Montreal Weekly Witness.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR. MONTREAL, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1899. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS. $1.00 Post-Paid; 5c a Copy.

WRECK OF THE 'SCOTSMAN.'

Struck on Belle Isle Rocks and a Number of Her Passengers Lost.

TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS OF THE SAVED.

They Were Maltreated and Robbed—Arrest of Many of the Ruffian Thieves.

There was anxiety early last week about the 'Scotsman,' of the Dominion Line, which, with a large number of passengers on board, should have been reported from Belle Isle, inwards for Montreal, about Friday, Sept. 22. Nothing was heard of her whereabouts until Wednesday, Sept. 27, when she was reported in a cable message by the 'Dominion,' which had reached Liverpool, on that day to have been passed by her on Thursday, Sept, 21, about 300 miles east of Belle Isle, which should have brought her into touch with the telegraph station there on the following day. No word was heard of her, however, until several days had elapsed. Anxiety increased, and it was on Thursday morning, Sept. 28, a week after she had been sighted by the 'Dominion,' that the news was received of her captain's fatal error, and her wreck on Belle Isle, five miles east of the light house.

The first news stated that all on board had been saved. Then came the dread news that a boatload was missing, followed by the announcement that there had been a dozen persons, mostly women and children, drowned. One story is that the ill-fated boat had been the first to leave the steamer, with the women and children, placed in her to ensure their safety; that she had been capsized in the sea, and her occupants drowned. Another story is that the boat was without the all-important plug in the bottom, to keep the water out. A third story, told yesterday, is that the first boat down was stove and capsized by the unseamanlike conduct of the crew that lowered the second boat so that its stern struck and stove the first boat, and thus drowned numbers of her occupants.

As the days wore on, further news was received, and it finally came to be known that the fine vessel is a wreck and that there was untold misery in the lives of those passengers for several days ashore before their safety was finally assured. Their stories are full of interest, and of incidents such as they will never forget.

THE CAPTAIN'S REPORT.

The following report was received by Messrs. Torrance at one o'clock on Tuesday morning:—

'Captain writes: ship six miles east of Belle Isle light; struck on Friday morning at two o'clock; in dense fog. There was no panic. Ship full of water, up to main deck; lying perfectly straight, with only twenty-six degrees list to port, off shore. Weather favorable and with appliances to hand salvage operations might be undertaken, but only from the off shore side, as the cliffs are practically inaccessible.'

A LIST OF THE LOST.

MRS. A. ROBERTSON, Toronto.

MISS ROBERTSON, Toronto.

MRS. CHILDS, wife of the stage manager of the 'Sign of the Cross' Company.

MISS STREET, Montreal, travelling companion of Miss Duncan, a wealthy Montreal lady. Miss Street was also a teacher in one of the public schools, and a well-known Sunday-school worker,

MRS. DICKINSON, of Windsor, Ont., who was returning from a visit to England.

MISS R. WEAVERS, of London, England, who was on her way to Montreal.

MRS. TALBOT, London, England.

MRS. SCOTT, of Barnet, London, England, who was on her way to Port Arthur.

MRS. WATKINS, Buffalo, N.Y.

INFANT CHILD of MRS. ROBERTS, Montreal.

MISS BATE, of Pointe St. Charles.

The name of Mrs. Skelton is not included in the above, although she was reported on Friday as being missing.

WENT BACK TO BRITAIN.

The steamer 'Monterey,' bound from Montreal to Europe, took four of the shipwrecked passengers from the rock, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Coomb. At the time of the wreck, the passengers had barely time to save their lives, and all their baggage is lost.

TOLD BY PASSENGERS.

THEY WILL NEVER FORGET THE STARTLING EXPERIENCES.

'This occurrence,' said the Rev. J. C. McCracken, to a brother clergyman, as they bade each other good-bye on Frida night 'has drawn the passengers of the 'Scostman' together as one family, and many deeds of kindness have been performed by strangers that will never be forgotten by the recipients.' The Rev. Mr. McCracken comes from Chesley, Ont., where he is the popular pastor of the Anglican congregation, the members of which will be delighted to hear of his safety. The other clergyman on board was the Rev. Mr. Longbourne, of St. John's Episcopal Church, Boston. Both were very active in assisting and comforting their distressed fellow-passengers, and many a one shook hands with them with considerable feeling as they neared Montreal this morning and separated.

Among the many spoken to on the train were Mr. Henry Martin, of Toronto; Wm. Steele and wife, of Pembina County, North Dakota; Officer Williams, Alice Rouse, Frank Watkins, Mr. Holloway and Jas. H. Pritchard.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES.

Mr. Steele was suffering from a crushed leg. Some one in climbing the cliff loosened a rock, which fell close to him and against his leg. If it had fallen on him directly it would have killed him. He was returning with his wife and daughter from a visit with friends in England.

Miss Alice Rouse was one of those saved from the boat which was swamped. She was nearly gone, but was with difficulty resuscitated and was looking well on Friday night.

Mr. Frank Watkins, of Buffalo, N.Y., was returning from a visit to his native land with his wife. She went down in the unfortunate boat, while he goes on to his home in Buffalo, sad and alone. They had no children.

Putting the disconnected stories gathered from different sources together the following would seem to be a correct version of the trip and the wreck. Shortly after leaving the Irish coast behind, the 'Scotsman 'encountered rough weather which reached the climax on the Sunday before the accident, when the sea ran very high, spray breaking completely over the ship. Up to that time, however, they had encountered no fog nor serious danger. They had two days of specially heavy seas, during which they made very little headway and must have been more than twenty-four hours behind time. When fog was entered speed was slackened, it is said to about one quarter the ordinary rate, and it is said by some that there was little or no steam on when the rock was struck.

The opinion of most who spoke on the subject was that the fog and the current caused the accident. The sea was running so high that soundings could not be taken at that time. The fog was so dense that neither sun nor stars could be seen. The cliff, which rose directly in front of the ship about four hundred feet, could not be seen, and it was some time after it was noticed before it could be distinguished whether it was an iceberg or a rock. The time when the vessel ran on the ledge was between 2.30 and 3 o'clock on Friday morning, Sept. 22. The grinding sound woke the passengers, who rushed out of their quarters to learn the cause. There was no time to dress, but people threw outer covering of any kind handy around themselves and as soon as the danger was learned, life belts were secured and fixed about their persons.

A COOL ENGINEER.

There was no panic, the only one to make any outcry being a man. The women were living examples of coolness, courage and presence of mind. It is said that two or three men, Germans and Italians, put on women's clothing in the hope that they would be rescued and placed in safety the sooner, but they were noticed and had to stand aside till nearly the last. The boat seems, from all accounts, to have run on to the rock diagonally in the only place along the rocky, irregular beach that she could have got a rest such as she did. At first she rocked and heaved considerably, but she was carried on to the ledge so far that danger of being washed off soon passed away. She tipped on one side to an angle of between forty and fifty degrees towards the water and when the captain let the line down over that side from the bridge, it showed a direct perpendicular depth of about twenty-seven fathoms, into which the big ship would have sunk like a stone if she had not been held so tightly on the rock. A jutting piece of rock went crashing through the bottom of the vessel right under the engines and boilers, and the water poured in, quickly submerging them. The engineers had little time to act or escape. It is said that the machinery was given one or two quick revolutions that had the effect of helping the ship up on to the rock and then stopped. The valves were then opened to allow the steam to escape, so as to prevent the boilers exploding. There was no time to draw out the fires and the chief engineer, it is said, had to swim out of the engine room. He succeeded in turning on the electric lights, which burned for a few minutes, and then he set about to help save the passengers.

FIRST BOAT SWAMPED.

Five boats are said to have been lowered, but the first was swamped. The cause of this is quite uncertain. Four of the boats, containing principally women, floated about on the water for ten or eleven hours, unable to land on account of the heavy surf. At last it was decided that they must be returned to the ship and let down in some way on the land side. They were accordingly hauled on board again by the same means by which they had been lowered, boats and all. During this time the steamer was creaking, heaving and settling, and the crew were devising means of getting the crowd still on the steamer, to land. The boats only held, altogether about a hundred people, so the great majority, many of them women, were in constant fear and peril of the ship sinking. Toward morning the tide began to recede, and a long ladder was laid down the ship's side near the forward gangway. By this means the men were got off while the women were mostly lowered by ropes and slings.

A ROCKY LANDING PLACE.

The little inlet on which the ship had grounded was very rocky and rough and the poor shipwrecked men, women and children could not stay on it. An apparently insurmountable cliff towered far above them. Investigation showed a rugged, winding path, quite steep, up which it was found possible to climb. At the height of about a hundred feet a level plateau was reached where it was deemed advisable to camp till a better place could be found, and there the first night, Friday night, was spent, nearly the whole company crouching, sitting, lying in all manner of positions, but not long in one position, huddled closely together to keep each other warm, with no covering, and bare, frosty rocks for a floor. The thermometer at the lighthouse next morning is said to have registered thirty-seven degrees of frost, and very few had a blanket or even their wonted amount of clothing to protect them. This terrible exposure left its effects on several faces and hands which had to be dressed by a physician when the opportunity arrived.

As soon as it could be arranged (on Friday morning) an exploring party was organized to go and find the lighthouse. The island is said to be nine miles long and the lighthouse six miles from the scene of the wreck, but the men who went out to find the lighthouse took seven or eight hours to reach it and that was the quickest time reported to have been made by any person or party.

FOUND SHELTER AT LAST.

It was three o'clock on Friday afternoon when they arrived there and told the story of the wreck. Early on Saturday morning they returned with assistance from the lighthouse. The shipwrecked party had been able to get some food, principally hard tack, from the ship in good condition, and not having been injured by the water, so that they did not really suffer so much from hunger as from cold and exposure.

Then began the long tramp to the lighthouse. First they had to climb a winding path two or three hundred feet higher to level ground. There was not a tree to be seen anywhere on the island. The ground was comparatively dry that day, but very soft and springy and covered with moss, in which heavy men sank during long distances five or six inches at every step. Many declare that they walked as far as fifteen or twenty miles in their wanderings before they reached the lighthouse. The shortest route was probably fully ten miles.

One party of young men started out at ten o'clock one morning for the lighthouse, got lost and did not reach it till two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day, and the whole party subsisted for that time on three biscuits, 'Newfoundland hard tack,' as they called it, and what berries they found growing on their way. The island is dotted with small lakes, so numerous that some say half of the surface must be water.

REACHED THE LIGHTHOUSE.

At the lighthouse all were given the best shelter and food available. They were in doors at least, but had to sleep on the floors and sleep was not very sound nor refreshing, as may be imagined. Many were nearly dead from exhaustion—in fact it was reported that one old lady had died, but it could not be stated for certain, and her name was not known to those who heard of it, as they were leaving the island.

Every one was full of praise for the manner in which they were treated at the lighthouse, though there were no luxuries to enjoy.

Captain Skrimshire was spoken of in terms of the highest praise by all, as well as the other officers and crew proper.

RUFFIANLY STOKERS.

The reported looting and robbery, it is declared, was not done by any of the regular crew. Before the passengers could be landed, which, after that operation got fairly under way, took about an hour, trunks were smashed open with axes, valises and bags belonging to first and second-class passengers were cut up with knives, emptied, and their contents ransacked and strewed about in great confusion. There was also considerable drunkenness among the ruffians.

The thought uppermost in all minds seemed to be of joy for a wonderful deliverance.

A consignment of valuable thoroughbred horses had to be destroyed. One of them was drowned and some others became loose and had their legs broken, and it was decided to shoot them all.

INSTANCES OF HEROISM.

Several instances of heroism and self-abnegation were reported. Sailors readily jumped overboard to save some of the drowning women, who were in the boat which was swamped, and it was due to heroic efforts on their part that only about ten out of twenty-five or thirty who were in the boat were lost. Among the passengers also were many who risked their own lives to assist others in securing life-belts, and other necessary belongings. Several vessels were observed passing the island at a distance, even visible to the naked eye. Flags were waved and signals of various kinds given, but it is believed that on account of the hidden position of the wreck they were not noticed.

THOSE ON BOARD.

The 396 persons on board were divided as follows: Two hundred and sixty-eight regular passengers, 114 crew, 9 cattlemen and 5 stowaways. It is said that one woman was rescued from the submerged boat before life was extinct, but that she expired shortly after being got on board from lack of necessary care. She was then respectfully committed to the deep, according to the manner of burial at sea. Her name could not be learned.

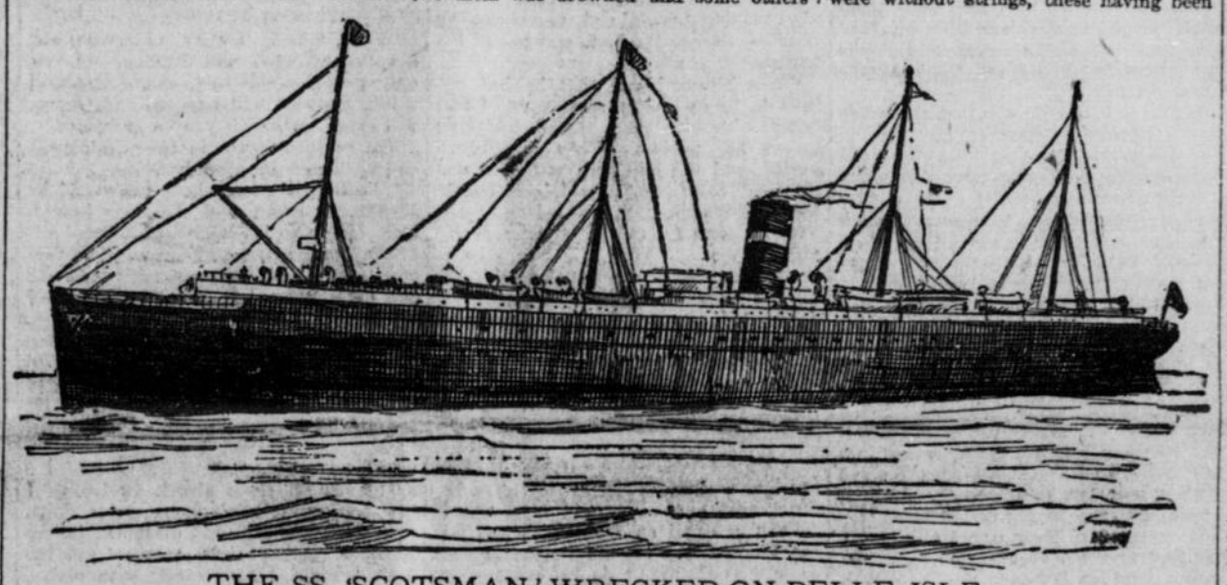
The 'Montfort' was later than was expected in reaching Rimouski and as a consequence it was after two o'clock on Saturday a.m., when the I.C.R. special with the first contingent of two hundred souls reached Montreal. There were then quite a number of people at the Bonaventure station to meet their friends.

A special train to convey the passengers going west left the G. T. R. station about three a.m. Only about forty went on it after having a meal served to them in the restaurant. The majority of the passengers for the west remained over in the city to rest for a few hours.

The Grand Trunk train which arrived in Montreal at 7.20 a.m. Saturday brought the remaining forty-five of the passengers taken from the wreck by the SS. 'Montfort.'

'Third Officer Williams should be commended for the noble work he did,' said a passenger. 'During the first night after the accident the stokers and sailors got into the storehouse and stole a lot of liquors. When this reached his ears he grabbed a rifle and for twenty-four hours stood guard at the stores.'

Regarding the robberies, another passenger said: 'My watch, fob and seals, which had been stolen, were handed back to me by one of the under officers. How he got possession of it I could not ascertain until the next day, when it came to me that he had taken the property away from one of the stokers, who, in my mind, was one of the thieves responsible for the great loss of property.'



THE SS. 'SCOTSMAN.' WRECKED ON BELLE ISLE.

AN AUSTRALIAN

GIVES A VIVID ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS ENDURED.

'I have passed many a night out of doors, sair Mr. A.C. Phillips, a passenger from Australia, who, with his wife, is resting here a few days before proceeding to California, 'but never one such as that on the top of the cliff, where men, women and children lay together, half-clad, on wet moss, with the wind so strong that you could hardly stand up, and no shelter of any kind.'

Surrounded by a sympathetic group in the Bank of Montreal, Mr. Phillips related in a graphic manner his terrible experiences.

The ship struck, he said, at about a quarter to three, and after the fog horn had been blown once. When the passengers rushed on deck they were not prepared for the ship's bad list, and most of them went down like ninepins. He himself fell on his face, and remembers, although he hardly noticed it at the time, spitting out three teeth. The first cry was, 'Get the life belts.' These hung in each cabin, but many were afraid to go back for their own, and begged from each other. Lots of belts were without strings, these having been cut off on some former occasion when that article was wanted. Mr. Phillips tied the belts on himself and his wife with shoe-laces, which he luckily had in his pocket.

'Lower the boats,' was the next order, but the ship's crew, composed largely of non-union men, hardly knew how to obey. From the first boat that was lowered the sailor in charge called repeatedly, 'There is no plug in this boat,' and he was answered, 'Stuff in a rag.' 'I can't find the hole,' he cried, time and again, (inexcusable ignorance on the part of one professing to be a sailor), but passengers continued to drop in, and of course the boat settled full of water and disappeared. Although it was foggy, the moon was shining, and those on deck could see the women drowning. Many, however, were saved.

Almost at the first moment, said Mr. Phillips, the firemen and stokers made a rush for the valuables, not thinking of their lives, but solely of loot. One very rich old lady, it was said, had the rings dragged from her fingers as she lay struggling on the sloping deck. Mr. Phillips saved some paper money on first leaving his room, but on going back a few minutes later he found his two bags ripped open and everything of value gone, including his wife's jewellery and a draft for £500. He has had payment of the latter stopped.

From the cliff they could see the bottom of one side of the ship,, while the top deck of the other side was under water. Had she gone over at first, all would have been drowned, as the sea there was forty fathoms deep. The captain and his officers, the narrator said, did their best, but they did not exert enough authority. Once, indeed, the captain called to a fellow in a boat to know if he was bullet proof. He said that he did not know, whereupon the captain replied that he would soon find out if he did not get out of the boat.

During the night the firemen, who had broken into the bonded liquor, sang blasphemous and obscene songs in the ears of the women, who lay huddled close by, dripping wet, and clad for the most part only in their night gowns. The fellows were asked to be quiet, and one lady heard them threaten to throw the women over the cliff. The place was too narorw for a struggle with the roughs. One of them, in his drunkenness, rolled over the cliff, and was dashed to pieces.

Mr. Phillips complained that they were sent off on their fifteen-mile tramp to the lighthouse unprovided with any food, which they begged for in vain from the ship's stores. They had to pick their way around lakes, of which there are seven hundred on the island, and the lighthouse was not reached for a day and a half. Many would have succumbed had not a party come from the lighthouse to their relief, bringing spirits and biscuits.

Mr. Phillips asserted that had the state rooms been locked by the ship's officers the first class passengers need have lost nothing, unless the ship should be broken up by the storm. Speaking of the passengers lost, he thought that they numbered nearer twenty than ten.

Mr. Phillips saw one man with a stolen cheque in his hands, but did not venture to say anything to him, as he knew the fellows would all hang together. 'But it was only for two or three hundred pounds,' he said, which remark may serve to indicate the extent of some of the passengers' losses.

A fireman who was going back to England on the steamer was asked if he wouldn't take some clothes. 'Oh, no,' he replied, slapping a bulging pocket, 'I've got lots here.'

THE NEWS AT QUEBEC.

DISASTER ATTRIBUTED TO THE CHANGE OF SIGNALS.

Quebec, Sept. 29.—The news of the 'Scotsman's' disaster was received in the city yesterday with no greater anxiety than by a number of the guests at the Chateau Frontenac, who have been waiting here ever since a week ago last Thursday. Among them was Mr. Dwight, superintendent of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, of Toronto, who was expecting his wife. He was among the first to receive the intelligence of the wreck and the first to inform them of the mishap.

Captain Skrimshire says, according to a story told here, that while in the dense fog he heard a whistle, but that he concluded it was that of another steamer, and altered his course accordingly. A few moments later there was an awful crash, and the vessel was on the rocks. Formerly the fog signal on the end of the island was a gun, but a short time ago a whistle was substituted and this was the whistle that was heard. The captain, is is reported, asserts that he was never notified of the change, and so it was that the disaster occurred.

PROF. STOCKLEY'S ACCOUNT.

Prof. Stockley, of Fredericton, N.B., who was among the passengers, was seen last night. He stated that when the vessel ran aground great confusion prevailed among the cabin passengers. A boat was launched, and a number of ladies were embarked, and shortly after another one was let over the side of the large steamer, but before it had reached the sea the first boat had swamped. It is thought the boat was not properly plugged. Captain Skrimshire stood on the deck crying to the men standing round to give a hand to help the drowning ladies, but many of them stood by apparently unwilling to go to the rescue.

Mr. Stockley corroborated the reports circulated regarding the conduct of a number of the crew in rifling the passengers' baggage, etc., after the vessel had grounded, and stated that it was most disgraceful to see the manner in which they acted. He returned the day following to the wreck, and stated that it was a regular bedlam on board the steamer. A large quantity of the valuables which had been abandoned by the passengers had been packed up and carried off.

LOOTING BY SEAMEN.

Mr. William Brown, one of the saloon passengers, and Mr. Dowling, from Liverpool, on their way to Toronto, both young men about 25 years of age, were the two first passengers to appear on deck after the 'Scotsman' struck. Mr. Brown heard a rumbling noise and then a severe shock, and was thrown from his berth, and immediately rushed on deck to ascertain the cause. He was but scantily dressed, and it took but a moment to see that the steamer's starboard bow had struck a reef and the vessel was already lying with her starboard side against the rocks at an angle of sixty degrees, and in a most dangerous condition. He returned to his cabin to dress hurriedly, and again came on deck with a small hand satchel and his overcoat, all he had been able to save. When he arrived on deck the second time a greater part of the passengers, as well as many of the crew, were there, and, strange to say, the women and children were exceedingly calm under the circumstances. The captain gave orders to the crew to attend the boats, but they refused to obey, and instead went below to loot the passengers' effects. Robbery was at its full height in all the wild excitement. This is explained by Mr. Brown from the fact that the crew was all "scab" labor from Liverpool, owing to the impossibilty of obtaining seamen on account of the strike. Mr. Dowling corroborated his companion's statements.'

'OTTOMAN' BRINGS SOME.

The SS. 'Ottoman,' of the Dominion Line, from Liverpool, arrived in port this morning. She brought 5 passengers

(Continued on page 20.)

BY THE SIDE OF THE CORNISH SEA.

A RUNAWAY.

(By Mabel Quiller-Couch, in 'Sunday Companion.')

The cold, dreary day was coming to a close, growing colder and drearier with each hour that passed. As the afternoon wore on rain began to fall—a fine, driving rain at first, but growing denser and heavier towards evening, until everything was dripping and sodden, and the face of the land was blotted out.

Pensallas streets, in Cornwall, were almost empty, for no one would, from choice, leave the warmth and shelter of their own hearthside; so, until the children came out of school, and the men came back from work, Pensallas might have been a deserted town, the silence of its streets broken only now and again by a forlorn figure looking vainly for some companion or fellow-creature.

But at about four o'clock that afternoon a strange event happened in our little town. Over the long, flat roads, leading not from Troon, but from the other side, where so little land and so few human beings lay, between it and the boundless sea, came a long, straggling procession. Caravans, horses, elephants, camels, a triumphal car, its plate-glass and gilding covered by drenched wrappings, waggons laden with poles, tarpaulin, and machinery, carriages, and carts innumerable.

Along the dreary road they straggled, a more weary, woe-begone collection of human beings and animals than had ever yet been seen by the most travelled of Pensallas' inhabitants.

It was a circus troupe, whose master had, in the slack season, conceived the wild idea of penetrating to the utmost fastnesses of the country, thinking that such an astounding novelty as his would prove to the unaccustomed inhabitants must draw large houses and profits.

He was returning now, a sadder and a wiser man. Had he contented himself with going no further than Troon he might not have been so disillusionized; but in that farther, more deserted land, had he collected every man, woman and child, within a radius of twenty miles, he would barely have filled his monster tent. Had he collected only those who could pay the entrance-fee he would only have filled the ring.

As the long, straggling line drew nearer the town, the clock struck four, and at the same time a volley of children, big and small, boys and girls, was discharged into the quiet streets, making the whole place echo with their shouts and screams. For a second or two their joy at escape occupied them entirely; then their eyes lighted on the approaching phenomenon, and a sudden, deep silence fell on them, and for a few seconds held them fast. But only for a few seconds. A moment later a yell of excitement broke from each throat, and, all else forgotten, they were racing and tearing through the rain and mud as fast as their legs could carry them. the elders leading, followed by their smaller brethren, who were in their turn followed by those who were trammelled by cares of family.

The men of the place, driven home early from work by the weather, arrived on the scene at the same time; and so, through a small, but more excited and awe-filled crowd than they had ever seen before, the troupe entered Pensallas—a crowd which increased as they dragged their way through the streets. For the women, too, attracted by the unwonted noise, rushed to their doors; and soon there was scarcely a soul in the place who was not out on that dreary evening to witness the marvellous wonders which had come their way.

The children had nothing but unqualified approval to express; the men looked at the animals with a would-be knowing eye; the women were more excited, and a little disapproving. Of the animals they were, most of them, frantically afraid, and screamed shrilly when the camels turned their long necks in their direction, and fixed their placid inquiring eyes upon them, or retreated yelling to the furthermost of their back gardens when the elephants raised their trunks in their affably friendly way.

Some few of the women, certainly, eyed these foreign beasts with a calm unconcern, as though they had all their lives been accustomed to seeing them about the streets, and were only a little astonished that such poor specimens had been allowed to live, and these eyed the children in much the same manner; but the majority of the mothers there grew loud in their comments on these last small adjuncts to the show — comments of pity chiefly. The womenkind came in for the most scathing remarks and the loudest disapproval.

As the poor travellers passed along the streets, and saw the cottage fires gleaming and the windows brightly lighted, they glanced half sullenly, half wistfully at the open doors, or at the people standing grouped about them, envying, yet despising them, assured—perhaps fortunately for their own peace of mind—of their own superiority—feelings which were filling the breasts of almost all the strangely assorted crowd. Slowly the tired horses dragged on their heavy loads; slowly and laboriously the elephants slouched along, their large feet sinking deep in the soft mud at every step. So, without pausing the procession passed on, until it came to the foot of Pensallas Hill, and branched off to the rain-swept downs, where they intended to encamp for the night.

But neither rain nor mud nor cold served to quell the excitement raised in the breasts of Pensallas folk. All the evening through, knots of men, women and children, thronged Pensallas Hill, on their way to and from the encampment, and stood thickly about the caravans and waggons, watching everything that went on with the keenest, most interested eyes. The animals proved a source of as much terror as amusement, and more than one mother that night felt thrills of nervous dread lest the elephants or the camels should break loose and come back in search of food and shelter.

More than one came to me in a genuine state of alarm to know if it was safe for the children to be down so close to them, and if it would be safe to go to bed that night; and it took me some little time to explain that such animals as they had seen that day did not live on human flesh, had no partiality for children, and were not to be feared.

So great was the fascination exercised by the new-comers that all Pensallas went later to bed that night, it being difficult to get the elder children and their fathers away from the centre of attraction, and the first thing in the morning the youngsters of the place were all back again.

From our windows we could look right down on the motley gathering, and a strange, busy scene it was. But to view it from a distance was not sufficient to satisfy my children; they, too, must needs go down to make closer acquaintance with what Michael called the 'efflents.' So down I took them, and soon I grew as fascinated as they, only in a different way.

I talked to some of the men and women of the troupe, and heard long, woeful accounts of their travels—sad tales of want and hard times, inspiriting ones of the goodness of these poor creatures one to the other; and soon I had promised food and medicine to one sick child, and clothes to another, and some of my husband's boots and clothes to the men. Of how Dick—who is perfectly wedded to his old things, and will wear them until I have to take them from him and send them out of the house—would take my generosity, I did not think at the time.

Well, the end of it was that the whole troupe stayed in their encampment on the downs for three or four days, not being due at their next town for nearly a week, and on the last evening they gave a performance, to which I think everyone in Pensallas and the whole country round went, those who could not pay for admission in cash paying in kind; and I really think the poor performers tasted better and more wholesome food in those days than ever before or after.

I often wished afterwards, though, that the performance had never taken place; that the Bohemian, good-tempered, thriftless set had never come into our midst, casting their fascination and glamor over our poor people, many of whom, for the first time, realized the dull greyness of their own lots; for, after that first wet evening, lovely, bright, sunny weather favored the travellers, and both animals and people recovered their looks and their spirits; the gaily-painted vans, with their tiny be-curtained windows, and neat wonderful arrangements within, quite took the hearts of the women and children by storm.

Of all the devoted hangers around the encampment, of all the fascinated crowd, George Harding was the most devoted and the most completely carried away. He was there morning, noon and night, dancing attendance on the grooms, praying to be allowed to hold a horse, overcome with joy if he was allowed to lend a hand to carry buckets of water, or do anything that any of the numerous hangers-on of the troupe asked him.

George's father was in America. At least five years before this time he had started for that land. George and his mother had seen him mount the coach to Troon, on the first stage of his journey, and from that moment had never seen or heard of him again.

For the first twelve months, as post after post came, and brought no letter from her husband, Thirza Harding was like one demented. She could not believe she was a widow; she would not believe her husband had wilfully inflicted this misery upon her. There was some good explanation, she was sure, and year after year she waited for it. What thoughts, fears, agonies, filled her racked mind can be realized only by those who have known a like trouble. Thirza said little, and made no display of her sorrow, but those who knew her as a happy, merry woman of thirty-five—a particularly youthful-looking woman for her age—would have scarcely known her at forty, so grave and unsmiling, and reserved, was she, and looking so much older than her years warranted.

During all this time her boy had been to her an unspeakable comfort; in him alone of all earthly things did she seem to find any pleasure or brightness in her blighted life, and I verily believe he saved her from ending her days in an asylum. He was eight years old when his father left—a fine, honest-looking boy, with instinctively good manners, and a sunny light-heartedness which made him a favorite with everyone. To his mother he was everything. I think she worshipped him.

Whether he ever realized at that time the greatness of her love, or all he was to her, I can hardly say. It is difficult for children to realize the feelings of their elders; and, too, as she was, as I have said, a reserved, undemonstrative woman, little given to display of affection, or to any outward show of feeling of any kind; but she could not keep out of her eyes when she looked at her boy an expression which told more than she could have put into words.

George had been a wonderfully good boy all his life—obedient, honest and affectionate. Thirza thought there never had been before, nor could be again, a boy so perfect; and until the circus arrived he was one of the most regular at school, and the most perfect of scholars. He was, in fact, at this time just on the eve of his examination previous to passing the sixth standard, and his mother's hopes ran high, and her mind was full of the 'place' she was bent on getting for him, and he was full of pride and pleasure at the thought of earning his own living and helping his mother; and at last it really seemed as though Thirza was going to reap some reward for all her toil. Time was doing his best for her, and bright days were coming. So things were when the circus came among us, and left us with more than one aching heart to mark their stay.

By the time I came down to breakfast the morning after the performance the encampment was broken up, and every van and animal, man, woman, and child, had disappeared. Only the broken-up ground remained to show where our unusual visitors had been.

That day an apathy seemed to lie over everyone, as if the late hours of the previous night, or the departure out of their lives of the strangers, who had obtained such a hold upon them, had taken all spirit out of them, and they found the usual monotonous routine and the never-ending struggle to live harder than ever.

Early as the troupe had left, the children of the village, — at least, all those old enough to dress themselves—had been up to see them off, going without their breakfasts uncomplainingly rather than miss the scene. How far they accompanied them on their way to Troon, I don't knew; but, greatly to their credit, most of the weary little mortals were at the schoolhouse as the bell rung, and the majority gave the best they could of their attention and thoughts to the tasks for the day. All were sleepy and abstracted; a few were late; one or two were playing truant, and, to everybody's surprise, George Harding, was one of the truants.

When Thirza heard that he had not been to school she was more vexed and angry with him than anyone had ever known her to be. When dinner-time passed, and the children went to and returned from the school, and George was still absent, her wrath rose higher—higher than I could have believed possible.

I think a little fear mingled with her other feelings—but this she would not allow—and a great deal of wounded pride and disappointment, to think that her boy, her George, could behave so badly—could go off and leave her without a word, — could ruin all his chances at school, as if her hard struggle to keep him there so long was nothing to him. It cut her to the quick to think that on the first temptation he should leave her for strangers.

Evening came on fast—much too fast for Thirza. She put off having her tea as late as she could, in an endeavor to cheat herself into thinking that time was not moving as fast as it really was; but at length it became no longer possible to pretend that it was not dark, and avoid lighting the lamp and drawing the curtain, and Thirza sat down to her solitary tea, and made an appearance of taking some, to keep up the pretence that she was not anxious and fearful.

As the hours passed her fears increased, and as she grew more frightened, so she grew more angry. Her cold, grave face grew more rigidly cold and stern, her lips more firmly closed and compressed at the corners; her eyes were hard, and it would have taken a keen eye to detect the anxiety underlying the angry fire in them.

With the kindest intention in the world, one of her neighbors went in to sit with her; but Thirza was unapproachable with sympathy, and mortified that others should know of George's misdoings. She tolerated her friend's presence for some time, showing only by her restlessness any sign of the awful anxiety tearing at her heart, and which all her endeavors to deaden by anger or indifference failed to allay; but by ten o'clock she could endure the state of affairs no longer.

'I think I'll shut up the house now and go to bed,' she said. 'I'm tired; I expect it's with being up so late last night. It do tell, if one isn't used to it.'

'And you — you won't wait for——'

'George knows the way, and when he comes I shall hear him. I'm a light sleeper,' she added, with an air of unconcern, and there was something in her tone which put an end to all further remonstrance.

It was close upon eleven, when, as I was being driven home from a dinner-party, I saw a black form outside Thirza's house stooping towards the door as though intent upon doing something to it. I leaned out, and looked very hard, for my mind had been filled with anxiety for her ever since I had heard that afternoon that George Harding had been away all day, and I told the man to draw up, and, dismounting, walked back to her cottage, for I was anxious about her and her boy.

On the path stood Thirza herself, her shawl and bonnet on, evidently dressed for a journey, fumbling among the flowerpots on her windowsill. She had been locking her door when I had passed, and I saw now, that she was putting the key where anyone in the secret coming back while she was absent, would know where to get it.

'Thirza!' I whispered. She started when she heard a voice. When she saw me she gave a kind of sob. For a moment I thought she had heard dire news, and was on the point of breaking down. But it was only an involuntary weakness, and in a second or so she was her usual composed self again.

'I am just going away for a little holiday,' she said, with a great attempt at unconcern. 'Now I'm free, I thought I would take the opportunity. I—I have been wanting to go to St. Minard's to see my sister—and—and now is a good time. It's easier walking by night, and——'

Her manner alarmed me. I could not see her face or her eyes, by which I might have gained some clue to her real feelings. I could only tell that she was talking unusually quickly and artificially, and that such an act as she talked of was one I should have judged her incapable of.

There was nothing to do but to speak on the chance of touching her on the right spot, and, fortunately, in the pain and perplexity which filled me, I chanced to do what was right.

'Thirza!' I cried, hardly knowing what was right to do or say, but longing only to get at her heart and touch it—'Thirza, don't go to your sister. Don't be away when George returns, as he is sure to do before long. He is only a foolish, excitable child, carried away against his will by excitement and love of adventure. Rather go to seek for him. By this time he is probably longing to be home again, perhaps crying for you and afraid to come home, and it might be ruin to him to come back and find you had gone!'

Another of those hard sobs escaped her.

'That is what I'm doing,' she wailed in a low, miserable voice. That's where I'm going, really; only I—I couldn't bring myself to own it to anybody, nor to myself, even. And I was cheating myself into thinking that I was going anywhere but in search of him until I find him. And then—— But, oh, ma'am, but supposing he won't come!' And a perfectly heartbroken cry escaped her. Then I saw what her great dread had been—that, finding him, he should refuse to be controlled by her.

'Well,' I said, 'I can't, of course, say for certain what will happen, I can only pray for the best, and I think,—I think, the best will happen, and George will come back with you — or before.'

She stepped softly to the window-sill, and beckoned me after her.

'The key is there; he'll know. If he should come and find the door locked, he'll look there; and—and I've left everything ready for him; but if he does come first, and you're passing and see the place open, will you step 'fore and tell him—I'll soon be back?'

I promised gladly. I took her to my house before I let her go, and insisted on her having some food—for she was weak and faint for want of it—and on her taking some with her. And then I went out to start her on her lonely, anxious journey.

The church clock struck twelve as I saw her gaunt, black figure stride down over Pensallas Hill and disappear in the distance, and a more strange yet impressive sight I have rarely witnessed.

She had smiled when I had asked if she was afraid of the long walk across the dreary moorland. Herself she trusted to her God without doubt or fear, though her boy she had not yet learned to render so completely to him. With George she felt that her care was yet paramount.

Away she trudged through the cold night, along mile after mile of rough road, and never a soul did she meet until she reached Troon, where she hoped and believed the circus had stopped to give a performance the evening before. But though she knew Troon well, of the exact spot where the circus tent would be pitched she had no idea, and many an unnecessary mile she trudged in her vain search for it.

The circus field lay half a mile the other side of Troon, and Thirza was quite worn out and despairing before she found herself in the right direction, and saw the large tent before her, gleaming white in the bright light.

Softly and cautiously she crept into the field and picked her way among ropes and pegs, the shafts of the carts, and the boxes, sacks and various other traps for the unwary. Now and then a horse would move or cough, frightening her until she trembled; or, even worse, one of the men lying asleep in the tents or vans would talk in his sleep or snore; and at each fright her limbs nearly gave way beneath her, and she was sorely tempted to fly from the spot and hurry home, to be where she could feel safe and alone.

Round and round she went, her heart beating wildly, her anxious eyes gazing almost frantically round about her, but the hopelessness of her search hung over her spirit like a dense cloud. She dared not look into any of the vans, yet in any one of them George might be either hiding, so that he might get away safely from her, or kept a prisoner, and breaking his heart for his home and his mother. The last thought drove her frantic.

'I must see him some'ow,' she cried, tears of weakness and misery by this time coursing down her cheeks. 'I'll go back 'long to the gate, and I'll stay there while they're passing out, and I'll ask 'em all if they've seen him, and I'll beg and pray 'em to let him go. P'r'aps they will if I give 'em something, if they won't no other way.' And she clutched tightly her little old purse, in which lay a sovereign and a few shillings, the savings of her life-time.

She sat for a moment to think, trying to shape a plan. By this time she had but one idea in her mind, that George was wanting her, wanting to go home, but could not escape. All anger vanished; and the thought that he might be wanting her comforted her greatly. As she sat quietly thinking a faint sound caught her ear. At first she paid no heed, then it arrested her attention so that she was conscious of it, and vaguely wondered what it could be. Presently she grew more and more interested; it was such a strange, muffled sound—one of the horses snoring or dreaming; or perhaps elephants made strange sounds in their sleep—no, it was a sound of distress—sobbing.

She got up and crept in the direction the sound came from. It was something in the hedge. She groped along, peering closely, for the shadows lay thickly there. At last she was close enough to hear the sobs distinctly, the words, even; then hurrying, stumbling, falling in her frantic haste, in a moment more she was kneeling beside a small form, lying face down in the grass. Lifting him, kissing him, crying, laughing, soothing, rejoicing all at the same time.

'Oh, mother, mother, I thought I should never see you any more. I was 'feared to come back, and they wouldn't take me with 'em, and—and I wanted to go 'ome, and when it got dark I was 'feared to walk back alone, and I thought the p'leece would be after me; and now everybody'll laugh at me, and—and——'

'You wasn't feared of your mother, George, was you?' she asked anxiously.

'N-no,' said George, doubtfully — 'not afterwards.'

'Oh, my dear, there's nothing to be frightened about. If I'd brought you up to look to God where I've taught 'ee to look to your mother, you wouldn't have minded the dark nor the lonesomeness nor nothing, and you'd have been home and safe by this time; and if they do laugh at 'ee a bit, why, we've all got something to bear when we does wrong, and that'll be nothing to what you might have had if you'd gone on with that there lot up there. Oh, my dear, you are safe, and nothing else matters.' And she sobbed again with joy and relief. And never in all his life again was George afraid to face his mother.

Long before anyone in Pensallas was up that morning I was drawing my blind to let in the early morning light, when up over the hill I saw trudging wearily, but sturdily, the tall form of Thirza Harding. Frightened at her being alone, I signalled to attract her attention, and she looked up, and the light on her face reassured me, and told me as plainly as words could have done the success of her journey. Through the early morning hours the two had tramped back together as quickly as their legs could carry them, that they might reach home before any one was about. Dead tired and exhausted both were, but perfectly happy, save for the remorse which George felt more and more.

But when they came to the foot of Pensallas Hill with some plausible explanation she sent George round by another road to the one she took—one which would bring him round to the back of the cottage.

'I couldn't,' she confessed to me afterwards—'I couldn't let 'em all see me a-bringing him home like a prisoner. I told him he'd have to bear that, and being laughed at, too; for his bad behaviour; but I couldn't help trying to make it easier for him. You see, the folks'd never believe he was wanting to come home; but now, you see, nobody but you, ma'am, knows I went after him, and they can't say much, because they think he comed home of his own free will.'

So that was how she came to be hurrying home alone by the shorter way, and by the time the truant came had a fire lighted and kettle on, and a meal ready for them both.

'No,' she said, 'he don't deserve it. I s'pose if he gets his deserts——. But—well——'

'If you want to make him remember, and to heap coals of fire upon his head,' I said, 'you have done it, Thirza.'

'Oh, ma'am, no! I wouldn't do such a thing for anything. But—well you see he didn't know; children don't know what their mothers feel. If they understood I believe they'd be more careful over 'em; and while we, who do know how our heavenly Father feels, when we do wrong, go on wounding him and breaking his heart, never trying to be better—how can we set up to heap coals of fire on they who are not as bad as we ourselves.'

'Don't spoil him, Thirza, that's all,' I said, though I little thought she was likely to.

'No, ma'am, I won't do that; but when they who've done wrong repents and comes back, the Lord dont' punish he only loves them, and I think that must be the right way. I could never be hard on anyone who wandered away but comed back all right after all,' she added sadly. And I thought of her long-absent husband, and read her heart the more plainly for the thought.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE PUSSY OF THE WINDMILL.

(Martha Gilbert Dickinson, in 'Congregationalist.')

'Alas!' said Madam, the proprietress. 'Alas! It must be jealousy that has driven him away.'

We had just arrived at The Hague and didn't know in the least what Madam was talking about, so we waited as patiently as we could, being tired and hungry, until some one was ready to assign us our rooms.

'He will die of a broken heart!' cried Madam. 'He must have suffered despair to do a thing so cruel.'

'He will kill himself with hunger,' said a porter.

'And the dogs will chase him,' said a waiter. Then I guessed that it must be a pussy making all this disturbance at the orderly Hotel de la Haye.

After dinner, when the courtyard garden was full of smoke and chat, Madam, with many explanations and apologies, told us all about it.

Since three days her Angora treasure had been missing—the first time in all the five years of his life. If he had ever had such a habit before he might yet be restored to them living, but no, he was not of wandering taste or common association. She had got him when a kitten from a cattle farm lying deep in one of those sweet Dutch pastures, where a cat certainly should grow up a model of all the overfed virtues, as this one had. He had been the beauty of the family from the start, and more frolicsome than his rather heavy brothers and sisters. Behind the farm stood a great Dutch windmill that belongs to a farm in Holland just as much as a pump belongs to one at home, and on bright days it was a pretty sight to see the kitten spring upon the great whirling shadows of the wheel, as it tossed its wide arms in the air, and try to catch the flying falsehood in his silky paws. When Madam saw his game with this fantastic playmate she fell in love with him on the spot and carried him home.

'And now,' said the poor lady, 'he has deserted us quite through a misunderstanding. Always has he been welcomed by all my guests and made of much consideration. Especially was it his delight to sleep in one room, which he could reach by a little outside balcony, and here he would take his repose hours of every day.

'The gentleman who occupies that room often and often every year grew fond of him and his loving ways, always leaving the window open sufficiently to let him pass, but alas! Last week a stranger had the room temporarily, who shut the window. Pussy, supposing it was only a mistake, went around inside, climbed upon the bed and was soon asleep. In the night he gave the stranger a bad fright and was put out with harsh words—out of his own house into the darkness to wait like any vagrant till morning!

'Even then,' continued Madam, 'he was forgiving, quite. But that same afternoon a pair of little dogs arrived for a short stay, and he could no longer believe in me. He will never come back; I know it well. You cannot hope to see him. I am assured that he is distracted with jealousy.' And although we stayed a week we never did see this remarkable pussy.

The day we went away, however, Madam slipped a tiny photograph into my hand, saying, 'You have not seen him, but take this so you cannot forget him.' And you see I have not, though I never saw him chasing the shadow of the big Dutch windmill or tapping at the door of number nine at the Hotel de la Haye.

RHYME FOR MOVEMENT EXERCISE.

This is east and this is west,
Soon I'll learn to say the rest;
This is high and this is low,
Only see how much I know;
This is narrow, this is wide;
Something else I know beside.

Down is where my feet you see,
Up is where my head should be,
Here's my nose and here's my eyes;
Don't you think I'm getting wise?
Now my eyes wide open keep,
Shut them when I go to sleep.

Here's my mouth, and here's my chin,
Soon to read I shall begin;
Ears I have, as you can see,
Of much use they are to me!
This my right hand is, you see,
This my left, as all agree;
Overhead I raise them high,
Clap! clap! clap! I let them fly.

If a lady in the street
Or my teacher I should meet,
From my head my cap I take,
And a bow like this I make,
Now I fold my arms up so,
To my seat I softly go.
—'Educational Journal.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. *It never disappoints.*

Boils—"I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. Gladwin, Truro, N. S

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Hood's Sarsaparilla
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Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GARDEN TALKS.

This department is conducted by Mrs. Annie L. Jack, Chateauguay Basin, Que., to whom all answers should be sent. All questions answered through the 'Witness.'

'The bees are getting some good honey from the late clover, I am told, but I am no friend to the patrons of industry—or 'patterns,' isn't it? I do not like to have friends, however useful, who leave a sting with me. The day is fair and cool, and seeing them flit slowly past I remember George Arnold's lines:

Upon the windy hill, in many a field,
The honey bees hum slow above the clover,
Gleaning the latest sweets its bloom may yield,
And knowing that their harvest-time is over.

Sing half a lullaby and half a knell,
Farewell, sweet summer,
Honey laden summer,
Sweet, farewell!

It has not been, in practical prose, a 'honey-laden summer,' for the sweet product has not been so scarce for many years. Just now the asters are swarming with honey bees and bumble bees, and the small white and yellow butterflies are busy as if it was house-cleaning time, extracting the last sip of sweets from the flowers. They are all children of the sunshine, and brief will be their holiday. I have an idea that we sow our asters too early, for the flower remains bright and even improves with a white frost, and enjoys cool weather. It might be as well to experiment with them and so have them at their best when other flowers are going to seed. With me, there are too many purples this year for the best effect.

THE FLORAL CLUB.

When Mrs. Gardner came in the other day she told me that several varieties of their very choicest grapes had been cleared from the vines just the day before the show, and could not be duplicated from her garden. More than this was her regret that a certain kind, saved for her invalid husband, who preferred them to any other, had been carried away. 'I saw people among the vines who had no right there,' she said, 'but did not suspect them of taking the fruit at the time.' It is a perversion of the Old Testament law, I said, which bade the owners of a vineyard to leave the gleanings to the poor. Nowadays they want the first fruits, and it is curious that if people take your money it is called robbery, but if they carry off your fruit, without your permission, that has taken years to bring to perfection and is of money value, it is not looked upon in the same light. 'The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding sure,' and perhaps the vandal who stripped your vines may some day plant trees and vines himself, and have some one else forget to be just and honest to him.

After she left I was thinking over the subject of the Golden Rule, and I am sure if one would stop to think of it, and of doing 'to others as we would they should do unto us, 'it would save us many sins and mistakes. Ungathered fruit seems looked upon as public property. Yet it is not so any more than the boots for sale by the shoemaker, or the grain that is the result of hard toil in the same way as the fruit. Yet no one would think of taking a scythe and cutting down their neighbor's oats to feed their own horses. Why, then, his fruit of any kind that has a cash value in the market? I sympathized with Mrs. Gardner, but it takes all sorts of people to make a world, and some of them do not measure their actions by the Golden Rule.

A railway man gives a description of the Y. M. C. A. rooms in a distant town, and says: 'The windows were full of plants and stuffed birds, the fuchsias hung down from the top of the window like vines, and the bell-like crimson flowers made the window look quite bright. That kind of thing makes a fellow satisfied to stay and read, and enjoy it.' The writer, who has no garden, says he always reads 'Garden Talks' because it pleases him to know there are such homes, where flowers add brightness to life, and make it more attractive. And when one knows the dull homes, with their uninteresting surroundings, where many people are condemned to pass their days, it is a comfort to be able to help them to cultivate, if only a single plant. It may not seem much at first, but when it begins to bud and blossom it will bring with it a reward, and brighten the most cheerless room.

THE DAHLIA.

'Why do you say dahlia instead of daylia?' asked a member of the club, who was of an investigating turn of mind. 'Because,' I said, 'it was named after Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist, and he should have his honors, without confounding him with Day or Dale.' My plants of this flower have done well this season, but I always resent the fact that the flowers so often turn their back on me, and not in following the sun, but from sheer perversity. It is a handsome old-fashioned flower, elegant and dignified, like some stately matron who prides herself on her wealth and importance; not a lovable flower, by any means, but its flowers last a long time, and it may be considered a type of stability. I like the tall single and semi-double sorts best, for though it may seem unwarranted, I always think the double-quilled varieties when gathered as a decoration look like pen-wipers, though the idea does not force itself on my mind when the flowers are growing on their stiff, straight stems, and they are really seen at their best in front of shrubbery among other tall growing plants. In this way they are protected from strong winds that are apt to break their brittle stems. The dahlia was introduced into Europe from the sandy plains of South America about a hundred and ten years ago. But it is too tender to grow wild in this northern land, so that it has to be kept from frost, and as soon as the foliage is destroyed must be taken up and the roots stored in sand in a dry cellar.

ORNAMENTAL GRASSES.

'E. R.' asks for names of ornamental grasses that can be sown in a garden corner where flowers do not thrive well. Ans.—There are many fine grasses, but the finest among them need a little protection, as Arundo Donax, which is tall and straight, and there is a variegated grass of the same name. Bambusa Metake is almost an evergreen, and Panicum virgatum is the graceful prairie grass. But the one most likely to give satisfaction is Ravenna grass, which forms handsome clumps of foliage, and is what you require in the situation. Then Eulalie Japonica, zebra grass, is very pretty, and Festuca forms pretty tufts, and is useful as an edging. Stipa pinnata does well on light, rich soil, and has graceful plumes of soft, silky down.

PLANT FOR NAME.

'L. G. B.'—The leaves are the Asparagus plumosus nana, but known by the name you give it as climbing Lace Fern, which is a good description for the shape and form of the leaves remind one of the fronds of the finest ferns, the texture being delicate and lace-like. It grows in the form of a vine, and makes quite a length in a season, but a better way is to pinch it back, to a mound of lace-like leaves covering the pot. It has a value in that it will keep fresh for weeks in water after cutting. Charcoal is needed in the water to keep it sweet, but it is very ornamental as a winter decoration. You might call it the Lace Fern Asparagus to distinguish it from other varieties.

The aster sent by a member of the club is affected by the disease described last week.

AUTUMN WORK IN THE GARDEN.

It seems hard and needs a good deal of resolution to start fall work in the garden, but it is necessary for the well being of the plants, and for the neatness of the borders. Stems and tops of herbaceous plants must be cut off and well rotted manure dug into the soil. Hardy roses should be kept pruned into manageable shape, and before very hard frost they will be the better for having earth heaped around them, as well as tender varieties, when autumn leaves can be gathered over them, they make a good, warm blanket, and can be kept in place with a few branches. Clematis should be cut back to within two feet of the ground, and protected in the same way. Cannas, dahlias, gladioli and other tuberous plants should be dug up and dried a little in the sun, then stored in a dry cellar, but away from furnace heat. Wherever bulbs are to be planted the ground should be prepared carefully, and all rubbish taken off. Plans must be made for next season, and herbaceous plants set out accordingly. Grape vines can be pruned, and a little later they may be put down from the trellis and covered with earth. All dead wood should be cut out from shrubs, shade and fruit trees. It is a good time to take off the rings of the tent caterpillar, so destructive last spring in orchards. Only the other day a thoughtful apple picker when bringing in the rosy fruit brought also a handful of the rings that she had taken from the trees. As each contained several hundred caterpillars, it was easy to estimate the value of this act of forethought. Vegetables, too, should be taken out of the ground and dried before storing. While the land is always better for being dug or ploughed in autumn, at the same time planning for a rotation of crops. Onions do well on the same ground year after year, but most of our vegetables improve by a change. Wood ashes should be applied, and any manure well dug in will show results in spring. If changes are to be made in the herbaceous border, it can be done as soon as the leaves fall, and the same rule applies to shrubs and trees.

BEGONIA.

S. W. and others ask the cause of begonia leaves turning brown and dropping off. Ans.—The method of treatment as described seems all right; but begonias are particular as to conditions. If quite right they grow as easily as a geranium, if not, they suffer, and the leaves fall off. They delight in perfect shade, are great feeders, and enjoy rich soil. They will not allow you to leave them thirsty one day, and drown them the next, which is the worst fault of all. They need less water than most plants, but must never be root dry. Charcoal at the bottom of the pots helps drainage and keeps the soil from getting sour. Begonia Rubra is very fast-growing, and if the plants are warm and shaded there is no reason for the leaves dropping off, in excess. I find that all plants shed their outside leaves at times; but irregular watering, or sour, wet roots are the principal causes of trouble with these plants.

TULIPS FROM SEED.

Mrs. J. A.—A reader of the 'Witness,' asks about growing tulips from seed. Of course it is done, but takes three years in this country to bring the bulbs to flowering. It should have been planted as soon as ripe, and cultivated when the seedlings come above ground. You might try a few seeds in a box, or keep them in moist sand until spring.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

'A Constant Reader' asks for information regarding lily of the valley, as to time of removal and soil. Ans.—The time to renew a bed of lily of the valley is this month, when the season of growth is over. They do well on any good soil, but grow to greater perfection when they have moisture and partial shade. It is propagated by division of the roots, but it is an established fact that it is better if allowed to remain undisturbed, and not injured by removal, as it is not so likely to blossom freely when first transplanted. The name is from the Latin, convallis, a valley, and rica a mantle, in reference to the dense covering formed by the leaves. The pips used for winter flowering are imported.

GATHERING AND KEEPING FRUIT.

'An Amateur Farmer' who is new to the business, asks if it is time to pick apples and pears, as the farm he has lately bought contains a few trees, and the fruit is falling badly. Ans.—There is no word as to varieties, and some apples and pears will fall from over-ripeness before this time, while others will swing on the branches till frost comes. The best way of judging is when the fruit parts readily from the stem, without bringing with it the end branch that contains next year's buds. The apples and pears must be carefully handled, if they are to be kept through the winter, and stored at once, after they are gathered, in a cellar or fruit house, where the temperature is as near freezing as possible, without actual frost.



TRYING TO RAISE THE OLD BALLOON.

Sir Charles—'One—two—three—all together—Blow!'

THE 'LANCET' ON THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The 'Lancet,' in a recent issue, deals with the liquor question. 'The law, in our view,' it says, 'should authorize arrest for simple drunkenness; it should secure the independence of the chief constable and of inspectors of houses acting for the licensing authorities; the definition of habitual drunkards should be enlarged, and their names might be entered on a black list, publicans being warned not to supply them with drink under liability of a penalty. The drunkenness of the nation is not as terrible as it was, but it is still very serious, and is, we must believe, rapidly extending to women, whose degradation is most disastrous to their families. Few sensible men wish to give power to extreme persons to stop the trade in any district, or interfere with the reasonable use of intoxicants. But all are interested in checking an expenditure on drink which cripples the resources of families, affects their comfort, nourishment and happiness, and finds its illustrations by thousands in the workhouse, the hospital and the asylum.'

[For the 'Weekly Witness.'

WORSHIP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

What matters though we make our homes,
Where sounds of church bell never comes?
Small need of temples built by hand,
While God's cathedrals 'round us stand.
Were not his altars reared of old,
Upon the mountains dim and cold?
From Sinai Moses gave the law,
The burning bush on Horeb saw.
Went not the Christ at close of day,
Apart into a mount to pray?

Then seek the mountain fastness,
The everlasting hills;
Where God's great templed vastness
His sacred presence fills!

Oh, hear ye not the chiming,
Like silver Sabbath bells,
To sacred music timing,
The distant echo swells?

From unseen shrines ascending
The clouds like incense rise,
The blue sky over-bending
Accepts the sacrifice.

There's worship in each whisper,
That stirs the crystal air;
There's litany and vesper,
And every breath is prayer.

Bring all the loves you cherish
To this Moriah's flame!
The sinful love will perish,
But God provides the lamb.

Leave every earthly fetter,
With ashes there to blend;
To purer lives and better,
These altar steps descend.

Mrs. P. A. HENRY.

Bowmanville, Ont.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous) toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL

Summer Complaints

DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach or bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

INTERNALLY.—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

RADWAY & CO., 7 St. Helen St., Montreal

1834 1899

J. A. MATHEWSON & CO.,

62 McGill street, Montreal.

IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Buyers have in this establishment the advantage of lengthened experience, with FRESHNESS of Stock, and ASSORTMENT MAINTAINED.

Orders Carefully Attended To.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS



Little Ethel—'Mr. Rich, we're not all made of dust, are we?'

Mr. Rich (benignly)—'Yes, my dear.'

Little Ethel (triumphantly)—'Oh, well, you aren't, 'cos papa says you sprung from nothing!'—'Punch.'

SOLO BY THE CHOIR.

(London 'Chronicle.')

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following story. It was at a tea and concert given in a dissenting place of worship in a village in the Midlands. A local magnate presided, and when the programme was entered upon he rose and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the choir will now sing a solo.'

HE KNEW NOT THE WORD.

'Did your father bring you?' asked the teacher in a West Virginia mountain Sunday school of a small new pupil.

'Me what?'

'Your father.'

'Nome.'

'Did you come alone?'

'Nome.'

'Who came with you?'

'Me pap.'—'Harper's Bazar.'



ODD MAN OUT.

A Genuine Peace Conference.

The newspapers say that Mr. McKinley and Sir Wilfrid Laurier will meet while both are on a holiday, and that 'they will settle the Alaskan matter off hand.' Mr. 'Punch' ventures to submit a simple method of arbitration not suggested at the Hague.—'Punch.'

'How did you enjoy the banquet?' 'Great,' answered the young man with the red tie and yellow vest. 'I got away with three spoons, a salt shaker, and a sugar bowl.'

LAUGHED AT HER.

Mrs. Brown—'Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a 'civil engineer.' Mrs. Smith—'Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as the man they call 'teller'' in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit, and he just laughed at me.'

'How much sugar do you put in your gooseberry pie, Mrs. Wiggins?' 'Well, between you and me, Mrs. Higgins, I don't put in any; them boarders o' mine allus puts in such an awful lot theirselves.'—'Puck.'

'James,' said his mother, 'I have told you four times now to stop making that racket.' 'Five, mamma,' replied the youth, who has a great future before him in the exact sciences.—Philadelphia 'North-American.'

'When I am in Rome,' he said, 'I shall do as the Romans do.' 'Well,' she answered doubtfully, 'at least that will be better than doing as the Romans did.'—Chicago 'Evening Post.'

Children Cry for
CASTORIA.
Children Cry for
CASTORIA.
Children Cry for
CASTORIA.

'Tain't only English people drops their aitches,' said a little boy to the new teacher. 'I never heard no American pronounce the aitch in my name.' 'What is your name?' asked the teacher. 'Johnny,' said the little boy.—'Harper's Bazar.'

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

The Boys' Page.

Wrecked on 'Dead-man's Isle.'

THE LAST CRUISE OF THE 'BELLE MARIE.'

BY M. MACKAY.

(Winner of a Silver Watch.)

(Concluded.)

TOM'S ACCOUNT.

Just like his cheek to put in the above; see if I can't do something in his line.

Joseph and I got off the yacht in the wretched little tub of a dingy supposed to hold two only, but, as a rule, holding about half a ton of water as well. When we had hauled the old thing up on the bank we set out at a great rate through the mud for Berthier. About half a dozen dogs welcomed us into the village with their melodious barking, and Joseph asked the owner of one of them if there was a tinman in the village.

'Oh, yes,' he said, 'he lives just beyond the church.'

So off we went in high spirits, thinking about hot dinners and warm fires. But it's not my luck to get things so naturally, and on arriving at the old chap's house we found that he was off fishing, or something, with a couple of Englishmen.

What could we do? They said that no one else could do the job except a young lad and he was at a funeral, and would not be back till noon. There was nothing to do but wait, so I promptly sat down in a rocking chair and went asleep. Joseph woke me up when the fellow came in and we went down to the tinsmith's shop.

Our tin man seemed a stranger to the business, for he took about half an hour to find the right stuff and the proper tools. When he did get started he cut the tin an inch too small above and about six inches too big below. Then he cut another piece about right, but on turning the edge over to rivet it he split the whole concern from end to end. I did not laugh, for things were growing serious, and it looked like cold meals for a week. On the third attempt, however, after using about a grose of rivets, he managed to make the edges stick together somehow, and we went off rejoicing with our apology for a stovepipe.



'ABOUT HALF A DOZEN DOGS WELCOMED US.'

When we got in sight of the yacht we saw the crew shaking their fists at us, and evidently yelling their best. We got a warm reception, you may guess, for we had only been from eight in the morning till two o'clock in the afternoon getting the wretched bit of tin. But I soon shut them up, threatening to chuck the pipe into the St. Lawrence if they did not cool off. This brought them to their senses, and we were soon discussing the best hot dinner I ever tasted, quite peaceably together.

MY ACCOUNT RESUMED.

Well, Tom had his say, and now I shall continue, but it strikes me that a slower combination than Tom and Joseph could hardly be got together—at all events when stovepipes are concerned.

After dinner Tom and I were set to work on the dishes, while the rest began to set sail. We heard them overhead hauling away at the wet and heavy mainsail, when suddenly there was a crack, and a chorus of shouts as they all came thundering on to the deck. The throat halliard had broken right off about half way up the mast.

I rushed up on deck and saw to my horror that Joseph was badly hurt, having struck his head on the winch in his fall. I brought up some water and gave it to him. This made him speedily come round, and after splicing the broken rope he seemed as well as ever, though he had an ugly cut on the back of his head.

Tom and I, at our dish-washing, were soon made aware of the fact that we were under way, for the pots and dishes, which before merely slid from one end of the bench to the other, began to take to themselves wings and to fly in every conceivable direction. The first serious accident happened when my foot slipped and I went rolling into Tom, who was holding the pot full of dirty water. My head naturally enough came into contact with the pot and the contents divided their attentions between the back of my neck and Tom's trousers. The next lurch sent the whole combination into a corner together with every plate (fortunately of tin) and kitchen utensil in the place, not to mention the kindling wood and the whole of the fresh butter which we had neglected to put back into its place. The next wave was evidently intended to bring us to our senses, for it swashed on board, and rushing down the ventilator, chimney and hawse-holes, drenched us to the skin and raised a tremendous row and smoke in the little stove, bringing down the rest of the boys to see if the yacht was on fire. We acknowledged that the joke was against us, but told them it would be their turn next.

When we at last had everything cleaned up and lashed down, we went on deck and found the yacht battling against the north-easter and heavy sea which had sprung up the night before.

How delightful it was to hiss through the water leaving a wake of foam behind, and gaining at every tack upon a schooner which was a short distance ahead. The wind was gusty and cold, but we did not mind that until, as we brought round for another tack, a strong squall caught the mainsail, the boom swung round suddenly and the throat halliard which had broken earlier in the day, snapped off again in another place.

'Whew, that halliard is absolutely rotten,' said Joseph (according to Stewart's translation), as he brought the yacht round and flew before the wind.

'Where are we off to now?' cried Tom.

'Going to get a new rope at Quebec, I suppose,' said Jack.

'Quebec! Horrors, surely not! Let's ask Joseph,' replied Tom.

On consulting this oracle they, of course, got an ambiguous answer, which was to the effect that if we could not get a rope at St. Jean, the place where we posted the letter on the former afternoon, we should have to go right back to Quebec. This was cheerful, since we were beyond the lower end of the Isle of Orleans, and it meant a long sail in the wrong direction to reach even St. Jean. By this time we began to be impressed by the folly of starting off in such a hurry, especially since Joseph had not been in a proper condition for examining the rigging and other fittings.

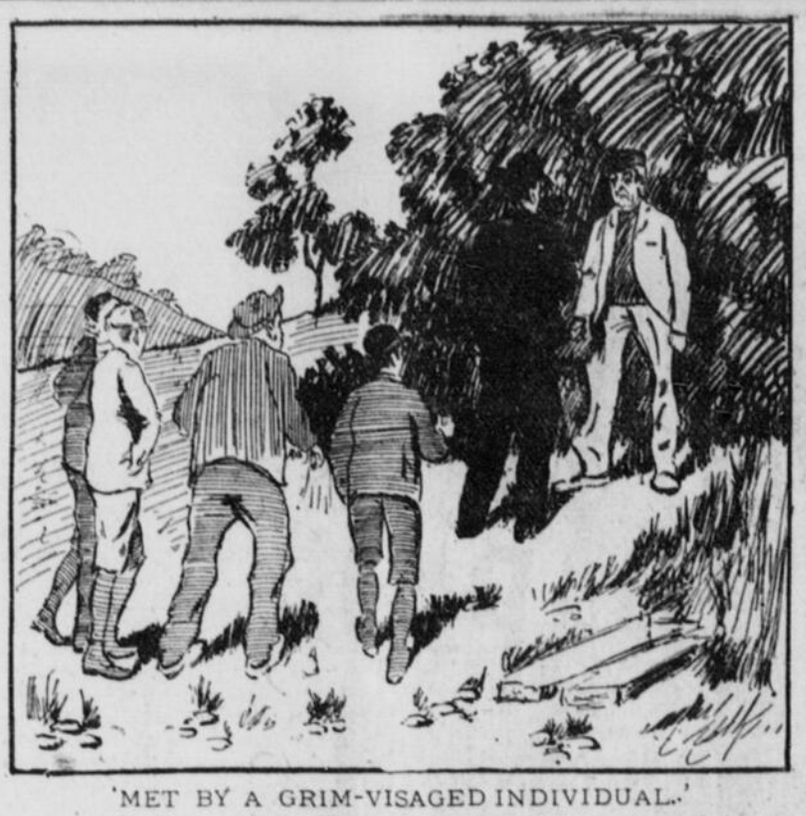
Meanwhile we were rushing back at a tremendous rate and soon had the long wharf and white lighthouse of St. Jean in sight. On the other side of the wharf we could see the masts of two schooners which were lying there waiting for a change of wind, for the sailors of the lower St. Lawrence rarely think it worth while sailing unless they have a fair breeze.

At Joseph's orders we went below and searched out a number of one-inch cables, which he told us to throw to the schooners as we rounded the wharf.

The men on board seemed to understand what we intended to do, for as soon as we threw the cables they made them fast, while we belayed the other ends round the winch. The strain came and the yacht slackened pace slightly, when crack! crack! the two cables parted like singed threads, and before anything could be done we drove headlong on to the beach. I thought that we should split up and go to pieces in a second, but fortunately we struck on a piece of sand and were apparently uninjured.

All attempts to pull the yacht off were fruitless, for the cables, though doubled, broke at the slightest strain. Nothing could be done but wait for the tide, so Joseph went off for the new halliard, while the rest of us stayed on board, doing our best to shove off by means of the long sweeps. The wharf acted as a break-water, so that the yacht did not pound very violently on the shore, and when the tide had risen sufficiently we had no difficulty in bringing her alongside the schooners.

After we had moored her securely, we all went ashore to look around, but were



'MET BY A GRIM-VISAGED INDIVIDUAL.'

at once met by the grim visaged individual who stopped us and began to talk with fierce volubility and angry gestures. When at last we could make out what he was driving at we understood that he wanted wharfage dues. He declared that we had been there before and that as we had skipped out without paying he had written a letter to the government denouncing us. I for one trembled in my shoes, for I knew that I had only two dollars and that Tom, as usual, had nothing, and Jack had about six dollars, for we expected that our expenses would be very light. Wharfage dues sounded very ominous. On asking what the damage would be, he said that it came to ten cents per day or any part of a day. We heaved great sighs of relief, and paid our 'wharfage dues' like men.

Tea was the next item on the programme, and we did enjoy it, for, sheltered by the wharf, we were once again floating peacefully so that all of us had a good appetite after the labors of the day. Directly afterwards we all turned in, for we were tired out by the former night's sleeplessness as well as by our exciting day's work. Peacefully were we snoring when suddenly a hoarse voice echoed through the cabin. I was up in an instant and asked what was wrong. The hoarse voice cried in French:

'Nous partons tout de suite, le vent a tombé.'

So up we got and helped Joseph make sail. The wind had fallen indeed, and I could scarcely believe what I saw. The sky was clear and bright with stars, the water was smooth with scarcely a ripple, no sound but the moaning of a distant tide-rip came across the water and not a breath of wind stirred the limp, hanging sail. The tide which had by this time turned, carried us down the river, and the two schooners looked ghostly enough as they floated quietly down beside us.

We next had to make things shipshape, and I was sent forward to take in the anchor, which was hanging over the bows. Tom was standing by and offered his help, but I was rather sleepy and in a cranky mood, and I told him to go to bed and not bother me.

When I got to the winch, after stumbling over ropes and chains which were in the way, I set to work on the anchor, and had it nearly up twice, but, slippery as it was from mud, it fell back to the water again. This was enough for me, so I boldly got out onto the bowsprit, got one foot on the bob-stay, then carefully balancing myself, I grasped the anchor again. This time I was successful in getting it half way up with part of it resting on the bowsprit, but at this critical moment a slight breeze off shore filled out the jib and as I was precariously balancing on the bobstay with the said jib in my left hand to steady me, the natural result was that I took a header into the icy water.

I lost no time in yelling 'man overboard!' as I slowly drifted along the side of the yacht. In the 'well' was Joseph, terribly excited but still with his wits about him, for he at once threw me the end of the main sheet (the only reliable piece of rope on board) which I grasped and by the aid of which I was ignominiously dragged over the gunwale. The only thing lost in that accident was my cap—and my sleepiness—for I was never so wide awake for any five minutes in my life.

When the excitement had worn off we turned in, after seeing that the land breeze was gradually shifting into a gentle south-wester, and that we were leaving the schooners far behind. Joseph was left at the helm, and when we got up next morning we found that we were well below Grosse Isle and fairly on our way.

After breakfast Joseph turned in, leaving instruction as to where to steer and, since the wind was light and almost dead astern, it was a comparatively easy matter to follow his directions. The day was perfect, although I would have preferred less sun since I had no cap and had to improvise one out of birch bark and an old red handkerchief. The quiet movement and simple steering gave us ample time to look about us. The first thing, of course, was to overhaul the yacht as thoroughly as we could. We found that although her standing rigging was almost faultless, that her running rigging was in rather bad repair, that, as far as we could judge, her hull was sound, but some parts of the well and deck were rotten; but, most important of all, that the upper part of the rudder-post, where the tiller fitted in, was almost falling to pieces, and that a strong jerk made it twist and creak in a very unpleasant manner. Of course we could not mend it, but decided to be very careful. The most amusing part of the search was when we arrived at the ballast, for, besides stones of all shapes and sizes, we found old cannon balls, locks, keys, curling stones, a small iron cannon, together with endless varieties of nails and bolts, all in the last stage of rust.

After dinner, which was a most elaborate affair, Joseph woke up and, after looking round, said that we were off Kamouraska. As the wind was getting rather stronger he decided to take the north channel as we crossed the river almost opposite Murray Bay—the well-known seaside resort. Although the tide was against us we had a good wind behind, so that we bowled merrily past the Eagle Cape and Cap a l'Homme, with its new lighthouse, right on through the afternoon, past the Riviere Noire, whose black waters come down like a torrent from a blacker lake far inland. Past the huge Dog cape, with its tremendous head of solid rock, which looked so black and sullen in the dim twilight. The wind had fallen with the setting sun and we simply rolled slowly on till the ever present gentle land breeze from Bay des Rochers sent us flying on to the frowning cliffs of Le Serpent and the Echafaud au Basques. We reached this place at about high tide.

All of us were on deck singing and telling stories, when suddenly Jack said, 'Listen.' We stopped our song, listened and heard a low murmur at a distance, which got nearer every moment.

On asking Joseph what it meant he said it meant that we would not see Tadousac next morning, unless a very unexpected breeze sprang up, for that was the noise of the outflowing tide from the Saguenay meeting that of the St. Lawrence.

Have you ever seen the current off the Saguenay shores? If so you can have some idea of that night. The two currents, one from the Saguenay and Riviere aux Canards, the other from the St. Lawrence, meet here and rush down the river at the speed of about eight knots. In the calmest weather a vast roar goes up from the jabble and whirlpools are formed along the whole of the tide line. Pity the small boat or porpoise hunter's canoe that gets caught there in rough weather, only a skilled crew can ever come out of that place alive.

We spent a strange night on board. Not a breath of wind could be felt, although ominous clouds began to come over the hills. The yacht was taken like a plaything and hurled round and round, rushing down like a log in the rapids, for we could not control her course in the least. Jack and I in the bow, and Joseph and Tom astern, stayed up all night keeping off huge logs of drift-wood which seemed determined to dash headlong through the sides of the vessel. Poor Stewart, after half an hour of the sickening whirling motion, went to bed feeling very ill. He was never affected when we had a simple roll, but the combined whirl seemed to get him dizzy. To add to the weirdness of the night, the porpoises rose on either side, coming up to breathe, with that sound which is so eerie on a still evening, while the enormous 'gebar' (grampus) came up occasionally with its sullen splash. The whistling wings of the wild duck and shriek of the wakeful sea-gull together with the solemn boom of the fog-gun on the Isle Verte all combined to make a night never to be forgotten.

We travelled forty miles in that single tide, far past the mouth of the Saguenay, away down the south shore. Next day broke in mist and drizzle, but with a slight north-east wind. Jack, Tom and I were completely played out, so that after breakfast we went to bed and slept, while Stewart, who had quite recovered, helped Joseph on deck. I slept right on till evening, when I woke up, hearing Joseph discussing our position with Stewart, for these two had become very friendly. The other two were away forward looking for the Red Island light, for we thought that we should be near it. Jack suddenly cried out that the light was directly aheard. Joseph said 'Impossible! It should be farther to starboard.'

However, he soon saw it, too, and let her off a bit to clear. We rapidly approached the light, when Joseph cried out that it was a ship. This turned out to be the case, and so we hoisted a warning light and passed well out of her course. By this time the wind had become very strong and we rushed through the water at a splendid rate, and soon after a clearance of mist towards the north showed the Red Island light quite distinctly, and we at once brought the yacht nearer the wind and sailed almost directly north-west. Joseph began to talk of taking in a reef when we noticed that the wind was drawing more ahead.

'The wind down the Saguenay,' he said, 'we are getting near the Islet aux Morts.'

The last three words he spoke in a whisper, for it is an island of bad repute among the 'habitants.' No one knows how many ships have been wrecked on its deceitful shores.

We close hauled the yacht and bounded on, keeping her as near the wind as possible, for we soon would have to tack. The mist was getting thinner on the starboard side, but a thick cloud hung over the port we dreaded most, hiding the light of the Islet aux Morts. But mist cannot stop sound, and the horrid wail of the fog horn came to us over the water. By this time we had to tack and the yacht came round like a duck and tore away on the other side.

'She won't come round so easily next time,' muttered Joseph between his teeth, 'because the current sets in so strong just under the lighthouse,' he added by way of explanation.

Soon we began to feel the current of the Saguenay and ''bout ship' was the order. With a little help at the jib sheets she came round in spite of the waves and current and again we tore off on a new tack.

I can hardly describe what came next all I know is that we were rushing along in a very lumpy sea, right through the mist which surrounded the islet, when the faint reddish yellow gleam from the lighthouse pierced the upper mist and showed us our position.

'Bout ship!' again came from Joseph. 'Now keep that jib sheet taut till her head is well round!' yelled Jack. But, alas, she never did get her head around, for when Joseph put the extra power into the tiller which was required to bring her head up to the wind, the rotted post broke off like a match, and Joseph fell heavily against the side.

At once the current and waves whirled round her bow, the gale filled out her flapping mainsail. Crash! One more victim for the Dead Man's Isle! Too late, the fog horn gave out its warning cry which seemed to have a touch of sadness even through the raging storm. The yacht at once began to pound itself to pieces, but Joseph, notwithstanding his stunning blow, showed himself to be a man of action. Selecting me as being the best swimmer, he tied a rope around my waist and told me to go to the lighthouse for help. It seemed madness, but Joseph knew a thing or two about the currents here about, so dropping me over the stern he told me to follow the current round the next point. I obeyed his directions, and, after a few strokes, found that I was carried round a sand bank which projected from the main shoal.

Here a huge wave cast me half-stunned upon the shore, but I had still sense left in me to get up and run.

Shall I ever forget that battle? One moment I would be hurled breathless forward, deep in the water, and the next crawling along in three inches of foam, with the pebbles cutting my bare feet cruelly, and then the awful weight of the rope, slender though it was.

How I gave warning to the lighthouse men I cannot say. At all events they hurried down to the yacht with lanterns and ropes, and soon had every one ashore, drenched, but unhurt. We spent the night in the lighthouse, though Joseph and the men stayed out all night trying to save parts of the yacht. Their efforts, however, were fruitless, and when we went down next morning when the tide had fallen, all that we saw of the 'Belle Marie' was the mainmast and one of the anchors lying on the wet dreary sands of the 'Islet aux Morts.'

How to Make

A SIMPLE MAGIC LANTERN.

A simple magic lantern may be without difficulty constructed by adopting the following plan: Get a box either of tin or wood and make a hole in the top, into which fit a chimney for the escape of the heated gases from the lamp; the bottom of the box should also have a few holes for the admission of air to supply the lamp. In the front of the box, make a hole about one and a half inches in diameter, and fit into it a 'plano-convex' lens (to be obtained from the optician). Make a tin tube an inch and a half in diameter and about four inches long, and fit into one end a double convex lens. Make a frame to receive this tube, and fasten it to the front of the lantern in such a way as to leave a space between it and the plano-convex lens for the slides to be passed through. The tube should be rendered movable, so that the focus of the lantern may be adjusted. Behind the light, which may be any ordinary form of lamp or the lime-light, a concave mirror made of polished tin, should be placed. Slides for the lantern may be bought very cheaply, or they may be prepared by any one possessing a little artistic skill. The colors employed must be transparent.

A Terrible Experience.

Many years ago, when I was a lad at a provincial school, there was in the middle of a plantation which bordered a bit of moorland, two or three miles away, a mere or lake of considerable size. It was the haunt of various kinds of waterfowl, and our favorite resort for the purpose of bathing—a recreation permitted on certain conditions, one of which was a knowledge of swimming, and the other, that no boy should venture who had not been free of the infirmary for an entire week. One fine day in autumn, it being a half-holiday, I went with a friend of mine named Barker, some years my senior, to this particular spot, and there some evil spirit prompted him to bathe, he having been out of the hospital only four days; though an excellent swimmer, he was on the black list so far as that particular amusement was concerned. I feebly remonstrated to that effect, uselessly, of course, but having discharged my conscience, I cheerfully undertook to look after his clothes. 'You'll stick up to them if anybody comes, old fellow?' said he, and on receiving satisfactory assurances, he plunged in.

I stood watching him for some minutes, and have now the whole scene before my eyes, as if it had happened but yesterday. Suddenly I heard the crackling of a twig, and turning my head, beheld a man, gun in hand, coming along the planting in a direct line with me, and that man I recognized as our headmaster. He might or might not have seen me, so I stood motionless, waiting until he should pass a certain thick clump, under shelter of which I might dispose of the clothes, and signal to Barker. When the favorable moment came I threw the clothes in frantic haste into a dry hole a few yards off, and darted back to my place with such outward composure as I could summon.

As Dr. Birchem approached, Barker, who had observed my movements and scented danger like a Mohawk, dived out of sight. 'Are you all alone, Smith?' said the doctor. I replied that I was quite alone. 'Didn't I see some one lying on the ground by you just now?' I responded with greater firmness that certainly no one had been lying on the ground; but though I told the lie, or what amounted to one, I could not withdraw my eyes from the spot where Barker had disappeared. When would he come up, and where?—would he ever come up again? If not, what should I do? 'Ah,' said the doctor, with a scrutinizing glance, 'so you are fond of solitude—making verses, perhaps, or that kind of thing, eh? I daresay you wish I had not found you.' This I denied, but faintly, for my conscience made me feel extremely uncomfortable; there was something about his manner which I did not like. I feared that, in school parlance, he smelt a rat.

Just then, something black rose above the water on the off-side of a little sedgy island covered with bulrushes, about forty yards from land, and by the instant stir and flapping of the wild fowl which rose thereabouts I knew that what we both saw must be Barker's head come up for breath. The doctor sighted it very attentively, then looked at me. 'I think that's a water-hen,' he said. I replied that I thought it was. 'Or a sand-snipe,' he continued. I admitted it was possible. 'On second thoughts I believe it's a wild duck.' I still maintained that it was only a water-hen, in the hopes that he would not think such a creature worth powder and shot. 'Well, I'll have a shot at it, at all events,' said the doctor calmly. 'Just hold my flask while I load.' I obeyed, the perspiration oozing through every pore of my skin the while. He loaded with remarkable deliberation, keeping, as it appeared to me, one eye constantly on Barker's head, and the other on my face. When he had completed, he looked hard at me. 'You wouldn't let me try the shot, sir, would you?' I said, with an anxiety and earnestness impossible to disguise. 'No,' replied the doctor; 'I am afraid you are too nervous this time.' He slowly raised his gun to his shoulder and was taking aim, when I could contain no longer. I laid my hand on his arm, and, with a world of beseeching in my glance, said, 'Please, sir—please, sir, don't shoot that bird.' He uncocked his gun instantly. 'Very good, I see,' he said slowly, without moving a muscle of his face. Then, swinging round suddenly, so as to face me, he said abruptly, 'Now, Smith, where have you put his clothes?' 'Here, sir,' I said, running to the hole and pointing out my friend's garments with a kind of cheerful desperation. He eyed me grimly. 'Now, call that boy out of the water, for I am going home. And look here, Smith, don't let me catch you or him acting in this way again, for your conduct has neither been straight nor honorable.' So saying, he threw his gun over his shoulder and turned on his heel. —'Sunday Friend.'

[For the Boys' Page.

SEA-SWALLOWS.

Down from the dazzling heights of noon,
In circling flight they come,
To cool their warm beaks in the brine,
And wash their wings in foam.

Then up again they soar (they seem
The freest of all things),
Up to the heavens with a bright
Sea-sparkle on their wings.

J. C. M. DUNCAN.

ANOTHER ALPINE DISASTER

A BRILLIANT YOUNG ENGLISHMAN WITH THREE GUIDES DASHED TO DEATH ON A GLACIER.

Another Englishman has fallen a victim to the fascinations of the Alps. One of the first days of this month Mr. Owen Glyne Jones and Mr. F. W. Hill, both masters of the City of London School, were making the ascent of the Dent Blanche, one of the most dangerous peaks in the whole Alpine country.

The two Englishmen, with three guides, had reached almost the top of the mountain, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, when the deplorable accident occurred. The party was roped together and were climbing a particularly dangerous ridge when the leading guide slipped backward. He struggled and for



MR. O. G. JONES,

Killed in the accident on the Dent Blanche.

a moment succeeded in again getting a hold with his ice-pick, and raising his feet on to this, he sought, with the help of the rope by which the whole party were connected, to get a fresh hold higher up. The strain, however, caused Mr. Jones and the two other guides also to lose their foothold, and they, too, vanished over the edge of the ridge, carrying Furrer with them down the precipice. The force of the fall broke the rope, which was fastened to a projecting rock. It snapped in front of Mr. Hill, who thus escaped the fate of his companions. The shock to Mr. Hill was terrible, but little by little he became master of himself, and began to think of his own safety. He could not go back, and before him was the spot which proved so fatal to the others. But forward he had to go, and in an hour he reached the top of the mountain. Two days and nights he was occupied in descending the mountain without the smallest morsel of nourishment, and on Wednesday at noon he arrived at Zermatt, where his wife was awaiting him in great anxiety, with the sad news of the disaster. Thirty guides set out at once to recover the bodies, which were found on the glacier of the Dent Blanche and conveyed to Evolena.

Two of the guides, Zurbriggen and Furrer, leave each large families of young children.

For seven years Mr. Jones has occupied the post of physical science master in the City of London school, and had only this summer won his doctor's degree. 'He was,' says the 'Daily Graphic,' 'extremely popular with the boys attending the school. His influence over them is said by those who had opportunities for observation, to have been very remarkable, his powerful personality and forceful, original methods attracting those under his charge and endearing him to them. Mr. Jones, who was unmarried and lived at 139 Grove lane, Denmark Hill, had always evinced a keen interest in mountaineering, and though the time he was able to devote to a fascinating pursuit, which had become an all-absorbing passion with him, was necessarily limited by his scholastic duties, his knowledge of the Alps gained by long and arduous experience, was very extensive and reliable. He had ascended all the big peaks, including Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, and by his fellow members of the Alpine Club he was regarded as a climber who, in time, would have been ranked with those elect who, like Mr. Edward Whymper, added striking literary abilites to their faculty for mountaineering. Mr. Jones had published one volume, 'Rock Climbing in Cumberland.'

The Dent Blanche (white tooth) is one of the highest of the Alpine peaks, and forms one of the well-known Pennine chain which acts as a natural dividing line between Switzerland and Italy, south-east of the Bernese Alps.

The character of this peak may be judged from the fact that it is one of the chain stretching between Mont Blanc and Mount St. Gothard, in which chain are also Mount St. Bernard, the Matterhorn, Monte Rosa, and the dreaded Simplon Pass.

Altogether the disaster is the saddest that has occurred since the tragic death of Lord Francis Douglas and his party, on the Matterhorn, when in the company of Edward Whymper, thirty-four years ago.



THE DENT BLANCHE AND ZERMATT VALLEY.

JAMAICA AND THE BANANA TRADE.

CREATING A NEW APPETITE AND SATISFYING IT.

(Rev. F. E. Clark, in 'C. E. World.')

I have no doubt that many of my older readers can remember when in their eyes a banana was a strange and outlandish fruit. I remember very well the first one I ever tasted, and the verdict pronounced on the novelty was not altogether favorable.

A generation ago, throughout the greater part of North America, the banana was a strange and not very highly appreciated tropical rarity. It was high in price and often poor in quality. To-day it is probably the most common fruit



MR. E. B. HOPKINS.

in America, cheaper than the apple throughout much of the year. Even in northern states it is no longer the rich man's luxury, but one of the staple articles of the poor man's diet. The Italian venders with their weird cries, waking the echoes of the city streets, inform us that they are only ten cents a dozen, and even the best varieties at the fashionable stores, where it is not respectable to sell anything cheap, scarcely bring more than twice or thrice that sum.

In fact, a new article of diet has been added to our tables, a new appetite has been created among tens of millions of the people of America; a healthy, wholesome appetite it is, too, and one that is easily and cheaply satisfied.

If he is deserving of reprobation and righteous anger who creates an evil appetite for that which degrades and drags down to the level of the brute, as many a distiller and vender of intoxicating drinks has done, he who creates a new



A SCENE IN PORT ANTONIO.

appetite for a wholesome fruit, and supplies the demand thus created, should be deemed a benefactor of his race. This praise, I think, is none too high to bestow upon Captain L. D. Baker and his associates in the Boston Fruit Company, who have introduced the banana into America on a large scale, and have created an appetite which with all their multiplied resources they find it difficult to supply.

Some thirty years ago or more, Captain Baker was sailing a modest little two-masted schooner from Jamaica to the American ports, loaded with bananas. It was a precarious and uncertain business, for the baffling winds often made the voyages long, and consequently the bananas did not always arrive in good condition. Moreover, in those days there was only a limited demand for them, and they could not always be sold to advantage, even when they reached America in good condition.

But now all that is changed. By a wonderful process of evolution the little schooner has become a fleet of sixteen large, full-powered ocean steamers, each of which can carry an immense cargo of fruit.

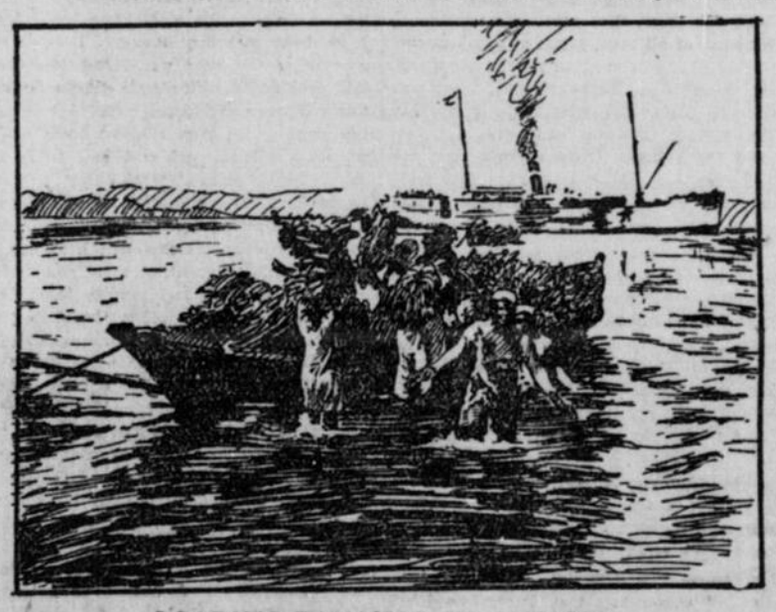
In 1887 a copartnership was formed by several Boston gentlemen, known as the Boston Fruit Company, of which Captain Baker is the president and manager of its tropical division. Here are some of the bare guide-book figures, which tell of some of the prosperity of this enterprising company. The company owns and leases sixty thousand acres of land, employs sixteen steamships to carry the fruit to the United States, and annually ships more than five million bunches of bananas and ten million cocoanuts, besides immense quantities of oranges. More than six hundred mules are daily in harness to carry the fruit from the plantations to the ships. Eight hundred head of working oxen are used for ploughing, and a large additional number of cattle are kept on the grazing land of the company. One steamer a day, on the average, is despatched to Boston, Baltimore, New York, or Philadelphia. They are all built for speed, which is a very important element in the transportation of fruit, and have fine passenger accommodations as well. Lovers of the water could scarcely find a pleasanter trip than this journey to the beautiful island of Jamaica.

But such figures as these are dry, even if startling. Let us see just what they mean. The 'Admiral Farragut,' on which I sailed for Jamaica a few months ago, had taken on her previous visit to Boston thirty thousand bunches of bananas. On her return trip she took the largest cargo ever carried, forty-one thousand bunches. Many of these bunches are 'nine hands' high, and contain fully a hundred bananas. But let us suppose that the average is only seventy to a bunch. Then this one steamer took to this one port 2,870,000 bananas, or enough to give every man, woman, and child in Massachusetts one good ripe, luscious yellow banana and a fraction over.

But this was only one steamer, and the next day another one with nearly an equal burden sailed from Jamaica, and the next day still another, and so on throughout the year, until in the course of the twelve months more than five hundred million bananas are brought from the little island of the tropic seas to the shores of America. If there are seventy millions of people in the United States, then every one of us, from President McKinley down to the latest little pickaninny in the southern cotton-field, can have at least seven Jamaica bananas in the course of the year, all brought to America by the enterprise of this one fruit company.

But it is only one side of the picture. Not only does this company supply the United States with a staple food, but the company has done wonderful things for Jamaica. Industries there were flat on their backs, Sugar-raising was no longer profitable. When the slaves were freed the sugar plantations soon became comparatively worthless. Coffee followed the bad example of sugar, and became so cheap in the market that it could not be raised in Jamaica to any profit. Sad business depression was staring Jamaica in the face, and actual destitution was the wolf that howled at many a humble cottage door.

But Captain Baker came as the good fairy of the island, a very substantial fairy, by the way. He saw the possibilities of bananas. He knew what the American people would want before they knew it themselves. He was a long-headed, Cape Cod Yankee, and you may see men of his type a hundred times in any village of that famous cape. He set himself to supplying America's unconscious need of bananas, and at the same time to supplying a great industry to Jamaica. He now owns forty-seven plantations that are in active bearing, some of them scores and hundreds of acres in extent, and the great rows of stately bananas waving their long, velvety leaves in the breeze seem to bow before the Cape Cod Yankee, and to



LOADING BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

say with their graceful obeisance, 'We thank you for allowing us to help Jamaica, and to furnish such good food for the people of America.'

There are few things more beautiful than a great field of bananas. At a distance they look like enormous hills of gigantic corn; but, as you get near, you see the bunch of green fruit hanging from the top, always terminated by a blossom which is about the shape and size and color of the heart of an ox. As can easily be imagined, on these sixty thousand acres of land employment is given to a vast number of people. The roads of Jamaica leading to the sea are alive with men and women, mules and horses, all carrying bananas to the seashore for transportation to America. Besides the bananas raised on their own plantations, the company buy all they can get in good condition from the native growers, and furnish a very considerable source of income to a multitude who would otherwise be almost destitute.

The town of Port Antonio, one of the most enterprising in all the island, has been built up by this company; the best hotel in the island is here established, and in many other ports throughout this 'Gem of the Antilles,' are the enterprise and commercial audacity of the Boston Fruit Company made strikingly evident.

But the best thing about this great enterprise is that its leaders are not merely machines. Some of its leaders, at least, have an eye to other things in this world besides oranges, bananas and cocoanuts. Their talk is not altogether of mules and plantations, and the quotations of the fruit-market. Captain Baker and his brother-in-law, Mr. E. B. Hopkins, who are both among the leading directors in the company, are active Christian men, making themselves felt in the religious life of the island. They are staunch Methodists, and heartily support the Wesleyan churches. They are broad-minded enough to believe in interdenominationalism, and to welcome the new fellowship of the Christian Endeavor movement. Mr. Hopkins himself introduced the Christian Endeavor idea into the island, though he may not have organized the first full-fledged and thoroughly equipped Endeavor society.

The story of this first society is quite a romance. A good lady in the United States a number of years ago sent to a sailor in Jamaica some good reading matter, simply striving as best she could to honor her Master by this little act of philanthropy. Little did she know how much this act might mean. Among the papers which she sent was a copy of the 'Christian Endeavor World,' which, of course, had some material about Christian Endeavor, as every issue of this paper has had for the last twelve years. This fell into the hands of Mr. Hopkins, and thus his attention was first called to the society. It attracted him by its simple and efficient plans of work, and with a business eye to the advancement of Christ's kingdom as well as to the banana trade, he at once sent to the headquarters in Boston for literature. From this the knowledge of the movement grew; other societies were started directly from English sources; but from that time until now the work has gone on in ever increasing power, and as a result of Mr. Hopkins's belief in the



LOADING BANANAS IN JAMAICA.

practicability and influence of our interdenominational fellowship, the Methodists of Jamaica are not shut off from the fellowship of their Christian Endeavor brethren and sisters in the other societies.

This, however, is only one sample of the enterprise and religious foresight of some of the leaders of the Boston Fruit Company. They have reduced Sunday work to a minimum, and even in a busy season the secular work of this hive of industry comes to a stop on the Lord's Day. Passing along the street of Port Antonio, I asked a little black urchin where he was going, 'To the Boston school,' he replied, showing two rows of perfect ivory, and this Boston school is only one of the good deeds of these Christian men.

Education, religion, good morals, as well as business enterprise, are all subserved by these wise and sagacious men. They teach this valuable lesson to the young people of the world; religion and business enterprise do mix. They are not antagonistic one to the other. A godly man can succeed in this world as well as have promise of the next. Honesty, fair dealing, energy, and enterprise win the world's largest prizes, and the better things of the world to come need not be forfeited in winning them.

[For the 'Witness.'

GIVE.

See the rivers flowing
Downward to the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free—
Yet to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies!

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread,
Load the air with perfumes
From their beauty shed—
Yet their lavish spending,
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
By their mother earth!

Give thy heart's best treasures!
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love—and ask not,
Wait not a return!
And the more thou spendest
From the little store,
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

FLORA WATT-HOWARD.

92 Cathcart street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Grateful Woman

SAYS DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS SAVED HER LIFE.

Confined to Bed for More Than a Month and Wholly Unable to Move—Food Had to be Administered to Her as to a Child—Thankful Words of Praise.

From the 'Tribune,' Deseronto, Ont.

Mrs. Wm. Doxtater, whose husband works on the Rathbun farm, Deseronto, is well known in the town and surrounding country, her home having always been in this vicinity. Mrs. Doxtater has passed through a more than usually trying illness, and as it was said she ascribed her cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the 'Tribune' was sent to investigate the case. It appears that Mrs. Doxtater's illness dates from the birth of a child on Feb. 15, 1899, when the attending physicians found it necessary to administer chloroform. The shock was greater than she could stand and the result was partial paralysis, during which her life was despaired of. Mrs. Doxtater gives the particulars as follows: 'Previous to the birth of my child I had enjoyed very good health, but following this my health gave way entirely. I was in bed for over a month, and had two doctors attending me. I was so weak that I could not turn myself in bed and had to be moved like a child. The little nourishment I took had to be administered by my friends. During this time I suffered great pain, especially in the hip joints, and one side was paralyzed from the shoulder to the foot. The doctors could not tell me what my trouble was and the medicine they gave did me no good. I became despondent and thought I would surely die. I got into a highly nervous condition and sleep was almost impossible. Just as I would fall asleep I would start up as though in a fright. This was the state of affairs when a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I can never tell how thankful I am that I took that advice. After I had used the third box I was able to leave my bed and move around the house a little. By the time I had used six boxes I had gained greatly in strength and was able to do my own housework. I could eat my meals with relish. I sleep and am still constantly gaining in strength. My friends were surprised at my speedy recovery after beginning the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I believe that but for them I would not be alive to-day. I will be glad if my testimony is the means of pointing to some other sufferer, the road to health.

People who are run down, weak or nervous will find renewed health and strength through the fair use of Dr. Williams 'Pink Pillls. They enrich and build up the blood and stimulate tired and jaded nerves. Substitutes should always be refused as they never cured any one. The genuine pills may be had from all dealers in medicine, or from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50.



MOTHER and CHILDREN
Cannot find a better or more pleasant soap for bath or toilet than
"BABY'S OWN" SOAP
PURE—FRAGRANT—CLEANSING.
The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Montreal.
Manufacturers.

HOME DEPARTMENT

THE DEACONS AND THE DEBT.

The Home Allowance—Be Appreciative—Successful Competitors.

DEACON PHOEBE.

(By Sophie Bronson Titterington in the Chicago 'Standard.')

Queer name for a sister in the church, isn't it? The first time Henry called me that, I was plump ashamed.

You see, Caleb's father before him was Deacon Jenkins. He had three sons beside Caleb, John, Henry and Andrew, all married and settled down nigh the homestead which came to Caleb and me. All four brothers and their wives were members of the Baptist Church at Hightown Corners. Father Jenkins and another deacon died at nearly the same time. The church thought, I suppose, that the mantle of so good a man as Father Jenkins ought to fall on his sons, and so they elected Caleb and John to fill the vacant places. If they expected to get a double portion of the mantle that way, I'm afraid they were mistaken. They came to call them Deacon Caleb and Deacon John.

It puzzled me why folks should call me Deacon Phoebe. There's John's wife, a busy, careful soul, wrapped up in her children, her housework, and her poultry. She doesn't have a mite of time for outside things. They never call her Deacon Sarah, and she's just as much of a deacon's wife as I am. I haven't any children, to be sure, but I've plenty to do for all that.

Caleb worries me sometimes, he's so quiet and easy-going. He's a good farmer, though, and I really believe he has better crops than folks who fuss and fret from sowing to harvest. He keeps at his work as steady as an old ox, but I can never get him in a hurry about anything. Whether the season's wet or dry, he's just the same calm old soul.

'I do my best, Phoebe,' he says. 'I prepare the ground as well as I can, and I put the seed in, but God must give the increase. He knows best what weather to send.'

Of course that's true, but it isn't always easy to look at it that way. And it was a good deal the same in church matters at the outset. When he was first elected, he really didn't understand why he couldn't leave things to work out a good deal as he did his farming. There was a big difference, as he found out at last.

I ain't one bit like him. I can't help seeing when things work the wrong way, and it's nature with me to want to take right hold to set them straight.

It was right after the covenant meeting when they put in Caleb and John as deacons, that Henry started the foolishness of calling me Deacon Phoebe. He and Martha stopped in on their way home. All of a sudden, as we were talking, Henry rubbed his hand over Caleb's head. 'I want to see if the horns have started,' he said. 'I have heard of horned deacons, but I don't feel any bump yet.' Henry was always full of his nonsense. Then he turned to me. 'I guess I had better feel of Phoebe's head, for she'll be more of a deacon than Caleb will.'

After that he always called me Deacon Phoebe, till at last folks took it up. I didn't like it a bit. I don't believe in women doing men's work and taking men's names, any more than their clothes, as some women seem to be trying to do. I don't take any stock in the sisters setting themselves up to run the church, although sometimes they do have to take hold and push things. What would Caleb do if I didn't lay to and stiffen up his backbone once in a while?

It was certain that in the start Caleb didn't have any clear idea of his responsibility as deacon. Matters had always seemed to run smooth in his father's time, and I really believe he half way thought they had got so good a start they would run themselves if we had a minister to look after them. If Father Jenkins had been alive, he could have told a very different story. I found out, that as far as Caleb was concerned, I would have to be what the young people call a lookout committee, to see what needed tending to, and then keep at Caleb till he did it.

I went to the New Testament to find out what deacons' wives ought to do, but there wasn't a word of direction only for the ministers' wives. But I did find a grain of comfort. Paul wrote about 'Phoebe, a servant of the church in Cenchrea,' and praised her work. She must have been a good woman to be mentioned by name in the bible. I could be a servant of the church in Hightown Corners. That would be enough office for me. If I could wake Caleb up to his duty, and give him the benefit of a woman's quick insight, maybe I would be serving just as God had planned for me to serve.

So I set myself to studying matters. First, there was Pastor Goodman, a good man in truth. His sermons were plain, simple gospel, and the spiritual food was put within easy reach of common, unlearned people, not in high racks above their heads. Hungry souls were always fed when he preached. When souls ain't hungry, you can't make them take food, however plenty it is.

He was a good pastor, too. He was a quiet man, a little slow-spoken, but folks trusted him. They knew they could lean on him in trial, and find sympathy—the genuine sort that isn't all words. Faithful was the name that fitted Brother Goodman.

But when I began to look with my eyes sharpened with a new sense of responsibility, I was sure a screw was loose somewhere. On the surface all seemed well, but I felt something was wrong. I told Caleb so, but he wouldn't believe me. It was right in the spring hurry, so he couldn't get to any meetings except on Sunday. He enjoyed the sermons, and to him everything seemed as smooth as the mill-pond on a still day. 'You'll see,' I answered back. 'Something is out of gear, and I'm going to find out what it is.'

I didn't have long to wait. That same afternoon Sister Martha came over with her carpet rags to sit awhile. She liked to talk, and I soon saw she had come to free her mind of something she'd heard.

'I was over to the Corners yesterday,' she began, 'and Sister Bemis was in the store when I sold my butter and eggs. She told me that Brother Goodman owed her husband a bill at the store for groceries, and that Joshua (that's Mr. Bemis) was quite put out about it. He isn't a church member, you know, and is ready to see faults in those that are. He thinks a minister, of all men, ought to pay his debts promptly. Then she told me another thing. Mr. Squires, the hardware man, lives next door to them, and Mrs. Squires told her that Brother Goodman was owing her husband for a stove. Now I think it is too bad that our pastor should do this way. It hurts the church. I wish Caleb would talk to him about it.'

While she was rattling on, I was thinking. Mr. Goodman's only dependence was the salary promised him by the church. If this fell behind, he had not the wherewithal to pay for daily necessaries. He and his family had to eat and they had to keep warm. It must be that the church was in fault, for there was certainly nothing but the plainest living at the parsonage.

When Martha stopped to take breath I asked her if she knew whether the salary was paid up or not. There hadn't been a treasurer's report for months.

'I believe it is behind,' she said. 'I heard Brother Green say that Pastor Goodman had been to him for money several times lately, but that only a little had come in. I don't think Sister Goodman can be a good manager, or they wouldn't be so in debt.'

I had good reason for thinking differently, although it wouldn't have been a mite of use to have told Martha so. I was often at the parsonage and I never saw a sign of waste or lavish spending. The salary was only $600, and if paid right up, would barely admit of comfortable living, to say nothing of the books and papers a minister must have to fit him for his work. If kept back, it would not go half as far, and what could Brother Goodman do but run in debt. I remembered a troubled, worried look on the faces of both the pastor and his wife. I let Martha run on, for my mind was busy with the puzzle. How could matters be straightened?

At five o'clock she put her big ball of rags in her basket, and went home. I tried to get supper, but was that flustered, that I didn't know whether I salted or sugared the potatoes. When I told Martha's story, Caleb was the most astonished man you ever saw. 'Why, I pay what I subscribe quarterly,' he said. 'I never let it go a day after it is due. The treasurer, Brother Green, went around a while ago with a paper to see what each member would give a week. He said that was the way the up-to-date churches were doing, but I couldn't bother with it. I don't always have money on hand. And I certainly couldn't think of drawing a little bit out of the bank each week to pay the preacher. I should think it would do him more good in a lump, anyhow. He's in debt, you say? And folks are talking about it? How did it happen?'

'I expect it has happened,' said I, 'because the pastor and his family have to eat every day. It's too bad they can't put off the cravings of nature three months or so to wait the convenient pay-day of the members. Of course they could wait three months or so for a stove, with winter coming on, and little children to keep warm. You know two-thirds of our members are farmers, and probably they find it as inconvenient as you do to pay weekly. Then there is another thing. With many people quarterly payments mean irregular payments, or none at all till the close of the year brings a demand for settled accounts.'

Caleb wriggled uneasily, and I was glad to see him wriggle. It's a good sign. 'Mr. Green ought to have said something about it,' he replied. 'It's his business to see the minister is paid. He ought to go after the delinquent ones.'

'It's the treasurer's business to pay what the church gives him to pay,' I answered. 'I heard Mrs. Green say last summer that being church treasurer hurt his business. A grain-buyer with rivals in trade can't afford to offend the farmers. He would be sure to drive our members away if he was forever dunning them for church debts.

Dear me, how uneasy Caleb was. He had too good a conscience to pass such a state of things over, and yet he didn't see how to get hold of it.

'I'll tell you,' I said. 'In our church the rules say the deacons are to look after the finances. Get Deacon John and old Deacon Myers, and let the three of you talk the matter over with Brother Green. Find out for yourselves how much is behind, and where the blame of it lies. Brother Goodman ought not to suffer this injustice another day.'

I was sorry for Caleb, but he had a duty to do, and he must be brought to do it. 'Well,' he said at last, 'to-morrow will be Saturday, and I'll put the day in at this business. The ploughing will have to wait over.'

I got up early the next morning, and got Caleb a good breakfast to hearten him for the work before him. I put a roll of butter and a couple of chickens in the waggon for him to leave at the parsonage. It would help out their Sunday dinner, and taste all the better because they hadn't cost anything but love.

When Caleb came home that night, he didn't need any more of my waking up, for the time, at least. 'Why, Phoebe,' he said, after he had put up his team and was eating his supper, 'it's scandalous how things have been running along. Here's six months of the year gone, and less than $200 paid Brother Goodman. After finding this out, we went to the parsonage to see the pastor. He almost broke down while we were talking, and said that lately he could hardly preach for thinking of what he owed. John and I drew out the rest of our subscriptions for the year, and paid the money over, so this will help him a little. A more thankful man you never saw. It made me feel meaner than dirt. I'm going to hire another hand for the ploughing, and try and straighten this thing up.'

He made me think of his father just then, resolute and decided. Maybe a little edge of that mantle did fall on Caleb. If it did, I determined to stretch it out and make it cover more of his broad shoulders.

'Good for you, Caleb!' I said, 'I'm prouder of you this minute than I ever was before.'

When he really takes hold of a thing, it's bound to go. Sometimes he's pretty slow in taking hold, but that's where my work comes in. But I tell you his eyes were open at last. In going around among the members, he actually found some people that talked as if what they had promised for the support of the gospel was not a real debt, only something to be paid if things went well, and to their mind. Because he himself subscribed with honest intention to pay promptly the same as any other obligation between man and man, he had before this time supposed all the members were like him. But, as he studied the treasurer's book, he found it queer reading, and when he visited the delinquent ones he was more dumbfounded than ever.

There were certain ones who didn't like something the pastor had or hadn't done, and they considered this a good reason why they shouldn't pay their subscription. Others complained of bad luck and close times for money, and thought that a sufficient reason for going back on their word.

Sister Harris told Caleb that the pastor's wife dressed so much better than she could afford to do, that they surely didn't need any of her money. I happened to know that the bonnet and jacket she meant were made by Sister Goodman herself out of old things that Sister Harris wouldn't have thought fit to use. Sister Goodman has a knack of fixing over things, so she looks respectable with very little money spent on dress.

Brother Ray, who lives way over by Burton Station, said that Brother Goodman did not come to see them when his wife was sick. He did not even call the doctor at Hightown Corners, and nobody knew that there was sickness in the family. They came to church so seldom that nobody thought anything particular about their absence.

How under the canopy Brother Ray could think the minister should know of their affliction, and wilfully neglect them, passes me. But that was what he claimed at any rate, and refused to pay his subscription on the ground of the unfaithfulness of the pastor.

I declare such things made Caleb almost lose faith in the Christianity of some of our church members. It surely shows little of Christ's spirit, to be so slack in caring for the needs of his chosen messenger, withholding money that was as truly promised as when one gives a note to the bank. I suppose the bank looks so sharp after those that owe, they feel they must pay, whether or no. I wonder if the Lord Jesus Christ wasn't grieved and wounded afresh over the treasurer's book of the Hightown Corners Baptist Church.

This business converted Caleb to the system of weekly giving. He had paid his whole year's subscription to help Brother Goodman out of his straits, but he was ready to fall in line the next year. He won a good many over to the plan, I guess the members thought their new deacon was pretty close after them, for some were real huffy. But there were a good many, like Caleb, who meant to do right, and only needed waking up. The salary was paid a good deal better after this time.

My, how the sermons did improve! I thought they were good before, but I tell you they grew better and better, till we were so proud of our minister that we wouldn't even think of trading for the Methodists' $1,200 man. I didn't dream Brother Goodman was so smart. Why, sometimes I feel so filled up with things to think of after the preaching, that sometimes I wonder if I am in danger of spiritual dyspepsia.

But this story is getting too long, and I haven't told you the best part of it yet; how Pastor Goodman preached about tithes, and 'Systematic Beneficence,' (I believe I've got that name straight) and what came of it. There's a good long story hanging to that, and the wonderful things brought about for the church at Hightown Corners.

Springfield, Ill.

THE WIFE'S ALLOWANCE.

Undoubtedly a woman has a right in common with her husband to all his income; but if the income is limited, and they are provident managers, she realizes with him the expediency of reducing the various expenses incident to maintaining a family to a fixed limit subordinate to their means, in order to make both ends sure to meet.

He apportions a certain sum for the various sorts of insurances, taxes and all that, his personal expenses, and the current housekeeping expenses. This last, usually termed the wife's allowance, is given her to spend at her own discretion. She, in her turn, being a wise woman, divides her share of the income in sums sufficient to cover the daily demands which come more properly within her jurisdiction. Food, fuel, lights, servants, children's dress, come under her careful supervision, and are provided for, with a margin for the unexpected expenses—this latter item being an average that she soon calculates very nearly.

Perhaps he overrates the possibilities of domestic economy. Perhaps he does not fully comprehend the demands and needs of a well ordered household. We would not, of course, intimate that he cannot trust his wife with a liberal supply of money, but certain it is that the general husband does not apportion for the household expenses a sum in just proportion with the other allotments of his income. In spite of all kinds of cutting and contriving to furnish the numberless accessaries and comforts of the family, the interests of somebody must suffer, and who will deny that it is almost invariably those of the wife which are thus vicariously sacrificed! The dainty belongings, no less dear to the wife than to the maiden, the simple, feminine luxuries, are surrendered to the inevitable necessities of a divided life.

The exact cause of this shortsightedness I cannot tell, but I saw the case positively illustrated recently in the woman's waiting room at the Long Island station.

'Marion, why don't you get some new fringe for that wrap you're wearing?' I heard a gentleman say who chanced to be sitting beside me. He was addressing a sweet-faced, poorly-dressed little woman, who proved to be his wife.

I voluntarily glanced at the wrap, and then rather critically regarded the man. He was of medium size, well dressed, with a good, manly face. He was not looking at his wife or at her wrap, but was dubiously considering the modish-looking ladies opposite. Drawing an unfavorable comparison between their appearance and that of his wife, I thought. He thinks, doubtless, that she is naturally attractive, and wonders why she looks so shockingly out of harmony, contrasted with these tastefully dressed women. His defective masculine eyesight convinces him that the sole cause of the discordance is that old, worn, frayed cut fringe on her wrap.

I waited with some curiosity for her answer. It came at length in a decisive, gentle tone.

'My wrap is not worth the cost of new fringe.'

'But such would certainly improve your appearance. I had not before noticed how shabby it is. The material of which the garment is made is good,' he argued further.

'Yes, and it is comfortable,' she smiled, 'but it is fearfully old-fashioned. No garment like this is worn nowadays, and it would be folly to buy new fringe to decorate it. Don't you see almost every lady present is wearing a coat with full, high sleeves?' she said, by way of discriminating for him some palpable difference between the new style garments and her old one. 'There is not a single wrap of such style as mine to be seen anywhere now, within city limits, at any rate.'

'Then why do you not buy yourself a more presentable garment? I love my wife, and I am displeased to discover that she appears singular and unbecomingly dressed in the presence of other ladies not one bit her superior, I'll wager.'

'Never mind,' she said, soothingly, 'I only wish you could look at the matter from my point of view. A new coat, such as I should want to buy, would cost at least twenty dollars. Then a stylish coat would require a new gown and a pretty hat, to develop a costume which would at all satisfy your taste or mine. The gown which I am wearing now is as old fashioned as the wrap, and I have worn this hat, in one form and another, three seasons.'

'But for four years you have had twenty-four dollars a week to spend as you please. Why have you not preferred to keep yourself more suitably dressed?'

'Until Harry came I was able to dress tolerably well. You have never before expressed dissatisfaction with my way of dressing.'

'You always look well at home, and that is where I usually see you.'

'When the weekly current expenses are paid there is not much left for stylish dressing,' she continued. 'My necessities have been supplied. I am comfortably dressed. It is true that I spend twenty-four dollars a week. Five of it is set aside for rent, two for fuel, three for servants' wages, eight for the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, which leaves a margin of six dollars a week for incidentals, including, you must know, all household expenditure, school books, etc., and seasonable clothing, for Harry, Jack, and myself.'

'You have never complained of a great lack of funds!'

'No; why should I complain? You are naturally liberal, and I know that my allowance is all that you can afford to make it.'

'No, it is not,' he said, stoutly. He then glanced over his own clothes. 'I am far better dressed than you are. I smoke: I belong to a club. When I want anything very much I buy it. While I do not spend money freely, I do not, I am sure, feel the pinch and strain of poverty as you undoubtedly have. You see, I have surplus money to draw from and you have not. This thing shall be readjusted,' he said, after a moment's silence. 'I am glad we took this little outing to-day, my dear. Fact is, affairs at home seemed to me to be running very smoothly. The table is always well supplied, the house furnishings in good repair, the house comfortably warmed, the children sensibly dressed, and, best of all, I have had the satisfaction of knowing that the bills are paid. Forgive me, Marion, for not realizing that all this comfort has been by daily personal sacrifices on your part. Hereafter you shall have a separate allowance for your own particular needs.'

Just then the train which I had been waiting for so long was announced, and I left the room devoutly wishing a score of husbands whom I could rapidly name might have heard this interview. A realizing sense of the numberless sacrifices, great, and small, which their companions, as careful housewives and conscientious mothers, are continually making for the general comfort of those they love best, would help some of them to a better appreciation of many a difficult household situation. The hope that one or more of them, through some artifice of his wife, may chance to catch a glimpse of his representative as pictured in these lines, is my only excuse for repeating in such gossiping fashion this conversation which I overheard. — The 'Housewife.'



Tapioca Cream.—Pour one-half cup of boiling water over two tablespoons of pearl tapioca, and let it stand in top of double boiler until water is absorbed. Add one pint of milk and cook over boiling water until transparent. Beat yolks of two eggs add one-third cup of sugar, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and part of the boiling mixture. When mixed return to the boiler, and cook two or three minutes. When smooth like custard remove from the fire and add white of two eggs beaten stiff. Cool, flavor with one-half teaspoon of vanilla, and serve very cold.

Delicious Custard Pie—For two ordinary sized pies skim two pans of milk and use the cream with one quart of milk, which must be stirred in with the cream, and beaten with an egg beater for about ten minutes. For each pie allow three eggs and one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, with an extra spoonful for the pan. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon or vanilla, according to fancy. Prepare a rather rich puff crust and build a huge wall of paste all around the edge to keep the wall from breaking down. Fill in the custard until the paste rim will hold no more, then convey it carefully to the oven. Bake quickly, and until it is delicately browned. Set aside until cool; then serve.

Sour Cream and its Uses.—The farm cook knows that there is no more delicious 'short'ning' than this, but she also knows that there are a great many degrees of sourness as well as richness in cream, and realizes how difficult it is to give exact receipts which will do themselves credit in the hands of those to whom all cream is simply cream. Cream may be taken from the milk so carefully that when churned, very little moisture will be left. In this case it is almost as rich as butter, and must be used with care. As a rule, however, nearly is half milk, and in this state it is just right for receipts when thin cream is specified, and in many instances where one cupful of water or milk and half a cupful of butter are called for, two cupfuls of cream, may be substituted with good results, if a little more flour and salt are added.

Honey and Tar Cough Cure.— Put into boiling water a shallow tin dish containing a tablespoonful of tar. When the tar is hot, add a pint of extracted honey, and stir well for half an hour, ading to it a level teaspoonful of pulverized borax. Keep in a bottle well corked. Dose, a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours, according to severity of cough.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

The story winning the first prize in the competition that ended Sept. 1, is: 'Influence,' by 'Ethelwynn.' The only other story, judged quite suitable for our purpose is 'Some of Linora's Letters,' by 'Linora,' of which the first instalment will appear next week. The other stories sent for the competition were in many ways so meritorious, that it was hard to reject them, but each had some characteristic which ruled it out from our page. It is, however, very encouraging to see how good, from a literary point of view, are the efforts of our friends in the difficult matter of writing stories.

THE CRITIC.

APPRECIATION.

You don't know, Dora, how well I liked those few words you sent to the Home Department last week. I have just been thinking that it is not appreciation that those people wish for, it is kindness. Besides, I don't believe that it is only 'timid and sensitive' people that need a word of encouragement sometimes. I don't believe a person can be so noble (?) as to be independent of every one else's thoughts. One may easily be able to do without the good opinion of outsiders, but when he comes inside of the little circle he calls home, unless he receives kindness and love there, I don't believe that a person can do his best. When our kindest deeds are misunderstood, and our dearest friends become cool and indifferent, and think ill of us, it is hard not to care.

After all, life is made up of very small things, the kind word that changed the looks of the whole day, the bright smile that was like a beam of sunshine, the kind deed we saw done that revived our trust in mankind, the bit of music that raised our thought far above all earthly things, and above all the look away from all things else to Jesus that calms our fevered minds and in the midst of the worry of life gives us a few moments of perfect peace.

It is rather hard to be misunderstood by a friend, and I have no doubt but that all of us have been misunderstood. Yet we know that no matter how others may mistake the motives that prompted our deeds, yet God understands even our thoughts, and if there has been any true kindness and love in them, He knows about it. M



NO. 41.

Here is a little sermon on personal responsibility. Now when the hymn preaches its own sermon so plainly the mother or teacher should be careful not to put in any more preaching. Tell the parable of the talents, or read it carefully. Did you ever notice how much children enjoy stories containing refences to numbers? Just because the things of the spiritual world cannot really be measured or counted, this mode of representing them is attractive. It makes them seem more definite. Get the children to repeat the details of the story, but make no personal application. Then the words of the hymn will come as something fresh and full of meaning.

God entrusts to all
  Talents few or many;
None so young and small
  That they have not any.
Though the great and wise
  Have the greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
  And it must not slumber.

God will surely ask,
  Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
  Which to me was given.
God entrusts to all
  Talents few or many;
None so young and small
  That they have not any.

A MEAN REVENGE.

A story told in the Washington 'Star' about a paying-teller in one of the banks of that city and a Georgetown belle, shows how a man failed to gain a victory over himself because to his moral palate revenge was sweet.

He is a favorite in the set in which the Georgetown girl moves. He and she had words—so many words, in fact, that the girl, who is said to have more than a bit of temper, ordered him never to presume to speak to her again as long as he lived. She forbade him to recognize her, even, and said that she would make it a point to forget that she had ever met him.

The other day she went into the bank in which he is employed to have a cheque cashed. The blonde young man appeared at the window. He took the cheque and examined it carefully. It was a broiling hot day. The Georgetown girl was in a hurry. She hadn't an acquaintance within half an hour's walk. The young man handed the cheque back.

'Very sorry,' madam,' said he, 'but you'll have to get somebody to identify you before I can cash the cheque.'

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Oct. 15. 1899.

ESTHER PLEADING FOR HER PEOPLE.—Esther viii., 3-8 and xv., 17.

BY JOHN R. WHITNEY.

Golden Text.—Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.—Psalm xxxvii., 5.

When the decree, which we considered last week, went forth 'to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish, all Jews, both young and old, little children and women in one day' (iii., 18), Mordecai saw at once that his people had no power to deliver themselves from death. They were too weak to resist the enforcement of Haman's law, and they had no access to the king to plead for protection. If any deliverance was to be had, it must come from the king himself, and from his own free action, and to reach him there must be found an intercessor near enough to him to command attention, and who was near enough to the people to be touched with the feeling for their necessities. Such an one, he found in his foster-child, Esther. She, being queen, was one with the king; and being a Jewess, was one with the condemned. 'Who knoweth,' said he, 'whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this.' (iv., 14.)

As her nationality was unknown to the court, and apparently was not suspected, even by Haman, she was entirely ignorant of the decree of the king, until it was made known to her by Mordecai. As soon as she understood the matter, however, and that she herself was numbered among the condemned, at once she prepared to act. To go before the despotic king unbidden was a dangerous step, and no one was more conscious of all that it involved than she. She must take her life in her hand to do it. Evidently she felt that she needed divine strength and wisdom. So she called upon all the Jews in Shushan to unite with her in fasting and prayer. Then she was ready to 'go in unto the king, which is not according to law,' she said, 'and if I perish, I perish.' (iv., 16.)

Her mode of proceeding was marked by consummate patience, tact, sound judgment, and calm discretion. It is told with simplicity and vividness. The story is very Oriental, but it is very natural. When she put on her royal apparel, and stood before the king in all her attractive loveliness of form and feature, he at once stretched out to her his golden sceptre, and she was ushered into his presence. He was ready to give her anything she asked, even to the half of his kingdom, for she was his beloved queen. But with womanly wit and wisdom she only requested that day that he and Haman would honor her with their presence at a banquet she had prepared in her own apartments, for such a petition as hers must be presented to him alone.

The invitation was promptly accepted, and no one could have felt more highly honored than did Haman. It was a step higher than he had ever expected, and he little thought that he was going to be the guest of a Jew—of one whom he despised, and desired to destroy. So the 'carnal mind' of man often overreaches itself. And blinded Haman 'went forth that day joyful and with a glad heart' (v., 9) to tell to his household this additional honor bestowed upon him by the queen. He told it with emphasis, for she 'did let no man,' he said, 'come in with the king unto the banquet that she had prepared but myself; and to-morrow am I invited unto her also, with the king.' (v., 12.)

There is always something, however, to mar the satisfaction of 'the carnal mind,' even in the thing which pleases it most, and it was not wanting in the case of Haman. For, as he passed out from the queen's banquet, Mordecai was at the king's gate, and 'he stood not up, nor moved for him,' as he passed by. (v., 9.) This slight rankled in Haman's mind. It soured all of his happiness. Nothing but the suggestion to build a gallows 'fifty cubits high,' and to hang Mordecai thereon, was able to give him any relief.

That night the king could not sleep. To soothe his restlessness, 'The book of the records of the Chronicles' was brought out and read to him. Then it was discovered that Mordecai had never been rewarded for his act in saving the life of the king when it was in danger from the conspirators. At once the king proposed to remove this stain upon his honor.

Filled with the desire to promptly put his plan for the death of Mordecai into execution, Haman had just entered 'the outward court of the king's house' (vi., 4), that he might be ready at the dawn of day to present his petition for the necessary death warrant. His arrival was very opportune. Very naturally he was summoned before the king, and the question as to what should 'be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor' was submitted to him. Thinking only of himself, he promptly suggested that which, if bestowed upon him, would give him the most intense satisfaction, and he could not possibly imagine any one who could be more worthy to receive it than himself. It would make him appear very great in the eyes of men, and that is always gratifying to 'the carnal mind.'

The suggestion was at once approved, and to his astonishment he was directed, as 'one of the king's most noble princes,' to make haste and array Mordecai in royal apparel, and seating him upon one of the king's horses, to lead him 'through the street of the city,' proclaiming as they went, 'Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor.' (vi., 9.)

It was a sore blow to the pride of Haman, and as soon as the ceremony was over, whilst 'Mordecai came again to the king's gate,' he hastened to his home to find there such comfort as he could. But the only comfort he received was the sure prophecy of his wife and wise men, 'If Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews before whom thou hast begun to fall, thou shalt not prevail against him, but shalt surely fall before him.' There was no time, however, for further counsel, for 'while they were yet talking with him, came the king's chamberlains, and hasted to bring Haman unto the banquet that Esther had prepared.' (vi., 13, 14.)

'So the King and Haman came to banquet with Esther the Queen.' (vii., 1.) Now was her opportunity and she was not slow to embrace it. Her one, simple earnest prayer was for 'life'—'life' for herself and for her people.

No wonder the king was filled with indignation that anyone should have dared to lay any charge against his beloved, or against any with whom she was identified. 'Who is he?' and 'Where is he?' he asked 'that durst presume in his heart to do so?'

With calm dignity and directness, the queen replied: 'The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman.' (vii., 5, 6.)

Then Haman was hung upon the very gallows he had prepared for Mordecai; his estates were given to Esther, and his position to Mordecai himself. But none of these things brought any deliverance to the Jews. Neither did Esther's personal character or her position as the beloved of the king. Neither did her intercession. They caused the downfall of Haman, but destroying the destroyer, did not repeal the law. That still stood upon the statute books. Even the king himself could not change that, for 'in the name of Ahasuerus was it written, and sealed with the king's ring.' (iii., 12-13.) And the king himself said, 'The writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse.' (viii., 8.)

There was no way by which the difficulty could be met but by the enacting of a new law. This was at once done. It was written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring. It 'granted,' and what the king 'granted,' he commanded—'the Jews which were in every city, to gather themselves together, and to stand for their life—to destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish all the power of the people and province that would assault them, both little ones and women, and to take the spoil of them for a prey.' (viii., 9-11.) It was the law of life.

There were probably many Amalakites scattered throughout the provinces, and many other nations whose racial prejudices arrayed them against the Jews. By the authority of Haman's law, they were at perfect liberty to attack and destroy those whom they hated wherever they might be found, on the thirteenth day of the month Adar and run no risk of punishment. Even under the new law they could do it, but it must be at their peril. For now, no Jew was obliged to tamely submit. On the contrary, every Jew was now not only authorized, but encouraged, to arm himself for his defence—to unite with others for better protection—and to call upon all the resources of the king to sustain him. If he would live he must fight every enemy that dared to lay hands upon him. So they 'gathered themselves together in their cities throughout all the provinces of the King Ahasuerus, to lay hand on such as sought their hurt—and no man could withstand them—for the fear of them fell upon the people. And all the rulers of the provinces and the lieutenants, and the deputies, and officers of the king, helped the Jews.' (ix., 2-3.) 'And many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them.' (viii., 17.) It was because they resisted even 'unto blood, striving against' their enemies. (Heb. xii., 4.) And because they resisted, they gained the victory. Eight hundred of their enemies fell before them in Shushan and seventy-five thousand in the provinces. (ix., 6, 15-16.)

Now it is not difficult to see the spiritual significance of all this. The law of death by sin must be met by the law of conflict with sin.

But the need of this new law of life, was not realized, or even known, until the law of death had been everywhere declared and feared.

So it is with every penitent sinner. He feels no need of any law of life, until he realizes that he is under the condemnation of 'the law of sin and death.' (Rom. viii., 2.)

And even when the penitent sinner comes to Jesus Christ, he finds that although he is free from the condemnation of the law, yet he is not free from the attacks of sin. There is still a law in his members warring against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity to the law of sin, which is in his members. (Rom. vii., 23.) That law has never been revoked. It never can be, for 'the wages of sin is death,' is as true of the humble child of God as of the openly profane and ungodly. But coming to Jesus Christ, he stands in new relations to that law.

HOME READINGS.

M. Esther viii., 1-8.—Esther pleading for her people.

T. Esther viii., 9-17.—Esther pleading for her people.

W. Esther ix., 20-28.—Deliverance commemorated.

Th. Psalm xxxi., 14-24.—Joy in deliverance.

F. Zept. iii., 14-20.—Promise of help.

S. Psalm xci.—Safety of God's people

Su. Psalm xxxvii., 1-17.—Trust, and fear not.

C. E. DEPARTMENT.

Topic—Oct. 15, 1899.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Jer. viii., 20; Matt. xxiii., 37-39; Heb. xii., 17.

'He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' (Prov. xxix., 2.)

'Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.'

'To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts.' (Heb. iii., 12, 15.)

There are two classes of losers here mentioned—those who lose and neglect the opportunities given them for their own salvation, until those opportunities are forever removed, and those who, being assured of their own salvation lose the opportunities given them for better acquaintance with God, until, having lost their first love they begin, insensibly at first, to 'depart from the living God in evil unbelief,' or disloyalty.

We speak not now of service—for the unsaved soul may be full of zeal for good works, a zeal which after all may be tinged with selfishness, for it is a pleasure to the generous heart to see the sufferers fed and comforted, and a discomfort to see any misery unrelieved. Not that we would in any way consider such work unimportant, it is of far greater necessity than the world has yet comprehended, and he who builds into his daily life sweet acts of charity will find at the end that he has made himself a fine palace, as it were, in beauteous character. But of what use is the finest building if the foundation be not secure? Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. (I. Cor. iii., 11-15.) He who has built on self-interest or for the applause of men or for any other reason than the glory of God, will find his house on shifting sands, and when the storm comes, that house cannot stand. (Matt. vii., 26, 27.)

But one will say, 'This is unfair. I have spent many years building this palace, I paid dear for the foundation, and if it is not safe, God should accept and protect my building. I have done the best that I could.' Stay, here is a master-builder, a contractor to whom the architect has given the plans of a mansion to be built within a certain time. The contractor is a good sort of fellow and says that he will do the best he can. He glances at the plans, then folds them carefully away, having some idea of what is to be done. He sets to work at the building, he gets his four walls about square, but not one of them is exactly plumb. He forgets how many doors there should be, and puts in windows to suit his own fancy. He spends much time in adorning the mansion, specially are the outer walls and roof gables beautiful to look upon, but the inner rooms are draughty and cheerless. The builder may be planning further decoration and support of the building, when the time limit expires and the architect and owner appear to claim his mansion. What would be the feelings of the owner on being shown the building, handsome and admired by the workmen and neighbors, but incorrect in every detail, totally different from the plan. 'Did I not give you the plan?' asks the amazed architect. 'Yes,' replies the builder, 'and I had an idea you wanted it about like this. I did the best I could.' But this is not the house that the architect planned, and he cannot accept the work of such a man.

Beloved, is not this a picture of the man who closes his eyes to God's plan for his life, given to him in God's own Book? If he does what he considers 'about right' without consulting the Book, is God to accept his work as worthy? What claim has such a man on God? Yet our Saviour in boundless mercy is constantly offering to such an one opportunities of repentance and wisdom. No man can truly say, 'I have done my best,' unless he has allowed the Lord of glory to work in and through him. No man can tell when his last opportunity for salvation shall come, for there is a time after which it is said, 'he that is unjust, let him be unjust still.' (Rev. xxii., 11.)

Other losers—and losers of immeasurable riches—are those who, calling themselves by the name of their Master, never really take the time to commune with him alone. In order to keep their pledge, they read the Bible and pray every day but generally in such a hurry, or with their minds so full of other things that their Lord has very little, if any opportunity to speak to their souls. They lose their opportunities of the sweetest communion and blessing, by not recognizing the presence of Christ. Unless the soul actually speaks to God, with the certainty of his listening love, the prayers which are daily made are largely but a 'vain repetition' and in so much, a mockery.

The soul which does not consciously draw nearer to the Saviour day by day is slipping, however unconsciously, into alienation from that love. Each opportunity of communion lost by neglect will become an atom of disunion, as it were, a particle of disaffection forcing its way in between the soul and the Saviour. Until gradually the heart which was so fervent with a divine love becomes cold and indifferent to the highest claims, and seeks recreation in other directions, stifling the half-conscious yearning homesickness of the soul which has tasted the love of the Heavenly Bridegroom. Worldliness is not necessarily a matter of outward appearance or form, it is altogether a matter of the heart which may or may not make such visible expression as shall be criticised by men. Our outward conduct may appear at one time as faultless as another, but God, who judges not by appearance but by the innermost thoughts of the heart, may sadly say, 'thy silver is become dross, thy wine mixed with water,' because of the opportunities of communion and consequent strengthening and blessing, lost. Opportunities are the forerunners of responsibilities, the fleeting opportunity does not lessen the responsibility but takes with itself the power to cope with the responsibility.

A 'MAKE-BELIEVE ENDEAVORER.'

AN INCIDENT OF THE DETROIT CONVENTION.

(Helen H. Thomas, in 'C. E. World.')

A group of us were talking of the recent Christian Endeavor Convention in Detroit, and of the incidents pertaining to it, when one of our number said: 'I chanced to be in the city, and attended several of the inspiring meetings; but nothing I saw or heard so appealed to me as the compliment paid that vast body by a mere semblance of man.

'As I stood waiting for a car and watched the Endeavorers, a young man staggered against me; and then, as he saw the keen eye of a policeman upon him, he braced himself with a great effort. The officer, however, grasped his arm, saying, "Move out of sight, or I'll put you in the lock-up."

'But his victim, with all the earnestness he could assume, said: "See! I'm—all—right." As he muttered this, in evidence he put his trembling hand to the lapel of his begrimed coat, on which was a C. E. badge, the sight of which so enraged the one in authority that with "How dare you?" the badge was removed, and its unworthy wearer assisted to a side street.

'The sight so tugged at my heart that I ventured to say to the officer: "It seems to me that you are doing wrong to turn that youth adrift in a strange city. He is likely some one from the country who has been tempted to drink. You ought to put him under the care of some stronger Endeavorer, who will guard him until he comes to his senses.'

'At this the policeman laughed heartily, saying: "Well, stranger, you are sharper than I am if you have caught a genuine Endeavorer needing any of my help to walk chalk. That fellow is only a make-believe. There is scarcely a week but he gives me cause to arrest him; but I feel sorry for him, for his father was a drunkard, and left him the legacy of an appetite which seems to drag him down in spite of himself. Knowing this, I usually seem not to see him unless he's boisterous, but it made me mad to see that badge on him. It seemed an insult to the guests of our city.'

'"Why, do you think he put it on as a burlesque? It did not look that way to me."

'"No, indeed. I know of the poor fellow's struggles so well that I do not need to be told that in his sober moments he watched the throng of noble badge-wearers, and, realizing what a worthless creature he is, he drank until he had no more sense than to think if he could get hold of a badge he would pass for one of them true-blue fellows."'

Then the speaker, who has been a traveller for twenty-five years, said: 'I never had anything move me more than the sight of that poor wreck of a man's efforts to pass for one of that vast body of Christian young people, who are so worthy of imitation. I looked upon it as an "insult," and can but pray that the "make-believe" Endeavorer, through the influence of that meeting, held in His name, may ere long wear a badge worthily.'

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

In Formosa there are 62 towns and villages, in each of which there are one or more Christian churches.

It is estimated that 500,000 Chinese, of whom the greater part are women, annually attempt to commit suicide by opium.

In some of the Hindu religious services in South India the collection is taken up by an elephant, who goes around with a basket.

The executive of the C.E.T.S. has issued a circular calling attention to the desirability of bringing about the discontinuance of liquor advertisements in parish magazines or Church publications.

Dr. J. T. Gracey, in the 'Northern Advocate,' says: 'We hear that instead of sending young Chinese to the west to be educated, a large number are being sent to Japan for that purpose, and that this is likely to be the trend.'

It is said that over two hundred and eighty-nine churches are affected by the Archbishop's decision on incense and lights. The diocese of London leads the way with forty-six churches, the diocese of York comes next with twenty-one.

'In His Steps' is beginning to make its way among the Latin nations. It has been published in French at Geneva, under the title 'Notre Modèle,' and an Italian society has obtained the author's leave to prepare an Italian version. These facts are hopeful signs. The wide circulation of the story in Roman Catholic countries would probably do more than controversy to spread Protestant principals.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States, which has been without an executive secretary since the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong, has elected to that position the Rev. Dr. L. T. Chamberlain, who is also president of the Phil-African League. The Alliance disapproved of the sociological work of its former secretary.

The Rev. Dr. Elias Riggs, of Constantinople, who has labored in the cause of missions for sixty-seven years, is the oldest alumnus of Amherst College. He entered Amherst in 1825, before he was fifteen years old, and was graduated before he was nineteen. His predilection for linguistic studies was shown very early, for he was studying Greek and Latin when he was nine years old, and Hebrew when he was thirteen.

Up to date about 24,000 volumes of missionary literature have been placed in the hands of the young people of the United States by the Student Missionary campaigners. Every day brings new orders, and it is now assured that at least 40,000 volumes will be sold by September 1, 1899. From every hand come reports of missionary fires, which are being kindled by the reading of these good books.

The Church Missionary Society is said to contemplate the opening of a mission in Kano, in the new hinterland of Nigeria. Kano is the one great emporium in the Central Soudan, and is a walled town with 150,000 settled inhabitants. It is the cheif halting place of the Mohammedan pilgrims of West Africa on their way to Mecca; and, besides being a great market is the greatest manufacturing district of Central Africa, it has scarcely ever been visited by a white man. The trade of the Empire of Sokoto, in which Kano is situated, is mainly carried on by payments in slaves.

The missionaries of West China, representing the Church of England, China Inland, London Missionary, Friends, American Baptist, Canadian Methodist, and Methodist Episcopal clergy, have united to form a committee, representing missionary comity in the foreign field. They will have a weekly prayer appointment in their various stations for each other, they will send about a monthly round-robin letter, they will exchange pulpits, hold meetings, employ each other's workers, and act in common with regard to a general polity. It is also hoped that they will be able to have a combined training school for native evangelists.

In its annual report the Moravian Missionary Society speaks of the great perplexities which attend its work. The society received a great legacy, from Mr. J. J. Morton, amounting to a million dollars, and the impression has gone abroad that this large sum has made the society somewhat independent. So far from this being the case, the terms of the benefaction were that the money should be used only for founding new stations. While this, of course, is an advantage in extending the work, it in no wise avails to meet the current necessities, and the deficit for the regular work of the past year is so great that the society has to face the painful question of abandoning some of its missions.

A new and somewhat unusual method of preaching to 'the man in the street' has been adopted by the vicar of the well-known St. Mark's Church, at Kennington. On Saturday night there was to be seen stretched between two of the massive pillars of the church front a large white sheet, and this alone drew a small crowd of people outside the railings of the churchyard who wondered what was coming next. But when by a limelight apparatus pictures were thrown on to the screen, the people crowded into the churchyard until some three or four hundred were present, mostly young folks. The pictures were illustrative of events in the life of Christ, and they were commented on in a plain and simple fashion by a lay reader, in surplice and college cap, from the Newcut. Now and again a hymn was sung, and after the pictures had all been shown one of the clergymen of the church invited the people to a meeting inside, and a large number responded to his invitation.

The Rev. William Butler, D.D., the nestor of the foreign missionary work of the M. E. Church, died at Old Orchard, Me., whither he had gone with his family for change and rest on Friday, Aug. 18. Born in Dublin, Ireland, June 30, 1818; converted at 20; began preaching in 1844; labored six years in the Irish Wesleyan Conference; came to America in 1850; preached in New England Conference for six years; went as a missionary to India in 1856—the pioneer of our work there, remaining till 1864; in 1872 went to Mexico to found our mission there, remaining seven years, and returning because of ill health; revisited India in 1883-84 and Mexico in 1887. He wrote his 'Land of the Veda,' after returning from work in India, and 'From Boston to Bareilly and Back,' on his return from his second visit. His declining years have been spent at Newton Centre, near Boston.

The Young Men's Christian Association work is reaching out around the world in a remarkable manner, although, considering the fact that there are as many as two hundred million young men in non-Christian lands, the work so far can only be said to have touched the mere edge of unevangelized heathendom. J. Campbell White, for example, who is laboring with marked success in Association work in India reports that Calcutta has a larger number of college students than of any other city, who represent a vaster population than the college population of any other metropolis, since the great majority of all the students of India (drawn from among nearly 100,000,000 of people) receive their education in Calcutta. The University of Calcutta examines over 10,000 students annually, while there are 24 colleges and 74 high schools in the city. Besides the students at present enrolled, there are 20,000 ex-students who may be reached in English. This certainly is a large enough field to attract and to satisfy the sanctified ambitions of the most ardent of Association workers.

MR. MOODY ON SUMMER WORK.

I believe, deep down in my heart, that the large American cities are never going to be evangelized until just such methods of work as gospel tents are multiplied. I am convinced that we must do some right hard work in New York and other great cities during the summer months. For some years past, the work of evangelization in large cities has lost in the summer about all the ground that has been gained in the winter.

The talk about everybody going out of town during the hot weather is nonsense. Just because a few brown-stone mansions in the neighborhood of Fifth avenue are all boarded up in the summer, it must not be imagined that New York leaves New York and goes into the country. Really the summer is the best time for evangelization, for there are fewer topics to absorb public attention in hot weather than in cold weather.

There are four main topics that usually engage the attention of the newspapers and the people. These are religion, politics, business and education. In the summer, business is more or less light, politics are partly dormant, and the schools are closed; so religion has a chance to come to the front.

Again, I say that summer is the very best time to reach the people. You do not have to go into the houses to do it. You can find them outside, whole families sitting on the stoops. In the winter you have to go inside to rout them out.

I believe I can suggest a way in which people can be reached in the summer: A large number of ministers leave New York during the summer months for the country. I would suggest that the ministers who go to the country should be replaced, for a few weeks at a time, by country ministers. I would also suggest an interchange of pulpits by ministers on either side of the Atlantic.

I do not wish to convey the impression that the Christian outlook is anything but bright. What I wish to insist upon strongly is that a great mistake has been made in the past in leaving the millions of people massed together in the great cities without Christian guidance during the summer.

Every church in New York should have a roof-garden. The thing is perfectly practical, and there is no reason why we should not convert as many sinners in a roof-garden as in a church. I would make the church roof-gardens as attractive as the theatre roof-gardens. The services would be the same as in the stuffy churches, and there should be plenty of good singing and good preaching.

I would sell lemonade and all kinds of temperance drinks. Over in Liverpool we have little coffee places where a man can go and treat his friends. There is no reason why we should not do the same thing here, and do it in popular and well-arranged roof-gardens.

Christians and sinners both like fresh air, and when Christianity and fresh air can be found together, the people, as a whole, are apt to take advantage of the fact.

One objection may be made, that we shall have to remodel our churches. Well, let us remodel them. The theatres were remodelled to suit the popular taste, why should not the churches be altered also. Because churches in the past have been built with arched roofs is no reason for continuing to build them like that. They would be better now with flat roofs.—'The Christian.'

AN EVANGELIST LOST IN THIBET.

The Bible Society's new report contains a thrilling account of a missionary journey in Thibet and its tragic end. Two devoted Christian workers, Mr. and Mrs. Rijuhart, started in May of last year, with their baby, for an evangelizing tour through Ts'ardam and Western Thibet. The child died while they were traversing an uninhabited country. In September, after passing the Khanlung mountains, the little party were attacked by robbers. Their ponies were shot or driven away, and their servants deserted. Left to themselves in the wilderness, the husband and wife reached a steep hill sloping down to a river. With the aid of a telescope they discerned tents on its farther side, and cattle grazing. Mr. Rijuhart thereupon decided to cross the river in search of help. His wife was left alone. Here are her own words describing the position: 'I waited alone with God until dark, praying much as the hours sped on and he came not. It is a strange sensation to be entirely alone, without even a dog or a tent, in a hostile country. The next day came and went and still no sign of the absent one, and many misgivings I had that all was not right. I leaned very hard on our loving Father when again I lay down, more for protection from the cold than from any desire to sleep.' Imagine the sensations of that awful night! For days the lone but heroic watcher stayed on, looking for the husband who never again appeared. For two months she travelled on alone, enduring well-nigh incredible hardships, till she reached Da-chien-luh.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ALL IN ADVANCE.

Daily Witness	**$3.00**
Weekly Witness	**1.00**
Northern Messenger (single copy)	**30**
" " **10** copies and over to one address, 20c per copy.	

All the above papers sent free of postage to the Dominion, Newfoundland and United States.

For Great Britain add $1.04 for postage on "Weekly Witness;" "Northern Messenger" add 52c; "Daily Witness" add $3.60.

ADVERTISING RATES.

WEEKLY WITNESS.—Casual advertisements 10c per line per insertion, including cuts and large type. Contract Rates—1 year, $7.50 per line; 6 months, $4.00 per line; 3 months, $2.25 per line. "Farms to Rent," "Farms for Sale," can be inserted for 1c a word per insertion from subscribers. The lowest rate for non-subscribers is two cents per word. When replies are to be addressed in care of the "Witness" Office, an additional charge of twenty-five cents is made. In all cases the full price must accompany each order.

DAILY WITNESS.—10c per line first insertion, and 5c per line each subsequent insertion on order. Cuts or Large Type, double rates. Contracts on favorable terms. "Employment Wanted," "Situations Vacant," etc., 10c per insertion, up to 20 words. Money must accompany order, as this quotation is reckoned on a cash basis.

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

Contracts payable quarterly in advance.

Five is the minimum number of lines for which an advertisement is charged.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—When remitting be particular to give the correct post-office address, and the Province or State, and either register your letter, which will cost 5c in addition to the regular postage, or procure a post-office or express money order, which protects the sender. Post-office orders can be obtained at the following rates: $2.50 and under, 3c; $2.50 to $5.00, 4c; $5.00 to $10.00, 6c. Express Money orders are issued up to $3.00 for 3c; $3.00 to $5.00, 4c; $5.00 to $10.00, 6c. Subscribers in the United States can remit by Post-office order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or American Express Company, payable at Montreal. When wishing to have your address changed from one post-office to another, it is necessary to give the old address as well as the new. If this be not done such changes cannot be made. Address all letters containing subscriptions or advertising: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness,' Montreal.

When stamps are sent to make up a remittance, the only denominations we accept are 1 and 3 cents.

Any subscriber of the Montreal "Witness" who would like to have a specimen copy of the paper sent to a friend can be accommodated by sending us on a postal card the name and address to which he would like the paper sent.

The Witness.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1899.

As was anticipated, the foolish talk about boycotting the Paris Exhibition has dwindled into silence under the influence of popular common sense. The exhibition will afford both individuals and nations too fine an opportunity for promoting their business interests to allow them to lose it for a sentiment which has certainly found expression sufficiently emphatic and extensive. That the exhibition will be a great success now appears certain, if the French themselves do not spoil it by getting up a disturbance and frightening exhibitors and visitors away.

Tintern Abbey is now on the market. This most interesting ruin amidst lonely and beautiful surroundings forms a part of the Monmouthshire estates of the Beaufort family, which are advertised for sale. Castles famous in history are also comprised in the estates which are to come 'under the hammer' and pass into the hands of people who, either from lack of interest in them or other reasons, may not care to preserve them. It appears that efforts have been made to secure Tintern Abbey for the nation, but they have failed. Perhaps a Wordsworth society could be formed in Great Britain and America to raise the necessary funds.

Evidently the New York judges, or at least a large portion of them, do not consider the great Hebrew law-giver as one of the authorities to be consulted when moral questions are under consideration. Among the many useful laws and regulations communicated by God to Moses on Mount Sinai for the future government of His people, not the least important was that stated in the twenty-third chapter of Exodus, and the eighth verse: 'And thou shalt take no gift, for the gift blindeth the wise and perverteth the words of the righteous.' Most of the judges who gave evidence before the Mazet Committee last week seemed to think that judicial candidates should not be exempt from making gifts of large sums, in some cases amounting to ten thousand dollars. It is probable that these judges who made such handsome gifts in order to secure their elevation to the judicial bench would consider it very disreputable to accept gifts from litigants in order to recoup themselves for the sums paid out to the political bosses; or, in other words, that while a gift has a very bad moral effect on the receiver, the giver of it is not injured morally. The giver's injury may be less apparent than that of the receiver, but it is as real, and is probably all the more demoralizing because it is so insidious.

Utah is again in a state of ferment owing to the discovery that the Mormons are still continuing the unlawful practice of polygamy in defiance of the pledges and assurance given by their leading men to the contrary. Angus M. Cannon, president of the Church, and Heber J. Grant, also holding a high place among the 'Saints,' were arrested recently and pleaded guilty to having several wives. They were fined one hundred dollars each upon their own confession. Joseph E. Taylor, who stands next in authority to President Cannon, has also been indicted for the same offence. The comparatively small penalties, which are, of course, not deterrent at all, imposed by the magistrates in these cases, in which sentences to imprisonment might have been inflicted, seem to indicate that the judiciary of Utah is in sympathy with the polygamists, and that the Mormon majority, headed by the Congressman who has been convicted, and who openly declares his intention of ignoring the law, is going to make a stand for the legal restoration of the practice of polygamy. Now that Utah is a state, and its political support is valuable to the great parties, there is not the same determination on the part of Congress to stamp out the evil. This is the real secret of the fresh outbreak of the practice.

In Cuba the movement in favor of annexation to the United States among the natives, never very popular, has received a check through the refusal of certain school authorities in the United States to permit the attendance of Cuban youths on account of their color. When General Wheeler, taking his cue from Lord Kitchener's project for educating the rising generation of Soudanese, proposed sending young Cubans to be educated in the schools and colleges of the United States, he apparently forgot the prejudice of his countrymen of certain sections. The Cubans are of a mixed race, and the better class among them—the very class which must be conciliated if the American policy is to be carried out successfully—are not a whit less proud and sensitive in their way than those citizens of the republic who despise people with negro blood in their veins. It will therefore be seen that this color question constitutes a barrier which is calculated to retard the growth of Cuban opinion favorable to the permanent union of the island with the United States, which would be the best thing possible for its people. In Great Britain there is little of this race prejudice. At many public schools and at Oxford and Cambridge, yellow, tawny, dusky and black men have been received and educated. But then Great Britain never had to deal with the problems arising from domestic slavery of an inferior race at home. In some of the crown colonies the prejudices of the British whites are as strong against the blacks as are the prejudices of the whites of the Southern States.

The establishment of a Dutch United States of Africa is said to be the ultimate aim of the anti-British parties in South Africa. It was discussed in the German press a few years ago, and Dr. Leyds is known to have mentioned its possibility when seeking aid and comfort from European governments supposed to be opposed to the extension of British power in the dark continent. That a firm alliance for the maintenance of their independence and integrity exists between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State is evident enough, but we do not believe for a moment that the Afrikander party at the Cape is dissatisfied with their form of government, which secures them as the majority the ascendency. Blood and language form a strong bond, and it is plain enough that the Afrikander party are strongly antagonistic to anything like coercion of the Boers of the Transvaal, especially as they believe, at the instigation and for the benefit of a set of stock-jobbers and speculators at Johannesburg. That all the South African states will be federated some day under a constitution which will secure to every white, Dutch or English, his due share of the government of the country seems certain; that the federation will be included in the British empire with the approval of the Dutch themselves we have no doubt, but in any case the federation will be a virtually independent nation, just as Canada is.

The number of men in high standing who have recently been cut off in the midst of their activities suggests a warning to all those who, in the eagerness of the pursuit of the objects of their ambition, or too close application to business, fail to give due attention to the laws of health. Under modern conditions a man at the head of great undertakings seems to be in a position like that of a locomotive engineer with his hand on the throttle. He must stand at his post while the engine runs, alert, wide-eyed, unresting through light and darkness. But when he falls, as fall he must, the folly of his conduct becomes evident. The concern which he fondly imagined could not get along without him, and would inevitably go to smash if he relaxed his care, goes right on pretty much as before. Another man steps into his place, subordinates continue to act with their usual precision, and nobody notices any change. But many men are beginning to understand that occasional exercise, periods of rest and total relaxation from mental and nervous strain, are imperatively needful. Mr. Gladstone was an instance of the value of physical exercise combined with intense mental activity, as Cornelius Vanderbilt and Charles A. Pillsbury, the great Minneapolis miller, were instances of the unwisdom of a man's neglecting his physical health. Both found out too late the mistake they had made, and, though their wealth commanded the best service of medical science, they lingered mere physical wrecks till death put a premature ending to lives that, if properly ordered, might have lasted to the Psalmist's limit.

Those who hoped that Spain would rise superior to her misfortunes will be rejoiced to know that already she is giving evidence of a radical and rapid recovery from the financial loss and disturbance caused by the late war. The Bank of Spain, which withstood the storm of financial distress with such splendid courage and success, has, according to a statement just published, twelve million dollars in gold more than it had twelve months ago. The gain in silver is about forty millions. The loans to the government, which were regarded as dangerously large last September, have been reduced by thirty million dollars. Other loans are ten millions greater than at the same period last year, which is considered a good sign, as showing increased ordinary business activity. At the same time, the circulation of notes has been increased about twenty millions, which may also be regarded as an indication of trade improvement. But the best proof of recovery is shown in the fact that the bank's coin resources have grown within a year by a sum which is thirty-two millions greater than the expansion of its circulation. Altogether the Bank of Spain holds one hundred and thirty million dollars in gold and silver, and appears able to increase its cash reserves at will. When it is considered what the people of Spain have gone through, it must be conceded that they have shown recuperative powers of the highest order, for these changes for the better could not have taken place had there not been an extensive improvement in the general industrial condition of the people. Should this tendency continue there must in time be a great rise in the wealth, power and prestige of the Spanish nation.

Fishermen from the United States who have invaded the Irish fishing ground are reported as employing the same destructive methods in catching fish there that they carried on in Canadian waters till our fishery protection service was established. There can be no doubt that the herring and mackerel fisheries in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and along our Atlantic coast would have been ruined long ago but for the activity of our government vessels in looking after American poachers. And now that they have transferred their operations to the Irish coast, the British Government will have to follow the Canadian example or there will soon be no fisheries to protect. There is meanness and stupidity combined in the conduct of those American fishermen. They insist on keeping their markets fast closed against foreign-caught fish, while they not only plunder the fishing-grounds of other nations, but pursue methods in so doing which are calculated to destroy the source of supply altogether. Perhaps there is not a more dangerous or precarious calling in the world than that of the Irish fisheries. The people who follow it on the west coast of Ireland are extremely poor; in fact, their poverty has become proverbial. It is therefore not surprising that they should be irritated at the prospect of their already scant livelihood being taken from them by strangers from across the sea, who, not content with stealing the fish, exterminate them. It should also be noted that the American fishermen are the servants of a wealthy combination, which fits out fleets of vessels to sweep the waters for all they can get, and which has absolute sole control of the United States market.

A book recently published in England has attracted wide attention on both sides of the Channel on account of the contrast it pictures between British and French colonial methods, and the inside view it gives of the French army. In the latter case it illustrates with startling vividness certain points in the Dreyfus trial which appeared inexplicable to British military men and English readers generally. The book was not written, however, with reference to that affair. Like many works of the sort, it is the simple story of the life of a French soldier, and is entitled 'Trooper 3800, by Lionel Decle.' Taken in its deeper meaning, a meaning which the author himself seems to have unconsciously disclosed, it is an indictment of the abominable system of which the Dreyfus affair was the most notorious instance. The attitude adopted toward the 'chose jugée'—the blind determination not to admit a wrong or a mistake after a decision had been given, is shown by the author to be the curse of the army. The idea, it must be confessed, is not unknown in other armies, but when, as in the French army, the principle of military discipline is carried so far as to deny all hope of redress for wrongs inflicted by superior officers on their inferiors, and the very act of seeking redress is made an insubordinate aggravation of the alleged offence deserving the severest punishment, its tendency is to undermine the true bases of obedience, justice and confidence and destroy the effectiveness on which military organization depends. The other matter dealt with in this book is even of greater interest perhaps, namely, the comparison of French with British colonial management. Two years ago Mr. Decle, on leaving the army, was commissioned by a corporation of ultra-patriotic French journals to travel through the British possessions in Africa, and write up the defects of the British system of colonial administration. The journey was undertaken and the investigation laboriously and honestly carried out. But to the astonishment and chagrin of those who sent him out, the result of the investigator's inquiries proved the reverse of what he had been commissioned to discover, and, instead of accounts of tyranny and fraud and denunciations of misgovernment, Mr. Decle could only conscientiously write that the methods he observed and studied were models which his own and other countries having to deal with subject races might well strive to imitate. This report was not pleasing to his employers, and he was dismissed.

THE CHANCES OF PEACE.

Notwithstanding that the columns and even pages of despatches which reach us are almost confined to descriptions of the preparations for war which are being made by both Boer and British, and notwithstanding that negotiations seem to be suspended for the moment, there is still ground for hope that the Transvaal affair will not end in war. Negotiations are not concluded, and it would not surprise those who have closely followed their course hitherto to hear at any moment that they had been resumed with hopes of a satisfactory ending. The British Government does not want to go to war. It has not prepared, as everybody now remarks, even for the immediate effectual defence of its colonies, and it will not declare war for two or three weeks any way. The Transvaal Government is at least reluctant to break the peace and fire the first shot, though in all probability it could gain an immediate and considerable advantage in the field by doing so; but in values the moral advantage it will have as a small state which makes war only in defending itself against the attack of a great state. The immediate danger is, however, that with considerable forces facing one another along a frontier, the less disciplined will be tempted to commit some overt act, securing it an advantageous position across the border, or that idle forces almost within touch of one another may by foolish demonstrations provoke a local conflict which might very easily end in bringing on a general engagement, especially if either party should gain any decided advantage that it would not relinquish. The Transvaal forces, whose transport and supply arrangements are not highly organized, will suffer most from considerable delay in beginning the war. The Transvaal Government's resources, unlike those of the British Government, are not practically inexhaustible, and time is therefore in favor of the latter.

It may be hoped, therefore, that as the Transvaal forces have not been ordered to begin the war, the Transvaal Government has not finally decided to leave the British Government's latest communication unanswered. An answer on its part conceding the five-year franchise, the participation in the election of the president, and the increased representation of the Uitlanders, without requiring the renunciation by Great Britain of all claim to suzerainty, would assure peace. The Transvaal Government offered the franchise and other electoral concessions, with the unacceptable condition, and it is difficult to believe that it will go to war rather than omit the condition, or even alter it so as to substitute the observance of the provision of the convention of 1884 therefor, which would be acceptable to Great Britain. If President Kruger reverts to his offer of the twenty-third of September, omitting the conditions, before the British ultimatum reaches him, or even afterward, as a reply to the latter, it is almost certain that the British Government would accept the concessions. It is possible, of course, that President Kruger may be powerless to offer such terms owing to the strength of the war party, to which, in justice to him, it must be said he does not belong. Perhaps with the departure of the forces from the capital of the Transvaal the environment of the President and Transvaal Government may become more peaceful and conciliatory. Commander Joubert, who is in supreme command of the Transvaal forces in the field, and who is now at the front, may be relied upon to prevent any premature outbreak of hostilities so far as it is in his power to do so, for he also is in favor of peace.

PATIENCE IS NECESSARY.

The negotiations for a settlement of the French shore question between the British and French governments have, it is unofficially announced, failed, and there seems to be no hope left of an amicable agreement in the near future. The Fashoda affair still rankles in the mind of the French people, and the Dreyfus affair has increased the ill-feeling between the two nations, so that it is not to be wondered at that the French Government has found it inconvenient at present to consent to an arrangement which must deprive her of the almost valueless, but still highly valued, fishing rights upon the west coast of Newfoundland, over which she was not without hope of establishing some sort of territorial and even sovereign claim. To relinquish these shadowy claims to the vast coast regions of Newfoundland, and diminish France's once wide empire in the new world to the dimensions of the couple of small barren rocks of St. Pierre and Miquelon and the small convict colony of French Guiana, seems to the French in their present mood as too great a humiliation. Great Britain is loath to press the matter very strongly while France is still smarting from the Fashoda affair, and is irritated by the world's treatment of her on account of the Dreyfus case. Moreover, with the Transvaal affair at an acute stage on its hands, the British Government may be excused if it is inclined, even at the cost of sacrificing temporarily the just and well-founded interests of a colony which has already exercised great patience, to keep the peace with France. The Newfoundland Government is not unreasonable in demurring to the renewal of the modus vivendi in view of the justice of its case, and the length of time which it has borne almost intolerable wrongs, but under the circumstances it is probable that it will allow the French to peaceably carry on the lobster fisheries as usual, even if it does refuse to renew the modus vivendi.

THE TRUTH OF THE SCRIPTURES.

We believe in absolute freedom of investigation as to the origin and authority of the scripture canon. The right to think and judge on all matters of belief has always been a distinctive doctrine of Protestantism. It is true that Protestants have usually associated with the assertion of this liberty a declaration of the authority of holy scripture as the one rule of faith. Yet the same principle which gives a man a right to judge what scripture says gives him also the right to judge what is scripture and what is the nature of the divine revelation it contains. We need fear no colossal disaster from this process. The good churchmen thought that all truth would be overturned if Galileo were allowed to promulgate his theory that the earth goes round the sun. There was a like terror when Luther assailed the infallibility of the Church, also when geology proved that the world was more than six days older than Adam. There is no ground for fear, or even for shrinking, from honest investigation. The truth is impregnable. It grows the clearer the more it is examined, the stronger the more it is assailed. Yet once more, God says, I shake not only the earth, but also the heavens, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.

Concerning this liberty of investigation there are two things to be said. All men have the right, but all men have not the capacity, and the right is limited by capacity. On the other hand, the right involves not only a liberty but a duty, as far as the capacity goes. The duty is one which properly falls to theologians, but no one may be indifferent to the great question of divine revelation. We have, therefore, nothing to say against men who reverently apply the same sort of investigation to the scriptures of the canon which they do to any other ancient literature. They are free to ask if those who compiled the canon were infallible, and to answer that question according to their best light. It was only within the present century that there was a controversy in connection with the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society as to whether the apocrypha should be included in the canon or not, and the decision went against it, though the apocrypha is still recognized as scripture both by the Church of Rome and the Church of England. This is a simple illustration of the fact that there may be questions between the best of people as to what is scripture and what is not. There are those to-day who think that the books of Moses are only Mosaic in the sense of being a patchwork pieced together from older documents. Let the critics indulge in whatever hypotheses commend themselves to them as true, and with equal freedom winnow each other's theories. The long result will be more knowledge of the truth.

But while it may be necessary to reassure timid people that there is no danger to the truth from any amount of investigation, it is also necessary to say that we make no allowance at all for those preachers who bother their congregations by telling them how much they themselves do not believe. The man whose message is not altogether about something that he does believe has no message at all to deliver from the pulpit from which the flock of God are fed. There is no food for the hungering people in negations and denials; though these are greedily devoured and applauded and accepted by all who are seeking excuse for unbelief. Denials that withdraw the underpinning of traditional faith had no place in the teaching of our Lord, who came not to destroy, but to fill empty forms of belief full with mighty realities. Most teachers are largely right in those things which they can from their hearts affirm, and men are liable to be wrong in those things which they deny. The yea is truer than the nay. He who devotes himself to upsetting in the souls of pious people the beliefs which were dearest to his mother and to his mother church must either have some great wrong to undo or must have little sympathy or reverence in his make up. He who lightly denies is not likely to be one who has anxiously studied. It is a mark of littleness and flippancy, not of greatness. The most earnest students are the most reverent. It is a rough saying, but a true one, that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. A wise man when he sees reason to question an old belief says to himself, there must be some truth in a conception which has for centuries filled so many lives with blessing. He stands in awe before that fact, and probably finds that there is

more spiritual truth in it than he had thought. As for the question raised by our correspondent, Mr. Gibson, we are not anxious to steady the ark of the covenant lest the oxen upset it, but there are thousands upon thousands to whom God has spoken through the holy scriptures to whom the question as to whether they are His words to them or not, is not an open one. These, rather than the written words, are God's epistles to the world, known and read of all men, and through the testimony of those whom they have blessed, will the scriptures continue to bless all who in docile spirit seek in them for the word that cometh forth from the Lord.

JAPAN AND ALIEN LABOR.

Canadians were perhaps a little astonished over the diplomatic success of the Japanese Government in procuring the disallowance by the Dominion Government of the British Columbia legislation restricting the emigration into that province of the Japanese, which was in contravention of the existing treaty between Great Britain and Japan. The Japanese Government at Tokio, as well as its representatives in London and in America, not only showed that they understood their national rights under the treaty, but exactly how to proceed so as to guard them under the Imperial and Canadian forms of constitutional government. Probably British Columbia legislators supposed that the Japanese, like the Chinese, whom the same legislation included, either did not understand their rights or that their government would not care to protect its subjects. This proved to be a great mistake, and the Japanese Government, by energetic representations both at London and Ottawa, secured the prompt recognition and observance of its treaty rights.

The Japanese Government thoroughly understood and appreciated the whole question of alien labor, which has been for some years agitated and discussed by its own people and statesmen. The Japanese entertain the same objections exactly to the competition of Chinese labor in Japan which European laborers hold toward Japanese and Chinese alike without distinction, or which, for that matter, the English agricultural laborer once raised against the Irish laborer in England, and which Irish labor in America put forward against Italian labor, and which Canadians are to-day urging against Japanese. The Japanese does not, it appears, claim that there is a very great difference between the standard of living of the Chinese when compared with the Japanese, so far as cost goes. But he quite frankly and candidly declares that the Chinese are willing to work with more energy and during longer hours and unremittingly, so far as holidays and holy days are concerned, so that his competition tends to make labor more crushing and life darker and more toilsome than the pleasure-loving Japanese care to have it become.

In Japan, as in Canada, it is the industry of the Chinese which constitutes the real objection to him in the eyes of the laboring classes. The Japanese also hold that the Chinese are a source of danger on sanitary and moral grounds in Japanese communities. The Chinese are, from the point of view of the Japanese, who are almost as devoted to cleanliness of surroundings as the New Englanders, of extremely insanitary habits, utterly indifferent to dirt, given to the vile opium habit, and careless about all the refinements of life. Like the people of all other countries, the statesmen, philosophers, publicists and people generally of Japan were divided in opinion as to whether it was either right or wise to restrict or prevent Chinese emigration into Japan. The Japanese admit that politically, religiously and socially the Chinese were their teachers and leaders; that, indeed their civilization, until it took its recent departure and became European in aspect, method and aim, was wholly Chinese. One Japanese party thinks it would be ungrateful of Japan to discriminate against China now in favor of the European, and besides, if Japan is to succeed in the mission it has undertaken to win China to western civilization, it must refrain from being unneighborly. Moreover, Japan is short of labor and the Chinese are useful in her mines. The other party which opposes Chinese emigration takes the grounds above set forth. The government has apparently taken a middle course, and has thrown Japan open to Chinese merchants, and all Chinese subjects of the upper classes, and has closed her doors to the Chinese laborers of the lower classes. There is a modification of the restriction. The governor of any district—a coal mining region, for instance, where Chinese labor seems imperatively necessary, is at liberty to exercise his discretionary power by the admission of the Chinese. It is said, however, that it is doubtful whether the power will ever be exercised. Another modification, which perhaps contains a hint for British Columbia, is that domestic servants, cooks, waiters and the like, are not classed as laborers for the purpose of restriction, but are admitted with the merchants and upper classes.

THE KHALIFA AGAIN.

That Lord Kitchener may find it necessary to send out an expedition of Egyptian troops from Khartoum to dispose finally of the Khalifa is probable enough. So long as he is able to keep any considerable force together in eastern Kordofan, Abdullah will be a disturber of the peace not only throughout that province, but throughout southern Senaar, just across the Nile. This latter country is one of the most fertile of the Soudan, being called the granary of Khartoum, and it is probable that the Khalifa's supplies, which must needs be pretty great, are obtained by means of raids made upon its people. Until the Khalifa's forces are finally scattered the pacification and development of the western and southern Soudan, including the Bahr-el-Ghazel province, as well as Kordofan and Darfur, will be prevented. That the Khalifa is supplied with arms by Menelek, the emperor of Abyssinia, is extremely improbable. Lord Kitchener has garrisons both at Gedaref and Gallabat, the towns commanding the passes between the Soudan and Abyssinia, and it is doubtful whether military supplies in any quantity could be got past them. It is more likely that the Khalifa's military supplies should come from the west, where considerable quantities of the lavish stores provided for Major Marchand's expedition were at the disposal of people not unfriendly to the Khalifa or any foe of the British. There are caravan routes from Tunis and Tripoli along which large quantities of arms and ammunition find their way to the Arabs of the central Soudan, and if the Khalifa has money he could certainly purchase supplies brought in by these routes. That the Emperor of Abyssinia is likely to make trouble for himself by interfering with the British in the Soudan is not in accordance with the reports of the British agent at his capital. He would probably like to secure the provinces of Gallabat and Gedaref, now held by the Anglo-Egyptian forces, but he expects to have his claims allowed when the delimitation of the frontier is proceeded with, negotiations for which are now proceeding smoothly between Abyssinia, Italy and Great Britain. That the emperor wants any part of the valley of the Nile is extremely improbable, as he has good reason to know that his people, who are mountaineers, die off like flies when they descend to the low-lying malarial regions which stretch between the White Nile and the hilly country at the foot of the Abyssinian mountains.

MR. MACDONALD'S POLICY.

Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, the leader of the provincial Opposition of Manitoba, has entered upon what appears to us to be a campaign of reaction against the progress and development which the whole Dominion is enjoying and rejoicing over at present. He started on this campaign with the idea, in favor of which a good deal can be said, that the Galicians and other peoples of alien races who are being settled in Manitoba in considerable numbers should not be immediately endowed with the franchise and invited to take part in the decision and management of political affairs in regard to which they could have no knowledge to guide them. There is sound sense in requiring that newly arrived emigrants, utterly ignorant of even the form and methods of our mode of government, as well as of the affairs of the country, should be required to live in the country for some years, become acquainted with the conditions of life, should have some understanding of their own real needs and requirements, not to speak of those of the people of the province generally, before they are asked, by casting their votes, to give their opinions in regard to such matters. In putting forward his idea Mr. Macdonald made it evident that it was still with him a very crude one, which he had not distinctly defined in his own mind, for his formulation of it was so shadowy and inexact that it was generally supposed to be to exclude all from the franchise who could not speak English, which was, of course, absurd, as there is a considerable French population in Manitoba unacquainted with English for the most part, which has ever since Manitoba become a province taken a large and active and intelligent part in public affairs.

Mr. Macdonald has explained that his idea was not to exclude even the Swedes, Danes or other Scandinavian peoples of Manitoba, who are people of the same stock race as British peoples, and who, though unacquainted with English, have secured and exercised the franchise for years with good results, but only the Doukhobors, Galicians and other Slavs—he does not say whether he included the Mennonites—who, he declares, know nothing about self-government or governmental methods. His idea is to prevent these peoples from obtaining the franchise until they can read the Manitoba Act in English. We think that, while Mr. Macdonald's idea of delaying the extension of the franchise to these peoples until they are better acquainted with the country, the people and the institutions is right, he has, even in the modified form he now presents it, carried it too far in requiring the complete knowledge and understanding of English, which would be required by one reading the Manitoba Act. It is doubtful whether anything more than a general understanding of public affairs, with an evident interest in the country as his future home, should be asked at least of the most intelligent and moral of these people. If knowledge of the English or French language is required, it should be at most, so far at least as the adult peoples are concerned, merely an elementary knowledge sufficient to enable them to communicate simple ideas in these languages. It must be remembered that the Doukhobors are a highly moral people, of religious culture, law-abiding, and accustomed to the self-government of village communes, in which are the germs of constitutional national government, which develop naturally and rapidly under such favorable conditions as those which prevail in the Dominion. And the Galicians are natives of Austria-Hungary, where a federal form of government not dissimilar to our own is established. Mr. Macdonald speaks of them as having been serfs in their own country. We do not know upon what authority; but doubtless their political and social conditions were unfavorable. However that may be, it seems to us the part of wisdom in converting these people into citizens of the Dominion that they should be placed under as few special disadvantages and handicaps as may be, for these quickly turn into grievances, which may bias their minds against the rest of the community. The franchise should not be made too difficult of attainment. In order to develop self-governing capabilities people must be entrusted with the actual powers of self-government. It is doubtful, however, whether any special fancy franchise should be made applicable only to these two peoples; that would be against the principle of toleration of all peoples which is at the basis of British constitutional government.

But Mr. Macdonald has developed and expanded his policy of restriction in a direction in which, we think, he will find the great majority of the people of the Dominion opposed to him, for it is a policy which is opposed to the immediate development and progress of the Dominion, and therefore to the interests of the people at large. He has declared he will, if returned to power, have a measure passed to prevent altogether the emigration to Manitoba of alien races. He would reserve the lands of the province for settlement by peoples of the British and, we suppose, French races. The British peoples are not emigrating freely, and the French do not emigrate at all, so that Manitoba, which declares that its great and immediately urgent requirements are population and capital, is not likely to fill up very rapidly under Mr. Macdonald's policy. And if her agricultural population does not grow rapidly her industries and commerce will not expand. The increase of the trade and commerce of the rest of the Dominion with Manitoba, which is so gratifying, would also be severely checked by this narrow policy of restriction. It is somewhat arrogant, too, for the five millions of people who are sparsely scattered over half a continent—a Dominion of nearly four million square miles in extent—to presume to forbid other people to enter it. We are not two people to the square mile of our territory. Such a dog-in-the-manger policy as that proposed by Mr. Macdonald would never be sanctioned by a sensible, not to say generous, people.

A CANADIAN CONTINGENT.

In the best informed militia circles there is not much enthusiasm displayed over the details of the scheme suggested for the organization of a Canadian contingent for service in the Transvaal. Loyalty and imperialism are strong articles of faith in the Canadian militia, and there is not a member of the force but would gladly place his services at the disposal of the empire if they were needed. But those of experience and judgment fear that with the time consumed in the organization and equipment of a mixed force, not to speak of the unfortunate experiences with such troops in former Transvaal campaigns and wherever else used, such a force as that suggested would be absolutely useless. But if Canada is to send a detachment there is no need to waste valuable time in organizing such a corps of 'elegant extracts'—the great Duke's term for such bodies—as that suggested. Such a force as that suggested would be absolutely useless. Field artillery and cavalry will be badly needed in the coming campaign, if there is to be one, and Canada could in a few days despatch to South Africa as efficient a field battery of artillery and as fine a regiment of cavalry as exists in Her Majesty's army to-day. Were A Battery, R.C.A., and a complete regiment of mounted infantry selected from the North-West Mounted Police placed at the disposal of the Imperial Government and sent out to South Africa at once, Canada would make a really useful contribution to the force in the field, besides affording the desired object lesson as to the unity of the empire. The objection might of course be urged that the North-West Mounted Police are required in the North-West, but their places could be taken by militia corps from the eastern provinces.

MILITIA MARKSMANSHIP.

According to the best information obtainable Major-General Hutton's opinion coincides with that of our correspondent 'Imperialist,' whose letter appeared in Thursday's 'Witness,' as to the advisability of embodying in any Canadian contingent offered to the Imperial Government for service in the Transvaal as many as possible of the crack marksmen who come regularly to the front in the big Dominion and provincial rifle matches. But, after all, we regret to say, were all of the provinces drawn upon for their crack shots—men who can depend upon taking prizes at the Dominion matches—the number of available crack shots would be very small. Some very good shooting is done in Canada every year, and the twenty picked men we send to Bisley have always well upheld the credit of the Dominion, but it is a mistake to suppose that if all the men of Bisley team calibre in the militia were drafted into a Transvaal contingent they would cut much of a figure numerically in a force of even thirteen hundred men. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent on the encouragement of rifle shooting by the Dominion Government and the result, according to the attendance at the D. R. A. meeting, is some five hundred fair to very expert marksmen.

This showing is in itself discouraging, but when it is recalled that quite four-fifths of this number are commissioned officers and staff-sergeants, men who in military operations would never have rifles in their hands and would not be expected to use them if they had, the result of all the efforts to improve the rifle shooting of the militia is not very encouraging. Unless the majors, captains, lieutenants, surgeons, quartermasters, staff-sergeants and bandsmen whose names figure so conspicuously in the prize lists of the big rifle meetings can by some mysterious process be drafted to the ranks the number of crack shots available for service as marksmen with the proposed Transvaal contingent will amount to considerably less than one half company. The fact that this is the net result of many years of labor and great expense to create a body of really expert marksmen in the Canadian militia should be enough to discredit the present system of musketry. Military authorities agree that on active service a company of fair average marksmen is a much more useful and effective fighting machine than one composed even half of crack shots and half of wholly unskilled men. It should consequently be the object of those responsible for the expenditure of the money voted for the training of the militia to devise a system of musketry training calculated to improve the shooting of the whole rank and file of the force rather than to encourage the existence of a very small body of professional experts, which is perfectly useless for military purposes. The great trouble is that while every encouragement is given to the really crack shots, none, or very little, is extended to young shots, striving, in spite of ammunition charges and other expenses, to attain the higher grades from the nursery class. This excitement about a Canadian Transvaal contingent will have accomplished some good if it brings home to the proper authorities a thorough appreciation of the necessity of devising a more profitable system of musketry training for the militia.

KING BOER.

Rudyard Kipling, as he usually does, goes straight to the heart of the matter in his indictment of the Transvaal Government. Popular liberty—the right of people to live under laws they themselves have made—is what kings of old denied to their subjects, until their subjects, at great cost and by slow degrees, wrested this right and established it. The Transvaal Government is playing the part of the 'old kings' toward the Uitlanders. While treating them as subjects, it denies them the privilege of being or becoming citizens; while taxing them, it denies them the right to consent to taxation and to say how the revenues are spent; while subjecting them and their property to stern laws, it denies them any voice in law-making. No king could act more despotically toward the most despised of subjects than the Transvaal Government has acted toward the Uitlanders. And instead of being distinctly the superior of its subjects in intelligence, in knowledge, in mode of life, in all that is implied in civlization, as the 'old kings' had some claim to being, the Transvaal Government is obviously and admittedly the inferior in all these respects to the peoples whom it despotically governs and oppresses. Rudyard Kipling's indictment of the Boer Government will, we think, be held by the world a just one:

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond the borders, shall his teaching run;
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled,
Laying on a new land evil of the old.

It is inevitable that such a government, which is neither of the people, by the people, nor for the people, should perish from the face of the earth. The only question is as to whether it is necessary it should immediately go down in blood, or whether the reforms can be secured which will bring it constitutionally and peacefully to an end. We still hope and believe that the despotism and oppression of the 'old king' masquerading as a 'republic' will be brought to an end without resort to war.

THE SITUATION IN MADAGASCAR.

While the small headway made by the Americans in their enterprise of domination in the Philippine archipelago has invited a good deal of adverse criticism regarding the methods employed and the results attained, but little attention has been paid to the corresponding difficulties in which the French find themselves involved in Madagascar, yet matters are only going from bad to worse in that magnificent island, according to the Parisian 'Tribune des Colonies,' which may not unreasonably be expected to speak with authority and without anti-Gallic bias on the subject. It appears that the topographical department of the military staff at Antananarivo has just issued a new map showing the political situation in the colony. The same department published a map of the island at the end of 1897, which bore the somewhat premature and grandiose title of 'The Pacification of Madagascar, 1897,' and a comparison of the two maps indicates very decided retrogression. The areas in which the Malagasy are holding their own against the invading forces have increased, and have spread over entire provinces, previously regarded as at least partially subjugated. No reference is here made to the south-west portion of the island, which, it is understood, remains independent, nor to the west, where the Sakalava country remains practically unpenetrated. But in the north, in all the territory which was marked in the former map as pacified since July, 1897, it seems the French are falling back and relinquishing their hold. The new map clearly marks all the northern provinces as being in a state of insurrection against the invaders, and the latest intelligence from the island shows that the spirit of resistance has extended to the south-east.

The conditions are such that the alleged conquest of the island in 1894 is shown to be an unreality, but which has resulted in imposing a heavy annual financial drain upon the French treasury. At least seven thousand soldiers were killed off by fever during the invasion, thanks to the incompetence of the directing general staff; the previously existing foreign trade on the Madagascar coast, chiefly in the hands of British and other merchants of non-French nationality, has been paralyzed, if not utterly destroyed; no French colonists can be induced to settle in the island to take the place of the British traders driven away, and now the actual French possessions are apparently decreasing in number and area, and to be limited to a few of the principal inland towns and seaports. Under the energetic government of General Galleni there was for a time promise of pacification and development of the island, but, from whatever cause it has risen, progress not only speedily fell off, but has been converted into a backward movement. Unfortunately, the semi-civilization to which the Hova population at least had attained has been practically obliterated, and the many good qualities with which many of the natives have been credited by European residents in the island have been replaced by those naturally arising from a chronic state of guerilla warfare and a relapse into barbarism. Thus, except within very limited districts, we are informed that travelling any considerable distance without the protection of an armed escort is unsafe; murder and theft are common occurrences, and safety is only assured within the range of French guns. In view of the energy with which the French early last year set themselves to making roads and constructing railways, these results are very discouraging.

Yet only five years ago Dr. W. L. Abbott, who had travelled through not only Imerina, but part of the more remote regions, could confidently say: 'It is a ridiculously safe place, this Madagascar.' Foreign merchants, such as the Procters, Aitkens, Geldarts and others were accustomed to send native porters to the coast with parcels of gold dust of a hundred to a thousand ounces in weight. These porters travelled alone, and well knew the value of what they were entrusted with, but losses were practically unknown, and traders who had a score of years' experience in sending and receiving thousands of pounds' worth of goods and money through the country, have declared that their losses by water, fire and theft on the way had not in all that time totalled up five hundred dollars. It is not surprising that Mr. Bennett Burleigh, the well known war correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph,' should write that 'never was surety of life and 'property greater in any land than in 'Madagascar, or rather all that portion 'of it to which Hova rule extended.' Not long ago it was estimated that there were in the island 450,000 native Protestants and 50,000 Catholics, but it is alleged that the whole weight of French influence has been thrown on the side of Catholic missions, and that 'the natives 'are terrorized into professing Catholi-'cism, and then the church property is 'taken from Protestant and British 'hands and placed under French and 'Catholic control.' Have we here one of the keys to the secret of the failure of French domination and the relapse of the Malagasy into barbarism?

DOMINION W. C. T. U.

The eleventh biennial convention of the Dominion Union will be held at Halifax, Nov. 10 to 14 inclusive. The meetings will be held in the Legislative Building. The programme promises meetings of more than ordinary interest. Consecration meetings will be held each morning at nine o'clock under the leadership of Mrs. Asa Gordon, Ottawa. Mrs. Gordon will also give an address at an evangelistic service to be held on the Sunday afternoon. There will be an evening set apart for the 'Y's' and their work. The provincial presidents will also have an evening to tell of the aims and results of the efforts put forth in the different provinces. A special feature of the programme is the children's demonstration, which will particularly show forth the benefits of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools. The members of the Union at Halifax have been indefatigable in their efforts for the entertainment of the delegates and it is expected that the convention will be a most successful one in every way. A special car will be reserved for the delegates from Montreal to Halifax.

The general officers of the Dominion Union are Mrs. Rutherford, Toronto, president; Mrs. Atkinson, Moncton, corresponding secretary; Mrs. McLachlan, Montreal, recording secretary, and Mrs. Tilton, Ottawa, treasurer.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

'HIGHER CRITICISM.'

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—We hear a good deal about the subject of 'Higher Criticism' in its relation to the scriptures at the present time, and, while it is a subject which may not concern or even interest, the majority of scripture readers, there is a phase of the question which may render it worthy of more consideration than it generally receives from serious people. Observation goes to show that the most ardent exponents of the theories advanced by the followers of this cult, are as a rule the younger thinkers—too young to entitle the radical opinions, which they from time to time enunciate, to much respect.

There is a class of people, and by no means a small class, who are always ready to take up with any new idea, if it be at all plausible, simply because it is new, under the impression that because this is an age of advancement and progress along all lines any new idea is better than an old one, and new theories are indiscriminately accepted without much thought as to their soundness or their harmony with established doctrine. Take, for instance, the statement of the Rev. Mr. Garth, of Ste. Agathe Church, only a few weeks ago, to the effect that the books of Moses were simply works of Hebrew literature, that the works of Shakespeare were inspired in the same sense. Did he ever give a thought as to where such a belief would logically land him? Jesus Christ, in his parable of Lazarus and Dives, puts into the mouth of Abraham the words, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them. If they hear not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' Jesus had no suspicion about the validity and inspiration of the works of Moses, and the words quoted, to my mind, give them unqualified endorsation. If Jesus was mistaken in this or any other respect, his claim to be the Son of God, and Divine, could no longer be entertained, and spotless though his whole life was he would have to be ranked as a mistaken enthusiast or an impostor, and the whole plan of salvation through his death and resurrection falls to pieces.

Does Mr. Garth really believe that Christ was mistaken in his acceptance of the law and the prophets; if so, why is he preaching his gospel to-day? The whole thing is preposterous, and such opinions are incompatible with a full knowledge of the scriptures, of which a deep and earnest study would correct such fantastic notions. The key of our faith is the divinity of Christ, and Christ as the God-Man could be in no degree in the slightest error as to his conception of the inspiration of the works of Moses and the prophets. However, higher criticism is not a new thing today.

Our Saviour in his day had to warn his people against such in the guise of false prophets and teachers, coming like wolves in sheep's clothing, and almost the only glimpses we get of the stern side of Jesus' character, are in his attitude to those who misadministered the law and misinterpreted the prophets. Love of the sensational and an anxiety to attract public notice is probably at the bottom of a great deal of this regrettable talk, and we are forced to believe that the exponents of higher criticism are paying more attention to their hobby than they are giving study to the scriptures which they undertake to carve and interpret anew to their disparagement. The scriptures, if studied honestly and conscientiously, will stand any amount of study and will endure without detriment the most searching light of scrutiny, but the doubting or critical student would do well in his study of them to keep constantly before him the injunction of Paul, to his beloved Timothy,

'O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science, falsely so-called, which some professing have erred concerning the faith.

G. F. GIBSON.

Pointe aux Trembles.

THE BOER QUESTION.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—It appears to me that the Boer war, which seems impending, is a grave mistake. Whether it ends in victory or defeat, my contention is the same—what I object to is the effusion of blood of British soldiers. The whole question is purely a question of mammonism, and it is not worth the lives of 500, nay, of 100 men. I strongly approved of the American war with Spain, which involved great moral principles, and which I considered one of the most defensible wars in history, and I believe it will be one of the most beneficent in its effects. But, here the case is different. The only serious objection to the Boers is that they are somewhat harsh in their dealings with the blacks, but that is certainly not the ground of English interference. They are a Protestant people, our own kin, and partly also descended from Huguenot refugees, witnesses and martyrs for truth and liberty. Let me here remark that the foreign investments and foreign financial interests of England are too extensive—this is the real reason why England is becoming a land of thistles, and a land of barren fields. The interest on these investments is of the nature of an annual free gift of produce, mostly agricultural, and it kills the efforts of the British agriculturist, producing an unnatural, uncanny, and even dangerous, state of the agricultural question, and causing the British consumer to be dependent far more than otherwise would be the case, on foreign supplies. If England were wise she would rather fight against than fight for those investments. But this is not the ground on which I base my antagonism to a Boer war. It is, as I said before, on the ground of the sacredness of human life, and the triviality of the questions at issue. The question of suzerainty is a mere question of words, for the suzerainty has never amounted to anything. For my part, I think that the Jameson raid was a blackguard affair. I consider Cecil Rhodes a most shallow and objectionable factor in the affairs of South Africa. If the Boer government is bad in the gold region, so is the British in the diamond region. Men, for picking up a dropped diamond from the dust of the streets of Kimberley have received life sentences for theft, though their action may have been prompted by ignorance or curiosity. This is quite as bad as the Kaffir in Johannesburg being made to walk in the middle of the street, and whipped if he walks on the side-path. The Boers are a dangerous foe, and are the more so, because they seem to have a fair share, if not the balance, of the right on their side. If they should again defeat England, what a humiliation! And England has less moral ground to stand upon than in the former war.

S. J. MACKNIGHT.

Toronto, Sept. 19, 1899.

[For the 'Witness.'

WHOM HAVING NOT SEEN I LOVE.

I sit in the silver moon-light, and think
of the day that is done,
Gone out of my life forever, with its
battles fought and won,—
Not won through my feeble weakness,
but through strength which came
from above.
Through strength which came from
Jesus,
Whom having not seen I love.

I think of the time I grew weary during
the heat of the day,
And my heart felt so saddened and
dreary as I travelled along the way.
Then I heard Him whisper softly—there
is rest in that home above.
And I turned and leaned on Jesus,
Whom having not seen I love.

I leaned on that dear sweet Saviour and
He lifted my weight of care,
And my life grew peaceful and happy,
and sunshine seemed everywhere.
Then even my troubles and sorrow grew
bright in that light from above,
In that wonderful presence of Jesus,
Whom having not seen I love.

I know not how many evenings, I may
sit in the moonlight fair;
I know not how many days may pass till
I cross to my home over there;
But I know that my life may be peaceful if I draw my strength from
above
If I live in the presence of Jesus,—
Whom having not seen I love.

HATTIE H. STRANG.

Montreal Annex, Aug. 20, 1899.

FASHIONS IN COATS AND CLOAKS.

GENUINE NOVELTIES.

There is more genuine novelty in the wraps of cloth and fur designed for the autumn clothes market than in either the gowns or hats that are already casting their shadows before them. None of the fashionable newcomers at the furriers or cloakmakers are braided. The whole creed of decoration is cloth-stitched on cloth and fur on cloth. Not



NOVEL FUR TRIMMING.

one of the new coats or capes makes the slightest pretence of fitting the figure. What the English call box and what the French call volante shape wraps are being pushed for popularity most vigorously by the manufacturers, and the chances are just even whether this style, so frequently and emphatically rejected and despised by women, will now be accepted.

Clumsily large capes of the same type as were worn last winter are eligible for use in the coming season and the handsomest are made of thick, sleek-surfaced, dark cloth, with broad borders of gray and brown fur and finished by tall Kaiser collars. Another mode shows a cape with long Kersey skirts to the hem of the dress, and then over this to the hip falls another cape of fur, and it is perfectly patent that the long-haired pelts are to be first in the hearts of our countrywomen this year.

Silver fox is the most costly and sump-



A NEW WINTER COAT.

tuous skin, far, far more fashionable than seal or sable; and now, by some secret means, the furriers are bringing out long-haired black furs motled in tiny white specks. This is called Labrador fox and the fur boas are minus heads and tails, and are shaped exactly like those of feathers and silk muslin ruches that we have worn all summer. That is, from great girth at the back of the head a cub bear or Canadian sable boa tapers to slender points at the waist line, and few run longer than this, and all are meant to be held together with ornamental pins at throat and belt.

Every handsome fur-trimmed cape is fastened at the collar in front by an ornamental clasp, and the jewellers select brilliant agates, full of red and white fire, polish them highly, and sink them in broad rims of gold or silver. The whole pin is about the size of a dessert-spoon's bowl, is called a tiger's-eye, and catches the cape together under the chin.

NEW CUTS FOR LONG CLOAKS.

Long cloth coats that might easily be called ulsters and made of broadcloth, vicuna, or Venetian cloth, are out on the Chesterfield or Raglan pattern, as those for men are modelled; their pockets are ample and the one feminine suggestion is the tall, up-rolled collar, often lined with mole's fur, that gives the tenderest, most grateful touch to the face possible, and the smoked pearl-gray collar, which forms a soft, becoming background for the face. The majority of these long coats are made to fasten with the buttons out of sight, or one or two very choice cut steel disks hold the fronts together and twinkle in the soft, deep hair.

There is a pretty fashion coming in of using bullet-shaped buttons of brass as trimmings on sleeves and yokes and the fronts of cloth suits. These are copies of the buttons that small boys in livery wear, and they are not the first brass ornaments that have crept into women's wardrobes. Some of the handsomest of the new umbrellas have initials in brass sunk in the wood of their handles, monograms on leather purses are made of tall, skeleton brass letters, and brass-bound travelling bags. Shopping bags and brass-headed hatpins are among the most attractive novelties. Brass is evidently the successor to much of the popularity accorded to gun metal, and by treating it to a high polish and overlaying it with a peculiar lacquer it neither loses its lustre nor conveys any ugly odor to the hands.—Cleveland 'Leader.'

THE LIVING CRYSTAL

INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

(London 'Daily Chronicle,' Aug. 7.)

The Neapolitan papers which have lately come to hand contain the first authorized newspaper announcements of what will very possibly be regarded as one of the most important scientific discoveries of this century. For many years past Dr. Otto Von Schron, Professor of Pathological Anatomy since 1864, in the University of Naples, has been at work in a field of investigation entirely his own. The progress of his labors was fully announced at the International Medical Congresses of Berlin, Rome, and St. Petersburg, but, so far as the writer knows, have never been made public beyond the circle of the professional, technical, and scientific journals. An exception to this was an interview held with the late Sir Spencer Wells, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, by the Rome correspondent of the 'Times,' the interview appearing in that paper about March 24, 1896. In this Sir Spencer ranked Dr. Von Schron with Koch and Pasteur as a bacteriologist, and declared his work, then in progress, to be of the very highest importance to mankind.

Dr. Von Schron has discovered something whose name alone suggests its great importance to chemistry, pathology, and philosophy, It is the Living Crystal. He has discovered that living matter, largely albuminous in character, takes the crystalline form, and, while still living and crystalline, obeys so many of the laws and manifests so many of the properties of inorganic crystallisation, as to leave no doubt whatever of its crystalline character. Prior to this discovery, crystallization, as we know it in the diamond, the rock crystal, rock sugar, and similar familiar forms, was one of the profoundest concrete mysteries of science. That inanimate and unconscious particles of matter should, of their own accord, arrange themselves in perfectly symmetrical forms, and always assume the same form under the same conditions, has been a phenomenon so extraordinary that many theories have been conceived to account for it, while none of them have been entirely satisfactory. It is as if one threw a handful of pebbles out of the window, and saw them form themselves, on the ground, into a hollow square, and always form precisely the same hollow square when the experiment was repeated. Amidst all the theories, no one seems to have hitherto found what is probably the true one—viz., that crystallization in its terrestrial origin was a manifestation of the force called life force.

It was the good fortune of the writer, while in Naples, last year, to make an extended examination and investigation of Dr. Von Schron's discovery and its demonstration. His thirty years of labor with the microscope are represented by over 40,000 microscopic slides, which have been prepared and studied either by him, or under his direction. His demonstration of the multitude of new facts which he has discovered concerning various bacilli and cocci—the two micro-organisms generally grouped under the name of microbes—embraces nearly 4,000 photographs, enlarged views taken through a microscope with a Zeiss micro-photographic camera. These, according to the Neapolitan papers, have now, in a series of lectures, been laid before an audience of professors embracing many of the most distinguished scientific men in Italy, so that the discovery will now be presented, in all its bearings, to the scientific world.

Its first importance is to the physician. The need of it is evinced by the fact that the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis has been working without any of Von Schron's facts, so far as has appeared, before them. In investigating the propagation and development of bacilli he has found that four distinct products, hitherto unknown, are evolved. These are, first, a colorless liquid which forms an envelope about the spore-forming bacillus; second, gas; third, irregular masses of albumen; which he believes to be the true toxine; and, fourth, crystals. As all these products, which are evolved in rapidly increasing quantity, may, and doubtless do, have a potential influence upon the condition of the patient, the necessity of the fullest knowledge of them in the treatment of diseases needs no emphasis. The second, and perhaps even greater, importance of the discovery, lies in the living crystal, this bridge between the worlds hitherto called living—the animal and the vegetable—and that hitherto called dead—the mineral. If the discovery stands the test of criticism, and there seems to be no doubt whatever that it will, it may ultimately result in a recasting, to a greater or less extent, of all existing views of life, of force, and of the origin of terrestrial matter.

The first living crystal was seen by the doctor as long ago as 1886, It was so incredible a sight that he could not at first believe it. They were the crystals of the bacilli of Asiatic cholera, long needle-shaped prisms. All the bacilli thus far examined, produce distinct crystals of different forms. The bacillus subtilis, for instance, forms bayonet rhombs; the bacillus teniaeformis, hexagonal prisms. The crystals of tuberculosis are square rhombs; of anthrax, elongated rhombs; any given bacillus being immediately identified by its crystal, which never varies in the shape assumed in its original formation.

These objects, as anyone may see, are perfect crystals in form. Yet, as anyone may also see, they are alive, and their life, their motion, their reproduction are as visible and undoubted as their death, when it ensues, is undoubted. Their death occurs when all the living matter which originally formed part of the crystal has eliminated itself. Upon death they become the crystals that we know, ordinary mineral crystals, The duration of life is indefinite, All the changes in the condition from 'granular' to 'molecular,' and 'atomic,' may take place in a term of hours, according to conditions of temperature and development, or the life of the crystal may be maintained by other conditions through any extent of time. The doctor has many living crystals, notably of tuberculosis, which have been under observation for years.

It is obvious that a discovery so numberless in its details, and so wide in its bearings, can only be stated in the merest outline in this brief space. That it is destined to receive the very widest and most extensive publicity may be taken as assured. Outside of his bacteriological labors the discoverer is a very eminent man, was Wagner's physician, and holds sixteen decorations for scientific research from the sovereigns of Europe, including the two Emperors William, the Czar, Kings Humbert, and Victor Emmanuel, and others, The crown of his life, however, will be his popular fame in all countries through the living crystal, a result whose importance cannot yet be measured in the least.

H. J. W. D.

CHESS

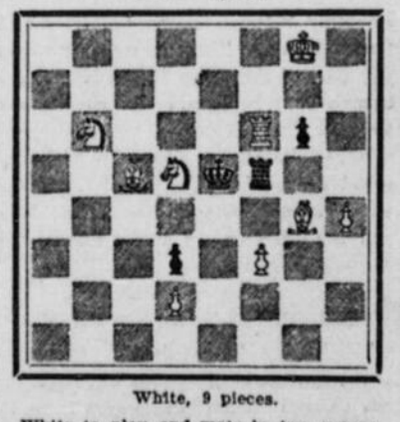
[Communications should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 'Witness,' Montreal.

Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1899.

PROBLEM NO. 31.

By M. F. A. Kuskop, first prize winner, 'Otago Witness.'

Black, 4 pieces.



White, 9 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solvers must post replies not later than Oct. 14.

Solutions received this week as follows:

	26	27.	Qrt.	Con.
Chas. Freeman, Hamilton	2	—	20a	31
Geo. Patterson, Winnipeg*	2	P-C 6	30	30
L. J. Peters, Glace Bay	2	K-Q 6	30	30
'Report,' Rhode Island*	2	P-C 6	30	30
'Queen's Bishop' Pawtucket	2	P-C 6	30a	30
F. W. Sheppard, Berlin	—	—	28	28
J.J., Jacksonville*	2	—	27	27
E. Macnab, Smith's Falls*	—	—	24	24
J.W.H., Portsmouth*	—	—	25	18
F. Warwick, St. Paul*	—	—	18a	18
F. Macnab, Perth	—	—	16	16
'View,' Ottawa	—	—	6	13
J. P. Buchan, Dryton*	—	—	23	12
'Tyro,' Brandon	—	—	9	11
H. S. Walter, Hartney	—	—	5	6
Dr. W.W. Gelkie, Elmira	—	—	4	4
R.C.M., Vernon River*	—	—	23	3

*Previous winners. a. Additional solution to No. 25.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 26, by R. G. Thomson, in two moves, is solved by 1 R—B 2. The problem is exceptionally subtle and clever, but there is no attempt at purity.

Problem No. 27, by F. A. Kushop, in three moves: Key, 1 K—Kt 8. Variations:

Black.	White.
1 B—K 7 or P—Kt 7	2 B x P, etc.
1 B—R 4	2 B—K 6, etc.
1 B—K 5	2 Q—K 6 mate
1 B—Kt 5	2 Q—Q 6 ch, etc.
1 B elsewhere.	2 B—K 3, etc.

Difficult, but not polished. Good features are several near tries, the absence of checks in most of White's second moves and of captures in all of them, and the sacrifice of the B in one variation, which leads to a mirror mate. 1 P—Kt 6, a key sent by several solvers, is defeated by 1 B—Kt 7 or B—K B 6. We had come to the conclusion that our solvers were an unusually bright group, but there has not been one to fathom No. 27. One or two may arrive, however, too late for acknowledgment.

GAMES.

Game 13—Queen's Pawn Opening.

From the semi-final round of the Pillsbury National Correspondence Chess Association's championship tourney.

	H. Helms. White.	M. Lisner. Black.
1	P—Q 4	P—Q 4
2	P—K 3	P—K 3
3	B—Q 3	Kt—K B 3
4	Kt—Q 2	B—K 2
5	P—K f 4	P—Q Kt 3
6	Q—B 2	P—B 4
7	P—B 3	P x P
8	K P x P	Castles
9	Kt—K 2	B—R 3
10	B—B 2	B x Kt
11	Q x B	Kt—B 3
12	Kt—B 3	Q—B 2
13	Kt—K 5	P—Kt 3
14	Castles	Kt—K R 4
15	Kt x Kt	Q x Kt
16	P—B 5!	K R—K sq
17	P—K Kt 4	Kt—B 3
18	P x Kt P	B P x P
19	B—R 4!	Q x B
20	Q x P ch	K—R sq
21	B—K 5	Q R—Q sq
22	Q R—K sq	Kt x P
23	B x B	Q—Q 2
24	Q—B 7	Resigns.

Game 24—Scotch Gambit.

A very lively game won by S. G. Ruth, the leader in the Boklyn Chess Club's continuous tournament. Notes by Mr. Ruth in the 'Eagle':—

	Ruth. White.	Sixby. Black.
1	P—K 4	P—K 4
2	Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3
3	P—Q 4	? x P
4	B—Q B 4	Kt—B 3
5	Kt—Kt 5	Kt—K 4
6	B—Kt 3	P—K R 3
7	P—K B 4	P x Kt
8	P x Kt	Kt x P
9	Q x P	Kt—B 4
10	B x P ch	K x B
11	Castles ch	K—Kt sq
12	Kt—B 3	Q—[illegible] sq
13	Kt—Q 5	Kt—[illegible] 3
14	Q—R 4	Q—R 4
15	P—K R 3	B—B 4 ch
16	B—K 3	Q—K sq
17	Q x B	P—B [illegible]
18	Q—R 3	

To prevent P—B 2 and gain a book move.

		P—B 4
19	R—B 5	P—Q K 3
20	Q R—K B sq	B—Kt 2
21	Kt—K 3	K—R 2
22	R—B 7	B—K 5
23	Q—Kt 3	

Seeing the chance for a possible snap mate by drawing the Kt and allowing it to win the Q R.

		Kt—Q 5
24	Q—R 4	

To facilitate Blacks win of the Rook, and to invite B—B 3, when obliged to move that piece.

		Kt—K 7 ch.
25	K—R sq	Kt—Kt 6 ch
26	K—Kt sq	B—B 3

Walking right into the trap.

27	Q—K Kt 4	Kt x R

Fatal; Black still had a won game by Q x P.

28	Q—R 5 ch	K—Kt sq
29	R x P ch	K x R
30	Kt—B 5 ch	K—Kt sq
31	Q x P ch	Q—Kt 3
32	Q x Q ch	K—B sq
33	Q—Kt 7 ch	K—K sq
34	Q—K 7 mate	

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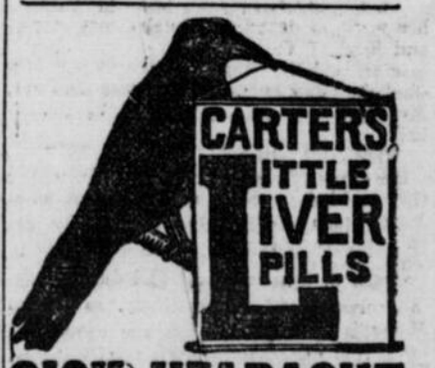
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1	5 in.	2½ in.	1 3-16 in.
1	10 in.	4½ in.	1⅞ in.
1	12 in.	6 in.	1⅞ in.
1	12 in.	12 in.	2 in.
1	13 in.	6 in.	1⅞ in.
1	13½ in.	6½ in.	1⅞ in.
1	14 in.	3 in.	1½ in.
1	16 in.	8 in.	1⅞ in.
1	16 in.	7½ in.	2 in.
1	16 in.	8 in.	1⅞ in.
1	17 in.	8 in.	1⅞ in.
1	18 in.	8 in.	2 in.

IRON SPLIT PULLEYS.

1	24 in.	4½ in.	2⅝ in.

IRON CONE PULLEYS.

1	4-speed 14 in. to 6½ in.	3 in. face 2⅛ in. bore
2	3 " 6 in. to 4 in.	1½ in. face. B-1⅝ in. bore

DODGE WOOD PULLEYS.

	Diameter.	Face.
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1	30 in.	6 in. face.

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A. T. STEWART'S BODY.

Grave Robbery Recalled by the Death of Judge Hilton.

THEFT OF THE REMAINS.

(New York 'Mail and Express.')

With the death of ex-Judge Henry Hilton there is probably locked up forever the secret of the mysterious theft of the body of Alexander T. Stewart and the unsuccessful efforts to recover it so that it might rest in the magnificent mausoleum at Garden City, L. I. During the active career of the merchant prince he conceived the idea of having a crypt constructed in the splendid cathedral he was so instrumental in erecting in that quiet Long Island village, where his earthly remains might repose, but fate decreed it otherwise, and to-day probably not a vestige of his body remains.

In November of 1878 New York was startled, says the 'Mail and Express,' by the news that ghouls had broken into the Stewart vault in St. Mark's churchyard in New York and that the body of Mr. Stewart had been carried away. Mr. Hilton promptly conferred with the then inspector of police, William Murray, and Superintendent Walling, and search for the grave robbers began in earnest.

The early investigation showed that the belfry of the church had been entered and a diagram of the vaults stolen. Suspicion fell upon a church employee. He proved his innocence however, and was not arrested. It was seen that the man who despoiled the grave had secured the bearings from the diagram and knew precisely where to make an entry. They had no difficulty in removing the body of the millionnaire merchant from his casket in the early hours of a rainy morning. It was placed in a canvas bag and carried or dragged to the porch of a house at the end of the cemetery, and later was put into a carriage, driven to the Weehawken ferry, and carried over to Jersey.

The robbers left a trail leading from the tomb to the house porch, where the evidence was most marked in odor, but from this point all trace was lost. Inspector Murray was worried. The outrage occurred in his bailiwick, and he remarked to the writer years after, when he was superintendent of police:

'In my experience of a lifetime in police work, as detective, captain, inspector and head of the force, this is the only case in which I was baffled. I fear I shall die without recovering the body of Mr. Stewart or apprehending the robbers.'

REWARD OF $25,000 OFFERED.

His prophecy passed into history, and the palsied superintendent preceded Judge Hilton to the grave, a disappointed and almost heart-broken man at what he considered his life failure.

When months of search for the missing corpse had lengthened into a year Murray's only hope was a recovery of the body. Judge Hilton offered a reward of $25,000 for the recovery of the body, with a reservation, however, that the arrest of the perpetrators of the robbery must follow.

A few months after the grave was despoiled Judge Hilton was called upon by a lawyer, who had received a letter from a man signing his name as Romaine, at North Adams, Mass., and offering to restore the body of Mr. Stewart on payment of the reward, no questions to be asked. As an earnest of good faith the lawyer laid upon Judge Hilton's desk the silver plate, three screws, a piece of black cloth that was cut from the casket of the then tenantless tomb, and the linen studs that were removed from the shirt that covered the remains.

Mr. Hilton identified the articles submitted, but declared in emphatic terms that he would grant no immunity to the robbers of the grave of his friend and benefactor, if he never received the body. He was particularly severe in his comments upon the part the lawyer played, and even threatened him with arrest. This silenced the ghouls, and for a long time negotiations ceased.

A few months later the writer became actively connected with the search for evidence that might lead to rescuing the stolen remains and having them deposited in the crypt built specially to hold them. It became known that a man named Kelly drove the coach which carried the body to New Jersey, and that he at once left New York for the west.

Evidence also came into possession of certain parties in New York which the police knew of but had kept secret, proving that possession of the body might yet be had. It became known that there were positive proofs of identification in the teeth and mouth of Mr. Stewart, which were available for Mr. Hilton, and he was offered the safe return of the corpse upon payment of the reward. He, however, refused to accede to the request.

JUDGE HILTON SPENDS $100,000.

The writer visited ex-Judge Hilton in his home with undeniable proofs of identification and urged him to relax his determination to arrest on sight the men who might restore the remains, and give them some time at least, after the body was returned. After examining closely the evidence submitted, together with a statement written by a life insurance detective who had worked quietly on the case, Mr. Hilton was assured that the expense of finding Kelly, the coachman, and the secret hiding place of the body would be borne by the newspaper with which the writer was engaged, and that no money was needed from him. The ex-Judge looked up in surprise and remarked:—

'This is one of the very few instances during the investigation of the grave robbery when I have not been called upon to pay out money for assistance. I have spent already over $100,000, without result. I will go so far as this—I will not apply for warrants for arrest until forty-eight hours after the restoration of the body. This is the very last offer I shall make, and if it fails I will withdraw the offer of a reward and cease further inquiries in that direction.'

The final search began. It was learned that the men who robbed the Stewart grave for a big ransom were becoming disheartened, and had removed the body to Canada and secreted it on a barge awaiting the payment of the $25,000. A private detective was started in search of coachman Kelly, the belief being that word from him would influence the custodians of the remains to surrender them.

When San Francisco was reached it was learned that Kelly had been a successful butcher in Sutter market, but within a short time had become interested in a mine near Tucson, Ari.

Here the detective fell in with ex-Surrogate Gideon J. Tucker, who also is dead, and a joint search was made for Kelly. He was found in a mine, but he could not speak. Death had silenced his voice only a few hours before the searchers arrived, and his secret died, too. He had engaged in a quarrel over a game of cards and was shot through the heart. Thousands of miles had been traversed in vain, and one of the chief actors in the most remarkable grave robbery of the present century had paid the penalty of his crime in a violent death.

BODY DESTROYED WITH QUICKLIME.

Ex-Judge Hilton recalled his offer of a reward and declined to make further effort to recover the remains, and the surviving members of the gang of grave thieves sent this message to him from Montreal:

'All offers are off. Have burned the Stewart body in quicklime.'

Mr. Hilton read the message, and remarked to the writer:—

'Well, I have done all I could to get the body back, except to pay money to a pack of thieves and trust to their alleged honor to return the remains. I had no proof that these scoundrels might not palm off on me another corpse and escape with my cash. The dead, however, do not feel any outrage committed upon their inanimate clay.'

Shortly before ex-Superintendent Murray died the writer talked with him over the efforts put forth in this remarkable case, and Mr. Murray said:

'Mr. Stewart's body might now have been in the Garden City crypt had not Mr. Hilton been so determined not to pay the promised reward unless the robbers were arrested. The crime then was only larceny, but no one could expect the thieves to go to prison. The crypt is empty and sealed, and in my opinion quicklime destroyed the last vestige of the body.'

WHAT KIND OF MOSQUITOES ARE THESE?

A serious plague of mosquitoes has attacked the north-east of London. A 'Leader' representative, who has been making inquiries, gives the following picture of the stricken district: 'Nearly everyone you meet has been stung. Bandaged heads, bootless feet, and swollen hands are the order of the day, and the pestilence is really assuming alarming proportions. Such a plague has never been known before in the north of London.

'Why the insects should have been seized with a desire to torture the inhabitants of Dalston, Hackney, and Clapton, and how they came there is a mystery. About three weeks ago, just before the plague broke out, Mare street, Hackney, was re-paved with jarrahwood, and the general impression in the neighborhood is that the eggs must have come from Australia with the wood, and that during the time the road was being repaved, Mare street was, with the aid of the tropical sun, converted into a mosquito incubator.'

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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THE NEW CHAPEL AT MOUNT HERMON.

('Congregationalist.')

On the afternoon of Aug. 16, all exercises of the General Conference, at Northfield, were suspended, and everyone who could drove to Mount Hermon, across the Connecticut River, over the new bridge, to attend the formal opening of the new chapel at Mount Hermon. This building, which is very beautiful inside and out, is prominently situated on what Mr. Moody formerly called Temptation Hill, hoping that someone might be tempted to build a chapel there, but now the chapel has come he has changed the name to Mount Inspiration. From the chapel can be seen Northfield street, the seminary buildings and a long stretch of the beautiful Connecticut River valley.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Christ church, London, who is strongly attached to Mr. Moody, and his work in Northfield, conceived the idea of raising $30,000 for building a chapel as a birthday present to Mr. Moody upon his sixtieth birthday. Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston, entered heartily into the plan, and Mr. Meyer agreed to raise $15,000 in England, and Mr. Moore a similar amount in America. Afterwards it was decided to make the building larger than the original plans called for, so an additional $10,000 was raised. The building would now be nearly completed had not two friends agreed to give a clock and a bell provided others would erect the tower. As both of these are needed it was decided to accept the offer, and $7,500 are needed to raise the tower to the proper height and to make some incidental additions to the beauty of the grounds.

Mr. Moody did not attend the service, as he has an aversion to attending services where he knows many complimentary remarks will be made concerning him. Flags representing England and America were appropriately stretched across the back of the platform, with goldenrod and ferns freely distributed about the desk. Mr. H. M. Moore, of Boston, presided, and Messrs. George C. Stebbins and F. H. Jacobs led the singing. The Rev. F. B. Meyer read several scripture selections and followed with a prayer, in which he said, 'May these walls stand until Jesus comes and in the millennium he may use the building to some higher purpose.' The Rev. Dr. H. G. Weston, president of Crozier Theological Seminary, followed in prayer.

Mr. Moore made a short address, telling the story of the building, of the gift of the pipe organ, in honor of Mr. Moody's mother, by two New York women, whose names were withheld. He told how he had seen the school grow from less than a dozen boys in a farmhouse to where it now stands, with its 400 students and property worth nearly half a million dollars. He said that the principal reported last spring that all but six of the students were professing Christians, a large number of whom were converted after reaching Mount Hermon. Mr. Moore was followed by the Rev. Mr. Meyer, who said, among other things: 'By this united gift another link has been forged between mother and daughter.' He called attention to the tightening of the bonds between the two nations. No longer can these people call themselves cousins; they are brothers. Mr. Meyer wished the words, 'in affectionate memory of D. L. Moody,' inserted in the bronze tablet in the chapel, which reads now, 'This chapel was erected by the united contributions of Christian friends in Great Britain and the United States, for the glory of God, and to be a perpetual witness to their unity in the service of Christ,' but Mr. Moody drew his pen through the phrase.

The Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson's few remarks, were almost entirely words of praise for Mr. Moody, whom he had known ever since he has been in Christian work. The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, who has also taken a great interest in the chapel, emphasized the international outlook, of which this chapel is a sacrament. The exercises were closed with a benediction by Dr. Weston.

CECIL RHODES' SISTER ALICE.

PECULIARITIES OF ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING WOMEN IN AFRICA.

In going down to Capetown recently on the steamship 'Scot' a knot of persons gathered about a woman who occupied a steamer chair on the hurricane deck. She was Cecil Rhodes's sister, and the name of Rhodes has a conquering power in the Dark Continent. Moreover, next to Olive Schreiner, champion of the Boers, the most interesting woman in South Africa to-day is Miss Alice Rhodes.

Whenever the peculiarities of the ex-premier are discussed by those who know the Rhodes family the conversation is sure to turn sooner or later to the eccentric sister, who is far-famed for evincing the same dislike for men that the empire builder shows toward women. Her appearance, too, is so decidedly masculine as to attract all eyes. Her face is as smoothly florid as that of the typical English squire, with a voice to match. She usually sits with feet wide apart, and in general lacks those qualities which go to make up feminine attractiveness.

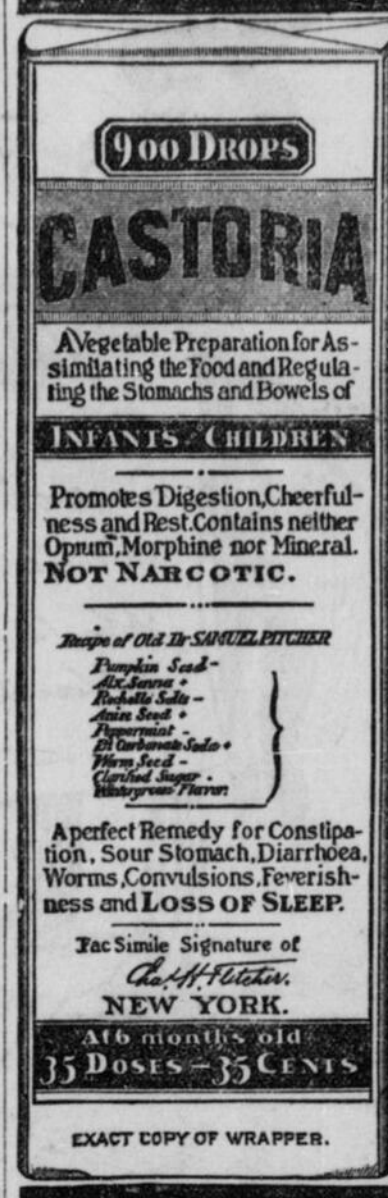
During two days she directed the athletic contests on the 'Scot' in a way that proved her executive ability. Sitting at the point of vantage on the promenade deck, with the captain, several officers and a woman companion, who is always at her side, Miss Rhodes regulated the handicaps for the running matches, umpired the chicken fights, and was particularly active in the tug of war. Twelve husky Cornishmen had succeeded in pulling everything on the ship excepting the crew's expert team. They had never been beaten.

Fifteen hundred passengers crowded to the starboard side to witness this Herculean struggle, for Miss Rhodes was backing the Cornishmen, and offered an additional prize of £5 to the winners. For one whole hour the tug lasted. Finally, the sailors' sea training began to tell, and gradually, inch by inch, they were hauling the Cornwall miners near the fatal line, when Miss Rhodes sprang to her feet, and called out:

'My faith, Cornishmen, take off your shoes. That's why the sailors are beating you.' The committee on rules decided that this was no infraction, as the sailors were also barefooted, and then the tug went on. Fixing her eye on one big fellow who looked as though he could pull a railway train, Miss Rhodes would say from time to time, 'I'm counting on you, man,' and the miner was so encouraged at this that he finally made an effort which nearly broke his back, but yanked the sailors over the line so suddenly that both teams went down like ninepins.

When in Capetown Miss Rhodes lives at Groot Schur, a beautiful country seat near the city, where she has collected a zoological garden, including nearly every wild animal in South Africa. She is versed in politics and statecraft more thoroughly than many a member of the Colonial Office. She takes the opposite view, of course, from Olive Schreiner, and was very indignant recently when Sir Alfred Milner's sister, who is the first lady of the land in Cape Colony, as his Excellency is not married, kissed a little Kaffir girl who had won a prize at the public school examinations.

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MISSING WILL FOUND

IT WAS HIDDEN IN A BROOCH.

An old-fashioned brooch has just been discovered which actually contains a story, a written story in letter form, which was intended by the writer to take the place of a will. The letter was written on very thin foreign note paper and folded into small enough form to be packed tightly into the inside of the swinging locket part of the centre of the brooch.

The brooch itself is an oddity, being an old style gold frame with thick centre, swinging like a mirror in the frame of a dressing case. It was made to order, more than thirty years ago, for Mrs. Caroline Hunter, of Philadelphia. It is a mourning brooch, one side being of black onyx with a pearl set in the centre.

There was quite a large family, most of whom were grown, married and had children of their own, when the youngest daughter was born, a month after the death of the husband.

The mother had always said that she had made her will, and left it in writing that all of her jewellery and silver and two pieces of city property in Madison, Conn., her home, were to go to this baby girl and her heirs.

But upon her death no will was found among her papers, and although upon her death-bed she said that her jewellery was to be given immediately to this little daughter, Kate, the whole family being on the ground to look after their inheritance, and all being older, little Kate's claim was ignored, and everything divided. This was thirty years ago.

In this division the mourning pin was missed. Nothing was known of it until recently, when it was discovered in a very odd way by Kate herself, who is now Mrs. Kate Churchill, residing near Central Park, in this city. Kate's share of the household effects included an old-fashioned haircloth covered settee, with high sides and back, and deep spring seat, with curvel mahogany frame.

A week ago Mrs. Churchill lost a five-dollar gold piece down the back of this old settee. It slipped between the haircloth of the seat and the back, and, of course, as she slid her hand down after it, it kept going until it was beyond reach. She did not feel as if she wanted to make a bank of the settee, and so she got a carpenter to come and pry the back off.

Then were found many articles which had met a like fate during all the years the settee had been in use. The collection contained pins, hairpins, pennies and small silver, an old trade dollar, a comb, a pair of gold spectacles of antique shape with octagon frames, which all believe to have belonged to the grandfather, as he used to have such a pair, a solitaire diamond ring which had been lost for years, and was the engagement ring of Caddie, the next older sister and the mother's namesake, and lastly, this brooch.

Possession being eleven points in the law, of course Kate claimed all she found except the ring, which she was glad to restore to her sister.

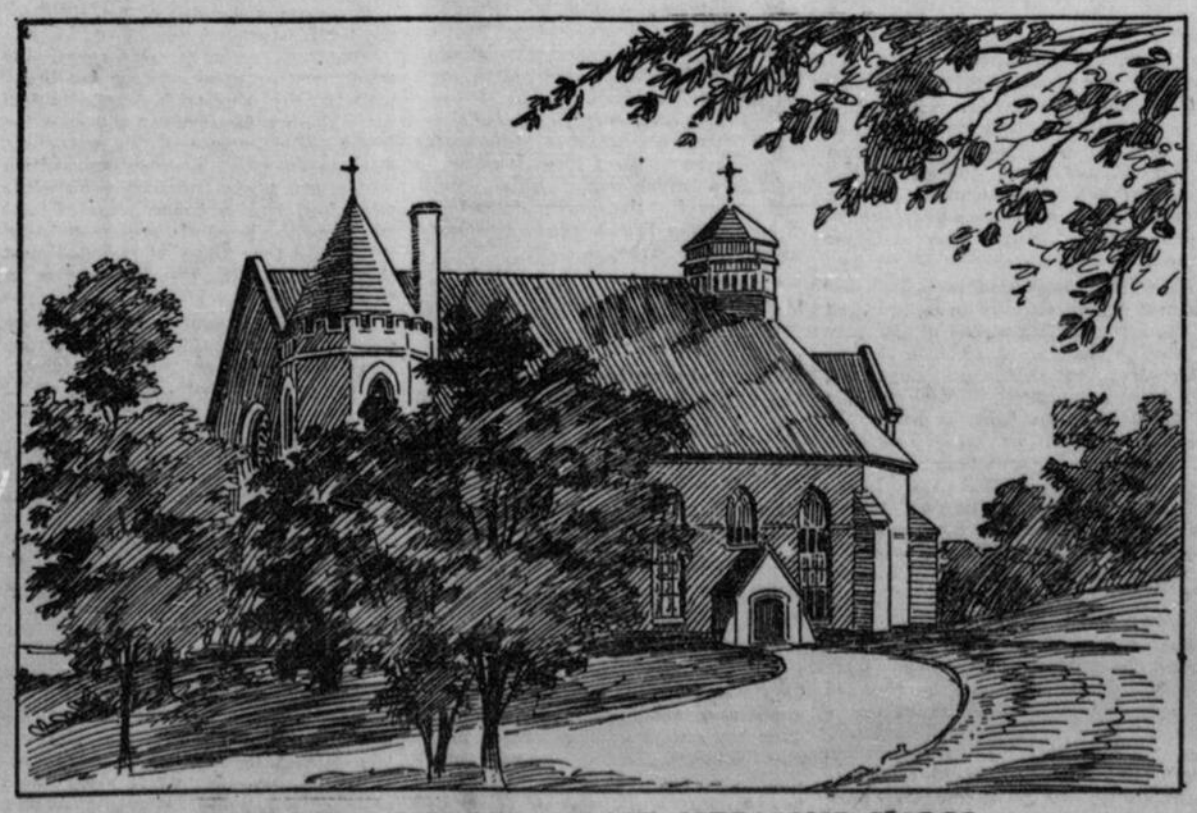
As her father had died just before she was born, she felt that she would care more to have her mother's hair entwined with a lock of the golden curls of a little sister who had died when a baby, and so she opened the locket to take out the faded tintype of her father to make room for the hair, when she found this tightly folded little paper. It was very dim and faded, but by placing it over another sheet of white paper and using a magnifying glass, she managed to make out the writing, and found it to be the long lost will, which she made the basis of a suit.



We give this beautiful Heavy Gold or Silver Plated Chain Bracelet for selling only one dozen fine Linen Doylies, at ten cents each. Latest and prettiest designs; no two alike. Write, and we will send the Doylies, postpaid; sell them, return the money, and we at once forward your Bracelet, all charges paid. Linen Doyley Co., Box MW Toronto, Ont.

MILITARY MOUSTACHES.

The Secretary of War, the Marquis of Lansdowne, has issued a circular to the general officers saying he has noticed that a prevailing fashion among young officers is to shave the upper lip, and adding that this is much to be regretted. The result is that many unfertile lips are being coerced for moustaches. The regulation against shaving the upper lip has been little observed of recent years, and its revival is unpopular.



THE NEW CHAPEL AT MT HERMONS SCHOOL

The present to Mr. Moody on his sixtieth birthday.

This chapel was erected by the united contributions of Christian friends in Great Britain and the United States for the glory of God and to be a perpetual witness to their unity in the service of Christ.—Inscription on bronze tablet in the chapel.

If you wish to see a monument of D. L. Moody, look around you in Northfield, look around you at Mount Hermon; nay, look around the world.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

TOMMY ATKINS AND THE BOER

What the Campaign in the Transvaal Will be Like.

INFERIOR TO THE AFRIDIS — TACKLED A TOUGHER PROPOSITION THAN THE TRANSVAAL MARKSMEN.

(Francis Ford, in 'London 'Mail.')

India's contribution of reinforcements to Natal is another illustration of the truth of the saying that the vastness of the Empire is a source of strength. Not only does India lend troops to South Africa, but she gives valuable experience in the tactics of guerilla warfare.

Lessons painfully learnt amid the hills and glens of the North-West frontier, in 1897, may possibly, in this year of grace, be applied with much advantage and in the economy of both life and treasure on the uplands of the Transvaal.

If war ensues, then may it truthfully be said that never has a campaign been entered upon in a better spirit. Many a defeat has been suffered by a foolish contempt of the enemy. The Boers are not despised; indeed, the sentiment they inspire is in danger of going to the opposite extreme. The reputation for marksmanship gained by them in 1881 has not faded by lapse of time; the intervening years have magnified it, for they have obliterated from the public mind the diminutiveness of the British force, and the fact that the fatal mistake was made, as it has been made both before and since, of playing into the enemy's hands. Our tactics were all in favor of the Boer sharpshooters, and mad against masses of disciplined troops.

But if the Boer shoots straight the Afridi shoots deadlier, and for pure personal courage the tribesman is the superior of the Dopper. The Boer is hampered by no transport; no more is the Afridi. The Boer moves rapidly over the ground; the Afridi descends on the rear-guard from hill and ravine like an avalanche. The Boer for the most part is a volunteer, the Afridi is rather more wanting in discipline. A Transvaal campaign would resemble an Indian frontier expedition, with the notable difference, the enemy would be civilized, and not barbarian.

IN FAVOR OF THE BRITISH.

And this question of civilization is a decided point in favor of the British army. Thomas Atkins will sleep sounder on the veldt than ever he did on the Pathan hillside. There will be no risk of an enemy armed with ugly three-foot knives rushing in between pickets, cutting tent-ropes and sticking the entangled men like pigs through the canvas in the chill darkness before dawn. Sniping at nights will be rare, even if it is ever indulged in. And if disaster should ensue there need not be that particular care for the wounded which encumbers the fighting-line in all frontier actions, and increases the casualty list so enormously. At least, we hope not.

I have said the Afridi shoots deadlier than the Boer. This personal experience of a Royal Engineer officer, told just after he had come back from Tirah, will illustrate my meaning. He had been told off to blow up towers in a valley encompassed by bare hills some half a mile distant Hardly had his men begun work before pht-t-t—a bullet ploughed up the ground There was no crack; there was no smoke. But pht-t-t—pht-t-t—pht-t-t—a spatter of bullets continued steadily and men dropped. The covering party fired volleys, but hardly had the echo died away when a derisive pht-t-t made reply. Death, dropping as it were from the clouds, in this sudden, noiseless manner, he declares to be the most unnerving experience a man can go through. After the war was over, it was ascertained that only three Afridis had been sniping this party. They had acted on their own account, without reserves or without supports. At a distance of 800 yards they had accounted for half a dozen men, and retired at their leisure scot-free. I question whether individual Boer marksmen will ever dare to do shooting like this. Civilization is averse to isolation, when the big game to be stalked is a man or a regiment of men.

One great lesson Thomas Atkins learned on the Indian frontier was not to 'bunch.' The smaller the target, the less the number of hits. The 1st Gordon Highlanders are only known in England for the assault of Dargai; in Anglo-Indian military circles they are better known for the actions they fought during the retirement down the Bara valley. They had then mastered the great principle of guerilla warfare—each man to fight for himself. Their losses were light compared with regiments who had not gained this knowledge. The Gordon Highlanders were not the only battalion to master the lesson, but I mention them as an example.

A regiment does not at once master the art of scattering—of sharp-shooting, each man for himself. Their whole education in barracks has taught them to cling together.

GUERILLA TACTICS.

It will have been noticed that the troops at Ladysmith have recently been practised in guerilla tactics. The general commanding in Natal is Sir Penn Symons, K.C.B., who was in command of the first division of the Tiran expeditionary force, and who had previously commanded mounted infantry in the desultory fighting in the jungles of Upper Burma. The lessons which General Symons learned in the East will now be taught to the troops under his command, and he is the better able to adapt them to South Africa, since he took part in the Zulu war, being then a regimental officer in the ill-fated 24th.

Hitherto, as I have said, we have always played the Boers' game. Our troops have walked up to the burgher positions and been shot down, or have stood still and allowed themselves to be stalked. Now the Boer is a most skilful stalker, but how will he stand being stalked? That has yet to be discovered; meanwhile it is possible to form some opinion from Indian experiences.

The Pathan hillman is as full of courage and martial instinct as an egg of meat. He does not hesitate to engage British troops hand to hand, but his courage oozes out of his toes, and his martial instinct sounds the retreat, if only his rear be threatened. Before a flank attack he scatters like chaff before the wind. I make bold to say that the Boer will do the same. A flank attack or a threatened movement on the rear is the supreme text of discipline in action.

It is said that cavalry will play a large part in the Boer campaign, and on the North-West frontier this section of her Majesty's army has seldom had a chance; but it was mounted infantry—small bodies of mounted infantry—that in the end brought peace to Upper Burma.

But if the cavalryman in India has had few opportunities of being practiced in the more exciting phases of the game of war, he has learned much in the less interesting, but not less important, functions of transport. Before an army of 40,000 men can fight, it has to be moved; it has to be fed. This duty falls on the commissariat and transport department, and in 1897 the Indian authorities had many valuable lessons on what ought not to be done and what ought to be done. Sins of omission were more frequent than sins of commission.

INDIAN TROOPS.

The experience then learned might be turned to good account now. Were war to be declared, it may be expected that India will be freely called on to furnish officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, for the transport in South Africa. They would commence their duties with a thoroughly practical knowledge of what was required of them.

Not for the first time has India been able to give valuable assistance to the British Empire in its operations in Africa. Let it not be supposed that it is only when war, horrid war, looms on the horizon that help is forthcoming from our eastern dependency. In the splendid triumphs of peace that England has won in Egypt the Indian exile has played a notable part. Justice and irrigation are two grand achievements which men who have served their time east of Suez have accomplished in the death of the Nile.

By the fountains of that mighty river, Hindostan has also left her mark. Indian troops have subdued rebellion north of Uganda, as well as in the province itself. Southward in the Shire highlands Englishmen who learnt how to plant coffee in Southern India are taming the feverish jungle, and adding acre to acre of healthy and profitable cultivation, which gives work to hundreds who never worked for a fair wage before. And all down the east coast of Africa, from Mozambique to Port Elizabeth, are to be found Hindu and Mussulman merchants, whose homes are on the farther coast of the Indian ocean.

India has a lively interest in Africa; she will not grudge the loan of these reinforcements. On this occasion the Imperial Exchequer will bear the cost of the contingent. It is only right. In the past the revenues of India have been unjustly burdened with expenditure which should have been defrayed wholly or in part by England.

Indian troops fought in Abyssinia; they have been despatched to Cyprus; thence have they landed at Suakin. Each time the whole burden of the cost fell on the Viceroy of India.

This, I believe, will be the first occasion when a contingent of white troops only will have sailed from Bombay to assist in a British war in Africa. It is another proof of the supreme importance of keeping the British garrison in India up to its full strength.



AT IT AGAIN.

Uncle Sam—'See here; stop making a fool of yourself! Don't you know I am blamed for all your nonsense?"

REMARKABLE BUSHRANGER

There had never been a bushranger before Bill (I forgot his 'outside' name) in Western Australia, and I don't suppose there will ever be another. At school he had formed a strong friendship with another lad of his own age, who was exactly opposite to him in character, tastes, and pursuits, but, nevertheless, they were inseparable 'mates,' and all Bill's people hoped that the influence of this very quiet, sedate youth would in time tame Bill's wild and lawless nature. As the boys grew into their teens it became the question of choosing a career, and the quiet boy always said he wanted to get into the police. That was his great ambition, and a more promising recruit could not be desired. It came out afterwards that when the lads discussed the subject, the embyro policeman often observed: 'If you don't lookout Bill, and alter your ways, I'll be always having to arrest you.' Bill laughed this suggestion to scorn, not that he had any intention of amending his ways, but he could not believe that any one, who knew his great physical strength and utter recklessness, would dare to lay a hand on him.

The strange thing was that, in spite of a strong instinct for plundering, Bill was universally acknowledged to be a splendid 'bushman'—that is, one familiar with all the signs and common objects of the forests. He would have made an ideal explorer, and could have lived in the bush in plenty and comfort, under conditions in which any one else would have starved or died of thirst.

Time passed on, and one of the boys, at least, got his heart's desire and was enrolled in the very fine police force of Fremantle. Just about this time one of the neighbors imported a special breed of fowls, which Bill forthwith proceeded to torment in his leisure moments. One Sunday evening, just at dusk, Bill was hanging about the poultry-yard with evil intent, when he suddenly perceived his friend in uniform and on duty, the other side of a low hedge. The owner of the fowls had asked for a constable to watch the place, and, as ill-luck would have it, Bill's friend was sent. The two boys looked at each other for a moment, and then the policeman said:

'Now, Bill, you had better come along quietly with me; there's a warrant out against you, and I've got to take you to the police station.'

'If you come one step nearer, I'll shoot you dead,' answered Bill.

'That's all nonsense, you know,' the poor young constable replied, and began pushing the hedge aside to get through it. Bill drew his revolver and shot the friend and playmate of his whole life dead on the spot. He then rushed back to his own place, and hastily collecting some food and cartridges, was off and away into the heart of the nearest 'bush' or forest, the fringe of which almost touched even the principal towns in those days.

It is hardly possible to imagine the state of excitement into which this crime threw the primitive little community. Murders were comparatively rare, and I was told that they were almost always committed by old 'lags,' men who had begun as convicts perhaps thirty-five or forty years before, and had generally only been let out a short time before on a ticket-of-leave. But this catastrophe was quite a fresh departure, and called forth almost as much sympathy for the relatives of the wretched Bill as for those of his victim. The native trackers set to work at once, and picked up Bill's trail without any difficulty, but the thing was to catch him. No Will-o'-the-Wisp could have been more elusive, and he led the best trackers and the most wary constables a regular dance over hills and valleys, through dense brush and scrub-covered sand, day after day. News would come of the police being hot on his tracks thirty miles off, and that same night a store in Fremantle would be broken into and two or three of its best guns, with suitable cartridges, would be missing. As time went on the various larders in Perth were visited in the same unexpected manner, and emptied of their contents. Bill never took anything except ammunition, food and tobacco, but whenever the police came up with his camping-ground—often to find the fire still smouldering—they always found several newspapers of the latest dates giving particulars of where he was supposed to be.

In the course of the many weeks—nine I think—that this chase went on, the police often got near enough to be shot at. One poor constable was badly wounded in the throat, so that he could never speak above a whisper again, and another was shot dead. But Bill was never to be seen. Sometimes they came on a pannikin of tea, standing by the fire, and another time he must just have flung away his pipe lest its smell should betray him. One is lost in amazement at his powers of endurance, for he could have had no actual sleep all that weary while. The general plan of campaign was to keep him always moving, so as to tire him out. What strength must he have possessedl to do without sleep all that time, and to cover such fabulous distances day after day. The police themselves, or rather their horses, and even the trackers, got quite knocked up, in spite of a regularly organized system of relief; so what must it have been for the hunted boy, who could never have had any rest at all?

At last the end came; at the earliest dawn one morning Bill, resting on a log in the bush without even a fire to betray him, opened his eyes to the sound of a command to 'put up his hand,' and saw half-a-dozen carbines levelled straight at him a few yards off. He showed fight to the last, and managed before holding up his hands to fire a shot at the approaching constables, wounding one of them in the leg. The men rushed in, however, and he was soon overcome and handcuffed, and brought into Perth. But the most curious part of the story lies in the universal sympathy, and, indeed, admiration, immediately shown by the whole of our very peaceable and orderly little community for this youth. Of course, the officials did not share this strange sentimentality, for they regarded Master Bill and his exploits from a very different point of view, and I used really to feel quite angry, especially with my female friends, who often asked me if I was not 'very sorry' for the culprit: My sympathies, I confessed, were more with the families of his victims, especially the poor policeman with his mangled throat, whom I had often seen in my weekly visits to the hospital. When I expressed surprise at the interest all the girls in the place took in the young ruffian, the answer always was: 'Oh, but he is so brave.' It appeared to me the bravery lay with his captors!

He was duly tried, but the jury did not convict him of premeditated murder, and in face of the verdict he could only be sentenced to imprisonment for some years. Master Bill's captivity did not last very long on that occasion, for he watched his opportunity, sprang upon the warder one day, knocked him senseless, scrambled over the wall of the exercise ground, near which chanced to be a pile of stones for breaking, and so got away. Then the pendulum of public opinion—that strange and unreliable factor in human affairs—swung to the other end, and a violent outcry arose, and Bill's immediate death was the least of its demands. He was caught without much difficulty that time, however, and it was strange to find no one taking the least interest in his second trial, which resulted in a lengthy and rigorous imprisonment. Poor wretch! I believe even I ended by being 'sorry' for him and his wasted life, with all its splendid possibilities.—'Cornhill Magazine.'

OPERATED UPON A LIONESS.

Professor Gustave Pisenti, of the University of Perugia, Italy, has lately had a thrilling experience, in extracting a cataract from a powerful lioness about three years old. The animal was placed in a suitable cage in the middle of the menagerie, and the first difficulty was the administration of an anesthetic.

The intervals between the bars of the cage were filled with cotton wool and a large packet of gauze impregnated with chloroform was placed in the cage, the door of which was then closed with a shutter. In about a quarter of an hour a reconnoissance was cautiously made and the illustrious patient was seen stretched out and apparently in a condition of deep coma. She was then dragged out of the cage and gagged and bound.

She was then placed on a table, but before the operation could be begun she suddenly awoke and struggled violently, rolling on the floor, where the medical men, with admirable coolness, but not without intense emotion, which might easily be seen in their countenances, held her down, while the animal's head was wrapped in a towel steeped in sulphuric ether.

The lioness, however, managed to free herself from her gag, and partly from her bonds, and gave a roar which made the majority of the spectators beat a hasty retreat. But the ether overcame her, and Professor Pisenti, with great pluck, dragged her into the cage, where the anesthetic coup de grace was given by means of another packet of gauze steeped in chloroform

The beast's head was pulled out through the door of the cage and securely held in position. Professor Pisenti then operated with brilliant success.

A curious feature of the scene was the excitement produced among the other animals—zebras, bisons, leopards, wolves, hyenas, monkeys, etc.—who all inhaled some portion of the anesthetics with which the air was saturated.

GAMBLING ON A LINER.

AN OCCASION ON WHICH A CAPTAIN'S THREAT HAD A SATISFACTORY ENDING.

'I was once a passenger on an Atlantic liner whose captain squelched a sharper in the most approved style,' said Mr. H. S. Cureton, of Newark, N.J.

'It seems that this fellow, who had a most polished address and who clothed himself in the height of fashion, got several well-to-do business men with whom he had scraped up an acquaintance into a poker game. He was an accomplished cheater and manipulated a hold out to such advantage that in the course of two days' play he was nearly $3,000 winner.

'At first his victims did not suspect the swindle, but in his greed to win all their money, the sharper carried the thing a little too far. He dealt one of his opponents, a Chicago man, four kings and himself four aces. The fourth monarch in the hands of the Chicagoan was not intentional, but was what is known to wise men at poker as a drop in.

'The dealer only intended that his adversary should have three kings, but he gave himself the fourth ace, to be prepared for all emergencies, as, with such a hand, he knew the westerner would bet 'em up high. It was table stakes, and, sure enough, the Chicago man "tapped himself" on the hand, and it took Mr. Sharper in the neighborhood of $700 to call after several raises had been made back and forth

'When the hands were shown down, there was a general howl, because by this time the whole company had grown distrustful of the man who had never failed to play the winning hand in big pots. There was intense stillness, however, when the Chicagoan, in the coolest sort of way, but with a firmness in his tone that showed he meant business, remarked:—

'"Mr. ——, I am decidedly of opinion that you are working a hold out machine on this company. I may be mistaken, but, if so, you can easily clear yourself. If you will take off your coat and let us inspect your shirt sleeves a minute, we can easily see whether my suspicion does you wrong or not. In the event it does I will make the fullest apology."

'The sharper's face was a study. He turned red and white and blustered out that he had never been accused of such a charge before and that he wouldn't submit to the indignity of a search. Meanwhile somebody had gone to the captain and told him of the occurrence. Straightway the captain walked to where the card players were still debating the question of a search. He was a man of few words, but listened till all the facts were before him. Then he said to the sharper: 'You have won so much money from these gentlemen and not a dollar of it fairly. Give back every cent or I'll lock you up till we get to New York.'

'From this decision there was no appeal. Whether the fellow had a hold out or not I do not know, but it didn't matter, for in less than five minutes he was disbursing cash to his late victims.'—Washington 'Post.'

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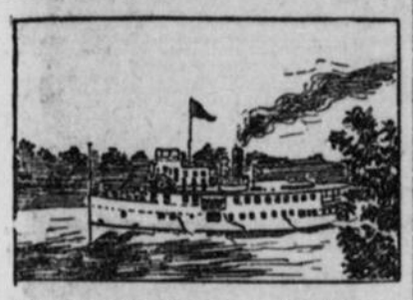
MINES OF NEW ONTARIO.

On the Road to Mine Centre—The Indians and Their Pow-wows.

THE GOLDEN STAR, ALICE A, DECCA, FOLEY, AND FERGUSON MINES.

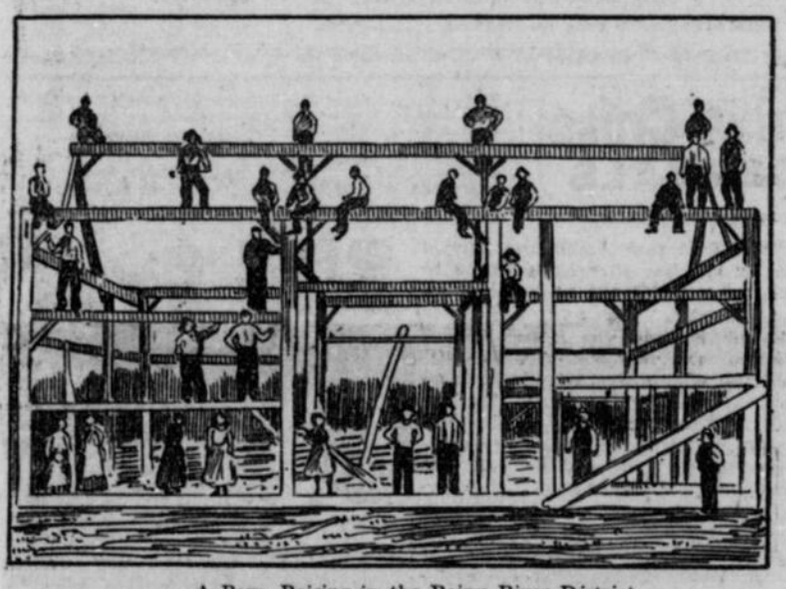
VI.

The Lake of the Woods is a hundred miles long, and is said to contain eleven thousand islands; this number seems large on paper, but to the tourist it



The steamer 'Keenora,' jumping the Sault Rapids.

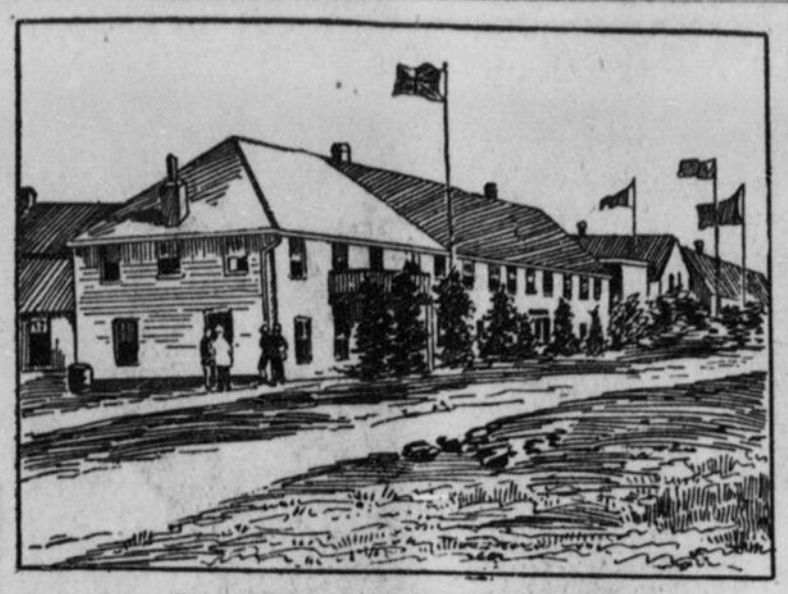
seems well within the mark, for as the boat churns its way through the waters, they appear on either side in practically illimitable succession. There are said to be more than sixty steamers on this lake, having headquarters at Rat Portage, many of them being owned by mining companies, and others being supported by trade with the mines. The magnificent new steamer, the 'Keenora,' of the Rainy River Navigation Company, built expressly for the trip from Rat Portage to Fort Frances, is easily the first of these, and, in favorable weather, she affords the means of enjoying some of the very finest scenery there is in the wide world. The time-table of the 'Keenora' is so arranged that not one of the 360 miles which make up the round trip to Mine Centre is missed, as what is passed during the night on the up-journey is seen during daylight on the return.



A Barn Raising in the Rainy River District.

It was a lovely evening in June, as Lord Lytton somewhere says, when the 'Keenora,' swung from her moorings, at Rat Portage, gave a succession of shrill 'toots,' snorted once or twice, as if in contempt of 'stay-at-homes,' and steamed off into the beyond. Islands were all around, and constantly seemed to block the way of the steamer; sometimes the tortuous passages through which she wended her way almost touched her two sides, but she negotiated all difficulties with ease, and did not 'touch' at any time. The 'Devil's Gap' is soon reached, one of the narrowest passages of the lakes traversed by steamers, and here is a huge rock known as 'Devil's Head,' or 'Skull Rock,' which bears a striking resemblance to a human head, the eyes, ears and mouth being plainly visible, the latter appearing in the form of a cave. Some genius has outlined the features of this image in red paint, making it less ghastly than grotesque, as if to mock the superstition of the Indians, who believe that this 'Rock of the Skull' is the petrified head of a great warrior, who came back from the happy hunting-grounds to protect the red man from extermination by the white. Poor old 'Lo'! Passing through this gap, the Little Traverse is soon reached, then another group of islands, and then the Big Traverse, a broad expanse of thirty miles extent. This traverse is very shallow, and in stormy weather the crossing is dangerous for small boats. The boat reaches the mouth of the Rainy River about daybreak, and here commences eighty miles of beautiful river scenery. This river is part of the international boundary, and one peculiar feature of the scenery is, that while on the American side the river bank is almost unbroken forest, on the Canadian side the land is almost all cleared and settled with farms. This is a reversal of the usual order of things, and is almost unique along the three thousand miles of border.

There appear to be plenty of red men along the Canadian banks of the river, more, indeed, than the settlers care to see, as the Indian reservations are of considerable extent, and while it is possible that the white settlers might like to possess themselves of this territory, that is not the principal objection which lies in the accusation that the Indian is a precious poor farmer, and his land is nearly all unproductive. Nevertheless, from a picturesque point of view, the Indian, degenerate as he certainly is, 'beats the farmer hollow,' and the absence of his tepees, little burial grounds, and birch bark canoes, would make the Rainy River pilgrimage very much less attractive. The reservations on the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River are said to contain more than three thousand Ojibway, or Chippewa, Indians, and their wigwams are quite a feature of the landscape. The principal part of them engage in desultory hunting and fishing, but some few of them do a little scratching with the hoe, but not sufficient to make life a burden; Edward Markham's lines would not apply to any of them. These less nomadic few live in roughly-constructed wooden cabins, and are doubtless duly scorned by their wilder fellows for their trouble. There was plenty of opportunity to observe these 'noble red men,' on this trip, as many of them boarded our boat some few miles below Barwick, and at Barwick a pow-wow was given in our honor. Such a mixture of civilization and savagery I had never seen, and neither expect nor desire to see again. Buckskin moccasins, Blucher boots, tan shoes, feathers, paint, brass sleigh bells, store clothes, grease and paint, cheap beads from Birmingham, flimsy colored cottons from Manchester and elsewhere, felt and straw hats, cotton overalls, dyed porcupine quills, and who shall say what else, were indifferently worn for use and adornment. The dancing was an indescribable mixture of epileptic frenzy and the clog step of the music hall and the patois was of the 'pigeon' description, composed of the dregs of two languages, and, perhaps, the elegancies of a third Add to the incongruous dancers, the horrid beat of the tom-tom, and the droning chorus of the tom-tom players, the dark, witch-like, forbidding faces of many of the 'squatting' women, papooses strapped to a board-like arrangement, and the presence of some of the leading lights of the Ontario Legislature, and the picture may better be imagined than described. Many of those present thought this pagan exhibition very funny, but I must confess that I did not. In the first place, it was deadly dull, and lacked spontaneity. Even the older Indians and half-breeds indulged in the pastime only because of the money and tobacco they expected it would bring them, and the younger people were either listless or ashamed. This was especially noticeable in the case of the girls, who were dragged in to a later show at Fort Frances; some of these young women positively blushed through their red skins, and all of them shuffled round the rude circle with eyes fixed on the ground. I actually pitied them until hundreds of cakes of tobacco were thrown amongst the performers; but when I saw the lively rate at which they possessed themselves of these choice morsels, well, then, perhaps, I pitied them the more. At the same time, I could not help being impressed with the fact that a growing equality of the sexes is a factor even in red circles.



Principal street of the town of Fort Frances.



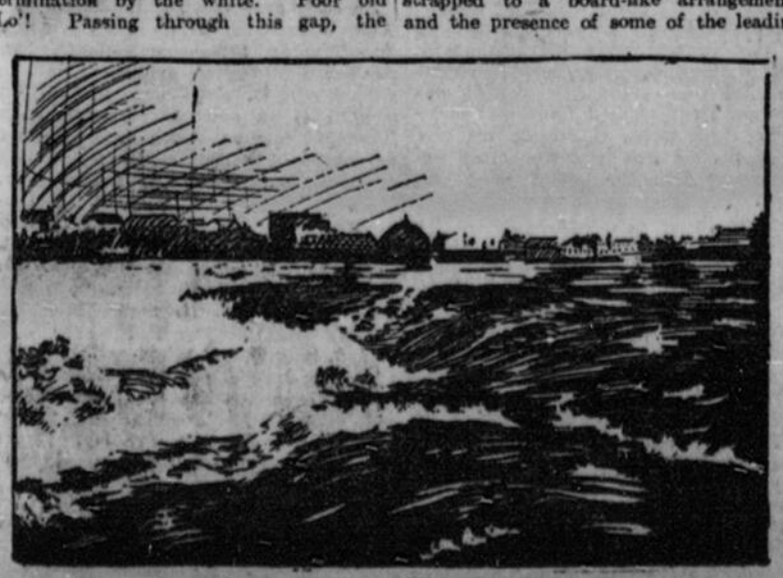
Indian cabin and grave on bank of Rainy River.

The tourists spent the evening and the night at Fort Frances, most of them being billeted at the Couchiching Hotel, a very comfortable hostelry. The village is very prettily situated, and appears to have entered upon an era of prosperity. Here is the famed government locks, the construction of which was commenced more than a quarter of a century ago, but afterwards abandoned. These locks were projected to overcome the beautiful Couchiching, or Koochiching Falls, where the waters of Rainy Lake tumble into the Rainy River, and it is said that the present government has decided to complete them. This work is very necessary, at the present time, as large quantities of freight are taken in this way to the mining country around Mine Centre, and all of it at present has to be broken at this point. The obstruction of the Manitou and Sault Rapids on the Rainy River might, at the same time, be overcome by some simple engineering means, as, while at present, the surmounting of them by the boat makes it lively and interesting for the passengers, they are a great hindrance to navigation.



The abandoned canal cut at Fort Frances. Commenced in Alexander Mackenzie's time, to surmount the Koochiching Falls.

Bright and early on the morning of June 24, our party boarded the comfortable steamer 'Majestic,' above Couchiching Falls, and made the trip to Mine Centre, across the Rainy Lake. This boat has recently been purchased by the owners of the 'Keenora,' and runs to Mine Centre, Bell City, Foley, Rainy Lake and Seine Cities, and other points on Rainy Lake. Of course, to call the places mentioned 'cities,' just at present, is discounting the future to a very considerable extent, and even to entitle them 'villages,' would be stretching it a bit; but, perhaps they are denominated cities upon the same line of argument that makes the small country storekeeper christen his place an 'emporium.' Nevertheless, Mine Centre Hotel is a pretty good sort of place, and we were there provided with a very excellent dinner. I was billeted to sleep at the Colwell, 'around the corner,' and carried my grip around there; fate, however, decreed that I should spend the night at the Olive Mine, as I have elsewhere set forth, and, although I would not depreciate the accommodation of the Colwell, not having tried it, so far as looks are concerned, I prefer the 'Olive,'



The Koochiching Falls, Fort Frances.

There are three hotels at Mine Centre, and each of them appears to be doing a good business; but the Mine Centre is the favorite by long odds, and this preference, to the stranger, seems to be eminently justifiable.

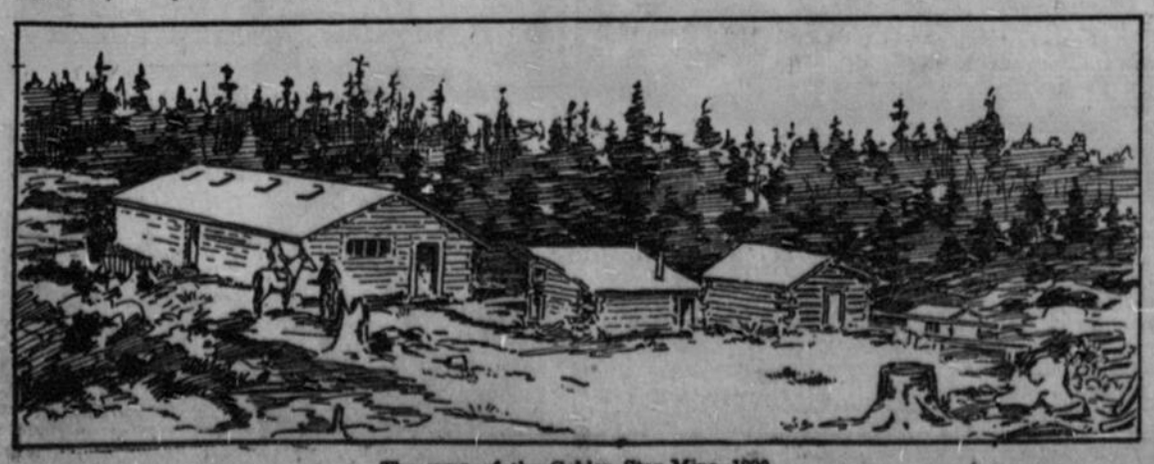
After dinner a trip to the Golden Star was arranged, and the visitors were given the choice either to walk or to ride. The lazy ones, myself included, preferred to ride, and I for one have never ceased to regret it; although I am neither so sore nor so sorry now as I was immediately after those four and a half miles of torture. The vehicles were lumbering affairs, without springs, drawn by two horses, and the seats were rough pieces of spruce, as rough as nails. Two by two, eight of us were seated in the body of the waggon, and three in front, and if being shaken up is good for the liver, a popular fallacy, none of us ought to be troubled with liver complaint any more. Part of the road was corduroy and part holes, and the driver would persist in galloping his horses. That was our chief sorrow. Part of the time we were in the air, our too friendly seats following us; part of the time we were hanging on to the sides, just missing the wheels with our noses, and part of the time we were projected half over the tail-board, with the road threatening to jump up and hit us. Then it was that we reflected upon the past; so well as we were able, and determined, if we were spared, to lead better lives in the future. But even for this bad road something must be said—it was dry; and the walking was even pleasant. This was accomplished by a ditch at either side, which made it a king for the pedestrian compared with the Olive Mine road. The latter road makes no pretence to drainage, and is in consequence a quagmire, and I have since wondered why Mr. Preston does not ditch it. If I had to travel over that road as often as he has, I would dig a ditch, if I had to take off my coat and do it myself.



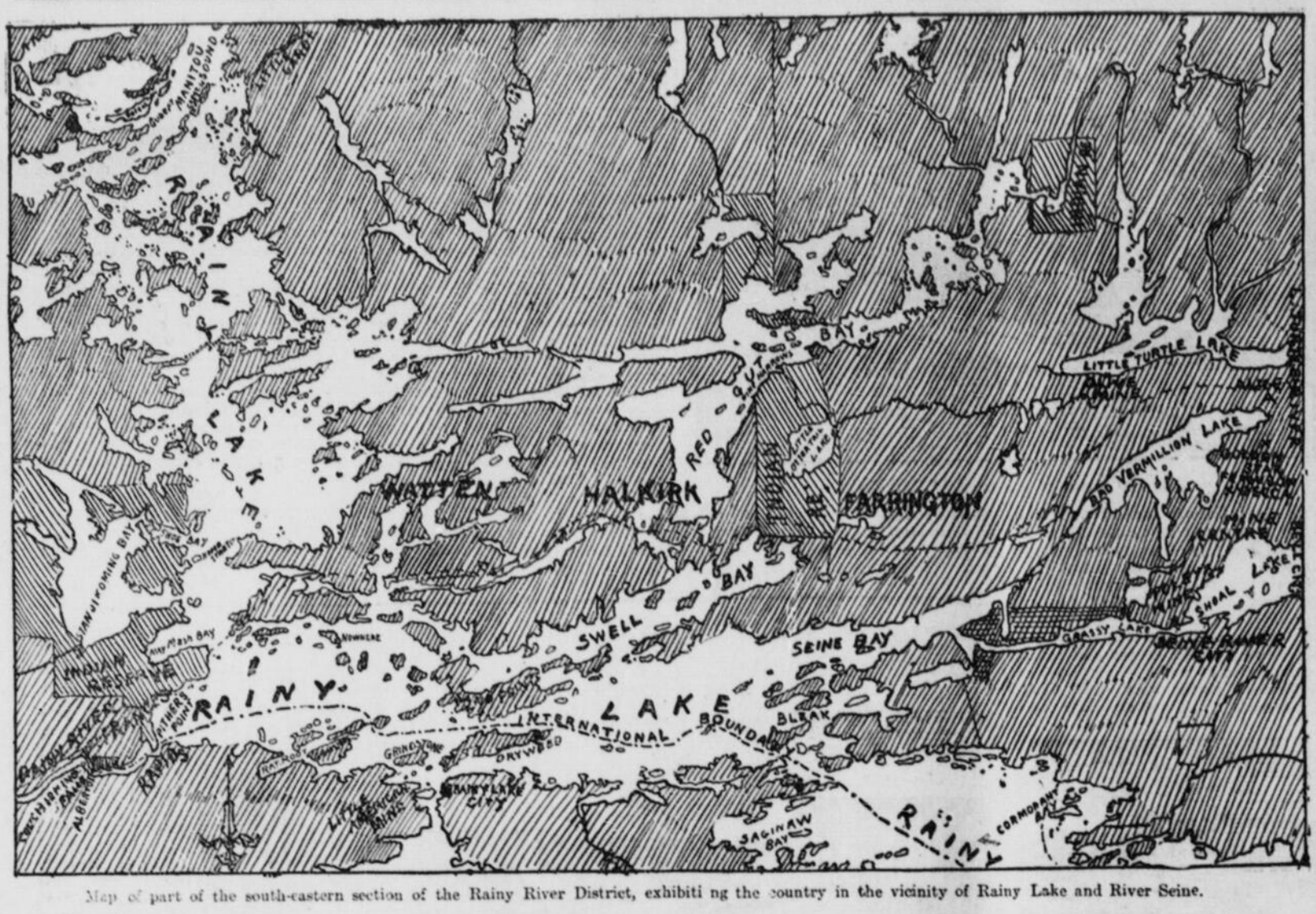
Part of principal street, Mine Centre, showing Colwell's Hotel.

Actual contact with the working of a mine and the extraction of ores does more for a man's mining education than reading scores of technical descriptions, and when this contact is aided by some previous knowledge of geology, mineralogy and chemistry, there is nothing in mining that cannot easily be understood. Of course, many of those who visited the Golden Star and the other mines knew very little, if anything, about mining, and some few of them didn't even pretend to; some of them, indeed, couldn't tell sandstone from limestone, or pyrites from gold, but they were modest, nevertheless, didn't brag about it, kept their eyes open, and came away with quite a store of information. On the road to the Golden Star, we passed the Ferguson and the Decca, both of which are well-spoken of by practical miners in the district, and with good management, ought to do well. The Decca mine has a location of 40 acres, situated about three miles north of Mine Centre, and is owned by the Decca Mining Company, of Montreal, Limited. The formation is protogine (altered granite) and a number of quartz veins of variable width cross the location. The deepest shaft is ever 130 feet deep, on a seven-foot vein, and the ore is said to be of paying quality. The Ferguson was idle at the time of our visit, in consequence of a death and a lawsuit, but the lawsuit has now been decided, the company, an English one, is changing hands, and only good management is said to be required to make this mine one of the best paying properties in the district. The Foley mine, in this neighborhood, had also been closed down since May 20 last, but the property was being negotiated for by an English syndicate, and 'this deal has since been put through,' to use the miners' vernacular. The Alice A. mine is on the Little Turtle river, and is reached by a three and a half mile foot trail from Wild Potato lake. The most convenient means of access, however, is by way of Little Turtle river, to the mouth of which a government road has been built from Mine Centre; a voyage of eight or nine miles up the river and a trail of three-quarters of a mile complete the route to the mine. It may also, of course, be reached from the Olive mine, which is on Little Turtle lake. A winter road, ten miles in length, connects the mine with Mine Centre. The latest developments of this mine appear to show that the country rock carries gold in paying quantities for a width of hundreds of feet, and that it is therefore a large low grade proposition. Its owners, the American and Canadian Gold Mining Company, with headquarters at West Superior, Wis., are enthusiastic regarding this property, and seemingly with reason; but, like the Hammond Reef, it will doubtless be some time before any reliable estimate of its value can be safely ventured. The mine has at present a stump Tremaine mill in operation, but 50 more stumps are on the way. A concentration plant has also been ordered, and a complete analysis shows values in silver, zinc, lead and copper. Some of the ore from the veins showing peacock copper, is very beautiful, and the writer managed to get hold of a prize specimen.

The Golden Star was, however, our Mecca, both because it was producing the largest amount of gold in the Seine River district and was curious as an ore deposit, and also because of its ups and downs on the Stock Exchange. So far as the geological character of the district is concerned, it is found that a mass of that variety of granite commonly called protogine, has forced its way to the present surface through the green Huronian rocks between Shoal lake and Bad Vermillion lake, and in this intrusive material are found, at a number of points, well defined fissure veins and more rarely small bodies of auriferous felsite, (quartz and felspar). Deposits of the former class were being worked at the Foley, AD 2, Lucky Coon and Emperor mines, while an opening on the felsitic material may be seen at the vein close to the mill on the Ferguson property. At the Golden Star, however, there is a change, for instead of lying wholly within, the mine is situated in Huronian rocks to the north of the area of granite, distant only a few hundred yards from the edge. The shaft has been sunk on a broad ledge on the face of a hill, which to the south slopes gently up to a height of 100 feet, and to the north descends a short distance to a small ravine. The fact about this



The camp of the Golden Star Mine, 1898.

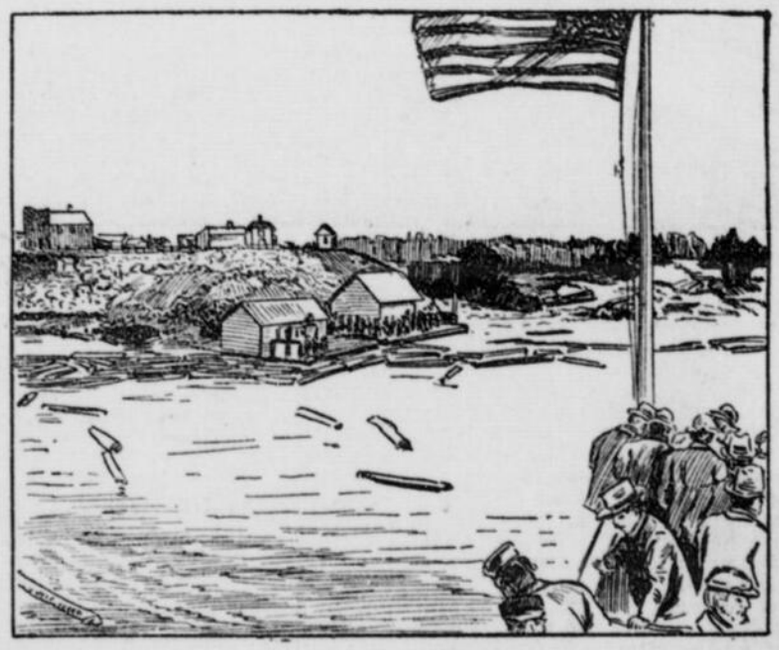


Map of part of the south-eastern section of the Rainy River District, exhibiti ng the country in the vicinity of Rainy Lake and River Seine.

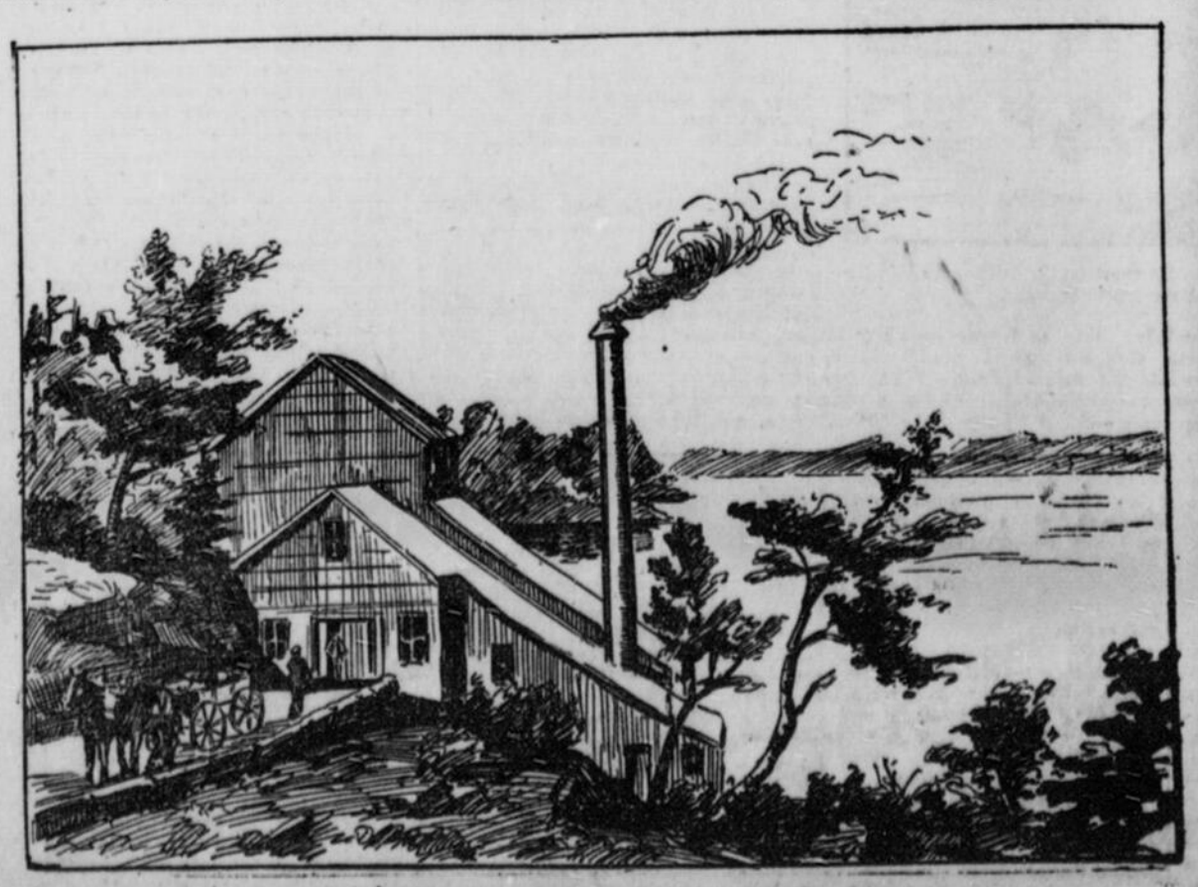
mine that impressed the majority of us most occurred, however, after our visit, when we carried a $7,000 gold brick, the week's clean up, from Mine Centre to Fort Frances, on the Majestic, and from Fort Frances to Rat Portage, on the Keenora. This brought us into living contact, as it were, with results, and we were as proud of travelling in company with that aristocratic bullion as if it had been our own, and bragged about it even more than if it were. But since the date of our visit, this mine has suffered a period of tribulation, through former mismanagement. The present management, however, seems capable, and the recent examination of the government inspector has proven that the mine itself is as good a thing as ever.

To conclude, it may be said, in the words of James A. Bow, government inspector, that until recently 'Western Ontario has been suffering to a certain extent a relapse from the mild boom which existed during 1897; but, as the boom was not very extravagant, either has the relapse been very disastrous, and the present, after all, is a much more healthful condition of affairs for the laying of the foundation of a large and permanent mining industry, to which this district can, judging from the present rate of progress, look forward to in the not distant future.' Capitalists may be recommended to investigate properties on the spot before going farther and, perhaps, faring worse; as, even if they do not find suitable investments, they will return with a fine, healthy color, much experience, and, probably, a varied assortment of rocks.

W. E. H (



Steamer 'Keenora' leaving Fort Frances, for return trip to Rat Portage.



Stamp Mill of Golden Star Mine, 1899, overlooking Bad Vermillion Lake.

LITERARY NOTES.

Against the fashion of depreciating Carlyle as an historian, Mr. G. M. Trevelyan raises his protest in the 'Nineteenth Century.' Carlyle's pictorial ability, his humor, his 'unrivalled instinct for the detection of men's inmost motives,' are all urged as prime qualities of the historian, and here is what is said on the point of Carlyle's being a poet: Enough in itself, think the orthodox, to prove that he is not an historian. On the contrary, it is because he is a poet that he sees points in the past which others are unable to see, or seeing, are, to their sorrow, unable, to express. The past was poetry as well as prose, it was a miracle as well as a series of causes and effects, and for this reason the poetic faculty is required to give a true account of the more extraordinary events in human affairs. Only when the functions of historian and poet are united do we get the real truth. Carlyle's account of the battle of Dunbar is at once one of the finest poems and one of the best historical accounts of a battle field that can be found in our language. Now, it is quite as essential to the truth of history that the reader should learn from the lips of a poet what were the feelings of Cromwell's solemn soldiers as they prayed behind the corn sheaves during the tempestuous night, and rode to battle in the lurid sunrise over St. Abb's Head, as it is that he should master the manoeuvres that preceded the victory. The ordinary historian can tell us the one, but Carlyle can tell us both.

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The latest additions to the Temple classics are the 1538 edition of Elizabeth Carter's version of Epictetus's 'Moral Discourses,' containing the translator's apology for literal uncouthness, 'for else, taking greater liberties, would have spared me no small pains; Herricks' 'Hesperides'; Basil Montague's 'Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers'; Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey'; Cavendish's 'Life and Death of Francis Wolsey,' and 'Wordsworth's 'Sonnets.'

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Balzac's personal opinions, expressed in his correspondence and miscellaneous writings, form the material of the new volume which has been prepared by Miss Wormeley, the translator of the beautiful Boston edition of the great Frenchman's works. From these 'Opinions' may be learned what he thought of his own works. He wrote to Mme. Hanska one day: 'Walter Scott wrote two novels a year, and was said to find happiness in his work; he astonished England. This year I have produced, first, 'Le Père Goriot'; secondly, 'Le Lys dans la Vallée; thirdly, 'Les Mémoires d'une jeune Mariée; fourthly, 'César Birotteau.' I have sent three numbers of the 'Etudes de Maeurs' to Mme. Béchet, and three numbers of the 'Etudes Philosophiques' to Werdet. Finally, I shall have finished 'Séraphite.' But also, shall I be alive or in my right mind next year? I doubt it. Sometimes it seems as if my brain were inflamed. I shall die on the breach of intelligence.'

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Mr. Maurice Hewlett's book on 'Verona' will shortly be published, and, with Miss Duff-Gordon's book on 'Assisi,' will be included in the fascinating 'Mediaeval Town Series.'

• • •

Mr. Clark Russell, the popular sea story writer's new novel is called 'A Voyage at Anchor,' and will be published by the Appletons.

• • •

Canon Nicholl, an English clergyman now ninety years old, has been giving his recollections of his schoolfellow Gladstone. According to him, 'Gladstone did not enter into the sports at all—athletics were not to his taste.' Similar testimony has been given by other schoolboy friends of Gladstone, but they are all mistaken. The proof is that when Mr. G. Russell published the first edition of his 'Life of Gladstone' in the 'Queen's Prime Ministers' series, he inserted a statement to the same effect. When it came to Mr. Gladstone's knowledge he was much perturbed, and sent Mr. Russell a message to the effect that he had played both cricket and football, had been in the second eleven at cricket, and had been very fond of sculling. This amended statement has been inserted in later editions, but it is curious that Mr. Gladstone's athletic prowess should have escaped the memory of his contemporaries.

• • •

Mr. G. W. Russell has lately repeated what Gladstone said to him on the subject of Archbishop Temple's appointment: 'You may have heard it stated that Temple was forced on me against my own judgment by the court. It is wholly untrue. I had the highest opinion of Temple. I never could detect the slightest trace of unorthodoxy in his writings. And the first valuable piece of ecclesiastical patronage which I had to give—the deanery of Durham—I offered to Temple, who refused it.' Russell is also responsible for the following story relating to the famous rough-and-ready ways of Archbishop Temple:—'When Dr. Temple was appointed to the see of Exeter Dr. Mackarness was appointed to Oxford and Lord Arthur Hervey to Bath and Wells. Presumably the three appointments were intended as recognitions of the Broad, High and Low parties in the persons of eminent representatives. This was in 1869. The first time that Archbishop Temple dined at Windsor after his elevation to the primacy the Queen said to him, "I remember when you came to kiss hands on being appointed to Exeter; there were two other new bishops with you." "Yes, ma'am," replied the Archbishop, "Lord Arthur Hervey and Dr. Mackarness." "Yes, to be sure," replied Her Majesty, repeating the names in a reminiscent mood; "you and Lord Arthur Hervey and Dr. Mackarness." A certain prelate who excels as a courtier was sitting a little lower down the table and caught Her Majesty's last words without hearing the antecedent conversation. He instantly broke into a low murmur of admiration about Her Majesty's marvellous memory. "Not marvellous at all," grunted the Archbishop, "I've just told her."'

• • •

The 'Log of a Sea Waif' is the name of a new book by Mr. Frank T. Bullen, the author of the 'Cruise of the Cachelot,' and the most fascinating of all writers about the sea.

• • •

Besides their one-volume 'Cambridge Edition,' of Tennyson, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a 'Household Edition,' also in a single volume, of the complete poetic and dramatic works of the late Poet Laureate.

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The forthcoming Riverside Edition of Browning's poems is to be in six volumes, and will include six portraits of the poet. The introduction and notes have been prepared by the Rev. George Willis Cooke.

• • •

A letter addressed by Tennyson to Mr. E.C. Tainsh, author of 'A Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson,' has lately been published by the 'Nottingham Guardian.' It contains some interesting notes on his own writings. The following lines have been cited by Mr. Tainsh as an instance of 'mechanical supernaturalism':

Though faintly, merrily, far and far away,
He heard the pealing of his parish bells.

Tennyson replied: 'A friend of mine told me that he had heard his own parish bells in the midst of an Eastern desert—not knowing at the time that it was Sunday. He accounted for it to me by saying there was a ringing in his ears which his old associations moulded unconsciously into the sound he heard. There is nothing really supernatural, mechanically or otherwise in Enoch Arden's hearing bells, though the author most probably did intend the passage to tell upon the reader mystically. In reply to another criticism upon the same poem Tennyson says in this letter: 'The costly funeral is all poor Annie could do for him after he is gone—entirely introduced for her sake, and in my opinion, quite necessary to the perfection of the poem.' Some passages in 'In Memoriam' are also cleared up. In regard to the final two lines of Canto 36, for instance:

And those wild eyes that watch the wave,
In rearings round the coral reef,

the commentator gave it as his opinion that by 'those wild eyes' was meant a sailor. Tennyson replies that what he intended is the 'Pacific Islanders'—wild having a sense of 'barbarism' in it—he should not have ventured so vague a periphrasis for 'sailors.' Again, in the last line of Canto 87, allusion is made to 'the bar of Michael Angelo,' signifying, as Mr. Tainsh read it, the eyebrows of the great Italian master, 'which met in the middle, and formed nearly a straight line above his eyes.' Tennyson's meaning is stronger, more profound. The words signify 'that broad bar of frontal bone over the eyes for which he (Michael Angelo) was remarkable.'

• • •

A new edition of Francis Parkman's works has been issued in England by MacMillan and Co. It is a library edition, worthy to be placed alongside of similar works of the rest of the classic historians of the world. Parkman's works should find a place on the book shelves of every Canadian, for it is principally with the history of Canada, the rise and decline of New France, the fall of Indian power and the rise of the Anglo-Saxon nations in America that he is concerned. The seige of Quebec, described with such power by Parkman, in Wolfe and Montcalm, which, perhaps is his masterpiece, has been called at once the saddest and the most glorious event in history.

• • •

An early appearance of Kipling on the stage is recorded in an extract lately dug from an Indian newspaper. The Allahabad 'Pioneer published in its weekly edition, dated Jan. 2, 1884, an account of an amateur performance of 'Plot and Passion,' which came off a few days before the previous Christmas Day at the Railway Theatre, at Lahore. Mr. R. Kipling took the part of M. Desmarets. Mr. Ernest Benedict, C.E., a son of Sir Julius Benedict, was Fouché, Duke of Otranto; and Mrs. Benedict, Madame de Fontanges. The local dramatic critic wrote: 'Desmarets (Mr. Rudyard Kipling) smiled and smiled and smiled, and was a villain of the most pronounced type. To my thinking he overdid some portions of the business, notably a certain devilish delight over the fall of Madame de Fontanges at the end of the third act. He showed, however, an undeniable talent for acting, much power of facial expression, and an enormous pair of top boots, into which from time to time, he almost disappeared.'

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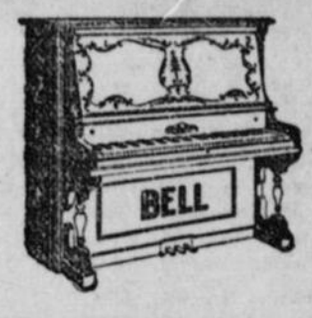
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BRITISH NEWS.

ENGLISH.

A Cunard Liner is to be constructed 719 feet in length, or 15 feet longer than the 'Oceanic.'

After a thunderstorm at West Wycombe, the ground was covered with thousands of little frogs.

The Leeds guardians have passed a resolution in favor of the compulsory notification of consumption.

A young gentleman at Newbury rescued two friends from drowning, and was then washed away and drowned.

A laborer named Thomas Burton, of Isfield, near Lewes, while eating some fruit pie was stung on the tongue by a wasp, and died shortly afterwards from the effects..

Pearls are still in great request, and prices rule high, as is evidenced by the prices paid at Debenham, Storr, and Sons' rooms in Covent Garden, when a row of 56 pearls sold for £360. Another string of 53 pearls fetched £256 12s., and a necklace of 70 pearls £270.

A man named Moulder has just been taken to St. Luke's Infirmary from his home, where he lived in poverty. On searching his lodgings the relieving officers found £439 in gold, £130 notes, a bar of gold, a considerable quantity of valuable jewellery and a life policy.

By the death of Mr. Henry Barrett-Lennard, of Hampstead, which has just taken place at Brighton, at the age of eighty-one, the last of those present when the Premier (Lord Melbourne) and other ministers and prelates paid homage to Her Majesty on her accession to the throne has passed away.

An excursion train filled with passengers for Blackpool was entering Victoria station, Manchester, the other day, when, through the brake failing to act, it ran into another train also crowded with excursionists, which was standing at the platform. Twenty-five persons were injured, several having to be detained at the hospital.

Mr. Robert Gibling, a leading Manningtree tradesman, was driving on his rounds at Bentley, Suffolk, on Monday afternoon, Sept. 11, when the horse took fright at a passing railway train and overturned the trap. Mr. Gibling was thrown out and killed instantly, and a boy named Johnson, who had only entered his employ on Saturday, was also killed on the spot. Mr. Gibling was a leading Wesleyan of the town.

A woman named Tupper, aged ninety-nine years and six months, walked three miles to Wolverhampton Union and applied to the guardians for relief. She well remembers the feastings and rejoicings in her native town following the Battle of Waterloo. She hoped to live until February next, when on her hundredth birth day she would walk to the union and receive her relief pay.

The Queen was greatly interested with Lord Kitchener when he was in England, and, it is said, asked him in the course of a private interview if what she had heard of him was true—that he did not care for any woman. He replied that it was true with one exception. The Queen asked for the name of the exception, and was much amused when the Sirdar replied—'Your Majesty.'

An exciting incident occurred at Lord George Sanger's circus and menagerie, at Plumstead the other day. In the presence of over five hundred people an attendant named James Dukes, was badly mauled by a bear. It appears that Dukes was teasing two white bears, when one of them seized the man's elbow and severely crushed the bone between its teeth. By the aid of hot iron Dukes was released and then taken to Plumstead Hospital, where the injured limb was amputated.

A rich American syndicate, headed by the Johnsons, of Brooklyn, is making arrangements to secure the passage in Parliament at the next session of a private bill which shall enable it to run an electric trolley line from London to Brighton. The promoters intend to make the journey of 51 miles in an hour and a half, and at a fare of one shilling. It is not thought there, however, that the syndicate will be able to secure the requisite powers, owing to the determined opposition of the London, Brighton, & South Coast Railway.

Lord Rosebery has opened at Bishop Auckland a cottage hospital, intended for miners in that district of Durham. His lordship said at the opening ceremony that he was not one of those who looked with unmingled satisfaction at our coal output and export. It was not only our commerce which hinged on our coal supply. Coal was one of our most valuable munitions of war, and in these days when, in spite of the Peace Congress at The Hague and elsewhere it seemed to breathe war in the very air, we could not afford to neglect so warlike a provision as coal.

Ranjitsinhji is a very keen politician, who one day hopes for a seat in Parliament, should he lose his Indian principality on the forthcoming appeal. He is an extreme Radical, and carries his Socialism into everyday life. He would as willingly converse on equal terms with a professional as talk to Lord Harris or the Duke of Buccleuch. This he has proved more than once, and he is a strong advocate for amateurs and professionals having the same dressing-rooms, for he thinks there should be no distinction made between a cricketer who is paid to play and one who can afford to devote time gratuitously to the great game.

An Aldershot correspondent says not a little apprehension has been caused amongst the military authorities there and at Cambridge Hospital, at the strange deaths of soldiers recently returned from the Salisbury manoeuvres. Two men have succumbed to disease with all the symptoms of ptomaic poisoning. There are now left eighteen men in hospital, and on Sept 19, another man named Leslie, of the 2nd Royal Highlanders, died. It is thought by some in authority that the men have partaken of tinned foods whilst on the manoeuvres, and fears are entertained that more of the affected soldiers will die.

An old army man who has just died at Luton, at the age of eighty years, lived in the enjoyment of a pension from the War Office for the last fifty years. Born in Canada in 1818, when his father was there in the service, he at the age of eight years became a drummer-boy, and afterwards belonged to a foot regiment. He never did any fighting, and retired at thirty, with a pension, owing to ill-health. A few years later he joined the Bedfordshire Constabulary, and attained the rank of sergeant, subsequently becoming an instructor of fife-and-drum bands, and holding the post of drum-major in the Luton Volunteers.

A remarkable case of prolonged trance is stated to have just occurred at the residence of the Rev. Hugh Guy, vicar of Wood Ditton, near Newmarket. The vicarage governess, a young lady of about twenty-five years of age, not feeling well, retired earlier than usual to bed. As she did not come down to breakfast next morning, Mrs. Guy sent to know the reason, and was told she was still sleeping. Efforts to awaken the sleeper proving unavailing, the household became alarmed, and summoned a doctor, who was not more successful. The governess slept all that day and the following day, too. The doctors held a consultation over the case, and determined to try douches of cold water, and these were effective. The young lady had slept for upwards of forty hours.

SCOTCH.

While Sir John Brunner's party were shooting at Glassel near Aberdeen. Mr. Harry Baker Lowe, barrister, was shot in both eyes. The injuries were serious, but it is hoped his sight may be preserved.

Workmen have commenced the work of excavation in the Peel Park, Kirkintilloch, with the view of finding traces of ancient Roman or other mediaeval structures. The foundation stones of what is supposed to have been Comyn's Castle, built partly of stones from the Roman fort, and on the same site, have been discovered.

A Scotchman, who is in the wheel-hiring business in Glasgow, has hit upon a novel scheme, one that undoubtedly brings him custom and saves him many a penny Before his customer leaves the store the dealer manages to get a snap shot of his man; if the wheel is returned the wheelman is made a present of the picture; if not, it is immediately put in the hands of the police.

The late Mr. George Hamilton, of Blackland, has, according to his will, left £1,200 to Paisley, to be devoted to the erecting of a fountain near the head of Causeyside. The fountain is to contain an inscription taken from the fourth chapter of St. John, representing Christ speaking to the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. A part of the inscription is where Christ tells the woman that, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.' The fountain is to be of granite.

Sir James King, Bart., has purchased, through Mr. Hugh Mayberry, the mansion house of Carstairs, along with the 3,000 acres surrounding it, at a cost of £100,000. The house, which has now become the property of an ex-Lord Provost of Glasgow, was built by a former Lord Provost of the city, the late Mr. Henry Monteith, once M.P. for Lanark, who acquired the estate in 1819 from the Fullerton family. A short electric railway connects the mansion-house with Carstairs Junction, and the house is lit by electricity, the power for both being derived from the fall of the Mouse at Cleghorn.

Amongst the grain which has been safely gathered in the district south of Edinburgh is the produce of one field of more than average interest. At the base of Turnhouse Hill in the Pentlands is a field upon which was fought the battle of Rullion Green, and where, if the Edinburgh records are rightly interpreted, a great sheep market was held three centuries ago, and which was annually continued until 1872. The field is close upon 1,000 feet above sea-level, and has always been regarded as being outside the zone of profitable wheat growing. In November last Mr. Foulis,



THE MODERN KING CANUTE.

—'Puck.'

the tenant of the farm at House o' Muir, resolved to try the eperiment of sowing the field with winter wheat, and the experiment has succeeded beyond expectation, the quantity and quality of the grain leaving nothing to be desired.

IRISH.

Mr. G. R. Fetherston writes to the 'Morning Post' to say that in his garden at Ardagh, County Longford, is a fine King Pippin, covered with pink and white blossoms, with beautiful fruit fully ripe at the same time.

The two Irish peers—the Earl of Lisburn and the Earl of Mexborough—who have passed away within a fortnight of each other, had no connection with Ireland either by property or by family. Irish peerages were frequently bestowed before the union on Englishmen and Scotchmen as rewards for political services.

A few weeks ago, says a Belfast contemporary, a sow owned by a farmer near Ballygowan had a litter of thirteen pigs, and sixteen days later had a second litter of eleven. The first litter and eight of the second are living and doing well. The occurrence is, so far as is known, unique in the history of Ulster farming.

During the three weeks ending Sept. 2, English cholera in a mild form was prevalent in the Abbeyfeale district. Since the milder weather has, however, replaced the excessive heat, the disease has much abated. The waterworks of the town has been practically derelict for the past four months, and numerous complaints are heard of the difficulty experienced in procuring a supply of good water.

The hackney car-owners, drivers and carmen in Limerick are taking definite action to oppose the electric tram scheme which is before the Corporation for license to use the streets. An appeal has been issued against the scheme. It is pointed out that there are in the city over two hundred hackney cars and carriers, who make their living directly from passenger and cartage traffic. The introduction of an electric passenger and haulage system would, it is claimed, wipe out this trade.

While a threshing machine and engine were being conveyed from Timahoe to Stradbally, Queen's County, the traces of the two horses which were drawing the latter down a steep hill some distance in the rear of the former gave way, with the result that the engine rushed forward and the animals plunged wildly into the threshing machine. One of them was killed instantaneously and the other animal was cut up and mangled in a dreadful manner. The engine was broken, whilst the threshing machine was almost reduced to matchwood.

UNCULTIVATED LAND IN ITALY.

From the 'Gentleman's Magazine.')

According to a calculation made in the 'Bollettino di Notizie Agrarie' a few weeks ago, there are at present no less than 4,500,000 hectares, or about one-sixth of the entire kingdom of Italy, in an uncultivated condition. Even within a day's walk of the walls of Rome there is land that might be reclaimed, and the outskirts of the 'Eternal City' remind one, for desolation and solitude, of that vast and neglected plain which stretches up to the ramparts of Constantinople. Italy may therefore look at home before she spends her hardly raised revenues in 'ploughing the sands' of Africa or aiding in the partition of China. Certainly the colonizing genius of the ancient Romans, has not descended upon the modern Italians; and even the ancient Romans, like the modern Italians, allowed their own country to be agriculturally ruined by that system of vast estates which Pliny the Elder, and after him many a contemporary journalist, declared to be the curse of the land.

RUBY TRADE OF MANDALAY.

HOW RUBIES ARE SOLD AND BOUGHT—RUBY CUTTING AT MANDALAY.

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!
—Rudyard Kipling.

Mandalay, Burmah, Mandalay, in the ante-British days, the residence of the king and his court and a city of much importance, would scarcely be heard of nowadays were it not still the recognized mart for the buying and selling of rubies. The workers in the Burmese ruby mines are chiefly Shans who have made ruby mining a business for generations. The chief buyers of rubies in the rough are agents of large firms in Paris and Amsterdam. All the finest stones go to Paris. There used to be a large demand for pale stones in India, but this has gradually fallen off with the decay of the Native States. Pale rubies cut with a rounded surface and cup shaped base were largely used for embroidering. Vessels of gold were also inlaid with pale rubies. The goid backing darkens the tint of the pale rubies and gives them the true 'pigeon's blood' color.

Among all the customs that enter into barter and trade the world over none is more unique or interesting than what transpires between the Shan miners and the dealer. In the first place the hours for trading are rigidly set, and it is only at 9 o'clock in the morning or 3 o'clock in the afternoon that the miners bring in their rubies for sale. At these hours the sun is half-way to its zenith and it's only then that the rubies can be properly examined in the sunlight. No purchases are made on cloudy days, as without sunlight the true fire and color of the rubies cannot be detected. Artificial light will not answer. At the window with the sunlight streaming in is seated the dealer with a large brass tray before him. A dozen or more half-wild Shan miners lie in easy attitudes about the room, each waiting his turn to have his rubies examined. When that time comes he detaches a small greasy bag from about his loins and pours out the contents, representng several months' work in the mines, upon the dealer's tray.

The dealer first sizes the stones into three heaps. Stones over ten grain are not included in this assortment, as they have a special value and have to be each separately priced. Roughly, the stones would be sized under three grains, under six grains and under ten grains. Each of these three divisions is again divided into three heaps, according to color. The best quality are called 'anegee amha' or extra red, 'chouk' or pale, and 'nemah,' dark and discolored. There is a further division into stones that will cut well; stones that will lose more than half weight in cutting, and stones that cannot be cut, but can only be polished. Spinels and tourmaline are quickly detected by the ruby expert, the reflected sunlight from the brass tray giving these stones a color wholly different to that of the true ruby. The dealer has now before him twenty-seven small heaps of rough rubies. The Shan, whose stones are under examination, comes forward and seats himself before the dealer, the brass tray being between them. Both examine the stones to see that the classification is correct and mutually appraise their valug when satisfied of the classification. Then buyer and seller clasp hands, right hand with right hand, and throw the end of their garment or a silk handkerchief, over their joined hands. No word is spoken; the bargaining is done by a series of finger pressures indicating the price required per tolah (rupees weight), of rubies. If there are many good stones the price is per tolah, which is signified by the thumbs being pressed together. If the stones are inferior the knuckles of the hand are pressed together to show that the offer is for the whole of the heaps on the tray. If the buyer wishes to offer rupees 200 ($67) for the lot he grasps two fingers of the seller by their middle. If the seller wants rupees 350 ($117) he grasps three fingers of the buyer by their middle to indicate rupees 300 ($100), and then slides his hand down toward the end near the palm to indicate fifty more. So the haggling and bargaining goes on by finger pressure without a word being spoken on either side, till an arrangement is come to, when hands are uncovered, the price noted in the merchant's book, and the seller makes room for another miner.

Prices for stones under ten grains' weight vary from ten to one hundred and fifty rupees a tolah, according to color and suitability for cutting. Fancy prices are paid for large stones of good color over three karats weight. Very few rubies of good color and fire are to be found; hence their high value. Within recent years one stone weighing 36½ karats was found at the Magouk Mines, and their fetched rupees 90,000 ($30,000) at Calcutta.

Gem cutting is carried on to some extent in Mandalay, and the Burmese workmen are very skilful in so arranging the facets as to cause as little loss in weight as possible. The Mandalay ruby merchants declare that the European method of gem cutting is wasteful in the extreme, as generally as much as two-thirds of the weight of the stone is lost in this operation. If a Burmese foreman turned out a stone with more than one-fourth loss he would be dismissed and get no more work. The tools used by the Burmese workmen are very simple. With a small steel chisel and light wooden hammer he shapes the stone as far as he can along the cleavage planes. The table is then polished on a copper plate coated with a paste of ruby dust made from inferior rubies. The machine for guiding the facets consists of a foot length of the pointed and bowed end of a bullock's horn. At three inches from the point a hole is drilled across it into which fits a cross piece fitted with a lump of sealing wax or lac. The lac is softened over a fire and the gem adjusted to the required position of the proposed facet. A skilled workman adjusts the stones and the rubbing is done by boys. The foreman from time to time inspects the stone and when the facet is sufficiently large he again softens the lac and readjusts the stone for another facet. It takes a month or six weeks to cut and polish a stone of one karat weight.

The ruby trade of Mandalay is estimated at thirty lakhs of rupees ($1,000,000) per annum, which certainly gives Mandalay the rank of the chief ruby mart in the world.—In New York 'Jewellers' Circular.'

A STONE HIS LEGACY.

THE STORY OF A DISINHERITED SON.

There died a year ago near the village of Bayside, Long Island, New York, a very rich man. His name was William C. Buhrman, and he kept the most modest little store in a picturesque neighborhood, called 'The Alley.' He left four sons, and to three of them a large fortune. To the fourth he left a stone. That stone had a history.

Mr. Buhrman was a man who believed in economy, for all his riches. Since the year 1828 the little general store, feed emporium and the grist mill beside it have flourished. They were left Mr. Buhrman by his father, himself a rich man. The son took up the thread of business life where his father left it and continued famously. He loaned money to the farmers and took mortgages on their farms. In those days farming on Long Island was a paying enterprise. The railways had not then put western commodities into competition with those of the east to the detriment of the latter.

Rich men went there to make their summer homes, and they are there to day. Mr. Buhrman never became ambitious away from home. He worked—nay, he slaved—at his business morning and night, and brought up his sons to do likewise. One of these, however, rebelled against the vigorous régime of life set down by the father. There was a bitter quarrel between Mr. Buhrman and his son one day. In the heat of it the young man so far forgot himself as to pick up a big rock and heave it at the father's head. Then he went away.

The man of grey hairs said nothing. He simply picked up the rock he had skilfully dodged, tied it in a bandanna handkerchief and tucked it in his safe among the bonds, deeds, railway stock and mortgages. Once in a while he would take it out and examine it, saying to himself, 'I shall leave my three sons a hundred thousand dollars each. This son shall get what he intended for me—this chunk of granite.' He kept his word.

The years rolled on. The breach was never healed between father and son, and the stone still nestled there among the hundreds of thousands. One day the man of riches died. His will was read, and his promise was kept. The son who had rebelled against the parental dictum received the stone, the other sons something like a hundred thousand dollars each. In the old safe and elsewhere there was found nearly a hundred thousand dollars in ready cash. The rest of the fortune was in lands, taken on the foreclosed mortgages; railway stocks, bought at hundreds and now worth thousands; real estate in city and country, town lots and granaries, bank stock and electric trolley shares. The three sons received it all.

But within this last year, since the old man's death, something has come over the three sons. They have built themselves beautiful villas, one of them within a stone's throw of the old building where the father and grandfather made the Buhrman hundreds of thousands, by the side of the beautiful lake. They spent the winters in New York and the summers at home, but they were not happy. Blood is thicker than water, and the stone which the old man treasured in his just and righteous rage was nothing to them.

They sent for the erring brother. He did not come. Finally, they went to him, finding him in poverty, but defiant and self-reliant still. He had served a very hard penance for the one rash deed of his life, and the brothers realized it.

They offered to divide equally with him—to make him a co-legatee with themselves. Lawyers were brought into the matter, and quietly, without any blowing of trumpets, the three big-hearted, manly fellows opened their purses and put their flesh and blood on his feet for life.

LIVINGSTONE'S BROTHER.

'WE ARE AS LIKE AS TWA PEAS.'

A good story is told all through Western Ontario to this day, at the expense of John Livingstone, and as it has never been denied, and is eminently characteristic of the man, it is probably quite correct. When Henry M. Stanley returned to New York from his successful search for David Livingstone, he sent a telegram to John announcing his arrival, and asking the latter to meet him. John went, and upon reaching Gotham found Mr. Stanley seriously indisposed and confined to his room. After a long conversation, the character of which may well be surmised, Mr. Stanley said, 'Now, Mr. Livingstone, I will not be able to attend a public gathering to be held in one of the theatres to-night. As you are David's brother, the audience will be delighted to see you and I want you to go and present my apologies.'

After some hesitation the old man consented, and shortly afterwards the metropolitan and fashionable audience, which packed the theatre, saw an old man, who might have been David Livingstone himself, toddle out of the wings to the front of the platform. There was a pause, and then the stranger said: 'Ladies and Gentlemen:—Mr. Stanley is ill. He will not be able to attend this evening. He asked me to come and to tell you so. I am David Livingstone's brother,' (here he slipped back into his native dialect under the weight of this thought), 'and they say we are as like as twa peas.'

The disappointment which the great audience felt owing to the non-attendance of Stanley was largely neutralized, the speaker established his identity, and a storm of cheering broke over the crowd which brought the old man again and again before the curtain. It was David Livingstone they were applauding. —Victoria (B.C.), 'Times.'

RED TAPE REBUKED.

LORD MALMESBURY DIED WITHOUT HIS FENIAN RAID MEDAL REACHING HIM.

(London Truth.')

The story of the general service medal (that seems to be the official title for the decoration), grows more and more wonderful. Last January, a claimant, whose application had been sent in some months previously in all due form, and who had heard from the Canadian authorities that it had been duly transmitted to the War Office, was astonished to receive from Pall Mall, not the medal, but a 'form of claim,' which he was to fill up for the second time with all the necessary particulars of his service. He complied, mildly pointing out at the same time that all the necessary information had been sent in long before. Six months more elapsed, and then he received from the War Office the information that his claim had 'been forwarded to the Secretary of State, Canada, for the consideration of the Canadian Government.' By way of keeping up his spirits, it was added:

'As the question of the issue is in the hands of the Canadian Government, some time must elapse before the medals will be ready for distribution.'

A few months, or years, more or less, is, of course, a mere detail in the case of a medal awarded thirty years after the services it commemorates. But what really is of consequence is the expenditure of labor and stationery involved, the interminable correspondence which seems to have resulted from every single application for the medal. A more egregious exhibition of red tape has never been witnessed.

Meanwhile, I suppose death is continually reducing the number of those who will eventually receive the promised honor. One such case I know of—that of the late Lord Malmesbury. In November last he wrote to me on the subject of the delay, having sent in his application to the proper officials at Ottawa in the previous June, and heard nothing more on the subject beyond a formal acknowledgment. His words read sadly now: 'Why this delay? There are not many of us left above ground who are entitled to the medal; and it cannot be sent after us?' Alas, no!

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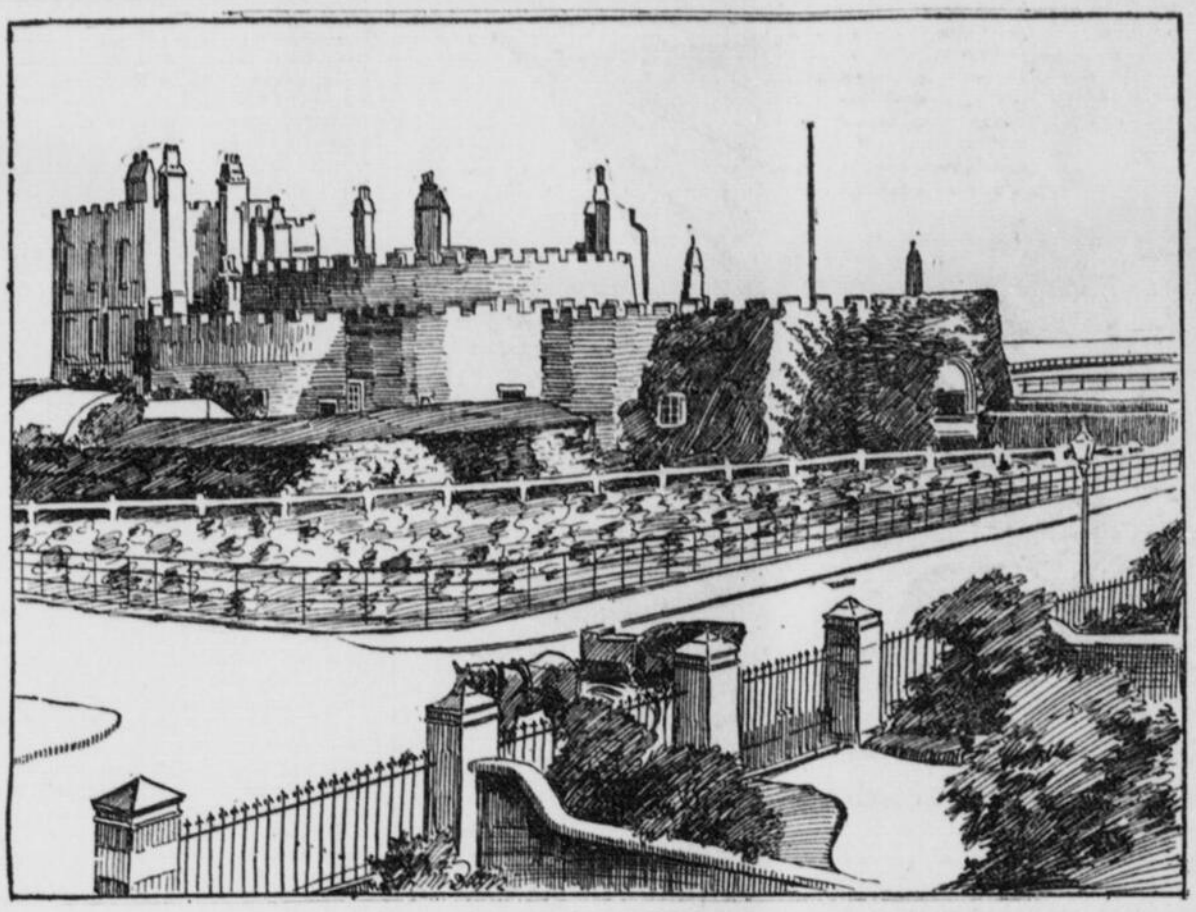
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DEAL CASTLE.

DEAL CASTLE'S CAPTAIN.

DUTIES OF THE CINQUE PORTS IN BY-GONE DAYS.

The Mayor and corporation of Deal, in the county of Kent, recently presented an address of welcome to Lord George Hamilton on his taking up his residence at Deal Castle, as captain of that ancient fortress. Lord George, in returning thanks, referred to his office as Secretary of State for India as a responsible and anxious one. Although his health was good now, and no doubt would be better the longer he lived in that bracing atmosphere, still one began to feel the wear and tear of work such as that in which he had been engaged, and he had often wondered in what locality he would be likely to settle. That question had been solved for him since, by the kindness of Lord Salisbury, the



THE RIGHT HON. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.

Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, he was nominated to the captaincy of the Deal Castle. Having expressed his sympathy with Lady Salisbury in her recent illness, his lordship concluded by expressing his willingness to co-operate in every way with the local authorities of Deal in promoting the welfare of the community and the prosperity of the ancient and salubrious town.

Lord George Hamilton is the third son of the first Duke of Abercorn. He was born in Dec. 1845, and has been Secretary of State for India since 1895. He was Under-Secretary of State for India, 1874-78; First Lord of the Admiralty, 1885-86; and chairman of the London School Board, 1894-95.

Deal Castle, which is situated close to the town of Deal, was built by Henry VIII., in 1539.

Deal itself has been one of the Cinque Ports since the thirteenth century. The Cinque Ports originally consisted of Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, Romney and Hastings, and in past years were considered of great importance. They formed together with the strip of coast upon which they were situated, a sort of county palatine, under a warden or guardian, the seat of whose administration was Dover Castle. The warden, whose office corresponded to that of the ancient Count of the Saxon Coast (Comes littoris Saxonici), exercised jurisdiction, civil, military, and naval, uniting in his single person the functions of sheriff, custos rotulorum, lord-lieutenant, and admiral. The chief function performed by the Cinque Ports in early times consisted in furnishing such shipping as was required for the purposes of the state, the Crown having possessed no permanent navy previous to the reign of Henry VII. In the time of Edward I. they were bound to provide no less than 57 ships, fully equipped and manned at their own cost; though the weight of this heavy burden was somewhat lessened by the provision that the period of gratuitous service should be limited to fifteen days.

The Lord Wardens of the present day possess little or none of the powers they used to hold. The ancient organization of the ports has been broken up in that their internal arrangements have been assimilated to those of other English municipalities.

The seat of the Lord Warden has been for many years Walmer Castle as Dover Castle has long been used as a military station. Among the celebrated Lord Wardens of the present century have been the Duke of Wellington and Lord Palmerston.

ADMIRAL DEWEY.

A GALLANT, GENTLE HERO.

(New York 'Post.')

Putting aside all that is hollow and merely theatrical or humbugging in the greetings extended to Admiral Dewey; ignoring for the moment the obvious eagerness of Tammany to make money, and of the Republicans to make party capital out of the celebration; smiling at all these things as unimportant details, what are the reasons why full-grown men and lovers of their country and their kind should be glad that the 'heart of a people beats with one desire,' and should take their part, in their own way, in acclaiming the man who suddenly made a splendid name?

First, in order of time, must be reckoned, of course, his great service as a man called by professional duty to do a stern piece of work. Such absurdly extravagant things have been said of the battle of Manilla Bay, such foolish comparisons made between it and the really great naval battles of history, that one is tempted, in sheer reaction, to forget how brilliant it was in conception, and with what calculated and judicious recklessness it was fought. It is this aspect of Dewey's exploit which stamps him as a great commander, who would have been as cool, and at the same time daring, as calm in nicely weighing force against force and swiftly striking home with all his might, if his antagonist had been as formidable as he was, in fact, feeble. If he showed contempt for Spanish watchfulness and readiness, it was only a justified contempt based on knowledge, like Drake's when he boldly sailed into Cadiz harbor and spent an audacious day 'singeing the King of Spain's beard.' Dewey at Manilla was simply the incarnate tradition of Anglo-Saxon seamanship, renewing in his own person the principles of Nelson and Farragut, that 'the boldest measures are the safest,' and that 'something must be left to chance.'

Even yet we may not be able to see clearly how much his sharp and crushing blow at Manilla did to shorten the war. In a sense he could say, as Jervis did at St. Vincent, when he flung his fifteen ships against the twenty-seven of the Spaniards, that a victory was 'essential' for his country at that moment. It was essential to hearten his countrymen by a display, at the very beginning of the war, of the historic dash and bravery of the American sailor, and to show that the sea-power of Spain was a hollow shell. No one can estimate the value of his demonstration at Manilla in nerving Sampson and his men, during the long and lonely vigils of the blockade off Santiago. They had but to think of Dewey's feat to be certain that when their own supreme hour came they would find their foe able to do little but die bravely. Thus, the naval battle at Manilla, by both breaking the spirit of Spain, and showing this country the true measure of its enemy at sea, deserves grateful commemoration as perhaps the most powerful single event tending to bring the Spanish war to a speedy close.

But if Dewey was successful in battle, he was even more conspicuously successful in the trying weeks which followed. Confronted with the most difficult problems, he met them all with prompt courage and decision, and nobody has ever been able to lay his finger on one mistake. 'Your Admiral,' said Captain Chichester, of the British man-of-war 'Immortalité,' 'accomplished by tact, firmness, and good judgment in Manilla Bay what many naval men would have thought possible only by war. He is a great man.' Greatest of all, we think, in the large humanity he exhibited. In him was fulfilled Nelson's prayer, as recorded in the last entry in his diary before going into the battle of Trafalgar: 'May humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet.' Dewey made himself, during the weeks when he was in supreme control, as much beloved as his deadly gunnery on that May morning had made him feared. The Spaniards came to trust him as a friend. The Filipinos worshipped him. His own men, down to the grimiest stoker, idolized him. Such high qualities as, by their daily display in him, wrought this profound impression on friend and foe alike, are the Admiral's surest title to greatness; and his admiring countrymen are left to bitter reflections on the official blindness which refused to avail of his well-won prestige and demonstrated capacity, in order to let his gentleness and tact do what the blundering sword has so far failed to do.

It is, indeed, the revelation of Admiral Dewey's character after the battle which has most endeared him to his countrymen. It is not the fighting man we welcome; it is the diplomatist, the statesman with large outlook, the kindly gentleman, the frank and fearless American. 'I had their huzzas before,' said Nelson, when leaving England just before Trafalgar; 'now I have their hearts.' So do we give our cheers to the man who fought so well, but our heartfelt thanks we reserve for the man who showed himself still greater after victory, in the qualities which most adorn our poor humanity, whether in war or peace. 'Long live your fine old English Admiral—yours, I mean—the U. S. A. one at Samoa,' wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in 1889, when the news of the cool heroism of our sailors in the face of death at Apia reached him. 'I wept tears and loved myself and mankind when I read of him. And there was Gordon, too; and there are others, beyond question.' This is the real tribute to Dewey—that he fought like a paladin when fighting was his duty, but that afterwards he was great in gentleness; conciliated Spaniards and drew to himself the devotion of Filipinos; was considerate as he was vigilant, as kind as he was firm; and blazed high as an example of what the American naval service is at its best.

TINTERN ABBEY FOR SALE.

The London 'Times' announces that the Monmouth estates of the Beaufort family are advertised for sale. Besides several castles of historical interest, Tintern Abbey is included in the properties about to come under the hammer. Efforts to secure the beautiful ruins of the abbey for the public have failed.

Tintern Abbey is a famous ecclesiastical ruin on the right bank of the Wye, in Monmouthshire, about nine miles south-east of Monmouth. The abbey—properly so called—was founded in 1131 for the Cistercian monks by Walter de Clare, and dedicated to St. Mary; but already in the previous century a church had been built, and in 1268 mass was celebrated by abbot and monks for the first time. The style of architecture is a transition from early English to decorated, and is considered very fine. Most of the building, except the roof and tower, remains. Tintern Abbey owes not a little of its celebrity to Wordsworth's poem entitled 'Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey on re-visiting the Banks of the Wye,' though in reality the poem has nothing whatever to do with the abbey, which is not once mentioned or alluded to in it.

A SEPARATION OF FIFTY-ONE YEARS.

Mr. P. J. Tyrrelll, of Oakland, California, desires information concerning the whereabouts of his brother, Edward Tyrrell, who parted with him in Quebec in 1848. At the time of this separation Edward was eleven years of age, and was an orphan, and was adopted by a lady named Mrs. McCullough, according to the records in Quebec, then kept by the late Monsignor C. F. Cazeau. Mr. Tyrrell resides at No. 961 Kirkham street, Oakland, Alameda county, California, and is especially anxious to obtain some information regarding his brother, whom he has not seen in fifty-one years.

THE WHITE CITY OF 1900.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT YEAR'S INTERNATIONAL C. E. CONVENTION.

The committee charged with the arrangements for the forthcoming international convention of Christian Endeavor, to be held in London, next year, at their last meeting, resolved to hold all the meetings of the convention in Wembley Park, within a very short distance of London. The proposition involves the surrender of the previously proposed plan to hold the convention or at least a mass meeting in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, but one very strong reason for this action is the fact that the authorities in charge of the palace have recently opened it for Sunday concerts. It has been felt that the Christian Endeavorers, who so successfully waged a war against the Sunday newspapers, could hardly consistently go to the palace for a great convention, and several protests were handed in at the meeting by Endeavorers.

Wembley Park grounds are very spacious, upwards of two hundred acres, and it is proposed to not only erect tents for the meetings but to form an encampment for about six thousand Endeavorers. The committee will have entire charge of the grounds, and arrange for the catering for the 6,000 and all others who come to the meetings.

The White City of London 1900 will be even more realistic than the White City of Detroit, '99, since, for the time of the meetings it will really be the dwelling place for all who elect to dwell in the tents. As all the meetings will be held in the park, those who are lodged in London proper will have no need to return to their homes during the day. With fine weather London 1900, is likely to be a very novel experience.

A NEW WAY.

EASIER THAN GREEN GOODS OR GOLD BRICK SWINDLES.

(Cincinnati 'Enquirer.')

Chiefs of police all over the country are anxiously waiting to hear of the arrest of a trio of swindlers who have operated through Ohio and Kentucky. The trio consists of a man well on in years, a young man and a girl who does not appear to be out of her teens. This combination has worked a brand new swindle, which for cleverness shows brain and thought, and gives the police an idea of the kind of swindlers they have to contend with. Chief Deitsch has received many letters about them. Yesterday another message was received. This one was from Colonel William A. Pinkerton, of the Pinkerton Agency, who furnished the first clew, and settles beyond a question that the trio has operated out of this city, as the books used were purchased at the Methodist Book concern, in this city. The swindle is an old one in a way, but strictly up to date in every other respect.

Like in every swindle, the victim is located and his habits and manner of living are studied. His financial standing and where the banks are recorded, and other details are all in possession of the swindlers, but there is one very important detail that must be had and that is the man's religion. No matter what it is, it plays the leading part in the swindle. If the intended victim is not a member of any church he is passed for one that is. When a victim is found that can be plucked the swindlers are ready to operate.

Along about 5.30 o'clock in the evening a clerical-looking gentleman stops in front of the victim's house and asks how far it is to so and so. The farmer informs him, and the stranger remarks that it is a very long drive, and the conversation always ends in an invitation to stop for the night. The supposed preacher accepts. His horse is put up and fed and the stranger is shown into the house where he has supper and gets ready to stop for the night. The preacher, of course, is of the same religion as the farmer.

He opens his valise and takes from it several religious books to fit the occasion. These he presents to the farmer and his wife as they sit around after supper talking about church matters. Along about eight o'clock there is a knock at the door. The old farmer responds, and finds a young man wearing a new store suit and a white tie. He has been cleanly shaven and combed, but he is excited. The farmer asks what is wanted, and the young man informs him that he is looking for a preacher, as he wants to get married. He shows his license, and in a roundabout way tells the farmer that he and his sweetheart have eloped and want to get married before 'the old folks can stop it.' His manner is such that the old man takes an interest and wants to know where the bride is.

'She's out in the buggy,' is the reply.

By this time the farmer and his wife are all interested, and the old farmer calls the preacher. The latter says he is willing to marry them if everything is all right, and the young man is told to bring in the bride. The young man leaves and returns with 'the blushing bride.' She is young and pretty, and dressed like any well-to-do farmer's daughter. She laughs and giggles as the farmer and his wife joke with her about the runaway.

The young man tells all about the courtship and his father's objections on account of the youth of the bride, and everybody, including the preacher, has a good laugh. The young man produces his license, to which is signed the name of the judge, which the farmer knows very well, and the preacher agrees to perform the ceremony. The parlor is lighted and everything is put in shape for the wedding. The preacher takes out his bible, reads a chapter and finally declares them man and wife as he slips a ring on the bride's finger, which was given him by the young man. The preacher signs the certificate and the farmer and wife sign as witnesses.

The young man and his bride, after thanking every one and offering the preacher a five-dollar gold piece, which is refused, gets into the buggy and drives away.

The preacher is finally shown to his room. At daybreak he is given his breakfast, there is a handshake all round and the visitor drives away.

A day or two later the kind old farmer and his wife are informed by the town bank that their note for $5,000 had been paid. They hurry to town and call at the bank, where they are shown the note. It was torn from the marriage certificate which they had signed as witnesses.

By that time the swindlers are miles away, and all that the farmer and his wife have are the religious books left by the preacher.

The swindlers have worked the scheme through Ohio and Kentucky and have secured over forty thousand dollars to date. The police have no idea who they are, but think that they operated out of this city, as the books and tracts are all from the Methodist Book concern on West Fourth street, but as the company sells books all over the country they may have been purchased elsewhere.

Kite flying has been popular in Japan for many centuries, the kites depicting the most absurd figures, generally of aged gentlemen, birds and puppy dogs.

CANADA'S FINE BANK SYSTEM.

Whatever defects an investigation of the Canadian bank system made in the light of the recent panic may disclose, we think the result in the main will be to increase public confidence in the system. A sweeping disaster in which has been swallowed up many strong financial institutions, has more than once sprung from a much more modest source than the temporary mania which afflicted bank depositors in Montreal a few weeks ago. There existed in the situation a vast possibility of sweeping panic and wholesale ruin of banking institutions. Yet, after the first blast, coming without any warning whatever, the great banking system of Canada steadied itself and by judicious pouring of golden oil on the troubled waters of distrust the ship was soon floating on a quiescent sea. The system is to be judged not only by what happened but by what might have happened, and surely the fact is plain that if there is a seam or two needing calking, the ship itself is built of staunch timbers and is unquestionably seaworthy.—'Dickerman's Treasury Counterfeit Detector.'

QUEEN'S CONSERVATISM.

A correspondent in London of the New York 'Times' writing of a visit he paid to the Queen's new yacht says:

Admiral Fullerton placed me in charge of one of his officers, with a request that the visitor should be shown everything worth seeing.

'You know this is the second Victoria and Albert?' said my guide. In reply to an affirmative he added: 'This boat was built while the Prince Consort was alive, which is a good many years ago, but to all appearances she is just as she was when she went into commission. Still, there is not much of the original boat left. When any repairs were needed they were made, but nothing was changed; the new looked just like the old. This was by order of her Majesty. The Queen does not like changes, particularly any object to which is attached some memory of the Prince Consort. Let us take a look at the engine room. You see how old-fashioned in style the machinery is.' There is not a bit of the original there, but when it became necessary to replace anything that had become worn out the new piece was made on the original pattern, and the engine can hold its own against the best of them to-day.'

Finally we found our way into the Queen's sleeping cabin. It looked like a small bedroom in a country house of ancient style and modest pretensions. There was no bunk, but there was a low, wooden bedstead. The walls were covered with chintz. This was fluted. How many flutes there were nobody, I think, but Her Majesty ever knew. That she knew the upholsterers found out one day. The Queen's orders were that the cabin was to be redecorated each year, but there was to be no change in the character or quality of the decorations. Year after year the same pattern of chintz was used, and year after year the same number of flutes were to be found on each section. Finally a year arrived in which an upholsterer came who knew not what a stickler for conservatism Her Majesty was. To the best of his ability, doubtless, he copied the old decorations. He made one frightful error. This was discovered by the Queen. The unfortunate man had put one more flute on a certain section than had been there before. Instead of ordering him off to instant execution, as Elizabeth or Mary might have done, Queen Victoria simply ordered that the offending chintz should be removed and replaced according to order. There were no more complaints, so that the exact number of flutes, or flutings, must have been reproduced. It is unlikely that Her Majesty took the trouble to count them, but she had, doubtless, become so accustomed to a certain aspect that by a glance she detected the most infinitesimal change.

So far as her desire to keep things as they are is concerned, Her Majesty is the same ashore as afloat. Walking through Windsor Castle one day with one of the head officers of the household, he took me into a small dining room.

'This,' said the officer, 'is where Her Majesty dines when there is but a small party at the castle. From twelve to fifteen can sit down here comfortably. Her Majesty issues an order that twelve persons will dine with her. A plan of the table with seats for twelve guests is prepared and laid before the Queen. Her Majesty designates where each person will sit and fills in the name herself.'

The table was set at the time for fourteen. I asked if there were to be thirteen guests.

'Certainly not,' was the answer. 'There are places for twelve at the sides. Her Majesty sits at the head of the table.'

There was a chair at the bottom of the table. I asked for whom it was intended.

'For nobody,' was the reply. 'That is where the Prince Consort used to sit.'

'And is the vacant chair always there?'

'It is always there,' was the reply.

There was silence for a minute or so, and my guide continued.

'Her Majesty,' he said, 'mentions the number of lights that she requires at dinner and where they shall be placed. She forgets not the smallest detail and detects the minutest change from her orders. It is the same in every department of the household, whether Her Majesty be at Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Balmoral or Osborne. She likes things as they were when the Prince Consort was alive, and what Her Majesty likes the Queen has.'

AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL

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

SIR WILFRID LAURIER ON FARMING.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is exceedingly versatile, and it was interesting to see him the other day at Strathroy laying aside the premiership and ignoring party politics while he talked to some 12,000 of the yeomanry of Ontario about his love of mother earth and his appreciation of the cause of agriculture, as the foundation of all other industries in this Canada of ours. His audience included men of both political parties, who united in cheering enthusiastically the hopeful, confident, inspiring prophecies of increased commercial prosperity for this great Dominion. 'Sweep our competitors in agricultural products from the markets of Great Britain and let Canada lead in all things as she does in cheese and wheat,' was his message to the farmers of Ontario, and five years was his limit of the time required to accomplish this. Sir Wilfrid sketched the position occupied by this country in the markets of Great Britain. Manitoba No. 1 hard wheat is the prime wheat in the world to-day. Neither Russia, nor the Argentine Republic, nor the United States can compete with us in this king of products. Our cheese holds the topmost place in the British market already, and by means of our creameries and the system of cold storage our butter and fruits, especially our apples, are fast pushing to the front. Canadian beef is already rivalling the famous 'roast beef of old England.' In Boston to-day the lamb of Canada commands a special price, and if you go to New York, in all the great hotels and restaurants you will find Canadian melons advertised as of superior excellence. In regard to our relations with the United States, Sir Wilfrid spoke up stoutly in maintenance of the rights of Canada with regard to reciprocal neighborliness, the advantage there would be in greater friendliness, but still insisted on our ability to stand alone if we must needs do so. The Alaskan boundary question was glanced at, and the speaker said: 'We have simply stood by our rights, and it is because we have done this that we have not obtained the success which we might have expected.' The Hon. G. W. Ross, who was present, spoke briefly, and in the course of his speech complimented Sir Wilfrid on the firm stand made in the face of the American commissioners with regard to the Alaskan question. 'That,' said Mr. Ross, 'was a crisis in the history of Canada. I say we have given too much away in the history of the country. The time for crying "Hold!" had come, and here we have with us to-day the first man in the history of Canada that cried 'Hold!' in such a stubborn and stern voice as made the American eagle pause in his flights through the sky.'

I think the patriotic, non-political address of Sir Wilfrid at Strathroy was well fitted to encourage the farmers of Canada in all parts of the Dominion, and therefore I have given this little echo of it, in the agricultural department of the 'Witness,' and hope our farthest-off subscribers in the great North-West will accept it as a note of good cheer.

THE BACON HOG.

An extract from the report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes, not yet published:

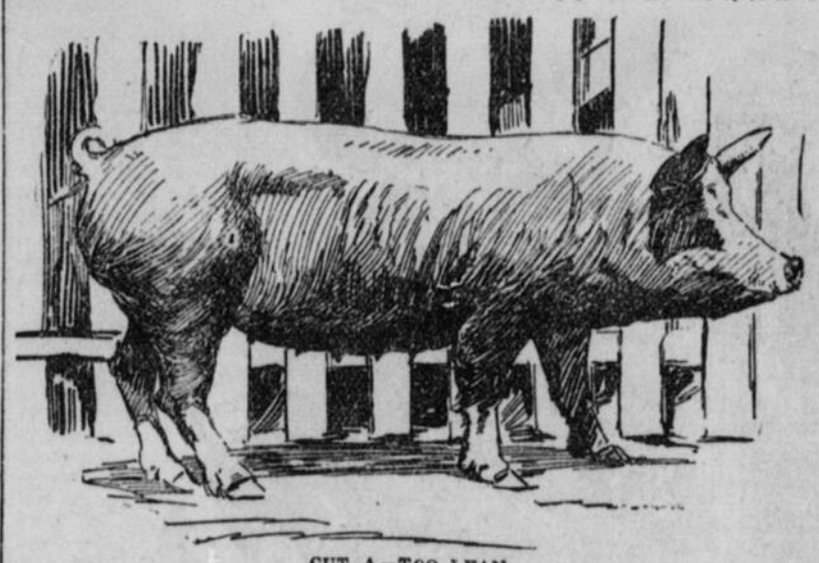
HOW THE PACKERS VIEW THE SITUATION.

FACTS FOR SWINE FEEDERS TO PONDER OVER.

If 'line upon line and precept upon precept' are effective we ought now to have the best kind, and the best fed bacon hogs in the world, as we know of no country where so much on the above subjects has been published in the general and agricultural press, and where the governments, both provincial and federal, have aided breeder so much by experiment and advice as has been done in Canada. Unfortunately, those standing most in need of the information are that class of farmers who do not take an agricultural paper, and look with contempt on those advanced farmers who have spoken at the Farmers' Institutes. We are free to admit, however, that within the last five or six years the farmers of Ontario, speaking generally, have ably seconded the packers' efforts by trying to produce the quantity and quality desired. There is still, however, much room for improvement.

INTERESTS OF FARMER AND PORK-PACKER IDENTICAL.

It cannot be too often stated that the interests of the pork packer and the farmer are one, and that as these two produce an article for export of high excellence, so as to command the best price in England, so the whole country is benefited, or the reverse, if through bad judgment or carelessness an inferior article is produced. Therefore, every farmer who breeds and feeds with the result that the finished product from his hogs is a second rate article, inflicts a needless loss upon the whole country. He may succeed in passing off his



CUT A.—TOO LEAN.

A sample of the shoulder of unfattened hogs sold by the farmer at a loss to himself and with no satisfaction to the packers.

hogs at the best price, but this does not alter the fact that the net return to the country is smaller by reason of the faulty article which he has produced. The amount of this loss is to be multiplied by the number of careless, indifferent, unintelligent farmers, who persist in raising



CUT B.—TOO LEAN.

The pig shown in cut A after killing.

stock, the product of which sells at a lower price than the best.

We are sorry to report that there are still a large number of pigs marketed that, no matter at what price they are bought, entail a loss on the drover, the packer, the storekeeper in England, and on the consumer, besides injuring the reputation of Canadian



CUT C.—TOO LEAN.

Side of pig shown in cut A.—Note the slight thickness of fat on the back, considerably lower than the standard.

bacon, for though no packer of any reputation will put his own brand on the sides or on the boxes of such bacon, it is known by the buyer to be Canadian product, and, of course, the good name which has been so painfully and laboriously secured suffers.

In this particular connection we are referring to the pigs that are sold by farmers to drovers that are simply not fattened at all, and are nothing more than stores. A sample of such is seen in the three cuts marked A, B and C, which show the animal alive and dressed.

There you have the pig alive weighing 145 lbs. Then after being killed, dressed, and salted, and ready for packing, what is it? 'Skin and misery,' as the London dealers call it. If that pig had been fed to about 170 or 175 pounds, or possibly a little heavier, it would have been a very useful animal.

I have selected the foregoing illustrations and accompanying reading matter from the forthcoming Farmers' Institutes' Report as a sample of a very full discussion of a branch of Canadian trade. The whole series of cuts comprises eighteen, but the three given herewith are complete in themselves and relate to a style of animals not fit to be sold to drovers; in fact, nothing more than store pigs. These illustrations will be a guide to feeders in preparing hogs for market without, I hope, encroaching too much on the valuable but limited space of the agricultural department of the 'Witness.' LINDENBANK.

FARM GLEANINGS.

When digging his crop, the grower should exercise all possible care not to cut or otherwise mar the flesh of the tuber. I have seen potatoes seriously injured in appearance and in real value by the careless use of the hoe or digger. Every deep cut or hole thus made detracts from the worth of the tuber. Then the successful grower will not allow his crop to be bruised when put into the basket or waggon box, because he knows that any such bruise may cause decay and consequent total loss. He will insist that his potatoes shall be handled carefully from start to finish. He will, furthermore, see to it that his crop is stored in a dark, dry and cool place while waiting for the market. Before marketing the man who values his reputation will carefully sort his crop, rejecting all tubers which are under size or affected by decay. His product will then present a uniform and decidedly attractive appearance which will go far toward effecting a sale at fair prices.

I have just finished ploughing under a two-acre peach orchard that was sown to sorghum, and it was a surprise to me to see the way it went under. I tried ploughing it on July 22, and as it seemed such an easy thing to do, I decided to let it grow a while longer. On the 6th of August the sorghum averaged from eight to ten feet. The orchard had been a weed patch before in spite of the cultivation I had given it, but the sorghum made the weeds hard to find. I used, in ploughing it under two fourteen-hundred-pound horses and a sixteen-inch plough with a trace chain attached, in order to drag under any stray leaves that might be left. The stalks being tough they do not break easily and the furrow once started it keeps going under, weeds and all. If I were to recommend a green manure outside of clover, it would be sorghum. Handled with a common plough without a coulter, it will be a surprise to many that have been used to tangly grass or spreading weeds. I sowed one bushel per acre and have now sown rye to be turned under next May for corn.

Roots intended for stock feed, whether beets, turnips, potatoes or artichokes, should be stored close to the feeding place. A barn cellar is undoubtedly the best for this, and if it is a basement barn so much the better, as the feed will then be on a level with the animals, thus requiring a minimum amount of work in feeding. If stored so that the ventilation is good and frost cannot reach the bins, the roots will keep from late autumn until grass comes in spring, furnishing throughout the winter months the succulent feed necessary to secure best results with dairy cows, sheep and hogs. If a cellar is not available, pitting in the field is quite satisfactory. The roots will keep perfectly, but of course they are necessarily some distance from the stock and much more labor is required in feeding. Select a high, dry spot, make a slight excavation, pile up the beets carefully and cover directly with earth. Make the covering slight at first, but as the cold increases deepen the layer of soil. Some prefer a layer of straw, leaves or hay next the roots, but this is not necessary.

Another year's experience confirms my statement made a year ago in the 'Farmer' that one can control potato scab by the use of a rye sod, if this is done in the right way. This is the fifth year of an experiment on two acres of land that had become so infested with scab that a decent crop of potatoes could not be grown. Five successive crops of potatoes have been grown in this land, turning a rye sod under each spring and the seed used a portion of the time has not been wholly free from scab and has been untreated with any solution to kill the germs, but the crop is above the average in smoothness. The seed last spring, coming from northern Ohio, had more scab than seemed safe, but so far as examination of the hills now indicates, the crop will be all right. If the rye can be turned during a hot spell in the spring, it makes the soil a little acid, and that is fatal to the scab germs. Two years of that treatment practically cleaned the field. I am not advocating successive crops of potatoes from the same land, as a soil needs rotation of crops, but in this case I wanted to test the efficacy of rye in killing scab, and moreover wanted to get a correct idea of the value of a rye sod in maintaining the productive power of land. The experiment has strengthened my faith in the wisdom of using rye as a winter cover crop wherever a cover crop can be used in the north.—Alva Agee, in 'Ohio Farmer.'

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Skim milk in moderate quantities has often been fed to young colts after weaning, with good results. If the colt has been well cared for up to weaning time, feeding milk is hardly every necessary.

In order to maintain a healthy flock of store sheep, a well-bred ram, good care and comfortable quarters are the three important requisites. Pure-bred animals are no more liable to be strong and healthy than the common grades, but they have some added points of value.

It is not probable that artichokes are quite all that some writers would have us believe, but nevertheless, if a swine feeder once tries them, he will not be apt to give them up. They seem to be just suited to the hog's taste and system, are conducive to the health of the animal, and in food value, as a part of the ration, are worthy of high esteem. If pigs are allowed to run on artichokes, and also fed grain, the artichokes will save about two pounds of grain for each pound of gain in live weight. They are an easy, economical crop to grow. Plant them in rows three feet apart, cultivate a few times, and then let them and the hogs have it out together.

The managers of the Vermont State Fair have offered $500 in premiums to be distributed this year to the Morgan horse exhibit. This useful equine breed made New England famous forty years ago, and added largely to the wealth of the breeders of the New England States. An effort will be made to put on exhibition the best specimens of this one-time distinguished family of roadsters. Among the survival of the fittest the Morgan horse has always held a leading position in the admiration of New England horsemen, where their courage, endurance and intelligence always afford a subject for eulogy.

It is very desirable with markets as they are at the present time to have fat lambs as heavy as possible put on the market in May, June and July. This year the market seems to be holding up longer, as at this time lambs are still bringing a high price. To put a carload of lambs on the market in any of these months, unless one has an unusually large flock to draw upon, some grain feeding must be done to make lambs suitable. It is often a hard matter to get lambs to eat grain satisfactorily, but I am satisfied that it pays as a rule to do this, for at the Wisconsin Station I made quite a number of trials in feeding lambs grain before weaning, and I am satisfied that it has always paid to do so, even if the lambs seem to be doing well without grain. I need not give the details of these trials as they are embodied in the annual reports of that station.

Water from sandstone or slate rock is usually pure, but water that comes through a bed of limestone is very apt to cause trouble in sheep. Most of this water will be found to contain too much lime and magnesia, and the sheep, by absorbing much of these mineral elements, may come down with an attack of goitre. But if water cannot be obtained from any other source it may be partly purified and the excess of alkali neutralized by exposure to the air. This can best be done by deflecting the course of the stream or brook so that the water will have to filter through a bed of sand. This filtering process will relieve the water of all organic matter, and make it harmless to the animals. Ordinarily, little attention is given to the drinking water of animals on the farm, but it is demonstrable that many of the common diseases which affect them can be traced directly or indidectly to the impurity of the water they have been accustomed to drink. Next to their food the drinking water of sheep and all farm animals is the most important factor in their growth and development.

The age of cattle bought for feeding purposes is an important matter, and generally two-year-olds are preferred to yearlings, providing they are the right kind of cattle, for it takes skill and unusually good quality to make a satisfactory lot of baby beef. But, says the 'Indicator,' we would rather have a good, smooth heavy yearling than a two-year-old of the same weight, or about the same weight, for the latter, because of stunting or some other cause, evidently has not the capacity to grow, while the former, by its weight and condition, demonstrates its capacity. The points that make a good feeder are numerous, and the successful feeder usually has as his strong point the fact that he is a good judge of cattle. In selecting, strike for beef conformation, for blockiness, short legs, a good, smooth coat on which the hair does not stare, a soft, mellow hide, gentleness, etc., and avoid the colors that indicate dairy blood. These are only hints, for it would be impossible in a brief article to so fully describe the kind of feeders that should be selected as to enable one not having experience with cattle to know them at sight. The important point, however, in the whole transaction is to buy good cattle at a fair price and not to take cheap stuff at any price. After the cattle are bought, get them to the feed-yard or pastures with as little disturbance as possible, and do not be in a hurry about getting them on full feed. Let them become accustomed to their surroundings, feed plenty of grass and coarse forage, add grain gradually, for six or eight weeks will be little enough time in which to get a lot of steers on full feed.

Sheep and cattle stand nearer together than any kinds of stock we have. I am going to make a comparison between these two kinds of stock, and I want to be fair about it. Now take the cow. My idea of a good cow is some good beef breed, preferably a Shorthorn. Then take eight good ewes of any good breed. The cow will drop one calf in the year. I can keep the eight ewes for what I can keep the one cow. The calf would be worth from $6 to $8 when ready for the butcher. Take the eight ewes and they have raised eight lambs, and they are worth $4 and $5 apiece when ready for the butcher. In this case you have $20 on the side of the sheep. If you raise the calf to a yearling he is worth from $20 to $25. The eight lambs as yearlings would be worth $40. You will say that after you have sold the calf you have the milk. Suppose you milk the cow for 150 days. You have the work of milking to do, and, on the other hand, I have the eight fleeces, or the sixteen, as the case may be, to offset your milk. The fleeces are no trouble to raise, but you have to work with the milk every day. Then I want the stock that will make my ground worth more money. I am satisfied that at the end of the year I will have $40 more from the sheep and with less labor. Still, sheep and cattle should be always kept on the farm; you need them both. They are both good fertilizers, but cattle are harder to fence against.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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

GENERAL.

FIRMS DEALING IN NURSERY STOCK.

J.G., Kaslo, B.C.—State the names and the addresses of one or more firms dealing in nursery stock, and keeping supplies of fruit trees, ornamental trees and shrubs. Ans.—Write to S. S. Bain, Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal; to W. Rennie, florist, Toronto, Ont., or to Messrs. Steel, Briggs & Co. Toronto, Ont. All of these firms deal in excellent nursery stock and are reliable.

STAMP COLLECTING—COMMEMORATIVE ISSUES OF STAMPS.

T.M.C., St. Albans.—1. Give a few hints on stamp collecting. 2. State the name and price of some book, giving information on the subject, and published at a cheap rate. 3. Name some of the principal issues of stamps printed for special national celebrations. Ans.—1. is stated that the most successful stamp collectors are those who began with a general collection. The old collectors often used books of old manuscripts, or the ordinary blank books, for keeping their stamps. Albums are now, however, so cheap, that they are within the reach of all, at prices ranging from 15 cents to three dollars. These albums also contain valuable information relative to stamps. It is better to buy a sewn album with proper guards attached, than a cheap specimen fastened with wire, and having no guards. Used stamps have all paper attaching to them removed by laying them back downwards upon wet blotting paper, care being taken not to wet the face of the stamp, as some issues are printed in inks that will run. The stamps should then be placed in the album attached to gummed hinges, made of thin tough paper, furnished with pure gum. Stamped envelopes and post cards should be kept in a separate album furnished with complete guards. 2. See Hinton's 'Hints on Stamp Collecting,' or 'A.B.C. of Philately,' price 20 cents. Order from Messrs. Grafton, Sons & Co., 250 St. James street, Montreal. 3. In 1876 there was issued by the United States Centennial envelopes red and green, price, three cents each. In 1890 by Great Britain, 'The Guildhall Card,' and 'Rowland Hill Penny Postage Jubilee Card,' and envelope. 1891, Hong Kong rose colored stamp, two cents. Roumania Jubilee set, five stamps. Argentine (1892), Columbian issue, two and five cents. Paraguay (1892), Columbian envelope. Venezuela (1892) Columbian, 25 cent stamp. Montenegro (1893) nine commemorative stamps. United States (1893) Columbian sets of sixteen stamps, twenty-two envelopes. Puerto Rico (1893), Columbian issue, three cent stamps. Shanghai (1892), two cent Jubilee stamp; also set of stamps. Switzerland (1893), Exhibition cards. San Marino Jubilee set of four stamps, and Jubilee post card; issued in 1894. Belgium, Antwerp Exhibition, 5, 10, 25 centimes stamps, also of 1894. Italy, (1894), Exhibition card. Portugal (1894), Prince Henry, the Navigator, set of thirteen stamps, with a surcharge of the Azores. Portugal (1895), San Antonio set of fifteen stamps with surcharge of the Azores. Japan (1894), silver wedding two and five sen stamps. Japan (1896), war stamp, two and five sen, four varieties. Greece (1896), set of twelve stamps. Olympian games issue. Bulgaria (1896), Prince Boris stamp and card. Italy 1896), wedding card. Montenegro (1896), set of cards (adhesive), and envelopes. Johore set of coronation stamps issued, 1896. Venezuela (1896), commemorative set. Uruguay (1896), commemorative set. Great Britain (1897) Jubilee stamps. Canada (1897), Jubilee stamps. Spain (1898) mourning stamp issued on account of war. France, numerous celebration cards and envelopes too numerous to mention. The above are some of the principal commemorative issues.

LEGAL.

(QUEBEC.)

RIGHTS OF LANDLORD.

Old Subscriber.—A rented a house from B, taking possession on the first of May last, lease to expire on April 30, next. When he paid his last month's rent he told B he was going to leave B's house by Oct. 1, giving as reason that he may leave town this fall. Now B would like to know how to proceed to recover the balance of the year's rent. If A pays rent up to Oct. 1, and then leaves, will B have to wait for a month's rent to be due before suing for it? 2. Which court would B have to sue in, the Commissioners or Circuit? 3. If A attempted to auction off his furniture in B's house before leaving it, could B prevent it? 4. If A commences to move out his furniture, could B seize the furniture then, or must he wait till it is moved out? 5. If A got it moved in the night, or without B knowing, could B seize it where A put it? 6. Can B proceed to recover the whole balance of year, or must he proceed month by month? Ans.—1. If A attempts to remove any of the furniture B can proceed at once. 2. If the amount claimed is above one hundred dollars, in the Superior Court; otherwise, in the Circuit Court. 3. Yes; B could put a seizure on the goods. 4. He could seize at once. 5. He could seize at any time within eight days from the removal. 6. He can recover the whole balance of the year, if he makes proof that he will be unable to rent the premises before its expiration.

VALIDITY OF WILL—IMPROPER SIGNATURE.

Old Reader.—Can any person, making his or her last will, lawfully sign any but their own lawful name to it? Ans.—We have answered this question before. It has been held that if a will undoubtedly expresses the intention of the testator, and was signed by him, it will be held valid, even if the name signed is not his proper one.

RIGHTS OF ILLEGITIMATE CHILD—DONATION BY IMBECILE.

M.—1. A young woman in Ireland had a son. About eight years after she came to this province, and five years after sent for her son. She lived here about forty years, and had a considerable bank account. Is her son, at her death, her lawful heir, she having never married, made no will, and having sister's children living? 2. She had not been of sound mind for some time previous to her death, and was induced by a third party to withdraw her money from the bank and give it to said party. Said party gave one-half to her son, and kept the other half. In the event of her sister's children being her legal heirs, could said party be compelled to refund full amount? Ans.—1. Her son would have no rights in her succession. 2. The gift is valid until set aside. It could be set aside if the imbecility was notorious at the time of the gift.

(ONTARIO.)

AN ILL-FOUNDED CLAIM.

J.L.U., N.S.—A widow holds land deeded to her. One of her sons, who lives with her, pays the taxes in his own name, the notices always being sent to him, as though he were the owner. Could he claim the property on this basis? The money that pays the taxes being derived from her resources. Ans.—No.

MASTER AND SERVANT.

———, Manitoba—A hires with B for $17 a month, till freezing up. Can A leave B at a month's notice? Ans.—Not legally.

BOAT DESTROYED—RECOVERY OF DAMAGES.

Old Subscriber, Spring Bay, Ont.—A and B own a small fishing boat, and give it in C's care and tell C not to lend it, but C lets D have it, and next day D comes and gets it and neglects to return it, and it gets destroyed. D got the boat the last time without asking for it. 1. Who is responsible for boat? 2. How can damages be collected? 3. Can A and B collect it, or should C collect it from D? Ans.—We consider C responsible to A and B. 2. By an action for damages. 3. A and B should look to C for compensation, and C to D for indemnity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Crystal Rosette is double the size of this cut.



The Crystal Rosette is double the size of this cut.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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20 Choicest Bulbs, 8 Different Varieties for..... **15c**

'BULB CULTURE' FREE with every order.

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GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavor, Superior Quality, and highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in ¼ lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

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NAPKIN RINGS.

This very cute Napkin Ring is just the thing for a young lady's Birthday Present. It is much larger than shown in our illustration, and is the usual size. It is genuine quadruple silver plate, engraved, satin finish, gold lined, shot border.

Given only to 'Witness' subscribers for two new subscriptions to the 'Weekly Witness' at $1.00 each, or twelve trial subscriptions to Dec. 31, 1899, at 15c each.

For sale, postpaid, at $1.30.



YOUR NAME neatly printed on 2 Rich, Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed, Envelope Verse, Florals, &c. Cards. This Gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STARCARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

WANTED, BOUND VOLUMES OF THE 'Witness' of any period. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness,' Montreal.

MONTREAL NEWS.

A new public hall, styled the Victoria Hall, was opened at Westmount on Tuesday night last by Mayor J. R. Walker, of that municipality.

At a meeting of the Board of Harbor Commissioners held on Friday last it was determined to raise the guard pier four and a half feet above the flood level of 1886.

Mr. Robert Bickerdike has entered an action claiming $2,000 from the City of St. Henri on account of alleged damages caused to his property by raising the level of the Grand Trunk Railway track, which was authorized by the corporation defendant.

Chief Benoit has received an application from the managers of the Paris exhibition asking the fire department by means of photographs of apparatus, fire stations, etc., to make an exhibit in the department of the exhibition devoted to fire-fighing devices. The chief will refer the communication to the Fire Committee at its next meeting.

The Rev. Dr. Harlan Creelman, the new professor of Old Testament languages and literature in the Montreal Congregational College, arrived in this city on Wednesday last, accompanied by Mrs. Creelman. Dr. Creelman on Monday evening delivered an introductory address at the college, which was open to the public. The subject of the lecture was 'The ministry of the Hebrew prophets, and the ministry of to-day.'

Judge Lynch rendered judgment last Thursday morning in the case of F. X. David, vs. the Montreal Turnpike Trust. By this action, complaint was made of the condition of Papineau avenue, between Mount Royal avenue and the Canadian Pacific Railway line, and the Court, by its judgment, ordered the Turnpike trustees to put that portion of the road in proper repair, within a period of nine months.

There was an exciting runaway on St. Denis street last Wednesday. The horse was stopped opposite Trinity Church. It had been left standing while the owner was transacting some business. Taking fright, the animal dashed down the street taking with it the weight which had been fastened to the bridle. The horse was stopped by a young man who caught it by the bridle and threw the animal on the slippery asphalt pavement. An old lady who was crossing the street narrowly escaped being run over.

An important action has been entered by Mr. J. A. Choquette, against the Masson estate. The plaintiff sues to force the defendant to pass a deed to complete an arrangement by which he was to hand over a property owned by him at the corner of Sherbrooke and St. Denis streets, in exchange for the Masson manor at Terrebonne. The present difficulty arises out of a doubt raised as to the Choquette property being free of all encumbrance. The amount involved in this litigation represents property to the value of about a hundred thousand dollars.

The Rev. Father Joseph Reze, of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the oldest priest in the diocese, died on Thursday night at Cote des Neiges, at the age of eighty-five years. Father Reze was born in France, and came to Canada in 1847, where he founded the St. Laurent College. He returned to Europe in 1867, and after an absence of twenty years, came back to Canada in 1887. He celebrated his sacerdotal jubilee in 1888, and in 1890 retired to the Cote des Neiges establishment of his order. He was for many years Provincial of the Fathers of the Holy Cross.

In the Court of Special Sessions on Tuesday last His Honor Judge Desnoyers sentenced Damase Larose to seven years in the penitentiary for shop-breaking. On Sept. 10, the prisoner broke into the store of Mr. A. Normandin, 1531 Notre Dame street, and stole goods valued at fifteen dollars. He had previously served terms aggregating about ten years in the penitentiary for larceny and the judge considered that the safest place for him. At the same court Geo. Pigeon, who on Aug. 23, stole a suit of clothes from Mr. P. Filion, Rousseau street, valued at $19, was sentenced to five years at St. Vincent de Paul.

Jas. Prendergast, who was arrested on Sept. 18 for stealing a coat from St. Patrick's Refuge, and who upon being arrested on Ottawa street used an explosive which injured Constable Hunter, was tried and convicted last Thursday morning before His Honor Judge Desnoyers. The prisoner's record showed that he had served six months in jail in 1891, and was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary in 1895, so that he must have had his sentence shortened, and had been out but a short time. The judge remarked that his conduct was vicious and dangerous. The public must be protected, and he sentenced him to seven years in the penitentiary.

HUGH JOHN'S POLICY.

OPPOSES ADMISSION OF ALIEN RACES TO MANITOBA.

Winnipeg, Sept. 24.—During the course of his address at Dauphin last week, the Hon. Hugh J. Macdonald explained his remarks regarding the enfranchisement of foreigners, which caused so much comment throughout the west.

Mr. Macdonald said: 'A new national danger threatens us from the sudden influx of immense numbers of Slavs, who are here from countries accustomed to absolute rule, from Russia and Austria. I am talking of the Galicians and Doukhobors, they do not know what free government is; they are mere serfs in their own country. It will take probably a generation or more before they understand what the value of a vote is, and what it is to have a government which really represents the people. I rather think, under these circumstances, it is only due to ourselves that these men should not be entitled to votes before they have been long enough in the country to imbibe the free air of Manitoba, and get some idea of representative government. Consequently, it is my intention, if I become leader of the government, to see that a clause is introduced into the Franchise act, not interfering with or disfranchising any one on the voters' list, but declaring, as far as newcomers are concerned, that they will have to be able to read the Manitoba act before they are entitled to vote. Reformers in the west and in Quebec say I intend to disfranchise every Frenchman in the Province of Manitoba who does not know English. But I do not need to tell you I am not stupid enough to go in for anything of that kind. Canada is populated mainly by two races—English and French, the French having the mastery in the Province of Quebec, and the English in the other provinces. These are two races that have been joined for a number of years, and it would be the height of absurdity for me to say I was going to take any step that would interfere with the right of voting to men who are just as much Canadians as we are ourselves. What I intend and wish to have distinctly understood is that I intend to protect Manitoba against the influence of a power that could be used from the franchise being given to foreigners ignorant of our institutions—ignorant of anything like free government—until they have had time to learn what free government is. That is a principle which will commend itself to any thinking man quite irrespective of party, who wish to see the country ruled by those who understand the questions of the day, and understand marking their ballots with the full knowledge of this question.

SCANDINAVIANS ARE DIFFERENT

'The position of a number of foreigners here is altogether different from that of those I have spoken of, namely, of the Scandinavian races, the Danes, Swedes, Icelanders, and North Germans. They are men who, if we go back a few generations, are of the same blood, the same kin, as ourselves. They understand what it is to have representative government, understand our politics, fall into our ways, and are as much Canadians as we are ourselves, and the more we can see of them the better. What I object to is to have those who do not understand our institutions given anything to say in governing. I will go further, and say that if returned to power, I will do everything I possibly can to prevent the influx of an alien race. I do not wish to see in this province a mongrel race, and if we can do anything to prevent it we are not going to see it. We have an object lesson on the other side of the line. We know the vast extent of the United States of America; we know how their land has been open until within comparatively recent years, when they drew a hard and fast line which would exclude the immigrants with whom the Hon. Clifford Sifton is populating Canada. What do we see today? In Minnesota and Dakota and the newer states we see those coming here themselves, because they could not find lands for their sons to settle on, and we see others send their sons because it is the nearest place where they can get a free grant of lands. Large as is the extent of this country, it is gradually filling up, and the time is within measurable distance when farmers, if they wish to get lands for their sons, who wish to farm and take wives for themselves, will have to let them go to a distance, because there is no land in the neighborhood. We should conserve the lands here for desirable immigrants. This is in the hands of the Provincial Government; the Dominion Government would not dare to send immigrants if the province protested. In proposing that as a plank in our platform I have done so in the best interests of the country, desiring that those who mark their ballots for me will feel they are acting in a patriotic way, or if any who hear me do not agree with me, they may place their mark for those opposed to me.'



OUR UITLANDERS—OOM HUGH'S POLICY.

BEGIN NOW,

We would direct the attention of our friends and workers to the autumn premium to be found in the issue of the 'Weekly Witness' of Sept 12. Special inducements for trial subscriptions, yearly subscriptions, and also for the period including the remainder of 1899, free and continuing the papers to Dec. 31, 1900 are offered. We hope to reach many new homes the ensuing year, and ask our friends for their assistance in recommending the 'Witness' to their neighbors and friends.

GOVERNMENT GRANT.

DISTRIBUTION BY PROTESTANT COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction was held on Sept. 28 in Quebec. There was a full attendance of members. The principal business was the distribution of the superior education grant which was rendered very interesting on account of the recent law regarding the destination of the marriage license fees. Formerly these fees, varying from six to seven thousand dollars a year, were given entirely to Protestant superior education, according to law. The Education bill of 1898 provided that they should be devoted entirely to poor elementary schools, but when the bill was presented at the last session the Protestant Committe was empowered to devote these fees to assist superior schools, or primary schools in poor municipalities, or both. This became law. In consequence the committee has given half of these fees this year to superior schools and has reserved half for the poor schools, the university grants being diminished by $3,200.

The following is the distribution for the current year:—

Universities and Colleges—	
McGill University	$2,675
University of Bishop's	1,125
	$3,200

Academies— 1899.	Grant.	Bonus.	Eq. Gr.	Total.
Huntingdon	200	231	50	481
Sherbrooke	200	152	50	402
Lachute	200	148	50	398
Danville	200	121	25	346
Waterloo	200	116	40	356
St. Francis	200	101	40	341
Knowlton	20	95	40	335
Ormstown	200	83	25	303
Cookshire	200	80	40	320
Shawville	200	81	25	306
Stanstead	200	76	00	276
Granby	200	81	40	321
Coaticook	200	77	50	327
Cowansville	200	67	40	307
Valleyfield	200	72	40	312
Aylmer	200	..	25	225
Inverness	200	..	25	225
Bedford	200	..	15	215
Sutton	200	..	10	210
Three Rivers	200	..	15	215
St. Johns	200	..	25	225
Lennoxville	200	..	25	225
Totals	$4,400	1581	695	6676

Special Academies—	
Compton L. College	$200
Dunham L. College	200
Girls' High School, Quebec	200
	$600

Model Schools— 1899.	Grant.	Bonus.	Eq. Gr.	Total
St. Lambert	50	42	50	142
Buckingham	50	40	40	130
Berthier	50	37	25	112
Hull	50	32	25	107
Sawyerville	50	34	25	109
Bury	50	32	25	107
Compton	50	21	50	121
Rawdon	50	36	25	111
Montreal W.	50	..	25	75
Scottstown	50	32	15	97
Portage du Fort	50	..	25	75
Lachine	50	..	15	65
Stanbridge E.	50	..	25	75
St. Sylvester	50	31	25	106
Farnham	50	..	40	90
Frelighsburg	50	..	25	75
Lacolle	50	..	25	75
Gould	50	..	25	75
Mansonville	50	..	25	75
Clarenceville	50	..	25	75
East Angus	50	..	25	75
Hatley	50	..	25	75
Clarendon	50	..	15	65
Ulverton	50	..	25	75
Megantic	50	..	..	50
St. Andrews	50	..	15	65
Hemmingford	50	..	25	75
St. Hyacinthe	50	..	25	75
Magog	50	..	25	75
South Durham	50	..	25	75
Barnston	50	..	40	90
Leeds	50	..	25	75
Levis	50	..	15	65
Marbleton	50	..	25	75
Fairmount	50	..	25	75
Mystic	50	..	15	65
Como	50	..	..	50
Kinnears' M. Mills	50	30	..	80
Windsor Mills	50	..	25	75
Bryson	50	..	..	50
Waterville	50	..	40	90
Totals	$2,050	377	$65	3392

Special Model Schools—	
Pascebiac	$100
New Richmond	100
Haldimand	100
Chicoutimi	100
Arundel	50
Fort Coulonge	50
	$500

Summary of Grants—	
Universities and Colleges	$3,200
Academies, grants	4,400
Bonus and equip. (Acad.)	2,276
Special Acad.	600
Model Schols, grants	2,650
Bonus and equip. (Mod. S.)	1 342
Special Model Schools	500
Reserved for poor municipalities	3,200
	$17,568

NORTH WATERLOO CASE.

A STORY THAT THE PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT WILL INTERFERE.

Toronto, Sept. 27.—The Provincial Government, it is announced, will take steps to have set aside the order made by the trial judges in the North Waterloo case for the production by the telegraph companies of all telegrams sent in or out of Toronto and in or out of points in Waterloo by the ministers. This order, it is said, is entirely without precedent, and would place in the hands of Mr. McPherson, the counsel for the petitioners against Mr. Breithaupt, and others connected with the trial, all the public and private despatches of ministers for months past, whether they have to do with the North Waterloo case or not. The government, it is stated, has no objection to the judges examining these irrelevant telegrams, but will fight the proposal that departmental telegrams and government messages be placed in the hands of any private citizen.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

? DIGESTION BAD ?

Probably

CATARRH

OF THE

STOMACH



When catarrh has been allowed to run along for any length of time, there is a dropping in the back part of the throat. This poisoned mucous is hawked up and spit out during the daytime. But at night during sleep it is swallowed into the stomach, thus poisoning the mucous lining of that organ, and producing symptoms so very like indigestion or dyspepsia that the doctor usually takes it for such, and treats it with the usual routine of pepsins, pancreatin, acids, alkalis, soda, etc. The result of course is a failure, never any better than temporary relief being produced. The following are symptoms of catarrh of the stomach:



Do you belch up gas?
Is your tongue coated?
Are your bowels irregular?
Do you suffer from nausea?
Are you drowsy after meals?
Is your flesh soft and flabby?
Do you suffer with headaches?
Do you feel bloated after eating?
Have you rumbling in your bowels?
Have you palpitation of the heart?
Do you feel languid in the morning?
Do you have pain just after eating?
Have you pain in pit of stomach?
Do you have chilly, and then hot flushes?
Do you have a desire for improper food?
Is there a sour or sweet taste in your mouth?
Is there a gnawing sensation in stomach?
Do you feel as if you had lead in stomach?
Do you feel faint when stomach is empty?
Do you see specks floating before your eyes?
Have you feeling of emptiness in morning?
Have you a burning in back part of throat, called heartburn?

If you have some of the above symptoms and want to get cured, mark yes or no, after each. Cut out, and send to Dr. Sproule; he will then thoroughly diagnose your case, and if curable, tell you how much his treatment would cost.

All remedies for Canadian patients in Canada are shipped from his laboratory, there so as to save Customs duties.

July 22, 1899.

Dear Dr. Sproule:—

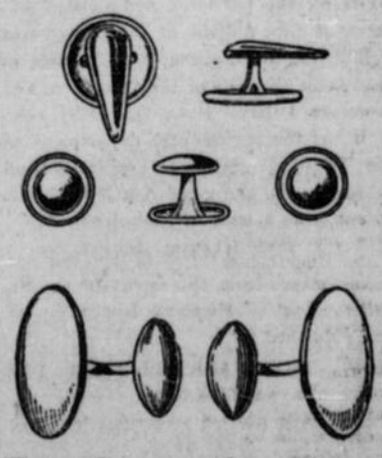
I want to tell you that I am feeling well—the first time for twenty years—and to thank you for all you have done for me. My stomach, which has given me such pain for so long, is all right now. Also I can hear well, and am all right in other ways.

Any time I can be of service to you please let me know. If any one wants to know about my case tell them to write to me. I will be glad to answer.

Your patient,
ALBERT G. VESEY.

Fosterville, N.B.

Write to Dr. Sproule, B.A., English Specialist in Chronic Diseases, 7 Doane street, Boston.



Gentlemen's Sets.

Comprising 1 pair Cuff Links, 3 Front Studs and 2 Pointer Buttons.

The Links and Studs are rolled gold plate, warranted, and are made in the celebrated one piece unbreakable style. Dull or polished finished as desired.

Will be sent postpaid and registered.

Free to 'Witness' subscribers only who will send us one strictly new subscription to the 'Daily' at $3.00, or three strictly new subscriptions to the 'Weekly Witness' at $1.00 each, or seventeen trial subscriptions to Dec. 31, 1899, at 15c each.

DAWSON CITY WHEAT.

Winnipeg, Sept. 30.—Splendid samples of wheat and oats, grown near Dawson City, Yukon, were shown on the grain exchange yesterday.

It may be said that samples were also shown on Montreal Board of Trade yesterday, Oct. 2, but the wheat had been grown on the housetops, had been sown in May and reaped in August.

TREMBLING IN THE BALANCE.

Looks Now as if Only Great Forbearance Would Prevent Hostilities.

BOTH SIDES MASSING — FEELING IN ENGLAND AND ABROAD.

Is there to be war? The despatches from London, during the past week have endeavored to answer the question in the affirmative. If the bulk of opinion is pointing truly there will be war. The sober and serious side of the despatches takes ground that there is no necessity for war—that matters are capable of adjustment on a reasonable basis, if the desire at the Colonial Office in London equals that in the mind of Mr. Kruger and that of his friends at Pretoria.

Last week's despatches in the 'Witness' left Mr. Kruger in receipt of the British reply to the note, in which he had so severely criticized Mr. Conyngham Greene, the British agent. The Orange Free States was considering its attitude toward the contending parties in the controversy. The diplomatic correspondence between Mr. Kruger, president of the Transvaal Republic, and Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary for Britain, is not ended. The new feature appears to be that discussion of the suzerainty is dropped, and the British determination to put the case in an unmistakable form is made plain. The grim feature that is not new is the war preparations made on both sides. It will be seen that these put the troops of Great Britain nearly on the old fighting ground of 1881, in no unprepared state, as they undoubtedly were when Colonel Anstruther and half his battalion were shot down, and thus commenced a tragic struggle that ended as disastrously as it commenced, with the defeat of our forces at Majuba Hill. Peace advocates now taunt the war party with caring less for the woes of the Uitlanders than for vengeance, with Majuba Hill as the spur.

BRITAIN TO THE TRANSVAAL.

The British Foreign Office on Sept. 23 gave out the text of the letter of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, to the British High Commissioner in South Africa, Sir Alfred Milner, dated Sept. 22. The British reply expresses regret that Her Majesty's offer, number five, of September, had been refused, and says: 'The object of Her Majesty's Government in view of the recent negotiations has been stated in a manner which cannot admit of misapprehension, viz.: To obtain such substantial and immediate representation for the Uitlanders as will enable them to secure for themselves that fair and just treatment which was formally promised to them in 1881, and which Her Majesty intended to secure for them when she granted privileges of self-government to the Transvaal. No conditions less comprehensive than those contained in the telegram of Sept. 8 can be relied on to effect this object. The refusal of the South African Government to entertain the offer thus made, coming as it does after four months of protracted negotiations, themselves the climax of five years of extended agitation, makes it useless to further pursue the discussions on the lines hitherto followed, and the Imperial Government is compelled to consider the situation afresh and formulate new proposals for a final settlement of the issues which have been created in South Africa by the policy constantly followed for many years by the government of South Africa. They will communicate the result of their deliberations in a later despatch.'

In a later communication, dated Sept. 22, the Imperial Government takes up the charge of breach of faith insinuated by Secretary of State Reitz, Sept. 16, 'which,' it is pointed out, 'we cannot pass over in silence.'

Mr. Chamberlain then says: 'The proposals made by the South African Republic in its letters of Aug. 19 and Aug. 20 were not induced by suggestions given by the British agent from the state attorney as claimed, but on the contrary, the state attorney sounded the British agent both in writing and in conversation, as to the conditions on which the Imperial Government would waive the invitation to adjourn the enquiry; and the result of these communications was proposals made by the South African government in their letters. It is impossible that the South African Government could have had any doubt as to the Imperial Government's answer to the conditions named and my reply was actually the same as the British agent had foreshadowed to the state attorney, and which, therefore, they must have anticipated in making the proposals.'

The Imperial Government also denies that its telegram of Sept. 8 substituted an entirely new proposal for the invitation to the joint commission of enquiry.

The Imperial Government then quotes the despatch from South Africa of Aug. 19, containing an alternative proposal identical with that which the Imperial Government is said to have substituted and the communication then proceeds as follows:

'The Imperial Government sees no ground for misapprehension on the part of the South African Republic as to its answer regarding non-interference and suzerainty, as the Imperial Government had already stated that it would not press for the appointment of a joint commission of enquiry in view of the fact that such an enquiry would, in the opinion of the government of South Africa, prejudice the right of full independence repeatedly recognized by the Imperial Government.

'As to the use of the English language in the Volksraad, the Imperial Government regards this as reasonable and is astonished that the Government of the South African Republic should deem it unnecessary and make a point of denying that the Government of the South African Republic ever proposed the same to the British agent.'

THE TRANSVAAL'S REPLY.

Capetown, Sept. 29.—The Transvaal's reply to the last despatches of the British Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, has been sent from Pretoria. It is to the effect that the Republic strictly adheres to the London convention and asks nothing further. The question of the suzerainty of Great Britain over the Transvaal is not touched upon in the despatch.

THE BRITISH CABINET MET.

London, Sept. 29.—The meeting of the British Cabinet, on whose deliberations, practically, hinges war or peace in South Africa, began at one o'clock this afternoon. President Kruger's reply to the last note of the Imperial Government has now been received, and is the pivot of to-day's discussion.

The despatch from Capetown, cabled to the Associated Press, is given the leading place in the afternoon papers. While it is too brief to give an adequate idea of the Transvaal's attitude, the impression it produced was rather favorable than otherwise.

THE JINGOES CHEERED.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, drove to the Colonial Office at 12.15 p.m. As he passed through the crowd assembled in Whitehall he was greeted with cheers, which were renewed when he alighted.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN WRITES DOWN THE BRITISH DEMAND.

London, Sept. 29, 3.10 p.m.—The 'Pall Mall Gazette' says it understands that Mr. Chamberlain submitted a despatch to the cabinet council to-day containing the folowing demands on the Transvaal:

1. Five years' franchise qualification without hampering conditions.

2. Municipal self-government at Johannesburg on a freely-elected basis.

(3) The separation of the judicature from the executive and its independence of the Volksraad.

(4) The abolition of the dynamite monopoly.

(5) The removal of the fort dominating Johannesburg, though the defences at Pretoria may remain.

(6) The teaching of the English language in the schools.

THE FREE STATE AND TRANSVAAL TOGETHER.

London, Sept. 28.—The decision of the Volksraad of the Orange Free State to join with the Transvaal in the event of hostilities, although fully expected, is the leading news of to-day and will, naturally, stiffen the Boers' independent attitude. The Raad's resolution has made the brotherhood-of-arms between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, of which, hitherto, there was only a strong probability, an absolute certainty, and the British will have to face the situation.

The Volksraad's resolution was as follows:—

The Raad, having read paragraph 2 of the President's speech, and the official documents and correspondence, submitted therewith.

Having regard for the strained state of affairs throughout the whole of South Africa which has arisen in consequence of the difference between the Imperial Government and the Government of the Transvaal, which threatens to lead to hostilities, the calamitous consequences of which to the white inhabitants will be immeasurable.

Being connected with the Transvaal by the closest ties of blood and confederacy.

And standing in the most friendly relations possible with the Imperial Government, and fearing that should war break out, a hatred between the European races will be born, which will arrest and retard the peaceful development of all the states and colonies of Africa, and develop a distrust in the future.

Feeling that the solemn duty rests upon it of doing everything possible to avoid the shedding of blood.

Considering that the Transvaal Government during its negotiations with the Imperial Government, which have extended over several months, have made every endeavor to arrive at a peaceful solution of the differences raised by the aliens of the Transvaal, and taken up by the Imperial Government as its own cause, which endeavors have unfortunately, had only this result, that British troops were concentrated on the border of the Transvaal, are still being strengthened.

Resolved, that we instruct the Government to still use every means to maintain peace, and in a peaceful manner, contribute towards the solution of the existing difficulties, provided it be done without violating the honor and independence of the Free State and the Transvaal, and wishes the ministry to make known its opinion that there exists no cause for war, and that war against the Transvaal, as now undertaken, or occasioned by the Imperial Government will, morally, be a war against the whole white population of Africa, and, in its consequences, criminal; for, come what may, the Free State will honestly and faithfully fulfil its obligations towards the Transvaal, by virtue of the political alliance between the two Republics.

SUZERAINTY CONTROVERSY.

London, Sept. 27.—Sir William Vernon Harcourt writes to the 'Times' denying that the controversy regarding suzerainty was introduced by the Transvaal Government. He says it was originated by Mr. Chamberlain in his despatch of Sept. 16, 1897. 'The Transvaal independence,' says Sir William, 'is complete. Even in foreign affairs, the only thing reserved is the final approval of the Queen to treaties negotiated. It is unfortunate that the suzerainty question was ever raised, and the sooner the whole dispute is dismissed, the better; nothing but mischief can come from the employment of vague terms like suzerainty and paramountcy. Beyond doubt, the relations of Great Britain with the Transvaal rest upon the terms of the convention of 1884, and upon nothing else. What we have to do is to get the franchise question settled as quickly as possible, without the importation of extraneous matter. If, as the government is understood to desire, both parties can take a new departure, there can be no obstacle to an amicable solution.'

MR. KRUGER'S VOICE.

London, Sept. 29.—A despatch to the 'Times' from Pretoria says: 'It is generally expected that a state of war will be proclaimed at any moment. President Kruger granted me an interview to-day, and declared he had done all possible for the sake of peace. He had accepted Mr. Chamberlain's own offer for a common inquiry, but Mr. Chamberlain deliberately broke the thread of the negotiations, and war was forced upon him. It was tions, troops were massed on all sides, impossible to accede to the despatch of Sept. 12. Such a course would have given the land and people into the hands of strangers. As it was, his seven years' proposal would, according to the field cornets' books enfranchise 50,000 persons, which was more than the whole number of the old burghers, yet not one has come forward to take it. The Uitlanders never really wanted the franchise.'

UITLANDERS BLAMED.

'From the first they refused to go on the commandos, and registered themselves as aliens. Afterwards Lord Loch secured exemption for them on the same terms as the Portuguese. He wished to indignantly deny Mr. Chamberlain's charge that he had broken his promise made during the discussion preceding the Pretoria convention of 1881, that he would treat new immigrants equally with the old burghers. He had always been ready to treat them so, and they had always refused.

'In conclusion, I asked if there was still a possibility of peace.

'"No," he replied, after a pause, "unless the other side will do something to make peace possible."' The correspondent adds that perhaps it is worth pointing out that the commando in question did not arise until 1894, after the franchise had been restricted by the law of 1891, which makes it difficult to see why the former should account for the latter.

SIR EDWAD CLARKE FOR PEACE.

London, Sept. 30.—Sir Edward Clarke in a strong philippic against war, says: 'I refuse to believe that the government will allow the clumsy correspondence to form the issue of an unnecessary war. For one man who is in favor of war because of the interests of the Uitlanders, there are a dozen who want war because they want to avenge Majuba Hill. But if Majuba Hill had to be avenged, the time was then and not now after the lapse of eighteen years. It will be a disgrace to the country to enter a campaign now.'

TROOPS MASSING.

BOTH SIDES ACTIVELY PREPARING FOR HOSTILITIES.

London, Oct. 1.—From all points in the Transvaal, Natal and Cape Colony come reports of continued military activity on the frontiers, and while the movements of individual commands as yet do not show concerted plans, it is evident that the narrow, wedge-like strip of Natal whose apex is crowned with the ominous name of Majuba Hill, will be the centre of the coming storm. Late yesterday the Boers established a camp at Scheeper's Nek, near Vryheid, and they will mobilize a great force on the Buffalo river to-morrow, which the authorities at Dundee expect will move across the border to that spot, probably at once. It is believed that a conflict at this point will certainly occur early in the week. At the same time, the Boers are collecting a force of 2,000 under the command of Cronge, near Mafeking, where Col. Baden-Powell is stationed.

Despatches from Tuli, Rhodesia, announce that another force of Boers is massed at Pietermaritzburg, fifty miles south, and that outlying parties are posted at all the drifts along the Limpopo river.

In the meantime, Col. Plummer's column is moving fifty miles nearer the Transvaal frontier, and has established telephone connections to within six miles of Rhodes's Drift, on the Limpopo.

Enthusiastic scenes at all the railway stations have marked the advance of the Natal volunteers.

Despatches from Mafeking announce that Commandant Cronge, commander of the border police, crossed the border and visited Chief Baralonga, apparently with the object of inciting him to fight. The British civil commissioner ordered the chief to stay and protect the women and children, telling him that he would not be allowed to fight.

The Boers openly threaten to raid Vryburg, in British Bechuanaland, as soon as hostilities open, and the Kimberley 'Advertiser' complains of the apathy of the Cape ministry in not taking steps to prevent this.

The Transvaal field cornets are taking the names of colonial Boers who are willing to cross the border in the event of war.

It is evident that Buffalo river, the north-eastern boundary of Natal, is to be the Potomac of the war. In view of its strategic value, Joshua Joubert has taken absolute command of forces there and placed a strong line of pickets along the river and has ordered the natives to drive in all the stock.

All the available burghers in the neighborhood have been requisitioned, with the result that some 2,000 have mobilized at Wakkerstroom, the chief point of mobilization there.

Cardinal Herbert Vaughan, archbishop of Westminster, preaching in the pro-Cathedral to-day, referred to the Transvaal crisis. His Eminence said: 'War is still trembling in the balance, and a great responsibility rests upon those deputed to safeguard the welfare of the British nation. An unjust or an unnecessary war would be a great national crime, deserving divine chastisement, because it would be an offence against God and mankind.

'Realizing the awfulness of war, the Catholic churches in London are to-day offering prayers to Almighty God that light and strength and courage be given to those responsible for the interests of the nation and that they may be led to do what is right and just.'

SIR REDVERS H. BULLER.

It is almost certain that General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, the former adjutant-general, will have supreme command in South Africa. In the meantime, the military responsibility is divided between Major-General Sir George Stewart White and Lieut.-General Sir Frederick William Forestier-Walker, the latter at the Cape and the former in Natal, each being supreme over his own district.

General White, who is described as a fighting man, 'keen as mustard,' has not yet arrived in Natal. Upon him will devolve the duty of checking any desultory Boer raids, or, in case of a premature outbreak of actual hostilities, of holding Natal until General Buller's army corps arrives, when the aggressive British campaign will probably commence. Some dissatisfaction is expressed because Gen. White has never served in South Africa. But it is generally thought that his fighting abilities will more than make up for his lack of topographical knowledge. Under Generals White and Walker will be a host of officers specially selected for their knowledge of Boer methods and South African campaigning.

A SURVIVOR OF ISANDLWANA.

General Sir William Symons, General White's second in command, is one of the few survivors of the awful affair of Isandlwana. The artillery, in Natal, will be commanded by Col. Downing, late chief instructor at the School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, who has the highest scientific and practical reputation.

Major-General French, commanding the cavalry, is a dashing officer, somewhat on the lines of an American officer. Gen. Young served through the early Egyptian campaigns.

Much has been said regarding the physical unfitness of a large percentage of the British rank and file going to South Africa or already there. A great difference of opinion on the subject exists. But it can be said that the regiments selected are believed to have the highest standard of physique and all are comparatively long-service men.

PARLIAMENT CALLED.

London, Oct. 2.—The announced intention of the British Cabinet to meet to-morrow has, apparently, been reconsidered. It is now said that the meeting depends largely on the developments in the Transvaal. The date for summoning Parliament has not been definitely settled, though it is expected to be about Oct. 19. The Queen will hold a Privy Council at Balmoral, Scotland, at an early date, when the necessary proclamation will be signed.

The remarkable absence of news from South Africa this morning leads to the belief that there has been a wide-spread cutting of telegraphic wires, or that extra censorship has been established. There is no Transvaal news yet to-day, so there is nothing to soften the extreme bellicosity of yesterday's despatches. Still, it must be borne in mind that conscription is enforced in the Transvaal, so the preparations for war necessarily entail the upsetting of the civil machinery, and the closing of the courts, as the burghers have all been commandeered. On the other hand, there is nothing whatever to indicate that the authorities at Pretoria have the slightest desire to come to terms peacefully with Great Britain. Had the Boers not determined to fight it out, or if they were not prepared for hostilities they would, it is thought, have sent some temporizing reply to Great Britain's despatch. All the hanging back seems to be on Great Britain's side, where, in spite of the newspaper and War Office talk, of mobilization of an army corps, the work is apparently proceeding in a curiously leisurely manner.

The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, in his reply to a toast to his health, at a public luncheon of the Manchester Technical School, on Saturday afternoon, was careful in referring to the Transvaal situation to announce that the cabinet's new proposals were moderate, and his whole speech seemed to indicate that the British Government was framing its despatch so as to invite a continuance of the negotiations. It now appears that the alleged calling out of the first-class army reserve was a hoax. The circulars were issued on official paper, and many members of the reserve presented themselves at the barracks, only to find that the order was a forgery. The police now have the matter in their hands.

KRUGER'S NEPHEWS RETURN.

Brussels, Oct. 2.—The 'Messager de Bruxelles' says that two nephews of President Kruger, who were attached to the Trtnsvaal Diplomatic Agency, have left Brussels to join the forces of the Transvaal.

QUIET AT PRETORIA.

The correspondent of the Associated Press at Capetown has secured an official denial of the statement of the South African 'News' that a train has been despatched to fetch Mr. Conyngham Greene from Pretoria. No instructions have yet been issued to Mr. Greene. All is quiet at Pretoria.

Great excitement prevails at Capetown where it is reported that the Boers have occupied Laing's Nek.

The British at Capetown express great satisfaction at the fact that matters have reached a stage when a definite settlement of the difficulties is inevitable.

KIPLING'S MESSAGE.

'Suffer Not the Old King.'

THE TRANSVAAL THREATENS POPULAR FREEDOM.

London, Sept. 29.—These stanzas are part of a new poem entitled 'The King,' apropos of the Transvaal crisis, written by Rudyard Kipling, for the next number of 'McClure's Magazine.'

All we have of freedom—all we use or know,
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago.
Ancient right, unnoticed as the breath we draw,
Leave to die by no man's leave, underneath the law.

So they bought us freedom, not at little cost;
Therefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.
Over all things certain, this is sure, indeed,
Suffer not the old King, for we know the breed.

Howso' great their clamor, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King, under any name.
Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn,
It is written what shall fall, if the King return.
Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run;
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled,
Laying on a new land evil of the old.

Here is naught unproven—here is nothing hid,
Step by step, and word for word, so the old king did;
Step by step and word by word, who is ruled may read,—
Suffer not the old Kings, for we know the breed.
All the rights they promise, all the wrong they bring;—
Stewards of the judgment, suffer not the King.

CABINET CHANGE.

Mr. James Sutherland Given a Seat Without Portfolio.

Ottawa, Oct. 2.—Mr. James Sutherland, chief Parliamentary whip of the Liberal party, has been called to a seat in the government without portfolio, and was sworn in by the Privy Council on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Sutherland has ever since the accession of his party to power stood very close to the cabinet, and has enjoyed the fullest confidence of the Prime Minister and his colleagues. He is a man of a practical bent of mind whose counsel will be of value to the administration. His speeches in the House of Commons have always shown a business-like grasp, and as a gentleman of honest purpose and ability, his presence in the cabinet will add to the public confidence in that body. From an Ontario point of view the step will be especially appreciated, adding, as it does, one to the representation of that province. It makes but the second cabinet change in the period of more than three years, which has elapsed since the premier announced its formation. The other change referred to the demise of the Hon. C. A. Geoffrion, one of the Quebec representatives during the course of the last session.

Major Sutherland, as he was very generally known, comes of Scotch parentage, his father having removed to Canada in 1841, from Caithness-shire. He was himself born in Ancaster, Wentworth county fifty years ago, and was educated at Woodstock where he afterwards entered upon mercantile pursuits. The first public position he held was that of town councillor. From that he graduated into a reeveship, and, later, was elected mayor. In 1880 he was chosen to represent North Oxford, in Parliament, on the death of the sitting member, Mr. Thomas Oliver, and has since retained that seat. Since 1893, he has been in charge of the organization of the Liberal party in Ontario. He is also interested in a number of companies and is Major of the 22nd Oxford County Rifles.

RECEPTION TO MR. BLAKE.

Toronto Sept. 28.—At a meeting of the committee in charge of the forthcoming reception to the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., before his return to Ireland, held to-night at the office of Senator O'Donahue, arrangements were about completed for the demonstration which will take place in the Horticultural Pavilion on Wednesday, Oct. 18. The chairman of the evening will be Mr. J. J. Foy, Q.C., M.P.P., and the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Hamilton, a prominent Methodist divine, will read the address on the occasion. The secretary, Mr. P. F. Cronin, has received a large number of acceptances to be present from prominent Irish-Canadians all over the Dominion

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BLADDER TROUBLE.

One of the most Distressing forms of Kidney Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

James Atwell, of Campbellford, Writes of His Case—Suffered for Six Years—After Trying about Everything Else He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Campbellford, Sept. 29.—Probably the most distressing form of kidney disease is that from which Mr. James Atwell, of this place, suffered for six months, namely, Bladder Complaint. Formerly it was not known that the kidneys were responsible for troubles of the bladder, but nowadays the connection between these organs is better understood.

Bladder Trouble is caused by failure of the Kidneys to dissolve the gritty particles brought to them in the blood. These escape to the bladder, where they irritate the delicate inner coating and cause inflammation. Urinary troubles, of course, follow, accompanied by much pain and distress.

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THE 'SCOTSMAN.'

STORY OF THE WRECK—EXPERIENCES OF PASSENGERS—ARRESTS OF CREW.

(Continued from page one.)

and 28 crew of the wrecked 'Scotsman.' Seventeen of them were taken on at the lighthouse and sixteen at the wreck. There now remain by the wreck the captain, the chief officers, the second and fourth officers. It is unlikely, but it is said that there may possibly still be some passengers on the island, as they were all dispersed over it. The weather has been fair since the 'Scotsman' went ashore and she is in about the same condition as when the 'Montfort' left her, but if the wind should shift round in a south-easterly direction it would go hard with her.

MALEFACTORS ARRESTED.

When the 'Montfort' arrived in port at 6.30 on Sunday morning Sergt. Detective Campeau, acting chief of the department, who was on hand with almost his entire force, and the work they did has won them high commendation.

Before the gangway of the 'Montfort' had been thrown out a lot of men climbed over the rails before the officers of the vessel could prevent them. But the detectives had anticipated some such move, and were prepared for the event, and each secured one or two of the suspected sailors before they could realize what had happened. There were about twenty-five men taken in charge and marched up to the Salvation Army 'Lighthouse,' formerly Joe Beef's canteen, where they had some breakfast, and were searched.

The men who were arrested here were sailors, stewards and stokers. After being searched at headquarters and the Salvation Army Lighthouse, all but five were allowed to go. The names of those who were held during the day are: George Parry, sailor, Liverpool; Edward Sweeney, sailor, Ireland; Samuel Wrigley, steward, Liverpool; John Gade, steward, Birkenhead, and William Bailes, steward, Liverpool.

The others who were arrested by the detectives, but subsequently released, are: Ernest New, Alexander Cormack, William Patterson, John Edwards, W. J. Peters, R. Buntin, D. R. Owens, Thos. Tuhey, Fred. Collens, Harvey Keshel, William Colless, Albert Bailey, John Gwythes, Edward Foracres, John Puplett, Angus Morrison, P. Gough and W. H. Williams. Silks, opera glasses and various other valuables were found in their baggage. However, the officers decided not to hold them at the City Hall for the time being.

The men are charged with stealing from the steamship 'Scotsman.'

Though there were eleven men taken from the steamship 'Grecian,' which arrived in port at two o'clock, W. Hamich, a horseman, was the only one placed under arrest. Among his possessions the officers found a horseshoe brooch and a valuable ring.

There were very few people on the wharf when the 'Montfort' arrived, as it was not known by the public when she would arrive. When the 'Grecian' arrived, however, there was a large crowd on hand to witness the arrest, and a considerable number of young men joined the procession to detective headquarters. The comments which the prisoners heard about themselves were not very pleasant, some even suggesting violence, but no actual demonstration was made.

Some of the men had got hold of newspapers and read of their deeds and the probable result. Only one, however, was able to give a reasonable excuse for having goods which he did not own in his possession. His name was John H. Gade. He was known personally by Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, and was requested by the latter when on the ship to save what he could for Mrs. Roberts. He succeeded in securing and bringing a few of her things on with him, which have been claimed by Mr. Roberts and removed to his home at 86 Emily street. Mrs. Roberts is seriously prostrated by the terrible exposure, exertion and sad bereavement which has befallen her in the loss of their seventeen months' old child. The child who escaped, a boy of about six years, however, looks none the worse for his experience.

A BAG FULL OF GOODS.

One of the men has by his conduct practically incriminated himself. Amongst the articles claimed by him was a sailor's bag full of goods. Before it was opened the detectives asked whose it was, and he said it was his, and contained his clothes. He declared there were no stolen articles in it, but when it was searched by the detectives they found about a dozen razors, watches, purses, spectacles, combs, brushes and other toilet articles, valuable articles of wearing apparel, etc. He also had a handkerchief tied about one knee. When asked what he had it there for he explained that his leg was sore, as he had got hurt on the rocks. Investigation resulted in the discovery of a number of rings, brooches, lockets, watch chains, diamonds, etc., the property of various persons whom the police hope to be able to find. The value of the goods held at headquarters is placed at about four thousand dollars.

On the arrival of the SS. 'Ottoman' this morning the detectives were on hand to see if there were any more of the 'Scotsman's' crew aboard her. Complete arrangements were made with the object of securing the men and as much of the goods as possible in their possession.

The 'Scotsman's' men were then directed down the gangway into the sheds, where the detectives proceeded to search them. They were then marched back on to the boat, and left in charge of some officers.

Later, twelve of the men were placed under arrest and taken to headquarters. Besides the goods they had in their sailor's bags and about their clothing, which included portmanteaus, ladies' apparel, brooches, silk goods, etc., a search of the apartments occupied by the men resulted in the finding of a number of valuable articles. A ship's compass was found in one place; a stereo-field glass and other articles were dug out of the bow of the boat, where they had been hidden, and the search is still going on.

The men arrested yesterday were to have appeared before Mr. Lafontaine this morning, but as he was absent at his brother's funeral a postponement was made to two p.m., when they were further remanded.

The detective office was a veritable beehive this morning. Officers were busy bringing in newly found spoils, and secretaries were engaged in sorting and cataloguing the same, while several persons called to claim goods they hoped to find. A $300 sealskin jacket was identified and claimed by a lady whose name could not be got. Mrs. Sandeman found some Masonic jewels and emblems, and Mrs. Moore some apparel, but some of the most valuable articles they had lost could not be found. Nothing like a complete list of the articles could be obtained this morning, but as soon as possible such a list will be given out for publication.

ARRESTED AT LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, Oct. 2.—On arrival here today from Queenstown, the police arrested twelve firemen of the British steamer 'Scotsman,' which was wrecked on Sept. 21 in the Straits of Belle Isle, while bound from Liverpool to Montreal, on the charge of looting the passengers' cabins on board the 'Scotsman.'

NO ARRESTS AT QUEENSTOWN.

Queenstown, Oct. 2.—None of the 25 members of the crew of the British steamer 'Scotsman,' recently wrecked in the Straits of Belle Isle, while on a voyage from Liverpool for Montreal, who were landed here on Saturday from the British steamer 'Monterey,' have yet been arrested.

FIREMEN IN COURT.

PLEADED NOT GUILTY AND WERE REMANDED.

A number of the crew and steerage passengers of the stranded SS. 'Scotsman,' who were arrested at the wharf after the arrival of the steamers 'Grecian' and 'Montfort,' appeared before Judge Desnoyers, this morning, and were charged with 'looting at the wreck.' They pleaded not guilty, and were remanded until Wednesday.

Two charges were made against them, the first being for stealing certain goods found on them, on the high seas, and the other with bringing goods into Canada, knowing them to be stolen.

QUARTERMASTER'S STORY.

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER.

The story of Quartermaster Dobbins is a graphic and tragic one in the extreme. This sailor was in charge of the wrecked boat, and as so many different tales have been told concerning the cause of the sinking of this boat, the story of the man actually in charge is especially valuable. Mr. Dobbins says: 'I was in charge of boat No. 2. There were six or seven passengers in this boat before she was lowered on her davits, besides myself, another quartermaster and a sailor. After the boat reached the water and was released from the davits, several more passengers were taken on board. Before the boat could move away from the ship I found that she was leaking, and tried to bail her out. She sank, however, very quickly, and soon we were all struggling in the water.'

'It is said that you forgot to put the plug in; is that so?'

'Not at all; the plug was in all right, and the accident was caused by the stern post of the first boat lowered being driven through our bows by the force of the rising waves. It was too dark to see the other boat as we were being lowered, and I didn't think she had hurt us when she struck us.'

'After the boat had sunk, what did you do?'

'Well, when Capt. Skrimshire saw the boat go under he called out, "For God's sake, men, try and pull those women out of the water!" I scrambled up the side of the ship, got into another boat, and launched her as quickly as I could, and by that means saved the lives of several.'

'Who were they?'

'I only heard the name of one, a Mrs. Allnar. She clung on to a rope as long as she could, but it flayed her hands, she let go, and was just sinking when I pulled her in. She was in a terrible condition, kept moaning, and asked me to rub her hands, which were deadly cold, and presently she fell back with her teeth set, her eyes turned back and her hands rigid, and I rowed back to the ship and shouted, "Captain, here's a woman dying; have you got anything?" For answer he flung a flask of whiskey into the sea, I picked it up, and poured a quantity of it down her throat. Shortly afterwards she opened her eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, sailor, I never touch drink, but I suppose under the circumstances that you did right!" Then I knew she was safe.'

'What became of the other passengers of the sunken boat?'

'Several of them were taken in by the boat which was the cause of the damage, several of them me and my mate hauled into our boat, and the rest were drowned. Two women and a child were sitting on the oars and the mast when the boat sank, and these floated off. These couldn't by any possibility have been saved.'

When the ship first struck it was so dark that the officers thought the cause of the trouble was an iceberg, and it was Quartermaster Dobbins who first suggested fixing a rope to the rocks and landing the passengers on that side. Mr. Dobbins, after leaving the boats, was ordered to take charge of the ship glasses, barometers, etc., and saw little of the remainder of the crew. He admits, however, seeing some of the crew drunk, but heard no bad language. He says that liquor was served to the passengers as well as the crew, because of the cold, and that a lot of the foreign steerage passengers were more drunk than the sailors. Mr. Dobbins speaks very highly of the captain and second officer, and says if the boat had been two degrees further south she would have gone clear. The captain mistook the syren for another boat, and altered his course, and that is the reason the boat came to grief.

When delivering up the ship's glasses, the second officer advised Quartermaster Dobbins to keep the blanket that had been wrapped around the long glass, as it was very cold. This Mr. Dobbins did, and delivered it up last evening to the customs officers and detectives. It is needless to say that not a breath of suspicion attaches to Quartermaster Dobbins, but that, on the other hand, he is generally recognized as having acted throughout in a very praiseworthy and heroic manner.

LOSS OF LIFE ESTIMATED.

It is impossible even now to say what the total loss of life will be, but Mr. Barlow, chief officer of the 'Grecian,' and others well informed, estimate that it will number in the neighborhood of twenty-four. The last passenger that the 'Ottoman' picked up was Dr. Chalmers, who is 74 years of age, and who was nearly exhausted, and there were understood to be others on the island, who had wandered away and were hopelessly lost. These unfortunates were in search of fishermen's huts, or other shelter from the bitter weather, but their quest was in vain, as, beyond the lighthouse, there is no habitation upon this desolate island.

BELGIAN PRIESTS.

TWO OF THEM HAD ONLY ONE LIFEBELT.

The Rev. Father Coppin and the Rev. Father Delaere, both Redemptorist fathers, from Belgium, were among the passengers. Father Coppin, at the time of the ship's striking, happened to be up and already half-dressed. They quickly finished dressing and went up on deck where they for the first time were able to realize the magnitude of the disaster. Father Coppin, who is sixty-five years of age, and his confrere, who is about thirty only, had been able to secure but one lifebelt between them. Father Coppin insisted on his companion taking it, saying that a younger life than his would be of more use in the world. It eventually proved, however, that there was no occasion to use the belt for, about five o'clock in the morning, the boats having safely landed the other passengers, the two fathers managed to reach the lower cliff by means of ropes and ladders. They took with them their personal baggage, consisting of three valises, but these, owing to their weight, had to be left on the lower cliff.

Besides some clothing, sacred vessels, sermons, and the like, Father Coppin, who is a noted preacher, and author of several works much prized in his order, deplores the loss of several hundred pages of manuscript almost ready for the press.

The journey to the lighthouse was not made until last Sunday and occupied ten hours, during which time all they had to eat was some unconsecrated wafers such as are used at mass. At the lighthouse both remained until the 'Montfort' came to take them off. Father Dalaere left the ship at Quebec in order to proceed to Brandon, Manitoba, where he will stay with the Redemptorist community at that point.

Father Coppin came out for the purpose of assisting the fathers of St. Ann's Church in their winter missionary work in this city and vicinity. He speaks with regret of the disgraceful thieving by the stokers of the vessel. His health, as may be expected, has suffered somewhat from the unwonted fatigues and suffering he has gone through, but he is rapidly being restored by the rest and quietude of St. Ann's Presbytery, where he is at present staying.

ANOTHER PASSENGER MISSING.

Mrs. M. A. Bate, mother of Mrs. Hands, of Sebastopol street, Point St. Charles, is on the list of missing passengers of the 'Scotsman.' Three of her daughters and one son reside in Montreal, and were naturally deeply grieved when the 'Ottoman' arrived this morning and there was still no tidings of their mother. She was sixty-eight years of age, and very stout, so that grave fears for the worst were entertained. Several hearsay statements were reported at the Dominion Line office concerning Mrs. Bate's long absence, and the two stewardesses gave hopeful reports of her. One of the latter said that she had noticed Mrs. Bate climbing or attempting to climb the rock, and she wrapped a cloak about her and told her not to continue, and saw her go back.

The friends and relatives of Mrs. Bate were about the Dominion Line office seeking for tidings, but up to this afternoon no word had been received of her whereabouts.

A STEWARDESS SPEAKS.

CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE 'SCOTSMAN' ALSO INTERVIEWED.

One of the latest stories from the wreck was told by Mrs. Martin, one of the stewardesses of the 'Scotsman,' who arrived by the SS. 'Ottoman' this morning about nine o'clock. Among the other passengers to arrive were the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, and Mrs. Martin and son, of Toronto. The stewardess, who bears the same name and who had been very kind to Mrs. Martin, of Toronto, is, however, no relation.

The stewardess said that she was not yet recovered from the exhaustion and exposure necessary in the journey from the rocks where the ship was stranded, to the lighthouse. There were seven in the party when they started on Monday morning, a week ago to-day, about ten o'clock, and only three of the original party stuck together until Wednesday at eleven a.m., when the lighthouse was reached. Plenty of food was available at the stranded ship, but there was no means of carrying it and many a bag of biscuits was left behind through pure exhaustion. Two saloon passengers came up with them on the journey, and Mrs. Martin wished to give all credit to these two gentlemen for their self-sacrifice and encouragement to the ladies. One man was in his shirt sleeves, having given up his coat to a lady. Most of the stories of starvation at the rocks after the boat grounded were, she said, without foundation. She was sure that the storeroom of the boat was high and dry, and the stewards, Messrs. Smith and Seiver, did yeoman service in serving out provisions to the unfortunate passengers. As for the bad conduct of the crew, Mrs. Martin could only speak for the stewards, and she wished to give them every credit even though she was one of the staff, for the passengers could not deny that they were thoroughly well treated under the circumstances. Many of the passengers saved their clothing owing to the self-possession and self-sacrifice of the stewards.

Miss Caldwell, the chief stewardess, was an eye witness of the boat swamping by which eleven persons lost their lives and in warm terms praised the courage of the sailors, who rescued so many women from the waves as more than half of the occupants were saved. When word came from the lighthouse of the provisions being short, Captain Skrimshire got a boat load of provisions ready, but had so few men standing by him that he could not get it pulled round for days. It reached there ultimately, she knew. She also knew that much of the luggage from one of the holds of the steamer had been saved and sent around on a schooner, the 'Northern Light,' to St. John's, Newfoundland. Her own bag, with some few things in it had turned up safely yesterday on board the 'Montfort.' Miss Caldwell then told an interesting story of her trip from the rocks to the lighthouse. She took charge of Miss Dwight, a girl of about twenty-two years, who had become separated from her mother, both being saloon passengers. Mr. Williams, third officer, was deputed by the captain to look after the party, including Miss Dwight, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. Martin and boy, of Toronto; Mrs. Goodacre and Miss Boswell. By some means they had become separated and luckily met again after twenty-four hours' of wandering around in the deep moss.

HEROES OF THE ENGINE ROOM.

The chief engineer of the 'Scotsman,' Mr. Jones, accompanied by Mr. Hughes, second engineer; Mr. Williams, fourth engineer, and the refrigerator engineer, Mr. Molyneaux, arrived on the 'Ottoman' this morning. Mr. Jones said he was on duty when the 'Scotsman' went ashore. His last three orders from the bridge were 'Stand by,' 'Half speed' and then 'Full speed astern.' When the last ring came, the crunching and bumping of the big boat on the rocks told its own story. There was much to be done and every man stood well by the orders. For one hour after the crash the staff remained in the engine room, and kept fresh water running into the heated boilers to avoid an explosion. Then the inrushing water crept up to the waists of the men, and yet they 'stood by' in the greatest danger. Valves were opened and the electric lights were not extinguished, as previously reported, until the water flooded the dynamos. Every one of his men deserved credit, and they were unable to see what was going on about the deck. The stories of looting he believed to have been very much exaggerated as goods and valuables might be found lying about in all quarters, so that in picking them up many a passenger would have his goods restored to him ultimately.

A RACE-HORSE OWNER KILLED BY AN ENRAGED FATHER.

Cooper, Texas, Sept. 29.—James Ryder, who owns a race horse, put a boy named Fulkerson on the horse to exercise the animal. The horse became unmanageable and threw the boy and broke his neck. The father of the boy was sent for. On seeing the lifeless body of his son he became frenzied with grief and attacked Ryder with a dirk and stabbed him to death. Fulkerson surrendered to the authorities.

BLAMES KRUGER.

Dr. James Stewart Says He is the Real Troubler of South Africa.

HAS BEEN ON THE SCENE FOR THIRTY YEARS.

New York, Sept. 23.—The Rev. Jas. Stewart, of Lovedale Mission Institute, South Africa, is in this city on his way to Washington to attend the Pan-Presbyterian Council as delegate from the Free Church of Scotland. Last May, on the morning that he was elected moderator of the General Assembly, 'The Edinburgh Scotsman' said that the British Central African Protectorate was due to two men—David Livingstone and James Stewart. The Rev. Dr. Stewart, when seen yesterday, said:

'War is to be deplored, and that by missionaries as much as statesmen, but sometimes war cannot be avoided. I hear the expression often that the "Boers are not boors; that they are good, Christian people; and that Paul Kruger is a pious man and preaches frequently on Sundays." All this may be perfectly true, but it is not exactly the question on hand, except in so far as it is a maxim in practical Christianity—which is the only Christianity worth speaking about—to do to others as we would have them do to us. As to the principle politically in dispute, the British Government asks nothing more than this:—That British subjects in the Transvaal shall enjoy—I cannot say the same privileges, but a faint shadow of what every Dutchman, as well as every man, white or black, in the Cape Colony enjoys. Every Dutchman in the Cape Colony is treated exactly as if we were an Englishman; and every subject of Her Majesty the Queen, black or white, is treated in the Transvaal, and has always been, as a man of an alien and subject race. He has no political or municipal life, and is subjected to numerous disabilities as regards the matters of education, language, trade monopolies, application of taxes and other harrassing disqualifications. The franchise is only one of many grievances, and it is utterly a mistake to suppose that England is going to war over a question of mere franchise.

THE QUARREL DATES BACK SOME TIME.

'Historically, the present quarrel between the Boers and the British is an old one. It began at the time of the emancipation of the slaves in 1838. The sum of $6,150,000 was the amount which went to the South African slaveholders out of the $100,000,000 which the British nation gave as compensation to owners of slaves at that date, in order to abolish that iniquity. But the Dutch slaveholders were dissatisfied and beyond any pacification. They would seek a territory where they could do as they liked. The region to the north of Cape Colony was then occupied only by native tribes. Then began the great northern trek, as it is called, or movement to found a new state, something like the Mormon movement westward in this country. And from this arose the Orange Free State Republic, and later the Transvaal Republic. England, in both cases, recovered these territories, and again threw them away, as if they were territories of no value; or at least what she did not care to keep if the Dutch inhabitants wished it otherwise. The Sand River Convention, so far settled the case of the Orange Free State, and Mr. Gladstone's retrocession of the Transvaal in 1881 settled the case of the Transvaal. One of your most widely circulated New York daily newspapers called that retrocession at the time "the finest thing in history." We who have passed our lives in South Africa thought then, and think still, that if that is so, history must contain few fine things. In both cases freedom was given to these states to manage their own internal affairs, subject always, however, to a suzerainty which secured for British subjects within the country, or who might come from the contiguous colonies and elsewhere, equal rights and adequate protection; and which suzerainty also precluded these republics from treaties with or war against foreign states without the consent of the suzerain power. A perfectly commonsense and necessary arrangement, of course, as may be seen at a glance, since those republics are imbedded in the heart of British territory.

THINGS IN A BAD WAY IN THE TRANSVAAL.

'But Paul Kruger and his small oligarchy which govern his state now attempt to deny the existence of this safeguarding suzerainty, and by dogged persistence hope to make the thing that is become or appear the thing that is not. The outcome, war or no war, will probably be that the British Government will refuse to discuss this question, except to reaffirm it. Unless that government of 1881, Mr. Gladstone's, was delivered over to perfect fatuity, it is impossible to conceive that it would hand back a territory without some restriction or qualification as a guarantee for good conduct, and thus protect the large number of British subjects who were then in the Transvaal and were unceremoniously transferred to the tender mercies of a government of Dutch farmers who detested British rule. Their very existence as a government in that region was their protest against the freedom of the black man under that rule, and against the right of every man who is heavily taxed to have even the slightest voice in the appropriation as well as in the levying of these taxes. You men in the United States should know something about this principle. You threw the tea chests into Boston harbor. But on these fundamental points of just government things are so bad in the Transvaal just now that I doubt if you in the United States would put up with that condition for twenty-four hours.

'The British Government has been remarkably patient, and its unwillingness to go to war is surely sufficiently evident by the protracted nature of the negotiations. It does not want war and has nothing to gain by war. For party purposes in England every effort will be made to worry and harass the present government. Little Englanders and little patriots of every kind, size and degree will do their utmost in this same direction. Many good, pious people also who abhor war and think the life of a country may be strangled rather than that men should fight for what makes life worth living, will many of them take the same view, and probably embarrass Mr. Chamberlain's action in the same way, by deputations and protests on platforms and in the press. If these complainants and objectors could be placed for a short time under the Transvaal Government their outcries would be of a totally different kind.

MAY OVERAWE THE BOERS.

'The British Government will not go to war unless it is absolutely forced to do so. If war does follow—which may God forbid!—a force of at least fifty thousand men will be needed. That is the most likely means to cut the war short or prevent it altogether. In Sir Charles Warren's expedition of 1884—also caused by filibusterers from the Transvaal attempting to found two small republics, Stellaland and Goshen, to the west of the Transvaal, and thus to close in the road northward and shut in the Cape Colony—an overwhelming force was sent and not a shot was fired. It cost a million of money, but the end was secured without the use of a single cartridge. Most of the military disasters that have happened in South Africa have been due to the entire inadequacy of the force, on various occasions, for the work intended. At Majuba Hill there were only 648 men, all infantry, while the Boers, in much larger force, were all mounted—their horses standing in little groups in the immediate rear—and they themselves safely ensconced behind rocks and kopjies to do their work of picking off the British force leisurely and safely, and no doubt greatly to their enjoyment. Majuba Hill has nothing to do with the present difficulty, except in so far that it has intoxicated the Dutchmen and misled them into the belief that what they have done before they can do again, and that the British flag, as they say, is always a white flag. We have no wish to avenge Majuba Hill. It was a complete defeat of a small force, and let us take it good naturedly and promise ourselves "not to do it again." Revenge is a bad and unsafe business for both men and nations.

'Let us be just, however. There are in the Cape Colony and out of it loyal Dutchmen, loyal as the day, to the British power, which is the ruling power. They know the freedom they enjoy under it, and the folly and futility of trying to upset it. Notable among these is Sir Peter Faure, Minister of Agriculture under the last ministry, Sir Gordon Sprigg's, which went out last year. There are also ministers of religion of the Dutch Reformed Church, some of whom have spoken out in the language of common sense and justice, but to their own detriment. There are such men among all classes of Dutchmen. There may be a few even in the Transvaal itself, and among them is probably the lawyer who defended the sixty political prisoners three years ago. But they are a sad minority. I would honor them for their courage.

'LIKE MEN GAGGED AND PINIONED.'

'No superfluous pity or sympathy need be wasted on President Kruger or the Transvaal Republic. The latter is a shadow of a name, and as great a travesty and burlesque on the word as it is possible to conceive. Four-fifths of those who have made that republic what it is by their energy, brains and capital, and their discovery of it as the richest gold field in the world for its size, if not absolutely, may neither peep nor mutter. So far as public life is concerned, they are like men gagged and pinioned. A few of them don't care, so long as they are allowed to make money, even though they pay half as much again for dynamite as they need pay, in order to fill the pockets of those who have arranged with the government.

Paul Kruger is at the present moment the real troubler of South Africa. If the spirit and principles which he himself and his government represent were to prevail in this struggle, it would arrest the development of the southern half of the continent. It is too late in the day by the world's clock for that type of man or government to continue. The preservation of peace is in every way a praiseworthy object, but the price may be rather heavy. What is that large fort which stands on the top of Hospital Hill at Johannesburg, or the other fortifications at Pretoria intended for—I mean those begun long before the present troubles? Are they to protect the country from foreign invasion? That is a simple story which, as a seaman would say, may be told to the marines. These forts are intended to keep the Uitlanders, who humbly shuffle about Commissioner street, or 'Between the Chains' (which is the Wall street of Johannesburg) in quietness and order.

HIS OPINION OF KRUGER'S INTENTIONS.

'The plain fact is this: President Kru-

ger does not mean to give, never meant to give, and will not give anything as a concession in the shape of just and necessary rights, except what he is forced to give. He wants also to get rid of the suzerainty. That darkens and poisons his days and disturbs his nights by fearful dreams. There is no excuse for him, and, as I say, there need be no sentiment wasted on the subject. Let President Kruger and his supporters do what is right, and give what is barely and simply and only necessary as well as right, and the whole difficulty will pass into solution, to the relief of all concerned and the preservation of peace in South Africa. If not, the blame must rest with him.

'I am sorry I cannot give any information or views different from what I have now stated. They are the result of thirty years' residence in Africa. But I would ask your readers to believe that the British Government is rather being forced into war than choosing it of their own accord. Had not the mad Jameson raid taken place—an act that Englishmen all over the world deplore—some of the present questions would have probably come up earlier. That said, however, gave Kruger's Government a new lease of life, and was a sort of moral rehabilitation for the time. But things that are out of date—as much out of date as Oliver Wendell Holmes's "One Hoss Shay"—must go, and President Kruger must learn that "nothing keeps its youth but the truth," in government as well as in other things.

'I would also ask your readers to believe that Sir Alfred Milner, the present Governor of Cape Colony, though undoubtedly a strong man, is also one of the least aggressive, most cautious and pacific of men; and that he has the entire confidence of the whole British population of the Cape Colony. I know also that he began his rule three years ago with the expectation that by pacific measures the Dutch question was capable of a happier and better solution than that in which the situation finds it to-day.

'The question and trouble to-day is, briefly, whether the British Government is able to give protection and secure reasonable rights for its subjects abroad. The United States Government never fails to secure this for its subjects. I think, therefore, we may reasonably conclude that the sympathies of the United States people will go with the government which seeks to secure liberty and freedom to all, without regard to nationality, color or creed, rather than with a government which is actively destroying these priceless possessions.'

DR. STEWART AND LIVINGSTONE.

Just how the Pan-Presbyterian Council delegate's name came to be coupled with that of David Livingstone is interesting. When Livingstone returned to Africa in 1858, after publishing his first book, there went after him, a little later, a young man who was then a medical as well as a theological student. He went to examine the country about the planting of what is now known as the Livingstone Mission on Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa. Mrs. Livingstone accompanied the young projector to the mouth of the Zambezi, there to meet her husband. As all the world knows, she died there three months afterward, and the student and the explorer stood as friend at her sick cot and at her grave. For ten years Dr. Stewart was at the head of Lovedale, and his work made it one of the greatest missionary centres in South Africa. The Livingstone Mission in Central Africa is a duplicate of Lovedale. Both are large, evangelical, educational and industrial centres, sending out graduates each year to all parts of the African mission field. The Rev. Dr. Stewart and these mission stations prepared the way for at least four other similar enterprises, and the six together created the vast colony of British Central Africa—Rhodesia.

VENEZUELAN ARBITRATION.

Paris, Oct. 2.—It is announced that the Anglo-Venezuelan boundary commission will give its award at noon to-morrow.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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FOR THE 'AMERICA'S' CUP.

FIRST RACE TO BE SAILED THIS MORNING AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

New York, Oct. 2.—The 'Columbia' and 'Shamrock,' will meet in their first race for the 'America's' cup, at about eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. Experts expect that the event will prove a contest as earnest and interesting as any that have preceded it for the international yachting trophy, wherein skill and judgment will play as important a part as the speed of the respective boats. With the coming of the 'Shamrock' a new chapter has begun in the 'America's' cup history. It showed that an international challenge could be arranged without much correspondence or months of planning, when business-like officials were behind it.

WELCOME TO LORD MINTO.

New York, Oct. 2.—Canada's Governor-General, the Earl of Minto, and Lady Minto arrived here yesterday to witness the international yacht races as the guests of Governor Roosevelt.

The Earl was accompanied by Captain Lascelles, his A.D.C., and several servants. The party travelled from Ottawa in a private car. They were met at the Grand Central Union by Col. Treadwell, Governor Roosevelt's military secretary, in full uniform. He took the visitors in carriages to the New York Yacht Club, landing at East 26th street, where they boarded the yacht 'Nourmahal,' which had been placed at Governor Roosevelt's disposal by Col. John Jacob Astor, the owner. The Governor-General and his wife were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, of this city, Captain Coghlan, who commanded the 'Raleigh' in the Battle of Manilla Bay, and Mrs. Coghlan, all of whom will be guests of Governor Roosevelt during the races between the 'Columbia' and the 'Shamrock.'

As Lady Minto intends to take a steamer from this port for England after the yacht races, she brought a great deal of baggage. It took some time to transfer the pile of trunks and other luggage to the yacht, which then weighed anchor and started for Oyster Bay, where Governor and Mrs. Roosevelt were waiting to receive their guests at their home on Sagamore Hill.

Lord and Lady Minto enjoyed the sail through the East River and Long Island Sound to Oyster Bay.

Hardly had the 'Nourmahal' dropped anchor in West Bay, near Gov. Roosevelt's home, when the 'Erin' arrived, with Sir Thomas Lipton and his guests on board, who were invited to dine with the Governor. With Sir Thomas Lipton were Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, M.P., former Postmaster-General of Great Britain; Sir Henry Burdette, former President of the London Stock Exchange; the Hon. Charles Russell, son of the Lord Chief Justice of England, and the Chevalier De Maritinio.

THE 'SHAMROCK'S' HULL.

SEEN IN THE DRY DOCK WHEN SHE WAS STRIPPED OF HER PAINT.

New York, Sept. 28.—The 'Shamrocks' hull was revealed in the dry dock to-day.

While she was being docked, Sir Thos. Lipton stood and watched the water recede with interest, for she represented much to him, and any accident might spoil his whole campaign. To a reporter for the 'Evening Post' he said that he was certain he would give 'Columbia' a good race, and that the chances of his boat were as good as those of the defender. A good deal of nonsense had been written about her as to her sailing qualities, and most of the time it had been very wide of the mark. She needed a good breeze, of course, as did every boat, to show her best, but she was fast in light weather, too. She would not sail without wind any more than any other boat, but she could go along with a breath of air better than any other boat that had been built in England before. He was not boasting, but felt he had the fastest boat that had ever tried for the cup, and, when it was suggested that she would not be beaten in three straight races, said that he felt pretty sure of that. He had no idea whether he would give or receive time allowance, but in any case it would be small either way.

By two o'clock the water had left the 'Shamrock's' sides and the fin-keel was the only thing left to be uncovered. Then it could be seen that she was like nothing else that ever had been sent after the 'America's' cup, and, in fact, bore no resemblance to any boat that had been designed in this country. Looking along her from a point dead aft, she seemed to be a boat with an almost flat floor, the bilge appearing to be extremely hard. From forward the bilge looked fairly easy, although there was a suspicious fulness just where the curve of the midship section met the curve of the bow lines, giving a perceptible shoulder to her.

When viewed just aft of amidships, however, she was of an entirely different model. The bilge at the main rigging was something more than easy, and seemed to hang down even below the point where the body of the yacht joined the keel. It was a distinct blot, and spoiled what might otherwise be a shapely model. It was at once evident where she gets her great sail-carrying capacity, but the question at once arose as to whether the extra gain in sail-area compensated for the great mass of boat it would have to drag through the water. There was a big flout to sail upon, but at the same time it had to be dragged through the water, and that friction means a good deal in a yacht. That bad spot in the bow always attracted attention, too. The curve was a bad one, almost a bulge, and that, too, had to be dragged through the water. It seemed as if Fife had been unable to get away from the old bluff-bowed cutter, try as he might to approach the modern racing machine and the idea of a good seaworthy boat was still in his mind as it has been in that of all other designers of cup-challengers

The bow, too, is full—a bit too full for the highest development of the racing craft. She is not cut away forward as much as her predecessors, and did not look as likely to slide off when pointing close as some that have preceded her, rather going a trifle toward the other extreme, and all that, too, was to be pushed through the water. All this was a good explanation of the big bow wave, that she has carried with her in a good blow. This fact has been commented on time and again by all who have seen her in her trial spins, and to her disadvantage. She is a powerful boat, however, and is bound to give a good account of herself. A racing-machine, pure and simple, with everything possible done to make her fast in light and heavy weather, although it seems from her model and her work that the harder it blows the better she will foot it through—not over—the green seas. That wave is sure to be pushed up in front of her, and drag along that too easy bilge and out under her flat stern.


DEWEY
ENTHUSIASM
DEWEY
DEWEY
DEWEY

A CENTENARIAN.

A FRIEND AND FELLOW-TRADESMAN OF THE LATE HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE.

Kingston, Ont., Sept. 30. Kingston's grand old man, Mr. Robert Hendry, was born on Aug. 1, 1799, and on Aug. 1, 1899, celebrated his hundred and first birthday. He is a man of wonderful vitality, weight over a hundred and eighty pounds, and were it not for inefficient strength of limbs he could get about with all of his old time activity,



MR. ROBERT HENDRY.

if not youth. He reads the papers daily, and converses upon up-to-date topics as freely as any man in active life. He has a remarkable memory. A short time ago he had the misfortune to break both of his sticks, with the assistance of which he moves about. Instead of asking for a new pair, he procured some fine nails, tacked the broken parts together, and then bound them with stout cord, making a job as neat and compact as any skilled mechanic in the hey-dey of life. His appetite is of the best, and he sleeps as comfortably and refreshingly as a child.

The accompanying portrait of the venerable gentleman shows him to good advantage. Many a young man of thirty-five has less hair on his head than this old man who has passed the hundredth milestone. True, what he has is grey, but his head is far from being devoid of nature's covering. White whiskers of flaxen softness encircle his kindly old face, leaving the upper lip and part of the chin bare. His hand has lost little of its strength and his grip of welcome is as hearty as might be that of his grandson. In honor of his birthday he spent some hours in the parlor down stairs, greeting friends who called upon him to extend greetings and wish him happiness and prosperity during the balance of his days on earth.

Mr. Hendry was born on Sunday, Aug. 1, 1799, on a farm near the village of Motherwell, parish of Dalziel, Lanarkshire, Scotland. He had five sisters and four brothers, he being the 'middle' of the five boys. All the family except himself grew to manhood and womanhood within the parish in which they were born, ran their course, and in the parish cemetery their bones lie at rest. Mr. Hendry always had a vigorous constitution and never had use for a physician save once when he had an attack of cramps. He remembers things and events from the time he was eight years old, and has a faculty for retaining dates and days and minute incidents which are apt to be overlooked in these days of hustle and bustle.

Mr. Hendry sailed from Greenock on April 10, 1842, and after a five weeks' journey landed at Quebec on May 13. He proceeded to Montreal, where he spent one year, pushing on up to Kingston. From here he went to New York, spending two years in the metropolis and again returning to Kingston, where he has since made his home. He had for a companion on the passage out the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who afterwards became the Premier of Canada. In connection with this trip, Mr. Hendry tells a story about the late Premier, how soundly he slept through the uproar of a collision. When the sailing ship neared Newfoundland she struck an iceberg at midnight. The crash awakened every one but Mackenzie. All was confusion aboard, but the coming statesman slumbered on and knew nothing about the affair until dawn. The ship was pretty badly strained as a result of the shock and it was found necessary to use the pumps pretty freely thereafter until land was reached. After the crash it was found impossible to close any doors or windows, as they had all been knocked out of 'plumb.' On the entire passage out the late Premier Mackenzie studied constantly. He was never without a book and paced the deck at all times deep in study. Mr. Hendry thinks it was this excessive studying that undermined Mackenzie's health and carried him off prematurely. Mr. Hendry worked on the city buildings when Mackenzie was foreman of the mason work. The two men were very friendly and Mr. Hendry continued to be a great admirer of his old companion after he entered politics. It is needless to add that, like the deceased premier, Mr. Hendry held to reform principles in politics.

The only man alive to-day who was in business when Mr. Hendry came to Kingston first is Mr. Vincent Ockley. The city has greatly changed since then, and streets are laid out now where forest then existed. Mr. Hendry was personally acquainted with the Duke of Wellington, the old 'Iron Duke,' as he was familiarly termed, Hendry having worked around the dwelling of the famous warrior and having had many an interesting chat with him.

Mr. Hendry was present at the opening of the first railway between Liverpool and Manchester and witnessed the tragic death of the contractor who had built the road. The Rev. W. Lewin was also a spectator at that event, but he was a mere lad at the time. Mr. Hendry was quite a good-sized man before he tasted tea. His father always had it in the house, but never gave it to his children, fearing to injure their health. The family's principal diet was porridge.

SIR WILFRID'S BUSY DAYS

THE PROGRAMME FOR ONTARIO PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Toronto, Sept. 29.—Much interest has been taken in the announcement recently made that Sir Wilfrid Laurier would address a few public meetings in the province of Ontario. Owing to the various duties that devolve upon the Premier not only of a social and Canadian political character, but on account of the many exceeding important Imperial matters that are submitted to his judgment, he has been unable to undertake these meetings at an earlier date. The first meeting will be held in Bowmanville, at two o'clock, in the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 16. Two or three other meetings will be announced shortly but it is impossible to accede to the requests of all the friends who desire and urge to have the Premier in their midst. The Hon. Mr. W. S. Fielding, the Minister of Finance, and the Hon. A. G. Blair, Minister of Railways and Canals, and other members of the government are likely to attend some of the meetings.

OUR NORTHERN RICHES.

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF FISH IN THE STREAMS—NOT MUCH MINERAL WEALTH.

Toronto, Sept. 29.—Mr. D. A. Jones has returned from Hudson Bay, after an absence of four months. In speaking of the country to a reporter at the parliament buildings, yesterday, he said:—

'Ungava is the home of speckled trout. There are perhaps not less than 100,000 lakes in Ungava, with tributaries in and out of them, say, of ten miles to each lake, making about 1,000,000 miles of creeks and rivers, which is simply a breeding and feeding ground for fish. Millions of dollars' worth of fish could be shipped every year from this region without lessening the quantity in the waters, providing the large ones only were taken out. The trout run from one-half to five pounds, and some run to seven pounds. Most of them run from one to two pounds. Other merchantable fish is equally plentiful, one feature of it all being that a fish caught here after lying out for two days is as hard and firm as our fish caught 'fresh. The fish is very much finer in quality than what we get even in Georgian Bay or Lake Superior. Salmon trout are very plentiful and very fine, running up to forty pounds. There is also a sea trout that can be caught in immense quantities. The natives use a short net about fifty or a hundred feet in length, set out along the shore or around the islands, and they get all they can use. The same mode here would not catch one where they catch a thousand. There is also said to be cod and other salt-water fish in great abundance. Seals are very plentiful, and form one of the principal foods of the Esquimaux. There are immense numbers of whales and many walruses in the northern part of Hudson Bay. Ducks of all kinds are very plentiful in the spring and fall. Sea pigeon are also numerous. White bears very seldom come much farther south than the north part of James Bay. Reindeer are quite plentiful in the northern part of Ungava, but there seems to be no moose north of Rupert river or East Main. The timber line ends at Richmond Gulf, above Little Whale River, but for the last hundred miles the timber is very low and scrubby, and in exposed places the limbs do not grow on the north-west side of the spruce trees, owing to the strength of the winds from that quarter.

'The climate this summer was very cold.

'The mineral deposits in Hudson Bay have not yet been thoroughly explored and prospected. The granite along the east coast of Hudson Bay, especially below Big Whale River, makes it doubtful whether that section will ever become much of a mineral country. From Richmond Gulf to Little Whale River there is a galena lode, which has not been thoroughly explored, although much of it has been taken up. There are some indications of copper. Iron is plentiful in some localities, but it requires to be more thoroughly prospected before anything definite can be said of its probable value.

BHILS BEATEN.

BARODANS PUNISHED A RAID BY THEM.

Bombay, Sept. 29.—It is reported that a body of armed Bhils have raided the country near Khergoum, and that the police and two companies of native infantry from Baroda overtook the Bhils, with whom they had a fierce encounter. The raiders are said to have lost 100 in killed and wounded

DEWEY'S WELCOME.

The Naval Parade Was a Grand Spectacle.

Much to the surprise of every one in New York, the 'Olympia,' which had sailed from Gibraltar on Sept. 10, with Admiral Dewey on board, arrived off Sandy Hook lightship at an early hour last Tuesday morning. There was a heavy mist on the sea and at first the marine observers were inclined to think the vessel sighted might be Rear-Admiral Howison's flagship the 'Chicago,' hardly believing Dewey would arrive two days ahead of time. The doubt was soon cleared away, however, and as passing vessels recognized the flagship from Manilla Bay there was a continuous roar of whistles and salutes.

The 'Olympia' sailed from Gibraltar on Sept. 10.

A CHAT WITH THE ADMIRAL.

The New York 'Evening Post' of Sept. 26 prints a lengthy interview with Admiral Dewey. Talking of Philippine affairs, the admiral said, among other things:

'Well, Admiral,' suggested the reporter, 'it would not be such a change from the ship 'Olympia' to the ship of state.'

'Yes,' said the Admiral, 'it would be a very great change. I am not a politician, I am a sailor, my training has been all that way. I am at home on board my ship. I know my business, or, at least, should know it, and I don't want to mix up in the affairs of government. I am perfectly satisfied to live and die a simple sailor, who tries to do his duty. I am not a politician. I cannot make a speech, even. I wish I could, but I have to be content with my lot.'

The Admiral would not say a word about the alleged interference of the German admiral, Diederich, at Manilla.

New York, Sept. 29.—No Roman conqueror returned from his triumph of barbaric splendor, no victorious king or prince, coming home from a successful war, ever received such a magnificent ovation as overwhelmed Admiral Dewey to-day as he stood on the bridge of the 'Olympia' at the head of a magnificent fleet of steel thunderers of the deep, followed by a thousand vessels of peace, each tiered and coated black with people, and sailed over the bright waters of the upper bay and up the broad pathway of the sunlit river.

The sky was blue, the water rippled under the fresh wind that held the flags



ADMIRAL DEWEY.

straight and jaunty and the wharves and piers and rocky heights and grassy knolls were black with frantic, enthusiastic people, who strove weakly to make their shouts heard above the perfect bedlam of tooting whistles that accompanied the Admiral, fore and aft.

THE PARADE UNDER WAY.

At one o'clock sharp the squadron got under way. The great naval parade began to be a reality. First came the police boat patrol, which was the apex of a wedge spreading out to the fire boats 'New York' and 'Van Wyck,' which followed abreast. The steamer 'Sandy Hook,' having on board the Mayor and the representatives of the city of New York, with the standards of the city flying from the fore and aft staffs, steamed alongside the 'Olympia,' the flagship of Admiral Dewey, on the port side. Then followed the armored cruiser 'Chicago,' the flagship of Rear-Admiral Howison. The armored cruiser 'New York,' the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sampson, with its big turrets and guns appearing like a moving fortress as it followed in the wake of the 'Chicago.' The two first-class battleships 'Indiana' and 'Massachussetts,' grim and menacing, in the order named, steamed along, followed by the battleship 'Texas,' with the 'Brooklyn' astern.

In the rear of these modern engines of war came the 'Lancaster,' then followed the gunboat 'Mariotta,' with the auxiliary cruiser 'Scorpion' behind. Abreast steamed the torpedo boats 'Porter,' 'Dupont,' 'Ericsson,' 'Winslow' and 'Cushing,' and following them came the natty revenue cutters, 'Manning,' 'Algonquin,' 'Gresham,' 'Winslow' and 'Onondaga.' Next in line were the transports 'Sedgewick,' 'McPherson' and 'McClellan' and after them came along the hospital ship 'Missouri.'

THE CIVIC FLEET.

Then began the civic and maritime aspect of the big naval parade. Flying the flag of the State of New York and having on board the representatives of the naval militia, came the steamer 'Monmouth,' followed by other boats with members of the naval militia. In single file came the 'General Slocum' and 'Glen Island,' with the members of the general committee of citizens, the 'Mount Hope,' with the legislative branch of the city government, the 'Warwick,' with the heads of the city departments and the 'Matewan,' with members of the press. Then followed, two abreast, ninety-eight graceful, magnificently appointed yachts, led by the 'Corsair,' the flagship of Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, and Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht 'Erin.' After the yachts came a hundred steamships of the merchant marine, with three flagships in single file, then five steamers abreast and the remainder in files of twos.

THE COMMERCIAL MARINE.

The third and last division of the parade consisted of more than a hundred handsomely decorated tugs, yachts, pleasure craft, etc., coughing, snorting and churning the water and making ten times the fuss of a big warship. There were side-wheelers, propellers, electric boats and every kind of a craft except a sailing vessel.

At the stately mausoleum of Grant, on Riverside Drive, the fleet paid its tribute to the memory of the great warrior with a national salute of twenty-one roaring guns. The fleet then anchored and reviewed the almost endless procession of crafts. Towards the end of the parade they became disorganized and it took hours for the heterogeneous fleet to get by. Darkness at last brought relief to the tired Admiral who had stood on the bridge for six hours bowing his acknowledgments to the stentorian expression of homage.

New York has never witnessed before anything approaching this wonderful demonstration. The Columbian naval parade, the dedication of Grant's tomb, and the reception of the North Atlantic squadron last fall, all pale before this gigantic ovation to the sailor, who, in a single morning, destroyed the enemy's fleet without the loss of a man or a ship.

MILLIONS SAW THE SHOW.

It is not beyond the mark to say that three million people viewed the pageant from shore and that a quarter of a million were afloat.

People going down the bay were lost in admiration of the bunting along the water front. On the East river, from the bridge to the battery, where the sailing craft lie in groves, the spars were covered with such a mass of colors as might be compared to a maple grown hillside in the deep autumn. The tall spars of the clippers were conspicuous for their ensigns and signals. The craft in the harbor was decked out from stem to stern with all the grace and attractiveness known to shippers.

But the display in the East river was not to be compared with that of the North river, up which the procession was to pass. From the peaks of every pier long ropes hung with flags of every hue stretched to the snubbing posts at the corner, the fronts were decorated with the multitude of gay devices and there were flags on the staffs and lines of flags above the ropes. The vessels at their sides were dressed from stem to taffrail, and some carried flags on their yards and had their deckhouses covered. The wind shook the banners from millions of windows, porticos and even steeples, and never perhaps in this generation did hearts that love it bound so quickly to the sight of the flag. Very early the fleet of steamships, steamboats, yachts and tugs, which were to have a place in the line, began moving down the bay to the allotted points where the several divisions were to form, but many of them could not resist the temptation to first visit the anchorage of the men-of-war off Tompkinsville, and before 11 o'clock the 'Olympia' was surrounded by a perfect mix of every known kind of craft, all swarming with people, circling around, or pushing their noses close up under the ship to get a glimpse of the Admiral pacing his quarter deck.

ASTONISHED AND ANGRY.

The untold thousands who thronged the wharves and piers, who leaned from the windows and balconies and looked down from the dizzy heights of sky-scrapers must have impressed the Admiral greatly, but his modesty would not permit him to view it all as a personal ovation. 'Astonishing, astonishing,' he repeated several times to Col. Bartlett, who was with him, but he said nothing of himself.

In less than a minute after the 'Chicago' had passed the 'Olympia,' by the Admiral's order, a stream of signal flags ordered the vessels of the fleet to dress ship, and the crews of the men-of-war ran up rainbows of signal flags from stem to stern over their topmasts. The order was beautifully executed, except aboard the flagship, where the fouling of the line in the top of the stack caused a vexatious delay. Admiral Dewey instantly roared out a command for someone to ease the line. It fouled again and a nimble sailor was sent aloft to clear it. It was perhaps two minutes before the flags were in their proper place. The Admiral was plainly displeased. He sent for the officer under whose direction the order was executed, and called him upon the bridge.

'I am ashamed of this!' he said in the tone of a sailor giving command in a roaring gale.

'And I am ashamed of you!'

COMPARISONS FOR DEWEY.

Five great crowds has New York seen in days gone by. They have been estimated as follows: 1885, General Grant's funeral, 500,000 persons; 1889, Washington Centennial, 1,000,000; 1892, Columbian parade, 800,000; 1897, Grant Day, 1,000,000; 1899, Dewey celebration, 2,500,000

Take it all in all, more persons have probably watched the naval parade today than can possibly watch the army parade to-morrow, since the movements of the troops must necessarily be limited to a few streets of the city.

THE SECOND DAY.

New York, Sept. 30.—The second day of New York city's official welcome to Admiral Dewey opened cool and clear. There was hardly a cloud in the sky and the temperature was just low enough to keep the crowds on the move for warmth. Many people were out at sunrise to secure desirable points from which to view to-day's land parade, but lower Broadway was well filled with those who were anxious to have a look at Dewey on his way to the City Hall, whether they were to see the great parade or not.

THE LOVING CUP.

The first ceremony to-day was the presentation at the City Hall of a golden loving cup to the admiral by Mayor Van Wyck on behalf of the city of New York. At seven o'clock the police boat patrol with a special reception committee on board, made up of St. Clair McKelway, Wm. McAdoo, Levi P. Morton, Chauncey M. Depew, Richard Croker and Warren M. Foster, started for the 'Olympia.' The admiral boarded the patrol, which went to the battery, where the city's guest was met by another reception committee. The admiral, accompanied by the reception committee, and escorted by squadron A, and a detail of mounted police, proceed up Broadway to the City Hall. All along the street were cheering crowds, and City Hall Park was filled to the limit with people who shouted a noisy enthusiastic welcome as Dewey came in sight.

The loving cup was presented by the Mayor in presence of Governor Roosevelt, Admiral Schley and other notable officers, and the ceremonial was highly impressive.

THE FILIPINOS.

UNITED STATES TROOPS DRIVING THEM OUT.

Washington, Sept. 29.—General Otis, to-day, cabled the following report of the capture of Porac:—

'Lawton's troops at Calumpit and San Fernando, where concentration is taking place, ordered to cover country Mexico, Guagua, Bacolor, and Santa Rita. MacArthur ordered to take his troops and clear country west and in vicinity of Porac, which he did yesterday, advancing on Porac at an early hour, with 9th Infantry and 36th Volunteers, capturing Porac and driving enemy north. Wheaton at Angeles kept back enemy on his north, and moved force westward to intercept Porac insurgents, but they retreated by mountain roads, results clearing the country preparatory to future operations. Our casualties at Porac, five wounded. Wheaton does not report any casualties. Captured an officer and several enlisted men, some 30 of the enemy being killed; number of wounded unknown.'

Manilla, Sept. 30.—9.45 a.m.—Generals Otis and Schwan and possibly Generals Lawton and Bates, will proceed to Angeles, to-day, where they may confer with Filipino commanders, as the result of an exchange of communications between General MacArthur and the insurgents. A Filipino general is expected with the prisoners to-day.

Two reconnoitering parties came into collision with the insurgents near Imus and four Americans were wounded.

GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS.

Berlin, Sept. 28.—The seventh international geographical congress opened in the Unter Haus here to-day. Prince Albrecht welcomed the delegates in the name of the Emperor, and Prince von Hohenlohe some minutes afterwards delivered the inaugural address. He pointed out the German Empire's interest in geographical research and alluded to the recent international co-operation in Antarctic exploration, which, he said promoted both science and peaceful intercourse.

THE PLAGUE'S PROGRESS.

Oporto, Sept. 29.—Confirmation has been obtained of the report that the bubonic plague has made its appearance at Baguia, a village outside the sanitary cordon. The disease was introduced there by two patients in the hospital. Last evening a carriage in which foreign doctors were on their way to attend a post mortem examination here, was stoned by a number of persons. The police drove off the assailants and the doctors escaped unhurt.

ONE HIGHWAYMAN

HELD UP NINE PASSENGERS AND ROBBED THEM.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 29.—A despatch from Skaguay, of Sept. 22 says the stage running between Atlin and Discovery was held up by a lone highwayman on Tuesday night. There were nine passengers, but none carried much money or valuables, and the plunder secured was slight. The robber escaped.

The highwayman hailed the stage, saying he wanted to ride, and when it halted he covered the driver and passengers, telling them if they wanted to save their lives they would have to give up their money.

A YAQUI INDIAN RAID.

Austin, Texas, Sept. 29.—A despatch from Ortiz, State of Sonora, Mexico, says that a band of about two hundred Yaqui Indians attacked the ranch of Lonoro Benuit, at Tetacumbiate. After a fight with a force of about fifty Mexican cowboys, in which several of the latter were killed, the Indians burned all of the ranch buildings and drove off several hundred head of cattle and horses into the mountains.

KILLED IN A COAL SHAFT.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Sept. 29.—A fall of coal at the Conyngham mine shaft here to-day killed Thomas Timblin and fatally injured George Cooper and Thomas Timblin. The latter is a cousin of the dead man.

COMMERCIAL

Witness Office, October 2, 1899.

LOCAL STOCKS.

DULL, WEAK MARKET.

The bear influences continue only in an aggravated form, and the result is another dull, weak market for stocks.

All stocks dealt in declined some, but fortunately no heavy liquidation took place to cause any bad breaks. No particular stock shows weakness over another, unless it be War Eagle, which is now selling at 304, or nearly at the low point caused by the small panic some days ago. Pacific is weak, in sympathy with London, and the raid on Montreal Street is being carried out with success, as 1,000 shares were called out this morning at 309. Gas has also taken a tumble of several points more and closed rather weak at 192.

MORNING SALES.

Canadian Pacific—50 at 89⅛, 50 at 89, 250 at 89⅛, 75 at 89, 50 at 88¾.
Twin City—100 at 61½.
M.S.R.—100 at 309, 350 at 309¼, 550 at 309.
Tor. Railway—125 at 113, 5 at 112¾.
War Eagle xd—1,000 at 305, 1,500 at 308, 500 at 305, 1,000 at 304.
Republic xd—1,000 at 118.
New M.S.R.—100 at 308¾, 150 at 308½.
Molsons xd—25 at 193, 25 at 192½, 15 at 192.
Montreal and London xd—500 at 53.
Payne xd—4,500 at 118, 3,500 at 117.

AFTERNOON SALES.

C.P.R.—200 at 88½, 75 at 87⅞.
Twin City—25 at 61, 50 at 61.
New M.S.R.—50 at 308¼.
Tor. Railway—50 at 112¾
War Eagle xd—1,000 at 302, 500 at 303, 1,500 at 303.
Republic xd—2,000 at 117½.
M.S.R.—100 at 309, 7 at 309, 100 at 308½.
R & O.—50 at 109.
Can. Col Cotton—25 at 75.
Merchants Bank—3 at 168½.
Mont. Gas xd—10 at 191, 125 at 191.
Royal Electric xd—50 at 154.

Reported for the 'Witness' by Mr. G. R. Marler, Banker and Broker, 1721 Notre Dame St.

	Buyers.	Sellers.	Counter.
New York Funds	1-64 dis.	1-64 prem.	¼ to ⅝ Prem.
Sterling, 60 days	8 3-16	8 5-16	8⅛ to 8⅛
Sterling, demand	9¼	9⅜	9⅜ to 9½
Sterling Cables	9 5-16	9⅜	9⅜ to 9⅝
Paris Cheques	5.20⅛	1-16	

MONTREAL STOCK REPORT.

(Furnished by Macdougall Bros. Brokers.)

Montreal, September 29.

Stocks.	Asked.	Bid.
Canadian Pacific Railway...xd	90	89⅞
Do. L. G. Bonds	....	....
Duluth Com	5½	4
Do. Preferred	15	13½
Commercial Cable Co....xd	175	179
" Coupon Bonds	....	....
" Reg.	....	....
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.	112	110
Montreal Street Railway Co.	310¼	310
" New	302½	303
Halifax Electric Ry .....xd	106	99
Toronto Street Railway....xd	11 ¾	113¼
Twin City	62½	61½
pfd	140	136
Montreal Gas Co....xd	194¼	193½
Royal Electric Co.xd	160	159⅝
Montreal Telegraph.....xd	175	171
Halifax Heat & Light	....	....
Bell Telephone Co.....xd	195	190
Dom. Coal	....	....
Dom. Coal Pref'd	....	....
Montreal Cotton Co	146	....
Colored Cotton Co	80	75
" Bonds	....	....
Dominion Cotton	102	100
War Eagle	$3.11	$3.08
Payne Mining Co	$1.22	$1.19½
Montreal & London	.54½	.53½
Republic Mg. Co.	$1.19	$1.18½
Bank of Montreal	....	255
Ontario Bank	....	....
Molsons Bank	....	....
Bank of Toronto	....	....
Bank of Brit. N. America...xd	....	....
Jacques Cartier Bank	....	....
Merchants Bank	172	....
Merchants Bank of Halifax	....	180
Quebec Bank	....	128½
Eastern Townships	....	....
Union Bank	120	....
Loan & Mortgage Co	....	140
Bank of Commerce	151	150
Nova Scot a Bank	....	....
Imperial Bank	....	....
Hochelaga Bank	150	....
Merchants Cotton Co	....	....
Can. Colored Cotton	....	101
Windsor Hotel	....	....
Cornwall Elect	....	....
Cornwall Ry	....	....
St. John do	145	130
North-West Land	....	....
" Pref'd	59	....
Bell Telephone Bonds	....	114
Land Grant Bonds	....	111
Com. Cable Coup Bonds	....	....
Dom. Coal Bonds	....	....
Halifax Ry Bonds	107	....
Ht. & Lt., Halifax	....	....
Heat & Light	....	....
DiamondGlassd Co	150	....

CONSOLS IN LONDON.

Consols for money closed at 102¾, and for the November account at 103⅛, the lowest consols have touched since 1899. The fall in consols was partly due to rumors current on the Stock Exchange of an imminent issue of from twenty to twenty-five millions of consols. The war office officials, however, decline either to confirm or deny the report.

LONDON FINANCIAL SITUATION.

London, Oct. 1.—The stock exchange last week was almost at a standstill owing to the suspense regarding the Transvaal situation. A few remained who have not given up the hope, but the general impression is that the sooner hostilities begin the better it will be for the market, as the uncertainty is killing business and causing prices to dwindle daily.

Business except, perhaps, in Americans and west Australians, has been practically paralyzed for more than two months, within which time, according to the 'Banking Magazine,' the values of 300 representative securities have depreciated, some to the amount of millions sterling, while it is impossible to say whether the bottom has yet been touched.

In some quarters, however, the theory obtains that the effect of hostilities has already been discounted by the fall in values which has already taken place and that prices will recover after the first shot of actual encounter. But, as we have entered upon a period of dear money, it is likely that prices will fall further before there is a permanent recovery. The gloom of the market is profound and everything is more or less down. Consols last week touched 103¾, the lowest figure in several years. Many other gilt-edged securities went down from ⅝ to 1 point.

Americans are suffering from the same cause, as well as from realizations and from New York selling due to the sharp rise in money. The fall in most cases last week was from ¼ to ⅜.

Money was unsettled, the market being convinced that the bank of England rate will be raised. The rate charged till Monday was 4½ per centum; on call money, 4 to 4¼, and on 3 months' bills 4⅛ to 4¼.

LONDON CLOSING PRICES.

London, Oct. 2, 4 p.m.—Closing, Consols for money at 102⅝; do., for the account at 103⅛.

C.P.R. at 91⅝; G.T.R. at 7⅛; Erie at 13; Erie, first preferred, at 36; Illinois Central at 114½; Union Pacific preferred at 78; St. Paul, common, at 127; New York Central at 137⅝; Penna. at 67½; Reading at 10⅝; Northern Pacific preferred at 76; Atchison at 20¾; Louisville at 78⅛; bar silver at 26 15-16d; money at 3½ p.c.

The rate of discount in the open market for short bills, 4½ to 4⅝ percent; do., for three months bills at 4½ to 4⅝ p.c.

NEW YORK STOCKS STILL DECLINING.

New York, Oct. 2, Wall Street — The three days' downward drift of prices in London since the last trading in New York was reflected at the opening in some sharp declines. Numerous instances of the loss of a point or upwards were shown. Tennessee Coal dropped 7; Anaconda three, and Metropolitan Street Railway, Sugar, and American Tobacco, about 1¾ each. The trading opened rather dull, but increased in animation as the proportion of the declines became evident.

MINING EXCHANGE.

Reported by A. W. Morris, Mining Broker, Rooms 62 and 64, Canada Life Building.

MORNING SALES.

Montreal and London—500 at 54, 200 at 54, 500 at 53½.
Rathmullen—500 at 8.
Republic—200 at 1.15.
Payne—1,000 at 1.16.

AFTERNOON SALES.

Virginia—1,000 at 9.
Decca—500 at 21.
Republic—2,000 at 1.15, 500 at 1.15, 500 at 1.15, 50 at 1.13.
Morrison—500 at 15½.
California—500 at 13.
Deer Trail No. 2—2,000 at 21½, 500 at 21½.
Rathmullen—1,000 at 8½.
Dardanelles—500 at 12.
Monte Christo—100 at 3.

TORONTO MINING EXCHANGE.

Toronto, Oct. 2.—Morning sales:
Minnehaha—500 at 15.
Fairview Corp.—500 at 7.
Rathmullen—5,000 at 8½.
Winnipeg—500 at 29½.
Van Anda—5,000 at 7¾.
Evening Star—500 at 9½, 2,000 at 9¾.
Mont. G. F.—500 at 14½.
Northern Belle—1,000 at 2¼.
Jim Blaine—5,000 at 35½, 1,000 at 24½, 500 at 35.
Gold Quartz—500 at 5¼.
Alice A.—500 at 10½.
Deer Park—500 at 4¼.
Standard morning sales:
Empress—1,000 at 4¼, 1,000 at 4¼, 1,000 at 4¼.
Gold Quartz—4,000 at 5¾.
Northern Belle—500 at 2¼, 4,500 at 2¼, 500 at 2¼, 500 at 2¼, 1,000 at 2¼, 500 at 2¼, 1,000 at 2¼.
White Bear—1,000 at 4¼.
Fairview—5,000 at 7¼.
Minnehaha—1,000 at 15.
Van Anda—500 at 8, 500 at 8, 3,000 at 8.
White Bear—1,000 at 4¼, 1,000 at 4¼, 1,000 at 4¼, 1,000 at 4¾, 500 at 4¼, 500 at 4¼, 500 at 4¾.
Rathmullen—1,000 at 4¼, 500 at 8½, 500 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½, 500 at 8½, 500 at 8½, 500 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½, 1,000 at 8½.
Gold Hills—5,000 at 7, 2,000 at 7.

ROSSLAND MINING SHARES.

Rossland, B.C., Sept. 29.—Sales:
Okanagan—2,000, 1,000 at 14½, 500, 5,000, at 14⅝.
Rathmullen—500, 500, 500, 500 at 8½, 10,000 at 8¾.
Jim Blaine—2,000 at 29.
Rambler Cariboo—1,500 at 48, 2,000 at 45½, 800 at 50.
Van Anda—2,000 at 9.
Morrison—1,000 at 17.

GRAIN.

The local demand is reported good with prices firmly held. Quotations this morning are as follows:—Oats, 30½c to 30¾c afloat; peas, 70½c afloat; rye, 62½c afloat; No. 2 barley, 51c; feed barley, 45c afloat. Receipts in Montreal to-day were: wheat, 5,000 bushels; corn, 1,900 bushels; oats, 39,700 bushels; barley, 18,700 bushels; flour, 3,450 bushels.

Liverpool, Oct. 2.—Spring wheat, 6s 1½d; No. 1 Cala., 6s 2d to 6s 3d; corn, 3s 7¾d; peas, 5s 11d.

Reports from Manitoba indicate that the primary receipts on Saturday were exceptionally heavy. No. 1 hard is quoted at about 70½c afloat Fort William.

Duluth, Sept. 30.—Wheat, No. 1 hard cash, 72⅝c bid; Sept. 72⅛c bid; No. 1 northern cash, 70⅝c bid; Sept., 70⅛c; Oct., 70⅛c bid; Dec., 70⅞c bid; May, 73⅝c; May, 73⅛c; No. 2 northern, 67⅛c; No. 3 spring, 64⅜c; No. 2 northern, 67⅛; No. 3 spring, 64⅜c.

FLOUR AND FEED.

The market is very active for both flour and feed, and business is now regulated by the capacity of the mills, rather than by the demand, for millers are unanimous in stating that orders are being received faster than they can be filled. Prices for all lines are firmly held at previous quotations. Manitoba patents, $3.85 to $4.10; strong bakers, $3.70 to $3.80; Ontario flour, $1.60 to $1.65 in bags and $3.40 to $3.50 in barrels, with patents at $3.60 to $4.00. Bran is quoted at $15 for Ontario in bulk and $14 to $15.50 for Manitoba in bags; shorts, $16 to $18. Receipts of flour to-day were 3,450 brls.

PROVISIONS.

Dealers state that last week was one of the heaviest weeks of the year, and that an unusually large amount of actual business took place, although values were such as would ordinarily cause a halting market. There have been lower prices accepted for live hogs in the country, but demand in city continues good and the range for dressed hogs is $6 to $6.65; but lower prices are anticipated during the week. The demand for smoked meats is rather slack owing to large amounts of fish meat being used. Hams have been reduced ½c per lb. and barrel pork is also weak. Lard is in good demand and values rather stiff. The following may be given as local quotations: Hams, 10½c to 11½c; bacon, 11½c to 12c; lard, 6½c to 7c for pure and 6¼c to 5¾c for compound; barrel pork, $14 to $15. Receipts to-day were 100 barrels pork, 7 cases hams and bacon, and 175 tierces lard. Liverpool prices for all lines of provisions are higher this morning. Pork, 33s 6d; prime western lard, 28s 9d; Am. ref. do., 30s 3d; yellow, 26s; bacon, 33s to 35s.

Chicago, Oct. 2.—Hogs—Estimated receipts to-day, 32,000; to-morrow, 22,000; left over, 269; market steady; mixed and butchers, $4.40 to $4.82½; good heavy, $4.35 to $4.75; rough, heavy, $4.15 to $4.30; light, $4.50 to $4.90; cattle receipts, 12,000; market steady; beeves, $4.40 to $6.75; cows and heifers, $1.75 to $4.85; Texas steers, $3.25 to $4.10; stockers and feeders, $3 to $4.10.

EGGS.

The receipts to-day were 1,121 cases and demand continues fair with prices firmly held. Choice selected stock are quoted at 18c for local trade; straight candled goods, 15c to 15½c; seconds, 12c to 12½c, and culls 10c per doz.

BUTTER.

A private cable from London to a prominent exporter this morning advises buying as little stock as possible as outlook in England is rather ominous; other cables from large dealers in Canadian stock state that they are not going to follow the recent advance in Canada; so that, while among dealers around town the market is stated to be firm at 23c to 24c, those who are in touch with the English market have changed their ideas, and to-day are unwilling to pay more than 1c under last week's prices. On the wharf this morning some small lots sold for 23½c to 24c, according to quality, but as a rule creameries are not asking more than 22½c to 23c for finest goods. Receipts to-day were 1,478 packages by rail.

CHEESE.

The market is decidedly weaker to-day in spite of the fact that 11½c to 11⅝c is being paid on the wharf for about 2,500 Quebec cheese. Sales of the finest western Sept. make were made on Saturday at 11⅝c on spot, and more of same kind is offered to-day at 11½c. Business is dragging on the country board and exporters are exerting pressure to keep factorymen from pushing their cheese on the market at present, even at 11c, which, while low in comparison with recent prices, is in reality a very high price for cheese. Receipts to-day were 12,500 boxes by rail and 2,500 boxes by boat.

CHEESE SALES.

Country sales—	Boarded.	Sold.	Sept. 29. Price.
Iroquois	280	——	11¼c bid
Perth	1,074	1,074	11½c
Ottawa	1,007	——	11c
Brighton	875	——	11⅝c bid
Winchester	610	140	11¼c
Shelburne	720	——	11½c
Kemptville	900	200	11½c
South Finch	580	——	11c
			Sept. 30.
London	1,015	1,074	17⅝c bid
Cornwall	1,173	——	11¼c
Cowansville	1,950	1,200	11½c
Belleville	3,000	——	11⅝c bid
Canton	1,900	1,900	11¼c
Watertown	2,200	2,200	11¼c

APPLES.

The export of apples from Montreal to all ports last week were 12,747 barrels, and would have been much larger had not the 'Scotsman' been wrecked, as several thousand barrels awaited her sailing. The prospects for early and fall apples in the English market cannot be called good, and some account sales to hand show that when the fruit arrived in bad condition serious losses resulted as several car loads averaged less than 7s per barrel.; but one car of good stock sold for about 14s, so that those who possess sound, red fruit need not fear to send them forward. Any doubtful quality had better be realized on here, as exporting would result only in larger losses.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

OTHER LINES FIRMER TO-DAY.

At Chicago prices opened with a distinct recovery from the low close of Saturday, and a gradual advance set in which was maintained throughout the day, and resulted in a firm closing at higher values.

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

	Saturdays Close.	To-days Open.	High.	Low.	Close
Wheat—					
Oct.	71⅝	72⅛	72⅝	72⅛	72⅝
Dec.	73½	73⅞	74¼	73⅞	74¾
May	76⅛	76⅝	77⅜	76⅝	77¾
Corn—					
Oct.	31⅛	31⅜	31½	31⅛	31⅜
Dec.	29⅞	29⅞	30½	29⅞	30⅜
Oats—					
Oct.	22⅛	22⅜	23¼	22⅜	23⅛
Dec.	22⅞	22⅞	23¼	22⅞	23¼
Pork—					
Oct.	8.12	8.12	8.25	8.12	8.20
Dec	8.27	8.27	8.40	8.27	8.40
Lard—					
Oct.	5.42	5.42	5.52	5.42	5.47
Dec.	5.50	5.52	5.55	5.56	5.55
Short Ribs—					
Oct.	5.07	5.05	5.12	5.05	5.10
Dec.	5.05	5.07	5.10	5.07	5.10

ST. GABRIEL COW MARKET, Sept. 30.

The arrivals at the St. Gabriel Milch Cow Market, Centre street, on Friday and Saturday, were about 25 head. Buyers and dairymen were present in fairly large numbers. The arrivals of stock were of a much better class than has lately been offered for sale, and as a result prices, showed a decided advance. Prices for the first class of milch cows were quoted at from $32 to $45, while the highest price paid last week for the best was $38. The ordinary and leaner cows brought from $22 to $30 each, which also shows a slight advance. The supply at the market did not equal the demand.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.—Sept. 28.

There were about 573 head of butchers' cattle, 50 calves, 800 sheep and lambs and 50 store hogs and small pigs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in large numbers, but trade was rather dragging with scarcely any improvement in the rather low prices paid lately for cattle, while there has been quite a drop in the prices paid for shipping sheep, caused by a decline in the prices received in British markets. Mr. Martel paid 4¾c per lb. for the only prime beasts on the market, and the best of the others sold at about 4¼c per lb. Pretty good cattle sold at from 3¼c to 4¼c per lb; common animals from 2¼c to 3c do., while the lean old cows and small hard-looking bulls sold at from 1¾c to 2c per lb.; calves sold at from $2.50 to $5 each for those calves six weeks old; some of the older ones bringing from $12 to $14 each. Shippers paid from 3½c to 3½c per lb. for good large sheep; good lambs sold in lots at from 4c to 4¼c per lb., and the others at about 3¾c per lb.; fifteen hundred mutton critters were brought to the city for sale since yesterday morning. Fat hogs are lower and sold at from 4c to 4¼c per lb. Store hogs sold at from $5.50 to $8 each, and the pigs at from $2.50 to $3.50 each. A lot of 28 feeding pigs, averaging near 80 lbs., were sold yesterday at 3½c per lb.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—Oct. 2.

There were about 550 head of butchers' cattle, 40 calves and 500 sheep and lambs, offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in large numbers, and there was an active demand, and firm prices paid for the best cattle, but the common and inferior beasts were neglected, and it is probable that a considerable number of these will not be sold to-day. Mr. G. Martel paid 4¾c per lb., for a prime steer and a heifer he had previously offered 5c per lb., for the steer alone; he also bought another pair of steers at 4½c per lb. Pretty good stock sold at from 3¼c to 4¼c per lb.; common, dry cows and thrifty young stock at from 2¼c to 3c, and a few of the leaner beasts at about 2c per lb. Calves were scarce, and sold at from $3 to $10 each. Shippers paid 3½c per lb. for good large sheep; lambs sold at from 3¾c to nearly 4¼c per lb. Fat hogs sold at about 4½c per lb., for straight lots, weighed off the cars.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES.—Sept. 29.

The Indian summerlike weather this forenoon was very favorable to large gatherings of farmers, market gardeners and their customers, the housekeepers of Montreal, in and around Bonsecours Market, Jacques Cartier square and the adjacent streets and lanes. There seemed to be an excessive supply of all seasonable farm and garden produce and the prices were low enough to suit the most economic matrons. Oats sold at 65c to 70c per bag; buckwheat, $1.00 do.; beans, $1.00 to $1.15 per bushel; potatoes, 35c to 45c per bag; turnips and carrots, 40c do.; beets, 20c per basket; onions, 25c to 35c do.; cabbages, 15c to 20c per dozen; celery, 15c to 35c do.; cauliflowers, 25c to 70c do.; nutmeg melons, 75c to $1.50 do.; vegetable marrows, 40c to 60c do.; citron melons, 40c to 60c do.; green corn ears, 4c to 8c do. The farmers are beginning to bring out dressed hogs freely and the prices are from 6c to 6¼c per lb. Young turkeys and geese are beginning to appear in considerable quantities, the turkeys sell at from 70c to 90c each, or 10c to 11c per lb.; geese, 60c to 75c each or 7c to 8c per lb.; ducks, 55c to 80c per pair; fowls, 60c to $1 per pair; spring chickens, 45c to 65c do.; tub butter, 16c to 20c per lb.; print butter, 20c to 30c do.; fresh laid eggs, in baskets, 25c to 30c per dozen; older eggs, 18c to 22c do.; honey, 10c per lb. Apples are very plentiful, but mostly of poor quality, and sell at from $1.50 to $2.50 per barrel; winter apples are $3 to $3.50 per barrel; tomatoes are in excessive supply at 15c to 20c per box; plums, 35c to 40c per gallon, peaches and pears, 50c to 70c per basket; blue grapes, 2c per lb.; red grapes, 2½c to 3c do.; Jamaica oranges, $7.50 per barrel; old lemons, $1.50 to $3 per box; new lemons $4 do.; bananas, 50c to $1 the bunch; cranberries, $6.50 per barrel; hay, $6 to $8 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; straw, $3 to $4 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs.

MONTREAL STOCKYARDS—SEPT. 27

The arrivals at the Montreal stockyards, at Point St. Charles, this morning, were 200 cattle, 1,000 sheep and lambs, 50 calves, and about 1,000 hogs. The prices of cattle and sheep remain about normal, while those of hogs, especially selects, are lower. Cattle sold at from 4c to 4¾c for the best, while medium and good brought from 3c to 3¾c per lb.; the common and lean was quoted from 1¾c to 2¾c per lb. Sheep sold at from $3 to $3.50 per hundred lbs., the latter price was paid for good export sheep, or they sold at from $4 to $5.50 each; lambs were quoted at 3¾c to 4½c per lb., or from $2 to $4.50 each. Calves were sold at from $2 to $10, according to size and to quality. Hogs were quoted at from $4.25 to $4.50 per hundred pounds, the latter price being paid for select lots, just off the cars. The number of shippers and buyers were fairly large, and a good trade was done all round at the above quotations.

LONDON MONEY MARKET.

London, Oct. 2.—Consols for money and the account closed on Saturday at 103 15-16. To-day they opened off 1 1-16 at 1-3 to 1-4, and later dropped to 103, the weakness being due to the monetary position. Money was in fair demand at 3 p.c.

On the stock exchange to-day business was almost at a standstill.

BANK OF ENGLAND STATEMENT.

London, Sept. 28.—The weekly statement of the Bank of England shows the following changes:—

Total reserve, decreased	£1,442,000
Circulation, increased	221,000
Bullion, increased	1,101,696
Other securities, increased	1,518,000
Other deposits, increased	63,600
Public deposits, decreased	38,000
Notes reserve, decreased	1,455,000

Government securities, unchanged. The proportion of the Bank of England's reserve to liability is 48.66 percent. Last week it was 51.69 percent. Rate of discount unchanged at 3½ percent.

MINING NOTES.

ORE SHIPMENTS FROM ROSSLAND CAMP.

Rossland, B.C. Sept. 23.—With reference to a statement that has been made outside Rossland that the War Eagle mine has been made to contribute to the running powers of the Centre Star at a sacrifice to the former property, the manager, Mr. Kirby, stated to-day that only power not required by the War Eagle was used in the Centre Star from the War Eagle plant. Owing to the condition of the big electrical compressor in the War Eagle that mine will probably receive additional power from Centre Star plant if it is required. The management is placing five compressor plants on the Centre Star ground with an average capacity of seven drills each and these will be utilized until the new Centre Star compressor is finally erected. Plans for the latter are not perfected nor is the power to be used, steam or electricity, finally settled. The ore shipments are practically the same as last week, 4,670 tons. The Centre Star recommenced shipping this evening. The shipments for the week ending Sept. 23 and year to date 'estimated' are as follows:—

Mines.	Weekly tons.	Year.
Le Roi	2,336	64,520
War Eagle	1,921.5	38,908.5
Iron Mask	252	3,360
Evening Star	120	908.5
Deer Park	——	18
Centre Star	——	6,157
Columbia Kootenay	20	111.5
Virginia	——	40
Mountain Trail, Sept. 18	20	20
Totals	4,669.5	115,043.5

REMARKABLE STRIKES OF ORE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Rossland, B.C., Sept. 29.—Most remarkable series of strikes on properties of British Columbia Copper Company Deadwood Camp here following up strike of thirty-seven feet of solid chacopyrite ore on the Primrose claim by the railway cutting same, that of ninety feet, rich ore in north drift of mother lode; the big mine shaft, depth 262 feet, going 30 percent copper. B. C. Copper Company mainly owned by New York capitalists; Johnson, noted smelter expert, is superintendent, and vouches for above facts. Two other big strikes reported to-day, one in Winnipeg mine, Wellington camp, six feet solid pyrrhotite ore in cross-cut from main shaft, 300 foot level; other on surface. Gold of Crown adjoining made by railway cutting 25 feet wide, identical in character to that of Winnipeg, which averages from sixty to seventy dollars in gold.

THE COTTON MARKETS.

New York, Oct. 2.—The cotton market opened irregular with prices on first sales 14 to 25 percent higher, and showed great excitement all the forenoon. Prices worked up and down in a startling manner, influenced by great waves of buying and selling. The foreign news was by far the most important influence on the market. As compared with the close of Thursday, futures at Liverpool showed a rise of 7 to 7½ points, which our market opened. A reaction of 7 points here was followed by an equally rapid uplight of 8 to 10 points on renewed tremendous buying from all quarters. The apparent indifference of our market to the uneasiness in the English market had the effect of the rallying Liverpool still later. Despite the 120 points advance quoted within the past two weeks, selling on the reaction theory was conspicuously absent, and new buying was more energetic than at any time since the rise started.

SISSIBOO PULP AND PAPER

A NEW COMPANY WHICH SHOULD HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE.

The Sissiboo Paper and Pulp Company, Limited, has been formed to acquire all the capital stock, good-will, plant and property of the Sissiboo Falls Pulp Company, Limited situated on the Sissiboo river, seven miles from Weymouth, in Digby County, Nova Scotia. The mill of the last named company is now in operation, and is in good condition, and it is proposed to provide machinery capable of increasing its output to about 5,000 tons of dry pulp per annum. Another mill of greater capacity will be erected at Weymouth Falls, about four miles below the present mill, and at the head of tidewater. The latter mill will be able to produce about 7,000 tons of dry pulp per annum, and the combined output of the two mills will thus be about 12,000 tons yearly. The company has inexhaustible raw material, valuable water powers, and unsurpassed shipping facilities, and the character of the men responsible for its management is the best guarantee for prosperity. The public is invited to subscribe for a quarter of a million dollars of six percent 30 year gold bonds at par, and a quarter of a million dollars of common stock, of which full particulars will be found upon another page.

TWEED CHEESE MARKET.

Tweed, Ont., Sept. 28.—At the cheese board to-day 670 white cheese were offered, 590 sold at 11¾c.

BUFFALO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

East Buffalo, Sept. 30.—Cattle—Offerings, principally stockers, there being 33 loads on sale with a fair demand for top grades at about steady prices. Calves in fair demand and steady. Choice to extra, $7.25 to $7.50; good to choice, $7 to $7.25. Sheep and lambs—Offerings, 29 loads, including 24 loads left over. The bulk of the good lambs sold $5.25. Choice to extra, $5.25 to $5.35; good to choice, $5 to $5.25; common to fair, $4 to $4.75. Sheep, choice to extra, $4.25 to $4.50. There was only a partial clearance, the common kind holding over. Offerings of Canada lambs were 8½ cars and prices on the choice stock a little stronger.

Hogs—Trade slow and 5c lower, with 25 loads on sale. Heavy quotable, $4.65 to $4.95; mixed, $4.85; yorkers, $4.70 to $4.85; pigs, $4.65 to $4.70; grassers, $4.70; roughers, $4 to $4.20; stags, $3.25 to $3.75; pigs were fully 15c lower. The trade was slow on the close.

INCREASED BANK RATE THREATENED

London, Sept. 28.—The financial articles in the morning papers discuss the probability of a rise in the bank rate.

Rumors are current that £300,000 are wanted for Argentina.

TORONTO CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 29.—The dulness yesterday at the Western Cattle Market has not improved to-day. The run was large, but sales were small in proportion. Comparatively nothing was done in export cattle, shipping space not having been secured. prices remain unchanged. The stock on the market was not good. Really choice butchers' cattle were wanted, the pens being overstocked with common stuff.

The run to-day was 85 loads, representing 1,200 cattle, 3,400 hogs, 1,585 sheep and lambs and 10 calves.

Export Cattle—Very few sales effected, the running ashore of the steamer 'Scotsman' having made buyers uncertain as to shipping space.

Butchers' Cattle—Trade was very dull and buyers seemed unwilling to consider the class of stock that prevailed on the market. The local demand is for choice stock, and for such from $4 to $4.25 per cwt. was paid in a few instances. However, most of the stock offered to-day realized from $3.25 to $3.50 per cwt.

Stockers and Feeders—Demand was not brisk, stockers especially meeting slow sale. Heavy feeders sold at from $3.50 to $3.90, and in a few instances a little more for short keep steers. Light feeders sold at $3.25 to $3.50.

Sheep and Lambs—This branch showed no improvement. The run was larger and prices ranged from $3.25 to $3.50 per cwt. for export sheep, and $3.25 to $3.90 per cwt. for lambs. One man yesterday refused $3.60 for a load of lambs, but to-day sold them for $3.50.

Hogs—A large run met a fair demand at $4.02½ for choice and $4.12½ for light and heavy fats. To-day's prices will likely prevail throughout next week.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

Edinburgh, Sept. 18.—Yesterday the number of fat sheep was larger, but of lambs smaller than last week, the quality being a full reasonable average. Trade ruled in favor of buyers, but a good clearance was effected, lower prices having to be accepted. Half-bred sheep sold at 36s to 46s; Cheviots, 34s to 42s; crosses, 33s 6d to 38s; blackfaces, 22s to 28s; cross lambs, 18s to 24s; blackface, 9s to 13s. Bullocks were a small show, and sold at £15 to £18 a head. Top price of mutton, 7½d to 8d; secondary, 6d to 6½d per lb. Cattle, 32s to 34s per cwt., live weight. Numbers in the market compared with last week:—Fat sheep and lambs, 823, against 800; fat cattle, 8, against 12.

Salford, Sept. 20.—Yesterday's numbers:—Cattle, 2,824; sheep, 11,873; calves, 147; pigs, 82. Quotations:—Cattle, 5s to 6s per quarter; sheep, 5½d to 8d; calves, 5d to 6¾d per lb.; pigs, 7s 8d to 8s 2d per 20 lbs. There were fewer sheep and more cattle. Trade dull, at lower prices.

BUTTER.

Cork, Sept. 19.—Firsts, 93s; seconds, 91s; thirds, 79s; fourths, 72s. Factory firkins—Seconds, 96s; thirds, 76s; fourths, 69s. Mild cured—Superfine, 97s; fine, 91s. Choicest boxes, 101s; choice boxes, 90s. Fresh butter, 98s. In market—266 firkins, 146 mild, 9 boxes.

Manchester, Sept. 20.—Finest Irish creamery in good demand, and well cleared. Danish, Swedish, and Finnish show a decreased supply, but there was a decidedly better tone yesterday, fresh landed goods meeting with a ready sale at the last Copenhagen advance. Good mediums better, but inferior qualities still difficult to move. Canadians show an improvement, and bring 2s more money. Quotations:—Choicest Danish and Swedish, 127s to 129s; fine, 121s to 124s; finest Finnish, 116s to 118s; Irish creamery, 120s to 122s; Canadian creamery, 109s to 111s.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS

New York, Sept. 29.—Beeves—Receipts, 3,311; trade slow; steers, 10c lower; bulls, and cows weak to ½c lower; steers at $4.55 to $5.65; common to medium oxen and stags at $2.75 to $3.85; heifers at $4.25; and bulls at $2.80 to $3.75; cows at $1.50 to $3.50. No later cable advices Exports, 270 cattle and 3,740 quarters of beef. Calves—Receipts, 236; veals firm to fraction higher; grassers slow; veals at $4 to $8 per 100 lbs.; grassers at $2.50 to $3; city dressed veals steady at 9c to 12c per lb.; dressed grassers at 5c to 6c. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,094; slow; lambs, 25c higher for top grades; under grades steady with moderate demand; sheep at $2.75 to $4.12½; lambs at $4.25 to $5.60 per 100 lbs.; culls at $3.50 to $4. Hogs—Receipts, 547; steady at $4.90 to $5.10.

East Buffalo, Sept. 29.—Cattle—There was one load of cattle on sale. Canada stockers, which sold about steady; sales, 38 head 484 lbs., at $3.85; 4 do., 582 lbs., at $3.50; 6 do., 758 lbs., at $3.50; 31 do., 515 lbs., at $3.50. Calves were in moderate supply; fair demand, and about a quarter higher. Sheep and lambs—Offerings about 40 loads; Choice Canadas sold at 10c to 15c higher, the basis being $5.25 to $5.45 for choice to extra Canada lambs; 3 decks sold for $5.45; native lambs were quotable, choice to extra, at $5.25 to $5.35; good to choice at $5.25; common to fair at $4 to $4.75; sheep, choice to extra at $4.25 to $4.50; good to choice at $4 to $4.25; common to fair at $2.50 to $3.75; the offerings were pretty well cleaned up and the feeling in the good kind was full steady. Hogs, slow, with a total of 35 loads on sale; heavy, at $4.95 to $5; mixed at $4.95 to $5; Yorkers at $4 80 to $4.95; pigs at $4 80 to $4.85; grassers at $4.70 to $4.80; roughs at $4.10 to $4.25; stags at $3.50 to $3.65; the close was weak at 5c to 10c lower than the opening.

COUNTRY MARKETS.

Guelph, Sept. 30.—Flour, $1.85 to $2.10; red wheat, 67c to 68c; wheat, 65c to 66c; bran, $13; middlings, $16; barley, 37c to 40c; oats, 25c to 26c; rye, 45c to 50c; peas, 52c to 55c; live hogs, $4.50 to $5; potatoes, per bag, 45c to 50c; sheepskins, 50c to 80c; hides, $6.50 to $7.50; hay, $7 to $8; butter, 18c to 21c; eggs, 15c to 17c; chickens, per pair, 40c to 50c; ducks, pair, 50c to 70c.

Ottawa, Sept. 29—The sale of butter, both in prints and rolls reached high water mark this morning. Higher prices were paid than have been for a couple of years. Sales of tub butter were made by farmers for as high as 22 cents per lb. One case was noticed where a farmer sold his entire load of tub butter for 21 cents per lb. Most of the sales by the pail and in tubs were made at from 18c to 20c per pound. Prints were equally high, as in a number of instances they sold for 27 cents per lb. Most of the sales were made at from 23c to 25c per lb. Potatoes had a singular sale. One instance was noticed where a man sold his load at the rate of 65 cents per bag, separately, and just a few minutes afterwards on the other side of the square, sales were being made for as high as 80 cents per bag. Most of the sales took place at 70c per bag. The demand for oats was poor, and the prices realized cons

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Annual subscribers may have announcements of births, marriages and deaths (without extended obituary or verses) occurring in their immediate families, free of charge, in which case name and address of subscribers should be given.

BIRTHS.

DUTAND—On Sept. 23, 1899, a daughter to the Rev. L. R. and Mrs. Dutand, of Quebec city. 27

HUNT—At 114 Peel street, Brantford, Ont., on Sept. 19, 1899, the wife of Mr. E. W. J. Hunt, of a daughter. 27

HUTCHINSON—At Silver Corners, on Sept. 16, 1899, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hutchinson. 27

KYDD—On Sept. 29, 1899, at 129 Stanley street, the wife of R. A. Kydd, of a daughter. 29

MACKENZIE.—At 56 Wiseman ave., Outremont, on Sept. 23, the wife of Henry Mackenzie, of a son. 26

MALTBY—On Sept. 23, 1899, at 784 St. Denis street, Montreal, the wife of Herbert Lassey Maltby, of a daughter. 29

McFARLANE.—At Hayfield Farm, Arkell, on Sept. 21, 1899, the wife of R. J. McFarlane, of a daughter. 26

MOORE—At Elm Lane, St. Chrysostome, Que. on Sept. 22, 1899, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Moore. 29

READ.—At the Methodist parsonage, Lennoxville, Que., on Thursday, Sept. 28, 1899, to the wife of the Rev. F. A. Read, a son. 30

STUTTAFORD—In this city, on Sept. 25, 1899, the wife of Irving A. Stuttaford, of twins (son and daughter). 27

MARRIED.

ALLAN—SHUFELT.—At 205 Bleury street, on Wednesday, Sept. 27, 1899, by the Rev. I. A. Gordon, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Christina Gertrude, (Jeanie), youngest daughter of Mr. John Allan, to Henry Howard Shufelt, of Burlington, Vt. Burlington papers please copy. 30

ALLEN—MOORE.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Sept. 27, 1899, by the Rev. Dr. Torrance, Mr. W. L. Allen, of Cobourg, formerly of Peterboro', to Miss Ethel C. Moore, daughter of W. H. Moore, Esq., barrister, Peterboro', Ont.

PRICE—PEARSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Westmount, on Thursday, Sept. 28, 1899, by the Rev. Canon Evans, M.A., Ernest A. Brice, to Ethel, eldest daughter of Chas. W. Pearson. 30

CLELAND—DAWSON—At the residence of the bride's father, Little Current, on Sept. 25, 1899, by the Rev. W. J. Eccleston, Captain Herbert Cleland, of Collingwood, Ont., to Nellie, daughter of John Dawson. 2

DICKSON—MILLS.—On Sept. 27, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. M. Taylor, John W. Dickson to Alice, eldest daughter of Alfred Mills, both of this city. 30

DICKSON—HAMMOND.—On Sept. 20, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, by The Rev. Mr. Eames, George W. Dickson, D.D.S., of Groveton, New Hampshire, youngest son of John M. Dickson, of Trenholm, Que., to Lena E., daughter of Frank G. Hammond, Coldbrook, New Hampshire. 30

DUNBAR—GARLAND.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Sept. 26, 1899, by the Rev. Thomas Wilson, assisted by the Rev. John Ray and the Rev. T. C. Tibb, George E. Dunbar, son of the late Richard Dunbar, Esq., of Deer Park, to Isabelle McKinnon, only daughter of Nicholas Garland, Esq., of Eglinton, Ont. 30

ELDER—STEWART—At "Bide-a-Wee" the residence of the bride's parents, on Sept. 27, 1899, by the Rev. A. Rowat, Mr. Jas. W. Elder, to Elizabeth R., third daughter of Wm. Stewart, all of Elgin.

FORBES—DAVIDSON.—At the Methodist Church, Inverness, Que., on Sept. 28, 1899, by the Rev. R. Corrigan, B.D., Mr. Amos A. Forbes, of Thetford, Co. Megantic, to Miss Mary D. Davidson, of Inverness. 30

GIBSON—ALLAN—At 'Kilwinning,' Paris, Ont., the residence of the bride's parents, on Sept. 28, 1899, by the Rev. Edward Cockburn, M.A., Minnie Sloane, third daughter of John Allan, Esq., to Thomas Gibson, of Calgary, formerly of Berlin, Ont. 2

GUMBLEY—ASHTON—At the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. George Gumbley, 328 Delisle street, on Sept. 28, 1899, by the Rev. D. A. Lough, Charles H. Gumbley, to Bertha Georgina Ashton, daughter of the late Mr. John Ashton, all of Montreal. 29

HENDERSON—HENDERSON—On Sept. 26, 1899, at Christ's Church, Spring Brook, by the Rev. G. F. Hibbard, Walter Henderson, of Standon, to Julia A. Henderson, fourth daughter of Alexander Henderson, St. Malachie, Que. 30

HIGBEE—SUTCLIFFE—On Sept. 23, 1899, Lenah A. W. Sutcliffe, daughter of the late Rev. Ingraham Sutcliffe, of Nova Scotia, to Lieutenant-Colonel John Henley Higbee, United States Marine Corps, at the Church of the Transfiguration, Boston, by the Rev. Geo. Clarke Houghton, D.D. 29

JAMES — CALDER — At Knox Church, Beaverton, Ont., on Sept. 28, 1899, by the Rev. John A. G. Calder, of Alexander, Man., brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. R. P. McKay, Toronto, and the Rev. K. J. McDonald, Beaverton, James Richards James, of Calcutta India, to Kate, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Calder, Esq., of Beaverton. 2

LAMB—INNES—At the residence of the bride's father, "Maple Grove," Stonefield, on Sept. 27, 1899, by the Rev. Jas. Fraser, C. Wm. Lamb, St. Andrews, Que., to Florence May, daughter of John Innes, Esq. 29

LAUGHTON—SMITH.—On Sept. 28, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. J. W. McLeod, uncle of the bride, J. R. Laughton to Kate Evelin (Eva) Smith, both of this city. 30

LAWRENCE—LUMSDEN — On Sept. 27, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, 254 North Lisgar street, by the Rev. W. F. Wilson, of Hamilton, assisted by the Rev. H. Hill, of the Montreal Conference, Mr. William Lawrence, to Edna M., youngest daughter of J. H. Lumsden, of Toronto. 29

McGREGOR—FOULDS—At the residence of the parents of the bride, Martintown, Glengarry, on Sept. 20, 1899, by the Rev. Hugh McKellar, assisted by the Rev. John Matheson, of Summerstown, Mr. Wm. S. McGregor, of Brooklyn, New York, to Miss Jennie Ada Foulds, eldest daughter of A. R. Foulds, Esq. 27

McLENNAN — McLENNAN—At the residence of the bride's parents, 2nd Concession of Charlottenburgh, Glengarry, Ont., on Tuesday, Sept. 19, 1899, by the Rev. K. McDonald, of Williamstown, assisted by the Rev. J. Matheson, B.A., of Summerstown, John K. McLennan, to Margaret, third daughter of F. D. McLennan, Esq. 27

ORR—CROWE.—At the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. W. T. Keough, M.A., Robert Orr, of Chateauguay, Que., to Elizabeth Crowe, eldest daughter of the late F. M. R. Crowe, of Rawdon, Que.

OWENS—McLAUGHLIN—At the residence of the bride's father, Oshawa, Ont., by the Rev. James Hodges, B.A., on Sept. 27, 1899, Mr. John Pomeroy Owens, of the Western Bank, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert McLaughlin, president of the McLaughlin Carriage Company. 29

SAUNDERS—CHRISTIE—On Sept. 22, 1899, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. A. A. Radley, J. T. A. Saunders, of Shawbridge, to Margaret Jane, eldest daughter of W. J. Christie, Esq., of Lachute, Que. 2

WALDRON—WHITHAM.—On Sept. 28, 1899, by the Rev. Robt. Eadie, Fred. A. Waldron, to Miss A. L. Whitham, daughter of Francis and Mary Ann Whitham, of Hintonburgh, Ont. 30

WELLINGTON — DOUGLAS — At St. Peter's Church, Rochester, N.Y., on Sept. 23, 1899, by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, Wm. E. Wellington, Esq., and Anna J. Douglas, daughter of the late Capt. J. T. Douglas. 2

WHISSIEL—McARTHUR—At the manse, Summerstown, Ont., on Wednesday, Sept. 20, 1899, by the Rev. J. Matheson, B.A., William George Whissiel, of Cornwall, to Catherine, daughter of Alexander McArthur, Esq., of Summerstown.

WILSON—JONES—On Sept. 11, 1899, at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, David Landale Wilson (London), son of the late George Wilson, Esq., of Dalmarnock (Glasgow), to Edna, younger daughter of Simeon Jones, Esq., of Caverhill Hall. 29

WISMER—WATT—At the manse, Flesherton, Ont., on Sept. 26, 1899, by the Rev. L. M. Thom, uncle of the bride, Mr. Ernest L. Wismer, formerly of Parkdale, to Miss Marie Watt, of Flesherton. The happy couple immediately left for their future home in Nebraska. 29

DIED.

BAILEY—On Monday, Sept. 18, 1899, at her home, in Cookshire, Quebec, Hannah Bailey, wife of J. C. Bailey, aged 67 years and 6 months. 27

BALTZLY.—At Lachine, on Sept. 22, 1899, Gertrude Irene (Irene), beloved (adopted) daughter of Mrs. L. G. Baltzly, aged 3 years and one month.

Ah soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee up from man to God.
Farewell then, for a while, farewell,
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart!
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee,
And dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee,
'My darling child!'

BURWASH—At Ponsonby, Que., on Saturday, September 23, 1899, John Burwash, formerly of Dalesville, Que., aged 79 years.

CARSON—"Went home" on Sept. 29, 1899, Mrs. Anne Carson, aged 83 years, relict of the late Hugh Carson, and mother of Mr. J. H. Carson, of the Dominion Alliance.

CARSON—At St. Remi, Que., on Friday, Sept. 29, 1899, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. James C. Hamilton, Margaret Preston, widow of the late James Carson, of Beech Ridge.
Huntingdon 'Gleaner' please copy. 30

DANSKEN—On Sunday morning, Oct. 1, 1899, in this city, Pearle Marjorie, dearly beloved daughter of James and Isabella Dansken, aged 7 years and 11 days.
'Gone to be with Jesus.' 2

FALDING—On Sept. 26, 1899, suddenly, after a brief illness, Mary Falding, daughter of Thomas C. Keefer, of Rockliffe. 29

GELLATLY—In this city, on Thursday, Sept. 28, 1899, Elizabeth P. Mitchell, widow of the late Geo. W. Gellatly, aged 76 years and 5 months, native of Cupar, Fife, Scotland.
Fifeshire, Edinburgh, papers please copy. 29

GOUDIE.—At 7 Ferland street, Quebec, on Sept. 24, 1899, Jane King, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, and wife of Norval Goudie, aged eighty years. 26

GRANT—At his residence, 219 Bay street, Ottawa, Alpine F. Grant, of the Interior Department, youngest son of the late Alpine Grant. 29

HARDY—At his late residence, Bowesville, Ont., on Sept. 27, 1899, Francis Hardy, aged 88 years. 29

HUNT—At St. Mary's, on Sept. 15, 1899, Charles E. Hunt, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. J. Hunt, of Brantford, Ont., aged 14 years, 9 months. 27

HUNT—At 114 Peel street, Brantford, Ont., on Sept. 22, 1899, Gertrude Margaret, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. J. Hunt, aged 3 days. 27

HYNDMAN—In this city, on Oct. 1, 1899, aged two months and nineteen days, Alexander Russell Hyndman, infant son of D. Hyndman.

KING—At the Ladies' Protestant Home, Quebec, on Sept. 28, 1899, Mary Ann Duffy, beloved wife of Henry King, aged 61 years. 29

LEADLAY—On Sept. 26, 1899, at his residence, Wexford, Ont., John Leadlay, in his 64th year. 29

MAITLAND.—In Owen Sound, Ont., on Sept. 27, 1899, Thos. Maitland, Esq., in his 73rd year. 30

MALLOCH—At 738 Albert street, Ottawa, on Sept. 26, 1899, Gertrude Barbara, wife of E. C. Malloch, M.D., and daughter of Louis M. Coutlee, Esq., of Aylmer, Que. 29

MALLORY.—At 'Prospect Cottage,' near Cobourg, on Tuesday, Sept. 12, 1899, J. F. Mallory, Esq., aged 77 years and 10 months. 26

McDIARMID—At Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on Sept. 5, 1899, Archibald McDiarmid, late of the Township of Moore, County of Lambton, Ont., brother of the Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, of Kemptville, and of Mrs. H. McKellar, of Martintown, Glengarry.

DAVIDSON.—On Wednesday morning, Sept. 27, 1899, at No. 93 Congregation street, Point St. Charles, of pneumonia, Florence (Florrie), eldest daughter of J. H. and Mary Davidson, aged 10 years and 3 months.

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McGEACHIE—At Riverfield, Que., on Oct. 1, 1899, Eliza Ann, youngest daughter of the late Wm. McGeachie, in the 52nd year of her age. 2

McKNIGHT—On Sept. 25, 1899, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. S. S. McMurray, 39 Argyle street, Toronto, Mary Jane McKnight, relict of the late Thos. McKnight, and mother of J. H. McKnight, in her 75th year. 2

MORGAN—On Sept. 29, 1899, at 13 St. Genevieve street, Walter Benallack, the youngest and dearly beloved son of F. Morgan, aged 4 years and 13 days.

PHELAN—At Terrebonne, on Sept. 24, 1899, Rebecca Dronysit, of Camden, Oneida County, New York, wife of the late Jas. Phelan, of New Glasgow, aged 69 years and 4 months. 2

PROCTOR—On Sunday, Oct. 1, 1899, Walter G. Proctor, of the Court House, Montreal, aged 38 years.
Toronto and Hamilton papers please copy. 2

SHORTT—Entered into rest, on Friday morning, Sept. 29, 1899, at 44 Dewson st., Toronto, Isabel Julia Shortt, widow of the Rev. Dr. Shortt, formerly rector of Port Hope. 2

SMART.—At Lachine, on Sept. 27, Harold, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smart, aged 3 months. 28

TOWNSLEY—In this city, on Sept. 26, 1899, at the age of 41 years, 8 months, Anna Eliza Campbell, beloved wife of Joseph Townsley.

WANLESS.—At St. Andrews, Que., on Sept. 24, 1899, Martin Wanless, in his 68th year, after a short illness.

WILLIAMSON—At 349 Prince Arthur st., Montreal, on Friday morning, Sept. 29, 1899, of pneumonia, John Thoburn, beloved infant son of the Rev. A. W. Williamson, aged four months and twenty days. Luke xviii., 16. 29

WOLF.—At Quebec, on Sept. 25, 1899, Margaret Buckley, wife of John Wolf, aged 46 years.

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