montreal, and mail not later than Jan. 30, 1904. Prepay full postage.

Can You do These?

TRY THEM ON CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON.

Are there any of our readers who cannot skate? We suspect that if there are there will be skates in their stocking this year. But of all who skate how many can do more than go straight forward and backward and dodge for hockey? How many can do these ten figures? Write and tell us how many you succeed in doing and how you do them.



1. Heart, three. 2-3. Shamrock. 4-5. Spectacles. 6. Cupid's bow. 7, 8, 9, 10. School figures.

In the English fashion of skating the rules are—rigid employed knees, legs kept close together, arms hanging by the side of the body; but with the Continental skaters, who excel in forming small, intricate figures, the knee of the employed leg is always slightly bent, and may be so considerably, when such extra bending assists to preserve the balance; the arms are carried away from the body about waist high, and are used to produce rotation in the required direction; the unemployed leg is hardly ever still, but moves backwards and forwards as is required, smoothly and without jerk. On a simple edge the unemployed leg moves from behind to in front of the employed foot in the direction of motion. In a change of edge the unemployed leg moves forward on the first edge, is drawn firmly and steadily back again in the moment of the change, thereby making the change more easy, and is brought forward again on the second edge. Always the knee of the unemployed leg is slightly bent, and is turned outwards, while the toe of the foot is also turned outwards and pointed downwards, the hands should be held upward from the wrist.

THE DOLLS THE BOYS MADE.

The children were waiting to see the Christmas tree, and the time seemed so long that grandma had to tell them a story. 'Well,' she began, 'when I was a little girl there were no toy-shops, and my mother used to make my dolls herself. I remember one Christmas Eve she was called away to see a sick neighbor, and left my big brother to keep house. "I have nothing finished for Patty's Christmas stocking," she said as she drove away. "It's too bad." That evening my brothers were in a great hurry to get me off to bed, and after I had gone up-stairs I could hear them whispering and fussing about a long while. Next morning, when I put my hand into my stocking, what do you think I found? First, a little doll cut out of a potato; its face was painted black, and with bead eyes and a bit of wool from our black sheep, it made the most comical little darkey that you ever saw. Then I pulled out a pretty little figure whittled from a shingle. My brother Ralph was something of an artist and he had given her the blackest of hair and eyes, and the reddest of lips and cheeks. And last of all came an Indian doll made of corn cob and husk. The corn leaves were the Indian's long, flowing blankets, his head was covered with bright feathers, and his ink features were very fierce indeed. My brothers were quite proud of their work, and really,' said grandma, 'I have never seen any toys since, that seemed to me so pretty as those queer little dollies.' Just then mamma opened the parlor door. All the children rushed to see the tree, so that was the end of grandma's story.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM ONE OF OUR BOYS.

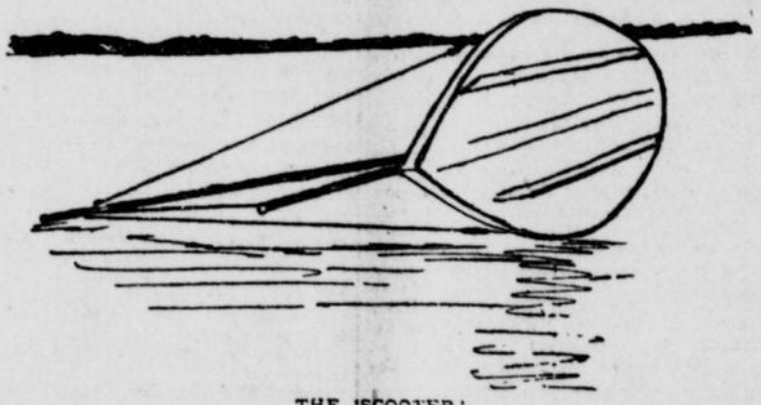
Just as the Boys' Page goes to press a large envelope has come with all sorts of good wishes and Christmas greetings, and colored pictures of Christmas bells and holly, and a fire-place with all the stockings waiting to be filled, though the clock on the mantel only points to five minutes after six, which looks as if some one had gone to bed early to hurry Santy up. These all come from one of Our Boys, Willie J. Eastman, who is eleven years three months and sixteen days old, and who has been in bed sick for ten days. We all join in wishing Willie a very merry Christmas, and sincerely hope he will be well enough to get up for Christmas dinner. Fortunately, stockings can be hung on the bed post as well as in the chimney, so he will be able to enjoy that part, even if doctors scowl at the idea of turkey and plum pudding.

In Our Work Shop.

The 'Scooter.'

(The New York 'Tribune.')

Now that water freezes and winds blow cold, the 'scooter' has made its appearance again along the costs. On the Long Island shore 'scooters' are coming out into the open by dozens and scores. And should there be ice or clear water, or should the ice floes barricade the shore with one row after another of intrenchments, the 'scooter' is to be seen flying over them or skimming on before the wind with the speed of a railway train.



THE 'SCOOTER.'

The 'scooter' is at home on water or ice. It is not a bird or a beast, but a boat. It is built with a bottom and a deck which are duplicates of each other, and no matter whether it be on water, ice or snow, the 'scooter' travels ahead



just the same. No matter whether the wind blow fierce or mild, the 'scooter' takes advantage of it and speeds on.

The sport of 'scooting,' as it is called, was born on Long Island, and, although the 'scooter' may be found elsewhere, along shores to which the winter brings half frozen water and treacherous floes, it is on the Long Island coast that 'scooters' are to be seen in the greatest numbers. As the 'scootist' sits in the cockpit of his pumpkin seed craft as it springs out of the water



on to the ice or dives from the ice into the water he is bound to make the land-lubber envious.

When the life-saving station was established on Fire Island the members of its crew endured many a hardship in winter in going to and from the Long Island shore. A life-saver oftentimes ran greater dangers in crossing the channel, interspersed as it was often with ice floes or patches of clear water, than in rowing out to a foundering wreck. After a while some ingenious life-saver strapped an ordinary row-boat to a sled, and made the journey across with this cumbrous craft. Yet the trip was still one of tremendous exertion. To row a boat with a sled hung beneath its keel was like treading water in the face of a wind or a tide, and many a life-saver in attempting to push his sled over the ice had the surface suddenly crumble away and plunge him into the icy water.

In their efforts to make this craft more practical the life-savers tried a sail, but the stretch of canvas proved more of a hindrance than a help when the wind was tempestuous. Then came the first 'scooter,' a special form of vessel, which combined in its construction both sailboat and sled. The deck was made flat and broad, and the flat bottom bore runners armed with steel. At the present time the 'scooter' builders have worked on the problem so earnestly that they almost all agree on its lines and dimensions.

A 'scooter' of the most modern type is fourteen feet long, and its greatest width is four feet. Its cockpit is 5½ feet long and 2 feet by 3 inches wide. The depth from the deck to the hull is 12 or 14 inches, and the ridge around the cockpit to prevent the water rushing over the deck and wetting the 'scootist' in the pit is 3 inches high. Both the deck and the hull are of turtle back fashion. The runners are 10 feet long, 20 inches apart and 1 inch in width. They extend down 1 3-4 inches from the surface of the bottom and are sheathed with brass. The bowsprit extends about 3 feet beyond the hull. A mast 9 feet high and 3 inches thick is big enough to carry a sufficient area of canvas for the stiff winter winds.

As told by H. B. Fullerton, in 'Country Life in America,' 'scooting' has now evolved from the winter ferryboat of the life-saver to the racing craft of the sportsman. 'Scooting' last season became such a fad on the Long Island shores that its chief enthusiasts last February held a 'scooter' race. It was the first of its kind in the world. There were seven contestants, and the winner proved that 'scooting,' like every other means of locomotion, depends not alone on the 'horse,' but also on the 'jockey.' 'Scooting' over ice is far faster than over water, and the 'scootist' who uses the most judgment in selecting his course on ice or water is the victor. On ice one can go thirty miles an hour. Mr. Fullerton has made some admirable pictures of 'scooters,' three of which accompany this article.

There is little doubt that 'scooting' will become one of the popular winter sports in the Northern States. Wherever water surfaces freeze over partially or the ice at seasons of the year crumbles treacherously, the 'scooter' may sail where the ice yacht dare not venture. On the Hudson River it is becoming no uncommon occurrence for a 'scooter' to go to the rescue of an ice yachting party whose skeleton craft has cut through the ice into slushy water. Even in the summer time the 'scooter' is a handy vessel to have about. It is thoroughly safe, even in a squall, because of its flat, broad bottom. A 'scooter' is available for all classes of sportsmen, for its cost is moderate. A 'scooter' costs anywhere from $75 to $125. There are several 'scooter' manufacturers on the Long Island coast, and the chief centres of the industry are Bellport, Patchogue, Baypoint and Sayville.

No rudder is used in the guidance of a 'scooter,' but instead the steering is done easily by the jib. In addition, the 'scootist' has always at hand a six-foot spike, made with a hickory haft and armed with a steel point and a hook. When his vessel butts against too high an ice floe he simply hooks on to the sledge with his pike, and pulls himself up over the obstacle. He also has a pair of oars in the cockpit ready for use should he lose his sail.

'There is more fun in a "scooter,"' says Mr. Fullerton, 'than in anything else under the canopy. The "scooter" seems especially designed to contribute to the gayety of nations, and I predict that this idea will scoot around the world.'



One Squirrel's Christmas.

(By R. B. Buckham, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Hal Doubleday's parents were very poor, indeed. His father was a laborer in a great shoe manufacturing establishment, when he was able to secure work at all, and his meagre earnings, but a few dollars a week at best, were barely sufficient to support his family in the plainest manner. The Doubleday household was, in consequence, a humble and lowly one. Such privations as were necessarily theirs, seldom come, I trust, to the readers of this journal. Very few of the luxuries of life ever fell to the lot of little Hal, and many a necessary was wanting with him.

And all this, too, was the state of the case in prosperous years, but the season of which I am about to write was a year long to be remembered for its dull times and lack of business. 'Hard times,' everybody called it, and hard indeed it was with John Doubleday and his family. It was only with the greatest difficulty that food and fuel sufficient for their wants could be secured, as day after day passed by, bringing the bread winner of the household little or no opportunity to labor for their maintenance.

And, probably as keen a sorrow as any with him that year was to see Christmas gradually approaching, and not a dollar in his pocket with which to suitably commemorate the day. Now, it must be admitted that there are those who are inclined to make light of Christmas. 'What is the sense,' they argue, 'of making such ado over this particular day in preference to any other, and for what possible reasons should one on that occasion go about greeting his friends and wishing them well, and descend to such nonsense as giving and receiving gifts?' But John Doubleday was most certainly not of this class. His views upon this subject were decidedly different. He maintained that that was indeed a day above every day, upon which God gave his only son for man's redemption, worthy of all reverence and regard, and well and appropriately to be devoted to good wishes and good deeds, and the giving of one's best to his fellows. The writer is inclined to agree with him, too, in this view of the day. How is it with you, kind reader?

Never, heretofore, had John Doubleday failed, in one way or another, to brighten Christmas for Hal, and to associate it with pleasant reminiscences for him. As his means had enabled him, he had consecrated the day for them both with suitable gifts and mementoes, but now his heart was sore, as he reflected that the day he had come to love as dearly as his boy, must, on this occasion, pass unhallowed by the giving as much as a single gift, for his want would not permit of it.

His good and thoughtful wife endeavored to console him, as far as she was able. Surely, he who in his bounteousness, gave the day itself and the blessed cause for its remembrance, would not fail to provide the means for its observance. The Giver of all good gifts would give the opportunity of giving also, if he would but trust in Him.

Christmas eve arrived, however, with not a single present of any kind in the house for little Hal, or the means with which to purchase any. What was to be done? The little fellow had hung up his stocking in the chimney corner, as usual, and retired full of hope and anticipation for the morrow, little realizing what heartaches his pretty ardor brought his sorrowful parents, who could not summon the courage to tell him that Christmas gifts must be abandoned on that occasion, hoping to the last that some fortunate circumstance might yet fall out to their assistance.

When, at length Hal had been safely tucked away in his couch in the attic, what an earnest and anxious consultation then ensued below. Now and again the sound of indistinguishable exclamations could be heard by the anxious listener in the loft, who felt that he knew full well that dear old Santa Claus and his mysterious ways must surely be the subject of that guarded conversation. What would he find in his stocking in the morning, he wondered again and again. Something nice, he was sure, for it had never failed to prove so yet.

And what should be put in the stocking? That was the question which was being debated so seriously below. One suggestion after another was considered and abandoned, until at last an idea was hit upon which might do better by far than nothing at all. They would go to the edge of the wood, not far away, and gather some of the fir boughs and bright red wintergreen berries, so abundant there, and fill the stocking with them. They would serve to some extent, at least, as fit reminders of the sacredness of the day.

Quietly the two left the house, and turned their steps toward the wood, just distinguishable in the distance, the sombre spruces seeming almost black in contrast to the sparkling purity of the background of snow. The moon shone out from a cloudless sky with an almost unnatural brightness, that night, and its rays penetrating even the solemn shades of the wood enabled them, without difficulty to secure in abundance, the objects of their quest. It seemed to them that in the clear moonlight they could plainly distinguish every object about them as readily as though it had been day. Little did they realize that there were others in the wood, that night, as well as themselves, who passed by without once being noticed in the deceitful moonlight.

Christmas is quite as likely to bring trials, now and then, to the rich, as to the poor, and such it brought at this time to Harold Gray, as well as to John Doubleday and his wife. What should be given Harold in the way of Christmas gifts had been as seriously considered by Mr. Gray, the banker, though he was very wealthy, as though giving was beyond his means. 'The house is full of presents of all kinds, already,' he declared, 'and unless Harold is willing to part with some of the things he already has, I don't see how we can possibly give him any more. Now there is his pet squirrel, if he will consent to letting him go, I will give him a new saddle pony, and $50 in other things, and really, I don't see why he should care to keep him any longer.'

But Harold did care for the pet squirrel, with his cunning tricks and his soft fur coat, and to part with him would be a sore trial. However, a pony was preferable to a squirrel, and his consent to his release was at last reluctantly given. 'Yes,' he said, at last, somewhat consoled by the thought, 'Jackey may go, and we will give him his liberty on Christmas eve! I, myself, will then carry him to the woods and let him go! That will make Christmas a merry time for him, too.'

And so it came about that on that bright night before Christmas, a sleigh dashed up to the very edge of the dark wood, just outside the town, and while its driver restrained the spirited horse to which it was attached, a boy jumped out, carrying something tenderly in his hands, and running in among the shadows of the firs, deposited his charge upon a fallen tree trunk, and was back to the sleigh and gone almost in an instant.

Now, life in the woods is all well enough when one has had opportunity all through the pleasant summer and autumn to select a suitable retreat, furnish it well with warm carpetings and linings and coverlets, and lay by an abundant store of nuts or other suitable food, but when it comes to being out in the cold all alone, with no home to go to and no prospect of anything to eat for months to come, the outlook is not altogether pleasant. At least, so mused Jackey, the squirrel, as he shivered with the cold and drew his tail tightly about him.

Idleness is never in order under such circumstances, and Jackey began looking about him to determine what should be done next. His sharp eyes soon detected the forms of two individuals not far off, gathering boughs, and away he whisked over the snow to have a look at them, with his head cocked now on this side, now on that. Evidently he was not altogether displeased with their appearance, for, as they left the wood that evening, unbeknown to them, he followed on; and, when once back at their doorstep, they opened the door of their home, he skurried in unseen in the darkness, and hid himself in a corner.

When his two companions of the evening had at last retired and all was quiet about the house, Jackey proceeded to improve his circumstances still farther, and began racing around the room from end to end, in search of a warm and comfortable bed. Up on the chairs and the sofa, and around and around the table he went, and into the coalhod and up on the mantel, and finally brought up—well, we shall see where.

Early the following morning Hal was up and hastening down stairs, to see what had been placed in his stocking; his father and mother following him, though with many a misgiving as to how their humble offerings would be regarded. Imagine, then, their surprise at the excited exclamations which were borne to their ears as they stood hesitating in the doorway. 'Oh, you dear, good papa and mamma! Such a Christmas present! Where in the world did you get it? Something for me to love and care for at last, this is the best gift that I ever had in my life!'

In utter consternation, the parents hurried forward. What could their son mean? Nor was their curiosity in the least abated by what they then saw, Jackey, perched on Hal's knee, was performing all sorts of ludicrous antics, and chattering and whisking his tail in manifest delight.

'How did you ever get him into my stocking, anyway, together with the pretty evergreen, and who is he from?' cried the delighted boy; but his father, in reality, as puzzled as himself, could only look at his wife enquiringly, and reply, 'I can simply say that the Giver of all good gifts sent him to you, my son, be grateful to him for all that you have.'

'You are always so mysterious about Christmas gifts,' was Hal's reply. 'But then, I suppose that is a part of Christmas, anyway, yet I must say that I think this is the most mysterious Christmas that I have ever known.' And in this latter opinion his parents fully agreed with him.

BRITISH NEWS.

ENGLISH.

The Cobden street schools at Loughborough were destroyed by fire on Dec. 3. The fire originated near the heating apparatus.

If the United Grand Lodge of English Freemasons on Dec. 2, the Duke of Connaught was again nominated for re-election as Grand Master.

Lady Kennedy has presented to H. M. S. 'Albermarle' a massive silver bowl. The new Mediterranean flagship was christened by Lady Kennedy.

Mr. Alexander Chaplin, of Greenock, died last week at Warrior square, Hastings. He was a well-known engineer and the inventor of the steam crane.

During some excavations near Sittingbourne two tusks, said to belong to a mammoth which lived in England during the glacial period, were found. They are between seven and eight feet long, and the ends are broken.

News from Melton Mowbray states that Viscount Helmsley, grandson of the Earl of Feversham, had had a bad fall while hunting on Nov. 30 from the Burley Fish Ponds with the Cottesmore Hounds, and had broken his collar bone.

Messrs. George Thompson & Co., of the Aberdeen Line, have abandoned all hopes of safety of the large sailing ship 'Aristides' from Galeta Bueno for San Francisco, with nitrate of soda. The crew number twenty-five, and nearly all belong to London.

The Bishop of Chichester will be one of the Episcopal Missioners, about forty in number, who in May next are going out to South Africa to labor for six months among the white population. The local clergy will at the same time hold services for the colored races.

Lieut.-General Sir Neville Lyttelton, commanding in South Africa, has found it necessary to report to the War Office that some of the reinforcing drafts for cavalry regiments received by him contain men who appear to have been insufficiently trained in the riding schools.

A Plymouth man named Alfred Green was found frozen to death near Dartmoor, about four miles from Princeton, on Dec. 2. He was on his way to Ashburton to work. He left Plymouthr on Monday morning, and, mistaking his way, was overtaken by the weather and was on Dartmoor over night.

The Bristol 'Times and Mirror' on Dec. 2 announced that Canon Ainger had resigned the canonry in Bristol Cathedral, which he had held for the past sixteen years. Indifferent health, the result of a sharp attack of influenza in the summer, is given by the Master of the Temple as the reason for his resignation.

Christ Church, South Wimbledon, was sold last week by auction. The preliminary bid was £10, and the final one £70, for which the building was sold to the South London Joinery Company. The pews realized 1s each, and the pulpit fetched 15s. The stone font was sold for a guinea.

A young girl named Gertrude Dunant, who was charged with embezzling £96 whilst in the employ of Messrs. Rolls & Tyler, costumiers, of Cardiff, was sent home to Malvern on a holiday while her books were audited. She went thither, but left afterwards for Quebec, was arrested there, and was before Mr. Francis Williams, K.C., sitting as commissioner at the Liverpool assizes on Dec. 1. She was found guilty.

At the York Assizes on Tuesday, Dec. 1, sentence of death was passed upon Charles William Ashton, aged 19, a native of Cottingham, near Hull, who, while employed as a farm laborer at Scampston, near Malton, murdered a young girl named Annie Marshall, who was working at the same farm as domestic servant. Medical testimony showed that accused had violated the girl and then shot her with a revolver, afterwards throwing her into the river. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy because of his youth.

Several persons in Woking and the neighborhood have recently been attacked by a mysterious throat disease of an infectious nature, and several deaths have already occurred. As the result of inquiries by Dr. Pierce, medical officer of health, information was obtained of ninety-eight infected houses, and out of this number it was found that no fewer than seventy-six obtained their milk from two particular milk firms. Bacteriological examinations of samples of milk taken at the farm whence these firms obtained their supply are stated to have yielded evidence of the infectiousness of the milk in question. Information was obtained that the farmer and his family had suffered from sore throats.

The Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Collin, and Lady Ilene Campbell on Dec. 2 were driving in a motor car from Retford to the Duke's residence, Clumber House, when in going down Babworth Hill the Duke's chaffeur, who had control of the car, on meeting a flock of sheep, was unable to clear them, and the car dashed into the sheep and a wire-bound fence. The occupants of the car were badly shaken, but not seriously hurt; but eight sheep were killed, and the motor was badly damaged. The Duke and his friends were taken on to Clumber House in a brougham from Retford.

A sad fishing boat disaster is reported from Port Isaac, Cornwall. The boat 'Kindly Light,' while returning on the morning of Dec. 2, deeply laden after a very heavy catch, grounded on Varley Point, a mile below Port Isaac. With a heavy sea running, the craft shipped water on both sides and began to settle down, sinking stern first just as the crew of five had removed their heavy clothing. Four of them, Charles Galloway, John Mitchell, Walter Mitchell and John Oaten—all good swimmers—struck out for the shore, but perished; the fifth, Charles Mitchell, unable to swim, kept afloat by clinging to the oars, and was rescued two hours later.

An alarming railway mishap occurred shortly after half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 1, at London Bridge Station, on the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway. An engine bringing in empty coaches ran over the buffer stops with considerable force, and, mounting the great platform virtually demolished the Continental excess office, a wooden structure in which a clerk and his assistant were at work at the time. These officials had a wonderful escape from serious bodily injury, and as it was they sustained a severe shock. The driver and fireman, who pluckily stuck to their posts, were equally lucky. A gentleman standing near the excess office sustained a sprained ankle, through a fall, occasioned by the force of the smash.

SCOTCH.

Falkirk has three Rifle Volunteer Companies, and the strength of all ranks is two hundred and eighty—an average of ninety-three per company.

The Caledonian Railway bridge over the Forth at Stirling is being repaired, and trains are not allowed to run over it at a greater speed than ten miles an hour.

Though he has sold his ancestral estates—or rather what remained of them when he inherited—Mr. Cunningham Graham, of Gartmore, who now resides in London, occasionally visits the district. He was in Stirling last week.

On a recent date a party of five guns shot over Polmaise and killed 930 head of game, mostly hares and rabbits. The party consisted of the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Graham, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie and Mr. James Murray.

The annual show under the auspices of the Scottish National Fat Stock Club was opened in Edinburgh Waverley Market on Dec. 2 and was continued next day. The championship in the cattle section was taken by Mr. J. D. Fletcher, of Rosehaugh.

During the last fortnight of November smallpox cases were reported to the local government board from sixteen districts or burghs in Scotland, all of them with the exception of one case at Cowdenbeath, being in counties south of the Forth and Clyde Canal.

A youth named James Liddell was killed at the Bryan's Colliery of the Lothinns Coal Company, Limited, on Dec. 2, by being thrown by a hutch into the pit shaft and hurled to the bottom, a distance of 360 feet. Deceased resided at Crawley School, Newbattle.

Eighteen fisher girls belonging to the Hebrides had an unfortunate experience at Stirling on a recent Sunday. They had been engaged at Yarmouth at the herring curing, and were on their way home by way of Rugby, Carlisle, Stirling and Oban. The railway authorities at Rugby, which the girls had left on Saturday night, seemed not to know that there is no train to Oban from Stirling on Sunday, and the result was that the poor lassies were left, stranded when they arrived at Stirling about seven a.m. Some ladies of Stirling cared for them kindly until Monday.

Lord Rosebery, as Lord Lieutenant of the Midlothian, on Dec. 2, unveiled a mural tablet in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the Royal Scots, who fell in the South African war. The ceremony was attended by the Scottish Headquarters' Staff, a detachment of Royal Scots from Aldershot, and numerous volunteer officers. Lord Rosebery said that St. Giles's Cathedral was now, thanks to the exertions of the citizens, what it ought always to have been, the shrine of some of the choicest memorials and glories of Scotland. The pipers of the regiment concluded an impressive service by playing, 'Lochaber no more.'

An important addition is announced to the fruit-growing industry, which has Blairgowrie for its centre. The recently-formed Blair Estates Company, Limited, has purchased the farms at Drumellie and Wester Essendy for fruit cultivation and the raising of other produce. The lands extend to over four hundred acres. They are admirably situated in the fertile Strath, adjoining the chain of lochs which border the Blairgowrie and Dunkeld road. The company entered into possession at Martinmas, and the ground is being prepared for the necessary planting. The capital of the company is £12,000, in £10 shares.

IRISH.

At Newry recently was announced the death, at Rathfriland, County Down, of Catherine McAffee, at the age of 115. She had 83 sons, grandsons, great-grandsons, and sons-in-law, all following the occupation of shoemakers.

The chief superintendentship of the Telegraph department of Belfast Post-office, which became vacant by the appointment of Mr. Jas. McMullen to the postmastership of Derry, has been awarded to Mr. S. B. McNeill, assistant superintendent.

At Galway on Dec. 2, Thomas W. Banks, at one time customs official at Sligo, pleaded guilty to a charge of having, within the past three years, stolen money to the extent of about six thousand pounds, the property of the King. It was stated that prisoner did not spend the money viciously, but gave it to charitable institutions and local industries. Prisoner had signed a deed to return two thousand five hundred pounds. He was sentenced to three years imprisonment.

The Earl of Enniskillen, whose recent accident has already been noticed, has hunted with the Cheshire hounds, of which he has been master for a considerable period, for upwards of thirty years. At his beautiful seat of Florence Court, near Enniskillen, he has revived the ancient sport of falconry.

The Irish 'Times' of Nov. 28, says:—About one hundredweight of 'Sim Gray' potatoes are being offered in London for sale at £5 per lb. Purchasers are limited to two pounds each. These potatoes were raised by Lord Carew in Ireland, and received a first-class certificate at the recent trials at the Royal Horticultural Society's garden at Chiswick.

Mrs. P. F. Byrne, Railway street, Navan, has been presented with two volumes of Mr. D. Joyce's Social History of Ireland, valued at one guinea, by Mr James Maguire, for sending in the most appropriate name for a new row of cottages recently erected by him at Breweshill, Navan. Upwards of one hundred and fifty names were submitted to Mr. Maguire, who has declared in favor of the Ard na Greina or Sunnymount, sent in by Mrs. Byrne.

At the Assizes at Waterford, on Dec. 2, Edward Sullivan, a youth of sixteen, was indicted for causing the death of a man named Edward Reynolds at a football match. Accused pleaded guilty to manslaughter, and urged that he had been already held for five months in jail. Mr. Justice Johnson, in discharging the accused on his father's recognizances, said that those who took part in football matches should take the risks of foul play.

The first annual meeting of the Kilkenny branch of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was held a short time ago, under the presidency of the Right Rev. Dr. Crozier, Lord Bishop of Ossory. The meeting was largely attended. The extension of the scope of the society's labors in Kilkenny is principally due to the praiseworthy efforts of Lady Constance Butler, who has undertaken the duties of honorary secretary of the branch.

Mr. McCann, M.P., has purchased the estate of the Earl Russell, comprising the lands and demesne (about 300 acres), and residence at Ardsallagh, and portion of the town of Navan. The purchase money is said to amount to nearly £20,000. He has also acquired the Rosmeen estate, which is situate within three miles of Kells. The 'Meath Chronicle' understands the purchases have been made with a view to the extension of the process just begun at Telltown, that of parcelling out the lands into small allotments.

The City of Cork Steampacket Company's steamer Glengariff, with passengers and cargo bound from Liverpool to Queenstown and Cork, struck upon a submerged rock known as the Hawk Rock, on Sunday, Nov. 22, shortly before nine o'clock, when off Poor, and proceeding at full speed, and sustained such damage that to prevent her foundering it became necessary to beach her on Courland Bank, inside Fort Camden, at the entrance to Queenstown, with her engine room and fore and after holds nearly full of water, the passengers having landed at Crosshaven in the steamer's boats.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A CHRISTMAS TREE.

Would you like to hear the story of the children's Christmas tree? Then you must listen patiently, for it is not a very short story.

To begin at the beginning, the children—that is to say, Edith, Mabel, Horace and Eugene—commenced their preparations on the day after Thanksgiving. The smaller ones made long strings of pop corn to hang upon the evergreen branches and represent snow. While they were busy they talked about putting it on and said how pretty the white would look against the green. There was some question as to how long the strings ought to be, but this was finally settled by each one's making his own of a length to suit himself.

As for Edith, she was rather large for this sort of occupation, but she was very busy in a corner all by herself, and she declared quite vigorously that no one should see what she was doing until the coming of Christmas morning.

The pop-corn was finally strung, enough to make quite a heavy covering of snow for the tree, and then the children all went to work making little gifts with which to surprise each other and the rest of the family. Mabel was too small to be a very expert needlewoman, but seh was beginning to sew quite well for a little girl, and with mamma's help, she manufactured a pretty needle-book for grandma. It was blue silk on the outside and was lined with white, and contained several leaves of white flannel, on which were placed rows of shining steel needles. You must not suppose that this was made in a day. No, indeed. It took a long while to make it, and a great deal of patience. But both mamma and Mabel were patient, and so the work was finally done.

As for Horace, he could not conceal the fact that he was giving considerable attention to the manufacture of stars. Grandma appeared to be in his secret, whatever it was, for again and again he was seen to come from her room with a cardboard star in one hand and a ball of bright worsted in the other. I may as well tell you that on Christmas these stars formed a part of the decoration of the tree.

On turning them around they were found to have backs of sandpaper which showed that they were meant to scratch matches on, and upon counting them it was plain that Horace had been so industrious as to make one for each of the family, even including himself.

Eugene also, small though he was, worked very hard for some time in making an ivy branch with green silk on a piece of cardboard. Mamma had punctured holes in the cardboard in such a way as to outline the branch, and after the embroidery was done she fashioned out of the whole of a pretty received for postal cards.

Here I am again letting you into a secret, for the card-receiver was to be a gift for papa, and it turned out that he was very much pleased with it indeed.

Well, the weeks passed by so swiftly that there really was not time for doing all the pleasant things that really needed to be done in the Allen's home. Yet a great deal was accomplished, and one proof of this was the fact that each of the younger Allens gradually filled a small box with gifts intended to surprise the different members of the family.

There were grandma, and mamma, and papa, and Cousin Maria, and eHtty, the maid, and the four children. Besides, they all thought it would be nice to send a box of pretty things to Aunt Cora and her little girl Ruby, whose home was a hundred miles distant. The children took especial pains with the presents that were to be sent so far, and put them in mamma's keeping with great satisfaction.

'When shall you send them, mamma?' asked Horace. 'Oh, I can't tell you just now,' mamma answered, very indefinitely. The children felt as though they would like to know something positive about it, but no one could persuade mamma to give any other answer.

A thing in regard to which they had clearer knowledge was the purchase of the Christmas tree. Papa told them on the morning of the day he intended to purchase it that that was to be one of his errands in the city and that they might expect to see it brought by express some time in the afternoon. Accordingly they kept a close watch for the afternoon run of the express, and, sure enough, there came the Christmas tree, which they unanimously declared to be a beauty.

It stood out on the back piazza over night, but the next morning papa made a proper support for it and fixed it in its place in the sitting room. Its presence gave an added zest to the manufacture of homemade candy which went on under its shadow. Cousin Maria was quite skilful in making it, and she allowed all the children to assiset her, so that by noon a large quantity ahd been set away in the closet.

While this work was going on downstairs, grandma up in her room had been preparing a number of thin white bags, fancifully sewed with bright-colored worsted. Later in the day the entire family assisted in the filling of the little bags, while at the same time they sampled the candy and pronounced it remarkably good.

Now Christmas Eve had arrived and it was time to decorate the tree. But even in the midst of the work of absorbing interest, there was something else very important that must be attended to. This was nothing more nor less than the filling of a basket with 'surprises' for a poor family living near by.

The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good.' Perhaps Mamma Allen had thought of this verse at the time she suggested the filling of the basket. Anyhow, each of the children had contributed a toy, and they had selected several well-read books, and mamma had allowed them to make a collection of partly worn garments. Besides these they put some of their highly prized candy-bags into the basket and some oranges and dates and bright red apples.

Altogether it was a gift not to be despised. The children crowded to the kitchen door in a body when Tommy Jones, the eldest son of the favored family, knocked very loud indeed as a sign that he had kept the appointment that had been made for him. His look of amazement when he saw the basketful of presents paid mamma and the children for all their trouble. The day after Christmas came his mother with a multitude of thanks to invoke blessings upon the young heads who had done so much to make a glad holiday for her 'childer.'

Now all this preparation and presentation went on while papa, mounted on steps, was busy trimming the tree. Cousin Maria was handing him the glistening balls, and the stars, and the strings of pop-corn and the oranges and candy and toys.

When the children got time they lent their aid, and after a while the Christmas tree was fully laden with most valuable fruit.

'Now,' said papa, 'you children have seen all that we are going to let you see to-night. To-morrow morning we'll all come in this room after breakfast, and perhaps you'll find that Santa Claus has been making a visit. The younger members of this group may now be excused.' So the children went singing upstairs. But they didn't go to bed without hanging up their stockings. Oh, no indeed.

They were so tired that, strange to relate, they all fell asleep quickly. Watchful mamma then quietly, most quietly, filled the stockings and left the little dreamers to their slumber.

She and grandma and papa and Cousin Maria were all engaged in opening various packages and arranging their contents about the sitting-room, when suddenly there was a ring at the door.

Papa admitted—whom do you suppose? Why, Aunt Cora and Cousin Ruby, who had travelled one hundred miles in order to give the Allens a Christmas surprise.

'Hush, hush,' said Aunt Cora between smiles and kisses, 'don't let the children hear us! I want to surprise them in the morning. That's the reason we came so late instead of taking an earlier train. Just let me manage it, will you?'

'Yes, we will,' replied Mrs. Allen. We'll do anything in our power to please you since you've been so good as to do all this.'

'Papa's coming to-morrow noon,' said Ruby. 'He couldn't leave his business to-day.'

'The more the merrier,' rejoined Mr. Allen, whom Ruby called Uncle Robert.

While Ruby was chatting with him and Cousin Maria her own mother and Mrs. Allen were having a whispered conference in the corner.

After that the welcome guests were served some light refreshments to rest them after their journey, and then Mrs. Allen escorted them to their room.

'Do you know,' said she to her sister, 'that I had half a suspicion that you might be coming, and so I had this room in readiness, and I detained some little gifts that the children have been making for you. Now I will place them on the Christmas trees.'

The next morning at breakfast time everything went on as usual. That is to say, as it usually did on Christmas morning, when all four of the children were filled with mirth and with a wonderful sense of expectation.

They knew nothing of the arrival of their aunt and cousin, for it was not yet time for the secret to be revealed, and the visitors were taking breakfast in their own room.

When the time came for viewing the Christmas tree the Allen family moved in procession to the sitting-room. 'Lovely! elegant! beautiful! splendid!' The children didn't know how to find adjective enough to describe the sight which greeted their eyes. But what was that hidden under the lower branches? Was it a very large doll, all dressed in white?

No, surely it was a little girl. Could it be? Yes, it was really Cousin Ruby. And behind one of the doors stood Aunt Cora, nearly overcome with laughter.

She emerged from her hiding place in order to receive the greetings of the children. And then what a merry time they all had together!

There were so many gifts to be exchanged and so many pleasant things to be said that the affair took the whole morning, and eevry one was surprised when Ruby's father, Mr. Johnson, appeared at the front door.

'How did you reach here so early?' some one asked. The answer, 'I came on the noon train, just as I promised to do,' brought to the happy group the knowledge that the morning had gone.

Still the Christmas tree stood in its place for several days afterward, and though it finally had to be removed, it remained in the children's memory 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.'

ARTIE'S CHRISTMAS IN THE COUNTRY.

(A. E. C. Maskell, in 'Christian Work.')

'It was such a pity,' Artie's mamma said, 'that he had to get his first impressions of the country in the winter time, when everything was so dull and dreary; for Artie was five years old, and had never been to the country, and now, mamma having some friends who had recently moved out of the city, had received a pressing invitation to spend a week of the Christmas holidays with them, and, of course, Artie must go along.

It was a three hours' ride by railway, and as they started after dark, Artie was too sleepy to notice much on his journey, but the next day he was almost wild with delight, and kept the whole house busy answering questions.

Upon his knees, in a chair by a window, he buried his chin in his fat little hands while his great blue eyes roved here, there and everywhere over the landscape before him.

'O mamma!' he exclaimed, 'I see lots of Christmas trees, all here, outdoors. Who put them there?'

'God, my dear, of course.'

'God?' repeated the child, reverently. 'Does he want us to put something on his trees for him?'

'Why, yes, I suppose so,' replied his mamma, absently.

'Then, mamma, may I have a whole dollar to spend for things to put on God's Christmas tree?' he asked, eagerly.

'Dear me! What is the child talking about?' laughed his mamma, addressing herself to her friend.

'Why, mamma, I want to put something on one of those trees for God. Will he come down and get it?'

'No, my dear, that is not the way to give to God. He says: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these ye do it unto me." He wants you to give something to the very poor people—to some poor little boys and girls, perhaps, who have no money to buy Christmas presents.'

Artie relapsed into silence for a few moments, and then burst out more vehemently than ever: 'O mamma, I see a great big Christmas tree right in the front yard of such a poor looking house. Are there any little girls or boys there who have no money to buy Christmas presents?'

His mamma's friend came and stood beside him, and laying one hand caressingly on his bright curly hair, said: 'Yes, indeed, Artie, there are four or five little children in that house who are too poor to buy Christmas presents.'

'Then why don't God come down and put something on the tree for them?'

'Because that is not his way. He expects us to do that.'

'Mamma, can't I?' he asked, jumping up and down in his eagerness.

'What would you put there?'

'A basketful of candy, and my Noah's ark for one of the little boys, and a pretty book for another. O mamma! Can't I? Give me some money.'

'Quite an idea,' laughed his mamma's friend. 'I think those little ones would open their eyes pretty wide to-morrow morning if they should wake up and find the old cedar tree all trimmed up with Christmas things.'

Then Artie's mamma got up and came to the window, too, and said she didn't see why it couldn't be done. She thought it would be very sweet to do it for Jesus's sake, and if they could get a man to go there at night and tie the things on, she was willing to bear some of the expense. And then, mamma's friend thought it would be beautiful, too, and she made a whole box of cakes cut out into horses, sheep and other queer looking animals, and papa gave a basket of apples, and each one of the children contributed something; and then it was such fun for the big boys to tie the things on the tree after the poor family had put out their dim little light and gone to bed.

One of the biggest boys wrapped Artie up in a big blanket and carried him there to see how the tree looked in the bright moonlight, and the little fellow was so pleased that he clapped his hands and laughed aloud.

'Sh!' whispered the big boy. But if the folks in the old hut heard, they must have thought that some happy little boy was passing, for they never stirred—never even turned over in their beds. They never dreamed it was anything concerning them, poor things! but the next morning their astonishment was without bounds. They didn't know what to make of it, and when their ten-year-old John climbed up the tree and brought the gifts down into the house, their joy was complete. Little Nell wept and laughed by turns over a rosy doll all dressed in blue. She kissed and caressed it, declaring it must be an angel doll, for God must have sent it down from heaven—who else could have done it? Then Allie got the Noah's ark, and Frank the tiny wheelbarrow, and Mamie the set of dishes. And, oh! the cakes and apples, and the real candy! Was there ever anything so good?

And at noon, when Artie's mamma's friend sent a dinner of chicken, cranberries and plum pudding enough for all, Artie went along, and young as he was, learned his first lesson of the blessedness of giving.

The joy of the poor family seemed to expand his little heart, and he thirsted to do more. On his way home, on seeing an empty bird's nest, he cried out: 'O see! the little birds have hung up their stockings and nobody has put anything in. Please lift me up and let me put in some of my seed-cake for them.'

It was done, and the little birds, some poor hungry sparrows, did find the cake after a while, and actually flocked into the tree after it.

Before Artie went home God sent down some snow, and there were great white balls and festoons hanging on the cedar trees. How delighted Artie was! There wasn't one dull, dreary day of the whole week to him; and how he hated to go back to the noisy, dusty city. 'He wanted to live with God and his beautiful Christmas trees forever,' he said, and so he received a standing invitation to spend every Christmas in the country until he became a man, an invitation he was not slow in accepting.

Lord Tredegar is one of the best known landlords in Wales, and famous as the man who found himself in charge of the 17th Lancers after the celebrated charge of Balaclava. He was Captain Godfrey Morgan then, and he had the luck not only to come out scatheless himself, but to bring out his horse, 'Sir Briggs,' from the 'jaws of death' to enjoy a well-earned leisure during his last days at Tredegar Park. The Earl is a great agriculturist and a keen huntsman, who keeps his own pack and hunts twice a week during the season.

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Home Department.

When Mary Kissed the Child.

(By Charles G. D. Roberts.)

When Mary the Mother kissed the Child
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of air
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer;
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rock began love's reign.
When that new light on their grave eyes broke
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;
And the huddled sheep in their far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest—
The God born out of the woman's side—
The Babe of Heaven by Earth denied—
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,
And nought to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star and the half-seen wings.
Then was the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to the God's estate.

Her Majesty and Prince Royal.

(By I. McRoss, in 'Ledger Monthly.')

Her brain has succumbed to the force of three blows—the loss of husband, child, and home. She thinks she's a queen, and insists upon being addressed as "Your Majesty," but she's harmless if she isn't crossed; just humor her a little and you'll have no trouble in getting along with her.'

This was the doctor's introduction of Ruth Elliott to Mrs. Law, the matron of the Dorr County poorhouse.

Mrs. Law received the new inmate cheerfully.

'She looks pretty strong; I'll get her broken-in to the work, then I'll let the hired girl go.'

But the hired girl did not go; for when Mrs. Law conducted Ruth to the large iron sink, filled with dirty dishes, Ruth drew her slender figure to its full height, and her large eyes flashed, as she asked, scornfully:

'Do you expect me—the Queen of England—to wash dishes for a herd of paupers?'

All other attempts to make her work were met in the same way, until one day when an orphan baby was brought to the poorhouse.

'Your Majesty' (Mrs. Law had learned diplomacy in dealing with Ruth), 'there is a little prince in the nursery; don't you think you had better go and attend to him?'

'Has the Prince Royal come at last?' Her Majesty asked, eagerly, as she accompanied Mrs. Law to a room where a baby lay, crying lustily.

Quick as a flash, yet tenderly, Her Majesty seized the child, and kissed, and fondled, and crooned over him until his cries ceased; and from that moment Her Majesty had something to do, for, sleeping or waking, the child was hardly out of her arms or away from her side.

He grew to be a handsome, sturdy child, with sunny brown curls and a dimple in each rosy cheek. His first step was toward Her Majesty, where he fell, laughing and crowing, into her outstretched arms. His first name for her was 'mamma,' though later he always called her 'Mamma Majesty.'

As soon as he was old enough to understand, she began to tell him stories—nursery rhymes, fairy tales, fables, old legends and Bible stories, interwoven and mingled with her own strange fancies.

Evenings, after the stars came out, she would sit with Prince Royal upon her knee and talk to him about them:

'They are angels with their lamps, Prince; that beautiful bright one in the east is St. John the Beloved; those two bright ones further south are St. Peter and St. Andrew, the fishermen; their lamps are always burning, for they watch over all who sail the seas.' So she called eleven of the brightest stars by the names of the apostles, and talked to Prince Royal about their beautiful lives, but of the twelfth she said, pityingly:

'Poor Judas! He has no lamp, but must go wandering in darkness forever.'

'Who holds the teeny, weeny lamps, Mamma Majesty?' Prince Royal asked.

'Children, whose little hands are not strong enough to hold large lamps. And those other bright stars are mothers, who are watching over all little children.'

Of all the stories that Her Majesty told Prince Royal loved best that story of the Nativity. Over and over she told it in her own words, and read it from the Beautiful Book; and whenever they watched the stars they looked first for the brightest one of all, and called it the dear Lord's lamp, and talked of his wonderful life and love.

By the time Prince Royal was six years old he could, because he knew it almost by heart, read the story to her, for she had then grown too weak to read to him, and whenever she tried to walk a fit of coughing stopped her words.

As she grew weaker physically, Her Majesty became stronger mentally, and only a few of her strange fancies clung to her; it was more to please him than because she believed it that she continued to call the stars 'angels' lamps.'

'Soon I'll be there, too, my Prince,' she told him one evening, 'and I'll hold my lamp so steady, and keep it so bright that you'll not fail to find the way to me.'

Her one trouble now was: What would become of Prince Royal when she could no longer care for him? She had kept him singularly sweet and pure, and had guarded him so jealously that no taint of evil had ever come to him. How could she leave him—a waif in the county poorhouse. Her whole mind was concentrated upon providing a home for the child, yet she did not dare speak of his future for fear that he would be taken from her and given to some one else.

. . . . . .

The poorhouse stood upon a hill, about a mile from the town that lay in the valley below. At night Her Majesty and Prince Royal would sometimes watch the lights as they apeared in streets and houses. During the week preceding Christmas a new electric light—an immense Arc—was suspended above the main street.

'Look! Look, Mamma Majesty!' exclaimed Prince Royal, the first time he saw it, 'there is a new lamp, and it is so near I can almost see the angel who holds it!'

'That is Santa Claus's lamp,' she told him, 'and after I go away you may go to him; he will take care of you.'

'Does he live down there?'

'A part of the time; he is there now.'

'Will he love me, Mamma Majesty?'

'Yes, indeed! Wherever Santa Claus goes he carries love for children.' A fit of coughing left her too exhausted to say anything more, and it also told her how nearly she had approached the end of her life.

For a few days she kept very quiet, husbanding her strength for one great effort, which she made the night before Christmas.

About eight o'clock that evening the matron looked in at the door and asked, hurriedly:

'How is Your Majesty this evening?'

'Better; much better,' Her Majesty assured her.

'Do you want anything? Wouldn't you like some one to stay with you?'

'No! no!' cried Her Majesty, in alarm. 'I have Prince Royal. I do not want anyone else'

As soon as the matron had gone, Her Majesty began dressing Prince Royal in his best and warmest clothes. Upon his feet she put two pairs of woollen stockings, then his shoes and rubbers; then she put on his warmest jacket and overcoat; she pulled his cap down over his ears and tied a thick muffler over it, and put two pairs of mittens upon his hands.

'Where am I going, Mamma Majesty?' he whimpered.

She strained him close to her breast for a moment, and her breath came in weak sobs; then she pointed to the lamp below:

'Down there to Santa Claus. I am going away to-night, but every night you can look up into the sky and see me holding my lamp for you, and by and by you will come up there to me.'

She kissed him again and again, stole softly out to the side door with him, and bade him go straight to Santa Claus's lamp.

. . . . . .

When Her Majesty shut the door upon him, Prince Royal's first thought was to pound upon the door and cry to be let in, but he had always implicitly obeyed her, and now he set his little face resolutely toward the great white light in the valley. It did not occur to him to follow the road that wound around the hill to town, but he made his way down the hill and across the meadow beyond.

The sky had become overcast, and the snow was falling in fitful gusts. Prince Royal looked up at the sky and murmured:

'All the lamps are out except Santa Claus's.'

He struggled along, bravely buffeting wind and storm, until he reached the main street of the town. People with their arms full of Christmas purchases were hurrying home, and rudely jostled the little fellow; but he kept his eyes upon the big light, and was soon almost beneath it.

'Here's his lamp, but where's Santa Claus?' he whispered.

At that moment an old man with long, grey beard, came out of a toy-store close by, and began closing the shutters of the window.

'Here you are!' Prince Royal exclaimed joyfully, grasping one of the man's hands. 'I've come, Santa Claus! I've come to be your boy. Is this your house?'

'Why—why! What do you mean, child?' the man gasped.

'Mamma Majesty sent me, because she's going away off, up into the sky, and she told me to come to be your boy, and—and—I'm so co-cold and ti-red.' He sobbed and stretched out his arms: 'Please, please take me, Santa Claus.'

'Well, well! Come in and see Mary.' He took the child by the hand and led him into a store filled with toys, holly and evergreens, bright tinsels and candles. To Prince Royal it was like a peep into fairyland, though he caught only a glimpse, they passed through so quickly into the living-room beyond.

'Mary, see what you can make of this boy's story. He was right by the door when I went out to put up the shutters, and he called me Santa Claus, and said he had come to be my boy.'

Mary Culver looked at the boy, smiled, and held out her hand. She had a face and a smile that no child had ever been able to resist—a face and smile that had made the little store the most popular and prosperous one in town; when Prince Royal looked into her face and saw that smile he gave one sob and was in her arms.

. . . . . .

She drew her chair close to the big heater and let him cry, unrestrained, for a few minutes, while she removed his cap, overcoat, mittens and rubbers. Then, little by little, she drew the story from him, and by the time she had pieced the fragments together, and eked them out by what she had heard about 'Crazy Ruth,' she understood why the boy had come there.

She rocked him gently, and he was soon asleep in her arms; still she kept on rocking him, thinking how many, many times she had prayed for a child! Yet her prayers had never been answered, unless—could this be his answer?

She raised her eyes questioningly to her husband; he understood, and answered by an emphatic negative shake of the head.

But Mary Culver had not lived fifty years without understanding something of the hearts of humanity, and particularly of the heart of James Culver, and she was far too wise to put her question in words, or to argue the question with him; she simply said:

'He cannot be taken back to the poorhouse to-night; you hold him, James, while I go out and borrow a nightdress for him.'

So gently that he did not waken, Prince Royal was changed from one pair of arms to the other, and Mary Culver went out, smiling confidently.

'Ah!' she breathed to herself, 'no one ever yet cuddled a little child within his arms without getting a warm heart for him.'

When James Culver took Prince Royal into his arms, his only feeling toward him was indifference, but as he sat with his arms about the child, and looked at the head pillowed upon his breast, old memories awoke, and he remembered that he, too, had had dreams of merry children laughing and romping about his home, and climbing over his knee. He had supposed that he had forgotten, and that he had long ago ceased to care that no children came to his home, but now he discovered that the old wound could still feel pain.

He gathered the child close within his arms, and rested his cheek against the soft, silky hair. And it was thus that Mary found them, when she stole softly in.

Her husband started guiltily, then met her eyes with a smile.

'There's just one Christmas tree left, Mary; I don't suppose the boy ever had one.'

'No, James, and we never trimmed a tree except for the store; do you think we could trim one to please him?'

'We'll try, Mary.'

So, after Prince Royal had been undressed and put into bed, James Culver got the tree and set it into a block, then these two old people began to trim it.

'What will we put on top, Mary?—this plaster-of-Paris Santa Claus?'

'No, indeed, James!' she laughed happily; 'you are the child's Santa Claus.'

'A bright globe, then—or one of those pretty little statues?'

'No, no; nothing but a star will do for the Prince Royal. There is a large star somewhere, that was so expensive that we could never sell it; that is the very thing.'

The large, shining star was found and fastened to the top of the tree; then came festoons of colored candies and tinsel, pictures and ornaments, glistening and sparkling. It took dozens of candles to satisfy them, and as they worked, James Culver's love and interest in the task grew so fast that he wanted to put them upon the branches every toy left in the store.

'What a pity that we sold things out so close!' he kept, exclaiming.

At 'ast they could not find room on the tree for even the little toy lamb that he held in his hand.

'Well,' he sighed, regretfully, 'I suppose I can put this on his pillow, where he can see it the first thing when he wakes.'

Their task completed, they stole, hand in hand, into the room where Prince Royal lay sleeping

Mary stooped to kiss the warm, rosy cheek, and whispered:

'I suppose it will be his first real Christmas; we must teach him what it all means. I can hardly wait for morning to come, and I do hope he'll wake early! Won't he be a happy child?'

'Not happier than you and I, Mary; it will be our first real Christmas, too.'

'It is quite a mistake to believe that people who live by themselves find every day a lonely one. Many solitary persons could assure us that it is very seldom that they feel their lack of companionship. As the habit of living alone grows more fixed, it becomes confusing to have other people about, and seems more or less bewildering to be interfered with by other people's plans and suggestions. Once in a while does the feeling of solitariness become burdensome, or a creeping dread and sense of defencelessness assail one's comfort.'—Sarah Orne Jewett, in 'The King of Folly Island.'

Santa Claus and the Oriental Orphans.

Old Santa sat down by my fireside last night and talked as follows:

'Well, I'm just back from quite a tour. Some of my American children wished to send Christmas boxes to orphans in Turkey and India, and Miss Wheeler, secretary of the Armenia and India Relief Committee, was so afraid the boxes would not get there in time that she called me down to Worcester and asked me if I would not be willing to start a bit earlier than usual, and take a look at these Industrial Orphan Homes, for which she is working so hard, and leave the gifts there all ready to be marked in those foreign tongues, so there need be no delay when I finally appear for distribution.

'Having plenty of time I agreed to go, and I'm glad I went. It has given me a new idea, for you see I had time to look over the work that is being done for those poor little massacre and famine orphans.

'God bless the children, these poor orphan lads and lassies, and all who give for their support; they are a lesson to us all. Every one of them, from the babies up, is learning to like work, and it is a wonder to see the animals and dishes they can make from clay, and the toys they have made from wood with their cheap jack-knives. Then, as I watched the older ones at their trades, building houses, raising sheep, making looms, chairs and tables, carving, designing tiles and draperies, hammering copper and brass, making rugs and embroidery, clothing and shoes; as I examined their nice, clean homes, and learned that they themselves weave many of the sheets and towels, dresses and jackets, I declare I was amazed.

'I visited the schools where most of them study, either half a day or in the evening, and it was good to hear those teachers and missionaries tell of the good scholarship and good behavior of these dear children. I had time to visit some who have left the homes, and it was fine to see what good teachers, housekeepers and weavers, the girls are making, and to notice what an honorable position most of the boys are taking in the community.

'These thousands of children are going to be a power for good one of these days, in Turkey and India. Now, my idea is that these children are surely a paying investment; and nothing would so please me as to get a lot of our good people to send in Christmas offerings for them, though it is too late for boxes. Then will they have a truly Happy New Year; for there are about nine hundred of these orphans who will have to go to the streets unless money can be secured for their support before February.

'You see the younger ones must be cared for till they are old enough to learn their trades; and if you are realizing what streets are in the Orient, you would not want a dog to sleep there, not to mention children, though alas! there are many now who live there, for only a part have been saved. We must not turn out those who are now so happy in the cheery homes, to wander again and be lost.

'Can't we all have a hand? It's a Christmas gift to Christ, to care for his children. As we save them, we give them back to him. I for one shall send a cheque right off to "Mister" Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall street, New York, N.Y., for they are the treasurers, and will notify the secretary, and I shall get a glowing letter of thanks from her. I don't feel as though I could give those children toys when right after Christmas they are in danger of being turned away.' Just then Santa Claus rose to write his cheque. 'Go thou and do likewise,' and don't forget that if you are not rich enough to send a cheque, 'every little counts,' and a post-office money order will carry a gift to Christ almost as well as a cheque.

Miss Wheeler's full address is Emily C. Wheeler, 40 King street, Worcester, Mass., U.S.

Trimming the Christmas Tree.

In purchasing a Christmas tree be careful to select one adapted to the room in which it is to be placed. Remember also to obtain one which is well rounded and symmetrical, as such a tree can be more easily trimmed both as regards cost and labor. The shops are filled with pretty conceits, and one can trim a tree for as much or as little as one pleases.

If the tree is very tall it is better to trim the upper branches before placing it in an upright position. First, there is the 'tip-top' point to be adorned. If one desires to trim it at a very small cost, a small figure of Santa Claus may be bought for ten cents, or instead of Santa Claus one may find a glass horn for the same price.

Although old fashioned, pink and white popped corn, strung and festooned on the upper branches, always looks pretty. A large amount of it can be bought for a few cents. Cranberries can be used in the same way.

For ten cents one can buy a yard of tartelan—pink and yellow are always prettiest upon the tree—which will make a large number of little shoes and stockings, or bags. These, sewed with gaily colored yarns, and filled with candies, nuts, raisins or popcorn, are very ornamental. Colored candles may be bought for six cents a dozen, and the tin holders for three cents.

For a snow effect, make snowballs of white cotton and fasten them to the ends of the boughs and twigs and scatter small pieces of the cotton over the tree. In this way a tree may be prettily trimmed at from one to two dollars.

If a more expensive tree is wanted the shops are filled with the flowers and jeweled fruits of the good fairies. On the topmost twig place the largest gold glass ball to be found, and hang shining balls of hollow glass all around the tree from top to bottom.

Gilt stars, sold at any stationer's, should be used in abundance. Do not be sparing of china and candy angels and cherubs. To make the tree patriotic, place on it here and there tiny flags.

Tinsel trimmings help to brighten the tree. For this reason as much gilt as possible should be disposed about the foliage. Threads of gold and silver tinsel, strung from limb to limb, brighten the tree wonderfully. Apples or oranges covered with tinsel paper and tied to the tree with bows of bebe ribbon can be removed on Christmas Eve and distributed to the little ones about the tree. Hearts of gilt may also be made of paper, with a dainty picture on the centre of the heart. Little sachets in the shape of hearts may be covered with red and yellow satin, and tied to the tree with jaunty satin bows.

To frost a Christmas tree strong alum water is sprinkled over it with a whitewash brush or by a hand-spray. The solution, indeed, should be a saturated one, so much alum being put in a pail of water that it finally will no longer dissolve, but remains in crystals on the bottom. When the water dries, as it does quickly, it leaves a trail of diamond drops on every bough. Frost powder, too, may be had at the toy shops where Christmas ornaments are sold. This, when sprinkled over the tree, also gives the glistening appearance desired.

It is a florist's suggestion that the Christmas tree will keep fresh and green much longer if it is placed in a pot of water. The pot should be set in a large jardiniere, or if that is not at hand, a pail, which can be concealed with moss or other greens. The pail must be constantly refilled as the tree drinks up the moisture. By this treatment the shedding of the dry twigs will be considerably delayed, and Twelfth Night will come with the tree in excellent condition.

To make a holly ball a wire frame should be got at a florist's or wire-shop. The wire ball, which may be from ten to fifteen inches in diameter, is first filled with moss before the holly twigs are thrust into it until it seems a solid ball. Sprigs of mistletoe are added, and the ball suspended by red ribbon from the chandelier or between folding doors.

Cotton wool is an ideal material for Christmas decorations, but, at the same time, a most dangerous one to use on account of its highly inflammable nature; a single spark will, in a moment, ignite a deadly fire that spreads like lightning. No one should use cotton wool for decoration where there is the least chance of its coming in contact with gas, or fire of any kind, unless the wool is so prepared that it will not burn. This may be done without spoiling the light appearance of the wool, and with very little trouble or expense, as follows: Dissolve one ounce of sodium tungstate in one pint of hot water; when cold soak the cotton wool in the solution, lightly press out a little of the moisture, but do not squeeze; hang it up to drip, then hang on a line in a current of air; if wanted quickly it may be drained in front of the fire, or on plates on the rack of the kitchener, but it is advisable to allow plenty of time for it to dry in the air. The wool will be a little flattened, but it must be well shaken when partly dry, and may be made light looking by pulling it out with the fingers.

We must be here to work;
And men who work can only work for men.
And not to work in vain, must comprehend
Humanity and so work humanely,
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls,
As did God first.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.



GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears,
Pass it on.

SUNSHINE THOUGHT.

'Is thy cruise of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.'

WILL HAVE THEIR LIBRARY.

What a library means to the settlers in a new country can hardly be fully understood by those who are accustomed to books and magazines as a part of their home furnishing. Mr. H. Lawrence, the school teacher at Vegreville, Alta., who recently asked through the Sunshine column for books to help in starting a Sunday school library in the district, writes on Dec. 7, that by the last week's mail he received twenty-five beautiful volumes. He says:

'I had to go twice to the post-office to carry in my arms all these books, and I can tell you our hearts filled with joy and thankfulness to be so kindly favored. Will you please acknowledge in the Sunshine column the following gifts received up to present date: Six volumes from Mrs. J. H. Kerr, Cowansville, Que.; several volumes from the Sunshine committee of the First Baptist Church, Montreal, and several new volumes, chiefly 'Ralph Connor's' and 'Pansy's' works, from Mrs. Alex. Murray, Montreal; a large parcel of papers were sent by Mrs. E. N. Donkin, of Winnipeg; promises of magazines have been received from other kind friends and a box of books from Mr. Rowley, of Montreal. We are indeed truly grateful to all for such great kindness and hearty sympathy. We gladly look forward to opening our new library early in January, 1904, with at least a hundred books.'

SEND GIFTS TO CHILDREN.

Several members of the Westmount Sunshine Society met at Victoria Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 16, and packed a Christmas box and barrel. The box was sent to the Italian mission, the barrel to the Rev. A. Anderson, Deal Lake, Warren, Ont. A box of toys is being sent to the General Hospital.

The society wish to acknowledge with thanks toys from Ruth Hutton, 2676 St. Catherine street; a parcel of children's books from Mrs. John Morrison, 4154 St. Catherine street; a parcel from Miss Ross, Quebec; magazines from Dr. F. W. Campbell, Mrs. J. W. Long, Mrs. Lockhart, Mrs. J. Westgate, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Marson. Mrs. Hutchinson, the president, wishes to acknowledge one dollar for the children at Deal Lake, one dollar for the Italian Mission from 'Sympathy.'

NEWSBOYS' TREAT.

The Boys' Sunshine Club of Westmount are making preparations to give a Christmas treat to a number of newsboys of the city in Victoria Hall, on Tuesday, Dec. 22. Cards of invitation will be sent, and sleighs sent to the place of meeting to take the visitors to the hall, where tea, cake, etc., will be served at 7 o'clock, after which a musical programme of songs and piano music will be given.

The girls of Standard B., Queen's School, send some things to be 'passed on,' which they thought might give pleasure to others, and they accompany their contribution by a nice little note of encouragement. Twenty-five cents from a friend, and $2 from H.S.S., are acknowledged.

At the regular fortnightly meeting of the club on Tuesday afternoon, the vice-president, Mr. Percy Mason, presided. A report from the treasurer, Spencer Barnard, showed a balance on hand. A letter was read from an invalid thanking the club for selling five pairs of crochet slippers for him at their bazaar.

Mrs. Snail, Cote des Neiges, sends a hundred new Christmas cards.

ORGANIZED IN LONDON.

A new branch of the Sunshine Society has been organized in London, Ont., with a membership of forty. His Worship the Mayor of London has consented to become honorary president. Mrs. J. Scollick is president; Mrs. Guest, treasurer, and Miss E. Green, secretary. A concert is being arranged, the proceeds to help a woman in great financial trouble.

THE MONTREAL BRANCH.

The secretary of the Montreal Branch acknowledges with thanks, magazines from Mrs. Benjamin Davis; a parcel of clothing from Mrs. Barlow for the Christmas box sent to Nova Scotia; papers from the Epworth League, Toronto. The society also wishes to thank Mr. A. T. Chapman for packing cases.

The rummage sale held a couple of weeks ago was successful.

SENDING SUNSHINE.

The scholars in a small school at Shawinigan Falls will have a little Christmas treat from the Sunshine workers of the First Baptist Church, who are sending three dozen fancy bags, filled with candy, for distribution in the school. They also send, from time to time, magazines to invalids and others, and the Young People's Union of the Church are going to send a dozen or so of books for the library at Vegreville. One of the members, who is an active and sympathetic Sunshine worker, is sending some things for Christmas to two little girls near Lake Dauphin, and also corresponds with a young girl who is 'shut-in.'

JUNIOR WORKERS.

The girls of the Junior Westmount Branch have been working well, and were able to help with the gifts to the Italian and Deal Lake children by contributions of dolls and clothing. At their meeting on Dec. 14 the girls were addressed by Mrs. Hutchinson, president of the Westmount Branch.

Communications regarding Sunshine work should be sent in not later than Thursday morning. Address Editor Sunshine Column, 'Witness' Office.

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

The shepherds had an angel,
The wise men had a star,
But what have I, a little child,
To guide me home from far—
Where glad stars sing together
And singing angels are?

Christ watches me, his little lamb,
Cares for me day and night,
That I may be His own in heaven,
Where angels clad in white
Shall sing their glory, glory,
For my sake in the height.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

Hans Moller, a newspaper editor and proprietor, who lately died, was a full-blooded Eskimo. When Nordenskjold, the Danish explorer, was in Greenland, this man acted as his guide. The scientist, struck by the Eskimo's intelligence, helped him to a knowledge of Danish, and on his return to Copenhagen sent him a small printing outfit, with directions for using it. The man not only mastered the 'art preservative,' but edited and printed a little paper in Danish for natives to whom he had taught the language and the art of reading. He did so much to instruct and enlighten his countrymen that when his death was announced many of the Danish newspapers appeared in mourning. Many editors undertake to educate their subscribers, few go so far as to teach them to read.

THE WORLD'S WELFARE.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Church Missionary Society, in order to increase its income, has organized a Million Shilling Fund.

The German Christian Endeavor Union has offered to support one or two German missionaries in the Caroline Islands, under the care of the American Board, thus filling the places of the English-speaking missionaries whom the German government removed.

The innumerable hosts of friends and admirers of the Rev. Andrew Murray, of South Africa, will regret to learn of the greatly impaired state of his health at the present time. It is safe to say that thousands upon thousands of people have been spiritually benefited by the spiritual writings of this saintly man.

The Evangelical Alliance has been so deeply stirred by the news of persecution received from Macedonia that a special vote of £100 has been made for relief, one-half being paid to the Bible Lands Missions Aid Society and the other direct to the Bulgarian Evangelical Society.

Viscount Peel has accepted the presidency of the Central Temperance Legislation Board, which has for its object the uniting of all classes of the community in an endeavor to secure further legislation on the lines of Lord Peel's report, and be secure the effective administration of the licensing laws.

The Rev. Stephen Gladstone has intimated his intention of resigning the rectory of Hawarden next summer. He will then have completed thirty-two years in the living, and he thinks the parish now needs a change. Mr. Stephen Gladstone is patron of the incumbency of Liverpool, which is now vacant.

Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm, of the Canadian Presbyterian mission, have returned to Canada from China. Dr. Malcolm fears that they will be unable to return. They left Weihiufiu, Honan, on Oct. 4, but Mrs. Malcolm was taken seriously ill on the voyage and they were compelled to enter a hospital in Japan until her recovery.

Miss Annie Macpherson, much against her own desire, is spending the winter away from her beloved work at the Home of Industry, Bethnal Green Road. Her many friends will rejoice that she is now in a fair measure of health. Dr. Merry writes: 'It is her delight now to remember her old comrades-in-arms at the Throne of Grace, and ask for rich blessing on those who continue the fight.'

A mass meeting in Park Street Church, Boston, in the interests of the Anti-Profanity League, gave its secretary, the Rev. R. D. Sawyer, of Hanson, an opportunity to tell of the rapid growth of this commendable organization, which with no blare of trumpets but in a modest way is doing excellent work. Letters from President Roosevelt and Governor Bates indorsing the movement were read.

The experiment of holding noonday religious services on Thursdays in one of the prominent theatres of the city for the benefit of all men and women who care to devote the noon hour in part, or in whole, to religious worship, is to be made in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, during the coming winter. This work is to be conducted under Presbyterian auspices and everything is being done which will tend to make the meetings attractive and serviceable.

The Livingstone Memorial Hospital, erected at Zomba, British Central Africa, by Mrs. A. L. Bruce, daughter of Dr. Livingstone, in memory of her parents, has been opened. It is nearly fifty years since Dr. Livingstone visited this district, and since then the slave-trade and native wars have been almost abolished. Eight of the twenty beds in the hospital have been endowed, and an appeal is made for further support.

Sir George White, speaking at Gibraltar, expressed the opinion that nearly all the crime of the British army might be traced directly or indirectly to intoxicating drink, and a great proportion of the disease also. To the same cause, too, might be attributed a loss of social status. But in the matter of drinking he denied that soldiers were worse than civilians; they were, indeed, better, as they were more disciplined.

Cardinal Gibbons calls on Baltimore women to support the Consumers' League and put an end through it, so far as they can, to 'sweating' methods in making clothing. Bishop Brewster, of Connecticut, preaching in Boston last Sunday, warned eminent and rich Bostonians who draw dividends from Southern cotton mills where child labor is used that they will have to meet a day of reckoning with God. 'As surely as there is a living God, his curse is on money coined out of flesh and blood.'

At a public-house near Sutton (Surrey) the landlord has a curious way of collecting pennies for the local hospital. Pieces of cork are cut into thin slices, a tin-tack put through the cork, and then a piece of paper is put over the cork. Customers who are willing are invited to wrap a penny in the paper and stick the penny on the ceiling on the cork and tin-tack. In three nights over 400 pennies were collected on this ceiling, and the weight of the pennies brought part of the ceiling down. It is now doubted it he will try that way again of collecting money.

The leading manufacturers of cloth, silk and cotton goods in Venice, some of whose places of business were opened all Sunday and other parts of the day, have just undertaken to close their works, warehouses, shops, and offices from Saturday night till Monday morning, and so to observe in its entirety the Day of Rest. This resolution was to take effect from Sunday, Nov. 15. Some time ago resolutions were passed by the Sunday Closing Societies urging upon parliament the immediate passing of the Sunday Closing Acts. All over Italy an agitation in favor of the observance of Sunday is being systematically carried on, and with good results.

Unseemly brawling took place on a recent Sunday at the Church of St. Silas, Liverpool. The vicar, the Rev. J. McKinney, prominently identified with the Protestant cause in that city, has recently repudiated the methods of those who have taken extreme courses in the controversy. Preaching on Sunday, he held up the ideal of true, lofty Protestantism as opposed to the 'degrading tactics of illiterate and self-seeking demagogues.' In the course of his sermon he was interrupted by such cries as 'Traitor' and 'Liar.' The vicar ignored the brawlers, and finally the greater number of them trooped out of the building. At a Protestant meeting held in Liverpool on Monday resolutions were adopted condemning the unseemly conduct at St. Silas's Church.

One of the missionaries of the American Board, writing of a visit to Bitlis, Turkey, says: 'During the year a new department of Endeavor work has been opened—that of the middle-aged and elderly women in the Armenian and Syrian Protestant congregations. We find it very helpful as a training-school for Christian work, and while it is our aim to reach all the church-members and enlist them in some form of systematic work according to the ability and circumstance of each, we have as yet enrolled but forty of the Armenian members and twenty of the Syrian. Many have their tongues loosed for prayer who were silent in the regular church meeting for women, and some have changed from long, sad, moaning prayers to earnest, direct petition much mingled with praise.'

Dr. Frederick B. Price, a missionary in Burma, says that many signs encourage the belief that Buddhist Burma will soon witness an awakening toward Christianity such as recently visited Japan. He reports that in Rangoon the Burmese Girls' School is steadily growing. Many of the children, with the consent of their parents, and after careful instruction, have received baptism, giving clear evidence of saving faith. One little girl, eight years old, was so urgent that her father gave consent to her baptism, and though a life-long Buddhist, he, with his wife, attended the service. Afterward he expressed the hope that his family might not be divided, but all become Christians, adding that 'Prayer to Gautama is like taking one's case before the bench-clerk, and not the judge.' The Sunday-schools are well attended, and Scripture portions are easily sold in the bazaars and other quarters.

The American Church in Berlin has just been dedicated, Prof. W. A. Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, and the Rev. Dr. Van Slyke officiating. Ambassador Tower and his wife, the Crown Prince Frederick William, and the court chamberlain—representing the Empress—were present. The Emperor William, owing to his throat trouble, could not be present. A letter of congratulation from President Roosevelt to the present pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. Dickey, was read. This admirable enterprise, due so much to the labors of the late Prof. J. H. Stuckenberg and his wife, and carried to completion by Dr. Dickey, serves a valuable social as well as spiritual purpose in the German capital. There are teachers of the arts and sciences scattered far and wide over this land who now look to the American Church as a harbor of faith and idealism, enabling them to pass through a period of study in a foreign land without drifting on the rocks or being blown out to sea.

An interesting Protestant work, says the 'Ram's Horn,' is being carried on among the Spanish-speaking people of Southern California. There are Spanish Protestant churches in Los Angeles, Azusa, and San Gabriel, with a total membership of 142, and about five hundred adherents. They carry on four Sunday-schools, two Women's Missionary and two Christian Endeavor societies, and have a Spanish Home for Girls in Los Angeles. The entire work is under the management of the Rev. A. Moss Martin, with the aid of two Mexican helpers, licensed to preach. Services at regular intervals are held in five stations in as many towns, and irregularly in several others. Open-air meetings have been carried on in the plaza in Los Angeles and at the Mexican camps of the Southern Pacific Railway. An extensive tract distribution is also carried on in connection with this work. There is a little company of sixteen in Los Angeles who have taken the name of 'Obreros de Cristo,' who pledge themselves to special prayer and effort to win their fellow Mexicans to Christ. They hold open-air meetings, visit from house to house, and bring many to the services in the church or the mission station in the suburb, Sonoratown.

THE REV. F. B. MEYER ON 'THE GREAT BEER LORDS.'

Mr. Meyer, addressing a largely attended meeting of men in Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, said nothing could be better than for the churches to speak with one voice, on the same day, against the drink trade, which was a serious menace to the well-being of the nation. There was no doubt that the tied-house system had greatly augmented the power of the great Beer Lords and spirit manufacturers. The increasing power of this pernicious system was evident from the way in which the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister and other members of the government hastened to conciliate the publicans when the magistrates' action threatened to be too drastic. If the Church did not arise to deal with this evil, there was nothing to save our country from rapid deterioration, which all the fiscal changes on earth would not be able to avert. The Church had measured herself against gigantic evils and mastered them, but her supreme conflict was at hand, a conflict in which she would come into a death-struggle with drink. Let them stop the enormous waste of money and time caused by the drink trade, and all the mills of Lancashire and the factories of Sheffield would at once begin to work full time! Legislation was not enough; behind the law there must be the moral and spiritual dynamics which were in the special province of the Church. Proceeding, Mr. Meyer deplored the spread of the drink traffic in India, where, he said, shops for the sale of intoxicating liquor were being multiplied by the government with a rapidity which was nothing less than alarming. This system, he urged, was a suicidal policy, which could only end in the still greater impoverishment of that country.—'Alliance News.'

A MILLION DOLLAR CHRISTMAS GIFT! WHY NOT?

(By Don O. Shelton, secretary of the Young People's Department, Congregational Home Missionary Society.)

Very happy is the suggestion made to the Christian families of America by twelve of the large denominational missionary boards. These organizations, in response to the suggestion of the Young People's Missionary Movement, request that during the Christmas season, as presents are being purchased for friends, a family Christmas gift be made for widening the kingdom of Christ. Attractive gift-boxes, printed in colors and gold, are to be put in Christian homes and kept there during the Christmas season for the reception of the offering. On the Sunday following Christmas they are to be brought to the churches and the total gift, to be presented to Christ with appropriate exercises, is to be forwarded to the denominational missionary societies.

The far-reaching influence of this suggestion is indicated by the number of Christmas gift-boxes that the various missionary boards intend to distribute. The Presbyterian Foreign Board will use 50,000; the Baptist Board, 50,000; United Brethren, 10,000; the Methodist, South, 20,000; the Methodist, North, 75,000; the Free Baptist, 5,000; and the Congregational Missionary Society, 150,000.

The celebration of Christmas in this manner, it is believed will make the season more salutary and more sacred to multitudes. It is another forward step in the method of the observance of this most delightful festival. There have been periods when Christmas Day was observed by the wearing of ludicrous costumes, by fantastic and dramatic exhibitions, by dances and by rough behavior. These boisterous customs are now, in nearly all nations, of the past. For the most part, quiet, happy family reunions, and dignified, inspiring church services mark the celebration of the day. The plan proposed by our American missionary boards puts it within the power of Christian people to give this season an even deeper, truer meaning than it has had.

This method, by which gratitude for the birth of Christ can be shown in a very practical way, will be of vast instructional value to young people in Christian homes. The making of such a Christmas offering to missions will not lessen the joyousness of the celebration of the season, but will add incalculably to the sacredness of the celebration. It does not necessarily involve the lessening of the number of gifts that are to be exchanged by Christian people, but rather a decrease in their costliness, to the end that more real devotion to Christ may result.

This Christmas gift to missions will promote enlarged views of the world-wide significance of the coming of Christ. The gift itself, if as generous as it is expected it will be, will promote a deepening sense of the import of the Christmas season, emphasizing the dominant purpose of Christ, the redemption of mankind.

The plan calls attention in a forcible way to the real meaning of the coming of Christ. The making of a Christmas gift for the increase of his kingdom will be a silent, but also an effective way of repeating the message of the angels.

Such an offering will be another proof of our loyalty to our Lord. On that first Christmas morning the supreme motive of the three wise men was the doing of homage to Jesus. Their gifts were an expression of their real feeling. Now by our Christmas offering we shall bear witness to our love for him and extend his sway.

A generous Christmas gift to missions will relieve financial burdens resting on the missionary societies, and will help to open the way for new Christian enterprises.

The thought of the possibility of such progress will bring joy and gladness to all true followers of Christ. The hope of progress is included by Sir John Lubbock among the pleasures of life. Surely the hope of the great moral and spiritual advance that is promised by the enlargement of the capacity of our missionary boards through this liberal Christmas offering will add to the joy of all who contribute. Some will find it possible to give largely, others only a little; but, whatever the amount may be, each gift, according to the giver's ability and spirit, will be a source of happiness and blessing.

How large shall be this Christmas gift to missions? The capacity of the Christian people for making it very large is great. If we take fifty cents a day as representing the average daily income of members of the Protestant evengelical churches, the total income of the eighteen million church-members in the United States for the first twenty-five days of December would be $225,000,000. Estimating that the 360,000 Christian homes in which these Christmas gift-boxes are this year to be placed contain on an average three persons, the total income of these for the first twenty-five days of December on the foregoing basis would be thirteen and one-half millions of dollars. An average offering of five cents a day from each of these for this short period would amount to one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Surely all that is needed for the securing of a munificent gift is a forceful appeal to the loyalty of Christian people.

It is confidently expected that many thousands of ardent members of the great Christian Endeavor movement will respond to this unsurpassed opportunity. Each member co-operating by means of a personal gift and by inviting others to make gifts will largely promote this loftier conception of the manner of celebrating our Lord's birth.

To the very uttermost our Lord gave himself for the redemption of the whole world. For this, though he was rich, he became poor. No act of ours can be more fitting than one which will make possible to multitudes the reception of himself, the greatest of all gifts. The responsibility for making it possible for the world to receive the gift of his only begotten Son, our heavenly Father has placed on us. We who already know of his coming, and who rejoicingly recognize him as our Lord and Master, have it in our power at this Christmas season to pass on to multitudes the knowledge we possess. Each follower of Christ, giving to world-wide missions according to the measure of his ability, will make possible a magnificent Christmas offering.

Shall we not make at least an offering of one million of dollars for the widening of the kingdom of him whose glory the Eastern shepherds acknowledged long ago. There at Bethlehem the long-promised day-star began to gleam. Through self-sacrifice, through the giving of unnumbered lives and of worldly possessions, whose value no man can estimate, that light has been made to travel down the centuries to us. At this Christmas time let us each help to open the way for it to pass on.

'Westward, all along the ages,
Trace its pathway clear and bright;
Star of hope to Eastern sages,
Radiant now with gospel light.
Angels from the realms of glory
Peace on earth delight to sing;
Christian, tell the wondrous story,
Go proclaim the Saviour King!'

—'Christian Endeavor World.'

THE ORIGIN OF 'GET RIGHT WITH GOD.'

Millions of little cards with the words 'Get right with God,' have been circulated during the Torrey-Alexander missions in different parts of the world. It will interest many workers who have helped to know the origin of the idea. One day Major Cole, one of the veteran helpers of D. L. Moody in days long ago, was conducting a mission in a town in America where it seemed hopeless to try and touch the hearts of the people. He went out for a walk alone, and flinging himself down on the grass he pleaded with God to tell him how he might break down the spirit of indifference. As he prayed the thought came to him of printing on a little card the simple words, 'Get right with God.' He rose from his wrestling with God with a new hope in his heart. He began to hand the little card about; then he printed more, and persuaded others to do the same. Numerous instances can be narrated of how the words have arrested the careless.

The other day a woman who was converted at one of the Torrey-Alexander meetings said that she had come to the service because she heard a ring at the door, and, thinking it was the postman, she looked in the letter-box. She found two cards, with the words, 'Get right with God.' 'At first,' she said, 'my husband and I laughed at them, but the words got to burning themselves into our minds, and we both came to the meeting and got saved.'—The 'Christian.'

YOUNG SMOKERS.

An English Church vicar writes as follows to the London 'Christian': 'Much has been said and written lately on the deterioration of the English race, especially of certain classes. Our government may well utter a warning cry and complaint in finding so large a proportion of the candidates for the army obliged to be rejected in consequence of insufficient stamina and other physical requirements.

'Bearing in mind this acknowledged deterioration, I would earnestly ask every true patriot if it be not his luty seriously to consider whether the alarming amount of cigarette smoking, now so universal amongst boys, will not increase the deterioration we deplore, and produce in the coming manhood of our race a terrible harvest of evils.

'America has become alive to the threatened dangers. Forty-two states have enacted anti-cigarette laws, and many towns and cities have passed prohibitive or restrictive by-laws. Five American railway corporations have forbidden their employees to smoke cigarettes.

'I have before me a list of other witnesses from Canada against the evil. It consists of twenty newspapers, twenty railways and business houses, thirty medical men, thirteen school inspectors, and 789 teachers and heads of schools and colleges.

'A bill has lately been introduced into the Canadian Parliament, with a large and influential backing, 'to prohibit the importation, manufacture, or sale of cigarettes.' Surely it behoves every patriot—clerical, medical, and civilian—to unite in one solid phalanx to try and save the present and coming generations.

Wherever Christianity has been a real force, working to success, it has been spiritual. The wheels of the chariot are clogged by all attempts to make arrangements to help God.—Campbell Morgan.

THE S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. December 22nd, 1903

LADIES' GLOVES.

'Le Brabant' Kid Gloves, in black and white, also fashionable shades of tan, brown and grey, fancy silk points, two-stud fasteners. Sizes, 5½ to 7 1-4.

Per pair.. .. ..

$1.25

'Marseillaise' Kid Gloves, in black, as well as soft shades of tan, grey or brown, two-pearl fasteners, fancy silk points—the finest glove procurable, and obtainable at The Big Store only, in sizes 5½ to 6 3-4. Per pair.. .. ..

$1.85

MEN'S GLOVES.

Unlined Tan Dogskin Gloves, one-dome fastener, pique sewn back, in sizes, 7 to 10. Price, per pair, only.. .. .. ..

$1.00

Heavy Tan Dogskin Gloves, unlined, one large dome fastener. A suitable glove to wear either when walking or driving. Sizes, 7 to 10. Per pair.. ..

$1.30

Dent's Grey Suede Gloves, unlined, two small dome fasteners, stitched backs. Sizes, 7 to 9½. Price, per pair, only....

$1.55

MEN'S GOOD UNDERWEAR.

Heavy Scotch Knit Underwear, double breasted shirt. Sizes, 34 to 46. Price, according to size, from 59c per garment to.. .. .. 76c

Better quality Heavy Knit Underwear, double-breasted shirts, drawers well shaped and finished. Sizes, 34 to 46. Prices, according to size, from 94c per garment to.. .. ..

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ALL IN ADVANCE.

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" "	10 copies or more to one address at 20c per copy.

All the above papers sent postpaid to the Dominion, Newfoundland, Great Britain, United States and its Colonies, Transvaal, Barbadoes Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, New Zealand.

Postal Union Countries other than the above: Daily Witness, $6.50; Weekly Witness, $2.00; World Wide, $1.00; Northern Messenger 80 cents. Also City of Montreal and suburbs.

ADVERTISING RATES.

WEEKLY WITNESS.—Casual advertisements 10c per line per insertion. 'Farms to Rent, 'Farms for Sale,' can be inserted for 1c a word per insertion from subscribers. The lowest rate for non-subscribers is two cents per word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the 'Witness' Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents made. In all cases the full price must accompany each order.

DAILY WITNESS.—10c per line per insertion. Contracts on favorable terms. "Employment Wanted," Situations Vacant," etc., 10c per insertion, up to 20 words. Money must accompany order, as this quotation is reckoned on a cash basis

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

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Address all business communications,
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
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Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on his paper? If the date thereon is

DECEMBER, 1903

it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

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Is there an up-to-date sewing machine in your home? If not, do you want one? The publishers of the 'Witness' will give one as a premium for forty dollars worth of subscriptions, at full rates, to any of the 'Witness' publications. It has given splendid satisfaction wherever used and will be a boon to any over-worked housewife.

A MOHAMMEDAN PEER.

London, Dec. 15.—The body of Lord Stanley of Alderley, who died on Dec. 10, of pneumonia, was buried according to Mohammedan rites in Alderley Park, Chelford, Cheshire, this morning. Such an occurrence is unique in the history of the British peerage. The strictest secrecy was observed.

The Witness.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1903.

Since the year 1782, when the Irish volunteers assembled under arms in Dublin and compelled the government to adopt measures of reform, Ireland has had no volunteer militia. Yet that army was entirely officered by Protestants, chiefly of the landlord class. The disbandment and disarming of the volunteers was not the least among the causes that led to the Rebellion of 1798. Many of the leaders of the United Irishmen were Protestants and aristocrats, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Indeed, it is a curious fact that the Irish patriotic party, from the days preceding the union to the death of Parnell, was invariably led by a Protestant, with the sole exception of Daniel O'Connell. We regret exceedingly to find the story denied that, after a hundred and twenty years of suppression, the British government had decided to revive the Irish volunteer system. The continuance of this suppression is necessarily a slur on Irish loyalty, well calculated to provoke the thing it proclaims. It seems to us that the best thing to do with the Irish is to trust them. We cannot imagine them voluntarily donning the King's uniform and assuming all the duties which that means and not being loyal to it. Such a positive exhibition of confidence would have been in line with the proposed reduction in the strength of the Irish constabulary—a body, by the way, always Irish, and always faithful. The superb bravery and loyalty of the Irish regiments in the Boer war might well have warranted this new act of confidence. Irish troops have, indeed, always shown the same indomitable courage in the field. Even the Duke of Wellington, ever chary of praise for those who served under him, told them in the Peninsula that they were 'everything but bad soldiers.'

Legislation at the last session of parliament gave the customs authorities the power, and laid upon them the duty, of refusing the admission to the country of posters picturing crime. We gathered from recent expressions that the Custom House people had regretted the fact that the law did not allow them to exclude these instigators of crime, and that the law was passed to relieve them of this painful disability. Since it was passed, however, the criminal poster has been more in evidence than ever. Indecency having apparently lost some of its power to attract, every second picture has to have a pistol in it and crime appears in every phase. These posters render it plain that the theatres are being made a night school for crime. For that the government is not directly responsible; but for making our streets into a day school for crime they have practically acknowledged that they are responsible; and as all these posters must have come through the custom house, responsibility for them must be laid at the door of the Customs Department. We cannot but admit that the question, what is criminal in a picture, is as hard to define as, what is indecent. Testing his posters by current art the poor Custom House officer would find himself very much at fault to give a valid reason for admitting this and rejecting that. He can easily say that respectable art galleries, picture dealers' windows and illustrated publications, are replete with scenes which he would have to reject if he rejects anything. There may be, and no doubt are, distinctions which good taste recognizes, but which it might yet be difficult to defend before any tribunal. Pistol violence seems to be at present an epidemic nightmare upon the public consciousness, for here comes to us the Christmas 'Graphic' with a blazing colored picture—for its annual Christmas gift to its readers—of a couple of burglars by the bedside of an old couple and holding them up with a pistol. The old people's waking fright is well depicted for the amusement of the families in whose dining-room or nursery this triumph of oleography will hang henceforth alongside of the big picture of the King which comes in the same number.

The United States Steel Corporation has announced a reduction of wages all round of from five to twenty percent, beginning the first of January. At the same time, a number of high salaried officials will be dismissed and the offices of the concern consolidated. Altogether, it is estimated, these economies will effect a saving of twenty-five million dollars a year. The principal reason given for this policy is the enormous decrease in the demand for steel owing to the cessation of building operations on account of strikes. The Steel Corporation may have other reasons than this for having to use extreme measures to make ends meet, but this one is important. During the past year strikes in the building trades have been continuous throughout the country. As a consequence, prospective builders and contractors are afraid to undertake new work through fear of being held up and put to heavy expense and loss. Other large concerns, employing many thousands of hands, are following the example of the great Steel Corporation for the same alleged reason. As the reduction of incomes reduces expenditure all industries are affected and depression is becoming general. The only compensating feature in the situation is the prospect of a reduction in the cost of the necessaries of life. A fall in price is expected to occur with the decrease of wages. But that will be poor satisfaction to the many thousands who will have no wages.

One thing that embarrasses Russia in yielding anything to Japan is the fear of losing prestige in Asia. Some think that war would have broken out long ago but for the determination of the Czar to exhaust all the resources of diplomacy before facing a contingency that would be a practical abandonment of his declared policy of peace. But the military Pan-Slavist party is the most powerful in the government, if not in the Empire, and pursues its objects with hereditary pertinacity. While the Emperor is the nominal autocrat, he can no more forbid the idea which has fanatically ruled Russia since the days of Peter the Great, and which has never ceased to materialize in the steady advance, chiefly by the process of soakage, of the empire's boundaries, any more than Canute could forbid the rising tide. Yet there is a possibility just now that even Russian Imperialism may be compelled to pause before the threatened danger of internal revolutionary upheaval. If peace be secured in the Far East, that happy result will be owing more to the disturbed and uncertain condition of the masses in Russia proper, than to any desire for an amicable settlement that would set bounds to Russian pretensions, as entertained by those entrusted with the guidance of affairs.

We often ask ourselves if the references of Canadian papers to British conditions seem to the English so delightfully absurd as the allusions of the British orators and British press to Canada do to us. Not a day passes but some arrant nonsense is cabled as having been uttered in Britain, and those who are on the sane side of the fiscal question seem to have more than their share of misconception. We were told the other day that Mr. Henry Chaplin, who is a Tory agricultural protectionist, speaking at Ware, declared that the soil of the colonies—one would think all the red on the map had come out of one batch of dough—was unfitted for the growth of barley, and was likely to be for years to come. How Mr. Chaplin came by this bit of information, what has blighted the soil in question, and how it is to be regenerated, are subjects for speculation. It is not to be wondered at, however, that the English have queer ideas about Canada when we are told what they learn in their school books. Here are some things that Lord Strathcona has taken occasion to protest against as occurring in some of these. As Canada is understood to own a third of the north pole and of any territory that may be contiguous thereto, it might seem possible that some of the recorded facts had been gathered from the recitals of such intrepid explorers as Sir John Franklin, who penetrated as far as they could into those regions. We did not ourselves know, however, that there were any hay-makers in polar Canada. 'Hay-makers,' the good little English boys and girls are taught, 'are frozen to death in their tents.' 'Indians are now quite tame.' Presumably this means that they are getting quite like the rest of us. 'There are places where hay-making is done at night, to escape the flies.' 'Milk is delivered in solid cakes, and, when once winter sets in, people are frozen up till spring.' Frozen people drinking frozen milk is worthy of Sinbad the Sailor. What an interesting sight an old Canadian who had thawed out from the frosts of sixty winters would be to an English school boy! It is not to be wondered at if some of the less robust or daring have misgivings about emigrating to Canada, and if some statesmen have grotesque conceptions of the country they find themselves so unexpectedly talking about.

What is described in the geographies as the Sea of Azov is in reality a lagoon expansion of the Don river over an extensive area of low-lying flat country. The Don flows into it from the north, and on its shores are the towns of Taganrog, Marienpol, Yenikale and Azov. Its greatest depth is only seven and a half fathoms and, throughout its greatest extent, the water is not more than four or five feet deep. Its length is two hundred and thirty-five miles and its breadth a hundred and ten miles. In dry seasons its muddy, malarious shores are laid bare for miles and cause a great deal of disease. For many years an almost imperceptible geological movement has been in progress by which the shores are gradually rising. This change may have become more rapid of late, which would account for the reported drying up of the sea over a considerable part of its area. The silt brought down by the Don has aided the change by raising its bed. Similar geological changes through elevation or subsidence are under observation by scientists in many parts of the world, even on coasts of England and the eastern coast of the United States. It has lately been asserted that the great city of New York is doomed to disappear under the waters. The ground on which it stands has, it is said, been sinking for many years past, but certainly not at a rate to cause alarm. These changes suggest that the present conformation of the dry land of the earth is the result of the very slow crumpling of the terrestrial crust. We are accustomed to think and speak of the solid earth, the everlasting hills, the eternal seas; but not even these are solid, everlasting, or eternal. All of them rose from the bottom of the ocean. Continents have changed places with seas, and may do so again, as the process going on before our eyes seems to indicate. Man, during his brief tenure of life, can see but little of these stupendous movements. He can only draw the old moral of the mutability of all things material, and turn his soul to those things which cannot be shaken.

That the fashion of ladies' headgear should cause the overthrow of a constitutional government in these days when feminine influence in politics is supposed to be less than what it was when court intrigues swayed the councils of kings, seems absurd. Yet the report comes from Madrid that the theatre hat question played a considerable, if not a principal part, in the wrecking of the Villaverde ministry. The leading society women rebelled against the regulation of the Governor of Madrid, forbidding the wearing of hats at the opera, and are credited with having had sufficient influence to upset the Cabinet which backed the governor. The new ministry, it is stated, has consented to rescind the hat regulation and dismiss the audacious governor. It is curious to reflect that the Government of Spain, threatened with revolution and in sore financial straits, should be overturned by a whim of feminine fashion. Possibly the hat was the last straw, or feather, which broke the camel's back. When a ministry is tottering even a lady's hat may knock it to pieces. This same style of theatre hat has had graver consequences in raising an international question. The wife of the Russian consul at Naples, who was threatened with arrest if she did not remove her hugely expansive head covering while in a theatre, indignantly refused and left the house. Her husband reported the matter to the ambassador, who promised to take steps to have the officials who offended the lady properly punished. Hereafter let nobody sneer at fashion, or deny a lady's right to wear any sort of hat she fancies anywhere she may go. Parisian male theatre-goers have taken their revenge, however, by also wearing high, broad hats in the theatres, so that only the front row can get a glimpse of the stage. And so the merry war of absurdity, bad taste and extravagant contempt for the rights and opinions of others goes on, with no hope of peace save by the movement of the finger of the goddess of fashion.

It would be interesting to know what authority Professor Lorin, of the University of Bordeaux, has for his statement, contained in the Canadian Associated Press despatches, that 'Newfoundland politicians favor the Americans,' and that 'Newfoundland has already thrown in its lot with the Republic.' Newfoundland certainly did attempt an independent reciprocity treaty with the United States and was naturally resentful that in the interests of Canada, or, rather, of British solidarity in North America, it was vetoed. But no Newfoundland politician has ever advocated annexation to the United States in preference to union with Canada, and it is certainly an unexpected piece of news that the colony 'has already thrown in its lot with the Republic.' There may be people in Newfoundland who think that the quickest way to settle the French Shore question would be by annexation, which would also open the United States market to their fish and other products. There is certainly one rabid annexationist there busy writing letters to the New York 'Tribune,' which prints them with all honors. But there has never been any echo of that sort of talk either in the press or the Legislature of Newfoundland. The natural, the proper and, indeed, the only solution of the problem of Newfoundland's future, including that of the French Shore, is union with the Dominion. That much-to-be-desired result might perhaps have been accomplished when delegates from the colony went to Ottawa to arrange terms of union. The terms proposed were impudent enough, and Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who was Premier at the time, refused them. Our own opinion was that union was desirable at almost any cost. Newfoundland was then suffering under severe depression from somewhat discreditable causes, but the vigorous and successful manner in which the colonials went to work and overcame their misfortunes, showed that they would have been a very desirable addition to our nationality. When delegates from British Columbia went to Ottawa and asked for a waggon road across the Rocky Mountains, Sir John Macdonald went beyond their demands and promised them a railway. The undertaking proved a shock and a strain not only to the finances, but to the morals of the country, but no one now regrets its accomplishment. Newfoundland is in a position to exact terms from Canada, and, in view of the alternative suggested by Professor Lorin, her public men will not be diffident in naming these terms, should the question of union be reopened, for it is well understood that under no possible circumstances can the Dominion consent to the acquisition of Newfoundland by a foreign and hostile power.

CHRISTMAS.

Even wayward Robert Burns tells us that he took peculiar pleasure in the season of winter, more than the rest of the year, in that it was his best season for devotion. Then, his mind was wrapt up in a kind of enthusiasm toward Him who, in the language of the Hebrew bard, walks on the wings of the wind. It exalted him, even enraptured him, although he scarcely called the feeling one of pleasure, to walk along the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, on a cloudy winter day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. Southey, on the other hand, describes the pleasure which he felt in winter's silence, when entranced nature shrouds herself in a deep tranquillity, and he beautifies an old figure, by likening the ivy clasping the leafless oak to virtue, which, diffident of strength, clings to religion's firmer aid, and, being by it upheld, is enabled to endure calamity. But whatever appreciation, or the lack of it, one may have of the winter season, it is certain that the kindly, human spirit which we now associate with Christmas would never have spread so deep and wide if the festival had been a summer one. As it is a season, when, in the Christian countries of Europe, 'Among their children comfortable men gather about 'great fires and yet feel cold,' the poor, the aged, the unsuccessful, and the absent, are much in the thoughts, and 'do good unto others' passes from precept into practice more than it would do but for the environment of the inclement weather.

Fortunately, in North America, we inherit all our ancestors' traditions of humanity and the special need of its exercise at Christmastide, and although we have fewer poor we have even a colder winter environment. It may be that the eating and drinking have been too grossly associated with the idea of Christmas, but the necessity for the rich to give out of their abundance to the poor, for their own moral good, can never grow less. It has been said of prosperity, as Anarcharsis said of the vine, that it bears the three grapes of drunkenness, of pleasure, and of sorrow; and happy it is if the last can cure the mischief which the former work. Prosperity is mischievous without the saving grace of charity. We Canadians have been exceedingly prosperous during the past few years and our future is bright with promise. Not only is our own land abundantly productive, but for our wants or our luxuries, the whole habitable globe is laid under tribute. For us the caravans of the east are continually on the march, and the remotest seas are specked with ships. Our stores, indeed, are an epitome of what the world produces. We strain, however, too much after material well-being, and the strain too often reaches the breaking point. Happy for those whom the struggle has overwrought if they can get a little relaxation from the tear and wear of burdens which have grown too large for them. Virtue, simplicity, frugality, are more than riches, and the majority of men have reason to bless the fate which keeps them poor. But where riches and a large heart go together, the combination has made many a fine citizen, a sort of specially-appointed providence for the less fortunate, where the giver and the receiver may be held to be equally happy.

Besides all the associations with Christmas that the individual European nations have, our population is so mixed that customs overlap each other, as it were, and our observances are a mixture of those of Scotland, England, Holland and Germany. From Scotland comes the hanging of the stocking, from England the plum pudding, the holly and the mistletoe, from Holland comes Santa Claus, and from Germany the Christmas tree. We are not exiles, and regard this as our beloved country, yet many of us were born in other lands, and all of us have ancestors and dear associations there. Whatever may be the reason for the secret affection men have for the spot of ground upon which they or their people were born, there is no doubt but that it influences most of us, and never more so than at Christmas tide, when deep calls to deep, and love's self bridges all distances. The spirituality of the time centres in that essence of the teaching of the Saviour of mankind, 'as 'I have loved you ye ought also to love 'one another,' the horizon expands, the narrow, grasping creed of selfishness loses its hold, at least for a while, and a vista is seen through the thick forests of man's diverse aims of that true brotherhood which is the Eldorado of all great and noble minds. Nearly two thousand years have passed since Jesus lived on earth, many of which have been very evil, but, looking across them from the heights, good is seen ever to be emerging stronger from her conflicts. Dogma may, perhaps, have weakened during the past few decades, indeed, it has done so undoubtedly, but there never was a time when the spirit of The Lord's Prayer and The Sermon on the Mount was so truly in the hearts of men as it is at this present Christmastide. Truth and justice and mercy, the sense of which fully came to the elect with the birth of Christ, have spread in the fulness of time to other than what are called Christian lands, and the Christ-like ideal has been the salt which has leavened the whole lump. It is true that the millennium may yet be far off, but the present state of man contrasts so favorably with all the past, that we have cause to bless our happy lot to-day, and to hear each year in the recurring voice of the Christmas bells the old song of peace and good will; good will and peace; peace and good will, to all mankind.

LIBEL.

The 'Witness' was the first paper in Montreal within living memory to have a libel suit. The cause of it was a paragraph denouncing a citizen for having entertained the city snowshoe clubs with flowing cellars. The proceedings were taken in the Criminal Court where the case was thrown out by the grand jury. There have been a good number of cases since, some of them very celebrated and some of which have resulted in changes in the law of libel, which has gone on continuously softening towards the honest newspaper. Indeed, the 'Witness' has had many congratulations over holdings in the present case, which seem to indicate that the time has come when the law will do justice to the newspaper as well as to the person denounced. The most notable of these changes in the law has been the removal from it of the old immoral doctrine that the greater the truth the greater the libel. It was after the amusing 'Joe Beef' case that this law, since changed in Great Britain, was altered for Canada. The only case the 'Witness' ever lost was the second of the series, the celebrated Mousseau case, also taken in the Criminal Court, and that after a three-days' trial before a very crowded court, and before the country—for the parties were prominent—ended in such a comical farce that it redounded more than any of the others to the popularity of the 'Witness.' As the actors in it are almost all passed away, we may be allowed to recall it. A paragraph appeared in the 'Witness' referring to 'an orgy' in a drinking place, at which, among others, Mr. Chapleau and his partner, Mr. Mousseau, were spoken of as being present, and deprecating the condition of a country whose rulers spent their evenings thus. It so happened that Mr. Mousseau was not present at the orgy in question. It was plain, therefore, that the 'Witness' had no defence. At the beginning of the trial the late Joseph Doutre, for the 'Witness,' challenged at random one of the jurors, who were largely farm hands and villagers from the vicinity of St.Laurent, asking him if he had been tampered with with regard to this case. He admitted that he had been spoken to by the local member, and told not to go against Mr. Mousseau, for he was a good man. This inquiry was not prosecuted further, and the exposure of one was assumed for the rest, correctly, as it seemed at the close. After three days of cross-examination, and four eloquent and presumably illuminating addresses from counsel, Messrs. Doutre and Devlin for the defence—some members of the Board of Trade had subscribed to add Mr. Devlin's services—and Messrs. Kerr and Lacoste for the prosecution, the jury retired at a late hour on a Saturday night. It became necessary to send Mr. Drummond into the jury room as a sworn translator. When the jury returned to the box—the same spot from which the verdict was given yesterday—they gave the verdict not guilty. Judge Ramsay, who had charged them in the strongest possible terms against the accused, was astounded, and asked them again, when the foreman repeated with renewed vigor, 'Not guilty—

he is a good man.' Mr. Drummond explained with a smile that the jury were under the impression they were trying Mr. Mousseau, whereupon the judge explained that it was not Mr. Mousseau they were trying, but the other gentlemen. The jury, naturally supposing that this referred to those who had actually taken part in the evening's enjoyment, said, 'The others—oh, they are guilty.' This verdict was taken by the judge and a nominal fine imposed. This, as we have said, is the only case which the 'Witness' has ever lost.

AUSTRALIA.

Imperial preference has not won the victory that was anticipated for it in the Australian general election, which took place on December 16. A few days before the polling a press despatch from Melbourne said it was confidently expected that the voters would protest with no uncertain voice against the tyranny of state socialism and the domination of a handful of ignorant and selfish class legislators. This forecast has not been confirmed by the result, for of the three parties—Ministerial protectionists, Opposition free traders and Independent Labor—the first elected twenty-seven members of the House of Representatives; the second, twenty-six, and the third twenty-nine. In the Senate the success of the Labor party is still more marked. In that House the Ministerialists number only six, the Opposition thirteen, and the Laborites seventeen. Thus it appears that the last named party holds the balance of power with strength so great as to enable it to dictate legislation, and maintain its domination over the government of the Commonwealth. It is reported that the woman vote aided largely in bringing about this result. Evidently the women of the working class stood by their men relatives and doubled the Labor vote, while those of the Ministerial and Opposition parties were not as anxious to vote. The general result is described as anti-Imperial and against the fiscal policy advocated by Mr. Chamberlain. Practically the Australians have taken the same stand as that assumed by Canadian manufacturers. They set what they consider their own interests first, those of the empire afterwards. This shows the immense difficulties that confront Mr. Chamberlain in the task he has undertaken.

It has long been a matter of wonderment that Australia, with its area as large as that of the United States, its favorable climate and vast natural resources, should not have attracted immigration and progressed more rapidly than it has. The growth of population during the past century has been much slower than that of Canada. According to the census of 1901, the total population of the six states composing the Commonwealth amounted to only 3,771,715, and it is not expected that the next decennial count will show much increase. The London 'Colonizer' is authority for the statement that within the last year people have been leaving five of the six states faster than new settlers have been coming in. Western Australia alone, owing to its development of gold mining, is increasing its population. From New South Wales, during the first six months of the present year, 16,327 persons left for Canada, South Africa and other parts of the world. The emigration from that state for the time mentioned exceeded the immigration by 2,116. In all Australia for ten years past, the excess of arrivals over departures has been only about five thousand. The state of Victoria, of which Melbourne is the capital, has lost one hundred and ten thousand people by emigration in these ten years. The excess of emigration over immigration in South Australia and Tasmania has been about twenty thousand in the same period. New South Wales and Queensland gained about thirty thousand, but the outgoing movement is said to have commenced of late in these states. The great drought that blighted the crops and killed off many millions of sheep for several years in succession was one great cause of emigration. The climatic conditions during the last year, however, were all that could be desired, yet the departures continue to outnumber the arrivals. The worst feature of the movement is that the people who are going away belong to the most desirable classes, farmers, merchants, manufacturers and capitalists. The reason given is that State Socialism and the dominancy of the labor party are destroying private enterprise. Capitalists will not invest, merchants will not venture, even farmers will not remain in a country where they may be ruined any day by legislative interference with natural conditions. The recent general election shows, however, that the party mainly responsible for these limitations on business is still in the ascendant, so that a return to a better state of affairs may be a long way off. A curious reaction is, however, visible in Victoria, in the election of the Irvine Government and the passage of anti-strike legislation. The lesson to be drawn from the Australian situation is that the ideal state cannot be created by legislation. Society can only rise to better conditions by the slow process of evolution. All attempts to force the machinery of commerce end in failure.

THE NEXT WAR.

In his annual report, Mr. Root, Secretary of State for War in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, lays stress on the necessity of preparation for 'the next war.' He appears to regard another war in the near future as a matter of course, and devotes much space to the reorganization of the militia in order to have a trained force ready for instant service, also a large number of citizens sufficiently instructed in military science to be able to organize, drill and command volunteers. The officers of the regular army, he says, will have a new duty in applying their military skill and experience to the preparation of the militia and volunteer forces, which will be associated with them in 'the next war.' There is something ominous in this assumption that the country must be prepared for the possibility of an immediate war. If there is a nation on the earth that has no fear of attack from without, it is the United States. No European power dreams of invading the republic. The supreme folly of such a project is admitted even by German militarists. The war which Mr. Root contemplates must, therefore, be either a war abroad or a civil war. The latter contingency may be dismissed, in spite of the European talk about a social upheaval in North America. Looking abroad, there are three lowering points on the horizon, Central America, the Far East and Germany. One general in the United States army has but recently stated his conviction that the next war will be with Germany. This was, no doubt, random talk, but there is always a war party in the republic ready to take fire on any or no provocation, and it is admittedly the business of a War Minister to make the military forces of the nation effective. In this regard Mr. Root shows that the organized militia at present consists of 116,542 men, including officers. The regular army numbers 41,832, while the troops in the Philippines and elsewhere bring the total up to 59,181 men. This is certainly not a formidable military establishment. Concerning the militia, Mr. Root makes the interesting statement that out of the number given above 100,345 men have declared themselves ready to respond to the call of the President at any moment. Turning from military to naval preparations, we find that the appropriations for the present year amount to $82,618,034, while the total sum spent on the navy in the decade between 1891 and 1900, was less than half that figure, or only $38,635,000. Yet the United States is at peace with all the world. The acquisition of distant dependencies, the need for protecting commerce, and the desire to be in a position to meet any contingency that may arise from the naval expansion of other powers, are sufficient reasons for this warlike programme. It may be hoped, however, that the solid good sense of the people will be manifested with enough strength to moderate the jingo spirit and defer contemplation of 'the next war' to a remote period in the future.

MR. FOSTER'S SPEECH.

Mr. Foster made a very good speech recently in the Windsor Hall, with very much of which we are heartily in accord. We particularly agree with him that the British Empire is the greatest civilizing force of any time, and that anything tending to consolidate its widely separated territories and to preserve it, and more and more to unify and consolidate it would result in benefit to all mankind. Mr. Foster also had the courage of his opinion in telling the audience that we must decide to make some contribution to our sea defences, and he was also of opinion that Great Britain—the most generous nation in the world—would never consent to handing over to us the treaty-making power; and that it was absolutely impossible for this country to have the treaty-making power unless it also assumed the treaty-compelling power as well. That is common sense. But Mr. Foster's protectionist theories and the results that he expects from them are illogical in the extreme. England's past prosperity and her future hope are bound up with free trade, and if she adopts any measure of protection it must inevitably—as surely as that the sun gives light by day—do her injury. Does Mr. Foster's policy offer her advantages which would make up to her for the disadvantages of adopting Mr. Chamberlain's protection? We do not find it so, and the official organ of the Conservative party, which strangely omits Mr. Foster's references to our contributing to Imperial defence, gives the utmost prominence to Mr. Foster's declaration that 'England 'never for a moment thinks of curbing 'the colonies' policy of developing their 'own industries.' Mr. Foster's aims are indeed those of the Conservative party and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. At the best, he would let British goods come into our market on the same terms as at present, while raising the tariff very considerably against the rest of the world; at the worst, he would still raise the tariff wall many courses higher against the 'foreigner,' and so 'adjust' it as to make the passage more difficult of woollens and cottons and steel rails, and so forth, which have come into Canada from Great Britain in increased quantities because of the preference. If we were inhabitants of the British Isles, and believed with Mr. Foster that 'this was all there was to it,' we should most politely but very firmly decline to have anything to do with it.

But this is not necessarily the end. At present we give British goods entering our market a preference of thirty-three and a third percent, New Zealand gives a preference ranging from ten to fifty percent, South Africa gives twenty-five percent, and the Australian Commonwealth was expected to grant a preference at the next session of parliament, but what will happen now that the Labor party appears to control the two Houses is not very certain. That is something, but we believe it is only a beginning. An advantage in the British market would be so great, more especially for Canada, that some believe the preference would inevitably widen in the direction of free trade, and that ultimately free trade, or very nearly free trade, would result throughout the Empire. But if such a result were attained, even more important results would be likely to follow. Out of $1,465,375,860 worth of United States exports in 1901, $951,628,331 were agricultural products, or considerably more than half, and approaching three-quarters of the entire exports—actually, it is sixty-five percent. Mr. Meighen, who seconded the resolution, last night, approving of the 'fiscal reform movement,' and imperial preference, believes that that preference would lead the farmers of the United States, whose produce in so large a measure finds a market in the United Kingdom, to clamor at Washington for a like preference—to demand it insistently, and to get it with very little delay. Sir Richard Cartwright believes that, too.

The agricultural surplus of the United States would be of no more use to her farmers than 'the fertilizer in the barnyard,' Mr. Meighen declares, if the British market were closed against them, and Mr. Meighen predicts that the United States' Government would urge 'Don't shoot, we'll come down.' But if that were the result so far as the United States was concerned, we are asked if Germany is going to look on while the United States enjoys unrestricted commerce, or nearly so, in the vast imperial British market, without seeking to obtain like advantages? And if Germany, then all the other countries. If such a result as this could follow the temporary adoption of protection by Great Britain, 'it would indeed be grand,' as the carpenter and Walrus remarked about the possibility of clearing away the sand, in 'Alice in Wonderland.' The carpenter and walrus were walking close at hand; they wept like anything to see such quantities of sand; "if this were only cleared away," they said, "it would be grand." "If seven maids with seven mops swept it for half a year, do you suppose," the walrus said, "that they could get it clear" "I doubt it," said the carpenter, and shed a bitter tear.' It will no doubt take many half years and a good many maids to sweep the sand out of the world's fiscal policies, and we despair of ever seeing it swept out of the fiscal views of many of our protectionist prophets; but as one of old 'builded better than he knew,' so out of this fiscal turmoil and retrograde movement the experience may come that will fulfil the aspirations of those who desire to see the world at one.

THE SEER OF SKIBO.

As a prophet of the broadest sort of Anglo-Celtic imperialism, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has a voice that cries to the deepest deep of the heart of the wedded races. He is, like every great man, a contradiction in himself. A socialist, a monopolist, a democrat, an absolutist, a despiser and an entertainer of kings, a republican, an aristocrat, a race unionist and a protectionist separatist, a western Yankee and a Highland chieftain. A man with universal sympathies finds himself, in spite of himself, in touch with all that touches man. In his desire to bring the Anglo-Celtic powers into coöperation for the peace and prosperity of mankind he has the heartiest sympathy of every intelligent member of the severed English peoples. Even in his belittlement of Canada he has an excuse in the fact that Canada, whose interest, from her geographical position, is obviously, above that of all other nations, to bring the two great sections of the race together, finds herself the centre and cause of every contention that exists between them. Yet even Mr. Carnegie seems to have come to the resolve to speak more prettily to Canada than has been his wont, and that of his countrymen, in doing which he shows a wisdom and patriotism rare among a people of singularly limited horizons.

Mr. Carnegie gives pleasant and wooing voice to his Anglo-Celtic republican imperialism in a letter which he has written to the Winnipeg Historical and Scientific Society, quite different from a recent utterance of his, in which he described this country as practically at the mercy of the United States politically and commercially. After the manner of prophets, he is quite positive in making this his latest prediction. He says he knows the day is coming when Canada, as a well-behaved younger son, will take the motherland by one hand and the rebellious elder brother by the other, and reconcile them both. Then, rising to a loftier flight of prescience, he declares his belief that some day Canada will annex the republic, just as the northern part of Great Britain, called Scotland, actually annexed the southern part, called England, and has bossed it ever since. Dr. Goldwin Smith used to argue that the United States and Canada would become one nation, as England and Scotland became united, by natural affinity, political necessity and geographical continuity. In the republic the hope of ultimately annexing Canada, and having one flag wave from the north pole to the Gulf of Mexico, is cherished as a dream of 'manifest destiny.' Then, as one of their orators magniloquently expressed it, the great Republic of the West would be bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the limits of its own ambition, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the precession of the equinoxes. This orator, who surveyed the future 'like the eagle that soars with its eye on the sun,' has been far surpassed by the broader outlook of the recluse of Skibo tower. The latter would consolidate a far greater empire—practically the world—for it would authoritatively speak peace to the world. And this seer awards the Dominion first place in his magnificent programme. As a Scotchman it is only natural that he should assume the domination of Great Britain by Scottish genius, since the kingdoms were united under a Scottish monarch, and Scotchmen have frequently commanded the destinies of the empire with brilliancy and success. It has long been our own view that Canada should have the purpose of promoting Anglo-American fellowship before her in all her plans. Though she has been unfortunately thwarted in this by the bullying of her 'rebellious big brother,' we cannot but see that our own highest well-being depends on the closest comity within this family of nations. If Canada could be instrumental in knitting bonds of friendship between the great communities of North America and those of the British empire in other parts of the world, she would indeed achieve a lofty service for mankind. That this is the goal to be aimed at none can question. The only question is what policy will best tend to this great end.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SCREW-MAKER.

Mr. Gladstone started his political life as a Tory and protectionist, and ended it as a free-trader and a Liberal; Mr. Chamberlain has reversed the process. The evolution from radicalism in youth to the championship of privilege in later years is a much more common one, and with all respect to Disraeli, Cartier and a thousand other great men, a much more commonplace one. Still free-traders have no more reason to taunt Mr. Chamberlain with this transformation than the protectionists had to taunt Mr. Gladstone, and, indeed, they weaken their case by doing so. Still it is interesting to recall where Mr. Chamberlain stood twenty-eight or thirty years ago as regards the screw trade. On November 12, 1885, he made a speech, in the course of which he said he would relate a personal experience which he had never told in public before: 'Well, 'I have been out of the screw trade 'now for ten years or more, and I do 'not know anything about it in its present condition; but I do know what 'happened while I was a member of 'the screw firm, and really my experience has a rather important bearing 'upon this question. We made screws 'by the aid of an American invention, 'a most beautiful machine which was 'imported from America.' The competitors of Mr. Chamberlain's firm in France, Germany, Russia, Austria and Italy also imported this American machine, and presumably paid a duty upon it, and, of course, they were protected by a duty on screws against Mr. Chamberlain's firm, as was the United States manufacturer. But what happened? Said Mr. Chamberlain:

Every one of these countries puts a duty upon screws from abroad. We, as you know, were perfectly open. Any one could send screws without paying any duty at all. Now, then, what was the result? This was a case of hardship! According to the Fair Traders we ought to have gone whining about the country asking for protection for this wretched manufacture of ours, which was threatened by foreign competition. Now what was the fact? The fact was this, that at the time of which I am speaking we sent screws into every country in the world, and no country in the world was able to send screws here! Who benefited by it? Well, we did.

Further than this, the United States erected a tariff of a hundred percent against screws, and still Mr. Chamberlain's firm continued to ship goods to the United States at a profit. At last, the screw manufacturers offered Nettlefold & Sons, of which firm Mr. Chamberlain was a partner, a large annual sum on condition that they would refrain from competing in the United States market. 'And so,' continued Mr. Chamberlain, 'my firm received a hand-'some income for years from the Am-'erican manufacturers, protected as they 'were by the folly and stupidity of this 'protectionist legislation.' The only people who suffered by protection, Mr. Chamberlain claimed, were the working classes, while the condition of the British working classes was highly satisfactory as compared with the condition of their fellow-laborers in foreign countries. He convinced himself of this by personal experience:

I travelled abroad at that time, and I went to the French and German and other factories, and I knew all that was going on, and in every case the wages of the working people making the same article were lower—much lower—in some cases only half of what we were paying, and the time they worked was, in every case, longer. In France, for instance, they worked twelve hours a day when we were working nine hours. I say in every case; I should say in every case but one. In America the work-people get higher wages than they did in England, but the cost of living was very much greater, and their position was really not so good as that of our workmen. Clearly, the working classes in England benefited by our Free Trade system.

The comparison in 1902 with the same countries works out at least as favorably to Great Britain. Other times, other manners, the phrase maker says, but Mr. Chamberlain's change of opinion must be due to something else than the facts. The British protectionist would, no doubt, like to be able in his turn, to tax the British buyer enough to enable him to subsidize the American manufacturer not to give the British buyer cheap goods.

FISCAL ASPIRATIONS.

Dr. Rutherford Harris, the Tory-protectionist candidate, was elected in Dulwich, against Mr. Masterman, the Liberal-free trader, by a substantial majority, although he made a belated appearance in the constituency. The electors were invited to 'vote for Master-'man and religious equality for all,' or to 'vote for Masterman and the Big Loaf.' The Free Trade Union also made much of the two loaves, but the constituency preferred the policy of Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain, as understood by Dr. Harris, who said: 'I believe in true free trade and my 'support of Mr. Balfour's policy is part-'ly based upon the conviction that a 'change of attitude on our part may 'bring us nearer to universal free trade 'than we have ever yet been or can ever 'hope to be while foreign protection 'continues to thrive upon the gigantic 'free markets of England. To any 'schemes which would, in my judgment, 'increase the burden of living to the 'people as a whole I should offer the 'most resolute opposition; but my per-'sonal belief is that Mr. Chamberlain's 'policy would, in the near future, produce the precisely opposite effect, and it 'would therefore receive my heartiest 'support. In this belief I am strength-'ened by many years' study of the 'colonial sentiment in South Africa.' It is not clear what bearings the colonial sentiment in South Africa can have upon the question whether the taxation of foreign imports would increase the burdens of living to the English people. Mr. Bodington, who represented the 'British Chamber of Commerce in Paris' at the Congress of the British Chambers of Commerce in Montreal, is also of Dr. Harris's opinion. At the thirtieth annual banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, which took place at the beginning of the month, he said, among other interesting matters:

The most remarkable feature of the Montreal Congress was the frequent manifestations of loyalty to the British connection, in spite of occasional wide divergences of opinion on a variety of economic subjects, and notably, I need hardly say, on the momentous question of the commercial relations between the Mother Country and her colonies. . . . . These demonstrations were most gratifying and encouraging, and are an excellent augury for the future of the Empire. . . . . It has been said that if Canada, from whom, after all, the proposal for a preferential tariff originally emanated, succeeds in securing its adoption by the United Kingdom, this may tend to disturb to some extent the friendly relations now subsisting between France and England. I do not believe that this will be the case; I know that our French friends understand that this policy, if it is adopted, is not aimed at them, and in reality will not affect disadvantageously, to any great extent, the interests of French importers into the United Kingdom. . . . . I am not at all sure that such a policy will not ultimately produce a beneficial effect all over the world, for experience shows that in many instances what at first sight threatened to become a war of tariffs has resolved itself into negotiations for commercial treaties, the outcome of which has been, not an augmentation of tariffs, but a reduction. This was notably the case a few years ago between France and Switzerland, and nobody, I presume, will contend that Switzerland is a match, fiscally speaking, for France. I do not see why the same result could not be achieved between France and England, and between England and other countries, in such a way that the ultimate outcome would be a general reduction of tariffs all over the world.

This planet has many complexities, including at the present time a sincere desire for peace on the part of the French nation and a determination to have it, and on the part of the United States a seeming readiness to become one of the bellicose nations. But if matters turn out as Dr. Harris and Mr. Bodington expect, the aspiration of Alfred Tennyson will soon be realized. He peered into the future and saw the heavens filled with commerce, 'argosies of magic sails.' The war drums throbbed no longer, furled were the battle flags, the common sense of most held a fretful realm in awe, while universal law lapped a kindly earth in slumber. It was, indeed, the parliament of man, the federation of the world. Will not our manufacturers and all protectionists be frantically delighted if Mr. Chamberlain's policy should have the unexpected fortune of bringing this about?

A FUGITIVE.

HOW CASHEL ESCAPED BEING HANGED AT CALGARY.

Calgary, N.W.T., Dec. 17.—Ernest Cashel, the escaped condemned murderer, has not yet been captured. The police believed they had him in the city, but it now appears that he has got out and is now making his way in an easterly direction, one the story being that he got out of the city by crossing Bow river on the ice some miles west. Up to noon yesterday the man had been traced by an expert Indian tracker to Langdon, twenty miles from here.

Further information regarding the escape of Cashel is to the effect that on the evening the event occurred Constable Piper, provost of the guard room, proceeded to search the prisoner's cell, the prisoner being removed into the guard room temporarily, and being seated on a bench facing the street. Constables Leslie and Phillips were in the guard room at the time. Suddenly the prisoner covered the constables with two revolvers, drove them into the cell, and then locked them in. How he got possession of the weapons is a mystery to the Mounted Police authorities, although one theory is that they might have been passed through the window to him by some person in the street. Having locked up his men, Cashel secured two of their revolvers, then got the keys, undid his leg irons and walked out a free man. Cashel's brother was arrested at 6.45, and when the police took him he had a pair of shoe packs in his possession and some cartridge. He declared he was on his way to the barracks to see Inspector Saunders, but the belief is that the shoe packs were for his brother. Before leaving the prison Cashel made the remark that he had a horse waiting for him, but this is not thought to be correct. The only person who visited him on the afternoon of his escape were the Methodist minister and Cashel's brother. The latter, it is claimed, was never allowed to go near him, and the principal theory regarding the prisoner's escape is that it was the work of the brother or some friend working from the outside. Cashel is an American and hails from Kansas City.

'WORLD WIDE.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of last week's issue of 'World Wide.'

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The United Statesman—'Punch,' London.
The City and Fiscal Speeches—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The 'Dumping' of German Steel—Is the British Trade Going?—The 'Times,' London.
In Panama—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Fragments from the Fiscal Wonderland—The Chaplin and the Missioner—By C. G. and F. C. G. Illustrated—'Westminster Gazette.'
The Cobden Club—The English Papers.
Macedonia in Winter—Henry Nevinson, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Americans are not a Free People—By Ray Stannard Baker, in the December 'McClure's Magazine.'
The Song of the Blouse—The 'Daily News,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The 'Birds' at Cambridge—By J. B. A., in the Manchester 'Guardian.'
John Ruskin: A Vindication—An Address to British Workmen—The 'St. George,' Organ of the English Ruskin Societies. Abridged.
The Song of the Battipali—The 'Globe,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Angels—Poem by William Drummond, of Hawthornden.
The Feast of the Snow—Gilbert Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
Let Holly have the Mastery—Old English Carol.
The Land of His Nativity—From 'Studies of the Portrait of Christ'—By the Rev. Geo. Matheson.
[illegible] Creed of a Credulous Person—An Ex[illegible] By G. [illegible]
First Immigrants from Asia—The 'Sun,' New York.
Science Notes.

One dollar a year. John Dougall & Son, Publishers, Montreal, Canada.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

(By Charles Reade, D.C.L.)

CHAPTER III.

And now passed over 'The Grove' the heaviest hours it had ever known; hours as weary as they were bitter to Geroge Fielding. 'The Grove' was nothing to him now—in mind he was already separated from it; his clothes were ready, and he had nothing more to do, and he wished he could fling himself this moment into the ship, and hide his head, and sleep, and forget his grief, until he reached the land whose fat and endless pastures were to make him rich and send him home a fitter match for Susan.

As the moment of parting drew nearer there came to him that tardy consolation which often comes to the honest man then when it can but add to his pangs of regret.

Perhaps no man is good, manly, tender, generous, honest, and unlucky quite in vain; at last, when such a man is leaving all who have been unjust or cold to him, scales fall from their eyes, a sense of his value flashes like lightning across their half-empty skulls and tepid hearts, they feel and express some respect and regret, and make him sadder to leave them; so did the neighbors of 'The Grove' to young Fielding. Some hands gave him now their first warm pressure, and one or two voices even faltered as they said 'God bless thee, lad!'

And now the carter's lad ran in with a message from a farmer at the top of the hill.

'Oh! Master George, Farmer Dodd says if you please he couldn't think to let you walk. You are to go in his gig to Newbury, if you'll walk up as far as his farm; he's afeard to come down our hill, he says, because if he did, his mare 'ud kick his gig into toothpicks,' he says. 'Oh! Master George, I be sorry you be going,' and the boy, who had begun quite cheerfully, ended in a whimper.

'I thank him! Take my bag, boy, and I'll follow in half an hour.'

Sarah brought out the bag and opened it, and, weeping bitterly, put into it a bottle with her name on a bit of paper tied round the neck, to remind poor George he was not forgotten at 'The Grove,' and then she gave George the key and went sadly in, her apron to her eyes.

And now George fixed his eye on his brother William, and said to him, 'William, will you come with me, if you please?'

'Ay, George, sure.'

They went through the farm-yard side by side; neither spoke, and George took a last look at the ricks, and he paused, and seemed minded to speak, but he did not, he only muttered 'not here.' Then George led the way out into the paddock, and so into the lane, and very soon they saw the village church; William wondered George did not speak. They passed under the yew tree into the churchyard; William's heart fluttered. They found the vicar's cow browsing on the graves; William took up a stone—George put out his hand not to let him hurt her, and George turned her gently into the lane—then he stepped carefully among the graves. William followed him, his heart fluttering more and more with vague fears; William knew now where they were going, but what was George going to say to him there? his heart beat faint-like. By and by the brothers came to this—

The grave was between the two men—and silence—both looked down.

George whispered 'Good-bye, mother! She never thought we should be parted this way.' Then he turned to William, and opened his mouth to say something more to him; doubtless that which he had come to say, but apparently it was too much for him. I think he feared his own resolution. He gasped and with a heavy sigh led the way home. William walked with him, not knowing what to think or do or say; at last he muttered, 'I wouldn't go, if my heart was here!'

'I shall go, Will,' replied George rather sternly as it seemed.

When they came back to the house, they found several persons collected. Old Fielding, the young men's grandfather, was there; he had made them wheel him in his great chair out into the sun.

Grandfather Fielding had reached the last stage of human existence. He was 92 years of age. The lines in his face were cordage, his aspect was stony and impassable, and he was all but impervious to passing events; his thin blood had almost ceased to circulate in his extremities; for every drop he had was needed to keep his old heart a-beating at all, instead of stopping like a clock that has run down.

Meadows had returned to see George off, and old Merton was also there, and he was one of those whose hearts gave them a bit of a twinge. 'George,' said he, 'I'm vexed for speaking unkind to you to-day of all days in the year; I didn't think we were to part so soon, lad.'

'No more about it, uncle,' faltered George; 'what does it matter now?'

Susan Merton came out of the house; she had caught her father's conciliatory words; she seemed composed, but pale; she threw her arms round her father's neck.

'Oh! father,' said she imploringly, 'I thought it was a dream, but he is going, he is really going. Oh! don't let him go from us, speak him fair, father, his spirit is so high!'

'Susan,' replied the old farmer, 'mayhap the lad thinks me his enemy, but I'm not. My daughter shall not marry a bankrupt farmer, but y... thousand pounds—just one thousand pounds—to show me you are not a fool, and you shall have my daughter and she shall have my blessing.'

Meadows exulted.

'Your hand on that, uncle,' cried George, with ardor; 'your hand on that before heaven and all present.'

The old farmer gave George his hand upon it.

'But, father,' cried Susan, 'your words are sending him away from me.'

'Susan!' said George sorrowfully but firmly, 'I am to go; but don't forget it is for your sake I leave you, my darling Susan—to be a better man for your sake. Uncle, since your last words there is no ill will, but (bluntly) I can't speak my heart before you.'

'I'll go, George, I'll go; shan't be said my sister's son hadn't leave to speak his mind to let be who it will at such an a time.'

Merton turned to leave them, but ere he had taken two steps a most unlooked-for interruption chained him to the spot. An old man, with a long beard and a glittering eye, was amongst them before they were aware of him; he fixed his eye upon Meadows, and spoke a single word—but that word fell like a sledge-hammer.

'No!' said Isaac Levi in the midst.

'No!' repeated he to John Meadows.

Meadows understood perfectly what 'No' meant; a veto upon all his plans, hopes and wishes.

'Young man,' said Isaac to George, 'you shall not wander forth from the home of your fathers. These old eyes see deeper than yours (and he sent an eye-stab at Meadows); you are honest—all men say so—I will lend you the money for your rent, and one who loves you (and he gave another eye-stab at Meadows) will bless me.'

'Oh, yes, I bless you,' cried Susan, innocently.

The late exulting Meadows was benumbed at this.

'Surely heaven sends you to me,' cried Susan. 'It is Mr. Levi, of Farnborough.'

Here was a diversion: Meadows cursed the intruder, and his own evil star that had raised him up so malignant an enemy. 'All my web undone in a moment,' thought he, and despair began to take possession of him.

Susan, on the other hand, was all joy and hope; William more or less despondent. The old Jew glanced from one to another, read them all, and enjoyed his triumph.

But when his eye returned to George Fielding he met with something he had not reckoned upon. The young man showed no joy, no emotion. He stood immoveable, like a statue of a man, and, when he opened his lips, it was like a statue speaking with its marble mouth.

'No! Susan. No! old man. I am honest, though I'm poor—and proud, though you have seen me put to shame near my own homestead more than once to-day. To borrow without a chance of paying is next door to stealing; and I should never pay you. My eyes are opened in spite of my heart. I can't farm "The Grove" with no grass, and wheat at forty shillings. I've tried all I know, and I can't do it. Will, there, is dying to try, and he shall try, and may heaven speed his plough better than it has poor George's.'

'I am not thinking of the farm now, George,' said William. 'I'm thinking of when we were boys, and used to play marbles—together—upon the tombstones.' And he faltered a little.

'Mr. Levi! seems you have a kindness for me; show it to my brother when I'm away, if you will be so good.'

'Hum!' said Isaac doubtfully. 'I care not to see your stout young heart give way, as it will. Ah, me! I can pity the wanderer from home. I will speak a word with you, and then I will go home.'

He drew George aside, and made him a secret communication.

Merton called Susan to him, and made her promise to be prudent, then he shook hands with George, and went away.

Now Meadows, from the direction of Isaac's glance, and a certain half-surprised, half-contemptuous look that stole over George's face suspected that his enemy, whose sagacity he could no longer doubt, was warning George against him.

This made him feel very uneasy where he was, and this respectable man dreaded some exposure of his secret. So he said hastily, 'I'll go along with you, farmer,' and in a moment was by Merton's side, as that worthy stopped to open the gate that led out of George's premises. His feelings were anything but pleasant when George called to him—

'No, sir! stop. You are as good a witness as I could choose of what I have to say. Step this way, if you please, sir.'

Meadows returned, clenched his teeth, and prepared for the worst, but inwardly he cursed his uneasy folly in staying here, instead of riding home the moment George had said 'Yes!' to Australia.

George now looked upon the ground a moment; and there was something in his manner that arrested the attention of all.

Meadows turned hot and cold.

'I am going—to speak—to my brother, Mr. Meadows!' said he, syllable by syllable to Meadows in a way brimful of meaning.

'To me, George?' said William, a little uneasy.

'To you! Fall back a bit.' (Some rustics were encroaching upon the circle.) 'Fall back, if you please; this is a family matter.'

Isaac Levi, instead of going quite away, seated himself on a bench outside the palings.

It was now William's turn to flutter; he said, however, to himself, 'It is about the farm; it must be about the farm.'

George resumed: 'I've often had it on my mind to speak to you, but I was ashamed, now that's the truth; but now I am going away from her I must speak out, and I will—William!'

'Yes, George?'

'You've taken—a fancy—to my Susan, William!'

At these words, which, though they had cost him so much to say, George spoke gravely and calmly like common words, William gave one startled look all round, then buried his face directly in his hands in a paroxysm of shame.

Susan, who was looking at George, remonstrated loudly: 'How can you be so silly, George! I am sure that is the last idea poor William—'

George drew her attention to William by a wave of the hand.

She held her tongue in a moment, and turned very red, and lowered her eyes to the ground. It was a very painful situation—to none more than to Meadows, who was waiting his turn.

George continued: 'Oh, it is not to reproach you, my poor lad. Who could be near her, and not warm to her? But she is my lass, Will, and no other man's. It is three years since she said the word. And though it was my hard luck there should be some coolness between us this bitter day, she will think of me when the ocean rolls between us, if no villain undermines me—'

'Villain! George!' groaned William. 'That is a word I never thought to hear from you.'

'That's why I speak in time,' said George. 'I do suppose I am safe against villany here.' And his eye swept lightly over both the men. Any way, it sha'n't be a mistake or a misunderstanding, it shall be villany if 'tis done. Speak, Susanna Merton, and speak your real mind once for all.'

'Oh! George,' cried Susan, fluttering with love; 'you shall not go in doubt of me. We are betrothed this three years, and I never regretted my choice a single moment. I never saw, I never shall see, the man I could bear to look on beside you, my beautiful George. Take my ring and my promise, George.' And she put her ring on his little finger, and kissed his hand. 'Whilst you are true to me, nothing but death shall part us twain. There never was any coolness between us, dear; you only thought so. You don't know what fools women are; how they delight to tease the man they love, and so torment themselves ten times more. I always loved you, but never as I do to-day; so honest, so proud, so unfortunate; I love you, I honor you, I adore you, oh! my love!—my love!—my love!'

She saw but George—she thought but of George—and now to soften his sorrow, and remove his doubts, if he had any. And she poured out these words of love with her whole soul—with blushes and tears and all the fire of a chaste and passionate woman's heart; and she clung to her love; and her tender bosom heaved against his; and she strained him with tears and sighs to her bosom; and he kissed her beautiful head; and his suffering heart drew warmth from this heavenly contact.

The late exulting Meadows turned as pale as ashes, and trembled from head to foot.

'Do you hear, William?' said George.

'I hear, George,' replied William, in an iron whisper, with his sullen head sunk upon his breast.

George left Susan, and came between her and William.

'Then, Susan,' said he rather loud, 'here is your brother.

William winced.

'William! here is my life!' And he pointed to Susan. 'Let no man rob me of it if one mother really bore us.'

It went through William's heart like a burning arrow. And this was why George had taken him to their mother's grave. That flashed across him too.

The poor, sulky fellow's head was seen to rise inch by inch till he held it as erect as a king's.

'Never!' he cried, half shouting, half weeping. 'Never, s'help me God! She's my sister from this hour—no more, no less. And may the red blight fall off my arm and my heart, if I or any man takes her from you—any man!' he cried, his temples flushing, and his eye glittering, 'sooner than a hundred men should take her from you while I am here I'd die at their feet a hundred times.'

Well done, sullen and rugged but honest man; the capital temptation of your life is wrestled with and thrown. That is always to every man a close, a deadly, a bitter struggle; and we must all wade through this deep water at one hour or another of our lives; it is as surely our fate as it is one day to die.

It is a noble sight to see an honest man 'cleave his own heart in twain, and fling away the baser part of it.' These words that burst from William's bitter heart, shocked at his brother's you may be sure. He came to William: 'I beheve you,' said he, 'I trust you, I thank you. Then he held out his hand; but nature would have more than that, in a moment his arm was round his brother's neck, where it had not been this many a year; he withdrew it as quickly half ashamed, and Anne Fielding's two sons grasped one another's hands, and holding hands turned away their heads and tried to hide their eyes.

They are stronger than bond, deed, or indenture, these fleshly compacts written by moist eyes, stamped by the gripe of eloquent hands in those moments full of soul when men's hearts beat from their bosoms to their fingers' ends.

Issac Levi came to the brothers, and said to William, 'Yes, I will now,' and then he went slowly and thoughtfully away to his own house.

'And now,' faltered George, 'I feel strong enough to go, and I'll go.'

He looked round at all the familiar objects he was leaving, as if to bid them farewell: and last, while every eye watched his movements, he walked slowly up to his grandfather's chair.

'Grandfather,' said he, 'I am going a long journey, and mayhap shall never see you again; speak a word to me before I go.'

The impassive old man took no notice so Susan came to him.

'Grandfather, speak to George; poor George is going into a far country.'

When she had repeated this in his ear their grandfather looked up for a moment—'George, fetch me some snuff from where you're going.'

A spasm crossed George's face; he was not to have a word of good omen from the aged man.

'Friends,' said he, looking appealingly to all the rest, Meadows included, 'I wanted him to say God bless you, but snuff is all his thought now. Well, old man, George won't forget your last word, such as 'tis.'

In a hutch near the corner of the house was William's pointer, Carlo. Carlo, observing by the general movement that there was something on foot, had the curiosity to come out to the end of his chain, and as he stood there giving every now and then a little uncertain wag of his tail, George took notice of him and came to him and patted his head.

'Good-bye, Carlo,' faltered George; 'poor Carlo—you and I shall never go after the partridges again, Carlo; the dog shows more understanding than the Christian; bye, Carlo.' Then he looked wistfully at William's dog, but he said nothing more.

William watched every look of George, but he said nothing at the time.

'Good-bye little village church, where I went to church man and boy; good-bye churchyard, where my mother lies; there will be no church bells, Susan, where I am going; no Sunday bells to remind me of my soul and home.'

These words, which he spoke with great difficulty, were hardly out of young Fielding's mouth when a very painful circumstance occurred—one of those things that seem the contrivance of some malignant spirit. The church bells in a moment struck up their very merriest peal!

George Fielding started, he turned pale and his lips trembled. 'Are they mocking me?' he cried. 'Do they take a thought what I am going through this moment, the hard-hearted—'

'No! no! no!' cried William; 'don't think it, George. I know what 'tis—I'll tell ye.'

'What is it?'

'Well it is—well, George, it is Tom Clarke and Esther Borghers, married to-day; only they couldn't have the ringers till the afternoon.

'Why, Will, they have only kept company a year, and Susan and I have kept company three years! and Tom and Esther are married to-day; and what are George and Susan doing to-day? God help me! What shall I do? what shall I do?' And the stout heart gave way, and George Fielding covered his face with his hands, and burst out sobbing and crying.

Susan flung her arms round his neck—'Oh! George, my pride is all gone; don't go, don't think to go; have pity on us both, and don't think to go.' And she clung to him—her bonnet fallen off, her hair dishevelled—and they sobbed and wept in one another's arms.

Meadows writhed with the jealous anguish this sad sight gave him, and at that moment he could have cursed the whole creation. He tried to fly, but he was rooted to the spot. He leaned sick as death against the palings.

George and Susan cried together, and then they wiped one another's eyes like simple country folk with one pocket-handkerchief.

Meadows gripped the palings convulsively—hell was in his heart.

'Poor souls, God help them!' said William to himself in his purified heart.

The silence their sorrow caused all around was suddenly invaded by a voice that seemed to come from another world—it was Grandfather Fielding. 'The autumn sun is not so warm as she used to be!'

Yes, there was the whole map of humanity on that little spot in the county of Berks. The middle-aged man, a schemer, watching the success of his able scheme, and stunned and wounded by its recoil. And old age, callous to noble pain, all alive to discomfort, yet man to the last—blaming any one but Number One, cackling against heavenly bodies, accusing the son and the kitchen fire of frigidity—not his own empty veins! And the two poor young things sobbing as if their hearts would break over their first great earthly sorrow.

George was the first to recover himself. 'Shame upon me!' he cried; he drew Susan to his bosom, and pressed a long, burning kiss upon her brow.

And now all felt the wrench was coming. George, with a wild, half-terrified look, signalled William to come to him.

'Help me, Will! you see I have no more manhood than a girl.'

Susan instinctively trembled. George once more pressed his lips to hers, as if they would grow there. William took her hand. She trembled more and more.

'Take my hand; take your brother's hand, my poor lass,' said he.

She trembled violently; and then George gave a cry that seemed to tear his heart, and then darted from them in a moment. Poor Susan uttered more than one despairing scream, and stretched out both her hands for George. He did not see her, for he dared not look back.

'Bob, loose the dog,' muttered William hastily, in a broken voice.

The dog was loosed, and ran after George, who, he thought, was only going for a walk. Susan was sinking pale and helpless upon her brother's bosom.

'Pray, sister,' said gentle William; 'pray, sister, as I must.'

A faint shiver was all the answer; her senses had almost left her.

When George was a little way up the hill, something ran suddenly against his legs—he started—it was Carlo. He turned, and lifted up his hands to Heaven; and William could see that George was blessing him for this. Carlo was more than a dog to poor George at that cruel moment. Soon after that, George and Carlo reached the crown of the hill. George's figure stood alone a moment between them and the sky. He was seen to take his hat off, and raise his hands once more to Heaven, whilst he looked down upon all he loved and left; and then he turned his sorrowful face again towards that distant land—and they saw him no more!

CHAPTER IV.

'The world is full of trouble.' George Fielding had compared himself this very day to an oak-tree. 'Even so am I rooted to my native soil.' His fate accepted his simile. The oak of centuries yields to an impalpable antagonist, whose very name stands in proverbs for weakness and insignificance. This thin light trifle rendered impetuous by motion buffets the king of the forest, tears his roots with fury out of the earth, and lays his towering head in the dust; and even so circumstances, none of them singly irresistible, converging to one point, buffeted sore another oak pride of our fields, and for aught I know of our whole island—an honest English yeoman; and tore him from his farm, from his house hard by his mother's grave, from the joy of his heart his Susan, and sent him who had never travelled a hundred miles in his life, across a world of waters to keep sheep at the Antipodes. A bereaved and desolate heart went with Farmer Dodd in the gig to Newborough; sad desolate and stricken hearts remained behind. When two loving hearts are torn bleeding asunder it is a shade better to be the one that is driven away into action, than the bereaved twin that petrifies at home.

It needed but a look at Susan Merton as she sat moaning and quivering from head to foot in George's kitchen, to see that she was in no condition to walk back to Grassmere Farm to-night.

So as she refused—almost violently refused—to stay at 'The Grove,' William harnessed one of the farm-horses to a cart and took her home round by the road.

'It is six miles that way 'stead of three, but then we shan't jolt her going that way,' thought William.

He walked by the side of the cart in silence.

She never spoke but once all the journey, and that was about half way to complain in a sort of hopeless pitiful tone that she was cold: it was a burning afternoon.

William took off his coat, and began to tie it round her by means of the sleeves; Susan made a little silent, peevish, and not very rational resistance; William tied it round her by brotherly force.

They reached her home; when she got out of the cart her eye was fixed, her cheek white, seemed like one in a dream.

She went into the house without speaking or looking at William. William was sorry she did not speak to him; however he stood disconsolately by the cart, asking himself what he could do next for her and George; presently he heard a slight rustle, and it was Susan coming back along the passage: 'She has left something in the cart,' thought he, and he began to look in the straw.

She came like one still in a dream, and put her hand out to William, and it appeared that was what she had come back for.

William took her hand and pressed it to his bosom a moment; at this Susan gave an hysterical sob or two, and crept away again to her own room.

What she suffered in that room the first month after George's departure I could detail perhaps as well as any man living; but I will not; there is a degree of anguish one shrinks from intruding upon too familiarly in person: and even on paper the microscope should spare sometimes these beatings of the bared heart. It will be enough if I indicate by and by her state, aftertime and religion and good habits had begun to struggle, sometimes gaining sometimes losing, against the tide of sorrow. For the present let us draw gently back and leave her, for she is bowed to the earth—fallen on her knees, her head buried in the curtains of her bed; dark, faint, and leaden, on the borders of despair—a word often lightly used through ignorance. Heaven keep us all from a single hour here or hereafter of the thing the word stands for; and Heaven comfort all true and loving hearts that read me, when their turn shall come to drain the bitter cup like Susan Merton.

(To be continued.)

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RUSSIAN PEASANTRY AND INCENDIARISM.

The news that travels westward from Russia relates principally to the disturbed state of the more thickly populated and industrial provinces. Yet there are also troubles in the thinly populated agricultural districts. There are two phases of discontent manifest among the peasants. The first is a sort of agricultural terrorist movement. It is spontaneous, disorganized and violent, but not considered dangerous. There are sporadic outbursts of indignation and impatience, and some of the wilder spirits seek to revenge themselves on obnoxious authorities or landlords by acts of violence which generally assume the form of incendiarism. The mass of the peasantry, however, are sufficiently intelligent to understand that the burning of barn houses and hayricks will not improve their position. Nor do the authorities fear such spasmodic ebullitions. They have occurred, off and on, from time immemorial.

The other movement is far more dangerous, particularly as it does not encourage or approve any such violence. It consists in the forming of 'fraternal unions' among the peasants for political purposes. The peasants contrive to meet and discuss economic questions or read revolutionary pamphlets. In this they are assisted by the Revolutionary Socialist party. To discredit this latter and far more threatening movement the authorities have striven to impute to the 'fraternal unions' the acts of incendiarism which they know to be widely disapproved. Thus, when such crimes are perpetrated the tendency is to arrest the political propagandists instead of the real culprits.

Last year, for instance, many outrages were perpetrated on the property of a wealthy landlord named Ermolaeff, near the village of Spassko-Alexandrovka, in the district of Petrovsk and the government of Saratoff. The culprits escaped detection, but nine peasants, suspected of holding advanced views, were arrested. There had been similar cases of incendiarism in other places, and there also the political 'suspects' rather than the real criminals were prosecuted, with the result that they were acquitted by the local juries. In the present case M. Seline, the Public Prosecutor, sought to bring the matter before a court-martial, for he also feared the evidence would not suffice to convince the jury of a court of assizes. In this, however, he failed, though he succeeded in having the case tried at Khvolynsk instead of Petrovsk, the district where the events had happened. All that could be shown at the trial was that the peasants were beginning to learn to read, that revolutionary pamphlets had been distributed among them, and that they sometimes met and held discussions. M. Seline, in his speech for the prosecution, made the following damaging admission:

'It is from Western Europe that the sombre cloud of militant Socialism has spread over our country; this is the cause of the revolts and the riots which are multiplying. When Socialism was only spread among the upper classes of our society the danger was, relatively speaking, not serious. But to-day the propaganda penetrates right down into the depth among the masses of the peasant class and reaches the most distant and obscure corners of the empire, such as the district of Petrovsk. This is why, in this struggle, we have urged that the most extreme measures should be taken, and we therefore ask that your sentence should set a salutary example.'

The response of the jury was emphatic, though not in the sense the authorities desired, for the prisoners were all acquitted. According to the law, they should have been immediately liberated. As a matter of fact, the authorities only released one prisoner, and all the others were exiled to Eastern Siberia by administrative order. As for the real incendiaries, they are still at large. If the culprits profit by this immunity to burn down a few more places, the probabilities are that the authorities will not object. It would supply a pretext for arresting another batch of progressive peasants who have learned to read. Then such arrests may help to spread the idea that opposition to existing institutions only means pillage and arson.—Correspondent London 'Times.'

DAYS OF APPRENTICESHIP

THEIR COSTUMES—THE 'FLAT CAPS'—HOW REFRACTORY APPRENTICES WERE PUNISHED.

It is a far cry to the days when apprenticeship was the only recognized mode of entrance to all trades and some professions; and a still further cry to the days of special dress, both for apprentices and their masters. The apprentice's costume was very carefully regulated. In Tudor and Stuart times he wore a blue cloak in summer and a blue gown in winter; and blue was the color of his jacket, as it was then for the coats of all serving men. The short, tight breeches were white, and the stockings white or yellow. James I., who loved to meddle in matters of petty detail, made the Lord Mayor send round to the wardens of the various companies remonstrances against the growing abuse caused by 'excesse and strange fashions of apparell used by manye apprentises.' The Common Council took the King's interference very seriously, and solemnly set to work to draw out elaborate regulations in which every minute detail of an apprentice's clothing was carefully defined and prescribed.

One of the most distinguishing features of the Tudor and Stuart apprentice, as of citizens generally, was the flat cap, and the Common Council was particularly careful not only that the apprentices' caps should be flat, but that they should be very plainly worked of inexpensive materials. Readers of the 'Fortunes of Nigel' will remember the graphic picture in the first chapter of Fleet Street business life and of the apprentices at their masters door with their oft-repeated cry of 'What d'ye lack, Sir?' and 'What d'ye lack, beauteous madam?' There are to be met the quiet Frank Tunstall, the mercurial Jenkin Vincent, upon whose black-haired head 'a 'prentice's flat cap was generally flung in a careless and oblique fashion,' and the apothecary's assistant across the road 'in his flat cap and canvas sleeves, with a large wooden pestle in his hand.'

The small, flat, round cap, worn usually on the side of the head, was the apprentices' badge. Not many months ago quite a collection of these Tudor caps was discovered in pulling down an old city house. Several specimens found at different times can be seen in the interesting gathering of London antiquities housed in the Guildhall Museum. These flat caps were usually made of wool, with a flat rim, or sometimes with a rim which deepened and fell down at the back. Concealed in the rim of one such cap dating from the fifteenth century, which was unearthed in Finsbury, was found a quarter noble of Edward III. In the brim of another of slightly later date, discovered in the same locality, was found concealed a gold angel of Richard III. The apprentices who thus tucked away their treasured coins in the thick rims of their woollen flat caps little thought that they would remain undisturbed for some four hundred years. A more showy specimen than usual was found among the collection brought to light last year in Tabernacle street. It is now in the Guildhall Museum, and is described as a flat cap of feltlike material, reddish-brown color, with elaborately slashed rim, and the original sarsenet lining. 'Flat-cap' became a common nickname for the apprentices and citizens of Tudor London, as may be seen by many allusions in the older dramatists.

The city records and those of the various guilds and companies show that the apprentices were under very stringent regulations and were looked after in a most thoroughly paternal way. No detail was too small for observation and record. On Nov. 19, 1628, the assistant of a certain Widow Boulton came before the Court of the Pewterers' Company with 'unseemly haire not befitting an apprentice,' and there and then a barber was brought, and by order of the court the young man's flowing locks were cut to the necessary degree of shortness. One rascally youth, who had several times robbed his master, having confessed his guilt before the company's court, immediately received a sound whipping. Other offenders were sent to prison, Bridewell being the usual reception for incorrigible apprentices. In 1559 a certain John Smith, having been bound to a pewtermaker named Geoffrey Matthew, at once ran away to Maidstone, where he worked at making molds for a tinker. The runaway was captured, brought to town and lodged in Bridewell.

At first he would not make submission and acknowledge his fault; but a few days' experience of Bridewell brought him to his mind, and he made his peace with outraged authority by submitting himself and asking the forgiveness of the company, 'kneeling upon his knees in the presence of the master and wardens,' and many householders and journeymen. He promised never to offend again, and, says the record, 'if he doo, to be banyshed the company for ever,' which was plainly no light penalty. A refractory apprentice of a much earlier date, a Robert Halleman, who was bound to one John Long, a hatter, was committed to Newgate in March, 1332, by the Mayor and aldermen of the city for refusing to take the usual oath that he would faithfully serve his master. However, a week of the mediaeval Newgate was quite sufficient for Master Robert, who came out meekly and did as he was bid.

The candidate for apprenticeship was liable to a personal examination. In the Statutes of the Skinners' Company it is laid down that no one should take an apprentice till he had been personally approved by the master, and had been proved not only to be free-born, but 'not lame or disfigured of limbs.' On the other hand, no master was permitted to take an apprentice unless he could show that he was of 'abilitie of connyng' to teach him the craft, and properly keep and find him. Not only the apprentices, but the journeymen, who lived in their masters' houses were bound to go to church with their master and mistress morning and evening on Sundays and holy days, and it was only after evening service that the young fellows were free to indulge in such sports as were then deemed lawful. Apprentices were said to be 'bound' to their masters, and the bondage seems to have been tolerably real. In some respects they were their master's chattels. The word 'chattel,' indeed, is sometimes used in speaking of them; and there are cases on record in which, to satisfy a debt of the employer, the apprentice was actually put up for sale, and the purchase money applied to discharge the master's debt. But on the whole, the apprenticeship system had very many admirable points, and its decay is much to be regretted.—London 'Globe.'

THE 'SOLA' TREE OF INDIA.

The 'sola' of India is a small tree from six to ten feet high, with a tapering stem. The leaves are consumed as a vegetable, and the light spongy wood serves for a variety of purposes, one of the latest being sun-proof hats or helmets. The wood is cut into thin bands, which are stuck together and moulded into shape. Another recent use for the wood is to make non-conducting covers or vessels for keeping water and other drinks cool. They might be useful at home in summer.—London 'Globe.'

COSTLY WALKING DELEGATE.

THE UNIONS STILL KEEP HIM, BUT HIS POWER IS ON THE WANE.

(New York 'Sun.')

Since the arbitration agreement of the Building Trades Employers' Association was framed the expenses of walking delegates have been prominently brought before the unions. Some of the rank and file of the unions had not realized how much of their money it had taken to keep up the machinery of a union in the building trades.

The Housesmiths and Bridgemen's Union had four walking delegates when the labor troubles began. Sam. Parks was the head delegate at a salary of $48 a week and unlimited expenses. There were three other salaried delegates with large additional expenses. One drain on the union was the sending of Parks to Hot Springs for his health.

These and other expenses have depleted the treasury of the union and the men who are now on strike feel very bitterly about the way the money has been wasted. One of them said yesterday:

'While for years we have been paying into the treasury and our walking delegates have been living in fine style, now when we are out of work there is no money for us. I believe that the end of high salaried walking delegates has come.'

While the rank and file in some of the unions in the building trades are grumbling at the constant payment by the day of committeemen and walking delegates, the officers of the unions will not admit that there is any movement toward economy. A new walking delegate of the Brotherhood of Painters has just been appointed, at a salary of thirty-five dollars a week.

This does not look as if there was any economy going on in the management of the unions.

The 'Sun' told on Sunday how the rank and file of some of the unions in the Brotherhood of Carpenters are protesting against increasing the number of walking delegates. This is the most expensively run national union in the United States, and some of the plain members of the union do not see why it should be.

About forty unions in the building trades have signed the arbitration agreement of the Employers' Association.

Under this agreement there is less for the walking delegates to do than under the old system, when a walking delegate could go out of a morning and order a dozen strikes, but the walking delegate system is still kept up. A member of one of the unions said yesterday:

'There was a movement as soon as the unions began to sign the arbitration agreement to eliminate the walking delegates and have shop stewards instead, but it died out.'

The delegates of about twelve of the unions which have signed the arbitration agreement are organized as the Board of Representatices of the Building Trades of New York and Vicinity, and are supposed to meet twice a week, but they have little or nothing to do, as they cannot order any strikes. They are recognized in a perfunctory way by the Employers' Association, but they have practically no mandatory powers.

DEER BEING SNARED

A PRACTICE THAT IS TROUBLING THE GAME WARDENS OF THE MAINE WOODS.

A Bangor (Maine) correspondent of the New York 'Sun' says: The game wardens report that the practice of snaring deer has been very common this season in northern Aroostook, particularly by the farmers living on the outskirts of the towns and villages. Snaring deer is one of the most insidious depredations of poachers. It is usually done in the early fall before the law is off on big game. This method makes no noise, is simple and, when skilfully done, effective. It is also difficult to detect.

The poacher who wants to get a deer by this method goes into the woods armed with nothing but a small axe and a few yards of strong cord. He selects a wood road or path where deer are likely to range and there places skilfully a log or some other obstruction, over which the deer will be obliged to leap. Bushes are arranged so that there is but one small opening.

Calculating about where the deer will step, the poacher makes a slip noose with the cord, raising it a bit above the ground and concealing it with leaves. Two stakes are driven into the ground, each notched to hold a crosspiece. A sapling is then bent down and the cord attached to it, thence to and around the crosspiece, and then comes the noose. When set, the sapling is held down by the crosspiece, which is held in the notches by the sapling's upward pressure.

The deer steps in the noose and it tightens about his foot. He struggles and disengages the crosspiece and the sapling flies up, holding the deer fast. The deer struggles to free himself, but the sapling acts as a fishing rod does on a game fish. The deer cannot bring strength enough on the cord to break it and soon lies down exhausted.

The hunter comes, cuts the deer's throat, takes the cord away with him and there are few or no signs of what happened. A poacher can set several snares late at night and perhaps the next afternoon visit the traps and take home the catch.

Other methods are to 'bait' the deer with salt for a week or so and then arrrange the snares. It is said that some poachers even go to the trouble of planting a few hills of corn or grain in some secluded spot and arranging snares about the place. It is difficult for the wardens to detect poachers at snaring, as they must watch a snare until some game is caught in it, and then arrest the trapper when he comes for his catch.

It is not always deer that are caught in this way. Bears, raccoons, wild cats, foxes and such animals are often caught, but they can quickly get clear by gnawing the cord unless copper wire is used, as is sometimes done. Instances have been known where moose have got into the snares, but almost all animals except deer seem to have a faculty of getting out of the trouble, while the deer lie down and give up after a few trials.

A New York sportsman while out for birds early this fall had an odd experience with a deer snare. He stepped fairly into one, sprung the crosspiece and the next moment was jerked into the air by one leg, hanging head downward. As might be imagined, it was a great surprise. He managed to reach his knife and cut himself free, but he will never forget the experience.

Together with jack shooting at night the salting of deer is regarded as illegal and unsportsmanlike. Deer, like almost all other wild animals, will risk everything for salt. A salt lick can be made by pouring salt in some place frequented by deer. A blind can be arranged within easy range and a shot easily obtained if there are any deer in that section.

In the lumber camps it frequently happens that deer become very tame and come to the camp door for salt. It is usually an unwritten law that such deer shall not be killed, and if meat is wanted for the camp some one with a rifle will travel several miles rather than shoot the deer which could be brought down from the camp door.

PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE SIMPLON TUNNEL

The Paris correspondent of the London 'Times' has sent the following to his paper:

A few weeks ago an alarming telegram appeared in the London papers to the effect that in consequence of hot springs having been encountered in the tunnel the heat was insupportable, and that probably the work would have to be abandoned. The sender of this telegram little knew of the skill, the perseverance, and the ready resource of the able engineers directing this great work when he dispatched his message. Difficulties of no common kind have been encountered, but they are all in process of being solved, and satisfactorily solved.

The total length of tunnel will be twelve and a quarter miles, of which distance six and a quarter miles have been penetrated on the north, or Brigue, side, four and a half miles on the south, or Italian, side, leaving only one and a half mile still to be executed. Owing to the great height of the mountain above the tunnel—some six thousand feet—the pressure is great, and the temperature of the rocks and springs of water correspondingly high. The greatest heat which has been encountered is a hundred and thirty-three degrees Fahrenheit, but it is now falling as the tunnel progresses southward, and at the present time is a hundred and twenty-six degrees Fahrenheit. Were this water to be allowed to fall on the workmen, injury would result. But the very simple expedient is adopted of diluting it with cold water from the hydraulic mains, thus reducing its temperature to a comfortable and harmless point.

In order to cool the air in which the men are working an admirable system is adopted by which a large volume of fresh air, cooled by means of high-pressure water spray to some twenty to twenty-five degrees Fahrenheit below the tunnel temperature, is sent right up to the working face.

This point in other tunnels is generally foul and oppressive to a degree, but in the case of the Simplon is cool and fresh; and it is due to these excellent precautions that no sickness exists among the men. The use of the Brandt drill immediately suppresses all dust and there has not been a single case of miners' phthisis, although some three thousand men have been at work for five years.

The advance galleries from Brigue have now passed both the summit of the tunnel and the frontier line between Switzerland and Italy; they are now on the descending gradient to meet the workmen coming up the corresponding ascending gradient from the south end of the tunnel.

The monthly progress of the northern and southern ends of the advance galleries added together approximates to a quarter of a mile, and consequently it is anticipated that if no further or greater difficulties present themselves a junction will be effected in May or June, 1904, with a maximum error in direction of seven or eight inches, and trains will be run through by the end of that year.

The organization of the entire work is beyond praise, and is carried on with military precision. The humane arrangements for the welfare of the men have been described in a former communication, but there is one thing which very forcibly impresses itself on the attention of all visitors, and that is the enthusiasm and alacrity with which the men carry on the work.

In England, unfortunately, many working men are misled by the idea that the quantity of work to be done by the entire nation is a fixed amount, and that therefore no man must do more than he can avoid in order to leave work for others to do; the result being that great waste, both of time and money occurs and the cost of work is unduly enhanced. This effectually prevents many enterprises from being entered upon which would give ample employment to all who desire it. The workingmen in this tunnel labor under no such delusion, and know that, if this work be accomplished quickly, well, and economically, other great tunnels will be undertaken. The day of twenty-four hours is divided into three shifts of eight hours each of actual work, and no man stops work until the corresponding man of the succeeding shift steps into his place. It was most interesting to observe that even the drills did not stop for a second—that incoming men stepped up into their places, laid hold of the various handles and valves before the outgoing men let go—and the drilling proceeded without intermission. Whatever additional time is required for the train loads of men to reach the centre of the Alps is allowed for in the time table, as also for the outgoing men to reach the open air, the net result being that eight hours of effective work at the face of the tunnel are secured. The men receive full wages for the eight hours—also a certain payment for time in going and returning, and a bonus in addition if the progress be good.

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A YOUNG MONSTER.

The London School Board has been beaten by the fat boy of Peckham. The fat boy of Peckham is a child of six, who lives with his parents, working people, at Colgrove Road, midway between Rye Lane and the Old Kent road. He is about four feet in height, with a chest measurement of forty-four inches, and a weight of ten stone. He has enormous strength for his age, and altogether is the pride of Peckham. He is of school age, and the School Board has been concerning itself about his education.

After elaborate enquiries and an examination by a doctor it has been decided that he is too big and too strong to go to school. A correspondent in a letter which appeared in the 'Times,' calls attention to this month's agenda of the Special Schools Sub-Committee, in which there appears the report of the doctor who examined the child. In the course of his remarks he says: 'This child is of abnormal development physically. The account given of his weight (ten stone) is quite true. The increase in weight is due not only to fat but to muscular development as well, since the child can easily lift an ordinary adult. . . . Mentally he seems in some way precocious; he is quite educable. . . . . Owing to his size and habits, I do not think it is possible to place him in any school. It is obvious he cannot attend an ordinary infants' department; not only would his extraordinary appearance create disturbance, but no desk would hold him, and his enormous strength would be dangerous to the other children.

'If taken to a physically defective centre he would take up the room of three or four children in the ambulance, even if he could be roused and dressed in time, which from the history of the case I should think improbable. I therefore suggest he be exempt from school attendance.'

The committee admit their defeat in the terse sentence 'Agreed to exempt from attendance.'

'Jack,' as the boy is known in the neighborhood, is himself happily unconcerned about his education. During the day he is generally to be found in or near a beer-house in Willowbrook road, where in the doctor's words, 'He earns his dinner by acting as an advertisement.'

In brain he is a quick-witted, intelligent child; in body he seems a preposterous exaggeration. He has the breadth of shoulder of a big man, thighs and calves which a navvy might be proud of, and above all the healthy open face of a gigantic baby.

He runs up and down the road to the canal bridge with a cheerful waddle, and shows an activity which puts to shame those local prophets who foretold that he would be paralyzed in his lower limbs. He will lift a fifty-six-pound weight with one hand to show you his bulk is not made up with fat alone, and despite his lack of education he knows the difference between sixpence and a shilling.

He is a favorite with all who know him, and the Peckham policemen and omnibus drivers are never tired of talking of him.—London 'Mail.'

THE SUEZ CANAL.

Early in 1851, a traveller newly returned from Egypt was sent for by Lord Palmerston and closely questioned about the then projected Suez canal. The traveller told his tale to the premier. 'Well,' said Palmerston, 'it shall not be made, it cannot be made, it will not be made; but if it were made there would be a war between England and France for the possession of Egypt.' To-day is the thirty-fourth anniversary of the opening of the Suez canal. Six years later the premier declared to the House of Commons that the project was one which 'may be deemed to rank among the many bubble schemes that from time to time have been palmed off upon gullible capitalists.' Further, he expressed the opinion that if any body embarked his money in such a speculation, he would be grievously disappointed. The latest complete returns available are up to the end of 1901. They show a revenue of 125,000,000 francs. During the year 3,699 vessels pased through the canal. Of these, 2,015 carried the British flag, and were of 625,000,000 tons.

In no single instance have the anticipations of the supporters of the scheme been falsified. The canal carries more vessels and of greater draught than even the most sanguine hoped would be possible. Yet there never was an improvement for the benefit of the human race, and of this country in particular, which was so bitterly, so stupidly fought. De Lesseps personally canvassed England, got resolutions of confidence, approbation and support from all classes, especially bankers, manufacturers, merchants and exporters. The Prince Consort, with that admirable foresight which always distinguished him, was in favor of the project; the Duke of Cambridge warmly espoused it. Only one great figure stood out against it—Palmerston's. Behind him was a genius who in this matter made the one blunder of his life. Robert Stephenson declared the canal impracticable, and suggested an alternative which was utterly impossible, as commissions of experts demonstrated. But at last opposition disappeared with the defeat of Palmerston, and the work was begun. Steamers now run through in little more than fifteen hours, carrying 6,000 tons of cargo and hundreds of passengers. So recently as forty years ago a party of four needed sixty camels, twenty-five of them carrying water, to cross the route.

'There is no longer an old world and a new,' it was said at the opening of the canal. There had been a decided link between the old and the new in the operations. Just as Joseph had made the Egyptians give their labor compulsorily to prepare for the impending seven years' famine, so forced labor was employed for some time over the canal. The ground was the same which the Egyptians had trodden when, coming from Asia, they first settled in the land to which they gave their name. No man visits Suez to-day but is impressed with the glamor of romance with which the scene is replete. Less than a score of miles from Ismailia stands that marvel of the old world, the pyramid of Cheops at Gizeh, which, according to Herodotus, took 100,000 men twenty years to build. The wonder of the new world employed the attention of but a fifth to a third of the men, half the time. There is more stone in the pyramid than in any other building in the world, but its bulk, compared with that removed from the bed of the canal, 2,763,009 cubic yards a month, is not so staggering.—'St. James's Gazette.'

With the aid of a strong electric light Louis Bonton of Paris has succeeded in taking photographs 140 feet below the surface of the ocean. With improved apparatus he expects to be able to take pictures 300 feet below the surface, or 100 feet deeper than divers go.

Advertisements.

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For many years it has been recognized by physicians everywhere that Cod Liver Oil and Iron should be fast friends, as where one is required the other is in all probability needed too, each enhancing the value of the other.

Strange to say, although many attempts have been made, no one ever succeeded in combining the oil and iron until about eight years ago, when a Canadian physician, after some years of study and experiment, managed to bring about an understanding. He then added just a little phosphorus. The result is Ferrol (the Iron-Oil Food), which contains in an elegant, palatable and easily digested emulsion Cod Liver Oil, Iron and Phosphorus, the exact constituents necessary to increase the weight, enrich the blood and build up the system.

No argument is needed to prove the value of such a preparation in the treatment of Bronchitis and Pulmonary diseases, Scrofula, Rickets, Anæmia, and wasting diseases of any kind.

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'MRS. SANTA CLAUS'

'And just as I was leavin' the train I clapped my hand onto my coat-pocket, and I found my purse had been stole, with twenty dollars of my Christmas money in it! I turned back quick as a wink, to see the brakeman openin' and goin' through it. He'd have made off with it in another minute, sure's goin'. I got it back without givin' him a chance to speak, and went straight up to the railway office and reported him for a thief.'

A satisfied smile broadened Mrs. Ezra Gaines's lips at the recollection of her own smartness, and she looked across the room at her husband for commendation and approval.

But old Mr. Gaines did not speak for several moments. He beat a little tattoo on the arm of his easy-chair, and glanced out of the window at the long stretch of frosty meadows, and the frozen country road, which the cold gray sky foretold would soon be hidden under a heavy covering of snow. Then he turned his eyes back again to the open fireplace, where the blazing maple logs were throwing out a world of warmth and brightness into the room.

'It seems sort of too bad, 'Manda,' he said at length, with a little rebuke in his voice, 'to spoil anybody's Christmas. You ain't sure the man was goin' to steal the purse, an'—I think I'd have let him go, seein' it was the day before Christmas.'

'Let a thief go because it's the day before Christmas!' breathed Mrs. Gaines, witheringly. 'I ain't so weak and sentimental as that, I can tell you. And it's fortunate I ain't, for we wouldn't have been so forehanded if I had been. Here I can't even let you do the marketin', because you buy for all undeservin' creation. Thanksgivin' time, you remember, I s'pose, buyin' the turkey for a man because he looked "hungry," you said. Hungry! It was thirsty he looked. The turkey he took home was a keg of beer, and a happy Thanksgivin' from you with it.'

While she spoke, she was putting on a heavy cloak and tying a knitted hood firmly under her chin.

'I'm goin' to drive ter Danbridge now to get our Christmas dinner at Bradines's, and some bundles I had sent out in his cart from the city—presents for niece Jane's children. I'm afraid to let you go, for if a thief stole ter-morrer's dinner you'd let him have it because it's the day before Christmas—and it might come in handy.'

After firing off this bit of sarcasm, she left the room and in a few moments the old covered democrat waggon rattled by the window, with Mrs. Gaines sitting up very straight and stiff alone on the single seat, looking the picture of indignation.

It was a four-mile drive to Danbridge, along a straight, unfrequented road, gloomy and cheerless, and Mrs. Gaines was thankful when she reached the village, where the excited breath of Christmas was already in the air.

Bradines's large country store ran along the main road from one street corner to the next, and its long line of windows was glowing with a soft yellow light thrown out from the kerosene lamps burning inside. Through the steaming panes, gay pyramids of oranges and apples were visible, and solid cubes of dates. Big boxes of cranberries were tipped towards the window to show their crimson fruit, and bunches of red and yellow bananas swung merrily to and fro, a gay bit of color among the ground-pine and evergreen suspended from the ceiling. On each side of the door, like a still little sentinel, stood a fir-tree. Their green branches were already powdered with white flakes, which came flying fiercely down from the sky, as if in a hurry to get the ground covered before Christmas Day came upon them.

Mrs. Gaines left her carriage in the line of democrats drawn up in front of the store and pushed her way through the crowd of country people that were thronging the market, into its centre.

She walked right in front of little Tilly Wiggins—who had been standing by the counter for half an hour, asking the butcher at intervals of five minutes to 'please put her up two pounds of corned-beef and a few potatoes,'—and completely hid her from sight.

Tilly's patience was sorely tried. She had had a long drive from the other end of the town to the station for her father, who was going over to the store with her to buy, for once, a real Christmas dinner, and perhaps—oh, glorious!—some presents for the children! Instead of her father's coming, the newspaper boy threw a note at her from him, which told her that he would be detained in the city until the next day, and asked her to buy very, very sparingly for their dinner on the morrow.

And she stood in the store now, a bitterly disappointed, forlorn little girl, playing no part in the jolly bustle and confusion that come with the traffic of Christmas eve. Her face was blue and pinched with cold, her hands were numb, and her icy feet dragged heavily as she edged a little nearer the butcher, waiting for Mrs. Gaines to finish her order. And such an order! Tilly could hardly believe her ears or trust her eyes as she listened to it and then watched the man pack the things into an enormous basket. A goose, a turkey, a pair of ducks, quarts of cranberries, bunches of celery, sweet German turnips and squashes, apples, oranges, grapes, nuts, raisins, holly wreaths, evergreen festoons, and—would there be anything left in the store?

One by one the packages were stowed away in the basket, and those that wouldn't go inside the storekeeper carried in his hand, and those he couldn't carry—for there were many bundles besides these, which had come from the city—he put into the errand-boy's arm, and then, smiling and laughing and wishing a 'Merry Christmas,' he and his small aid took them all out for Mrs. Gaines and placed them in the waggon while she waited for her change.

Then Tilly gave her own little order for their Christmas dinner. Coming after Mrs. Gaines's long list of delicacies, it sounded more meagre than ever to her,—so unholiday-like and so miserably poor.

As she left the store with her small package, she glanced back at Mrs. Gaines, standing so warmly hooded and cloaked in the centre of the market, with a fierce sort of envy.

''Tain't fair,' she sobbed as she clambered into the old democrat. 'Christmas ought ter be evened up a little, for some has all an' others just nothin'.'

The storm was raging fiercely. It was biting, piercing cold. The wind puffed its sharp blasts in her face, and blew clouds of icy flakes up her sleeves and down her neck. Old Dobbin, who had shared the vicissitudes of John Wiggins's life for twenty years, shook his head at the blinding, cutting storm, and refused to go on.

'Oh, I say,' Tilly cried, in desperation, breathing upon her cold little hands and beating them against her shoulders, 'do go ahead, Dobbin; be a good horse an' git home. I'm most froze, an' I can't stand everythin', you know. An' the children will be scairt to be alone in the house. Do hurry up, Dobbin, and don't worrit me any more.'

Then Dobbin made a fresh start, to the surprise of his small mistress and in an incredibly short time they reached the turn in the woodland road where the deserted farm-house stood, of which the Wigginses had taken possession the week before.

The tears flooded Tilly's eyes and her throat closed suffocatingly as she thought of the two children waiting for her in the cold, desolate cottage.

'I'm growed up, an' it don't make no difference 'bout me,' she said, aloud, drawing in her breath with a little sob, 'but they're so little, and they 'ain't ever had a Christmas dinner or a single present! The only thing I can do ter make it different from other days for 'em is ter tell 'em the story of "Little Snowdrop" every year, the way mother used to; an' that ain't lastin'. Emmie pins an old shawl together for a doll, and poor little Sammy has ter coast down hill on nothin', coz we can't git him a sled. They're thin as bones, an' they're growin' up queer and onlike children, coz they never has a good time, an' it ain't fair.'

She dashed the tears from her eyes with one numb little hand, for it would never do to let the children know that she had been crying.

Dobbin lumbered clumsily into the tumble-down barn, Tilly sprang from the waggon to the creaking floor, and in a moment's time her fingers were working stiffly at the harness. She took extra pains to make the poor beast comfortable in his draughty stall to-night, for the day of their parting was close at hand. He had pulled the pedler's cart for her father for a score of years, and now his services were needed no longer.

Tilly turned from him tearfully to the democrat, and put her hand in the back of the carriage, feeling for the small package she had brought with her from Bradines's. Then she made a discovery which caused a tumultuous beating of her heart, and sent the blood rushing into her face, leaving it the next moment whiter than before. Her hand struck against a heap of furry evergreens, an enormous bundle, and the big basket whose very contents she could name over without a moment's hesitation!

Terrified and breathless, she pulled the basket and packages from the waggon, and then stood silently before the tempting heap, her heart stirred with covetous emotions. Here was a Merry Christmas right in her grasp. All that she had to do was to stretch her hand out and take it. It was a great temptation, and was made all the greater by the glimpse she caught at the kitchen window of two pairs of eyes staring wistfully out into the darkness, and two little noses flattened on the cold pane. But she turned her back resolutely on the enticing pile, and walked hurriedly towards the cottage.

When the children heard her approaching footsteps, they rushed to the door to meet her.

'We didn't burn the wood nor nothin', Tilly,' shouted Sammy, hoarsely, 'coz we wanted ter have a blaze for you an' popper, an'——'

'He took my dolly, he did, an' made it into an ole shawl,' whimpered Emmie, who had kept this grievance to herself as long as she could.

'Yes, Emmie was awful cross coz I pinned her dolly round her ter keep her warm. She hadn't ought ter be, had she, Tilly?' said Sammy, reproachfully, 'for she was a-shiverin' and a-shiverin'.'

Tilly gave a quick glance at the two children. They looked like a queer little old man and woman as they stood in the door-way, Sammy with one of his father's ragged waistcoats buttoned loosely about him, and Emmie completely enveloped in an old red shawl, which trailed on the floor in a point behind her. The room was cold and damp and cheerless. And this was Christmas Eve!

'I kep' a-tellin' Emmie,' Sammy went on, 'not ter cry, coz maybe Santy Claus would bring her a real live doll ter-morrer—for you 'member you said, Tilly, p'rhaps, p'rhaps he'd find us this year.'

'He'll find us an' bring me a dolly,' murmured Emmie, with a satisfied smile.

'Is my father a-stayin' outside, p'rhaps, ter show him the way?' asked Sammy, hopefully.

'Father ain't a-comin' till ter-morrer,' Tilly answered, and her voice was strained and choked. 'An' we must save the wood to burn till then. We'll go ter bed early and git nice an' warm that way.'

Then she sank down into a chair and put her arms around the two disappointed children. She did not speak again for several moments, but sat with her head hidden in Emmie's yellow curls. When she raised it, her eyes were glistening, but there was a little gleam of hope shining through the tears.

'Sammy,' she said, looking earnestly into his solemn face, 'do you know what stealin' is?'

Sammy shook his head.

'Well, then, listen,—an' you too, Emmie. Stealin' is takin' something that belongs ter some one else, without their knowin' it, an' never givin' it back, an' usin' it as if it was your own. It's the baddest sort of a lie, an' its wicked. A perlice comes an' shuts you up for doin' it, an' calls you a thief. Remember, now, it's mean an' it's wicked ter steal.'

She paused a moment. Sammy's eyes were round with terror, and Emmie had crept into her sister's lap and put both arms about her neck in a frightened little clasp. Tilly had unconsciously warmed to her subject, and her voice was stern and severe.

'Stealin' is mean an' wicked,' she repeated, 'but' (here her tones grew bright and cheerful) 'borrowin' is different. Borrowin' is takin' something an' tellin' about it, an' givin' it back ter the person not hurt a mite, just as you took it away. An' so, children, out in the barn is a lot of Christmas presents that Santy Claus means ter give to other little boys an' girls, but I'm goin' to borrow them for you an' Emmie for just a little while ter-morrer. You can hang your stockin's up, an' they'll be filled full in the mornin'.'

There was a moment of dead silence; then,

'Tilly,' stammered Sammy, his voice trembling and his hands shaking with excitement, 'do you s'pose there'll be a sled?'

'I'll have a dolly, I will,' Emmie cried, in her bird-like voice, 'an' she'll have eyes an' hair—an' a buddy.'

'But you must promise, both of yer, not ter fuss when you has to pack the things up ter give back ter the little boys an' girls they was meant for,' Tilly said, a little anxiously.

'Course we'll give 'em back,' returned Sammy, stoutly, ''coz it would be stealin' if we didn't; an' stealin's wicked and mean.'

'Stealin's wicked an' mean,' repeated Emmie, softly, with a little shake of her yellow head.

And then Tilly felt satisfied that the children had understood her small sermon. So, after putting them to bed, she stole out to the barn and brought all the packages into the cottage, and, with no misgivings, decorated the small kitchen with the Christmas green, and filled the children's stockings.

It was late the next morning when they awoke. Nine whirring strokes sounded from the old clock just as they came rushing into the kitchen to look at their stockings. Such bulging, fat-looking ones never hung at a chimney-piece before. A doll's bright eyes were peeping over the top of Emmie's, just waiting to be recognized, and a sled, shining with paint and varnish, was leaning against Sammy's in the most ostentatiously conspicuous fashion.

Emmie christened her doll 'Tilly Snowdrop' on the spot, and covered her with kisses till there wasn't a place on her stiff little body that had not been touched by her red lips. Sammy, quite puffed up by the pride of ownership, dragged the sled noisily around the room, and was willing to wager anything that it would beat 'ole Dobbin all ter nuthin'.' The stockings disclosed other treasures almost as wonderful as these, Sammy sat on the sled and examined his gifts in rapturous admiration; and Emmie knelt by the hearth, dividing the pleasure of hers with Tilly Snowdrop. They laughed and chattered as merrily as good old Santa Claus could have wished, and sister Tilly, watching their happy faces, blessed the 'woman in the long cloak' for putting this bit of Christmas in her reach.

It was a royal good time—while it lasted. Poor Tilly felt like an executioner when she put an end to this Merry Christmas. She took the evergreen festoons from the dingy walls and rolled them up in a little heap. She unpinned the holly wreaths from the ice-covered windows and laid them beside it. Then she turned slowly, and said, with an effort at cheerfulness,—

'An' now you must put away the things, and let the other little boys and girls that they belongs to have a good time with 'em like you have. I'll take 'em to 'em now, an' tell 'em all about it.'

For a second the old room grew as still as midnight. The childish voices and gay laughter ceased instantly. And in their places came the rustling of stiff paper and the snap of twine, as Tilly wrapped each gift in its original covering and laid it carefully on the table. The dolly and sled were left till the last. Emmie gave a little sob as she whispered a 'good-by' to Tilly Snowdrop, and a tear dropped upon its rosy cheek and was quickly absorbed by the paper covering. Sammy himself stoically wrapped the brown paper about the sled, and not a tear glistened in his eye nor a sob choked his throat. But when it was quite hidden from sight he looked up at Tilly solemnly, and said, in a queer little voice—

'Stealin's mean an' wicked: but borrowin' ain't no fun.'

The words were scarcely out of his lips, when the porch door was behind them opened, and the 'tall woman in the long cloak' stepped into the room.

Tilly jumped up with a start, and then advanced to meet her rather stiffly. A hard little look came into her face as she pointed to the parcels on the kitchen table:

'These are yours, ma'am. I know They was given to me by mistake, and I only borrowed 'em for a few minutes to show the children what Christmas is to some. We didn't touch your dinner, ma'am, and these things ain't hurt a bit, for the children only looked at 'em. But I made a mistake, ma'am. They never knew before what Christmas was, and it'll be worse for 'em now they does.'

Then she raised her eyes and looked soberly up into Mrs. Gaines's face. But her visitor had apparently not heard a word of the poor little speech.

When she had discovered her loss the night before, with her usual quick decision she had pronounced it a 'theft.' And, remembering the covetous glances Tilly had cast upon her purchases at the store, she immediately selected her as the thief. Then, with a true detective ezal, she proved this to herself by finding out that the Wigginses' old democrat had been drawn up close beside hers in front of Bradines's market. These facts were enough. Without heeding her husband's remonstrances, she took an early drive over to the Wigginses' in the morning, intending to enter suddenly upon the revelling family and terrify them by her presence. She stood outside their door a long time, and as she listened to the children's conversation the stern reproving look on her face turned to one of tender remorse. She seized Emmie and Sammy in her arms the moment after she entered the room, and stood them both on the table in front of her.

Then her quick fingers untied the knotted twine and tore the wrapping-paper from the toys; and before they had recovered their breath, Emmie was hugging her doll, and Sammy grasping the string of his sled as if he never meant to let it go out of his hands again.

'Hurray!' he cried, not understanding the meaning of all this, but feeling someway that it was a time to be jolly. It was a feeble little cheer,—the first he had ever given,—but it gave birth to a whole line of hurrays, each one lustier and merrier than the one before it.

'These presents are all for you from Santa Claus, my—er—my dears,' said Mrs. Gaines, a little awkwardly. 'And he's sorry he forgot you before, and he wishes you a Merry Christmas.'

Emmie looked shyly into Mrs. Gaines's face, and, after a little hesitation, said, persuasively,—

'Good old Mrs. Santy Claus, please ter ask your husband to come with you hisself next time, for, just think, I ain't never seen him once, truly.'

The fireplace in the tiny room next to the kitchen was filled with blazing pine sticks, and a ruddy glow shone on the frosty window-panes, attracting John Wiggins's attention as he neared his home this Christmas noon. When he opened the outer door and stepped into the kitchen, he put his hand up to his head in a dazed sort of way, and stood perfectly still, staring blankly at a strange woman who was kneeling before the oven door, busily engaged in basting an enormous turkey.

The fire in the well-blacked stove was doing its best to rival the one in the sitting-room. Its intense heat caused the tea-kettle to sing lustily, and made savory steam rise in thick clouds from the iron pots that filled every place on the top of the stove. From the room beyond came the tooting of horns, blowing of whistles, squealing and squeaking of toy animals, and, above everything, the ringing of gay laughter and childish voices.

In the midst of this din and uproar, John Wiggins's quiet entrance had not been observed by Mrs. Gaines, and when she chanced to glance up from the turkey and caught sight of him standing by the door she rose with a quick start. They stared at each other blankly for a moment, and then a gleam of recognition expressed itself on each face.

Mrs. Gaines quailed before the look of righteous anger that flashed from John Wiggins's honest eyes. Then she straightened herself with a determined effort, and walked courageously towards him.

'Mr. Wiggins,—for you're him, I suppose,—I done a mean act to you yesterday,' she said, going at once to the point, as was her custom. 'And I'm sorry for it. I was tired out an' cross-grained, and that made me hasty to judge. You didn't intend ter steal my purse, I know——'

'I was lookin' through it ter find a name,' interrupted the man simply, but with the proud assurance of one whose word was never doubted.

'—An' I'll go to the railway office and make it all right ter-morrow,' she continued, 'if I do prove to that parcel of men there that women are as big fools as they seem to think 'em. Now, Mr. Wiggins, don't lay it up against me, and turn me out of your house, for if you do you'll spoil your children's Merry Christmas—an' mine too,' she added, earnestly.

Then she took him by the arm and pushed him towards the sitting-room door. 'Tilly'll tell you all about it. Go in to her an' the children now, and laugh and be jolly with them till I git your dinner smokin' hot on the table.'

'Am I—wanderin', or is this real?' asked John Wiggins, looking at her bewildered. 'Who—who are you?'

''Mrs. Santa Claus,'' she answered, laughing and dropping an old-fashioned courtesy as she threw open the door and pushed him into the room, gay with its holiday decorations and glowing fire. He was seized at once by three pairs of arms and nearly strangled, and the shouts of 'Merry Christmas' rang in his ears, and floated out to Mrs. Gaines as she stood in the little kitchen. Her eyes filled with tears and her voice was husky when she echoed the cry, and she whispered softly to herself,—

'Bless the day!'—Marjorie Richardson.

A Merry Christmas

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Many quaint remnants of the carols which used to be sung by villagers on Christmas Eve have come down to us. Of course, there is no authorized version. They were seldom sung twice alike, nor does any one know their authors.

This endris[1] night
I saw a sight,
A star as bright as day;
And ever among
A maiden sung,
Lullay, byby, lullay.

This lovely lady sat and sang, and to her childë said—
'My son, my brother, my father dear, why liest thou thus in hayd?[2]
My sweetë brid,[3]
Thus it is betid
Though thou be King veray;
But, nevertheless,
I will not cease
To sing byby, lullay.'

The child then spake; in his talking he to his mother said—
'I bekid[4] am king, in crib though I be laid;
For angels bright
Down to me light,
Thou knowest it is no nay.
And of that sight
Thou mayest be light
To sing byby, lullay.'

'Now, sweet son, since thou art king, why art thou laid in stall?
Why not thou ordain thy bedding in some great king's hall?
Methinketh it is right
That king or knight
Should be in good array;
And them among
It were no wrong
To sing byby, lullay.'

'Mary, mother, I am thy child, though I be laid in stall
Lords and dukes shall worship me, and so shall kingës all.
Ye shall well see,
That kingës three,
Shall come on the twelfth day;
For this behest
Give me thy breast,
And sing byby, lullay.'

'Now tell me, sweet son, I thee pray, thou art my love and dear,
How should I keep thee to thy pay,[5] and make thee glad of cheer?
For all thy will
I would fulfil,
Thou meet'st full well in fay.[6]
And for all this
I will thee kiss,
And sing byby, lullay.'

'My dear mother, when time it be, take thou me up aloft,
And set me upon thy knee, and handle me full soft.
And in thy arm
Thou wilt me warm,
And keep night and day;
If I weep
And may not sleep,
Thou sing byby, lullay.'

'Now, sweet son, since it is so, all things are at thy will,
I pray thee grant to me a boon if it be right and skill,
That child or man,
That will and can,
Be merry upon my day;
To bless them bring,
And I shall sing
Lullay, byby, lullay.'

1. Last.
2. Hav.
3. Bird.
4. Signified, p.p. of 'bekinnen.'
5. Content.
6. Faith.

A YOUTHFUL B.A.

Pierre Alba, a lad of fourteen, has just received the degree of bachelor of arts from the faculty of literature of the Paris University. Owing to a brilliant Latin essay, with which he carried off a prize in June last, the age limit was dispensed with, and Alba passed the university examination, receiving the mention 'Very good.' His father is a lieutenant-colonel in the French army.

SIX BOOKS FOR THE SICK.

What I Learned After 30 Years.

Which shall I send?

Book 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book 2 on the Heart.
Book 3 on the Kidneys.
Book 4 for Women.
Book 5 for Men (sealed).
Book 6 on Rheumatism.

No money is wanted.
Simply select the book you need.

It is my experience as a specialist of 30 years. In the book I tell how at last I found a way to reach difficult, deep-seated diseases. Thirty years of earnest, ardent toil in hospitals and at bedsides, made it possible for me to write these books.

The books tell how I perfected my prescriptions—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. How by scientific experiments I traced out the causes that bring on chronic diseases.

I found invariably that where there was a weakness, the inside nerves were weak.

Where there was lack of vitality, that the vital nerves lacked power.

Where weak organs were found, I always found weak nerves.

Not the nerves commonly thought of, but the vital organs' nerves. The inside—the invisible nerves.

This was a revelation.

Then my real success began.

Then I combined ingredients that would strengthen—that would vitalize these nerves.

That prescription I called a restorative. It is known the world over now as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. After that I did not fail to cure one in each hundred. In the extremely difficult cases, my failures for five years were only one in each forty treated. I found cancer incurable. Cancer is for surgery, not medicine.

Then how to get this prescription to the sick ones everywhere was my thought.

I must announce it in the public press. But, thought I, will they realize the real truth of my discovery—the real power of Dr. Shoop's Restorative? Then a way came to me—like an inspiration.

'I will offer it to the sick on trial,' said I. 'Then they will know I am sincere.'

I wrote a reliable druggist in each city and village in America.

I got their agreement to co-operate with me

Now by any sick one

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Can be Taken at My Risk.

For a full month I will let you use it entirely at my risk. Send no money. Just write me for the book you need. When I send it I will tell you of a druggist near you who will permit the month's trial. Take the Restorative a month. Then decide. If you say to the druggist, 'It did not help me,' that will relieve you of any expense whatever. He will bill the cost to me.

This is my way of clearing your mind of all doubt as to what Dr. Shoop's Restorative can do. No matter how prejudiced, you cannot dispute this absolute security I offer. You cannot resist an offer like this if you are at all sick. If you have a weakness, write me. If you can't do things like you used to do them tell me about it. Write in confidence. As a physician I will tell you a way to help.

Get my book now, to-day.

Address Dr. Shoop, Box 62, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At druggists.

A THREEFOLD CORD

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(E. Burrowes, in the 'Sunday At Home.')

'A threefold cord is not quickly broken.'

I.

This story was told me by a nurse from a great hospital; it has the hall-mark of truth in its simple illustration of the great facts of love, and the power of a threefold cord which is not quickly broken.

* * * * *

There were just the three of them: Godfrey Lester, his wife Hilda and the boy—little curly-headed Dickie. And I doubt whether there was another trio in the whole of the kingdom whose happiness could compare with this one's. Not that they had much in the way of worldly goods or position; but they were all the world to each other, and their horizon was bounded north, south, east and west by the greatest thing in the world—love.

Lester was a solicitor by day and an author by night; he had all the hopes and aspirations of the man of letters, and the determination and perseverance which should bring him success some day; but that, like many another thing, was slow in coming, and by degrees his dreams seemed as if they were only illusions of his imagination—doomed to end in disappointment.

Hilda of course believed in him as a good wife should. To her the world just then held but two creatures: Godfrey and Dickie. And that the latter might grow up with all the perfections—physical as well as mental—which the former possessed was her constant and most earnest prayer. After this it is not superfluous to add that they were supremely happy.

It was when Dickie was emerging from frocks into the most ridiculous of sailor-suits, that a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand rose slowly on the horizon of Hilda Lester's happiness.

It occurred in this wise.

Lester had been strangely busy and preoccupied of late: even in the evenings, when he was wont to spend some hours writing, and then talking to his wife between the whiffs of his pipe, he began to spend his time making elaborate calculations with a pencil, over which he would knit his handsome brows fiercely, and then refer to various speculative journals which he brought home with him from the City.

Hilda watched him with growing anxiety. Was it possible that he was bitten with the speculating mania which was sweeping just at that time over many homes? Was he being beguiled into believing the specious tales of company promoters and sharpers, who professed to make men's fortunes at no risk and only a nominal outlay She had heard of such things, and she trembled lest Godfrey should have been drawn into the dangerous game.

'What am I doing, old chap?' he said gleefully one night when Dickie in his little trailing nightgown trotted in to say good-night, and asked what Daddy was doing with a pencil and all those funny little figures. 'What am I doing, Dickie? Trying to make a fortune for you and Mummie. Think of it, Dick! Rocking-horses and soldiers galore, and a real pony to ride in the Park, and—what else shall we have? A real engine that goes by steam, and a great big box of chocolates from Buzzard's, eh?'

Dickie shrieked with joy and nodded his curly head vehemently.

'And some for Mummie!' he said.

Lester looked across at his wife, who had put down her sewing, and was watching him with anxiety in her pretty eyes.

'Something for Mummie, of course!' he said gaily, tossing the little white figure high in the air in his strong arms, while the paper and pencil fell unheeded to the ground. 'A carriage and horses, my son, and a sable cape like a duchess, and twinkling diamonds, and anything she asks for that money can buy. What a time we'll all have, Dick!'

Hilda got up.

'Go to Nurse, Dickie darling,' she said gently, 'she is waiting for you—run along, pet. There's a good boy.'

'And we'll have all those things, Daddy, when? To-morrow?'

Lester laughed.

'You're in a hurry, old chap! No, not to-morrow—but some day!'

'Some day!' said the little voice with a trilling laugh, and then he trotted off to bed, and husband and wife were left alone.

'What do you think of the scheme, little woman?' said Lester, coming back to his chair.

Hilda looked up.

'Godfrey—you're not speculating, dear, are you?'

'Why not?'

'Because—I don't like it, Godfrey! Men have been ruined by it before now; it is nothing more nor less than gambling on a gigantic scale, after all, no good will come of it, dear. Don't be led into it—for my sake—for Dick's.'

Lester laughed a little uncomfortably.

'Nonsense, dear. I know a good thing when I see it. And there is a fortune to be made here. It's as safe as a church, and in a few months— Hilda, have you never thought what it would be like to be—rich? Really rich?'

'My dear—I've had silly dreams, as most girls have. But I've never honestly wanted to be richer—except perhaps for Dickie's sake when he grows up. For myself, as long as I have you both, I am rich indeed. I feel like Cornelia and her jewels, you see!'

'Dearest heart! Well, you see it is just for Dickie that I am doing this; for him and for you. And truthfully, Hilda dear—I'm not a fool, you know—and this is going to be a colossal success. It's bound to be. I've—I've embarked as much as I could scrape together in it, and now—it's only a question of a few months and you may wake up to find yourself a rich woman and your Dickie an heir!'

'Or—a beggar!'

Lester got up irritably.

'Hilda, you're a regular Job's comforter!' he said. 'Haven't I told you it's as safe as a church?'

But Hilda only sighed.

She had heard that phrase—and she distrusted it.

But in this instance the prophecy which Lester made so eagerly was destined to come true.

Weeks, months of anxiety passed, and then one great, never-to-be-forgotten day the climax came.

Lester and his wife woke to find themselves rich beyond the dreams of avarice. For the first time in his life Lester had—to use a common expression—struck oil.

The great fortune was made, and Dickie found himself the proud possessor of as many soldiers as his heart desired, and more chocolates than were really good for him.

But Hilda—when the first bewildering burst of surprise was over—sat herself down and looked into the future before them with fearful eyes. Wealth great and boundless had come to them by one of the twists of the whele of fortune; was it to bring them increase of happiness as well?

. . . . . .

The Christmas bells were ringing gaily through the snow as Dickie sat up in bed and listened to their soft chiming with bright, eager eyes. The nursery was still dark, the shutters and curtains closely fastened, and Nurse was sound, sound asleep. He knew that the row of stockings which he had hung up before he went to bed on Christmas Eve must have been filled by Father Santa Claus; he crept to the foot of his little white bed and felt cautiously. Yes—they were full and bulging out with all manner of lovely parcels; the paper round them rustled as he felt them, and he snuggled down in his warm bed again as Nurse turned over and sighed. Then he lay with his eyes wide open looking into the darkness, and thinking how nice—how very nice it was to be a rich little boy in a beautiful country home, with a pony to ride, and a sleigh in which to drive through the snow, with tinkling bells on the pony's neck. And not so very long ago he remembered that he had had none of these lovely things. They had lived in quite a small house near London, and Daddy had hurried away to his office every morning by an early train, and he and mother had lived a very quiet life. Then suddenly something wonderful had happened to make them very, very rich. He remembered the exciting move into a large house in a beautiful square, where carriages flashed past the nursery windows, and big trees grew in the middle, and Daddy had bought horses, and a lovely carriage with red wheels, and Mother had suddenly come out in such pretty frocks every day, and went driving in the Park like a grand lady in a fairy book. And then they had come down into such a pretty country house which Daddy had said was his Christmas present to Mother. And all this had happened so quickly that it was very bewildering to find a house full of soft carpets and lovely furniture and pictures, and everything that could be wanted, and to be waited on by footmen and silent-footed maids. It was like a dream!

Dickie's speedwell-blue eyes closed sleepily, and he dreamed he was once more a poor little boy rolling a hoop along the roads of a London suburb, and looking with wondering eyes at a lucky child riding a long-tailed pony with a groom behind him.

Dickie was not the only person who wondered sometimes whether all this magnificence was not merely a dream. Hilda Lester, the wife of the most fortunate man who had ever made a big coup on the Stock Exchange—a coup which transformed him from a nonentity into a power; from a poor solicitor and would-be author into a man sought after and deferred to by the greatest in the land—had not yet grown accustomed to her new estate. She was strangely quiet and reserved; and Lester himself, when he had time to think about such things, discovered that the old gaiety which had been so delightful a thing in her seemed to have gone foreevr. Did she feel a stranger in her own magnificent palace? The thought irritated him; surely she of all people should appreciate the wonderful stroke of good fortune which had fallen to him; surely she should be grateful to the kind fate which had lifted them to such a height in a moment.

For the last year Lester had entertained and been entertained in the most lavish fashion; encouraged by his success, he plunged heavily on the Stock Exchange, and, perhaps intoxicated by his former luck, grew somewhat reckless. The expenditure of his household under its new régime of a housekeeper, and chef, and large staff of servants, allowed of no limits, and Hilda was obliged to allow things to go as they pleased. Lester had expressed a wish that she should leave all household matters to the housekeeper, and he did his best to turn his wife into a woman of fashion. But this brought her no happiness; she seemed to drift day by day further from her husband and child; there was no longer that sweet interchange of hopes and fears and ideas for Dickie's future. Lester was too busy a man to waste time talking nonsense—as he called it now—with his wife. She had her social and charitable duties to perform. Dickie must of necessity be left much to governess and nurse. And so things went on, and hardly a day passed that Hilda did not look back with bitter feelings at those happy days when her circle had consisted of just the happy trio, those days which were gone for ever, trodden under foot by the ruthless march of success.

She annoyed Lester by her indifference to the flatteries and adulation which were showered upon her; her beauty, which was of so little account in her own eyes, was quite enough to attract others without the glamor of wealth which surrounded her like a halo. This Christmas, when custom and Lester's wish had forced her to fill the house with guests, when she would have preferred to spend the day of days quietly with her husband and child, the weight of wealth seemed to lie upon her with a horrible load. Was it a presentiment of coming evil and sorrow, or merely a passing depression? She strove to shake it off, and exerted herself to the utmost—for Lester's sake. He glanced at her from his end of the brilliant table with its superb silver and Venetian glass appointments, and its priceless pink roses grown in their own houses, with pride as her laugh rang out, and he caught the flush on her lovely face and the brightness of her starry eyes. What man was happier than he?—with everything which money could give him, and the ball of fortune at his feet.

But a change was destined to come over the spirit of his dream, and that before long. The house party had just dispersed and Hilda was breathing more freely when she found the house quiet and more her own, when Lester announced his intention of going up to town for a few days on business.

He waved his hand to the two faces pressed against the nursery windows, and drove off down the avenue behind his high-stepping horses in the smart phaeton which was the latest addition to the stables.

Three days passed and he did not return, nor were there any tidings of him. At this Hilda wondered, for Lester was always in the habit of writing her a few lines even when he was only absent for a day or two. And the presentiment of evil which had oppressed her amid all their gaiety at Christmas grew deeper and heavier as the days dragged by and he did not return.

And then one never-to-be-forgotten-day, when the snow was falling softly, beating with a gentle thud against the windows, a letter came from him at last.

Hilda tore it open with eager fingers, while Dickie watched her, and asked when Daddy was coming back, and would he be sure to bring that wonderful little bicycle with him which she had promised to order as a New Year's present?

'Dearest Wife,—You were right and I was wrong. Everything has come to an end, and I am—ruined. There is enough for you and the boy; I have seen that all is secured to you, but I can't face it. I leave England to-night, and you will be better and happier without me. Forgive and pray for your wretched—Godfrey.'

II.

'Two years ago!

A little time and yet an eternity. To Mrs. Lester in her quiet room it seemed a lifetime of memory and remorse, of suffering and suspense—which would never end except in the grave. Since that dreadful day when ruin descended upon them, and she found herself bereft of husband, friends, and the vast wealth which had been more of a burden than a pleasure to her, she had been able to get no tidings of Lester. He had vanished as completely as if he had been swallowed up by the sea, and yet she would not believe that he was dead. Hope dies hard in the human breast; she believed that some day he would come back to her; some day when the first agony of sorrow and bitterness had passed from him he would remember that there were left to him two treasures, and he would return to them and be comforted. In this hope she was strong and patient, and though the time of waiting was weary and endless, yet she struggled on bravely for his sake and for Dickie's.

Out of the wreck of the fortune which was as easily lost as it had been made, by another twist of fortune's wheel, enough had been saved to secure a modest and very slender competence for Mrs. Lester and her boy. They lived in a small flat high up among the roofs and chimneys of London in a quiet unfashionable part, and were as happy as their circumstances allowed them to be. It was hard to satisfy Dickie's eager questions about Daddy and the beautiful home which they had left in such a hurry, but he was a contented little fellow, and he accepted these new conditions without a murmur, looking upon the tiny flat and the scarcity of amusements as rather a funny change from the luxurious life he had led for a time—and rather an amusing one, too.

It only wanted a week to Christmas—such a different Christmas from those which had delighted Dickie in years past. To be sure there was plenty of snow outside, and wonderful frost flowers on the windows; and there was a bright fire and warmth and cheerfulness in the pretty though simple room which was their one and only sitting-room. And Mrs. Lester had been shopping in a mysterious way, bringing home sundry little parcels which were carefully hidden away until the day of days came. But it was very, very quiet, for they knew but few people, and there were no parties for Dickie to go to as on former occasions. Last year he had asked the why and wherefore of the sudden change, but he was accustomed to it now and ceased to bring the little cloud of sorrow to his mother's pretty eyes by his eager queries about their friends who had so suddenly disappeared. The friends—so called—of the lucky Godfrey Lester and his beautiful wife had forsaken them, as rats would a sinking ship, when the news of their disaster was burst upon the world in general.

But when everything looked its blackest a gleam of light came to illumine Hilda Lester's dark place. It has already been said that in the days before his sudden access of wealth, Godfrey Lester had been something of an author. In turning out some of his papers before leaving their palatial home for the tiny flat, Hilda came upon a great bundle of unfinished manuscript in his writing. She put it by, and months later, when she had nothing else to do of importance, she took it out and began to read it. She saw at once that it was powerful and well written—a novel of modern life, with a strong appreciation of the patience and sufferings of the cultured poor, and possessing picturesqueness of style and freshness of idea. This was the great work on which Lester had been engaged before the speculating mania usurped all his time and attention. It was unfinished, but—a sudden idea came to her. Could she finish it? She had had yearnings towards the literary life herself, and now—could she not reawaken her old longings and finish the work which Godfrey had begun so well? At any rate it was worth trying, for it would give her occupation and a new interest, and for months she wrote and re-wrote and altered till at last the book was finished.

In feverish hope and fear she dispatched the manuscript to a publishing-house of which she had been told, and awaited the result with impatience. If it was good and it was accepted, then—then when Godfrey came home there would be work ready for him to continue. There would be an interest and an occupation the joy of which no man could take from him, and when the answer came she had scarcely the strength to open the letter with her trembling fingers.

Was it to be success or—failure?

It was—success.

That was three months ago, and the book was to appear in the New Year, and now Christmas was fast approaching once more, and the sad memories of the past rose up before her as she sat by the fire and dreamt wonderful dreams, in which Godfrey played always the most important part.

The opening of the door roused her.

'That you, Dickie dear?'

'Yes, Mummie. May I go out just round the corner? I want to do some shopping of my very own—and quite alone, Mummie.'

'Quite alone, dear? But—will you promise to be very careful of crossings, and to come back directly you have done your shopping? You must not go far, Dickie.'

'I won't, Mummie, only round the corner, really. And I'll be back d'rectly. I have threepence, and I want to get a—Christmas present for somebody.'

Mrs. Lester smiled at the gallant little figure in his red coat and cap, and the sunny blue eyes which were so like Godfrey's.

'Well, make haste, darling, and we'll have tea as soon as you come in.'

Dickie nodded, and ran out of the room.

It was very cold out in the brightly-lighted street, but he had not far to go. Just round the corner there was a lovely cake-shop, and in it Dickie had seen some wonderful sugared cakes, one of which he was sure Mother would like. It was all pink and white, and so pretty, with a big cherry on the top, and they were only threepence each, although they were quite a good size. His precious threepence, carefully saved up for the purpose, would just buy one, and in three days it would be Christmas Day. He thought he had better get one at once for fear they might be all gone later on.

There were such a lot of people about busily shopping, and such a number of cabs and omnibuses, and now and then a beautiful carriage with prancing horses flashed by, just like the carriage mother used to drive in when they lived in the big house in the grand square.

Dickie stopped short to watch one of them pass, and then set out over the crossing carrying the little sugared cake he had bought with such care in a paper bag.

Some one shouted—perhaps it was a policeman—and he stopped—then hurried forwards, and something loomed darkly at his side. . . . there was a shout . . . . a shriek . . . . and then a little red-coated figure was down under the feet of a pair of prancing horses.

. . . . . .

When Dickie woke up out of a dreadful dream he found himself in a long, long, room with rows of white beds in it, and white-capped nurses flitting about. It was a very bright and cheerful place, and some one had been decorating it for Christmas, for there were holly-wreaths over all the pictures and mantelshelves, and there seemed to be quite a stir of excitement in the whole place. He looked round, and wondered why he felt so tired and achy; and then he suddenly understood what this place was. He remembered the falling, falling under the cruel feet of those big horses . . . . and after that all had seemed dark and blank.

And now here he was in a hospital.

He turned his bright eyes towards the next bed. There was a man in it—a man with fair hair and such a white, tired, worn face. His eyes were shut, and now and then he muttered something to himself in such a hoarse, faint voice. Dickie watched him with fascinated eyes. How dreadfully ill he looked!

Then one of the nurses came and spoke to him in a soft voice. She told him he had been very ill and quite unconscious, and that his mother had been in to see him, but he was asleep when she came, and she was coming again to-morrow, which would be Christmas Day. And he was to lie very still and quiet, for the horses had kicked him, and he would have to be very careful, but he would be quite well before long if he was good and patient.

'Please,' said Dickie, 'please may I ask something?'

'Yes, dear; what is it?'

'What is the matter with that poor man in the next bed? He looks so dreadfully ill and so unhappy.'

'He is very ill, dear; they only brought him in to-day. He was knocked down by a hansom . . . so it was the same kind of accident as yours, you see. And now go to sleep, Dickie, and you will see your mother to-morrow.'

The nurse went away, and Dickie still lay and watched the man in the next bed. There was something so familiar about him, and yet, of course, he had never seen him before.

All at once the man moved and opened his eyes, and looked across at Dickie.

Two pairs of blue eyes . . . . two fair heads . . . . so like and yet unlike . . . . what could it mean? Dickie tried to sit up in his white bed, but he could not move, and an inarticulate exclamation broke from the man.

'Dickie!' he said in a hoarse whisper, 'my little Dickie!'

And the next moment one of the nurses was hurrying towards the corner in which the two latest accident cases had been placed. For one of them had fainted, and the other was crying excitedly, with outstretched hands and such brilliant tear-wet eyes:—

'It's Daddy—my Daddy come back.'

. . . . . .

'Dickie! My darling Dickie!'

The Christmas bells had been ringing all the morning; the air was full of good wishes, peace and goodwill towards men, and Hilda Lester was kneeling beside Dickie's little bed in the ward of the hospital. A screen had been placed between him and the next bed, and its occupant seemed very quiet.

'Mummie . . . I've got a present for you,' said Dickie, holding her tightly round the neck, 'such a wonderful present, Mummie dear.'

'And you went out to get it, my precious, that dreadful night when I lost you and found you here,' said Hilda, holding the little head to her bosom.

Dickie laughed.

'No . . . . I found it here,' he said, confidentially, 'and . . . . there is Nurse. Oh! Nurse . . . . mayn't mother see my present?'

The nurse smiles. She had met many tragedies in her life; she had wept over many sad scenes, but never had she encountered such a romance as this . . . . in which husband, wife and child were to meet so unexpectedly . . . . in an accident ward.

'I think she may,' she said, with a glance round the screen, and took away the barrier. Then with one glance at the trio she turned away and left them.

'Hilda!'

'Godfrey! Thank God. . . . Oh! Thank God! I have found you at last.'

And husband and wife were clasped in each other's arms once more.

. . . . . .

What a Christmas that was!

As Hilda listened to the story of her husband's flight . . . . his remorse and hardships . . . . his resolve not to return to England until he could right his affairs and begin again on a steady and secure foundation . . . . her heart was full of thankfulness.

'I ought to have stayed away longer,' he said, 'for I'm not quite clear yet, but . . . . I simply couldn't do without a peep at you and the boy any longer. The exile was killing me, Hilda.'

'Dearest heart . . . . a threefold cord is not quickly broken,' she said, through the tears which filled her eyes; 'we could not have lived without you very much longer either—Dickie and I. And, Godfrey, there is work waiting for you to take up now, work which you will do and can do. Work which will bring honor to your name and grist to the mill at the same time. Can you guess what it is?'

Lester shook his head.

'I have begun to think that whatever I touch brings sorrow with it,' he said. 'What is this work, dearest?'

And then she told him of the success which had crowned his writings; of the book which, finished by her, was to appear under his name in the New Year.

'And it only remains for you to carry on the work in the future, and I know you can do it, Godfrey!'

'With your help, dear—only with your help,' he said, looking with mute adoration at her earnest face. 'Hilda, we will collaborate for the future in that and everything else.'

Both Lester and Dickie came out of the hospital together, and once more there was a trio as happy as any that could be found under the sun.

And Godfrey and Hilda Lester are well known as collaborators in the literary world.

BRIGHT EYES AND DOROTHY JANE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF TWO DOLLS.

(Burton S. Brown in 'Mail and Express.')

Bright Eyes and Dorothy Jane met for the first time on Christmas eve. They were being hurried over the city streets in a delivery waggon, and their intimate association with each other in a big wicker basket naturally led to a conversation. They were dolls—Dorothy Jane a big rag baby, homely and poorly dressed; Bright Eyes a finely clothed young lady, whose bright tints of cheek and hair were the work of French artists. Dorothy Jane was going to greet a 'little mother' in an east side tenement house on the morrow, and Bright Eyes was on her way to the big brownstone house on the west side, there to open and close her eyes and say 'Mama' to the only daughter of a rich merchant.

Bright Eyes did not deign to notice poor Dorothy when she remarked that the noisy animals in the Noah's ark, at the other end of the box, were worse than those in the zoo, and rather rudely crowded the poor little rag baby in the corner as she turned away in disgust. At the next corner the driver removed the ark, with its noisy animals, and there was more room in the basket. Dorothy lifted her head and put her painted face close to the ear of Bright Eyes and whispered:

'You are prettier than I am, I know; but can't we be friends anyway? I never talked to a foreigner before. We had some dolls from China in our department several weeks ago, but I couldn't understand what they said. How do you shut your eyes that way when you lie down? How nice it is.' Bright Eyes sat up and looked at the flat little painted face of Dorothy Jane with evident amusement.

'You don't pretend to call yourself a Christmas present, I hope?' she said. 'You must have been put together in the dark. I don't see what pleasure you can find in existence.'

'I believe that I am happier than you are to-night,' said Dorothy Jane, but her lip quivered.

'Why?' asked Bright Eyes. 'Don't you know that I am going to live in one of the finest homes in the city, and be shown to members of the "400?"'

'What do you mean by the "400?"' queried Dorothy Jane.

'You poor, neglected, uneducated little thing,' said Bright Eyes. 'Tell me, where are you going, anyway?'

'I am going to little Jennie Reed, whose mother does washing for a living. I am so anxious to see her, because her mother, when she bought me, told the clerk that Jennie had not been very well since her papa died, and she hoped that I would cheer her up on Christmas day. If Jennie is like her mother I am going to love her.'

Bright Eyes was laughing by this time, and interrupted to say, 'You must be a missionary rag baby then. How funny!'

'That's what I am,' cried Dorothy, 'and unless Jennie expects too much of a rag baby, I believe that I will make her happy. Do you think that the little girl where you are going will love you?'

Bright Eyes moved uneasily in the box, and was slow to answer. Finally she said: 'I don't know whether she will love me or not. I don't care. I am pretty, and they will show me to everybody. I like the idea of moving in high society, and won't worry about their loving me.'

Dorothy Jane knew nothing about society, and did not fully understand Bright Eyes' ideas of life. All she could think about was Jennie Reed, and whether or not they would be happy together. 'Get that big French doll out, Bill,' said the driver to his assistant, as the waggon suddenly stopped. It startled Dorothy Jane, as she had about made up her mind to tell Bright Eyes that she had missed entirely the object of life when she made love secondary. All she had time to say, as she put an unshapely rag hand in one of Bright Eyes', was, 'Make that little girl love you.' But Bright Eyes tossed her head scornfully as Bill ran with her up the brown stone steps. 'If you ever get up into high society call on me,' were her parting words.

Bill complained bitterly to the driver about being overworked after he had handed Dorothy Jane over to Mrs. Reed on the filth floor of the East Side tenement house. Mrs. Reed took the rag baby and quietly sat her in the fireplace, facing Jennie's little bed.

When Mrs. Reed had kissed the sleeping child and tiptoed out of the room, Dorothy looked around for other Christmas arrivals. At first she saw no one else, and began to feel the responsibility which had been thrust upon her of being little Jennie's whole Christmas. Finally, however, she spied a little pink candy dog, with red eyes, and he told her that he, too, was there for Jennie.

The next morning Mrs. Reed peeped into the room in time to see Jennie jump around in an ecstacy of joy, with Dorothy Jane clasped close to her breast and the pink candy dog in her hand.

The affection of the child for Dorothy Jane grew from day to day, until the neighbors talked about it. Wherever Jennie went Dorothy Jane was with her.

Bright Eyes, on the other hand, had a hard time of it. When she arrived at the house she found that there were many other presents costlier than herself, and, moreover, a little old rubber doll was the favorite of her mistress.

All her visions of coming out into fashionable society faded away before a week had passed. She never went out of doors, but lay tucked away in a closet. One day Jip, a little fox terrier, mistook her for something else. Before he was through the bloom was gone from her cheeks and her hair and one arm were chewed off. So the next day Bright Eyes was just looking over the top of the ash barrel in the basement areaway when Jennie Reed, with Dorothy Jane in her arms, rang the basement bell. She had come to get the washing. Bright Eyes recognized Dorothy at once and called out with all her former haughtiness crushed and broken. 'Oh, you dear old rag baby; you were right after all.' Then Jennie went away, and the dolls never met again.

WILLIAM QUARRIER.

Mr. William Quarrier, known and honored as the 'Muller of Scotland,' died at the age of seventy-four, after a stroke of paralysis. He was born at Greenock in 1829, and, his mother being left a widow, suffered as a child the privations of extreme poverty. As a little lad of seven, barefooted and foodless for thirty-six hours, he watched the heedless, well-clad passers-by in the street of Glasgow, and resolved that if ever he were able to help the poor, he would do so. At the age of six he began work in a pin factory, toiling sixty or seventy hours a week for a shilling. When he was eight he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, at twelve he became a journeyman, and a few years later started in business for himself in Glasgow and prospered. His first step in the philanthropic work which has made him famous was taken in 1864, when he established a Shoeblack Brigade in Glasgow, with a night school. Later, a Newspaper and Parcels' Brigade was formed. For many years Mr. Quarrier had been set on accumulating a sum of twenty thousand pounds to found orphan homes, but the fund grew too slowly, and he appealed in 1871, in a letter to two Scotch papers, for a gift of a thousand pounds to two thousand pounds from a single donor as a God-given sign that he was to go forward. After long days of waiting came a letter from London from Mr. Thomas Corbett, father of Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., with a cheque for two thousand pounds. Homes for friendless boys and girls were at once established; in 1876 the City Orphan Homes were built at a cost of ten thousand pounds, and in 1878 the beginning of the present village at Bridge of Weir was made. On the farm of forty acres there now stand, besides the central building, church, workshops, stores, etc., more than forty cottage homes, and in all sixty-five buildings, valued at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The village has even a training ship, in which 30 lads are taught seamanship. Since 1871 over thirteen thousand youngsters have passed through the Homes and been started in life—five thousand going as emigrants to Canada—and above five hundred thousand pounds has been received in subscriptions. The number of children now in the homes is about fifteen hundred. In addition to his other work, Mr. Quarrier started the first consumptive sanatorium in Scotland in 1896, and he had in hand a scheme for planting such sanatoria throughout the country at a cost of a hundred thousand pounds. Firmness, gentleness, sanctified common sense, and an unfailing belief in prayer were the qualities which have made Mr. Quarrier's work so conspicuously successful. His family have been actively associated with him in his enterprises, and will carry on his work.—'Christian World.'

[For the 'Witness.'

LOVE'S FOOTPRINTS.

To-night, the moon is sovereign of the skies,
The wind is master of the world below,
And down the lane whereon the moonlight lies,
I follow in the footprints that I know.

Footprints so softly pressed upon the snow,
The wind could have effaced them from my sight,
And like one blind and guideless I should go,
Uncertain if my guest had come to-night.

But where the moonlight meets the shadows, lo,
Love greets me with a splendor on her face,
And leads me back, where, still upon the snow,
Her footprints live the wind could not efface.

S. C. M. DUNN

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.

ABOUT WEEDS

(Department of Agriculture Bulletin.)

The spread of noxious weeds can be attributed to no single cause. They seem to be naturally adapted to rapid spreading, and besides there are various natural and artificial agencies which aid in their dissemination. Not the least important among these agencies is the seed grain trade. Almost every farmer purchases yearly seed of grain or grasses and clovers with little thought of introducing weed seeds in this way. As a matter of fact, however, he seldom gets seed perfectly free from weed seeds of some kind. Occasionally these are not particularly injurious, but not frequently they are most undesirable, and, being introduced unconsciously, gain a strong foothold before their presence is suspected. In this connection some particulars of the analyses of seeds from the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa should be of interest, as they show to what extent these conditions prevail.

Of over two hundred samples of Timothy analyzed during 1903 only four had no weed seeds in them; in the others over thirty different kinds of weed seeds were represented. Of these, Cinquetoil, Peppergrass, Sheep Sorrel, Ribgrass, False Flax, Lamb's Quarters, Canada Thistle and White Cockle were most commonly present, often at the rate of several thousand per pound. In Red Clover and Alsike, of each of which there were several hundred samples analyzed, there were upwards of forty species of weed seeds, those being commonest whose size approximated that of the clover seed. Thus in Red Clover were commonly found Curled Dock, Canada Thistle, White Cockle and Ribgrass; while in Alsike, False Flax, White Cockle, Sheep Sorrel, Cinquetoil and Black Medick were prevalent.

The primary cause for this prevailing condition is no doubt the growth of weeds with the crop for seed, and the tendency of farmers to buy improperly cleaned seeds because they are cheaper than, and to a casual examiner, equally as good as dearer grades. It is usually safe to regard cheap seed as of inferior quality and on this account to avoid buying it.

Dodder was present in twelve samples of Red Clover at an average rate of 418 seeds per pound; this is considerably more than was the case a year ago and was no doubt due to more seed being imported from the south, where this parasite thrives much better than here. The analysis of several samples obtained from Chili showed that Dodder is a very common impurity in seed from that country, one sample having upwards of seven hundred seeds per pound and others somewhat less. There is no probability of Canada ever having to import seed from Chili, but as both countries have a common market for their surplus supply, the presence of this impurity in the Chilian seed should afford the Canadian product a considerable advantage. Were it not for this circumstance the Chilian clover seed would prove a dangerous competitor, as it is well colored, plump and of high vitality, and with few other objectionable impurities.

Several samples of exported Canadian Alsike and Red Clover were obtained from English seed merchants. All these showed a uniform quality, none of them free from weed seeds, but had apparently been well cleaned as there was a notable absence of such impurities as light seeds, chaff, or weed seeds, either larger or smaller than the bulk of the sample. Small numbers of Cockle, Black Medick, and False Flax still remained in the Alsike, and of Foxtail and Ribgrass in the Red Clover. The germination was uniformly over ninety percent. The average quality was therefore considerably better than that of the seeds retailed in our own markets. It should always be remembered, however, by buyers that, while the average quality of our seeds may be low, the highest grades are always offered for sale, and this quality is in the end the most profitable.

EDUCATING A COLT

Education is as necessary for a colt as for the boy who will ride or drive him after a while. A colt should be 'broken' no more than the boy. Train both in the way they should go, and they will not depart from it. Begin early to train the colt. The only safe horse is one that has never been otherwise. It is as easy to cast a devil out of a man as out of a horse. The devil should never be permitted to enter either.

In educating a colt begin to handle it as soon as you can get to it and continue to do so. The colt will then be unable to discriminate between its own-

A Valuable Book.

A valuable little book on stock raising and feeding has just been published by The Beaver Mfg. Co., of Galt, Ont. This book will be sent free of charge to all who send in their name and address and mention this paper. There are so many offers of something for nothing that theBeaver Mfg. Co. hesitated about making this offer of a free book. They have, as an honorable business firm, always made sure of giving full value for money received, but they have never given anything away. In this case they offer something of real value to all readers of this paper. It is a book full of valuable information. It is clean reading and of real value. It contains the opinions of many of the leading Canadian breeders and exhibitors and some good illustrations of prize winning stock. The matter has been carefully prepared and the publishers have excluded all that they do not believe to be perfectly straight and true.

Send your name and address at once (a post card will do) and mention this paper, and you will receive this book by return mail. Address—The Beaver Mfg. Co., Galt, Canada.

er and its dam. The one affords it milk and the other lumps of sugar or other dainties, and then either the mother or the owner can handle it at will. When the colt is only a few weeks old, put a halter on it and by easy stages teach it to lead and turn. Rub it down with a horse cloth; then lay the cloth on its back. Next use a large cloth and a still larger. Then lay a horse blanket on its back. Gird it on. Place a small boy on its back. Take the boy off if there is any indication of uneasiness. Put the boy on again next day, and the next day lead the colt about with the boy on its back. After this the boy will always be ready for a ride. Put on the bridle and still lead for a while. Then let the boy ride him free. By the time the colt is a year old it will be perfectly gentle and will wear a saddle and a boy with apparent pleasure. Put a halter on the colt and hitch him by the side of the old buggy horse and drive him around a few times. Put some light harness on him and drive about some more. After a few such lessons he may be hitched double and given some more lessons.

To teach him to work to a buggy, put the harness on, and lead him around the buggy. Let him bump against it and step over the shafts. Pull the buggy up until he is between the shafts, pull the buggy up a little further and put the shafts in the loops. Lead the colt forward, pulling the buggy along by the shaft. Let the shafts drop, pick them up, and do it all over. Next day repeat the operation. Then hitch the traces and lead the colt, having a confederate push the buggy along so the colt will not have to pull. Let the traces tighten gradually, and soon the colt will be pulling the buggy along. Lead him a while, then fall back by his side, holding the reins; then a little further back. Drive him along; he is all right. Drive around, unhitch, and next day repeat the lesson, and close it by getting into the buggy and driving around for a time. Then the thing is done. Judgment is required to know just how much advancement has been made. The colt should never be frightened. Always stop when the least sign of uneasiness appears. In discussing questions with a colt never use a club. Moral suasion is better. If the colt is so treated as never to do anything vicious, he will soon act upon the theory that he can do no wrong, and then as long as he has rational treatment he will be perfectly safe intrusted with women or children.—'Farm and Ranch.'

APPLES AND POTATOES

It was several years ago, says an exchange, that I first observed what I have since noticed to be true: that apples of good keeping qualities which are accidentally or by design put into potato bins in the fall always come out the following spring in fine condition. I have eaten such varieties as Baldwins and Green or Newton Pippins, which had been resurrected from near the bottom of a bin of potatoes in late May. There were no unsound ones among them, and to all appearances they would have been good for at least two months more of keeping; that is, provided the potatoes should not have rotted in the meantime. They had been kept in an ordinary cellar, and apples of the same varieties stored alone in a bin alongside and left undisturbed for the same length of time, doubtless would have lost fully one-half and the rest would have been more shrivelled.

On one occasion I was helping a neighbor plant some potatoes very late in the season, the last of May or first of June. The seed was taken from a cellar in sacks, just as they had been piled up the autumn before. We found some apples in one of the sacks, and, however they may have come to be there, they were in most splendid condition for 'eating out of hand,' although some of the potatoes about them had sprouts about two inches long. The apples were mellow and juicy, their originally pale green color turned to a tempting light yellow.

I can scarcely think of any good reason why apples should keep longer and better among potatoes than alone under the same conditions, but have simply noted the fact that they do. I give the fact here for the benefit it may be to others; and will leave it to some one else to offer an explanation of the why. If a few do well and are good, there would seem to be no reason why more would not do equally well and be better.

CARING FOR THE COWS

A creamery reports that for a year just passed it has paid one patron $60 per cow for each cow milked in a herd of 10, and five of the number were heifers milking with first calf. To another patron it paid $25 per cow in a herd of 20, and to another $17 per cow in a herd of 13. The latter is not to be considered in our remarks, for the cows were allowed to 'rough it,' and no man who pretends to dairy farming will so handle his cows. The $25 herd were given good roughage and grain in abundance; were warmly stabled and kindly treated. The $60 herd were bred on the dairy farm, fed a balanced ration, and otherwise treated about as their $25 neighbors. The cows of each herd were neighbors, belonged to farmers of the same community, kept on the same kind of land and the climatic conditions were identical.

What produced the difference in the earnings of these cows? It was the difference in the owner. The feeder of the $60 cows was a student. He studied the questions of breeding a good cow, what and how to feed and care for her. He read a dairy paper, read and filed away for future reference bulletins from Agricultural Colleges, and studied a book on 'Feeds and Feeding,' which cost him two dollars. He owned and operated a Babcock test and scales.

The $25 man used to laugh at his $60 neighbor and call him a book farmer, saying that he'd see the day when he could better afford to spend his time in the cornfield rather than with his cows, but that time seems farther off than ever. The $25 man didn't believe in studying dairy questions. He knew a cow would give plenty of milk on any kind of feed; all she required was plenty of it.

The $25 man is grumbling—dairying doesn't pay. His test does not suit him and the butter-fat prices are too low. It is impossible to make that man see that the creamery is not to blame for his condition. His is a plea of dissatisfaction, and so it will be ten years from this time.

The milk from each of these herds was handled in the same creamery and the butter packed at the same time. It went into the common market and sold at the same price. For one man the creamery made a living profit and allowed him money besides; for the other it paid little for feed and trouble, yet the fault lay not with the creamery. The $60 man was a dairy man; the $25 man ran a steer dairy.

STARTERS AND CULTURES

Starters and cultures are now extensively used. A buttermaker is not considered up-to-date unless he has a fair knowledge of dairy bacteriology and starters. In this country we have three or four firms which make a business of furnishing pure cultures to creamerymen.

A pure culture properly cared for should be carried forward for a month. We found at our school, when isolating different species of acid producing germs from milk, that they would work vigorously for three or four weeks, when extra care was observed in carrying them forward. After that they seemed to lose their power of producing acid, then we would have to go back to the wild state again and isolate from the milk.

These are all starters of their kind. One man uses buttermilk and calls it a natural starter. Another uses skimmilk caught from the average milk as it comes from the separators, and he calls it a skimmilk or natural starter. Another will go out and get the milk of a fresh cow and allow it to sour, which is also a natural starter. Some will use whole milk and some wil use cream, and they will come under the head of natural starters.

The great difficulty with most makers is that they do not seem to comprehend that it is a certain kind of bacteria which largely controls the flavor. Even cleanliness in every sense of the word does not always result in milk souring with the best flavor, as all cows are usually milked in the stable during the winter months. In a very warm barn we usually find that the putrefactive bacteria are found in abundance. These get into the milk and contaminate it before it reaches the creamery.

KEEPING ONIONS

Onions will need especial care to keep the bulbs in good condition for late winter use and sale. If carefully dried before being stored for the winter, the hardest part of the battle is over, as by perfectly drying the bulbs the life germ becomes dormant and will remain in that state until nearly spring if conditions are favorable. A dry situation is needed and during the drying process heat is almost necessary if the work is done indoors. They can be dried outdoors during the sunny, windy fall days if placed in thin layers where the sun and wind can have access to them.

Near Chicago, where thousands of bushels are raised every year for the city trade, the growers have small movable sheds with tight roofs in which shallow boxes fit with air spaces between. The onions remain in the sheds in the field where they grow until perfectly cured.

During the winter they keep best in a dry cellar where there is a good circulation of air, and where the temperature can be kept only a few degrees above freezing. There is then no possibility of growth, as the required heat is lacking. It is almost useless to attempt to keep the white sorts all winter, most of them being suitable only for early use, the red and yellow varieties being more hardy and less liable to rot. When it is impossible to keep the onions at the proper temperature in a cellar or pit, some growers freeze them, having them so protected that they feel little change in temperature, and once frozen they remain so all winter. A tight bin is built in some outbuilding, a layer of chaff or sawdust a foot deep is placed in the bottom and as the layers of onions are put in, more chaff is added and care is exercised to keep a layer of it between the onions and the sides of the bin. When the onions are all in, a very heavy layer is placed over the top. They will freeze in a cold climate, but will not freeze and thaw, which is the only way in which freezing hurts them. When wanted for use or sale, they can be thawed out gradually and will be as sound as when first pulled. The last of them will probably be disposed of by February, so there will be no danger of their thawing too rapidly when the weather becomes warm. They can be kept for home use much later, though some of them will be spoiled by growing.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Carrots are especially prized by owners of fast horses, as they seem to keep the animal in splendid condition and are excellent for producing a smooth, glossy coat of hair.

See that the sow is gaining flesh, from the feeding of such foods, as outlined, before being bred. A sow that is very thin at the time of breeding will likely farrow pigs which will be hard feeders. A very fat sow, at breeding time, is just as bad, as weak pigs will be the result. A mature sow, at breeding time, should carry about 150 pounds of firm flesh.

In the winter the cow needs some succulent food of some kind, and beets, either the mangels or sugar beets, are the best. Fed once a day about a peck per cow will keep up their appetite. A good warm stable for winter is of as much importance as good feed, and it is impossible to keep cows at their best without it. They ought to be well bedded and kept clean.

Some of the fattest horses in this country last spring were wintered on rye straw and water, with a few carrots. The unthreshed rye was run through a cutting machine and the carrots through a slicer, and the whole put together and wet and mixed twelve hours before being fed. Sow rye once and you will sow it again. Many of the small farmers, and some large ones, thresh the rye with flails, bind the straw into bundles and sell it for more money than the grain will bring.

'I have made a practice of feeding raw potatoes to horses, in quantities of from one to four quarts two or three times a week, for the past thirty years, with excellent results,' says a horseman. 'As to their nutritive value I cannot speak, but as an appetizer and corrective I consider them unsurpassed. I have known skinny, hide-bound horses to be changed into sleek, active, spirited animals in a few weeks with no other correcting than raw potatoes, with a reasonable amount of good hay and oats, or corn and oat chop. They are also excellent for sows before farrowing.'

DAIRYING DOTS

Milk kept on the farm for twelve hours before delivery should be aerated as thoroughly now as in July. It is not a high temperature that always plays havoc with it, but the retained heat when it stands in bulk. This danger can be obviated by making the summer care of milk a criterion for the whole year.

There is no line of farming which requires so much attention to detail, such regularity in work, such everlasting keeping at it, such kindly care of animals, such thoughtful consideration of nature's laws in their application to the problems of feeding, breeding and caring for products as does dairying. No product of the farm robs the soil so little as do those of the dairy, and no products deteriorate as quickly if not marketed properly. Some one has well said: 'That branch of agriculture which requires the most attention to detail is most profitable, if well done.'

It would be a grand thing for the profit of dairying if every farmer who follows it could be induced to stop for the space of one hour each week and ask himself these questions: What sort of a dairyman am I? Is my face turned towards the light? Do I realize as I should the value of good ideas and the best standards of work? Can I hope to make the best profit, with the class of ideas I now carry? Am I doing what I ought to do, to increase my knowledge and improve my judgment as to better methods?

At the Vermont Station we could heat the milk up to 110 degrees and by the smell tell whether it had been near a hog pen or not. In one case where the smell revealed the hog pen, we called for the man and told him that his milk smelt like a hog pen. He answered that he had to do his milking in a yard within fifty feet of a hog pen. He at once discontinued that practice. Now most of us do not realize the force of these points. It is hard for us to believe that milk will be contaminated in that way, to that extent. We cannot make good butter with faulty milk. If we could only get the right kind of milk, we could always make a butter that would score high.

FARM CLEANINGS

During the session of the institute every effort should be made to facilitate trading in live stock and farm products. A market day should be an essential adjunct to every farmers' institute. There is room along all these lines for much in the way of improvements.

The purpose and work of the grange, when broadly considered, means to furnish a better product, at less cost to producers and consumers, better farms and farm homes, a happier and more prosperous and independent citizenship; and is, therefore, in harmony with the best interest of manufacturers, labor and conducive to the best business and commercial interests of our country.

While there is considerable difference of opinion as to the advisability of grinding grain for some farm animals, it is generally conceded that it pays to grind for the dairy herd. A cow giving a large flow of milk needs all her energy to secrete the milk and to digest the large amount of feed which must be used for that purpose. It is for this reason important to make the process of digestion as easy and rapid as possible.

Would it not be well to make a memorandum for spring time reference; in fact, for everyday reference? How many things can be done during the weeks of winter to hasten work when the busy time comes! The fall was long and beautiful beyond compare. If the winter be half so well adapted to the doing out outdoor work, by spring everything should be in spick and span readiness for work in all earnest, where it will count to advantage in making the farm profitable and attractive.

Experiments at Cornell Station, New York, have shown that the manure made in one year by a 1,000 pounds live hog is worth $60, calculating nitrogen at 15 cents, phosphoric acid at six cents, and potash at four and a half cents per pound. The feed they used, with the exception of meat scraps, was similar to that used by many farmers in the hog business. This fact makes hogs the valuable animals on the farm for the production of manure. Even the sheep 'with the golden hoof,' as the Spanish say, do not begin to compare with the hog as a manufacturer of soil fertility. The trial at Cornell extended to other animals as well, but the value of the pig manure was double that of sheep, calf, cow or horse.

MOTOR SCOWL.

(London 'Court Journal.')

There is one great deterrent to motor cycling for women, ever becoming fashionable, and that is that the strain upon the nerves produces the motor-scowl, which is distressing to contemplate, and destroys the sweetness of the most mobile face.

Advertisements.



Buy the U. S. Separator and find it an anchor that will keep you from drifting onto the rocks of discouragement and loss. Nothing like it to make Money and save Labor.

THE U. S. SKIMS CLEANEST AND WEARS LONGEST

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Ice Cutting Tools

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SPECIAL OUTFITS for Butchers, Dairymen, Farmers and Ice Dealers.

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ROBERT DONALDSON & SONS, 30 YOUVILLE SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUE.

CHRISTMAS AROUND THE WORLD.

(By Fred Myron Colby.)

The Christmas festivities vary in different countries. In our own land there are the giving of presents, the church going, the dinners and the festive joy that prevail both among the high and the low. But there is one part of our country where the Christmas customs are signally diverse from those of any other portion of America, and that is in that great northern territory called Alaska. The people of Alaska are nearly all Russians and Indians, and they belong nominally at least, to the Greek Church. They also count time by the Julian calendar, or 'Old Style,' as it is sometimes called, instead of the Gregorian calendar by which we and most of the European nations reckon. This method of computing time brings all the fixed holidays twelve days later than our customary dates. Thus the Russian Christmas occurs on the sixth of our January.

One of the most interesting ceremonies outside of the church service practiced in Alaska is what they call 'Going around with the Star.' A large star with six or more points is made on a light wooden frame, somewhat gaudily painted and decorated with bright-colored tissue paper, and this is borne round from house to house by a party of boys and girls. Wherever they stop they are invited in, for everybody keeps 'open house' at this season, where they sing some of the musical Russian Christmas carols, after which they are regaled with what bounties are upon the table.

This going around with the star is practiced three nights, and is supposed to typify the quest of the wise men who followed the star in search of the Infant Christ. The first night the 'Starbearers' are more or less disturbed by bands of maskers, who go around and try to catch the 'Star parties,' and destroy the star. These maskers are believed to represent the soldiers sent by King Herod to destroy the young children in hope that the Infant Jesus would perish in the slaughter.

The Christmas festival in Mexico is one long, hilarious holiday. Long before the Holy Night, the Mexicans, young and old, men and women, are preparing for the Christmas season. First come the rehearsals for the 'Pastores,' sometimes called the Mexican Passion Play. The Pastores follows night after night, passing even into the climax of the solemn midnight mass of the cathedral. The 'passadas' next claim the attention of the people. This is a home observance something similar to the Christmas tree of the German people. Every family has one of these trees, and the children hang their gifts upon it, and a figure in a mask to resemble Santa Claus, gives all the presents away, adapting his gift and his speech to the wishes and necessities of each one. After the distribution of presents, there follows the week of worldly enjoyment, the contests over the gaming tables, the revelry of balls and fetes, and the brutal sports day and night in the bloody little arena where gamecocks are pitted against each other with gaffs and slashes.

Nowhere, perhaps, does Christmas wear so strange a garb as in the half-Indian and half-Spanish countries of South America. For a typical South American Christmas we will glance at the festival as it is kept in Lima, the capital of Peru. On Christmas Eve—noche buena—the Good Night, as the natives call it, the whole city is alive with preparations for the approaching festivity. The public walks are crowded with pleasure-seekers and the great square is filled with a motley crowd. Numerous ice stalls surrounded with chairs and benches are scattered over the square and drive a busy trade, for to the Limans ice is a necessary of life and never is it more welcome than during the sultry Christmastide. As the night wears on, the crowd increases, and above all the noise, sounds the wild chantings of the Peruvian waifs. These are bands of Negroes and Negresses dressed in flowing robes of red, and their black faces often disguised by ugly and still blacker masks. They carry in their hands calabashes filled with pebbles, which they rattle to mark time to the monotonous music of the guitar and clattering castanets, and singing guttural songs. After the blacks follow groups of Indian women, their long, black hair unbound, in their hands long slender wands fluttering with ribbons. To the music of flute and harp, they move in circles, singing sweet melodies and keeping time with their fantastic batons.

In Montenegro every Christmas night a fire is kindled on the big hearth, each member of the family lighting a piece of wood and placing it thereon. In every fireplace hangs a great kettle chain, which is directly above the blaze. Of course, as the fire progresses this chain becomes intensely heated. On Christmas night, however, the iron chain does not heat at all, but remains cool to the touch. At least, this is what every Montenegro peasant believes, and he will tell you he has made a test of it on every succeeding Christmas night. To explain the fact they claim that a similar chain hung over the fire built on the floor of the stable at Bethlehem, and that at the birth of Christ, the virgin mother grasped it for support. It became cool at her touch lest it burn the saintly hand, and from that day to this, there is no fire hot enough to heat the fireplace chain on Christmas.

Christmas in Norway is a day devoted to exchanging calls and good wishes. In every house a table is kept furnished all day with wine, cake and sweetmeats, for visitors, who talk, flirt, compliment and sip wine and nibble cake with remarkable perseverance. Even the birds are not forgotten, and every Norwegian hangs out a sheaf of corn or wheat for their Christmas dinner. The carolling of these birds about the gables and roofs of the peasants' cottages makes a Norwegian Christmas cheery. The burning of the Yule log is common to every Christian country, but in the Black Mountain there is a 'great log of Christmas,' and there are smaller logs for each member of the family. The wood must be cut before sunrise Christmas morning. The head of the house followed by his family goes into the forest and cuts down a standing stump. He then takes off his cap to the log, turns towards the east, crosses himself and offers up this prayer: 'Give to me and to Christmas abundantly, O Lord.' If by chance the log falls the wrong way, they cut another, unless, indeed, they choose to be unlucky for a year. The logs are drawn to the house and leaned against the wall, with the cut ends uppermost. If one by mistake is reversed, the whole thing must be done over again, or else misfortune will be sure to come to the family. When the fire is lighted, there is great joy in the household, but no one on any account must speak of witches after the great log is placed on the hearth, for they are supposed to be flying around on Christmas night as 'plentiful as sparks.'—New York 'Observer.'

Terra-cotta sleepers are in use on Japanese railways. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance of decay.

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.

'IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.'

E.G.—Who wrote the poem in which is the line, 'There are no birds in last year's nest?' Please give the poem if it is not too long. Ans.—This is one of Longfellow's poems, 'It is not always May.'

The sun is bright,—the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The bluebird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the West wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight!
And learns from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest;
For time will teach thee soon the truth,
There are no birds in last year's nest.

CANAL SYSTEM.

M.C.—What is the St. Lawrence canal system? Ans.—The canal system by which vessels are admitted through the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, embraces the Lachine, Beauharnois, Soulanges, Cornwall, Farran's Point, Rapide Plat, Galops, overcoming rapids and obstacles in the St. Lawrence; the Welland joining Lakes Erie and Ontario; and the Sault Ste. Marie to avoid the rapids in the St. Mary's River.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

Mrs. S. McC.—You will find the poem you ask for, 'Little Orphant Annie,' in the 'Weekly Witness' of Nov. 24.

BOOK WANTED.

M.M.E.—If you give the name and address of the publishers, any bookseller can procure it for you, even if it is not in his stock.

RECITATION.

Leith.—You will find the recitation 'The Wedding of Shon Maclean' in 'Best Selections,' No. 11 (the Penn Pub. Co.), which may be obtained direct or through any bookseller.

LEGAL.

(ONTARIO.)

APPLYING FOR OFFICE.

G. McP.—I am told it is wrong for an applicant for a town clerkship in Ontario to put in a tender, that he may apply but not state any salary, that that matter rests with the council. Is it so? 2. Would it be exceedingly wrong to put in a 'bid' for the office, it being vacant? 3. School trustees are in the habit of letting small jobs about school among themselves. Are they right in doing so? Ans.—1 and 2. Either or both courses may be wrong as a matter of taste or policy, but we do not see that either is otherwise wrong. 3. No.

REFERENDUM.

A.G.—Is it within the power of the Provincial Government of any of the provinces of the Dominion, to fix conditions to any measure intended for reference to the electors whereby a simple majority of the electors may not secure the enforcement of the measure? Ans.—We think so.

A BAD HUSBAND.

Western Enquirer.—What can be done about my husband striking me four times in my face to nearly knock me down? What is the law in Manitoba about a husband refusing to take care of a wife in confinement? Ans.—He can be brought before a magistrate to be dealt with in respect of the whole case against him. Proceedings would in the regular course be commenced by the laying of an information before the magistrate.

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.]

NOISES IN THE HEAD.

'A Reader' is a woman, aged fifty. Has been troubled for the last two years with noise in the head every night when she lies down. She also hears it when going round working. She does not hear it when sitting quiet. The noise commences when she rises and leaves her if she goes out into the open air. Has noticed also that she is slightly deaf. When washing her face the gums often bleed. Ans.—It is hard to speak with any degree of certainty without full knowledge of your case. It seems probable that the noises ar due to some disturbance of circulation in the head. Probably the blood tends to rush to the head. You had better live quietly, without worry or excitement, as far as possible. Avoid exertion or lifting. Take also only a plain diet, and do not drink much fluid. An occasional purge of salts would likely help you. Be sure to have the bowels moving daily. When the noise is particularly troublesome you can relieve it by putting the feet into hot water. Take a hot bath twice a week at night. With regard to the gums the trouble may be of the same nature, that is too much blood in the head, or it may be that the gums are spongy. In the latter case a wash of tincture of myrrh would harden them.

LIVE STOCK.

For advertising in this department specially reduced prices will be sent on application.

Spavin Curb Splint
Cure These Blemishes
Also Ringbone, hard or soft enlargements, Sweeny, Knee-Sprung, Fistula and Poll Evil. Slight cost and certain cures. Two big booklets telling how to do it sent free. Write today.
FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
75 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.

GARDEN TALKS

This department is conducted by Mrs. Annie L. Jack, Chateauguay Basin, Que., to whom all questions should be sent. All questions answered through the 'Witness.'

BY THE FIRESIDE.

It is a large old-fashioned double stove set in a partition between two rooms, that sings its flame music to me to-night.

It takes in a big log of wood by its generous door, that is a fitting emblem of the wide and open hospitality of the home where it has seen long service. The opening and closing of its iron door when the fire must be replenished is in itself a tone music, as we listen in comfort to the roar of the flame along the stovepipe, the heat soon penetrates to the rooms overhead, and there is a drowsy content in feeling that the fire has taken a new lease of life.

How comforting the warmth that radiates from its old-fashioned sides, calling up memories of the past to the older generation who can tell of its perennial usefulness in the early settlement of the country, when wood was in abundance throughout the forest primeval.

In the depth of its oven the housewifely grandmothers baked the barley bread, the potato scones and oatcake, that were eaten with the sauce of contentment in homes that knew the meaning of privation. There the barley was browned to make coffee that knew not Java, and the kettle and frying-pan made music side by side. As prosperity came, the younger generation can remember the Christmas turkey that has never so delicious a flavor as it had when carefully basted and browned in the capacious oven of the double stove when youth and hunger combined to enjoy it. On this broad iron surface the children placed their apples to cook, that sputtered and sizzled and sent forth a vinous burnt flavor into the room. How good they tasted, bursting the rosy skin, and picked up gingerly by the stalk for fear of too hot finger tips. Scorched sometimes on one side, but what matter? the flavor was fine, and amateur cooks satisfied with the demonstration. Associated in my heart and thoughts with this old-fashioned fireside is one whom I call reverently an every day saint. For in the old home where I first saw this hospitable double stove of my dreams to-night, she was to me the central figure, and her presence blended with the warmth and glow of that fireside.

Her life was a round of homely duties performed unquestioningly, and through many bitter trials since she has walked bravely, bearing her own sad burdens, and those of all who came within her circle. Self was always kept from becoming dominant, by an absorbing interest in the welfare of others. The pride of place, the will o' the wisp of petty ambitions could not lure her from duty, and no life given under vow, and wearing the garb of the cloister has been more consecrated to the service of humanity.

Childlike in spirit, seeing good in everything, she exercises a rare and uplifting influence upon all who come within range of her comforting presence. Are we in trouble? to her we turn for consolation. Has happiness by some unexpected tide of affairs come our way? we think of the every day saint beside the old double stove and want her to share our joy.

Do we need counsel and support in any emergency? We feel that her spiritual insight and clear grasp of life's meanings will help to explain its mysteries. For her the higher life is not simply a form of faith or creed, it is living without question the life of self-abnegation, and the golden rule with no thought of reward or merit.

When weary of the tumult, the restlessness, the selfish jealousies that beset us on every side, we seek this fireside, ever sure of a welcome, the roar of the birch log, as its white bark starts into flame, adds its music to her voice, and both tell of warmth and glow at heart.

As we listen, 'the world, the flesh and the devil,' seem but an unpleasant dream, while we gain strength to go once more out into the battle of life.

Happy are they who have memories of such a restful fireside, and an every day saint, canonized before the light of immortality has set its seal. The hair may be silvered, the step slow, and eyes dimmed by years of burden bearing, but the spirit of self-abnegation shines within them, and all who have ever known her are indeed her children, for they 'arise up and call her blessed.'

THIRSTY PLANTS.

During this long season of sunny days and moderate cold it is interesting to get accounts from readers of the plant-growth and blossoming, in their window-gardens.

For the holidays the bloom of Roman hyacinths and paper white Narcissus fills the windows with beauty and fragrance, while the older plants seem to have felt the effect of the genial weather. Within sight of my writing an old box of heliotrope is trying to bloom in rather adverse circumstance for not being waterproof we are careful in watering, and the newly-formed buds get discouraged and dry off.

Now and then a spray comes into rich purple bloom, but sometimes there is a day of sunshine and at the same time a day of forgetfulness of this treasure in an unworthy environment, and then they droop.

My daily admonisher tells me that heliotropes like water little and often, and that if one wants flowers they should carry water. Then there will be a gentle ripple seeking the thirsty soil, the rattle of a tin dipper, and a drip, drip into a vessel underneath, while a voice murmurs loud enough to be heard:

'In all the long hot hours,
She never leaves her spinning
To bear water to the flowers.'

SEVERAL QUESTIONS.

J.H.—Your crocus and tulip bulbs are a little late, but the best thing to do is to look out for a thaw, and if it comes have holes punched in the ground with a crowbar and the bulbs dropped in and covered with earth. Crocuses do well in a lawn among grass on a terrace and are a delight when they come up in early spring in such unexpected places. But the tulips must be in the earth and would do well along the edge of a bed.

But if no thaw comes till Christmas your bulbs will be better planted in the house. If you have no box take an old apple basket, line it with a bit of bagging, and put a layer of broken potsherds next, then fill with sandy earth. Plant the crocus bulbs around the edge and the tulips in the middle, water it well and put away in the dark for a month. Keep them cool and moist, and when brought to the light you will feel that spring has come to you as they open up their delicate blossoms.

BUTTERNUTS.

Your other question in regard to procuring and managing butternuts with the view toward planting a grove, requires a private answer, as it is not practicable to give here the names of those who keep nuts for sale. If purchased, they are best put in sand, and kept out of doors in the frost all winter, planting as early as possible in the spring.

Nut fruits, such as hickory and butternuts, have been plentiful this season, and there will not be any difficulty in getting fresh seed.

It is a step in the right direction when landowners are beginning to set a value on a nut orchard, and to think it a good investment to plant these nut bearing forest trees. Too much work has been done in cutting them down, and it will take a generation to repair the waste, even with untiring industry.

I know of some uneven corners in suburban homes where it would be an advantage to plant a few nut trees, and provide a shelter belt for the rest of the garden, besides the nuts that will supply the children and the squirrels of the future.

AMATEUR'S ROSES.

Mrs. R. B. — Thank you very much for your letter, with its encouraging assurance. It is sometimes doubtful whether amateurs can make roses blossom successfully in this part of our province; that is, in the ordinary windows of our living rooms.

The best florists' roses are grown in Ontario, at least, they profess to have more sunshine, and to be able to attain perfectness, and quantity as well as quality, having more sunny weather in early winter than we can lay claim to.

PALMS.

Mrs. H.—The trouble must be scale, if you look closely, you will find the enemy all up and down the stems and branches. Take an old tooth brush, and plenty of soap-suds, and scrub well with it, for the bristles seem to reach all the cracks and corners. Give the palms plenty of air, for they do not enjoy being close together, and require both air and light, though not strong sunshine. But a palm will contract disease if left in the dark and unwashed. There is little doubt, however, that your plants are infected with the scale insects.

A BALM.

Mrs. A.R.C.—Your plant, of which you send leaf, is really a balm, and unless you have plenty of window room, it is no object to keep, as the flowers are inconspicuous, and it is not a very usable plant for foliage.

Many of our scented geraniums are sweeter in fragrance, and of finer foliage, and in your windows would be more satisfactory. Thank you for pleasant words, and kindly sentiments.

WOOD ASHES FOR APPLE TREES.

'Novice' asks if hardwood ashes are of any value as a fertilizer for apple trees. They can be bought where he lives for $8 per ton. Ans.—It is an uncertain purchase unless you are sure of the quantity of potash they contain. This, in turn, depends upon the place where they are kept, and, of course, hardwood ashes are the most valuable, but if they have been allowed to get damp, the weight will be increased, and the value lessened. It also depends upon the expense of cartage, as most people have to take that into consideration.

Better get a sample and send to the chemist at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. If the ashes will rate at five per cent potash, with forty pounds to the bushel, you might ask nine or ten dollars per ton, if near by. Potash is a valuable ingredient in the soil, and very desirable as a fertilizer for apple trees, especially if by testing the other elements there is proved to be a lack of that property.

UNEXPECTED BLOSSOMS.

A correspondent asks if carnations raised from seed during the past summer should bloom this winter, and in answer a bit of experience may be useful.

In October some seedling Marguerite carnations were lifted and put into boxes, seeming so strong and full of buds that it was a pity to leave them out of doors and risk a total loss.

The habit of hoarding and thrift is strong in many of us, as they were lifted carefully and planted in rough boxes, though more than one cynic predicted that moth and rust would soon corrupt, for carnations are favorite food for the aphis, and very subject to rust on the foliage. But in a sunny window the carnations still live and blooms, sometimes semi-double and white, resembling my favorite white pinks, and again, pink or crimson, as double as any carnation.

They require a cool room, and enough water to keep them from drying up, but not too much moisture around the roots. So it is very likely your carnations will give some flowers during the winter months.

ROSEBUDS DRYING OFF.

R.E.T. has a hybrid rose that has not with buds when brought into the house, but they have dried off, and turned yellow, but will not open. Ans.—Worms at the root will cause this trouble, but you do not say whether the rose was in a pot all summer, or if just lifted in autumn. If the former, perhaps the earthworms have taken possession, and are destroying the roots; if the latter method it is probable that the root growth has been disturbed, and though the buds did not wilt, they may lack vitality. Better let the leaves come off now and start afresh if they seem so inclined. Set the plant in a cool place, work a tablespoonful of wood ashes into the soil, and water sparingly for a while. When the new red growth starts take it into more warmth and sunlight.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

The celebration of Christmas-tide, which falls at the time of the winter solstice, is as old as the human race.

In the early days the most barbaric pleasures and the wildest forms of enjoyment marked this period of the year, when the sun turns from its journey away from the earth, and, entering on its return, carries the promise of light and warmth.

It is a strange fact that many of the observances of this greatest festival of the Christian year are indissolubly linked with the pagan customs of the earlier religions.

When Christianity was in its infancy those embracing it endeavored to adapt the old observances of their fathers to the new order of things. The origin of many of the Yuletide customs is lost, but that of the tree as the emblem of life can be clearly traced to the earliest times.

From the ancient Egyptians we obtain the first evidence of the tree being used as an interior decoration. The palm was their favorite green, and since this stately tree puts forth a new shoot each month it was considered typical of life and progress to use, at the winter festival, the palm bearing twelve shoots.

The fierce tribes of northern Europe venerated the fir as a sacred emblem, and every house was decked with this evergreen at Christmas. The tree was profusely decorated with symbolical toys and trinkets, while figures representing Adam and Eve were placed at the base. Among the green boughs a serpent coiled, and a candle perched on its topmost bough symbolized the 'Light of the World.' The ancient Chaldeans told a charming legend to their children concerning the origin of the Christmas-tree. A feature of the Christmas eve celebrations in Chaldea was the burning of the Yule-log, which was lighted with the charred remnant of the last year's log. Each member of the family sang a Yule-song, standing on the great log, and thus immuned the household from ill-luck throughout the year. During the night, the legend runs, the Yule-log gave birth to the Christmas-tree laden with gifts, which delighted the children's eyes at the early morning hour.

The first English child to enjoy a Christmas-tree was Mary, daughter of Henry VIII., who was afterward known as 'Bloody Mary.' When she was four years old a rosemary bush, hung with red jewels and silver spangles, and lighted with rushlights, was set up in the great hall of the castle, for the amusement of the litlte maiden who grew to be such a cruel queen. From this little rosemary bush the custom spread until now no English Christmas is complete without the Christmas-tree.

In Germany the children believe that the glittering tree, with its bright baubles, is the gift of the Christ-child—Criss Kindlein, or Kriss Kringle, who visits the earth on Christmas eve and drops down the chimneys gifts for the good and obedient.

St. Nicholas is the patron saint of Russia, and it is interesting to note that this jolly personage was not legendary, but was a real man and lived about 300 A.D.

This kindly saint's life was so full of good deeds and generous acts that in all civilized countries his name is typical of kindliness and generosity. He is sometimes called 'Pelsnichol,' or St. Nicholas with the fear, because in the far northern region of the imperial Czar, the legend says that Saint Nick, clad in fur from top to toe, flies round the world in a sleigh drawn by fleet-footed reindeer. The custom of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve originated from a kindly deed of this saint, who was Bishop of Asia Minor. A friend of his, a poor nobleman, had three beautiful daughters who were unable to marry advantageously because they had no lands or houses to bring to a husband. Jolly St. Nicholas knew of their sad plight. One Christmas eve the eldest daughter was surprised to have a purse of gold, shaped as a slipper, thrown through the window of her room. The next night a second daughter received a similar gift, and the third night the youngest daughter surprised good St. Nicholas throwing a stocking filled with gold into her window. Thereafter it was the custom for the young people to hang up stockings on St. Nicholas night to receive the gifts supposed to come from good Saint Nick.

When Christianity spread abroad, the infectious spirit of cheer and good will which prevailed in pagan celebrations at the winter solstice survived in our Christian festival. The leaders of the early church, however, sought to infuse into these festivals some Christian significance, and blend together the cherished customs with the story of Christ's nativity.

This they did so successfully that, although the nature of the early festival has been completely transformed by Christianity, we still deck our houses and churches with greens and suspend gifts from heavily-laden Christmas-trees.—'Leslie's Weekly.'

WHERE SANTA CLAUS GETS HIS DOLLS.

In the forests of Saxony, Germany, are thousands of thatched huts in which dwell the makers of the celebrated 'French' dolls. Not many years ago a traveller riding through these noble forests might have seen drying in the sun before the queer houses, thousands upon thousands—whole acres of doll heads. That was in the day of 'composition' heads, but now the doll heads are manufactured of bisque, in the factories in Dresden and other cities, whither the peasant doll-makers trudge each Saturday with big baskets piled full of beautiful new dolls, taking back to their pitifully poor homes the blank heads, wigs, kid for the bodies, hands and feet, and other parts to be used in the next week's work.

The father works daily in the forests and all the rest of the family engage heartily in the work of doll-making; the good wife tints the cheeks, paints the eyebrows, adjusts the wigs and makes the tiny shoes. The boys fasten the jointed limbs together, stuff and cover the body, and get it ready for dressing, while little Gretchen makes the wee stockings and the prim muslin shirt in which the lady dolls cross the great ocean to the shops in the big cities of America, where Santa Claus goes each year to buy his dolls.

All through the rainy reason the father also sits about the fireside working with his family. On Friday night, the faithful frau packs up the dolls in large, shallow baskets, and prepares a lunch of bread and cheese, for the Saturday's journey is long, and Hans may have to carry his basket twenty miles or more before he reaches the village or town where the commission merchant lives who is to buy his wares. Hans is very proud if he is paid at the rate of one mark a day (about twenty-five cents) for his dolls, but if he be paid at the rate of a mark and a half a day (thirty-seven cents) on account of having brought in some especially fine dolls, his heart is light and his hopes so high that he sings all the way home as he carries his basket of 'blanks,' kids and curled hair 'Churchman.'

Advertisements.

PUTS LIFE IN YOU



This is what Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt will do for you. It awakens life, and makes you feel young again. It does wonders in a few applications. It arouses all the dormant energies, develops muscular and nerve life, and restores the feeling of youth, courage and vigor. It makes men over again. It makes perfect men out of the puniest, weakest specimens of 'half men.'

I can take a man who is thin, puny and unnourished in appearance, and pour this electric life into his body every night for a few months, with the proper exercise to draw it into the muscles and tissues, and I can add twenty-five pounds to his weight, double his strength and vitality, and restore him to health and strength, as I have often done. Look at the men who have worn my Belt and you will see men of force, men of power and confidence, men who respect themselves, and who are respected and admired by their fellowmen.

My immense business is due to my knowledge of the effect of electricity upon the ailments treated, and the best way to obtain that effect. I take every case that comes to me as an individual, and direct the application of my Belt to suit the demands of each particular case. When you consider the fact that the electricity I supply is life to the organs into which I sent it, you can see how I get my results. My success comes from my cures. If I did not cure my business would have worn out long ago, as has the business of every other maker of electric belts. A great many schemers and frauds have gone into the electric belt business because they fancied it was an easy way to make money, and have resorted to very questionable methods at times.

I Have a Cure in Every Town. Tell Me Where You Live and I Will Send You the Name of a Man I Have Cured.

An old fellow, a patient of some years previous, came to see me one day and asked to have his belt overhauled, as he wanted to put it on again. I reminded him that he had reported himself cured two or three years ago, and I didn't see the need of the belt now. 'Precaution,' said he. 'I was cured two years ago, strong and sound, but I am 71 years of age, and am not as well able to stand knocking about as I was in my youth, and I wear the belt occasionally, not because of present need, but just so I will have strength to spare in case of demand. If you are riding a bicycle on level ground and see a hill before you, what do you do? Put on more steam, eh? I am getting older every day, and I need more steam. That is why I wear my belt.' The human body is just like an engine. It breaks down when it is overtaxed, and the basis of my treatment is to build it up by supplying the needed energy.

Rheumatism Cured.

Dear Sir,—Three years ago when I got your Belt I was completely used up with rheumatism. I wore it about one month, and was completely, and I believe permanently, cured, as I have had no rheumatism since. My wife has also used the Belt with good effect; in fact, it is the only remedy we use. Yours very truly, **H. C. Armstrong,** Palmerston, Ont.

The Results Are Lasting.

Dear Sir,—I suppose you think it strange of me not writing to you before, but I have heard of belts that did good for a while, and then the patient got worse, so I thought I would wait and see how it did with me. I find that it isn't so. I wore it about a month, and then left it off, and I am now well and feeling well. I will do all I can for you, and will write you again later on. Very truly, **Isaac H. Allan,** Rainham Centre, Ont.

Kidney and Urinary Troubles.

Dear Sir,—It is with great satisfaction that I now notify you that I am cured of my trouble for which I purchased your Electric Belt. I wear it at nights, and it invigorates my system and helps me wonderfully. I have recommended it to different parties in this place, and told them what it has done for me. I most heartily recommend it for kidney and urinary troubles. I remain, sincerely yours, **R. Stead, jr.,** Lanark, Ont.

I don't want your money without giving you value for it. I know it will cure in any case that I undertake. If I can't cure it, I'll tell you so frankly. You have nothing to lose, for if you wish you can use the Belt entirely at my risk, and if it doesn't cure you it will not cost you one cent. The only condition I impose is that you give me security for the Belt while you are using it, as evidence of good faith on your part. You can then use it on the conditions of

NO CURE, NO PAY.

CAUTION.— Don't allow any one to palm off some cheap worthless article on you, which they offer as an electric belt. Their only recommendation is their cheapness, and the only result produced is prejudice, as in the majority of cases they contain no electricity at all. I have made a life study of this work, and know how to apply it to all cases I treat, and you get my advice and assistance free of cost.

FREE BOOK.— If you cannot call, write for my beautiful descriptive book, showing how my Belt is used. It explains how my Belt cures weakness in men and women, and gives prices. Send for it to-day.
Address

DR. M. K. McLAUGHLIN, 214 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

OFFICE HOURS.—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings till 9.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

THE ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS LEAGUE.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—Permit me to ask the attention of your readers to the object, successes and claims of the above-mentioned association. The report contained in your issue of Dec. 12 should be carefully studied by every humanely disposed citizen of our country. Thousands of intelligent people will be astonished to learn that in the words of this league tuberculosis, or consumption, as it is ordinarily termed, is 'communicable, preventable and curable.' 'That Montreal and its adjoining suburbs pay an annual tribute of about a thousand lives; that diphtheria, smallpox, scarlatina, measles, typhoid fever and whooping cough combined do not cause as many deaths as tuberculosis alone.' These are startling facts, and yet in our individual lives what an array of such facts meet us.

Many of our medical men are devoting their fine talents and wide professional knowledge to the struggle now, I may say, only fairly begun to stamp out as far as possible the terrible 'white plague.' They have done much, but their usefulness is limited by the want of financial aid. This reproach—for reproach it is—should no longer be laid at the door of the thrifty citizens of our prosperous country. A mere moiety from every adult would give life to many who are slowly but surely going to an early grave, with no means of extending their lives to their natural limits. What is needed is education regarding the prevention and cure of this awful scourge. Literature on the subject should flood every home. The pulpits and the schools should be incessant in preaching and teaching this gospel of humanity. Science has brought her wonderful aid to lead the way in what we may call 'applied Christianity.' After listening to the admirable reports and the comments on them at the meeting of the league in the Art Gallery, I felt condemned that I had shown so little actual sympathy with the great work carried forward by the efforts of the humane gentlemen who are leading this movement. Frequent public meetings of the league would arouse all philanthropists in this undertaking. The league needs financial and moral aid, and there are plenty of men and women in this city who will gladly respond when the necessities of this claim are presented to them.

The membership fee is only $1, and can be paid to the honorary treasurer, Mr. J. C. Holden, 11 Bleury street, or to any officer of the association.

Are there not five thousand persons in Montreal who will gladly respond and put this movement on a sound financial basis? It has no denominational or ecclesiastical limitations, but spreads its blessings indiscriminately on suffering mortals. I plead in the name of our common humanity. Let us have an earnest response from our whole community and make a Christmas offering for the sufferers. T. G. WILLIAMS.

4104 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

A SUGGESTION IN ASSESSMENT.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.)

Sir,—A few days ago, at Stratford, Ont., Judge Barron, addressing the grand jury, said in part: 'That it was a strange custom which would penalize a man for making improvement to his property. No wonder people were averse to beautifying their homes when the assessor heaped on taxes wherever it was done. While every one could not agree with the whole propaganda of the Single Tax Association, their opinions were certainly gaining ground in the province. To tax the land only seemed to be the adequate remedy for the present condition of affairs.'

It is something like the 'window tax,' of a hundred years ago, and men built houses like dungeons, with as few windows as possible. Now, our assessment laws, while furnishing a municipal revenue, ought, incidentally, to promote rather than depress improvements. But they do depress!

I believe some remedy can be found. How would this work? Let the law be such that the value of all property should be fixed only once in five years; the annual 'assessment' only taking notice of sub-divisions and changes of ownership. Then, a person building, or making improvements on his property, would have, say, four years free of taxation on his improvements; equal to a considerable 'bonus.' And I contend that no municipality ought to give any other or higher 'bonus.' And it would be equally a benefit to all—to the man who put up a nice verandah to his cottage, and to the man who put up a good block of dwelling-houses, as well as to the manufacturer who put up a mill. And the former classes never had any 'bonus.'

This matter was forced upon my attention many years ago. It was in Owen Sound, Ont. Harrison Brothers had a flour mill, which they replaced with a much larger one; probably putting their last dollar into the new structure; and, before they had time to have a dollar of profit out of their new venture (and we had all been praising them for their enterprise, and the 'benefit to the town') they were down in the collector's roll for a hundred and twenty dollars extra taxes! It seemed like 'fining' them for their enterprise. Had it been a new firm coming into town, a 'bonus' probably would have been demanded, and received. I wish I could remember who it was—a member, I think, of the old Canadian Parliament—talking this very matter over with me, suggested what I have briefly sketched this 'quinquennial assessment.'

All moral and social laws should encourage virtue and well-doing, and all economic laws should encourage thrift and progress. Our assessment laws discourage the latter. And, thus condemning themselves, should be amended. The proposed law would give every man who improved his property the encouragement of four or five years free from taxes. And it would be a boon to all alike!

There is one objection; and only one. 'It would,' says somebody, 'make a boom in building every five years; and then would be a stagnation after.' There is nothing in this 'world entirely perfect; but when a town or city is sub-divided into as many (and as small) districts as is thought best, and the five-year period computed differently in the different districts—then the scheme very nearly approaches perfection. I leave the subject for political economists to further elaborate.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

St. Catharines, Ont.

A PARODY ON CIVILIZATION.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—I have been reading a letter printed in a paper, not the 'Witness,' deploring the barbarity of taking a drunken woman to jail in an open waggon. The writer does not go deep enough. This woman had spent some of her money over the bar which helps the saloon-keeper to pay his license, and the city will take the rest of it, or punish her for not having 'the fine.' This will reform her, no doubt, or teach her to carry her liquor like a gentleman. She never comes back, does she?

By all means, take a covered waggon next time, lest you corrupt our sons and daughters by a sight at the naked truth, the entrancing spectacle of the actual effects of the legalized sale of the drug alcohol as a beverage. They may chum with the wealthy distiller, importer or wholesaler (we draw the line at the lower retailer), and be taught to vote for those who insist on a majority of voters on the list, dead, absent and indifferent, to carry a plebiscite, and who, if there were that majority, would trump up any old excuse except that they 'need the money.'

A majority of actual voters was good enough to go into power on, and under false pretences at that. The old 'N. P.' trimmed over and rechristened 'Liberal Revenue Tariff,' reminds one of the fable, only now the lion is in the ass's skin. 'The people like to be humbugged,' and care little for principles while times are good. And the temperance people swallow the bluff and go on damning the retailer, and damming the stream at the mouth instead of insisting that their public servants shut it off at the source. We allow our paid servants to become our masters, such is the power of gall. And by-and-bye the poor woman dies and her children go on helping to pay the licenses with part of their wages, and with the balance to pay the powers that be for not being able to carry their liquor like ladies and gentlemen. And many of those who were ladies and gentlemen when the woman rode in the open waggon will have found that they, too, could not always carry their liquor and have gone down and been counted out.

But the power behind the 'thrown,' the silent partner in the whiskey business, must have the votes and influence of the manufacturers of the stuff we will not have sold to 'our' Indians, of the licensed victuallers, of the saloon-keepers, etc., and—it needs the money.

And who pays? Who pays the kerosene duty, or the tobacco duty, that absurd duty of 50 cents per pound, and so made by the Liberals after eighteen years of free trade preaching? The farmer, the laborer, the 'common people,' the users can tell.

And manufacturers grown wealthy where wages are one dollar per day, donate largely to public schools, in which are text-books to teach children the evils of alcohol and tobacco.

And so of parodies and paradoxes there is no end, and the fools pay the fiddler.

ONE OF THE FOOLS.

CANADIAN BEAUTY LIBELLED.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—An article bearing the above title in to-day's 'Daily Mail,' of London, states that the ladies of Canada are up in arms against certain remarks of an English lady visitor upon their beauty, which are not only unjust but opposed to my own experiences of them. I note also, in the same journal, Mr. Edgar Wallace's letter from Vancouver containing his opinions of them, which, by the time he reaches Victoria and returns to the east, will be more fully confirmed.

When, for the purpose of gaining information for my book, 'Three Thousand Eight Hundred Miles Across Canada,' and also lectures, I traversed the Dominion from ocean to ocean, I critically observed everything and everybody, the fair sex especially, and therefore think it is only right that I should refute the above libel as completely as possible. During the whole of my life the ladies have been my best friends. I know them well and value them highly. In Canada I found them delightful associates everywhere. I perseveringly questioned and cross-examined them with the object of obtaining trustworthy facts about themselves, their relations, and their country, and I shall ever gratefully remember the charming manner in which they so frankly and kindly responded.

Beauty of mind and manner, amiable expression, and a healthy and natural complexion, are always attractive to those who know how to value them, and generous enough not to be jealous of them, and in the ladies of Canada I found all these attributes fully developed. In one very important respect they set us a noble example, through the absence of that chilling reserve which in the British Isles so greatly hinders engagements, by preventing both sexes from knowing each other sufficiently, before taking the first steps towards what may prove a wretched, instead of a gloriously happy marriage.

In the first chapter of my book I showed the difficulty of obtaining correct information about a country when the people are so mentally diversified—pessimistically, optimistically, self-interestedly, generously, ignorantly, ill-naturedly, and so on. While doing this, I sketched amongst other characters, those of two ladies fictitiously named Miss Helen Macgregor, the 'Beam of Light,' and Miss Squirmie, of 'Sour Grapes Cottage,' London, who, during her brief self-blighting stay in the Dominion, hated everything and everybody in it, and at last left it in disgust. As this volume has been highly commended by the press and people of Canada, I hope that my numerous remarks concerning the settlers, as I found them, will be considered not only authoritative but complimentary enough to please even the most exacting of my readers.

Let me only add, that those met during my travels conferred so much happiness upon me that I look forward with delight to the time when I shall see them again in the flesh, and renew our most instructive and charming associations.

J. W. C. HALDANE, C.E.

43 Mulgrave street, Liverpool, England, Dec. 3, 1903.

CHRISTMAS IN YORKSHIRE.

ROBERT COLLYER'S EARLY LIFE.

(From the 'Christian Register.')

I was born on Dec. 8, 1823. My father was born in the same year and on the same day as William of Prussia. My grandfather Robert was a sailor in Nelson's fleet, and my father would tell me how he sat on his shoulder to see the procession when they brought the body of the great admiral up the Thames for burial in St. Paul's Cathedral in London. This sailor man is the earliest ancestor on that side of the house I can lay my hands on. He went to sea again very soon after Nelson's burial and was lost overboard in a storm; and my grandmother died soon after, leaving her family of, I think, five children, who were taken to an asylum in the city of London for shelter and nurture. My mother's father was also a sailor. His port was Yarmouth, but the family lived in Norwich. He was also the earliest ancestor we can find on that side of the house. His name was Thomas Norman, and we take a touch of pride in our 'Norman blood' and imagine we also may have come over with the conqueror. He was also lost at sea, and not long after his family of four children were left orphans and taken to an asylum in Norwich. So we have no family tree to speak of, only this low bush.

Very early in the last century there was an urgent need for children to work in the factories they were building then on all the streams they could find fit for their purpose in the West Riding of Yorkshire. The local supply of 'help' could not begin to meet the demand; and so the owners of the factories went or sent south to scour the asylums where children were to be found in swarms, to bring them north and set them to work as apprentices, who must be duly housed, fed and clothed until the girls were 18 and the boys 21. They must also be taught the three R's and the boys some craft by which they might earn their living when they were free. They found my father with some more in the asylum and carried them north to work in a factory on a stream called the Washburn and in the parish of Fewstan. He told me they gave him the free choice to go or stay, and wanted him to stay; but he said, 'I will go.' And so it was he went out, not knowing whither he went, was bound apprentice, and served his time first at the spinning-frames and then in the forge, for this was his choice of a handicraft.

But here I touch a bit of romance. A few years ago when I was over in England I went on a visit to an old friend in Surrey who said to me one day: 'Here is an invitation from Esquire Wilkes, a good Unitarian, to come and drink tea with him. He is far on in years and lives in a fine old manor house. You will like to see where, as the tradition runs, Queen Elizabeth stayed once over night.' I was glad to go, and had a pleasant visit, and as we sat on the lawn under a grand old tree, chatting of many things, my good host said: 'I have been told, sir, by your friend Mr. Ellis, that you emigrated from Yorkhsire to the United States. My family came south from Yorkshire many years ago, where my father was partner in a linen factory. The firm was Colbeck & Wilkes: the factory was in Fewstan. You may have heard of the place.' 'Yes,' I answered. 'I worked in that factory, sir, seven years in my boyhood. My father was the smith there and worked in the factory, boy and man, 32 years. He was brought down from London and was bound apprentice to your father and Mr. Colbeck, I think it was in 1807.' So there we sat, the sons of the master and apprentice, after 80 years, with a good warm grip of the hands.

I have said my mother was also an orphan in the ancient city of Norwich, where the agents found her and brought her north to work as an apprentice in the same factory and I think in the same year. So the lassie and laddie grew up together, each in their own 'prentice house, to manhood and womanhood. They were of about the same age, and it came to pass in due time that they fell in love with each other and were married by the good parson of the town at his church two miles away. And many a time my mother told us in a gust of glee how they had to walk there and back again through the January snow-drifts which were so high in spots that they were obliged to walk on the top of the stone walls.

I was their first-born. My father was working at the anvil in Keighley through the year after the wedding, so I was born there: but they offered him higher wages to return to the old place. So they would tell me how they carried me in their arms over the moors when I was a month old and went at once to keeping house. And there I find myself when I begin 'to learn the use of I and me' in a cottage of two rooms and an attic, the windows looking right into the sun's eye over the valley and westward to the moors, and before the cottage a bit of greensward with a rose bush in the centre which bears a great wealth of roses (I held one to my face the other Sunday, and the perfume spanned the chasm for me of more than 70 years) and a plum tree that gave me a good deal of trouble in those days because the fruit in the summer never began to make good the promise of the blossom in the spring.

Sir David Brewster brought a crystal to a meeting of savants which held in its substance a landscape taken aeons ago by the sun. The picture was clear while you kept it in the dark, but began to fade exposed to the light. So the picture of my first home is a photograph and steals out sharp and clear through the mystery of remembrance. For now I go indoors where there are three and then four children sitting about a bright open fire. The walls of the living-room seem to be white as snow; and there is a bureau of mahogany that shines like a dim mirror through much polishing with what my mother calls 'elbow-grease' over beeswax and turpentine, and chairs for the company, —but we sit on stools,—and a tall clock which was always too fast for me at bedtime and too slow at meal-times, some pottery of the fine old willow pattern in a rack over the bureau (held sacred for Christmas and the village feast which fell in summer), and pictures Rubens could not have painted to save him. There was also clean linen and soft calico to wear next the body and to sleep in, and once a week —when we were old enough—a good, sound scrubbing in a tub with yellow soap that got into your eyes and a rough harden towel to dry us down. The wise man says in the Bible: 'Who hath red eyes? Who hath contention? Who hath strife?' I can answer truly we had all these on the Saturday night when we were turned into that tub.

My dear good father's wages were about $4.50 a week in our American tenor, and this was the whole income until we were old enough to help earn the living in the factory; but my mother made this income stand good for plenty to eat and drink, two suits of clothes (one for week-days and one for Sundays), housерent, and fire-elding, and whatever we needed besides. And for food we had oatmeal porridge and skim-milk morning and night, with oat cake to fill in; a bit of meat usually for dinner, soup and potatoes, dumplings now and then of a fine staying power, and for a treat:

Stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin
With-whatever it was—spread ever so thin;

white bread always, with a film of butter on Sunday afternoon, and tea of the brand we call cambric. There were variations of course, but this was the rule. And I touch these memories because I believe in that fair sweet linen and the tub, the white purity of fresh lime laid on the walls every year with my mother's own hands, and in the food she gave us lies one momentous reason, if no more, for the verity that we children grew up healthy and strong, living to a good old age; while I myself have never been one day sick in my bed in these fourscore years or so far as I can remember had my breakfast there. We went to Sunday-school twice every Sunday, with no rewards and no picnics; and I really know of nothing in my boyhood outside my good home training which can compare in pure worth to my teaching through seven years in that good orthodox Sunday-school. Or when I ask how it has come to pass that I have 'wagged my pow in a poopit' in some sort these 55 years, and through 44 years in the churches of our faith, my home training, I say. For my father and mother made no 'profession' of religion, but they held our home so sacred that I cannot remember one profane word passing their lips or ours; while the instinct lay so deep in my own nature that, when I became a preacher and might make them 'tell' in a sermon, I still shrink from the words the 'devil,' 'hell' and 'damnation.'

Our birthright lay in the old parish church where my father and mother were married, and the children were all baptized by our good parson Ramshaw; but we only went there at Easter and Whitsuntide. The rest of the year we went to the small dissenting chapel on the hill. The great holiday and festival in our home was Christmas, when we held a very carnival of good cheer.

It is true that as the festival drew near fear was not seldom blended with hope for us. We were never well-to-do, there were so many of us and our income was so small. So I can still see my mother sitting by the fire with a far-away look in her good grey eyes as we would talk about the coming festival, and can still hear her saying, 'I fear we shall have no Christmas this year, "childer," things are so dear.' And then life would seem to us not worth living. Still this was always, I think, a false alarm. The wolf never came so near the door as to devour our Christmas. The brave eyes would brighten and the able head begin to plan. There would be a bit of malt from the malster. This was the first move. Then the yule-cakes and the loaf would be made. How good they do smell still in the baking! And the cheese would be bought—a small one, but always a whole cheese—a bit of beef for the roast. We never attained to the splendor of a goose and the things for the plum pudding, but we never stoned the raisins.

Meanwhile up the stream at Thurscross—Thor's cross—the singers and the players on divers instruments had been busy for weeks preparing the Christmas carols; for they were musical up in the glen and had sung once in an oratorio, so it was said. And on Christmas morning, long before it was day, they would come down through the snow and sing for their first number the fine old hymn:

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around.

(My old eyes grow dim as I listen to the music and the singing after all these years.) And we would rise in haste. The yule-log would be turned, the great candles lighted, the small barrel tapped, the yule-loaf and cheese set out. Largess would be given, with good wishes all round, and the invitation to come again when Christmas came round. And along through the day the poor creatures would come with their carols—God's poor. I have heard brave music and singing in all these years, the best there is; but as I sit here and listen to two of these I think I have never heard any singing besides so near the heart. It was the gift of God to his poor and was saved for Christmas. It was seldom you heard them at other times, but then it seemed as if they had listened to the angels. They knew nothing of music, but the charm was in the heart and they sang. They were very old carols, never rising as I hear them now so far away above some minor key. And this once in the year, if never again, they did eat and were satisfied as they went from house to house and closed their carols always with the same old strain:

God bless the master of this house,
The misteriss also,
And all the little childeren,
That round the table go.

The Christmas tides in my early life were all in the homes. There were no festivals in the churches, no gifts from the altar, no doles for us from dead hands, and no sermons save when the day fell on Sunday. It was just Christmas, but so full of joy for young and old, so warm from the yule-fires and so fragrant with good cheer, that I wonder whether we have not lost track of something even in the great and generous bounty we pour out now—something of the Home Christmas.



Tuesday, Dec. 22, 1903.

PROBLEM NO. 793.

(By G. Heathcote, in 'Football Field.')

Black—11 pieces.



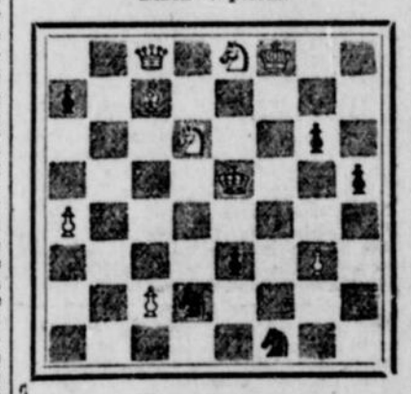
Wihte—7 pieces.

White to play and mate in TWO moves.

PROBLEM NO. 794.

(By M. Feigl, first prize in 'Leisure Hour.')

Black—7 pieces.



White—8 pieces.

White to play and mate in THREE moves.

Solutions same time as those for special set.

SOLUTIONS AND COMMENTS.

No. 787. Pinhey. Two moves. Key: Q—R 2.

Correct from Pawn, George Patterson, Tyro, Mrs. F. J. Pentelow, St. Leon Water Chess Club (also 783. 785).

No. 788. Reverberations. Three moves. Key: Q—R.

Correct from Pawn, George Patterson, Mrs. F. J. Pentelow.

Owing to unavoidable causes the special set of problems is held over until next week.

GAME NO. 764.

A FINE 'FRENCH.'

Played in the Pillsbury N. C. C. A. Masters' Tournament, between J. E. Narraway, of Ottawa, and W. P. Shipley, of Philadelphia.

French Defence.

Narraway. White.	Shipley. Black.
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 3
2 P—Q 4	2 P—Q 4
3 Kt—Q 2	3 P—Q B 4
4 P x B P	4 B x P
5 B—Q 3	5 Kt—K B 3
6 Q—K 2	6 Kt—B 3
7 K Kt—B 3	7 Kt—Q Kt 5
8 Castles	8 Kt x B
9 Q x Kt	9 Castles
10 P—K 5	10 Kt—Q 2
11 Kt—Kt 3	11 B—K 2
12 B—B 4	12 P—Q Kt 3
13 K Kt—Q 4	13 B—Kt 2
14 Q R—Q sq	14 R—K sq
15 Q—R 3	15 Kt—B sq
16 B—Q 2	16 P—K B 4
17 P—K Kt 4	17 P x P
18 Q x P	18 Q—Q 2
19 P—K B 4	19 B—Q B 4
20 P—K R 4	20 P—Q R 4
21 B—B 3	21 P—R 5
22 Kt—Q 2	22 Kt—Kt 3
23 Kt—B 3	23 Kt—K 2
24 K—R 2	24 Kt—B 4
25 Kt x Kt	25 P x Kt
26 Q—Kt 3	26 Q—K B 2
27 B—Q 4	27 R—R 2
28 R—K Kt sq	28 B—B 3
29 Q—B 2	29 Q—B sq
30 R—Kt 3	30 R—K 3
31 P—Q R 3	31 R—K R 3
32 K—R 3	32 R—Kt 2
33 R—Q 3	33 B—K 2
34 R—B 3	34 B—Q sq
35 Kt—Kt 5	35 Q—K sq
36 Q—K 2	36 B x Kt
37 R x B	37 R—Kt 3
38 R x R	38 Q x R
39 P—K 6	39 Resigns.

If 39.., B—K sq; 40, R—K Kt 3, Q—R 4; 41, P—R 5, Q—Kt 5 ch; 42, Q x Q, P x Q ch; 43, R—Kt 3 dis. ch, Q—K 4; 44, B x Q mate.

If 40.., Q—R 3; 41, P—K 7, P—Kt 3; 42, Q—K 6 ch, B—B 2; 43, P queens mate.

If 39.., B—Kt 4; 40, R—B 8 ch, B—K sq; 41, P—R 5, Q—Kt 5 ch; 42, Q x Q, P x Q ch; 43, K x P, R—K 2; 44, P—B 5, P—Kt 3; 45, B x P, P x R P ch; 46, K—Kt 5, R—Kt 2 ch; 47, K—B 6, etc.

If 39.., Q—K sq; 40, Q—K 5, R—K 2; 41, R—K Kt 3, Q—B sq; 42, B x P, etc.

GAME NO. 765.

The following interesting game was recently played at Moscow, M. Tchigorin playing against three strong amateurs consulting:—

('Max Lange' Attack.)

White. Tchigorin.	Black. Allies.
1 P—K 4	1 P—K 4
2 Kt—K B 3	2 Kt—Q B 3
3 B—B 4	3 Kt—B 3
4 P—Q 4	4 P x P
5 Castles.	5 B—K 2 (a)
6 Kt x P	6 Kt x P
7 Kt—B 5	7 P—Q 4 (b)
8 Kt x P ch	8 K—B sq
9 B—R 6	9 K—Kt sq
10 B x P	10 Kt—B 3
11 Kt—B 3 (c)	11 Kt—K Kt 5 (l (d
12 Q—Q 2	12 Kt x B
13 Q x Kt	13 B—Kt 4
14 Q—R 4	14 K x Kt
15 Q—R Q sq (e)	15 Q—K 2
16 Kt—K 4	16 P—K R 3
17 K R—K sq	17 Kt—K 4 (g)
18 P—K R 3	18 B—B 4
19 Kt—Kt 3	19 B—Kt 3
20 Q—K 2 (h)	20 K R—K sq
21 B x Kt P	21 Q R—Q sq
22 R x R	22 Q x R
23 R—Q sq	23 Q—K 2
24 B—Q 5	24 P—Q B 3
25 B—Kt 3	25 P—K B 4
26 P—Q B 3	26 P—B 5
27 Kt—K 4	27 P—B 6
28 P x P	28 B—R 4
29 Kt x B	29 Kt x P ch !
30 Q x Kt (j)	30 Q x Kt ch
31 Q—Kt 3	31 B x R (j)
Resigns.	

(a) Evading the well-known and very difficult 'Max Lange' attack. With the best play, however, White ought to obtain an advantage in position, as the result of this move.

(b) If castles, White wins by 8 Q—Kt 4.

(c) Seems the natural continuation, but a mistake probably. Better is 11. B—B 3, and if then Q x Q, 12. R x Q, B—B sq; 13. B x Kt, P x B; 14. R—Q 8, etc. Or, 11, B—B 3, Q x Q, 12. R x Q, Kt—K 4; 13. R—K sq, B Q 3 (if Kt x B ch, 14. P x Kt, B—B sq; 15. Kt—K 8); 14. B—Q sq, B K—Kt 5; 15, B x B, Kt (K 4) x B; 16. Kt—B 5, B x P ch; 17, K—R sq, B Q 3; 18. B—K 3, etc.

(d) This move wins a piece ultimately.

(e) Perhaps this is stronger than Q x B P ch, but we confess to being unable to divine the point.

(f) And may be, this is better than 17. P K—B 4, followed by R—Q 3, but we fail to see why.

(g) An excellent move, threatening B—Kt 5.

(h) White's attack has completely failed, and all Black has to do now is to 'go in and win.'

(i) There was, of course, nothing better.

(j) Remaining with a Rook ahead, and a simple position. The game was ably conducted by the amateurs, MM. Bojarkoff, Bontchiroff and Pawloff.—Hereford 'Times.'

GAME NO. 766.

Played in the Russian Masters' Tournament at Kiev, between Messrs. Tchigorin and Schiffers.

Irregular Defence.

White. E. Schiffers.	Black. M. Tchigorin.
1 P—K 4	1 P—K Kt 3 (a
2 P—Q 4	2 B—Kt 2
3 B—K 3 (b)	3 P—Q 3
4 B—Q 3	4 K—Kt B 3
5 P—K R !	5 Q—Kt Q 2
6 Kt—K 2	6 P—K 4
7 P—Q B 3	7 Q—K 4 !
8 Kt—Q 2	8 Castles
9 Q—B 2	9 R—K sq
10 Castles (Q R (c)	10 P—Q 4 !
11 P—B 3	11 K P x P
12 B P x P	12 P x P
13 P x P	13 Kt—Q 4
14 P x Kt	14 Q x B
15 K—Kt sq	15 Kt—Kt 3 (d)
16 Kt—Q B 4	16 Kt x Kt
17 Q x Kt	17 P—Q B 3 ! (e)
18 P x P	18 P x P
19 Q x Q B P	19 R—Kt sq
20 Q—B sq	20 Q—B 7
21 K R—B sq	21 Q x Kt P
22 R x P (f)	22 K x R
23 Q—B 7 ch	23 B—Q 2
24 B—B 4 ch (g)	24 K—K 2
25 R—K sq	25 Q—K 5 ch
26 K—R sq	26 B x P
27 B—Kt 3	27 Q—K 4
28 Q—B 4 (h)	28 B x P ch
29 K—Kt sq	29 B— B4 ch
30 B—B 2	30 B—B 3 6 (dis. ch
Resigns.	

(a) Tchigorin in a brand new role?

(b) Better is 3. P—Q B 3, or, perhaps, P—K B 4.

(c) Always dangerous in positions of this kind. The adverse B on K—Kt 2, generally finds his way into an attack on the King in a most unexpected manner, and often with surprising force.

(d) If B x Q P, then 16. Kt—Q B 4, Q—B 7; 17. R—K B sq, Q—R 5; 18. R—B 4, etc.

(e) Black can well afford a pawn, for the privilege of obtaining the open Kt file for his Q R.

(f) An unsound combination.

(g) There was now nothing better than Q x B, ch.

(h) White might just as well have resigned at this point, his game being absolutely hopeless.—Hereford 'Times.'

SPEAKING WITHOUT A TONGUE.

The power of speech can be retained after a complete, as well as after partial, removal of the tongue. W. H. A. Jacobson, writing in the 'Practitioner,' cites one of his own cases. A former army surgeon had his entire tongue removed, and some few months after the operation he was able to speak so distinctly as to give an interesting account of one of the most striking episodes of the Indian Mutiny. He had been one of the surgeons in the force with which Sir Colin Campebell relieved the garrison of Lucknow.

Advertisements.

Are You

Ruptured?

YOU CAN BE CURED AND LOSE NO TIME FROM WORK—NO OPERATION, PAIN OR DANGER.



MR. WM. LaROCHE, Gros Pin, Dorchester Bridge, Quebec, Q., whose picture herewith appears, is cured of a rupture of 21 years' standing, while about his daily work. A FREE BOOK telling how it is done and a **Free Trial Treatment** sent to all ruptured who write to-day. Strictly confidential. DR. W. S. RICE, 2 Queen St. East, Dept. 651 Toronto, Ont.

BRITAIN'S OLDEST COLONY

Rumored That Negotiations for Entry Into Confederation Have Been Re-Opened.

EFFORT ALSO BEING MADE TO PURCHASE GREENLAND FROM THE DANISH GOVERNMENT.

Ottawa, Dec. 21.—It is understood that negotiations have been reopened between Canada and the Newfoundland Government regarding the entry of Britain's oldest colony into the Canadian Confederation and that the Dominion also is desirous of securing Greenland from the Danish authorities. There is no official statement forthcoming yet in this connection, but naturally the government would not feel like taking the public into its confidence until the bargain was practically concluded. But if the arrangement goes through it will give Britain command of this continent and its adjacent islands from the 49th parallel north to the Pole with the single exception of Alaska. The decision of the Alaska boundary tribunal has spurred Canadians up to a determination that not another inch of Canadian territory shall be sacrificed by a failure on our part to assert and to uphold our rights. With that determination in mind our government already has an expedition in the Hudson's Bay region asserting British authority. Doubtless they feel that Newfoundland and Greenland would ideally round off the confederation of British North America. Newfoundland might have been ours ten years ago but for a difference of opinion between Sir Mackenzie Bowell and the Island authorities over the assumption by the Dominion of the Newfoundland public debt. The French shore question is still in an unsettled state but with Canadian influence behind her it ought to be possible to achieve a solution of that vexatious issue. Greenland possibly is not worth so much to us as Newfoundland would be, but the majority of our people would rather spend a little money than face the possibility of the island passing into the possession of the United States. Greenland itself is almost a continent in area and besides no man in Canada can pretend to say what resources it may not contain.

London, Dec. 21.—Lord Strathcona, interviewed, said the announcement that Canada would purchase Greenland is premature; that it was intended to purchase, and was not within the range of practical politics at present.

CANADIAN COMMANDERSHIP

LONDON PRESS ON PROPOSAL TO MAKE HIM A COLONIAL.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London, Dec. 19.—The 'Saturday Review' regards as retrograde steps the giving of the command of the Canadian militia to a colonial officer. The Imperial officers who filled the position have found the post well nigh untenable through the obstructions of Canadian officers influenced by local pressure devoid of solid military training. Matters, it says, will go from bad to worse, which, in view of the vastly important work the Canadian forces may have to do, is much to be regretted.

The 'Army and Navy Gazette,' commenting on the command of the militia, says Canada has set the example which might be tried by the home authorities just now with every prospect of success.

THE FAR EAST

Russia to be Asked to Reconsider Her Reply to the Demands of Japan

Paris, Dec. 21.—A despatch from Tokio to-day says that Japan has not yet answered Russia's first proposition. The officials say this shows that the alarmist reports of the English war correspondents saying Japan had answered in the negative, are incorrect; and that Japan continues to seek means for meeting Russia's overtures.

On the other hand, another Tokio despatch sets forth the agitated state of Japanese public sentiment and the intense feeling against Russia, and foreshadows the possible despatch of Japanese troops to Corea; but, it is added, if this is done, it will be with the assent of Russia, which will relieve the expedition of having the significance of a war move against Russia.

The official advices from St. Petersburg continue to have a hopeful tone, and with advices from Tokio of the same tenor the authorities here assert they have good reason to believe that the situation, although serious, has not reached a point where a war crisis is imminent.

London, Dec. 21.—Business on the Stock Exchange to-dap opened flat on the eastern situation. Japan fell half a point, Consols went down three-eights and Russian stocks declined half a point.

THE 'TIMES' ON THE SITUATION.

London, Dec. 21.—In an editorial the 'Times' says it fears the situation in the Far East is not improving, but says that so long as negotiations are formally broken off there is hope for a peaceful settlement. 'The Japanese,' says the 'Times,' have made up their minds not to be satisfied with words. Doubtless they are ready to come to a compromise on certain points, but they are quietly resolved that whatever they insist upon as a minimum, compatible with the interests of the country, must be secured to them by something more tangible than promises. A compromise ought not to be impossible, but it must be an honest compromise, and not a mere device for securing all the advantages on one side.'

London, Dec. 18.—The tenor of all the press news from the Far East is that the situation has become worse owing to the disappointing and unaccountable terms of Russia's belated reply to the Japanese demands, made in June. There is, however, apparently no need to assume that the negotiations have reached a hopeless stage, although the position is described as grave. The concensus of opinion among the correspondents is that Wednesday's conference decided to recommend that the Emperor renew the attempt to reach a friendly settlement, at the same time such an attempt does not seem to imply an intention on the part of Japan to recede from the original demands, which, it is stated, Russia will be asked to reconsider. It is understood that the elder statesmen have been summoned to confer with the Emperor to-day.

Tokio, Dec. 17.—The conference between the members of the ministry the elder statesmen and other prominent Japanese lasted three hours. Nothing has been officially announced concerning the proceedings, but even the most conservative opinion is convinced that the conferees did not accept the Russian reply to the Japanese proposals, and it is stated that they resolved to ask Russia to reconsider her answer. The press is dissatisfied with the prospect of a renewal of negotiations. It insists that the time for negotiations has now passed, and that the time for action has come.

TROOPS FOR COREA.

A cablegram from Tokio says the despatch of troops to Corea is imminent and that the elder statesmen have been summoned to meet the Emperor to-day.

The Shanghai correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph' says that, according to the local mandarins, the Pekin Government has again warned the provincial authorities to prepare for immediate hostilities, owing to the offensive action taken by Russia and her allies regarding Far Eastern Affairs.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 18.—The opinion here is that the Russo-Japanese negotiations will proceed. It is pointed out that there is no reason why Japan, if not satisfied with Russia's reply, should break off the negotiations, as the reply is in no sense an ultimatum, leaving the way open for counter proposals. It is suggested as an expedient, in case no agreement can be reached, that an arrangement might be made to maintain the present status for a number of years.

A special despatch from St. Petersburg says:—Optimistic anticipations of a pacific solution of the Russo-Japanese crisis are still entertained in the leading Russian official circles, in spite of some disquietude on the part of the public and alarmist press reports.

FIRE IN WOMAN'S COLLEGE

SEVEN STUDENTS DEAD AND SEVENTEEN INJURED.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 19.—Seven are dead and seventeen seriously injured as the result of a fire that broke out last night in the woman's dormitory of the Waldean University. The dead are: Stella Addison, Fort Gibson; Miss O. Adele Christian, Greensboro, Ala.; Sallin Dade, Hattiesburg; Miss Mattie Lee Moore, Huntsville, Ala.; Lulu A. Terry, McMinnville, Tenn.; Nannie C. Johnson, Mattiesburg, Miss. Cora Bryant, of Cleveland, Miss., who was ill in bed on the fourth floor, is missing. It is supposed she perished, as all efforts to find her have been ineffectual.

President Hamilton was the first member of the faculty of the university, which is an institution for the education of colored people, to be apprised of the fire. He heard the screams of the women and from his house across the street saw the flames bursting from the eastern end of the building. Dr. Hamilton hastened to force an entrance into the building, but when he reached the door the frightened inmates had begun to jump from the windows. Several of them were killed in jumping or were crushed to death by those who followed.

The dormitory was a four-story building of brick, and the only means of exit was down the main stairway which was cut off shortly after the fire broke out, and the inmates rushed panic-stricken through the smoke and heat, seeking an avenue of escape. Baffled in this they sought the windows. Most of the women had retired and had only time to escape in their night clothes.

MAX NORDAU SHOT AT

ZIONIST LEADER HAS NARROW ESCAPE.

Paris, Dec. 20.—About midnight last night a miserably-clad man fired two shots from a revolver at Max Nordau, vice-president of the Congress of Zionists, at a Zionist ball at the Salle Charras. One of the shots grazed Nordau, while the second wounded a guest named Assowedski. The man who fired the shot was immediately arrested. He said he was a Russian, that his name was Chain Selik Louban, that he was 23 years old, a revolutionist, and had been chosen by lot to shoot Nordau.

It has been learned that Louban is one of the Zionists who insisted on the acquisition of Palestine, and that he and his co-conspirators at Berne were antagonistic to the plan advocated by M. Nordau and others, to establish the new Zion in Africa.

M. Nordau was standing at a window in the ballroom talking to a friend when he was shot, and owes his life to a man who, noticing Louban point the revolver, prevented him from taking accurate aim.

Louban also said that the revolutionary congress which had chosen him to kill M. Nordau, and which was made up of Nordau's political adversaries, was held in Berne.

OPENED FREE OF DEBT.

Brantford, Ont., Dec. 15.—The newly-erected Methodist Church in Eagle Place was formally opened on Sunday. Six thousand dollars was raised at the opening, which wiped off the entire indebtedness.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER BETTER.

Tanderagee, Ireland, Dec. 17.—The Duke of Manchester has arrived here. He has fully recovered from his recent indisposition.

SPAIN WILL NOT PARTICIPATE.

Madrid, Dec. 15.—The Spanish Cabinet decided to-day that owing to the lack for the preliminary preparations, Spain will not take part in the St. Louis Exhibition.

FRENCH RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Paris, Dec. 20.—The text of the bill of Mr. Coombes, Premier, for the suppression of teaching by the religious orders and which was communicated to the council of ministers on Dec. 15, is published this morning. The introductory clause dwells on the insufficiency of teaching in religious schools and also the dangerous tendencies inculcated, adding that on this point there is no difference between authorized and unauthorized congregations. The bill provides that teaching congregations may be legally dissolved by mere notification to them to close their schools. Should they refuse to obey such notice their property is to be sequestrated. In the case of the teaching congregations, which also conduct hospitals for the indigent the property connected with the schools will not be confiscated, but must be used only in connection with the hospitals. As His Majesty left the hall there was a remarkable outburst of cheering.

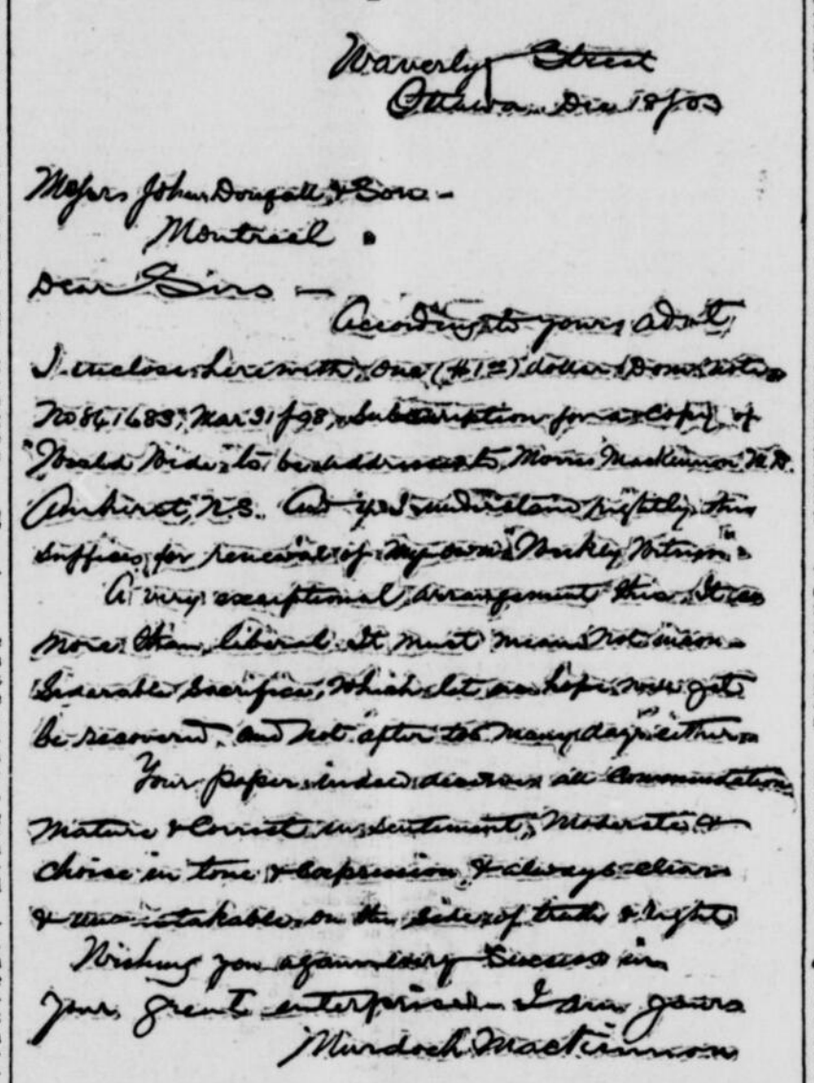
MACEDONIAN REFORMS

NEW REVOLUTIONARY UPRISING IN THE SPRING PREDICTED.

Vienna, Dec. 21.—It is semi-officially announced that M. Demerik, consul-general of Russia at Beirut, and Herr von Mueller, of the Austrian Foreign Office, who were recently appointed civil assessors to supervise the carrying out of the reform schemes of the powers in Macedonia, will proceed to Constantinople before the end of December to receive instructions, and that from there they will go to Monastir.

Rome, Dec. 21.—Advices received at the Vatican from Macedonia, say that it is not believed that Turkey or the powers are capable of carrying out reforms, and that therefore, in the spring, when the Emperor said the German Legion saved the English at Waterloo. The papers protest against the claim.

A Sample Letter.



Many others are writing, and a multitude more are acting in the same way. The more the better. Indeed, the loss to us would be heavy if our offer was not being generally taken up so as to widely extend the circulation throughout the Dominion. And even then it is only the renewals a year hence that we are counting on to repay us for our present sacrifice, for, indeed, Mr. Murdock uses the word correctly in the sense that a farmer sacrifices good wheat when he throws it over the soil. But if the soil is good he will reap in due season.

The offer of which Mr. Murdoch took advantage was our 'December Offer' occupying the front cover of the 'Weekly Witness' of December 8 and 15, which please refer to.

In a word the offer was as follows:—

Any subscriber to the 'Witness' sending us one dollar for one new subscription is entitled:—

To have his own subscription extended for one year, free of charge,

Or to receive 'World Wide' for one year, free,

Or to send 'World Wide' to a friend for one year free.

In any event the names of those concerned must be new to our subscription list with the single exception of the 'Weekly Witness' subscriber himself. But, please refer to the offer in either of the last two issues, where it was more particularly and plainly stated.

PRUSSIANS AT WATERLOO

CLAIM BY THE EMPEROR WILLIAM CAUSES RESENTMENT IN LONDON.

Hanover, Germany, Dec. 20.—The centennial anniversary of the formation of the Hanoverian regiments was celebrated here by a banquet last night, the Emperor William replying to a toast, and speaking loudly and distinctly, proposing 'the health of the German Legion—in memory of its incomparable deeds, which, in conjunction with Blucher and the Prussians, rescued the English army from destruction at Waterloo. To the past of 1866, when, brave and undaunted, the untarnished shield of Hanoverian honor was held high and bright. To the past of 1870, to the hero of Beaune la Rolande, who, alas, is no longer among us. To the present, which is here assembled, and which I here greet, and to the future, which I hope may be as brilliant, pure and beautiful as the past. The German Legion and its traditions.'

AN ENGLISH PROTEST.

London, Dec. 21.—Considerable resentment in the English press is shown over the reference to Waterloo made by the Emperor William on Saturday at a banquet at Hanover in honor of the anniversary of the Hanoverian regiments, a new revolutionary uprising is likely to be followed by war, Bulgaria being incapable of longer restraining the feelings of her people.

WITHOUT FOOD OR FIRE

TERRIBLE SUFFERING IN THE CITY CAUSED BY DRINK.

A poor woman and three children, without food or fire all day on Thursday, was the distressing circumstance brought to the notice of Staff-Captain Ellery, matron of the Industrial Home, 243 St. Antoine street. After suffering as long as her mother heart could bear it, the poor woman made her privation known to a neighbor, who took them in and fed and warmed the perishing little ones. It was suggested that the Salvation Army Home might be able to care for the children, and they were taken there. The matron fed and bathed them, and found them poorly clad and without any change of garments. On inquiry she was informed that the father was drinking and had pawned everything in the house that he could turn into money for liquor.

THE ALEXANDRETTA AFFAIR

AMERICAN CONSUL TO RETURN ABOARD A WARSHIP.

Washington, D.C., Dec. 17.—Shekib Bey, the Turkish minister to Washington, to-day conferred with the acting secretary of state, Mr. Loomis, respecting the Alexandretta affair. The minister presented a statement to show that Mr. Davis, the American consul at Alexandretta, was the aggressor in the affray. This fails to agree with reports of the United States agents, and the programme to have Mr. Davis return to Alexandretta on a warship, and there look for reparation, will be carried out.

CANADIAN GARRISONS

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—As regards the suggestion that Canada should assist the Imperial authorities to the extent of assuming the defence of Halifax and Esquimalt your correspondent is assured that the Imperial authorities will not agree to the proposal. Canada made the offer at the imperial conference last year but in view of the North Atlantic and North Pacific squadrons respectively depending on the security of Halifax and Esquimalt the British ministers answered that they would prefer to keep the direction of these garrisons in their own hands.

POLITICAL OUTLOOK

PRINTING OF THE VOTERS' LISTS BEING RUSHED AT OTTAWA.

There is no end of a rush at the Printing Bureau these days in the turning out of the voters' lists. As fast as received from the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery they are turned over to the compositors, and as fast as twenty-five linotype machines can set them up the lists are being run off and shipped without delay to the several constituencies. So great has been the rush that composition has been practically suspended in everything else. Work has been stopped on the Auditor-General's report. It is estimated that, at the present rate of progress, the lists can easily be ready for an election in the middle of February.

QU'APPELLE NOMINATION.

Mr. R. S. Lake, of Grenfell, N.W.T., was nominated last week by the Conservatives as a candidate for the Commons for the new constituency of Qu'Appelle.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL CHOSEN.

The Centre York Liberal convention has nominated Archibald Campbell, M.P. for West York, for the new constituency.

CRITICISES MR. BLAIR.

The St. John 'Globe' (Senator Ellis's paper) objects to Mr. Blair as the Liberal candidate for St. John, giving as its reason that the former Minister of Railways, by deserting the government as he did on a question of the most vital importance to the country, placed himself beyond the pale and protecting influence of the Liberal party.

WRIGHT COUNTY.

Mr. L. N. Champagne, M.P., announced in Ottawa last Tuesday that he would not contest Wright county again. This lends color to the belief that he will be favored with a judgeship before long. Amongst those mentioned as the possible French candidates are Mayor Gendron, ex-Mayor Barrette, Dr. Pelletier and Mr. Desjardins, notary. Mr. E. B. Devlin is in the field as a Liberal.

CALLAGHAN SENT TO JAIL.

Toronto, Dec. 17. — W. H. Callaghan was arrested on a bench warrant and sentenced to sixty days in jail today. He was convicted on Saturday on the charge of embezzling the price of a Crossin piano. Feeling runs high over the exclusion of Conservatives from the jury box. Callaghan had been out on personal bail, and since Saturday on a $200 bond. He was arrested the day after making an affidavit charging the Hon. J. R. Stratton with being one of the purchasers of Gamey's stock in the Crossin factory.

GASPE NOMINATIONS.

At a convention held on Thursday, Mr. Jos. Lafontaine, farmer of St. Bartholemi, was chosen Liberal candidate for the county of Berthier.

MR. LEMIEUX AGAIN CHOSEN.

A despatch from Barachois, announces that Mr. Rudolph Lemieux has again been chosen Liberal candidate for the county of Gaspe.

MR. MARION FOR MONTCALM.

A very influential Conservative convention took place on Thursday for the county of Montcalm, Mr. J. E. E. Marion, notary, of St. Jacques l'Achigan, being unanimously chosen as the party standard-bearer.

EAST LAMBTON.

A Liberal convention for the east riding of Lambton was held on Thursday. Seventeen persons were nominated, but all retired with the exception of Ald. Duncan and Charles Jenkins. Mr. Jenkins was declared the nominee of the convention on the first ballot. Addresses were given by Mr. W. S. Calvert, M.P., H. J. Petypiece, M.P.P., and F. F. Pardee, of Sarnia.

WEST ALGOMA.

At the Conservative convention, held on Friday at Desbarats, Ont., Mr. A. C. Boyce, barrister, of Sault Ste. Marie, was nominated to represent that party for West Algoma at the Dominion elections.

Mr. R. L. Borden addressed a meeting at Digby, N.S., on Wednesday evening. He spoke for an hour and a half on the issues before the country, and was listened to with attention. With him on the platform were Mr. J. C. O'Mullin, of Halifax; Mr. J. A. Grierson, Conservative standard-bearer for Digby, and Dr. Jones, president of the county association, all of whom spoke with effect. A complimentary address from the Conservative Association, read by Mr. Robert G. Monroe, was presented to the Opposition leader, who made a graceful and witty reply.

SOUTH OXFORD.

Mr. James Clendenning, one of the most widely known farmers in South Oxford, has been nominated by the Conservatives of the district. Mr. Clendenning has for years been a prominent worker in the interests of the party.

The Conservatives of West Lambton have tendered the unanimous nomination of Mr. James Clancy, M.P., for Bothwell, to contest the riding in the coming elections. Mr. Clancy, in accepting, alluded to the gerrymandering of his old constituency out of existence, and declared that, though the government had the power to do this, they had not the power to prevent the Conservative electors from casting their votes against them in other ridings.

SOUTH YORK.

Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P. for East York, and proprietor of the Toronto 'World,' has been nominated unanimously by the Conservatives of South York. Mr. Maclean's old constituency having been abolished under the redistribution. The vote stood: Mr. Maclean, 100; Ald. Baird, of Toronto Junction, 4; Thomas Humberstone, 20; T. F. Wallace, Woodbridge, 6.

EAST ELGIN.

At a Conservative convention at Aylmer on Saturday, Mr. A. B. Ingram, M.P., was made the unanimous choice for the coming contest. Speeches were made by the nominee and Major Beatty, ex-M.P.; H. B. Ellis, of London, secretary of the Western District Conservative Association; Richard Blain, M.P. for Peel, and T. W. Crothers, of St. Thomas.

RUSSELL CONSERVATIVES.

Ald. John Askwith, of Ottawa, has received the unanimous nomination of the Conservatives of Russell. The Ottawa 'Citizen' congratulates the party in having secured a good man.

NORTH WELLINGTON LIBERALS.

At a convention of the Liberals of North Wellington, held at Arthur, Ont., Mr. Thomas Martin, of Mount Forest, was nominated to contest the riding. Dr. Henry, of Harriston, and Mr. Andrew Temple, ex-M.P., for Centre Wellington, were also nominated, but withdrew.

MR. ROCHE FOR MARQUETTE.

At Winnipeg, on Saturday, Mr. W. J. Roche, M.P. for Marquette, was renominated by the Conservatives.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The services in connection with the seventy-second anniversary of the organization of the First Baptist Church took place on Sunday.

The pastor, the Rev. J. A. Gordon, occupied the pulpit morning and evening. At the morning service he spoke of the majority and minority reports of the spies to the Promised Land and emphasized the fact that though the forces for and against spiritual progress may be estimated from a material standpoint, yet a correct judgment may only be formed when the Divine and unseen forces are considered.

In the evening the speaker emphasized the necessity of both individual and collective effort in connection with the work of God in the world. This was based on the narrative of the building of the walls of Jerusalem by Nehemiah.

In speaking of the history of the Church he stated that since its organization in 1831 two thousand three hundred members had been enrolled; that the First Baptist Church has been the mother of three of the city churches, viz., Olivet, Westmount, and the Tabernacle, and that, in this church and by one of its members, the Montreal Y. M. C. A., the first on this continent, was organized. During the present year thirty-six new members have been enrolled and $9,259.10 contributed. Of this amount, $1,708.56 was devoted to missionary purposes. The church has also made substantial progress toward the extinction of a long standing mortgage.

OUR MAIL BAG.

Detroit, Dec. 16, 1903.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find $1 for renewed subscription to 'World Wide.' I have not received the last number and would like it sent, as of many publications of the kind there is not one I esteem more or miss as much.

Yours truly,
G. W. LLOYD.

The Rev. C. Jost, D.D., of Bridgetown, N.S., says:—Please find enclosed post-office order for $1.50, for renewal of the 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide' to my address. A neighbor of mine, a young lawyer, and I exchange some of our papers. He treasures up the 'World Wide,' and we both esteem it highly.

Star, Alta., Dec. 9, 1903.

Dear Sirs.—Enclosed find one dollar—a year's subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' beginning with New Year, 1904. The 'Witness' has always been the paper of my home, and now that I am away from home I find it indispensable.

I remain, yours truly,
G. E. RICHARDS,
Presbyterian missionary.

Walkerton, Dec. 15, 1903.

Gentlemen,—I have esteemed the 'Witness' very highly as a pure, wholesome, fearless newspaper, always defending the right and opposing the wrong, regardless of creed in religion or politics. I wish you every success in its circulation, for I know of no better paper in the Dominion.

I am yours truly,
D. McLENNAN,
Baptist minister.

Philadelphia, Dec. 18, 1903.

Dear Sirs,—The 'Witness' is the best general paper which reaches us, and I am inclined to think, everything considered, that it is the best general paper in the world.

With kindest regards, yours faithfully,
HENRY W. FROST,
China Inland Mission.

CLUB OFFER.

Subscribers desiring to form clubs for the 'Daily' and 'Weekly Witness,' as in the past, still have the opportunity. The rates for 1904 will be as follows:—

2 Copies 'Daily Witness, one year..$5.00
3 Copies 'Daily Witness, one year.. 7.00
4 Copies 'Daily Witness,' one year.. 8.00
3 Copies 'Weekly Witness,' one year. 2.4
4 Copies 'Weekly Witness,' one year. 3.
10 Copies 'Weekly Witness,' one year 7

These rates will apply to all coun where local postal rates prevail. other countries add $3.50 for posta 'Daily Witness,' and $1.00 for 'W Witness.'

VERDICT FOR THE 'WITNESS.'

(Continued from Page One.)

of the —— Branch of the Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association, Limited.' On investigation it is found that the 'new' book is simply a reprint of the old one, interleaved with blank pages and with a different cover, bearing the last-mentioned title. Patrons pronounce the book a fraud. We would like a statement about the concern from you and to know whether you know anything about two men, one named Bement and another Miller, or Mills, said to be agents. Also please inform us if you have any regular representative in Montreal.'

The first letter the 'Witness' received direct from Mr. Mills was dated Sept. 24, 1902, and was as follows:—

Montreal, Que.

Editor 'Witness':

Sir,—My attention has been drawn, since my arrival home from California, to some damaging statements made in your paper on two different occasions concerning me. I consider the editor of any paper that would allow such to be published in its columns, must be small beyond degree. My solicitors have advised me to bring action against the proprietors of the 'Witness,' which I will do unless you, without delay, apologize and do everything in your power to make right the injury you have done me by publishing the false statements referred to. If you refuse, will you accept service and let case be tried at Hamilton, my home, I wishing the citizens of the city where I have lived all my life, to be able to hear under oath the true facts of the case. Awaiting your reply, I am, yours truly,

J. BIDWELL MILLS.

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

LAST TUESDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The Mills-'Witness' libel case was resumed before His Lordship Mr. Justice Trenholme, and a jury in the court room of the Court of King's Bench last Tuesday morning.

Mr. George S. French, bookbinder, of Hamilton, Ont., was the first witness placed in the box. Witness had known Mr. Mills, the plaintiff in the case, in a business way since 1902. A book printed for Mills was received at the office of witness from the 'Spectator' office, where it was printed, to be bound. It was the book of the Business Men's Union. There were about 3,500 of these books and they were to be bound. Some were to be interleaved. Of the books received 23 had been delivered to Mr. Mills at one time, 50 at another, and 67 at a third time. The rest of the books were still on the premises of the witness. The books had been received a short time before the Hamilton 'Herald' reproduced the article from the 'Witness' and shortly after this re-publication Mr. Mills gave an order not to proceed with the completion of the order. For the work done on the books witness thought that $35 was due to him, but all that had been received was three dollars. Mr. Mills called once or twice and discussed some proposition of a settlement which could not be entertained. Witness had offered to settle for $25, but no settlement had been made. Meantime, he thought it best to keep the books still undelivered, as otherwise he thought it improbable that he would receive the amount due. He had lived in Hamilton all his life except six years, but had had no other dealings with Mills.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greenshields, witness deposed that after reading the 'Witness' article in the Hamilton 'Herald' he was not surprised when Mr. Mills cancelled his order to proceed with the binding of the books. The publication of the article must have had an injurious effect on the business of the plaintiff.

Re-examined, witness remarked that at the time he received the order from Mr. Mills he thought it a very queer thing to interleave an old book and put it in a new cover.

Herbert A. Martin, of Hamilton, printer, had printed 1,500 books for Mr. Mills in 1902. The order was taken on March 5, and the book consisted of lists of debtors. The price contracted for was at so much a page, and the total account amounted to $60. Twenty dollars of this amount had been paid in advance.

'Is that customary?' asked Mr. Montgomery, who was examining the witness.

'No,' replied the witness.

'Why, then, did you depart from your usual custom in this case?'

'I had had previous business with him, and judged that it would be advisable to exact part payment at least in advance.'

Witness proceeded to explain that on March 23 he demanded and obtained from Mills a further payment on account. As there was still an outstanding balance when the work was finished, and the pages sent over to French's to be bound, witness told Mr. French not to deliver the books until he received personal instructions from him, and the books were not delivered until the account had been paid in full.

As to witness's previous business with Mr. Mills, that was in the nineties, and witness had had an outstanding account of a hundred and twenty-six dollars against the plaintiff. The account was rendered repeatedly, but with no result. On April 10, 1900, Mills went to witness's office and asked him to accept ten dollars, settlement in full. The account with interest, at this time, amounted to $30, and witness agreed to halve the amount and accept fifteen dollars. Mills paid him ten dollars in cash and gave him an I. O. U. for five dollars, which was still unpaid, and which witness had in his pocket book.

Mr. Smith, K.C.—This is interesting, as the plaintiff swore most positively that he never gave an I. O. U., but a promissory note.'

Witness produced the missive in question, which was written on a visiting card. It was filed, after being read as follows:

'April 10th, 1900.

'Six months after date, I. O. U. five dollars. J. B. MILLS.'

'Well, is not that a promissory note?' stated Mr. Greenshields.

'I. O. U. had not yet been redeemed,' witness testified, but he had no doubt the amount was collectable by legal process. He had known Mr. Mills in Hamilton for thirty years; in fact, knew him real well.'

Shown exhibit number one, the first article in the 'Witness,' witness said he did not see anything out of the way in the article outside of the word 'shyster,' which he did not understand. From his experience, the article contained a fair statement of his standing in Hamilton.

Witness identified some copy furnished by Mills and filed as an exhibit, some printing in which the names of the Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association and the Business Men's Union appeared together. This matter had been handed to him by Mills, as also some copy in which appeared as a direction the line 'Instead of Merchants Protective & Collecting Association, put manager Business Men's Union.'

It was not the book filed as D. 5, but part of book filed as D. 15 that witness had printed.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greenshields, on the 'Witness' article, witness said that his own experience would not justify him in saying that Mr. Mills 'richly deserves to put in the rest of his days behind prison bars.'

Mr. Greenshields—Do you know that he has done anything to justify the remark that he should spend the rest of his days in the penitentiary?'

Witness—No, I don't know.

This reference was to a quotation from an anonymous letter from London in the 'Witness' article. The counsel for the plaintiff, on Monday had insisted on this letter being produced, read and filed in court. It was consequently read as follows:—

London, Sept. 2, 1902.

Montreal 'Witness.'

I notice in your issue of Aug. 30, 1902, you expose an iniquitous fraud in the shape of a collecting and protective association run by one J. B. Mills, of Hamilton, Ont. I know this man and my dealings with him are such that I have no hesitation in pronouncing him one of the most infernal blacklegs that ever trod this planet. He is an unmitigated liar and thief and in your exposé of him you are doing a public good for which you deserve no small amount of commendation. The fact that these business men on whom he practices his nefarious game do not want the general public to know they have been weak enough to have been duped, just aids him in carrying on his system of wholesale robbery the way he does. I took satisfaction in reading your article in last Saturday's issue, hence these few lines to let you know I appreciate your act. Hit him again, and hit him hard. He richly deserves to put in the rest of his days behind the bars. Yours.

ONE OF THE DUPED.

The next witness was Lieut.-Colonel Hurdman, of Ottawa, who commanded D. Battery, R.C.A., during the South African War. Witness had been in business as a jeweller in Ottawa, his business being at present in course of being wound up. He had been in business connection with Mr. J. Bidwell Mills, plaintiff in the present case between the years 1900 and 1903. He subscribed to the Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association, and gave them some accounts to collect.

The firm never derived any benefit from the subscription, but had been threatened with lawsuits for delaying payment of the fees. To be rid of the whole thing he had paid Mills ten dollars. Mills had seen him in his office about the matter, and he had told him that he considered him a swindler and a fakir. He had arrived at this conclusion after reflecting upon Mills's methods. He claimed that he would and could collect accounts that no one else could, but really collected none, and appeared not to try to collect the accounts. All he wanted was to get money and his whole interest was to secure payment of his fees and costs. He even required subscribers to supply him with stamps to mail accounts to delinquent debtors, and witness doubted whether the stamps were used for the purpose for which they were obtained. Witness expressed himself very bluntly to Mills, but he was a smooth talker, and induced him to give his concern another chance, saying that he had not had a fair show before, as his instructions had not been observed. The witness called for his bookkeeper to hear Mills's instructions and also called in his stenographer to take them down verbatim. This was on July 9, and a list of eighteen accounts was subsequently made out according to instructions and sent to Hamilton. On the instructions of witness three fairly good accounts, he knew to be collectable, were added to see what the Association would do with them. He knew they could be collected, but the Association did not collect one of them.

On Aug. 20 following, a notice was sent by the firm to all of its debtors that as it was going into liquidation, all accounts outstanding on Sept. 1, would be turned over to the lawyers for collection. Two of the three accounts were at once paid, and the third was settled on receipt of the first lawyer's letter.

In September an I. O. U. which was in the till was sent to Mills, but he did not collect it. In fact, he made no reply until several letters demanding a statement had been sent. Then four dollars and a half was received on account of all these accounts.

Witness explained that he had seen Mr. Mills in the ante-room of the court room and Mr. Mills remarked to him: 'Your firm sent us some strong letters, but I hope you won't be hard on me in this case; I hope you will be easy.'

Mr. Greenshields (sarcastically)—And you have been easy.

Lieut.-Col. Hurdman—I told him I should swear to no more than the whole truth.

Cross-examined by Mr. Greenshields, witness remarked that Mills had told him that he could collect accounts that other people could not. The accounts turned over to Mr. Mills were hard ones, but should have been collectable. Some had been collected since, but he could only recall one personally, besides the three he had already mentioned. He would not go as far as to say that Mills should go to penitentiary for the rest of his life. It was not for him to give judgment.

Mr. Binns, examined on the previous day, was recalled. He identified his handwriting on a slip handed him which contained the details of the account against Mr. Rogers, Gananoque, which had been referred to yesterday. Witness said he could not explain the fact, but drew attention to the fact that the heading had apparently been torn from the sheet. Although he identified his handwriting he did not want to amend his evidence, given previously. He could not account for the sheet handed to him, which was dated 1900.

Robert Henry Connolly, merchant tailor of Ottawa, gave evidence somewhat similar to that of Lieut.-Col. Hurdman. He had received no returns from some fifty accounts turned over to Mills, although some half dozen or so had been collected since.

Louis E. Waters, printer and publisher, Montreal, was the next witness. He met Mills in August, 1900, when he went with Mr. Bement to witness's office to have some printing done, and to solicit his subscription for the Business Men's Union. Mills and Bement were together, but Mr. Mills did most of the talking. He spoke of Bement as his representative, and said what he did would be all right. The two men explained that they were going to establish one agency in Montreal, and another in Ottawa.

Witness identified exhibit B 9, a mailing card, bearing the signature 'Mills and Bement,' as being one of the jobs brought in at this time by the two men in question. It was read to the jury. The proof of the work as set up and corrected was also produced and filed. Asked to compare the writing on the proof with some of Mr. Mills's writing, witness said he considered it very similar, if not identical.

Mr. Waters received a copy of the blue book and identified it, the name of the firm being on the copy shown him. The next time he saw a representative of the agency was in June, 1902, when Mr. Hattersley called to put in the book of the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association. Mr. Hattersley produced a contract showing that Messrs. Waters had promised to take the second book for $2. Mr. Waters objected to taking the book until the firm's contra account was settled. Mr. Hattersley left the office after saying that Mr. Mills had an office in the Temple Building. Mr. A. F. Waters afterwards went to see Mr. Mills in his office in the Temple Building, to settle their accounts.

Witness was closely examined as to his dealings with Mr. Mills and his representative. He thought it was wholesale or retail robbery; at least, he thought dishonesty, which resulted in people paying out money and getting nothing in return was akin to robbery, and this kind of business should be stopped, and any one who was trying to victimize the public in this way should be punished. He had consulted with his brother as to what legal action should be taken in the matter, but as a criminal action would be costly and they were not public benefactors, they had decided, after taking some preliminary steps, to leave any action in abeyance. He would not hesitate to support the opinions expressed by the quotations from letters which appeared in the 'Witness' in regard to the methods employed by the Merchants' Protective Association. He did not consider the first book value for the $5 allowed on the printing account, and the balance of that account was still unpaid. Having learned that a number of other merchants had been swindled in the same way he felt justified in saying that the person guilty of the fraud should be punished.

When the court reassembled on Tuesday afternoon, the evidence given by Mr Mills, in his examination for discovery, was read by Mr. W. S. Walker, clerk of the court.

Mr. E. P. Ronayne, shoe dealer, 2027 Notre Dame street, was the first witness called. He had been a member of the Business Men's Union, and recognized Mr. Mills as the man with whom he had done business. He joined in August, 1900, and it was June, 1902, before he heard of the association again. Then Mr. Mills called and offered the second book. Mr. Ronayne objected to taking the book, and Mr. Mills threatened to take action to compel witness to take the second book. It was because of this threat that he paid the two dollars. He gave Mr. Mills some accounts to collect, but never got any returns. He never got any other book. No representative of the union ever called to see him, to report collections, or report new names. He sent some accounts out in self-addressed envelopes to 'The Business Men's Union.' He tried to communicate with that agency, but never could do so. He understood the last book was a new one and up to date. He was positive that it was Mr. Mills who had threatened to sue him on the strength of the contract made with the Business Men's Union.

Mr. A. F. Waters, on being examined, said he first met Mr. Mills in June, 1902. His brother told him a man had been in the office to collect on the contract for the book of the Business Men's Union, and to leave a book of the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Association. He said he thought the man was in the city who had ordered some printing done for the Business Men's Union two years before, and had failed to settle for it. It was Mr. Hattersley who had called at the office of the Messrs. Waters. Mr. Waters went to Mr. Mills's office in the Temple building, where he secured a copy of his contract. Mr. Mills said he proposed to hold the firm to the contract to take the book, but repudiated responsibility for the printing account. Witness stated to the court that it was he who had told Mr. Werry about the collection agencies, and proposed that they should be exposed. Mr. Mills had told witness that Bement was a swindler, had collected all the money he could, had 'done up' several merchants, and had 'skipped' to the United States. He further said he had no idea how Bement had gotten hold of his books. He thought he had obtained them surreptitiously, put his own covers on them, and used them for his own purposes. At the same time, when Mills was asked by witness how he had obtained possession of Bement's contracts, he said Bement had given them to him as security for money advanced him when in need. Mr. Waters referred to another blue book scheme he had had to do with, and it was decided, after consultation, to report the matter to the chief of detectives, Mr. Carpenter. Mr. Waters thought it was not safe to give accounts to be collected to a man who did not pay his own accounts.

Witness, in his cross-examination by Mr. Greenshields, said that instead of being sorry for the trouble caused Mr. Mills, he was proud of the fact that his action had led to the exposure of such a wholesale fraud, Mr. Mills having boasted of a large membership throughout the Dominion, from the Maritime Provinces to the Pacific coast.

Mr. Thomas H. Flett, manager for Messrs. R. G. Dun Company at Montreal, was next placed in the box. There was no report in the company's record as to the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Agency, Limited. If the concern had been a large one there would probably be some sort of a report. If a report had been asked for it would certainly have been made.

Mr. Smith, K.C., next showed to Mr. Flett some of the books of the association as filed in the court, and asked Mr. Flett to give his opinion, as an expert, as to the value of lists as contained therein. Was a list of debtors two years old of any practical use whatever?

Witness replied that for any practical use the lists should be revised every six months. Otherwise they would be quite useless and misleading. Lists two years old would be no good.

Witness in answer to questions explained that R. G. Dun & Company publish commercial lists, republishing them every six months, and revising them every three months. In the Dominion of Canada there are 95,000 commercial names, and there are from 20,000 to 27,000 changes every six months.

Cross-examined by Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields, K.C., witness testified that the lists would be more useful if they were revised every month, but that would be a physical impossibility.

'And they would be even more valuable if they were revised every day?'

'Yes, and even more so if they could be revised every hour.'

Mr. R. Charlebois, the well-known Notre Dame street tailor, was next examined. He had been in business in Montreal for twenty-two years, and had subscribed to the Business Men's Union in 1900. He made a contract, and a couple of years later Mr. Mills, the plaintiff, called upon him to issue another book. Mr. Mills remarked that the book had been enlarged and some names added. Witness paid two dollars for the new book. He was not quite clear as to the conversation which took place between himself and Mills, but he surely represented that the book had been enlarged.

'Would you have paid your money if you knew that this second book was exactly the same book interleaved with blank pages and bound in a new cover?'

'Certainly not.'

'Have you kept the new book left by Mr. Mills?'

'No; when I found I had been deceived I threw it into the waste paper basket.'

Cross-examined by Mr. Greenshields, witness stated that the conversation between himself and Mills did not last more than five minutes. He could not swear positively that Mills stated specifically that more names had been added to the book, but he certainly led him to infer that much. He certainly understood that the enlargement of the book consisted of something more than the insertion of blank pages.

The court questioned Mr. Charlebois to ascertain if Mills had the old contract of the Business Men's Union with him or if he mentioned that Mr. Charlebois was asked to take the new book under the contract entered into with the Union.

Mr. Charlebois's memory was not very clear as to the details of the conversation, but he was sure that Mills must have mentioned that he had to take the book under the old contract, or he would not have paid the two dollars.

Charles Hattersley, of Montreal, was the next witness. In reply to an advertisement he had gone to room 353 in the Temple Building, met Mr. Mills, and entered into an engagement with him to act as a local agent on commission. Witness identified the books filed as exhibits D. 5 and D. 13. Witness was to get a commission of $10 on every $25 order for the wholesale book, and $2 for every $5 order for the retail book. Witness worked hard for several days trying to obtain new subscribers, but found the work very discouraging. Several people promised to take the matter into consideration, but the public appeared to regard the plan with suspicion, and seemed doubtful as to the standing of the concern.

Witness, feeling discouraged, went to Mr. Mills and expressed a wish to give the work up, and Mills agreed to give him an allowance of fifty cents a day for expenses. He also handed him some contracts of the Montreal Business Men's Union, signed by subscribers to that concern. Mills remarked that it would be an easy matter to collect the renewal fee of two dollars on delivery of the new book. Witness remarked that two years was a long time to elapse between the issuing of the two books. Mills told witness to take the old book away from subscribers before giving them the new one. He was very particular about that. Witness said he was given to understand and felt perfectly certain that the book he was given to deliver was a new book. It was much larger than the old one and had every appearance of being a new book. Mills told him it was a new book, and witness was in good faith when he represented it as such to the subscribers. In fact he was sure it was a new book until Mr. Waters told him different and compared the two books. When satisfied as to the fraudulent character of the business he severed his connection with Mills.

The Court—I should like to ask witness who started the Business Men's Union.

Witness—Mills told me that he had done so two years earlier.

You are sure of that?

Yes; quite sure.

Mr. Smith, K.C.—Did Mr. Mills ever mention Bement to you?

Witness—Yes, he told me that he had an agent of that name, that he had acted badly, had contracted a number of debts, had left the country and left him to pay the bills. He had to do that to get possession of the books and contracts.

Witness explained that it was on June 25 that he started out with the books on account of the old Business Men's Union contracts. He called on Messrs. Featherston and Binns and they asked witness to go back in the afternoon, as they would sooner pay than be sued. Mills had told him to tell hesitating subscribers that if they would not pay up, they would be sued. When Mr. Mills gave witness the copies of the second books he placed rubber bands round them and told him to keep them on so that the subscribers might not see too much of the book.

Mr. Smith next questioned witness as to whether he was addicted to drink.

Mr. Greenshields said he did not see what bearing that had upon the case.

The Court remarked that the plaintiff while in the box swore that he was afraid to give Mr. Hattersley fifty cents when he asked for it, for fear he would drink it. The witness was entitled to be heard on the point.

Witness said that while not a teetotaller he was not a heavy drinker and had never drunk to excess in his life. He was quite positive that he had never been drunk in Montreal.

Cross-examined, witness said he did not succeed in collecting a cent for Mills, though he went to eight or ten people. He got some promises; that was all. He asked Mills for the fifty cents a day expense allowance he had agreed to give him, and one day he put his hand in his pocket, drew out two quarters, saying that was all he had, and gave him one. Mills kept on saying that he was expecting a remittance from the head office at Hamilton. No remittance came and this absence of money and the reports he obtained from Mr. Waters and others convinced him that there was nothing in the business. So he went to Mills, told him that he considered his business a common fraud and a bankrupt affair, and threw up his position. Witness was now employed as a city traveller and collector for M. A. Bradshaw & Co., lumber merchants, and packing case manufacturers.

Mr. Fred. Hamilton, collecting agent, deposed that Mills offered to sell him the Montreal agency of the Merchants' Protective and Collecting Agency for $250. Later he came down in his price to $50, and eventually intimated that if witness would pay a month's rent, which was due, he would hand the agency over to him. Witness, after consulting with Mr. H. A. Hutchins, with whom he was at the time associated, decided that there was nothing in the business, and the negotiations terminated.

William H. Walsh, merchant tailor, Montreal, gave Mills some accounts, and never obtained any report on them. Cross-examined, witness said it was true a collecting agency had had these same accounts, but Mr. Mills knew that when he took them over. He took no part in the arrangements to give Mr. Mills 'a warm reception' on his return to Montreal.

George H. Featherston, boots and shoes, Montreal, and Thomas Light, carpenter, Westmount, gave testimony as to having subscribed to the Business Men's Union. Cross-examined, they deposed that they had had no part in preparing 'a warm reception' for Mr. Mills.

Chief Detective Carpenter corroborated the evidence of Messrs. Werry and Waters as to their interview with him regarding Mills. He had remarked to them that the case reminded him of another 'Blue Book' incident for which a man named Ogden was serving time in the penitentiary.

Cross-examined, witness deposed that after the interview he took no steps towards giving Mr. Mills 'a warm reception,' as he understood Mr. Mills had left town. He did not know that Mr. Mills had several times returned to the city, but he had no hesitation in saying that if Mills had come back to Montreal and had started his business again, witness would have looked after him.

Mr. Mills, the plaintiff, placed in the box for the defence, was shown some of the circulars of the Business Men's Union, which stated that the Montreal Union 'is one of ten now organized in Canada.'

'What were these ten unions?' asked Mr. Smith.

'Oh,' replied witness, 'I suppose that that meant the Montreal union was one of ten he (Bement) would organize if the Montreal branch proved a success.'

Witness identified some of his handwriting on the proofs put in evidence by Mr. Waters. Shown the proof of the mailing card bearing the signature 'Mills and Bement,' with some writing on it, witness said he could not identify the writing as his, but it looked like it.

Examined by Mr. Greenshields, witness denied that he had accompanied Bement to Mr. Waters's office when the printing was taken in. He had only gone to Waters's office once to see the proofs.

Mr. Smith at this point announced that the defence had other corroborative witnesses, but as they had been told they would not be required until the morning they were not present, and he would rest his case.

Mr. Smith, K.C., addressing the court, said he would ask His Lordship to charge the jury that the business conducted by the plaintiff was criminal. The sending of threatening letters to debtors was illegal, and the threats Mills had ordered Hattersley to make were criminal under section 403 of the Criminal Code.

Mr. Smith then proceeded to address the jury. The circumstances of the case were very simple. Mr. Werry, a reporter of the 'Witness,' met Mr. Waters, a respectable and responsible citizen, who told of Mr. Mills's operations, and asked him to expose them in his paper. Werry did not act hastily, but went to see Messrs. Ronayne, Charlebois, Walsh, Hattersley and others, and corroborated what Mr. Waters had told him. Then he called on Chief Detective Carpenter, and that officer said the case was similar to one which resulted in a man being sent to St. Vincent de Paul. Even then the article was not published. A letter was sent to Mr. Mills's address at Hamilton, asking him to explain, but no explanation was received.

Then the article was published, and there could be no question as to it being published in good faith, after due precautions had been taken, and in the public interest.

Counsel for the defence had harped upon two terms in the report, the expression of opinion 'that Mills should be put behind the bars for the rest of his life,' and that 'a warm reception was being prepared for Mills in Montreal.' He would point out to the jury that in estimating the value of an article they must take into consideration the whole. It was the sense and bearing of the whole article that was questioned. Now, if the article was read all through it would be found that no capital offence was charged, and it was only on such a charge that a man could be sent to penitentiary for life.

The facts of the case showed that Mr. Mills was ashamed of his own business. He repudiated all connection with the Business Men's Union. That it was the business of a poor fellow named Bement, whom he (plaintiff) came to Montreal to place on his feet as an act of friendship, and out of consideration for the poor fellow's wife and children. Mr. Mills was very solicitous of this particular wife and these particular children. In his dunning letters he also spoke of wives and children, threatening poor debtors to bring dishonor upon their families if they did not pay up their debts. But the evidence shows that Mills had a very close connection with the Business Men's Union. He told Mr. Waters that Bement in some mysterious way had got possession of these books and had used them without authority. It was unnecessary to go through all the mass of evidence establishing Mills's connection with Bement.

Mr. Smith proceeded to draw attention to the lists of debtors as issued by Mills. Most of the names were those of laborers, men who were incapable of protecting their interests and their names. And they were untruthful lists. They were a year and a half old when given to Bement, and it was two years later before they were re-issued in new covers. Mills himself admitted that many of those whose names appeared in the lists may have been dead for years. Two years elapsed between the issuing of the books, although in the contracts there was the clearest possible understanding that new books should be issued semi-annually. The second book was simply the old book issued in a new cover. Every time Mills took that second book and collected two dollars he was as guilty as could be of obtaining money under false pretences. How far he went in this nefarious business was limited by the publication of the article in the 'Witness.' He had made arrangements for the carrying on of business by wholesale.

The learned counsel for plaintiff objected to the use of the term 'shyster' as applied to plaintiff. What was Mills's whole system of conducting business, these threatening letters, etc., but a shystering method? A legal method had been provided for the collection of debts. It might not be so direct a method as to knock your debtor down with a club and take the money out of his pockets, but it was the means prescribed by the law, and fairly efficient. Mills ignored this system and adopted one which was fairly well described by the term shystering.

Then the counsel for the defence endeavored to represent Mr. Mills as a wealthy, responsible man, living in the aristocratic residential part of Hamilton, but who was he, this great, rich man, this gentleman, this brilliant man who was going to revolutionize the commercial methods of this Dominion? This great champion of commercial honesty rents a room in the Temple Building from a type-writer and goes off without paying his rent, but leaving word that she can keep the table and chair. He engages Hattersley and promises him fifty cents a day for expenses, and gives him a quarter in all. Then this man who brands all dead beats, and who threatens to bring all unfortunate debtors into disgrace before the world and their families, has a transaction with a printer in Hamilton. There is an account against him for thirty dollars, which it is impossible to collect. The plaintiff gets the amount cut down to fifteen dollars and manages to scrape up ten dollars to pay on account. For the balance of five dollars he gives an I O U which he has not yet paid.

Mr. Smith, in concluding, remarked that he had no doubt that the jury, after hearing the evidence, would realize that Mills's business was an organized and systematic fraud, and would give their verdict for defendant.

Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields addressed the jury on behalf of J. B. Mills. He asked the judge to instruct the jury that the system employed by Mr. Mills was legal and further that every allegation made in the articles must be proven in detail and entirety. He said he had no case to make out as his case was made in the articles themselves. He claimed that the articles on the face of them were manifestly libellous. All he had to do was to lay the articles before the Court and rest his case. The articles spoke for themselves. There was but one justification for an article of this kind and that was that it was true and in the public interest. Men in this country, he declared, were not tried by newspapers. If Mr. Mills had committed a crime why had he not been arrested? The courts were open and the Crown would undertake the expense, if reasonable grounds for an action were shown. He reviewed the statements made in the articles and pointed out what he considered discrepancies. He contended that the whole story was an aggregation of falsehoods.

If the allegations made were declared to be true Mr. Mills was a ruined man and his family disgraced for the rest of their lives. If the charges made by the 'Witness' were true and believed by the jury the facts should be laid before the Attorney-General, who should take steps to prevent Mr. Mills leaving the Province of Quebec until he had been tried on serious criminal charges and if found guilty condemned. He admitted that Mr. Mills was the Business Men's Union as well as the Merchants' Protective & Collecting Association. The injury the articles did Mr. Mills and his business would be incalculable and far reaching. Mr. Greenshields closed a very strenuous address with a poetic quotation about the harm that was certain to result from the careless utterance of injurious words.

His Lordship then proceeded to deliver his charge to the jury, which, like the

addresses of the learned counsel on both sides, was very brief. His Lordship remarked that it was a very simple duty which remained for him to do. He had to indicate to the jury their duty, and that could be easily described. It was to point out to the jurors that they were the judges of the facts. It was for them to weigh the proof, to say just what weight and credence should be put upon the testimony of the different witnesses. The interrogatories as drawn up for the jury to answer were originally seven in number. He had withdrawn two, Numbers 5 and 6, as bearing purely on the legal aspect of the case and not on the facts. It was for the jury to decide upon the questions of fact, and for the court to pronounce upon the questions of law.

He would mention at this point that it was not necessary for the jury to be unanimous to give a verdict, nine of them were competent to bring in a verdict, providing, of course, that they agreed. He would ask them to answer the questions explicitly. As to the first question there could be no opinion as to the answer. It must be 'yes.'

He would next draw their attention to question 4, 'Were the said articles substantially true?' The answers to questions 2 and 3 would depend upon the answer to question 4. His Lordship pointed out that he had been asked by plaintiff's counsel to charge that before answering 'yes' to question 4 the jury must be satisfied that all the statements contained in the articles must be absolutely true. He was not prepared to accept that interpretation. The substance of the articles as a whole was what the jury had to consider and if they found that the articles as a whole set forth the truth regarding the plaintiff they were substantially true. His Lordship quoted authorities to bear out his argument. It was the sting of an article which had to be considered, and if the sting, the part of the article which placed the plaintiff in the worst position, was justified by the complete text, the article was substantially true.

As to question three, 'Were the said articles libellous?' he would remark to the jury that the law laid it down that one who publishes a written defamation of another without lawful cause or justification publishes a libel.

He would tell the jury at once, with regard to questions five and six, which the Court had reserved for its own pronouncement thereon, that if question three was answered in the negative and question four in the affirmative that he would, as a matter of law, as a legal consequence, answer 'yes' to questions five and six. The law says that damaging articles are published with lawful cause and justification if substantially true and in the public interest. If the jury found that the articles in question were substantially true and not libellous, His Lordship would rule, as a matter of law, that the facts set forth in the article were a matter of public interest.

The main allegation, the sting of the articles, was that the money collected by plaintiff had been obtained under false pretences. Such proceedings the public should be warned against and if the jury found the facts proven and the articles substantially true, the Court would unhesitatingly declare the promulgation of the facts as unquestionably in the public interest, and answer 'yes' to question six.

As to question two, 'Were said articles published maliciously?' the Court would merely point out that if the articles were true, they could certainly not be described as being published with malice.

His Lordship proceeded to remark that he was sure it was unnecessary to say that they must try the case of the plaintiff justly and impartially, giving to their deliberations just as much care and sense of justice as if he were a fellow citizen. It was the right of the plaintiff as a British subject to expect that. His Lordship also felt that it was unnecessary to remark that if the jury found the articles to be false that no public interest could be served in publishing falsehoods.

His Lordship went on to point out that there were certainly criminal charges against the plaintiff contained in the articles. One stood out prominently, that of obtaining or attempting to obtain money under false pretences in connection with the passing off of old books as new. The jury was practically placed in the position of trying Mr. Mills on this charge. The jury had heard Mr. Mills's own version, and they had heard the other evidence. If they accepted the evidence of plaintiff the jury could not find the articles to be substantially correct. They had also heard Mr. Hattersley's evidence to the effect that Mr. Mills had specifically instructed him to palm off the old book as a new one, and the evidence of Messrs. Ronayne, Waters, Charlebois and other witnesses seemed to corroborate Mr. Hattersley's testimony. Was it a new book the subscribers were compelled to take under the terms of the contracts they had signed, and was this second book a new book? The jury had the evidence before them, and it was for them to say. He would point out that although obtaining or trying to obtain money under false pretences was a criminal charge, this charge was not being actually tried in this case, as it would be for the Attorney-General to take action in such a case.

The jury had heard many references to the remark in one of the articles that plaintiff on the facts as alleged deserved to be put behind the bars for life. Now, as a matter of fact, the articles made no pretence at justifying such a measure. Under the law the only offences for which a man could be committed to the pentitentiary for life were capital ones, and the articles alleged no such crimes as murder, manslaughter, etc., against the plaintiff. He could not be put behind bars for life for acts of dishonesty, and such acts only were indicated in the article. The mention of prison bars for life was doubtless an exaggeration, but it was a fact for the jury to appreciate.

His Honor, in sending the jury to their room to reflect upon their verdict, remarked that he could not accept the request of the counsel for the defence to charge the jury that the whole business of the plaintiff was illegal.

The jury were only absent for five minutes, and when they returned, and it was noticed that the foreman alone held one of the sheets of paper containing the set questions in his hand, it was realised that a unanimous verdict had been reached. There was little, if any, doubt among those present as to the verdict. Mr. Walker, the clerk of the court, at once polled the jury, and asked if they had agreed upon a verdict, being informed that they had.

Mr. Robinson, the foreman of the jury, read the answers to the formal interrogatories as follows:—

1. Did defendants publish of and concerning plaintiff in the newspaper known as the Montreal 'Witness' the several articles set forth in plaintiff's declaration? Yes.
2. Were said articles published maliciously? No.
3. Were the said articles published libellous? No.
4. Were they substantially true? Yes.
5. Were they a matter of public interest? (Reserved by court.)
6. Were they published for the public benefit? (Reserved by court.)
7. Has plaintiff suffered damages by reason of the publication of said articles, and if so to what amount? No.

In reply to the court, the foreman remarked that the verdict was unanimous.

His Lordship remarked that there appeared to be no reason why he should not accept the verdict and proceed to give his answer to the reserved questions.

Mr. Greenshields remarked that he would like to see the stenographer's copy of the court's charge before His Lordship proceeded.

The court saw no objection to waiting until the morning, as the jury could be discharged.

Mr. Smith, K.C., remarked that it was now too late to raise any objections to the charge.

Judge Trenholme said there was no doubt on that point, but as counsel for the plaintiff wished it he had no objection to withhold his ruling until the morning.

His Lordship briefly thanked and complimented the jury and discharged them, and the court adjourned.

THE CLOSING SCENE

On Tuesday evening, in accordance with the desire of Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields, counsel for Mr. Mills, His Lordship had postponed rendering the formal judgment of the court until Wednesday morning, but when the court was opened on Wednesday morning the learned counsel thanked His Lordship for the delay, and added that after giving the matter consideration, he had no motion to make.

Mr. Justice Trenholme then instructed the clerk to enter the formal judgment of the court in accordance with the verdict, dismissing the action, with costs against the plaintiff, Mills.

CONGRATULATIONS

The 'Witness' is to-day receiving congratulations on all hands upon the outcome of the Mills case. It is regarded as a victory for responsible journalism, and on the street, on 'Change and everywhere where business men gather, expressions of good-will towards a newspaper that is always ready to do its duty to the public, have been heard.

A reader signing 'M.' has written as follows: Chatting at lunch to-day with a well-known printer, about the Mills-'Witness' libel suit, he thought it a pity that the 'Witness' should at its own charges be compelled to meet such attacks while acting in the public interest, and would like to contribute something as a mark of appreciation, rather than of material benefit. I heartily concurred and enclose our joint mite, at the same time congratulating you on the outcome of the suit. We believe that thousands of your readers are of the same opinion, and for your encouragement and the public good, invite them to give practical expression to it. Though legally as well as morally sustained, the 'Witness' doubtless suffers financially.'

FROM THE STAFF.

The feelings of the 'Witness' staff towards the proprietors were expressed impromptu at an early hour this morning, when Mr. J. R. Dougall, on entering his office found on his desk a large bunch of crimson carnations, and hidden among the flowers a card bearing the words: 'Congratulations from the editorial and news rooms.'

MAYOR COCHRANE'S VIEWS.

'I am delighted beyond expression,' were the words of Mayor Cochrane this morning when he heard of the verdict rendered in the alleged libel case instituted by J. Bidwell Mills, of Hamilton, against the 'Witness.' 'It is a clear evidence that the public will unanimously support the press in its endeavor to expose such tactics in the business world as carried on to-day by certain individuals, and that instead of a newspaper having to undergo prosecution for protecting the interests of citizens against fraudulent business methods and principles of this or that company or person it will be protected and encouraged in its good work. In this respect the Montreal 'Witness' is to be congratulated. Not only has it done a great service to the merchants and citizens of Montreal, but it has by successfully defending its case before the courts placed the entire business community on its guard against fraudulent business enterprises.

'The 'Witness,' indeed, has won a great victory for right and freedom for the press of the country in matters of this kind, and I personally, as Mayor of Montreal, wish to extend to the 'Daily Witness' my hearty congratulations. The presiding judge in the case was possibly one of the most learned jurists of the province, while the personnel of the jury to my mind could not have been improved upon, and the fact that it rendered its verdict in five minutes time speaks volumes for its interpretation of the entire circumstances surrounding the case at issue.'

'I feel certain that Montreal citizens feel as I do on the matter, and there is no doubt but that the verdict is a most popular one in every respect.'

THE HAMILTON PRESS.

The Hamilton 'Spectator' says:—'The jury found that the 'Witness' had not libelled Mr. Mills, and that Mr. Mills had suffered no damages. Under the circumstances, and with the jury's assurance, all parties are to be congratulated, especially the lawyers who get the fees.'

The Hamilton 'Herald' says:—'The 'Herald' extends congratulations to its esteemed contemporary, the Montreal 'Witness' upon the result of the action for libel instituted by a Hamilton citizen, which the 'Witness' was forced to defend. This result is satisfactory from a newspaper point of view, because it is a vindication of the freedom of the press in the Province of Quebec. The triumph of the 'Witness' was most emphatic.

'In undertaking to expose the methods of the Montreal Business Men's Union the 'Witness' did a piece of useful work for which it deserves the thanks of the business community.

'It would probably have been wiser in Mr. Mills not to have challenged the accuracy of the 'Witness's' scathing allusions to these methods. By so doing he has only established the fact that the business men of Montreal owe a debt of gratitude to the 'Witness' for its courageous exposé, the sole object of which was to warn and protect them.'

THE 'CANADA.'

In reporting the jury trial case of Mills vs. the 'Witness,' the 'Canada' says: 'An important law point has just been decided by Mr. Justice Trenholme. The question is an interesting one, especially for journalists.' After giving the result of the trial, the 'Canada' adds:—'Victory, then, remains with the press, a fact on which the public and the newspapers must congratulate themselves.'

THE MONTREAL 'GAZETTE.'

Mr. Mills, of Hamilton, has lost the suit for $10,000 he entered against the 'Witness.' His experience will give sharper point to the old remark that the way to avoid suffering from what a newspaper says is to do nothing the telling about which by a newspaper could produce any harmful results.

MR. FOSTER AT THE WINDSOR HALL.

A Canadian's Impressions of the Fiscal Campaign in Britain.

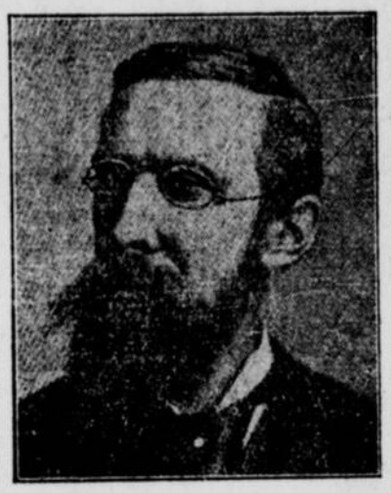
MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S AGITATION HE FOUND THE ONE GREAT SUBJECT ENGROSSING THE PUBLIC MIND

Long before the time fixed for the meeting, the Windsor Hall began to fill last Monday evening with people anxious to hear what the Hon. George E. Foster had to say at his first public speech in Canada since his recent campaign with Mr. Chamberlain in England. By the time the speakers came upon the platform there was not an unoccupied seat in the hall.

The chairman, Mr. D. A. McCaskill, president of the Sir John A. Macdonald Club,

Long and loud applause broke out again as Mr. Foster rose to commence an address which, though it lasted nearly an hour and a half, was listened to with the closest attention throughout.

He said that all he should do just then would be to give as briefly as possible his views, as a spectator and in part as a participator in a contest he had had the privilege of seeing on the



THE HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER.

other side of the water for four or five weeks. However brilliant and able a man the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is, it would not have been possible for him, with all his talents and experience, to have, in the course of two or three months of an agitation of a proposition made by him to the British people, brought it to so important and definite a place in the discussions and in the thoughts of the forty-two millions of people who inhabit the British Isles. We must go farther back to find its initial stage, and we must believe that however able any leader is, it is impossible for him to create the hearts. He may prepare the soil and sow the seed, and in due time reap the harvest, but the harvest itself must be brought about by co-operative influences. So when Mr. Chamberlain, taking up the position of leader on this great question has in these two or three months advanced it to that position in Great Britain where by common consent it is the all-engrossing subject in the press and on the public platform, we must believe that the soil has been prepared to a large extent beforehand, and that the sentiments of the people must have been formed, though, perhaps, not given expression to, and that what is happening now is what happens at every stage of a nation's history, now and then—that some great voice rises to express what has been the thought of the masses, and a great reform, a great change comes to be carried out.

Mr. Foster said that he was prepared when he left this side of the water to find that the newspaper reports and the cablegrams had probably made the most of the agitation, and that he would not find it so deep-seated and so widespread as he did. But he was frank to say that having gone there, and remained there, and having participated to a certain extent in it, it had shown him the importance that it had assumed.

To-day it was the one great subject that engrossed the minds of the public men of Great Britain, which filled the newspapers, inspired the magazines with learned articles for and against, and which was talked of in the railway trains, in the clubs, in the hotels and in the home circle. What ever else may be said, this you may take as absolutely true, that the question has come in a form to the British people which commands their attention and is forcing itself absolutely to a conclusion, one way or another. (Applause.)

The reasons which had brought this subject of tariff reform in the line of preferential trade so prominently and so strongly before the minds of the people of Great Britain, were that great changes had taken place not only in the British Isles, but outside, within fifty years, which about measured the history of free trade in Britain. The changes had been, indeed, great and important. To-day nothing was done by the same methods as fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. (Hear, hear.) Go into a manufacturing establishment anywhere in Britain, and observe the economization of labor, and it must be borne in upon you that the man who would attempt to carry on his business on the lines of twenty-five years ago, would be out of it in a very short time. (Hear, hear.) Everything in the British Isles had been changed.

Men asked themselves if there had been changes in al these activities and departments of life, was it unreasonable for them to think that it might possibly be well to make a change in a tariff applied to business conditions, when these conditions were so different now? (Applause.) But if things had so strikingly changed in the British Isles, how much more so had that been the case outside. Fifty years ago Britain owned the monopoly of transportation by land and sea, and fifty or sixty years ago the great producing areas of America were simply coming up to the point of development. Half a century ago there was no nationalization of industries.

Fifty years after Cobden's free trade theories had been accepted, the British individual was fighting with the foreign individual and competing with him. But whilst with the foreign corporation the state came and stood at its back, the English individual and the English corporation fought against the foreign individual and corporation without any backer whatsoever. (Loud applause.)

There had also been another influence at work. Take the history of the last thirty, forty or fifty years; the day of little principalities and powers had passed, and it had come to be the day of great aggregations of powerful empires. How long was this trend going to go on with the vigor and the power that it was going on now? Was it going on until in this great round world of ours there should be but five or six great powers? No one knew, but we saw the influence and the tendency. In this great race of empires, could the British empire keep its part and play it in the future as in the past, unless it also consolidated its widely separated territories and made of itself a unified and consolidated empire? (Cheers.)

The speaker referred to the preferential tariffs given to British products by Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, and the one promised by Australia, and said that these were due to the successive actions of the Intercolonial Couferences—the conferences between the British Government, through its Colonial Secretary, and the colonies through their premiers and representatives. He reviewed the present grouping of parties in Great Britain. The Liberal party, whose leaders he described as a unit against the proposition of tariff reform, nevertheless contained many who believed with Mr. Chamberlain, and were working in thorough and complete accord with him in this matter. Then there was the government party led by Mr. Balfour, who had gone so far as to lay down a policy which was a negation of the theory of free trade, and a demand that the government of Great Britain should by legislation be given the power to negotiate and retaliate. The only way to meet a hostile tariff was by a tariff, but there Mr. Balfour rested, and said that so far as a tariff on food or a preferential tariff is concerned, there was no mandate from the people of Great Britain, and that the government could not go further in that direction until they had such a mandate.

'On the other hand there are the tariff reformers, made up, as I believe,' said Mr. Foster, 'of the great bulk of the rank and file, and led by Mr. Chamberlain, who is the only great leader who stands out before the British people.'

But there was another factor in this tariff reform movement.

'The colonies, led by Canada,' continued Mr. Foster, 'have adopted preferential tariff principles in making up their tariffs, and at present we have in Canada a thirty-three-and-a-third per cent preference to British products; in New Zealand a preference of from twenty to fifty percent; in South Africa, a preference of 25, and in Australia, a preference promised and pledged by the Premier, which it is hoped to carry into legislative effect. Thus you may say with reference to the colonies, leaving out the history of how it came to be so, that at the present time all the colonies have acceded to the principle of preference. That arose out of the successive actions of the intercolonial conference, a conference of premiers and delegates from all the Crown colonies of Great Britain, which met in Ottawa in 1902, and afterwards in London, and last in 1903. At the last conference, meeting with Mr. Chamberlain, who was then the Colonial Secretary, the premiers of all the colonies passed eight different resolutions. The first is: "That this conference recognizes that the principle of preferential trade between the United Kingdom and His Majesty dominions beyond the seas would support and facilitate materially commercial intercourse." That is the first of its principles. And it goes on to say that by promoting the development of the resources and industries of the several parts, it would strengthen the Empire. These are the two points—the promotion of trade between the different colonies and Great Britain, and the strengthening of the Empire thereby. Those are the two underlying ideas of this whole reform movement. Moreover, not only have Canada and the other colonies given this preference, but they have asked Great Britain to give a preference in return. This was the resolution: "That the Prime Ministers of the colonies respectfully urge on His Majesty's Government the expediency of granting in the United Kingdom preferential treatment to the products and manufactures of the colonies, either by exemption from or reduction of the duties now or hereafter imposed."

Those resolutions were the perfected and latest fruit of all the conferences that took place between the British Government and the colonies, through their representatives. The representative of the British Government in the conference was Mr. Chamberlain.

'The very moment the conference closed,' said Mr. Foster, 'Mr. Chamberlain, as the Colonial Secretary, in perfect sympathy with those resolutions had a duty to perform. He had the simple duty of going to his government and saying: Here is the position of affairs. All your colonies have been together, and have given you a preference, and they ask you to give a preference in return. What answer shall we make to our colonies? What answer on the line of trade, what answer on that still more important subject, the binding together in these common and material interests of the different and widely extended parts of the Empire, in order that we may have strength in our development and security in our progress and prosperity?' (Applause.)

They knew that when the cabinet could not see its way to going any further than simply expressing the idea that free trade was insufficient and that they ought to be given power to negotiate and retaliate, Mr. Chamberlain pressed to a solution the cause of the colonies and the Empire, and said: 'My heart is in that. It represents the work of some of the best years of my life. I believe it is absolutely essential to the best interests of this empire, taking in the Motherland and the colonies. I will go out from the government. I will give up every position of trust and of honor that I have, and though I am sixty-seven years of age—and though I suppose I shall go out with the sneers and the scoffs of many and the opposition of more—I will devote the remaining years of my life if necessary, and, if God spares me to having these proposals canvassed by the British people, and if possible adopted.' (Applause.)

Mr. Foster thought it would require a very unfair and very prejudiced man to pick out of that action of Mr. Chamberlain's anything but what redounded to his credit as a statesman. Year after year Mr. Chamberlain had labored and negotiated to consolidate the Empire, till at last he arrived at a proposition in which he and the colonies absolutely agreed. Then he said, 'This proposition I must see through. You demand that a missionary shall go forth in order to get a mandate from the people. I will be that missionary I will take that risk. I will burn my boats behind me. If I fail, I know I shall have failed in the last great effort of my life, which no man wishes to do. If I win, I shall have the consciousness of having carried out to the fullest my faith with the colonies.'

'I put it to you,' said Mr. Foster, 'in all truth and honesty, when Mr. Chamberlain is put in that position, and has ventured everything to carry out what he and the colonies agreed to, where ought the colonies to be in the present contest? At Mr. Chamberlain's back, and nowhere else.' (Applause and cheers.)

Mr. Foster urged his hearers, as sober-minded and fair-minded colonists, not to read into the contest anything that was not in it. Let us not put up something which was different, and say it was the real thing, and then fight what we had put up. Let us get down to the simple definition of what it meant. There was nothing in it but one simple thing, it was an out and out tariff arrangement that was proposed. Only that and nothing more. Were we opposed to making a trade arrangement with the Mother Country and our sister colonies, if it would be beneficial to ourselves? ('No, no.') Mr. Chamberlain had shown in his speeches and had given assurances that he fully recognized that the colonies were absolutely mistresses of themselves and mistresses of their own homes—(applause)—and he had not proposed, and he did not propose any single item or atom to take away from the fiscal or political liberties of the colonies. Mr. Chamberlain was the protagonist of the colonies in the British Empire to-day.

Referring to Mr. Charlton's visits to the United States, Mr. Foster said one thing had struck him as being a little peculiar. He had no objection to Mr. Charlton, as plain Mr. Charlton, going down to the United States and advocating anything he pleased, but it was mighty peculiar, to say the least, that Mr. John Charlton, M.P., and the member of a commission, whose duties were not done, and who had not been absolved from them as a high commissioner, should go down there and in city after city, as John Charlton, M.P., as a member of the international commission, should use when boiled down, these simple English words—listen and take note—'There is a project on foot to have Great Britain and her colonies make a preferential trade arrangement. You have it in your power to block that arrangement. You by making a generous offer of reciprocity—which will be to your benefit—and which, I believe, will be to Canada's benefit—if you do it, and do it quick, you can block this arrangement, which, otherwise, will be made between Great Britain and her colonies.'

That struck me as peculiar, continued Mr. Foster, and, he thought, before that process went on any longer Mr. John Charlton should at least resign from that commission.

Another thing struck the speaker while in England. Lord Rosebery was speaking once, and flouted the idea that the Government of Canada, or the people of Canada had ever made an offer of reciprocal arrangement, or were in favor of it. What did this all mean? Either it meant nothing or it meant something. If it meant nothing then it was beneath the province and dignity of the public men of this country. If it meant anything—and was meant to mean anything—it meant the sword that would cut the one link that made this country and Great Britain one in Empire and one in nationality. (Applause.)

It was absolutely impossible for this country to have a treaty-making power, unless it also assumed the treaty-compelling power as well. We could never get from Great Britain—the most generous nation in the world—the power to make our own treaties without, as one minister said, the intervention of 'that embarrassing third party.' We could never get it, unless we came to the conclusion to become a separate nationality, and denounced our allegiance to that nationality which gave us that power. What did that mean? Independence!

What did Mr. John Charlton's programme mean? It meant that we should turn around from the trend of all these years—face back against our Mother Country and sister colonies, and face forward toward the country to the south of us. (A voice: 'Never.')

What claims upon this country had the country to the south? (A voice:: 'None.') They had been called a hostile people by a very celebrated and veteran public man of this country. Mr. Foster said he would not use a term like that, but he would say that, at least, they had not shown that they had played towards us in the past the role of a very considerate or generous friend. No man valued more than he friendship and amity between ourselves and the people to the south of us, but, at the same time, there was no use living in a fool's paradise.

We once had a reciprocity treaty with the United States, and that was the only fair treaty we got. But about the time it was doing us a real service, clip went the shears, and away went the treaty. Then the people of this country some time afterwards, set themselves in another direction, and from that time onward progress had been the watchword. There were certain things we remembered. We would remember that reciprocity treaty and how we were treated. We would remember several other things, for which the United States was not particularly to blame, but anyhow she got the best of us (Laughter.)

Independence for Canada meant the gloom and shadow of an over-mastering power, in whose heart of hearts there was embedded the tradition, as old as the war of the Revolution, that the destiny of Canada was to become part of the United States, and the destiny of the United States was to rule the North American continent.

Mr. Foster then proceeded to speak of the advantages that would accrue to Canada through the adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. The coming granary of the world lay north of the 30th latitude and in Canadian territory. (Applause.) That wheat field of boundless extent and great fertility, could be rapidly brought under the cultivator's hand. The first thing would be a stimulus to the production of every man there who to-day raised wheat upon an acre of soil. It would stimulate immigration from south of the line, and when the colonies and Great Britain became partners for the development of their own territories, it would send a larger proportion of British emigration into this country, which was to-day scattered over hostile countries, and the forces of her manhood lost.

What was the most precious import that could come into this country? Men and women to make citizens. More than 250,000 of English people had yearly emigrated, and what a small proportion of them had come to Canada or gone to the colonies! When they went to a foreign country, they were lost to the Empire—invaluable people, our stock in trade. If they went to the colonies, the Empire gained them, though England lost them, but England had an advantage in increased trade. Consequent upon this was an increase in our population.

Manufacturers said that they wanted to be treated fairly in this preferential arrangement. No disposition existed anywhere to treat manufacturers in any other than a fair way. Britain knew that the colonies were going to develop their industries—that they had started upon that course, and had developed them wonderfully. There was no thought in the Old Country of curbing the power of the colonies to develop their industries, and work up their resources in that way.

Let us remember that every 100,000 people placed on the prairies of the West were so much of a market for the manufacturers of Canada, and, after all, the best market of all was the reasonably protected home market.

What did we want in this country besides men? Capital—money. What a flood of co-operative energy could be put into the outlying parts of the Empire once the partnership was established and Britons at home began to think of the colonies as a part of themselves and as a place into which money could flow.

'So I believe,' concluded Mr. Foster, there is no better field in the wide world for the development of all that is best in Canada than in the folds of that Empire that is limitless in extent, boundless in possibilities, which girdles the world and which stands ever foremost in all the resources that go to make noble progress, and tend to the security of peace and happiness.'

At the conclusion of Mr. Foster's oration, the Hon. J. Israel Tarte arose and moved a resolution approving of the fiscal reform movement and Imperial preference. The ex-Minister, who was loudly applauded, said he spoke not only as a citizen of the Empire, but a French-Canadian, and added that his own compatriots were only too glad to live under the British flag.

Mr. Robt. Meighen seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously, after which the audience gave cheers for the King and Mr. Foster, and dispersed.

THE CHAMBERLAIN CAMPAIGN.

Discussing the Preferential Policy for Empire and the Dominions Over the Seas.

BYE-ELECTIONS HELD TO HAVE ENDORSED THE CHAMBERLAIN VIEW.

Talk Concerning Canada—The Australian Elections—Germans Alarmed at Canadian Cruisers Plan.

London, Dec. 16.—In the course of his speech at Leeds, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain announced that under the auspices of the Tariff Reform League a commission was being formed to consider the condition of British trade and the remedies applicable thereto. He said it would be an unofficial and non-political commission, representing every principal industry. It would comprise representatives of India, the Crown colonies and the autonomous colonies. It would invite witnesses from every trade and would endeavor, after hearing all interests, to frame a model tariff. He added: 'Whenever the country is ready to give us the mandate we ask and there is a government in power prepared to accept our principles we will have ready all, or most, of the information that it will desire; it will have before it a tariff which has been presented to the country and upon which the people have had every opportunity for expressing their opinion.' There is no example to which Mr. Chamberlain oftener appeals in clinching his fiscal arguments than that of the United States. On this occasion he said: 'We, like the United States, have community of races, community of interests, common patriotism and common sentiment, yet the United States has got something we lack. She has got a common constitution, a common system of defence and a common commercial bond. Why should not we have these, too? It is our business to try to secure them.'

London, Dec. 16.—Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Leeds to-day, said that the statement that the colonies had never asked a preference was 'a monstrous misrepresentation.' He asked those who had made the statement if they had forgotten the Ottawa Conference, or the two London conferences, where every premier had urged the consideration of a mutual preference.

'Let them send me as ambassador to the colonies with full powers,' said Mr. Chamberlain, 'and I am perfectly willing to risk my reputation of being able to not merely satisfy the colonies that we have something to give them worth their acceptance, but also to secure an equal measure in return.'

Mr. Chamberlain then read a letter he had received a day or two ago from the Finance Minister of Canada, for whom, he said, they had the greatest respect as one of the new race of colonial statesmen who would be second to none in the councils of the empire. Mr. Fielding has stated emphatically in reply to some press statements that the position taken by the Canadian ministers at the Colonial Conference of last year in favor of Imperial preferential trade is cordially endorsed by both great political parties in Canada.

Some difficulties might arise, Mr. Chamberlain said, over the details of so large a scheme, but it was surely not too much to believe that if the principle was approved, the intelligence of British and colonial public men could be relied upon to overcome them, and put the project into practical form. (Applause.)

Mr. Chamberlain added that there was no physical difficulty to prevent the federation of the British race. The distance between the Yukon and Hudson's Bay was greater than the distance between England and Canada.

TRADE INQUIRY

Names of Some of the Men who Have Accepted Positions on Commission

London, Dec. 17.—It was announced to-day that the following have already accepted positions on Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's commission of experts, which is to inquire into the condition of British trade and report thereon, with the object of drawing up a tariff reform measure:—Mr. Charles Booth, of Liverpool, former president of the Royal Statistical Society; Sir Vincent Caillard, formerly financial representative of Great Britain, Holland and Belgium in Constantinople; Sir Arthur Keen, vice-president of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers; Sir William T. Lewis, president of the South Wales Institute Engineers; Mr. Alfred Moseley, who has sent two commissions to the United States and Canada to inquire into trade and educational conditions; Sir Andrew Noble, an ordnance expert; the Hon. Charles A. Parsons, proprietor of large electrical and engineering works; Sir Walter Pearce, agent-general of Natal; Mr. C. A. Pearson, the well-known newspaper proprietor; Sir Charles Tennant, chairman of the Union Bank of Scotland; Sir Alfred Jones, president of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and president of the Liverpool Ship Owners' Association.

A number of members of Parliament have also accepted positions on the commission. They include the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, former president of the Board of Agriculture; Mr. William Henry Grenfell, member of the Thames Conservatory Board; Mr. Frederick L. Harris, shipowner and coal factor; Sir Alexander Henderson, member of the Stock Exchange; Sir Alfred Hickman, member of the Council of Iron and Steel Institute; Mr. A. W. Maconochie, provision merchant.

Other members of the commission are Mr. Charles Allen, nephew of Sir Henry Bessemer; Messrs. Richard Burbidge, director of department stores; J. J. Candlish, glass manufacturer; W. H. Mitchell, wool manufacturer; F. J. Waring, jr., furniture manufacturer; J. Howard Colls, a builder and contractor.

The secretary of the commission will be Mr. William A. S. Hewins, director of the London School of Economics and Political Science teacher of modern economic history in the University of London, etc. Mr. Hewins will be assisted by a large staff of experts and statisticians.

It is intended that the commission shall meet twice a day, commencing about the middle of January.

THE 'STANDARD'S' SUGGESTION.

London, Dec. 17.—Mr. Chamberlain's plan of forming a commission to deal with the trade question is enthusiastically approved by the protectionist section of the press this morning, but it is also the subject of a deal of ironic criticism at the hands of free trade organs and even by some of the supporters of Mr. Balfour's policy. It is asked, 'what has become of the government of the country and the authority of the Crown?' And, 'What justification is there for entrusting such a matter to Birmingham experts?'

The Conservative 'Standard' contends that the proper course to pursue would be to appoint a Royal Commission and says it thinks that if Mr. Chamberlain goes on a colonial trip he may find that his own views will change.

PRESS COMMENT.

The 'Standard,' referring to Mr. Chamberlain's speech, says the commission proposed is so novel and striking as to completely overshadow other topics. A tour of the colonies would be a good idea, if it would not convince the colonies it might modify his own opinion.

The 'Daily News' calls the proposal of a commission eccentric and anarchic, showing distrust of the House of Commons, Boards of Trade and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The 'Chronicle' says the proposal is amusing. It is on the lines of the Montreal Congress except that the members will be bound by a fore-conceived conclusion.

The 'Morning Post' says it shows the tremendous force behind the Imperialist movement.

The 'Standard,' referring to the list of members of the commission of inquiry, said:—'We could afford to laugh at its personnel if the whole subject was not so grave. The scheme involves a complete change in our constitutional methods and something like defiance to the Crown, Cabinet and Legislature. It is a bastard referendum. The plain duty of Mr. Balfour is to discountenance this irresponsible dictatorship.'

The 'Daily News' says there has been nothing funnier since Dean Swift drew the immortal pictures of the island of Laputa and its topsy turvy inhabitants. It asks where are the bankers, statesmen, shipbuilders and great coal interests.

The 'Times' says the commission forms an extremely powerful and efficient nucleus to conduct an inquiry. If only the preliminary difficulty in getting colonial representatives to give their services in London be surmounted, there will be no trouble in getting able men.

LORD RASSEY'S PLAN.

London, Dec. 17.—Lord Brassey and Mr. Hamar Greenwood spoke at Sheffield on the fiscal question in relation to the colonies.

Lord Brassey referred to the recent Congress at Montreal, and to the intense loyalty of the Canadians. He said they sang the National Anthem four times a day. 'We can,' he said, 'lay upon ourselves no increased charges for raw food or raw materials unless Canadians give us an open market. Young Canadian industries are not ready for free trade, and until they are ready an effective preference is impossible.'

Mr. Greenwood maintained that the English Liberal party had the political sympathy of all the colonial governments. He would never believe that any Canadian government was mean enough to exact as a price for loyalty an increase in the burdens of the poor homeland. He said the many eulogies by the Canadian Boards of Trade on Mr. Chamberlain were passed more with the object of embarrassing the Laurier government than cementing the Empire.

AUSTRALIAN ELECTIONS

RESULT MAY POSTPONE PREFERENTIAL TRADE PROPOSALS INDEFINITELY.

London, Dec. 18.—The new Senate of the Australian Commonwealth is composed of six ministerialists, thirteen Opposition and seventeen Labor members. The old Senate was composed of twelve Ministerialists, sixteen Opposition and sixteen Labor members.

The new House of Representatives is composed of twenty-seven Ministerialists, twenty-six Opposition and twenty-nine Labor members, while the old was composed of thirty-two Ministerialists, twenty-seven Opposition and sixteen Labor members.

London, Dec. 18.—The result of the Australian election is arousing considerable comment, and there is great interest as to what the outcome will be in regard to preferential trade.

The 'Chronicle's' Melbourne correspondent wires that the tariff is not likely to be amended. Preferential trade will probably be postponed indefinitely. The free traders in the House number forty, and the protectionists thirty-five.

The 'News,' referring to the Australian elections, says it has produced the boss and his commission. There is probably a majority of moderate protectionists, and certainly anti-Imperialists with not the smallest prospect of endorsing a preference.

The 'Standard' says the result rests in the maxim, Australia for the Australians. Control has passed to that section which has been associated on the whole with most of the rigid protectionism. The Australian workingman is willing to accept the advantages which our fiscal innovators offer, but there is no whisper of a return. Much the same moral is suggested by the undisguised reluctance of the Canadian Conservatives to refrain from increasing the vigor of the regulations giving the Canadian manufacturer a monopoly of the colonial market.

FOR TARIFF REFORM

Voice of Electorate Speaks for Mr. Chamberlain

London, Dec. 15.—Elections for members of the House of Commons have been held in two London constituencies, the issues being mainly tariff reform. The Conservative candidates, who favor the new tariff proposals, were victorious.

In Lewisham, Major E. F. Coates, Conservative, received 7,709 votes, against 5,697 cast for the Liberal opponent, Mr. J. W. Cleland.

In the Dulwich division of Camberwell, Dr. Frederick Rutherford Harris, formerly the confidential agent of the late Cecil Rhodes, stood in the Conservative interest, and was elected by a majority of 1,427. The poll stood:—Harris, 5,819; Masterman, Liberal, 4,392. Both constituencies are Conservative strongholds.

Few by-elections of recent years have evoked a tithe of the interest shown in to-day's contests. The fiscal question has been prominent throughout the campaigns, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain intervened with letters in support of the Conservative candidates. The question of the importance of Chinese labor in South Africa, has been used by the Liberals at Dulwich as an anti-Harris slogan.

Both constituencies polled very heavily. Lewisham, which is largely a working class district, shows a reduced majority of about 400 compared with the last contested election of 1892. In Dulwich, which is mainly the home of the city clerks, greater reduction is shown, the majority for the Conservatives in 1895 having reached 3,000. The reductions are of small significance, however, in the face of the fact that the Chamberlainite candidates secured large majorities where the free trade party undoubtedly hoped to win.

The Liberal dailies confess discouragement and urge the free traders to redouble their efforts, since, as the 'Chronicle' remarks, 'Mr. Chamberlain is a power in the country, which it would be most serious not to estimate highly.'

The 'Telegraph' boldly suggests that the result must dispel Mr. Balfour's doubts as to whether the country is ripe for a preferential policy, and proposes that 'Mr. Chamberlain should be invited to proceed personally to the colonies and see what practical arrangements can be made to secure a complete commercial union within the Empire.'

MR. CHAMBERLAIN DELIGHTED.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to-night expressed himself as delighted with the result of yesterday's elections in Lewisham and Dulwich, and the protectionist dailies this morning claim the results as a complete triumph for Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

MR. MALCOLM'S VIEWS.

Mr. Malcolm, M.P., refused to attend Ipswich tariff reform demonstration, alleging that preferential treatment of Canadian and Australian corn would afford English farmers no escape.

SOIL OF THE COLONIES.

Mr. Henry Chaplain, speaking at Ware to-day, said the soil of the colonies was unfitted for the growth of barley, and was likely to be for years to come.

THE CANADIAN TARIFF

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT'S TORONTO SPEECH DISCUSSED IN LONDON.

London, Dec. 19.—The 'Spectator,' in commenting on Sir Richard Cartwright's speech at Toronto, says it is more convincing than a prophet. The 'Spectator' does not believe that the United States Legislature will desert the protected manufacturer to help the farmer.

The 'Speaker' says that in face of the demand of the Canadian manufacturers for a tariff to protect their industries and prevent as efficiently as the tariff of the United States protects its industries, it will be interesting to see if Sir Wilfrid Laurier will abandon his previous policy. If the manufacturers gain, it is evident that the farming interest will break with the Liberals, under whose low tariff policy it has prospered greatly in recent years.

CANADIAN MAIL SERVICE

IMPERIAL ASSISTANCE ADVOCATED BY LORD BRASSEY.

London, Dec. 18.—Lord Brassey, speaking at Rotherham yesterday, said Australia should be relieved of any contribution to the cost of the navy. Canada earnestly desired an accelerated mail service to the Mother Land, which should be assisted by Imperial funds. Such a service would promote the commercial prospects of Canada and provide a fleet of great value for training the engineering branch of the navy.

CANADIAN PREFERENCE

WHAT MR. CHAMBERLAIN SAYS OF IT.

London, Dec. 18.—Mr. Chamberlain has written a letter stating that he had no idea when it was first introduced that the Canadian preference would prove so beneficial to British trade.

VIEWS IT WITH ALARM

GERMANS THINK TWO NEW CANADIAN CRUISERS PART OF IMPERIAL DEFENCE SCHEME.

London, Dec. 18.—The 'National Zeitung,' of Berlin, connects the Canadian Government's proposed two cruisers with the secret meeting of the Imperial Defence Committee, when the presence of Sir Frederick Borden indicated the recognition by the British Government of the right of the colonies to co-operate in the important question of imperial defence.

The 'Morning Post' says the appointment of Sir Frederick Borden to the Imperial Defence Committee realized Sir Wilfrid Laurier's suggestion:—'Call us to your council,' adding that one of the board's objects will be the transference of Canadian militia officers to India. One result should be the stationing in India in time of a battalion of the permanent Canadian force.

TRADE WITH SOUTH AFRICA

CANADA DOING LARGE TRADE IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND CARRIAGES.

London, Dec. 18.—Mr. Jardine, the Canadian trade commissioner, now in London, interviewed to-night, said South Africa will soon recover if the white settlers will work as hard as the Canadian farmers. Manitoba hard wheat flour is the best in all competitions. Canada is doing a large trade in agricultural implements and carriages. Imperial sentiment is offset by hundreds of American agents. Cattle disease prevented Rhodesia from being a splendid agricultural district. Dr. Koch has been settled there for years trying to eradicate the plague.

TRADE POLICY

Senator Dandurand Speaks of the Situation as he Found it in England.

'England is prosperous. She is at peace with the world. The country is discussing with calm moderation and earnestness the fiscal question. The King is the most popular crowned head in Europe to-day. He is beloved at home, he is admired and praised in France, he is respected by every power on the continent. England is all right. She is determined to advance, and her influence for good is universally recognized.' These were the remarks of Senator Dandurand.

'To what extent is the fiscal question being discussed outside the politicians?'

'I found it on the lips of every business man, in fact there could hardly be a half hour talk with any one alone or in a group where the question would not arise in some shape or form.'

'Do you think that Mr. Chamberlain will convert England to his new policy?'

'That is rather a difficult question to answer. I have found that party ties were in England as in Canada, a very important factor. The main body of the Conservatives, and more especially Conservative politicians, naturally follow their leaders. Certain of them continue their allegiance to Mr. Balfour, and consequently they go half way towards Mr. Chamberlain, but the majority travel the whole road behind Mr. Chamberlain. Then again, on the other hand, the Liberals are fairly well united behind their respective leaders, and are elated at the revolt in the Unionists' ranks headed by Devonshire. The whole question, to my mind, lends itself to this query: How does the floating electorate stand? What does the man in the street say about the situation? The strongest intimation I have that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends do not feel that they have as yet captured the floating vote, lies in the fact that Conservative candidates who went before the people in recent by-elections emphasized the fact that they were not in favor of taxing foodstuffs. Two elections were held yesterday in London, tions were held the other day in London, in which the successful candidates, who were disciples of Mr. Chamberlain, refused to stand on the Chamberlain platform, and in their programme announced themselves as followers of Mr. Balfour.'

Senator Dandurand remarked, in conclusion, that he was pleased to note one great feature during his stay in England, and that was the friendly relationship now existing between the Mother Country and France, a fact that will lead up to great results in the very near future.

As regards the Alaska award, Senator Dandurand said that outside of the politicians little was heard of the matter in England.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS

EXECUTIVE ISSUES TARIFF ULTIMATUM AT MEETING ON THURSDAY.

Toronto, Dec. 18.—A tariff ultimatum was produced at a meeting of the executive of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association yesterday. Several members complained that the views of the president, Mr. Drummond, had been misrepresented in reports, and the following statement reflecting the views of the executive was prepared for publication:—

'The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is absolutely non-political. It has declared itself during the past two years in favor of an early and thorough revision of the Canadian tariff. It has advocated such revision: (a) in order that manufacturing in Canada may keep pace with the changed conditions and the needs of our market; (b) in order that capital and labor in Canada may be properly protected from the specialized and heavily-protected industries of foreign countries, which use the Canadian market as their dumping ground; (c) in order that Canada's resources may be developed and Canadian industries built up; (d) in order that the surplus requirements of the Canadian market may be supplied from British rather than foreign sources.

'The association does not advocate the adoption of the United States tariff. In some lines of manufacturing Canada may require as much protection as the same lines receive in the United States, many may require less. What would be necessary, is a tariff framed from a national standpoint, primarily for Canadian interest, and also to build up an increased trade with other parts of the British Empire. Above all, however, it must enable Canadian products to meet the competition of foreign labor on fair and equal terms.

'The association believes that it will be in the true interest of every citizen of the Dominion to revise the tariff, so as to extend to every Canadian industry—mining, fisheries, agriculture, etc., the same efficient protection against foreign competition.'

Mr. H. Cockshutt, vice-president of the Ontario branch, presided at the meeting, and members of the executive from Montreal, Toronto, Brantford, Hespeler, Smith's Falls, Kingston, Oshawa, St. Mary's and London were present. One of the outside members who attended was Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, the new chairman of the Montreal branch. Forty-one new members were accepted.

FISCAL CAMPAIGN

Provincial Papers Still Opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's Proposals.

New York, Dec. 20.—In a special cable from London the New York 'Herald' to-day has the following: In that part of the fiscal campaign which is coming to a close with the end of 1903, honors rest with Mr. Chamberlain. His has been the aggressor's portion, and he has carried many of the defences of his opponents, and on several occasions forced them to abandon old and take up new positions. No decisive battle, however, has yet been fought.

Partisans of the former Colonial Secretary point with pride to the fact that not a single opponent of fiscal reform has been returned at a by-election to parliament since their leader left the cabinet to undertake the duties of a missionary of empire.

The question before all electors who have been called to record their votes since September was this: 'Are you in favor of fiscal reform or are you not?'

The Duke of Devonshire bade all who believed in him to give a negative vote. In every case constituencies asked to give a verdict have found in favor of Mr. Chamberlain and against the Duke of Devonshire.

An observer who is outside the realm of party politics tells me that Mr. Chamberlain has two-thirds of the population of the country behind him. This is the general opinion in London. It is worth noting, however, that the largest number and most important provincial papers are still opposed to fiscal reform, and London never yet has been the tail that wagged the dog in English politics.

In a speech at Leeds this week Mr. Chamberlain advanced an attack upon the vital point. When he announced the appointment of a commission upon tariff reform in the enemy's camp there were cries of 'treason.' This was the usurpation of prerogatives, some said, of the executive, others declared of parliament. If a commision there must be, why should it not be a Royal Commission? Mr. Chamberlain was going too fast. 'No, he's not letting the grass grow under his feet,' was the response of his partisans.

It is not a commisison of inquiry he has formed. The nation must be divided once for all between those who believe that the information as to the merits and demerits of isolated free imports which has been laid before the country justifies and demands a change, and those who still maintain that Cobdenism is as unalterably true as the law of gravitation. The party which believes in the tariff invites the principal industrial experts in its ranks to undertake the task of framing the tariff. The new committee starts with the assumption that the necessity for the tariff has been proved; consequently it must be composed of Chamberlainites.

TRADE INQUIRY.

The names of the members which have been announced make a strong showing, and the list is compared to that of the American captains of industry who gathered together at luncheon to meet Prince Henry of Prussia during his visit to New York. Mr. Charles Booth is regarded as perhaps the most remarkable member. His life and labors in behalf of the London poor represented a colossal task, and it is claimed that this magnum opus of social investigation places its author at the head of all living economists in the knowledge of the actual bearing of fiscal conditions upon the life of the people. On the other hand, it is asserted that while Mr. Booth's acquaintance with the conditions of the poor commands respect everywhere, a study of the evils of poverty does not necessarily reveal an infallible means of filling empty purses.

Mr. Alfred Moseley is accounted another strong personality on the committee. Then there are Sir Andrew Noble, practically the head of the Elswick Shipbuilding yards, and Mr. C. A. Parsons, the inventor of the steam turbine, Sir Charles Tennant is dean of the world's chemical industry. Mr. Henry Chaplin is one of the most authoritative representatives of England's oldest industry, agriculture. Sir Vincent Caillard is an eminent authority on international finance. Sir Alfred Hickman is an ironmaster, who has had a good deal to say on the subject of American locomotives. Sir Alfred Jones is said to be the representative of all that is alert and progressive in British shipping, and such other interests as newspaper making, the furniture trade, the coal and iron industry, the building trade, glass making and the great department stores are represented by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, Mr. S. J. Waring, Sir W. T. Lewis, Mr. Howard Colls, Mr. J. C. Candlish, and Mr. Richard Burbidge.

The commission will attempt what is described as nothing less than the most searching review of its whole business life and needs that a commercial nation has yet undertaken. It will in any case not be hampered by lack of funds. The Tariff Reform League is already one of the wealthiest political bodies ever formed in England. Its subscription list, apart from donations, amounts to £140,000 a year. During 1904 it purposes to print and distribute not less than a hundred million leaflets and pamphlets, some of the latter big enough to be called a volume.

LEADER WORN OUT.

The protagonist of this epoch-making debate is about to take a short holiday out of England. Well, as he has stood the strain of his tremendous labors, he is only human, and showed signs of fatigue after the speech at Leeds this week. A member of the audience on that occasion who had not heard him for six years, was struck by the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, if less vigorous, was more human. 'When I heard him speak six years ago,' this correspondent writes, 'he gave me the impression of democratic force. At any rate there was something about him that was not human. He had the audience so completely under his control that he could play upon it as a master upon an instrument, yet he himself remained to all outward seeming completely cold. There was something positively inhuman in his apparent inability to smile at his own jokes. At Leeds it was different. He was obviously pleased when he pleased his audience.

WOMEN INTERESTED.

The fair sex is going into the question with might and main. There is a woman's branch of the Tariff Reform League, upon which the Primrose dames are casting jealous eyes, for the new cult of the orchid threatens to become more fashionable than that modest yellow fire sacred to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. Among the smart set it is the correct thing to be out and out a Chamberlainite. Mr. Chamberlain's personal following is indeed one of the features of the time, and not a few of his supporters are with him, not because they consider his plans necessary to British well-being, but simply because he has formulated them.

'PUNCH'S' LATEST.

Mr. Balfour is generally regarded as being under the influence of this personal magnetism. 'Punch' depicts him this week as a small boy. Master Arthur is being taken by Papa Joseph for a protection walk.

'Come along, Master Arthur. Do step out,' says Papa Joseph, who is striding along to protection at a rapid gait.

'That is all very well,' says Master Arthur, 'but you know I can't go as fast as you do.'

This cartoon by Mr. Linley Sambourne is entitled 'History Reverses itself,' and up in the top corner of the page appears the reproduction of a cartoon by Mr. John Leech, which appeared in 'Punch' in 1845, and which is labelled 'Papa Cobden taking Master Robert Peel for a free trade walk.' Thus does time bring its revenges.

VARIOUS VIEWS

WHAT PEOPLE SAY ABOUT TARIFF REFORM IN ENGLAND.

London, Dec. 20.—A prominent German state minister declares that Mr. Chamberlain's colonial zollverein will remain a chimera through his losing sight of the common enemy of all Europe, the United States.

A prominent city firm says a strong syndicate of German business men has been formed to supply the free trade party with unlimited funds to fight Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Arnold White warns Englishmen that if Mr. Chamberlain becomes Premier, there will be no will in the Empire to curb him but King Edward.

Mr. Winston Churchill, supporting the Liberal candidate in Ludlow, says protection means a policy of brag and grab.

Mr. John Burns says the tariff commission is a packed jury.

Lord George Hamilton informs the Ealing Conservatives that his opposition of protection is too strong for him to support Mr. Balfour.

Mr. R. Nash, Sydney, Australia, replying to Mr. Chamberlain's question how to give the colonies a preference without tax on foreign goods, says by cheapening the cost of ocean carriage.

The 'News' attacks Mr. Pearson, chairman of the Tariff Reform League, because his Christmas extra was printed in Holland.

The 'Standard' says the tariff commission is indecorous, irregular, and disrespectful to the sovereign.

The Berlin 'Reichsbote' declares that if other English colonies adopt New Zealand's differential tariff Germany will be shut out of the markets of the world.

MR. CARNEGIE PESSIMISTIC

SAYS GREAT BRITAIN WILL SURELY LOSE SOUTH AFRICA IN COURSE OF TIME.

New York, Dec. 16.—At a meeting of the Armstrong Association to-day Mr. Andrew Carnegie surprised his hearers by asserting that he believed Great Britain would surely some day lose South Africa because the Dutch population is increasing while the British are not. Mr. Carnegie added:

'What would Great Britain give for nine million negroes as placable and lovable as those in the United States. They give us eleven million bales of cotton a year, and this, I contend, makes the United States the most powerful nation in the world.' He said in case of war all this country would have to do will be to stop exporting cotton and the war would be won. 'My knowledge of the question leads me to the opinion that no political measure can ever save or benefit the negro,' said Mr. Carnegie. The Armstrong Association works in behalf of the colored man in the United States.

GEMS FOUND IN THE CLAY NEAR LAC DU BONNET.

Winnipeg, Dec. 15.—Garnet, opals and tourmalines have been found in the clay deposits near Lac du Bonnet, a village forty miles from Winnipeg. An expert says the clay formation is the same as at Kimberley, and that diamonds may yet be discovered in it.

SIR WILFRID'S IDEA

Of Treaty Making Powers Told to a London Correspondent.

IN AN INTERVIEW PUBLISHED IN THE DAILY MAIL.

London, Dec. 21.—The 'Daily Mail' publishes an interview which Mr. H. Lucy had with Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Canada and the treaty making power. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking of the Alaska matter, said that at the instance of England Canada had consented to an enquiry and expected the enquiry to be conducted by jurists free from partizan prejudice. Canada had entered a protest against the pronounced type of American partizan commissioners, but the complaint had received scant consideration from the Colonial Office. Canadians were so certain of the justice of their case and the impartiality of Lord Alverstone that they were confident of a favorable judgment on two points.

Canadians, Sir Wilfrid Laurier added, would not get over their disappointment, and they were unanimous that a repetition of the Alaska boundary incident would be rendered impossible by Canada.

Canada having treaty making powers, Sir Wilfrid said, would not lead to separation, as the Dominion would not demand absolute treaty making powers, but the arrangement of the preliminaries of all treaties affecting her trade and territory, leaving to the sovereign the responsibility of vetoing them if his ministers thought it desirable in the interests of the Empire. The question was not new, but something would come of it now. Canada was mightier than in 1882, when the point was raised by Mr. Edward Blake. To-day nearly six million people have a passionate conviction that they have a right to determine matters of their own commerce and boundaries. Canada had besought the Imperial Government to push the just claims of the Canadians in the Alabama case, but England, afraid of offending the Americans, had left her colonies in the lurch. Much the same thing had happened in the Alaska case. Had Canada had the right to arrange the preliminaries in the Alaska matter the result of the enquiry would have been very different.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said that in the next few weeks he would enlarge on the subject of the necessity of Canada having treaty making powers.

The 'Mail,' commenting editorially on the interview, says :—'There seems good reason for Canada's contention, but we nevertheless hope she will see her way to modify the demand.

DREYFUS AGAIN.

COLONEL HENRY DECLARED TO HAVE BEEN THE REAL CULPRIT.

The latest Parisian despatch concerning the Dreyfus case indicates that either by the Court of Cassation or by court martial Dreyfus will have his case revised, the commission to meet to-morrow to decide. M. Griebelin, keeper of the War Office records, who at first swore to Dreyfus as the guilty party, now is quoted as indicating in a modification of his testimony that Colonel Henry was the guilty man in the treason of giving away French war secrets. Henry committed suicide a long time ago.

A FATAL FIRE.

ONE OF NEW YORK'S BRAVE FIRE CHIEFS KILLED.

In a fire which destroyed the six-story factory building of the Herrman Furniture & Plumbing Cabinet Works, 188-192 Mott street, last night, Battalion Chief Martin Coleman was crushed in the falling ruin. Several others with him at the time had a narrow escape. A fireman named Richard Joyce is missing.

STEAMER 'FINLAND'

IN DANGER OFF THE COAST NEAR FLUSHING.

A despatch from Flushing, Holland, last night, states that the Red Star Line steamer 'Finland,' which went ashore near Flushing, on Saturday, was in danger. Her passengers had been taken off by the 'Vaderland,' and were at Antwerp.

A BROKEN NECK.

MAY BE SUCCESSFULLY RESTORED.

Sioux City, Dec. 21.—An operation having no parallel in the surgical world was performed at St. Joseph's Hospital to-day by Dr. William Jepson. John Norstrom, of Danbury, Conn., fell from a load of hay, breaking his neck. A portion of the third cervical vertebrae was removed to-day, the false growth of tissue was cleaned out and the bone replaced.

The patient is doing well and has every prospect of recovery.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Boston, Dec. 16.—The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions made public to-day a summary of Protestant foreign missions. The income of societies in the United States and Great Britain alone shows an increase of over two million dollars. The statistics are as follows :—Stations, 5,771 ; out stations, 22,364; total missionaries, 16,618; native workers, 75,281 ; communicants in churches, 1,397,942; under instruction, 1,127,853. The total native constituency is 3,613,391.

The United States is represented by 6,991 stations and 1,617 men, 2,638 women, 20,901 native laborers, 506,606 communicants; 43,723 added last year, 259,537 under instruction; the income of the societies reported is $7,176,845. The total amount received from the beginning in 1810 until now is $34,431,255.

No other organizaton has such interests within the Turkish Empire. These interests the Turkish Government has failed to recognize as it should. European nations have succeeded in inducing the Porte to grant privileges to their subjects which were guaranteed by treaties but which have until lately been withheld. At present the United States Government is seeking to secure the same privileges for American missionaries. These efforts have not as yet been successful.

THE POPE IS ILL.

HIS HOLINESS HAS BEEN PLACED ON DIET.

Rome, Dec. 21.—The gout, from which the Pope is suffering, is increasing rapidly. Dr. Lapponi has prescribed a light diet for the Pontiff.

WAR TALK IN LONDON.

THE APPROACH OF WAR IS INDICATED BY INCIDENTS.

London, Dec. 22.—The Nagasaki correspondent of the 'Telegraph,' reports that serious news has been received there from Tokio, indicating the approach of war. The government has requisitioned all the dry docks in the country for the fleet and war vessels have already begun to take their turn in entering the docks, where they will be cleaned.

NOT FOR SALE.

THE DANISH GOVERNMENT WILL NOT SELL GREENLAND.

Copenhagen, Dec. 21.—The government has received no information, and knows nothing of Canada's alleged proposal to purchase Greenland. It is understood that the government is no more likely to consider the sale of Greenland now than it was when Canada endeavored to negotiate for the purchase of the island six years ago.

PORT SIMPSON.

Alverstone Award Does Not Render Port Useless as a Defensible Position.

Vancouver, B.C., Dec. 18.—At a dinner given last night in honor of Major-General Lord Dundonald, his lordship, in responding to the toast, 'Naval and military forces of the empire,' said: 'I have just paid my visit of inspection to the northern shores of your great province. Among other places I visited was Port Simpson. I had heard that this port had been rendered useless as a port because two little islands with unpronounceable names not many miles from it had been alloted to the United States, and that therefore the entrance to the port could be shut up at will. I found that His Lordship the Bishop of Caledonia was correct as to the commanding position of Wales Island. It is quite true that from the fortress-like heights of this island it would be possible to pour shot and shell on all around within six or eight miles, but the only smoke that is likely to issue from Wales Island other than the sort of smoke that had been hanging about it of late, is not the smoke of a big gun, but the smoke from the fish-drying establishments to cure and dry the vast quantities of halibut and other fish that frequent these waters. I do not think we need be under any apprehension that any guns ever likely to be made and used from the two islands given to the United States will shut up Port Simpson or prevent its use as a port if it was desired to use it as such.

'Gentlemen, the only power that can shut up Port Simpson in time of war will be the power that commands all these approaches to it. What is the use, gentlemen, of a port for commerce if you can get ships out of it and no ships into it. All ports of the British empire are open, and will always be open to the commerce of the world, not by the kind permission nor by the good will or bad will of any foreign power or any two foreign powers, or any three foreign powers, but because the Union Jack, which is flying here in Vancouver, and which is flying all over the seacoast ports of Canada and the British empire, is the flag flown by the most powerful navy the world has ever known, those mighty warships of your Motherland. I know, gentlemen, your sentiments towards the British navy, that navy which helps to maintain our liberties.

'In a short time the war establishment of the navy will amount to the stupendous total of 175,000 men, and yet the British workingman does not grumble. He will work and pay and man the ships and enter the army and fight just as his forefathers taught him to do. But now he knows that shoulder to shoulder with him stand the sons of Greater Britain, just as eager, just as ready as he is. In the late war no part of the empire gave a readier response to the call to arms than did the Province of British Columbia. Victoria and Vancouver, among other places in your province, poured men into the fighting line, and I can assure you they were amongst the best. The British army and navy know the feeling of British Columbia, and they honor the Province of British Columbia for the devotion to the old flag for sending such men to fight for it.' (Loud and prolonged applause, the whole audience rising to their feet and singing 'Rule Britannia.')

Yesterday afternoon Lord Dundonald and staff visited New Westminster and inspected the local companies of the regiment, and also the Boys' Brigade and Rifles. Last evening at the Vancouver Drill Hall his lordship inspected the headquarters of the companies of the regiment, and also the boys' brigade and veterans of the Fenian raid and the South African war.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

Company Guarantees Carrying Out of Agreement for Building New Road.

DEPOSITS A MILLION POUNDS GUARANTEED STOCK INSTEAD OF CASH.

Ottawa, Dec. 19.—The following official statement was handed out by the government council yesterday afternoon:—'The Grand Trunk Railway Company has deposited a million pounds of their guaranteed stock as security for the carrying out of the agreement entered into last session between the government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, subject to the ratification of their shareholders at a general meeting.

'Inasmuch as the contract requires cash or government securities for the deposit, legislation will be required to confirm the acceptance of the securities which have been deposited, though such securities are worth to-day more than par and their value unquestionable.'

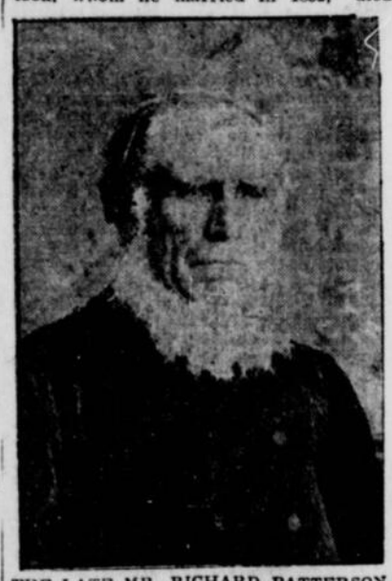
The government regards the ratification of this slight variation from the statute of last session as nothing more than a formality, because the substitution of the Grand Trunk's first security is as good as cash itself. For this reason the Administration will at once proceed with its arrangements for the survey of the route and other preliminary work just as though the deposit had been made in the form prescribed by law. The officials to carry on this work have not yet been chosen, but their names will be announced at an early date.

There is no doubt but the change in the form of the deposit arose from an unwillingness on the part of the Grand Trunk authorities in London to sacrifice their securities at a time when British consols themselves are lower than they have ever gone since the days of the Crimean War. The railway's authorities could have procured the cash if they had been willing to throw their stock away at much less than its real value, but the government, after full consideration and inquiry, has not required them to do so.

THE LATE MR. PATTERSON

LACHUTE LOSES ONE OF ITS VENERABLE CITIZENS.

Mr. Richard Patterson, an old and highly respected citizen of Lachute, passed away last Tuesday at the age of 80 years. He was born in Sligo, Ireland, on June 26, 1823, and came to Canada in June, 1845. He settled in Lachute, which was then but a very small village, and entered into the boot and shoe business, in which he engaged continuously for thirty years. He then retired to a farm about a mile from the town, where he resided up to the time of his death. His wife, formerly Miss Hannah D. Pollock, whom he married in 1852, died



THE LATE MR. RICHARD PATTERSON.

about three years ago. They had thirteen children, of whom three sons and five daughters survive. The sons are Messrs. T. W. P. Patterson, of this city; R. M. Patterson, of Wilson, N.Y., and G. T. Patterson, of Lachute. The daughters are Mrs. Robert Armstrong, Lachute; Mrs. Thomas Chambers, Brandon, Man.; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Lachute; Mrs. W. J. Hammond, Lachute, and Miss Lizzie Patterson, who lives at home.

The late Mr. Patterson was a member of the first official board of the Methodist Church at Lachute, which was erected in 1852. He served the church as trustee, class leader and steward, retaining his official connection until the time of his demise. He has been in failing health for the past two years. Although suffering from a weak heart, he was able to be about until a few days ago, and visited his son in Montreal as late as two months ago.

POULTRY AND PET STOCK

SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT GRANBY A GREAT SUCCESS.

Granby, Que., Dec. 18.—The second annual exhibition of the Granby Poultry and Pet Stock Association was held in the Town Hall here on Dec. 15, 16 and 17. The exhibit was unusually large and interesting entries being made from all parts of the province.

The special prize list is as follows:—

Silver cup, given by the Empire Tobacco Company, at Granby—T. C. McGinnis, Richelieu Poultry Yards, Iberville, Que.

Silver cup, given by Mr. G. F. Payne, president of the association—T. C. McGinnis, Richelieu Poultry Yards, Iberville, Que.

Silver cup, given by Mr. Frank B. Wilson, Sherbrooke—J. C. Barr, Granby.

Silver cup, given by Mr. J. C. Parr, of Granby—Frank B. Wilson, Sherbrooke, Que.

Bronze medal, given by the editor of the 'Canadian Poultry Review,' Toronto, for highest scoring specimen fowl in the show—Frank B. Wilson, Sherbrooke, Que., won on White Plymouth Rock Pullet. Score, 95.05.

Prizes given by Mr. A. P. Hillhouse, Bondville Poultry Station, Bondville, Que., for best pair live table fowls—1, H. H. Collins, Riverside Poultry Yards, Granby; 2, H. H. Willis, Granby Poultry Yards, Granby; 3, A. F. Sanborn, Hillside Poultry Yards, South Roxton, Que.

Great praise is due to the officers of the association, who, by their painstaking care, have made the show a grand success. (

A NEW IRELAND

The Ireland of Intellect, of Poetry, of Patriotism

MR. W. B. YEATS, IRISH POET, ESSAYIST — A GENIUS WHO STRIKES THE NOTE OF POIGNANCY.

Mr. Yeats, in an interview Thursday, talked about Irish poetry and the Irish awakening. Perhaps there are many who do not know what this awakening means. It means, then, a mental recovery. When Parnell died something strange happened in Ireland. The people, though they hated the English Government, had adopted the English ways. They wore English clothes. They read English books—the worst kind: they copied English manners. Irish industries languished. There was no real national spirit.

Mr. Yeats is, primarily, a poet. He says, laughingly, that he knows nothing about political economy, but he has noted that sentiment can be wedded to trade and that if there is national sentiment it can be allied to the practicalities.

Mr. Yeats is a Nationalist, but he is on the side of intellect. He belongs to the young generation which seeks to make Ireland better, not so much by political nostrums as by the aids of literature and language—coupled, at the same time, with the practicalities.

And this is the curious thing. Mr. Yeats says that poetry and the utilities may go hand in hand. Before the revival of language, certain industries languished. To-day these are flourishing. Irish frieze, for instance, stained glass, pottery, sculpture—all these have been benefited by the revival.

Take Ulster. Ulster is not poetical. Ulster has thriven wonderfully. But Mr. Yeats declares there is a good deal of Highland blood in Ulster, and points out that Wolf Tone turned the Ulsterites into rebels.

Now, there is the Land Bill, which will have this effect:—The landlords will, for the most part, sell out. But they will keep their mansions and their demesnes. They will turn to the people.

They will throw in their lot with Ireland. They will become the social, the intellectual leaders. For the Irish landlord loves the country, loves the scenery, and does not desire to expatriate himself. But, of course, the Land Bill is only the forerunner of Home Rule. Mr. Yeats does not believe that Home Rule will be a universal panacea, but he does believe that people should have national expression, and it is no use in beginning with local government in Ireland. You should begin as the English began, with central government, which might percolate to the town pump, congruously.

But Mr. Yeats is interested in the uplifting of the Irish people upon their intellectual side. He is the president of theatrical organizations whose object is, not to make money, but to give refined presentations of Irish history and legend. These plays have been performed by shopboys and shopgirls in Dublin and elsewhere with wonderful success. In regard to Gaelic, Mr. Yeats said that the movement did not hope to kill the English tongue, which had been in use for seven hundred years, but the idea was to make Ireland bi-lingual, which would be a great benefit to any country.

'I wear clothes to-day,' said Mr. Yeats, 'which are all of Irish manufacture, as a result of this intellectual revival. I maintain there is no incompatibility between sentiment and the utilities.'

'But, bless you,' said Mr. Yeats, 'I am not a practical person at all.'

Mr. Yeats described the great awakening. A movement was set on foot for the re-birth of the Gaelic tongue. It spread. The people caught fire. A new hope was born. Language is wedded to sentiment and sentiment is wedded to trade.

Mr. Yeats remarked, with a smile on at the residence of Professor Moyse, the Dean of the Arts Faculty of McGill University, whose guest he was, that you might not think so. But what happened? Once this movement was started, the people began to wear Irish clothing of Irish manufacture. They began to feel a new pride. They began to read Irish history. They became a proud people. They ignored the English ways. They wanted things which were Irish. They encouraged Irish industries; they began to make, for the first time, stained glass windows in Ireland, instead of importing wretched fripperies from Italy; they began to establish Irish sculpture, and what was more important from the moral point of view, this new awakening, which was intellectual in its character, and which had educated priests of the Church on its side, had the effect of making men sober; for last St. Patrick's Day in Dublin all the public houses, except six, closed in deference to the wish of the Gaelic League, and for the first time in history, thousands of Irishmen spent the day without 'drowning the shamrock' in the old way.

Now, as to poetry, and especially Irish poetry: Primitive poetry is always sad. Why, Mr. Yeats did not know. Or, rather, though he thought he might know a little about it, he felt that he could not properly explain why. Irish poetry, in its primitive expression, was sad—sad as death. Greece? Well, but did not Greek poetry deal with tragedy, though there was, concurrently, a love of life and sunshine and objectivity? There was, in early Irish poetry, an infinite yearning. And in regard to modern Irish poetry, that was written, for the most part, by patriots, whose lives did not fall in pleasant places. That accounted, in large part, for the note of melancholy.

But all beauty was allied to sadness, and sadness seemed incompatible with strenuousness. At the same time, Mr. Yeats desired to point out that among the men and women in Ireland to-day who were writing the most tender, the most yearning lyrics, were those who did all in their power to establish peoples' banks and the like.

RUSSO-PERSIAN FRONTIER

SANGUINARY CONFLICT BETWEEN PERSIANS AND TURCOMANS.

St. Petersburg, Dec. 15.—Sanguinary conflicts between Persians and Turcomans are reported to have occurred on the Russo-Persian frontier. Fights between customs officers and Turcomans followed the establishment of Persian custom houses and resulted in killing on both sides. The governor of Asreabad, with a large body of troops, intervened and refused an indemnity offered by the Turcoman khans. In the fighting which ensued both sides sustained heavy losses. Report says the Persian troops were defeated and retired to Astrabad.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

REPORT THAT HE IS TO VISIT CALIFORNIA A CANARD.

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—There is no truth whatever in the report published in Conservative newspapers of the premier leaving for California for his health. The fact is that Sir Wilfrid's health is now excellent. He will spend Christmas at his old home in Arthabaskaville.

THIBETAN AFFAIRS

MONKS AT LHASSA COMPLETELY DOMINATE THE SITUATION.

London, Dec. 14.—Letters addressed by Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, to the dalai lama, at Lhassa, have been returned. The various units of the British expedition to Thibet are concentrating on the Chumbi Valley, where Colonels Younghusband and Macdonald are awaiting them.

According to the latest information the Monks at Lhassa completely dominate the situation and use all their influence to suppress any sentiment favorable to granting Indian Thibetan trade facilities, to the abrogation of which the present expedition is attributed.

FIGHT WITH HOTTENTOTS

LAAGER CAPTURED BY GERMAN PATROL.

Capetown, Dec. 14.—According to an official despatch from the Hartebeeste River district, a Hottentot laager was attacked and captured by a German patrol on Saturday last. The Hottentots drove the Germans across the river, firing heavily, and severely wounding Lieut. Beklin and one private. The Hottentots subsequently retreated, losing three killed and two wounded. More fighting is expected. During the engagement the Cape Police came under the fire of the Hottentots, who say that they shot at the police officers by mistake.

THIS MACHINE FLEW

FLYING MACHINE STORY WHICH IS IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 18.—The trial of a flying machine, made yesterday near Kittyhawk, N.C., by Wilbur and Orville Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, was a complete success. The machine flew for three miles, in the face of a wind blowing at the registered velocity of 21 miles an hour, and then gracefully descended to earth at the spot selected by the man in the navigator's car as a suitable landing place. The machine has no balloon attachment, but gets its force from propellors worked by a small engine.

'SOO' WORKS

PREMIER ROSS EXPECTED TO DO SOMETHING TO SAVE THEM.

Toronto, Dec. 15.—(Special) — Another grand coup by the Hon. G. P. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, to save the big Sault Ste. Marie industries from being shut down entirely in consequence of litigation and Speyer Co. proceedings, is proposed. Mr. James Conmee, M.P.P. for the district of Algoma, said to the 'Witness' correspondent this morning that good news might be looked for this afternoon. At that time he was about to leave the King Edward Hotel with a party of prominent 'Soo' men, including Messrs. B. J. Clergue, C. N. Smith, M.P.P., T. J. Drummond, H. Hamilton, W. G. Coyne and others, to confer with the Premier at the parliament buildings.

New York, Dec. 15.—The sale of the Consolidated Lake Superior assets took place this morning in the presence of a large crowd, which included Mr. Clergue, the former president of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, and Mr. Hay, director of the Imperial Bank of Canada.

Objections to the sale were submitted by a lawyer representing Frances C. Davidson, of this city, owner of 100 shares of Lake Superior common and 50 shares of preferred, on the ground that the Speyer loan had been contracted without the knowledge or consent of the stockholders, and was therefore illegal, also by the Stanley Electric Company, of Pittsfield, Mass., which recently filed a mechanics lien for $60,000 for machinery; another by the legal representative of the receiver, J. G. Caruth, of Philadelphia; and still another by Foley Bros., Porter and Whalen, of Philadelphia, who claim to have a lien on the Algoma and Hudson Bay Company, one of the Lake Superior's constituent companies.

Just before the auctioneer asked for bids he was served with a notice that suit had been begun in the State Supreme Court to set aside the sale.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI

Celebrates the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of his Ordination

Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, last Tuesday celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. In accordance with the express desire of His Grace, the celebration was entirely confined to a religious ceremony. That, however, was made as solemn as possible, and the large cathedral was crowded with worshippers at the service which was held at 10 a.m. The altar was splendidly decorated with flowers and lights, and the plain chant furnished by the numerous clergy present was most effective. Besides several hundred priests, all the religious communities of both men and women were represented by numerous delegates, and all the colleges, convents



ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.

and schools were also represented.

The bishops in attendance included Mgr. Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke; Mgr. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield; Mgr. Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; Mgr. Decelles, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. There were also present the Very Rev. Dom Antoine, mitred Abbot of Oka, and Mgr. Racicot, Mgr. Archambault, and Mgr. Dugas, apostolic prothonotaries.

FRENCH RELIGIOUS ORDERS

Proposal to Sweep Out of the Country those that Remain

Paris, Dec. 15.—M. Combes, the Premier, to-day communicated to the Council of Ministers the text of a bill forbidding all teaching by the religious orders, even those now actually authorized, which will be presented in the Chamber of Deputies next Friday. The purpose of the measure is to abrogate the existing legislation permitting teaching by the authorized religious orders. The bill provides for the dissolution, accompanied by the sequestration of property, of such congregations as exist solely for the purpose of teaching and for the partial sequestration of the property of those congregations which in addition to teaching, also conduct hospitals for the indigent. Five years are allowed for the complete carrying out of the proposed law, the adoption of which will entail the closing of 1,299 schools for boys; 2,195 school buildings conducted by the Christian Brothers. The bill also provides for the enlargement of the public schools conducted by the state. It is estimated that the complete operation of the Premier's plan will cost the state $5,000,000.

BIG MEDICAL FEES

LUCKY CANADIANS.

(Correspondence of the 'Witness.')

Chicago, Dec. 14.—In these days when the dissatisfaction over the Alaskan award has hardly subsided, it is a small consolation to us Canadians that some of the plums do fall our way occasionally. I know it will be pleasant news to many of your readers, and especially to the graduates in medicine of 'old McGill'—if they have not already heard it—that Dr. William Osler, of the Johns Hopkins University, was last week called in consultation to a member of the rich Pabst family at Milwaukee, for which he received the fee of $10,000. This, I believe, is the largest fee which has ever been paid in a medical case in the west.

About a year ago our fellow-countryman, Alexander Hugh Ferguson, formerly of Winnipeg, was called to the coast in consultation in a surgical case, for which he is said to have received a fee of $5,000, which was regarded as a 'record-breaker' at that time.

THE GOLDEN CUP

THE SHAH'S GIFT THAT MEANS DEATH.

Tokio, Dec. 16.—Mirza Asghar Khan, the former Grand Vizier of Persia, has arrived here on his way to the United States. On October 19 letters were received from some of the Belgian officials employed in the Persian customs finance department, telling an amazing story concerning the removal from office of the Grand Vizier. It appears that some weeks previously the governor of the province of Ratch received a golden cup containing coffee which was poisoned and which the Shah sends to officials whom he wishes to banish from the world. The governor drank the coffee and, of course, died. It was discovered later that the golden cup was not sent by the Shah, and the Grand Vizier was accused of the act, whereupon he was dismissed. Expecting soon to receive the fatal cup in his turn, he asked for and obtained leave to go on a pilgrimage some miles from Teheran, whence he fled to the coast and then sailed for Europe.

NEWS OF THE PROVINCES.

ONTARIO.

The Tilbury Presbyterians have extended a call to the Rev. H. H. Macpherson, formerly of Halifax.

Dean O'Connor, of the parish of Tyendenaga, celebrated ihs golden jubilee in the priesthood on Wednesday.

Mayor Breault, of Amherstburg, has returned home after an imprisonment of five days in the ice of Lake Erie in the tug 'Thistle.'

Mr. Isidore Proulx, M. P. P. for Prescott, who had his leg amputated a few weeks ago, is progressing favorably towards recovery.

On Tuesday last Mrs. William Khull, of Clayton, Ont., received a severe kick from a cow which she was milking, resulting in a fractured rib.

The township of Brantford recently paid Mr. A. Huson two-thirds of the value of 33 sheep destroyed by dogs on his farm at Shipman's Corners.

The Rev. P. J. Pilkey, who has been pastor of the Baptist Church at Onondaga for the past few years, left last week for Florence, to which place he has received a unanimous call.

The frame stable of George Ament, a retired farmer, at Listowel, was burned on Wednesday morning, together with the contents, consisting of hay, grain, one cow and a quantity of fowl.

The Rev. C. A. Anderson has tendered his resignation as rector of the Episcopal Church in Kingsville. He talks of leaving Kingsville about the first of January to take a two months' rest.

The office of the 'Observer,' the Liberal paper in Pembroke, was entered recently, the big press smashed and some type destroyed. Political feeling is running pretty high just now, which no doubt accounts for the vandalism.

Mr. Robert Husband, of lot 9, tenth concession of Clarendon township, shot a bear a few days since. The animal had evidently lost a forefoot in a trap some time previously. It weighed 260 pounds, and was 8 feet 9 inches in length.

Mr. Robert Quinn, a highly respected resident of Oxford, died at his home near Burritt's Rapids on Tuesday last. He was in the eighty-fifth year of his age, and is survived by one daughter and four sons, one of whom is the Rev. Samuel Quinn, of Pembroke.

Robert Whitcombe, pressman in the 'Reporter' office,' Galt, came near losing his eyesight on Thursday morning. He was regulating the gas engine, when there was an exceptionally heavy explosion, which blew the lining of the gas tube up into his eyes.

Mr. Howard S. Folger, general manager of the Thousand Island Steamboat Company, announces that Mr. J. A. Goodearle has been appointed general manager and Mr. H. B. Mills general passenger agent of the company. These appointments are effective from Dec. 15.

John Rudden, a Maidstone farmer, was killed by Edward Slaughter, colored, some time ago, and a Windsor jury brought in a verdict of murder. Slaughter has been arrested in Cincinnati, and will shortly be on trial for his act in Windsor. He struck Rudden with a billiard cue on the head.

Three barns of Mr. Richard Farrell, at Madoc, Ont., were destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning, with their contents. The stock was saved with the exception of one team and some pigs and poultry. A spark from an engine used in threshing clover caused the fire. Loss, $3,000. There was some insurance.

Mr. David Beath, of Edgar, Ont., was recently killing a cow in his own barn. He had just felled the beast, when it rolled over on him, breaking his leg just above the ankle. Fortunately a neighbor, who was helping him, despatched the animal, while Mr. Beath dragged himself as best he could to the house, and the fractured limb was attended to.

Last Tuesday evening at the crossing of the Grand Trunk Railway in Ingersoll, Mr. E. C. Dundas, tax collector, and a resident of Thamesford, was killed owing to his horse having proved uncontrollable while a train was passing. The animal ran away and the buggy was just in front of No. 5 express train from the east when the train struck it, throwing Mr. Dundas out upon the track and mangling his body dreadfully.

The Rev. William Beattie, moderator of the Presbytery of Peterborough, and Mr. James Russell, elder, were in Port Hope on Tuesday attending a meeting of the Presbytery. The call extended to the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Penetanguishene, was taken up, but owing to the lack of signatures and the want of harmony on the part of the people, it was agreed to set the call aside and express sympathy with the people under the circumstances, and empower the Rev. Mr. Lord, of Grafton, to moderate another call as soon as the people are prepared

Mr. Wolfe, a prominent capitalist of Glasgow, Scotland, was in Brantford, the 'Expositor' says, last Tuesday, with a view to finding a desirable site for the location of a factory for the manufacture of a line of shovels. In company with Mr. E. L. Goold, he drove around the city in the afternoon, and was much impressed with the many advantages it offered for the establishment of such an industry. Mr. Wolfe was non-committal and held out no encouragement that Brantford would be chosen as a site in preference to any other city. He left for London in the evening.

Mr. Fairbairn, an Ontario Government engineer, was in Orillia recently, says the 'Packet,' and in company with Reeve Elliott and Councillor J. R. Harvie, drove out to where the North river is dammed by rocks in Matchedash, for the purpose of investigating the feasibility of removing the obstructions so as to drain the Purbrook flats. He found a fall of over twelve feet in eleven hundred feet of river. With a reasonable expenditure it would be possible to lower the river five feet at this point, and this would lower the level for several miles above, and would drain a lot of land.

James Ferguson, of Caradoc township, one of the stockholders of the Flax Company, was in that town a few days ago assisting the newly-appointed manager of the above company in securing acreage among the farmers of Brooke for the production of the flax crop for 1904. The Strathroy 'Age' learns that there will be little or no difficulty in this respect, as many of the farmers seem to display a willingness to grow the crop. Mr. Ferguson believes that the company will be able to get the required acreage within a radius of five miles of the village. The company will not move their machinery until spring, when it is expected the new building for the company will be ready for occupation. The company is desirous of disposing of their land and buildings.

The home of Ferdinand Brisebois, in the rear of one of the lots below the G. N. R. trestle, Hawkesbury, was completely destroyed by fire on Wednesday afternoon between one and two o'clock, and one of the children fell a victim to the flames. Mrs. Brisebois went out to see a neighbor, leaving three children in the house, One, between two and three years old, was sleeping in a corner of the room, while the two older children were playing about the house. The mother had only been gone a few minutes when the house was noticed to be on fire. The two older children were got out safely, but the rescuers were unable to reach the other child, and its charred remains were found among the ruins after the fire had been put out. The house and contents were completely destroyed.

At Cobourg, on Monday evening, Dec. 14, at the G. T. R. station, the mail bag from the post-office had been taken to the station and left near the west end of the platform, at a point about opposite where the mail car of the 6.30 train usually stops, and the mail carrier went to the other end of the platform on other business. When the train came in it was missing. It was afterwards found in a field north of the water tank. It had been ripped open almost its entire length, and the small bag inside containing the letters for Toronto, and bundles containing the mail for Hamilton and New York State taken. Fortunately the registered letters, which were tied up with a string, were overlooked by the thieves. Afterwards Chief Ruse and Deputy Postmaster Woodruff made another search, and the mail for Manitoba was found near where the bag was found, it evidently having dropped out of the bag when being tossed away by the thieves.

QUEBEC.

The ice bridge across the Ottawa river has become safe during the week and the mails are now driven across to Calumet.

The municipal electors of Shipton, County of Richmond, says the Compton 'Chronicle,' have passed a prohibitory by-law by a majority of 223 to 18. The neighboring municipalities of Danville and Asbestos grant no liquor licenses.

News from Lake Megantic on Wednesday was that the Spaulding mill had started work with a full crew. There are said to be three camps in the woods in Spaulding yarding logs in charge of Mr. Murdo W. McKenzie, of Marsboro.

Mr. Donald Mathieson, of Portland, Marsboro, stricken with paralysis recently, died on Wednesday, Dec. 9, at the age of seventy-five. The funeral took place two days afterwards to the Echo Vale Cemetery and was largely attended by friends and neighbors.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sangster, of London street, Sherbrooke, celebrated their fortieth wedding day on Saturday, Dec. 12. They were married in Scotland, went to Sherbrooke in 1867, and have always resided there with the exception of a few months' residence in Almonte, Ont.

Two Indians, Frett and Rousseau, have been arrested at Oka, charged with having caused the death of Edouard Mallette, who died recently of heart failure, caused by indigestion. This is held to have been due to a broken jaw Mallette received in a beating from the two Indians five or six months ago.

The Quebec Government has authorized a division of the township of Spaulding, whereby a new township is formed, to be named 'St Hubert de Spaulding,' and which is comprised in lots 1 to 36 on all the ranges to the boundary line, and which includes all the north-eastern portion of the old township of Spaulding. They will have their first election in January, 1904.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

The St. John, N.B., city curlers have not given up the idea of going to Winnipeg and arrangements may yet be made with the C. P. R. to enable the curlers to be present at the big bonspiel in that city.

The surveying parties on the Nova Scotia Eastern Railway have come in from their labors and will not go back until after Christmas at least. The roadway has been located as far as Parke's Corner, at Upper Musquodoboit.

The lightship 'Lurcher,' which was almost the last vessel to pass down the St. Lawrence canals, reached Halifax on Wednesday, much to the satisfaction of those who feared she would have been hemmed in with ice before getting to sea.

Advices at Halifax on Wednesday from Newfoundland were to the effect that the terrific gale that raged there during the early days of last week had caused great damage to fishermen along the coast. The railway service had been temporarily paralyzed, greatly interfering with overland trains.

The Halifax 'Herald' of Dec. 16 says that the Halifax breweries have applied to the Mayor of Dartmouth for a wholesale brewery license. The Town Council granted a license of this nature last March, but it was subsequently quashed by the Chief Justice on the application of the temperance party.

A delegation of the I. C. R. mechanics representing the Moncton and Northern sections of the Intercolonial arrived in Moncton, N.B., on Wednesday to interview the I. C. R. management in reference to an increase of wages. A schedule will be prepared and presented to Mr. Pottinger, the general manager, for his consideration on his return from the island.

The Presbytery of Halifax last Tuesday unanimously nominated the Rev. Alfred Gandier, of St. James Square Church, Toronto, to succeed the Rev. Principal Pollock in the chair of practical theology aid church history of Pine Hill College. The Presbytery passed a resolution against the legislature of Nova Scotia legalizing horse racing on the exhibition speed track.

Mr. James McGraw met with an accident in the Miramichi lumber woods on Friday, Dec. 4, which resulted in his death. The deceased was employed as a chopper by the Richards Co., about thirty miles above Boiestown, and while at work a tree fell upon him, badly injuring his skull. He was taken to the Hotel Dieu Hospital in Chatham the day after the accident, and passed away a week later without having regained consciousness. The unfortunate man was a native of Tracadie, and unmarried.

The Charlottetown 'Patriot' says that at two o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 28, there came from the southern bank of the Hillsborough, the triumphant blasts of Kitchen's locomotive proclaiming that Southport and Murray River had been connected with that double steel link forty-two and a half miles in length, known as the Southern Railway; that track laying was over for the season, and that an important stage had been reached in the progress of an undertaking, which is among the many monuments to the enterprise and practical patriotism of Canada's business Liberal government. The map given shows the island to be well provided with railway accommodation.

Elmer Maxwell, of Dorchester, N.B., convicted at Portland, Me., in 1900, for manslaughter on the high seas, and sentenced to the State prison, has been pronounced insane and recommended for transfer to the insane ward of the prison. The Moncton, N.B., 'Transcript,' referred to this unfortunate man as having had a quarrel with Captain Baisley, of the American schooner 'John B. Vandusen,' which resulted in Baisley being stabbed. He fell overboard, and Maxwell's alarm was the means of his rescue. After the captain had been rescued from the waters he died of exhaustion. The schooner got into a terrific storm, and the mate and seamen escaped to shore, leaving Maxwell and the steward. They worked the vessel into Beaver Harbor, when Maxwell was arrested, turned over to the United States authorities, and sentenced to eight years in the State prison.

MANITOBA AND THE WEST.

A London despatch states that intending immigrants for Canada are already seeking passage from English ports for Manitoba and the West.

A Chinaman, who frequently brings wood to Victoria, B.C., in an old schooner, was in that city recently conferring with a number of wealthy Chinese regarding the opening of a coal property on Coal Island. He claims to have discovered a seam on a mountain side facing the water which contains the same quality of coal that is found at Nanaimo.

Passenger train No. 14, Graham, engineer, with O'Hara as fireman, and Nicholson as baggageman, all of Winnipeg, struck a huge snow-drift on Dec. 14, between Winnipeg and Killarney, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and was thrown off the track. Graham was killed and the other two badly injured. The passenger cars remained on the rails, but the smoking car, baggage car, tender and engine went over the embankment.

A Hartney despatch to Winnipeg, Man., states that the disappearance of Mr. William Moore, a respected bachelor residing near Hartney, had been noticed. He had driven a woman to Bottineau, N.D., to join her husband. His horse was found in a Bottineau livery stable, but no trace was found of Moore or the man and woman. As he had a large sum of money with him his friends at Hartney were anxious concerning his safety.

UNITED STATES DESPATCHES.

President Roosevelt signed the Cuban bill on Thursday afternoon.

Tammany Hall has nominated Mr. Bourke Cockrane to succeed Mayor Geo. B. McClellan.

Chicago Presbytery has unanimously denounced the production of 'Parsifal' on the stage in Chicago.

Mayor Patrick Collins was re-elected Mayor of Boston on Tuesday last, by a plurality of 27,000. The Democrats won the day in the Council.

Scientists in New York on Wednesday were considering means for the extermination of mosquitoes, and war will be made, especially upon the New Jersey breed, next season.

A fire in Millvale, Pa., on Wednesday, drove a large number of people into the cold and destroyed their homes, which adjoined the planing mill and lumber yard of the Bennett Lumber and Manufacturing Company. It was destroyed with a loss of $40,000. A dozen houses were burned.

The Foster & Armstrong piano factory in Rochester, N.Y., was burned down last Tuesday. Two other fires occurred on the same evening, one in Messrs. Williams, Hoyt & Co.'s factory, and one in the Wendell piano factory. It is believed all were the work of incendiaries.

SUMMARY OF WORLD'S NEWS.

M. Loubet will visit Italy and will remain between April 6 and April 11.

King Christian and Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, reached Berlin on Thursday night.

Panama elections have been fixed for Jan. 28, and Dr. Amador is likely to be president.

An epidemic of cholera, raging near Bagdad, at Kerbela, has caused 176 deaths in a population of 65,000.

A German non-commissioned officer named Franski, of the 85th infantry, has been sent to prison for five years for brutally treating the private soldiers.

It has been affirmed that a second operation had been performed upon the German Emperor's throat. The story was denied in a Berlin despatch under the same date as the affirmation.

The Austrian Emperor Francis Joseph is said to have told the Servian Minister that until the murderers of King Alexander and Queen Draga are either punished or removed from the Servian Court cordial relations cannot be restored between the two royal courts of Austria and Servia.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Montreal police captains are to have their salaries raised next year.

Surgeon-Colonel F. W. Campbell, who was thrown from his buggy and nearly killed in the autumn, is suing the Montreal Street Railway Company for ten thousand dollars.

The announcement was made at the City Hall on Tuesday last that the city's revenue for 1904 is expected to show a falling off of about a quarter of a million dollars. Last year the revenue was $3,872,196.

It costs Montreal about one hundred thousand dollars per year to move and carry away the snow from certain streets in the city. What it costs the citizens for what is not carried away would be hard to estimate.

Dr. Vrooman, who took two weeks to consider the Liberal nomination for the county of Lennox, as a cadnidate for the House of Commons, has decided that the sacrifice would be too great in view of his professional duties. He therefore declines the honor.

Joseph Melville Labranche, pilot, was adjudged responsible for a collision that occurred on the St. Lawrence between the steamship 'Hektos' and 'Drottning Sophie,' last season. His certificate was suspended until July 1, 1904, which really means for the months of May and June, as river navigation is over for 1903.

Mr. Peter Lyall, an ex-alderman and well-known as a builder and capitalist, has accepted the nomination of the Liberals of St. Antoine Ward for the House of Commons. His opponent is believed to be Mr. Herbert B. Ames, alderman. Mr. Lyall is of Scottish birth, while Mr. Ames is a Montreal man, whose parents were from the United States.

While careering along Notre Dame street to the fire which damaged the Dominion Cotton Mills on Notre Dame, corner of Desery streets, on Saturday morning, Louis Godin, driver of the salvage wagon from No. 1 station, was thrown from his seat by a collision with a street car. He was taken to the Notre Dame Hospital seriously hurt.

Mr. James Elliott, of 426a Richmond street, was a surprised and startled man on Sunday, Dec. 13, when he returned home from the First Baptist Church, in the evening, and found that thieves had broken in and stolen his cash-box. As he was on the point of visiting daughters in Boston and New York, he had drawn $700 to go away with. This was gone, along with two watches and some other valuable articles.

Great activity has been manifested by the Grand Trunk Railway Company's agents in securing land in the west limits of Montreal and beyond for future use as yards and for other purposes. Between round houses and other houses for railway purposes, it is believed that over one million of dollars will be expended upon the area near the Lachine canal, at Cote St. Paul and Turcot, both villages that have grown rapidly of late years.

ISTHMIAN AFFAIRS

Senator Morgan's Resolution Introduced in the Senate

Washington, Dec. 19.—In the Senate yesterday Senator Morgan introduced a resolution declaring that the President has no right to wage war against any foreign power without the consent of Congress, when such country is at peace with the United States; that the provision of the canal treaty between the United States and Panama, guaranteeing the independence of the republic of Panama, is in effect a declaration of war with Colombia; that the intervention of the United States in preventing Colombia from suppressing the secession of Panama is contrary to the law of neutrality and the law of nations.

COLOMBIA'S COURSE.

Paris, Dec. 19.—The 'United Colombian Committee,' here gave out a statement to-day saying that Colombia would, first, seek through a commission to induce the United States to recognize Colombia's rights under the treaty of 1846; second, if the commission fails Colombia will ask for the submission of the question to The Hague Arbitration Court; third, if its submission to The Hague Court is refused, Colombia will go to war and rely on the Latin republics to come to her aid.

4,000 XMAS TREES BURNED

A PHILADELPHIA SYNDICATE DESTROYS THIRTY CARLOADS TO RAISE THE PRICE.

Philadelphia, Dec. 19.—Frightened at the prospect of an overstocked market and a serious financial loss, the Christmas tree syndicate here late yesterday afternoon decided upon the destruction of thirty full carloads of spruces and pines that were lying in the West Philadelphia yards of the Pennsylvania Railway, thereby cutting the supply in half. At dusk last evening a locomotive started out of the switchyard with a string of fifteen cars. These weer run to a dump some distance from the city, where they were saturated with oil and the torch put to them. A second string of cars was afterwards taken to the same place. Altogether four thousand trees were consumed between dusk and midnight. There are now in Philadelphia about three thousand trees to supply a normal demand of 5,000.

FRENCH MINIMUM TARIFF

PROTEST AGAINST ITS APPLICATION IN THE CASE OF CANADIAN SALTED MEATS.

London, Dec. 18.—The party of defence of the agricultural interests in the French Chamber of Deputies yesterday decided to communicate a protest to the Minister of Agriculture against applying the minimum tariff on Canadian salted meats.

TRANSPORTATION INQUIRY

Commission Begins Work Early Next Month in the Maritime Provinces.

Ottawa, Dec. 18.—The Transportation Commission will hold its first meetings in Halifax and St. John, beginning with the first week of January. A fortnight later will bring them to Montreal and Quebec. It has been decided to employ a French and an English-speaking secretary. It is understood that the former will be Mr. Joseph F. Perrault, of Montreal. The English secretaryship is being offered to Mr. C. N. Bell, of Winnipeg. There will be an engineer attached to the commission, but nobody has been secured to date for this post. A man is needed that can tender the commission expert advice on technical questions.

The commission will not touch the railway side of the transportation question. That is practically an issue between the two political parties where their counsel would not be of any important service, but on the subject of terminals and the waterways the commission hopes to frame conclusion of a useful nature. This will take them from Nova Scotia back to Port Arthur and Fort William. They will see Halifax and St. John in the middle of the winter season, and therefore can form a sound opinion as to their respective trade possibilities. They will study the further requirements of the St. Lawrence route and of the ports of Montreal and Quebec, and finally they will suggest the best means of developing and handling Canadian business on the great lakes.

'The bodies with whom we come into contact will find us,' remarked Mr. Bortram to-day, 'with a perfectly open mind and determined to get at the bottom of all important points that come under our notice.

QUEBEC POMOLOGISTS

ANNUAL MEETING AT HEMMINGFORD.

Hemmingford, Dec. 18.—The Pomological and Fruit Growing Society of the Province of Quebec opened its annual meeting here yesterday, when papers and discussions of practical value to fruit growers were listened to, the two gatherings that were held being very successful.

At the afternoon meeting, Mr. Robert Brodie, of Notre Dame de Grace, dealt with the causes which have made apple-growing a failure in some parts of this province, and Professor Macoun, of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, enumerated the principal diseases and faults of planting that cause fruit trees to die or fail to produce fruit.

In the evening, the principal address was that by Mr. A. McNeil, chief fruit inspector, Ottawa, who spoke on 'How shall we pack our apples for export and home consumption—in boxes or barrels?' He spoke of the diversity of boxes at present on the market and of the invariation in capacity. He urged the adoption of a uniform size throughout the Dominion, and recommended the size of 10 x 11 x 20 inches. This size has been adopted by the British Columbia and Ontario associations and in all likelihood will be adopted by Nova Scotia. Some discussion took place on the subject, and a motion was unanimously agreed to recognizing the necessity of having a uniform size of box for the export of apples, and recommending the size mentioned, which holds one-third of a barrel.

Mr. McLaren and Mr. Walker, M.P., and M.P.P., respectively for the County of Huntingdon, were present and each made a few happy remarks, the former in the afternoon and the latter in the evening.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY

HE IS TO BE DINED BY THE CANADA CLUB IN LONDON.

London, Dec. 15.—The Canada Club dines the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, on Jan. 18. Lord Strathcona will be chairman.

KING MENELIK

MR. ELLIS BEARS A MESSAGE FROM HIM TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

London, Dec. 16.—Mr. William N. Ellis is here on his return from Abyssinia where he had an interview with King Menelek. Mr. Ellis will return to the United States next week. He will announce to the State Department the result of his interview and deliver also a letter from the king welcoming Americans to Abyssinia 'in peace and without fear.' Mr. Ellis says that a commercial treaty could be very easily negotiated with the ruler of Abyssinia by whom he was most hospitably treated while at Abbaba, the capital. King Menelik, he says, is in touch with many of the great questions of the day. He is intelligent, alert, and progressive. When told the story of negro emancipation in the United States, he was deeply touched and said that though he could not free all the slaves in his country at one touch, as Lincoln did, still the children of all slaves now in Abyssinia would taste the sweets of liberty.

There is nothing barbarous at King Menelik's court, Mr. Ellis says, many of the modern contributions to convenience and even luxury are present. The commercial possibilities are very great, he thinks. There is mineral wealth, including gold and silver in that kingdom, and the people would make good customers of the United States.

WHITNEY SUBMARINE ALARM BELL.

Ottawa, Dec. 19.—Mr. H. M. Whitney, of Boston, submitted yesterday a proposition for the use in Canadian waters of the submarine alarm bell, which was recently examined by the Minister of Marine, Mr. Prefontaine. Mr. Whitney is president of the company which has undertaken the manufacture of these signals, and he is satisfied that no other device has yet been secured that offers as reliable warning to vessels of their proximity to rocks, shoals or other danger points. The Hon. Mr. Prefontaine told the 'Witness' correspondent if the government is fully satisfied of the perfection of the device several of these bells will in all probability be installed along the St. Lawrence route next year. Parliament will spare no reasonable outlay to fully assure the world of the safety of this channel. A handsome appropriation was taken this past session, and more money can be had for the mere asking to satisfy the marine underwriters and make shipping by the St. Lawrence as cheap as possible.

MILTON'S 'PARADISE LOST'

NEW YORKER OFFERS LARGE SUM FOR THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

London, Dec. 17.—The 'Daily Express' announces that a New Yorker residing in London has offered £50,000 for the manuscript of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' which the Sothebys have been commissioned to sell at auction in March next if it is not previously disposed of at private sale.

Milton sold 'Paradise Lost' to Samuel Simmons, publisher. He received £5 down and a promise of two or more payments of £5 each if two editions were sold.

CLOSER RELATIONS

LEADING MERCHANTS OF BOSTON ANXIOUS FOR ARBITRATION.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 17.—A movement to bring about a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain was inaugurated to-day at a meeting of Boston's leading merchants, at the Boston Chamber of Commerce. After the discussion entered into by prominent men, it was voted that President Thomas Barclay, formerly president of the British Chamber of Commerce, address the meeting.

STRONG PROTEST AGAINST RECIPROCITY WITH CANADA.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 17.—At the fourteenth annual session of the Michigan Improved Live Stock Breeders' Association, held here, resolutions were adopted protesting against the adoption of a treaty of reciprocity with the Dominion of Canada, the products of which, it was pointed out, 'will compete directly with our own, and to that extent injure our home market, which is to us, as to every other interest, by far the most valuable and certain of any other attainable.' A copy of these resolutions was ordered to be mailed to each member of the delegation to Congress from this state, with the request that he aid by every means in his power, the intervention of the adoption of the proposed treaty of reciprocity with Canada.

COMPULSORY TRAINING

London, Dec. 19.—The statement is printed with some appearance of truth, that the War Office is preparing a scheme for the compulsory military training of all male British subjects between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two, for brief annual periods, which will amount to three and a half months in four years. It is estimated that 1,165,000 youths would undergo the training annually. If the War Office is preparing such a scheme, it cannot be applied until it is sanctioned by parliament.

EMPIRE BUILDING

TIMELY HINT FROM MR. AYLESWORTH REGARDING OUR EASTERN COAST LINE.

Toronto, Dec. 18.—Replying to the toast of 'The empire' at the first annual dinner of the Literary Society of McMaster University, held in Castle Memorial Hall last night, Mr. A. B. Aylesworth, K.C., referred to his recent trip to England in connection with the Alaskan boundary dispute. Continuing, he said that although they had perfect confidence in the Dominion Government, he believed that public opinion should be aroused to the necessity for the completion of the work of empire-building on this continent by taking Newfoundland and the Labrador shore into the Confederation. This step was important, for the position of Labrador on the eastern coast was similar to that of Alaska on the western coast. It at present was British, and no menace to this country, but at some future time there might arise momentous questions over that coast and Hudson's Bay and Greenland, which territories might turn out to be a second Yukon. A possibility of trouble lay on the eastern boundary.

THE ROSS RIFLE.

London, Dec. 16.—The London correspondent of the Liverpool 'Daily Post' says Sir Charles Ross anticipates that the War Office authorities will seek the opinion of Lord Dundonald in regard to the Ross rifle. Sir Charles is convinced that Lord Dundonald will report favorably.

CANADIAN CATTLE.

London, Dec. 18.—The report of the Board of Agriculture shows that since British ports were closed to the Argentine, cattle and sheep shipments have been greatly augmented from Canada. American supplies have declined. Canadian bacon has increased. American steadily declined since 1901.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

Business College.—The winter term in the well-known Central Business College, Stratford, Ont., opens Jan 4th. Many graduates of this school are now teaching in other business colleges, a fact that shows that the courses of training are up to the highest standard of excellence. Write to the principal, Mr. W. J. Elliott, for a catalogue.

FINANCIAL

LOCAL STOCKS

'Witness' Office,
Friday, Dec. 18.

The general situation is practically unchanged. The directors of various large American industrial companies have met to consider dividends, and each board has come to a different decision; the structural steel pool met, and made no change in prices; the rail pool meeting, which was to have been held, was called off; gold continues to arrive, and Japan continues to quarrel with Russia, so all things are as they were last week.

The following table shows the investment stocks dealt in for the week ending with this morning's session, their dividends, fluctuations, price of one share, and the return percent on the investment in them at this morning's closing price.

	Div.	Pay'bl.	1902. High.	Low.	1903. High.	Low.	This week. High.	Low.	Close.	Price per share.	Return.
C. P. R.	..3H	Apr. 1	145¼	110	138⅝	116¼	119½	118¼	118½	$118.50	5.1
Power	...1Q	Feb. 15	105¼	83	99⅝	63⅜	76¼	75	75	75.00	5.3
M. S. R.	..2½Q	Feb. 1	288	260	280	195	212½	209¾	211	110.50	4.8
Twins	. .1¼Q	Feb. 15	129	107½	122¼	80¼	92⅜	91	91	91.00	5.6
Tor. Ry.	. .1¼Q	Jan. 2	124	110½	118	88	101	98¾	99½	99.50	5.0
Detroit	. . .1Q	Jan. 2	97	77	90½	53	69½	68½	68½	68.50	5.9
Richelieu	. 3H	May 1	117	89	104½	65	82	82	79¾	79.75	7.5
N. S. Steel	3H	Apr. 15	119	65	111¼	68	78	77	77¾	77.75	7.7
Com. Cable	2Q	Jan. 1	180½	149	176½	150	153	153	153	153.00	5.2
Dom. Coal	3H	.....	148	54	132½	59¾	75¼	74	75½	75.50	8.3
Switch pf.	.1¾Q	Dec. 31	..	..	99¾	82	88	88	88	88.00	7.9
Halifax Ry.	1¼Q	Jan. 1	115	100	105	88½	91	90	90	90.00	5.6
Coal, pfd.	.4H	Jan. 2	118	112	117½	110½	113	112⅝	113	112.00	7.2
Mont. Tel.	2Q	Jan. 15	175	163¾	168	145	163	161	162	64.40	5.0
Bell Tel.	. 2Q	Jan. 15	176	160	169	150	151	151	151	151.00	5.3
Scotia pfd.	2Q	Jan. 15	138	118¼	135	110	110	109	109¾	109.75	7.3
Banks—											
Quebec	. .3H	June 1	120	110¾	125	116½	120	120	120	120.00	5.0
Molsons	. .4½H	Apr. 1	218	206	216	194	195	194	196	98.00	4.6
Merchants	.3½H	June 1	164	144	172	150½	151	150½	150½	150.50	4.6
E. T'nship	.4½H	Jan. 2	165	158	192¼	158	156½	156½	156½	156.50	5.9
Montreal	. 5H	June 1	273¾	255	280½	245	250	249½	250	250.00	4.0
Toronto	. 5½H	June 1	253½	229	257	219¾	225	225	225	225.00	4.9
Commerce	3½H	June 1	165½	151¼	170¼	149½	151½	151¼	151¼	75.63	4.6
Hochelaga	3½H	June 1	145	134	138	124¾	127	127	127	127.00	5.5
B. N. A.	. 3H	Apr. 3	138½	127½	145	124	124½	124½	124½	303.05	4.8
N. S.	. . .5H	Feb. 1	240½	240½	260	270	269	269	269	269.00	5.7
Bonds—											
Dom. Iron	.2½H	Jan. 2	94¾	81	89½	49	58	57	58	580.00	8.6
M. S. R.	. 2¼H	May 1	107¾	104	106¼	101	103½	103½	103¼	103.25	4.3
Scotia	. . 3H	Jan. 1	112	108½	112	108	109	108½	109	109.00	5.6

COAL AND STEEL

CHANGES IN BOARDS OF DIRECTORS.

The business done at the meetings of the Coal and Steel directors on Thursday was briefly as follows:

Mr. J. H. Plummer was elected president of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company.

Mr. J. S. McLennan, of Sydney, retired from th boards of both companies, being replaced on the Steel board by Mr. Graham Fraser, formerly of the Nova Scotia Coal and Steel Company, with the title of Director of Works. On the Coal board, Mr. McLennan was replaced by Mr. F. L. Wanklyn, late of the Street Railway Company.

The Hon. L. J. Forget resigned from the vice-presidency of the Steel Company; his place was not filled.

The regular half-yearly four percent dividend was declared on the preferred stock, but the common stock dividend was not dealt with.

A Halifax despatch says that during the past two weeks nearly five hundred men have been taken on the construction work of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. Nearly 1,600 men are employed now on the works.

Halifax, Dec. 18.—The steamer 'Troild' sailed yesterday from Sydney for Glasgow with a cargo of 3,506 tons of pig iron and 61 tons of steel, the largest shipment of Canadian iron product ever sent to Great Britain.

LAKE SUPERIOR COMPANY

TORONTO COURT ORDERS COMPANY WOUND UP.

Toronto, Dec. 14.—An order was made by Mr. Justice McMahon here to-day to wind up the Consolidated Lake Superior Co. The application was made by W. Berwick, K.C., acting on behalf of Wm. Kurtz, Wm. Rotch Wisler and Nichols Bryce, shareholders, all of Philadelphia. Spencer Love, a local solicitor, appeared for the company, and consented to the application. Kurtz holds 2,484 shares of preference stock and 17,247 of common stock. Wisler holds 200 preferred and 1,000 common, and Bryce 500 preference and 2,000 common. The company was declared insolvent, and John G. Carruths, of Connecticut, was appointed interim liquidator, together with the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. The matter was referred to the master in ordinary to investigate and appoint a permanent liquidator.

Messrs. Shields and Coyne, of the 'Soo' Companies; C. N. Smith, M.P.P., and James Conmee, M.P.P., saw Premier Ross this afternoon. It is understood that they are urging the Government that whatever happens the Government should purchase the Algoma Central Railway. They also ask that the officials of the company who were not paid when the workmen were paid by the Government should now be paid up to the same date as the workmen.

LAKE SUPERIOR ASSETS SOLD.

New York, Dec. 15.—The assets of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company held by Speyer & Company for a loan of $5,050,000 were bought in at public auction by Speyer & Company to-day for $4,503,000. There was only one bid. The sale was held in spite of several protests by representatives of each creditor.

Toronto, Dec. 16.—A legal gentleman connected with the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, says, in regard to the sale of assets held in New York yesterday: 'We do not think the sale affects the situation materially, although it may have the effect of complicating matters a little further.'

Mr. James Bicknell, K.C., local representative of Speyer & Co., says he will at once proceed to give the necessary notice of sale of the properties at the 'Soo' under the mortgage held by the Central Trust Company, New York. Mr. Bicknell is indifferent to the proceedings taken in Canadian courts to wind up the Consolidated Company. He says the company was only a holding company, and that all the assets held by the company were sold at noon to-day, in New York, so that there really is nothing to wind up.

Philadelpia, Dec. 19.—It is said that Speyer & Co. have asked all banks and individuals having an interest in the $5,050,000 loan made to the Consolidated Lake Superior Company to pledge themselves to pay an additional sum, if necessary, up to one-third of the amount of the loan. This plan would provide $1,683,333, making the aggregate of the loan $6,733,333.

COMMERCIAL.

Montreal Wholesale Prices.

Wheat is a cent higher at 78½c for No. 1 northern, 76½c for No. 2 Northern, and 73c for No. 3 Northern, Fort William.

Flour and feed are unchanged and dull, as usual at this season.

The price of butter is ½c lower to-day. There is a fair local jobbing demand, but no butter is being exported.

Cheese continues to be very dull, and prices are unchanged. There is a small export trade going on in November makes, but the export demand on the whole is very poor.

Eggs are firm. The supply is small, and th local demand is very good. It is likely that the market will be a little easier after the holiday season.

The provision market is firmer to-day, and the demand is very good. About 450 live hogs were received this morning, and were sold immediately on their arrival at from $5.25 to $5.40. The receipts of dressed hogs were 706. The receipts of dressed hogs for last week were 6,309 as against 4,085 for the previous week.

Poultry of all kinds is still in good demand, and turkeys have gone up about ½c. The receipts were light this morning, but several firms report large shipments expected for to-morrow.

Business in maple products is slow. There is some demand for pure maple sugar, but it is very scarce. Honey is quiet at unchanged prices.

GRAIN—Peas, 71½c to 72c afloat here; rye 53c east, 58c afloat here; oats, No. 2, 34½c to 34¾c in store; No. 3, 1 cent less; flaxseed, $1.15 on track here; No. 3 barley, 50c.

FLOUR—Manitoba patents, $4.60 to $4.80; seconds, $4.30 to $4.50; strong bakers, $3.90 to $4.30; Ontario straight rollers, $3.30 to $4; in bags, $1.85 to $1.95; patents, $4 to $4.25; extra, $1.65 to $1.70; rolled oats, $1.80 per bag; $3.80 per barrel.

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk, $17.50 to $18.50; shorts, $20 to $21; Manitoba bran in bags, $18; shorts, $20.

BEANS—Choice primes, $1.50 to $1.55 per bushel; $1.40 to $1.50 in car lots.

PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, $18.50 to $19.00, light short cut, $18 to $18.50; American short cut clear, $17 to $17.50; American fat backs, $18 to $18.50; compound lard, 8 cents; Canadian lard, 8½c to 9c; kettle rendered, 10½c; hams, 11½c to 13c; bacon, 14c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, $7.25; country dressed hogs, at $7.00. Live hogs, $5.25 to $5.40.

EGGS—Candled selected, 25c to 26c; and Montreal limed, 20c to 21c; western limed, 19c to 20c; refrigerator, 20c to 22c.

BUTTER—Townships creamery, 19½c to 20c; Quebec, 19½c to 19¾c; Western dairy, in tubs, 16c; Western rolls, 16½c to 17c.

CHEESE—Ontario, 10½c to 10¾c; Townships, 10c to 10½c; Quebec (Novembers), 9c.

ASHES—Firsts, $5.85 to $5.95; pearl, $7.70 to $7 per 100 lbs.

HONEY—White clover in sections, 13c per section; in 10 lb. tins, 9c.

MAPLE SYRUP—Per imperial gallon, 70c per gallon in tins; 6c per lb. in wood, and sugar, 8½c to 8¾c per lb.

HAY—No. 1, $10 to $10.50; No 2, $8 to $9; clover, $7 to $7.50; clover mixed, $7.50 to $8 per ton in car lots.

POTATOES—Per 90 lb. bag, 75c; 85c to 90c in car lots.

POULTRY—Turkeys, 15½c to 16c; ducks, 14c; chickens, 10½c to 11c; fowls, 7½c to 8½c; geese, 9c to 10c.

RECEIPTS BY RAIL

	Week ending Dec. 21.	Dec. 14.
Wheat, bush	1,332	18,554
Corn, bush	.....	664
Peas, bush	3,141	2,896
Barley, bush	1,665	5,966
Oats, bush	22,191	.....
Flaxseed, bush	3,000	5,671
Flour, brls	5,436	6,358
Meal, brls	225	875
Eggs, cases	749	2,271
Butter, pkgs	3,846	5,331
Cheese, boxes	2,423	6,608
Lard, pkgs	587	1,230
Beef, brls	16	109
Meats, pkgs	438	276
Hams and Bacons	48	40
Tallow, brls	19	22
Leather, rolls	8,325	3,593
Raw Hides	818	1,050
Dressed Hogs	6,309	4,085
Apples, brls	602	3,017

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES, Dec. 18.

There was a good attendance of the farmers at the markets this forenoon, although the severe cold helped to prevent them from driving long distances. There were about one hundred farmers' sleighs on which beef quarters were exposed for sale, while thousands of pork pieces were offered by the basket brigade which filled both of the market halls. There seemed to be a good supply of dead poultry, but the prices are excessive; new laid eggs are scarce and very dear. There was an unusual demand for oats, and prices were correspondingly high. Oats sold at 75c to 80c the bag; buckwheat, $1 to $1.05 do.; potatoes, 55c to 65c do.; turnips, 50c to 60c do.; carrots, $1.25 to $1.50 the barrel; beets, $1.50 to $2 do.; parsnips, $2 to $2.50 do.; onions, $3.50 to $4 do.; cabbages, 70c to $1 do.; celery, 15c to 50c the dozen; beef quarters, 5c to 6½c per lb.; for hinds and 3½c to 4½c per lb. for fronts; sheep's mutton, 5½c do.; lamb's mutton, 8c do.; dead turkeys, 16c to 18c do.; geese, 10c to 11c do.; ducks, 16c to 18c do.; chickens, 14c to 16c do.; tub butter, 19c to 21c do.; print butter, 25c to 30c do.; new laid eggs, 55c to 60c the dozen; older eggs, 25c to 40c do.; apples, $2.50 to $3.50 the barrel; Jamaica oranges, $4.25 do.; cranberries $9 do.; lemons, $2.5 0to $3 the box; Almeria grapes, $4.25 to $5 the keg; bananas, $2 to $2.50 the bunch; hay, $8 to $10 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; straw, $4.50 to $6 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

ONTARIO MARKETS

Toronto, Dec. 21.—Wheat—The deliveries of winter wheat in this province have fallen off, the demand is fair and the market is steady. There has been some demand for white winter lately for export and it is quoted higher than red winter. No. 2 red is quoted at 76c, No. 2 white at 77c east and west. Goose is steady at 50c for No. 2 east; spring is steady at 73c for No. 1 east. Manitoba wheat is firmer at 89c for No. 1 hard, 86c for No. 1 northern and 84c for No. 2 northern at Georgian Bay ports and 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour—In moderate demand and steady. Cars of ninety percent patent Ontario winter wheat patents are quoted at $3.95 in buyers' bags east or middle freights. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba flour is steady at $4.55 to $4.75 for cars of Hungarian patents; $4.25 to $4.45 for strong patents and $4.15 to $4.35 for strong bakers' bags included on the track Toronto.

Mill feed—Ontario winter wheat mill feed is lower than a week ago. Cars of shorts $17 and bran at $13 to $14 in bulk east or west. Manitoba mill feed is steady at $20 for cars of shorts and $18 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley—Steady at 40c for No. 2, 38c for No. 3 extra and 36c for No. 3 or feed east or west.

Buckwheat—Steady at 45c for No. 2 high freights west and 46c east or low freights to New York.

Rye—Steady at 51c to 52c for No. 2 east or west.

Corn—Steady. Canada No. 1 is quoted at 44½c to 45c and new American No. 3 yellow at 50c on the track, Toronto. Old American is quoted at 54½c for No. 2 yellow, and at 53½c for No. 2 mixed, and No. 3 yellow on the track for car lots on the track, Toronto.

Oats—In fair demand and steady; No. 1 white are quoted at 28½c and No. 2 white at 28c east; No. 2 white at 28c, low freights to New York, and 27½c west.

Oatmeal—Steady at $3.50 for cars of bags, and $3.70 on the track Toronto, and 25c more for broken lots.

Peas—Steady at 62c for No. 2 east, and 61c west.

Butter—The offerings are fair, but there is a food deal of complaint about the quality of some coming forward. The demand for choice table goods is fair. The market is easier. Creamery prints, 22c to 23c; do., solids, 20c to 21c; dairy, pound rolls, choice, 17c to 19c; do., large rolls, 16½c to 17½c; do., tubs, good to choice, 16c to 18c; do., medium, 14c to 15c; do., poor, 10c to 12c.

Eggs—The receipts are light, there is a good demand and the market is firm at 24c for strictly fresh gathered, 21c to 22c for ordinary fresh and 20c for cold storage and limed, 20c.

Baled hay—Easier; cars of No. 1 timothy on the track here are quoted at $8 per ton.

Baled straw—Steady; cars on the track here are quoted at $5.25 per ton.

Live hogs—Steady at $5 for selects and $4.75 for heavy and light fats.

Dressed hogs—In fair supply, the demand is better than it was a week ago and the market tis steady; cars on the track here are quoted at $6.50 to $6.60; farmers lots delivered here are quoted at $6.75 to $7.25.

Ingersoll, Dec. 21.—White wheat, 75c to 78c per bushel, red fall do., 75c to 78c; spring do., 75c to 78c; peas, 60c to 65c; barley, 45c to 50c; corn, 60c to 62c; oats, 29c to 30c; oatmeal, $2 to $2.50 per cwt.; cornmeal, $2 to $2.50; flour, $1.85 to $2.10 per cwt.; bran, $16 to $17 per ton; shorts, $17 to $18 per ton; butter, 20c to 22c per lb.; creamery, 23c to 25c per lb.; eggs, 18c to 20c per dozen; potatoes, 65c to 70c per bag; live hogs, $4.50 to $4.75 per cwt.; hay, $8 to $9 per ton; hides, $5 to $6 per cwt.

CATTLE MARKETS

LIVE STOCK MARKET, Dec. 21.

About 900 head of butchers' cattle, 40 calves and 200 sheep and lambs were offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were out in full force, but trade was not brisk, as the butchers were not willing to pay as high prices for Christmas cattle as was paid last week, quality considered. Mr. Aaron Sanft, of 560 Craig street, bought the best bullock which has been in this city for some years past at 6c per lb. This steer was raised at Exeter, Ont., and weighed 1,940 lbs. Christmas cattle generally were sold at from 5c to 5¼c per lb., and a few very choice animals were held at higher figures. Prime beeves sold at about 4¾c per lb.; pretty good animals at 3½c to 4¼c, and the common stock at 2½c to 3¼c per lb. A number of small bulls were sold at about 2c per lb. Calves sold at from $3 to $13 each, or from 3½c to 5c per lb. Sheep sold at 3c to 3¼c, and lambs at 4c to 4¾c per lb. Good lots of fat hogs sold at about 5¼c per lb., weighed off the cars.

TRONTO CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Dec. 18—The run of cattle was light, and everything was pretty well cleared up. The tone of trade was steady, and price quotations show little change from those of yesterday. The run amounted to 25 cars, and included 217 cattle, 216 sheep and lambs, 400 hogs and 5 calves.

Export Cattle—There was practically none on the market. Prices are quoted unchanged at $4.50 to $4.85 per cwt. for extra choice, $4.20 to $4.40 for choice, $3.75 to $4.10 for others and $3.50 to $4 for cows.

Butchers' Cattle—Picked lots and fancy cattle are quoted at $4.50 to $4.80 per cwt., good at $3.75 to $4.20, fair to good at $3.30 to $3.70, rough to common at $1.50 to $3, and cows at $1.75 to $3.35.

Stockers and Feeders—These cattle are in fair demand, but there were not many offering to-day. Quotations are about steady at $1.75 to $3.50 for stockers, and $2 to $4 for feeders.

Milch Cows—Few were offerings. The range of price quotations is about steady at $28 to $50 each.

Calves—Run very light. Prices steady at 4½c to 5¾c per lb., and $2 to $10 each.

Sheep and Lambs—The ruh was light. Trade was fairly brisk and everything was sold. Quotations are unchanged at $2.50 to $3.50 for export sheep and $4.25 to $4.60 for lambs.

Hogs are quoted unchanged at $5 per cwt for selects and $4.75 for lights and fats.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 18.—Beeves—Receipts, 2,291; steers, moderately active, steady to a shade lower; thin bulls steady; medium, good, heavy, 10c to 15c off; cows steady to 10c higher; native steers, $4 to $5.15; Christmas beeves, $5.75; oxen, $2.50 to $3.85; bulls, $2.85 to $4; cows, $1.25 to $3.40. Cables quoted live cattle firm at 11c to 12½c; refrigerator beef, 9½c per lb. Exports to-morrow, 4,940 quarters of beef. Calves—Receipts, 130; veals lower; barnyard calves, easy; veals, $4 to $8.50; barnyard calves, $3; no westerns. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,379; sheep steady, lambs firm to 15c higher; sheep, $2.50 to $4; lambs, $6.25 to $6.90; culls, $5. Hogs—Receipts, 5,208; State hogs, $4.90; mixed western do., $4.25; easier feeling.

East Buffalo, Dec. 21.—Cattle, receipts, 3,200 head; good handy butcher grades active, 10c to 15c higher; others slow; prime steers, $5.10 to $5.35; shipping, $4.50 to $5; butchers, $3.50 to $4.85; heifers, $2 to $4.50; cows, $2.50 to $4.00; bulls, $2.50 to $4.10; stockers and feeders, $2.50 to $3.80; stock heifers, $2 to $2.50; fresh cows and springers, slow; good to choice, $45 to $55; medium to good, $3 0to $42; common, $15 to $28.

Veals, receipts, 560 head; 25c lower; $5 to $7.50.

Hogs, receipts, 27,200 head; active; heavy $4.60; mixed, $4.55 to $4.60; Yorkers, $4.45 to $4.50; pigs, $4.50; roughs, $3.75 to $4.00; stags, $3 to $3.25.

Sheep and lambs, receipts, 30,800 head; slow, 10c to 25c lower; lambs, $4.50 to $6.00; yearlings, $4.25 to $4.75; wethers, $4 to $4.25 ewes, $3.35 to $3.60; sheep, mixed, $2 to $3.75.

Chicago, Dec. 21.—Cattle—Receipts, 21,000; market steady; good to prime steers, $4.90 to $5.55; poor to medium, $3 to $4.50; stockers and feeders, $1.50 to $3.90; cows, $1.25 to $3.85; heifers, $1.75 to $4.50; canners, $1.25 to $2.30; bulls, $1.75 to $4; calves, $2 to $5.75.

Hogs—Receipts, 45,000; market steady; mixed and butchers, $4.30 to $4.50; good to choice heavy, $4.40 to $4.50; rough heavy, $4.20 to $4.40; light, $4.15 to $4.40; bulk of sales, $4.35 to $4.45.

Sheep—Receipts, 20,000; sheep steady; lambs steady; good to choice wethers, $3.50 to $4; fair to choice mixed, $2.75 to $3.50; native lambs, $4 to $5.75.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

Edinburgh, Dec. 7.—Messrs. John Swan & Son's weekly report on the live stock trade, says: Number of cattle on offer this week has been a fair average, and the quality rather improved. A good demand has been experienced, and prices just the turn higher. There was a very good show of fat cows, which met a slightly better trade. Fat sheep have been shown in moderate numbers. All classes met a good demand, and prices 1s to 1s 6d higher. Fat calves a fair show, and they made very high prices. Pigs rather more numerous, and they have to be reported slightly cheaper. There was a moderate supply of store cattle, which got sold out at prices quite equal to previous markets. Store sheep in moderate supply. Anything of a good class got readily sold at fairly satisfactory prices. There was a large show of milch cows, which met a slightly worse trade.

Quotations—Top price of best cattle per live cwt., 39s 7d; current from 35s to 38s; mutton to quite 9d per lb.

London, Dec. 7.—To-day's beast supply included a few Scotch, this being the first consignment seen in market for several weeks. Trade for all descriptions ruled very dull and dragging, although no lower rates are quotable. Irish arrivals met little demand, and 2d per 7 lbs. less money had to be accepted to effect sales. Fat butchering cows met little enquiry by country buyers, nevertheless late rates maintained. Top value—80 to 90 stone Scotch, 4s 4d to 4s 6d per 7 lbs.; 90 stone Devons, 4s 4d; exceptional, 6d. Arrivals—19 Scotch, 42 Irish, 125 Norfolk, Suffold and Essex, 1,234 midland, home and western counties, 50 Devon. Increase of 980 in sheep market. Trade extremely slow for English sheep, rates favoring buyers to extent of 2d per 8 lbs. Irish and Scotch maintained last Monday's prices. Ewe trade slow, only really choice quality making late rates. Calf trade nominal. Pig trade slow. On Monday next great Christmas market will be held.

Quotations—Beasts, 2s 4d to 4s 6d; sheep, 2s 8d to 5s 10d; pigs, 2s 4d to 4s per 8 lbs. Total supply, beasts, 1,470; sheep, 7,020; calves, 10; pigs, 60.

Liverpool, Dec. 7.—Cattle, 1,623; sheep, 4,230. Best beasts, 5¼d to 6d; second, 4¾d to 5¼d; third, 4d to 4¼d. Best Scotch sheep 8d to 8½d; other sorts, 6d to 7¼d. An increase of 192 cattle; sheep the same as last week. Little or no demand for cattle, except highly finished stock. Slow demand for sheep about late rates.

WHEAT IN SIGHT.

Visible supply U.S. and Canada	34,967,000	34,804,000	48,816,000
On passage to U.K.	15,120,000	14,560,000	15,360,000
On passage to Continent	9,040,000	9,040,000	8,560,000
Total	59,127,000	58,404,000	72,736,000

Visible supply United States and Canada:

	Dec. 21, '03	Dec. 14, '03	Dec. 22, '02
Wheat	34,967,000	34,804,000	48,816,000
Corn	5,687,000	5,593,000	6,342,000
Oats	8,529,000	8,277,000	6,018,000
Barley	.....	5,932,000	3,112,000
Rye	.....	1,159,000	1,270,000

GRAIN.

Liverpool, Dec. 21.—Wheat quiet, nominal; March, 6s 4½d; May, 6s 3⅝d; maize dull; Jan., 4s; March, 3s 11¾d.

Paris, Dec. 21—Wheat strong, Dec., 21.00; March to June, 21.20; flour, strong; Dec., 29.10; March to June, 28.55.

Liverpool, Dec. 21.—The imports of wheat into Liverpool last week were 34,100 quarters from Atlantic ports and 36,000 from other ports. The imports of corn from Atlantic ports last week were 5,900 quarters.

MONTREAL TRADE.

Dun's Bulletin says: In wholesale circles at Montreal attention is now being largely absorbed by the annual stocktaking and balancing, and there is a general anticipation in all lines of trade that the results to be shown will be of a more than ordinarily satisfactory character. Throughout the interior good snow roads are now general, helping to make country trade brisk, and money is coming in well from most sections. For the week only three district failures are reported.

Following the example of all the local cotton mills, as noted last week, the Montmorenci Cotton Company has now given notice that all their makes of grey cottons and cotton blankets are advanced, and all the large manufacturers of shirts, blouses, whitewear, etc., have advised the wholesale trade that they cannot accept further orders at old figures.

BUTTER AND CHEESE IN ENGLAND.

(Canadian Associated Press.)

London, Dec. 19.—Choicest butter is quoted at 98s to 100s; finest at 94s to 96s; cheese, choicest, 52s to 53c; fiuest, 50s to 51s.

Liverpool mail advices to Hodgson Bros. say: The demand for cheese rules moderate. Some holders are accepting 6d to 1s per cwt. less money in order to make progress. There is a fair enquiry for early made, ripe cheese, but this class is a diminishing supply.

We quote: Finest Canadian cheese, Sept. and Oct., colored, 52s to 53s 6d per cwt.; do., white, 51s to 52s 6d; earlier makes, summer cheese, white and colored, 47s to 50s; lower qualities, half meats, States, nominally 36s to 44s.

Strictly choicest qualities of butter meet with a fair deland, but supplies from the Continent, and of Colonial, have been pretty liberal, and holders have readily supplied their wants. In lower grade butters supply is at present in excess of demand.

We quote: Choicest Canadian creamery in 56 lb. boxes, 98s to 102s per cwt.; secondary quality, 90s to 94s; choicest Russian in Kiel casks, 88s to 94s; fine Siberian, 82s to 86s; choicest Danish, 110s to 116s; choicest Australian and New Zealand, 98s to 105s; choicest Argentine, 100s to 102s; stored colonial butters, 80s to 92s.

CANADIAN TURKEYS INFERIOR.

(Canadian Associated Press).

London, Dec. 19.—An importer says Canadian turkeys are distinctly inferior to English, being fed with maize, which makes them very yellow in fat.

WOODSTOCK CHEESE BOARD.

Woodstock, Dec. 16.—At the concluding meeting of the Woodstock cheese board today 5,000 boxes of colored and 4,000 white cheese were boarded. This was the product of the make of October and November. The market was decidedly weak, the price declining ½c since last week. The bidding opened at 8½c, and failed to advance on the board. This was refused by the sellers. On the curb about 3,000 boxes were sold at 8 5-8c. The board adjourned until May 1.

APPLES FOR NORWAY.

Ottawa, Dec. 17.—The market for Canadian apples of good quality is rapidly growing in Norway, notwithstanding th ehigh duty imposed by the government of that country. Mr. Tontum, Canada's commercial agent at Christiania, informs the Trade and Commerce departments the dealers in Norway have no objections to handling Canadian apples in boxes, but suggests that they be put up in boxes of 50 kilogrammes (110 pounds), and half boxes of 30 kilogrammes (66 pounds), which, he considers, would be suitable also for all other countries using the metric system.

THE DRUG TRADE.

Changes in prices during the last month have been unimportant.

Cod liver oil maintains its high price.

Bayberry Bark is higher and quoted at 65c.

Balm Gilead Buds have advanced to 60c; Blood Root, 18c.

Oil of Cloves is worth $1.75; whole cloves 25c; powdered, 30c.

Mandrake Root is higher on account of scarcity.

There is no change to report on any of the staples.—'Canadian Druggist.'

COPPER-NICKLE ORE

IMMENSE DEPOSIT FOUND IN CAPE BRETON.

Halifax, Dec. 18.—The report of the finding of very extensive deposits of nickelliferous copper at Cheticamp in the northern part of Cape Breton is confirmed. The provincial department of mines states that one ore body is two hundred and seventy feet wide, carrying gold and silver, besides other metals.

Dr. Gilpin, deputy commissioner of mines, expresses the opinion that from present indications, the find will rank among the largest copper mines in the world. The copper ore appears to be an almost solid mountain of mineralized rock, the ledge rising over a thousand feet in a bald bluff, practically at tide water.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 18.—The Bureau of Mines has received a report from Willis Brown, of Buffalo, of a valuable discovery of asbestos in Kaladar township, Addington County.

CANADIAN TRADE.

Bradstreet's 'Trade Review' says: Wholesale trade at Montreal has been more active this week. Not only is there a larger movement in holiday goods, but domestic staple cotton fabrics are in active demand, the recent smart advances having stimulated sales. Orders for the spring generally are large, and in some lines exceed those booked at this time a year ago. Stocks in the hands of retailers carried over from last year are not heavy. There is a good demand for money and rates are steady.

At Toronto orders are coming to hand in the wholesale trade on quite a liberal scale for the current demands of trade as well as for future requirements. The holiday trade, except in the more costly lines, is active and apparently quite equal to last year. Trade through the country is much more active and payments are expected, as a result, to show a good improvement after the first of the year.

A good deal of grain is now moving in Manitoba, and trade, as shown by Bradstreet's reports, is quite active, the demand in wholesale trade circles at Winnipeg being large. The conditions of trade are sound, and the buying has been on quite a conservative scale, although it is larger than in previous years.

GRAIN AND FLOUR STANDARDS.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 18.—At a meeting of the Grain Section of the Board of Trade a resolution was passed favoring a return to the old method of having the grain standards struck by a board of grain dealers, also that the annual making of Government standards of grain should be continued. The Dominion Millers' Association met here yesterday and passed a resolution urging upon the Government to fix the flour standard immediately. The delay in fixing these standards, it was claimed, was seriously incommoding those engaged in the export of flour and also the Ontario Mills shipping flour to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

CANADIAN OIL COMPANY FORMED.

Hamilton, Dec. 19.—The Canadian Consolidated Oil Company has been incorporated, with a capital of $1,000,000, all the promoters being local men. The incorporators are R. Clarkson, Thomas Ramsay, James Dixon, Leopold Bauer, and H. P. Coburn. While the head office of the company will be located here it is not the intention, for the present, at least, to erect a refinery in Hamilton. The present intention of the directors is to buy up going concerns.

WINNIPEG GRAIN INSPECTION.

During the week ending Dec. 7 there were inspected at Winnipeg 1,228 cars of grain, comprising the following, with comparisons of a year ago:

	1903.	1902.
Wheat—		
1 Hard	7	620
1 Northern	90	536
2 Northern	284	222
3 Northern	515	192
Lower grades	140	35
No grade	25	4
Total wheat	1,184	1,656
Oats	25	28
Barley	3	11
Flax	33	20

LABRADOR ELECTRIC AND PULP CO.

The shareholders of the Labrador Electric and Pulp Company, Limited, have elected a new board of directors as follows: President, E. D. de Varenennes, Waterloo; vice-president, Ed. Warren, Malbaie; Rodolphe Forget, P. Laferriere, and S. P. Stearns.

The company furnishes light and motive power to the parish of St. Irenee, the parish and village of Malbaie, and the village of Pointe a Pic and Cap a l'Aigle.

BANKS COMBINE

CITY AND COUNTY BANK OF OTTAWA UNITES WITH CROWN BANK.

Ottawa, Ont., Dec. 14.—The rumor that has been in circulation respecting the proposed amalgamation of the new City and County Bank of this city with the Crown Bank of Canada was officially confirmed today. The stock of the combined organization, which takes the name of the Crown Bank is now being placed on the market. The head offices will be in Toronto, but there will be a branch established in this city.

WAGES CUT

STEEL TRUST WILL REDUCE PAY OF 150,000 MEN 5 TO 20 PERCENT.

New York, Dec. 14.—The statement was made to-day by a leading official of the United States Steel Corporation that, beginning Jan. 1, 1904, about 90 percent of the employees of the corporation will suffer wage reductions ranging from 5 to 20 percent.

This reduction will affect about 150,000 workmen. The remaining 10 percent of the employees are working under a wage agreement. The finance committee of the Steel Corporation has, it is understood, under consideration the dismissal of many high salaried employees in addition to those already discharged.

It was asserted that, barring some unforeseen technicalities, employees of the corporation who participated in the profit-sharing plan will, in the coming month, receive a $5 dividend on the preferred stock to which they subscribed at $2.50.

SHORT TIME FOR COTTON MILLS.

Manchester, Dec. 15.—South-east Lancashire master spinners, after a conference to-day, passed a resolution that communication be entered into with the American and Continental Associations engaged in the cotton trade, asking if they are prepared to do the same, and suggesting that a mass meeting of all interested in the cotton trade be called at an early date to consider the position.

WAGES REDUCED IN COKE REGION.

Connellsville, Pa., Dec. 15.—A reduction in wages, averaging 17 percent, and affecting 30,000 men in the Connellsville Coke regions, was announced to-day. The H. C. Frick Coke Company takes the initiative in this the first reduction since the great strike of the early nineties. The new rate is somewhat above the basis of the former $2 coke scale.

The Union Supply Company, the owner of all the company stores at the plants of the Frick and allied companies, announce a general cut in the price of goods.

THE TIMBER TRADE.

Farnworth & Jardine's Wood Circular says: The arrivals from British North America during the past month have been 10,533 tons register, against 11,734 tons register during the corresponding month last year, and the aggregate tonnage to this date from all places during the years 1901, 1902 and 1903 has been 436,804, 453,344 and 464,464 tons respectively. In this business we have again to report quiet trade during the past month. The arrivals show a considerable falling off, and the import season drawing to a close, but the deliveries have been disappointing, and stocks generally are ample. There is little change in values to report.

Canadian Woods — Pine Timber—There have been no arrivals of Waney; deliveries light; stocks sufficient and values firm. For Square the demand has been quiet; values steady; stocks ample. Red Pine—Limited demand; stocks small. Oak has not been imported; demand dull; deliveries unsatisfactory;

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OBITUARY

THE LATE MR. HENDERSON.

Most of the life of the late Mr. Samuel Henderson, who died in this city on Sunday, had been spent on his farm near Lakefield, Argenteuil County, where he brought up a large family. Mr. Henderson had been from youth a member of the Methodist Church, which he loved, and usually was on the official board. He was a man of ability and deep religious experience. Mrs. Henderson, a daughter of Captain Johnston, survives him, and three sons and eight daughters. The sons are the Rev. Wm. Henderson, Valleyfield; Rev. John Henderson, Staffa, Ont.; Mr. Robert G. Henderson, New Orleans. The daughters are Mrs. Wm. Kenny, Sneligrove, Ont.; Mrs. Wesley Jackson, London, Ont.; Mrs. John Seale, Morin Flats, Que.; Mrs. Wm. Richardson, Montreal; Mrs. Orlando Ring, Vermont, U.S.; Mrs. Wm. A. Russell, Delta, Ont.; Mrs. Alex. Adam, Montreal; Miss Priscilla Henderson, Toronto. After an impressive funeral service, conducted by the Rev. David Winter, the remains were laid in Mount Royal Cemetery.

Regina, Dec. 16.—Mr. P. H. Dennis, resident agent at Regina for the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company, dropped dead last evening in the rotunda of the Alexandra Hotel. He was apparently in the best of health up to a few hours previously. He was an American, and came here in the summer. His wife and family are at present in the United States.

Brockville, Dec. 16.—Mr. Ira Billings, a pioneer farmer of Elizabethtown, is dead, at 'Greenwood Hill,' just outside of Brockville, aged 82 years. He was a son of the late Elkanah Billings, and grandson of Dr. Elkanah Billings, one of the very first settlers in this section, who came here about 120 years ago and took up the farm still in possession of the family. The original heads of the family came to America with the Puritan Fathers, and later on came to Canada when the United States asserted her independence. Mr. Billings is survived by his widow and five children.

DEATH OF MR. D. LIDDELL.

Cornwall, Ont., Dec. 16.—One of Cornwall's oldest residents, Mr. David Liddell, passed away last night. The deceased gentleman was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1826, and came to Montreal, Canada, in 1853. Three years later the family removed to Belleville, and afterwards to Kingston, Ont. The deceased when a boy went to Marshall, Mich., but later came to Kingston, and became a shoemaker. Mr. Liddell came to Cornwall in October, 1847, to work for the late Mr. John S. McDougall, whom he afterwards succeeded in business. He became a large holder of real estate, and in 1884 erected the Liddell block, which is one of the finest business blocks in town. Three years ago Mr. and Mrs. Liddell celebrated their golden wedding. Besides his widow the deceased is survived by five sons, and two daughters, Judge Liddell, John A. Liddell, L.D.S., Charles L. Liddell, Walter T. Liddell, E. H. Liddell, Mrs J. F. Smart and Mrs. M. M. Mulhern. The funeral will be on Friday.

MR. C. BAREHAM.

There died at Roxton Pond, near Granby, Que., on Dec. 8, Cornelius Bareham, father of the Rev. Alfred Bareham, of St. Martins, N.B., in his 81st year. Mr. Bareham came with his wife and six children to Canada in 1871, from London, England, and, after living for a while in Montreal, purchased a farm near Granby, on which he resided previous to his death for about 15 years. His wife died about three years ago. He leaves the following children: George U. Bareham, of Victoria square, Montreal; the Rev. Alfred Bareham, at one time rector of St. Mary's Church, Hochelaga, and now of St. Martins, N.B.; Arthur Bareham, of St. Martins, N.B.; Mrs. P. Riley, of Montreal; Mrs. James G. Ferguson, of St. Martins, N.B., and Mrs. Oliver Fletcher, of Roxton Pond, P.Q.

Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 18.—The Rev. G. D. Baker, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, and one of the best known Presbyterian divines in the country, died suddenly at his home here yesterday. Dr. Baker was 64 years old, was president of the board of directors of Princeton theological seminary.

CURIOUS SCHOOL BOOKS

WHAT THEY DO NOT KNOW ABOUT CANADA.

London, Dec. 15.—Lord Strathcona, in conferring with the Board of Education regarding the corrections being made in the text-books used by the board schools, says the following are some of the quotations sought to be corrected: Haymakers are frozen to death in their tents; Indians are now quite tame; there are places where haymaking has all to be done at night time because men dare not face the flies on hot days in the summer; milk is delivered in solid cakes to customers, and when once winter sets in people are frozen up till spring.

NORTH RENFREW FIGHT

CANDIDATES NOMINATED ON SATURDAY.

Mr. Lorne Hale was nominated by the Liberals of North Renfrew on Saturday to contest the riding in the coming Ontario by-election. The Conservative choice was Mr. Edward A. Dunlop.

MR. KEECH NAMED.

Mr. H. B. Sherwood, superintendent of the Bay of Quinte Railway, Napanee, whose name was mentioned for the Liberal nomination in Lennox, declines the honor on account of pressure of business affairs. It is now thought the nomination will be tendered Mr. Hiram Keech, of Tamworth, the president of the Reform Association.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

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. The announcement of funeral appended to death notice, 25c extra; other extension to obituary, such as short sketch of life, two cents per word extra, except poetry, which is 50 cents per line extra—prepaid.

Annual subscribers may have announcements of births, marriages and deaths (without extended obituary or verses) occurring in their immediate families, free of charge, in which case name and address of subscribers should be given.

BIRTHS.

BAZIN — At 454 St. Antoine street, on Wednesday, Dec. 9, 1903, a daughter to Dr. and Mrs. Alfred T. Bazin.

HENRY.—At 173 Stanley street, on Monday, Dec. 14, 1903, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Henry.

HORNE — At New Glasgow, N.S., on Dec. 7, 1903, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Horne, a daughter.

LLOYD—At Peterborough, on Dec. 4, 1903, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Lloyd.

MACFARLANE.—On Sunday, Dec. 13, 1903, at Campbell's Bay, the wife of T. A. Macfarlane, of a son.

MARRIED.

CAMPBELL — BLACKADAR — At the residence of the bride's parents, Ottawa, on Dec. 18, 1903, by the Rev. A. A. Cameron, Mr. Glenn Howard Campbell, M.A., of Toronto, to Mary Cameron, only daughter of Mr. A. K. Blackadar.

FITZGERALD—THORNTON.— On Dec. 17, 1903, at Trinity Church, St. Thomas, Ont., by the rector, Rev. Canon Hill, Rebecca King, daughter of Mr. Henry Thornton, of St. Thomas, to William George Fitzgerald, son of Mr. William Fitzgerald, of Ottawa.

GOW — BAKER — At All Saints' Church, Winnipeg, on Dec. 9, 1903, by the Rev. Frederick B. Smith, M.A., rector, Alexander Murray Gow, third son of George Logan Gow, of Moosomin, N.W.T., formerly of Manchester, England, to Frances Margaret Baker, youngest daughter of the late Godfrey Phinns Baker, of Ottawa.

GRANT — WADE — At Orillia, Ont., on Dec. 16, 1903, in St. James's Church, by the Rev. Canon Greene, Constance Massey Hope, second daughter of Robert Wade, Esq., to Frederick Grant, barrister-at-law, of Midland, youngest son of the Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., of Orillia.

HAND—BOUCHER.—On Dec. 15, 1903, by the Rev. G. I. Campbell, B.D., Robert Hand to Georgina Ida, fourth daughter of John W. Boucher, all of Hazeldean, Ont.

KINNEAR—NASMITH — At the residence of the bride's parents, Toronto, on Dec. 16, 1903, by the Rev. T. B. Hyde, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Eakin, Thomas Herbert, son of Mr. Thomas Kinnear, to Margaret Greenlees, daughter of Mr. J. D. Nasmith, all of Toronto.

KNIGHT — THOMPSON—On Dec. 16, 1903, at Guelph, by the Rev. S. E. Marshall, Mr. Percy Knight, of Toronto, to Marion F. Thompson, of Guelph, Ont.

NEIL — WALLEY — In this city, on Dec. 16, 1903, by E. Munson Hill, President, Congregational College, Sophia Grace Walley, widow of the late Rev. J. A. Dorion, of Montreal, to William Neil, Esq., of Granby, Que.

ROBINSON — TURNBULL — At 121 Park Road, Rosedale, Ont., on Dec. 10, 1903, by the Rev. John Neil, of Westminster Church, George W. Robinson to Jessie Turnbull, both of Lethbridge, N.W.T.

SHERBROOKE — ANDERSON — At the residence of the bride's parents, 532 Waterloo street, London, Ont., on Dec. 16, 1903, by the Rev. W. J. Clark, Mr. Wm. E. Sherbrooke, of Seattle, Wash., U.S.A., to Miss Helen B. Anderson, eldest daughter of James Anderson.

STEVENS — PURVES — On Nov. 29, 1903, at Christ Church, Lancaster gate, London, England, by the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Vicar of the parish, Nathaniel Melhuish Comins Stevens, Captain 81st Pioneers, Indian Army, elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel N. J. C. Stevens, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, to Josephine Mabel, the only daughter of the late William Purves, Esq., and Mrs. Purves, The Hermitage, North Sydney, C.B., Nova Scotia, Canada.

THORNLEY — HILL — By the Very Rev. Dean Houston, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Gordon, at Christ Church, Niagara Falls, Ont., on Dec. 16, 1903, Isabel, youngest daughter of the late A. G. Hill, Esq., to Julian Thornley, C.E., of New York.

WALKER — SOMERVILLE — On Dec. 13, 1903, at the Church of the Ascension, Buffalo, N.Y., by the Rev. G. B. Richards, rector, Irene, daughter of A. J. Somerville, Esq., of Atherley, Toronto, to C. E. Clifford Walker, son of Wm. Walker, Esq., C.E., of Liverpool, England.

DIED.

BATEMAN — On Nov. 2, 1903, at Leeuw River, O.R.C., South Africa, Ellen, the beloved wife of Percy H. Bateman.

BLACHFORD.—After a lingering illness, at the residence of his brother, R. T. Blachford, 19 Winchester street, Toronto, on Dec. 17, 1903, William D. Blachford, in his 50th year.

BORLASE — At Ste. Agathe, on Dec. 19, 1903, Henry Sackville Borlase, of Kutawa, Assa., second son of the late Geo. Henry Borlase, of Sherbrooke, Que.

BOWLES — At her son's residence, 48 Souvenir ave., on Dec. 16, 1903, Euphemia Cunningham, widow of the late James Bowles, in her 76th year.

BOYCE — On Dec. 15, 1903, at 704 Spadina avenue, Toronto, James Henry Boyce, aged 79, late of the Indian Government Service (retired), and of Qu'Appelle Station, N.W.T.

CHOWN — At Kingston, Ont., on Dec. 14, 1903, Edwin Chown, aged 83.

CLAXTON — In Kingston, Ont., on Dec. 13, 1903, Thomas Claxton, aged 89 years.

COLEMAN — At his residence, near Port Hope, Ont., Vincent A. Coleman, in his 71st year.

COYLE—At the residence of her son-in-law, Montreal West, on Dec. 17, 1903, Eliza Calway, beloved wife of the late Edward Coyle, in her 79th year.

CREGEEN — In this city, at 762 Cadieux street, on Dec. 16, 1903, Henry Lawrence, aged 6 months and 12 days, only son of S. George Cregeen.

EMBERSON.—At Napanee, Ont., on Dec. 9, 1903, James Emberson, in his seventy-eighth year.

FRASER — At his residence, Upper Melbourne, Que., on Dec. 13, 1903, Alexander Fraser, aged 86 years and 11 months, eldest brother of the late Hugh Fraser, of the Fraser Institute.

GREENE—On Dec. 16, 1903, Mrs. Marion Greene, of 45 Grenville street, Toronto, daughter of the late Captain Richard Watson, of Toronto, and beloved mother of Mrs. George I. Riddell.

HADWEN — On Dec. 18, 1903, at the residence of her brother-in-law, W. H. Dean, 36 Emerald street south, Hamilton, Ont., Elizabeth, wife of Matthew Hadwen, Esq., of Teeswater, and daughter of the late Wm. Midford, Esq., of Ottawa.

HICKS — At St. Gabriel de Brandon, on Monday, Dec. 14, 1903, Isabella Mary Barrow, widow of the late Principal Hicks, aged eighty years and 10 months.

LANCASTER—In this city, on Dec. 18, 1903, Elizabeth Clara, youngest daughter of the late Abner Lancaster, aged 25 years, 8 months.

MACOUN.—On Dec. 17, 1903, at 'Fernville,' Sydenham, Belfast, Ireland, John Macoun, late of Kilmore House, Lurgan, and father of Mrs. W. T. Macoun, Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

MACDONELL.—At his residence, 123 Huron street, Toronto, on Dec. 14, 1903, Alexander Macdonell, of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, in the 84th year of his age.

MACNEIL — In Port Perry, on Dec. 7, 1903, Mary McLean, widow of the late John Macneil, aged 77 years.

MADDEN.—At Valleyfield, on Dec. 13, 1903, John Madden, aged 88 years.

MARSHALL.—At 772 Palace street, on Dec. 15, 1903, Margaret Jane Larkin, beloved wife of G. M. Marshall, in her 49th year. Edinburgh, Glasgow and Belfast papers please copy.

McCORT — At San Francisco, Cal., on Dec. 12, 1903, Alexander McCort, in the 61st year of his age, second son of the late Thomas McCort, of Havelock, Que.

McEWEN — At Alexander, Manitoba, on Dec. 16, 1903, Maria, beloved wife of Jas. McEwen, aged 66 years, 10 months and 20 days.

McKNIGHT — At Ayr, Ont., on Dec. 13, 1903, Jane Halliday, relict of the late Thomas McKnight, aged 89 years.

MUNRO.—At Fergus, Ont., on Dec. 16, 1903, Neill M. Munro, barrister, etc., in his 71st year.

Advertisements.

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Millions of the world's best people now use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening and soothing red, rough and sore hands, as well as for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Thousands of women recommend Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment the great skin cure, for annoying irritations, chafings and weaknesses, or too free or offensive perspiration, for ulcerative conditions, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves.

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Send for "Cuticura Skin Book."

MURRAY — In Kingston, Ont., on Dec. 13, 1903, at 280 Wellington street, Francis Murray, aged 72 years.

NISH — At his late residence, 386 St. Antoine street, on Dec. 21, 1903, Lambert Nish, aged 53 years.

OVERELL.—At the residence of his son, 102 Grant avenue, Hamilton, Ont., on Dec. 15, 1903, Edward Overell, in his 75th year.

PATTERSON — At Lachute, Que., on Dec. 15th, 1903, Richard Patterson, in his 81st year.

POSTON.—At Levis, Que., on Dec. 14, 1903, in her eighty-eighth year, Jane Nattrass, relict of the late Thos. Poston, and mother of T. A. Poston, Provincial Revenue Inspector.

RICHARDSON — At her late residence, Highland Creek, Scarboro Township, Ont., on Dec. 15, 1903, Blanche, wife of J. H. Richardson, Treasurer of Scarboro Township, and mother of Comptroller F. H. Richardson, of Toronto.

ROBB.—On Dec. 20, 1903, at Bearsden, Glasgow, Scotland, beloved wife of Andrew Robb, R.C.V.G., and sister-in-law of Mrs. Henry Fotheringham, and Wm. Angus, of this city.

SCHLUTER — At the residence of Wm. Lindner, Burlington, Ont., on Dec. 14, 1903, Elizabeth Schluter, relict of the late Rev. E. F. Schluter, of Toronto, aged 89 years.

SCHNEIDER — At Hudson Heights, on Dec. 16, 1903, Thomas Henry Schneider, in his 74th year.

SIMPSON — In this city, on Thursday, Dec. 17, 1903, Mary Ann Wilson, wife of George Simpson, aged 71 years.

SNODDIE.—Entered into rest on Dec. 15, 1903, at the residence of her son-in-law, Jas. Alexander, 48 Archibald street, Ottawa, Mrs. Matthew Snoddie, aged 77 years, 10 months and 15 days.

SPENCER.—Entered into rest at St. John, N.B., on Thursday evening, Dec. 10, 1903, Evalina Margaret Bannister, aged 92 years, widow of the Rev. James Spencer, daughter of Mr. Philip Dumaresq., of Prince's Tower, Jersey, Channel Islands, and mother of Mr. J. Hervey Spencer, Post-Office Department, Ottawa.

STONEHOUSE.—At his residence, Port Perry, Ont., on Dec. 14, 1903, John Stonehouse, a native of Yorkshire, England, aged 86 years.

STRACHAN — After a lingering illness, at the residence of her niece, Mrs. Dr. Clark, Orangeville, Ont., on Dec. 17, 1903, Catherine Ross Strachan, sister of the late Donald Colvin Strachan, of H. M. Customs, Goderich.

STUART — At his residence, 152 Metcalfe street, on Dec. 21, 1903, Ernest Henry Stuart, aged 60 years.

TENNANT — On Tuesday, Dec. 15, 1903, Jeanie Cameron, relict of the late Thos. Tennant, of Glasgow, Scotland. Glasgow papers please copy.

THAYNE — On Dec. 18, 1903, at his late residence, 76 Murray street, Ottawa, E. S. Thayne, late of the Library of Parliament, in his 67th year.

WATSON.—Suddenly, at Ayr, Ont., on Dec. 14, 1903, John Watson, sen., president John Watson Mfg. Co., in his 84th year.

WHITESIDE—At Beaver Knoll Cottage, on Dec. 9, 1903, Florence Alberta, second beloved daughter of Arthur and the late Julia E. Whiteside. Born in Prince Albert, N.W.T., on Feb. 25, 1883. She lived a sweet life and died a peaceful death in Jesus.

Advertisements.

REFORD AGENCIES.

DONALDSON LINE GLASGOW SERVICE.

(Weekly)

from St. John, N.B.

In connection with the C.P.R. and I.C.R.

SS. TRITONIA.....Dec. 26
SS. LAKONIA (cold storage).....Jan. 2
SS. CONCORDIA.....Jan. 9
SS. ALCIDES.....Jan. 16

Donaldson Bros., Glasgow.

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(Weekly)

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In connection with the G. T. R.

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SS. IONA (cold storage).....Jan. 9
SS. DEVONA (cold storage).....Jan. 16

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$2.50 per 100, 35c doz., 5c each

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Miscellaneous.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT 'THE RAMSAY PAINT COMPANY" will apply to the Legislature of Quebec at its next session for an act to amend 59 Victoria, chapter 69, so as to change its name to 'A. RAMSAY & SON,' and to change the names of the provisional directors thereof. Montreal, December 16th, 1903. LESLIE H. BOYD, Attorney for Applicant.

FREE INFORMATION AND CATALOGUE of Band and other Musical Instruments, or Music. T. CLAXTON'S Music Store, 197 Yonge street, Toronto.

ONE HUNDRED FINE WHITE Envelopes, neatly printed with return card, postpaid for only 35c; 50 for 20c. W. HOWIE, Printer, Beebe Plain, Que.

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WILSON-SMITH.—On Dec. 16, 1903, at her father's residence, 595 Sherbrooke street, Birdie, beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson-Smith.

IN MEMORIAM.

READ — Entered into joy eternal, on Dec. 16, 1902, at Montreal, the Rev. Frank W. Read, of Romsey, England, and Sakanjimba, West Africa.

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