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MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS,

COMMERCIAL REVIEW AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FORTY-THIRD YEAR. } TWELVE PAGES. **CHRISTMAS NUMBER.** Dec 19 TWELVE PAGES. { MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 Post-Paid: 4c a Copy.

SUMMARY.

THE VALUE of all crops in Iowa this year is estimated at $240,000,000.

MM. MAUREL and Clemenceau fought a duel in Paris on Friday with swords. Clemenceau was wounded in the shoulder.

THE American Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Ghost in Nice was consecrated on Thursday by Bishop Lyman.

IT IS asserted in St. Petersburg that an American syndicate with a capital of $500,000,000 has been formed to construct a railway in Siberia.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL will make a journey to Peru, with a view of investing in several promising enterprises in that country.

A DESPATCH says Persia has waived her objection to the appointment of a Russian consul at Meshed, and the Czar will send a consul there at once.

ALEECKS' Woollen manufactory at Munster, Prussia, was burned to the ground on Friday. Fifteen persons were killed and ten others sustained fatal injuries.

IN THE IMPERIAL House of Commons on December 14th the bill providing for the closing of taverns on Sunday was rejected by a vote of 167 to 100.

IN THE primary elections, which have just been held throughout Servia, the Radicals and Liberals scored a great victory, the Progressists being totally defeated.

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED to hold the next meeting of the Royal Canadian Academy in Ottawa, and the next spring exhibition of painting will be held in the National Gallery of that city.

MR. MORONEY, who was imprisoned in Kilmainham gaol for contempt of Court, under the Coercion Act, was released on Thursday by the order of the Court on the ground of ill health.

THE suppression of slavery in East Africa occupied the attention of the Reichstag recently Count Herbert Bismarck being among the speakers and strongly supporting the proposal.

LORD HARTINGTON and the majority of his followers have formally resigned from the National Liberal club. Lord Derby, who has been chairman of the club since its formation, has not resigned.

THE Russian Cabinet has under consideration a new law, to go into operation in 1889, under which foreigners who have lived five years in Russia will be compelled to become Russian subjects or else be expelled from the country.

COL. FITZGIBBON, a Deputy Lieutenant of County Tipperary, at Thurles, Ireland, has given notice of the proposed eviction of nineteen families and has warned the workhouse authorities to make provision for them.

A ROMAN DESPATCH says that a commission, presided over by Cardinal Monaco, has decided that the time is opportune for the creation of a great Catholic Conservative party in Italy to keep alive the people's grievances.

THE LONDON CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Times* is the authority for the statement that a man named Houston, secretary of the *Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union*, forged the celebrated Parnell letters and sent them to the *Times*.

THE CHIEF of the United States Engineer Corps has reported that the exercise of jurisdiction by Canada over the small portion of the St. Clair flats canal which is east of the international boundary line, could not affect the use or control of the canal by the United States.

THE POPE refused recently to bless the medals and reliquaries sent to Rome by an Irish priest, for distribution in Ireland, saying "the people of Ireland are disobedient. They seem to prefer the gospel of Dillon and O'Brien to the gospel of Jesus Christ."

THE PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION in the Maidstone division of Kent, on the 14th of December, resulted in the return of the Tory candidate by a majority of 185. In the last election the Tory majority was 314. In 1874 and 1868 the constituency was Liberal.

THE Executive Committee of the National Liberal Club profess entire ignorance of Lord Hartington's withdrawal from the organization, but there seems so be, nevertheless, no doubt of the truth of the report that he has formally and finally severed his connection therewith.

THERE WAS GREAT enthusiasm in the Paris Bourse when the new Russian loan of three hundred and fifty millions of francs was opened, and one hundred million francs were subscribed in one day. It is believed that this loan is of a political importance. It was refused by German financiers.

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has been haled before the Parnell Commission for calling that body in his paper, *United Ireland*, the "Forgeries Commission," and the warden of Merton College has suffered a similar fate for likening the Parnellites to "Jack the Ripper," the Whitechapel murderer.

ONE BENSON, of Iowa, has been circulating the ludicrous statement that his father, an Episcopal clergyman at Great Grimsby, England, had informed him that British workingmen were being taxed to provide the Democratic party with a campaign fund, to bring about the re-election of President Cleveland.

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries of the United States has decided to investigate the state of affairs in Alaska, not only as to the seal fishing, but as to assaults upon the rights of citizens and natives which it is said are systematically carried on by the Alaska Fur Company and its employees.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT, Mr. Harrison, recently wrote a very naive little note to some correspondents, to the effect that while he had never paid any attention to the matter some of his relatives were of the opinion that his family were descended from General Thomas Harrison, who was one of Cromwell's most zealous officers.

THE UNITED STATES WAR SHIPS "Yantic" and "Galena" sailed on the 12th instant for Port au Prince, it is understood with orders to demand the release of the American steamer "Haytien Republic," seized for running an alleged blockade, and if the existing Haytien Government refuses to give her up she is to be retaken by force.

A NAVAL WAR is now raging between the armed police boats of the State of Maryland and a fleet of oyster pirates, mainly from Virginia. In one fight more than one hundred rifle shots and thirty-nine rounds from a twenty-five pound gun were fired, and the police steamer rammed two schooners, sending them to the bottom, captured two, and drove several ashore. Several lives have been sacrificed in the fight.

A CABLEGRAM from Canton has been received at Portland, Oregon, announcing that Miss Sophie Preston, formerly of Wartsburg, Washington Territory, had been murdered in a village near Canton, China, by a mob of several hundreds of Chinamen, who attacked the mission station. Miss Preston was the daughter of a missionary. She had been educated for a mission life and two years ago began work.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS in Boston have been the most exciting that have taken place in that city for years. Nearly sixteen thousand women voted for school commissioners. The result was a complete victory for the committee of one hundred and the Republicans, both for school commissioners and municipal officers. The issue was simply whether the Roman Catholics were to be permitted to alter the school books to suit their historical ideas or no.

THE AMERICAN SCHOONER "U. A. Babsen," from the northern halibut fishing ground, reached Halifax a short time ago in distress, the customs department gave the captain special permission to land his fish, and either sell them in Halifax or ship them to Boston in bond. The American press at once endeavored to make it appear that this amounted to a recognition of the American claim that under the treaty of Washington they have the right to ship fish in bond.

IT IS SAID that the report of Mgr. Persico, the Papal envoy, on Ireland, is almost ready to be handed over to the Pope, and that in it he directs attention to the fact that Irish officials are nearly all Protestants, that the agrarian struggle engenders outrages and the violation of the moral law, and declares that the political aspirations of the Irish must be satisfied before peace can be restored.

CANADIAN.

THE SCHOONER "THERESA" has arrived at Victoria, B.C., from the black cod banks in Queen Charlotte Sound with two thousand fish. The captain reports the fish very plentiful, and the venture is to be repeated on a larger scale.

IN THE KNOX CHURCH heresy case in Galt the Presbytery have instructed the kirk session if the persons accused of holding perfect holiness doctrines persisted in avowing them to strike their names from the roll of church membership. The parties threatened with excommunication threaten to appeal to the Synod.

A CONFERENCE has been held in Ottawa between the Hon. Edward Blake, Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright as to the future leadership and course of the Liberal party. It is understood that an attempt was made to induce Mr. Blake to again become the leader of the party, but that he refused, and Mr. Laurier will remain leader of the Opposition.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER made a pronounced speech against Imperial Federation before the Royal Colonial Institute a short time ago. He said that he saw no reason why existing relations between Great Britain and the colonies could not be maintained, and repudiated the idea that the term colonist was one of reproach.

MR. JUSTICE PRICE in opening the session of the Court of Queen's Bench at Kingston, called the attention of the Grand Jury to the necessity of keeping convicts employed upon profitable labor so that they should not either live in idleness or be a burden upon the community. The Grand Jury in its presentment strongly recommended that the prisoners in Kingston penitentiary should be employed at suitable labor, and suggested that the Government start iron works.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

(From Dicken's Christmas Carol.)

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchet plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt-collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onions, these young Cratchits danced about the tables and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then," said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim; and Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour."

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! there's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm."

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit."

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant, "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave," asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister, to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with sugar and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready before hand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there was ever such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onions to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose; a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding.

In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered; flushed, but smiling proudly; with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm and blazing and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

"Oh, a wonderful pudding!" Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all. He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his hand, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the founder of the feast!"

"The founder of the feast, indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children; Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer; "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!—he'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt."

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge, the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five and sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investment he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie a-bed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter;" at which Peter pulled up his collar so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by-and-by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed. There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

A BRIDE'S GOOD EXCUSE.

REIDSVILLE, N. C., December 6.—Samuel Marsden, aged fifty, and Gertrude Gibson, aged sixteen, who eloped from Amelia County, Va., came here and were married last night by Rev. D. I. Craig. The bride, who is quite pretty, said she had plenty of offers from younger men, but they were all drunkards.

A FIEND'S ACT.

ROCKFORD, Dec. 16.—Alderman Holmes, who was ordered by White Caps a few days ago to resign within forty eight hours and leave the city, has heard from his persecutors again. Yesterday a dynamite bomb was fired on his piazza. The fuse had been ignited, but expired before an explosion could occur.

MOWAT'S LAST VICTORY.

THE OWNERSHIP OF INDIAN LANDS FINALLY DECIDED BY THE IMPERIAL PRIVY COUNCIL

OTTAWA, December 12.—The following cable has been received from London in the case of the St. Catharines Milling and Lumbering Company vs. the Queen:—"Judgment is affirmed by the Privy Council; no costs. The Dominion has no power to legislate itself into a title. The Province is to assume the burden of Indian treaties." This is the last and one of the greatest victories for Mr. Oliver Mowat and Provincial rights, taking away Sir John Macdonald's confident contention that the Dominion at least owned the Indian lands in each of the Provinces. This is the case where the question of the ownership of 55,000 square miles of land in Ontario was raised by the St. Catherines Milling and Lumber Company, who rested their resistance of Ontario control of this land on a license they held from the Dominion Government to cut timber. The Dominion contended before the Privy Council that this was Dominion land, having been expressly reserved as Indian lands. Mr. Mowat contended this was part of the public lands of the Province, and disputed the title of the Dominion Government. The decisions of the Ontario Court and the appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada were in favor of the Province and now their judgments have been affirmed by the highest court in the Empire. The effect of the decision is tremendous, declaring immense tracts of land to belong to the Province, and throwing new responsibilities on the provinces in carrying out the provisions of the Indian Treaty. The full text of the judgment has been cabled for.

SPEECH BY MR. GLADSTONE.

HE DISCUSSES THE DISSIDENT LIBERALS AND HOME RULE.

LONDON, Dec. 15.—Mr. Gladstone made a speech this afternoon in the Limehouse Town Hall. Great crowds of people had assembled in the East End, and when he arrived he was given a most cordial welcome. Mr. Gladstone was enthusiastically received when he arose to speak. He referred to the decrease in the Conservative majority in the Parliamentary election in Maidstone yesterday, and congratulated the Liberals upon the fact that the result showed their cause was advancing. Referring to the withdrawal of Lord Hartington and 130 other Dissident Liberals from the National Liberal Club he described the Dissidents as officers without an army and a clergyman without a church. He condemned Lord Salisbury's reference to the Hon. Dadabhai Naoroji as a black man as needlessly giving pain to millions of his fellowmen, and protested against the attempt to conquer the Soudan as an adventure, as hopeless and as an attempt to fight nature. Mr. Gladstone, in explanation of why he not did redeem his promise of September 11th to publish documents showing that the Cabinet of 1882 had come to the unanimous conclusion that Mr. Parnell and the other Nationalists who were released from Kilmainham gaol were free of all complicity in crime, said he found it impossible to produce the documents before the Parnell Commission began its inquiries, and he did not deem it expedient to produce the documents or to reopen the subject while the Commission was sitting. Mr. Gladstone said it was folly to hope to govern Ireland in a manner opposed to the constitutionally declared and overwhelming sense of the country. The present time afforded a golden opportunity to alter the present system, when moderation and wisdom were being shown by the people of Ireland and their representatives in Parliament. The Home Rule policy, he declared, was thoroughly practicable, and he believed that at the next election the number of Home Rule members of Parliament would be increased. Ireland had always been loyal when there was a disposition to show her even the shadow of justice.

A WHOLE FAMILY DESTROYED.

JASPER, Ark., Dec. 15.—This town is greatly excited over the sudden death of the Rev. Frank Alfred, a Methodist minister, and his two children, aged 10 and 16 years. The symptoms were those of poison. Subsequently Mrs. Alfred and her infant were attacked. One theory is that the family were poisoned by diseased milk, but many think it a case of wholesale murder.

THE KINGSTON CONVICTS.

THE PRISON WARDEN ON THE LABOR AND OTHER REFORMS.

(Special to the Witness.)

KINGSTON, Dec. 14.—The comments of Judge Price on convict labor have led to the expression of an opinion on the same subject by Dr. Lavell, the warden of the penitentiary here. He repudiated the idea that the convicts here are kept in idleness, the management having on hand in the remodelling of the prison enough work for the five hundred men in confinement here for, perhaps, three years. The prison is being modernized, and if certain improvements now in contemplation are undertaken the convicts will be busy enough for the next ten years. He said he doubted if he could make the institution self sustaining if allowed to do so, as he has only a limited number of men whom he could put at competitive employment. There are not over one hundred whose services could be contracted for. He said certain American institutions were said to be paying, but in them men had been contracted for at 50 cents to $1 per day each, and prisoners, maintained by the counties, were received and their labor utilized for the benefit of the State. Moreover, in some American prisons contractors are paid for certain buildings on the erection of which outside labor is employed. Now, if the allowance were made for all these things, it is questionable if the balance would be on the side it is said to be. Dr. Lavell's idea is to employ the convicts on Government works, in making the clothing for the militia, the mounted police, etc. The contract system he disliked. The state system is the best if it is the most expensive. The raw material should be bought, made into various goods and sold on Government account. At present there is no direct revenue from the labor of the convicts, and the cost of maintenance (including the improvements) runs from $110,000 to $115,000 annually. The warden pooh-poohed the suggested erection of smelting works to be operated by the convicts. It could not be established on Government property, and could not give the convicts employment that would be profitable when they were liberated. The warden aims to make prison life reformatory. The prisoners are taught to read and write, that crime must be punished and society protected and that it is the duty of every one to reform. The larger number of convicts are young men. Sixty percent of them are under thirty years of age; thirty-two percent of them are under twenty five years of age, and seventeen percent of them under twenty years of age. Some of these are repeaters, that is, graduating from the gaols, reformatories and central prison. It was true that the convicts were well treated, but not as some supposed. They got good beds and good food, but only such as human beings should get. If they were treated in Canada as in the Southern States public opinion would not stand it. The warden is looking forward to the time when he can classify the men according to character and criminality and when the indeterminate system of sentencing will enable him to shorten or prolong the imprisonment of men as their conduct and career merit. There are now in the prison here five hundred and seventeen men and twenty-six women.

STANLEY AND EMIN.

SUAKIM BESIEGED—AN EXTRAORDINARY COMMUNICATION FROM OSMAN DIGNA.

The state of affairs at Suakim, the sea-port of Khartoum, which has been in the hands of the British and Egyptian troops ever since the Soudan war, has become critical. Osman Digna has brought his little army of Arabs so close to the water forts which defend the springs supplying the town with water, that if it were not for the heavy cross fire which the gunboats are able to pour into the Arabs' lines, these posts would be untenable. There were about six thousand men in the place at the beginning of last week, all or nearly all black soldiers of the Egyptian army, and rumor has it that they are quite demoralized and utterly useless. Two hundred English Hussars, and three hundred men from the Welsh regiment have been sent to General Grenfell and other reinforcements are to follow. Some time ago a message was sent to Osman Digna asking him if it was possible for him to give any information as to Emin Bey or H. M. Stanley. He answered this communication by sending to General Grenfell a statement to the effect that both Emin Bey and Stanley were in the hands of the Mahdi. In order to prove that this was the case, a letter from the Madhi's lieutenant claiming the conquest of the equatorial regions and of Emin and Stanley, a letter written by the Khedive to Emin, which was placed by the writer in the hands of Stanley, and several Snider cartridges were enclosed in Osman's own communication. This last was simply an ultimatum announcing that the release of the two prisoners and their lives depended upon the surrender of Suakim. This intelligence has created a flutter in Europe, particularly among those who have been interesting themselves in African exploration and colonization. The truth of the startling story is doubted, particularly as the Snider cartridges have been found to be very old. It is thought that it may have been possible to get possession of a copy of the Khedive's letter to Emin in Cairo.

BOULANGER'S AMBITION.

HE WANTS TO BE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The *World's* Paris correspondent sends that paper a three column interview with Gen. Boulanger, which the *World* sums up as follows:—The General frankly admits that he would like to be President of France, and is confident that he will be some day. He denies that he is plotting war or a *coup d'etat*. He sees corruption in the Chamber of Deputies and trouble in the Senate. The former he would dissolve and the latter abolish. Half of France, he says, is at his back in this movement to revise the French constitution.

WHITECAPS INDICTED.

A SEVERE LESSON TO BE TAUGHT THEM.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 15.—Governor Gray has been notified by the prosecutor at Corydon, Ind., that William S. Gregory, James L. Lynch, Lewis Jobe, Daniel Vest, Samuel Batt, John R. Rawlings, Floyd Morgan, Charles Morgan, William Wiseman, Reuben Robertson and Charles Miller have been indicted for white cap outrages. The men are all well-to-do citizens of Harrison county. Attorney General Michmer says there will be 25 or 30 more indictments in various southern counties, and from his knowledge of the evidence he believes there will be a good many convictions. Every possible effort will be made to rid the State of the regulators.

THE RAILWAY AMALGAMATION.

The Grand Trunk has issued a pamphlet disclaiming hostility to the Canadian Pacific. It is suggested that the movement in favor of a friendly agreement was started on behalf of the Canadian Pacific, to force the hands of the Grand Trunk, and create dissension among the Trunk proprietors.

MONTREAL NEWS.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION at the Art Gallery came to an end on the 15th instant. It has been a great success in every way and was very largely attended.

THE CITY COUNCIL have thrown out all the clauses in the new charter providing for a re-distribution of the city wards and the clauses creating aldermen and councillors.

THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT has offered to put another story upon the Court House in this city and to provide suitable quarters for the circuit court in the Chateau de Ramezay.

LARGE SHIPMENTS of hay are being made from Yamachiche, Lanoraie and Berthier to Ontario this winter, and the farmers are getting from $11.50 to $12.50 per ton for it.

THE LUMBER EXPORT for the past year formed 26 percent of Canada's total export trade, the figures being total exports, $77,000,000, of which $20,000,000 was made up of products of the forest. During the twelve years since 1876 our lumber export to Great Britain has fallen off by $5,000,000, and our export to the United States has increased in spite of a duty of $2 per thousand by about the same amount.

[For the *Witness*.

SKETCHES FROM CANADIAN HISTORY.

SURPRISED IN THE DARK.

BY L. LEACH.

It was found necessary to defer the departure of the French till the next day, but early on the following morning the order to march was given. All the spoil taken from the unhappy village was loaded upon sledges, to which were attached a number of horses taken at the same time. The Indians drove their prisoners on foot, with taunts and blows if they could not proceed fast enough. Captain de Biron had made a snug place for Margaret and her old nurse on one of the sledges, where they were well sheltered from the cutting wind by the piles of household stuff fastened upon the conveyance for removal to Montreal. Just before starting he appeared with a thick woollen rug, or blanket, and wrapped it well round Margaret as she sat upon the low sledge.

"You must not fear anything, Mademoiselle," he said, kindly, as he tucked the last fold about her feet. "These are all my own men near you, and to be depended upon. I shall not be far off myself at any time."

She thanked him with a grateful glance from the soft dark eyes, a look which haunted him for some time as he marched off. "What is it about her face," he thought, "that will not be forgotton. Women's looks are not much in my way since"—but there he broke off, forcibly turning his thoughts into another channel. He might have added—only that it was a recollection he very much disliked to dwell on—since years ago, when he was but a lad, a fair lady of the court had drawn out his boyish devotion, only to laugh in his face when tired of the little play. He might, after that, have become permanently embittered, but his passionate affection for his mother, the gentle old *chatelaine* in Normandy, saved him from the worst effects of his discovery of the lightness and frivolity of some women's nature. As it was, he had merely avoided the sex as much as possible afterwards, giving his mind to other, and as he would have said, more important matters. He was ambitious not so much of fortune as of fame. He would have chosen, like his great countryman, La Salle, to lead men through untrodden wilds, creating new provinces for his country as he went, if such a choice had come in his way. He was deeply interested in the study of plants, and here, too, he desired to discover new species of kinds undreamed of by man before. If he could not immortalize his name by the founding of new kingdoms, he might yet do so by being the first to show to those who had ears to hear some of the wonderful natural curiosities of this new world. And if research with such an object indicated some degree of vanity, he was by no means without the love of study for its own sake. Altogether he was a man of upright life, and a kind heart hidden under a cold and reserved demeanor, he would have said that he cared little for religion, as he understood it, having imbibed, without thinking much about it, and in common with many of his class at the time, the cynical habit of speaking which some writers had begun to make fashionable. He was made, however, for better things, when the time should come for him to go down into the depths and learn what was hidden there of his own soul.

The first day's march drew wearily to its close. The party had long left the valley of the Mohawk and plunged into the forest. The air was very keen and cold, but Margaret, warmly wrapped from it in her cosy nook, had as yet scarcely felt it. Captain de Biron had made frequent visits to see that she and Janet were as comfortable as circumstances permitted, so that she began to feel a sense of constant and kindly care hovering about them, and to lose the haunting dread that had hung over her since that fearful night.

Late in the evening they halted to camp for a time. Although they had little dread of pursuit as yet, it was thought wiser to push on as rapidly as possible; but now the men's strength was spent, and a few hours rest was absolutely necessary.

When de Biron made his next visit to the sledge where the two women were sitting, Margaret made her little petition.

"Monsieur," she said, "could we not, Janet and I, walk a little. One becomes cramped and stiff in one position so long, and the camp and the whole scene is so strange, I should like to see it better."

The Frenchman hesitated.

"I fear there are sights and sounds among these rough people that would grieve the tender heart of Mademoiselle," he answered, gently. He had indeed so managed matters that the Indians and their prisoners were separated by some distance from his own little party.

"How do you know that my heart is so tender," the girl said, half laughing. "It seems to me, lately at least, that it is hard enough."

The other looked at her quickly, with a momentary suspicion. How indeed did he know? Those tearful eyes, those soft and gracious looks, might cover that thing of dust and ashes, the heart of a coquette, as many another's had done. A glance at the innocent face reassured him, however; the child was certainly unconscious of any *arriere pensee*, any thought of seeking admiration from him.

"Indeed," the sweet voice went on, "I feel as if I must be very selfish just now, to be so comfortable all day, when others have been passing it so differently. Do you not believe that we ought to bear one another's burdens, Monsieur?"

The Frenchman's grave face relaxed a little. A smile, half compassionate, half cynical, stole over it.

"The general rule in this world," he said, "seems to be to fit one's burden, wherever that is possible, upon the back of some one else. In your case," with a glance at the slender figure, "the shoulders seem scarcely fitted to bear their own share of life's trouble. Do not distress yourself by thinking of those of others."

"Ah, but you mistake," Margaret cried quickly. "It is when our hearts are full of the cares of others that we forget our own. They glide away from us almost without our knowing it. And you must not undervalue my strength," she added, modestly. "It has not yet been tried much, I know, but I hope—I think—there is a reserve ready for any calls the future may make upon it."

The light of enthusiasm in her face, though her tone and manner were restrained and quiet, made an impression on René de Biron. Such simplicity, such strong belief in the efficacy of right doing, did not often come in his way, but he only said,

"I trust, however, that while Mademoiselle is under my care, nothing will occur to try the strength she speaks of. In the meantime, if she desires to make a short tour of the camp, I shall be honored in attending her."

Margaret sprang up with alacrity, which Janet more slowly prepared to follow. To the girl's youth and elastic temperament sad reflections were, as yet, quickly thrown off, and she was prepared to take an eager interest in the new and strange scenes by which she was surrounded.

The party had halted in an opening in the forest. On one side lay some huge trunks of trees, either blown down in a hurricane, or perhaps cut to form a defence in some former retreat of white men or red in the border warfare. Overhead stars glittered like diamonds in the frosty sky. Here and there hoary pine trees, their branches laden with snow, stretched out weird arms into the night.

Fires shone in many places where the men had built them, scooping out the snow hastily, hoping to cook their food and warm their chilled limbs. Margaret paused near one of these fires to look at the picturesque group round it. Into the circle of red light cast upon the snow figures came and went, and dark faces bent over the great pot hung upon sticks, from which a most savoury smell issued. One of the men came forward and spoke a few words to de Biron in a low voice. The man was short in stature, but his width round the shoulders, and long arms, showed him possessed of great strength. His face was ugly, the features irregular, but redeemed by an expression of careless *insouciance* and good humor, which shone too in his twinkling black eyes. As he returned to his work by the fire, Margaret remarked to her companion.

"That man has a pleasant face. I should not think he would like to help in the cruel work of the last few days," then crimsoned, remembering to whom she was speaking.

The other replied to the first part of her speech, too courteous, seeing her confusion, to notice the last.

"Yes, Antoine is a good fellow. He came with me from home, and worships my mother who has been good to him from a child. He would give his life for me in a moment, for her sake, I believe."

Margaret glanced up, a little smile in her eyes.

"Then you do believe in the unselfishness of some people," she said, shyly.

De Biron was silent for a minute, then he said abruptly,

"I have known one or two cases in the course of my life, but they are not common, Mademoiselle, I assure you."

The girl sighed: she was thinking that perhaps, after all, this man was right. He had lived in the world so much longer than she had; he must know more about it. A cold wind seemed to blow over that inner world of hers, where, in her dreams of her fellow creatures, so many of those wore the guise of heroic self-devotion to the cause of right. Were all her heroes clay then? Or rather did they only exist in her foolish, girlish imagination? With all her youthful enthusiasm she had a strong vein of good sense. In another moment she reproached herself as the thought of her father—of Janet—came to her.

"True as steel," she thought, "yes, that is like both," and was comforted, though very silent for the rest of the walk. For we climb to the Divine love through the human, and how can we utterly distrust all men and get trust in God. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." The one golden thread in René de Biron's life as yet was his love for his mother, his perfect confidence in her.

The three had made the tour of several of the camp fires, when Margaret thought Janet looked weary, and hastily proposed that they should return to their shelter for the night. Arrived there the French officer left them, after saying that his man, Antoine, would be entirely at their service, and would get them whatever they might require.

Later that night a number of the leaders of the expedition were seated round the camp fire. An animated discussion was going on as to the policy of the present raid upon the English borders, and also the prospects of the colony in the difficulties which at this time beset it on every side.

"There is every prospect of improvement in our affairs," said one, "now that Count Frontenac is at the head of them. True, he is now old, but what will you? How could a young man show more fire and energy than he does with his seventy years? See how speedily he has got together and sent out the three war parties against the English, of which ours is one. There will be fine tales to tell when we all arrive at Montreal from our victories."

"Do not make too sure," said de Biron's quiet voice, "that all three will be successful. We ourselves may wait to toast till we are within the gates of Montreal. Were a strong force to overtake us at present, we might have to pay dear for our late success."

A slight youth next to the speaker said, mockingly,

"René has lately developed a great belief in the prowess of the English. Perhaps the fair prisoner's tales of her countrymen's valor have made an impression on him, or she herself—" he stopped, for de Biron had turned upon him, with a look in his eyes which it was not pleasant to see.

"You will take care how you speak of the young English lady," he said, with perfect coolness of manner, but with a sternness that made itself felt. "The commandant has placed her and her attendant in my charge, till matters can be arranged that she can be returned to her father. In the meantime I shall regard any slighting mention of her as an insult to myself and act accordingly."

There was a short silence, but no one present wished to quarrel with de Biron, who was known to have as sure an eye and quick a hand as any in the camp, so the subject was changed, and other matters spoken of.

René himself was inwardly raging though outwardly quite composed. He was half surprised at the depth of his own indignation, when that contemptuous mention was made of Margaret, but, in truth, the innocence and purity of a nature such as he had never met before were attracting all that was best in him and bringing to the surface a certain chivalrous devotion to the weak, such as he would have scoffed at the idea of possessing a month ago. When he came out of his reverie sufficiently to listen to his comrades' conversation, Montigny, another officer, was speaking.

"These descents upon the English, killing a few of the men, carrying off the women and children, are all very well," he was saying, "but they will do little to inspire either the Iroquois with dread of us or our own Indians with confidence that we can protect them. What these last need even more than that, is the certainty that they can obtain better bargains for their furs from us than elsewhere. The fur trade is our great resource, and the path to it must be kept clear if we are to prosper."

"No one knows that better than Frontenac," said another, and there was a general laugh, for the Governor's keen, personal interest in the fur trade was well known, and there were still some who could remember how, on his first visit to the colony twenty years before he had quarrelled with Perrot, the Governor of Montreal, for a larger share of the profits of that lucrative business.

"If La Salle succeeds in his grand scheme and establishes his trading posts all along the great river to the west," said another, (he referred to the Mississippi) "while we keep the path clear up the lakes, we can surround the English so well that we can laugh at their efforts to take the trade from us."

"La Salle will carry it through, if it can be done," said René, thoughtfully. "What a man that is for dogged determination in the face of every difficulty."

There was not a very cordial assent to this, for the haughty and overbearing temper of the great explorer had made him not a few enemies. Conversation languished, and the party soon after separated to take a short needful rest before the march was resumed.

Two days steady progress followed, during which there was little to note, except that René grew constantly more interested in his charge. The circumstances threw them naturally often together and promoted a certain confidence and intimacy between them, while the presence of Margaret's old nurse gave the girl a sense of comfort and security which made her quite at ease.

It was the evening of the third day since the party had left the ill-fated village of Tchenectady, or Corlaer as the French called it. The weather had been very stormy and disagreeable all day, but they had traversed the last part of the forest bordering on the Hudson, and after crossing Lake St. Sacrament, now called Lake George, hidden under its thick covering of ice and snow, were camping for a few hours' rest on Lake Champlain.

The sun was near its setting when they reached this place, and the scene if wild was very beautiful. Margaret sprang from her seat on the rude sledge, glad to stretch her cramped limbs. Her old nurse was busy with some preparation for the night, but the girl had entirely lost any fear she might have had of the rough strangers by whom she was surrounded, and by whom, indeed, she was treated with unvarying respect and kindness, born partly, no doubt, of a wholesome dread of Captain de Biron's wrath should they fail to conduct themselves properly towards her.

A path had already been made down to the shore of the lake by the trampling of many feet. Margaret passed on slowly by it, her eyes fixed upon the evening sky. The golden ball of the sun, now almost at the horizon line, shone out from beneath a drift of clouds, which, broken into a thousand fantastic shapes, and gorgeously colored in every hue from glowing orange to rosy pink and deepest crimson, rose almost to the zenith. Between the clouds the sky showed peeps of delicate blue, and lower, near the sun, of vivid golden green. Behind in the darkening east, the heavens were clearing rapidly; the storms of the day rolling away in great masses of soft woolly grey. Margaret trod lightly, feeling the exhilaration of the change of weather and the keener air. Her heart, while she gazed at the brilliant spectacle of the western sky, was full of trust and thankfulness to the great Father who has clothed the world in beauty. Were those the golden gates, she wondered, behind which stretched that peaceful region where the souls of the blessed live ever in the sunshine of their master's presence? Did they remember, and long for, those dearest to them on earth, now left so far behind? Ah! questions unanswerable. Mysteries which even the eye of faith may not pierce, until we too have passed "beyond the veil."

She was standing absorbed in reveries like these when a voice spoke close beside her. She turned, not at all startled, for those tones were becoming too familiar to cause her surprise at any time. René's countenance was more expressive of melancholy than usual, as he said, with a glance at the west.

"That is a fair sight—if it means anything."

"It means a great deal to many of us," said Margaret quickly, "That God loves beautiful things, so gives them with a lavish hand to his creatures, and that we are so made that we too can delight in them. Surely the thought of the eternal love and care behind all the lovely sights and sounds of nature make them full of infinite meaning—infinitely precious."

"Yes," he said, glancing at the girl's radiant face, for she had her moods like other people, and just at that moment her sense of the nearness of the unseen—her faith in it—was so strong, that her whole being seemed lifted up, almost with a feeling of exultation. "Yes," he repeated, slowly, "if one can be sure of that—but there is so much that is difficult to reconcile, Man is not only made capable of enjoying goodness and beauty. Think of his capacity for cruelty and treachery to his brother man. See, as we do, even our teachers ready to sell what they deem the highest gifts of the spiritual world for some paltry, material advantage. They say that this world is but a short preparation for a better, but one notices they keep as strong a grasp upon the things of this present life, as if they could hold them always, or—as if these were the realities and all beyond a dream. Tell me how you explain these things—there are others, but these will suffice—and yet believe in God's love for the world."

Margaret, who in her Protestant training had been well instructed in the errors of the church in which René had been reared, might guess at some of her companion's difficulties, but she only said, quietly,

"I am but a simple maid and cannot hope to explain things that have puzzled wiser brains than mine, only there is something about becoming like a little child, and sometimes one gets a glimpse of what that means. A babe cannot understand much that its mother does for it, and is fractious and contends. Yet when tired out with crying it lies at peace in her arms—at peace even in the dark because close to her. It seems to me sometimes that when we are weary, groping in doubt and fear and darkness after our Father—he draws near to us, though we may only know it then by the hush and peace that follows."

The girlish voice trembled and ceased: there was silence for a few moments and then René said, in a very low tone,

"You, at least, have taught me something. Is it not somewhere said that if a man will strive to do the will of the Most High, as far as he can tell it, he shall be taught to know the truth."

"My father used to say," said the girl, softly, "that no one who honestly tried to keep the Master's commandments would be left in darkness. By the key of obedience, he said, the door of faith is opened."

The two walked on after this for a long space without speaking. Suddenly René, looking up, said,

"Why we have left the camp far behind."

Margaret started from her deep thought and saw that it was indeed true. The sun had quite gone down; the stars were twinkling in the evening sky. Overhead gleamed the Great Bear. Before them lay the wide expanse of Lake Champlain. The snow had drifted before the wind from one side leaving a long sweep of ice clear, and upon this they had been walking. They had rounded several small bays, so that the lights of the camp were quite hidden. The wind had fallen and everything was perfectly still. The silence—the solitude—struck both with a sense of awe. All at once there was a long, weird sound, rising and falling, borne upon the quiet air. René started, listened, then raised his hand.

"Look!" he said, with a tone of horror.

Margaret strained her eyes in the direction in which he pointed. What was that black line stealing towards them across the snow? Again upon the wind came that long, low, blood-curdling sound. Margaret shivered, she knew not why: her heart for one moment seemed to stand still, the next went on at racing speed.

"What is it, oh, what is it?" she said in a terrified whisper, clinging with both hands to her companion's arm.

"It is—wolves," he answered, very deliberately. His voice was quite calm now, for he had recovered from his first horror, when for a moment it had flashed upon him that they might both be torn to pieces and devoured before help could reach them.

"Come," he added, after a long steady gaze into the dusk at the white plain before them, "we must not show fear. Can I trust your self-control?" He bent his head to look closely into the white face beside him, dimly visible in the faint light. What was it in the trustful glance of the dark eyes raised to meet his own that made him feel as if he had the strength of ten to protect one who was daily becoming dearer to him, while that glance assured him that her courage might be depended upon. She would neither scream nor faint but implicitly obey, sure that what he asked would be best for both.

"Quick," he said, after that brief inspection, "do you see that clump of bushes yonder? We must reach it and stand at bay. The brutes have found the scent, this breeze blows it to them." He hurried her to the spot he spoke of, about fifteen yards away, almost taking her off her feet in his impatience to reach the place indicated. "Now," placing her with her back to a young fir tree that stood with several smaller ones close about it, "remain perfectly still." He stood a little in advance of her, drew out his hunting horn and blew several clear blasts upon it.

"Antoine will hear that," he explained, "and will come with all possible speed to our assistance; we have only to be patient and wait." He spoke confidently, and the girl was reassured by his calmness. Her foolish fears, she thought, must have magnified the danger. Then memories of horrible tales heard in childhood of the ferocity of wolves, came back to her, but how different was the hearing of them in the warm firelight, safe in her father's arms or nestled at her nurse's knee, when a certain delightful terror added zest to the thrilling points, and the remembrance of them out here in the open—under the darkening sky—with only one true heart between her and these ravening beasts.

René meanwhile, was inwardly cursing his own folly in having allowed his delight in her presence to have made him forget the hazards to which he might be exposing her. The possibility of the sweet face, lighted up by the radiance of heavenly trust as he had seen it, being torn and mangled, turned him sick with horror. Strange that it did not strike him that the spiritual loveliness of expression which had so touched him was born of something higher and more enduring than the clay it shone through, therefore could not surely be quenched for ever by the blind rage of an unreasonable animal. But there was room in him for the seed of faith to grow. Many thoughts flashed over him in the few seconds that followed, while the black line on the snow grew nearer and nearer, and the long howl of the wolves, hunting in a pack, fell more and more distinctly upon the ears of the two waiting—for death.

Now the crisis was almost upon them, Margaret's eyes, straining through the gloom, could see the fierce light of fiery eyeballs. She could hear the sound of thirsty tongues, eager to lap the blood of their prey. Suddenly René turned to her.

"Give me the kerchief from your neck," he said, quietly.

She obeyed, wonderingly. He snatched it and waved it almost in the faces of the foremost of the pack, who had halted in the long, swinging gallop at which they had come up and were making ready for their deadly spring.

"Keep behind me," he ordered, "they shall only reach you," he muttered, "after they have torn me to pieces."

As the white rag fluttered in the light breeze, Margaret thought for a moment that the horror of the situation had turned her companion's brain, but the pack had withdrawn a few paces and he found space to say, softly,

"They are timorous creatures in some respects, and may sometimes be frightened by a trifle, if unforeseen. This will not keep them off though for more than a minute. Could you take the horn and blow another blast upon it to guide my people in our direction?"

Then Margaret saw that both his hands were occupied, for in his right he held a short, sharp knife ready for action. She caught the horn from his side with trembling fingers, and blew upon it, first with a wavering, uncertain sound, but then, nerving herself, she tried again and the clear silvery notes of appeal rang out upon the quiet air.

As if the fierce beasts knew their prey might be snatched from them, they drew near again. The pair were in part protected by the clump of trees and saplings in which they had taken up their position, but in front they were quite defenceless. As the foremost wolf made its spring René struck it to the heart with his hunting knife. In the twinkling of an eye the body was dragged into the midst of its companions and devoured. Margaret shuddered as the tearing and growling went on almost at her feet.

But now the unequal battle raged furiously. Another and another of the brutes fell dead by the well-directed aim of René's *couteau de chasse*, but the assault of the ferocious animals was only delayed for a minute to dispose of the victims and renewed with redoubled fury after the taste of blood. René fought with both hands now for he had snatched the tomahawk from his belt, but the creatures were pressing upon him and he had almost given up hope. Now one springing upon him, had fastened its fangs into his right arm. He tried to strike at it with the weapon in his left, scarcely feeling the torture it was subjecting him to in the excitement of the moment, but he knew that the contest was almost over; he could not hold out many seconds longer and then——As he strove to listen for some sound of help approaching, Margaret's soft voice without a tremor in it fell upon his ear.

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." The girl's own soul was lifted for the time beyond the mortal and the finite. All at once a sense of the Father's care seemed to have come to her in the very jaws of death. On the threshold of the other world, she longed to impart some of that sudden sense of peace to the man beside her, almost overcome in the struggle for life for her and for himself.

But at that moment there was a yell of triumph in Antoine's voice, "*La voilà.*" There were blows and cries and two or three shots fired. Then, like the dissolving of a hideous dream, the dripping fangs, the fiery eyes, were gone, and Margaret, leaning sick and faint against a tree, realized how deadly had been their peril, in thankfulness that they were saved.

Succor had not come one moment too soon. René's arm was badly wounded: he was streaming with blood from several other places. Antoine, at the first sound of the horn, had rushed to the rescue, calling on some of their own men, and two or three Indians who happened to be near, to follow, being sure that his master and "Mademoiselle Marguerite" were in urgent need. The pair had strayed farther than they could have thought possible in the waning light, and but for the second blast of the horn, directing the rescuers to the exact spot, the latter would not have arrived in time. "So it is Mademoiselle who has the honor after all," René said, with a faint smile at Margaret.

The girl shook her head. She would have liked to have reminded him of the care she trusted in, but she shrank from seeming to teach, and it was at all times difficult for her to speak of the deepest that was in her. Antoine now hurried the whole party back to the camp.

Margaret was awakened from dreams pervaded by the thunder of a mighty sea, forever beating on an iron coast—beating ever—yet never passing its appointed limit, restrained by the hand of power. The Father's hand she thought, when quite awake, with a glad uplifting of the heart, for the girl's faith was strengthening rapidly in the life of peril she was now leading, so different from the guarded and uneventful one which she had known from childhood.

(*To be Continued.*)

FRENCH WINES.

France has enjoyed the reputation of a much-drinking, but little drunken country. Pure wines were plenty and cheap, and there was no swilling of strong spirits and drug-concocted liquors. Consequently the evils of intoxication were less prevalent than in many other lands. With the advent of the phylloxera and the wholesale failure of vineyards all this has changed until France has become a hopeful competitor for the palm of drunkenness. Recent Government reports show startling increase in the number of crimes and cases of insanity due to alcoholism, and now a detailed statement by M. Laborde, of the Academy of Medicine, reveals the rest of the evil. According to M. Laborde the manufacture of spurious liquors is conducted on an enormous scale both in Paris and in provincial towns, and no attempt is made to conceal it. A very large proportion of the wines and spirits used are of this sort. And not only are these liquors great in quantity, but their quality is vile almost beyond description. Besides the familiar Indian hemp, nitro-benzol, and other products of the laboratory, poisonous in the extreme, such loathsome ingredients as hippuric acid, made from the drainings of stables are freely used. The effect of such stuff upon the bodies and minds of the drinkers is of course ruinous. The Government is now about to order the classification of wines under the heads "natural," "manufactured," and "raisin," but shows no disposition to interfere with the manufacture and sale of these liquid poisons.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FIGHT WITH WHITECAPS.

A VERMONT MAN'S EXCITING VISIT TO HIS UNCLE IN OHIO.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN DECLINES TO BE SCARED, AND TAKES TO HIS SHOTGUN.

Eddison Vance, of Rutland, Vt., who has been visiting his uncle, a wealthy bachelor, living on a farm near Sardenia, O., tells an interesting story of his recent experience with Whitecaps. While riding one night with his uncle along a thickly wooded road they met a man on horseback, with his face enveloped in white cloth and riding at breakneck speed. His uncle said the horseman was a "Whitecap," and, their conversation turning on the depredations of the gang, denounced the organization, said he knew some of its members, and would spend every dollar he had to land them in the penitentiary. They were evidently overheard, for the next morning, on opening the front door, they found, transfixed to the handle by a sharp pointed knife, a rough drawing of a human heart, the weapon stuck through its centre. In the left hand upper corner were the skull and crossbones, and on the opposite corner the picture of a coffin. Below was an inscription which read:

Aaron Vance. You'd better be careful as to what you says and does. This is a warin. If you try to do us harm you will git the worst of it.
(Signed), WHITECAPS.

On the steps was a bundle of beech switches, and attached to the card that held them together was a tag on which was written:—"Weapons of reform." After breakfast the uncle went to town and bought two shotguns, three revolvers and a quantity of ammunition. Then he pasted a notice on the fence facing the road to the effect that he did not fear all the Whitecaps in Christendom, and would never rest until he had

HANGED A FEW OF THEM.

The next morning another notice was stuck on the front door which read: "We will call on you within ten days." Vance continues: "My uncle engaged the services of a man named Harwick to watch the premises. On the fourth night he called us and said the Whitecaps were surrounding the house. We arose and dressed hurriedly. Arming ourselves we went to the front window. I should judge there were 30 masked horsemen in the yard or near it.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" asked my uncle.

"The foremost horseman replied: 'We want you, and we are going to have you.'

"All right," replied the old man, "come on." With that he raised his gun and fired into the middle of the group. There was a yell, and a man fell from his horse. They picked him up, and all turned and galloped away. In about two hours we heard them returning. We were ready for them. We had loaded the guns with small bird shot, and as they dashed into the yard we did not hesitate to fire at them. The volley seemed to rattle them, for again they went away. We heard nothing for three days. I supposed they had got enough and would leave us alone.

"The third night, about ten o'clock, we heard a noise in the barn, and Harwick and I went to see what was the matter, I never thought of Whitecaps. We left my uncle with an old woman servant alone in the house. We had hardly left the house before I was struck down, and three men, their faces covered with masks, were on top of me. At my side Harwick was suffering the same violence.

THEY BOUND US WITH CORDS

and half carried and half led us to the barn. One of them said to us: 'We mean you no harm if you keep still. We are going to teach Aaron a lesson to keep his tongue tied.' Then all but one went away. In a short time we heard the report of a gun, and then followed a perfect fusillade. Shot after shot was fired, and I remember wondering how my uncle managed to load and fire so rapidly. A few minutes later a man opened the barn door and beckoned to our guard. He immediately left us, and we did not see him again. It was broad daylight when my uncle opened the barn door and cut the ropes that bound us. He explained that he did not dare to come out of the house before. I was so stiff that it was some time before I could move my limbs. My uncle told the story of the assault, and how, by the aid of the old servant, who loaded the gun, he had been able to fire so rapidly.

"Two days before I left my uncle got a letter which said that the Whitecaps would have revenge if it took all winter. I tried to induce him to go away until the gang had been brought to justice, but the old man said he would fight the battle out from his own castle. While I was at my uncle's some neighbors were whipped, though innocent of any disregard of public morals."

IT WAS A SPECTRAL DOG.

HOW A WRECK ON THE PENNSYLVANIA ROAD WAS AVERTED.

A New York *Tribune* reporter was sitting on one of the seats on the Battery promenade recently, when a well-dressed woman passed, leading by a strap a snow-white Spitz dog. A man dressed in the rough garb of a laborer sat on the seat next to the reporter, smoking a short stemmed cob pipe.

"Talking about strange things," said the laborer, nudging the newsgatherer, "I never see a white dog but what it calls up a strange experience I had while firing on the Pennsylvania railway ten years ago. I was in a cab with Tommy Burns, one of the best engineers in the company's service, and our run was between Jersey City and Philadelphia. We left Jersey City at nine o'clock on Saturday evening, pulling a long train of passenger coaches and three Pullmans. The cars were all full and we had the right of way, making no stops except at Market street, Newark and Trenton. We rolled along all right over the Hackensack meadows, and after we left Newark we struck a 60 miles an hour pace, and watched the telegraph poles flash by till they looked like the teeth of a fine tooth comb. We had struck the plain at Princeton Junction, when Burns, who was looking out of the cab window, says to me:

"'Look a here Jack! There is a white dog runnin' alongside what's been followin' us for five minutes, and blamed if he ain't keepin' up to the injine. Look at him.'

"I was shovelling coal in the furnace and the heat was blistering my eye-balls in their sockets. It took me some time after gazing out of the window before I could make out the dog. Finally I saw him skimming along like a swallow. Now in the glare from the window he could be plainly seen, then he would get out in the line of the darkness and we would lose sight of him. But he would be sure to show up again in a few minutes. Ditches, cuts, and sharp bends, it was all the same, that white dog stuck beside the cab as steady as its shadow. Burns and I couldn't make it out. First we thought our eyesight was deceiving us, for the awful heat from the furnance, the sharp wind or something else, or all of these things put together, is terribly trying on one's eyes who has to use them in an engine cab. The sight gets blurred and cloudy, and sometimes you see double, and sometimes you don't see half. Well, Burns and I at first thought we were fooled by our eyes, and there couldn't be any dog. But mile after mile that white dog was alongside.

"'Jack,' says Burns, all at once, this is more'n I kin stand. If our eyes ain't mussed up, there's somethin' wrong somewhere. I am a-goin' to stop her."

"Sure enough, he stopped and we both got off the cab. The conductor came running up and wanted to know what was the matter. We told him about the white dog running alongside the engine, and we looked about to show him the blamed animal. But, to our surprise, there was no dog to be seen, and hunt high and low we could not find him. The conductor laughed at us, and Burns and I got aboard again, thinking that after all our eyes might have fooled us, and Burns pulled back the throttle and we started on slowly. There was a curving cut just ahead of us. Fifty yards from it, before the wheels had fairly begun to revolve good, the headlight flashing on the track before us showed us a rock that must have weighed two tons on our track. We stopped the engine with the cowcatcher not twelve inches from the stone, which, loosened by rains, had rolled down from the bank. Had we not stopped on account of that white dog we would have struck it on full headway, and you can see what that would have meant. I got shaky soon after that and resigned, and the very mention of a white dog, much less the sight of one, brings that strange ride back to me."

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

THE GERMAN FOX AND THE BRITISH LION

(*A Fable after the fashion of La Fontaine.*)

A certain Lion, whose re-echoing roar
Had long been heard on Afric's eastern shore,
Had hard thereby a den convenient, spacious.
Leo was vigilant, not too pugnacious,
Yet always ready,
With strength exceptional and ardor steady,
To help maintain, even on that wild border,
His leonine ideas of Law and Order.
The King of Beasts, like other royal bodies
Who're not quite *fainéant* noddies,
Loved not the anarchical and the chaotic.
In fact his foes declared him too despotic,
Too apt to bring down his prodigious paw,
And call that law.
At any rate our Lion autocratical
Was down tremendously on the piratical.
Now in that torrid region
Dwelt certain lesser beasts—their name was legion—
Whose sole idea of kingship was sheer knavery
Built up on slavery.
Leo with tooth and law was prompt to drop
Upon these robber-bands. He strove to stop
The grisly game to which the ghouls were given,
And long but striven
Almost alone indeed and single-handed;
For, though the other brutes he'd fain have banded
Against these common curses of their kind,
He somehow seldom found them in the mind.
Greed, fear and faction,
With brutes as men are foes to common action.
There came into that region, rather later,
A certain Fox. No beast had shrewdness greater;
And, adding lupine strength to vulpine cunning,
He rather fancied he was in the running
For the reversion
Of Leo's sovereignty: indeed some said,
To share the Lion's skin ere he was dead,
Was an idea running in his head;
Perhaps 'twas an aspersion;
But anyhow Reynard, with all his tricks,
Found himself shortly in a sort of fix.
He hardly prospered as he deemed he ought to,
And sedulously sought to.
He was not trusted somehow, which seemed funny.
When deeds of iron follow words of honey,
Faith falls. That queerest seems of paradoxes—
To Foxes.
So *rusé* Reynard thought that he would try on
A sort of Confidence Trick with the old Lion.
He rigged himself in proper pilgrim guise,
With palmer-hat that flopped o'er his sly eyes,
With staff, and scrip, and scallop all complete,
And a long gaberdine that reached his feet,
Properly girdled; one, in fact, might term it
The costume for a new Peter the Hermit.
Togged in this manner,
He bore in hand a big emblazoned banner,
Whereon was written in much broidered bravery,
"Down, down with Slavery!!!"
Thus robed, our Reynard Leo thus addressed:
"Leo, my friend, I'm really quite distressed
At the black deeds that shame this region torrid;
They're truly horrid!
As for one cruel and kidnapping band,
They ought to be put down with a strong hand.
You who're so noble, generous and strong,
Must feel, I'm sure, that it is really wrong
To give free license to this bad black trade.
Shall we not join, then, in a New Crusade?
You always were a bit of a knight-errant.
I've quite a fit of missionary zeal;
United, I am sure that you will feel
Our influence on this sin will be deterrent.
And—though that is, of course, the merest trifle—
Help any doubts of our good faith to stifle
(I've found such doubts a little in my way).
Come, Leo, what d'ye say?"
Leo said little, but he looked a deal,
For, hanging at the back of Mr. Fox,
Glit to his body by a chain of steel,
He spied a certain box,
Savoring to Leo, who could spot a trader,
More of the bagman than of the Crusader.
"Reynard," he mused, "whence is this new-born passion
For the knight-errantry, not much your fashion?
Can it, oh! can it be a mere pretence
To gain prestige—and trade—at my expense?
True, it might task all
Our banded strength to crush the desert rascal,
The battener on blood, whom I, 'tis true,
Have hunted long, with little aid from you.
H—ll indeed
You meant it in good faith, his cursed breed
We'd quickly banish from this tropic shore.
But—is there nothing more
Behind—like that black box—my foxy friend?
And is it like to happen in the end
That my good name will make yours brightly shine
Or you spoil mine?"
All this was muttered in the Lion's mane.
"Ah!" cried the Fox, "I see 'tis very plain
That you, so noble, so magnanimous,
So truly one of us,
Help in our new Crusade cannot refuse!"
(Aside he chuckled, "Ah, my little ruse
Has fairly fetched him then, the blind old sumph!")
Leo said—"Humph!"

Moral.

When Fox with Lion hunts, one would be sorry
To say who gains—until they've shared the quarry!
—*Punch.*

THE only thing that can down true genius and curb genuine inspiration is a pen that catches in the paper and executes a design in splatter-work at every third stroke.

BRAMBLE'S PRECAUTION.

"Here's an article headed 'Marvellous Escape of a Distinguished Citizen from a Horrible Death'," said the dutiful daughter, who was reading the morning paper to her invalid father. "The friends of Mr. J. Alpheus Bramble were shocked on learning a few mornings ago that——"

"Jane," interrupted the irritable parent, "before you read any more of that you will oblige me if you'll look about half way down to the bottom of the article and see whose patent medicine it's advertising"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THAT'S A BETTER PLAN!"

A delightful little anecdote about the old German Emperor is told in the "Memoirs of a Court Actor," which a well known German comic actor has just published at Stuttgart. It was at Wiesbaden, and Emperor William I. had gone to see Fritz Reuter's famous play "Onkel Brasig." In the scene where the villain of the play, after having been prevented by Onkel Brasig from committing suicide, calls out, "I will re-enter the army," the old Emperor leaned over the front of his box and angrily called out, "Yes, but I won't take him on again." Next day an adjutant appeared before the manager, saying that the Emperor would be present again that evening, but he would like the above explanation by the villain to be taken out or altered. That evening the repenting youth, instead of expressing his determination to re-enter the army, said, "I shall take a good manager, and then I hope yet to do well in farming." Whereupon the grey head in the Imperial box nodded approvingly, and the Emperor exclaimed with evident satisfaction, "There now, that's a better plan!"

WHERE HE COULD GET DINNER.

Artemus Ward used to say that he was once travelling in an old Bourbon town out West when he met an Irishman who thus addressed him, "Can the likes o' ye tell me where I can get a good dinner for 25 cents?" "Yes," replied Ward, "just around the corner there is a nice place." "And will ye allow me to ask ye one quistion more?" said Pat. "Certainly," replied the showman. "Well, since ye's been gude enough to show me where I can get the dinner for twenty-five cents, will the likes o' ye plase tell me where I can git the twenty-five cents?"

TEACHER—"Now, boys, can any of you tell me what is meant by posthumous works?" Boy at head of class—"Yes, sir, I can." "Well, now, let me hear what it means?" "Sir, posthumous works are books which a man writes after he is dead."

IT WAS when the late Prof. Proctor was an English school examiner that a little girl defined the difference between a man and a brute as follows: "A brute is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

AN EPISCOPAL JOKE.—The Bishop o' Ripon (Dr. Boyd Carpenter) in laying the foundation stone of a new vicarage at Wakefield, one day recently, was invited by the architect, Mr. Fred Simpson, to become "an operative mason for a few moments." "No," replied the bishop: "I cannot lay claim to the title of an operative mason, but I am most certainly a working Carpenter."

AN ALSATIAN WOMAN, to her confessor: "Father, I have committed a great sin." "Well?" "I dare not say it; it is too grievous." "Come, come, courage." "I have married a Prussian." "Keep him, my daughter. That's your penance."

A GRENADIER of the regiment of Champagne was retreating from the ranks mortally wounded. "Where is that grenadier going?" cried the officer as he passed. "To die," said the soldier, turning round, and expiring as he spoke.

IT MAKES THE SELFISH MAN feel very unhappy to get on an excursion boat, and after sitting on one chair, putting his feet on two, and his umbrella and stick on two more, to find there are still several unoccupied chairs which he can't possibly monopolize.

A ONE-LEGGED WELSHMAN named Jones was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking up my descent, I found that there was some Irish blood in me, and beco

"AN IMPORTANT PROBLEM."

HOW TO BRIDGE THE GULF BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

SIR,—I have read with great interest your article in a late number of the *Witness* on "An Important Problem." It displays at least a close attention to the state of the professed church at large, whether you are right in all your conclusions or not. The question of how the ungodly world is to be brought into obedience to the requirements of the Gospel has always been an important one ever since the time when our Saviour, about to depart, gave his last commission to his sorrowing disciples; and it will continue to be an important one as long as probation lasts. But, thank God, we have the promise that Jesus, our helper, is with us even to the end of the world. And yet, however anxious we may be to see all about us professing allegiance to the one we love, we must not once lose sight of the manner of working that he requires of us, nor of the standard of godliness that he requires of all his children. The Gospel was designed by God to "take out of the world a people for his name," but as "the carnal mind is enmity against God," and as the world will as certainly hate Christians as Christ himself, we need not look for any love on the part of the unconverted world for the Church of God. But still we do not have to go very far to find some of the causes of the hatred and ill-respect on the part of the world that you speak of. There is something unmistakably magnificent in a symmetrically perfected Christian character whether seen in an individual or in the church as a body; but when glaring inconsistencies show out so prominently that we know that the individual or church is not what it professes, our respect is gone at once, and when respect is gone disgust and repugnance are not very far off. The world hates true Christians while it despises vain professors; that is the difference.

The state of the Protestant churches of America to day is far from what it should be and one of the great causes of this deplorable condition is the lowering of the standard of pure Christianity to the very dust in order to bring as many as possible within the fold of the professed church. In the early ages of the Church the "falling away" foretold by Paul in 2nd Thessalonians 2-3, was simply a preparation for the revelation of the man of sin and the development of that gigantic system of iniquity which has been fitly spoken of as Satan's masterpiece, and in our day like causes will produce a like result. That the religious world is in the state that I have spoken of is very evident to all who are not blinded by the thickest prejudice. I here quote from an editorial of the *Weekly Witness* of last year. You say:—"The churches are rapidly becoming social clubs rather than evangelistic societies." And, again, when speaking of Mr. T. Beecher's church club idea, carried out at Elmira, you say:—"That club has become a sort of social centre for the town, and has permitted all the amusements which would be looked for in the homes of the people." . . . To-day, it is a very exceptional congregation that is not developing in the same direction." Surely this is sufficient to justify my charge, for God's word says "Love not the world neither the things that are in the world; if any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him, and it is given as of prime importance that the disciple keep himself unspotted from the world. But this is not all. The professed Protestant churches are not only commingling so with the world that only the Master who knoweth all can tell the two apart, but they are being rapidly permeated by the spirit of Popery, and are changing their attitude toward this body in a remarkable degree. I will not now stop to discuss the many points in which the so-called Protestant churches have never come out from the precepts of men as taught by the Roman Catholic in opposition to the commandments of God; nor will I speak of the friendship of the world in general, manifested by the gifts to the Pope on the occasion of his late jubilee, but will simply speak of the churches of America.

In the New York *Evangelist* of March 29, 1888, the editor, H. M. Field, D.D., one of the foremost men in the Presbyterian Church in the United States, speaks with great respect and fawning admiration of Cardinal Gibbons as "our only Cardinal," and in another place says:—"It (the Catholic Church) is conservative also in preserving the name of Christendom against the great flood of infidelity which is sweeping over the land. Here is a tremendous power exerted by the Roman Catholic Church and it is the height of folly and fanaticism to alienate it from us by standing always in an attitude of antagonism. Again the *Christian Statesman*, the organ of the National Reform Association, with which the W. C. T. U. and the Third Party prohibitionists are intimately connected, says in its issue of Dec. 11, 1884:—"Whenever they (the Roman Catholics) are willing to co-operate in resisting the progress of political atheism we will gladly join hands with them." And again:—"We cordially, gladly, recognize the fact that in the South American republics and in France and other European countries the Roman Catholics are the recognized advocates of national Christianity and stand opposed to all the proposals of secularism . . . . In a world's conference for the promotion of national Christianity, many countries could be represented only by Roman Catholics.

In the *Christian at Work* of April 12th, 1888, Professor Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, has an article which was continued in the next week's issue. The article is entitled, "Is Rome an ally, an enemy, or both?" He herein shows the points of resemblance between the Protestantism of the day and Romanism and says:

"The differences about justification by faith, and salvation by the divine grace alone, and the authority of the church as regards the determination of the canon of Scripture and its interpretation ought not to prevent our co-operation and alliance in the great work of indicating and proclaiming the common faith."

In August, 1887, there was a meeting held at Saratoga, composed of some of the leading ministers of the United States, and in which one of the principal points of discussion was religion in the public schools. In this discussion, Mr. Stephenson, editor of the *Christian Statesman*, and one of the leading men of the Presbyterian Church, was asked this question:—"If we put the Protestant Bible in the schools where Protestants are in the majority, how could we object to the Douay version (the Catholic Bible) in schools where Roman Catholics are in the majority?"

The answer was, "We would not object." This, be it remembered, is the opinion held by this large body whose object is the reform of the government and the complete Christianizing of the nation. Besides these, we might name as favoring a union of Protestantism with Romanism in point of fact if not in name, Doctors Hodge, Hitchcock, Schaff, Patton, etc.

But this phase of the subject is one on which we need not dwell longer, as it is somewhat apart from the subject under consideration, but it is, nevertheless, one of the important signs of the days in which we live. In the speech to which you refer the Rev. Mr. Sims well says: If, in three hundred years, the Christians of the United States number only one in five, how long will it take to conquer the world? It is a plain and evident fact that even nominal Christianity is not advancing at a sufficiently rapid rate to lead us to believe that the conversion of the world is at hand. I say nominal Christianity, for is it not evident that much of the profession of the day has in it nothing but the name. Christ has said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," but the popular churches almost universally exhibit a greater eagerness for wealth than do professed worldlings themselves. He also left a solemn charge to his disciples not to be called "Rabbi, Rabbi," and to shun that aspiring to honor and high places, that history has since shown to be one of the most corrupting of all degenerate practices, witness the claims—oh, how gradually introduced—of the one who professes to be the successor of St. Peter, the supreme head of the church and the vice-gerent of Christ on earth. And yet it is a very exceptional church or minister in the popular denominations that is not travelling in the same direction as fas as possible, as is proved by the titles placed before and after their names. The rage for ornaments and all kinds of gaudy shows can scarcely be painted in too lurid colors, as one says, "Where shall we look for a display of the latest fashions, the most costly attire, the most gaudy adornments, the richest diamonds and the most dazzling jewellery, except to a fashionable assembly, in a Protestant church, on a pleasant Sunday?" In fact the surest way to social or even political advancement is by becoming a prominent member of one of the prominent churches.

And now, sir, if such is the case—and who can dispute it—is it not natural that the loud professions of the church find nothing but contempt in the minds of those who know the will of God, but will not obey his commandments? and who in this land and in this age is not enlightened as to his Lord's will? The only way in which the unreasoning dislike of which you speak on the part of the "unfortunate and dangerous classes" is by the removing of that heart or mind which Paul says is "enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," (Rom. 8:7) and the substituting of that state in which one can say, "I delight to do thy will, oh God, yea thy law is within my heart." This is the only way of bridging over the chasm that separates the church from the world. The way is already cast up and stands safe and sure. Christ has said, "I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the father, but by me." He said to his disciples "If ye were of the world the world would love its own, but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you," and though you baptize a worldling, yea, and even place him in the sacred desk, he is, nevertheless, a worldling still, unless he loves God and keeps his commandments, one of which is, that he keep himself unspotted from the world.

I expect that I have exceeded the length of letter allowed in your columns, but I would like to say in closing that it is a subject of great importance, and I would like to have the opinions of other of your readers on the same. I am, yours most truly and a friend of the good old *Witness*. GEO. E. PRICE.

Butternut Ridge, N.B., Nov. 14, 1888.

AGAINST MIXED FARMING.

A PLEA FOR EACH FARMER TO TAKE UP ONE BRANCH OF THE BUSINESS.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

SIR,—I have read your "Lindenbank" papers with interest for many years. They were always fresh, honest, instructive and suggestive, though now crisp and ripe with age. In that article a few days ago, under the head of "Crops of Ontario," I find this statement: "A sharp lesson has been given to those who have made dairying their exclusive business. In future they will be likely to regard mixed husbandry in a more favorable light. No doubt some will even sell their stock at a loss and spend time and money on something that will pay them less." Those who followed the good advice of "Lindenbank's" papers to weed out unprofitable cows and supplement the short grass with succulent fodder, will tide over this hard season without loss. It is not at all unlikely that this year will not only weed out unprofitable cows, but also unprofitable dairymen and leave the business in the best hands. But let me say that dairying is not a very exclusive business (unless the cows are bought in the spring and sold in the fall). If we winter the cows we shall require to supply feed and bedding. Hogs or calves will be required to use the milk and a team to cultivate crops. This will not be more exclusive than much grain farming, where all grain is sold, except a few bushels of oats fed to horses, and a much better practice would be if all coarse grains were fed to horses, cows and hogs, and the refuse returned to the soil.

The most successful men in every calling are those who have given their energies to one business, and often to one branch in that business. Our most successful farmers are those who have given their attention to one kind of stock. If to cattle, only to one breed, be it Durham, Hereford or Aberdeen; if in the dairy, Jerseys, Holstein or Ayrshire; and if the dairy cow got only the general care and the general feed with the multitude, instead of the special care and special feed with the dairy in full milk, I believe she would soon be unprofitable and her owner would never have heard of the high milk and butter record of to-day.

It is the special feed and special mating or breeding from generation to generation that has developed the milking qualities of the dairy breeds. The same is true of the beef breeds, the Durham, Hereford and Black Aberdeen. Each has been perfected by experts,—slowly developing the qualities most profitable at the butcher's block.

Special care for many generations in the breeding of hogs has, instead of the lumps of fat, given us the fine marbled side of the Berkshire. The developing of desirable qualities may appear at first sight a simple thing; but when we consider that these desirable qualities must be kept unimpaired for generations before their transmission becomes a certainty, we can easily see that they can only be preserved and developed as the continued care and attention of the expert are given. In the beef and bacon breeds so many qualities are essential that to find them all in one animal would be expecting too much. Yet in the Berkshire pig and the three beef breeds named you find a marvel of symmetry and usefulness combined. The smooth, solid carcase, docile animal, good constitution, early maturity, fine head, bone, skin and hair ensuring small offal, putting the greatest weight on the most valuable parts and giving a large proportion of lean meat. The specialist who secures these many valuable qualities is not merely a benefactor to himself but to all mankind.

What I have said of these few animals may be said of the various breeds of the horse—the most graceful and grand of all created animals. Look at the solid, but yet graceful, proportions of the draught horse. Those ponderous proportions are not a matter of accident, but the fruit of careful study and development. Much has been said about the trotting horse; but few things show man's skill and power more than the rapid increase in the speed of the trotting horse, for the history of the turf clearly demonstrates that speed and endurance can only be secured by skilled breeding and equally skilled training. There is no occupation in the world that gives half the variety for special thought and special study as the farm, yet in all other industries it is customary to follow but one branch, such as workers in wood, iron, brick, stone and leather, in the mercantile trade, dry goods, groceries, stock, hardware, etc. In the professions, too, lawyers, doctors, journalists and preachers are all more successful as specialists, but the farmer is most successful as a "jack of all trades." I believe that this mixed husbandry is the cause of most of the drudgery on the farm. There are too many irons in the fire, and so much divided that we do not become thorough in anything.

THOS. B. SCOTT.

Vannek Out, Dec. 4, 1888.

A STRANGE INDIAN CUSTOM.

At a recent ordinary general meeting of the Anthropological Society at Bombay, the Hon. secretary read a paper by Mr. Fred Fawcett on the custom that obtained, until very lately, among the Berula Kode, subjects of the Morasu Vokaly jaru of Mysore, of amputating the last phalanx of the third and fourth fingers of the right hand of a woman before her daughter arrived at puberty or the ears of her children were bored for ornaments. The operation was performed by a goldsmith with a sharp chisel, the raw ends plunged in boiling oil and dressed with saffron. This cruel custom, which has been suppressed by the British Government, survives at present under the following harmless modifications: Some cut or pull off a piece of gold or silver that they have stuck on with flour paste on the tips of the third and fourth fingers of the right hand, others substitute an offering of gold or silver for the amputation, and others again tie flowers to the fingers that were formerly mutilated, and go through a pantomime of performing the operation with a chisel. They say that the custom of deformation was instituted in honor of three girls who had more care for the honor of their caste than for the distinction of marriage into a great family.

PUT IT IN WRITING.

Verbal contracts occasion more trouble, dispute and litigation than any other business transactions. The wise merchant, taught by experience, will endeavor to have a writing executed by the party to be charged in every case of importance arising in his business. This is especially necessary of guarantees. A man enters your office whom you know to be perfectly responsible. He tells you to sell Brown a thousand dollars' worth of goods. Brown is all right; he will answer for that, etc. Make him sign a memorandum. A customer gives you a large order for future and intalment deliveries. Make him sign it in writings. You engage a salesman for a year, or for a month, or for a trial trip. Have it all put down in writing and signed. You save taking your chances before a jury, who nine times out of ten prove uncertain and too sympathetic with that party whom the consider is the "under dog." It is only a little trouble at the time, but it usually saves a heap of trouble in the future.—*Trade Mark Record.*

MEN OF SMITH'S FALLS.

A TRAVELLER'S NOTES ALONG THE C.P.R.

(To the Editor of the Witness.)

SIR,—Smith's Falls is a town of about 4,000 of a population. The people are of the stamp that I call solid men. The Presbyterian Church is in the proportion of two to one of any other denomination. I was so much impressed by some of the practical remarks made by Mr. Nixon, of Union Presbyterian Church, at the morning service on Sunday, that I would like to quote a few of them. "A great mistake people were making just now," said he, "was taking the world into the Church. The world had a tendency to sink the Church. He never knew a theatre going or dancing Christian that was very useful at prayer-meetings."

They have started a Y.M.C.A., which seems to have a bright future. I wish them godspeed. One thing that surprised me was that men of such sterling qualities as the people of Smith's Falls should stand in their own light by making mere provincial lines a measuring rod, from a business, literary and religious point of view. I would only remind them that they will find many men after their own mind on the east side of the line. TORNADO.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

TORONTO HAS sent forty-three missionaries to foreign fields during the past ten months.

TWENTY ONE THOUSAND BIBLES were sold at the Glasgow Exhibition, where the National Bible Society of Scotland had a stall, while 5,000 souvenir Testaments were circulated at the Exhibition at Melbourne.

BLUE RIBBONISM is growing fashionable. The latest convert to the temperance cause is the Duchess of Rutland, who promises to become, with a little practice, a first rate orator on the water question.—*Presbyterian Messenger.*

BOTH DR. THAIN DAVIDSON and Dr. Monro Gibson have been urged to entertain a call from Claremont United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, and both have declined to leave their spheres of great usefulness in London.

VICTORIA NYANZA.—Mr. Mackay has been to Uchoes, on the Victoria Nyanza, on a visit to King Rwema, whom he found "friendly and not greedy," and who had given him permission to cut down timber for a new mission boat.

THE FRENCH SUNDAY SCHOOL COMMITTEE have decided, after much deliberation, to give up using the International Lessons for 1889. It was agreed to have a series of lessons from the Old and New Testaments, to run simultaneously for four years.

A CLIFTON LADY has erected, in one of the poorest parishes of Bristol, a mortuary chamber, in which the very poor, many of whom occupy one room, may place their dead relatives until the hour of interment. On the walls, on scrolls, are painted the words, "So He giveth His beloved sleep," and "They rest from their labors."

THE PLEASANT Sunday afternoon classes for men at Derby now number 1,400 members at the mother class at the Temperance Hall, and upwards of 500 more at the branches. Owing to the great success of the Derby experiment it has been extended to other towns, and at Nottingham there are classes of 1,500 men and 300 women, at Leicester a membership of 900, and at Belper of 250.

BROADWAY TABERNACLE, New York, has, during the past summer, had its pariors entirely refitted, at a cost of about £700. Two very handsome fireplaces with logs for burning gas, make the rooms particularly cheerful. They will be open every evening during the year for the use of the young men of the church and their friends, who can find here a delightful place in which to spend an evening.

THE KAISERWERTH DEACONESS HOME, Germany, has 600 workers in various fields in Europe and Asia. Their hospital at Alexandria is said to be a model of skilful arrangement and Christian benevolence. A Deaconesses' Home will soon be established in New York by the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society, in accordance with the action of the last Methodist Episcopal General Conference.

THE CZAR has, during the past five years, devoted a sum of at least £60,000 to the erection of a beautiful church at Jerusalem, not far from the Holy Places, as a memorial of his mother. His brothers have provided the rich fittings and furniture between them, and the church, which was consecrated last week by Mgr. Nikodim, Patriarch of Jerusalem, will become a fresh gathering-place for Russian pilgrims to the Holy City.—*N. Y. Independent.*

MANY, DOUBTLESS, will be deeply touched by the fact which has just transpired that Mr. Edward Clifford, the well-known artist, who last year formed a member of the Winter Mission to India, has resolved on devoting himself to go forth as a missionary to the lepers at Molokai. The Christian heroism thus displayed will be realized when it is remembered that he goes into complete isolation, and must almost inevitably share "father" Damien's fate. —*Word and Work.*

AN ILLUSTRATION of the singular demands made upon missionaries is seen in a story told in the *Chinese Missionary Medical Journal*, of a patient who had gone to his home after a successful operation for cataract, who subsequently returned to the doctor and demanded a situation. He thought his claim very just since in his blindness he was able to gain his living by begging, but the doctor had deprived him of that means of support by removing the cataract. The patient felt deeply grieved when he was told that all the doctor could do for him was to restore his sight.

A CASE in which suit was brought by Catholic taxpayers to prevent the reading of the King James Version of the Bible in the public schools, was decided in Wisconsin on the 19th inst. Judge Bennett held that such reading was not sectarian instruction, the children of the petitioners not being obliged to listen if they did not desire, and the Bible having been decided upon by the authorities as one of the text-books for Wisconsin schools. There was nothing, however, to prevent the children from reading a version of the Bible acceptable by the Catholic Church if they preferred.

WEALTH AND PUBLIC SPIRIT are hereditary in some families. Notably is this proved the case with the Slaters of Norwich, Conn. The late Mr. John F. Slater gave a million dollars for the education of the Freedmen; and now his son, Mr. Wm. A. Slater, has built and furnished an admirably equipped art museum in Norwich in memory of his father. It is a delight to see wealth in such hands. That is what wealth is for, although some seem to think its best use is to spend it in bets as to whether a man's fox hound will catch a rabbit let out of a box before it can reach cover.—*New York Independent.*

WHILE THE PROPOSED UNION of the Congregational and Presbyterian churches in Japan may be delayed, a new movement for union in China has been started by the Northern Presbyterian missions there. The Synod of China has addressed a communication to the seven other Presbyterian missions, asking them to enter into negotiations to unite in a single United Presbyterian Church of China. The advantages are obvious, and as the separate denominations in the Presbyterian alliance have approved union in mission fields we cannot doubt that it will be achieved in 1890 at the General Conference in Shanghai.—*New York Independent.*

NOVEL SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—A Sunday School Union has been formed in the lower part of New York City, on a new plan. All denominations are united in it. One of its chief objects is to prevent children "trading in Sunday schools." It has long been noticed that as festivals and excursions are proposed, the attendance increases, and that many children flit about from school to school according to the festive attractions that may be proposed. This new union proposes a system of enrolment which will defeat such artifices. The *Sun*, speaking of it, says that such an arrangement is "fair to all concerned," and that the scheme is "in the interest of order and economy, and deserves to be successful."

SIR W. W. HUNTER asks:—Has it struck you that the men who were foremost in the encouragement of missionary work, who honored their Lord and confessed him before men, were the best and most distinguished administrators the Punjab has known—men whose names are most honored and esteemed among the people? Lawrence, Montgomery, Edwardes, Macleod, Reynell Taylor—these names are household words in this province; some of them beyond it, some in Europe, and wherever Indian history is read. And now the mission stations which they planted in our Frontier Province stand as advanced posts of the army of the Lord, facing toward the vast regions of Central Asia, ready at command to go up and possess the land.

MRS. BISHOP SIMPSON, so long a resident of Philadelphia, and so active in its philanthropies is still active in the vast work of the great church her husband did so much to build. Not long ago a gentleman, who had given her the ground for a Children's Orphanage of the M. E. Church, told her that if in four weeks she would bring to the bank at nine a. m. a cheque for ten thousand dollars toward the new building, he would give her one for twenty thousand. The indomitable woman set at work, advanced as she is in years, and by the help of the M. E. churches to which she went with personal appeal, secured the sum and was promptly on hand at the designated time and place, whereupon Col. Bennett gave her five thousand more than he promised.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, being lately interviewed by a reporter, said the Army was quickly becoming the greatest teetotal society in the world. "We not only persuade the drunkard to give up drink, but we supply him with the internal force to sustain him. Some of the noblest of our workers have been notorious drunkards. We are just now pushing the slum work. We have fifty officers in London—some brought up in the lap of luxury—who go into the worst slums they can find, take a room, and dress very simply and plainly, like the people around them. They make friends with the people in the courts, and, by and by, get some saved. As soon as they are saved they migrate, and quit their old associates. This slum work is most successful, but rather costly."

THE KEITH-FALCONER MISSION at Aden has already found a sphere amongst rescued slaves—fifty boys and twenty-five girls found on board slave dhows by H.M.S. "Osprey," having been committed to the care of the mission. After consideration, the committee of the mission have created a special Rescued Slaves' Fund, to reach at least £1,500, not only for the support and Bible education of these Abyssinian youths, but for the other captives who, at such a centre of the operations for suppressing the slave trade as Aden, will certainly be pressed on the Keith-Falconer mission. These boys, being Gallas, were born in nominal Christianity, though ignorant of its purity and truth. Many of them may yet, by the Spirit of God, prove to be missionaries of Christ, not only to their countrymen, but to their Musselman captors.

SALVATION ARMY.—The sentence against Miss Stirling, the prisoner of Chillon, has been quashed by the State Council of the Canton of Vaud; but the latest information is that she has not yet been set at liberty. A lady who visited her in prison writes, according to *The Christian Leader*, that Miss Stirling who is a "converted society girl," is "a perfect lady, so refined and good, and quite content and happy to be in prison if she can, by so doing, get this old Swiss law repealed." A letter from the prisoner herself to her Army comrades, says, "God has been so very specially near lately, I feel you remember me at the Throne of Grace. Every evening at sunset I kneel down by my window, and through the iron bars, looking across the peaceful lake to the golden gates of heaven beyond, I pray for you all—pray that in the power of his holiness we may see the victory our hearts yearn for won!" The officer in charge of the Prison Brigade, Bombay, writes: "God has honored us again this week in saving souls—a strange mixture—Parsees, Armenians, Arabs, Hindoos, Mussulmans and Eurasians—speaking different tongues, but rejoicing in the same salvation." The children in Great Britain, as the result of their work of self-denial, have forwarded £1,013 to the Army. The adult returns are incomplete.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

TRAPPED IN A PIT WITH A COBRA.

A General, whose name Mr. Inglis does not give, tells the following story of his experience in a pit-trap in an Indian jungle, in "Tent Life in Tiger Land":—

"'I was hurrying along a slight track, when, bang, all at once, down I went into the concealed pit. But now comes the curious part of the affair. I went plop! straight down into a deep, dismal hole, and at the bottom landed right up to my waist in a deposit of tenacious clayey mud. Regular "pank" it was. In fact, when I tried to struggle and free myself I found I was held as firm as if I had been birdlimed. I shuddered as I noted the dismal surroundings. There were several great gaunt looking, yellowish green frogs, peering at me with curious eyes; and then as I turned my head around a little I made a discovery that made my very heart cease beating for a minute, and sent every drop of blood in my body bounding back in my veins. There, right on a level with my face, its length half concealed in a crevice in the crumbling sides of the pit, its hood half expanded, its forked tongue quivering as it jerked it out and in, and its eyes glittering with a baleful glare, I saw a great cobra. I felt utterly helpless and despairing, and for a moment my heart whispered to me that my end had come. Then came a sort of nervous recklessness. I suppose it was "the fury of despair" we read about. I know I uttered a savage curse, and, snatching my hard hemlet, I hit the brute a smashing blow in the face, and then began a fight for life. It was a big powerful snake. The blow had only maddened it. Its hood expanded, its hissing filled the pit, and swaying and rearing its clammy length, it launched full at my face. My gun was lying chocked up with dirt and half buried in the "pank," but I had my hunting knife with me, and while I parried the fierce darts of the infuriated brute with my hemlet, I made quick stabs and slashes at it whenever I could get a chance, and after a short, exciting struggle it succumbed, and tried to withdraw behind the crevice, but with a slice of my knife I nearly severed its head from its body. And then for a while—you may laugh at me or not, as you will—all was a blank, I must have fainted, the weary hours dragged along. It was intensely still and sultry above, I conjectured, for even in the deep dank pit the air was stilling and oppressive, and I could not detect a sound or rustle in the vegetation that overhung the mouth of my living tomb. I could now see that the day was waning. The heat had become, if possible, still more sultry and intense, and once or twice I had fancied I heard a low muttering, rumbling sound as if of distant thunder. The clouds were hurrying up in tremendous solid masses, and soon a big drop or two of rain began to come hurling through the overhanging grass, and another dread began to take possession of my mind. I knew what was coming. From a hundred tiny crevices and gaps at the edge of my pit the troubled turbid rain water began to trickle down, crumbling the clay away, and I was soon drenched to the skin, and felt with alarm the water beginning slowly but surely to mount up the sides of the pit. I thought then it was all up with me. I can hardly describe to you my thoughts. I know I thought of home. I reviewed my past life. And made desperate struggles again and again to free myself. I shouted and screamed for help. I believe I prayed and swore. In fact, for the time, I believe I must have been demented, but I found myself utterly powerless. The miry clay and treacherous "pank" held me firm, and then again I must have relapsed into unconsciousness. When I came to myself it was barely light, it was still raining heavily and stolidly, the big drops plashed down; I could see a dull leaden sky above, and I knew the "nullahs" and watercourses would soon be full. The battle of the elements had ceased, and but for the continuous crash of falling rain, all was still. The water in the pit was nearly up to my shoulders. I felt I was doomed to die, and a sort of sullen, despairing stupor took possession of me. I had now given up all hope, when, hark! I thought I heard the sound of a human voice! With all the agony of despair I raised a cry for help. There was an awful pause, and then I heard my faithful Backa crying in response. Again I cried out, and I soon saw his dear old wrinkled face peering down at me from the edge of the pit. 'Well, how did you manage to get out?' I asked. 'Oh, that was not so easy, but they managed it; some of them cut down saplings and managed to make a sort of ladder, and Backa came down with a long "lathee," and loosened the "pank" round my body sufficiently for me to do the rest myself. Then they tied their "puggrees" and "kummerbunds" together, and I knotted these round my waist and under my armpits, and with that help, and tugging away at the free ends, I managed to clamber out.'"

THE REV. DR. MCLAREN, the eloquent Baptist preacher of Manchester, England, has gone on a visit to Australia. We understand that he is to return home *via* the United States, taking Philadelphia, New York, and Boston on his way. The prospect of Dr. McLaren's visit gives much pleasure in the States. This distinguished preacher would be warmly welcomed in Canada. —*Christian Guardian.*

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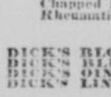

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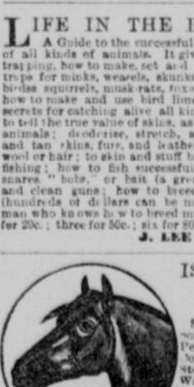

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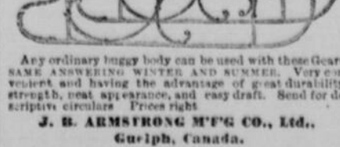

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The Witness.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888.

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CONVICT LABOR.

That convict labor should not be permitted to compete with free labor is one of the first articles in the creed of organized labor at the present time. Not only have all the labor organizations on this continent adopted this anti-convict labor platform, but they have brought sufficient pressure upon several governments to force them to accept it. When it was proposed a short time ago to build a dry dock in Kingston by convict labor, a perfectly feasible scheme, the labor organizations made such a fuss about it that the Canadian Government was compelled to announce that it would build the dry dock, not by convict, but by free labor. The most notable instance of the result of the practical enforcement of this doctrine is that afforded by its application to the penal institutions of the State of New York. The state prisons of Sing Sing, Auburn and Dannemora, which contain some twenty-six hundred convicts, have, up to last year, been not only prisons, but highly organized industrial institutions. Sing Sing and Auburn, in particular, were nearly self-supporting, the convicts were kept busily employed in productive work and were taught the first essentials of honest manhood, the habit of work, and how to work. At the last session of the State Legislature, however, a law was passed forbidding the sale of goods made by convicts, and limiting the profitable labor in which they were to be engaged to supplying their own wants and those of charitable institutions. It has been found that one hundred and fifty convicts can supply the whole number of convicts with clothing and other articles which it is possible for prisoners to make, and all such required by the charitable institutions, so that the effect of this law was to condemn the convicts to idleness. Money was voted from the people's earnings for their support, but none to enable them to be set at non-productive work. So, to prevent the men from rotting in their cells, the authorities of the penitentiary have been compelled to march them up and down the prison-yard by the hour. The financial result is that an annual charge of about a million dollars a year, instead of something less than two hundred thousand dollars yearly, will be entailed upon the taxpayers, in order that convicts may be supported in idleness who might be made to earn their living. The effect upon the convicts will be even worse. Instead of being taught to work they are being taught to be idle. Instead of being given an opportunity through their work to become men, they are to be left with nothing to occupy their minds but their memories of the past, and those who do not become diseased and imbecile under such an ordeal may be expected to become human vultures. As the result of this law, the State has lost the productive labor of two thousand six hundred men, and upon the taxpayers falls the charge of eight hundred thousand dollars a year to keep these men in a state of idleness that destroys. Meantime for every convict kept out of the ranks of respectable industry a European worker comes across the sea, or some American who might have been farming has become a member of the craft from which he has been excluded. The skilled artisans, for whose sake the convicts are practically consigned to perdition, are not one whit better off than they would have been. The men who excluded the Kingston convicts from a work in which they would have felt some of the dignity of honest productive labor, and at which they would have regained something of their former manhood, simply opened the way for a few score more immigrants. When it is remembered that the price of every commodity is determined in the largest market for it, and that the price of labor is, therefore, determined in America by what a man can get at agricultural work, which is practically unlimited, it becomes evident that no exclusion of men from one trade or another can greatly affect the price of labor in that trade for any length of time.

DEATH ON THE TRACK.

The hand coupling and brake, and the car stove, are very deadly contrivances. The level crossing, the overhead bridge, and the open frog, take yearly their heavy bill of life. But the simplest form of railway accident, the running down of people upon the track, does more to swell the yearly list of casualties than any other single cause of disaster. The victims of this form of accident may be divided into two classes, those who are upon the track by necessity, such as trainmen, switchmen and sectionmen, and other railway hands, and those who have no right upon the track whatever, but use it as a highway. When the system of teaching a trainman what his business is, and examining him frequently afterward to see that he is fit for his work has been developed to a somewhat higher extent a good deal may be done to prevent accidents to employees. The vexed question is how to prevent the death of trespassers. The attempts that have been made to prevent people from walking upon the tracks have signally failed, excepting in the case of railways that can afford to police their lines from one end to the other. The reason why "walking on the track" has such a fascination for all classes is that in a great many cases the railway is the only direct road between places, and the average man, woman and child will cheerfully risk life and comfort to save a short distance. Our absurd way of laying out roads in this country has much to do with this evil. At one time roads were made for the purpose of getting from one place to another and naturally followed the footpaths which had been worn by man and beast. We have reformed all that and lay out our roads on a rectangular pattern, quite irrespective of the direction which one place occupies to another, so that in going from place to place our distances are stupidly increased, all for the advantage of having straight lines on the map and numbering the lots with a regular one, two, three. Another cause is the badness of our roads, which have no footpaths, as they ought to have, so that during long periods of the year the railway is the only place where dry or even passable walking can be found. The most natural solution of the death-on-the-track problem is, therefore, not to pass laws that will not be enforced making trespassing a crime, but to provide well made footpaths beside the tracks. Railway companies, in view of their valuable franchises, might very fairly be called upon to do this. A good many of the persons killed on the track are necessarily there and for their safety alone the footpaths should be made.

THE TIMBER LIMITS CASE.

Sir John Macdonald may be the great constitutional authority he is claimed by his followers to be, but even they will allow that his legal knowledge and judgment are not vindicated when the Dominion Government goes before the Courts with cases involving the rights under the constitution of provinces at issue with the Federal Governments, and especially when those cases are carried to the Privy Council. In all the litigation which has taken place, and seldom a year goes by without some appeal to the Courts, we doubt whether any layman can recall a case which the Dominion Government has won. All the important cases have been won by the Provincial Governments. This is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that by the British North America Act all unenumerated or undealt with jurisdictions are vested in the Dominion Government, so that in any case where it is impossible to determine the meaning or intention of the Act the benefit of the doubt is, as a matter of course, given to the Dominion Government. Mr. Oliver Mowat, the Ontario Premier, who was once a legal office colleague of the Dominion Premier, has been Sir John's most doughty, most successful antagonist before the Courts. He never, so far as we know, claimed to be an authority on constitutional law, but he has conducted all Ontario's cases, and he has never, we believe we are right in saying, in a single instance failed to vindicate his opinion by securing a judgment in favor of his Province. In his latest case, that of the ownership of the timber limits in what was once the "disputed territory" which Sir John handed over to Manitoba, and which Mr. Mowat wrested back through the courts, the Dominion Government has once more been defeated. When the first decision in favor of the territorial rights of Ontario was given Sir John, in his rage, said that though Ontario had secured the territory, "yet not one stick of timber" should that Province get. The Dominion Government, he claimed, by extinguishing the Indian title just after the cession of the Territories of the North-West to the Dominion, had secured the rights to the timber. Mr. Mowat claimed that the territory, timber and all, belonged of right to Ontario, and had not been ceded to the Dominion at the time of the general cession of the Hudson's Bay lands, and that, therefore, the Dominion Government, notwithstanding its dealings with the Indians of the district, had no claim to the timber. Mr. Mowat's contention was upheld in all the Canadian courts, but Sir John having made that famous dictum about "not one stick of timber" was jealous about his reputation and carried the case before the Privy Council, with no other result than to involve the Dominion in large costs for litigation. Sir John's vanity has cost the country very dear on this as on many other occasions.

A FISHERY QUESTION.

History has its parallels. The great fishery question between the mighty nations of the United States and Canada is being caricatured in Christmas pantomime between Lilliput and Blefuscu. It is, as usual, a traditional feud. When the Province of Maryland was carved out of a corner of the immense territory then claimed by Virginia, the people of the latter Province felt very badly about it, and it was not long before the Marylanders and Virginians were fighting each other, afloat and ashore, with all the vim possible. These conflicts appear to have been so agreeable to both parties, that they have bequeathed to their descendants a decided liking for them, and the two States have in a way been fighting naval battles ever since. In the old days they fought over the honor of their State, tobacco taxes, seignorial rights, Kent Islands, and other concrete and abstract questions, now they battle for the oyster. Maryland has a long stretch of coast that is perfectly adapted to growing oysters, and her oyster beds, which are well farmed, are very valuable. The Virginians, on the other hand, have any number of small coasting schooners that are well adapted for oyster dredging, and they believe that they have a perfect right to apply these vessels to the purpose of removing oysters from their beds in Maryland. Nearly every year for some years past there has been at least one thrilling naval engagement, either between Maryland and Virginian dredgers, or between armed police tugs and Virginians. The last fight appears to have been a most desperate one. The Marylanders fired a hundred rounds from a twelve pounder and rammed two schooners so that they sank. The Virginians replied with repeating rifles and riddled the State steamer. What would happen if Canada were to adopt as stringent methods of enforcing the treaty of 1818 as the Marylanders do to preserve their oyster beds?

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING FOLK.

Although an age of intense present action is not the one which studies the past in order to realize the present and foresee the future, no other race but that unnamed one which speaks the English tongue, and which does much and generalizes little, would have taken a century to discover that, although divided politically and by the utmost limit of distance, it still preserves its organic unity, or having conceived this idea would have failed to base upon it a vision of a future in which that unity would find expression in actions and institutions. It was Mazzini, as un-English a man in character and mental processes as can be imagined, who, surveying the world with the eye of an exile and a deep student of men, who was also an impassioned advocate of liberty through race unity, who was the first to see clearly that this race was still one, and that there was a possibility, nay a probability, that it would continue to expand without ceasing to be one, and that if it did so it would find a means for giving recognition to its unity, and peace and liberty to the world. Although it has taken a long time for this idea to gain a place in the hearts and minds of any great number of English-speaking men, the great force of the fact upon which it is based has had its effect, and this idea is year by year, and even day by day, becoming more felt and more clearly conceived. It is, in fact, now evident that in the near future this idea of race unity is to become as important a factor in deciding the future of our race as it was in deciding that of the Italian people. Perhaps, the best proof that this is the case is to be found in an article on the future of the English speaking races, recently published in the *Youth's Companion*, in which no less a person than the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone embodies this idea in, perhaps, the most eloquent words in which it has yet found expression in. A statesman representing not only a party, but, in this case, a nation, cannot write with a free pen, and where he is not bound by policy on his own behalf he may be by courtesy to his publishers. He, for instance, declares that he does not consider himself free to touch upon the subject of protection. The article is, nevertheless, a strong and a stirring one. He takes the unity of the race for granted, and begins his article by bringing forward arguments to prove that the characteristics of the present age are such as to make conjectures as to the future of the race peculiarly opportune. To him it is as if there was in this age, in which distance is annihilated, material wealth enormously increased, our knowledge of nature greatly extended, and the times of peace greatly enlarged, while times of war are as greatly contracted, an unfolding of the design that governs the universe. He believes that the localities in which the future expansion of the race is to centre have been already determined, as it is hardly possible that its territorial possessions can be increased in the future to a degree sufficiently great to introduce a new factor into the problem. As the future is a thing not of acres but of souls, he devotes a good deal of space to estimating the probable increase in numbers of the race during the next century. While a century ago there were not more than fifteen millions of English speaking people, they now number at least a hundred and five millions, a seven-fold increase. The same ratio during the next century would give, at the end of that period, seven hundred and thirty-five millions. This conjecture, Mr. Gladstone thinks, is not altogether a wild one. Other estimators have reached such totals as eight hundred millions and even a thousand millions. No matter what the exact figures may be, it is plain the numbers of those who speak English will be enormously greater than those who speak any European language, and perhaps in excess of all put together. Upon this prospective increase of numbers Mr. Gladstone bases several very important conclusions. The first is "that under the conditions of "modern communication this vast increase in "the English-speaking race will draw them "more closely together, will augment their "stock of common interests and feelings, will "render them as to each collective ego, each "territory or country, less egotistical and "will evolve and consolidate throughout the "mass a stronger sense of moral oneness." The question, "Will the uprising nations "which are still dependencies of the British "Crown continue for another century to own "its supremacy?" does not disturb the man who can see this increase in moral oneness growing with the numbers of the race. He hopes that the colonies will not break the elastic relations that bind them to the mother land. Even, however, if the political ties now existing were severed the resources of civilization and the hopes for the future would not be exhausted. "On the contrary, "the community of language, the essential "and governing unity of race, the common "patrimony of great and fundamental ideas" would remain, and as Great Britain is now, through the joint action of many influences, drawing nearer to her colonies, "it is perfectly possible that this approximation "might continue even if one among these "influences were subtracted from the aggregate." In his opinion there is even now an approximation actually at work between Englishmen and Americans. They are being drawn nearer and nearer to one another, not by any artificial contrivance, but by the cords of a man. The conclusion which he arrives at is that "there can hardly fail to grow up in the "hands of this portion of mankind, a species of "hegemony hard at this time to describe, but "subtle and refined in its essence, thoroughly "natural and normal in its origin, and dependent wholly upon free acknowledgment for its reception." In closing his article Mr. Gladstone somewhat warily says:—"I am "aware that on the principles I have sketched "the same issues which give a preponderance "to English speakers in the world may also "give a preponderance among English speakers "to America. I do not assume that all these "changes will be unmixedly for good." If there is any one who has a right to peer into the future and attempt to come to a conclusion as to the expansion of a race, it is the man who has been for years the greatest political leader of that race, and its most successful constructive statesman. He is as one who stands upon the mountain top, and sees far off the promised land.

THE MEGANTIC ELECTION.

Doctor Thompson, the local Liberal candidate for Megantic, has, we understand, withdrawn in favor of Colonel Rhodes, the Government candidate. The contest in Megantic will, therefore, be an equal one between the two parties in this Province. It is unnecessary for the *Witness* to tell its readers that it does not support either party. The record of the Conservative party when in power was as bad as bad could be. Messrs. Chapleau and Senecal simply stripped the Province, and after leaving it bare, fled to the pastures fresh of the Dominion, where Mr. Chapleau has not had sufficient power as yet to distinguish himself as he did at Quebec. There are some honest men among the Conservatives in this province and we are bound to say they made what appeared to be an attempt at honest government after the hegira of Mr. Chapleau. Burdened, however, with the colleagues of that minister, who had stuck to office under him during his most iniquitous régime, it is not reasonable to suppose that they would long have been able to stay in power and remain clear. Mr. Mercier, adopting the methods of Sir John Macdonald and with a genius peculiarly adapted to that kind of work, quickly upset the Conservative administration, which we would have been glad to see prolonged while it remained honest, and it is apparent that he has come into power to stay for some time, at least. To strengthen the good elements which are not altogether absent from any Government seems to be about the best that can be done at present in the province of Quebec. In Megantic the contest is between two men who are, we believe, equally honest and between two parties which are about equally dishonest. The Liberal candidate, Colonel Rhodes, is a representative Englishman with strong English feelings, and he has been chosen by Mr. Mercier as the representative of the English speaking people of this Province in the Provincial Government. He has been given the portfolio of agriculture, for which no man is better fitted by experience, by capacity, or by success in that line. Ability, energy, and foresight have made him a successful agriculturist of a large type in a country where successful agriculture even on a small scale is the exception rather than the rule among his compatriots, who find it wiser to remove to other provinces. It is true that Col. Rhodes has denounced the execution of Riel but it is apparent from the letter which he published in the Quebec *Chronicle* in 1878, that his opposition did not arise from any lack of true British feeling. This letter denouncing French domination has been brought forward by Col. Rhodes' enemies in the reasonable hope that it may rouse against him the hatred of the French people. If this prove successful it will be equivalent to saying that no man who expresses the feelings of the English minority in this Province can ever again hope to represent them, that, in fact, they can have no representatives in the legislature. We are mistaken if these despairing expressions of a man who, feeling poignantly with the English minority in that hour of hopelessness, was following his sons to the West do not go to the hearts of the electors of Megantic, who are to a man looking longingly after their exiles.

ALUMINIUM.

If fair Science be not mistaken, and the modern Pallas Athene bases her throne upon indisputable truths only, this hard materialistic, iron age, with its tendency to rust, is before very long to be replaced by an aluminium age that should be as well tempered between hardness and ductility as beautiful and as incorruptible as that beautiful metal. Aluminium is one of the most common of metals, every clay bank is an aluminium mine, and it can be obtained from dozens of materials. It has been, however, very difficult to obtain. It has always been one of the dearest of metals, not because of its scarcity but because of the costliness of the process by which it was separated from the compounds in which alone it is found. Such a thing as free aluminium does not exist, as far as known, in the world and it is only by what may be termed most recondite chemical researches that it can be found at all. A few years ago an ingenious American invented an electric process by means of which he could convert water power into a heat so strong that it was hoped he could smelt anything and so produce aluminium by a comparatively simple and inexpensive process. It seemed as though the aluminium age was about to descend upon the earth and that all it would be necessary to do to provide yourself with a material as strong as iron, as light as glass, as cheap as brick, and as incorruptible as silver, was to hitch a water power to a clay bank by a dynamo. The process did not work as cheaply as it might have done, but aluminium can now be produced at a price that makes it possible to use it in alloys. So far this charming metal appears to resemble the fabled philosopher's stone that it improves mightily every other metal with which it is united. If ten per cent of aluminium be added to copper, the result is a golden yellow metal, clearly resonant and as strong as Bessemer steel, incorruptible by all ordinary mordants. If iron be alloyed with this magic working metal it becomes stronger, less liable to rust, more ductile and more elastic. The latest discovery that has been made in the realms of metallurgy in relation to aluminium is that if it cannot be set free it is at least possible, at small cost and by a simple method, to induce it to free itself from its base alliance with the other things that with it make clay, and transfer itself to iron, copper and other minerals. It is in this, like the long imprisoned genii of Arabic romance, nothing better than a mighty bondsman; but even in bondage there is little that is not possible to it. The feet of the world image of Daniel the prophet, significant, as most think of the present day, were to be part of iron and part of miry clay, the mingling of autocracy and democracy. It would seem, however, that the time is coming when the iron will be none the weaker for its mixture with the clay.

ALIEN LABOR.

The Canadian Knights of Labor having secured a representative in the Dominion House of Commons, and the services of an oratoric Cabinet Minister, who is prepared to make the House ring with their cause, are, it is said, about to demand the adoption of the American alien labor law in Canada. The principle of this remarkable law is that it is an offence against the community at large for an employer of labor to hire and import workingmen, and it imposes penalties of all kinds on those who do this thing, or who consent to be hired. Although a great many very specious reasons were given for making the hiring of alien labor outside instead of inside the custom house barriers an especially serious crime, the simple truth about this law is that it was an attempt on the part of the restrictionists to hoodwink the workingmen. The protective policy of the United States, and of Canada also for that matter, forces a workingman to buy all his necessaries, excepting plain food, at a price artificially enhanced for the benefit of the manufacturers, while he has to sell his labor in an open market. The natural result of this state of things was that the American workingman, instead of getting richer as his power to produce increased, grew poorer and became dissatisfied with his poverty. About the time that the Alien Labor law was passed the American restrictionists discovered that the workingmen were beginning to doubt that protection was a good thing, that, in fact, the movement that gave Mr. Cleveland a plurality of seventy nine thousand of the people's votes had already commenced. So they threw a sop to Cerberus by bringing forward and passing this famous law. They knew well enough that the surplus labor of Europe would continue to flow to the United States just as before, and to compete with the American laborer at his own doorstep, even if they could not be specially hired beyond sea, and, therefore, that while they could make a great deal of noise about the protection afforded to American labor by such a law, their own privilege of buying their labor in a free trade market would not be materially injured. If the Canadian Knights of Labor want to put an end to a system that discriminates against them very seriously, let them demand either that they be allowed to buy in a market governed by the same conditions as that in which they must sell, or that a specific duty be put upon imported labor, which would give them the same amount of protection as is given to a blanket, a stove, or a chair. To ask for the alien labor law is simply to ask that they may be hoodwinked after the manner of their neighbors.

CANADIANS who supported the project of continental free trade will most heartily and decidedly repudiate Mr. Butterworth's propositions. If commercial union is impossible, as Mr. Butterworth after his face-about declares, then it is impossible, as he plainly implies, because Americans, under a strongly protectionist and jingo executive, are bound to dominate Canada politically before they consent to free trade or, indeed, any other neighborly agreement with her. Whatever Canada may or may not be willing to do in the way of more intimate relations with the United States, Mr. Butterworth and the United States may rest assured that Canada will never negotiate unless the whole field is open for discussion. Canada, even if she wanted annexation, would not give a moment's hearing to the insolent proposition, annexation or no dealings. But Canada does not want annexation. Mr. Butterworth's mistake arises out of the gross darkness out of which he and a majority of his people look at Canada. They look on Canadians as a subject people panting to be free. They think the forms of Government of Canada and the United States are substantially identical and that Canadians are inclined to think little of the difference or even to prefer those of the United States. This is a great mistake. Our constitution is much more advanced and much more popular than theirs, and our Government is far more directly responsible to the people. It would be a retrograde step for Canada to accept the national Government of the United States. If political union between Canada and the United States is ever to come about, there will have to be radical changes in the constitution of the United States in the direction of freedom and democracy or Canadians will not be satisfied with it. We are not accustomed to four-year irresponsible despots like the President, to irresponsible appointments to office, nor to irresponsible members of an executive, and would never be at rest under such a condition of things.

IF ONE COULD ONLY BE SURE that lynchers only would be hit we should strongly recommend the medicine of the Sheriff of Birmingham, the new iron city of Alabama, as a fitting and effective cure for that sort of savagery. Probably the sheriff's volley fired into the crowd hit the lynchers just about as truly as lynch law hits criminals. Unfortunately he slew some who were in no wise guilty of the form of rebellion which it was his duty to repel. Now he is, in turn, under arrest for murder. So it must be in any state of society similar to that described in the early history of Israel, when there was no king in Israel, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Somebody outrages the feelings of the public. The public, distrustful of its own cooler procedure through the courts, and afraid lest before they are done with the matter they will turn their sympathies from the victim of crime to the criminal himself, insists on immediate execution without trial. That once accomplished sympathy may veer round in vain. People may be sorry, but they say little, for it cannot be helped. In the Birmingham case popular frenzy has found a new channel in the fact that the sheriff, in defending his prisoner, as he was bound to do, has killed many citizens, and some innocent ones. People who are not in sympathy with mobs had better not accompany them on such errands. Their presence encourages the mob with the appearance of numbers on its side, and is a menace to the authorities, as well as an embarrassment to the police in summarily dealing with the law-breakers.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND will not go to war over Persia. Each is unassailable in that part of Persia where she dominates. The northern provinces of Persia are as open to Russian occupation as was any part of Turkestan before its annexation, far more so than Tekke Turkestan, which was well defended. On the other hand, England dominates Southern Persia from the sea. If the Czar had seen his way clear to prevent England from occupying Southern Persia, he would long ago have added the Shah's territories to his empire. The present trouble has arisen through an extension of the area dominated by England by the opening of a great river flowing from the centre of Persia down to the Gulf to English vessels, and the negotiation of new commercial treaties with England, which might enable Persia to fortify her northern frontier. If the English have really induced Persia to close her gates to commerce with Russia, she has done a very foolish thing, as such a "diplomatic victory" could not but be resented by Russia, whose active enmity England would be foolish to arouse. The lion, it has been said, cannot fight with the whale. Russia is wholly a land power, and England, in the west at least, wholly a maritime one; but in the east the bear and the tiger can fight, and for half a century now such a struggle has been regarded as inevitable.

ONLY IGNORANCE could excuse the foul connivance of the English press at the effort of the London shareholders to rob Canada of that railway competition for which she has paid so dearly. Surely, there is something childish in any case in one rival going to ask another to save him from ruining himself. Yet this is the relationship which exists in all combines. Surely, the companies can be trusted to take care of themselves. The Canadian Pacific knows what is a gaining and what is a losing business without asking the Grand Trunk, and the Grand Trunk, for its part, is old enough to know what it can do and what it cannot. At all events, Canada has the largest interest in both these roads and the money she has put in has been on express conditions. Competition was the one object in the minds of most Canadians in helping the Canadian Pacific, and competition with the west is certainly the one valuable and presently realizable commodity which the opening of that road has given us. Its transcontinental line is a work of faith, having regard to the future rather than the present, and we are told will cost us more than it brings us for many a long day.

IT IS DANGEROUS, APPARENTLY, to be courteous and generous to citizens of the United States Government. What is granted as a courtesy in one case they immediately set to work to represent as a right conceded upon demand. It appears that on special request forwarded to Ottawa a fisherman with a cargo of perishable halibut was allowed to tranship his fish from Halifax. The American consul at that port declared, according to the correspondent of an American newspaper, that the transhipment was made under the rights claimed by the United States under the bonding arrangement of the Treaty of Washington. It is to be feared that this misrepresentation of an act of courtesy will have the effect of swelling the heads of the American Jingoes and that a settlement will be rendered more difficult. The Consul at Halifax, if guilty of this, should follow Lord Sackville as fast as he can pack his carpet bag. His abuse of office is as assuming and unfriendly as Lord Sackville's was innocent and friendly.

IF THE PEOPLE of some small state had looted the establishments of British subjects in their country a man-of-war would within a week or two threaten their ports. When the looters are in the German service this formality is indefinitely postponed. It is, of course, assumed that Germany is intelligent and responsible enough to understand her liabilities in that respect. There is no case in which Britain should be more particular to see her subjects indemnified than in the reported depredations at Zanguebar. The injured persons are East Indians, and it is particularly desirable that India should understand that her submission to Britain brings with it all the world-wide privileges and immunities of British citizenship. The responsibility of Germany is peculiarly obvious as the trouble has risen through her assuming unasked the government of a country in which these people before enjoyed prosperity, and in which Britain had much larger interests than she had. The parties committing the mischief are not only the tribes whom Germany has stirred up, and has so far failed to put down, but persons actually in her own service.

HISTORICALLY, Sir Charles Tupper was eminently right when he refused to regard the term colonist as one of reproach. Where the English are not colonists, they are nothing to speak of. It was their tendency to colonize which brought them to England and made England. It is the same tendency running in the same blood which has made the British Empire. The colonist Englishman is, to say the very least, as good as any other Englishman. It is not to be disputed, however, that the English use the word colonist very much as Lord Salisbury recently used the word black man, and that the mild contempt implied in it signifies a real constitutional inferiority, the colonist having as yet no say in the affairs of the Empire. This condition cannot be permanent. When the colonists are prepared to assume their share of the imperial burdens no one will deny them a corresponding share in the imperial councils.

DURING THE SEASON of navigation just closed the loss of life and of shipping on the great lakes was phenomenally small. A small schooner foundered in Lake Ontario with all on board, and five lives were lost by the capsizing of a life boat in Lake Michigan, but otherwise there was no serious disaster. This was due to the fact that for once the terrible fall gales which yearly strew the lakes with wrecks never came, and November was as good a sailing month as June. The Minister of Marine, who has promised to bring in an act providing for the safety of life on the lakes, should look upon these facts as grounds for thankfulness, inasmuch as it has prevented the loss of life which his negligence in not dealing with rotten hulls and incapable commanders would have caused; and during the present session he should do his part towards preventing the occurrence of any more great disasters.

ENGLAND is realizing the cowardice and utter unreliableness of the Egyptian soldiery whom it is her part to command against the warlike Arabs. It would have been extraordinary had a race of hopeless and down-trodden slaves turned out anything but cravens. Men who have been ruled from infancy by fear and fear only cannot be expected to be fearless. It took forty years to restore the tone of the Israelites after a generation or two of Egyptian bondage. What is to be looked for from fellaheen who inherit a thousand years of servitude, or from negroes kidnapped—themselves or their parents—from Central Africa, and knowing nothing of civilization but changes of masters? It will take at least one generation of British rule to make men of them.

THE PROGRESSISTS who are rejoicing over marked election successes in Germany are, as the name implies, the really Liberal party of Germany. They are in favor of reducing the military system, encouraging peaceful and friendly relations, promoting prosperity and broadening the constitution. They hope much from the Emperor and Empress Frederick, and have been the staunch defenders of both during the recent agitation. They and their papers have been the fearless critics of Bismarck, and have not hesitated to vindicate the liberty of the press, when menaced by the headstrong young Emperor himself. Their success is an encouraging evidence of a Liberal reaction in Germany.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA has taken by storm the hearts of the people of the Ionian Isles, where she has been staying of late. The people of one electoral district wished to elect her to the Chamber of Deputies as their representative, an honor she was reluctantly compelled to decline. In a village the people so strongly objected to her departure that they almost mobbed her in order to prevent it. She was greatly affected by the people's regard and wished to do something for the poor, but the mayor of the municipality informed her there were no poor.

AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER has determined to pillory the people who scratch their names over monumental erections, public buildings and in other public places. The purpose is a noble and good one, but it is to be feared that it will not be served by publishing their names prominently in the columns of a daily paper. Nothing is calculated to give greater delight to "that sort of people."

A GREAT MANY of the skating accidents that take place during the season could be prevented, if some little attention were given to the state of the ice and bad places were marked. Another very simple precaution is to bring down a few handy ladders to the river as soon as skating begins.

TO CANADIAN SCHOOLS.

Hardly had the paper with the announcement of the national competition to all Canadian schools been issued than the first answer was received. It was a very interesting account of an act of heroism on the Island of Montreal, told in plain, direct, schoolboy fashion by a schoolboy. This is the first from Hochelaga County. Now, who will be the first from every county in Canada? If you have lost your copy of the paper containing the terms of competition send for another.

IN DREAMLAND!

WHAT LITTLE WILMA HARTLAND DREAMT ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

As we advance in years and realize more and more the stern responsibilities, the many cares of life, we feel less and less inclined to become enthusiastic, no matter what the occasion may be. But with the young, who see but the spotless horizon, and whose trouble is but the shadow of a passing cloud, life is bright as noonday sunshine. To them Christmas means toys and turkey, candy and plum pudding. Visions of Santa Claus arise before the young mind's eye. The little dreamer sees in him the personification of goodheartedness, and confides to him the wishes of the juvenile heart.

So it was with little Wilma Hartland, whose life was surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries that one could desire. She knew nothing of the struggles of the outside world but what had been told her by her parents when, in lisping her evening prayer, they had taught her to ask remembrance for the poor and needy. Her life so far had been crowned with perfect happiness.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow had fallen heavily, and was lying to a depth of several feet. The sleigh bells tinkled merrily, and were vivaciously suggestive of the season's festivity. Many a little heart was full of anticipations for the morrow.

At last a ring at the door bell, and Wilma rushed to admit her father. There was the usual kiss and loving greeting. With her arms entwined around his neck she confided to him her love in sweet syllables, and then with an air of great importance she announced her intention of remaining awake to catch a glimpse of the Christmas saint as he descended the chimney into her bright bedroom, and resolute in this decision, she dropped into an easy chair which stood near by, while her parents otherwise busied themselves. Very soon "nature's sweet restorer" began to assert itself. Her eyelids fought stubbornly, but the odds were against her, and soon the little eyes had closed, and Wilma was in dreamland.

"Alas! that dreams are only dreams!
That fancy cannot give
A lasting beauty to those forms
Which scarce a moment live!"

Her dream did not take the form of romance. It was as natural as the simplicity of the child herself. She saw pictured in glowing colors her own home; saw the fairy descend the chimney and emerge into her compartment, bearing his burden over one shoulder. The big rocking horse was there among the heap, the drum, the tobby show and the whip, all formed part of the old man's load, As he passed her he cast his eyes slyly over her sleeping form, and would fain have stolen a kiss from the little chubby lips, but this he denied himself, fearing to awaken the peaceful sleeper. The rocking horse was safely stowed away from her view, and as quietly as the old saint let himself down the chimney so quietly did he make his exit.

Then the dreamer's thoughts were carried to the "homes" of outcast children in the slums of the city. A dreary contrast were they to the bright home of her own childhood, whose door the wolf had never even approached. She dreamt she stood in a crowded alley. The sun had set, and a drizzling rain kept company to the struggling lamp lights. As she pressed on her way through the gaping crowd, a little match girl of her own tender years attracted her attention. She was vainly endeavoring to dispose of her wares, but met with little success.

Drawn to her by imploring gestures, our little heroine allowed herself to be taken to the match girl's home. After climbing many ricketty flights of stairs, a door was opened and she was inside the room.

Lying on a bed of straw in a corner lay a helpless woman, wrestling with death. In faint accents she enquired of her little protector who the stranger was. On being assured that it was someone who had come to offer assistance, the dying woman extended her hand to the brave child. In tones of infinite sadness she told her story. It was the old, old tale. The life which was fast ebbing away was in its younger days a happy one, and the surroundings of her youth as bright as those of little Wilma's. But the demon of drink had carried off her husband, and left her penniless with an only child. Too proud to beg from friends who had despised her, her only hope was in her child, whose earnings were barely sufficient to maintain herself. Sickness set in, followed by a decline which was rapidly gnawing the remaining bonds of her life. Her little daughter was her only anxiety, and on Wilma making a promise that she would be looked after, the dying woman breathed her last.

Then again the dreamer heard the strains of the "waits," as they heralded in the Christmas morn. No music had ever sounded so sweetly. She longed to throw them some coppers, but they had gone on their way.

She next imagined she was following the cook, who was bearing the big plum pudding with the piece of holly stuck on its summit, from her father's own kitchen to the dining room. In her hand she carried a colored banner, which she proudly waved. From the delights of dinner she was taken in her dreams to the nursery, where she and her companions—including the little match girl—gathered round the Christmas tree, each one receiving a package from its branches.

Then came the cracker party, when the boys and girls were pitted against each other.

. . . . . .

It was Christmas morn. There was a slight rustling of the blankets, and Wilma Hartland rubbed her eyes. She looked about her with an astonished air for the Christmas tree, and the boys and girls who had joined her in the celebrations. Not for some moments did she realize that she had been dreaming. Her solicitude for the little match girl, however, did not subside, and she told the whole story to her parents, asking their assistance in endeavoring to discover this particular little maid.

This Christmas was one of the happiest that Wilma had ever spent, and none the less so because of her dream on Christmas Eve.

W. W.

BRINGING HOME THE HOLLY.

Heigh ho! the green holly
This life is most jolly.

BRING home the holly! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
With three times three for Christmas day;
For Christmas day—of all days most jolly—
Wouldn't be Christmas without the green holly:
The holly so green, when the "May" is all dead,
Oh! Christmas is here when its berries are red:
The mistletoe, too, with its snow-white berry;
Oh! don't forget it, for when we're all merry,
Jill—quite without thought, will under it stand,
And Jack—Oh, the rascal—a kiss will demand:
Then bring home the holly! Hip, hip, hoo-ray!
With three times three for Christmas day.

C

SIXTY-YEARS AGO.

A YOUNG ENGLISH WOMAN'S JOURNEY FROM A SURREY TOWN TO HUDSON'S BAY WITH SIR GEORGE SIMPSON.

AN AWFUL JOURNEY OVER THE ATLANTIC—HARD WORK GETTING ACROSS COUNTRY TO MONTREAL—UNFAVORABLE IMPRESSIONS OF THE CITY.

Some interesting reminiscences of life in the North-West half a century ago have recently come to hand which, compared with the vastly altered conditions in these busy days of railways and electric wires, read almost like a page of romance. The discursive selections from which the present sketch is made, form part of the manuscript diary of Mrs. E. C. Porteous, of this city, a lady now aged—though on meeting her you would hardly believe it. Her somewhat remarkable association with the history of the North-West Territory during the regime of Sir George Simpson as Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company certainly deserves something more than a mere passing notice. The personal sketches made by Mrs. Porteous form by no means the least important or interesting feature of her diary, and it says much for her that a young Englishwoman of good parentage and promising social relationship should have voluntarily undertaken to identify herself with the many dangers and privations of life in the wilds of Canada fifty years ago, and endure the isolation and hardships from which most Canadian girls, even in the present day, would rather be excused.

The daughter of a medical practitioner in England, Mrs. Porteous (*née* Jeffery), was born at Chichester, a sleepy Sussex city, which, at the time of her childhood, was a regimental depot, and where she remembers

SEEING A SOLDIER HUNG

for some trifling breach of discipline. "My grandfather," she says, "believed that all children should see such sights, to deter them from evil-doing; therefore, he took my brother Charles and myself by the hand and led us up the hill." Her early years were spent as a member of her uncle's household, and the only motive, she admits, that could have induced her to leave such happy surroundings was a strong desire to travel and see another part of the world, "an ambitious project, no doubt, and to gratify this wish I had to sacrifice much happiness and exercise a good deal of self denial." Her brother, one day, mentioned to her that a young girl friend of his had received a letter with the offer of a situation in Canada, which her mother would not allow her to accept on any account whatever. By the exercise of a little "woman's wit" she managed to get possession of this letter, and, after perusing it, answered the application, offering her services instead,—though, meanwhile, her friends were ignorant of what she had done. The next post brought her a letter from a lady accepting her services if she would undertake a written engagement for three years at a salary of £20 ($100) per annum, and it was afterwards found that she had entered the service of Mr. G. J. McTavish, who was Chief Factor in the employ of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company, and was well-known in Montreal and other parts of Canada.

The 3rd of March, 1830—nearly sixty years ago—was the memorable date of her departure from home, and she graphically describes the incidents connected with a stage coach journey to London. After being taken to the London Coffee House, on Ludgate Hill, she was introduced to

MR. AND MRS M'TAVISH,

who had only been married that day, and were spending a brief holiday in the English metropolis before proceeding direct to Canada and thence to the North-West. They inspired the timid stranger with some additional courage by telling her that they were going to a fine healthy country which she would learn to love as much as she did her own old home in Sussex. Mrs. Porteous admits that her first impression of Mr. and Mrs. McTavish was most favorable; "they seemed kind and sympathetic, and having only the day before gone through the same painful experience of leave-taking as myself, they no doubt felt for me, Mrs. McTavish having told me that as soon as the marriage ceremony was ended she changed her dress and bid the happy wedding party good-bye, perhaps for ever." One cause of bitter disappointment to the feminine mind was the discovery that trunks had to be unpacked and only a small supply of clothes taken, on account of the difficulty of transit upon arriving in Canada in those days. The heavy boxes were afterwards sent out by Hudson's Bay ship to Moose Fort, Prince Rupert's River, from the Company's depot in London.

Quitting the metropolis the party travelled next morning by stage coach to Birmingham *en route* for Liverpool, to embark on board the vessel on which passages had been taken. Here they were joined by Sir George Simpson and his newly wedded bride, who were also proceeding to their residence in the North West. Sir George died in September, 1860, still occupying the office he had held for nearly forty years.

Proceeding, with chronological sequence, to follow the course of the eventful journey, Mrs. Porteous cannot forbear telling that Lady Simpson had in her service a lady's maid who had been with her mother since she was a child, and says they thought a great deal of Mary, and Mary thought as much of them. Lady Simpson she describes as a very pleasant lady, without affectation or pride, while Mrs. McTavish was also most agreeable. Sir George Simpson, she says, was extremely fond of

A JOKE AT OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPENSE,

and this often caused a diversion when their spirits were in need of enlivening. On Monday, March 8th, they embarked on board the sailing vessel which was to convey them across the Atlantic; but the sight of the ship seems to have been a little too much for some of the party, who fairly broke down at the thought of leaving so much behind them. The captain's name was McAcstaff; he was a man of pleasant and agreeable manners, and hailed from New York. Three weeks spent amid all the agonies of sea-sickness are described with almost pathetic detail by Mrs. Porteous; but what follows had better be told in her own words. She says, "We all suffered terribly; but as soon as I was able I got up, and found Mrs. McTavish in bed, and amusing herself with a miserable attempt at singing "Auld Lang Syne." Lady Simpson, who was worse than any of us, had been removed from her berth to a hammock slung in the ladies' cabin. But we little knew the danger we had been in, and found that the gentlemen had wisely concealed it from us on account of our terrible sickness, though on showing the first signs of recovery they told us something of the awful perils through which we had passed. On speaking to the captain, he said we were still beating about the Irish coast—'it is now three weeks and I have not made 20 miles from land.' 'Why,' said he, 'we were nearly lost altogether one night, and Sir George Simpson offered me £300 to land you all again; but I could not take it. Every movable article was swept off the deck into the seething sea.'" The weather seems to have considerably improved after this, and the remainder of the voyage was everything that could be desired; though it seems hard to realize in these degenerate days of Atlantic greyhounds and quick ocean travel at almost lightning speed that the journey in question was not completed under six weeks.

"UPON LANDING IN NEW YORK,"

the narrator says, "we put up at Miss Mann's boarding-house on Broadway, which was the most fashionable place, as I daresay it was the most expensive, at that time. On one occasion, when the ladies were going out to an evening party, they sent for a hair-dresser, and a young girl came, who merely made a few curls on each side. Her charge was five shillings, and everything else she did was charged in proportion. We went to the theatre; but I considered it a very poor imitation of the performances so familiar in London." Speaking of the dress affected by the New York society ladies half a century ago, Mrs. Porteous says:—"Their costumes reflected every color of the rainbow; yellow stockings, black dress, blue bonnet, and ribbons of every shade—so different from the neat English style. Once I had occasion to go to the bank, and the banker stared at me from head to foot. He asked me if I was newly out, as the style of my dress was quite the newest fashion, and my bonnet (which was a cottage shape Dunstable straw lined with pink silk and ribbon to match) he said would cost at least three guineas."

After a three days' rest farewell was said to New York, and the party, feeling quite rehabilitated after their lengthened experience of the qualms of *mal de mer*, proceeded on to White hall, then quite a village, with houses building and roads forming; thence on to St. Johns. A halt was made here for the night, as there was considerable delay with the boats. In the morning a start was again made; but at this point Sir George Simpson's confidential servant, Sam Taylor, a half breed, met the party, and after receiving his instructions went on before and prepared everything in readiness at the next stopping-place. The journey through the country was accomplished as quickly as bad roads would permit,

THE STAGES BEING FORCED

as much as possible, as important business awaited the arrival of Sir George at Lachine.

Arriving eventually at Montreal, which completed the first stage of a long and eventful journey, a landing was effected from the small steamer by means of narrow planks, there being no such luxury as a wharf in those days. Business demanding the immediate presence of the gentlemen at Lachine, Sam, Sir George's servant, had already engaged a carriage and horses. The horses were good and the wheels strong, with no fear, he said, of any breakage occurring. "We were listening with much attention, wondering what all this strength was required for; but sure enough, such roads as we encountered required the best of horses and the strongest of wheels. Our nine-mile ride was one continual agony on account of the unformed roads. You might almost think that stones and mud had been purposely stacked up in heaps, and many times we were all but pitched out, so awful was the experience we had to go through. Everything has an end, however, and so had that dreadful drive. Considerably wearied out, we arrived at the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company's House at Lachine, and found it a comfortable country residence, in which we were glad to take a much-needed rest."

The first impressions formed by the ladies of Montreal were anything but favorable, judging from an incident related by Mrs. Porteous. She says on the following day it was arranged that Lady Simpson's companion and herself should drive into the city in order to see some of the sights, and again they essayed the journey over those terrible roads; but this time they found them hardly so bad, as the carriage was well cushioned. Walking slowly through some of the principal thoroughfares they suddenly encountered Sir George Simpson and Mr. McTavish in St. Paul street, who plied them with eager questions as to their impressions of Canada's great mercantile city.

"Well, girls," said Sir George, "what do you think of Montreal?"

"I think it is a very dirty place, Sir George."

"But this is St. Paul street, Emma, where all the great business is transacted."

"Yes, I know; but I think it more resembles the Jew's streets in London."

"Why, how is that?"

"Because they won't allow me to walk quietly along the street without pulling me by the sleeve and shouting into my face, 'What you bye, what you bye—bye.'"

"Ah," laughed Sir George, "I can see they are anxious to see the most of two pretty girls from England."

In another issue of the *Witness* we will accompany these ladies and gentlemen on their adventures north-westward.

"AN OLD FRIEND."

Oh, Santa Claus is a friend indeed,
The little ones love him dearly;
He knows so exactly what they need,
In the tiniest stockings his eyes can read
The wants of the owners clearly.

There are presents for all in his splendid store,
But nobody feels quite certain
Which way he goes when his task is o'er,
Whether up the chimney or under the door,
Or through a chink in the curtain.

"We knew he would come," the children say
As they reckon their new-found pleasures;
"It wouldn't have seemed like Christmas Day
If Santa Claus had not found a way
To leave us some of his treasures!"

And grown-up children, who walk by sight,
Their innocent trust might borrow,
And leave their wishes in faith at night
Before the Giver of all delight,
To find them filled on the morrow!

—*Leisure Hour.*

SANTA CLAUS' MESSAGE.

Ho! merry little children,
To you I'm glad to be
The bearer of a message,
As you will quickly see.

So sit you down to listen,
And very quiet stay,
For I have been repeating
It over all the way.

And though so well I know it,
I really might forget,
And that would never answer
'Twixt friends so rarely met.

I bring it from old Santa,—
You know him, I suppose,
For he has often told me,
Past you he never goes.

E'en now, he's getting ready
To come here very soon;
And all his steeds are ordered
From pastures in the moon.

But times have been so hard,
He said for me to say:
He never can supply all
The children on his way.

And he told me just to tell you,
He'd like if you would do
What you can to make a Christmas
For such ones as you knew

He has never *known* as yet,
Or not *much* I ought to say,—
And then they won't imagine
Just for *others* is the day

Of all the year the gladdest—
From East to farther West,—
When for our common blessing
We love each other best.

Because the one who gave it
Made it a gift to all:
The rich and poor alike here,
Alike the large and small.

He says your joy that day,
Though gifts be none the less,
Will be greatest from the pleasure
Your lips or looks express.

He bade me give his love, too,
And say 'twill not be long
Till he sets the old world ringing
With gladness and with song.

E. A. A.

CHRISTMAS CAROL—SHEPHERDS WATCHING.

Louder swell the joyful anthems of the angel throng,
Over hill and dale the strains enchanted float:
See the wond'ring shepherds listening to the song,
Trembling, yet rejoicing at the sight.

CHORUS.—"Glory to God in the highest," etc.

O the joyful, joyful tidings! for to you is born
Christ, the wondrous Saviour, and the mighty King:
Hail ye waiting nations! hail the happy morn,
Joyful tidings unto you I bring.

CHORUS.—"Glory to God in the highest," etc

BESS FINDS THE WANDERERS.

LITTLE ROBIN.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

Author of "Little Women," "Jo's Boys," etc.

No one called her that till after the Christmas I am going to tell you about; and when you have read the story you will see what a good name it was for her.

Bess was twelve years old—a rosy, bright-eyed little girl, who did errands for all the old ladies who lived in the village. There were a good many of them—nice, kind old souls, very busy about their small affairs, very sociable, and very good to the poor; so they were glad to make Bess their messenger, and pay her for doing their errands. She lived with her grandmother, and liked to earn money, for they were poor, and the old woman was getting more feeble every year. But Bess was strong and well, and such a wise, steady child, the fussiest old lady could trust her to match wools, carry parcels, or deliver messages without a mistake. Every morning, when all was neat in the little house, and grandma settled comfortably at her knitting, Bess, with her big satchel on her arm, would trot from door to door to get her orders, and then go on to the middle of the town for the letters and the various things the old ladies wanted.

In this way she earned a good deal, not always in money, but in good warm clothes for grandma, and help about the wood and rent. Each old lady did what she could, for none were rich; but among them Bess fared well, and was a happy, useful child, beloved by all for her cheering face, pretty manners, and faithfulness in everything.

One Christmas Eve she was thinking how well they were getting on as she trudged up the long hill with a basket of pies from Miss Palmer to her friend Mrs. Baker. The sun was setting splendidly, but the wind was very sharp, and a bitter cold night was coming on, with a moon by-and-by to light the merry sleighing parties. At the minister's gate stood two pretty little children resting after a coast down the bank about three feet high. They were hopping up and down to warm their toes, and chattering like magpies, though their little noses were red, and they ought to have been safe in the house at that hour.

But the mother was busy trimming the church, and the nurse gossiping in the kitchen, so little Arty and Min got into trouble, as we shall see.

"Joe said the Christmas trees came from those woods, and I saw him bring lots on his sled. So if we go up we can get a dear little one for the dolls, and drag it home on *my* sled," said the boy, full of the new idea, and longing for a good run in the smooth road, where bells had been jingling gayly all day as sleighs flew to and fro.

"It's pretty far; would mamma like it?" asked the small girl, eager to surprise her family of dolls with a fine tree, but remembering certain promises about leaving the garden.

"She wouldn't mind; and we'll get a ride on the first sleigh that comes along. Tuck up on my sled, and be ready. I'll hang on and drag you; then we'll go quick, and not be a bit tired," answered Arty, looking anxiously for a horse's head to come round the corner.

Bess came instead, and nodded to them as she passed. "Time to go in-doors. Run, or Jack Frost will nip your noses," she said, wondering to see them there so late.

"We ain't afraid. We are going to see where Christmas trees grow, and get one for our dollies," called the children, waving their red mittens.

Bess never stopped to talk when doing errands, so she hurried on, and left the children waiting for a ride. Before long a sleigh passed with an old man in it, and Arty hung on unobserved, while little Min bumped along on the yellow sled behind. The horse went fast, and soon the run-aways were far away on the hill-top. But it was such fun to skim along with jingling bells, to see the trees fly by, to feel that no one knew where they were, and that this would be a fine adventure to tell when they got home, that they kept on till the old man discovered them, and ordered them off at once.

"Here's a nice road; and over there, seems to me, I see lots of Christmas trees all shining bright," said Arty, as he dragged his sister into the wood along the path made by the sleds of the lumbermen.

"Do they grow with candles on 'em?" asked Min.

"I shouldn't be s'prised if they did. Ours always has candles, and mother ties on the presents. Anyway, we can play this is a fairy wood and everything is splendid. Now you get off, and we'll run down that nice little path and see if that pretty red is a fire or the sky. I guess these trees are too big for us; we must get a little one and pull it up," directed Arty, feeling much elated with his adventure, and bent on exploring the forest, which looked particularly attractive just then, with the green boughs powdered with snow.

So the innocent little souls went scrambling deeper and deeper among the pines toward the grove of small trees, playing they saw giants and fairies by the way. It was warmer in the wood; a squirrel came to welcome them, an owl flew by with its soft cry as if trying to be agreeable, and they talked and they snowballed, and pulled up a dozen little trees before they found one that suited them. Meantime the pretty light faded away, and they realized how far from home they were.

"My boots are so tired I can't go any more; please pull me on the sled, Arty," said Min, quite used up, and rather scared by the shadows that began to fill the corners of the wood.

"I left the sled somewhere, 'cause the runner broke. I guess we won't try to find it, but run right home. It's pretty late, and I'm awfully hungry; ain't you?" answered Arty, trudging stoutly away in what he fancied was the right direction.

"Yes, and I want to see mamma," said Min, with a quaver in her voice suggestive of tears.

"Now, don't you be a baby. If you fret and cry, I'll never take you on a nice tramp again. Take hold of me and come along, and in a minute we'll find the road, and run right home."

Arty spoke bravely, but his heart began to fail him, for no path appeared, and the winter twilight was darkening fast. His little conscience told him he had done wrong to go so far, and every moment he grew more and more sure that they were lost. Poor Min struggled along in the big rubber boots that burdened her short legs, and after tumbling into holes, slipping off icy stones, and wading through drifts for what seemed hours to her weary little feet, she suddenly stopped short, and sobbed out:

"Oh, we're lost! we're lost! and never can find mamma again! I'm so cold and tired and hundry, I can't go any more. Please let me rest, Arty, and find my hanchif."

"Let's both sit down and see about it. Here's a nice log for you. Don't cry, dear. I'll find the way somehow. If I'd known we were going to be lost, I'd have had lots of pebbles in my pocket, like Hop-o'-my-thumb, then we'd be all right. It *is* pretty cold. Wonder how hunters make a fire when they haven't any matches? Seems as if I read about rubbing two sticks. You rest and see me do it, Min; then we'll be nice and warm with a fire, and wolves and bears won't dare to touch us if we stay all night."

Such a dreadful idea dismayed poor Min, and she cried aloud, while Arty vainly rubbed two green twigs till his fingers were nearly frozen. This disappointment and his sister's dismal wailing, as well as the darkness gathering about them, upset the boy, and after a manful struggle to keep back the tears, he began to cry also, while the little owl hooted mournfully, and the cold wind sighed among the pines.

It was a sad sight, the two shivering, sobbing little creatures all alone in the wintry wood, when they should have been safe and warm at home. But no one saw it except the evening-star, which peeped through the boughs like a bright eye watching over them.

When all the tears were shed, and both were too cold and tired to cry any more, Arty took heart, and tried to carry his sister on his back toward an open place which he fondly hoped was the path. A bad fall into a deep hollow chilled his courage, and after struggling on a little longer he gave up and sat down again in despair.

"I'm so sleepy! Let's say, 'Now I lay me,' and go to bylow," said Min, with a sob and a gape, as her head fell on Arty's shoulder, top heavy with weariness, for it was long past her bedtime.

"Come under this tree, where there isn't any snow and we'll cuddle down and try to be warm, till father comes to find us. I'll take care of you, dear. I ain't afraid of the dark—much."

As he spoke, Arty drew the poor little girl under the wide-spreading boughs of a hemlock, and putting his arms about her tried not to tremble and start at every sound, or to stare into the gloom with wide eyes full of fear. Min was asleep in a moment, and after a few more penitent tears, Arty dropped off also, just as he had resolved to watch all night. So there they lay, asleep in the wood, where the bitter cold would soon freeze them if no one came to find and save them. But the old tree sheltered them well, the kind star watched over them, and the little owl skimmed softly away to bring a friend of whom they never thought.

Mrs. Baker kept Bess some time, asking about all the news of the village, and when she went, filled her basket with cookies, and gave her a little can of milk for her grandmother.

"I'm afraid I've kept you too long, dear, it grows dark so sudden nowadays. Do take my lantern, so you won't slip and spill the milk. Put the can in the basket, then it will ride stiddy, and you'll have a hand free for the lantern," said the old lady, peering out into the dusk.

Bess did not want the light, as she was used to running over the snow, but to oblige Mrs. Baker she accepted it, and set out for home. Just as she left the gate a little dark object on the white road caught her eye further up the hill, and she went to see what it was, thinking it might be the full purse poor little girls were always finding in the stories she read.

No, it was only a little red mitten; but Bess looked troubled as she turned it over, for on the back was a white M., and she knew it was one of the pair grandma had knit for little Minnie.

"I do believe those naughty babies really did go after a tree. I thought they were only playing. What a fright their folks will be in at home if they did run away! Yes, here is the mark of a sled. I'll run up the hill, and see if they did go this way."

Off went Bess, and soon another little mitten told her she was on the track of the runaways, for Min had been so busy holding on she lost her mittens without knowing it. The marks of the runners and two small pairs of feet were plainly seen in the snow where the children turned into the wood, and Bess followed the trail, calling as she went, sure that the little things could not have gone far.

Now she was glad of the lantern, for by its light she could see where the wanderers went, and presently the abandoned sled made her more anxious than ever, for it was evident that the children had gone toward a pond near by. Bess was out of breath, cold, and frightened, but she pressed on thinking only of the lost babies and their poor mother, for she knew that if the children were out long on such a bitter night it might cost them their lives.

Soon the little steps turned in a safer direction, and Bess was so glad that she had not got to look for them in that dreadful pond that she cheered up, and ran, and looked, and called, till a faint, far-off cry made her heart beat fast as she hurried toward the sound. A soft, sad wail it seemed, and tears came to her eyes while she paused to listen from time to time, thinking of the dear babies calling for help, alone in the great wood.

"I'm coming, Arty; here's Bess; don't cry little Min," she shouted, scrambling over logs and through the bushes as the wail grew louder and louder, till she came to an open spot, and found nothing but a small owl perched on a bare tree blinking at her light.

Much disappointed and quite exhausted, she sat down to rest, putting the lantern on the ground beside her. Then the good light did its part, for it shone under the hemlock boughs on a little black heap, out of which stuck four small rubber boots, plainly seen against the snow. Bess saw them, gave a cry of joy and ran to wake the children with kisses as she hugged and patted them in her delight. Arty opened his eyes and shivered, but Min lay as cold and still as if she had been a little marble statue.

"She s frozen; she is dead. What shall I do?—oh, what shall I do?" cried Bess, in despair, when she had rubbed the purple hands and white cheeks, and lifted the stiff eyelids and called the child every tender name she could think of.

Arty seemed too sleepy to speak or understand, and poor Bess could only clasp her hands and look about for help, quite heart-broken at the dreadful fear she felt that she had come too late.

As her eyes glanced from the poor baby to the clear cold sky, asking God to show her what to do, the beautiful star shone on her like a friendly eye, and made her think of the one that led the shepherds to the manger where the Christ-Child lay that Christmas eve so long ago.

It comforted her somehow, and gave her new strength and hope. Catching up Min, she went as fast as she could toward a soft light which suddenly began to glimmer not far off. She thought it was the rising moon, but in a moment saw that it was the flame of a fire left by the lumbermen. They had covered it but the wind had fanned the embers, and one bright flame blazed up to show Bess where lay the help she so much needed.

As fast as her tired feet could go she hurried to the warm spot, and laying Min on the hemlock boughs, where the men sat to eat their dinners, she raked open the fire, threw on some dry chips, and covering the child with her own cloak, ran back to bring Arty and the basket and the lantern. Up sprang a fine fire, and the blessed warmth began to be felt as the half frozen children lay in the full light of the blaze, while Bess set the can on the coals, heated the milk and made Arty drink some.

He was soon awake, and when a cookie was put into his hand began to eat like a hungry boy, and to remember what had happened. He told Bess all about it, while she held Min in her arms, rubbing her till the warmth returned to feet and hands, and feeding her with little sips of hot milk till she sighed "More—nice—more," and lifted her droway little head to find the mouth of the can for herself.

Many kisses, cookies, and chips restored the nearly frozen children to life, and then the question was how to get them home. Arty said he could walk, but found his legs so weak and stiff that Bess was afraid to let him try. She could not carry Min so far; the sled was useless, and the nearest house was a long way off. So the wise child decided to leave them where they were, safe by the warm fire, while she ran for help.

Explaining this to the boy, she told him to watch Min—who had fallen asleep again with a cake in her hand—to throw on chips, drink the milk, and not be afraid till she came back. He promised stoutly; but before she had piled up the wood, made the fire safe, and hung the lantern on a tree to mark the place, he had fallen back on the hemlock boughs, worn out, and as fast asleep as his little sister.

"Perhaps it is just as well. He won't take it into his head to run after me and get lost again. I won't be long, and they can't freeze now," said Bess, as she tucked them up under her cloak with their feet to the fire, and laid boughs over them to keep the small coverlet from blowing away.

Then, feeling that she had done her best, she ran away to tell the anxious parents that the lost babies were safe. The moon was up now, and as Bess trudged through the wood, its big bright face cheered her up, showed her the way, and seemed to smile approvingly upon the brave little girl.

While she had been doing her part so well, the town had been all astir, and people running up and down looking for the minister's children. The poor mother was sure they had fallen into the river, for holes were found near the shore, and marks of little feet. Everything was in confusion at the house, and lanterns were flying to and fro like fire-flies as the anxious neighbors looked high and low. No one thought of the great pine wood on the hill-top. It was so far away, and the children never went there, so it was no wonder people felt sure the dear babies had fallen into the water and been drowned.

A crowd of sad-faced men were standing at the gate of the parsonage, and the old ladies were inside, crying over the poor mother, who sat as if turned to stone, waiting for her dear dead children to be brought home to her. Suddenly down the road came a little figure running fast, with hood half off, no cloak, and panting breath.

"It's Bess! she's found them!" cried the men, springing to meet her.

At the sight of help all her strength seemed to leave the little girl, and she could only whisper brokenly as she pointed backward, "Safe—is the wood—by the fire—go quick!" Then she dropped into the strong arms of the man who stood nearest, and never heard the loud cheer that went up, telling the town that the minister's children were found.

Out rushed the startled women, and carried Bess in to be blessed and cried over and comforted by the grateful mother, while the men went off as fast as horses could carry them to the lumber camp, which all knew well.

Bess was quite used up, and could only lie on the sofa, and be petted and praised by all the old ladies, after word had been sent to grandma that she was safe.

Soon the chime of bells came merrily down the long hill, and the runaways were laid in their mother's arms, safe, but too sleepy to do anything but cry for bed, where they were speedily put, to dream of owls and cookies, Christmas trees and broken sleds till next morning.

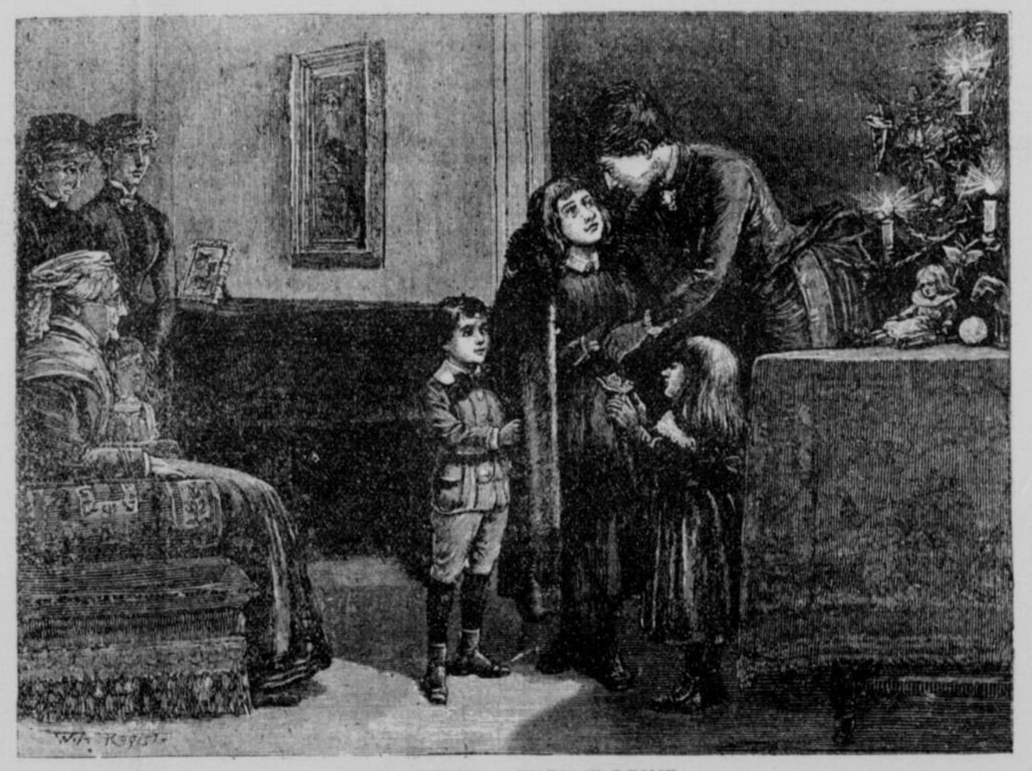
The minister, who had been away at a wedding, came back in time to hear the story that night, and to carry Bess home himself, a very proud and happy little girl. She was quite satisfied with the thanks and praises showered upon her, and thought that would be the end of it. But the old ladies made a fine plan for their pet, and all the next day in spite of their own dinners and gifts, they prepared for the surprise in the evening.

Good things to eat, warm things to wear, a load of wood, and no end of kind words and wishes were the presents left at the door of the little house that Christmas morning, and Bess felt so rich it didn't seem as if she could bear any more. But when a note came from Arty and Min asking her to come up and see their tree, she was glad to go, and wrapping grandma up in the funny old-fashioned cloak and pumpkin hood she liked to wear, they drove away in style when the big sleigh came for them.

It was early in the evening, on account of the children who were none the worse for their prank except bad colds and some stiffness in their usually active little legs. They nearly smothered Bess with kisses and hugs, understanding that they owed their lives to her, and it was sweet to see the proud air with which Arty led her in, and the eagerness with which little Min brought an easy-chair and nestled into it beside her friend, not to mention the mother's face and the father's hand-shake as they welcomed her. All the old ladies were there in their best caps, and a flock of children, so there was quite a party to enjoy the tree. But first the minister made a little speech.

"Friends," he said, "we must wait a few minutes while the candles are lighted, so I will tell a story to amuse you."

Then as the old ladies beamed and nodded till their cap ribbons rustled, and the children pranced in their chairs with impatience, he told the dear old story of the Babes in the Wood. But he changed it as he went along, and improved it immensely, many of his hearers thought, for he left out the cruel uncle and the bad men altogether; made it winter instead of summer, so there were no blackberries to eat, but cookies and milk; the kind robin covered the babies with hemlock boughs, not leaves; and, best of all, they didn't die, but went home safe and well to a father and mother, who were kept alive for the express purpose of thanking that dear robin.



BESS RECEIVES A WARM WELCOME.

There was great laughter and clapping among the children, and some tears twinkled out of the eyes of the tender-hearted old ladies as they listened, but every one shouted when the story ended, and the minister added: "My runaways went to find a Christmas tree, and here is the good one fairies have sent them, not for their dolls, but for the brave kind friend who saved their lives.

Then the folding doors flew open, and there on a table stood the loveliest little tree ever seen, all shining with candles, golden fruit, pretty gifts, and on the top a great bright star, for Bess had told about the one she saw in the wood when she prayed for help.

All the children took hands and danced about the tree until astonished Bess was ready to go and take the presents hung there for her by these kind people, who were glad to show their gratitude in this pretty way. Among them in an envolope was a year's rent from the minister, all manner of warm and comfortable things for grandma, and for Bess a scarlet cloak and hood to replace the old gray one burnt and torn that night in the woods.

"Let me keep the little gray one, dear. I love it, for it helped to warm and save my babies, and do you wear this to remember me by," said Mrs. Minister, as she wrapped the pretty cloak round Bess, with a look and touch so soft and loving the little girl felt as if her own mother kissed her.

Now she looks like Red Riding-hood: but I won't let the old wolf eat her," cried Arty, bound to be her knight for evermore.

"No, I think she looks like the robin redbreast that covered the babes with leaves," began the minister, smiling at her, with his hand on her head.

"Yes, yes, she's the robin, she's the good robin," cried the children, pleased with the fancy.

And after that Bess was called "Little Robin" by every one who knew her, and the old ladies were never tired of telling how she earned the name.

"PAPA," said a little boy to his parent the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?" "No, my dear,' answered the father, "pray what leads you to suppose that they are small?" "Because," replied the young idea smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

LITTLE JOHNTS'S CHRISMUS.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

We got it up a-purpose, jes' for little Johnts, you know;
His mother was so pore and all, and had to manage so—
Jes' being a war-widder, and her pension mighty slim,
She'd take in weavin', er work out, er anything for *him*.

And little Johnts was puny like—but law! the nerve he had!—
You'd want to kindo' pity him, but *couldn't*, very bad—
His pants o' army blanket and his coat o' faded blue
Kep' hintin' of his father like, and pity wouldn't do!

So we collogued together, one't, one wintertime, 'at we—
Jes' me and Mother and the girls, and Wilse, John-Jack and Free—
Would jine and get up little Johnts, by time 'at Christmus come,
Some sorto' doin's, don't you know, 'at would su'prise him some!

And so, all on the quiet, Mother she turns in and gits
Some blue-janes—cuts and makes a suit; and then sets down and knits
A pair o' little galluses to go 'long with the rest—
And puts in a red-flannen back, and buckle on the vest.—

The little feller'd be'n so much around our house, you see,
And be'n sich he'p to her and all, and handy as could be,
'At Mother couldn't do too much fer little Johnts—No, *Sir!*—
She ust to jes' declare 'at "he was meat-and-drink to her!"

And Piney, Lide and Madaline they watched their chance and rid
To Fountaintown with Lijey's folks; and bought a book, they did,
O' fairy-tales, with pictur's in; and got a little pair
O' red-top boots 'at John-Jack said he'd be'n a-pricen there.

And Lide got him a little sword, and Madaline, a drum!
And shootin'-crackers—lawzy day! and they're so dangersome!
And Piney, ever' time the rest would buy some other toy,
She'd take and turn in then and buy more candy fer the boy!

Well, thinks-says-I, when they got back, *your* pocketbooks is dry!—
But little Johnts was there hisse'f that afternoon, so I—
Well, *all* of us kep' mighty mum, tel we got him away
By tellin' him be shore and come tomorry—Chrismus Day—

And fetch his mother 'long with him And how he scud acrost
The fields—his tow-head, in the dusk, jes' like a streak o' frost!—
His comfert fluttern as he ran—and old Tige, don't you know,
A-jumpin' high fer rabbits and a-plowin' up the snow!

It must a be'n most ten that night afore we got to bed—
With Wilse and John-Jack he'ppin' us; and Freeman in the shed,
And Lide out with the lantern while he trimmed a Chrismus-tree
Out of a little scrub-oak top 'at suited to a t!

All night I dreamp' o' hearin' things a-skulkin' round the place—
And "Old Kriss," with his whiskers off and freckles on his face—
And reindeers, shaped like shavin'-hosses at the cooper-shop,
A-stickin' down the chimbly, with their heels out at the top!

By time 'at Mother got me up 'twas plum daylight and more—
The front yard full o' neighbers all a-crowdin' round the d or,
With Johnts's mother leadin'; yes—and little Johnts hisse'f,
Set up on Freeman's shoulder, like a jug up on the she'f!

Of course I can't describe it when they all got in to where
We'd conjered up the Chrismus-tree and all the fixin's there.—
For all the shouts o' laughture—clappin' hands, and crackin' jokes,
Was heap o' kissin' goin' on amongst the women-folks:—

Fer, lo-behold-ye! there they had that young-un!—And his chin
A-wobblin' like;—and, shore enough, at last he started in—
And—sich another bellerin', in all my mortal days
I never heerd, er 'spect to hear, in woe's app'inted ways!

And Mother grabs him up and ssys: "It's more'n he can bear—
It's all too *sudden* fer the child, and *too* su'prisin'!—There!"
"Oh, no it ain't"—sobbed little Johnts—"I *ain't* su'prised—but I'm
A-cryin' 'cause I watched you all and knowed it all the time!"

EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crewe," etc.

[Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture] by WILLIAM BRYCE in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty eight.]

I will begin by saying that Editha was always rather a queer little girl, and not much like other children. She was not a strong, healthy little girl, and had never been able to run about and play; and, as she had no sisters or brothers, or companions of her own size she was rather old-fashioned, as her aunts used to call it. She had always been very fond of books, and had learned to

read when she was such a tiny child, that I should almost be afraid to say how tiny she was when she read her first volume through. Her papa wrote books himself, and was also the editor of a newspaper; and as he had a large library, Editha perhaps read more than was quite good for her. She lived in London; and, as her mamma was very young and pretty, and went out a great deal, and her papa was so busy, and her governess only came in the morning, she was left to herself a good many hours in the day, and when she was left to herself, she spent the greater part of her time in the library reading her papa's big books, and even his newspapers.

She was very fond of the newspapers, because she found so many curious things in them,—stories, for instance, of strange events which happened every day in the great city of London, and yet never seemed to happen anywhere near where she lived. Through the newspapers, she found that there were actually men who lived by breaking into people's houses and stealing all the nice things they could carry away, and she read that such men were called burglars. When she first began to read about burglars, she was very much troubled. In the first place, she felt rather timid about going to bed at night, and, in the second place, she felt rather sorry for the burglars.

"I suppose no one ever taught them any better," she thought.

In fact, she thought so much about the matter, that she could not help asking her papa some questions one morning when he was at breakfast. He was reading his paper and eating his chops both at once when she spoke to him.

"Papa," she said, in a solemn little voice, and looking at him in a very solemn manner, "papa dear, what do you think of burglars—as a class?" (She said, "as a class," because she had heard one of her papa's friends say it, and as he was a gentleman she admired very much, she liked to talk as he did.) Her papa gave a little jump in his chair, as if she had startled him, and then he pushed his hair off his forehead and stared at her.

"Burglars! As a class!" he said, and then he stared at her a minute again in rather a puzzled way. "Bless my soul!" he said. "As a class, Nixie!" (that was his queer pet name for her). "Nixie, where is your mother?"

"She is in bed, papa dear, and we mustn't disturb her," said Editha. "The party last night tired her out. I peeped into her room softly as I came down. She looks so pretty when she is asleep. What *do* you think of burglars, papa?"

"I think they're a bad lot, Nixie," said her papa, "a bad lot."

"Are there no good burglars, papa?"

"Well, Nixie," answered papa, "I should say not. As a rule, you know,—" and here he began to smile, as people often smiled at Editha when she asked questions—"as a rule, burglars are not distinguished for moral perspicuity and blameless character."

But Editha did not understand what moral perspicuity meant, and besides she was thinking again.

"Miss Lane was talking to me the other day about some poor children who had never been taught anything; they had never had any French or music lessons, and scarcely knew how to read, and she said they had never had any advantages. Perhaps that is the way with the burglars, papa—perhaps they have never had any advantages,—perhaps if they had had advantages they might'nt have been burglars."

"Lessons in French and music are very elevating to the mind, my dear Nixie," papa began in his laughing way, which was always a trial to Editha, but suddenly he stopped and looked at her rather sadly.

"How old are you, Nixie?" he asked.

"I am seven," answered Editha, "seven years, going on eight."

Papa sighed.

"Come here, little one," he said, holding out his strong white hand to her.

She left her chair and went to him, and he put his arms around her and kissed her, and stroked her long brown hair.

"Don't puzzle your little brain too much," he said, "never mind about the burglars, Nixie."

"Well," said Editha, "I can't help thinking about them a little, and it seems to me that there must be, perhaps, one good burglar among all the bad ones, and I can't help being rather sorry, even for the bad ones. You see, they must have to be up all night, and out in the rain sometimes, and they can't help not having had advantages."

It was strange that the first thing she heard, when she went up to her mamma's room, was something about burglars.

She was very, very fond of her mamma, and very proud of her. She even tried to take care of her in her small way; she never disturbed her when she was asleep, and she always helped her to dress, bringing her things to her, buttoning her little shoes and gloves, putting the perfume on her handkerchiefs, and holding her wraps until she wanted them.

This morning, when she went into the dressing-room, she found the chambermaid there before her, and her dear little mamma looking very pale.

"Ah, mem, if you please, mem," the chambermaid was saying, "what a blessing it was they didn't come here!"

"Who, Janet?" Editha asked.

"The burglars, Miss, that broke into Number Eighteen last night, and carried off all the silver, and the missus's jewellery."

"If burglars ever do break in here," said mamma, "I hope none of us will hear them, though it would almost break my heart to have my things taken. If I should waken in the night, and find a burglar in my room, I think it would kill me, and I know I should scream, and then there is no knowing what they might do. If ever you think there is a burglar in the house, Nixie, whatever you do, don't scream or make any noise. It would be better to have one's things stolen than to be killed by burglars for screaming."

She was not a very wise little mamma, and often said rather thoughtless things; but she was very gentle and loving, and Editha was so fond of her that she put her arms round her waist and said to her.

"Mamma, dearest, I will never let any burglars hurt you or frighten you if I can help it. I do believe I could persuade them not to. I should think even a burglar would listen to reason."

That made her mamma laugh, so that she forgot all about the burglars and began to get her colour again, and it was not long before she was quite gay, and was singing a song she had heard at the opera, while Editha was helping her to dress.

But that very night Editha met a burglar.

Just before dinner, her papa came up from the city in a great hurry. He dashed up to the front door in a cab, and, jumping out, ran upstairs to mamma, who was sitting in the drawing-room, while Editha read aloud to her.

"Kitty, my dear," he said, "I am obliged to go to Glasgow by the 'five' train. I must throw a few things into a portmanteau and go at once."

"Oh, Fr ncis?" said mamma. "And just after that burglary at the Norris's! I don't like to be left alone."

"The servants are here," said papa, "and Nixie will take care of you; won't you, Nixie? Nixie is interested in burglars."

"I am sure Nixie could do more than the servants," said mamma. "All three of them sleep in one room at the top of the house when you are away, and even if they awakened they would only scream."

"Nixie wouldn't scream," said papa, laughing, "Nixie would do something heroic. I will leave you in her hands."

He was only joking, but Editha did not think of what he said as a joke; she felt that her mamma was really left in her care, and that it was a very serious matter.

She thought about it so seriously that she hardly talked at all at dinner, and was so

quiet afterward that her mamma said, "Dear me, Nixie, what *are* you thinking of? You look as solemn as a little owl."

"I am thinking of you, mamma," the child answered.

And then her mamma laughed and kissed her, and said: "Well, I must say I don't see why you should look so grave about me. I didn't think I was such a solemn subject."

At last bed-time came, and the little girl went to her mother's room, because she was to sleep there.

"I am glad I have you with me, Nixie, said mamma, with a rather nervous laugh. "I am sure I shouldn't like to sleep in this big room alone."

But, after she was in bed, she soon fell asleep, and lay looking so happy and sweet and comfortable that Editha thought it was lovely to see her.

Editha did not go to sleep for a long time. She thought of her papa trying to sleep in the train, rushing through the dark night on its way to Scotland: she thought of a new book she had just begun to read; she thought of a child she had once heard singing in the street; and when her eyes closed at length, her mind had just gone back to the burglars at Number Eighteen. She slept until midnight, and then something wakened her. At first she did not know what it was, but in a few minutes she found that it was a queer little sound coming from downstairs, a sound like a stealthy filing of iron.

She understood in a moment then, because she had heard the chamber-maid say that the burglars broke into Number Eighteen by filing through the bars of the shutters.

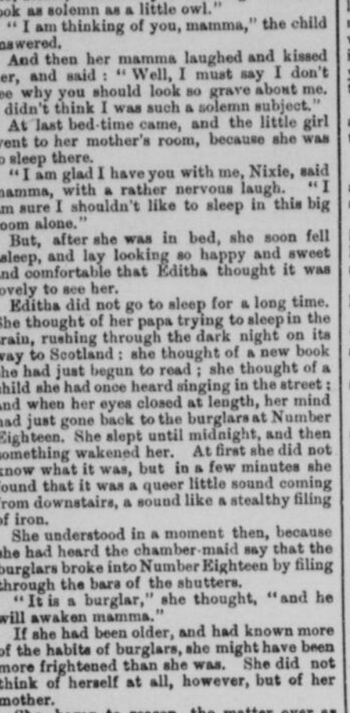
"It is a burglar," she thought, "and he will awaken mamma."

If she had been older, and had known more of the habits of burglars, she might have been more frightened than she was. She did not think of herself at all, however, but of her mother.

She began to reason the matter over as quickly as possible, and she made up her mind that the burglar must not be allowed to make a noise.

"I'll go down and ask him to please to be quiet as he can," she said to herself, "and I'll tell him why."

Certainly, this was a queer thing to think of doing, but I told you when I began my story that she was a queer little girl.



She slipped out of bed so quietly that she scarcely stirred the clothes, and then slipped just as quietly out of the room and down the stairs.

The filing had ceased, but she heard a sound of stealthy feet in the kitchen; and, though it must be confessed her heart beat rather faster than usual, she made her way to the kitchen and opened the door.

Imagine the astonishment of that burglar when, on hearing the door open, he turned round and found himself looking at a slender little girl, in a white frilled night-gown, and with bare feet, a little girl whose large brown eyes rested on him in a by no means unfriendly way.

"I'll be polite to him," Editha had said, as she was coming downstairs. "I am sure he'll be more obliging if I am very polite. Miss Lane says politeness always win its way."

So the first words she spoke were as polite as she could make them.

"Don't be frightened," she said, in a soft voice. "I don't want to hurt you; I came to ask you a favor of you."

The burglar was so amazed that he actually forgot he was a burglar, and staggered back against the wall. I think he thought at first that Editha was a little ghost. "You see I couldn't hurt you if I wanted to," she went on, wishing to encourage him. I'm too little. I'm only seven—and a little over—and I'm not going to scream, because that would waken mamma, and that's just what I don't want to do."

That did encourage the burglar, but still he was so astonished that he did not know what to do.

"Well, I'm blowed," he said in a whisper, "if this ain't a rummy go," which was extremely vulgar language; but unfortunately he was one of those burglars who, as Miss Lane said, "had not had any advantages," which is indeed the case with the majority of the burglars of my acquaintance.

Then he began to laugh, in a whisper also, if one can be said to laugh in a whisper. He put his hand over his mouth, and made no noise, but he laughed so hard that he doubled up and rocked himself to and fro.

"The rummiest go," he said, in his uneducated way. "An' she hain't a-going to 'urt me. Oh, my heye."

He was evidently very badly educated, indeed, for he not only used singular words, but sounded his h's all in the wrong places. Editha noticed this, even in the midst of her surprise at his laughter. She could not understand what he was laughing at. Then it occurred to her that she might have made a mistake.

"If you please," she said, with great delicacy, "are you really a burglar?

He stopped laughing just long enough to answer her.

"Lor' no, miss, he said, "by no manner o' means, I'm a dear friend o' yer par's, come to make an evenin' call, an' not a-wishin' to trouble the servants, I stepped in through the winder."

"Ah," said Editha, looking very gravely at him, "I see you are joking with me, as papa does sometimes. But what I wanted to say to you was this; papa has gone to Scotland, and all our servants are women, and mamma would be so frightened if you were to waken her, that I am sure it would make her ill. And if you are going to burgle, would you please burgle as quietly as you can, so that you won't disturb her."

The burglar stopped laughing, and, staring at her, once more uttered his vulgar exclamation:

"Well, I'll be blowed!"

"Why don't you say, 'I'll be blown'?" asked Editha, "I'm sure it isn't correct to say you'll be blowed."

She thought he was going off into one of his unaccountable fits of laughter again, but he did not; he seemed to check himself with an effort.

"There hain't no time to waste," she heard him mutter.

"No, I suppose there isn't," she answered. "Mamma might wake and miss me. What are you going to burgle first?"

"You'd better go upstairs to yer mar," he said, rather sulkily.

Editha thought deeply for a few seconds.

"You oughtn't to burgle anything," she said. "Of course you know that, but if you have really made up your mind to do it, I would like to show you the things you'd better take."

"What, fer instance?" said the burglar, with interest.

"You mustn't take any of mamma's things," said Editha, "because they are all in her room, and you would waken her, and besides, she said it would break her heart; and don't take any of the things papa is fond of. I'll tell you what," turning rather pale, "you can take my things."

"It's all a matter o' taste," interrupted the burglar, "Oxford and Cambridge 'as different vocabillaries."

"Did you go to Oxford?" asked Editha, politely.

"No," said he, "nor yet to Cambridge."

Then he laughed again, and seemed to be quite enjoying himself as he made some forks and spoons up into a bundle. "I 'ope there ain't no plated stuff 'ere," he said. "Plate's wulgar, an' I 'ope yer parents haint wulgar,

"Oh! you are very kind," said Editha, when she saw him do this.

"That's a reward o'merit, cos yer didn't squeal," said the burglar.

He was so busy for the next few minutes that he did not speak, though now and then he broke into a low laugh, as if he was thinking of something very funny, indeed. During the silence, Editha sat holding her little feet in her night gown, and watching him very curiously. A great many new thoughts came into her active brain, and at last she could not help asking some more questions.

"Would you really rather be a burglar than anything else?" she inquired, respectfully.

"Well" said the man, "p'r'aps I'd prefer to be Lord Mayor, or a member o' the 'Ouse o' Lords, or heven the Prince o' Wales, only for there being' hobstacles the way of it."

"Oh!" said Editha; "you couldn't be the Prince of Wales, you know. I meant wouldn't you rather be in some other profession? My papa is an editor," she added. "How would you like to be an editor?"

"Well," said the burglar, "hif yer par ud change with me, or hif he chanced to know hany heditor with a roarin' trade as ud be so hobligin' as to 'and it hover, hits wot I've allers 'ad a leanin' to."

"I am sure papa would not like to be a burglar," said Editha, thoughtfully; but perhaps he might speak to his friends about you, if you would give me your name and address, and if I were to tell him how obliging you were, and if I told him you really didn't like being a burglar."

The burglar put his hand to his pocket and gave a start of great surprise.

"To think o' me a-forgettin' my card-case," he said, "an' a-leavin' it on the planner when I come hout! I'm sich a bloomin' forgetful

regretfully, "but I'll try yer. Lord Halgernon Heward Halbert de Pentonwille, Yde Park. Can you think o' that?"

"Are you a lord?" exclaimed Editha.

"Dear me, how strange!"

"It is sing'lar," said the burglar, shaking his head. "I've hoften thought so myself. But not wishin' to detain a lady no longer than can be 'elped, s'pose we take a turn in the lib'ery among yer respected par's things."

"Don't make a noise," said Editha as she led the way.

But when they reached the library her loving little heart failed her. All the things her father valued most were there, and he would be sure to be so sorry if one thing was missing when he returned. She stood on the threshold a moment and looked about her.

"Oh," she whispered, "please do me another favor, won't you? Please let me slip quietly upstairs and bring down my own things instead. They will be so easy to carry away, and they are very valuable, and—and I will make you a present of them if you will not touch anything that belongs to papa. He is so fond of his things and, besides that, he is so good."

The burglar gave a rather strange and disturbed look at her.

"Go an' get yer gimcracks," he said in a somewhat grumbling voice.

Her treasures were in her own room, and her bare feet made no sound as she crept slowly up the staircase and then down again But when she handed the little box to the burglar her eyes were wet.

"Papa gave me the watch, and mamma gave me the locket." she whispered, tremulously; "and the pearls were grandmamma's, and grandmamma is in heaven."

It would not be easy to know what the burglar thought; he looked queerer than ever. Perhaps he was not quite so bad as some burglars, and felt rather ashamed of taking her treasures from a little girl who loved other people better than she loved herself. But he did not touch any of papa's belongings, and, indeed, did not remain much longer. He grumbled a little when he looked into the drawing-room, saying something to himself about "folks never 'avin' no consideration for a cove, an' leavin' nothin' portable 'andy, a expectin' of him to carry off seventy-five pound bronze clocks an' marble stattoos;" but, though Editha was sorry to see that he appeared annoyed, she did not understand him.

After that, he returned to the pantry and helped himself to some cold game pie, and seemed to enjoy it.

Then he took up his bundles of silver and the other articles he had appropriated, and seeing that he was going away, Editha rose from the pantry step.

"Are you going out through the window?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, with a chuckle, "it's a little 'abit I've got into. I prefers 'em to doors."

"Well, good-bye," she said, holding out her hand politely. "And thank you, my lord."

She felt it only respectful to say that, even if he had fallen into bad habits and become a burglar.

He shook hands with her in quite a friendly manner, and even made a bow.

"Yer welcome, my dear," he said. "An' I must hadd that if I ever see a queerer or better behaved little kid, may I be blowed—or, as yer told me it would be more correcter to say, I'll be blown."

Editha did not know he was joking; she thought he was improving, and that if he had had advantages he might have been a very nice man.

It was astonishing how neatly he slipped through the window: he was gone in a second, and Editha found herself standing alone in the dark, as he had taken his lantern with him.

She groped her way out and up the stairs, and then, for the first time, she began to feel cold and rather weak and strange; it was more like being frightened than any feeling she had had while the burglar was in the house.

"Perhaps, if he had been a very bad burglar, he might have killed me," she said to herself, trembling a little. "I am very glad he did not kill me, for—for it would have hurt mamma so, and papa too, when he came back, and they told him."

Her mamma wakened in the morning with a bright smile.

"Nobody hurt us, Nixie," she said. "We are all right, aren't we?"

"Yes, mamma dear," said Editha.

She did not want to startle her just then, so she said nothing more, and she even said nothing all through the excitement that followed the discovery of the robbery, and indeed said nothing until her papa came home, and then he wondered so at her pale face, and petted her so tenderly, and thought it so strange that nothing but her treasures had

"It is my fault, Francis," wept the poor little mamma, "I left her too much to herself and I have not been a wise mother. Oh, to think of her risking her dear little life just to save me from being frightened, and to

think of her giving up the things she loves for our sakes. I will be a better mother to her, after this, and take care of her more."

But I am happy to say that the watch and locket and pearls were not altogether lost, and came back to their gentle little owner in time. About six months after, the burglar was caught, as burglars are apt to be, and being tried and sentenced to transportation to the penal settlements (which means that he was to be sent away to be a prisioner in a far country), a police officer came one day to see Editha' papa, and he actually came from that burglar, who was in jail and wanted to see Editha for a special reason. Editha's papa took her to see him, and the moment she entered his cell she knew him.

"How do you do, my lord?" she said, in a gentle tone.

"Not as lively as common, miss," he answered, "in consekence o' the confinement not bein' good for my 'e'lth."

"None of your chaff," said the police officer. "Say what you have got to say."

And then, strange to say, the burglar brought forth from under his mattress a box, which he handed to the little girl.

"One o' my wisitors brought 'em in to me this mornin'," he said. "I thought yer might as well hev 'em. I kep' 'em partly 'cos it was more convenienter, an' partly 'cos I took a fancy to yer. I've seed a many curi's things, sir," he said to Editha's papa, "but never nothin' as-bloomin' queer as that little kid a-comin' in an' tellin' me she won't 'urt me, nor yet won't scream, and please won't I burgle quietly so as not to disturb her mar. It brought my 'art in my mouth when first I did see her, an' then, lor', how I larft. I almost made up my mind to give her things back to her afore I left, but I didn't quite do that—it was agin human natur'."

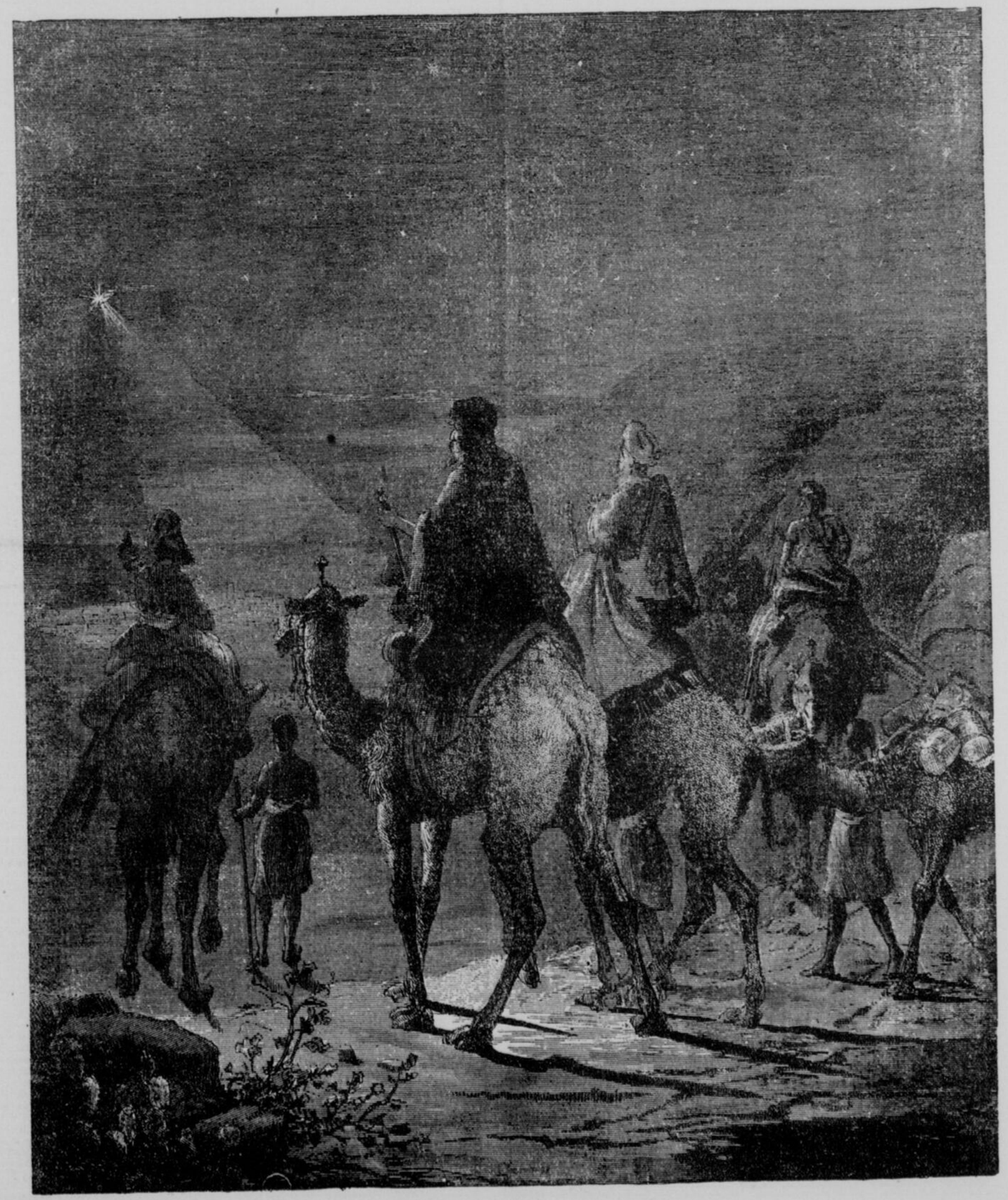
But they were in the box now, and Editha was so glad to see them that she could scarcely speak for a few seconds. Then she thanked the burglar politely.

"I am much obliged to you," she said, "and I am really very sorry you are to be sent so far away. I am sure papa would have tried to help you if he could, though he says he is afraid you would not do for an editor.

The burglar closed one eye and made a very singular grimace at the police officer, who turned away suddenly, and did not look round until Editha had bidden her acquaintance good-bye.

And even this was not quite all. A few weeks later a box was left for Editha by a very shabby, queer-looking man, who quickly disappeared as soon as he had given it to the servant at the door; and in this box was a very large old fashioned silver watch, almost as big as a turnip, and inside the lid were scratched these words:

THE END.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

"What kind o' things?" asked the burglar.

"My locket, and the little watch papa gave me, and the necklace and bracelets my grandmamma left me,—they are worth a great deal of money, and they are very pretty, and I was to wear them when I grew to be a young lady, but—but you can take them. And—then—" very slowly, and with a deep sigh, "there are—my books. I'm very fond of them, but—"

"I don't want no books," said the burglar.

"Don't you?" exclaimed she. "Ah, thank you." Well," said the burglar, as if to himself, and staring hard at her brightening face, "I never see no sich a start afore."

"Shall I go upstairs and get the other things?" said Editha.

"No," he said. "You stay where you are—or stay, come along o' me inter the pantry, an' sit down while I'm occypied."

He led the way into the pantry, and pushed her down on a step, and then began to open the drawers where the silver was kept.

"It's curious that you should know just where to look for things, and that your key should fit, isn't it?" said Editha.

"Yes," he answered, "it's werry sing'lar, indeed. There's a good deal in bein' eddicated."

"Are you educated?" saked Editha, with a look of surprise.

"Did yer think I wasn't?" said the burglar.

"Well, said Editha, not wishing to offend him, "you see, you pronounce your words so very strangely."

cos that'd be setting' ye a werry bad examp e an' sp'ilin' yer morals."

"I am sure papa and mamma are not vulgar," said Editha.

The burglar opened another drawer, and chuckled again, and this suggested to Editha's mind another question.

"Is your business a good one?" she suddenly inquired of him.

"T'ain't as good as it ought to be, by no manner o' means," said the burglar. "Every one ha'n't as hobligin' as you, my little dear."

"Oh!" said Editha. "You know you obliged me by not making a noise."

"Well," said the burglar, "as a rule we don't make a practice o' making' no more noise than we can help. It hain't considered 'ealthy in the profession."

"Would you mind leaving us a few forks and spoons to eat with, if you please? I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I'm afraid we shall not have any to use at breakfast."

"Hain't you got no steel uns?" inquired the burglar.

"Mamma wouldn't like to use steel ones, I'm sure," Editha answered. "I'll tell you what you can do; please leave out enough for mamma, and I can use steel. I don't care about myself, much."

The man seemed to think a moment, and then he was really so accommodating as to do as she asked, and even went to the length of leaving out her own little fork and knife and spoon,

cove. I might hev knowed I'd hev wanted it."

"It is a pity," said Editha; "but if you told me your name and your number, I think I could remember it."

"I'm afeard yer couldn't," said the burglar,

THE MERCURY AND ARGUS.

RUSKIN'S LAVISH PRAISE OF TURNER'S GREAT WORK NOW ON EXHIBITION IN MONTREAL.

SCATHING BUT AMUSING CRITICISM OF OTHER SCHOOLS.

We give to day a copy of the steel engraving after Turner's great masterpiece, the "Mercury and Argus," now in the possession of that public-spirited citizen of Montreal, Sir Donald A. Smith, who has conferred a great benefit upon the people of this city by placing it in the hands of the managers of the Art Association for public exhibition.

This picture is, according to the highest authorities, one of the very greatest of the works of the greatest of English, and, perhaps, of all landscape painters. It was painted while the powers of the artist were at their zenith, and displays his many excellencies more fully than do most of his works. It is referred to over and over again in "Modern Painters," Ruskin's great work in vindication of English landscape painting, more often, perhaps, than any other work.

RUSKIN ADMIRES THE ENGRAVINGS.

The steel engravings after Turner's great paintings have always been very popular, and those who enjoy them will be glad to know that their enjoyment is legitimate, seeing that Mr. Ruskin sanctions it. In his chapter treating of truth of color he remarks upon the entire subordination of Turner's system of color to light and shade, "a subordination," Mr. Ruskin says, "which there is no need to prove here, as every engraving from his works—and few are engraved—is sufficient demonstration of it. I have before shown the inferiority and unimportance in nature of color, as a truth, compared with light and shade. That inferiority is maintained and asserted by all really great works of color, but most by Turner's, as their color is most intense. Whatever brilliancy he may choose to assume is subjected to an inviolable law of chiaroscuro, from which there is no appeal. No richness nor depth of tint is considered of value enough to atone for the loss of one particle of arranged light. No brilliancy of hue is permitted to interfere with the depth of a determined shadow. And hence it is, that while engravings from works far less splendid in color are often vapid and cold, because the little color employed has not been rightly based on light and shade, an engraving from

TURNER IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL

and forcible in proportion as the color of the original has been intense, and never in a single instance has failed to express the picture as a perfect composition. Powerful and captivating and faithful as his color is, it is the least important of all his excellencies because it is the least important feature of nature. He paints in color but he thinks in light and shade; and were it necessary, rather than lose one line of his forms, or one ray of his sunshine, would, I apprehend, be content to paint in black and white to the end of his life. It is by mistaking the shadow for the substance, and aiming at the brilliancy and the fire, without perceiving of what deep-studied shade and inimitable form it is at once the result and the illustration, that the host of his imitators sink into deserved disgrace. With him, as with all the greatest painters, and in Turner's more than all, the hue is a beautiful auxiliary in working out the great impression to be conveyed, but it is not the source nor the essence of that impression; it is little more than a visible melody, given to raise and assist the mind in the reception of nobler ideas—as sacred passages of sweet sound, to prepare the feelings for the reading of the mysteries of God."

A QUEER TRICK OF AN ENGRAVER.

"Our purpose would have been served by the quotation only of the lines regarding engravings from Turner, but the passage is such a noble one, and the truths concerning Turner's subordination of color to light and shade are probably so little realized by ordinary lovers of his pictures that we could not refrain from transcribing the whole passage. It was in 1841 that Ruskin remarked that few of Turner's pictures are engraved, and he afterwards had to modify his opinion regarding the engravings "never failing to express the picture as a perfect composition," as in one engraving, that of "Winchelsea," the engraver destroyed the sky and in order to draw attention from that he put in a flash of lightning, which does not exist in the original. "The lines in the foreground of the engraved Mercury and Argus have all of them three or four black lines across them. What sort of leaf texture," Ruskin asks, "is supposed to be represented by them." All Ruskin's references to the noble painting, which Montreal now possesses, will be read with interest.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.

Writing "of truth of tone," meaning by that "the right relation of objects in shadow to principal light," and the "quality of color by which it is felt to owe part of its brightness to the hue of light upon it" Mr. Ruskin describes the sacrifices by the old masters of the truths of space to the appearance of truth of tone, and after instancing the case of N. Poussin's Phocion in illustration, together with a modern instance, he says:

"Compare with those Turner's treatment of his materials in the Mercury and Argus. He has here his light actually coming from the distance, the sun being nearly in the centre of the picture, and a violent relief of objects against it would be far more justifiable than in Poussin's case. But this dark relief is used in its full force only with the nearest *leaves* of the nearest group of foliage overhanging the foreground from the left; and between these and the more distant members of the same group, though only three or four yards separate, distinct aerial perspective and nonintervening mist light are shown; while the large tree in the centre, though very dark, as being very near, compared with all the distance, is much diminished in intensity of shade from the nearest group of leaves, and is faint compared with all the foreground. It is true that this tree has not, in consequence, the actual pitch of shade against the sky which it would have in nature; but it has precisely as much as it possibly can have, to leave it the same proportionate relation to objects near at hand."

DAZZLING BRILLIANCY.

In his chapter treating "of truth of color," Mr. Ruskin points out that Turner scarcely ever uses pure or vivid color, for "Turner, like all great colorists, is distinguished not more for his fame of dazzling and overwhelming the eye with intensity of effect, than for the fame of doing so by the use of subdued and gentle means. There is no man living more cautious and sparing in the use of pure color than Turner. To say that he never perpetrates anything like the blue excrescences of foregrounds, or hills *shot* like a housekeeper's best silk gown, with blue and red, which certain of our celebrated artists consider the essence of the sublime, would be but a poor compliment. I might as well praise the portraits of Titian, because they have not the grimace and paint of a clown in a pantomime; but I do say, and say with confidence, that there is scarcely a landscape artist of the present day, however sober and lightless their effects may look, who does not employ more pure or raw color than Turner; and that the tinsel and trash, or rather vicious and perilous stuff, according to the power of the mind producing it, with which the walls of our Academy are half covered, disgracing in weak hands, or in more powerful, degrading and corrupting our whole school of art, is based on a system of color beside which Turner is as Vesta to Cotytto.

THE CHASTITY OF FIRE

to the foulness of earth. Every picture of this great colorist has, in one or two parts of it (keynotes of the whole), points where the system of each individual color is concentrated by a single stroke, as pure as it can come from the pallet; but throughout the great space and extent of even the most brilliant of his works there will not be found a raw color; that is to say, there is no warmth which has no gray in it, and no blue which has no warmth in it; and the tints in which he most excels and distances all other men, the most cherished and inimitable features of his colors are, as with all perfect colorists they must be, his grays.

"It is instructive in this respect to compare the sky of the Mercury and Argus with the various illustrations of the serenity, space and sublimity naturally inherent in blue and pink, of which every year's exhibition brings forward enough and to spare. In the Mercury and Argus, the pale and vaporous blue of the heated sky is broken with gray and pearly white, the gold color of the light warming it more or less as it approaches or retires from the sun; but throughout there is not a grain of pure blue; all is subdued and warmed at the same time by the mingling gray and gold, up to the very zenith, where, breaking through the flaky mist, the transparent and deep azure of the sky is expressed with a single crumbling touch; the key note of the whole is given, and every part of it passes at once far into glowing and aerial space. The reader can scarcely fail to remember at once sundry works in contradistinction to this, with great names attached to them, in which the sky is a sheer piece of plumber's and glazier's work, and should be valued per yard with heavy extra charge for ultramarine."

CLOUDS IN THE MERCURY AND ARGUS.

Mr. Ruskin declares that the whole field of ancient landscape art affords but one instance of any effort to represent the character of the upper cloud region "That one instance is the landscape of Rubens in our own gallery, in which the mottled or fleecy sky is given with perfect truth and exquisite beauty." * * * * *

"There is scarcely a painting of Turner's, in which serenity of sky and intensity of light are aimed at together, in which these clouds (cirrus or upper) are not used, though there are not two cases in which they are used altogether alike. Sometimes they are crowded together in masses of mingling light, as in the Shylock; every part and atom sympathizing in that continuous expression of slow movement which Shelly has so beautifully touched:

"Underneath the young, grey dawn,
A multitude of dense, white fleecy clouds,
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind."

"At other times they are blended with the sky itself, felt only here and there by a ray of light calling them into existence out of its misty shade, as in the Mercury and Argus."

THE FOREGROUND "NATURE HERSELF"

Mr. Ruskin gives a section of his work to declaring the principles "of truth of earth," and in one chapter treating "of the foreground" he denounces strongly the carelessness and falseness of the old masters in painting it, and the absolute truth of Turner's representations, and especially of that of the Mercury and Argus, which, he says, is "nature herself." He compares Claude and Turner in the following passage:—

"Perhaps, however, the 'beautiful foregrounds' of Claude afford the most remarkable witnesses of childishness and incompetence of all. That of his morning landscape, with the large group of trees and high single arched bridge, in the National Gallery, is a pretty fair example of the kind of error which he falls into. I will not say anything of the agreeable composition of the three banks rising one behind another from the water. I merely affirm that it amounts to a demonstration that all three were painted in the artist's study, without any reference to nature whatever. In fact, there is quite enough intrinsic evidence in each of them to prove this, seeing that what appears to be meant for vegetation upon them, amounts to nothing more than a green stain on their surfaces, the more evidently false because the leaves of the trees twenty yards farther off are all perfectly visible and distinct; and that the sharp lines with which each cuts against that beyond it, are not only such as crumbling earth could never show or assume, but are maintained through their whole progress ungraduated, unchanging, and unaffected by any of the circumstances of varying shade, to which every one of nature's lines is inevitably subjected. In fact, the whole arrangement is the impotent struggle of a tyro to express, by successive edges, that approach of earth which he finds himself incapable of expressing by the drawing of the surface. Claude wished to make you understand that the edge of his pond came nearer and nearer; he had probably often tried to do this with an unbroken bank, or a bank only varied by the delicate and harmonized anatomy of nature, and he had found that, owing to his total ignorance of the laws of perspective, such efforts on his part invariably ended in his reducing his pond to the form of a round O, and making it look perpendicular. Much comfort and solace of mind, in such unpleasant circumstances, may be derived from instantly dividing the obnoxious bank into a number of successive promontories and developing their edges with completeness and intensity. Every school girl's drawing, as soon as her mind has arrived at so great a degree as to perceive that perpendicular water is objectionable, will supply us with edifying instances of this unfailing resource; and this foreground of Claude's is only one out of the thousand cases in which he has been reduced to it. And if it be asked, how the proceeding differs from that of nature, I have only to point to nature herself, as she is drawn in the foreground of Turner's Mercury and Argus, a case precisely similar to Claude's, of earthy crumbling banks cut away by water. It will be found in this picture (and I am now describing nature's work and Turner's with the same words) that the whole distance is given by retirement of solid surface; and that if ever an edge is expressed it is only felt for an instant, and then lost again; so that the eye cannot stop at it and prepare for a long jump to another like it, but is guided over it, and round it, into the hollow beyond; and thus the whole receding mass of ground, going back for more than a quarter of a mile, is made completely *one*—no part is separated from the rest for an instant—it is all united, and its modulations are *members*, not *divisions*, of its mass. But these modulations are countless—heaving here, sinking there—now swelling, now moulder ing, now blending, now breaking—giving in fact, to the foreground of this universal master precisely the same qualities which we have seen before in his hills, as Claude gave to his foreground precisely the same qualities which we had before found in *his* hills—infinite unity in the one case, finite division in the other."

A PICTURE TO BE STUDIED.

Mr. Ruskin proceeds throughout the end of the chapter to analyze and describe Turner's principles and methods in foreground drawing, as displayed in such pictures as the "Upper Fall of the Tees," "Yorkshire" and the "Llanthony Abbey," and the "Lower Falls of the Tees," by which nature is truthfully and powerfully portrayed. He concludes:—

"It is not until we have made ourselves acquainted with these simple facts of form, as they are illustrated by the slighter works of Turner, that we can become at all competent to enjoy the combination of all in such work as the Mercury and Argus, or Bay of Baiae, in which the mind is at first bewildered by the abundant out-pouring of the master's knowledge. Often as I have paused before these noble works, I never felt on returning to them as if I had ever seen them before, for their abundance is so deep and various that the mind, according to its own temper at the time of seeing, perceives some new series of truths rendered in them, just as it would on revisiting a natural scene; and detects new relations and associations of these truths which set the whole picture in a different light at every return to it. And this effect is especially caused by the management of the foreground, for the more marked objects of the picture may be taken one by one, and thus examined and known; but the foregrounds of Turner are so united in all their parts that the eye cannot take them by divisions, but is guided from stone to stone, and bank to bank, discovering truths totally different in aspect, according to the direction in which it approaches them, and approaching them in a different direction and viewing them as a part of a new system, every time that it begins its course at a new point. One lesson, however, we are invariably taught by all, however approached or viewed,—that the work of the Great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects—that the Divine mind is as visible in its full energy of operation on every lowly bank and moulder ing stone as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven and settling the foundation of the earth; and that to the rightly perceiving mind, there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection, manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the moulder ing of the dust as in the kindling of the day-star."

BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTION OF THE STREAM.

"Of Truth of Water" is the subject of section five, and chapter third deals with Turner's powers in painting water. In this connection Ruskin chooses the Mercury and Argus as an example of Turner's treatment of a torrent in a picture the spirit of which is one of repose. He compares it with the painting Llanthony Abbey, which he says may be regarded as the standard of torrent drawing, where the spirit of wild motion reigns. Ruskin says:

"Now, this picture (the Llanthony) is, as was noticed in our former reference to it, full of expression of every kind of motion; the clouds are in wild haste; the sun is gleaming fast and fitfully through the leaves; the rain is drifting away along the hillside, and the torrent, the principal object, to complete the impression, is made the wildest thing of all and not only wild before us, and with us, but bearing within its every motion, from its long course, the record of its rage. Observe how differently Turner uses his torrent when the spirit of the picture is repose. In the Mercury and Argus we have also a stream in the foreground; but, in coming down to us, we see it stopping twice in two quiet and glassy pools, upon which the drinking cattle cast an unstirred image. From the nearest of these the water leaps in three cascades into another basin close to us; it trickles in silver threads through the leaves at its edge, and falls tinkling and splashing (though in considerable body) into the pool, stirring its quiet surface, at which a bird is stooping to drink, with concentric and curling ripples which divide round the stone at its farthest border and descend in sparkling foam over the lip of the basin. Thus we find, in every case, the system of Turner's truth entirely unbroken, each phase and phenomenon of nature being recorded exactly where it is most valuable and impressive."

UNCLE REMUS.

MORE NIGHTS ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

HOW BROTHER FOX WAS TOO SMART.

"Uncle Remus," said the little boy, one night when he found the old man alone, "I don't like these stories where somebody has to stand at the door and sing, do you? They don't sound funny to me."

Uncle Remus crossed his legs, took off his spectacles and laid them carefully on the floor under his chair, and made a great pretence of arguing the matter with the child.

"Now, den, honey, w'ich tale is it w'at you aint lak de mos'?"

"Dat mought be, yit deyer funny ter Brer Jack, en dey do mighty well fer ter pass de time. Atter w'iles you'll be a gwine 'roun' runnin' down ole Brer Rabbit en de t'er creeturs, en somehow er n'er you'll take 'n git ole Remus mix up wid um twel you won't know w'ich one un um you er runnin' down, en let 'lone dat, you won't keer needer. Shoo, honey! you aint de fus' chap w'at I done tole deze yer tales ter."

"Why, Uncle Remus," exclaimed the little boy, in a horrified tone, "I *wouldn't*; you *know* I wouldn't!"

"Don't tell me!" insisted the old man, "you er outgrowin' me, en you er outgrowin' de tales. Des lak Miss Sally change de lenk er yo' britches, des dat away I got ter do w'ence I whirl in en persoo atter de creeturs. Time wuz w'en you 'ud set down yer by dish yer h'ath, en you'd take'n holler en laugh en clap yo' han's w'en ole Brer Rabbit 'ud kick outen all er he tanglements; but deze times you sets dar wid yo' eyes wide open, en you don't crack a smile. I say it!" Uncle Remus exclaimed, changing his tone and attitude, as if addressing some third person concealed in the room. "I say it! Stidder j'inin' in wid de fun, he'll take'n lean back der en 'spute 'long wid you des lak grow'd up folks. I'll stick it out dis season, but w'en Chrismus come, I be bless ef I aint gwine ter ax Miss Sally fer my remoovance papers, en I'm gwine ter hang my bundle on my walkin' cane, en see w'at kinder dirt dey is at de fur een' er de big road."

"Yes!" exclaimed the little boy, triumphantly, "and, if you do, the patterrollers will get you."

"Well," replied the old man, with a curious air of resignation, "ef dey does, I ain't gwine ter do lak Brer Fox did w'en Brer Rabbit showed him de tracks in de big road."

"How did Brother Fox do, Uncle Remus?"

"Watch out, now! Dish yer one er de tales w'at aint got no fun in it."

"Uncle Remus, please tell it."

WINTER.

"Brer Fox, he sorter jub'ous, but he start todes de creetur. Ole Cousin Wildcat walk all 'roun' de tree, rubbin' hisse'f, but he aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Rabbit, he holler:

"'Des walk right up en slap 'im down, Brer Fox—de owdashus vilyun! Des hit 'im a surbinder, en ef he dast ter run, I boun' you I'll ketch 'im.'

"Brer Fox, he went up little nigher. Cousin Wildcat stop rubbin' on de tree, en sot up on he behime legs wid he front paws in de a'r, en he balance hisse'f by leanin' 'g'in de tree, but he aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Rabbit, he squall out, he did:

"'Oh, you nee'nter put up yo' han's en try ter beg off. Dat de way you fool my ole Grandaddy; but you can't fool we-all. All yo' settin' up en beggin' aint gwine ter he'p you. Ef youer so humble ez all dat, w'at make you come pesterin' 'longer we all? 'Hit 'im a clip, Brer Fox! Ef he run, I'll ketch 'im!"

"Brer Fox see de creetur look so mighty humble, settin' up dar lak he beggin' off, en he sorter take heart. He sidle up todes 'im, he did, en des ez he 'uz makin' ready fer ter slap 'im, old Cousin Wildcat drawd back en fotch Brer Fox a wipe 'cross de stomach."

Uncle Remus paused here a moment, as if to discover some term strong enough to do complete justice to the catastrophe. Presently he went on:

"Dat ar Cousin Wildcat creetur fotch Brer Fox a wipe 'cross de stomach, en you mought a yeard 'im squall fum yer ter Harmony Grove. Little mo' en de creetur would er to' Brer Fox in two. W'ence de creetur made a pass at 'im, Brer Rabbit knew w'at gwine ter happen, yit all de same, he tuck'n holler:

"'Hit 'im ag'in, Brer Fox! Hit 'im ag'in! I'm a-backin' you, Brer Fox! Ef he dast ter run, I'll inabout cripple 'im—dat I will. Hit 'im ag'in!'

"All dis time, w'iles Brer Rabbit gwine on dis away, Brer Fox, he 'uz a squattin' down, hol'in' he stomach wid bofe han's en des a moanin':

"'I'm ruint, Brer Rabbit! I'm ruint! Run fetch de doctor! I'm teetotally ruint!'

"'Bout dat time, Cousin Wildcat, he tuck'n tuck a walk. Brer Rabbit, he make lak he 'stonish' dat Brer Fox is hurted, He tuck'n 'zamin' de place, he did, en he up'n 'low:

"'Hit look lak ter me, Brer Fox, dat dat owdashus vilyun tuck'n struck you wid a reapin'-hook.'

"Wid dat Brer Rabbit lit out fer home, en w'en he git out er sight, he tuck'n shuck he han's des lak cat does w'en she git water on 'er foots, en he tuck'n laugh en laugh twel it make 'im sick fer ter laugh.

BROTHER WOLF GETS IN A WARM PLACE.

The little boy thought that the story of how the wildcat scratched Brother Fox was one of the best stories he had ever heard, and he didn't hesitate to say so. His hearty endorsement increased Uncle Remus's good-humor; and the old man, with a broad grin upon his features, and something of enthusiasm in his tone, continued to narrate the adventures of Brother Rabbit.

"After Brer Fox git hurted so bad," said Uncle Remus, putting an edge upon his axe with a whetstone held in his hand, "hit wuz a mighty long time 'fo' he could ramble 'roun' en worry ole Brer Rabbit. Des time Cousin Wildcat fetch'd 'im dat wipe 'cross de stomach, he tuck'n lay de blame on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he git well, he des tuck'n juggle wid de yuther creeturs, en dey all 'gree dat dem en Brer Rabbit can't drink out er de same branch, ner walk de same road, ner live in de same settlement, ner go in washin' in de same wash-hole.

"Tooby sho' Brer Rabbit bleedz to take notice er all dish yer kinder jugglements en gwines on, en he des tuck'n strenken he house, in de neighborhood er de winders, en den he put 'im up a steeple on top er dat. Yasser! A sho' 'nuff steeple, en he rise 'er up so high dat folks gwine 'long de big road stop en say, "Hey! W'at kinder meetin'-house dat?"

The little boy laughed loudly at Uncle Remus's graphic delineation of the astonishment and admiration of the passers-by. The old man raised his head, stretched his eyes, and seemed to be looking over his spectacles right at Brother Rabbit's steeple.

"Folks 'ud stop en ax, but Brer Rabbit aint got time fer ter make no answer. *He* hammer'd, *he* nailed, *he* knock'd, *he* lamm'd! Folks go by, he aint look up; creeturs come stan' en watch 'im, he aint look 'roun'; wuk, wuk, wuk, from sun-up ter sundown, twel dat ar steeple git done. Den ole Brer Rabbit tuck'n draw long breff, en wipe he forrerd, en 'low dat ef dem t'er creeturs w'at bin atter 'im so long is got any de 'vantage er him, de time done come fer um fer ter show it.

"Wid dat he went en got 'im a snack er sump'n' t' eat, en a long piece er plough-line, en he tole he ole 'oman fer ter put a kittle er water on de fire, en stan' 'roun' close by, en eve'ything he tell 'er not ter do dat de ve'y thing she sho'ly mus' do. Den ole Brer Rabbit sot down in he rockin'-cheer en lookt out fum de steeple fer ter see how de lan' lay.

"Twan't long 'fo' all de creeturs year talk dat Brer Rabbit done stop wuk, en dey 'gun ter come 'roun' fer ter see w'at he gwine do nex'. But Brer Rabbit, he sot up dar, he did, en let his min' run on. Brer Wolf, he stan' en look up at de steeple, Brer Fox, he stan' en look up at it, en all de t'er creeturs dey done de same. Nex' time you see a crowd er folks lookin' at sump'n right hard, you des watch um, honey. Dey'll walk 'roun' one er n'er en swap places, en dey'll be constant on de move. Dat des de way de creeturs done. Dey walk 'roun' an' punch one er n'er en swap places, en look en look. Ole Brer Rabbit, he sot up dar, he did, en let his min' run on.

"Bimeby ole Brer Tarrypin come 'long, en ole Brer Tarrypin bin in cohoots wid Brer Rabbit so long dat he des nat'ally know dey wuz gwine ter be fun er plenty 'roun' in dem neighborhoods 'fo' de sun go down. He laugh 'way down und' de roof er he house, ole Brer Tarrypin did, en den he hail Brer Rabbit:

"'Heyo, Brer Rabit! W'at you doin' 'way up in de elements lak dat?'

"'I'm a sojourneyin' up yer fer ter res' myse'f, Brer Tarrypin. Drap up en see me.'

"'Twix' you en me, Brer Rabbit, de drappin's all one way. S'posin' you tu'n loose en come. Man live dat high up bleedz ter have wings. I aint no high-flier myse'f. I fear'd ter shake han's wid you so fur off, Brer Rabbit.'

"'Not so, Brer Tarrypin, not so. My sta'rcase is a mighty limbersome one, en I'll des let it down ter you.'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit let down de plough-line.

"'Des ketch holt er dat, Brer Tarrypin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en up you comes, *linktum sinktum binktum boo!*' sezee."

"What was that, Uncle Remus?" said the little boy, taking a serious view of the statement.

"Creetur talk, honey—des creetur talk. Bless yo' soul, chile!" the old man went on, with a laughable assumption of dignity, "ef you think I got time fer ter stop right short off en stribbit† out all I knows, you er mighty much mistaken—mighty much mistaken.

"Ole Brer Tarrypin know mighty well dat Brer Rabbit ain't got nothin' 'g'in 'im, yet he got sech a habit er lookin' out fer hisse'f, dat he tuck'n ketch de plough-line in he mouf, he did, en try de strenk un it. Ole Brer Rabbit, he holler 'Swing on, Brer Tarrypin!' en Brer Tarrypin, he tuck'n swung on, en 'twant long 'fo he uz settin' up dar side er Brer Rabbit.

"But I wish ter goodness you'd a bin dar," continued Uncle Remus, very gracefully leaving it to be inferred that *he* was there; "I wish ter goodness you'd a bin dar so you could er seed ole Brer Tarrypin w'iles Brer Rabbit 'uz haulin' 'im up, wid he tail a-wiggin' en he legs all spraddled out, en him a whirlin' 'roun' en 'roun' en lookin' skeer'd.

"De t'er creeturs dey see Brer Tarrypin go up safe en soun', en dey see the vittles passin' 'roun', en dey 'gun ter feel lak dey wanter see de inside er Brer Rabbit steeple. Den Brer Wolf, he hail 'im:

"'Heyo dar, Brer Rabbit! Youer lookin' mighty scrumptious 'way up dar! How you come on?'

"Brer Rabbit, he look down, he did, en he see who 'tis hollerin', en he 'spon':

"'Po'ly, mighty po'ly, but I thank de Lord I'm able to eat my 'lowance.§ Won't you drap up, Brer Wolf?'

"'Hit's a mighty clumsy journey fer ter make, Brer Rabbit, yit I don't keer ef I does.'

"Wid dat, Brer Rabbit let down de plough-line, en Brer Wolf kotch holt, 'en dey 'gnn ter haul 'im up. Dey haul en dey haul, en w'en Brer Wolf git mos' ter de top, he year Brer Rabbit holler out:

"'Stir 'roun', ole 'oman' en set de table; but 'fo' you do dat, fetch de kettle ter make de coffee.'

"Dey haul and dey haul on de plough-line, en Brer Wolf year Brer Rabbit squall out:

"'Watch out dar, ole 'oman! You'll spill dat b'ilin' water on Brer Wolf!'

"En, bless yo' soul!" continued Uncle Remus, turning half around in his chair to face his enthusiastic audience of one, "dat 'uz 'bout all Brer Wolf did year, kaze de nex' minit, down come de scaldin' water, en Brer Wolf des fetch one squall en turn't hisse'f aloose, en w'en he strak de groun' he bounce des same ez one er deze yer injun-rubber balls w'at you use ter play wid 'long in dem times 'fo' you tuck'n broke yo' mammy lookin'-glass. Ole Brer Rabbit, he lean fum out de steeple en 'pollygize de bes' he kin, but no 'pollygy aint gwine ter make ha'r come back whar de b'ilin' water hit."

"Did they spill the hot water on purpose, Uncle Remus?" the little boy inquired.

"Now, den, honey, youer crowdin' me. Dem ar creeturs wuz mighty kuse—mo' speshually Brer Rabbit. W'en it come down ter dat," said Uncle Remus, lowering his voice and looking very grave, "I speck ef youder s'arch de country fum hen-roost to river-bank, you won't fine a no mo' kuser man dan Brer Rabbit. All I knows is dat Brer Rabbit en Brer Terrapin had a mighty laughin' spell des 'bout the time Brer Wolf hit de groun'."

* Gnaws the bark from the trees. † Drain, or ditch. ‡ Distribute. § Allowance; ration.

MERCURY AND ARGUS.

BY J. M. W. TURNER'S GREAT PAINTING NOW IN MONTREAL.

The little boy reflected a moment and then replied:

"About the snake swallowing the little girl. I don't see any fun in that. Papa says they have snakes in Africa as big around as his body; and, goodness knows, I hope they won't get after me."

"How dey gwine git atter you, honey, w'en you settin' up yer 'long side er me en de snakes way 'cross dar in Affiky?"

"Well, Daddy Jack, he came, and the snakes might come too."

Uncle Remus laughed, more to reassure the child than to ridicule his argument.

"Dem ar snakes aint no water-moccasin, not ez I knows un. Brer Jack bin yer mighty long time, en dey aint no snake feller atter 'im yit."

"Now, Uncle Remus! papa says they have them in shows."

"I speck dey is, honey, but who's afear'd er snake stuffs wid meal-bran? Not none er ole Miss gran-chillun, sho'!"

"Well, the stories don't sound funny to me."

"Hol' on dar Dey mought be a snake some'rs in it—one er deze yer meal-bran snakes."

"*Please*, Uncle Remus, tell it."

The old man never allowed himself to resist the artful pleadings of the little boy. So he recovered his specks from under the chair, looked up the chimney for luck, as he explained to his little partner, and proceeded:

"One day w'en Brer Fox went callin' on Miss Meadows en Miss Motts en de t'er gals, who should he fine setting up dar but ole Brer Rabbit? Yasser! Dar he wuz, des ez sociable ez you please. He 'uz gwine on wid de gals, en w'en Brer Fox drapt in dey look lak dey wuz mighty tickled 'bout sump'n 'n'er Brer Rabbit bin sayin'. Brer Fox, he look sorter jub'ous, he did, des lak folks does w'en dey walks up in a crowd whar de yuthers all a gigglin'. He tuck'n kotch de dry grins terreckerly. But dey all howdied, en Miss Meadows, she up'n say:

"'You'll des hatter skuse us, Brer Fox, on de 'count er dish yer gigglement. Tooby sho', hit monst'us disperlite fer we-all fer to be gwine on dat a-way; but I mighty glad you come, en I sez ter de gals, s'I, "'Bless gracious, gals! dar come Brer Fox, en yer we is a gigglin' en a gwine on scan'lous; yit hit done come ter mighty funny pass," s'I, "ef you can't run on en laugh 'fo' home folks," s'I. Dat des 'zactly w'at I say, en I I leave it ter ole Brer Rabbit en de gals yer ef 'taint.'

"De gals, dey tuck'n jine in, dey did, en make ole Brer Fox feel right splimmy-splammy, en dey all sot dar en run on 'bout dey neighbors des lak folks does deze days. Dey sot dar, dey did, twel atter w'ile Brer Rabbit look out todes sundown, en 'low:

"'Now, den, folks and fr'en's, I bleedz ter say goo' bye. Cloud comin' up out yan, en mos' 'fo' we know it, de rain 'll be a po'in' en de grass 'll be a growin'.'"

"Why, that's poetry, Uncle Remus!" interrupted the little boy.

"Tooby sho' 'tis honey! tooby sho' 'tis. I des let you know Brer Rabbit 'uz a mighty man in dem days. Brer Fox, he se de cloud 'uz so skeery? Des come look at dish yer track right close. Is dey any sign er claw anywhar's?'

"Brer Fox bleedz ter 'gree dat day want no sign er no claw. Brer Rabbit say:

"'Well, den, ef he ain't got no claw, how he gwine ter hu't you, Brer Fox?'

"'W'at gone wid he toofs, Brer Rabbit!"

"'Shoo, Brer Fox! Creeturs w'at barks* de trees ain't gwine bite.'

"Brer Fox tuck'n tuck n'er good look at de tracks, en den him en Brer Rabbit put out fer ter foller um up. Dey went up de road, en down de lane, en 'cross de turnip patch, en down a dreen,† en up a big gully. Brer Rabbit, he done de trackin', en eve'y time he fine one, he up 'n holler:

"'Yer n'er track, en no claw dar! Yer n'er track, en no claw dar!'

"Dey kep' on en kep' on, twel bimeby dey run up wid de creetur. Brer Rabbit, he holler out mighty biggity:

"'Heyo dar? W'at you doin'?'

"De creetur look 'roun', but he aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Rabbit 'low:

"'Oh, you nee'nter look so sullen! We 'ull make you talk 'fo' we er done 'long wid you! Come, now! W'at you doin' out dar?'

"De creetur rub hisse'f 'gin' a tree des lak you see deze yer house cats rub 'g'in a cheer, but he aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Rabbit holler:

"'W'at you come pesterin' 'long wid us fer, w'en we aint been a pesterin' you? You got de consate dat I dunner who you is, but I does. Youer de same ole Cousin Wildcat w'at my gran'daddy use ter kick en cuff w'en you 'fuse ter 'spon'. I let you know I got a better man yer dan w'at my gran'daddy ever is bin, en I boun' you he 'ull make you talk. Dat w'at I boun' you.'

"De creetur lean mo' harder 'gin' de tree, en sorter ruffle up he bristle, but he aint sayin' nothin'. Brer Rabbit, he 'low:

"'Go up dar, Brer Fox, en ef he 'fuse ter 'spon' slap 'im down! Dat de way my gran'-daddy done. You go up dar, Brer Fox. en ef he dast ter try ter run, I'll des whirl in en ketch 'im.'

ANOTHER TRIFLE.

"Send it, mum?"

"Oh, dear, no! Most of the things we had sent last year came along about a week after Christmas. My husband will carry it."

"But isn't he rather heavily loaded, mum?"

"Not a bit of it. He says he carries a millstone round his neck down town, and I'm sure these little things won't bother him much. Here, Sammy—another trifle."—*Harper's Weekly.*

1889.

Now is the time for renewals and to get new subscribers. The children are home for their Christmas holidays, friend meets friend, the farmers are doing business in the towns and cities, and the *Witness* is not forgotten. We hope for an increase in circulation this year—a large increase. We ask the readers of this paper—each one—to do something toward that end, and there will be no doubt about the result.

POSTAL MYSTERIES.

A MAILED LETTER, AND WHAT HAPPENS TO IT INSIDE THE MONTREAL POST-OFFICE.

TREMENDOUS GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS—THE PRESENT BUILDING MUCH TOO SMALL—A BRITISH MAIL OF TO-DAY COMPARED WITH ONE TWELVE YEARS AGO.

The citizen walks smartly up to the receiver outside the Post-Office, makes a dab with his letter at one of the holes, and walks away with an air of satisfaction. What harrowing vicissitudes his letter may undergo; what scrutiny, sorting, pounding and stamping it may suffer; what bags it may be thrust into, and then incontinently taken out of; what "moving accidents by flood and field" it may run the gauntlet of before it reaches its destination, he wotteth not of. What he is certain of is that it will get there. This confidence is touching, as proving that, in an age when everybody wears a big, suspicious, interrogation point in his eye, beautiful trust is still a factor in commercial life.

The citizen—or his representative—does not even put his letter in the right hole. Actually, in six cases out of ten he drops it in the wrong one. He mails a letter for New Zealand in the "City" box and *vice versa*. Of course the directions are there. That doesn't matter. The citizen

PUTS THE LETTER IN—SOMEWHERE,

and "ain't these fellows inside paid for sending it all right?" The citizen is right. The officials are paid for sending the letter all right: only, the citizen pays them. How's that? For every broken law there is an attachable penalty. The citizen puts his letter in the wrong box. The office has to put on more "sorting" hands in consequence. The citizen, in some shape, pays these "sorters."

When the letter is put in the box it travels a distance of about seventeen feet down a sort of exaggerated flour-hopper, which, with two tubes, acts in the dual capacity of letter and newspaper receiver. The mouths of the hopper vomit the letter, very suddenly and unexpectedly, upon a large table, covered in all round with protective margining. Three clerks wait to receive the letter (with thousands of others), hurry it into a square basket, affix the basket to a couple of chain ropes,—after the mode of communication between the salesman and the cashier in most of the large retail city stores,—press a knob, and the basket travels along at a rapid pace till it

REACHES AN OPENING IN THE CEILING,

through which it finally disappears. Once arrived at the receiving and despatching room, the letter is "sorted." The destination is first ascertained. Then it is placed among other letters which have a similar terminal point. Here its classified route receives attention. The "postmark," or date of receipt, is stamped upon it; the stamp is defaced; it is placed in a certain pigeon hole; and then, securely fastened in a bag, it either travels by rail or steamer, or, if it have a local habitation and a name, the city postman receives it into his care, and duly delivers it, after a reasonable amount of flirtation with the housemaid who responds to his ring.

That is the story of a letter in brief; but almost every detail of the journey is of interest. Space is limited at the post-office. The most has been made of what is available, and the work has been planned with a view to the greatest possible amount of concentration. Thus, in the basement, where all mail matter is received, either through the hoppers or by the doors from the publishing offices in bags, whatever appliances are necessary are placed in such relation to the necessities of the work that

NOT A SINGLE UNNECESSARY STEP

is taken. The intermittent vomiting of the hoppers is closely watched. The receiving basket is always at hand. The newspapers are sorted out upon a large table, and the open bags, with their destination printed above them, are arranged around this in amphitheatrical form, so that the eye readily takes all in at a comprehensive glance. There is no confusion. The eye must be quick and intelligent; but, after some experience, the work becomes largely mechanical.

The elevator brings us from the basement to the first floor, where the clerks are busy at work "sorting." The first sorting is crude. Two or three practised clerks get round a large table, and sort out the letters, say (if Canadian) according to the provinces for which they are destined. There are now five sorting frames in operation, and a sixth is being prepared.

IN 1876 ONE WAS SUFFICIENT

for the need. The sorting frames are minutely pigeon-holed, and after the letters have been promptly stamped they are placed in their several receptacles, each frame representing a province, and the respective railway routes which each bag will take. When all are sorted, they are placed in bags, which are carefully sealed and conveyed to the mail trains. There they receive their final sorting, and are thrown out in selected lots at each receiving station which connects with the village post office through the several provinces.

Letters and general mail matter for local delivery are thus dealt with: They are carefully sorted out and stamped by a smart clerk,—who, with the aid of an automaton machine, can mark 289 letters in a minute. Then they are placed in a sort of large trough, and here a final discrimination takes place. A large number are probably for the boxes in the Post Office building, which the citizens rent at $4 per year. These boxes are alphabetically arranged, and the supervision of them is given to the clerks in sections.

IF ANY LETTERS ARE MISSING

a reference to the books discovers the clerk in charge of the particular section in which the abstractions have occurred. If the trouble continues, the Postmaster-General is notified. "A good check," as Mr. Emery shrewdly remarked to the *Witness* reporter, who visited the institution, "is sometimes as good as a good conscience."

Those letters that are for personal delivery in Montreal are carried to another table, and sorted out into the twenty-five districts in which the city is divided. Each postman gets his due allotment. The principle of concentration is equally noticeable in the despatch room. The sorting frames are within easy access of the tables; the clerks have no unnecessary walking about; every operation is methodical.

The British mails, of which in early days there was wont to be one once a fortnight, now sometimes number three in one day, and are often very heavy. They are handled without the least excitement. The promptitude of the clerks is admirable. The preliminary, the intermediate and the final sorting proceeds with perfect smoothness. The operations illustrate the fine degrees of discipline of which the eye is susceptible.

Letters received from the three other postal stations in the city, and from all the rural parts, are tied up in bundles, and upon the outside of each is a paper

CERTIFYING THE NUMBER

of both registered and ordinary letters. These are carefully preserved, and the numbers noted by a separate department; which acts as a check upon possible inaccuracies or purloining.

Don't growl if you don't always get your letters on time, particularly in respect of the last city delivery. This, in the more remote parts of the town, is not effected till after dark. The postman may be noticed making agonizing endeavors to read the superscriptions in the residential streets by the doubtful aid of a struggling gas light. There are 81 letter carriers for the 25 divisions into which the city is divided, including those attached to the Point St. Charles, St. Jean Baptiste, Hochelaga and St. Gabriel offices, who are under the charge of the postmasters of these respective districts. Two classified clerks at the head office, and three superintending officers at the three postal stations, control this body. They work in shifts. Selected with some degree of care and with special regard to honesty and sobriety, the letter carriers, as a body, are a respectable class of men. They catch the contagion of the soft emotions which their daily calls evoke. They constantly breathe an atmosphere of sentiment. They linger on the steps a wholly unnecessary length of time, and are persons of remarkably large acquaintance. There used to be a strong suspicion that when boxed Christmas cards fail to be delivered, the postmen generally send them to their sweethearts. This must be a libel. The letter carrier may qualify himself for higher duties. Many former carriers are now classified clerks; one of them is the

HEAD OF THE MONEY ORDER DEPARTMENT.

In the despatch department there are three sets of clerks. The first consists of 12 classified clerks and one porter; the second, of 20 classified clerks and one porter; the third, of three classified clerks and one porter.

The delivery staff consists of twenty classified clerks and one porter.

In the registration department there are thirteen clerks; in the inquiry office, two; in the accountants', four; classification department, where the letter bills are examined, two; money order branch, six, with a superintendent; exchange customs office, now occupying the old militia quarters upstairs, six clerks, whose duty it is to regulate the duties upon dutiable parcels.

The entire staff consists of about 190 men—"of all creeds and nationalities," as Mr. Lamothe remarked. "When you think," he said, "of the elements we have to deal with, we get along fairly well, I think." This staff handles an average of

ABOUT 80,000 LETTERS EACH DAY.

Probably 48,000 letters, papers, etc., are examined, minutely sorted, and made ready for despatch every evening between six and seven o'clock.

The growth of business has been enormous during the past decade. A British mail used to consist of half-a-dozen bags. It now comprises between eighty and one hundred. About 20,000 letters, papers, &c., are delivered to Montreal citizens every day. Space is required, but it must be found elsewhere than in the present quarters. Every inch of room has been utilized. No further expansion is possible.

The great blot upon the Post Office system is that political influence, rather than personal merit, too often determines the appointments. The Postmaster is not looked up to, as he ought to be, as the final authority.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. DR. O'MEARA.

PORT HOPE, Ont., December 17.—The venerable and beloved rector of St. John's Church, the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, died suddenly this morning on the platform at the Grand Trunk station, where he had gone to take the train for Toronto to attend a synod committee meeting. His death was instantaneous, caused no doubt by apoplexy of the heart. Yesterday morning he preached in St. John's and in the evening partook of and administered the Communion. He left his home in apparent good health and walked to the station with the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, his assistant minister. On going up the hill on Dorset street he stopped to rest and complained of the weight of his clothing, the day being mild and warm. Whilst standing on the platform alongside the baggage truck he seemed to shove against it; the effort was to catch hold to keep himself up, but he sank down and expired without a struggle. Dr. O'Meara was a pioneer missionary to Sault St. Marie and Manitoulin Island. He learned the Indian language there, preached in it and translated the prayer books and hymns, for which Trinity College, Dublin, gave him during a vacation in Ireland the degree of LL.D.

COMMERCIAL.

"WITNESS" OFFICE
Monday, Dec. 17, 1888.

WHOLESALE GROCERY MARKET.

MONTREAL, Friday, Dec. 14, 1888.

The good news of good sleighing towards Quebec and not far below this city is received, and the little snowfall gives hope of more. The country earnestly looks for this benediction to become general, and then there is no reasonable doubt but a good business would be done.

SUGARS.—The market here may be reported as steady for all kinds. Notwithstanding combinations there is positive intimation of offers from a distance below standard figures in selling. Surely it is time the combinations should be broken up and liberty proclaimed. Foreign advices note firmness at some points for refining sugars, while beet sugar is easier.

MOLASSES.—Firm; 40c to 42c for Barbadoes. Syrups also firm.

TEAS.—There are no changes of any moment in values. Desirable teas are held steadily. Business is moderate. Our route to the East is proving very expeditious, teas that left Japan on 7th November having been delivered in store here on 12th December, and at the station one if not two days before.

COFFEES.—The boom is off for the time, as late reports from Brazil give prospective crop as beyond previous estimate. The gambling in this article is responsible for much of the fluctuations. The late advance may be discounted by about one half cent now for active business.

RICE continues firm and in moderate supply.

SPICES.—Firm for nutmegs, cloves and pepper. Other articles quiet.

FRUITS.—Choice Valencia raisins fairly steady, while ordinary and inferior are dull, and, as reported, easier. Malaga raisins are scarce, and at the moment wanted particularly. Currants dull.

FISH.—Demand light and values about as last quoted.

OILS.—There is no particular change. Market quiet.

SALT.—Very little doing, as usual at this season. Prices firm.

CANNED GOODS.—Fish steady. Fruits and vegetables quiet.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

The British breadstuffs markets are quiet but firm. Beerbohm's cable advices to-day are as follows:—Cargoes off coast, wheat, firm; corn, steady. Cargoes on passage and for shipment, wheat, firm, corn, slow. French country markets, steady. Farmers' deliveries of wheat during the week, 55,053 qrs., average 30s 10d. Liverpool wheat and corn, spot, steady. Mark Lane English and foreign wheat, firmer; do., American and Danubian maize, steady; do., English and American flour, firmer.

The Chicago wheat market is somewhat firmer to-day. No. 2 wheat, which closed at $1.05¼ Dec, $1.06¼ January and $1.16¾ May, opened this morning at $1.05¼ Dec. and $1.11¼ May, at which figures this market was steady throughout this morning.

GRAIN.—The market is about steady. No business was reported and values are unchanged. Quotations are nominal. We quote:—

Canada Red Winter	$0.00	to	$1.18
Canada White Winter	0.00	to	1.18
Canada Spring	0.00	to	0.00
No. 1 hard Manitoba (new)	1.20	to	1.22½
No. 2 do do	0.00	to	1.20
No. 1 Northern (new and old)	0.00	to	1.20
Corn (in bond)	.52	to	.53
Peas (per 66 lbs.)	.75	to	.76
Oats (per 32 lbs.) new	.36	to	.38
Barley	.70	to	.00
Rye	.00	to	.00

FLOUR.—The market is very dull and without change. No sales were reported. In the absence of business no change in quotations is made. We quote:

Patent Winter	$6.00	to	$6.10
Patent Spring	6.25	to	6.25
Straight Roller	5.60	to	5.80
Extra	5.40	to	5.50
Superfine	4.40	to	5.10
Extra (per bag)	2.40	to	2.65
City Strong Bakers', per 140 lbs	5.90	to	6.00

MEALS are unchanged. We quote:

Oatmeal, (Standard) brls	$4.60	to	4.70
" (Granulated) brls	4.75	to	5.00
Cornmeal	nominal.		

EGGS.—The demand is improving and the Christmas trade may fairly be said to have begun. Limed eggs are now selling as limed at 18½c to 19c, and held fresh at 20½c to 21c.

HOG PRODUCTS.—The market is fairly active and steady all around. We quote as follows:—Western Mess, $18.00 to $18.50; Western Short Cut, $20.00 to $20.50; Hams (city cured), 12½c to 13½c; Lard (in pails), Western, 11c to 11½c; do., city, 10½c; bacon 11c to 11½c; Tallow, common refined, 6½c to 6¾c.

DRESSED HOGS.—The stocks are very heavy and the demand is falling off if anything. We quote $7.00 to $7.15.

GAME.—Partridges are in better supply, in consequence of which they are now selling at 45c to 55c; venison is rather scarce this year, and is still worth 10c to 12c.

DRESSED POULTRY.—There is an active demand, and turkeys are once more in favor. We quote turkeys and ducks 8c to 9c, geese, 5c to 6c and chickens 4c to 5½c.

FRUIT.—The quotations to-day are as follows:—Winter apples, carload lots, $1.50 to $1.90; small lots, $2.00 to $2.50; Fameuse, $1.75 to $2.50; grapes, 3½c to 4½c; pears, $5 to $9 per brl.; oranges, Jamaica, $5.50 to $6 per brl.; lemons, $3 to $4 per box; bananas, $1 to $1.60 per bunch; sweet potatoes, $2.75 to $3.50 per brl; Spanish onions 80c per box; reds $2.25 per brl.

ASHES.—We quote at $3.95 to $4.05, and Pearls $5.90 per hundred.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

CHEESE.—There has been very little business done during the week on this market, although the shipping demand has been better than usual. It is not very easy at the present time to buy on this market. The most of the cheese held here is in the hands of big shippers, who will sell it by cable, and the views of small holders are high. Twelve cents was paid for fine September here this week, however.

The receipts of American cheese at Liverpool were from the 1st October to the 20th November, 216,982 boxes, against 284,916 for the same period of last year. This market is stiff and steraly determined not to do much business. We quote:

Good to fine Septembers	10½c to 11½c.
Good to fine August	10c to 10½.
Good to fine July	7½c to 8c.
Fair to medium	8½c to 9½.

BUTTER.—There is nothing but a very colorless local trade being done. Fine butter is scarce. We quote as follows:—September Creamery, 25c to 26c; August, 19c to 22½c; Townships, 17c to 22c; Western, good to fine, 15½ to 18c; do., poor to medium 12c to 14c.

MONTREAL STOCK MARKET.

(Furnished by MacDougall Bros., Brokers.)

MONTREAL, Dec. 15.

Bank Stocks.	*Par value of shares.*	*Buyer p. c.*	*Seller p. c.*	*Amount paid up.*	*Cash value.*
Montreal, (ex-div.)	$200	274	279	all	....
Ontario, (ex div.)	100	127½	125	all	....
Peoples	50	104	102	all	....
Molsons	50	159	150	all	....
Toronto	100	....	207	all	....
Merchants, (ex div.)	100	135½	134½	all	....
Ville Marie	100	....	94	all	....
Union	50	....	95	all	....
Commerce	....	117	116	all	....
Hochelaga	....	100	94	....	....
National	100	....	83	....	....
Quebec	100	....	115½	....	....
Jacques Cartier	25	100	....	....	....
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	94	93½	....	....
Richelieu & Ontario Nav.	100	56½	55	....	....
City Passenger Railway	50	190	185	all	....
Montreal Gas Co.	40	203½	203	all	....
St. P., M. & Man.	....	....	....	....	....
Canada Shipping Co.	100	50	35	....	....
Canadian Pacific Ry	100	52½	52	....	....
Do. L. G. Bonds	....	119	118	....	....
Canada Central do	....	....	....	....	....
Canada North-West Land	£5	65	64	....	....
Canada Cotton	100	....	22½	....	....
Montreal Cotton	100	71	69	....	....
Do Bonds	....	....	....	....	....
Dundas Cotton	100	45	27½	....	....
Hochelaga Cotton	100	120	110	....	....
Intercolonial Coal	....	75	42	....	....
Bell Telephone	....	....	....	....	....
Canada Cotton Bonds	....	100	99	....	....
Stormont Cotton	100	75	....	....	....

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—Dec. 14.

There was a fair attendance of farmers at the markets to-day, though the circumstances were not favorable to their coming to the city. The Longueuil ferry steamers have ceased running, and farmers from the south side of the St. Lawrence have to come to the city by rail. The weather was too cold and boisterous for travelling any distance in carts, and there is not enough of snow yet for sleighing, though a considerable number of farmers' sleighs were on the market to-day. Slightly higher prices were being asked for grain and potatoes, but there seemed to be not much demand for them, as much more liberal supplies are expected shortly with advent of sleighing. Beef quarters were plentiful, but brought rather higher prices as frozen meat is likely to keep well for some time to come; dressed hogs and pork pieces were plentiful and lower in price; considerable quantities of dead poultry were offered, but there was a very active demand for them, and both turkeys and geese brought higher rates, more especially if they were not frozen. There are no changes to note in the prices of butter and eggs, fresh laid eggs bringing fancy rates. The weather is altogether too cold for trade in the fruit market. The supply of hay is not so large, and prices are firmer.

The following are to-day's prices:—

GRAIN.—Oats, 35c to $1.00 per bag; peas, 90c to $1.00 per bushel; beans, $1.75 to $2.75; buckwheat, 60c to 65c do.

DRESSED HOGS, BEEF QUARTERS, POULTRY, &c.—Dressed hogs, 7½c to 7¾c per lb.; beef forequarters, 2½c to 3c per lb.; do. hindquarters, 4c to 5c do.; mutton carcase, 5c to 7c do; turkeys, 9c to 12c per lb.; geese, 7c to 10c do.; fowls, 7c to 9c do.; ducks, 10c to 12c do.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 60c to 70c per bag; Quebec turnips, 50c per bag; onions, 70c to 80c do.; beets, 35c to 40c per bus.; carrots, 30c to 35c do; parsnips, 65c to 70c do. ; cabbage, 20c to 40c per dozen heads; celery, 15c to 30c do.

FRUIT.—Lemons, $3.00 to $3.50 per box; apples, $1.50 to $2.50 per brl.; pears, $4.00 to $5 per brl.; Malaga grapes, $4.50 per brl.; Valencia oranges, $5.50 per case.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, $10 to $12.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; pressed hay at 70c to 80c per 100 lbs.; straw, $4 to $6 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs. each.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Tub butter, 17c to 22c per lb.; ordinary prints, 22c to 30c; superior prints, 35c to 40c; packed eggs, 20c to 30c per dozen; fresh, 30c to 60c do.; honey, 10c to 15c per lb.

VIGER COW MARKET—Dec. 14.

There were eight milch cows and seven springers offered on this market to-day, none of the milch cows being of superior quality, but some of the springers were fine large animals, especially four of them, which had been brough from Western Ontario, and were sold here to-day for $100. Three of these springers will probably calve in from three to four weeks hence, and the other in two or three months. The prices asked for the milch cows ranged from $35 to $50 each, or four to eight dollars more than similar cows would have sold for three weeks ago. A good many milkmen called at the market but did not care to buy the quality of cows at the price asked, and only one cow was sold before noon, the price paid being $40.

LIVE STOCK MARKET, Dec. 17.

There were about 600 head of butchers' cattle and 250 mutton critters offered at the East End abattoir to-day. There were a number of superior beeves for Christmas market offered to-day at from five to nearly six cents per lb., live weight, but none of the sales during the early part of the day exceeded 5½c, though 5½c per lb. was refused for two very fine steers. Several large fat old cows, weighing nearly 1,400 pounds each, were sold at 5c per lb. Common and inferior stock were held at higher prices than have been paid here lately for similar cattle, but very few of them were sold during the forenoon. Good mutton critters were in active demand at from 4½c to 5c per lb., but there were much more lean than fat animals among the flocks offered to-day. A lot of twenty-eight cull lambs were sold at $1.75 each, and as the pelts will bring about seventy-five cents each, it would leave one dollar for the bones and mutton. Fat hogs are rather scarce and higher in price to-day, while dressed hogs are lower priced. Live hogs sold at from 5½c to 5¾c per lb and dressed hogs at rom 7c to 7½c do

WEST END STOCK MARKET.

(For week ending Dec. 15th., 1888.)

The receipts of live stock at the Montreal Stock Yards, Point St. Charles, for week ending Dec. 15th, 1888, were:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Calves.
Receipts of live stock at the Montreal Stock Yards, Point St. Charles, for the week...	575	288	267	13
Left over from previous week	250	150	..	..
Total for week	825	438	267	13
Sold during week	777	313	202	13
On hand for sale	48	125	65	..
Receipts last week	686	1,004	595	10

There was a better feeling in the market for butcher cattle and prices advanced slightly. The offerings were of a better class than the week previous and very few were left over. Sheep and lambs are dull on account of large quantities having been purchased in the country by butchers and slaughtered for stock. Hogs are scarce and dull, dressed hogs taking their place.

Butchers', good, ave. 1,000 to 1,100 lbs	3c	to	3½c
Butchers', medium	2½c	to	3c
Butchers', culls	12c	to	2½c
Hogs	5c	to	6c
Sheep	3c	to	3½c

Lambs, $2.50 to $3.50; Calves, $4.00 to $8.00.

WEST END HORSE MARKET.—Dec. 15th.

The receipts of horses at the Montreal Horse Exchange, Point St. Charles market, for the week ending Dec. 15th, were 75 horses; left over from previous week, 30; total for week, 105; shipped during week, 53; sales for week, 25; left for the city, 14; on hand for sale and shipment, 13. The horse trade at these stables this week has been rather better than that of last, a number of American buyers have been in and have taken away a number of horses at fair prices. But there is still room for improvement, and buyers of lumbering horses are waiting for snow. Two carloads of horses are coming from the West within a few days, and prospects for the coming week are more encouraging.

HORSE MARKET.—Dec. 17.

The absence of good sleighing in the country has a depressing effect on the horse trade, and there is not much likelihood of improvement until after the holidays. During the past week there were shipped from here to the United States 53 horses costing $6,876, or an average of $98.77 each. The highest priced lot were 17 horses, which cost here $1,771, and the lowest priced lot were 20 horses which cost $1,697.50.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Friday, Dec. 14.—Beeves.—Receipts, 80 carloads, or 1,570 head; 36 carloads for the market at Jersey City, 24 carloads of mainly export steers for Mr. Eastman, at Sixtieth street, and 20 carloads for east side abattoirs direct, and a half dozen carloads of sale cattle were carried over on Wednesday at Jersey City. The very moderate offerings enabled the selling interest to make an early clearance at an advance on medium to good steers equal to strong 20c per 100 lb. There was not enough trading in prime cattle to show the true condition of the market in respect to choice offerings. Transactions included rather common to good steers, all natives, at $3.75 to $5 per 100 lb.; bulls and dry cows at $2 to $3.40.

CHICAGO, Dec. 14.—The *Drovers Journal* reports: Cattle—Receipts 6,000 head; shipments, 3,000; market strong, 10c higher; beeves, $5.50 to $6.15; steers, $3 to $5; stockers and feeders, $2.25 to $3.50; cows bulls and mixed, $1.50 to $2.90; Texas cattle, $1.80 to $2.45; Western rangers, $3 to $3.60. Hogs—Receipts, 24,000 head; shipments, 5,000; market slow, 5c to 10c, lower; mixed $5.05 to $5.30; heavy, $5.10 to $5.45; light, $5 to $5.35; skips $3 to $5.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

LONDON, Dec. 5.—The weather has been against the trade, which has been dull all round. In the beast market the attendance of buyers was rather increased by the very small supply of cattle at Deptford. Here the supply amounted to 3,839, including 64 Aberdeen, 2,560 English, 856 Irish, 309 Canadian, and 50 Danish. Trade opened with salesmen trying for a small advance, which was not currently obtainable, and with very slow progress in selling. Prices were kept up to recent level fully for prime stock, 5s to 5s 2d being top value for English and Scotch, Dublin 4s 4d to 4s 6d. Other Irish 4s to 4s 2d; Canadian, 3s 8d to 3s 10d per 8lb. Sheep trade opened steadily, but fell away and were a doubtful look as to a good finish. Entries, 7,580. Actual numbers, 9,999, including 689 Canadians, 4s 6d to 4s 8d; 68 Danish, 4s 6d to 4s 8d per lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Receipts, 121 carloads, or 4,232 head—15 carloads at Sixtieth street and 6 carloads at Jersey City. Firmer and a fraction higher for good and choice lambs. Steady for sheep. Sheep sold at $2 to $5 50 per 100 lbs.; lambs at $5 to $7.25.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 3.—The supply of stock was about the same as last week. The weather favorable for slaughter. The demand good for both beef and mutton, at rather better prices for each. The Christmas market will be held on Monday, the 17th December. Beef, first class, 7d; second class, 6d; third class, 5d; and mutton, first class, 9d; second class, 7d; third class, 6d per lb., sinking the offal. Live weight cattle, 37s 4d to 39s to 20s per cwt., or 4s 8d to 4s to 3s 8d per stone of 14 lb. At market, 2,402 cattle, and 4,092 sheep. The exports from Ireland to Great Britain for the week ending the 24th November consisted of 21,702 cattle and 7,248 sheep.

BUTTER.

CORK, Dec. 4.—In market, 425, classified as follows: Firsts, 12; seconds, 241; thirds, 93; fourths, 5; superfine, 8; fine, 48; mild, 18; kegs, 16. The quotations were:—Firsts, 114s; seconds, 91s; thirds, 83s; fourths, 76s; superfine, 116s; fine 104s; mild, 88s; kegs, fine, 99s; mild, 84s.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—Butter: market, very firm throughout. Friesland, finest, 6s dearer, at 112s to 114s. Danish further advanced to 134s for to-morrow's arrival. Normandy unaltered, 110s is the top price for baskets, and 116s for extra mild. Brittany roll butter 14s per doz. lbs. firsts; 13s, seconds.

LIVERPOOL PROVISION MARKET.

CHEESE.—The advance of last week is not only fully maintained, but, with a good demand, prices have been further advanced 1s to 2s per cwt.—market closing firm and tending upwards in sympathy with the continued advance in America and Canada, cost of goods for shipment being 2s to 3s over present values here. We quote to-day finest fall made colored 56s to 58s, and white 55s to 57s; fine Augusts (colored scarce) 50s to 54s; June-Julys 45s to 50s, according to quality and condition. There is a good enquiry for low grades at 15s to 25s, and also some demand at 30s to 40s; but the stock of mediums under 45s is small.

BUTTER.—Very little business doing in American and Canadian, prices being almost nominal, and quoted at 80s to 95s for finest. Continental and Irish dearer. Finest Kiel, 128s to 132s; Irish—Cork firsts, 113s; seconds, 93s; thirds, 84s; fourths, 75s per cwt.—*Hodgson Brothers' Circular, Dec. 1st.*

OTTAWA MARKETS.

OTTAWA, Dec. 17.—The market was flooded with pork and beef, the prices of which are at a standstill, the quotations for pork being $7.50 for heavy and twenty-five cents less for a lighter quality. Beef keeps at from $4 to $4.50 a hundred, and a good deal changed hands at that figure. Butter is still at from 20c to 22c a pound, with choice lots going at 23c. Potatoes are all the way between 50c and 60c a bag. Eggs remain at 22c a dozen. Hay went down on an average at $15 a ton. With the advent of snow prices are expected to go down somewhat, as more produce will be thrown on the market if the sleighing sets in. The following are to-day's quotations:—

Grain.—Oats, per bushel, 40c to 41c; peas, do., 70c to 75c.

Meat.—Sheep, live weight, $3.50 to $6; beef, per 100 lbs., $5 to $6. Pork—Dressed hogs, per cwt., $6.75 to $7.50; mess pork, per brl., $19 to $19.75; prime mess, $17.50 to $18.19.

Game and Poultry.—Chickens, per couple, dressed, 40 to 50 cents; turkeys, each 60 cents to $1; geese, 40 to 60 cents; ducks, 25 to 30 cents; partridges, per pair 25 cents.

Dairy Produce.—Butter in pails, 19 to 20 cents; fresh prints, per lb., 20 to 23 cents; tubs, 16 to 20 cents; cheese, wholesale, 9½ to 10 cents; eggs, per doz., 20 to 21 cents.

Vegetables.—Potatoes, per bag, 55 to 60 cents; turnips, per bag, 30 to 40 cents; cabbage, per doz., 20 to 30 cents.

Hides.—Rough, per lb., 4 to 4½ cents; sheepskins, each, 55 to 60 cents; tallow, per lb., 3 to 4 cents.

Miscellaneous.—Apples, per bbl., $2 to $3.50; pears, per basket, 70 to 75 cents; hay, per ton, $15 to $17.

TORONTO MARKETS.

TORONTO, Dec. 17.—Wheat, Fall, No. 2, $1.01 to $1.05; Spring, No. 2, $1.03 to $1.04; Red Winter, No. 2, $1.02 to $1.04; Barley, No. 1, 66c to 67c; No. 2, 62c to 63c; No. 3 Extra, 60c to 61c; No. 3, 56c to 57c; Peas, No. 2, 58c to 63c; Oats, No. 2, 35c to 37c; Flour, Extra, $4.90 to $5; Strong Bakers, $5.20 to $5.30. Market dull. Sales were made of No. 2 Fall wheat outside at $1.01 to $1.02; No. 1 barley at 66c to 67c; oats at 36c to 37c; peas, outside at 58c.

HAMILTON MARKETS.

HAMILTON, Ont., Dec. 15.—White wheat, per bushel, $1.00 to $1.06; red wheat, per bushel, $1.00 to $1.03; spring wheat, $1.02 to $1.05; peas, 58c to 60c; barley, 55c to 60c; oats, 32½c to 33c; corn, 45c to 50c; clover seed, $4.75 to $5.00; timothy seed, $1.75 to $2.25; white wheat flour, per bbl., $5.00 to $6.00; strong bakers, $5.00 to $6; dressed hogs, per cwt., $6.50 to $7; apples, per bag of 1½ bushels, 40c to 50c; dried apples, per lb., 3½c to 4c; potatoes, per bag of 90 lbs., 40c to 45c; butter, in rolls, per lb., 15c to 20c; butter, in firkins, per lb., 12c to 20c; eggs, per dozen, 17c to 20c.

INGERSOLL MARKETS.

INGERSOLL, Dec. 17.—White wheat, 90c to 95c per bushel; red fall wheat, 90c to 95c do.; spring wheat, 90c to 95c do.; barley, 55c do.; peas, 57c to 58c do.; marrowfat peas 70c to $1 do. oats, 27c to 32c do.; corn, 56c per bush.; rye, 55c to 56c per bush.; potatoes, 30c to 35c per bag; onions, 75c to 90c per bag; apples, 25c to 35c per bag; apples, winter, 75c to $1 per brl.; dried apples, 4c to 5c per lb.; tallow, 2c to 4c per lb.; lard, 10c to 11c per lb.; live hogs, $5.25 to $5.37 per cwt.; hay, $11.00 to $12.50 per ton; flour, $2.75 to $3.00 per cwt.; bran, $14.00 to $16.00 per ton; shorts, $16 to $18 per ton; oatmeal, $2.50 to $3 per cwt.; cornmeal, $2.00 to $2.50 per cwt.; butter, in tubs, 14c to 16c per lb.; butter, in rolls, 20c to 21c per lb.; eggs, 15c to 18c per dozen.

BELLEVILLE MARKETS.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., Dec. 15.—Potatoes, 50c per bag; apples, 50c do.; eggs, 20c per doz.; butter, 23c per lb; pork, $7 per 100; beef, $6 per 100; geese, 60c apiece; ducks, 50c per pair; turkeys, 75c apiece; chickens, 40c per pair; barley, 55c to 60c per bush.; peas 60c do.; wheat, 95c to $1 do.; oats, 35c to 40c do.; sheepskins, 90c; calfskins, 9c; piece deacons, 25c; tallow rough 3c; do. rendered, 5c.

GUELPH MARKETS.

GUELPH, Dec. 17.—The following is the report of the markets at and around Guelph:—Flour, roller, $2.75 to $3.00; flour, stone, $2.50 to $2.75; Wheat—White Clawson, $1.03; Scott do., $1.03; spring, do., $1.03; bran, $14; barley, 50c to 65c; oats, 30c to 32c; rye, 60c to 65c; peas, 58c to 60c; hay, $14.00 to $15.00; straw, $3.00; wood, per cord, $4 to $4.50; eggs, per dozen, 18c to 20c; butter, dairy packed, 17c to 18c; butter, rolls, 18c to 22c; cheese, 12c to 15c; potatoes, per bag, 40c to 45c; apples, 40c to 50c; pork, $6.50 to $6.80; lambskins, 30c to 65c; pelts, 25c to 40c; hides, $3.50 to $4.50; wool, 20c to 23c; turnips, 8c to 10c.

CHATHAM MARKETS.

CHATHAM, Ont., Dec. 17.—Fall wheat, $1.00 to $1.03; corn, 44c to 45c; oats, 32c to 36c; wool, 18c to 26c.

NOTES AND NOTICES.

A NEW GATEWAY.—By the completion of a new bridge across the Missouri River at Rulo, Nebraska, the Burlington Route has established, for the entire distance over its own track, a new, direct, through line from St. Louis to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison and Denver. Over this line is run "The Burlington's Denver Express"—a solid train with through sleeping cars and coaches from St. Louis to Kansas City. The connections made by this train at the Missouri River, at Denver and at Junction points *en route* are such that one can directly reach by it all points in Nebraska, Colorado and all sections of the West and South-west, as well as all Pacific coast points. This is in addition to "The Burlington's Number One" well-known solid vestibule train between Chicago and Denver and Cheyenne, with which direct connection is made by C. B. & Q. R. R. train from Peoria, and by which one can make the run between Chicago and Denver without being more than one night on the road. For tickets via the Burlington Route and for special excursion folder, call on any ticket agent of connecting lines, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY.—This distinguished soldier has prepared for the *Youth's Companion* several chapters of his personal experiences in the field, entitled, "In the Trenches before Sebastopol," "The wreck of a Transport," "Success in Life from a Soldier's Point of View" and "The Relief of Lucknow." They are intensely interesting.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Notices of births, marriages and deaths invariably must be endorsed with the name and address of the sender, or otherwise no notice can be taken of them. Verses and extended obituary notices are charged for at regular rates.

BIRTHS.

BORONOW.—At 32 Chomedy street, on Tuesday, 11th inst., the wife of Mr. Richard Boronow, of a fine daughter. Both doing well.

DEWAR.—At Meadow Brook, Chatham, Que., on Dec. 7th, the wife of D. M. Dewar, of a daughter.

DOYLE.—At 183 Lusignan street, December 9th, 1888, the wife of J. E. Doyle, of a daughter.

FRASER.—At No. 35 Argyle avenue, on the 8th inst., the wife of Mr. Alexander D. Fraser, of a son.

KERR.—At Fertile Creek, on Saturday, the 8th day of December, Mrs. Wm Kerr, jun., of a son.

MATHEWS.—On the 8th December, at the Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver, B.C., the wife of E. M. Mathews, of a daughter.

MITCHELL.—At 306 Seigneurs street, on the 8th

HOME DEPARTMENT.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM—BABY FEET.

DOING THE SAME THINGS OVER AGAIN.

'Tis a saying trite, repeated oft times,
"A housekeeper's work is never done;"
The household wheels must be oiled each day,
And the work go on from sun to sun.

There is washing, and ironing, and baking to do,
While swift as a weaver's shuttle time goes,
And the small jobs sandwiched between these tasks
No one but a housekeeper guesses or knows.

The Johns of the household have their weak points,
Although for the most part good men and true;
Not faults that are glaring, O no; no, no!
But follies and foibles like me and like you.

Some Johns have a penchant for delicate bread
And come for a mealy potato,
And some we have known covet polished shirt fronts,
And this, we must own, is but nature.

The children, too, must be coddled and fed,
Their bruises court-plastered, and each little sprite
Schooled, scolded, and guarded from perils by day,
And lovingly, tenderly cared for at night.

Wearisome, isn't it, sisters all?
Wearing alike to heart and brain.
No way to avoid it, no way to shirk
Doing the same things over again.

But would we exchange, for store, or shop,
Or the factory's busy, unceasing whirl,
The quiet home where we reign a queen,
And go back again and be a girl?

No: we'll cherish our homes, and each pet her John,
And nurture with care the children dear,
Patiently, cheerfully filling our lives,
Doing the same things year after year.
—*Mrs. M. W. Blocker in Good Housekeeping.*

BABY FEET—WHERE SHALL THEY TREAD.

EDITOR "HOME DEPARTMENT."—Having read with considerable interest the letters in your columns, I feel impelled, through their medium, to address a few words to young Christian parents. I say young parents, for before them lies the possibility of "a more excellent way" than that usually pursued in the training of children.

All Christian parents desire that their children should grow up to love and serve God. Now, what is the ordinary training? Generally, in addition to prayer, the children hear God's Word read and receive some instruction in Scripture truth and doctrine, both in the home and Sabbath school, then they are left to believe (sometimes are actually taught) that for the present they are aliens to God, or occupy a neutral position. It is hoped that they will sometime come out on the Lord's side and join the church, and there are urged to do so speedily. Is this just as it should be? Did you not present your child to God in baptism and promise to train him "in the nuture and admonition of the Lord"? If so, and you are fulfilling your promise, your child is a member of Christ's church, until he wilfully chooses to sin and repudiate your promises on his behalf, and he ought to be educated up to his privileges.

Hasty I hear some one say: "Do you not believe in the necessity of conversion?" Yes, I answer, but as conversion is a turning aside from one course of conduct or action to pursue another more approved, why not, at the outset, turn your baby's feet from "the broad way that leadeth to destruction" and set them in "the narrow way" leading to life, supporting his first tender steps and guiding him gently by the hand, till he can discern and lean upon the Unseen Guide, who is able and willing to assist and direct him to the end?

When your little one can notice the beautiful moon, the shining stars, the little birds, the lovely flowers tell him that God made them. Let him know that you love God for his goodness in giving you your baby and having care of him, and yourselves; his little heart will soon be filled with gratitude to the good God thus pointed out to him and this may be before your child can talk.

As he grows older let him hear the story of Jesus and His love, with other truths from the Bible. Sing hymns to him and with him. Pray with him and teach him to pray. Tell him that he is the Lord's child, that sin on his part will grieve the Saviour who died for him, and that you trust he will not by his own act set aside your consecration of him, but confirm it by striving to keep that Saviour's command.

A child so impressed and trained should early be allowed to partake of the Lord's Supper, if he desires so to do, and he is very likely to wish it if you explain that that sacrament is partaken of to keep in mind the loving Saviour's death and show that the partaker is a follower of Jesus.

Little children properly instructed seem to apprehend religious truth more clearly than people would suppose. Are we not told that "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has perfected praise and their angels do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven." Why then should we doubt their ability to understand that which God "has hid from the wise and prudent and revealed to babes."

Of course the mother being constantly with her child has larger opportunity for influencing him, but the young father is not exempt from responsibility in the matter. Why should he not endear himself to his little ones, by speaking to them of the Saviour he professes to love, relate to them the Bible stories which possess such a charm for them and fulfil his part in helping them to secure "life eternal."

Hoping that this subject will receive the serious consideration of many parents, I am, respectfully yours,
EXPERIENCE.

WHAT IS THE TENTH?

DEAR SIR,—I take great pleasure in reading the letters in the "Home Department" and feel much interested in some of the subjects discussed. That of the tenth being one, I would like to hear from some farmer's wife on the subject. What would the tenth be on a rented farm with hired help to pay, etc.

MRS. B.

Nov. 1888.

HOW IS IT DONE?

DEAR SIR,—Could you kindly through the columns of the "Home Department" inform me of the best way to do up shirts, collars and cuffs with that hard and durable finish they receive at the laundries.

J. H. S. K.

Toronto.

OUR PRESENT SCHOOL SYSTEM.

A PLEA FOR MANUAL TRAINING.

Very earnestly have I watched the column of our faithful *Witness* for opinions on "The Social Problem." To-day I enjoyed reading one of the loftiest and grandest elucidations of the mysterious tangle ever pen conveyed. Aye, truly this same thought has vibrated through the pulse of humanity from generation to generation, finding, at intervals, expression from the surcharged heart of some noble, advanced thinker.

When our water supply is impure we investigate the source of the stream. What has brought about our unnatural social standing; too much or too little education? Why should the mental receive more consideration than the manual training, when both tend to the same end, viz., earning money? And why should domestic labor be looked down upon? Simply because all our public school education tends to the development of the head or mind, and no care is bestowed upon the hand. Yet all the home comforts, health, good tempers and innumerable blessings hinge upon the necessity of skilful hands. The anchor that is cast in a well-ordered Christian home, is cast to stay, and alluring temptations, gleam and glitter as they may, only momentarily attract the eye, but touch no deeper spring of the home builder. The flimsy excuse of being called a servant does not answer the question, for are we not servants every one of us, either to our Maker, God, or our destroyer, Satan. Well here we stand to-day, with a system of perfect equality in our public schools. Ever may it be so! In the recitation room equality reigns; the school-room and academy doors are open to all. In both institutions the whole time is devoted to mental development, with

NOT A SINGLE LESSON

from beginning to end of the course in the line of manual training. We will venture to assert that half or three-fourths of these scholars must earn their daily bread. The school door closes and so does the perfectly righteous equality. A whole array of bright, active minds, double the army of unskilled hands. Boys, if they so decide, can learn a trade, while the girl's knowledge of housework depends upon the judicious management, by the wise mother, of the few after school hours and leisure days. But the school-work too often exhausted the energies these seasons were usually spent in needful rest. Let me ask are all mothers capable of imparting housekeeping instruction? We will admit they ought to be, but are they? And is every home so comfortably appointed as to supply the means for experimental learners. Side by side stand our graduates. To one the way is paved by money and influence. The other, and she often mentally superior, has just the path she hews out by her abilities, i. e., if the opportunity unfolds itself for their exercise. Is it consistent to advise or suggest that because she is needy there is no way open but hiring out? She is utterly incompetent. Will her attainments qualify her? What consideration does she receive from her employer, perhaps mother, of her former school associates? Ignorance is not softened by patient forbearance on the part of the mistress. Do you wonder that her spirit chafes, frets, and denounces the whole avenue of domestic work so out of harmony with her training. Any form of employment is preferable; there is no comparison between hardship and this galling sense of inferiority. The life is unendurable, surrounded though it be by many comforts. She has been used to surmounting mental difficulties. The outside world is a new field. Why should it contain so many fathomless bogs under its smiling exterior? We have diverged.

TO RESTORE EQUILIBRIUM

we must combine and closely interweave the instruction of hand with head, and we believe the first rays are piercing the gloom. The childish hands in their beautiful kindergarten training are early learning the joys of use. Corporations are awaking to the needs; generous minds are planning and contriving. Private schools are being established for training in housekeeping arts. We soon hope to behold legislation usher in the dawn of mechanical education that will compete with the efficiency of our public schools, and on the same platform of equality. Ere I close let me throw the door open wide for one sweeping glance at the fathers and these same bachelors whom "Housespun" eradicates. Truly our sex are not fitted for what is thrown upon them; but if it were not for the greed of the rich employer, would they have so much to endure? Have we proven our ability to independently maintain ourselves? Do you find us in throngs at the street corners loafing through the bright, busy day? Are we gifted in counterfeiting? Is our work deftly performed and do we receive like compensation. Our road has been thorny. If we have conquered obstacles and attained victory do we appreciate our hard-earned emancipation. We have yet to learn that true womanly independence is detrimental to our sex. Yet you ask us to abdicate, so that there can be homes in this goodly country. "Go ye in and possess the land," there are homes in abundance waiting to be reclaimed from the forest primeval, if the bone and sinew were strengthened by manly exercise, instead of degenerating into enfeebled effeminacy, calling the handling of silks and laces, and discussing their relative merits, a life vocation; sallying forth, at day's close, puffing and vomiting forth tobacco juice or smoke at every step, often their breaths reeking with alcoholic fumes. Can an intelligent woman sink any lower than union with these apologies for manliness? Fathers and mothers are wise in withholding their daughters. Better they plod on in any form of employment than risk happiness in this line. Greater interest would centre around home qualifications were the outlook offering chances of peaceful happiness. Each seeking the well-being of the other, then we would indeed rise to the exalted standard of "All ye are brethren"; letting brotherly love continue.

MRS. M. H.

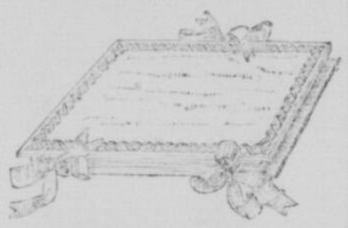
HINTS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS—GATHERED FROM ALL QUARTERS.

HANDKERCHIEF OR GLOVE CASE.

This dainty article is a favorite gift for either a lady or gentleman. The materials used are lambs' wool wadding and fine India silk. A piece of lambs' wool, twelve inches wide, and a yard and a quarter long, is thickly spread with half a pound of orris root, in which has been mixed one ounce of sachet powder; over this is laid a very thin sheet of lambs' wool, and one thickness of the silk intended for the lining—these are quilted together by hand, so as to prevent the powder from slipping all into one place, and accumulating there into a lump. The quilting must be very neatly done in straight lines, small squares or diamonds, in concentric circles, or other pretty pattern, and must be done with fine sewing silk. When this is finished the outside is sewed to this, putting the two silks together and making a bag of them, which, when turned, will bring the outside silk in its proper place, leaving the quilted side as a lining. The edges of the two ends are turned up till they meet down the centre. Their upper and lower edges are neatly overcasmed to the edges which lie beneath them, thus forming two deep pockets nearly square, and when these are tied together with a broad ribbon, the *monchoir* case is finished. One of the prettiest seen was of a pale copper color, lined with pure yellow, and tied with copper-colored ribbons. Another beautiful one was of grey-ish-blue—very cold in tone—lined with shrimp pink; the edges being covered with a gilt cord, and small gilt tassels being mixed with the bows of grey-blue ribbon. A third was of pale olive green lined with a rich red-brown—almost a terra-cotta. These *monchoir* cases may be used as glove cases by altering the proportions in such a way that the pockets may be long and narrow instead of square.

PHOTOGRAPH CASE OF BIRCH BARK.

This is a pretty way to use the birch bark gathered during the summer holidays, or those fortunate enough to live in the country may procure it now. Cover two pieces of cardboard, seven and a half inches long and five inches wide, with birch bark. Cut the birch bark so that it will extend on all sides half an inch beyond the piece of cardboard, then fold the bark down evenly over the edge of the cardboard, and catch it in place with a needle and strong thread by taking a stitch first in the edge of the bark on one side, then on the other, the threads running back and forth connecting the turned-over edges of the bark. If there is too much fulness at the corners, cut out a piece at each point, but not too much. Then make a fancy stitch in colored silk on the outside near the edge of the birch bark, sewing through both the bark and the cardboard. In the same manner cover the other piece of cardboard with



birch bark. Next cut two more pieces of cardboard of the same size as the first, and after laying over each one a thin piece of cotton wadding, cover them with light colored silk, placing the silk over the cotton and catching down the edges, in the same manner as in fastening the birch bark on the other pieces of cardboard. Now take two pieces of the cardboard, one covered with birch bark and the other with silk, place them evenly together, making one panel, showing the bark on the outside and the silk on the inside. The two sides should be of exactly the same size. Sew these edges together with fine sewing silk. Proceed in like manner to fasten the other two covered pieces of cardboard together. The hinges of the case are made of two ribbon bows formed of four pieces of ribbon, two pieces sewed on each side of the case; it is best to insert the ribbon between the two pieces of cardboard which form one side, and sew them in when overhanding the edges together. The case is tied together by two ribbons, one fastened in each side of the case on the opposite edge from the hinges. The old-fashioned albums seem to have almost disappeared, and these photograph cases may appropriately take their place.

A CLOCK PLAQUE.

An ordinary clock, says one who has tried it, may be made a very elegant home ornament with very little trouble and expense. Get one of the boys to saw an inch board to the desired shape and size, with an open-

A Plaque for a Clock.

ing in the centre in which the clock will fit snugly. Cut the plush which is to cover it a couple of inches larger that the board is, and stitch it around the edges. Place a layer of cotton batting on the board, before covering it, with an extra thickness near the edge, so that it will gradually slope towards the opening for the clock. Lay on the plush, and draw it smoothly over the board, and tack it on the back. The decoration for the plaque is made of natural oak leaves. Select as graceful a twig as possible, give the leaves a couple of coats of glue; when dry, gild or bronze all with liquid gilding, and tack it on the plaque. Fasten the clock in securely, and cover the back by tacking muslin over it, the color of the plush. Place screw-eyes on the back to hang it up by. The wire or cord for hanging, should not show.

AN ODD PAPER WEIGHT.

Gild six large-sized nails, and tie them securely together with a bright ribbon.

A PEN-WIPER.

A bright little fancy for a pen-wiper is this: Cut a few chamois leaves, book-shaped, and put them in

covers of birch bark or morocco, just like a little book. Then have such an inscription as this stamped on the outside, or print it yourself.

FOR GRANDMAMMA.

Chamois for Eye-Glasses.

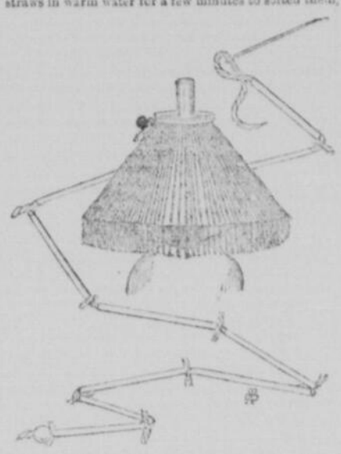
Cut out two circular pieces of chamois-skin about the size of a silver half dollar, bind the edges with narrow ribbon, and fasten the two pieces together with a bow of the same. On one side print the little verse with a lead pencil, then go over it with pen and ink, or it may be outlined in silk matching the ribbon in color.

FOR MOTHER.

An acceptable gift to the "busy housewife" is a button-bag, made from chamois leather. The leather is cut to the desired size—allowing sufficient length to cut a fringe at the bottom an inch and a half deep, at one this fringe the bag is closed with neat, firm stitches, and when ready, is lined with silk—enough of the silk left projecting to form a heading, and through it a casing is made for a drawing-string. On the leather is painted, or worked, the word "Buttons." These bags are also very useful as key-bags and are made, as above, to hang on a nail, or are fastened to a bread ribbon, half a yard long, which hangs from a girdle made of three yards of ribbon two inches wide.

A STRAW LAMP-SHADE.

This shade, says a contemporary, is far prettier than it is possible to show by the illustration. The following materials are necessary: a bunch of nice, white straws, which can be bought at any drug store; one hundred large glass beads, colored or gilt, and some red Germantown wool, or single zephyr worsted. Soak the straws in warm water for a few minutes to soften them,



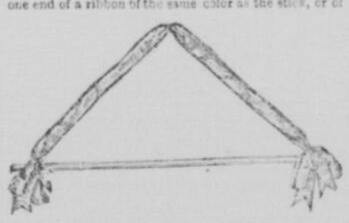
then with sharp scissors cut them in pieces one and one-half inches long. Cut some red worsted into bits about half an inch long. Then thread a large darning needle with worsted, tie a good-sized knot at the end, string a bead, push it down to the knot; string a bit of worsted, push it down to the bead; string a piece of straw and bring it against the bit of worsted. Next comes the worsted again, then a piece of straw, and so on until four pieces of straw are on the strand, and a bit of worsted at the top. Make a cord of some of the worsted, the cord when completed to be about five-eighths of a yard long, and fasten a small tassel at each end. About eight inches from the end of this cord sew the strand you have just finished, leaving one inch of worsted above the top straw. One hundred strands are needed for an ordinary lamp shade, but if it is to be of extra size more will be necessary, and consequently more beads, for there must be a bead on the end of each strand. Sew the strands side by side, and close together on the cord. When the shade is adjusted, by tying the cord around the top of the porcelain shade, the two end strands should meet and lie close together like the others. This shade can be as easily made by a boy, as by a girl.

ANOTHER LAMP SHADE.

A lamp that has been afflicted with an ugly shade having a wire foundation can be clothed in a pretty new dress with very little trouble. Take a piece of plain, thin silk, about fifteen inches square—green or rose color will be best—button-hole the edge in large scallops, and trim with lace or fringe. A large hole should be cut in the centre for the glass chimney, and this also must be button-holed. Cream-colored silk is also very pretty decorated with roses and buds cut from figured sateen and pasted on.

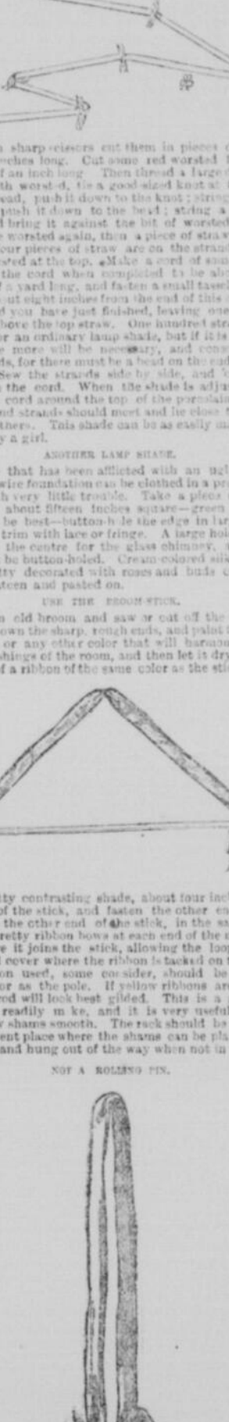
USE THE BROOM-STICK.

Take an old broom and saw or cut off the handle. Smooth down the sharp, rough ends, and paint the stick dark red, or any other color that will harmonize with the furnishings of the room, and then let it dry. Tack one end of a ribbon of the same color as the stick, or of



some pretty contrasting shade, about four inches from the end of the stick, and fasten the other end of the ribbon to the other end of the stick, in the same way. Tie two pretty ribbon bows at each end of the main ribbon where it joins the stick, allowing the loops to fall over, and cover where the ribbon is tacked on the pole. The ribbon used, some consider, should be of the same color as the pole. If yellow ribbons are preferred, the red will look best gilded. This is a gift any boy can readily make, and it is very useful to keep the pillow shams smooth. The rack should be hung in a convenient place where the shams can be placed over the pole, and hung out of the way when not in use.

NOT A ROLLING PIN.



Key and Button-Hook Rack.

Gild a wooden ball (croquet ball will do), insert brass hooks at regular intervals, and suspend by a bright ribbon and bow tacked with small tacks on the top of the ball. This idea will be appreciated by those who object to kitchen utensils being displayed in bedroom or parlor.

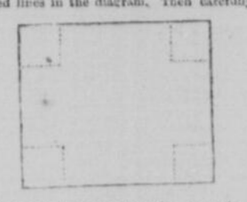
A PRETTY AND CHEAP BLOTTER.

To make the blotter as illustrated, select a Christmas card of the desired size, then cut four pieces of blotting-paper exactly the size of the card. With a sharp

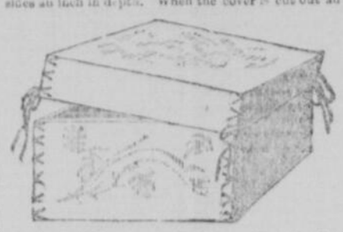
knife cut a slit at one end through the card and blotters. Through this opening run a bright ribbon, tie in a pretty bow, and the decorated blotter is finished

BON-BON BOX.

Take a piece of rough drawing paper, thirteen inches long and ten inches wide, and cut out squares of two and a half inches from each of the four corners, as in the dotted lines in the diagram. Then carefully fold



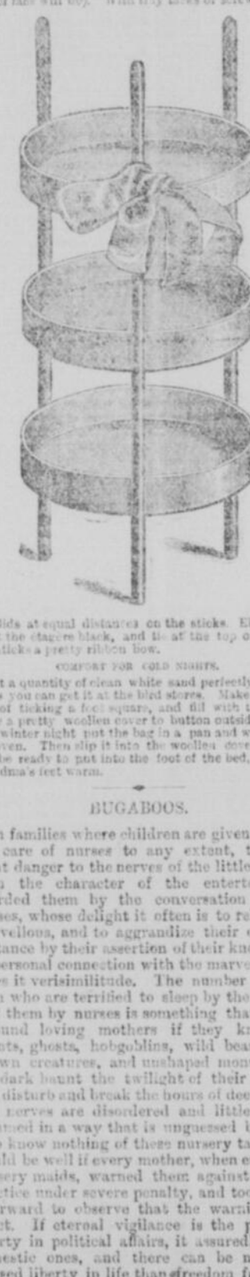
down the projecting sides in order to make them stand up evenly and smoothly when bent back and upright. With a large needle threaded with silver cord lace up each corner as in illustration. For the cover take another piece of paper, making the top a trifle larger than the bottom, and the sides an inch in depth. When the cover is cut out ad



ready to bend in shape, first decorate it with a few flowers painted in water colors, and then lace the sides together with silver cord, tying the ends in a bow with long loops. Sometimes very narrow ribbons take the place of the cord for lacing the sides together; if delicate pink ribbons are used and the box ornamented with wild roses, the effect is charming. This box will be found, if made of strong paper, not just its usefulness when the bon-bons are done.

BRACKET.

Take the lids of three salt boxes and three slender round sticks each fourteen inches long (slender handles of fans will do). With tiny tacks or screws fasten



the lids at equal distances on the sticks. Ebonize or paint the étagere black, and tie at the top on one of the sticks a pretty ribbon bow.

COMFORT FOR COLD NIGHTS.

Get a quantity of clean white sand perfectly dry; in cities you can get it at the bird stores. Make a strong bag of ticking a foot square, and fill with the sand. Make a pretty woollen cover to button outside. On a cold winter night put the bag in a pan and warm it in the oven. Then slip it into the woollen cover, and it will be ready to put into the foot of the bed, to keep grandma's feet warm.

BUGABOOS.

In families where children are given over to the care of nurses to any extent, there is great danger to the nerves of the little people from the character of the entertainment afforded them by the conversation of the nurses, whose delight it often is to relate the marvellous, and to aggrandize their own importance by their assertion of their knowledge or personal connection with the marvel which gives it verisimilitude. The number of children who are terrified to sleep by the stories told them by nurses is something that would astound loving mothers if they knew it. Giants, ghosts, hobgoblins, wild beasts, unknown creatures, and unshaped monsters of the dark haunt the twilight of their dreams and disturb and break the hours of deep sleep, and nerves are disordered and little brains inflamed in a way that is unguessed by those who know nothing of these nursery tales. It would be well if every mother, when engaging nursery maids, warned them against such a practice under severe penalty, and took pains afterward to observe that the warning had effect. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty in political affairs, it assuredly is in domestic ones, and there can be no more blessed liberty in life than freedom from the fear and horror which make the infancy of so many nurse-ridden children intolerable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHILDREN IN LODGING HOUSES.

Dr. Barnardo's plan of securing London waif-children from the evil surroundings of the common lodging house has been launched with every prospect of abundant success. At a meeting of friends of his work, on Tuesday afternoon, last week, Dr. Barnardo unfolded his scheme, and bespoke the hearty co-operation of the Christian public. He pointed out that for years he had realized the sad need for steps for the rescue of young children of the destitute class from the awful houses into which they are taken by their parents, to herd with vicious men and degraded women. Nothing short of legislative interference will go to the root of the matter, yet scores of little ones may be reached by philanthropic means, whereby also experiences may at the same time be gained as to the best way to effectually deal with the whole subject.

Mentioning the fact that he had taken a common lodging-house, for children only, in a district much frequented by waif children, and that he had all but secured a second, calculated to prove equally useful, Dr. Barnardo spoke of the way in which he proposes to have these institutions managed. In ordinary common lodging-houses children are paid for; so in his a nominal charge of a penny each will be made, which will also entitle the inmates to a warm meal. The want of a penny will not, however, be a bar to admission; and destitute children will ever find kindly consideration at the hands of the people in charge. One Home will be for girls and the other for boys, and for the first a suitable deputy, a good and qualified woman, is already in mind. The houses are small, holding from thirty to thirty-five children each; if they prove successful, then similar ones may be established in all the lodging-house districts in London.

Dr. Barnardo gave figures showing the magnitude of the lodging house population of London, and said there must be from 50,000 to 60,000 persons homeless in the city, of whom 25 per cent are children. Some little girls who had just been brought into the homes were led into the room in which the meeting was held, and sorry objects they were, albeit intelligent in physiognomy. Their histories were (in their absence) briefly detailed, and they were sad in the extreme—poverty and wretchedness made up the tale. Having mentioned that money was required wherewith to furnish the houses, and saying that the highest good of the children is his great object, Dr. Barnardo left the cause in the hands of the friends of the young.

AN ENTERPRISING firm in a certain Missouri town has the following advertisement: "Any man who drinks two drams of whisky per day for a year, and pays ten cents a drink for it, can have at our store thirty sacks of flour, two hundred and twenty pounds of granulated sugar, and seventy-five pounds of green coffee for the same money, and get two dollars and fifty cents premium for making the change in his expenditures.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

REVIEW AND TEMPERANCE.

DECEMBER 30.

The Period of the Conquest. Seven years; B.C. 1451 to 1444.

The Period of the Judges (including Joshua's losing years). 350 years; B.C. 1444-1094.

Territory. The land of Palestine, on both sides of Jordan.

Division of the Land. Nine and a half tribes west of the Jordan, and two and a half east of the Jordan.

Persons. Joshua, the captain of the Lord's host, Achan, Caleb, Gideon, Samson, Ruth.

SUBJECT,—THE UNFOLDING OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

I. The Work to be done. (Lesson I.) Overcoming enemies and obstacles; bringing the land under the dominion of God's laws and God's people; making a happy, intelligent, religious, prosperous nation, which should enlighten the world. Thy Kingdom come.

II. Entering upon the Work. (Lessons II., III.) The story of the crossing, and its memorial. Conversion.

III. God's Marvellous Works. (Lessons II., IV., X., XI.) Revivals, Conversion, Providence.

IV. Deeds of Heroism and Faith. (Lessons I., II., IV., VII., X., XI., XII.) Self-Sacrifice, Mission Labors.

V. Mutual Help. (Lessons II., IV., VII.)

VI. Putting away Evil. (Lesson V.)

VII. Failures and Imperfections. (Lessons V., IX.)

VIII. Religion in Daily Life. (Lesson XII.)

IX. Resolutions for the last Sunday of the year.

APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.

The work to be done in overcoming intemperance and its colleagues, great enemies of man, and making the nation temperate and prosperous. Overcoming these enemies in each heart. Crossing the Jordan typifies the signing of the pledge, and entering upon a temperance life, and upon the temperance work. God gives His Holy Spirit, who has wrought some miraculous transformations in those who have been addicted to strong drink. We are defeated when we have aught to do with the accursed drink, and especially if we indulge in the drink habit in secret, contrary to pledge and profession. We should help one another in every way; often renew our covenant and promise, and live pure and happy daily lives, consecrated to God and his cause. Deeds of heroism and faith as great as those of Gideon and Samson are often required by those who are faithful amid adverse influences, and those who enter the crusade against intemperance.

APPLICATION TO MISSIONS.

The work of subduing the whole world to become the kingdom of God. Consecration. God's wonderful works, seen in every mission. The greatness, the number, the cruelty of the enemies to be overcome, not by destroying, but by converting. There are needed deeds of heroism, of mutual help, and of faith. There will be final success.—*Condensed from Peloubet's Select Notes.*

A BOYS' PARADISE.

The father mentioned in the following incident belongs to the class of people who believes that "boys can be poked away anywhere," and in planning his new house, no provision was made for the room which his young sons were to occupy. Fortunately, the lads had a grandmother who knew that an attractive room, all his own, has a wonderful power to keep a boy indoors in the evening, and the way in which she converted the father to her belief, is thus described:

"David," she said to her son, "who is that large chamber for with the bay-window and two mantel-pieces?"

"For company, mother," was the reply.

"What company? I didn't know you expected any," said the shrewd old lady.

"Oh, for anyone who happens along! By-and-by Emma will leave school, and have company, you know. James's wife and Cousin Hepsy come down twice a year to shop, and always stop here a night or two."

"But your own boys come here to sleep three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year, and have a thousand times the claim on you that any 'company' have."

"Yes?"

"What arrangements have you made for them?"

And the father repeated the remark he had made to his easy wife so often, that "boys didn't care, and that they could cuddle down and sleep anywhere."

"But these boys must not sleep anywhere after the new house is built. Unless you divide that long spare chamber into two moderate-sized ones, and give one to them, I shall settle them in the room you have planned for me, and make my home with Catherine. She has plenty of room, and is always urging me to come to her. I will not crowd your sons out of a room."

David Lane loved his mother, so the result was that the long "spare chamber" was finished so as to meet the wants of the boys.

Two happier boys never lived than these two when the time came for furnishing and ornamenting that room! Grandma took the matter in her own hands, and said they should have everything to their mind, as long as they kept within bounds.

"Now, what do you want in your room?" she asked when the house was nearly done.

"In the first place, we don't want a carpet, because somebody would be always telling us not to kick holes in it. We don't want black walnut furniture, nor a big looking-glass, nor china vases, nor anything grand that scratches, or tears, or breaks," Morton said.

"Well, say what you do want, then," said their grandmother.

"Well, grandma, we want an oiled floor and two of your great braided mats: and an open fireplace, with your brass andirons from the garret; and a big hearth, where we can pop corn and roast nuts; and we want bright wall paper, with pictures of the country; and two little iron bedsteads, with blue spreads; four chairs, painted blue: a glass case for our stuffed birds; shelves for our books; and lots of hooks to hang our bows and arrows, violin, French horn, boxing gloves, bats and Indian clubs on. These, with the old sitting-room lounge and the old easy chairs, will make us the most comfortable boys in the world."

Before the month closed, the "Boys' Paradise" was complete, and a score of wise fathers and mothers, with several scores of less wise boys and girls, had been invited to see it. No one now complains of the Lane boys for hooting from the top of stone walls, or howling about the streets by night; and their mother says their music and their company do not disturb her half as much as the anxiety as to where they were by night used to do.—*Selected.*

A FAMILY SINKING-FUND.

One of the wisest things in the world would be for every family of moderate or narrow means—those that have not a surplus of income on which to call for unexpected expenses—to put by a reserve fund for occasion of illness; what in financial parlance is called a sinking-fund, and which is to be drawn upon when druggists, doctors, and all the other attendants of illness must appear upon the scene, with concomitant expenditure that appears very great in comparison with the usual family expenditure. Most people think that when sickness comes they themselves can do the nursing in the family—and indeed most people have to do it; but nothing so soon ruins the whole family comfort, for not only is the household disarranged and disorganized, and the sick person is not so well taken care of as if a professional person properly trained were employed, but the members of the family who do the nursing are worn out in body and mind and nerve; and there are other sick persons to be added to the list, requiring care, and often entirely breaking down at last, requiring still more expenditure, and possibly destroying the whole happiness of the family, as death and loss and insanity must always do. It would not be a difficult thing to save and lay by, in seasons of health, a very small sum of money every month, which would eventually amount to a figure that would make it easy to hire a nurse at need—a nurse who, when the patient was used to her, would make it vastly more comfortable, not only to the patient, but to every one else in the house. It may be most agreeable to the sick to have those they love in attendance about them, but the others are also to be considered; and physicians are all agreed that it is in reality detrimental to both parties, and that a skilled nurse counts almost as much as they do themselves in the treatment of disease.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"ENDORSE THE CHEQUE."

BY REV. WILLIAM HASLAM, M.A.

A worldly gentleman was once awakened under a rousing sermon, and began to think about eternal realities, and about his soul's condition. The more he thought the more he was convinced that his life was most unsatisfactory.

He made up his mind that he would seek for salvation, and give up his past bad ways. Like many others, he fell into the common mistake of turning over a new leaf—that is to say, he determined to cover up the past by leading a better life in the future. He thought that by so doing he would succeed in his search after salvation.

In this new enterprise he was not altogether without encouragement. Being naturally a determined man, he went about his work with energy and earnestness. He made bold also to let everybody know what he had made up his mind to do and to be.

He put himself under rule, and kept to it. He rose early, read his Bible for so long, and made prayer until such an hour. Thus far, to outward appearance at least, he did well; but inwardly, before God, he was not doing well; for, inasmuch as he was doing all these things to save himself, he was denying that Christ had already done everything necessary for his salvation. In trying to obtain God's favor, he was practically denying that Christ had done that already.

However, he did not intend to make this mistake, nor was he wilfully sinning against light. Consequently, God not only bore with him, but encouraged him by many tokens of his favor and blessing. Passages of Scripture were sometimes applied to his mind, and, at others, prayers were suggested which he had never thought of.

Gradually, his eyes were opened to see that if he had gone on in his former neglectful and wicked life, he would have been lost for ever. Nevertheless, his religious life and exercises, instead of satisfying him, made him feel more and more that something was still wanting.

He had heard of people who professed to be saved, but he could not say that he had arrived at that happy state. For this blessing he began to pray in right earnest, and not receiving the answer he desired, he became discouraged.

He went on in this way for three years, until he was nearly driven to despair, and, humanly speaking, would have gone into despair. He talked of giving up prayer, and letting himself go! But he could not do this. The enemy suggested to him that he was not one of the elect, and therefore God could not save him. This made him somewhat angry with God for inviting people, as he said, and then not receiving them.

Then the thought came to his mind that he was doomed to be damned—that there was no help for him. Sometimes he even ventured to say as much as this about himself, though he could not bear anyone else should say it of him.

At length he came to me, "by the merest chance," as he afterwards affirmed. "Indeed, it was quite an accident!"

However, he opened his mind freely, and told me in substance what I have already stated. I asked him whether he expected to be pardoned or saved, because he prayed.

"Yes, certainly," he answered, "I have been so expecting."

"If that is the case," I replied, "it may be the reason why you have not received pardon. God commands believers—that is, his own people—to pray to Him, and assures them of answers; but those who are not yet his, He requires them to come to Him, not as praying men, to recommend themselves as such, but as lost sinners, for whom Christ died. Christ died for sinners; you should come to Him in that character."

"Yes," he said, "I do pray as a sinner."

"But, my friend, did you not tell me just now that you had been expecting pardon because you prayed, not because you were a sinner?"

He could not quite see my meaning.

I continued, "Supposing that you were in distress, and you received a draft or order in your name for one hundred pounds to set you free from your trouble, what would you do?"

"I would go and get the order cashed, of course."

"But suppose, when you presented your order or cheque at the bank, the clerks refused to give you a single penny, what then?"

"I should be disappointed," he said, "and perhaps angry. I might inquire, 'Is not the signature genuine? Has the gentleman no money in your bank?'"

"And suppose the reply was, 'Yes the signature is good, and there is plenty of money; but the cheque is not endorsed!' You observe, the cheque is made to your order, and you have not signed your name. That cheque is worthless until you acknowledge that you are the person to whom and for whom the draft was made."

"Oh," he said, as if waking up with a new thought, "I see now where you are. You mean that I must acknowledge myself a lost sinner, and come to God as such. I am obliged to you; this makes the matter quite clear to me. I see, God is not to blame after all, but my own self."

I said, "It is so. Let us, then, ask Him to forgive your past fault."

He was ready and willing to do this, and asked God's forgiveness for all the hard and unjust thoughts he had indulged towards Him. He came not only as a lost sinner, but as a sinner believing in Jesus' great sacrifice, and soon found peace with God.

For more than three years this dear man had been struggling and laboring in vain under a mistake; but now that his understanding was enlightened, and he was willing to accept the finished work of Christ, he soon entered into joy and rest. He came to me a despairing soul, and went out a pardoned sinner.

It is surprising how near some people are to salvation, and yet they do not reach it. They seek it earnestly, yet do not obtain it. Why is this? Because they seek amiss and not according to God's will. His salvation is provided and ready for the helpless, it is obvious that we should come to the Lord in that character and that alone. Our helplessness is our qualification, so to speak, for receiving blessing, not for being debarred from it. The excuses people make for not being saved are the very reasons why they should be if they only knew it."—*Christian.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Read and practice this from *The Woman's Magazine*:—

Don't worry.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify! Simplify! Simplify!"

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air!"

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

"Seek peace and pursue it."

"Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—*Morning Star.*

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

[Written for the "Children's Corner."]

A CHRISTMAS PIE.

HOW IT WAS MADE AND HOW ENJOYED.

It was a day in November, one of those unpleasant stormy days that come at the beginning of winter; a raw penetrating wind, and a damp snow falling that would stick to you, and wet you more than rain.

A poor little beggar girl was trudging along, carrying a basket of broken bread on her arm, and trying to hold up her ragged skirt, which would manage to fall down and trail in the mud; her face was drawn and pinched, and altogether she looked as if she had not tasted much of the pleasures or good things of this life.

In one of the best houses of the town of B——, in a cosy little room, four girls sat with their heads close together, busily discussing some plan.

"Oh, see! Ella," said one of them, presently, as she looked out of the window, "how it is snowing, and there goes that poor little girl as usual with her basket. I think she must beg for the whole family; it was seeing her put it into my head; how nice it would be to get up something for poor children at Christmas time. We must give her some clothes as well as a ticket to our bran pie entertainment."

"You promised to tell me all about that queer kind of entertainment, Susy, you know. I was not able to come last Wednesday, when you met and decided upon having it."

"Well, so I will tell you about it," said Susy; "mother proposed it, she thought it would be nice and easy for us to get up. We are going to get a box, one not too deep, not more than a foot, I think. Alice says she can get one that will just do. We will fill it almost full of toys or anything else that will be nice for the children, then finish with bran. They will each get something; besides they will have their tea.

"I think that will be just splendid," said Maud. Then you see no one can be jealous of another getting a nicer present, for they all have the same chance."

"We will have to work hard, too, for there is just Kate, and Ella, you, Maud, and myself." "Now, girls," said Ella, "remember you are to meet at our place Wednesday; yes, and we will be sure and bring plenty of things with us, too. Good-by till then.

Wednesday found four young workers, deep in the business of dressing dolls, making paper dolls, and many other things. From that time out they worked steadily; so when Christmas week came, it was found they had enough for thirty children; and that number of tickets were duly made out, for no child could come without one.

Among other things, with a little advice from their mothers, they had made over several cast-off dresses to fit some of the poorest children. These were given to them separately. The day before Christmas, which had been chosen for the treat, they all met in the warm room that a friend had kindly let them have for the occasion, to complete the arrangements.

When it was finished the place looked quite pretty, all decorated with evergreens and flags.

At one end of the room they had a long table just made of rough boards and covered with a cloth, loaded with cake, bread and butter and apples for the tea.

At the other end, on a couple of benches, was a square, rather shallow box, decorated with flags and evergreens, apparently filled with bran, which they explained to their friends, who

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

[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.]

FRUIT-GROWING IN THE FAR NORTH-WEST.

A recent number of the Victoria, V.I., *Weekly Times* contains interesting information concerning the possibilities of fruit-growing on the Island of Vancouver, and the western slopes of British Columbia. Mr. A. McD. Allan, one of the foremost horticulturists in Ontario, has been visiting those parts of the Dominion, and is greatly impressed with their adaptation to the culture of fruit. The *Times* presents a report of the views at which he has arrived, as elicited in an interview had with him. Mr. Allan considers that the extreme western part of Canada possesses, both in climate and soil, every requisite to successful fruit-growing. It is a well-known fact that fruit, like grain, is produced in better quality the farther north we go in the zone of its growth. California and Oregon are noted for the size of the fruit raised in those states, but they are deficient in that juicy flavor which characterizes the fruit grown farther north. This is a remarkable instance of climatic compensation. Nature does not grant both size and quality to any one locality.

The writer well remembers when in California, some years ago, experiencing constant disappointment in the flavor of the apples, pears and strawberries. Large, tempting-looking specimens had a flat, unsatisfying taste. They were far inferior to the same varieties with which he was familiar in Ontario. Cold has an influence which natural philosophy has not yet explained, on richness and sweetness of fruit-flavor. It is the same with honey. The best samples of that luscious product are found in the coldest regions in which bees can be successfully kept. California yields large crops of honey but it is of far lower grade in the market than that gathered in Canada, and brings a much less price. The best honey fields on the North-American Continent, are those of Ontario, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The state last named is too cold for the choicest varieties of apples, but those hardy enough to stand the climate, are of high flavor.

Mr. Allan sees no reason why apples cannot be shipped from British Columbia and Vancouver Island to Covent Garden Market, London, direct. The same precautions used in shipping apples from Ontario to England would suffice for a long sea voyage. We ship to the sea-board in Tiffany cars, which are provided with shelves, cold air blast, and other improved arrangements. Ocean steamers are similarly provided. But the far North-West has another market nearer at hand. It could easily supply all the region as far east as Winnipeg. Though unrivalled as a wheat-field, the interior provinces of the North-West will never be noted for their fruit production. They will, no doubt, be equal to growing Siberian crabs, and a few of the "Iron-clad" and Russian varieties of apples. When timber belts are brought into existence, it will be possible to raise varieties of fruit to which the fierce Arctic blasts of winter are now fatal. Mr. Allan suggests for these interior provinces, that are unprotected by natural forests, a triple belt of trees: first cotton-wood, next poplar, and then evergreens. But it will take a generation for them to grow into usefulness, while, farther west, everything, so far as climate is concerned, is in a state of present preparation. It is only the fruit-trees that need to be planted.

Substantially the same rules of fruit-culture obtain in those regions as here with the exception of shelter. Mr. Allan lays great stress on drainage. To the want of this he attributes the decay of trees in Ontario and elsewhere. It is not the sole cause of orchards dying out. Exposure to wintry winds and starvation of the trees are fruitful causes of orchard failures. But want of drainage is another evil, no doubt. People fancy that if an orchard is planted on a hill-side, the drainage will be all right. But this is not the case. Most hills are more or less springy, and there are few tracts of land, whether level or hilly, that would not be benefited by underdraining, except the lightest sands, and the most porous gravels. Orchards die prematurely for want of proper care and culture.

Vancouver Island and British Columbia are well adapted for the growth of small fruit, especially cherries. The plums also excel, while the cranberries, in color, flavor and size, are better than those grown at Cape Cod. Smaller fruit, such as currants, raspberries, and gooseberries, could only be grown for home consumption, as they will not bear distant carriage. Mr. Allan expressed surprise at finding it asserted that two crops annually can be raised in those regions of such fruits as cherries and strawberries. If this be so, it speaks volumes in favor of the climate. On the whole, there seems little doubt that, to the other natural advantages of the far North-West, there may safely be added possibilities of fruit culture unsurpassed by those of any province in the Dominion, or any district in North America.

It is necessary to add a word here to curb the impetuosity of those who cannot read about the advantageous features of a new and far-away country, without being smitten with a desire to go and settle there. Let such ponder well the fact that we have all the possibilities in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces of Canada which exist in the regions to which attention is called in this article. There is also the advantage of a nearer market, which is always good for better prices. Fruit-growing in the Eastern provinces of the Dominion is only in its infancy as yet, but still, brilliant success has been achieved by those who have mastered the "know-how." Mr. Allan, in the course of a reference to the profitableness of fruit-growing, told the *Times'* reporter of an Ontario man who cleared one year $3,000 profit from an eleven-acre orchard. Such cases are rare, but they show what is practicable. Similar success awaits others who will be at the pains to secure the well-informed mind, and to employ "the hand of the diligent" which "maketh rich."

LINDENBANK.

POTATOES are very low in price at Prince Edward Island. The best quality of Hebrons sell at 18 cents per bushel, though few farmers are taking such low prices, preferring to store them.

VETERINARY.

Conducted by D. McEachran, F. R. C. V. S.]

PIGS UNDER A BARN.

SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER, Kelvin, Ont.—Q.—If pigs are allowed to run under the barn, including stable, will they make a horse poor? Ans.—We know of no reason why pigs under a horse barn should cause horses to become poor unless it be from the offensive odor, or disturbance of their rest by noise. For sanitary reasons pigs should not be kept under a horse stable.

RING BONE.

FARMER, St. Andrews, N.B.—Q.—I have a horse which has a large bone growth on his nigh hind fetlock; he is very lame. What will cure? Ans.—A ring bone affects the pastern joint, not the fetlock. Shorten the toe, and blister round the entire articulation with biniodide of mercury ointment one to eight, or get a veterinary surgeon to fire it.

WORMS IN A MARE—OSTEOSARCOMA.

J. P., Swan Lake, Man.—Q—1. I have two four-year-old mares in foal, which are in low condition due to worms. I have found three worms behind them six inches long. How will I treat them? 2. I have an ox with a disease of the eye, it discharges a great deal of bloody matter, and there is a large fleshy growth on the upper part of the orbit. There is now a large space round the eye-ball and, strange to say, the sight is not affected. Kindly let me know what is the cause and prescribe a remedy. Ans.—1. Feed them on bran mashes for two days, then on an empty stomach give them two ounces of spirits of turpentine in a pint of raw linseed oil. Repeat the dose in two weeks. 2. We fear you have an incurable cancerous affection of the bones of the orbit; osteosarcoma. You should have it examined by a veterinary surgeon.

MARES' SWELLED LEGS.

CONSTANT READER, Duluth, Minn.—Q.—I have a span of mares, one eight, the other nine years old. I bought them a year ago this fall. Did not work hard through the winter, but in the spring when standing in the stable a few days, their hind legs would swell from the ankle joint to the knee. But as soon as taken out and worked the swelling goes down. What is the cause and is there any cure? Ans.—Such swelling of the legs is usually due to insufficient exercise and inactivity of the kidneys. When idle feed them on soft food, have them regularly exercised or turned out for an hour or two, daily. When in the stable hand-rub and bandage the legs, and occasionally give half an ounce of nitrate of potash in a mash.

[Thisalso answers the question of H. C., Keady, Ont.]

ABORTION IN COWS.

RANCHER, Calgary.—Q.—1. A neighbor of mine has a herd of about eighteen cows. About a year ago they began to lose their calves, and before spring nine or ten had lost them. The cows were in good condition, some, good beef. Can you give reason and remedy? 2. I have a cow that has a lump coming on her jaw. Will it affect the meat if killed now? Ans.—1. Abortion in cows is well known to be contagious in certain forms, and cows which abort once are apt to do it again at the same period of gestation. It is seldom seen in ranch cattle. Change your bulls, and remove your cows to another place, or other buildings than those in which it previously occurred, and disturb them as little as possible when heavy in calf. Medical remedies seem to have but little effect in preventing it. 2. The flesh is good enough at the outset of the disease provided that it has invaded the jaw only; but that can be determined only by *post mortem* examination.

FARM GLEANINGS.

THE ONLY SECRET in storing apples is to have a cellar that is sufficiently dry and cool.

DO NOT WASTE WOOD ASHES. They are sufficiently valuable to pay for saving and applying to the soil.

STUDY TO ARRANGE FARMWORK, if possible, so that every season will have its employment and its income.

IT IS NOW CLAIMED that with the quantity of old wheat carried over in California, that State can spare 30,000,000 bushels for export.

THE NAME BUCKWHEAT is derived from the German word buck-weizen, or beech wheat, from the kernels being shaped like beech nuts.

EVEN THE CHICKENS will thrive better if they are not afraid of you. Almost every living thing will respond to kindness, and if they never receive cruel treatment at your hands they will soon become accustomed to you.

THE REPORT COMES to us that the farmers of New York State are now talking of forming a big apple trust, in hopes of getting better prices than are now offered. A big storage warehouse is to be built by the combination, and the apple harvest held to await a higher market.

SUNLIGHT is the "one thing needful" in window-plant culture. No use to try to grow plants where the room is always in darkness. If you wish to grow plants, you will have to select whether you will allow them all the daylight which the window will allow, or do without them. Plants in a state of rest can do longer without lightthan such that are growing, but none of them very long. There is a great difference between the greenhouse and the open daylight—between the greenhouse and the best window.

OF ALL FARM-CROPS wheat and potatoes are the best to use commercial fertilizers with; that is, taking everything into consideration, better results can be secured at less cost with these two crops than any others. By securing increased yields, it is, of course, possible to keep and feed a large number of stock, and, if the proper management is given, this should give a larger amount of manure to still further increase the yield. It is upon this plan that commercial fertilizers can often be made profitable, but they should not be depended upon except in this way. Farm manure is the best, and should receive the first attention, commercial manure being used only when the supply is insufficient.

ASHES COMPOSE the entire inorganic parts of plants. Returned to the soil, they may again be taken by growing vegetation. Their great usefulness as a manure is very evident and there are no grounds to dispute it. Ashes contain every element, and generally in the right proportion, to insure a full and a rapid growth. The benefits, therefore, have been apparent for several years after one liberal application. The marked effect is due to the potash contained in them. The ashes applied to soil aid greatly in reducing the organic matter in the soil to its mineral elements, and in setting free abundant nitrogen from it also. Thus, being a valuable plant food, it is also an effective provider of other food substances, without which vegetation could not attain its highest vigor.

WARM STABLES.—Having been convinced of the advantage and profit from warm, tight barns, too many stopped there and accepted the unexpressed theory that foul air was one of the necessary conditions of animal comfort secured in such buildings. Some men try to compromise the matter by opening doors and windows in the morning to air the stable, and if they have been confined in a room at a comfortable temperature and had a draught of air turned on them by a door being left open, they know what this airing means to cows. Where absorbents cannot be used in sufficient quantity, ventilating shafts and deodorizers should be employed. The ventilators should reach the seat of the trouble and take the bad air direct from the place where it starts, and not let it rise up through all haymows to find egress in the roof.

SUCCULENT ROOTS, as turnips, beets, carrots and parsnips, require two essentials for keeping through winter—a cool temperature, and a sufficiently moist surrounding to prevent withering or drying up. Warmth and moisture acting together produce rot; warmth and a dry air cause speedy shrivelling. Roots which are not injured by freezing when compactly surrounded with earth, may be left in the ground all winter where they grew—such, for instance, as the parsnip, which is all the better in quality for the freezing which it gets. The carrot will sometimes pass the winter in the same way, but more frequently it is rotted. But this treatment will not answer if the roots are dug and then buried in earth and afterwards frozen. They must remain where they grew; and as they have gradually enlarged in growth, they have crowded and pressed the earth outward, and thus left no interstices. An unbroken face of earth surrounds them.

THE VALUE OF APPLES.—Speaking of apples Prof. Faraday says:—"There is scarcely any article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Let every family in the autumn lay in from two or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary supplies. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast, with coarse bread, and without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling the febrile conditions more effectually than the most improved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—for the pies, cakes and candies and other sweetmeats with which the children are too often stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctors' bills sufficient in a single year to lay up a stock of this delicious fruit for a season's use."

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

THE AMERICAN LIVE-STOCK TRANSPORTATION COMPANY, of Chicago, with a capital of $500,000 has been incorporated. Its proprietors are leading stock-yard men.

IF YOU BREED what the market demands, the purchasr will come to you; but if you do not breed what the market calls for, you must search for customers.

WHEREVER SHEEP FEED, new sweet grasses flourish and weeds are destroyed, says a writer. If farmers fully appreciated how great a benefit sheep are to land they would raise more of them.

VENTILATION IS GOOD in its place but there are proper ways of securing fresh air without cracks, crevices, and openings, at every window and door. Many a cold and much rheumatism and other sickness may be avoided by a little attention to these things now.

I ONCE TOOK THREE QUARTS OF PURE MILK of a well-bred and splendidly formed Holstein and set it for cream. I also took a quart and a pint of Jersey milk, to which I added a little amount of water and set the mixture for cream. The adulterated Jersey milk showed one-fifth more cream than the pure Holstein milk. If you have a market that does not regard the quality of milk, it may pay to keep Holsteins.

YOU WILL SEE BY TRAVELLING through the country and no doubt will be convinced that the farmers, taken as a mass, are more careless about the breeding of swine than all other stock. A great difference in localities, is seen from using thoroughbreds. The farmer is benefited by using thoroughbreds in two ways. 1st, the pigs are more even and satisfactory and better feeders, and 2nd, they bring more per pound when ready for market.

THE THRIFT OF THE COLT is wonderfully increased by a daily grooming. This extra thrift brings such a good return that the grooming is well paid for. It pays to give the colt wheat bran and oats, as soon as it will eat them; and if it can get at them it will learn to eat very soon. A good plan is to put up a box behind or at the side of the dam's stall, low enough for the colt to reach into it easily. In this put a little bran and meal each time the dam is fed. The colt will soon learn to eat this, when oats may be added. You cannot begin to feed and train the colt too early.

IF THE LAW could be so altered as to enable lash for lash to be inflicted on the inhuman wretch who flogs a poor, intelligent, sensitive horse, the practice would soon cease. Never cause pain or discomfort, by the use of unnecessary restraints, such as the bearing reins, particularly what is called the over-drawn check, which is a disgrace to modern civilization, and neither ornamental nor useful in more than one case in a thousand. Never allow to be done, if in your power to prevent, a cruel thing to a dumb animal, which you would resent were it inflicted on yourself or your loved ones

WE KNOW OF FARMERS of thirty years' experience who have lost no horse or cow by accident or disease, and less than five percent of the calves or colts they have handled. An impartial investigation will show that accidents usually result from carelessness, and disease from ignorance and carelessness. If we will give our farm animals a variety of sound, palatable food, and give it regularly and liberally; if we will provide them all they need of pure water at an agreeable temperature; if we will give them comfortable shelters, and well drained quarters, and keep both shelters and quarters clean; and if we will not breed immature animals, and will be careful, we will find that we have provided ourselves with most reliable live stock insurance.

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT MAN is their master, and friend as well, should be thoroughly ingrained in young bulls' whole being that it can never be by any means eradicated or temporarily displaced. The question is, how can this be done? Certainly not by confinement in a stall, and high feed, and leading out by a staff and ring in the nose occasionally to drink. Just thoroughly tame and subdue the calf, beginning as soon as he is born and continuing as he grows, as long as he lives. Never play or fool with a young animal of any kind. Let all your management of them be business and nothing else. Teach them with patience what you require of them and never allow one to avoid doing what you command; on the contrary let them know that it is impossible for them to have their own way instead of obeying your will.

A FURTHER IMPETUS has been given to the business of growing mutton in New Zealand for the English market, by contracts which have just been made by the Canterbury Freezing Co., to freight 180,000 sheep annually for the next two years, at a rate not exceeding two cents per pound. The ships employed will now carry from 24,000 to 30,000 carcasses each, against 10,000 to 12,000 carcasses formerly. The exports last year from New Zealand alone were 750,000 carcasses, which were 240,000 in excess of 1886. The other charges between producer and consumer are about two cents per pound, making the total cost to the New Zealand grower of laying his mutton down in the English market four cents per pound. The mutton sells at from seven to twelve cents per pound at wholesale, leaving the grower from three to eight cents per pound, in addition to skins and fat.

FROZEN TEATS should first have liberal friction with snow, and application of snow or snow-water, until sensation and pliability have been established. Thereafter make frequent cold bathings with alum solution, or a decoction of oak-bark or willow-bark, to which may be added a little spirit of wine. Should inflammation with much tenderness ensue, apply ointment of acetate of lead. In the present condition of the teat, the application of an elastic rubber band around the upper part of the teat, will prevent the escape of milk. In order not to chafe or otherwise injure the teat, the rubber band should not fit too tight, and it should be from a quarter to half an inch wide. A small piece of linen should first be wound once or twice around the teat, and over this apply the rubber band. The whole can be removed easily before milking, by simply pulling the linen down.

HOW TO HAVE HEALTHY SWINE.—Carefully abstain from giving any medicine whatever. Keep large and small separate and not more than ten in a lot. Feed regularly and liberally a variety of wholesome food, always some bulky food, and let each feed be eaten up clean before more is given. Give wallowing places, ashes, charcoal and salt, and plenty of exercise in timber pasture, yielding shade, roots, nuts, acorns, etc., but no doubly soured slops. Provide ventilated shelters from wind, rain and snow, but no litter. Hogs with litter get too warm. If you wish disease, put your hogs to the straw pile. Maintain cleanliness in all things. Breed only mature animals, and never from a show herd. The offspring of immature or pampered animals is predisposed to disease. Give pure water, from deep wells protected from surface water. Well water is not freezing cold in winter nor lukewarm in summer. Water from creeks (unless fed by springs), ponds or pools, is disease-breeding. Pigs should be farrowed in early spring, and kept on only growing foods—milk, bran slop, oats, green rye, grasses, clover, sweet corn—until late fall; then fatten rapidly, on corn mostly, but also green rye, blue grass, pumpkins, boiled potatoes and turnips, with bran, steamed clover hay, etc.—*American Agriculturist.*

IT COSTS FAR LESS to preserve a pound of live weight than it does to produce one. Now is the time above all others, when animals, especially the dairy cows, should receive a liberal allowance of food at the barn in order that the washy, innutritious grasses may be supplemented. Then, too, the animals should be kept in the barn or stables during the cold, rainy nights. When the owner of cattle is uncomfortable without his overcoat while out of doors, let him remember that cattle lying on the damp grass are unnecessarily using up food or fat. Will we never learn that the loss of every pound of live weight means that we have lost thirty pounds of hay or its equivalent? How shall these losses be avoided? The answer seems plain—by feeding liberally enough to prevent them. But while doing so we may feed in such a manner as not to accomplish our object with the least expenditure.

WARM WATER FOR COWS.—Prof. Johnston, of the Michigan Agricultural College, in relation to the use of warm water for cows, gives the results of experiments with the Holstein cow, Mac. The time of the experiment was January, 1888. The results, as stated, are as follows: The milk and butter product was but little affected by the temperature of the water drank. In the last two weeks of the test, the balance is in favor of cold water. The amount of butter made the last week, on cold water, was one pound seven ounces more than the preceding week, when warm water was given the cow. This holds true in no other case, there being a slight balance in favor of warm water during the entire period. The week when more butter was produced with the use of cold water, 16½ pounds less of milk was given than during the previous week, when warm water was drank. In the total results there is a balance in favor of warm water, there having been 45 pounds more of milk produced during the entire period when warm water was given than during the time cold water was drank. The balance in favor of warm water, in butter product, is 10 ounces. This would indicate a greater relative gain in milk, by the use of warm water, than in butter. Mac drank 535 pounds more of warm water than of cold.

GIVE HIM A HORSE.—The average boy's visions of future happiness have a horse or a gun in the foreground. A gun is not always the best thing for him to have, and when the choice lies between the two you can usually get the boy to compromise on the horse. A horse is right on the line of business, and instead of drawing his youthful master from his duties, gives him a renewed interest in the work in which they both bear a part. There is something wrong with the boy who does not love a good horse when he has a chance to. The average young American warms up to the noble animal naturally, and a very little encouragement and instruction makes him a horseman. This is a good tendency to encourage. Your boy will learn nothing bad of a horse, and his leisure time might be spent in far worse company. The farmer boy's horse should be an intelligent, wide-awake animal; one that he can ride, drive or work with pleasure—in fact, a business horse, for few farmers feel that they can afford to keep a horse simply to ride or drive. It is surprising how much drudgery a boy will go through cheerfully with a team that he can feel justly proud of. Fathers are apt to give the boys the poorest teams and the poorest tools on the place to work with, but it is bad policy if the boys are to be encouraged to become good farmers.

VALUE OF OAT STRAW.—If average meadow hay is worth twelve dollars per ton, a ton of oat straw is worth eight dollars and forty cents. But if we feed the straw alone the animals can digest only two dollars and eighty cents per ton. And, in fact, the straw fed alone has an actual value only to sustain life. Animals cannot make a gain on it, so much must they eat to get a little matter digested. Animals fed on straw alone would starve in time; they could not get digested enough albuminoids to sustain nerves and muscles. Nevertheless, we may easily so feed it as to make every ton of oat straw worth in actual results seventy percent and of wheat straw fifty-six percent of a ton of average meadow hay. We must feed the straw with some food or foods having an excess of albuminoids. Brewers' grains, malt sprouts, pease, wheat bran, and cats also have an excess of the albuminoids. So has clover (red or white) if cut at or before the height of bloom; the earlier it is cut the greater the excess. If we take a ton of red clover hay, cut just at the beginning of blossom, and put it to a ton of oat straw the mixture will have albuminoids and carbo-hydrates in the same proportion as average meadow hay, hence will have an actual feeding value equal to the same weight of average meadow hay. The mixture will be a better and more economical feed for all but very young animals than either the clover or the straw alone.

DAIRYING DOTS.

CREAM IS A READY ABSORBENT and therefore quickly injured by association with odors of all sorts.

TO MAKE UNIFORMLY GOOD BUTTER the temperature of the milk must be under control. This is more easily secured through the use of a creamer than in any other way.

THE ANNUAL SESSION of the Iowa Butter, Cheese and Egg Association, which convened at Waterloo, Iowa, on Nov. 13, was attended by about two hundred delegates from all parts of the country.

STATE DAIRY COMMISSIONER SHERMAN'S report showed that the number of creameries in Iowa had increased from 485 in 1887 to 510 in 1888. Cheese factories had grown from 56 to 65, and separating machines from 215 to 382. The sale of oleomargarine was decidedly unpopular in Iowa, no dealer having been known to take out a second seller's license.

A NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW.—An important meeting was held on Tuesday, Nov. 20, at the Sherman House, Chicago, participated in by gentlemen from various parts of the country, representing the dairy interests. After a full and free discussion it was resolved to hold a national dairy show in Chicago next fall, at a date to be fixed hereafter. Resolutions were offered and adopted after discussion as follows: *Resolved*, That a committee of ways and means be appointed to confer with the friends of agriculture and the dairy, to ascertain the prospects of raising $20,000 as a fund for premiums. *Resolved*, That this fair and exhibit be made of dairy cattle, dairy products, dairy implements and methods of practical butter-making.

FLAVORS.—Some flavors are destroyed or modified by heat. For instance, the flavor of milk from cows eating turnips, cabbage and some weeds, is destroyed by heating the milk, when drawn to 135° in a water bath. The flavor given to milk by bad ensilage is corrected in the same way. But the more pungent flavors from onions, garlic, leeks, mustard and the like, are only slightly modified by heat. The same degree of heat also effects the condition of the milk of farrow cows, or cows that have been long in milk, and makes their cream, raised after heating the milk, churn in the same time as that from new-milk cows. This fact is of great importance when the herd is composed of cows that have calved at different periods, and therefore the milk to be handled is in various conditions. Heating makes it all uniform.

AN AUTOMATIC MILK-MACHINE.—Canon Bagot, well known in England, has an automatic machine for supplying milk at one penny (two cents) per half-pint. Why should not this be a good idea in the cause of temperance in the United States? It would seem that it worked on the American principle of "dropping in a nickel," etc., and it is described by the *Farming World* as follows: "On dropping in a penny it allows a knob to act which, on being pressed down (1st), releases a paper cup, which drops (from a nest of cups) on to a shelf, where (2nd) it receives from a tube half a pint of milk, the same operation being repeated each time a penny is being dropped in. The milk-reservoir consists of a cylinder containing any quantity from eight to sixteen gallons according to the demand. Inside this cylinder is a half pint measuring chamber which is filled and discharged by a very simple valve arrangement each time the knob is pressed down. There will be two of these cylinders supplied with each machine, so that when one is removed for cleansing and refilling the second is put into its place. These cylinders contain all the parts touched by the milk, which is important, as they are thoroughly cleansed before refilling."

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER.—Every mail from New Zealand brings news of an increase in the number of butter factories. They began at Auckland, and they are gradually spreading southward. Several new factories have been established in Canterbury, and they may soon be expected to invade the cheese-making territory of Otago and Southland. It is worthy of note that they are not all financially successful, but mistakes are being remedied, and a more prosperous future is expected. Mr. Jas. Hurse, a large farmer in the Canterbury province, states that last season he took a keg of good dairy butter with him to London to ascertain what effect the voyage would have upon it. The result was entirely satisfactory. The butter was submitted to an expert in Bristol, and pronounced to be excellent, being "more fatty than the best English, Danish or Canadian," and he said—"If your country can produce butter like that we should have an unlimited demand." The butter would have sold at 1s. 3d. per pound, but a shipment of dairy butter which was sent in the same vessel was found to be of very inferior quality, and it only fetched 2½d. per pound. Like all other practical men, Mr. Hurse advocates sending large quantities of an even sample. He says:—"Merchants at home decline to test every keg separately, but would buy a line of perhaps 400 or 500 kegs at a time." All this tends to enforce the importance of the factory system.

NEW ENGLAND CREAMERIES.—It is a curious fact that here in these New England States, I have creameries on my list operating the year round on the cream gathered from the milk of cows fed on food of which two-thirds is grown in the West. The milk produced for the Boston market is all made from bran, Chicago gluten meal, cottonseed meal bought in the West and South, and supplemented by what grass, hay and fodder corn is grown on the farm, with perhaps a few roots. The creamery butter sells for fifty percent more money the year round than is the case in Ontario, because most of the creameries here work the year round. In Ontario every creamery must close down because the farmer thinks he can't afford to feed for milk, though he must support non-working carcass, thus paying the animal's life tax without the least attempt at profit. If Ontario farmers would just cut the heads off two out of five the food saved from the two would enable the other three to work at a profit, if fed to them. There is precious little money in five or six months' milking, or creamery management, and the sooner farmers find it out the better for their pockets.—*James Cheesman.*

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, and no notice will be taken of anonymous communications. Correspondents will please notice rules given on page 4. Attention to these rules is necessary to ensure answers.]

GENERAL.

"NEW YORK WITNESS."

A. L., Allan Craig, Ont.—Q.—Please publish the address of the New York *Witness*, and the amount of subscription. Ans.—150 Nassau street, New York; $1 per annum.

LENGTH OF THE LUNAR MONTH.

KILLOE, North Inverness.—Q.—What is the length of time in one lunation? Is there any variation? Ans.—The length of what astronomers term "one mean synodical revolution of the moon"—that is, from one new moon to another,—is 29½ days, or more correctly 29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3 seconds. This mean, of course, varies, being sometimes longer, sometimes shorter, according to the earth's place in its orbit, and the moon's position with regard to the earth. For the moon's orbit is not circular any more than the earth's and, being at "perigee" nearer by 31,000 miles than at "apogee," the moves faster or slower accordingly, thus bringing the lunation earlier or later as the case may be.

CANINE PROTECTORS.

SUBSCRIBER, Brodiac, N.B.—Q.—I have been troubled for some time with petty thieves, and would like to get a dog that would be a good watch, and also able to track by scent. Kindly say through the *Witness* what breed I should get. Ans.—You could hardly do better than procure either a collie or foxhound, both of which make remarkably good watch dogs for the country, but either should be carefully educated not to annoy passers by or worry sheep. If you require a dog to track by scent, you must obtain a bloodhound; but for many reasons they are difficult and most undesirable to keep. The bulldog has also been largely utilized by farmers for the protection of their stacks and buildings, but is treacherous and dangerous.

HOW MAYOR LYNCH HANGED HIS OWN SON.

PROFESSOR, Montreal, sends the following version of the introduction of Lynch Law recently referred to in these columns: "In the year 1493 Stephenone Lynch was Mayor and Warden of Galway. He traded largely to Spain, and sent his son thither to purchase a cargo of wine. The young man squandered the money intrusted to him for this purpose, but succeeded in running in debt for a cargo to a Spaniard, by whose nephew he was accompanied on his return voyage to Ireland, where the money was to be paid. Young Lynch, to conceal his defalcation, caused the Spaniard to be thrown overboard, and was received at home in great honor, as having conducted a most successful business operation. But a sailor on his deathbed revealed to the Mayor of Galway the crime which his son had committed. The young man was tried before his own father, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. His family and others undertook to prevent the execution; and the father, finding that the sentence could not be carried into effect in the usual way, conducted his son up a winding stairway to a window overlooking the public street, with his own hands fastened the halter attached to his neck to a staple in the wall, and acted as executioner. In the council books of Galway there is said to be a minute that 'James Lynch, Mayor of Galway, hanged his own son out of the window for defrauding and killing strangers, without martial or common law, to show a good example to posterity.'"

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

J. S., Montreal.—CONSTANT READER, Philipsville, Ont.—CHARSON, Montreal.—You must observe the conditions laid down for the regulation of these columns. Under no circumstances can anonymous communications be entertained.

ECZEMA.

SUBSCRIBER, Detroit, Minn.—Q.—I am forty-two, and for the last two years I have been troubled with itching piles, and at night it keeps me awake. If I scratch and break the skin, water comes away. I have tried gall ointment, carbolic ointment and various others, and am using Burdock root tea. My health is good; I don't drink spirits of any kind once in six months. Ans.—Use no oatmeal. Live on plain food—avoid tea. Have a bath once or twice a week, with one-quarter pound sulphurette of potash in it. Apply daily to the itchy surface an ointment of zinc, with half a teaspoonful of coal oil to the ounce. Take three drops of liquor arsenicalis in water after meals.

MAGNETIC INSOLE.

J. L. G., Wellington, Man.—Q.—Is there such a thing as a magnetic insole that would be of use to a person troubled with cold damp feet? If so, where can it be got? Ans.—The "Insole" can be had at Mr. Chapman's, 2291 St. Catherine street, Montreal. I think an insole of pliable lead would have the desired effect.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ayer's Pills

Are admirably adapted for family use. They are compounded of the best vegetable aperients, contain no calomel, and are sugar-coated. They may be given to children without fear of ill effects.

"Having long used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—Dr. T. Conners, Centre Bridge, Pa.

Randolph Morse, Lynchburg, Va., certifies: "I have never found anything equal to Ayer's Pills for keeping the stomach, bowels, and liver in good working order."

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels recovered their natural and regular action, so that now I am in excellent health."—Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

J. T. Ross, Leitheville, Pa., says: "I can recommend Ayer's Pills, having long proved their value as a cathartic for myself and family."

S. L. Loughbridge, Bryan, Tex., writes: "After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangements of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of Ayer's Pills for this class of disorders."

"I suffered from indigestion for years, and was unable to find a cure until I began to take

Ayer's Pills

which have given me effectual relief."—Maggie Carl, 223 Cedar st., Buffalo, N. Y.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The Best

Remedy for Stomach-, Bowel-, or Liver-Complaint, is **Ayer's Pills.** They are sold everywhere, recommended by leading physicians, and are the best known and most popular pills in the market.

A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va., says: "Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."

Mrs. M. L. Coder, P. M., Idaho Ter., certifies: "I have great faith in your medicines, and frequently remark to my husband that if he wishes to keep me alive he must supply me with Ayer's Pills."

James Quinn, 50 Middle st., Hartford, Conn., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable

Family Medicine.

I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I could not be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I was troubled with indigestion, constipation, and headache, for years. A few boxes of Ayer's

Ayer's Pills

benefited me wonderfully, so that my health is perfect."—W. H. Stroot, Meadville, Pa.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

SUFFERING FROM SCIATICA.

D. A., McA., Ontario.—Q.—I am troubled with sciatica in my left hip during the last seventeen years. Can it be cured? Whenever the attack is worse I have a severe attack of headache at the same time. Ans.—Attend to diet, eat slowly and take no fluids at meals nor for two and a half hours afterward. Use no tea, coffee or rich food. Rise early, take a shower bath or a rub down all over with a towel wet with cold water. Be careful and dress warmly in flannel (Jaquaer) or silk and keep feet dry and warm. In some cases a prolonged use of Turkish baths or hot sulphur baths effects a cure. A hot bath once or twice a week with a quarter of a pound of sulphurette of potash to each bath will do you good. —This answer also applies to ONE SUBSCRIBER, Cardiff.

ITCHING ON THE LEG.

CONSTANT SCRATCHER, Seattle, Washington Terr.—Q.—There is something on my legs which gives me lots of trouble. It is at the knee on the inside, has been there for over a year. At times it seems all right. Then it gets so itchy that I have to scratch until the skin is broken, when the irritation stops for three or four days. Have been to a doctor here who gave me an ointment, but it did not cure me. Can you suggest a remedy? Ans.—It is difficult to say what is the nature of your trouble; but a little dilute citrine ointment used twice a week, or zinc ointment, with a teaspoonful of coal oil mixed with an ounce of the ointment will do you good. Take three drops of liquor arsenicalis in water after meals.

COMEDONES—WARTS—EMULSIONS.

E. A., Hamilton, Ont.—Q.—1. Am twenty-one years of age. Strict abstainer from drink of any kind and tobacco; book-keeper; steady habits; troubled with small red pimples on my face. Eat plain food, meat sometimes two or three times a day, tea (black) at every meal, but very little pastry, but largely of oatmeal porridge for breakfast. Have been troubled lately with costiveness but am overcoming same by medical treatment. Will milk of sulphur benefit me any and if I take it would it be apt to cause a relapse in my costiveness? 2. Have warts on my hands. They disappear when I cut them after burning with caustic, etc., but return stronger and larger when I discontinue same. What will remove them? 3. Would the discontinuance of oatmeal benefit me in removing pimples? 4. Is pure cod liver oil more beneficial to a person's system than an emulsion such as "Scott's"? Ans.—1. Tea and meat should never be taken at one meal. The tannin of the tea unites with the gelatine of the meat and forms a root of leather, difficult to digest, the tea also damages the nervous system and hinders the proper action of the liver. Sulphur is dangerous in cold weather. It opens the pores and renders one liable to colds. 2. Apply daily to the wart (only) glacial acetic acid. 3. Yes. Use corn meal porridge or wheat germs. 4. Emulsions are preferable.

A CANDIDATE FOR GOOD HEALTH.

BILIOUS, Exeter, Ont.—Q.—For some years my health has not been good. Have been treated by several doctors, mostly for liver and stomach troubles, some pronouncing it nervous dyspepsia. For the last year I have been following your directions to others, as to dieting, bathing, etc., but have not experienced any noticeable benefit. Have also tried hunyadi and hot water, with the same result. Have pain behind left shoulder blade, also dull pain in left side under the ribs. Am too thin in flesh and pale in complexion. 1. Does Hydroline act on the liver, and would it be of any advantage for one in my condition to take it? 2. Is Pancrestic Emulsion, manufactured by Savory and Moore, of London, England, a good preparation to aid in the digestion of milk and fat? 3. Are the preparations manufactured by Dr. Kline, of Philadelphia, for nervous debility, etc., reliable? 4. Have been in the habit of drinking hot water before meals and last thing at night for some years, and have received some relief from it, but relief seems temporary. Can you prescribe anything to help me? I use no tobacco, alcohol or tea, and very little coffee. Ans.—1. Hydroline is perhaps the best flesh making preparation of cod liver oil on the

ONTARIO.

(*Special Correspondence of the Witness.*)

TORONTO, Dec. 15.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL'S DECISION

in the St. Catharines' Milling and Lumber Company's case has been the topic of the week. The question at issue was the right to control the land, timber, and minerals of the disputed territory, and the real disputants were the Province of Ontario and the Dominion of Canada. The latter claimed that lands ceded by the Indians since Confederation should be regarded as being held for the benefit of the Indians, and that the proceeds should be paid to the Dominion Government, whose "wards" the Indians are. The former claimed that by virtue of the cession the lands, except where reserved in the treaty, became Crown lands, and that while the Province might be held liable for the amounts paid and payable to the Indians the territory and all its mineral and timber resources should become a Provincial asset. The case came into court here in the form of an application by the Government for an injunction against the St. Catharines Company, who were cutting timber under a license from the Dominion Government. Chancellor Boyd, who tried it, decided in favor of the Province, and delivered a judgment which has been of great service to counsel and judges in the various stages of the case since. He declared that the Indians had no legal title in the land, and that the right to surrender it was recognized only for purposes of expediency as a means of preventing the Indians from raising trouble. His view was unanimously adopted by the Ontario Court of Appeal, and by a majority of two to one by the Dominion Supreme Court. The decision of the Privy Council dismisses the appeal of the Company, and thus recognizes the title of the Province to the land and its adjuncts. Whatever this decision may be worth from a revenue point of view there can be no doubt of its value for party purposes. Mr. Mowat's followers understand this well enough, and they are making their line of action clear. This will be to "boom" Mr. Mowat as having triumphed once more over Sir John Macdonald in a struggle between the upholders and the assailants of provincial rights. There is perhaps enough of truth in this view of the case to make the subject a good one for the Conservative opposition here to say as little as possible about, leaving to time to justify the boasts of victory. Quite an interest has been taken during the past few days in the census which was to determine

THE POPULATION OF TORONTO.

There is good ground for believing that it now amounts to little, if anything, less than 150,000, and, as it is rapidly increasing, we may fairly expect, even if no more suburbs are annexed, to have a population of 190,000 by the next Dominion census in 1891. By that time the united town, made up of West Toronto, Carlton and Davenport villages will have in it at least 10,000, making a total urban population on the shore of Toronto Bay of 200,000. That our population has been rapidly increasing for the past five years was apparent from the continuance of extensive building operations in all parts of the city. That this prosperity is purely local is manifest to all who look abroad over the Province, and the statement of this fact almost suggests the explanation. The truth is that Toronto flourishes at the expense of the Province at large. We are constantly receiving additions to our population in the persons and families of retired local merchants and lumbermen, and mill owners and manufacturers, and even farmers. Having made a competency they come here to spend the remainder of their lives, and by their emigration they do their own localities far more harm than they do good to Toronto. It would be immeasurably better for this country if there were less of this centripetal tendency. Toronto is none the better as a place to live in for having a large population, and other places are greatly injured by the withdrawal of the men and money that go to build up this city. In many cases the hopes of this class turn out to be illusory. It costs more to live here than they anticipated. They can get just as good a primary and secondary education for their children in almost any ordinary town as they can get here. They could find just as useful and profitable ways of investing their capital. But nothing can be done to prevent the movement, and meanwhile its effect is to place Toronto in the very front rank of Canadian cities and high in the list of the cities of this continent. Speaking of educational matters reminds me that the taunts thrown out against Mr. H. A. Massey by the federationists in the Methodist Church have had the effect of inducing him to make an offer which seems to be definite, and which is certainly liberal. He pledges himself to give a large sum to Victoria at Cobourg unconditionally, and to give a still larger sum if the church will raise a certain amount. In spite of any doubts that the body of the Methodist Church have been made to entertain respecting Mr. Massey's good faith, this offer cannot fail to affect the federation movement adversely by encouraging others to withhold what they might otherwise have given to the federation endowment scheme. It remains to be seen what the plan of having a "Federation Sunday" will accomplish, but unless Toronto does something liberal and does it soon, the outlook must be regarded as gloomy. A very interesting judgment was delivered the other day by Mr. Justice Street in a suit for the

CUSTODY OF CHILDREN.

The father is a Presbyterian and the mother a member of the Salvation Army. The children are mere infants, and the parents have separated on account of the father's drinking habits. The law of the Province may be described as affording a presumption in the father's favor in cases of separation, the burden of proof being thrown on the mother. My observation of such cases for several years past convinces me that our judges, as a rule, treat the parents with great impartiality. There is not a scintilla of harshness towards the mother left in our practice. The deciding judges invariably take into consideration the interests of the children, and not unfrequently, when there is a doubt, the benefit of it is given to the mother. In the case just decided the judge could hardly have done otherwise, and there was a great deal of meaning in his statement that a Salvation Army training is more likely to bear good moral fruit in the after life of the children than would the training given by a Presbyterian father of a low style of life.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

SO HELP FROM PARLIAMENT.

PARIS, Dec. 15.—The Committee appointed by the Chamber of Deputies to consider the bill postponing the payment of the Panama Canal Company's liabilities, rejected the measure. While the committee were examining the bill, M. Peytral, Minister of Finance, stated that a new Société d'Etudes was prepared to constitute itself within a fortnight with a capital of 10,000,000 or 15,000,000 francs to continue the operations of the old company. This would precede the proposed new company, the capital stock of which would be fixed according to the result of the enquiries, and which would complete the canal. Provisional directors with full powers would continue the works pending the formation of the new company.

The committee also rejected the counter scheme mentioned by M. Peytral for the constitution of a new company. The committee reported to the Chamber that in their opinion the Chamber has no right to legislate upon such matters. The Cabinet decided not to withdraw the bill. It also resolved not to offer a substitute measure providing for a more precise settlement of the canal company's affairs. When the report of the committee was made, the Chamber of Deputies proceeded to consider it. M. Lisis, in behalf of the minority, regretted that the committee had declined to hear the temporary administrators of the company, so that they could arrive at a correct knowledge of the situation. After further discussion the Chamber rejected the bill by a vote of 262 to 188.

PRINCIPAL GRANT

ARRIVES FROM THE EAST.

VANCOUVER, B.C., Dec. 16.—The SS. "Batavia" arrived this morning from Yokohama with four passengers, including Principal Grant, of Queen's College, Kingston, and Senor Perez Caballero, secretary of the Spanish Legation at Washington, ten Japanese, four Chinese, and 2,100 tons cargo. Principal Grant preached at the Presbyterian Church and left immediately for the East, being anxious to get home on account of sickness in his family.

THE MEGANTIC ELECTION.

COL. RHODES' DIFFICULT POSITION TEN YEARS AGO.

The following letter written by Col. Rhodes ten years ago is reproduced in the *Gazette* this morning for the purpose of injuring him in his contest in Megantic, but which may have a contrary effect and prove a political boomerang to the party using it:

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle:

SIR,—As I leave to-night for Carlfornia I cannot remain any longer to help these poor Quebec people to battle for their rights, and I may also add their British liberties. To me personally it does not make much difference where I live, so long as I reside under a free constitution, which I am afraid the Province of Quebec is rapidly losing under the present Government. The future of Quebec certainly looks "blue!" with every prospect of a French domination, with a French cure. We all know what this means, "Dragonades" on one side, "Revolutions" on the other. The quicker and more thorough we exclude the English element from our Government the more rapid shall we pave the way for the families of the extremists, but let no British subject be afraid of our old motto: "Dieu et mon Droit." I have been looking amongst my old papers of the North Shore railway, and I find in a "supplementary report of the engineer-in-chief upon the value of the land grant to the company, dated 30th November, 1872," illustrated by a map showing a through line traced to Ste. Therese, and a branch line via Bout de l'Isle to Montreal, it is stated:

Block A, containing 1,827,400 acres of land, was valued by Mr. A. J. Russel, the Crown timber agent, Ottawa, at $2.80 per acre.

This block of land was granted by the Legislature to the North Shore and to the Montreal Northern Colonization Railway companies.

The share of this grant belonging to the North Shore Railway Company was, in round numbers, 1,200,000 acres, which at $2.80 gave.....$3,360,000

The municipal debentures of the City of Quebec valued at.....$1,000,000

$4,360,000

These values the North Shore Railway handed over to the Provincial Government, who contracted to have the railway for $4,732,387, consequently Quebec may say she furnished nearly the whole values for the construction of the present road, and her interests ought to be permanent. This right we now know we are being jockeyed out of, and to benefit no Quebec interests, except that of a party who have got possession, for a brief period, of the reins of Government and who are sacrificing the city to benefit themselves. Let every man look into his own family to read the history of the future. What does mine teach me? I have five sons, men who were not afraid to go into the workshops of the land and learn the use of their hands as well as of their heads, they have all gone from the Province of Quebec, and I am left to vegetate and grow flowers to decorate the graves of the dying Quebeckers or travel West, like the old Indian in search of the happy hunting grounds.

The great mistake of my life was settling in Quebec, but this I am not repeating in the second generation, as a man may pay too dear for beautiful scenery, but when almost every man is so reduced that he is not ashamed to borrow money, it surely is time to make one last effort to save the city from losing her share of the western trade; so I advise Quebec to battle along the whole line and not allow herself this time to be cheated out of her legitimate rights and her just expectations. I am sir, your obedient servant,

W. RHODES.

Quebec, 15th February, 1878.

EXECUTION OF "CHIEF."

AN ELEPHANTINE MURDERER PAYS THE PENALTY OF MANY CRIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—"Chief," the most vicious elephant in America and the murderer of seven men, was executed yesterday afternoon in the winter quarters of Forepaugh's circus. By hard work a noose was pulled over his trunk and placed behind his ears with the knot directly under his throat. Then "Basil" and "Bismarck" the most powerful elephants owned by Forepaugh, were fastened to an end of the rope on either side of their murderous comrade. At the signal the elephants pulled with all their might and strength in opposite directions and Chief began to totter. In twenty seconds he dropped to the ground a dead elephant. "Bismarck" and "Basil" had strangled him. At seven o'clock this morning a big force of men loaded the body on a catamaran with the aid of a derrick. Ten horses hauled the body to the University of Pennsylvadia, where it will be skinned and stuffed, while the bones will be set up by Dr. Jos. Leady, the zoologist of the University.

MR. HARRISON'S CABINET.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The *Herald's* Indianapolis special says:—Mr. Morton went away from here somewhat disappointed, but not seriously so. He expected that he could induce Gen. Harrison to make Mr. T. C. Platt secretary of the treasury, but this he could not do. Gen. Harrison told him he had promised the treasury portfolio to Senator Allison, who had accepted, and that, at any rate, he had made up his mind not to give to New York the secretary of the treasury for the reason that he had received so many protests from leading Republicans all over the country, who complain that on account of New York having this office under past administrations New York merchants have been favored, being able to get their imported goods for less than other merchants. Gen. Harrison told Mr. Morton, however, that he could make Mr. Platt an offer of the navy portfolio.

THE SCOTT ACT IN FRONTENAC.

(*Special to the Witness.*)

KINGSTON, Dec. 14.—The petition calling for repeal of the Scott Act in this county; and which will be sent to the Secretary of State in a few days, has been filed in the office of the county registrar. The petition is signed by 2,019 persons, of whom 1,866 are sworn to be electors qualified to vote at the election of a member of the House of Commons, which is 439 more than the requisite number. There are in the county 5,706 qualified electors, one fourth of whom, 1,427, are required on the petition, in order to have the question of repeal submitted to a vote. The voting cannot take place until the month of April next.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall street, N.Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LITTLE MARY CECILIA

BRUNOLD

Has just been cured of the worst Eczema ever seen by the doctors who treated her. From head to feet a mass of diseased skin. Several physicians, a medical college, and all remedies fail, Cured by Cuticura Remedies.

My little daughter, Mary Cecilia Brunold, was afflicted with the worst case of eczema ever seen by the doctors who treated her. She was literally covered from head to foot with scabs. These physicians tried their best to cure her, but I believe they were only experimenting. They kept on experimenting for over ten months, but, instead of getting better, the child got worse, and I did not know what course to pursue. My wife took her, after we had paid all we could afford for medical treatment, to a medical college where there were some twenty or thirty doctors reassembled, but the case baffled them all. My wife had to go every day, and sometimes twice a day. In fact, the medicine they gave my child did not have time to act, even if there was any virtue in it, it was changed so often by orders of the doctors. This latter part of January, after everything had failed, and patience and money were both exhausted, I made up my mind to quit all doctoring and try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. I did so, and now I can say that my daughter is cured, sound in health, and well, to the surprise of hundreds.

The druggist, Mr. H. M. Krueger, corner Chanteau and Ewing avenues, who sold us the CUTICURA REMEDIES, is as much astonished as any of us. The CUTICURA REMEDIES have worked a complete cure, and we have used but a little more than three-fourths of a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and a proportionate amount of CUTICURA SOAP. I am ready at any time to make affidavit that my daughter had the worst case of eczema, as the doctors all admit, ever seen in this city, and that she had been cured solely by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, after the best physicians and remedies failed.

I shall be glad to have any one call upon or write me who has a child similarly afflicted, or any person who is troubled with a skin disease, that he may see for himself what your CUTICURA REMEDIES have done. I do this in gratitude for the cure that has been effected in my child's case.

CHAS. E. BRUNOLD,
2903 Gratiot street, St. Louis, Mo.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 35c; RESOLVENT, $1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

LOVELIEST, Whitest, Clearest Skin and Softest Hands produced by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, RELIEVED IN ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. The first and only pain-subduing Plaster. All druggists, 30 cents.

MILDMAY.

XMAS CARDS AND BOOKLETS.

Very Large Variety at Low Prices.
Send for Complete Lists.

LAST YEAR'S CARDS.

We have assorted lots of last year's Cards, at $1, $2, $3, and $4, all of which we will supply at half price, post paid.

A. C. WATSON,

TORONTO WILLARD TRACT DEPOSITORY,
(Corner Yonge and Temperance streets.)
TORONTO, ONT.

STEEL PEN MANUFACTURERS
CIRCULAR POINTS
Gower & Co AND ALL STYLES
SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS
FACTORY QUEEN ST. MONTREAL

BASHFULNESS CURED.

Ease and elegance of manner gained. An entirely new book. Illustrated. Contents: Natural Diffidence—Causes and Cure of Natural Diffidence: Bashfulness from Ignorance of the Ways of Society—the Cure: Bashfulness from lack of Education—How to Overcome it: Bashfulness from Ill-Birth—the Cure: Bashfulness from Ill-Health—to Remove: How to acquire Elegance and Fluency of Expression: Ease and Polish of Manner; a Graceful, Pleasing and Dignified Bearing: a Handsome, Well-Developed Chest: a Deep, Rich Voice: How to Dress Cheaply and Elegantly: How to be Attractive by Certain Attentions to Personal Habits: To the Debilitated: What to Use to Become Strong (new): How to Please Greatly by Delicate Flattery of Eye and Manner: a Secret of being Popular with the Ladies: How to Train, Brighten and Sharpen the Intellect: To be Well Informed and Well-Cultivated etc. Price, 20 cents. JAMES LEE & CO., Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT, Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. No 1787.

Dme. Mathilda Robillard, of the city and district of Montreal, wife, common as to property of George Stuart, hatter, of the same place, duly authorized, *a ester en justice*, Plaintiff.

and

The said George Stuart, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted in this case.

Montreal, 22nd November, 1888.
OUIMET, CORNELLIER, & EMARD,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

FANCY TYPE (Second-hand) for sale cheap. Proprietors of country printing offices would do well to call at "Witness" Office when in this city.

ANY PERSON CAN PLAY THE PIANO AND ORGAN WITHOUT A TEACHER, by using Soper's Instantaneous Guide to the Keys, price $1. No previous knowledge of music whatever required. Send for book of testimonials, free. Address THE DORCAS MAGAZINE, 19 Park place, New York.

AGENTS wanted to canvass for the *Witness*. Samples and Circulars free on application. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, *Witness* Office, Montreal.

ALL BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS AT WHOLESALE: To members Canadian Library Union. Terms $4 for two years' membership. Send five cents in stamps for full information and Catalogue. Local agents wanted in every town to solicit membership. Address CANADIAN LITERARY UNION, *Mail* Building, Toronto, Ont

BOOK Agents wanted to sell REPRINTED STORIES, published by us, containing 158 large pages of reading, with numerous illustrations. Sells readily. Liberal discount. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, "Witness" Office, Montreal.

FACTORY FOR SALE OR TO LET.—An isolated solidly-built brick Factory of two stories, suitable for many sorts of manufacturing purposes, for sale or to let. It is situated in a large village twenty miles from Montreal; it is in a good position, being contiguous to a railway junction station; trains from Montreal three times a day. For particulars address FACTORY, "Witness" Office.

GOOD AGENTS wanted the entire Dominion. Address GEO. D. FERRIS, 87 Church st., Toronto.

NEURALGIA CURED! by using Jackson's Neuralgia Powders. Safe, Speedy and Effective. Prepared only by H. F. JACKSON, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 2263 St. Catherine st., Montreal. 25c and 50c per package. N.B.—Sent post-paid to any address for 28c or 53c.

THE WEST INDIA FRUIT LAXATIVE is recommended by physicians as the best, cheapest and safest remedy for biliousness. Try it. 25 cents a box. Wholesale Agents—LYMANS, SONS & Co.

WANTED Ten to Forty Gallons Milk, delivered daily at Depot. Address, stating price, H. JONES, P. O. box 1754, Montreal.

FARMS AND OTHER PROPERTY FOR SALE

"LAKES LAND LIST" contains descriptions and prices of stock, grain, dairy and fruit farms in the Province of Ontario; for sale and exchange. Lists free on application. A large amount of city property for sale. Money advanced on real estate at lowest rates.—E. LAKE & CO., Estate and Financial Agents, 16 King street east, Toronto.

FOR SALE, My Farm of Lindenbank, two miles from the City of Guelph, comprising about 95 acres of excellent land, chiefly loam seven acres of partially cleared bush; well watered, having the river Speed as its rear boundary, and a beautiful trout brook flowing through it. The buildings consist of a two-story Frame House, containing eight rooms and Back Kitchen; a large Barn, with Stone Cattle Shed Turnip Cellar and Hay Hcw attached; Carriage House with large Potato Cellar underneath; and Frame Horse Stable. Price, Five Thousand Dollars; $1,500 cash; the balance to remain on mortgage for a term of years, at six percent interest. Possession given 1st of November next

WM. F. CLARKE, "Lindenbank," Guelph.
July 7th, 1888.

Art.

MR. FORSTER,

PUPIL OF M. BOUGUEREAU, PRESIDENT OF THE ART ASSOCIATION OF FRANCE.

Studio: 81 King st. east, Toronto.

Portraits from life or photograph a specialty.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

8 Clarence street, Toronto, Dec. 3, '88.

Messrs. Fulford & Co., Brockville.

Gentlemen,—I notice in your circulars that you are always happy to hear from those whom your medicines have benefited. I wish here to testify to the unequalled healing powers of your Nasal Balm. I have been troubled for three years by what the doctors call post nasal catarrh and have tried everything in the city that could be obtained, in the shape of catarrh cures, and found no permanent relief from any of them, till a friend one day advised me to try your Nasal Balm, and I find that even one bottle has done me more good than all the medicines put together that I have persecuted myself with before. I was very much troubled with spitting and hawking, especially in the morning, so much so that my throat was continually in a raw condition, but I am now beginning to know what it is to be able to speak freely. I shall not fail to recommend it to any of my friends suffering from a like disease.

Yours faithfully,
T. D. D. LLOYD.

34 Daly street,
Ottawa, May 5, 1887.

I am pleased to state that the Nasal Balm has already relieved my catarrh to a very great extent. I have not used one bottle but the nauseous droppings from the head into the throat have almost ceased. I breathe easy now, get better sleep, and altogether feel and appreciate the wonderful virtue of the "Balm." Its merits cannot possibly be exaggerated for catarrhal troubles, as a CURE I believe it to be GENUINE.

JAMES G. TENNENT.

W. H. GABEL, Berve, Ont., says: I feel it my duty to write to you, and report the result of my using Nasal Balm. I have been a severe sufferer from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and tried several remedies, but got no relief till I purchased a bottle of Nasal Balm. I used it according to directions, and it has completely cured me. I take great pleasure in recommending it to all suffering from catarrh who come into my shop.

MR. THOMAS ROCHE, Rochefort, Ont., says:—I have suffered severely from catarrh, and never got any relief until I used Nasal Balm. I never thought I could find so sure a cure. It is a pity all afflicted with catarrh do not know of and use this wonderful medicine.

Sudbury, Ont., May 5th, 1888.

Messrs. Fulford & Co.

Gents,—I may state that I have been affected with catarrh for seven or eight years, and it was attended by consequent symptoms such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears and storming pain in the head directly over either eye. I have used powders and douches, but all to no effect, the only result arising from the use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of Nasal Balm are: sweet breath, stoppage of the dropping into the throat (consequently less hawking and spitting), clearness of hearing, and not once since I began its use have I had pain in the head. In fact it is my opinion that a careful and persistent use of the "Balm" will effect a cure in the worst case of catarrh. Yours truly,
ALEX. BURNS.

Brockville, Feb. 20, '87.

Messrs. Fulford & Co.

Gents,—For some years I was troubled with a severe case of catarrh, and was seldom free from catarrhal headache. I tried many remedies, but without avail. I procured a bottle of Nasal Balm, and in less than a week my headaches had disappeared, together with all other symptoms of catarrh. I believe Nasal Balm is a boon to all sufferers from this terrible malady.

Yours truly,
GORDON A. STARR
Agent C. P. Railway.

REV. FATHER PRUD'HOMME, Parish Priest, St. Anne of Ottawa, writes: My Catarrh is cured, thanks to Nasal Balm. I recommend it to all my friends.

HOW CATARRH IS CURED.

Read the Evidence.

CAUTION. The reputation achieved by NASAL BALM from its wonderful curative properties has induced certain unscrupulous parties to place imitations on sale closely resembling the style of our package, and with names similar in sound. Beware of all preparations styled Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for NASAL BALM and see that you get it.

If you can't obtain Nasal Balm from your dealer it will be sent post paid on receipt of price—50 cents and $1—by addressing

FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

Send for our pamphlet "GEMS OF WISDOM."

ALL CONSUMERS OF OIL

ARE AWARE THAT

McCOLL'S SARDINE, CYLINDER and RED ENGINE OILS

Have no equal. We guarantee no Hot Journals by their constant use.

OUR WOOL OIL AND BOILER COMPOUND ARE STILL LEADING.

MANUFACTURED BY

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto.

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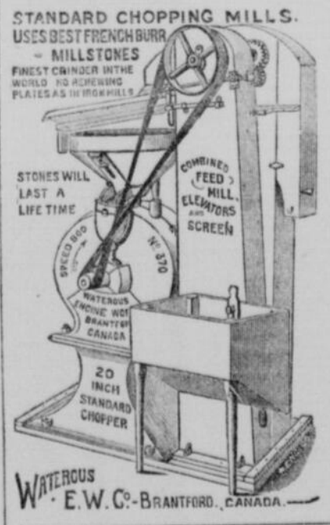

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