

Montreal Weekly Witness.

FIFTIETH YEAR.

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MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS.
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CALM FOLLOWS STORM.

The Venezuelan Warcloud Passes Away.

VARIOUS VIEWS UPON THE QUESTION.

New York, Dec. 29.—Mr. Isaac N. Ford cables from London to the 'Tribune':—No real change in the relations of Great Britain and the United States has occurred since the Venezuela Commission bill was passed a week ago. The interval has been filled here with mummy suits to the season. Princes, bishops, preachers, authors, and all sorts and conditions of Englishmen have united in a Christmas carol in favor of peace. This was a safe thing to do, because they knew in their hearts a week ago that there would be no war. It is one thing to cry 'peace,' when there is no peace, and another thing to proclaim it when everybody is ridiculing the idea that war is possible. The newspapers have been printing many columns daily about the Venezuela affair and United States opinion, but nothing has happened here since the slaughter of American securities which produced a Wall street scare and enabled Mr. Cleveland to follow up his Venezuela message with pleadings in bankruptcy. From that moment no intelligent Englishman has considered an outbreak of war possible. There might be some danger from hasty action in Caracas, or from premature attempts on the part of the British Government to press an indemnity claim, but otherwise the situation has cleared and all thought of war is at an end. The English conscience was uneasy when Mr. Chamberlain's order for defending the frontier with Maxim guns was disclosed. It would have stirred more deeply if Lord Salisbury's dispatch dealing jauntily and contemptuously with the Monroe doctrine had been read by itself, without the text of the President's message as a counter-irritant. As it was, Mr. Cleveland contrived, by his remarkable method of applying the Monroe doctrine and by his menacing language, to efface all that was irritating in Mr. Chamberlain's orders and Lord Salisbury's reply, and to give England the advantage of position on moral grounds. The English could say: 'We have been wantonly attacked owing to the exigencies of American politics. Mr. Cleveland has rendered arbitration impossible by assuming to dictate where the frontiers of the empire are. We have the moral support of Europe, and cannot accept dictation.'

HOSTILITY TO BRITISH INTERESTS.

Reflecting men, however, have been sobered by the evidence of the existence in America of a strong body of hostile opinion to English methods in diplomatic circles. It is recognized as something too serious for a jest. Whatever may be the outcome of the work of the Venezuela commission, whatever blunders Mr. Cleveland may have made in applying the Monroe doctrine, and giving warning of bankruptcy three days after threatening war, it is also perceived that whatever may be the financial embarrassments in Washington and New York, the Republican party will ultimately deal with them in a way which will be hostile to British mercantile interests. The tariff bill, with its horizontal increase of duties, may be hung up in the senate or be vetoed by the President, but sooner or later the Treasury will be filled and national credit restored by legislation in a line with that which for a generation after the civil war rendered American prosperity the marvel of the modern world. Far from being in the interest of England, this legislation will postpone indefinitely the triumph of free trade. So great a financial authority as the 'Economist' admitted three weeks ago that the proper method of checking gold exports and averting disaster was to increase the revenues and convert the deficiency into a surplus. It is less outspoken now that the Republican House has taken a long step in that direction, but other journals recognize clearly the blow which textile and other British manufacturers will ultimately receive when the tariff is readjusted to the conditions of prosperity. Something like a cold wave has already swept over Bradford, Huddersfield, and Leeds, where the woollen trade with the United States has increased ten-fold since the passage of the Wilson tariff. Indeed, Englishmen are already saying, under their breath, that the slump in American securities was a great misfortune for England, since it has opened the way for something like retaliation in tariff legislation. Another equally sobering thought is forcibly expressed by the Manchester 'Courier,' which says the losses of American investors seem worthy of being braced with

the scarcely less depressing circumstances that England now produces less than one-seventh of the wheat consumed by her population, and is dependent upon America and other countries for the remaining six-sevenths. The 'Courier' says that Englishmen should realize the terrible straits for food supplies in which their country would be placed by losing command of the sea in war time. This is the thought uppermost in men's minds when they consider the possibility of war with any great power, that bread and wheat would be dear and starvation would be averted only by a great display of naval strength.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S PROPOSAL.

Perhaps the fairest article on the Venezuela question is Mr. Labouchere's in 'Truth.' He recites the origin and progress of the frontier dispute, admits that the Schomburgk line was not definitely accepted by either party, and contends that England ought to have agreed to full arbitration of the disputed lands on either side, her refusalavoring of might, not right. He also considers that a great deal can be said for the Monroe doctrine, but regrets the bullying, arbitrary tone of Mr. Cleveland's message. His main conclusion is that, in spite of the indiscreet language of Mr. Cleveland, England ought to submit the entire boundary question to an arbitrator and suggests Japan as the proper power to decide the matter. Mr. Labouchere has the courage of his opinions. No other Englishman talks in this way. The ordinary view is that Mr. Cleveland has rendered arbitration impossible, that the English do not want war and will do nothing to provoke it, but that they cannot yield their rights to a mere arrogant assertion of authority. Monroe doctrine or no Monroe doctrine, they are convinced that a commission, even with such men as ex-Ministers Phelps and Lincoln on it, can do nothing to settle the dispute, since England cannot recognize its authority to intervene in any way. They have no idea that war is possible, but expect that Mr. Cleveland will retreat, under cover of his commission, from what they regard as an untenable position. They now say less than they did about his message being a political manoeuvre, but charge him with appealing to popular passion and blundering grossly in his conduct of the whole affair, and question his competence for his great place.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

British and foreign journals express approval and admiration of the course of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other eminent personages for the tone of their public expression in regard to the Venezuelan embroglio. The 'Irish World' and the 'Freeman's Journal,' representing the opposite shades of Irish opinion, stand side by side in expressions of approval.

PEACE MAKERS.

Asheville, N.C., Dec. 28.—Mrs. Frances E. Willard, president of the World's and National W. C. T. U., received to-day from Lady Henry Somerset, vice-president of the World's W. C. T. U., and president of the British Woman's Temperance Association, the following cablegram relating to the peril of war growing out of the Venezuela complications: 'We join our prayers and influence with yours to avoid the greatest calamity possible to the world, and between nations in whose history is involved the highest hopes of humanity. God grant that we may stand to fight oppression everywhere.'

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 29.—The Freemasons of Winnipeg, in view of the prevailing war talk, have sent greetings to their brethren in Minnesota, in the following words: 'Resolved—That the Masons in all the city lodges, now assembled, do hereby request our Grand Master to convey to the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Minnesota and the brethren of his jurisdiction the sincere wish and hope of the Masons of the City of Winnipeg, and also in the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, that the fraternal bond of harmony and sympathy, happily inaugurated by the brethren of the military lodge at Fort Pembina, in the year 1867, may never be disturbed, and to accept from the Masons of this city and jurisdiction fraternal greetings of good will for the New Year.'

London, Dec. 28.—The following is given out for publication: 'We, the president, vice-president, treasurer and secretary of the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, appeal to our brethren in the United States that, in the name of our one Lord and one faith, they lift their voice with ours for peace between these great English-speaking nations. Signed by J. Q. Greenbough, T. V. Timms, W. W. Barnes and S. H. Booth.' New York, Dec. 29.—The following cable correspondence passed last evening be-

tween the Savage Club of London and the Lotus Club of this city:—

To Lotus Club, New York City:—The members of the Savage Club, at a house dinner assembled, send hearty greetings to the members of the Lotus Club. A bright New Year to you and peace and good will between Anglo-Saxon races.

To Savage Club, London:—The members of the Lotus Club heartily reciprocate your kind sentiments. Best wishes for the prosperity of the Savage Club and its members. Peace and happiness to England and its people.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT SPEAKS.

Chicago, Dec. 29.—Mr. Michael Davitt, the Irish Nationalist member of parliament, was among the guests registered at the Palmer House yesterday. He has been touring in Australia, and came to Chicago from San Francisco. He is on his way home and expects to be in his seat when parliament assembles. When asked about the position of the Irish on the Venezuelan controversy he said that he did not think there was the slightest possibility of any actual conflict between the United States and Great Britain on that question. Lord Salisbury, he said, is known as a bully, whose policy, when he has been at the head of the government, has been to try to intimidate little nations and powers throughout the world. He has been able to do this with impunity heretofore, but now he finds America stands behind little Venezuela, and he will not be allowed to carry on his policy toward this state. For myself, I can only repeat that I am glad that such a stand has been taken by the United States. It was about time, and the upshot of it will be that the reasonable demand made by the President to have the whole trouble submitted to arbitration will be accepted in England. I believe that war is so far away that it is outside the region of probability, because the commercial relations between this country and Great Britain are so enormous that the people of the United States on the one hand and Great Britain on the other, would practically be insane if they jeopardized the money market over a small affair like this in Venezuela. This is particularly plain when it is taken into consideration that the President of the United States makes so favorable a proposition as to have the whole matter submitted to arbitration.

A KENTUCKY INFAMY.

Lebanon, Ky., Dec. 29.—A mob inflicted horrible vengeance on a faithless woman and her paramour last night when they burned Mrs. T. J. West alive and killed W. A. Dever, her lover, at Mrs. West's house, three miles north of this city. The mob is said to have numbered about seventy-five, and it was about twelve o'clock when they appeared at Mrs. West's. She, Dever and his little daughter were the only persons in the house, and when the mob called to Dever to come out Mrs. West and the little girl responded, but Dever remained inside. Just as Mrs. West reached the door several shots were fired at her, and she ran back into the house but the mob remained outside. The mob then fired several shots at the house, and, after repeated attempts to get Dever to come out, fired the building. The intense heat finally forced Dever to run out, and, with pistol in hand, he started to a corn field a few steps from the house, where he was shot to death. Mrs. West perished in the burning house, and this morning her remains were found in the chimney, where she had taken refuge. The little girl gave the alarm this morning, but only meagre information can be gained from her. W. A. Dever is the man who shot and killed T. J. West, husband of the burned woman, at Beaver Green, on Dec. 7. Dever had a preliminary hearing and was released on the ground of self-defence.

A DEEP-DYED VILLAIN.

A MOTHER'S SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST HIM. Toronto, Dec. 30.—A London, Ont., special to the 'Mail and Empire' says:—A Canadian calling himself Prof. Harold Land, has been arrested in Croston, Iowa, on the complaint of Mrs. Gilmore Smith, of Wingham, Ont., who claims that Land's real name is Duncan Summers, and that he has betrayed her three daughters, Lillie, Ellen and Mabel, and deceived them from their homes. She further says that Summers, who formerly lived in this city, has a wife and two children in Canada, whom he deserted. When arrested Summers was living with Helen and Mabel Smith, but the latter had written to her mother saying her sister was cruel to her, and that Summers had ordered her to leave him, and asking for money to enable her to return to Wingham. Mrs. Smith says she does not know what has become of her other daughter, Lillie May, who was formerly in the service of the Rev. Canon Richardson, of this city.

THE MARK OF CAIN.

Europe's Apathy Regarding Armenia thus Branded.

London, Dec. 29.—Dr. Henry S. Lunn, editor of the 'Review of the Church,' and Mr. Percy W. Bunting, editor of the 'Contemporary Review,' have addressed the following communication to all editors, in England and America: 'We enclose extracts from a letter from a private friend, who spent several months of this year in Armenia, and who is one of the authorities on the question, as, indeed, you would admit if we were at liberty to publish his name. May we beg you to insert these in the next issue of your paper?—

The document reads as follows:—'Any allusion to Armenia upsets me. I am ashamed, excited, indignant, when I think of what I saw in that country, and of the confidence with which I consoled wailing women and weeping men with hopes that England would see them through their difficulties, and the words of heartfelt thanks they uttered, often upon their knees in the fields or on the hillsides, and the childlike messages of anticipatory gratitude, which they asked me to deliver to the English people, now burn and rankle within me like an envenomed wound. The European powers are playing a farcical representation round the graves of a Christian people. If conduct similar to theirs were to be pursued by an individual in private life, it would be visited with social ostracism, and would brand him with an indelible Cain's mark of infamy. Fancy a man's neighbors parading around the door of the house, while he and his children rushed frantically from room to room and from window to window, imploring them to save them from the devouring flames. We have pity on a rat if we hear of its protracted and hopeless efforts to escape from burning, but men and women, boys and girls, who are killed piecemeal, are laughed at. That is what it has come to. The governments of Europe are a spectacle to make angels weep. They guard the gates of Turkey, so to say, solemnly declaring that whatever may happen to the Christians, however diabolically they may be tortured to death, nothing shall happen to the Turks; they, at any rate, must and will be preserved from harm. Is it a wonder then, that the Turks should set about fulfilling their threat of wiping out Armenia in Armenian blood. Everyone knew that the threat would be fulfilled. Consuls reported to their governments that the departure of the European delegates from Marash would mark the beginning of the blood bath, and newspapers gave the prophesy publicity. Appeals to the public to insist upon precautionary measures were multiplied, and at last mere verbal warning gave place to unmistakable signs and preparations. But diplomacy turned a deaf ear. The Armenians are nobody's kith and kin. Were they Greeks or Bulgarians, Magyars or Serbs, they would have protectors who would tellingly talk of the primary duty of protecting brothers and Christians. Even Abyssinians are brethren and orthodox when political calculations come in. But not Armenians! And so none of these governments insisted on the dismissal of Zekki Pasha and the authors of the Sassoun savagery. Nay! They were decorated and honored by the Sultan, as an encouragement to others to go and do likewise. And now others have gone and have out-Heroded Herod, and no one seems shocked. People are only interested to get the latest news of Sivas, of Trebizond, or wherever the latest massacres have occurred, at their breakfast table early. Few persons take even a remote interest in the Armenian question on the Continent, and those few are the advocates of Turkey. The Austrian press, said to be paid by the Turkish Government, impudently deny the Sassoun massacres, and accuse the Armenians of having attempted to butcher the Kurds and Turks. The German press is bearer of the same kind of news to its readers and in both those countries the public knows positively nothing about the Armenian question. The Russian papers, beginning with the 'Novoe Vremya,' crack jokes at the Armenians, and, in the last numbers which I have read, ask: "Why should we Russians sacrifice a single soldier for the safety of Armenian bankers and millionaires, who are much better off than we are ourselves, to say nothing of British and American agitators, who have so cleverly got up the Armenian comedy." A couple of regiments of British soldiers or Cossacks is wanted. They would set matters right in a few days. But even if the whole English-speaking people should arise and demand this, would it be accorded them?'

The Duke of Agyll has written a letter in which he comments on the absence of a genuine European concert, on the Armenian question. He says, with reference to Asia Minor, that if a combination of the powers cannot be effected, Great Britain must give up her jealousies and invite Russia to do what she could accomplish with ease.

A VILLANOUS PRESS. London, Dec. 29.—The correspondent of the 'United Press,' at Constantinople, sends the following under yesterday's date:—The continuous publication and circulation of official falsehoods, together with the barricade against truth of every avenue of publicity, has become one of the most dangerous elements of the present situation at Constantinople. Censorship of the Turkish press exists. Lately, its sole object has been to suppress facts and to compel publication of 'editorials' relative to the Armenians, which are prepared at the palace, and the 'telegrams,' written under physical compulsion, by wretched Armenian prisoners in the dungeons of Asiatic Turkey. In reality, the Turkish newspapers are thus edited at the palace. The result of this use of the press is that the Mohammedan populace and even moderately educated gentlemen at Constantinople, find their chief reason for discontent with the Sultan, in his failure to order the destruction of Christians generally. They suppose that the Armenians of Asiatic Turkey have murdered and pillaged great numbers of Moslems; that the reserves have been called into the field to punish and reduce to order the Armenians; that the European powers have intervened to prevent the restoration to order, and that the foreign gunboats have come to the Bosphorus in order to encourage Christians to insurrection. The deduction made from this mass of error is that the Christians are preparing to massacre Moslems, and, therefore, the Moslems must first massacre the Christians. Unquestionably the object of this official dissemination of falsehood through cunningly devised communica-tion to the press has been to inflame the ignorant and cause the intense excitement which has resulted.

ZEITOUN. It is now learned that the report that the Turkish troops had captured the town of Zeitoun from the insurgent Armenians had its origin in a statement made by General Mustafa Remiz, who is at Zeitoun. This report was supported by a telegram received in Constantinople from Aleppo, which not only stated that Zeitoun had fallen, but gave details of the flight of many of the refugees before the Turks regained possession of the town. Many of these refugees were said to have fled to Killis, in a south-easterly direction from Zeitoun, where it was expected that an attack would be made upon them by the Turks. Semi-official reports show that the city itself has not been taken by the Turks. The place, which is filled with refugees, is invested by the troops. General Mustafa Remiz demanded the surrender of the city, and eighteen of the Armenian notables went outside the fortifications to treat for a surrender. Fifteen of these envoys were detained by the Turkish general, who sent the other three back with the terms he offered for the surrender of the place, these terms included the giving up of their arms by the Armenians. The Armenians from the mountains who captured the city were willing to accept the terms but the refugees, who feared that if the Turks got inside the fortifications there would be another massacre, insisted that there be no capitulation. General Mustafa Remiz asked for orders from Constantinople, and the Sultan issued an order, ordering that a battle be avoided if there was any chance of procuring the surrender of Zeitoun by other means. The missionaries at Marsovan have telegraphed to the Hon. A. W. Terrell, the United States Minister, declaring that the guards furnished by the authorities for their protection are not trustworthy, and that, in consequence, their lives and property are in danger.

LORD ROSEBERY'S VIEW. London, Dec. 29.—The morning papers will publish a letter from Lord Rosebery dated Dec. 24, in which he says that he has been haunted by the horrors that have occurred in Asia Minor. Continuing, he says:—'The country entrusted the present ministry with a dictatorship and an armada to support that dictatorship. The Chief of the Ministry has uttered sounding threats which might well raise the hopes of the people for whom he spoke. What has been the result? Our protests have been idle, our action futile and our measures disregarded.' In conclusion, Lord Rosebery declares that the government is solely responsible for the condition of affairs and suggests that it gravely misled the country when it said the concert of Europe on the Armenian question was complete.

SUMMARY.

Sunday was Mr. Gladstone's birthday, and the grand old man came in for congratulations from all quarters.

The fate of the murderer, Shortis, was not decided yesterday, the Cabinet showing a division on the question. It is still believed Shortis will be sent to an asylum for life.

A leading lawyer in Berlin, Fritz Friedmann by name, was to have been arrested for trying to bribe a police officer to permit a lady prisoner to escape. The lawyer disappeared.

Despatches from Tien-Tsin, China, say that Li Hung Chang, is no longer viceroy of the great province of Chili, and that he has been practically shelved from a position of trust.

A Buffalo firm has contracted to supply London, England, with six thousand bus horses for service in that city. This is considered a very large step in the direction of a comparatively new trade.

Twenty-three persons were killed and ten badly injured in a stampede in the Fort street theatre on Dec. 27. Some person called 'Fire' and there was a mad rush for the doors. The stronger trampled the weaker.

The funeral of Stepanak, the Russian nihilist, killed on Dec. 23 by a train, at Chiswick, in an accidental manner, was made the occasion of a great demonstration of Socialist and Nihilist refugees on Sunday. The body was cremated.

The insurgents in Havana, Cuba, to the number of 150, dashed into Palmiera, a populous suburb of that city, and raided three drug stores for medicine for the insurgent sick and wounded. The incident gave residents a severe shock.

Capt. J. W. McQueen, of Pelee Island, has found a wreck on the lake six miles from Pelee Island. It was a fore-and-aft schooner, evidently gone to the bottom only a few days. He has secured the vessel, the crew of which have probably been all drowned.

The United States Government has finally asked Turkey for indemnity for losses of Americans in the Asia Minor outbreak. The full amount asked for is nearly \$500,000. Thus Venezuela is being forgotten, while the Armenian question comes again to the front in the United States.

Rumors of wars and troubles appear to increase and to be taken as though they were in keeping with the times. It is now declared that a revolt is threatening the government of the Boers in the Transvaal. This is on the part of Englishmen and others who demand civil rights on equality with the Boers themselves.

Lord Dunsraven has sailed for England again, having departed on the 'Umbria' and left the Cup Committee of investigation to make its own decision as to its members seemed best upon the evidence he laid before them. His presence was probably a surprise to many who never dreamed that His Lordship would take the trouble to come over.

While Mr. I. Townsend Burden, Jr., sat playing cards with a friend in his rooms at the Hotel Brunswick, New York, the jewels of the family were stolen, amounting in value to \$65,000. Mr. and Mrs. Burden were at the opera at the time of the robbery. The younger Burden never noticed the persons passing and re-passing him while at cards, thinking that they were household servants. They were probably burglars.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor, ex-British Minister to China, is spending a holiday in London before going to his new post at St. Petersburg, where he succeeds Sir F. C. Lascelles as British ambassador. It has been learned that before he left Pekin, Sir Nicholas procured the assent of China to the cession to Great Britain of four states of the Burmo-Chinese frontier, giving British trade direct access to south-west China. The territory ceded is in area eight times greater than the territory recently ceded by China to France. An Anglo-Chinese commission is about to meet for the purpose of delimitating the new frontiers connected with cession. A special commercial mission has gone to Yunnan and Sz-chuen and arrangements are being made for the establishment of British consulates in these Chinese provinces.

THE KU CHENG MASSACRE. Toronto, Dec. 30.—The Rev. H. S. Phillips and Miss Hankin, C.M.S. missionaries from China, are in the city on their way home to England. Mr. Phillips was a personal friend of the Stewarts and the other missionaries who were murdered in August last at Ku Cheng. He was present in Ku Cheng at the time and escaped injury by reason of sleeping in a house separate from that in which the Stewarts were at the time of the massacre.

THE HIGHWAY OF SORROW.

A NOVEL.

BY HESBA STRETTON AND *****

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CHAPTER XI.—ARRESTED.

In the Consistory at Kovylsk a storm was gathering against the Stundists at Knishi. The story of Stepan and his broken icons had filtered through the town, in spite of the care of the innkeeper Isaacke. Loukyan was involved in it, and his imprisonment for six months at the outset of his career was not forgotten by the authorities. Father Vasilii was known to be culpably negligent, caring for nothing if his income did not suffer. There were vague rumors also of a spirit of discontent spreading among the peasantry of the neighborhood. The village constable reported several suspicious and secret meetings, at which, in truth, no Stundist was present; but Savely did not feel called upon to notice that fact.

Whilst Karpo and Okhrim were obstinately bargaining over their children's future a very different scene was taking place at Loukyan's poor dwelling near Ostron. Two vehicles drove up to the lonely house. In the first were seated two policemen, furnished with handcuffs and fetters; and the second was occupied by a young clergyman, a monk, not a parish priest. He had been sent by the Consistory, with the powers of a government official. The constable, Savely, was seated beside the driver, as he had been summoned to come to Kovylsk in order to avoid any difficulty in driving at once to Loukyan's house.

"This is the place," said Savely, pointing out unwillingly Loukyan's little cottage. They entered the house together. Paraska was bustling about the oven, preparing their frugal dinner, when she saw the unwelcome and terrifying guests entering the yard. Loukyan was at work in the garden, lovingly loosening the soil round the stems of some rare flowers which had been given to him by Valerian.

"What has happened?" he asked, alarmed by Paraska's pale face, and thinking some harm had befallen the baby.

"Soldiers!" she gasped. "Savely is bringing them! And there is a clergyman with them. They are just coming across the yard."

Loukyan's face grew grave. He did not speak for a minute, but cast a farewell glance on his beloved garden, his bee-hives, and all the plants he had cultivated with so much care. He knew it was a farewell gaze; but what should he say to Paraska to cheer her timid heart?

"See!" he said; "look at these flowers. A flower is one of God's pets. He clothes them better than Solomon in all his glory. But our Lord says we are much more than flowers and birds, and God in heaven cares for us all far more. You shall take care of my flowers for me, and my bees, and cattle. They are dumb creatures, and cannot complain when they are neglected. And tell the brethren, Paraska, that I cannot go where God is not; and all will be well with me. They must not grieve too much or lose courage. Neither they nor I can be afraid. And now let us go."

Paraska followed him, weeping.

"If they ask you about your religion," he whispered, "say what God puts into your mouth to answer; but if they ask about the brethren do not utter a word. Tell them every one must speak only for himself."

When they entered the house the men were already searching it carefully. Father Paissey was conducting the business himself. He had been sent on purpose that no important evidence against the Stundists should be overlooked. He was also commissioned to visit Father Vasilii, on account of some delay in payments due to the Consistory.

Paissey was a fair-haired young man, with a small, sharp-featured face, soft blue eyes, and insinuating voice. The Archbishop was accustomed to despatch him on the most delicate and diplomatic errands, which he, with a natural love of intrigue and craft, executed with great ability. He was a born Jesuit.

"Here you are at last!"—Loukyan, the Stundist apostle, he said, with an easy smile. "We want to know something more of your new religion. You have as many books as if you were a priest. Have you any other documents?"

"It is true I teach my brethren all I learn from God," answered Loukyan, "but it is not for me, sinner as I am, to call myself an apostle. Here are all my books. Please look at them yourself, and may God help you if you read them for a good purpose." He spoke so quietly and with so much dignity that Paissey was somewhat disconcerted. A very vigorous search was made for incriminating papers. They ransacked the pantry, the cart-shed, and the yard, and looked suspiciously at the bee-hives, but they did not dare to disturb them. The honey jars were inspected, and those turned upside down were lifted one by one to see if anything was hidden beneath them. No letters or

papers were discovered until they opened a table-drawer and found a thick manuscript book, in which Loukyan was in the habit of writing down the notes of his sermon. Paissey seized it eagerly.

"Here is the New Gospel!" he exclaimed, with malice. Loukyan smiled good-naturedly.

"God help us to receive the old one," he said.

A list of the books was made, and the manuscript was taken away as "material proofs." After that Loukyan was bidden to get ready to go to the court-house.

Paraska began to weep and wail aloud, and Loukyan cast upon her a look of deep sympathy and pity.

"God be with you, my daughter!" he said. "Tell Demyan to see after all my affairs; he knows them as well as I do. The brethren will hold you dear for my sake. I go willingly, Paraska! Weep not for me; for, living or dying, I am the Lord's."

Loukyan was driven to the nearest court-house, where an official report was drawn up of the search, and the "material proofs" found. But before this was finished the court-house and the yard in front of it were filled with people. This was what Paissey wished for. He addressed them in his most persuasive tones.

"Orthodox people!" he said, "believers in saints and icons! you know that of late years rebels have sprung up among you, who wish to change the true Russian religion for the German one. But this will never do, will it, ye Orthodox Christians?"

"It will never do!" they shouted with one voice.

"Then we must stamp them out whilst they are few and feeble," he continued. "We must not let vermin flourish till they eat us out of house and home. There must be no temptation to become a Stundist; it must be made as great a sin as murder. We are all agreed upon that?"

He spoke in most impressive tones, but the orthodox people were somewhat puzzled. Their consciences assured them that the Stundists were by no means guilty of any great sin. At last Kuzka—a spare, middle-aged peasant, very fond of hearing his own voice, and with few chances of doing so except in the public-house—pushed himself forward.

"To be sure, your reverence," he said, "they must be stamped out in the bud—in the grain—because, you see, the grain—well! the grain buds, you see."

His ideas grew so entangled that he could only stammer out some incoherent sentences; and he was not sustained or cheered by his rustic audience. The peasants held themselves aloof from the Stundists, and the good fellowship of former days had ceased. Reformers always find opponents; and these men disturbed the tranquil laziness of their minds. But to suppress them, to injure and persecute them, or to hand them over to the dreaded authorities, had never come into their stolid heads.

"Tell me, who among you has heard this false teacher speak evil of our holy Orthodox Church," said Paissey insinuatingly.

Not a word from the crowd. Even they saw the foreshadow of a court of law, and the mere thought of it scared them.

"Why don't you answer?" asked Paissey gently; "speak out boldly. You will not get into trouble for it."

He meant to set them at ease; but only frightened them the more by his remarks. The orthodox people kept profoundly silent.

"Did Loukyan speak to you about his religion?" inquired Paissey from Kuzka, who gaped stupidly, and scratched behind his ear.

"How should I know, your reverence?" he stammered; "I'm a poor, ignorant man. I'm quite dark."

shrewd and wise in grave questions. He made no reply, as if he did not hear the question.

"Why are you silent?" stormed Paissey; "if you preached you knew who were your listeners."

"Nay!" said Loukyan, smiling, "the father does not give up his children to destruction; and the shepherd lays down his life for his flock. There was One who heard me, the Lord Jesus Christ, who said, 'Where two or three of you are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of you.' Lord Jesus, we felt Thy presence!"

He spoke as simply and sincerely as a child speaks. But Paissey made a gesture of horror.

"Blasphemy! Rank blasphemy!" he exclaimed; "we hear it for ourselves. Put him in chains, and do not allow anybody to speak to him," he said to Savely, the starosta. "And I will teach you, too, your shameless cowards!" he shouted to the lookers-on; "Father Vasilii gives you too much freedom. We shall have to tighten the reins a good deal. You will see it before long. We will have no heresy and no sedition in Knishi, if we have to burn every house in it with fire."

His thin lips were white with wrath; and his mild blue eyes blazed. All his sweetness and courtesy had disappeared.

"Out of here!" he shouted, "get off with you, you hounds!"

Slowly and sulkily the peasants stole out of the house; but they lingered in the court-yard to watch the departure of Paissey and Loukyan. Paissey mounted his carriage, and ordered the coachman to drive to Father Vasilii.

"Now he is gone to get the church revenue from the Batushka," said one of the men, laughing; "Father Vasilii will squeeze us now."

They began to disperse; but a few still loitered about, to see what would become of Loukyan. A little band of Stundists had gathered together in the courtyard, though Savely had not allowed them to enter the house, knowing no good would come of it. Oollana and Paul were among them. Presently the blacksmith, with Demyan, his assistant, came hurrying up, and by-and-by there was heard the clanging of a hammer upon iron.

"They are chaining him!" cried Kuzka, peeping through the nick of the door, which stood ajar.

At last Loukyan was brought out, with his head uncovered, and with fetters on his hands and feet. At the same moment the wagon, which had brought the two armed policemen, with their swords and revolvers, drove into the yard. Loukyan said to himself: "Are ye come out as against a thief with swords and staves! Lord! Thou art giving me to drink of the cup of which Thou didst drink!"

He had not spoken his thought aloud, but it flashed across the minds of the little throng watching him, both Orthodox and Stundists alike. "As if he was a robber or a murderer!" they murmured. Loukyan's benign, kindly gaze rested upon them, as if in blessing. The Stundists crowded round the wagon to look into his face, to touch his fettered hands, to hear his beloved voice for the last time. Oollana's pure, devout face was lifted up to his.

"Loukyan!" she cried, in a clear and fearless voice, "rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets that were before us. We have no fear for you, brother. Have no fear for us! We will follow in your steps till God calls us home."

"Get out of our way, woman!" shouted the policeman, and Loukyan, who was anxious to avoid any demonstration that might bring his little flock into trouble, only answered Oollana by a smile, full of meaning. But he was leaving these dear familiar faces, on which he should look no more, and he could not go away without one word.

"Farewell, dear neighbors!" he cried, speaking alike to the Orthodox and Stundists; "if I have wronged any of you, or grieved any of you, forgive me this day."

"God forgive us all!" answered the little crowd, whose sympathies at this moment were all on the prisoner's side. Some among them piously uncovered their heads, and crossed themselves, as if in the presence of an icon.

"Christ bless you, and give you peace," said Loukyan.

"Silence!" roared the policeman; "drive on quickly!"

But along the rough road, full of ruts and holes, it was impossible to drive quickly. The people accompanied the wagon through the street, most of them bareheaded, as if they were conducting some personage of high standing. They dared not speak to Loukyan, nor he to them. But he was deeply touched by such unexpected sympathy from his old neighbors, who of late had been colder and even hostile to him. At the barrier gate he lifted up his fettered hands as if in blessing, and was about to speak, when one of the policemen seized him by the collar, and thrust him violently on to the floor of the wagon.

"Drive on!" shouted the policeman, "do you belong to this dog's crew of heretics, and are afraid of offending his reverence? I will show you how to drive."

The coachman gave a start, and whipped up his horses, whilst the people stood still gazing after the

swiftly disappearing conveyance. Then with slow steps and sad faces they started homewards.

CHAPTER XII.—BATUSHKA AND MATOUSHKA.

There was much to talk about. The philosopher Kuzka was of opinion that as Loukyan had been arrested he must be guilty of some crime. Savely, the village elder, as an official, approved of this opinion as manifesting faith in the infallibility of the courts of law. Yet he wanted to know something more of the matter. Until now he had been indifferent to the Stundists, only finding them no trouble whatever to him. He had never had one in custody before. Paul was walking homewards near them; and Savely and Kuzka applied to him for information as to what Loukyan had done. But he was crushed with grief, and could not answer their questions.

"If you only read the Gospel," said Oollana, "and act accordingly, you would know what crime Loukyan is guilty of."

"But that is not prohibited," said Kuzka.

"Not by law," said a voice behind them. They turned and saw Valerian, who, as soon as he had heard of Loukyan's arrest, had hastened to the village court-house, hoping to get him released. But he arrived too late, and had only time to hurry after the crowd to the barrier gate. He heard Loukyan's farewell words; and his heart felt sorrowful for the little band of Stundists, so unexpectedly deprived of their leader.

"Neither Loukyan nor any of his followers are guilty of any crime," he said; "some people prefer a very simple religion without priests, who so often fleece both the living and the dead. That is why the Orthodox Church is offended. Is that true?" he asked the Stundists.

"Partly," said Oollana, doubtfully, "but that is not all—that is really nothing."

"Do you belong to them, master?" Savely asked in a respectful tone, but with great curiosity.

"Oh, no! my religion is quite a different thing," said Valerian, laughing, "but I did not come to talk about religion. I want to know how Loukyan's family will get on without him. If they want any help they must come to my father and me. Loukyan was my father's serf in old times, and a thoroughly good man."

"Thank you, master," said Oollana, "you are very kind and good. But we can take care of Loukyan's family if they need it. We are bound to help one another."

"That is right and sensible!" said Valerian heartily; "if men only knew what wonders they could do if they stood by each other there is nothing that could not be done! Listen to me, all of you! Whenever help is needed give it, if it is only fetching a cup of cold water for a child to drink. You will be glad you have done it."

He nodded pleasantly, and turned away, leaving the people more puzzled than before. It was plain Valerian did not think Loukyan guilty of any crime.

At Father Vasilii's, meanwhile, the dinner-table was spread with unaccustomed pomp. The Matoushka was anxious to treat the unexpected and somewhat unwelcome guest to as good a dinner as possible. Paissey was closeted with Father Vasilii, who was passing a very anxious hour, in a perfect fever of fright and vexation. Paissey was scolding him on two points: for not paying punctually the usual gratuities expected by the Consistory officials, and for not keeping his flock from the new heresy.

"You will have to answer for their souls before God," he declared, "woe to those through whom offenses come into the Church! Remember what I said: 'It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.' Do you understand, Father Vasilii, what that means?"

Father Vasilii only lifted up his eyes and sighed heavily.

"It is a common scandal," pursued Paissey, "that the heretics have quite the upper hand in Knishi. The Consistory and the Archbishop are much displeased about it. Is it right for a village priest to patronize the Stundists? How shall you answer your Judge at the Last Day, when He asks what care you have taken of the souls entrusted to you?"

Father Vasilii groaned. In this world you have your bishop as a judge; in the next you are answerable to God. This was very hard upon a poor village priest, who only wished to live peaceably, and receive his dues.

"Ah! Father Paissey," he said, "you don't know these people; you think it easy to manage them. But talk to them about the heretics! They say, 'Leave them alone. They pay the taxes regularly, and fulfil all their duties; and if they go to hell afterwards, what then? It is no concern of yours. It is their own affair; you are not responsible for their souls.'"

"But we surely are responsible," said Father Paissey. Father Vasilii thought of Loukyan, industrious, thrifty and liberal, benign and genial with all his neighbors; of Oollana, with her saintly self-denial and unswerving truthfulness; of Paul, strong and courageous, courteous to all men, and indefatigably kind to those who were in trouble. The whole little band of Stundists passed before his mind's

eye; and with an inaudible groan he said to himself they were the best people in his parish.

"Do you know," Paissey resumed, "that they teach that no Christian can be a soldier? And that usury, and profit, and wages are all wrong? Do you know they think we are all equals, and that there is no mine or thine? If you lend money you sin; you must give it, and not take advantage of your brother's necessity. There will be no trade or commerce if the Stundists get the upper hand."

"But this is terrible!" cried Father Vasilii, roused at last to indignation. "This must be put a stop to! We must tear them up, root and branch. They are dangerous people. But what can I do?"

Paissey cast upon him a glance of contemptuous pity.

"I suppose you preach to your people," he said with a sneer. "You are their spiritual father, and you must give them line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. If there comes a bad harvest or a destructive storm is it not God's punishment against the heretics, which the Orthodox are bound to share? If there is a murrain among the cattle, do not the Orthodox and heretic cattle feed in the same pastures, and drink out of the same trough? You must make them understand such things, teaching them both in church and in private. If the men won't take heed, talk to the women. It is your duty, and the Consistory will call you to account, if you neglect it."

He then went on to speak of that other serious negligence—not paying promptly the offerings expected by the Church officials. Poor Father Vasilii listened with undisguised dismay; and Paissey softened his tone a little, and even promised to intercede with the Consistory for a postponement of the tribute due, if he would undertake to watch the Stundists and send in reports of their proceedings.

"But I hope we have destroyed the sect here in the egg," said Paissey.

Both went to dinner in an amicable mood. The Matoushka, who was an excellent cook, had provided an admirable impromptu meal, in her anxiety to propitiate this pillar of the church. It was quite a success. Only the Matoushka kept complaining of the hard times and their decreasing income.

"Folks are growing cold in their faith, I say," she moaned; "they keep away from church, you know. Only come to be married and buried. In old times, you know, every house was blessed at least three times a year, and so many kopecks or roubles for that. Now everybody tries to shun it once a year, you see."

She paused to fetch a hot dish from the oven, and to fill Paissey's plate with food from it.

"People have given up dying, I say," she resumed. "To be sure, the children die like flies; but what income does a child's burial bring in, I ask you? The mother offers you a basket of eggs, and you must thank her even for that. But it's as much trouble to bury a child as a grown-up person, I say. But real people like that don't die at all. We had only two funerals last summer, and one of them was the corpse of some vagabond the police picked up, and we had to bury it for nothing. We were out of pocket by it, I tell your reverence. The death income has sunk almost to a cipher. And yet," she said with a deep sigh, "there was Father Cyril, of the Transfiguration, to whom God sent good luck a few years ago. In one summer more than a hundred people died of diphtheria in his parish. Have you seen the beautiful house he has built in Kovylsk, opposite the public gardens?"

"To be sure," answered Paissey, "it is a fine place. He is going to let it to the officers."

"Just so," said the Matoushka, "all that was built by the dead fees, I say. So the Lord raises up one, and humbles the other. All is according to His holy will!"

She spoke very piously. The Matoushka had more mother-wit than her husband, and knew what was probably the weak point of their guest. At dessert, whilst she poured out a liberal measure of liquors for Paissey, she asked if he would not soon be appointed the chief of the priests in the cathedral at Kovylsk.

"Father Levitoff is resigning, people say," she remarked; "and there is nobody to fill his place but you."

Paissey smiled complacently. At present this was the summit of his ambition.

"I am too young for the post," he said modestly.

"It is not age, but intellect, I say," answered the Matoushka, "that ought to get promotion. Intellect and holiness, you know! I remember years ago where there were bishops hardly over forty. We shall see you a bishop before we die."

Paissey, having dined well, entered into an animated conversation, telling of the intrigues going on in the Consistory, and the necessity of being very diplomatic himself. In his heart he fully agreed with the Matoushka that his intellect and zeal more than counterbalanced his youth, and ought to guide the Consistory in choosing him for a dignitary of the Church. If he could only stamp out Stundism in the province he was sure of promotion, and his first step had been taken here, in Knishi. He left for Kovylsk at dusk. Father

or Vasilii, after so many unaccustomed libations, could hardly move his tongue; and certainly could not comprehend a word that was said to him. But the Matoushka was as fresh and clear-minded as during the dinner; and to her Paissey repeated his shrewd instructions about the duties of her husband as a pastor. He placed his injunctions against the Stundists in a very plain and comprehensible form. The Matoushka promised she would do her best among the women. Any misfortune that happened in Knishi should henceforth be laid at the door of the heretics.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PANNOUSHKA'S GRAVE.

Many curious eyes watched Oollana and Paul the following Sunday as they walked openly down the village street to the cottage where the Stundists were wont to meet. The autumn was treading closely on the steps of the departing summer, and a soft film lay over the wide, undulating steppe surrounding the village, and tempered the heat of the sun, already half way down to his winter bed. There was in the sorrowful hearts of the mother and son a feeling like autumn, looking on into a dreary winter. Yet when their eyes met a gleam of hope and courage darted from the one soul to the other.

They were passing the house of the starosta Savely, when they saw him come quickly across his yard to intercept them. Savely's mother and Oollana had been sisters, and he had known her and loved her as a kinswoman from his childhood. She was two years younger than he, and he had always looked upon himself as her brother and protector.

"Oollana," he said, stepping in front of a man in authority, "I warn you to go home. There is danger where you are going; danger for you, but above all for your son."

Oollana looked steadily into his face with her clear, dark eyes, and a wistful smile played about her mouth.

"I will answer you, Savely," she said, "in the words of our Lord, 'Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell.' It is sin we fear; and not to obey our conscience is a sin against God."

"You will perish for it!" cried Savely, with emotion.

"We may die, but we cannot perish," she answered. "Our Lord says, 'No man can pluck you out of my Father's hand.' Yes, we are in His hand, Savely; would to God you were there too."

Savely turned away sorrowful and ashamed; and the mother and son, side by side, almost hand in hand, as they had been wont to walk when Paul was a little child, passed on to the humble meeting-place.

Not more than half of the small band was there, fear having taken possession of the hearts of the least earnest among them. Loukyan's chair was empty; and at the sight of it the tears suddenly dimmed Oollana's eyes. A hymn was sung, in low voices, with many a break in it, as one after another fell a-weeping. Just at its close a man who had been sitting in a dark corner came forward and stood before the little congregation. They recognized in him a peddler, who had come to sell his wares in Knishi the day before.

"I am Stepan," he said, "begotten of Loukyan as my spiritual father. The church at Kovylsk has sent by me an epistle to the church at Knishi. Let me read it to you, brethren."

All present had heard of Stepan and his iconoclast. There was a murmur of welcome before he proceeded to read the letter.

"The church at Kovylsk sends greeting by Stepan to the beloved brethren at Knishi. We know the sorrow that has befallen you in the loss of your beloved leader, Loukyan. He is here, near to us; but alas! beyond our reach save by our prayers, which shall rise up before the throne of God our Father by day and night. What can be done, without bribery and corruption, shall be done; but God forbid that we should tempt any man to sin against the laws of our land! Brethren, perilous days have come. Black clouds are gathering around us, and we see no light anywhere save from above, where the sun of righteousness is shining, with healing in its beams. Look up! Lift up your hearts—yea, lift them up unto the Lord. Pray that we may be strengthened with strength in our souls. Be strong!—be strong, we say, in the Lord!"

"Brethren, you remembered us in our affliction, and sent largely of your own goods to aid our necessities. Now, then, be not backward in letting us know your needs, and we will joyfully supply them. If any among you hunger or are in need of clothing send us a trusty messenger and all we have you shall share. We hold out to you the hand of fellowship and brotherhood. You are as dear as our own flesh and blood, in the bonds of our Lord."

"Beware of breaking any law! Beware of arguing and disputing! Beware of the vodka shops! Beware, above all, of those men who go about stirring up the peasantry and sowing discontent and rebellion! We are loyal to the Tzar, whom God in His infinite wisdom has placed over us. What belongs to him we give willingly. 'Render unto Caesar the

render unto Caesar the

things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's." There is no plainer precept than that.

'And now, beloved, both men and women, farewell! Be steadfast; be of one mind; trust in the Lord; and the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall remain in you.'

A sorrowful conversation followed the reading of this letter. Stepan told them that he had been sent by the brethren in Volysk on a mission to strengthen the scattered churches in the province by telling them of his own marvellous conversion, when the Light of Life broke in almost instantaneously on his dark and dead soul.

It was agreed that after a few days Paul should drive in his cart to Koylysk to find out anything that could be known of Loukyan, and after a few ardent and tearful prayers the little congregation dispersed.

The village well was surrounded by groups of women as Ooliana and Paul passed it on their way homeward. Ooliana paused, as usual, to exchange greetings with her neighbors, and Paul found a chance of whispering to Halya.

'Meet me this afternoon at the Pannotshka's grave,' he said. Halya nodded, but said nothing.

The Pannotshka's grave lay in the recesses of an old forest, almost two miles from Knishi. There was no road to it but a by-path which ran along the crumbling edge of a deep ravine, which was crossed by a rude bridge made of the trunk of a huge walnut tree, flung across the chasm.

In the spring this ravine was the bed of a roaring torrent, which dried up during the summer into a channel, along which lay bleached and rounded stones, which looked like the bones of the dead.

A terrible murder of a young girl had been committed in this ravine a century ago. According to custom, a cross was put upon the edge to mark the blood-stained spot; but long ago the cross, and even the mound on which it stood, had been washed away by the spring floods.

Still the place was regarded with the old horror. It was known to be haunted. Belated travellers had heard distinctly the sounds of screaming, crying and hellish laughter echoing through the darkness.

Herdsman with their cattle avoided the Pannotshka's grave, and the stealers of wood were not tempted by the splendid oak and walnut-trees which grew near it, preferring the risk of being caught by the foresters to being haunted by the evil spirit which haunted the ravine.

Left undisturbed by man, Nature took possession of the place, and its exuberance and extraordinary vigor arrested the eye and excited the imagination, adding incalculable force to the impression that some invisible and mysterious power was brooding over the place.

It was at night, however, that the Pannotshka's grave was absolutely deserted. It was always solitary, but during the day not altogether shunned; and though Halya would not have chosen to walk there alone, she was not afraid to go to meet Paul.

It was a close, sultry day in early autumn. Not a breath of air was stirring, and all nature seemed asleep as if in the sleep of death. From the cloudless sky the fierce sun poured down its rays as if they were liquid fire, and the pale stubble-fields reflected the heat on her face, her hands, and her bare feet.

Not a bird chirped. Only the grasshoppers were in high glee, leaping up from under her hurried footsteps with a shrill twitter, as if they enjoyed the torture the heat inflicted on all other living things.

'Oh! only to reach the wood!' thought Halya. Yet she did not go straight to the Pannotshka's grave. Suppose she should reach it before Paul was there!

She was afraid of it even by daylight. Besides, there were reptiles there, for the spot was swampy, and she could not bear the thought of them.

forest the green roof overhead grew more dense. She crept slowly and anxiously onwards in the direction of Pannotshka's grave, and the trees began to form a thick, unbroken wall, hemming her in on every side. She felt herself very far away from home, and the forest, with its mysterious atmosphere, was enfolding her with a terrible embrace.

Her heart began to beat violently; and she stopped to listen. What confused, unfamiliar sounds there were in these green vaults!

She knew she was going in the direction of the Pannotshka's grave; but she could not resist the fascination. Her curiosity, mingled with superstitious tremors, and the desire of seeing something extraordinary, carried her onwards.

At last she reached the blood-stained spot, and gazed down, with a quaking heart, into the ravine. It was a wild, enchanted chasm of tangled brushwood growing in unpruned luxuriance.

The pale grey-green of the wild rose-trees stood out against the dark hue of the nettles. Large ferns sprang up from the damp soil; and the giant hemlock grew in unchecked abundance.

Hazel-bushes were crowding up against the sturdy trunks of oaks that had lived for centuries. A strange odor rose from the mingled verdure, an overpowering exhalation, which seemed to steal away her senses.

This was the very spot where the demons met at nightfall, to consult what evil they could wreak upon Christians. She remembered how Avdushka, the crazy boy of Knishi, had been just like other people, until he had wandered hither one twilight, and did not come home till dawn quite an idiot.

Suddenly she heard a loud bleating close behind her, and something rushed past her into the ravine. The blood curdled in her veins, and she tried to flee from the accursed spot. But her limbs failed her, and she would have fallen to the ground if Paul's strong arms had not caught her at that moment; she clung to him with all her might.

'The bleating!' she gasped, pointing to the thicket, and staring with a frightened look. 'It is nothing but a strayed sheep, my Halya,' said Paul; 'you will not be frightened now I am with you.'

'No!' she answered, with a sob and a smile. 'Why are you so late, Paul? I thought you had forgotten.' 'Forgotten!' he echoed, 'forgotten! That would be impossible. Why! I never cease to think of you. And I have been waiting here an hour or more, afraid that you had been hindered. Let us sit down, my darling; I have so much to say to you.'

Paul looked at her bare feet, and saw that one of them had got a scratch from some bramble. He seated her on the trunk of a fallen tree, and taking off his sheepskin cap he put both her little feet into it, touching them tenderly.

'Poor little things!' he said, 'they will be more comfortable like that. My Halya! I am afraid to say what I must say to you. I am afraid of you.'

'Afraid of me!' laughed Halya; but seeing Paul's agitated face, she suddenly became grave. 'Loukyan was arrested yesterday,' said Paul.

'Ah! my God!' she answered. 'I heard of it; poor old Loukyan!' 'He will be exiled to Siberia!' he continued in an undertone of horror. 'To Siberia! What for? What evil has he done?' asked Halya.

'For reading the New Testament and preaching God's salvation to those who are in darkness,' he replied. He went on to talk of Loukyan's apostolic life and teaching. His own heart was full of the subject, and he spoke of his leader with great warmth.

But Halya listened carelessly. She had not come to the Pannotshka's grave to talk about old Loukyan, the bee-master. She pitied him; but there were more important things to talk about.

'Halya,' said Paul, 'what I must tell you is this—they all say I shall be chosen presbyter in Loukyan's stead. I am one of the youngest; but I have more learning than any of the rest. Then, my darling, the post of greatest danger will be mine.'

'because if you became my wife you would have to share my lot. We shall be poor and forsaken, persecuted and exiled; and you could not endure that.'

'Yes! I could—with you,' replied Halya, in a delicious whisper. She pressed her cheek against his.

'Oh! I love you, Paul!' she cried; 'I never loved anyone but you! Don't leave me; don't give me up! I could go to Siberia with you a hundred times rather than marry Pan-ass!'

She lifted up her face, and fixed a long and searching gaze upon his. He was deeply moved; but his eyes were sad and steadfast. She did not find in them a sign of yielding. Her head fell down, and she broke into a passion of weeping.

'There is no chance of happiness for us,' said Paul, 'or rather there is only one—that you should cast in your lot with us, and let us be married by the German pastor.'

Halya shook her head. 'Then God's will be done!' he murmured, yielding to that thread of fatalism which runs through all the life of a Russian peasant, and which gives to them a strange patience with their bitter lot.

They sat together, almost in silence, until the red ball of the sun touched the western horizon; and deep shadows began to creep along the forest glades. The herdsman's horns were heard in the distance; the cattle were being gathered for the night. Paul led Halya to the outskirts of the forest; and they parted as lovers part, who have met for the last time.

Paul flung himself under a tree and buried his face in his hands. How long he remained in his hopeless reverie he did not know; but when he lifted up his head the stars were hanging like little lamps in the dark blue of the sky. To reach Ostron he must pass through the depths of the forest behind him. He fully believed in the existence of demons; but he had no fear of them. What harm could come to him whom God protected? He strode boldly into the wood.

At some little distance within the forest stood a charcoal-burner's hut, almost fallen into ruins; for since the mischance that had happened to Avdushka no peasant could be found to undertake any work so near the Pannotshka's grave. What was Paul's amazement to see a light shining through the chinks of the roof and the walls? He crept stealthily forward, with beating pulses and a throbbing heart. His curiosity and courage sustained each other; when one failed the other prompted him. He could not go on, and leave this mystery unsolved. At last he reached the hut near enough to see the interior through the half-open door.

There sat Valerian, and beside him a man with a packet of papers in his hand. They were talking in quiet tones. 'I thought I heard a footstep,' said the stranger.

'Impossible!' answered Valerian, with a laugh; 'there is not a soul in Knishi would venture within a mile of this at night. They believe in the devil too firmly. The devil has been of some use for once, my friend.'

They resumed their conversation in lower tones; and Paul stole away as silently as he had approached the hut. His mother was watching for his return. He could see her sitting inside the house, with her knitting in her hands, and the well-worn New Testament lying on the table before her. Speechless and unhappy he crept to her side, and kneeling down hid his face on her breast.

Ooliana understood what he meant, and her heart was torn with conflicting emotions. She remembered when this beloved head nestled in her bosom as its only resting-place, when no pain or grief troubled it. Her baby was a man now, with a man's passions and qualities. He was suffering grievously; and his very silence was eloquent of his grief. Her tears fell fast upon his dark hair, and she pressed her lips fondly against the bowed head.

'There is no man,' she said, 'that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time; and in the world to come everlasting life.'

(To be continued.)

THE APPLE AS FOOD.

The apple is such a common fruit that very few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing they can do is to eat apples just before retiring for the night. Persons uninitiated in the mysteries of the fruit are liable to throw up their hands in horror at the visions of dyspepsia which such a suggestion may summon up; but no harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. This is not all. The apple helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculus growths, while it obviates indigestion and is one of the best preventives known of disease of the throat. Everybody should be familiar with such knowledge.—Dr. G. R. Searles, Brooklyn, N.Y., in Detroit 'Bulletin of Pharmacy.'

HESBA STRETTON AT HOME.

The English writer, Miss Hilda Friederichs, tells of a delightful interview she had with the charming writer of the serial story now running in our columns, Miss Hesba Stretton and her sister, Miss Stretton, in their home at Ivycroft, Putney. The friend who introduced her laughed at her idea of some houses having souls, but she still maintained that it was true and that one of these happy houses was Ivycroft on Ham Common.

The house, she says, is two hundred years old, not very large, but picturesque, to my mind, with the picturesqueness of the period just before the days of Queen Anne. You enter it by an ivy-covered gate, and if you are fortunate, then that gate, and the path to the door, and the steps, and the entrance, appear to your mind's eye always with an attractive figure of an elderly lady smiling a welcome to you; with yet another lady, of a pale, strong, honest face, not far off; and of a jolly Irish terrier, Sandy, by name, keeping well in the rear, but never out of sight.

The interior of the house is very pretty. There is nothing luxurious, but neither is there anything tawdry or in bad taste. Somehow you feel that things are just what and where they ought to be. The pictures on the walls reveal the fact that the artistic as well as the literary taste of the family is far above the average. And, as you look at some of the animal pictures about the house, you remember that Mr. Phillip Stretton, the nephew, is one among the foremost of the younger generation of animal painters, and that you have seen his canvases again and again on the walls of the Academy.

For a while we chatted on, as people chat who meet again after a period during which each has followed his or her own work and play. Then the talk turned on Miss Stretton's latest and as yet unpublished work, produced in collaboration with 'Stepniak,' the Russian exile ('The Highway of Sorrow'). It is, I believe, a story of religious persecution in Russia, and will, no doubt, be deeply interesting whenever it appears. And so on till tea-time. The afternoon was drawing to an end; I must get my information now or never. Yet I saw clearly by this time that Miss Hesba Stretton

DOES NOT CARE TO TALK ABOUT HER WORK and that it would plainly give her pain if I returned to the subject. But Miss Elizabeth Stretton, the strong, clear-headed elder sister, to whom her sister's praise is dearer than her own, might perhaps help me. I lured her away from the drawing-room into a cosy corner at the other side of the house, and petitioned, 'Now tell me something about your sister's work. How did she first begin to write?'

It is a good story that of this graceful and popular writer's life-work. Her real name, I should perhaps explain, is not Stretton, but Smith, and the name Hesba is prettily composed of the initials of the five sisters, of whom 'Hesba' was the third. The girls lost their mother when they were yet quite young; their father was a bookseller and a book-worm, kind to his children, but quite absorbed in his beloved books. The mother's pedigree, by the way, has quite lately been discovered to go back to 1155, when the founder of the family was Chancellor to Henry II., and was made rector of Bakeswell by him. It is said that through six hundred years, through nineteen generations, the Bakeswell family has been distinguished by brain-power above the average.

Mr. Smith and his daughters lived at Wellington, near Shrewsbury, and very quietly did the girls' days and years go on. An uncle had left the younger sister a house at Stretton, and 'Hesba' was staying there on a visit when her elder sister Elizabeth came one day and told an amusing story which someone had told their father in her hearing. 'Hesba' listened in silence, and later on, worked the incident out into a little story. Not, however, with any idea about publishing it, but simply for her own and



HESBA STRETTON.

character. To give you an instance of the popularity of Miss Stretton's books, I think I may tell you, without a breach of confidence, that one of her short stories, which is sold at a shilling, and in which her share in the profits amounted to a penny on each copy sold, has

YIELDED NOT LESS THAN £400 TO HER.

Miss Stretton is a very careful but a rapid writer. 'Hester Morley' she wrote three times, because she could not get it quite to her liking.

One of the books which has always appeared to me as among the cleverest of Miss Stretton's works is 'The Doctor's Dilemma.' Indeed, it is quite a marvel to me how anyone could write a long story with so intricate and difficult a plot of which, nevertheless, even the most careless reader need never lose a single thread. Some of the scenes and all the delicate and vivid background of this novel are taken from life. Miss Elizabeth Stretton wishing to add conversational French to her accomplishments as teacher, the two sisters went to a school in Normandy where they meant to board. And there they themselves went through the miserable experiences of the heroine of 'The Doctor's Dilemma.'

It is not surprising, indeed it seems only a very natural thing, that the American Tract Society sent its gold medal, which is now and then awarded to the writer of the best book or pamphlet with a religious basis, to Miss Stretton. It is a beautiful large medal, inscribed on one side, 'Awarded to Hesba Stretton, for volume "A Night and a Day," by the American Tract Society, 1876,' and on the other, 'The George Wood Medal. For premium tract on the glory of Christ.'

'How do you work, Miss Stretton?' I asked, in the dusk of that lovely, peaceful April evening, as we went down the splendid avenue of old elms leading to Ham House. 'Have you a special method according to which you work out all your ideas?' 'No,' she replied, 'I cannot say that I have. An idea occurs to me that seems to be suitable, and it becomes the peg on which to hang a story. I do not work out the "plot" of

her sisters' amusement. But Elizabeth, the elder sister, thinking that the story had some literary merit, sent it, without the writer's knowledge, to Charles Dickens, and very soon afterwards a wonderful letter came, containing a cheque for five pounds, and a request for more stories of the same kind. Can't you imagine the joy and delight of that cheque, quite apart from its monetary value? I think I feel the thrill that must have flashed through her as the good sister opened the letter and read, and read again, the encouraging words of that best and kindest of editors, Charles Dickens. From that time forth Charles Dickens hardly ever issued a Christmas number of 'All the Year Round,' which had not a contribution from the pen of Miss Hesba Stretton.

Thus time went on; Mr. Smith died, and his daughters were left alone. One of them married, but Elizabeth and 'Hesba' stayed together; the former bravely going into the world as a daily governess, and returning after each day's work to the lodgings in Manchester where the other was plying her magic pen, and weaving story after story. Of course, you all know that infinitely tender and touching story, 'Jessica's First Prayer,' which 'Jessica's First Prayer' went into the world from those lodgings in Manchester. That it would be a success, everybody expected, because by then anything Miss Stretton might write was sure to be a success. But it was more than that; it was a triumph, and it made the author famous all over the world, and was translated into I do not know how many foreign and very uncanny-looking languages, such as Arabic, Mahratte, Bulgarian, Singhalese, Malagassy, etc., etc.

And still the fertile pen went on and on, and on. I asked Miss Hesba Stretton, the other day, how many books she had written altogether. She shook her head, with her gentle, quiet smile, saying, 'I really could not tell you.' Nor could her sister, but you know there are a good many, don't you? Short stories and long, some cheery, and bright, others sad and pathetic, but all what in these restless days call 'readable,' and there breathes the spirit of radiant and steadfast faith and hope and charity, which form the basis of the writer's

a story before I begin it, and it often happens that the people in a story do things which I should never have thought they would do at the outset.

'And have you a favorite among your own books?' 'Yes, as a piece of literary work I like "Michel Lorio's Cross" best. The idea suggested itself to me one evening when my sister and I were staying at St. Michael's Mount, in Normandy. We had been into the interesting old church, hewn partly into a rock, and as we were coming out we heard loud groans in one of the cottages close by. We went in, and found an old woman in bed, and talked to her for a while. And this incident suggested the story.'

Miss Hesba Stretton and her sister Elizabeth have

ALWAYS LIVED TOGETHER.

I am told that it is always a risk for two sisters to do this,—why it should be so any more than if sister and brother or mother and children live together, I cannot, for the life of me, imagine—but in the present case it has been an entire success. It is charming, refreshing, to see these two sisters together, both women of strong individuality, both very different from each other, and yet both so closely united. I suppose the secret of their union lies in the fact that one is the complement of the other, and that neither has attempted that hopeless task in which so often you see members of one family wear out their own and embitter each other's lives, namely, to convert those with whom they live to their own views in everything.

For a good many years after they left the north they lived on the borders of Epping Forest, where, I believe, the night gales gave such concerts at midnight in May, that they became a veritable annoyance; and the sisters, bereft of their night's rest, had to fly the place eventually. Curiously enough the Stretton family is entirely devoid of an ear for music. The literary and artistic vein runs strongly through the family, and comes out in generation after generation, but they honestly confess that, except on rare occasions, music is not a joy to them.

For several years, recently, the sisters have travelled about on the Continent, mostly in Switzerland and Italy, and fancy there are few interesting places in these two countries with which the Miss Strettons are not familiar. But no preoccupation with her literary work, no foreign tours, have been able to interfere with Miss Stretton's good and steadfast work in the cause of those who labor and are heavy laden. It was she who started in London the noble work which is now being done by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; she who worked hard in order that the poor starveling in the interior of Russia might be saved from a cruel death, when two or three years ago famine fell upon the agricultural districts, and instead of the peasant reaper bringing in the harvest of grain, the reaper whose name is Death, swept over the land, and gathered in his cruel harvest of human lives.

They have founded a branch of the Popular Book Club at Ham, with the object of circulating, among the working classes, good books, and of awakening new interests in the minds of those whose lives are otherwise not over bright. The library at Ham is only a few months old but 1,200 volumes have been taken out (at the rate of 3s. a week, for the originators wisely consider that the loan of a good book is worth the sacrifice of that sum), and the villagers begin to appreciate this 'new venture' very keenly.

Pray do not think that in telling you the foregoing I have done more than give you a very fragmentary sketch of what seems to me a singularly useful life. My pen has felt clumsy, all through. But, when in future, you read Miss Stretton's books, I hope you will read them with the greater interest and admiration since you know that the writer's life is as good as her stories, and that she practices what she preaches.

THE TORONTO 'WEEK.'

A journal widely and favorably known is the Toronto 'Week.' The articles on Canadian and other topics are entitled to a great deal of respect from its readers, as they are the product of the brains of the cleverest and most profoundly erudite men of our period in Canadian life. In its last issue the 'Week' has surpassed itself, independent in tone, its comment is more than usually brilliant; Mr. Clarke Wallace's resignation, the National Policy, the abuse and criticism to which public men are subjected by a partisan press, Lord Salisbury's position in regard to religious instructions in schools, Great Britain's attitude in the East, Canadian books, and Mr. Goldwin Smith's latest utterances, all these are made the subject of editorial remark. The present Canadian political situation is also discussed at some length. The evil feeling over race and creed distinctions now being engendered, much to the detriment of our interests, is pointed out. Other articles on Socialism; sketches of the late Alexander Dumas fils, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, art notes, criticisms on music and drama, and current periodicals, together with sundry other well-written articles make up a most complete and enjoyable number.

A VOICE FROM SYRIA.

DR. GHOSIN EL HOWIE AND THE EXPENSES OF THE MISSION.

A letter has been received by a Montrealer from Dr. Ghosin el Howie, a Syrian missionary at Shiver, Mount Lebanon, Syria. It is dated Sept. 26, 1895. The writer says that it is over ten years since he, his wife and two children left Canada, their adopted country, and went to labor as missionaries in Syria. For various reasons, Dr. Howie says, they could not be connected with any particular church or committee which should give them financial support, and that, they have discovered, is a good thing, for the natives in Syria doubt and even deny the sincerity of those in receipt of stated salaries. The writer's voluntaryism commends him to their confidence and he and his wife are admitted by the people to their assemblies and homes. The writer goes on to say that it takes one thousand dollars a year to maintain him and his family there and defray the expenses incidental to itinerating. Thus far one hundred and sixty pounds sterling in all have been sent them by friends since they went to Syria more than two years ago, and they hope that they will receive more help from Christian sympathizers with their work.

The Boys' Page.

The Logger's Story.

BY VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

It was New Year's Eve. The wind whistled through the pine forest surrounding a logger's camp in northern Wisconsin, and the moonlight caused long shadows to dance over the hard-frozen snow.

The man who prefers to live apart from family and civilization is the exception, not the rule, and the rough-looking fellows grouped in the flickering firelight that last night of the year felt dissatisfied and homesick.

"Tell ye what it is, boys," cried Dennis Larry, suddenly breaking in upon a prolonged silence, "I don't go in much on this sort o' way o' livin'. It may do for work days, but when it comes ter Sundays 'nd hollerdays I, fer one, would like ter be with Maggie 'nd the boys."

"Stuff, Larry! yer a soft one," snapped Tom Riley, but this bit of bluff missed no one; they all knew when Tom was extra snappish, he was longing most for his pretty Nannie, down in one of the cities on Lake Michigan.

"Yes, one can't quite forget he was born zmong folks," good-naturedly laughed a gray-haired logger, but there was no mirth in either face or voice.

One and another made some brief remark; then silence reigned again until broken by the deep, musical voice of Bart Rodgers, reciting Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year."

Bart was a born elocutionist and so effective was his rendering that Dennis Larry involuntarily shivered and cast an awesome glance toward the door, at the words:

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up the chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

"The pinery is no place for such as ye, Bart Rodgers," another old logger, John Cain, cried. "Why, ye've talent, man; talent, I say."

Bart gave a careless half-grunt, half-laugh, and resumed his pipe. By-and-by Tom Riley said: "Give us another, Bart; I jest feel blue enough ter like ter hear what that old Tennyson, er whatever his name is, hez ter say."

"Who's the soft un now, Riley?" sneered Larry.

"Never mind, boys," quickly interrupted Bob Whitehall, "let's have the verses."

Rodgers considered a minute, laid down his pipe, shifted his position that the firelight might not shine in his face, and began:

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stone floor,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

His voice was strong and even until he came to the words:

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

More than one unshaven face turned toward him to divine, if possible, whether the tremor and pathos were mere elocutionary acting or caused by real emotion, but the speaker's countenance was in the shadow.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

The next minute Bart Rodgers had snatched his pipe and cap and was out in the moonlight.

"Fool that I was to attempt that and on New Year Eve, too!" he muttered fiercely as he strode off across the frozen ground.

"Queer fellow!" commented his late companions, and then, as often before, they fell to speculating on Bart's probable history. Aside from conjecture they knew little or nothing about him; he had only been in their camp for the past six weeks, and, concerning himself, he was the soul of reticence. He walked a good five miles that night before he once more came in sight of the curling smoke of the camp-fire.

"Suppose they're all asleep; hope so, anyway," he soliloquized; then uttered a low exclamation of annoyance. Silhouetted against a background of snow stood Tom Riley, waiting for him.

"Glad ye've come, I'm gittin' cold," said the latter, stepping briskly forward.

"Did you want to see me?" The question was asked with scant civility.

"Come, now," said Tom; "don't be grouty jest because a fellow shows a little feelin' fer ye. I've allers liked ye, Bart, 'nd somehow I feel ter-night as if ye wa'n't right down comfortable in yer mind."

Rodgers laughed now, slipping his hand through his companion's arm.

"Tis good to have a friend. You're a good fellow, Tom, to think of me and stand out here till you're half frozen. No, I ain't comfortable in my mind and probably never shall be. I made a fool of myself just one year ago to-night, but all eternity can't remedy the matter. It's something like that "tender grace of a day that

is dead," that "will never come back again."

"It's a mighty bad thing to make a mistake," Tom sagely commented, "but when nothin' can't help it, it's worst of all."

"Exactly."
"Mebby if ye could jest sort of hint at yer trouble, I could think o' some-thin' comferten," suggested Riley.

"Oh, it ain't much to tell," answered Bart, touched, in spite of himself, at the queer fellow's evident sincerity. "As I said, I made a fool of myself, thereby ruinin' my chances for earthly happiness. I measured and judged one of the grandest women God ever made by my own narrow, pusillanimous self; that is all. She bore it like the angel she is, but justly refused my overtures of peace, when I came to myself. It was just one year ago to-night that I spoke with her; and last week I received a letter from a mutual friend saying she is to be married soon. Well, I suppose it doesn't matter. You won't speak of this, Riley?"

"Upon my soul I won't, but I'm mighty sorry for ye. I think if anything should come betwixt Nannie 'nd me I'd let a tree fall on me."

"Then take my advice, old boy, and don't jump at conclusions or let jealousy get a start. I think most women can be trusted even though they may seem to do unaccountable things."

"I'll profit by what ye say. And could ye lend me a sheet of paper; that purp chewed mine all up, ye know. I think I'll write Nannie a line to-night; Cain talks of going to town in the morning."

Half an hour later Tom Riley sat laboriously scrawling a "line to Nannie" while Bart Rodgers tossed uneasily beneath his coarse blankets. Thus the Old Year left them and the New Year found them.

A few days later the blooming maid-of-all work in Dr. Smith's pretty village home tripped into the study, duster in hand, singing: "When my lover comes home." She stopped, however, blushing rosier than ever when the pale, dainty daughter of the house arose from her father's desk.

"I didn't know as ye was here, Miss Orfie," the maid stammered.

"Yes, I am here, Nannie, and glad that you are so happy. I strongly surmise that that letter father tossed you at breakfast has something to do with it."

"Yer right, Miss, it was from my beau in the pinery and—and— Here she broke off, redder than ever.

Orpha Smith smothered a sigh to say: "If you can trust me tell me all about it, Nannie. I like to hear love stories."

"Oh, it ain't no love story, only Tom's been naggin' about "settlin'," as he calls it, fer a most two years, but I've got to help the folks at home 'nd thought ez we'd better wait till he had more money. Of late he's been kind o' huffy; said ez I must be gittin' tired of him; but this letter sounds jest like Tom. He says ez there's such a nice feller there in the camp—Rodgers he calls him—who's quarrelled with his sweetheart 'nd 's most broken-hearted; 'nd this man says to Tom, "Take my advice and trust a woman!" He says ez he made a fool of himself a year last New Year's, 'nd that when he tried to mke up, she wouldn't and he didn't blame her. I see this sort o' scairt Tom 'nd he's tryin' to have me set the day, promis'in' to work for our folks too."

Had Nannie been less confused and self-conscious herself, she must have seen that her companion turned red and white by turns, and that her great blue eyes were wide open and full of some strange excitement.

"Better do as he asks you, Nannie," Orpha steadied her voice to say. "What did you say the name of the man who has quarrelled with somebody is?"

"Rodgers, I think, but mebbly I'm wrong. I'll see," answered Nannie, drawing the precious letter from her bosom. "Let me see. It's B-a-r-t, Bart Rodgers; yes, that's it. Tom ain't no great of a scholar, neither he is, but we manage to make out."

"And did he say he tried to make up with—with the lady?"

"Yes, but she wouldn't, and he didn't blame her."

"Thank you, Nannie; now I'll get out of the way."

With swift steps and a wildly-beating heart Orpha Smith gained her room. Could there have been any mistake! Had Bart sent her some message that she had failed to receive? She had looked for one so long. It had never seemed to her that he could utterly disbelieve her protestations of fidelity even though some one had tried to do her an injury. He had gone away soon after, without even saying goodbye or seeing her again. But what could her Bart Rodgers be doing in a logger's camp? Possibly seeking forgetfulness in change and hardships. The thought made her heart bound and sent a wave of color into the pale cheeks. But supposing her imaginings were correct, how could she ever manage to let him know? At this juncture there was a gentle rap on the door.

"Come in, Nannie."

"Please, Miss Orfie, you seemed so taken up like with the story of the gentleman as quarrelled with his sweetheart, 'nd so I looked over the letter agin, 'nd Tom says ez the gentleman says ez a friend has wrote him that his girl's goin' to be married right away."

"Oh, Nannie!" cried Orpha, tragically clasping her hands. "It isn't so, he must not think so! Don't you see, I am the girl, Nannie? Waat can I do?"

"Ye don't mean that ye be this Mr. Bart Rodgers's sweetheart!" she gasped at length.

"Yes, it all happened before you came, and I never received any message; and he went off without even saying goodbye."

"Ye'll write him to onct?"

"I will," she said.

Ten days later Bart Rodgers, in conventional costume, bounded up the steps of the Smith residence; the door seemed to open of itself, and—all we know further is that there is to be a wedding soon; that somebody's perfidy is strongly suspected, but for lack of evidence nothing is said; and that, between Dr. Smith and Bart Rodgers, Attorney-at-Law, Tom Riley and his Nannie will never want for friends and remunerative employment.

"Mighty glad yer told me yer story now, ain't ye, Rodgers?" Tom often queries.

"Bless you!" Bart replies—"The Housekeeper."

Bob's Protege.

BY CHARLES ELIPHALET REED.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

If Bob Giles had not jerked him out of the way just in the nick of

Pitch in, bub! We ain't got no butter, nor oylmargerine nuther."

Dick's eyes glistened when the few slices of bread were placed before him. He grabbed a piece and began to eat ravenously, while Bob watched him curiously.

"Good land! But yer must be holier inside, sure 'nough! When d'yer eat last?"

"Yest'day mornin'."

"Jerusalem!"

Bob reached into the cupboard and brought out a small dish of fried potatoes.

"Eat 'em, ev'ry bit," he said. "That's all wot's left o' dinner. But you jist wait fer supper, an' we'll feed yer sump'n good. Mickey's sister, wot lives with her granny in the next room, cooks fer us, an' she's no slouch when it comes ter cookin'. Wot's the reason yer went so long 'thout grub?"

"Had none."

"Daddy drunk the whole time, eh?"

"Yes."

"Where's yer mammy?"

"Dead."

"Long?"

"Purty long."

"Well, yer do seem ter have a purty tough time of it. How old are yer?"

"Dunno."

"Yer don't look ter be more'n five years old. I mind when I was 'bout that old I was 'bout yer size. That was when I was a kid."

Bub had reached the mature age of nine years and a half. But children grow old fast amid such environments as his.

"Now, if yer through," observed Bob when Dick, having devoured all the bread and potatoes, was necessarily obliged to stop eating, "I'll go an' tend ter biz. You'll be all right here. If any o' the gang comes, you jist tell 'em that Bull Alley Bob

find out wot he's a-doin' here. D'yer know anything 'bout—"

"Course I does! I fetched him here! You fellers let him 'lone! Feller' at touches him's got me ter lick!"

"They won't hurt yer, sonny," Bob resumed, turning to Dick. "They're part o' the gang. Feller 'twas talkin' ter you's Pete Collins, 'n' t'other's Jim Shutter. An' here," he added, as three more boys came in, "aro Jack Stump, Sam Colby, 'n' Mickey Doolan. I'm Bob Giles. But we don't git called much by them names."

We're the Bull Alley Gang, an' people calls us Bull Alley Pete, Bull Alley Jim, an' so on. Let me interduce yer. Here, fellers! This little chap's Dick Drinkwater. His daddy lives in Brewer's Court, an' git's bilin' drunk. After starvin' the kid half ter death he was going ter knock the breath outer him, so I jist brought him here an' give him some grub, an' told him he could stay here's long's he pleased. Now, fellers, pony up! There's my pile—twenty cents."

"There's mine—ten cents; bad luck to-day," said Sam Colby, depositing the money on the table.

The four others followed suit, with amounts varying from twelve to eighteen cents each.

"Ninety-one cents is the pile," Bob observed as he gathered up the coin. "Bib's poor, but we won't starve on this. Mickey, stir up that sweet sister o' yours. It's high time we had some grub."

Supper was soon served. A very poor sort of a meal it was, too, but it was quickly eaten, and Dick got his full share.

"Now, fellers," said Bob, after the dishes had been cleared away, "I've got sump'n ter perpose ter yer. Here yer see this little kid, Dick Drinkwater. He's a nice little chap

So two months passed away. One day Dick came running to the headquarters of the gang, with the blood streaming from a gash in his cheek.

"Jupiter!" exclaimed Bob. "Wot's been fallin' outer yer now?"

"Daddy—did it!" the child sobbed out.

Bob got some water and called Mickey Doolan's sister and her grandmother, and after much ado the blood was stanchd and the wound dressed. Meanwhile Bob elicited from Dick the fact that his father had, in a fit of drunken rage, inflicted the injury by striking him with a bottle.

During the remainder of the day Bob was unusually silent. He was thinking, and he kept his thoughts to himself.

The next day, at noon, he hastily summoned the gang together.

"Fellers, I've bought Dick," he exclaimed.

"Bought him!" the gang chorused.

"Yes; bought him from his daddy. That is, I've dickered fer him, an' I've got him ter pay fer yit; two-fifty—toler'ble good sum ter have ter raise, ain't it, seeln' as I haven't a cent ter my name?"

Bob paused and cleared his throat, while the members of the gang looked at each other and vaguely wondered whether their chief had gone crazy.

"Fellers," he resumed, "I'm goin' ter ask the greatest favor I've ever asked of yer, an' that is, ter lend me the money."

Bob paused again, and the gang looked more bewildered than ever. Lend him the money! Did he think they were Vanderbilts?

"I know it's a good bit ter ask, an' yer wonderin' where the stuff's ter come from. But yer see it's jist this way. Here's Dick, wot we all likes. Here's his daddy, wot mauls the life outer him. An' thinks I, if I kin buy Dick, then we kin take him inter the gang, an' his daddy can't touch him. So I went ter his daddy an' bought him fer two-fifty, an' the money's ter be paid one week from to-day, er no sale. Now, fellers, it's a good bit ter raise, I know, but if yer'll all stick by me an' do yer best, an' eat little's yer kin, an' save ev'ry cent, an' we has reasonable good luck, I think we kin scrape up the two-fifty. An' yer kin have my share o' the profits ev'ry week till yer all paid off. Fellers, will yer do it?"

"O'm in fer it, ivery toime," said Mickey Doolan. "O'l jolke Dick, O'l do!"

"So do I," said Jim Shutter.

"All who's in fer it, say "ay";" cried Bob.

Every one of the gang voted "ay."

"Fellers, I'm much 'bliged ter yer. I knowed yer wouldn't go back on me. I'll pay yer, ev'ry one, sure's I live. Now, fellers, it'll take work. Mind yer do yer best."

The Bull Alley Gang had never been so industrious as it was during the following week. Early and late its members were on the lookout for some way to earn money. At first fortune favored them, and the amounts turned into their common treasury far exceeded Bob's most sanguine expectations. Then followed a period of ill-luck, when it seemed as if very few people wanted to buy papers, and scarcely anybody wanted a shine. There was a tremendous shrinkage in the receipts, and Bob's spirits were depressed accordingly. Meanwhile Dick was abused by his father, and several times came running to Bob for sympathy and comfort.

"Never mind, Dick," Bob would say. "Keep a stiff upper lip. It's only fer a few days yit, an' then!"

As the week drew to a close Bob saw that his scheme would succeed. At the end of the sixth day he said to his comrades:

"Fellers, if we have any kind o' good luck to-morrer, we're goin' ter have 'nough. Hustle yerselves to-morrer mornin', an' if we have 'nough by dinner-time we'll go then 'n' git Dick right off. Where d'yer git them bananas, Mickey?"

"Down at the wharf, be sure! Och, weren't they jist givin' em away, an' didn't O'l git me share though?"

"That's bully!" observed Bob. "We'll have a reg'lar feast to-morrer when Dick fines us. Fellers, keep yer eyes peeled fer peaches 'n' things. We're goin' ter take Dick in in style, an' don't yer fergit it!"

PART II.

Early the following afternoon the entire Bull Alley gang, headed by Bob with the requisite two dollars and fifty cents in the pocket of his ragged coat, set out with the intention of bringing Dick to his new home. But when they reached Brewer's Court they found an unusually large number of people congregated in that obscure thoroughfare.

"Killed dead as a door-nail; never spoke," someone was saying.

"Who's killed?" Bob asked of an urchin.

"Bill Drinkwater."

"Bill Drinkwater!"

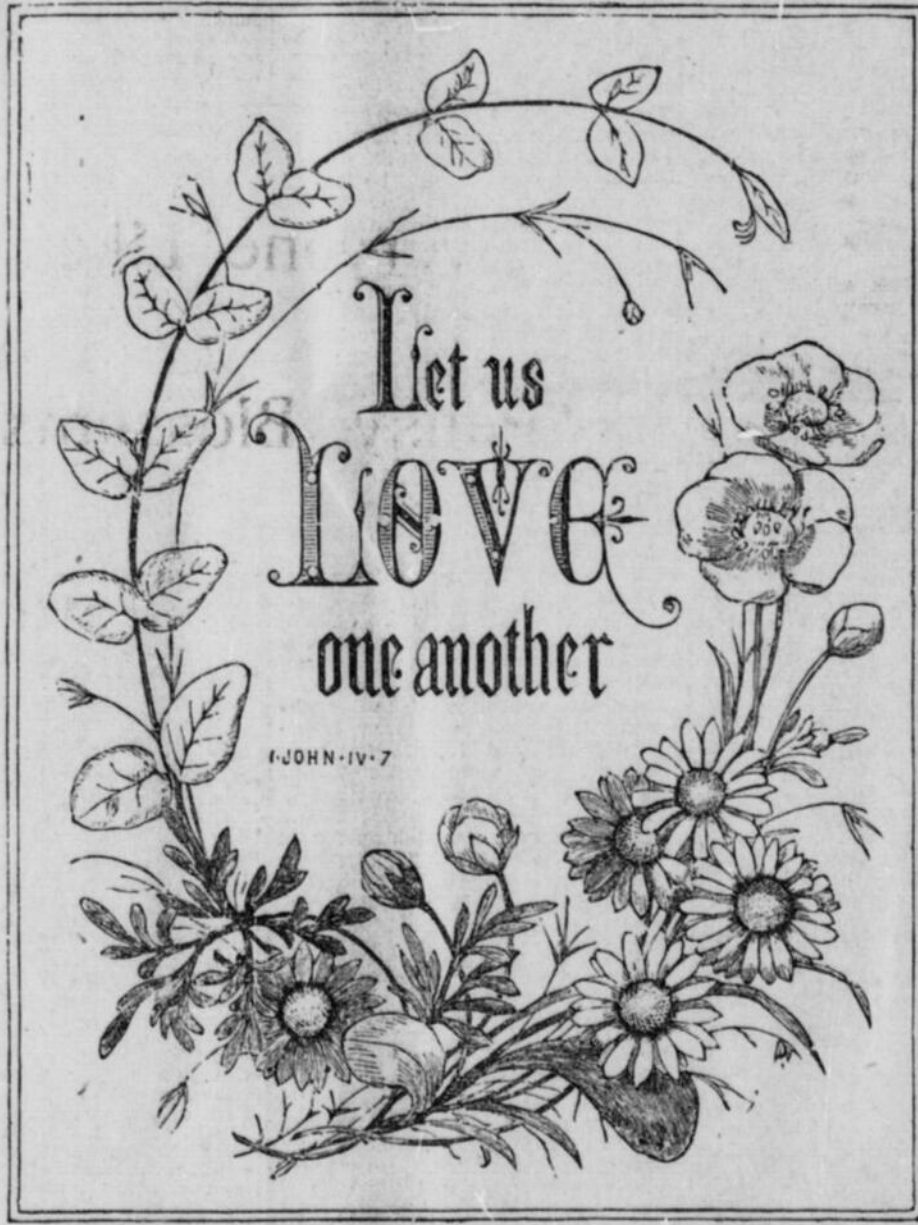
"Yes; killed right here. Had a fight this mornin' with Tony Gardi, an' the bloody Italian run a knife inter him. Perlice's got Tony, though."

The gang proceeded to the late abode of the deceased, but Dick was not there.

"Anybody seen little Dick Drinkwater?" Bob inquired of some of the other inhabitants of the house.

"Dick! Why the perlice took him off," was the reply. "The kid kicked 'bout goin', too."

This intelligence stunned Bob for



time little Dick Drinkwater would hardly have escaped the vicious blow aimed at him by Drinkwater, senior, who certainly belied his name, as he seldom drank water when he could get anything stronger.

"Yer daddy didn't fetch yer that lick, did he now?" chuckled Bob. "We was a little too quick fer him that time, wasn't we, sonny? There, there now, yer needn't blubber so!"

But the little fellow only cried the more.

"There! I wouldn't if I was you," said Bob. "S'pose yer come down ter my house till yer daddy sobers up."

Nothing loth, Dick went with him to the humble abode in Bull Alley which Bob called "home." A dismal place it was, too—a small, meagrely furnished apartment on the ground floor of a rickety old building.

"This room b'longs ter the gang," Bob explained. "There's six of us wot sells papers an' shines boots an' sich, an' we each chips in wot we makes, an' pays the rent, an' so on. You kin stay here's long's yer please, an' nobody's goin' ter hurt yer—or he'll have the gang ter answer to," he added. "I say, sonny, you look hungry; are yer?"

"Orful hungry," Dick replied.

"See 'f I kin find any grub," said Bob, as he opened the cupboard.

"Mighty little, but here's some bread,

fetcht yer here."

With this Bob picked up his boot-black kit and scampered off. Dick, with his stomach more comfortably full than it had been for a month, stretched himself out on a pile of straw lying on the floor, and was soon fast asleep.

He was aroused by being violently shaken.

"Here you! Git up, yer little rat! Wot yer doin' here?" a rough voice shouted in his ear.

When he got his eyes open he saw that two boys were standing by him, one of whom had hold of his arm and was scowling upon him angrily.

"Here! Stand up an' let's have a look at yer!" said the boy, assisting him, not very gently, to his feet.

"Who are yer now?"

"Dick," was the reply.

"Dick! Dick wot? How d'yer happen ter be here anyhow?"

"Bull Alley Bob fetched me here."

"Git out! That's likely, ain't it?"

"Deed an' he did! Leastways that's wot he tole me ter say—"

"Don't b'lieve no sich nonsense! Now, if yer don't tell me the truth, I'll—"

"Hey, there, Pete! Wot yer doin' ter than kid? Jist keep ycr paws off'n him!"

"Wot yer blowin' off 'bout?" Pete inquired. "We found this kid layin' her scroozin', an' we're jist tryin' ter

wot's never had no sort of a fair show, an' wout's more, he ain't like ter have, long's he's got a drunken daddy ter wipe up the floor with him. Now, why can't the gang sot him up in biz on his own hook? He's only a little kid, o' course, but he kin sell papers fer all that, an' I reckon he kin make 'nough ter keep from gittin' too uncomfortable hungry. Now wot does the gang say?"

There was silence for a few moments. Then Pete Collins spoke:

"Let's give the kid a show," he said.

"I say ditto," added Jack Stump.

"An' I!" "An' I!" "An' I!" cried the others.

"That settles it!" exclaimed Bob, nodding gravely to Dick. "The gang 'll look out fer you now, sonny, an' don't yer fergit it."

Early the next day Dick was supplied with some of the morning papers, and instructed in the art of crying them along the street. About noon his father caught him, deprived him of his unsold papers and the few pennies he had taken in, and ingloriously marched him home. But the gang stood by him and started him out again the next day.

Notwithstanding that his father robbed and beat him again and again, he was reasonably successful, and the little newsboy became a familiar figure in that part of the city.

the moment. Then he turned to his comrades:

"I'm off, fellers," he said. "I'm goin' ter git Dick, er bust!"

But when he returned home Dick was not with him. After ascertaining that the child had been taken in charge by the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, he had gone to the office of that society, only to find it closed, for it was Saturday, and consequently a half holiday.

On Monday morning Bob again went to the office of the Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, where he learned that Dick had already been adopted by Mr. Neal, a wealthy gentleman, who had immediately started for California, taking Dick with him.

"You ought to be glad for Dick's sake," said the gentleman who gave Bob this information. "He will have plenty to eat, good clothes, and everything that can make a little boy happy."

"But he'll fergit me, an' I can't bear that," Bob sobbed out.

By the time he reached home Bob had recovered his equanimity. He would not let the gang see him shedding tears—not he.

"We'll have ter git erlong 'thout Dick, fellers," he observed, after explaining how matters stood. "An' I ruther guess he's goin' ter have a softer time of it than if he'd pooled in with us. Jingo! I wouldn't mind bein' took in hand by the S. P. C. C. myself."

Six months elapsed. One day Bob was walking along a fashionable street in a distant part of the city, a gentleman having sent him thither on an errand, when he heard his name called in a childish voice. He turned around and saw a nicely-dressed little boy running toward him. Again the child called out, "Bob! Bull Alley Bob!"

Bob stood rooted to the ground in joyful astonishment. Then, "Dick!" he shouted, and in a moment the well-dressed boy and the meanly clad urchin were in each other's arms.

"Dick, I didn't expect never ter see yer agin'!" said Bob, presently. "Let's look at yer!"

Bob held Dick at arm's length, and gazed at him critically.

"Yer have changed, Dick," he said, slowly. "Good livin' has told on yer. Yer have got better lookin', and fatter in the face. An' them curls o' yourn, an' yer purty duds, sorter sets yer off. I wouldn't 'a' knowed yer, Dick."

"But you are just the same, Bob."

"Yep! I ain't much diff'nt, I reckon."

"And how are Pete, and Jim, and the rest of the boys?"

"Oh, they're all 'bout the same. But we miss yer gift, Dick. We can't jist seem ter git useter doin' 'thout yer. Course yer never blonged ter the gang, 'zactly, but yer was with us so much that it was purty near the same. Seems ev'ry day's if I must see yer a-comin' in the door. Wot sorter times you been a-havin'?"

"Oh, I've been very happy. My new papa and mamma are very kind to me, and I have lots of things that I never dreamed of."

"Does yer live anywhere hereabouts?"

"Yes; right over there in that house."

"Wot! That great, big, purty house with such orful han'some grounds around it?"

"Yes."

"Why, that's a— a pallice—a reg'lar pallice!"

"Yes, yer have changed," said Bob again. "Even yer talk's diff'nt. It's on account o' yer bein' so much 'mong the upper ten, an'—an'—gittin' an education. I reckon I don't s'pose yer hardly ever thinks of us poor fellers down in Bull Alley no more." And Bob heaved a sigh.

"I'd have come to see you if I'd known the way. Bull Alley's far from here, isn't it?"

"Yes, purty fur. An' yer mustn't think o' comin' there, nuther. I reckon yer new daddy'd give yer Hall Columby if he ketches yer doin' that. You don't blong ter Bull Alley. Yer above that now, an' ye must keep in yer place."

"Well, then, can't you come to see me?"

"I'd like ter, but I dasn't come ter yer house. Yer new pap and mam'd bounce me sudden an' tell yer ter never speak ter me agin. But I tell yer wot I will do; I'll meet yer offen's I kin git time, on the little street that runs back o' yer place."

"All right; I'll watch for you every day, Bob."

Thereafter, for nearly two months not a week passed without Dick's receiving at least one, sometimes two, visits from Bob. Mr. and Mrs. Neal never dreamed of this intimacy, or probably it would have been brought to an end very quickly.

One day Bob noticed a sad expression on the usually cheerful face of his little friend.

"Wot's the matter, Dick?" he asked. "Anything gone wrong?"

"No, not exactly," said Dick, with a sigh.

"Stump'n's the matter, er ye'd never have sich a look as that on yer face. Any feller been doin' anything yer don't like?"

"No; oh, no!"

"Come! let's take a walk," said Bob, taking Dick by the arm. "Now," he resumed, after they had gone a little distance, "tell me wot's up. Don't break confidence with yer old friend."

"Oh, Bob! I don't like to tell you,

for I know it'll make you feel so bad."

"Out with it, Dick! I've felt bad many an' many a time 'fore now, an' I reckon I kin stand it agaln."

"Well, Bob, it's this: next week our folks are going to start for Europe, and they're going to take me along."

"Ter Yurrap? On t'other side the sea?"

"Yes; and we're to be gone a whole year!"

"A year! A whole year! Oh, Dick! That's wuss'n I thought! How kin I git erlong all that time 'thout seein' yer?"

"I knew it would make you feel bad," said Dick, sadly, "and I'm awful sorry we're going. How do you s'pose I'm going to do without seein' you?"

"Oh, you'll git erlong somehow," replied Bob, a trifle bitterly. "There'll be lots o' things wot's never come inter yer head, that'll take yer 'tention, an' by a year from now yer'll fergit that yer ever knowed sich a ragamuffin as Bull Alley Bob. But it ain't fer me ter kick 'bout it. I reckon yer'll have a fust-rate time, an' I oughter be orful glad fer yer sake, but somehow— Look out there!"

Neither Bob nor Dick had noticed the approach of a fire-engine which overlooked them as they were crossing Myrtle street, and suddenly turned up that street directly toward them. Involuntarily Bob leaped out of the way and shouted his warning to Dick, who instantly perceived his danger and tried to follow Bob's example; but his feet slipped and he fell directly in front of the horses. Hardly had he touched the ground when a form came bounding beside him, and a pair of hands grasped him and tossed him to one side. It was all the work of a moment. Then the horses' hoofs struck down something, and the great, heavy engine dashed resistlessly on. And behind it lay the mangled, bleeding body of Bull-Alley Bob.

A few hours later, in the city hospital, three persons were standing by a cot, gazing anxiously at the unconscious form upon it. One of these persons was Dick Drinkwater; the two others were his foster-parents.

"Doctor, is there any hope?" Mr. Neal inquired of the physician who had charge of the case.

The doctor shook his head. "None whatever," he replied.

"Oh, doctor!" Dick sobbed; "won't he ever know me again, at all?"

"I can't say; he may possibly regain consciousness before he dies."

For half an hour they waited patiently. Then Bob's eyes slowly opened, and for a few moments gazed about vacantly, until they rested on Dick. It seemed as if the clouded brain was making a vigorous effort to recall something. Then a faint smile lighted up the face of the sufferer, and a voice whispered, "Dick!"

"Oh, Bob! Bob!" Do you know me?" cried Dick.

"Yes," came the faint response. "Is yer—hurt much? Yer head's—tied up."

"Not much. But you, Bob, you are hurt."

"Am I? Didn't know it. Do feel sorter funny, though. Say, where am I in the hospital?"

"Hospital! Then I must be hurt, I s'pose. I mind now—engine run me down. Wasn't quick 'nough, somehow. Mighty narrer 'scape—fer you, Dick."

"Oh, Bob, dear Bob! You've killed yourself saving me. Why didn't you let me go?"

"Killed m'self. Then I'm goin'—ter die, eh? Well—so much the better. It's been a purty tough—sorter a life—anyhow, an' I ain't sorry—ter git through with it. An' you kin git long—'thout me—better nor I kin—'thout you. You kin go—ter Yurrap, yer know—which I can't."

"Uhh, my boy! If only you could recover you should go anywhere that Dick went," said Mrs. Neal, gently laying her hand on Bob's forehead, and stroking his pinched face. And then she stooped and kissed his cheek.

"Why, wot's this mean?" asked Bob. "No lady—ever put—her hand—on me—er kissed me—afore. Thankee—kindly—ma'am."

At that moment the shadow of approaching dissolution came over Bob's face. The muscles quivered, his breath came in gasps, and a cry escaped his lips.

The fight with death was short and sharp. Dick, horrified at the expression of suffering on his friend's face, turned away and wept vehemently. But a few minutes later, when Mr. Neal brought him back to the cot and bade him look, the appearance of Bob's countenance was so calm and peaceful that Dick thought he was asleep.—"The Peterson Magazine."

WORTH KNOWING.

The man who sits down and waits to be appreciated, will find himself among uncalled-for baggage after the limited express train has gone by.—Whitehall 'Times.'

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to do something with all your might.—Phillips Brooks.

The wealth of a man consists in the number of things he loves and blesses and in the number of things he is loved and blessed by.—Caryle.

AXLES MAKE THE CURRENT.

AN ELECTRIC DEVICE THAT MAY REVOLUTIONIZE THE LIGHTING OF TRAINS.

EACH CAR PROVIDES ITS OWN LIGHTS.

(New York 'Times')

Postmaster Charles W. Dayton, ex-Corporation Counsel William H. Clark, and ex-Sheriff John B. Sexton, with a number of friends and acquaintances, started yesterday for the Atlanta Exposition in a unique private car that suggested very strongly the story of Christopher Columbus and his famous egg. The car was attached to the Southern express on the Pennsylvania Railway and left the Jersey City station at 4.30 P. M. It was brilliantly illuminated by means of incandescent electric lamps, run on a new principle at once so simple and efficient that one of the spectators, an electrical expert, was led to exclaim:

"Why, it's the easiest thing in the world, and the wonder is that we didn't all of us think of the same thing years ago."

It was prophesied that the new system shown in the car would revolutionize the lighting of railway trains, and, as far as a hasty examination could determine, this prophecy certainly seems well founded.

The inventor of the system, McRris Moskowitz has utilized what he calls the "waste power" of the axle to generate electricity to light the car, and to store a supply power which can be drawn on for twenty-four hours or longer after the car has been cut off or side-tracked.

The car was specially built for exhibition purposes, and made its maiden trip when it was brought in yesterday from the factory in Newark. It cost the Moskowitz Company about \$20,000 and is one of the most luxurious private cars ever constructed. Its striking and unique exterior attracted a big crowd of spectators.

Mr. Moskowitz was among the passengers on board the car. Although he was exceedingly busy in looking after the finishing touches of half a dozen different sections of the apparatus, he managed to explain briefly to a reporter for the New York 'Times' the details of his invention.

"Without going into technicalities," he said, "it is sufficient to say that we have a small inexpensive dynamo, built on the

ing is enormously expensive. The power is drawn directly from the locomotive, requiring so much extra steam pressure and consequent coal consumption. The dynamo is in the baggage car, and the current is fed to the other cars by means of wires. If there is a break between the baggage car and the other cars the lights go out.

"If any of the cars are cut off their lights cease burning. With us, each car is complete in and of itself. There is absolutely no interdependence. The plant for every car is as simple and complete as though oil or gas were being used, and the original cost is no greater—that is, the cost of our electric light plant per car is no more than the cost of a Pintsch gas plant, and the running cost in our case is nothing, or practically nothing. The running cost for gas or oil is between \$150 and \$300 a year."

"I don't know what it costs the Pennsylvania Company to run its electric lighted cars, but it is of course very much in excess of the cost of gas, for, besides all the other items, they have to carry an expert electrician on each train. With us no expert or outsider of any kind is required. The apparatus runs itself, and all that is necessary is for the porter or brakeman to turn the lever on the switchboard, as you would press the button, or turn the switch on the ordinary incandescent light in your house or office."

"Returning to the practical workings of the system, as shown in the car, Mr. Moskowitz said:

"Supposing you turn off half these lights, the fifty percent of power saved would run at once into the storage batteries. Or, supposing you desire to reduce the candle power of the lamps. You simply turn a switch, and they go down one-half, and the excess goes into the storage battery, to be drawn when desired. This excess in storage can of course be used up as fast or as slowly as desired. Say you were snowbound. From the moment you run into the snow drift you could begin to economize, use only one half or a quarter of the lights, or fewer, so you could keep up your lights any reasonable length of time from the power generated while running."

"And can you apply the electricity to other uses on the car?"

"Certainly. If you choose you can put in an electric heater, or in summer you can run electric fans, and secure perfect comfort and ventilation. You would generate enough power in the daytime in summer to run your fans constantly day and night, and the power generated during the running time at night would feed the lights and leave a surplus."

Everyone Likes 'Pansy Blossoms.'

THE CHINAMAN AND JAP.

A SEAMAN GIVES HIS IMPRESSIONS OF THE ORIENTAL NATIONS.

Mr. Frank Thornbury, late chief officer of the C. P. R. steamship 'Empress of China,' who has been stopping for some time past with Mr. W. B. Mathewson, at 89 Mance street, has made intimate acquaintance with the Japanese and Chinese character during the past number of years, and indicates traits and idiosyncrasies of an interesting and sometimes curious character.

Mr. Thornbury was in command of the 'Express of India' when that ship, some years ago, went round the world. Subsequently he was promoted to the 'Empress of China,' but, contracting an acute form of sciatica through constant exposure to storms, he has been obliged to resign and is now on his way home to England.

Mr. Thornbury does not believe the war will teach the Chinese anything. "The Chinese are willing to allow that the western nations know how to build and handle ships, but outside of this they regard us as barbarians, hopelessly sunk in ignorance. The brighter ones are willing to learn English in so far as that tongue will help them to make money, but all the same, they regard their civilization as the finest in the world; nor has missionary effort shaken that belief. During the war the greatest apathy prevailed in the population; the men had neither patriotism nor fight in them. The Chinese think it strange that you should charge a poll tax upon Chinamen in your country, while you insist upon getting into his country free. He cannot see the justice of this one-sided arrangement, and I do not blame him. The Chinese make better merchants than the Japanese. They are more honorable. A Chinese merchant will never lie about his goods. If he sets a certain price upon them he will charge that price and no more, even if he loses money. A Japanese will cheat you, and when you find him out he will laugh and say: 'I will get the best of you next time.' He does not appear to have a moral sense.

"The Japanese are clever, but, after all, if you scratch them you find the barbarian. Their civilization is only a veneer. Unquestionably they have made great strides during the past twenty years and now claim to be a first-class power. They are now making their own warships; they are putting up cotton factories all over the country; they are thrusting out the Chinese who, curiously enough, until the war broke out, were at the head of most of the business houses in Japan and they are competing with the west in many essentials in which, until recently, the west was supreme.

"All our machinery, which is of the simplest, consisting mostly of the little dynamo and storage batteries, rests underneath the flooring of the car on the trucks. All we have in the car are the lamps and the switchboard, the latter taking up little room and can be put away anywhere in a closet.

"The dynamo is so constructed that it never takes more than one and a quarter horse power for the axle. Hence it makes no difference whether the train runs ten miles or a hundred miles, the result is the same. The ordinary commercial dynamo would burn out if attached to the axle of a car running at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Ours regulates itself and running fast or slowly it gives the same electro-motor result."

"Supposing there was an accident to the dynamo, would the lights go out and leave your car in darkness?" Mr. Moskowitz was asked.

"No, not at all. The lights would keep right on burning, getting their power from the storage batteries. There can be no interruption to the light except by the smashing of the car or the cutting of the wires. You see, we have such confidence in the stability of our light in this car that we have provided no system of temporary lighting, such as you see in most places where electric lights are being used. They still have gas or oil to be used in case of an emergency. Our wires are specially insulated to make them safe against damage, and in case of a break in any of them despite all our precautions they could be repaired at a moment's notice."

"Electricity for the lighting of railway cars," continued Mr. Moskowitz, "is by no means a new thing. It is in use to-day on the Pennsylvania road for their high-speed trains, like the Chicago Limited. But as at present constructed, the light-

ADVERTISEMENTS.



DISEASED LUNGS CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs, and I did what is often done in such cases, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that the upper part of the left lung was badly affected. The medicines he gave me did not seem to do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."

Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

"But for the alliance between Russia, France and Germany, Japan would have fought Russia rather than lose a single fruit of her victory over the Chinese."

Mr. Thornbury was at Hong Kong during the great outbreak of the plague, which first appeared at Canton, but which, travelling to Hong Kong, simply decimated the Chinese pent up in a quarter of the city which reeked with filth. The houses in which the Chinese lived were owned by Europeans, but rented by Chinese, and subtle by the latter. Thus a fairly sized room would be cut up into eight. In every one of these eight rooms there would be a large family. There were no sanitary arrangements; there would be no privacy; the conditions were horrible. When it came at last to a sanitary inspection the men engaged in this work had to cut their way through the noisome abominations with pickaxes and shovels."

The vices of the Japanese and Chinese are such as would be unthinkable to the western mind. These are indulged without the slightest sense of shame, the moral sense not having been awakened in their nature. Parents will sell their daughters without any sense of wrong-doing. Promiscuity breeds disorders and conditions which make to the western mind life in the East seem like a nightmare."

Mr. Thornbury thinks the Chinese character well nigh inscrutable. He considers himself in sympathy with the missionary work, but doubts whether a superficial acquaintance with the language, and a few months' residence is sufficient qualification for the uprooting of the hoary systems which have the sanctions of ages.

Mr. Thornbury thinks there must be a more thorough identification with the life and habits of the natives on the part of the missionaries before they can realize any considerable success. And the sectional divisions amongst Christians are a feature which the natives are at a loss to comprehend. He believes the Chinaman will pretend a good deal for material benefit, and he has conversed with not a few who have told him they would try Christianity for a year. If they found it pay they would remain in it; if not, they would go back to their old faith.

In a word, Mr. Thornbury thinks it would need a deeper study of the Chinese and Japanese character on the part of missionaries before effectual converting work could be done amongst them.

On the other hand, the work of teaching the children English, and bringing up a young generation familiar with western thought, Mr. Thornbury seems to be of the greatest value, because in time this will prepare the way for a genuine civilization.

Last year 12,874 new houses were built in London, nearly thirty-four miles of new streets being constructed.

Portugal, whose king has been visiting England, is, perhaps, one of the most backward and ignorant countries in Europe, and this notwithstanding the extensive commerce carried on between it and the most cultured nations. Out of a population of a trifle over five millions nearly four millions are unable to read or write. Only 938,000 in Portugal can read and write. The Portuguese government are, however, endeavoring to remedy this disgraceful state of affairs, as in the last two years they have established 1,300 elementary schools. They have a further project under consideration for making primary instruction compulsory in all towns having 10,000 inhabitants.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Biliousness! A disordered Liver, — you are ill, unhappy, and a victim of the blues. Cleanse the system of all impurities, set the Liver at work and all will be well with you. A strong, mild, but effective remedy must be had. Take Ayer's Pills Highest Awards at World's Fair.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS



Doting Mother—"Tell me, Professor, is my son a deep student?" Professor (dryly)—"None deeper, ma'am; he's always at the bottom."—'Judy.'

A WITTY BISHOP.

The late Bishop Blomfield of Colchester was not only a popular clergyman but a most charming companion. He was not averse from the charms of a good dinner, and was always full of good stories and witty sayings. On one occasion he was dining with a number of clergy where the host was a noted bon vivant, who had prepared a most excellent dinner. As they were sitting at table, a somewhat sententious rural dean observed, "Well, gentlemen, this is excellent fare, but I hope you will put a bridle on your appetites." "Thank you," said the bishop, "but I should prefer to put a bit in my mouth." On another occasion, when he was visiting a clergyman of rather pronounced Ritualistic leaning, he was shown a very magnificent reredos. As the archdeacon of the diocese was a man who disliked all graven images, Mr. Blomfield—very wot then a bishop—said, "Very pretty—very pretty; but what does Archdeacon Blank say to all this?" "Why should he say anything?" was the retort. "I am not a channel out of repair." "No," came the quick reply—"but I suspect he thinks you a (k)nave that wants mending."

Jones (who has a high opinion of his hunting dog)—"I'd like to know what is the matter with Ponto. He sits in a corner and looks at one spot all day long." Smith—(who doesn't think much of Ponto)—"I expect he is trying to study out what breed he belongs to."—'Texas Sittings.'

A west country clergyman the other day described "Mother Church" as standing "with one foot firmly planted upon the earth, while the other pointed towards heaven."—'Household Words.'

"What part am I to take?" asked Chappie. "You are to be the heroine's father," replied the stage manager. "What does he do?" "He dies ten years before the curtain rises on the first act."—'Tit Bits.'

Mr. Pedagog—"Benny Bloodbump, how do we know that the moon is 240,000 miles distant from the earth?" Benny (alarmed at the teacher's manner)—"Y-y you said so yourself, sir."

Another instance of woman's skill in having the last word: "The ostrich is a foolish bird," a gentleman was saying. "When it sees an enemy coming it sticks its head into the sand instead of running away." "Oh, well," said his wife, "that's its nature." "I know it. But just the same, it isn't logical." "Oh, yes, it is, my dear." "How do you make that out?" "It's ornithological."

"Your great men seem to carry their honors most easily," said an observant visitor to America. "I have met several of your senators, and they seem just as common as any one." "That may be the case with senators," replied the citizen, "but you just ought to meet our newly-elected justice of the peace."

Teacher's proposal—"You may tell us, Tommy, some of the ways in which the element of fire confers a benefit on the human race." Tommy (who knows something of his father's business methods)—"When the amount of the insurance exceeds the value of the stock on hand."

"What's the matter? You look so cross!" asked a mother of her little son. "Well, mother, you told me always to count ten before I spoke when I was angry, and I've counted one hundred and fifty, and I'm just as angry as ever!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A TALKER. Briggs—"You know Gabelts, don't you?" Briggs—"Oh, I have a listening acquaintance with him."—'Indianapolis Journal.'

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

HOME DEPARTMENT.

FLOWERS FROM JERUSALEM—AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR INDIGNANT—A LULLABY—ARMENIAN GIRLS IN MRS. JAMAL'S SCHOOL—HOW TO ENTERTAIN COMPANY—IF ONE HAD NO RICH FRIENDS—SHORT LETTERS FOR BUSY WOMEN—DO WOMEN PREFER MEN TO WOMEN PHYSICIANS?—WHAT A WOMAN THINKS—WANTED—THE OLD WRITERS, AND MORE NEW ONES—THE QUEEN AS A MOTHER.

FLOWERS FROM JERUSALEM.

We wish we could bring every reader of the Home Department to the windows of the 'Witness' Office to-day. Hanging there are two large cards, about 12 x 29 inches, on which are arranged a large variety of flowers from Palestine. These beautiful Christmas cards were received the day before Christmas, from Mrs. Jamal, whose work among Syrian girls in Jerusalem the 'Witness' readers have come to know well.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

Dear Home Sisters,—I have felt quite cross and indignant lately at the non-writing of so many of our old 'Home' friends. Now, a few years ago, when the Home was first opened in the 'Witness,' what a crowd of most interesting letters we had every week; and now we rarely see one of those old friends.

How precious the words were to us, how they lifted us from the reach of the enemy, and oh, how often they have let us have glimpses of the 'horses of fire and the chariots of fire round about Elisha.'

Now, the very thing that helped you may help your neighbor, and do you do right when you refuse even a word, a little verse or a thought for others who may need them?

Every life has its own little 'shiny place,' where the finer words, the higher sentiments, and the beautiful impulses are guarded over by the angels.

We don't want our homes filled with rustling strangers, even if their clothes are grand and costly, we want to see the grandmother with her white hair, the mother with her gentle voice, the kindly father, the boys and girls, and even that terrible 'Baby.'

I was glad to see George Wilson's honest letter, for it evidently came direct from his heart (or stomach) which?

Where is 'Saloma' with her tablecloth, 'X.Y.Z.' with her needle and thread, 'Rosamond' with her baby, 'Myrtle Green' with her good dinner, 'Jean' with her sensible face, and sweet little 'May Frost' with her roses, pansies and lilies, also Mrs. Jack, with her wonderful garden. Is it because 'There's no dew left on the daisies and clover, There's no rain left in heaven.'

Let us then, as staunch lovers of our country, our friends and our fellowmen, cast off this baneful negligence. Let us show by our helpful words that we have the good of others at heart, and it may be—who can tell—the poor little letter we think so simple and illiterate, may just be the stepping stone on which some mighty genius may rest a moment, while he takes aim for the mountain top from which he may utter a note which will vibrate over the whole world—who can tell?

(For the Home.) LULLABY.

Dear little honey-bee baby! Off to the Dreamland he goes, Swayed by the soft winds around him, Rocked in the heart of a rose! Lullaby honey-bee, Lullaby baby.

Sheltered from honey-bee woes; Dear little honey-bee baby Rocked in the heart of the rose!

Mother's own honey-bee baby, Sleepy, so sleepy is he! Dream folk will soon claim him, may be, Just like the wee honey-bee, Lullaby honey-bee, Lullaby baby.

Dear little sleepy-head doze! Baby in mother's arms cradled, Bee in the heart of the rose!

MIRIAM C. BROOKE, Montreal, Dec. 21, 1895.

PUPILS IN MRS. JAMAL'S SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Home.—Dear Lady,—Allow me to acknowledge with thanks the \$20.35, the aid of the kind Christian contributors for the education of ten girls of my class. It gives me a great pleasure to put before the Christian readers of the 'Witness' the progress that has been already shown in the short time since they have been accepted in the class. I have four Armenian girls, two of them are your girls. The said girls have not been able to attend the class for two weeks, as the Armenian Patriarch has received a friendly word from the Pasha or the Governor of Jerusalem to prevent the Armenians going about much in the city of Jerusalem, or outside the Jaffa gate so as to avoid all the irregularities of the recruits who were in great numbers in Jerusalem preparing for their journey to Hauran.

Indeed, I was very glad to see the girls once more amongst their fellow-sisters, especially when they began reporting to me how they had spent their time at home. I am sure it will delight the heart of every contributor to hear their report. The eldest of the girls said although they were prevented from coming to the class they were gathered with us in spirit. She said: 'We have not stopped our prayers, or reciting the chapters and verses or the singing of the hymns, and each of us used to tell the scripture stories we learnt from you. She said, our mothers and neighbors used to meet with us. The neighbors regretted our not coming to the class. They said you had been a great comfort to us in these bad days.'

This report was said in the presence of the rest of the girls, which, from their joy their eyes began tearing. A Mohammedan girl of 15 years old when in the class reported to me that before her coming to the class when her mother used to curse any of her brothers or sisters she always used the word Christians, in order that the curse should be on the Christian and not to her children. But the girl said since she began coming to the class and attending the readings and prayers she prevented her mother doing so, by saying to her mother we and the Christians are all the children of one God. Also she told her father he should prevent her mother from cursing anyone, and told him she wished him to hear the readings and explanation she hears in the class. She says she loves the girls of the class as if they were her own sisters. Of course these facts delight my heart and encourage me to carry on this blessed work. Requesting every Christian reader to remember us in his prayers, I remain yours very sincerely,

RIFKA JAMAL, Jerusalem, Dec. 3, 1895.

ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

Dear Editor Home,—As I live in the country, and know all the ins and outs of country life, I would like to say a word on visiting. We visit in the country, in the city we call. We make a great mistake when we change our family customs in entertaining our guests. Many a tired housewife would gladly spend twice what it costs to entertain her friends if she could be spared the worry and trouble of it herself. And a visitor is often made unhappy by seeing the turning and overturning her presence causes her friends. If you have much company, it is better by far to make no special change for them. Plain living may be the family custom, but the table, even if very humble in quality, should be so neat and well placed, ordinarily, that it will not be necessary to change them when friends come to visit. It saves trouble, and it promotes a feeling of self-respect in the members of the family, to feel that the everyday manner of living is neat and comfortable enough for guests to share. And it makes the visit enjoyable for all concerned to have it so. It is a good rule to have good table manners in daily life, so that no greater care is needed when strangers are present.

MRS. J. W. F. Freighsburg.

SHORT LETTERS FOR BUSY WOMEN.

ON THE ORIGIN AND WORK OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Dear Editor Home,—I have sometimes been possessed of the conviction that if all our women knew of what is being done by consecrated women the wide world over, those who are already engaged with us in our work would be stimulated to greater activity. And those who are not members of our organization, but would like to be helping to purify the moral atmosphere in which they and their families are obliged to live, would speedily organize unions if they knew just how to begin and carry on the work.

And now, in reply to many questions uttered and unexpressed as to the origin and work of our W.C.T.U., I purpose giving a few facts. In this, as in all other great and good enterprises, knowledge is not only powerful when in active operation, but it stimulates to undertake work. Would you know, then, what has been done by women, read the following extract from an annual address

J. M. LOES.

WHAT A WOMAN THINKS.

Dear Editor Home.—I agree with that western man, we need good mothers, but we also need good fathers. You have heard the old saying, 'Like father, like son.' I notice my boys early try to imitate their father. If he were perfection, my boys would be very fair boys notwithstanding their mother's imperfections. By all means give over clubs and start a training school, but for men and boys as well as women. Let the text book be the bible, and let there be much earnest prayer for guidance. But let no man think that women can be educated to such a degree that men may evade their responsibility of looking after their own children. Read I. Samuel, 3rd chapter, from the 11th verse. There God says he was about to send judgment on Eli because his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not. I presume Eli's sons had a mother. If God meant mothers to be the only instructors of sons why did he deal so hard with Eli. I like Sara F. Simpson's letters on teaching morals. Fathers and mothers should agree especially in teaching their children; each try to do their duty and not try to shift their responsibility on the other. I think the 'Boys' Page' a good idea and hope it will be continued. Let there be as much on the evils of intemperance as you think prudent, also against the use of tobacco and card playing—three great evils of the present day. Yours with best wishes,

ETHEL.

DO WOMEN PREFER MEN TO WOMEN DOCTORS? Editor Home Department.—Some time ago in reference to the appointment of female surgeons in the female jails, Mr. McManus was quoted as saying: 'That the majority of the women of the country preferred the men' (doctors). I have long maintained the equality of the sexes, but this question is certain' a poser, and I would like to see it answered in these columns. Why do women employ men when women physicians are a supply. If the women of any town or village would combine and advertise for a lady physician, one would be forthcoming in twenty-four hours. Against my wishes I am forced to this conclusion: women are either deficient in modesty or judgment.

PRESCOTT.

IF ONE HAD NO RICH FRIENDS

Sometimes I fancy we would be a little less extravagant. Half our wants certainly come from our conscious, or unconscious imitation of their ways of living and dress-

ing. When we say we are trying to live 'like other people,' we always mean those that are better off than ourselves, the most ambitious of us do not copy the forced privations of our poorer neighbors. Possibly we would have no more satisfaction if we did. When the heart is set on having things that are beyond one's income, it is never at rest, and frequently comfort is sacrificed for the sake of keeping up an appearance that deceives no one.

Our civilization and education of to-day leave us still hankering more for material things than intellectual and spiritual ones. We are forever comparing our lot in life with those who are better off in regard to money and houses. Sometimes we grumble that we who are so much better fitted for these good things do not possess them. Our parents probably did the same thing before us. In nine cases out of ten we have comforts and pleasures they only dream of, but we don't realize our bettered position, there are so many others beyond us, in higher and more important places.

Now, while wholesome ambition, coupled with an effort to obtain, is a very good thing to have, the envy for things not ours is a canker-worm in society, something that eats the joy out of many a woman's heart. It almost makes one wonder if the hospitality of the rich to their less well-off friends is an advantage to the latter. The reward of the entertainer is not always thanks, it is too often a picking to pieces of some little flaw in the arrangements; surely a great lack of good breeding on the part of those who have never been placed where they could spend large sums of money in hospitality, in trying to make enjoyment for envious acquaintances.

We all feel pretty sure that we would gracefully bear the burden of riches, we do not for a moment suppose they are only less easy to carry than moderate means. There is a proper dignity for the fairly well-to-do as for the wealthy and the poor, and much fewer obligations. Why then add to the unavoidable burdens of life those that surely come from a foolish copying of people who have twice our means? We may fancy we are mentally superior, but we do not show it when we make the chief end in life an effort to look as if we spent somebody else's income. We may be clever enough to achieve wonders in this direction, but the result generally means over-worked women and an impaired nervous temperament, and no leisure for the enjoyment of the quiet restful pleasures of life.

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J. M. LOES.

season. There were several stanzas and each one closed with these words so suggestive, so pathetic, so capable of being read into the heart: 'I saw dead birds upon a woman's bonnet.' I mistrust she was a pretty woman, fair and sweet to look upon; perhaps a Christian, with a heart full of love to God and man—a gracious presence, framed in a background of autumnal loveliness. And yet who would willingly, thoughtfully, be in her place for

'With all the glory of God's crimson sun upon it, I saw dead birds—murdered things—upon that woman's bonnet.'

Now, perhaps I was too severe on the 'selected' articles. I've just read one all through since beginning to write and enjoyed it much; somebody's definition of a heroine in Dec. 7th. It was very cute and true, but the criticism on it was truer and broader. I agree with the critic that if that was a woman of wealth, as well as brains and culture, she would better employ some help in her household duties and give a portion, even though a small one, of her time and thought to help solve the sad world's problems. But I must bring this medley to a close or the editor, as well as the readers, will be voting 'original articles' out of the question.

East Hatley, Dec. 13, 1895. H.M.E.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A MOTHER.

The life of Queen Victoria as a mother was hardly different from that of any other woman, except that the occupations of state forced her to see less of her children than most mothers do. The royal nursery was like that of any English household, and was under the entire control of a Mrs. Sly, who had charge of all the princesses and princes until they were ready for the school-room, over which Lady Lytton presided, with English, French and German governesses under her.

All the royal children were healthy, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, who was very delicate and small for the first four years of his life, and the Duke of Albany, who was always an invalid, and whose short life was one of great discomfort and suffering.

The Princess Alice and Princess Louise were both fine, large, healthy children, and of the beauty of the latter we hear very often.

From the extreme fulness of the Queen's life she saw but little of her children during their babyhood, and later in life the details of their education were arranged entirely by the Prince Consort, who was alone responsible for their studies, teachers and hours of work.

The royal children came to the Queen and Prince every morning before breakfast, and stayed with them some time. When old enough they always had their dinner at the Queen's luncheon, and the hour between six and seven was also devoted to them, while some of them spent the time with the Queen while she was dressing for dinner. As they grew older the opportunities for seeing their parents increased, and they breakfasted with them.

After the death of the Prince Consort the Queen had to depend much on the love and sympathy of her children, and no more touching story is told than that of the devotion and love of Princess Alice to her mother. The words of an eye-witness at that time are too touching to be omitted here:—

'Herself filled with intensest sorrow at her beloved father's death, she at once took into her own hands everything that was necessary in the first dark days of the destruction of that happy home. All communications from the ministers and household passed through the princess's hands to the Queen. She endeavored in every way possible, either verbally or by writing, to save her mother trouble.'

When the Princess Alice married, her place was taken by the Princess Helena, now commonly known as Princess Christian—whose warm, tender heart, and sound judgment made her invaluable to her mother.

The Queen and the Prince Consort, in the early part of their married life, often took their children with them when they had public functions to perform.

When the Princess Royal—now the Empress Frederic—was only four years old, and the Prince of Wales about three, they were taken by the Queen to Walmer Castle for a month. The journey of one hundred and three miles was made by carriage in nine hours, and the whole route was one of triumphal arches, bon-fires, flags, accompanied by church bells and cannons; and at the various towns through which the royal procession passed, the little Prince of Wales was the object of the greatest interest. In many cases he was nearly torn out of his nurse's arms by the Queen's enthusiastic subjects.

The Princess Royal during the visit was very angry with the waves because they would not stop in order to let her throw in pebbles, and kept addressing them in tones of remonstrance, 'Oh, stop, waves, stop a moment; my throw in stone!'

The royal birthdays were always a time of great expectation and excitement, beginning with the Queen's and Prince Consort's—which were kept most religiously. The Prince Consort, on the occasion of the Queen's birthday, always sent early to the nursery to fetch the little ones to give their birthday kiss to their mother on her awakening.

The Prince of Wales's, Princess Royal's and Princess Alice's birthdays were also times of great festivity. The Princess Royal early in life showed great quickness and fun, and a full appreciation of her own position.

Of Princess Alice there is a funny little story told of the white lamb which was given to her on one birthday, and which would always butt at her and run away, causing many tears, she trying to throw her arms round her and crying, 'Milly, dear Milly, do like me!'

Nothing could have been more simple and frugal than the bringing up of the Queen's children. The splendor of the Queen's position was never allowed to influence their surroundings. They were simply dressed and plainly fed, and no extravagant ideas were allowed.

The utmost care was taken to fit them

for any life. None of the Queen's daughters has ever been as rich as many hundreds of English women in society, but they never appear to want or affect any of the extravagances of modern life. In their own married life they have followed their mother's example with their own children, who lead the simplest of English lives.

During the early days of the Queen's married life Windsor was the only country home of the royal family, with the exception of Claremont, where the Queen loved to go on account of its quiet, and all absence of state.

But after a time Osborne, and then Balmoral were added to the number of royal residences. The Queen has always cared more for these two than Windsor, as they are her own property, bought by herself and built by the Prince Consort, and in the arrangement and building of both she was able to exercise her own taste. At Windsor everything is under the control of the commissioners of the woods and forests, and their consent has to be procured for any alteration or change made in the castle or the park.

The royal children loved Osborne on account of the sea and the bathing. While there they were able to have their own little gardens, which are still preserved; and there many of the happiest days of their childhood were spent. The endless variety of the sea, the ships and the proximity to the great naval port of Portsmouth made Osborne a most fascinating residence.

Before her widowhood the Queen used to yach, a great deal, and generally started an all her journeys to the various parts of her dominions from Osborne. Balmoral, however, soon took the place of Osborne, and the Queen and her children are in reality more attached to their Highland home, where they have always spent the autumn months.

One of the most delightful traits of all the Queen's children, and one which they have not only inherited, but which has been confirmed in them by example, is their kindness and affection, and thoughtfulness to all those who have been about them during their youth, either as servants or instructors. For many years after her retirement they showed the greatest kindness to Lady Lytton and also to Miss Hildyard, the English governess, who, under Lady Lytton, was with them for many years. When meeting Miss Hildyard in public they always kissed her, as in the days when they were little ones.

Their loyalty and affection, and their unbounded regard for the welfare of those dependent on them, which was inculcated early in their lives, have endeared them to all who come into intimate contact with them.—Lady Jeune in 'Youth's Companion.'

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Papers Wanted.—If any reader of the department have old papers, picture books, old magazines or papers of any kind, text cards, etc., they will be very useful to me in my work among the Indians. Please address, to W. Hewison Gibson, Rivers Inlet, B.C.

Will some one kindly send the song entitled 'The Christmas Graces,' the chorus of which is:—

'For the love we owe to Jesus, For the love he hath bestowed; Let us learn the Christian graces, As we walk the heavenly road. Address Emma A. Standley, Ramsay's Corners, Que.

Poem Wanted.—Will some one please send me the poem containing the lines:—

'What must I do, The young man said, As he saw on the table, The wine gleam red.' and oblige Martha E. Elliott, Port Howe.

Could some one tell me where I could get each or either of the following pieces:—

'Mrs. Ruggles' Dinner Party,' 'The Belle of the Ball,' 'Mary, the Maid of the Inn.'

Address Etta M. Wood, Geneva, P.O., Que. Will some one send me the poems entitled 'N. for Nanny' and 'B for Ben'; also, 'Down at Old Aunt Mary's' and oblige, A. Rothwell, Gliford, Ont.

Papers to Give Away.—Dear Sir,—The Sabbath-school of Knox Presbyterian Church, city, having a large number of good papers, such as the 'British Workman,' 'Friendly Visitor,' 'Cottage and Artisan,' etc., would like to know of two or three addresses where these back numbers would be appreciated, and will be glad to send same if responsible persons will state the number that could be made use of, and the address to which they may be sent. Yours in His Name, Alex. W. Dewar, Convener, Mission Committee, Y.P.S.C.E. Address, No. 795 Craig street.

Mandolin or Guitar.—Please say which you would recommend a young girl to get to play, a mandolin or a guitar? Yours, A.J.N.

Papers to Give Away.—The missionary committee of the Y.P.S.C.E. here, of which I am convener, has collected a number of Sunday-school and other religious papers, and would like the names and addresses of any person or persons wanting the same. Yours faithfully, Mildred McKim, Box 14, Thornbury, Ont.

Wanted.—Would some of the readers of the Home Department kindly let me know through the Home, where I could obtain the hymn, 'When Our Ships Come Sailing Home.' By doing so they would oblige, Lizzie Copeland, Guelph, Ont.

A Reader asks: Will some one please give us a recipe for making bologna sausage?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX Science MEDICAL SCIENCE has achieved a great triumph in the production of BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health. Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

A Happy New Year to the Boys.

The editor of the Boys' Page wishes a very happy new year to all the readers of this new department of the 'Witness.'

We have been very glad to hear from very many boys and girls, and older people too, that they enjoy the reading chosen for the boys.

Some of the older people are very old friends of the 'Witness,' whom we would be glad to meet, but next best to a personal acquaintance is their kind, encouraging letters.

To these old friends we know that the 'Witness' will continue to go as it has done for so long, but we want to know who our young friends are as well, and hope that in time they will become our old friends.

So we will hope to miss none of the young people's names that have been on our subscription list so far. Some of these young people have kindly contributed to the 'Boys' Page.'

We hope that many others will be able to do so during the coming year, and we, in our turn, will make it our aim to increase the interest of the page as much as possible. But there are also other names that we will look for—names of young people who have not taken the 'Witness' before and who would like to see what the Boys' Page is like.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

THE BOY JESUS (Luke II., 40-52.)

BY JOHN R. WHITNEY.

The little child, whom the shepherds found wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger, has now become a youth twelve years old. Then he was a helpless babe, unable to slip even his mother's name. Now he is well grown, 'strong in spirit,' and 'filled with wisdom.'

More than that, he is now a Jew, Jesus was under all the moral and spiritual laws resting upon all mankind. To be a perfect Saviour, he must render a perfect obedience to them all.

Moreover, St. Paul tells us distinctly, that by this act there was laid upon him, as upon every true Israelite, the obligation to render a perfect obedience to God and to his law.

Thirty-three days later Joseph and Mary, with the young child Jesus, left Bethlehem, and went up to Jerusalem. They went there to fulfil the law of purification, for the ceremonial cleansing of the mother, and the law of presentation, for the redemption and acceptance of her child.

The history of the law of presentation of the first-born, very briefly, is as follows: Because the first-born of every Egyptian family died when the children of Israel were brought out of Egypt, God, at that time, commanded his people to set apart the first-born of all their families for his special service.

As soon as these services were completed, Joseph and Mary, with the child Jesus returned to Bethlehem, but not to the manger in which he had been born. A comfortable house now sheltered

them. There they were visited by the 'wise men from the East.' (Matt. 2: 1-11.) These 'wise men' at once recognized the little infant in Mary's arms as the great King whom they had been diligently seeking.

His own people, however, 'received him not.' They took counsel together against the Lord, and against his anointed, (Psa. 2: 2), and Joseph was obliged to flee with him and his mother into Egypt.

How long they remained in Egypt is not definitely known. Some say that it was three years—some, less than one. In due time, however, they returned to Nazareth. (Matt. 2: 23.) But the history is as silent concerning Jesus' life there as it is concerning his life in Egypt.

Now, however, he has reached the age of twelve, when the law again makes a public demand upon him. Now another incident is recorded. Then all is silent again for eighteen years more, or until the law calls him into his active public ministry.

When a Jewish boy was twelve years old he became a 'son of the law.' He was of legal age. He now entered upon the learning of a trade for his own support. It was now obligatory upon him to attend upon the public services of the Temple and synagogue, and to realize his own personal responsibility before God and man.

This age Jesus had now reached, and Joseph had probably thus presented him before his fellow townsmen in the synagogue at Nazareth. When the annual caravan of devout Jews, on their way to the Passover feast at Jerusalem, passed through the town, Joseph and Mary and Jesus, with many of their neighbors, joined it.

'Every year' they had done the same thing since their return from Egypt. (v. 41) and, doubtless, as the more strict and devout worshippers thought it incumbent upon them to take their children with them as soon as they were able, with the help of their father's hand, to climb the flight of steps into the temple courts, (Gelkie), the young child Jesus had often accompanied them.

The Feast of the Passover lasted for eight days. When it was over, the different companies began to reassemble for their homeward journeys. To avoid the heat of the day, the journeying was largely done in the night. Families and friends were very apt to be separated for a time. But, when once out of the city, at the first resting place, all would be reunited. So it was on this occasion with the family of Joseph. When they came to halt careful search was made among all their kinsfolk and acquaintances for their first-born son.

The could not understand it, they were amazed to find him in such a place and so engaged. It was very evident that he had not left them through any boyish self-will or love of adventure. It was no sudden childish impulse of folly which had caused him to tarry behind. They had evidently been acting on some suspicion in all their search for him, but had looked everywhere else before they thought of looking there. Now, however, to find him there, engaged in discussing high and holy subjects, with the doctors of the law, could not be accounted for by any such explanation.

His answer was all satisfying: 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?' She 'kept it in her heart' to ponder it well and often, as she had many other things concerning him. It not only reminded her that he was now of legal age, and 'must' take upon himself all that had been done in his name, and for him, at his circumcision and presentation, but reminded her that he was not merely her son, but 'the Son of the Highest.' It was a grand and gracious revelation to her.

But these words, falling from Jesus' lips, at this time, speak volumes concerning him. They are the only words which any of the inspired evangelists were permitted to record, until he entered upon his public ministry at thirty years of age. Now, at the age when he personally assumes the obligations of the law, without the least hesitation or qualification, he calls God his Father. He does it just as distinctly, and as naturally, as he did some twenty years later, when he said, 'I and my Father are one.' (John x: 30.) He did it just as confidently as he did upon the cross, when he said, 'Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.' (Luke xxiii., 46.) The saying proves beyond all question, that he knew at twelve years of age just as certainly that he came from the Father as he knew it at thirty-three years of age, when he was about to 'leave the world and go to the Father.' (John xvi., 28.)

Now having, according to the law, come to the age of personal responsibility to the law, he declares not only that he is the Son of God, but that his one mission in the world is to be 'about his Father's business.' For, as he said on a later occasion, 'I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.' (John vi., 38.) And as he said on a far earlier occasion, even in the company of the past eternity, 'So I come to do thy will, O God.' (Heb. x., 7.) As 'the first-born' accepted by

the Father, he was to do this for, or on behalf of, all the after-born in all ages. To make this gracious declaration at this time Jesus voluntarily withdrew for a season from his earthly father's care, that he might be found in his heavenly 'Father's house' (v. 49, R. V.), just as he had twelve years before voluntarily left his Heavenly Father's house, to enter into an earthly home. Having made it again voluntarily returned to his earthly conditions, and went down with Joseph and Mary 'to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.' (v. 51.) There, in the ordinary pursuits of a daily home life for eighteen years, and then in his public ministry he fulfilled 'without sin' his 'Father's business,' until upon the cross he paid the penalty due to all sin. Thus he said, 'It is finished,' (John xix., 30.) The work of redemption was done.

TOPIC, JANUARY 12th, 1896.

'THE PERIL AND THE POWER OF AMBITION.'—Luke 2:2; Deut. 8:11-20.

'Determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ.'—I Cor. II., 2.

1. Our ambitions should be holy.—Matt. vi., 33; Col. iii., 1; 1 Chron. xxviii., 5, 9; Gal. ii., 20.

2. Pure.—Matt. v., 8; James iii., 17; II. Tim., II., 19; Phil. iv., 8; Psa. cxxxix., 23, 24.

3. Lowly.—Phil. iii., 7, 14; James iv., 10; Luke xvii., 10.

4. Kindly.—Eph. vi., 31, 32; I. Cor. x., 24; I. Cor. xiii., 5.

5. Prayerful.—Psalm xxvii., 8, 14; Lam. iii., 25; Acts v., 32.

6. Not sordid.—Luke xii., 22-30.

7. It should be our ambition to be successful soldiers.—II. Tim., II., 3, 4; effective workmen.—II. Tim., II., 13; and faithful servants.—Col. iii., 23, 24.

A Christian's highest ambition is to be like Christ. Christians cannot afford to have the same ambitions as worldly people; we are told to come out from among them and be separate.—II. Cor. vi., 17, 18.

A Christian Chinaman paying a visit to our country at once noticed the worldly way in which many professing Christians were living. Later on, when alluding to the matter, he said: 'When the disciples in my country come out from the world, they come clear out.' It is a low estimate of Christianity we possess who try how near to the world we can live and yet be Christians.

We are commanded to come out, and be separate from the world when we take upon ourselves the duties of a Christian. Furthermore, we cannot rightly serve God and yet love and cling to the frivolities of the world; but our lives should so shine with the illumination of the light of Christ's love that the world would not have to examine us closely to see if we were Christians. The true Christian reflects the light of Christ in his daily walk in life, and never finds it necessary to go through the world sounding a trumpet and crying out, 'A Christian! a Christian!' One question that is sometimes asked me is indeed very humiliating, though meant for my good, and that is, 'If I am a Christian.' Oh, I do so want to reflect Christ in my life that whenever I see I may hear on my right and on my left, 'There goes a Christian.' Friend, it is well to remember that the eye of the world is constantly upon us; and that our crooked paths are noticed far and wide; the voice of the world cries out, 'Hypocrites! hypocrites! and unbelievers forget another link in its strong chain.' We ought also to walk even as He walked.

Paul's ambitions were such that he was able to say at the last, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' II. Tim. 4: 7, 8.

Contrast the ambitions of David with those of Saul; Abraham with Lot; Jacob with Esau.

Christians must aspire to live out the life God has planned for them, to get all the blessings he has for them.

See on this point the little hymn by the Rev. A. B. Simpson entitled 'God's Best,' from which the following verses are taken:—

God has his best things for the few, That dare to stand the test; God has his best choicest for those, Who will not have his best.

I want in this short life of mine, As much as can be pressed; Of service true for God and man; Help me to be my best.

Give me, O Lord, thy highest choice; Let others take the rest; Their good things have no charm for me, For I have got thy best.

Suitable Hymns.—'Go labor on.' 'Close to thee.' 'I shall be satisfied.' 'Work for the night is coming, Nearer my God to thee.' 'Lead kindly light.'

TOPICS FOR WEEK OF PRAYER.

The Evangelical Alliance for the United States has suggested the following topics for the week of prayer:

- Sermons.—Sunday, Jan. 5. Humiliation and thanksgiving.—Monday, Jan. 6. The Church universal.—Tuesday, Jan. 7. Nations and their rulers.—Wednesday, Jan. 8. Foreign missions.—Thursday, Jan. 9. Home missions.—Friday, Jan. 10. Families and schools.—Saturday, Jan. 11. Sermons.—Sunday, Jan. 12.

SUGGESTED BY THE BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING.

Sunday, Jan. 5, 1896.—The Holy Spirit inciting to prayer, confession and thanksgiving.

Monday.—The Holy Spirit as interpreter in study of the bible.

Tuesday.—The Holy Spirit as guide and helper in the school and in the home.

Wednesday.—The Holy Spirit revealing a saviour to the world.

Thursday.—The baptism of the spirit affording an equipment for service.

Friday.—The Holy Spirit entreating for the extension of the kingdom.

Saturday.—The Spirit of God pervading business, society, and the nation.

KING MENELEK, CLAIMED TO BE A DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON.

News has been received of the death by lightning stroke, of King Menelek II., of Abyssinia. He was one of the most picturesque of African rulers, and the story of his life reads like a romance. Fifty-five years ago, Haelon, then king of Shoa, was told that a beggar woman of wondrous beauty stood at his palace gates. He sent for her and took her as his wife. When a son was born, al-

though Haelon had other sons, the new-comer was hailed as his heir, and when Haelon died, Menelek became king. He claimed to be lineally descended from King Solomon of Israel.

When King John of Abyssinia was killed in 1889, Menelek proclaimed himself king of Abyssinia, and thereafter that country passed under his rule. He was an intelligent and progressive monarch, and had many European advisers among his advisers. He was exceedingly fond of machinery and introduced many modern ideas into his kingdom. He employed Swiss engineers to design buildings and bridges, and Swiss workmen to teach his subjects mason work, carpentry and other useful crafts. When Italy assumed a protectorate over his kingdom, his power and influence declined and he vainly attempted to abrogate the treaties he had made. Now that he is dead, Abyssinia will probably soon pass under Italian control. It is a rich mineral country, with a splendid, healthful climate, and Europeans can live there free from the climatic troubles that are common to white men in other parts of Africa.

Missionaries have made comparatively little progress in Abyssinia, owing largely to the opposition of Menelek himself. In 1885, he imprisoned two Swedish missionaries, and a year or two afterward expelled all the French and German missionaries from his territory. His death may open the way for a resumption of Christian work, for which there is much need among the ignorant and superstitious natives.—'Christian Herald.'

A GREAT REVIVAL HOPED FOR.

No man is in closer touch with the young people than the Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, and the information which comes to him and which he has gathered in his attendance at the various state conventions of the Christian Endeavor Societies is such as to fill the Christian world with lively hopes for a widespread revival in the near future. At the present moment there is a feeling of expectancy of an outpouring of the Spirit such as has not been experienced for a long time. It is a silent, pervasive influence of the Spirit, as far as it can be judged by the present manifestations, and has come simultaneously in a thousand different cities and towns. Special mention is made of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Missouri, Arkansas, Maine and California. Dr. Clark found at Ottawa and other Canadian cities also the same deep feeling of expectancy.

The general expectation of a revival is connected in the minds of those who are best informed with the active missionary work of young people, particularly of those who went home from the Boston convention last summer filled with the spirit of energetic evangelistic service. Last July a large number of the delegates had their first taste of personal evangelistic work. This effort was in the charge of a committee of three and about 120 meetings were held by the delegates in fifty-five places during the convention. It is believed that no fewer than 20,000 people were reached by this preaching and 685 of the delegates took part in them. Over two hundred conversions were professedly made at the time, and as many as twenty of these were at one meeting. These meetings were held in all sorts of places—in stores, at mission rooms, in various institutions and even on the wharves. The remarkable success attending them, especially the apparent desire of the working people to see and hear the delegates, filled the workers with enthusiasm, which they took home with them and put into practical operation. The practice has been instituted at many state conventions to hold evangelistic services after the manner of those in Boston, and gratifying results have been reached everywhere.

The beginning of this system of work was in the Pennsylvania state convention at Reading in 1892. The idea was that of the Rev. Charles Adamson, and permission was obtained from the owners of factories and other places where many workers were employed to hold evangelistic meetings during the noon hour. Cordial welcome was given them everywhere and gratifying results followed. The next year the same method was followed at the state convention in York and the results were equally successful. The movement was in charge of the Rev. Charles A. Oliver, a Presbyterian pastor of York, and daily meetings were held in working places not only but in the public square and in the jail and almshouse. Experienced delegates were put in charge of the companies sent out and a remarkable revival followed. Hence it was that the plan was put in practice in Boston last summer, and hence the general spread of it all over the North, West and Pacific slope within a few months.

The remarkable feature of the work has been the readiness of the people in the shops and factories to hear the word which is preached to them. The method pursued is simple. When the company enter a place their leader makes a brief explanation of who they are and what their object is. Singing, prayer, brief exhortation, accompanied by personal testimony from the delegates constitute the usual order of procedure. Opportunity is given for requests for prayer and for declaration of a purpose to lead and to be led. A singular absence of antagonism seems to mark the meetings and the disinterested effort of the young people is generally recognized. Opposition is disarmed by the way the work is done and the reception is thus generally favorable and rich harvests have followed in many instances.—Boston Congregationalist.

GEORGE MULLER'S BROKEN ENGLISH.

At a meeting in Bristol gathered to bid farewell to a young lady going out to China, Mr. George Muller, of the Orphan Homes, gave the following remarkable account of his early history. He said: 'In reference especially to our young sister, who is leaving us for service in China, and also for the benefit of any others who may be going afterwards to labor in foreign lands, I should like to add a word concerning the language. Our sister cannot speak in Chinese, and the language takes time to learn. When I came to England, sixty-six years and four months ago, I knew very little English indeed, and as I began to speak a few words I used to go out and talk to the children; and though they used to laugh at my mistakes, I took no notice, and was diligent to use the few words that

I knew, and so I got on to learn others and to improve myself in the language. Use the words that you know and you will soon make progress. But better far than this is what follows:—It is now sixty-three years and four months since a young woman, gaily dressed, and with her face painted, was going out for a holiday on the Lord's Day; but first she thought she would go into Gilead chapel and hear the foreign preacher and make fun of his language. She only meant to remain two or three minutes, but she found she could not get out. Her attention was fixed. The Word reached her heart. She was rooted to her seat, and was converted to God that morning.

She went away from the service to wash the paint from her face and to long for the evening meeting. In the evening she brought her sister, and at that service the sister was also converted. Then she brought with her a married sister, and she was converted. Then the married sister's husband, who was a great drunkard, was brought. He would stand outside a publichouse and take off his jacket and exchange it for gin, and then he would take off his waistcoat and exchange that for gin. He was converted and became a preacher in the villages for thirty years, and he had no more trouble with drink. Afterwards this young woman brought a younger brother, and he was converted. This younger brother had an intended wife, and she was also brought and converted. Twelve months after I was invited to sea with that family, and there were present nine persons who had thus been brought to the Lord through that young woman who came in to make fun of the foreign preacher and his language. I have told you this not in the way of boasting, but to encourage those who have a desire to serve in foreign places. May God greatly bless you all and help us all to please him in our service, whether at home or abroad.

THE EMPEROR READS THE BIBLE.

It will be remembered that on the sixtieth birthday of the Empress Dowager of China, the Christian women of the Empire sent as their present an elegant and costly copy of the New Testament specially prepared for the occasion. The Emperor was so much pleased with it that he sent to purchase a copy for himself. It is now stated by Prof. Isaac T. Headland, of the Peking University, that the Emperor reads a portion of the Testament every day. The information came through the attendant of the Emperor, who gave it to a Christian merchant from whom he obtains flowers for the decoration of the palace. The print of the best copy of the Testament which could be obtained for the Emperor was small, so a portion is copied by a Chinese scribe each day in large characters, and this copy the Emperor studies. What large possibilities this suggests. The healthful ruler of 490,000,000 heathen people daily reading the Word of God. A mighty prayer should arise from all God's people that the Holy Spirit may use the truths to the conversion of this great ruler and his millions of people.—'Baptist Magazine.'

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

Providence (R.I.) policemen have been notified that they must become teetotalers or they cannot remain policemen.

Mr. Moody's attention was recently called to the spiritual welfare of the convicts in jails and penitentiaries. 'If I am spared,' he writes, 'I hope to put a book into the hands of every prisoner of the United States before this year closes.' Prayers for the dead, says the 'Christian World,' are rapidly becoming established in the Church of England. A memorial circular sent to parishioners of Littlehampton requests 'Of your charity pray for the soul of Charles Rumbold, priest, vicar of Littlehampton, 1864-1895, in Paradise, July 11, 1895.' The words are placed under a crucifix.

Urgent requests came by mail and personal application into the office of the Chicago Training School for seven trained women to enter deaconess work in a single day. Not one of these could be granted at present, though from this year's class a large number will be ready by another spring. It is believed by many that there is no field of Christian effort offering greater opportunities for usefulness than the deaconess work.

Cecil Rhodes, the great man of South Africa, has drawn the 'color line' in the towns of Cape Colony. The Kafirs are no longer tolerated as fit to walk the pavements. The franchise is so defined that many natives now are refused the right to vote. Matters have gone so far that the Congregational Union of South Africa at its last meeting solemnly protested against 'the obnoxious measure,' and called on all sincerely interested in the native races to join in a protest.—Boston Paper.

The Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, Dr. Gregg, pastor, has made a good record this year. Aside from a generous care of her own church work, her benevolent contributions have reached \$45,364, as follows:—Home missions, \$8,943; foreign missions, \$10,933; educational, \$2,675; Sunday-school work, \$4,109; church erection, \$2,037; relief fund, \$2,993; freedmen, \$1,280; aid for colleges, \$2,715; miscellaneous, \$8,814. An average of nearly twenty dollars per member. Increase of membership over two hundred.

The Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn, Dr. Charles R. Baker, rector, has maintained for several years a circulating library for the blind, perhaps the only one in the United States. The books are of two kinds; what is called the 'New York point' and the 'full letter'; the first for those whose touch is very sensitive, the second for the use of those who, owing to severe manual labor, have a less active touch. These books are expensive, Oliver Twist being printed in four volumes and costing four dollars a volume. The books are called for from points as far away as Albany and Poughkeepsie and various places in New Jersey. The library has never lost a book.

It is a significant fact that Jewish women have, after the example of their Christian sisters, begun to organize themselves into associations to consider and help to solve the problems which confront the growing Hebrew community. The New York section of the National Council of Jewish Women lately met in New York and listened to and discussed papers grappling intelligently with several of the present day questions. The attitude of women of leisure to their wage-earning sisters was the topic spe-

cially considered, and it was handled with much breadth of spirit and full recognition of the need for greater thoughtfulness and sympathy in the treatment of the wage-earning class.

The news from China this week will bring sorrow to many a heart in the Church. Dr. Glover and four of his fellow-missionaries are reported as dangerously ill and at the point of death. The news causes all the more anxiety in that details are wanting, the mere fact having been so far communicated. Dr. Glover and his sister are under the direction of the Christian Alliance of New York; they are natives of Toronto and before leaving for China were connected with Central Presbyterian Church in this city. The brief cablegram does not describe the trouble, but contains a request for the prayers of the Church for the sufferers, which doubtless will be widely granted.—'Presbyterian Review.'

Events, says 'The Christian,' seem to be shaping favorably for the continuance and spread of Protestant Christianity in Madagascar, for the first resident-general is a Protestant. The French will undoubtedly find it to be their safest policy to trust the missionaries, who will honestly refrain from all political action, and allow them to go on with the religious work which brought them to the island. It is souls they want to win for their Saviour, and the more they win the more stable will any form of right government become. France has a large body of Christians to study, the best of its new subjects, and no good can come of arousing their jealousy and fear. Who knows whether a tide of Christian influence may not flow back into France from her newest and largest colony?

We call the following from an article entitled 'A Silent Church,' which appeared in a recent issue of 'The Echo': 'The service at St. Saviour's (Oxford street, London), is extremely touching, not to say pathetic, and the strange silence and the rapid movement of many fingers in unison is apt to overwhelm a hearing person who is present for the first time. The oral system, it should be noted, does not obtain here, and the entire service is conducted with extraordinary rapidity of motion in the finger and sign language. Not the least impressive part of the service are the responses, which are made by the deaf and dumb on their fingers. The hymns, too, are "sung"—it such a term may be used in this connection—by hand, the congregation bending over their books and repeating the words by signs and on their fingers after the officiating clergyman. The prayers are delivered in similar fashion. A short sermon in the manual language, brings the service, in which not a word has been spoken, and for the understanding of which the absence of speech has been no obstacle, to a close.'

It will be remembered, says 'The Independent,' that about two years ago the Pope issued an encyclical letter on the subject of the study of the bible. This gave great encouragement at the time to many who felt that it would result in a wider study of the bible by the priests, at least, and possibly by laymen in the Roman Catholic Church. As a matter of fact, during the two years not a single new edition of the bible or any part of it has appeared under the auspices of the Church. There is one edition in three large volumes for sale costing twelve francs. There is an edition of the New Testament alone, printed in 1882, in Turin, costing four francs in paper covers, and there are two or three editions of gospels alone somewhat cheaper, but still very expensive. It is stated that at the archiepiscopal bookstore at Milan, probably the largest in Italy, not a hundred copies of all these editions together are sold in a year. It is interesting to contrast this with the last reports of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the National Bible Society of Scotland. The circulation of the two together was:—Bibles, 7,962; testaments, 161,926; portions, 165,065, making a total of 180,633, an increase of nearly 25,000 copies.

A Roman Catholic firm in Austria has invented a 'religious game of cards,' for the benefit of souls in purgatory. Thirty-two cards form the pack, and on each card a short indulgence prayer is written. The Vienna firm which publishes the cards describes them as a new incentive for pious believers to intercede for the souls of their departed. The cards are shuffled and each player draws one, reads the written prayer on the card with the view of benefiting the soul for whom he designs it. 'Edification,' says the publisher of the cards, 'is thus combined with a pleasant diversion, and the game is one to become popular in pious circles.'

While some of the effects of the war in Madagascar are very saddening, especially the return of many of the more ignorant people to old superstitions, there are also many things in connection with it which are very cheering, and prove unmistakably that Christianity is steadily gaining a firmer hold on our people. One of the most marked of these is the increase of fervent and submissive prayer, and another is the absence of anything like a revengeful spirit. Another very significant proof of the advance made upon former customs is the way in which kindly and benevolent efforts have been made for the soldiers engaged in the war, for whom large sums of money have been subscribed, immense quantities of rice collected, and a great number of garments have been made. All these gifts have, of course, been made solely by the Malagasy themselves, under the direction of a 'Native union for benefiting the soldiers defending the fatherland,' and, from a printed report just issued by that society, it appears that \$4,151 have been collected, and, in order that this money and other gifts should reach the soldiers themselves, some of the most trustworthy natives—pastors and evangelists—have been entrusted with the money and have gone with it to the seat of war—east, north, and north-west. In these benevolent efforts the native churches (as it is always also at home) have been the chief actors, and all sections of Christians—including the Lutheran, the Anglican, the Roman Catholic—have taken their share in these contributions. The collection of rice has been largely due to the efforts of the Malagasy Women's Temperance Association, encouraged by Princess Ramandrazana, aunt to the Queen. It should also be noted that in addition to the above mentioned contributions to the large 'Union,' much larger sums have been given by separate congregations for soldiers who have gone from themselves; while the care of the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the war is looked upon as a sacred responsibility of the congregation to which their deceased relatives belonged.—London Missionary Chronicle.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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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, DECEMBER 31, 1895.

1895.

The year 1895 goes out in darkness for Christendom. The Christian powers of Europe are on sentry-go before the door of the Grand Turk's chamber of horrors, while to their full knowledge nameless atrocities are going on within.

FALSE PROPHETS.

It may possibly be a good provision of nature that in the formative stage in which the human race finds itself the vast majority of any community are governed in their convictions and sympathies by the mass around them.

MANITOBA'S LAST WORD.

Mr. Greenway's reply to Sir Mackenzie Bowell's demand for remedial legislation is in reality intended for the ears of the Dominion Parliament and of the electors of the Dominion.

doubt be constitutional. When the government or Sir William Hingston therefore declares that the government is bound to give all the constitution grants, and the minority ought not to be satisfied with less, they are simply 'talking through their hats.'

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

We have received several requests from readers for an account of the Monroe doctrine. The history of it is most interesting. If it was familiar to the people of the United States it would result in a different tone towards Great Britain.

The Holy Alliance, now composed of France in addition to Austria, Prussia and Prussia, invited all Europe to interfere in Spain for the restoration

of Ferdinand. At that time one of the ablest and most enlightened statesmen the world ever saw was powerful in England in the person of George Canning. Canning, who was a real lover of the people, who laid the foundations in England of free trade by establishing a system of commercial reciprocity treaties looking to that end, and who struggled hard against the reactionary policy of the European rulers on behalf of England, protested strongly against the intervention of the Holy Alliance in Spain for the restoration of Ferdinand.

James Monroe was President at that time, and received Canning's proposition. He made no reply to it at the time, but a few months later he embodied Canning's suggestions in his annual message to Congress on Dec. 2, 1823. His words were:

We owe it to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and these powers (European powers, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and Spain), to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, as dangerous to our peace and safety.

Congress in response, by resolution of Dec. 23, 1823, made inquiries of the President for information relative to 'the determination of any sovereign or combination of sovereigns to assist Spain in the subjugation of her late colonies on the American continent.' This is the Monroe doctrine and these were the circumstances under which it was promulgated to secure.

and took a great piece of territory from her, and so it comes that to-day there are no two peoples so hated by Mexicans as the French and the Americans—'robbers both,' as the Mexicans say. Mexico is far more afraid of American 'protection' than of European invasion.

It will be seen at once that the Monroe doctrine is not applicable in any sense to the case of the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain. Indeed, it is wholly contrary to the doctrine itself to seek to apply it, for the doctrine contains the declaration that 'with the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere,' etc.

The Red Cross movement has been organized for work in Armenia under the generalship of Miss Clara Barton of Massachusetts, who sent forth her official call from Washington a week or two since, and proposes to lead an army of invasion into the troubled district.

In the recent Behring Sea sealing case, for instance, every legal point of international law was decided in her favor, but the arbitration empowered to decide as to the protection of seal life for the public good gave decisions in favor of the United States binding Great Britain to protect seal life on the high seas of the Pacific against the interests of her own people, a decision all the more inequitable as it did not bind other nations at all.

not inclined to observe their obligation to the decision of the arbitrators by compensating the British Canadian sealers, whose vessels they seized on the high seas and confiscated in defiance of international law. Great Britain is, therefore, somewhat shy of arbitration, but successive British governments have offered to arbitrate with Venezuela the question of all territories beyond the Schomburgk line.

THE RED CROSS.

The Red Cross movement has been organized for work in Armenia under the generalship of Miss Clara Barton of Massachusetts, who sent forth her official call from Washington a week or two since, and proposes to lead an army of invasion into the troubled district. The Red Cross movement is not essentially an American one. It exists under a treaty which was framed by a convention which met in Geneva in 1864, and which was immediately signed by several of the great powers.

which the benefactions shall reach the sufferers. If no such committee is appointed the 'Witness' will see that all sums reach the army of the Red Cross.

MONTREAL CENTRE.

There is not much danger of the significance of Friday's election in the Centre division of Montreal being underestimated by anybody or any party. The fact that stands broadly forth in full view is that the government has lost the confidence of the very heart of the city of Montreal, and indeed of the Dominion of Canada. The Liberals are to-day in possession of the very citadel of protection in Canada. A constituency which includes within its bounds the headquarters and chief mills and works of the greatest manufacturing interests of the country, the centre of all the great shipping interests, both ocean and inland, of the country; the all but greatest railway headquarters, and the greater part of the wholesale trade of the Dominion, whose industrial population are more liable than those of any other to be under pressure from protected interests, which have always been without conscience in the use of such pressure, and which have ever been lavish in expenditure on far less critical contests than this one, has, after a campaign in which the chief members of the government and the chief leaders of the Opposition have discussed at great length the opposing fiscal policies of the two parties, rejected the Conservative Protectionist candidate and elected the Tariff Reform Liberal candidate. There can be no doubt whatever that had protectionism had as strong a hold upon the masses of the people of Canada as it has had in former times the government candidate would have been triumphantly elected in spite of all adverse influences and of the most affectionate caresses of a popular pet. The Conservatives have refused to believe that the workmen's associations of this district, which have been passing tariff reform resolutions during the last three or four years, were in earnest. They must surely be convinced of it now when a majority of twelve hundred for a protectionist candidate of five years ago is to-day turned into a tariff reform majority of over three hundred.

This result was attained in the face of the greatest efforts on the part of the protectionist manufacturers, who knew well its importance as an effective influence upon the approaching general elections, which cannot much longer be postponed by a hopelessly discouraged government. The very greatest protectionist manufacturers and millers of the Dominion have led in the campaign, and they have been utterly defeated on their own ground, and that in a by-election in which the whole influence and power of the government was concentrated. It is not easy to say how far the Manitoba school question helped the Liberals; possibly it reduced their vote as much as it added to it. Every effort was made by circulars distributed at the church doors and otherwise to show that Sir William Hingston represented the policy of the Church, and this must have influenced many. Probably more were influenced pro and con by attempts made by Mr. McShane's supporters to prejudice Sir William Hingston in the minds of the French by recalling his policy as may-or in enforcing order on the day of the Guibord funeral and in the minds of the Irish by connecting him with the side of law and order in the Hackett row. These were powerful influences against him in the quarters in which they were used, and at least equally powerful influences in his favor in places for which they were not intended. Straight promises were made to the Orangemen that the government, in spite of its strong assertions to the contrary, would put forward no remedial legislation. It is, of course, impossible to say how far they were influenced by such promises to follow their habitual course. There was no occasion for any one on either side to be led astray by underhand talk. The Liberal policy on the school question, that of having an investigation and acting upon its showing, looking first amicably to Manitoba to do so, was loudly proclaimed. The electors knew and understood that party's stand on all issues.

It will be said that the personal influence of Mr. McShane had consider-

able effect, and this is true, but it does not, as the Conservative organs confess, explain the result, for Mr. McShane has been defeated when he was as popular as he is to-day. The Conservatives, too, had an exceedingly popular and strong candidate without any personal weakness. He is probably the strongest candidate they could have brought out in that division, a man who has the esteem of Irish, French and English, of Protestants and Catholics alike. The government candidate had, however, to contend against a feeling of apathy on the part of many Conservatives who are disgusted with the weakness and vacillation of the government. Sir Mackenzie Bowell has made many pledges to the Montreal Board of Trade which he never kept, especially in regard to customs reforms, and the tyranny of the government in its administration has created much ill-feeling. The course of the government in trading so openly upon appointments to office, and putting the whole country to inconvenience, while dangling these prizes before the eyes of members and political hacks in order to stimulate their partisan zeal, has disgusted the plain people. In fact, the people demand a change of government—even the people of the constituency in which the Curran bridge steal took place.

FURNISHED POWDER TO HIS ENEMIES.

Mr. Cleveland's Republican opponents have already utilized his war dance to set on foot a goodly measure of increased protection, placed where it will do them most political good, or, at least, of ostensible protection, placed where they hope it will do them political good. They are now going to make it pave the way to another measure dear to the protectionist heart, namely, an enormous increase in the expenditure. There is nothing your Protectionist likes so much as a heavy expenditure and good round deficits involving a keen need for money. Protective duties do not, it is true, yield money in so far as they are protective, but the need of money warrants the heavy taxation, and the heavy taxation goes chiefly into the pockets of the protected manufacturers—or else into their waste weirs, for most of it goes there. The United States Protectionists have always been the war party. Keeping up hatred with other nations has served them in two ways. It has made it easier for them to impose shackles on the people's commerce with other nations and easier to secure appropriations for war measures against them. This, then, is the next advantage that the Republicans hope to get out of having flouted Mr. Cleveland into shaking the national fist in Great Britain's face. They are demanding immense additions to the national armament by land and sea. They point out that going to war with nations already armed would find them at a tremendous disadvantage—that, in fact, the fist-shaking has been to invite a drubbing, and they demand that the nation shall be prepared to shake its fist when it likes. True, the moment when the treasury is empty and the whole financial system of the country is tottering is not the very best time to create suddenly an armament equal to those whose gradual development and maintenance are sapping the life blood of the European nations, but then, all the more need for heroic taxation and all the more remote is tariff reform. The political capital Mr. Cleveland is making out of his reckless war message seems to go chiefly to the credit of his enemies.

WILL HE YIELD?

The New York 'Journal of Commerce,' the highest financial authority in the United States, says that a financial collapse can only be averted by President Cleveland changing his warlike attitude. He having been in the past the impersonation to the world of calmness and prudence and broad-mindedness, his losing his head has simply destroyed all confidence in the future. Only his restoration to sanity can restore confidence, if that can now restore confidence sufficient to prevent the collapse which was before Mr. Cleveland's war message only being postponed from month to month by heroic loans. This does not come from an enemy of Mr. Cleveland, but from a supporter. In fact all the severest comments on Mr.

Cleveland's course have come from those who were his steady and earnest admirers. His old opponents have naturally applauded his coming over to their attitude, but their new admiration is not even skin deep, while all the real admiration which Mr. Cleveland enjoyed from the best and wisest men of the nation has been turned into hopeless contempt. Will the President accept this advice which is being despairingly tendered him by all his old friends? They all know his stubborn unmoveableness—how he stood like a rock and breasted the assaults of the whole nation on the tariff question and the silver question and on the banking question. Beautiful to see was that unshaking, unshrinking firmness in which the nation—and other nations—learned to trust, for in the bottom of their hearts even his opponents felt that in these things he was in the main right. But what if he should cling with like tenacity to the wrong stand he has now taken! As no nation suffers alone, and as Canada particularly sympathizes with the United States in money matters, it becomes necessary to prepare for a squall and to be ready to take in all sail. This is disappointing just as we had hoped that we were emerging from a long period of depression. Let us hope for the best and prepare for the worst.

MEN WANTED

Is it not a melancholy thing that committees of citizens should be seeking, and seeking almost in vain, for fit and proper persons to fill the posts of aldermen? The fact of the existence of such committees proves that civic patriotism is not absolutely dead. The tenacity of their numbers proves how little of it there is. The difficulty of finding candidates suggests two things—first, something wrong in our civic constitution, and, second, something lacking in our public spirit. Our system by which committees of aldermen give personal attention to the details of administration imposes on an alderman a burden of service for which none but a boodler can recompense himself, and none but a hero in independent circumstances can be expected to do for nothing. There are two ways of removing the disabilities thus imposed, and which so grievously limit our choice, both of which we should be inclined to adopt. One is to delegate the administrative work to the heads of departments, as the Toronto City Council is now spontaneously doing, and as an honest council would naturally do for two reasons. First, the aldermen cannot do the work, and secondly, they would naturally, to save themselves, hand it to those who are paid to do it. What makes aldermen do otherwise in public affairs from what they are only too prone to do in private affairs is that some are trying to work the machine to their own personal advantage and that of their satellites, while others have to watch them. The right position is for the experts to do the administration, whose duty it is, and for the aldermen to watch them, but not to take any hand of their own in the administration. This would make the position of alderman infinitely easier and greatly increase the number of competent and available men. The other method of relieving the situation is to pay the aldermen. Paying an alderman does not make him more honest, nor does it make the position less attractive to dishonest men, but it certainly would increase the number of honest men who could make it possible to do duty in that capacity.

But is there not something wrong in our public spirit also? Long ago, when people had to huddle in cities to protect each other against robber lords there was no lack of civic patriotism. A man's city was his country; he had been born in it, and his ancestors before him, and its hero traditions were his last possession. When life grew safer the cities held a smaller proportion of the human race, who spread abroad over the land or clustered in hamlets. Facilities of travel and transport and the complexity of modern life are again drawing the great masses of mankind into cities. A disadvantage of the modern situation is that the great majority of the people of any city do not count themselves as belonging to it. The older generation who were not born in it count them-

selves merely sojourners. The young grow up with no public spirit and waste in frivolity energies which the very safety of the community demands of them for public uses. The distresses of the by-ways are not their affair; the city's mismanagement does not humiliate them or trouble them except as they become conscious of it in their pockets. What is important to them is the football game and the yacht race. Those are the things they count worth living for. If they have any loyalty to their town it centres in its success on the playground. Yet the rendering of a city a fit and ennobling place to live in, the cultivation in a community of a love for the community is surely a worthy matter for the ambition and a fit use for the energy of young men who have leisure and energy to spare. Those who are doing well in Montreal owe it to what has been done for Montreal by others, and owe something in their turn to the city that gives them a prosperous living. We have been glad to note of late the uprising of the women of Montreal in the interest of a public matter. Is it not the turn of young men?

It is said that since the election in North Ontario the Patrons have decided to drop prohibition, which did them harm there. We do not clearly see the need of forming a new party only to trim its sails to the wind. That, as we have understood it, is the very thing the Patrons are a protest against. What have they in their programme that will in the remotest way compare with prohibition in importance? The fact of the case is, however, that in Dominion politics the Patrons cannot drop prohibition, having never taken it up. Their provincial bodies have adopted it, but the opposing influences have been so far sufficient to prevent its adoption in their national platform, though before the North Ontario election this was looked for at an early day. The Patrons did not make that election a prohibition fight. True, their candidate, Mr. Brandon, was a pronounced prohibitionist, but the Dominion Alliance, though repeatedly writing to the county, could get no invitation to take part in the fray. Mr. Buchanan, however, of the Royal Templars, went boldly into the field and gave them possibly more prohibition than they wanted. Whether this proved an advantage or a disadvantage to Mr. Brandon in the vote way we do not know. The confession that it was a disadvantage only proclaims the control the liquor traffic has got of the politics of the country and implies the greater need of making war against it. We hope that the patriots among the Patrons will take hold and control the machine men. We do not need any more machine politics.

The Liberal party not having obtained in the Cardwell election half as many votes as the winning candidate have forfeited their deposit, whereat much glee on the part of their opponents. We hope the Liberal party will take this petty annoyance enough to heart to induce them to abolish the provision of the election law which ordains it. As a money loss of two hundred dollars it is no doubt a very petty annoyance indeed to a great party, but as an intrigue for preventing independent political movements it means a great deal of bondage to the country. It is an entrenchment of machine politics, preventing the intrusion of non-party candidates. Its effect is to prevent the conscientious voter from voting for the principles he sets store by and to limit him to a choice between one or other of the great parties. The object of the law is no doubt to prevent irresponsible persons bringing about an election contest for personal gain where the cost of one might be spared. For that purpose a reasonably long requisition might be required at nomination, but to lay financial disabilities on minorities seems mean. When there is to be a contest anyway this argument for the law disappears, and in that case at least the provision might be repealed.

The Patron movement is a protest against Toryism chiefly. It originated with Tories who did not want to go over to the Liberals, but could no longer stand the extravagance, corruption and protection monopoly of the Conservatives. The Mc-

Carthy movement was certainly a schism from the Conservative party. Its principles are, roughly speaking, those of the Orangemen who were always Conservatives, with tariff reform added. Yet from the independent Patron movement in North Ontario the Liberals suffered most and from the independent McCarthy movement in Cardwell the Liberals suffered most. From independent movements of any sort the Liberals are always likely to suffer most. The Conservative party is the party of pooled interests, and no principles of any sort can be expected to invade it in the same degree. The Liberal party is, on the other hand, the party of individual convictions, and the result is that every movement based on personal convictions makes large inroads into it. These losses are a testimony, at least, to the independence of the men who compose the Liberal party.

Mr. Cleveland's war paint has given his Republican enemies the chance they wanted to undo the work which has been his chief achievement. The Republican Congress is taking treasonable advantage of the country's sudden need of money to enact a considerable increase of protection. As protection precludes revenue, the protective intent of the proposed tariff is a disloyal party trick. The advances are all addressed to the farmers in fulfillment of election promises. The wool duty so much agitated for is to be made very heavy, with an equally heavy rebate on the manufactured article. If wool now goes up proportionately the farmers will be pretty well hooked, although, for most of them, wool is a very small matter compared with what they unwittingly lose by protection. If wool does not go up, however—if it shows rather a tendency to recent cossetting, as it is said to have pretty uniformly done before, the farmers may get a lesson in free trade of a very practical kind.

It is pleasing to hear that the persistent rumors about a jingo commission are contradicted by those near the person of the President to say that Mr. Cleveland is in search of persons who are not known as party politicians and whose fitness and impartiality will enforce respect. This is what every one would have looked for from Mr. Cleveland had not his singular aberration in proposing a commission whose decision shall be enforced by war if necessary put all calculations out. The English papers rightly say that, although England cannot recognize a commission of such impertinent origin, it may well respect a body of able and well-meaning men seeking to enlighten their own nation on an issue in which it interests itself, and will, of course, through channels which it can recognize, furnish them with all available material for coming to a correct conclusion.

SEND IN RENEWALS, PLEASE.

The renewals are arriving daily in large numbers, and a copy of the pretty picture 'Pansy Blossoms' is being mailed to each subscriber as he renews. We cannot acknowledge to each by letter, and we take this means of conveying our thanks to all those friends who have so kindly complied with our request to send forward their renewals. We still have a large number to receive, and we look forward to commencing the year with a very busy week. All those who have not yet sent forward their renewals we would remind to do so without any further delay. The addressed envelope and circular has been forwarded, reminding those whose subscription terminated on Dec. 31. We want to see every one of these envelopes returned bearing the renewal of each old subscriber and as many new names as they can send. Now do make the 'Witness' feel really happy on New Year's week. A little effort on the part of each will boom our circulation to the triumphal point. Please lend a hand.

OUR PRIZE WINNERS.

J. B. Strickland, of Trenton, Nova Scotia, who won the splendid rifle in the competition, writes: 'I received the gun to-day, just in time to prepare for a day's sport to-morrow. The gun is all that it is said to be, and I am thankful for it, and will try again for other prizes in the future.'

AN EXPLANATION TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')
Sir,—I see you are sending 'Pansy Blossoms' as each subscriber's renewal is received. What of those (like mine) which are not due till the end of June? Are you going to pass over that class of your subscribers because they have paid six months ahead of present date? I ask the question because I have not seen in all your notices regarding the picture one word to say that they will not be forgotten. I suppose all regular subscribers will have the pleasure of receiving your picture.

Yours truly,
D. M. PURDON.
Rockville, Yarmouth Co., N.S., Dec. 21, 1895.

The above is the third communication received on the same subject, and for the information of our subscribers the picture 'Pansy Blossoms' will be forwarded to each subscriber as they renew, until all are supplied. A beginning has to be made at some time for forwarding the pictures, and those whose subscription will terminate three, six, nine or eleven months hence will receive them in their turn as the renewal subscriptions arrive.

NEW UNITED STATES TARIFF.

Washington, Dec. 25.—Despite Democratic appeals for delay and Democratic assertion that such legislation was unnecessary, the tariff and bond bills prepared by the Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee were ordered to be favorably reported at the full meeting of the committee this morning, by a strict party vote. The Democrats made a general protest against both measures.

Washington, Dec. 25.—The full text of the Financial bill to maintain and protect the Coin Redemption Fund, and to authorize the issue of certificates of indebtedness to meet temporary deficiencies of revenue is as follows:—
Be it enacted, etc.,
That, in addition to the authority given to the Secretary of the Treasury by the act approved on Jan. 14, 1875, entitled, 'An act to provide for the resumption of specie payments,' he is authorized from time to time, at his discretion, to issue, sell and dispose of, at not less than par, coin, coupon, or registered bonds of the United States, to an amount sufficient for the object stated in this section, bearing not to exceed three percent interest per annum, payable semi-annually and redeemable at the pleasure of the United States in coin, after five years from their date, with like qualities, privileges and exemptions provided in said act for the bonds therein authorized. And the Secretary of the Treasury shall use the proceeds thereof for the redemption of the United States legal tender notes, and for no other purpose. Whenever the Secretary of the Treasury shall offer any of the bonds authorized for sale by this act, or by the Resumption Act of 1875, he shall advertise the same and authorize subscriptions thereof, to be made at the Treasury Department and at the sub-treasuries, and designated depositories of the United States.

Section 2. That to provide for any temporary deficiency now existing, or which may hereafter occur, the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized, at his discretion, to issue certificates of indebtedness of the United States to an amount not exceeding fifty million dollars, payable in three years after their date to the bearer in lawful money in the United States, of the denomination of twenty dollars or multiples thereof, with coupons for interest at the rate of three percent per annum, and to sell and dispose of the same for not less than an equal amount of lawful money of the United States at the Treasury Department, and at the sub-treasuries and designated depositories of the United States and at such post-offices as he may select. And such certificates shall have the like qualities, privileges and exemptions provided in said Resumption Act for the bonds therein authorized. And the proceeds thereof shall be used for the purpose prescribed in this section, and for no other.

Washington, Dec. 26.—By a vote of 235 to 81, the House at 5.30 p.m., passed the bill reported by Mr. Dingley, (Rep. Me.), from the Committee on Ways and Means, 'To temporarily increase revenue to meet the expenses of the government and to provide against a deficiency.' The bill was presented to the House immediately after the reading of the journal, and then Mr. Henderson, (Rep. Ia.), reported a resolution from Committee on Rules providing for debate on the bill until five o'clock, a vote to be taken then on its passage. The rule was antagonized by Messrs. Crisp, McMillan and Turner, of Georgia, on the ground that it afforded no opportunity for amendment, and not sufficient time for debate, and advocated by Messrs. Dazell and Henderson, who urged that the situation admitted of no delay.

Several Republicans went on record as voting against its passage. When this had been disposed of, there remained three and one-half hours for the discussion of the bill itself. The debate was participated in for the Republicans by Messrs. Dingley, Dazell, Hopkins, Grosvenor, Arnold, Knox, and Dooliver, in support of the bill, and by Messrs. Crisp, Wheeler, McMillan, Dockery, and Turner, Democrats; and Bell, Populist, Colorado, against the bill. The opposition was based upon the theory already proposed—an increase of revenue was not what was needed, and that there was money enough in the Treasury to meet all claims for two or three years to come, even if the present rate of deficit were maintained. It was also contended that the bill was a general revision of the tariff.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

London, Dec. 24.—A despatch from Rome to the 'Pall Mall Gazette' says that the Prince of Naples, heir to the Italian throne, is engaged to be married to Princess Mathilde, granddaughter of Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria.

THE WITNESS JUBILEE SYMPOSIUM.

Stories of Fifty Years Ago.

Stories of our early subscribers this week bring together groups of persons long since passed away, and incidents of most stirring nature connected with them. They locate places and describe incidents not only pleasing but instructive. The old Sunday market, spoken of by Mr. Irwin, has not previously been alluded to by anyone, and the enquiry for the old 'hole-in-the-wall' has caused a quickening of interest among the very oldest inhabitants. Tom Mc-

the Grand Trunk Railway stands, and then joined the Craig street creek, crossing, if I am not mistaken, where the office of Dow's brewery now stands. Another creek ran down from the canal in rear of William street also joining with the others in Dow's brewery yard; then through the old college garden under the St. Ann's market to the river at Place Royal. I knew all the names which Mr. Masterman and Mr. Alexander spoke of in their account. My father worked as a barges maker with Mr. D. S. Torry for eleven years, and on the advice of Mr. Squira, who drove the



MR. ROBERT IRWIN.

Ginn's was a familiar name and will be easily recognized by persons who cannot go further back than thirty years.

MR. ROBERT IRWIN.

Mr. Robert Irwin, the well known saddler, whose store on McGill street was one of the landmarks, has many recollections of old times in Montreal. He says that the election riot which Mr. Masterman described, and in course of which the military fired upon the mob, grew out of religious animosity as much as anything else. Mr. Bagg was a Protestant, and Mr. Tracy was a Roman Catholic. It was about the time of the rebellion, and Mr. Tracy was against the government while Mr. Bagg supported it. Mr. Irwin was too young then to be in the ranks of the volunteers acting against the rebellion, but was in a boys' company which took after their fathers, and he drilled the company after the manner of their elders in the volunteers, whom they watched with great pride. The boys elected him captain. The British and Canadian School, Mr. Bruce's school, Mr. Black's school, all joined against the French school boys in those days, and stone fights and snowball fights were common enough. The college boys on College street were the chief parties on the other side, and College street was often the battle ground. The college of that day is Mount St. Mary College now. The English boys from Scanlan's school sometimes joined the other English-speaking schools in their small wars.

Mr. Irwin says: I recollect the cholera carts well. The old cholera doctor I remember also. He was a character. He had two horses and people said he fed them on shavings. One thing I distinctly remember was the firing of cannon in the streets. This was done to clear the air of impurities and mitigate the danger from cholera infection.

The river front was very peculiar. Ships would come as near to the shores as they could, and would throw out a gangway reaching to the bank. In this way they unloaded or took on cargo. Women washed their clothes in a creek that ran down William street from the canal near McCord street. St. Joseph street—now Notre Dame—divided what was then called Fief Nazareth from Fief St. Joseph. Fief Nazareth was afterwards called Griffintown. Mr. Irwin was in the 'Protector' Fire Company, and saw the Hayes House burned at the time of the great fire in 1852, and also the fire which burned Rascoe's hotel and the Masonic hall while the Mason's ball was in progress. This hotel and hall were opposite the western end of Bonsecours Market.

My first recollection of school was in the British and Canadian, now occupied by Messrs. Ewing as a spice mill. The master was Mr. Minchin. Mr. W. Lunn was one of the directors. The prizes given in those days were not books, but useful articles for the house, such as spoons, knives, forks, and such like, collected from the merchants of St. Paul street. On the ground where the present Freres school stands was the old Sunday market, called such to distinguish it from the market where the Revenue Inspector's office now stands, called Place Royal. I played around the Sunday market and ran races with the boys many days. A creek ran down St. Lawrence street, through the back yards on the west side, crossing over to the east side and thence into another creek on Craig street to Dow's Brewery. Another creek ran down the swamp where

stage with sixteen horses, he was induced to open a small shop in McGill street, where Mr. Cauthers had a blacksmith's shop—the same place as John and Charles Curran (one the father of the present Judge Curran) had. The ground in the rear of the shop was the old circus ground, and the place where the Billy Button riot took place when I was quite a young lad.

On College street Mr. Ladamme, father of the late Hon. Mr. Ladamme, kept a large and successful dry goods store.

On McGill street, east side, corner of College street, stood the General Brock Hotel, the yard of which was the winter market for frozen mutton, poultry and pork. On the corner of St. Maurice street stood the old Ottawa Hotel, kept by Mr. John Hall, grandfather of the present Hon. J. S. Hall, and the office for the Upper Canada Stage Company. From this place the stages for Lachine started every morning, passing up through the Exchange Hotel court by Lemoine street and St. Paul street.

On the opposite side of McGill street Mr. Cushing kept the office of another stage company, afterwards occupied by Mr. Stethern, saddler. The next house was occupied by Mr. D. S. Torry, saddler, and it was the place where my father was foreman. This old house is where I spent fifty-two years of my life as saddler, from 1840 to 1892, when I removed to 59 Beaver Hall, my present place of business. On the corner of McGill and St. Paul street Mr. Phillips had his grocery store, until he built the brick houses on a lease of fifty years, the same now belonging to the city of Montreal. Mr. Milligan had a dry goods store on the corner now occupied as the Western House, further up the street.

Next to our shop Mr. Bruce kept a school where many of our merchants received their business education. Some of them may be living to-day, and can remember the place. Dr. Fraser also occupied the next house as an apothecary shop and practised his profession as a medical doctor. Again a professional's shop was opened by Mr. Fletcher, now the present Col. Fletcher. When he removed to Notre Dame street Mr. Charles Alexander opened in the old stand. How many of the old names are now forgotten. Mr. King had a confectioner's store opposite my place, where Mrs. King and a servant girl were burned to death in a fire which took place about the Christmas busy time. The old creek at the bottom of McGill street, where the market now stands, was the receptacle of all the refuse from the tin shops. The Gray Nunnery just behind St. Ann's market, had a wall all around it, and Mr. Penn built his castle on Grey Nun street, next to the tavern kept by Mr. Dyer—a well-known place of resort at election times. Bruce's school room was used as a guard room during the winter of the rebellion and the St. Ann's market was used as a drill room. In the upper story Col. Holmes, Major Grant, Capt. Lyman and many others, the names of whom I have forgotten, drilled their battalion with great energy and effect. In St. Paul street the City Bank built their place of business, where Messrs. Greene and Thompson kept their fur and hat factory, now occupied by Greene & Sons. Mr. J. Blyth, Mr. Burroughs and others had stores opposite, and Mr. P. Brennan kept a tavern or public house on the corner. What a wonderful change has taken place since then!

As to the fire companies there were only volunteer men, and every one attending fires was pressed into line and handed buckets of water from one to the other until it reached the pumping machine as it was called. I think the

'Union' Fire Company was the first organized and others followed. The 'Protector' Company was No. 3, and Capt. Fletcher commanded them for several years, when I was one of the suction men. At that time we received the sum of six dollars a year for our services, with a premium for first water added to our pay. How different now with our splendid fire department. In the days long past the old tower of the French cathedral was the place where we rang the alarm on the big bell with a chain fastened to the tongue and a post. We boys always ran for a chance to shake the alarm chain, a privilege greatly prized by the small boys.

In 1835 my father took me to the Sunday-school in the American Church, corner of St. James street, where Morgan's store was built and at present occupied by the Hamiltons. St. James street was then the abode of most of the medical men before and after the rebellion, including Dr. Arnold, Dr. Neilson, Dr. McCulloch, Dr. Holmes and many others. Little St. James street was the most aristocratic place in the city.

I remember well when the 'Witness' commenced its career, and I have been a reader of it from that day to this. How well I remember the old printing office St. Paul street, Mr. J. C. Beckett having his office there. Mr. John Dougall, Mr. James Court, Mr. R. D. Wadsworth and others also had offices there. Mr. Wadsworth and the Committee of the Montreal Temperance Society used to hold their plenary and parades on the hill where the Unitarian Church now stands, with the Haymarket in the low ground of Victoria square, Craig street being an open creek.

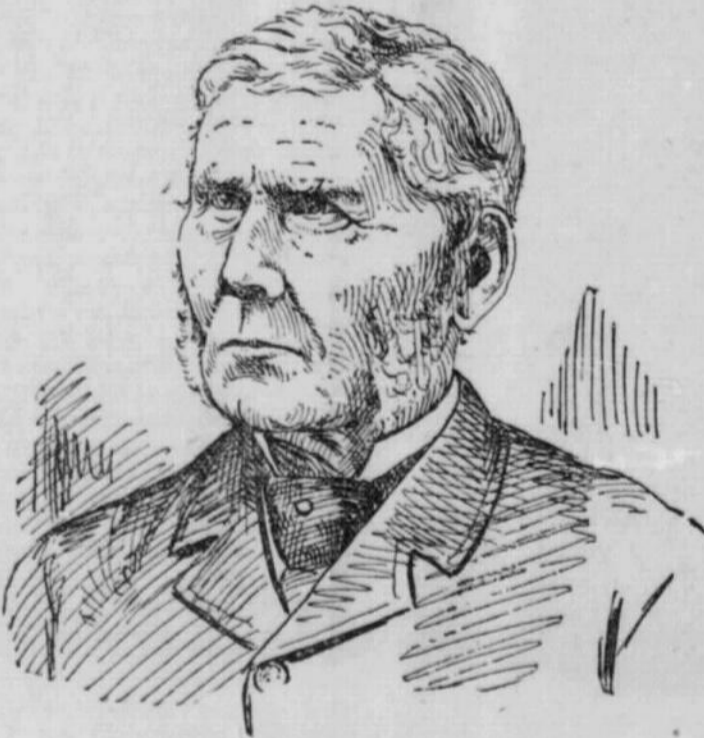
My earliest recollection of the temperance cause was when in the American Church Sunday-school, at the corner of St. James street and Victoria square. The Rev. Mr. Perkins was pastor at that time (1830), and a society was formed with the scholars and teacher. I very well remember a public discussion that took place in the hall of St. Ann's Market a few years after between the Rev. Mr. Perkins and the late Dr. W. Taylor, on the temperance side, and the late Thomas McGinn, afterward jailer of the city, and another the name of whom I have forgotten, on the opposition. It lasted quite a long time. The order was one half hour each alternately, and one argument used by Mr. McGinn which remains fixed in my memory was: Place Mr. Perkins and Mr. Taylor in one room, feed them with bread and water for one month; place my comrade and myself in another, giving us bread and beer—then see which of us will come out the fatter and most able-bodied. The house was divided every night and each party stood up for their own idea. How different the ending of the lives of these men many of us know well. About this time Mr. John Dougall came over to the temperance side, with many others well known since, such as Mr. J. C. Beckett, Mr. Laird Paton, Mr. James Court, Mr. R. D. Wadsworth, Mr. William Muir, Mr. N. B. Corse, Mr. G. W. Weaver, Mr. Benjamin Lyman. To name them all would fill the paper. Mr. J. C. Beckett printed the 'Temperance Advocate' for many years and the 'Witness' continues to the present day to advocate the same cause and make up for the loss of the former papers.

In the Sunday-school work some other well known Sunday-school workers will give particulars of that work. I may say that I still continue in the good work and am now teacher of the infant class in Dominion Square.

Mr. Irwin was born in 1824.

MR. WILLIAM M'NAUGHTON, ORMS-TOWN, QUE.

Mr. McNaughton, of Ormstown, has been a subscriber to the 'Witness' since its first number. He emigrated from near Stirling, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1831, landed in Quebec, on April 29, and Montreal on May 8, on the 'Canada', commanded by Captain Allan. He then went to Chateauguay County and worked for his uncle, Mr. Peter McArthur. Chateauguay was very sparsely settled at that time. He returned to Montreal in 1833, went to New York in 1836, returned to Canada in 1840, and worked at his trade as carpenter and builder at



MR. WILLIAM M'NAUGHTON.

Ormstown. He settled at Ormstown in 1841. The village was newly started. He bought a lot and built a house which he occupies to this day. There were just five houses built at that time. He married in 1847. Mr. McNaughton has always followed the 'Witness' closely and has been active in temperance work. Ormstown was in early days a great place for liquor drinking. Mr. McNaughton set the example by signing the pledge and forming a temperance society, carried it on nine years before the Sons of Temperance were organized. This society or lodge is still in existence. The 'Witness' has been a power for good in Ormstown, and can be found in the homes of the most respectable and thrifty people, who make up the best citizens of our Dominion. Mr. McNaughton further says: 'I am in my

eighty-eighth year and attend to business daily in my shop at Ormstown. I have remarkably good health and owe it to my temperance.' Mr. McNaughton has attended a few of the grand conventions of the Sons of Temperance as delegate. He always attends the local and provincial conventions of the Dominion Alliance. He is the only charter member alive of Bethel Division, No. 5. It was in his carpenter's shop that the first grand temperance rally was held on June 29, 1842.

SOME INCIDENTS FROM COL. LYMAN.

Col. Lyman, whose memory of old days and incidents is good, tells of mounting guard and doing 'sentry go' over the late Sir Geo. Cartier, Cherrier and others when they were in the Montreal jail after the rebellion. He was one of Capt. Leclere's No. 1 company of Montreal Rifles, too, when they went to bury one of the rebels named Amury Girod, who shot himself and died in Montreal jail. The company was ordered to escort the body to the cross roads at Sherbrooke and St. Lawrence streets. The law governing the burial was that the dead man should be buried where four roads crossed and that a stake be driven through his body. The law was not carried out to the latter barbarity, no stake having been driven through the poor body; but it was buried there at the north-east corner of the street and there was an immense crowd to witness the event. The whole line of march was lined with people, from the jail up, and the volunteers marched with fixed bayonets and arms at the 'port,' ready for instant use in case they should be attacked, which, owing to the excitement, was not at all unlikely. There was no volley fired over the poor fellow, nor was there other military ceremonial. The company present was simply the armed part of the law power, which was then heavy on rebellion.

Col. Lyman furnishes the full list of members of the Union Fire Company, and the terms of agreement under which the company was organized just a year or two previous to the birth of the 'Witness.' The following are the survivors of the list:—Mr. J. A. Mathewson, who his friends will deeply regret to learn, is just at present laid up with a severe attack of rheumatism; Mr. Henry Lyman, Mr. J. Ruthven, Mr. Wm. Rodden, Col. T. Lyman, Mr. C. N. Sims, and Mr. A. F. Sabine.

ORIGINAL AGREEMENT ENTERED INTO ON JULY 31, 1841.

We, the undersigned, agree to form ourselves into an Engine Company, under the auspices of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, who will provide us with an engine and the necessary apparatus, and keep the same in repair. As the law provides clothing and pay for but twenty-five men, one captain, one lieutenant, we agree to throw the amount of pay we may receive into a common fund for procuring dresses, etc., for the number attached to our engine over twenty-five, as it is desirable to have the company more efficient than it would be by limiting it to so small a number:—

Captain, Benj. Lyman; Lieutenant, N. S. Frost; Wm. Muir, N. B. Corse, S. H. May, Henry Lyman, J. Ruthven, A. McDowell, J. McWaters, Wm. Rodden, secretary; J. A. Mathewson, T. Lyman, R. Cooke, R. Kneeshaw, A. Fee, C. N. Sims, E. Pullen, Wm. Pullen, J. Redhead, Wm. Hardie, J. Cummins, A. F. Marshall, P. McArthur, G. French, Wm. Dunwoody, A. F. Sabine, A. McGowan, G. A. Holland, S. P. Holcomb, G. Hart, J. Potter, J. C. Beckett, J. Mussen, J. C. Beers, J. J. Beers, R. Laird, E. E. O'Brien, R. Graham, J. Springale, G. N. Johnson.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN M'DONALD.

'One incident of the rebellion that I recollect well,' said Col. Lyman, 'was the arrest of a lawyer named McDonald, who left Montreal to assume command of the rebel army. He was a French-Canadian with a Scotch name, and he carried with him a rebel flag and a list of names of Montreal loyalists that were to be arrested and punished by him when the rebel army was in possession of Montreal. Well, he was arrested and brought back to Montreal before he had been twenty-four hours gone. I looked out of

in great profusion at the time. We heard that the rebels were coming into the city, and that night every road into Montreal was guarded. There were in Canada at that time the Twenty-fourth, Fifteenth and Twenty-second Regiments of the line, but they were scattered widely—a detachment here, a guard there, and a company elsewhere. Sir John Colborne was the governor of Upper Canada at the moment, and as he was a general in the British army, he was ordered to come down and take command of the forces. I have presented arms to him when on guard at his house, and I recollect that his second son joined the Fifteenth regiment, at the time in Chambly. He was a bright-looking young fellow, full of enthusiasm over his first soldiering, and I have just read of the news of his death in the 'Broad Arrow.' He died Sir Francis Colborne. Gen. Sir John Colborne lived in the house where Notre Dame Hospital now stands, and I remember how he looked on the day he started for the front at St. Eustache. He was escorted by Jones's troop of cavalry, and had twenty-five or thirty staff officers with him. Away they went, flying

FROM THE UNITED STATES.

WHAT ABOUT THE 'HOLE IN THE WALL'?

A subscriber in the United States, a minister, says:—'Perhaps you will allow me to say that the 'Witness' gives me more articles for clipping out and putting into scrap-books than any other paper I read.

I am specially pleased with your articles which have appeared recently on questions touching the relation of the United States to England and Canada.

In those articles which commemorate your jubilee I looked in vain for the remarks I supposed would certainly be made on the old log house, called the 'Hole in the wall,' that used to stand on Notre Dame street not far from St. Peter street, on the side nearest St. James street. Can none of your old subscribers tell us something of the times when that house was built and removed, and the use to which it was put?

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—In reading your allusion to the many benevolent institutions that that



MR. DAVID YOUNG.

past us at the gallop, and some idea of their energy may be gleaned when I tell you they never drew rein until they reached St. Martin. Their horses were steaming when they got there. There was not much time lost, I tell you.'

MR. DAVID YOUNG.

Mr. David Young of Caledonia Springs, writes:—I came to Montreal in the year 1842. At that time it was a small city. There was not a house on Beaver Hill Hill. All above that was grass fields. The late Mr. Laird Paton, Mr. Alex. Ramsay and I were carpenters together in Glasgow. We went into partnership when we came to Montreal, and we did the carpenter work on the four first houses that Mr. John Redpath built on Beaver Hill. Through his kindness we got the work of the Montreal Bank. We also did the work of the founder of the 'Witness,' the late Mr. John Dougall's house, at the foot of the mountain. It was among the first houses built there. There was no reservoir then. Those who had no wells were supplied from water carts, three palls for one penny, and I used to get my dry goods and other supplies from Mr. John Dougall's store. I was personally acquainted with him, and often met him at meetings, both temperance and Christian. We often walked to our places of business together. I had a high respect for him. He was a noble man and lives in the heart of many a reader of the 'Witness.' I remember the little office where the 'Witness' was first printed by Mr. Beckett. I began with the first copy of it, and have taken it ever since. I sent it to friends in Scotland for a few years. I took the New York 'Witness,' the 'Dominion Monthly,' and the 'Northern Messenger' for years. I now take the 'Sabbath Reading.' I could not do without the 'Witness.' When I came to live in the country I got a number of my neighbors to take it. No one can tell the good the Montreal 'Witness' has done and is still doing. Long may the 'Witness' be printed. A small band of us long ago met in Gosford street church for prayer every Sunday morning. I think I am about the only one left. I saw the death of one of the little group in the 'Witness' recently—Mr. Middleton, of St. Andrew's. I send you my photograph. It was taken about ten years ago. I am now 82 years of age.

MR. W. M. RYDER, ST. JOHNS, QUE.

Mr. W. M. Ryder writes as follows:—'In response to your invitation for information in reference to the 'Witness' jubilee, I would state that after my work on the East End Methodist Church was finished, I removed to St. Johns, and have lived ever since. When living at Iberville (then called Christville), I was the neighbor of Mrs. Brown and her two unmarried daughters, three Christian ladies, always organizing something for good. The last one, Miss Rachael, died not very long ago in Montreal, at the residence of her brother, Mr. John O. Brown. It was at one of those evening meetings that the late Mr. John Dougall, the founder of the 'Witness,' who was visiting them, was introduced to me. The subject of his just starting the Montreal 'Witness' was then talked over, and was made the subject of prayer for its future success. I have been almost a constant reader ever since. Some time before the removal from the old office of the 'Witness,' to its present new one on Craig street I met Mr. Dougall on the street. We recognized each other and spoke of the circumstances at Christville. He remembered it. Surely those prayers have been answered, for success has attended the Montreal 'Witness.' I hope it will continue to do so.'

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY ABOUT IT.

THE SHERBROOKE 'EXAMINER.'

The Montreal 'Witness' will receive many sincere congratulations from individuals, as well as from the press, on the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. The 'Witness' has achieved great success as a newspaper in spite of great obstacles, and now wields an influence on public opinion second to no other journal in the Dominion. Its influence, indeed, is greater, today than it has ever been, for two reasons. In the first place, genuine independence in things political, at any rate, is better understood and more appreciated in the country than it was, say, twenty or thirty years ago. The 'Witness' has steadily displayed the honest independence. It has pulled 'against the stream' strong. Its policy has been noted and understood as a very different thing from so-called independence which professes to lead while really following the humor of the moment. As an instance, the 'Witness' steadily advocated free trade after it had been practically abandoned by both parties and at a time when its earnest votaries were few and far between in the country. It is not too much to say that the current which has set in in favor of free trade to-day is largely due to the steady and intelligent persistence of the 'Witness.' But another thing has broadened the influence of the journal. The 'Witness' itself has broadened with the times. Its sympathies, intellectual, moral and social, are distinctly broader and higher than they were even ten years ago, and, that, too, without any loss of earnestness.

The task of journalism, when it is inspired with purpose beyond that of financial success, does not become less complex or less difficult with the spread of knowledge, the progress of discovery and the march of science. It is particularly complex and difficult in a transition period like the present, when the whole field of knowledge is being ploughed up for new investigation, and when all that has been held most sacred is subjected to closest scrutiny. For the true journalist, however, an ancient maxim may still serve for guidance. Dean Stanley has told us how, perplexed with the manifold character of the Time Spirit, he turned to Thomas Carlyle for a guiding motto. The philosopher's reply was, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.'

In the work of reforms, the 'Witness' has been unwearied and wide reaching, and we wish it all success for the future.

A GREETING FROM OAKVILLE.

This is the jubilee year of the Montreal 'Witness' the first number of that publication having been issued in December, 1845. What a change has been wrought in the paper during that time. While the purpose and plan of conducting the 'Witness' have remained substantially the same, the paper itself has

grown from a small sheet published in a single little room, to a larger sheet semi-weekly, then tri-weekly and afterward a daily, until now it occupies a building covering ten thousand feet of land in the heart of the city.

any quarter or class in the land. Long may it live to promote all that is good and desirable in our glorious Dominion is our sincere prayer.—Colborne 'Express,' Dec. 12.

ATLMEK'S GOOD WISHES.

The Montreal 'Witness' is now fifty years old, the first number having been issued in December, 1845.

'powers that be' at Ottawa. In its civic and provincial politics it is always in favor of economy and honesty.

FROM NEW YORK SLATE.

The Montreal 'Witness' is just closing its jubilee year, marking half a century's growth from a very small weekly published in a little room off a general printing office to a semi-weekly, a tri-weekly, and a daily occupying a building, covering 10,000 square feet of land, and furnished with all the appliances pertaining to a great modern daily.

THE OLD BRIGADE.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF LIEUT.-COL. FLETCHER, C.M.G.

Reminiscences of by-gone Montreal are always interesting, especially when told by those who have been actors in the stirring scenes which laid the foundation of Montreal's prosperity.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.') Sir,—In looking over some old papers the other day I came across a copy of an ode written by the Brigade Poet (an active fireman attached to the staff of the old 'Transcript') to celebrate a parade of the fire brigade on the occasion of the annual inspection by the Mayor and City Council in July, 1845.

TURN-OUT OF THE FIREMEN.

The Firemen looked grand in our city, So on 'Neptune's' sons I'll write a ditty, And may our kind protector In his might be their director.

THE OLD CHOLERA DOCTOR.

While many accounts agree as to the efficiency, benevolence and peculiarity of this figure in the early history of Montreal, none has yet furnished a clue to his identity.

WITNESS' JUBILEE, GOOD WISHES.

The 'Witness' is celebrating its jubilee, the first number having been issued in 1845. The proprietor of no other paper that we know of can look back on its past career with the same satisfaction.

THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.

- The list of companies at inspection in July, 1845:— No. 1—Phoenix Engine Co., Capt. Hammond. No. 2—Neptune Engine Co., Capt. A. McNaughton. No. 3—Protector Engine Co., Capt. J. Fletcher. No. 4—Montreal Engine Co., Capt. A. Bertram. No. 5—Queen Engine Co., Capt. Wm. Spiers. No. 6—Mutual Engine Co., Capt. Jos. Poltras. No. 7—Hose Co., Capt. A. Samuels. No. 8—Union Engine Co., Capt. B. Lyman. No. 9—Hook and Ladder Co., Capt. D. Brown. No. 10—Hero Engine Co., Capt. M. Moses. Chief Engineer, Perrigo.

After the inspection on the Place d'Armes the companies marched through the principal streets with flags and banners flying. The engines and hose reels were gayly ornamented with flowers and bunting and a band from one of the regiments in the garrison headed the procession.

['For the 'Witness.' 'A HERO.']

'Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.'—Goldsmith Not he, who from life's battle comes unsmirched, With blameless reputation and unsullied name: Who from his cradle, guarded round with care, Is shielded from all harm, e'en to his grave, Not he hath lived the greatest, truest life, But he, who from his very birth hath warred Against an adverse fate and with the curse Hereditary taint, did fierce contend; And who, though oft struck down, hath 'ris'n again, Stronger from having fallen and with set purpose Hath striven to subdue his foul desires And make them like to God's. Yea, though defiled, Yet still can steadfast look into his Maker's face, And hear, 'Servant of God! Well done!' Ay, such a life is truly, nobly great; For having so achieved and won his crown And such as he doth God delight to honor.

CITY OWNERSHIP OF STREET RAILWAYS.

In a memorial presented to the Mayor of Chicago, Mr. C. L. Bonney, vice-president of one of the street railway companies of that city, urges important changes in the municipal treatment of intramural transportation.

INSTEAD OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

A novel system of paying postage on letters, a so-called 'postage added,' has been accepted by the German postal authorities.

THE SEXES IN THE SYNAGOGUE.

A movement is on foot among Jewish ladies in London to abolish the custom of separating the sexes in the synagogue.

JAPAN'S FUTURE FLEET.

Table with 2 columns: Rank, Japanese Navy, British Navy. Includes Admirals, Vice-Admirals, Rear-Admirals, Captains, Commanders, Lieutenants.

dreds, and thousands, etc., underneath the dials there are six push buttons, each of which bears a figure corresponding with the values of the German postage stamps principally in use, viz.: 3, 10, 20, 25 and 50 pfennigs.



Lying together in the Armenian cemetery, awaiting burial, were the bodies of two children who had been killed in the general slaughter of Armenians by the Turks on Oct. 30.

SOME OF THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE.

The six push buttons control the wheel bearing the figure dies, while the clockwork regulating the day and time is accessible only to the postal clerk who comes to inspect the apparatus once a week.

THE MASSACRES AT ERZEROU.

There have been few more terrible pages in modern history than the fearful record of the brutal and unprovoked massacres of peaceable and in-

JAPAN'S FUTURE FLEET.

The Japanese are going in for an extraordinary naval programme as regards the increase of their personnel.

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THE MASSACRES AT ERZEROU.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON THE THREE FOLLOWING DAYS SHOWING THE RESULTS.

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SOME OF THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRE.

offensive Armenian Christians which have been perpetrated by the Turkish troops in Asia Minor, and chronicled by the correspondents of our daily contemporaries.

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THE OLD CHOLERA DOCTOR.

dead bear so honorable a record, and the publishers have the congratulations of the 'Star' and its readers on its completion of a half century of usefulness in the journalistic field.

Throughout the Dominion of Canada the 'Witness' has become favorably known because of its independence, the fearless manner in which it deals with all questions pertaining to the public weal and its high moral tone.—Cobourg 'World' Dec. 18.

ALMONTE CONGRATULATIONS.

The first issue of the Montreal 'Witness' was published on Jan. 6, 1846. The specimen copy was issued in December, 1845—fifty years ago.

HEARTY WORDS FROM COLBORNE, ONT.

The Montreal 'Witness' celebrates its jubilee year this month, and from a very small beginning stands to-day in the front rank of Canadian journalism, improving and enlarging regularly with the growth and importance of its city and country.

THE OLD CHOLERA DOCTOR.

While many accounts agree as to the efficiency, benevolence and peculiarity of this figure in the early history of Montreal, none has yet furnished a clue to his identity.

WITNESS' JUBILEE, GOOD WISHES.

The 'Witness' is celebrating its jubilee, the first number having been issued in 1845. The proprietor of no other paper that we know of can look back on its past career with the same satisfaction.

FROM OUR PRESBYTERIAN NAMESAKE.

Our valued contemporary is enjoying its jubilee year. John Dougall, a sturdy, enthusiastic Scotsman, issued a specimen number of the paper in 1845.

Nothing could be more convincing as to the truth of the reports of massacres than the sight of corpses laid out in the cemetery waiting until one large common grave had been dug for their reception. It is impossible to state the exact number of the killed, but one correspondent heard of 400, and it is probable that the total reached about 1,000.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLIC,
Cramps and Cholera
Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dys-
entery and Summer Com-
plaints, Cuts, Burns, and
Bruises, Bites, Stings, and
Sunburn can all be prompt-
ly relieved by
PERRY DAVIS'
Pain Killer.

**ONE THING
IS
CERTAIN,
PAINKILLER
KILLS PAIN.**

Doze—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

**Why not try
WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT?**
Doctors highly recommend it to those

Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;
And to Nursing Mothers,
as it increases quantity and
improves quality of milk.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

**Keep Milch Cows
In Good Health**

Dick's Blood Purifier

IT PAYS.—It is useless to expect a lean, run-down cow to have a good flow of milk, though she will eat more than an animal in good flesh. The difficulty is the nutriment is not all extracted from the food because her digestion is out of order.

will strengthen the digestion and make the food produce milk. It will cost but fifty cents to try it on the poorest cow you have and you will get back your money with interest in a few weeks.

For sale by Druggists, at general stores or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cts.
Dick & Co., P. O. Box 482, Montreal.

**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COY'S
TAR SOAPS.**

Burton's All-Healing Tar and Clycerine,
Made from the original recipe used in all Maternity Hospitals. Pre-
vents loss of hair, removes Dandruff. The popular **PINE TAR,**
great Skin Tonic, and the

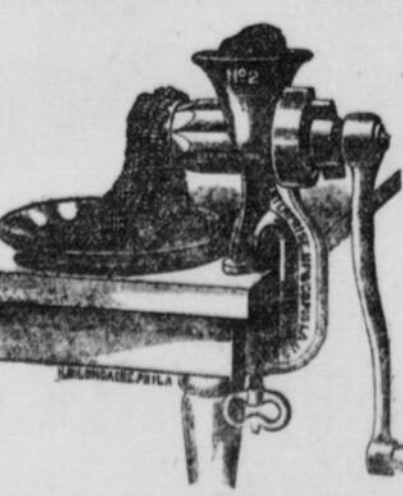
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Picturesque Canada.
A few more volumes left, complete in 41 parts.
PRICE, \$4.00.

Every Canadian should possess this work, and thus become better acquainted with the history of the Dominion.
A most complete and interesting history of the Dominion from the date of the earliest settlers, written by the Rev. Principal Grant, D. D., Queen's University, Kingston. Illustrated by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President Royal Canadian Academy.
The most interesting points from the Atlantic to the Pacific, number 555 illustrations.
This is an opportunity for parents to get a copy for the home and get the young people interested in their country.
Forwarded by mail on receipt of order. Address,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Office, Montreal.

ENTERPRISE MEAT CHOPPER.



This Meat Chopper is the new model No. 1 the very latest improved machine. A boon to every housekeeper. Comes apart in two pieces by a simple turn of the wrist. Has no small parts to lose, works easily. Cut the meat first in strips and it will cut a pound in a minute, leaves no meat in

the machine, and is easily cleaned. Send four subscribers to the "Weekly Witness" at one dollar each and secure one for your wife or daughter. "Weekly Witness" meat chopper, \$2.00. The meat, as will be packed ready for shipment, the receiver to pay express.

AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL.

[We invite communications from farmers giving their experiences 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.]

SMALL SIZED FACTORY CHEESE FOR HOME USE AND THE LOCAL MARKET.

A very practical and interesting paper was read at the recent annual meeting of the Agricultural and Experimental Union on the above subject, by Mr. J. F. Beam, of Willowdale Factory, Black Creek, Ont. It could not be condensed and summarized without extending the report already given to an unreasonable length, while the effort to be extremely brief would be unfavorable if not fatal to a clear comprehension of the subject. Being anxious that the readers of the "Witness" should have the full benefit of the paper, I have thought it might be well to devote an article to it, accompanying it with some introductory and concluding observations. While the foreign Canadian cheese trade is in a highly satisfactory condition, the home trade is far from being what it might and ought to be. This arises largely from the fact that we export our best cheese and retain the poorest for home consumption. This can be reversed if Mr. Beam's plan should come to be generally adopted. What the plan is and how it has been found to work, is stated with full particularity of detail in the following extracts from Mr. Beam's paper:

In procuring vats and presses to start a cheese factory on my farm, I obtained also a few small sized hoops for pressing small cheese. When making a number of full-size cheese per day, of sixty to seventy lbs. each, the daily remnant of pieces of curd were pressed in one or more of these small hoops. Thus quite a number of these little cheese were made in the course of the season. We also made a number of flats or turns about four to six inches thick. The local demand was good at the adjacent villages and the towns of the Niagara frontier. The price obtained for single 70-lb. cheese delivered was about one cent per lb. more than when shipping by wholesale. But from the first I could not supply the demand for the small-size cheese of 16 inches in diameter, weighing 12 to 30 lbs. each, and flats made in regular large size 14 inch hoop that would weigh about 25 to 35 lbs. The latter was much preferred by certain grocery men, because in cutting there was not only less waste, but a neater and more convenient parcel could be made for customers to carry home. Besides, being less likely than a full size cheese to remain on the counter to lose flavor by drying out. Of course others who cut up a large cheese in one or two days preferred the full size. My 65 factory patrons who supplied milk from one up to 18 cows, but mostly from a few cows each, nearly all made earnest request for the small size cheese for their own home use and that of their neighbors. We made some by special order of 10 lbs. and under. The more the small cheese went out from the factory the stronger came the demand for them from patrons of the factory, and other farmers, and also from townspeople. The cheese maker in charge, although most obliging to meet the demand of the patrons of the factory, was not at the first favorable to this outside demand for small cheese, and for a good reason as it took just about as much time and labor to press, bandage, and handle in the curing room a 7 to 10 or 15 lb. cheese as a 70-lb. one. The extra cost, although slight, was an item to take into consideration. To those who desired to buy a small cheese I would often say: 'I can cut you a piece just the size you like from one to ten pounds, more or less from a large cheese.' The almost invariable reply was to the effect that a piece of cheese cut in that way from a large cheese, has so much exposed surface that it will dry out, crack, and become leathery tough, hard, and unpalatable before we can use it all, and that there is more or less wasted, but with a small cheese it is not so much the case, and we can take it home and cut it when we like. After having the matter brought to my attention in this way so urgently for a season or two, I decided to try and supply the demand for small cheese. I procured a number of small hoops for the purpose. Such hoops as I used can be made of galvanized iron by any good, careful tinsmith, and should be six or eight inches in diameter, and eight to twelve inches deep, but they must be made very true to work well. In such hoops you can make cheese of 3, 5, 7 or 10 lbs. each, or more or less, as desired. Bandage and make them every way same as the large cheese; press four of eight inches diameter, and nine of six inches on an upright press. In same space you press one full size cheese. The best method of cutting such long, round shaped cheese is to cut it in two pieces near one end. Then slice enough for the meal like of a large bolagna sausage or round loaf of bread. Place the two pieces together with the larger or heavier piece on the top. Keep the cheese on or near the cool, dry ground of the cellar, and you can always have fresh-cut, palatable cheese for every meal. The head cloths, and all the bandages, must be left upon the cheese to help retain the moisture until the cheese is used up. The best curd should always be taken for such small cheese. Gaseous curds or poorly made cheese will soon ruin the reputation and sale of such cheese, or in fact any cheese. Many prefer a soft, moist cheese. By salting lightly, and using an extra quantity of rennet and hastening the curd into the press, more moisture will be retained and greater profit realized. But this must be limited so quality is not injured. Cheese made in this way will cure rapidly, and be ready for use for the certain portion of the trade within two or three weeks. By taking a number of such small cheese to the nearest markets, or driving to every farm house in the vicinity, I found

good prices and quick returns could be realized. Every small cheese should be properly weighed, always giving good down-weight, having weight and price plainly marked on each cheese, with blue pencils, which is best. In 1894 I realized 12 cents per lb. for all small cheese and cut cheese at the factory, to others than patrons sending milk, selling the bulk of my product in the local market. Say, the wholesale price that year averaged nine cents per lb. and 12 cents could be realized for an output of 20 tons in the local market. The Niagara District alone consumes several times that amount. This extra three cents on that amount means \$1,500 extra income, paying well for extra cost in making and marketing. People who said they seldom bought cut cheese at the stores, would buy these small size cheese when put up in a form to suit them, and brought right to their door. Some families I furnished have averaged so high as 40 lbs. per month. I sold the small cheese at the same price as grocery men sold cut cheese, generally 12 cents in the summer time. We handled all small cheese in the local markets without the expense of boxing. But, of course, such cheese can also be boxed and shipped to distant markets. We did not undertake to make what is known to the trade as 'small fancy cheese' in various odd shapes, names and forms, to be sold only at fancy prices for a few epicures. But my idea is to put up cheese in a form and at a price to suit the million. I believe there is a special demand in our home market, which can be best supplied by putting up the cheese in an inexpensive, convenient form, similar to that which I have described. Many factories throughout the land may, in this way, increase their income by adding a small cheese department, and making what has been called small 'truckle' cheese. Farmers with good sized herds can make up their own milk product by this plan, and dispose of it all in the local market, generally at a price considerably above the regular export rate.

Mr. Beam's method of making and marketing cheese of small size is well worthy of being considered by factory-men and dairy farmers generally. It furnishes a simple way of making up the whole of each day's curd product without leaving any over to be mixed with tomorrow's batch. The ready sale obtained at a higher figure than the export price raises the question whether it would not pay to make up a grade of small cheese of the best quality for home consumption. There can be no doubt that many are deterred from buying cheese in small cut slices because it so soon gets dry and becomes hard, leathery, and off flavor. Small cheese treated as Mr. Beam describes would no doubt soon become popular, and the home trade is large enough to be well worth cultivating. There are let it be supposed a million families in the Dominion of Canada, estimating five persons to a family. If they could all be supplied with cheese in an attractive form, would not the home consumption of this article of food be largely increased. If it could be increased only two pounds per family per week, it means two million pounds per week more consumed. That for fifty-two weeks in the year would be over a hundred million pounds, or about the amount of our whole present annual export, all consumed in our country. It would be thought a great commercial exploit to double our foreign trade, why is it not an equally desirable achievement to increase our home trade by an amount corresponding with the total of what we sell to go abroad? The fact is our home trade is neglected by the only parties who are in a position to build it up. We cannot expect the shippers who buy for the foreign trade to look after the home trade. It is too much a matter of detail and can only be properly cared for by the local factories, and by those who make cheese in private dairies.

LINDENBANK.

FARM GLEANINGS.

Cats should never be fed at the house but made to remain at the barn. If one or two rats are killed, the others will become alarmed and leave the premises.

A review of the fertilizer markets for the past year shows that nitrogen in all forms has ruled considerably lower, that potash salts have been somewhat cheaper and that there has been no great change in the cost of available phosphoric acid. Indications now point to cheaper phosphates and potash salts for the coming year, with a stiff advance in organic nitrogen, especially in the form of cotton-seed meal.

The region of the Landes, which, fifty years ago, was one of the poorest and most miserable in France, has been made one of the most prosperous, owing to the planting of pines. The increased value is estimated at 1,000,000,000. Where there were fifty years ago, only a few thousand poor and unhealthy shepherds whose flocks pastured on the scanty herbage, there are now sawmills, charcoal kilns, and turpentine works, interspersed with thriving villages and fertile agricultural lands.

Protecting fruit Trees.—Do not fool away your time making decoctions of paint, coppers or any similar compound. Weave together eight laths so they will be one-eighth of an inch apart and fasten them about the tree. This will afford protection from rabbits, borers, sheep, mice and sunscald, and will last a long time at a cost of a half-cent a year. I have used this protection for twelve years and have not lost a single tree.

How to keep the boys on the farm though often discussed has not been decided. Good roads to a certain extent eliminate distance and do much to bring farmers together. Sociability is fostered and a crying need supplied. Highway improvement should occupy a portion of the time at every institute this winter. Have at least one good paper and discussion upon this subject. It will do more toward commencing an audience than half a dozen long-winded papers on 'keeping the boys on the farm.'

'After all, our heavy, clayey soils are to be depended upon more than the light, sandy ones. With proper handling, there is no reason why heavy soils should not continue to produce large crops forever. A sandy soil is apt to lose its fertility, parting with it so rapidly that continuing fertilizing must be kept up. A heavy clay soil is rich in vegetable material as a rule, and if this is well drained, cultivated and every three years clover seeds sown and allowed to grow until nearly two years old before ploughing under, there is no reason why excellent crops should not be cropped annually, says the Wisconsin 'Agriculturist.'

Prof. C. F. Curtis, of the Ames (Iowa) Experiment Station, who recently visited Ontario, purchasing live stock for experimental purposes, evidently noted more than our high-class sheep and swine. In a late issue of 'Rural Life' the professor says: 'A day on some of the best farms of Ontario would be a revelation to many of our western farmers who consider themselves the salt of the earth and look upon the Canadians as a slow-going unprogressive people. Our soil averages superior in native fertility, but much of this is compensated by the better system of cultivation that prevails there. Never in my life have I seen such ploughing as is done by the Canadians. It is as much the exception to see a poorly-ploughed field as it is to see a good one here.'

The horticulturist must be a good botanist, many horticultural problems are botanical questions. A broad, liberal education in the various sciences is necessary, and of these sciences botany occupies a prominent place. He must have a good knowledge of vegetable physiology. In the cultivation of soils he must be able to conserve moisture and deal with that branch of physics which takes into account the phenomena of the movement of soil water, the absorption of water, and gases in soils. Nor should he neglect geology. A peculiar kind of soil is best adapted for the growth of apples, pears, cherries, etc. The indiscriminate planting of orchard trees on all kinds of soil has done much to hinder the progress of horticulture. The subject of soils is closely related to that of climate.

During the winter many conveniences and necessary farm tools and implements may be made in the home workshop. Hayracks, wagon beds, swing gates, water troughs and tanks, sleds, tool racks, stalk racks, chicken coops, shipping crates, and berry boxes are simple in construction. Any bright farmer, with the assistance of a blacksmith, can make all of these and more. The expense will be much less than if bought in town or hired made. The tools which every well regulated farm ought to possess will answer. We have in mind a young farmer who does all this kind of work, and he is prospering in spite of hard times, cheap products, etc. He raises as much grain stock as his neighbors who buy everything 'ready' made, and has much more 'ready' cash. Try your hand at it when the weather prevents outside work. Many kitchen things are also easily made.—'Homestead.'

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Milch cows should have constant access to water in the barn. They eat a great deal of dry food, and must have plenty of water to help digest it and make milk. Good feeding and good care cost nothing and make a farmer rich. Poor feeding, a dirty barn and poor care cost a great deal and make many farmers very poor.

When loose salt is used for sheep, a little pine tar thoroughly mixed with it has a good effect in keeping the animals healthy. It not only acts as a disinfectant, but it tones up the blood and tends to cure coughs and colds. After the sheep become accustomed with it, which takes only a short time, they relish the mixture as much as they formerly did the pure salt.

It used to be thought that the way to get profit from pigs was to feed them on short rations twelve months or more, and then fatten them, but men have learned better. In Holland no farmer keeps pigs longer than eight or nine months. Better feed them well all the time and no longer than necessary, to get good profits. Make them weigh almost as much at eight months as they used to at twenty.

One of Ontario's most successful hog breeders writes: 'I have used pulped turnips and mangels for swine with the best results. It not only saves grain, but it keeps breeding sows and store hogs very healthy. I am satisfied that a liberal supply of pulped roots fed to growing pigs will give more growth and healthier animals—not liable to founder or become crippled—than if an exclusive grain ration were used. Another advantage is that the pigs are not liable to indigestion, so that when fattening time comes they are not only larger but feed much better than grain-fed pigs.'

Things have got to a pretty pass in Massachusetts when a farmer cannot slaughter an animal on his farm for his own use, excepting in the presence of an officer of the law, under penalty of five hundred dollars fine or sixty days' imprisonment, or both, unless each animal has previously been given an official certificate of health. Of all the nonsensical extremes to which these ridiculous laws have gone, this is about the worst. Unless this legal interference with the farmer's business is put a stop to it will cost the farmer as much for counsel to avoid breaking the law as it does to produce the stuff that he now has to sell at a loss. The present law is paternalism gone mad.—'Homestead.'

'Who has not seen cattle pinched by thirst go to an ice water tank and after dipping their noses in the water and lapping their tongues half a dozen times, shivering with cold, gorge themselves with water, and with arched backs, stepping as if string-halted, make a beeline for shelter where they will stand and shiver two to four hours refusing food. Horses and other stock suffer equally with cattle. Can any person believe but what such practice is extremely injurious to stock, and can any person believe it does not effect the pocket-book when all feeders agree that it does not pay to fatten stock in cold weather as they cannot make any gain; and is the fault not mainly with the ice water they are compelled to drink?' asks Hanford Reynolds in 'Hoard's Dairyman.'

In a number of cases that have come under our observation the yield of milk of cows inclined to be bad tempered has been very materially increased by dehorning; and at the same time the cows have been made more agreeable to milk

and to handle. It is well known that the cow that quietly, peacefully and contentedly feeds and chews the cud makes more milk—other things being equal—than the cow that is quarrelsome and in a turmoil. Dehorning nearly always has a remarkably quieting effect on bad-tempered cows; and sometimes such a cow is a splendid milker—too valuable to be sacrificed when dehorning will make her tolerable and at the same time increase her milk yield. The most has been said about the advantage of dehorning steers to fatten, but probably the greatest gain is from dehorning cows.—'American Agriculturist.'

TUBERCULOSIS IN DAIRY COWS.

Watertown, Dec. 11.—Of a herd of 36 cows just killed at the abattoir tuberculosis was found to an alarming extent in 26. The herd was one of the highest bred and best-known in Waltham, and was killed by order of the state board of health, the owner giving his approval. A short time ago the owner of the cattle requested that the board make a careful examination of his herd, and as a result eight head were taken. The killing of six of the diseased cows showed the extent of the disease. The other two were released as being free from the disease, but as the owner was still unsatisfied he asked the state board to make a test with tuberculin at his expense. This test condemned twenty more and the cattle were killed yesterday. Germs of tuberculosis were found in every case. The board considers that the killing of these cattle is additional proof that tuberculosis cannot be detected positively by a physical examination alone, and so consider the case one of greatest importance. While the board has always held that the disease could only be detected by the use of tuberculin, many farmers claim that a thorough physical examination is sufficient. In this case less than a fourth of six of the diseased cows showed signs of tuberculosis when examined, although the utmost care was taken, and this evidence the board considers to be conclusive. The important issue as to whether the disease extends from the lungs to the udder is by this case practically decided. The significance of the result, when it might be determined, has all along been recognized by the board. Special postmortem examinations have been held for this purpose, although all that the law requires is that the presence of the disease germs be established beyond all doubt. These examinations show that tuberculosis existed in the udders of 1 out of 26 cows after tuberculin had been used. The mere danger of the disease spreading in cows was considered by the board sufficient to urge them to the utmost to determine if such were really the case. Now that the fact is established, tuberculosis takes on another dangerous form.

POULTRY PARAGRAPHS.

It will be worth an experiment to assort eggs before selling them, by separating the dark colored from those that are light, and also having the different sizes together. Appearance is worth a great deal in the selling of all articles, and eggs will sell quicker than anything else if sent to market in an attractive manner, which adds at least one-fourth more to the prices.

It is impossible to avoid a certain amount of loss from freezing of the eggs during the cold weather, but this may be avoided to a certain extent, by placing the nest boxes in warm corners, and having plenty of hay in them. Collect the eggs as frequently as possible, and keep them in a temperature not lower than forty degrees above zero. When shipping them to market, pack them carefully to avoid freezing on the journey.

Every flock will have a few good layers with those that are not profitable, and the whole flock may be condemned, though some of the hens may be the best to be obtained. It would be an advantage to separate the layers from the non-layers, allowing the latter only one-half as much food as the layers, for the reason that the laying hens require the more food, while the others may be too fat. Sometimes it will pay to sell all the hens but those that have been excellent producers at all seasons.

If not as popular as the turkey, the juicy meat of the goose commands it to a large class of buyers and the market is seldom stocked with choice ones. It is safe to say that less improvement is made with the flock of geese than with other kinds of poultry, and inbreeding is very common. Geese of the Toulouse or Embden breeds will weigh twenty-five pounds or more alive, and can easily be kept on any field that affords a good range as geese subsist mostly on grass. Improvement should cost but very little as geese live a great many years, and the same old pairs will bring out gaslings year after year. It will be an advantage for farmers to use pure-bred ganders and thus increase the size, which will not only add more weight but increase the price per pound in market.

[For the 'Witness']

ANGELS OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

It is the mass of the Anointed One,
And angels are about the earth to-night,
They watch on hill-tops and in valleys
lone,
They throng amid the city's blaze of
light,
We hear no trilling of their garments
white,
Nor catch the radiance of their beam-
ing eyes,
No mortal now beholds the ladder bright
By which their shining feet descend
and rise
Betwixt the sinful earth and the most
Loyal skies,
They sing as in the days of old their
laud
To Him who reigneth throned powers
above,
And, blent with high ascriptions unto
God,
Are glad good will and messages of
love
For men who blinded and unheeding rove,
But they, the true, whom Christ him-
self hath shaven,
The pure in heart, shall see and hear
and prove
That God is nigh, and round them
hosts of heaven—
That all things at the birth of Christ
to them were given,
MARGARET G. CURRIE,
Fredericton, Dec. 20, 1895.

THE JUDGMENT CONFIRMED.

The Decision of the Court of Appeal in the 'Canada Revue' Case.

A MOTION FOR LEAVE TO APPEAL TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

The Court of Review rendered judgment recently in the 'cause celebre' of the 'Canada-Revue' Publishing Company vs. Archbishop Fabre. As might be expected the court room was crowded, the interest in this famous case not having abated for a moment since the first proceedings were commenced in the spring of 1893.

It will be remembered that the action was heard on its merits before Mr. Justice Doherty and the learned judge in an exhaustive and elaborate judgment, dismissed the action on Oct. 30, 1894.

The case was then taken to the Court of Review and heard in May last before Chief Justice Tait and Judges Taschereau

proved that his published work has been, however severely criticised, must still establish the unfairness of the criticism. This the plaintiff failed to do, and there was only one way by which he could have done it, namely by producing the paper criticised in order that the Court might



JUDGE TAIT.



JUDGE ARCHIBALD.

see, by comparison of the paper and the criticism, whether or not unfairness appeared.

Having come to the conclusion that there was no libel the Court was dispensed for the moment from examining the second question, namely, whether the circular was published under such circumstances as to constitute it a privileged communication. The learned judge then took up the third question: 'Was the prohibition contained in the circular a wrongful act, or was it the exercise of a right?' Having remarked that this question was



JUDGE DOHERTY.

Who delivered the judgment in the Lower Court.

the one presenting the greatest general interest, and having declared that the jurisdiction of the court to deal with it was neither questioned nor questionable, the laws of Lower Canada relative to persons governing all persons living therein, he proceeded to look into the



JUDGE H. T. TASCHEREAU.



ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

The Defendant.

merits of the said question. The plaintiff's contention was that the bishop should have shown the condemnation pronounced by him to be deserved and thereby justified, and further that the condemnation was illegal: first, because it interdicted the 'Canada Revue' for the future; second, because certain formalities required for the validity of the censure had not been complied with. On plaintiff's main pretension the Court held that, while both plaintiff and defendant agreed that there were works which would come within the functions of a Catholic bishop to prohibit, they differed

in this, that plaintiff held that any person feeling aggrieved or suffering damages from such condemnation has a right to compel the bishop thus condemning



W. A. FILIATREAU, The Plaintiff.

to submit to the civil courts the sufficiency of the grounds upon which the condemnation is based, and have them revise his decision, while the defendant maintained, on the other hand, that his right in the matter is one of discretionary power to use his own judgment, and that the civil courts have no right to sit as Courts of Appeal from his decision and to condemn him because the judge or judges of those courts should differ from him in opinion as to the merits of the publication condemned.

On this point the learned judge held



THE HON. L. O. TAILLON, Attorney for Archbishop Fabre.

that, even admitting the existence here of the 'appel comme d'abus,' he had grave doubts whether it would logically follow that in the exercise of such powers the court would be bound to presume, until proof to the contrary, that the action of defendant was necessarily wrong, and so wrong as to lay him open to an action for damages. The Court might dispose of the question of the existence of the 'appel comme d'abus,' by saying that the present action was merely an action of damages; but even assuming such an action to be the proper method to put the Court in motion to act upon an 'appel comme d'abus,' it certainly rested upon plaintiff to do what it did not do, namely, to show abuse of power on the part of defendant, the recognized tribunal from whose judgment and decision the appeal was taken. A prima facie case of plaintiff's pretensions could not be said to have been made until at least the work condemned was placed before the Court.

The learned judge then went on to fully elucidate his opinion on the disappearance of the 'appel comme d'abus,' in this country, from the date of the cessation. Under the new regime, the Roman Catholic Church, no longer a state religion, simply became a society having a lawful existence, and the members of which are citizens, subject to the laws of the state. If the 'appel comme d'abus' has disappeared, it is not by reason of any diminution of the jurisdiction of the Court, but because the state has ceased to charge itself officially with the administration of the law of the church. Chapter 175 of 14 and 15 Vict., declaring 'legal equality of all religious denominations to be the fundamental principle of our civil policy,' is another proof of the non-existence of 'appel comme d'abus,' for otherwise the Roman Catholic Church would be placed in a different position from that of the other religious denominations.

Coming to the consideration of the point whether the act of the bishop complained of was a wrongful act, or whether it was the exercise of a right, the Court declared that it would follow in this examination the rule laid down by the Privy Council in the Gutbord case, namely, that where any religious or other lawful association has constituted a tribunal to determine whether the rules of the association have been violated by any of its members, and what shall be the consequences of such a violation, the decision of such tribunal will be binding, when it has acted within the scope of its authority, has observed the forms required by the rules, or has proceeded in a manner consonant with the principles of justice.

According to the evidence brought before the Court, it was proven that the prohibition of the Archbishop, with its accompanying penalty, was within the scope of his authority. It was not shown that

such authority was limited to the members of a paper which had already appeared, nor that formalities in the way of mentions to the author or publisher were required. The enactment referred to not being, moreover, in conflict with the law of the land, the Court could not find a wrongful act in the present instance of the exercise of the bishop's authority. On plaintiff's pretension that defendant must justify the conclusion he reached, the learned judge held that the only case where the courts can interfere with the decision of the domestic tribunal of a lawfully existing society, is when such tribunal comes to its decision maliciously; and after going over the different grounds set forth by plaintiff to show malice, he came to the conclusion that, whatever else might be doubtful about the case, the utter absence of proof of anything approaching to malice stood out clear.

On the last question raised, namely, 'Did the exercise of the bishop's right constitute, under the circumstances, an invasion of any legal right of plaintiff,' the Court held that, although the bishop's circular undoubtedly seriously affected the plaintiff's interests, it could not be said to have encroached upon its rights. Plaintiff had a right to offer the paper for sale, but every member of the community had also the right not to buy it. All persons were perfectly free to decide whether they would patronize that publication in any shape or form, but plaintiff had no absolute acquired right that they should do so, and anything inducing them not to do so, may have been prejudicial to plaintiff's interests, but it did not affect any rights. Consequently, defendant could not be held responsible for any loss sustained by plaintiff in the premises.

For all the above reasons, plaintiff's action must be dismissed. The learned judge then remarked that, in disposing of this case, the Court had proceeded upon principles which would be equally applicable to societies having purely temporal objects. He also dismissed the demurrer to the plea, on technical grounds. Such was the original judgment appealed from to the Court of Review and upon which that tribunal rendered judgment in its turn this morning.

THE JUDGMENT CONFIRMED.

A few minutes after ten o'clock this morning Chief Justice Tait and Judges Taschereau and Archibald came on the bench.

The first to speak was Judge Archibald. After relating the circumstances of the case and stating that the circular complained of certainly ruined the plaintiff, the learned judge going into the merits of the action remarked that the question of privilege in no way came into the case. If the defendant's plea meant that he was over and above the jurisdiction of the civil courts, such a doctrine could not be admitted. But if it meant to say that



MR. C. A. GEOFFRION, Q.C., Counsel for the Defence.

the members of a religious body accepting the jurisdiction of an authority constituted in that body are bound to abide by the enactments of such authority in matters of religion, if not against the law of the land, then the Court could not interfere except in the case of evident malice. In the opinion of the learned judge, two questions were to be examined:—1. Was the circular *intra vires*? 2. If it was *intra vires*, did the Archbishop comply with the forms of the canon law necessary to give him jurisdiction?

Going elaborately into the details of the case, Judge Archibald held that the enactment of the Archbishop imposed a temporal penalty amounting to financial ruin. The real offence complained of was the publication of the paper and the result aimed at was the suppression of said paper. The exercise of the bishop's authority is recognized, so far as the law of England will permit, no further. In matters of a mixed nature, if the temporal power cannot encroach upon spiritual authority, ecclesiastical authority cannot in its turn encroach upon the temporal power. The bishop had no right to claim absolute and unconditional submission, as he had done in an interview with representatives of the 'Canada-Revue.' Fair reports and criticisms of the acts of a priest could not be said not to come within the jurisdiction of a newspaper. The church has its code of laws, and bishops are obliged to act in accordance therewith. Bishops no more than others can act according to their mere fancy,

and they must be governed by the canonical laws governing them.

After quoting extensively from the Gutbord case, the judge held that there was nothing to show the existence or force of canon law in this province, but even admitting such existence, the present consideration had not been accompanied with the formalities required by the said canon law. Moreover, the bishop could not prevent the plaintiff in this case from publishing in the future articles which might be commendable in every respect, and while telling the proprietors



MR. H. ST. LOUIS, Attorney for the 'Canada Revue.'

of the Canada-Revue' that he did not wish to impose the ecclesiastical penalties which they deserved for their past conduct, he could not impose the temporal penalty of suppressing their business. At the time of the session, the law, both in England and in France, gave full liberty for the publication of newspapers, and no ecclesiastical authority was recognized over such publications.

On the whole the learned judge came to the conclusion that the suppression of the plaintiff's journal by the defendant constituted an illegal act for which said defendant must be held responsible, and his judgment would be to reverse the decision of the Court below and grant plaintiff \$10,000, amount of its capital stock which was totally lost.

Chief Justice Tait then read his notes on the case. He maintained the authority of the Archbishop in the premises and his right to govern the reading of his flock. He held that all the necessary precaution and rules had been complied with and the defendant had acted fully within his jurisdiction. It was for the plaintiff to establish the wrong of which he complained, and it was incumbent upon him to produce the numbers of the 'Canada-Revue' to show that there was no cause for the prohibition. This he failed to do. On the other hand, no malice or ill will amounting to malice was shown. Neither was it shown that any of plaintiff's rights were encroached upon by defendant's act, so as to render the latter responsible for any damage suffered by the former. For all those reasons, he would confirm the judgment of the Court below dismissing the action.

Judge Taschereau was the last one to speak.

Like the judge of the court in the first instance, he remarked that this case, like all others, should be governed solely by the law of the land. Referring to the jurisdiction of the bishop, he said that the Court could not admit absolute immunity on the part of any ecclesiastical dignitary, if any rights of third parties are encroached upon, for to civil courts alone belongs the right to decide upon damages caused in this manner. But, on the other hand, a bishop, like every other citizen, is entitled to justice, if he acts within his legitimate power and does not encroach upon the rights of others.

Having maintained the decision of the court below that the 'appel comme d'abus' no more exists in our land, the learned judge went into the merits of the case. He also held that all the rules of procedure rendered it incumbent upon the plaintiff to make proof of the charges made. Moreover, the defendant, by the very nature of his ecclesiastical functions, had the right to protect his flock against what he considered prejudicial to their moral welfare, and the exercise of such right on the part of all the heads of religious congregations must be considered a protection for the state, which is often powerless, notwithstanding severe laws, to suppress vice and abuses, a result which the moral influence of religious authority is more powerful to obtain. He referred at considerable length to the right and influence of every church to protect families against spurious sheets or the publication of scandals.

The learned judge also maintained that the Archbishop having acted within his jurisdiction, could not be held responsible for the damages incidentally resulting from the publication of the Archbishop's circular. On the whole, he was in favor of confirming the judgment of the court below.

Chief Justice Tait then proceeded to read the formal judgment of the majority of the court, himself and Judge Taschereau, confirming the judgment of the Superior Court, which dismissed the action, with costs of both courts against plaintiff, Judge Archibald dissenting.

Mr. St. Louis at once made a motion for leave to appeal to the Privy Council. The motion was granted, security to be furnished within the ordinary delays.

[For the 'Witness' GLAD TIDINGS.

A CHRISTMAS POEM.
On old Judea's sacred heights there sat
A humble, guileless, pious, shepherd
band,
Who passed away the time in homely
chat,
And watched their flock, now slumbering
near at hand.

Dim night had spread her mantle o'er
the land;
The generous dew kissed blade and bud
and flower;
Silence supreme had stretched her magic
wand,
And quiet reigned throughout the mid-
night hour.

When, lo! a brightness came as of the
day,
Refulgent with a glory from afar,—
This surely could not be the fleeting ray
From some descending meteoric star!

Ah, no, such light they ne'er had seen
before,
Celestial brilliancy illumed the place;
Their features dread dismay and terror
bore,
As they beheld an angel face to face.

But as soon following darkness comes
the day,
And joy so oft does pain and fear pur-
sue,
The heavenly presence banished all dis-
may.—
'Fear not, for tidings good I bring to
you.'

'A message of God's love to people all,
High heaven has stooped to earth long
sunk so low
In sin's pollution, wretchedness and
thrall,
To shed her richest blessing on your
woe.

'High Heaven has stooped to raise poor
fallen man—
This day, in David's city, you will
find
A Saviour, Christ, the Lord, by God's
own plan
Sent to redeem the whole of human
kind.

'And this to you sufficient sign shall be,
In swaddling garments clad, the little
child
Low lying in a manger you shall see—
God's sacrifice for sin—the Undeiled.

Then in an instant the irradiant night
Was more transfused with glory from
on high,
As, on the silent wings of that pure
light,
A shining multitude from Heaven pass-
ed by.

And all the neighboring echoes did re-
sound
As then swelled forth that thrilling
song of praise
To Him in whom all mercies still abound
Who has so freely saved us by His
grace.

'All glory in the highest, be to God,
And on the earth be everlasting peace,
He holds o'er earth no tyrant's cruel
rod
But to men's sons his good will ne'er
shall cease.'

'Good will to man.' We bless God for that
word.
In every clime these trumpet notes
proclaim,
Until all nations bow before the Lord,
And every tongue shall bless his holy
name.

Let faith mount up before the din of
arms,
And still proclaim the peace that's born
of Heaven,
Which will subdue the rage of base
alarms,
And heal a world by envy rudely
ripen.

Nations with foul suspicion yet are seen
To view their sister nations' perils;
Or strive, by double-dealing, acts to
screen
Rank with reproach and foul with fallac-
ies.

But holding still the sceptre in his power,
Above all strife, all enmity and woe
One ruler supreme through every crucial
hour,
Who'll fight for right against the
strongest foe.

Oh! Star of Bethlehem, send forth thy
rays,
Illuminating with celestial light,
All lands yet slumbering beneath the
haze
Of heathen darkness and of Nature's
night.

Oh! Faith and Hope, this day triumphant
rise
Above the mists, the shadows and the
wrongs,
To see descending from the glowing skies,
On wings of joy, those bright angelic
throngs.

To hear anew the tidings of 'Good Will.'
To know our Father's hand still guides
the helm,
And to believe, each promise He'll fulfil,
And bless mankind throughout His
earthly realm.

And above all, to know in very deed
Him who in Bethlehem's rude manger
lay,
To live, to die for man, and intercede
Still at the Throne of Mercy day
by day.

WM. MUNRO.
Munro, Dec. 20, 1895.

Miss G. Nott, of Kumamoto, Japan, an
English missionary, says: 'I was talking
one day to a woman of very good family,
an officer's wife here, and was telling her
that before the one true God we are all
sinners. She listened politely, and then,
covering her face with her hands, burst
into a peal of quiet laughter. 'I do beg
your pardon,' she said 'but I a sinner!
The idea is too ridiculous.' You see it
is firmly believed in many cases among
men and women, too, that other nations
may need a Saviour, but not Japan; Ja-
pan is the country of the gods, the Jap-
anese the children of the gods, and, there-
fore, they cannot sin.'

LITERARY REVIEW.

THE WAR OF 1812.

'The History of Canada, by William Kingsford, LL.D., F.R.S.; Vol. VIII, 1808-1815, with maps. Toronto, Rowell & Hutchison; London, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., 1895.'

deacy throughout the Mother Country. The opposition in parliament expressed the most gloomy anticipations of evil days which were to come, and thus, with foreign nations the feeling arose that the power of Great Britain was passing away.

an-unsophisticated way, but 'oh, how good it did feel to be to home again.' (Funk & Wagnalls, Toronto.) Those who have read Jane Barlow's 'Irish Idylls' and 'Bogland Studies,' each of which has passed through several editions, will have a ready welcome for 'Strangers at Lisconnel,' a second series of the idylls.

but some of the handsomest cards express the deeper feelings which come with the season, as, for instance, the following by Charlotte Murray:— Full enjoyment nought to hinder, Mayst thou find in Christ, to-day; And a Time of sweet refreshing As thou tread'st thy homeward way, Wondrous glimpses, fair and grand, Of the far-off glory land.

In silence, in the visionary mood That, flashing light on the dark deep, perceives Order beyond this coil and errancy, Isled from the fretful hour he stands alone And hears the eternal movement, and beholds Above and around and at his feet, In million-billed consentaneousness, The flowing, flowing, flowing of the world. Such moments, are they not the peaks of life?

ADVERTISEMENTS. For Indigestion Horsford's Acid Phosphate Helps digest the food.

Sunday-School Teachers. If you want to remember in a nice way the birthday of any of your scholars you should consider the 'Northern Messenger'...

THE WEEKLY WITNESS. Circulates from one end of the Dominion to the other, amongst the best class readers. GRATEFUL - COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST - SUPPER

I was cured of rheumatic gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Halifax. ANDREW KING. I was cured of acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Lt.-Col. C. CREWE READ. Sussex. I was cured of acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. S. BILLING. Markham, Ont.

School Trustees. If you want a teacher you are sure to get applications from the right kind through the 'Witness.'

Teachers Wanted. The cost of advertising under this head is, 20 words or less: In the Daily Witness, six insertions, 50c. Weekly Witness, two " 50c.

McKENZIE'S INHALANT. For the Relief and Cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Influenza, Hay Fever, etc. Price, 50c.

EUROPE EUROPE EUROPE. TICKETS BY ALL LINES. ALLAN, DOMINION AND BEAVER LINES. GUION, ANCHOR, HAM-AMERICAN, INMAN, WHITE STAR, CUNARD, NETHERLANDS, STATE, S. O. LLOYD, FRENCH LINES, Etc. Etc.

CADBURY'S COCOA. ABSOLUTELY PURE, THEREFORE BEST NO CHEMICALS USED.

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ADVERTISEMENTS. Babies and rapidly growing children derive more benefit from Scott's Emulsion, than all the rest of the food they eat. Scott's Emulsion stimulates the appetite, enriches the blood, overcomes wasting and gives strength to all who take it.

PILES. Instant relief, final cure in a few days, and never returns; no purge; no salt; no suppositories. Remedy mailed free. Address: C. J. M. 807, Box 59, New York City, N.Y.

CARDS AND BOOKLETS. A new thing in Christmas booklets is a botanical one published by Bradley Whidden of Boston. 'All of Nature's Fashions in Lady's Slippers' consists of six beautiful photogravure plates from photographs by C. S. Young, with full descriptions. (75 cents.)

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS. 'Samantha in Europe,' by Joseph Allen's wife, is published by Funk & Wagnalls in a magnificent binding of silver and green and gold. It is a large book with many illustrations, the artist being C. De Grimm.

When Europe crouched to France's yoke, When Austria bent, and Prussia broke; And the firm Russian's purpose brave Was battered by a timorous slave, Even then, dishonor'd peace he spurned, Her sullied olive-branch returned, Stood for his country's glory fast, And nailed her colors to the mast.

COMMON SENSE FOR PEACE

The United States War Cry Subsides and the People Speak.

DESCENDANTS OF THE PILGRIMS ARE ENGLISHMEN STILL.

WHY THEY MUST NOT QUARREL WITH ENGLAND.

Plymouth, Mass., Dec. 21.—The 275th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated here to-day. The address was delivered by Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts. After speaking at considerable length of the distinction between the Pilgrims and the Puritans, and tracing the development of the national spirit and institutions, he continued:—

The Pilgrims were Englishmen. Their children are, in the essential of national character, Englishmen still. We have a great admixture of other races. But it is an admixture chiefly from those northern races of which England herself was composed. In spite of past conflicts and present rivalry, England is the nation closest to us in affection and sympathy. The English language is ours. English literature is perhaps more familiar to the bulk of our people than to Englishmen themselves. The English bible is still our standard of speech, our inspiration, our rule of faith and practice. We look to English authority in the administration of our system of law and equity. English aptness for command, habit of success, indomitable courage, unconquerable perseverance, have been, and are, and are to remain the American quality. The men of other blood who come here acquire and are penetrated with the English, or perhaps without boasting or vanity, we may say, the American spirit. The great bulk of our people are of English blood. But by the spirit which has its own pedigree, its own ancestry, its own law of descent and of inheritance, we are English even more than by any tie of physical kinship. It is of this pedigree of the spirit, governed by forces of which science has as yet given us no account, that we are taking account to-day. It is by virtue of its laws that John Winthrop counts George Washington among his posterity. James Otis transmits his quality to Charles Sumner. Emerson may well be reckoned the spiritual child of Bradford; Channing the spiritual child of John Robinson, and Miles Standish the progenitor of Grant. The great-hearted Hebrew prophet has many a descendant among the great-hearted Puritans. In this genealogy the men of Thermopylae are no aliens to the men of Bunker Hill. When the boys who went out from a New England dwelling to meet death at Gettysburg or Antietam, with no motive but the love of country and the sense of duty, shall meet, where they are gone, the men who fought the liveliest day with Wellington, or obeyed Nelson's immortal signal, they shall claim kindred there and have the claim allowed.

What I said just now was written more than ten days ago. Let it stand. It is well that these two great nations should know something of each other that they do not get from their metropolitan press, whether in London or in New York. Each of them should know that if it enter into a quarrel with the other it is to be a contest with that people on the face of the earth which is most like to itself. The quarrel will be maintained on both sides until Anglo-Saxon, until English, until American endurance is exhausted. For that reason, if for no other, such a conflict should never begin. This whole thing is very simple. We cannot permit any weak power on this continent to be despoiled of its territory, or to be crowded out of its rights, by any strong power anywhere. England would not permit us to do that to Belgium or to Denmark. On the other hand, we have no title to interfere with the established boundaries of English territory, whether we like them or do not like them. All between these two limits is subject for discussion and for arbitration which a delegation of English members of Parliament came to Boston a few years ago to impress upon us, saying that in their desire for its establishment, they represented the opinions of a large majority of the English House of Commons.

The settlement of pending differences upon these principles will be compelled by the business men, and the religious sentiment of these two nations, influences always irresistible when they are united and when they are brought to bear upon large matters of national and international import.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has sent a letter to President Cleveland in which she says:—

The possibility of war with England seems at the date of this writing, to be made by your message a danger. We have trusted this administration to preserve the amity of our foreign relations. I cannot bring myself yet to believe that you, personally, wish or mean anything else, but so deeply do I feel that I cannot refrain from begging you, by the memory of all the anguish of our last war, to calm rather than to stir the restless, superficial elements in Congress, and to hold them back with a firm hand from taking a step in the direction of so terrible an iniquity and shame. . . . The whole of South America is not worth one day of war in the United States. An aggressive and entangling policy is not worth one week of the ruin, the death, the torture, the life-long heart-break involved in the slaughter of battle. Dogs cannot arbitrate, nor tigers. Men can. 'Because they can they ought.' Civilized nations should settle a disagreement by mutual concessions or arbitration, as individual gentlemen do.

You have, sir, a greater chance than President Monroe had. He created the doctrine. It is for you to adapt it to an advanced Christian age which has outrun the belligerent conditions and ideals under which he formulated it. It is left for you to rise to the heights of your times and say boldly, 'Nothing short of the ultimate emergency of national life or of our day and in our land justifies war.' I beg you to be great enough to do this grand thing. The men whom war would slaughter as sportsmen slaughter game, the women whom war would bereave, are watching you with impressive anxiety.

Pardon me if I say—for the crisis does not admit of soft words—that your name will be held in reproach or honor according

ing as you smite or save this land. Mr. President, I have not delayed for the formalities, which are petty things. Because you are my Chief Executive I address you—not without trust, sure that you will find yourself above misunderstanding my motive or misreading my text or thinking that I am in any sense deficient in the respect due to your high position and to your strong personality. With that respect, I am, sir, your petitioner, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

The Rev. William Croswell Doane, Bishop of Albany, in a published communication to the press says:

The time is soon coming when an appeal to the sober judgment of men who have settled down from a wild excitement will be heard and heeded, and perhaps it will do no harm to make the appeal now. Does anybody believe that the enlargement of British possessions in South America is likely to affect a republican form of government in the United States? The question is too preposterous to be considered at all. The name of any man who would be consigned to immortal infamy who succeeded in breaking the peace between England and America, either by refusing arbitration instead of war or in enforcing arbitration by means of war. As an American, I am especially concerned with the American condition, and the pain of it lies in the zest with which demagogues and half-Americanized foreigners, and to a large extent the press hail the possibility of war with an unholy haste before a commission had been even granted or appointed to ascertain whether the claim of Great Britain was right or wrong, and an enormous amount of money is proposed to be appropriated for war preparations. It is time to protest against the haste, the appeal to prejudice, the recklessness and bravado of the whole American

DOWNING STREET AWAKENED. London, Dec. 23.—It would need a big book adequately to depict the state of mind of London and of England at large since Wednesday morning. To give mere-

a president. He made his appeal to the conscience of the mob; he has now heard from the conscience of the God-fearing people and their judgment upon him leaves him morally impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors.

Continuing, the paper says: 'It is extraordinary how some people mix up a plain question of morality and humanity with shadowy notions that the Monroe doctrine may somehow furnish justification for international villainy. We are reading all we can get hold of about the Monroe doctrine, say some moralists, in doubt. Such men, if they saw a brutal man beating his wife would devote days and nights to a study of the Sallé law, to see if that covered the case. Now, it is the decision of those who know most about the real Monroe doctrine that it has nothing whatever to do with this dispute, got up for the basest purposes; but if it were not so, and if the Monroe doctrine meant that a nation might act like a blood-thirsty wretch, might outrage all international rights and delicacies and rush madly into the vast calamity of a needless war, then a Christian and civilized community ought to speedily repudiate the Monroe doctrine with all the other works of the devil.'

London, Dec. 23.—The 'Chronicle' will say to-morrow: 'If the commission is composed of men like Messrs. Phelps, White and Edmunds, it must command respect, apart from its irregular origin. It would, in that case, occur to Lord Salisbury that some further proposal from him would be expedient, indeed necessary. This is not an instance where the diplomatic door can be closed with a bang.'

St. Louis, Dec. 23.—Members of the Irish National Alliance to the number of six hundred met here last night and

a profit to themselves in any emergency of England's, they would not be restrained for a moment by any such consideration, and, on the other hand, the knowledge that the Marquis of Salisbury had committed England to a European league against the charter of immunity to the new world from the militarism of the old, which Canning helped Adams and Monroe to formulate, would raise an overwhelming popular demonstration of wrath all over England. Nothing can be ruthered from the Russian papers as to Russia's intentions, but the French politicians assume with certainty that she will act in entire accord with France.

I spent yesterday in the city among the bankers and brokers, who were getting bulletins minute by minute of the slaughter in American prices. I verified the fact that the mischief began by cable selling orders from the New York bears, but the heaviest share of the decline is ascribed to the throwing over of long stock. Ordinarily calm investors piled in their securities amid the general fright until no buyers could be found for anything. The talk among these men was not of a physical war, which everybody scouted as impossible, but of a financial war, which nothing now, in one way or the other, would check for weeks to come. Everybody repeated the rumor for a fact that people were betting that gold would be at a premium in New York before the new year, but no one knew of a particular instance in which the wager was made here or there. On all sides there was a general indignation at Moreton Frewen's suggestion in the 'Times' that America would begin hostilities, if the worst came to the worst, by confiscating five billions of British capital invested in America.

St. Louis, Dec. 23.—Members of the Irish National Alliance to the number of six hundred met here last night and

Lawson Hemming has been appointed Governor of British Guiana to succeed Sir Charles C. Lees, C. M. G., who has retired from the post. Sir Augustus was sent in 1879 and again in 1881 and 1889 on special missions to Paris and to Berlin in 1887 and '88. He also served as British delegate to the West African conference at Berlin in 1884. Since 1878 he has been principal clerk in the Colonial office.

TAMMANYITES IN LINE.

New York, Dec. 24.—At a meeting of Tammany Hall last night the following resolution was adopted:—Resolved, that the Democratic-Republican organization of the city and county of New York hereby expresses its full approval of the well considered statesmanlike and patriotic message of the President of the United States on the Venezuelan boundary question. Speaking on behalf of the majority of the people of this metropolis it pledges to him the trusted chief of a united nation the most loyal and unwavering support.

CRITICISM FROM CHILLI.

New York, Dec. 24.—A special to the 'Herald' from Valparaiso, Chili, says:—The 'Chilero,' a Conservative journal, published in Santiago, and which is the most widely read newspaper issued there, discusses President Cleveland's message in a long editorial. It says the Monroe doctrine does not mean America for Americans but America for the Yankees. It vigorously criticises the United States for interfering in the war between Peru and Bolivia, and says Chili was unjustly humiliated in the settlement of the trouble growing out of the difficulty between Chileans and sailors of the United States cruiser 'Baltimore.' It compares these things with the treatment that the country has received from England, which, it says, has always been friendly.

New York, Dec. 24.—A special to the 'Herald' from Vienna, says: The conviction is gaining ground here that President Cleveland has committed a huge blunder. The comments of the press are becoming daily more severe, and especially after the crash on the Vienna Bourse, which resulted directly from the President's message. Not a single journal in Austria takes the side of Mr. Cleveland.

ARMS FOR CANADA.

London, Dec. 24.—The Manchester 'Courier' says that orders have been given for a large quantity of ammunition, together with a great number of magazine rifles, Martini-Henry rifles and other guns, for shipment to Canada in January. The 'Courier' also learns that the defences of Canada are to be gradually strengthened.

Boston, Dec. 24.—The Irish-American Club of the Bunker Hill district has sent a letter to President Cleveland, pledging itself to send to the front 150 men, fully armed and accoutred, if there should be a conflict.

WAR AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Boston, Dec. 24.—A largely attended special meeting of the American Peace Society was held last night at which Mr. Robert Treat Paine presided. Among the speakers were Mr. Edward Atkinson, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells. The following resolution was adopted:—

'War between the United States and Great Britain is a moral impossibility. Neither nation—surely not our nation—can be guilty of the awful crime of attacking the other. Threats of war by the United States are worse than a stupendous blunder. Christianity, civilization, humanity, condemn not merely war but threats of war. Justice between nations is good, especially in the powerful to the weak. Magnanimity inspires our country to seek justice for Venezuela from Great Britain. The Monroe doctrine means, first, the safety of the United States, and secondly, the protection of this hemisphere from European oppression. But our safety is assured beyond question by our power. It is folly to so extend the Monroe doctrine that boundary disputes of ancient origin, growing out of doubtful documents or data beyond our ken, must imperil the peaceful progress of Christian civilization. What madness to embroil our land in the constant dissensions of the Spanish and Portuguese and mixed races of South America; our government has done well to intervene by honorable diplomatic appeal and protest, including urgent request for arbitration. After diplomacy fails, two great nations must always arbitrate, if the quarrel be grievous. The exact Venezuelan boundary sinks into insignificance measured against the peace of the English-speaking people. War between them would shake civilization, inflame malignant passions, inflict immeasurable suffering on the masses of both peoples, the millions of workmen and women, even now struggling hard to earn bread for their families. The 'Golden Rule,' the organ of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor, condemns war and these threats of war. Both nations must recede. War between two nations of brothers, leaders of the world and Christian civilization, is impossible. We appeal to the Christian conscience and common sense of our people to do all in their power to maintain inviolate the long existing and steadily growing sentiment of amity and peace between the English speaking nations.'

WHAT ENGLISHMEN SAY.

WAR IS NOT WANTED.

New York, Dec. 25.—In answer to a cable enquiry the 'World' has received the following interesting replies from prominent Englishmen regarding the prospect of war between the United States and Great Britain:—

FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Sandringham, Dec. 24, 1895. Sir Francis Knollys is desired by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to thank Mr. Pulitzer for his cablegram. They earnestly trust, and cannot but believe the present crisis will be arranged in a manner satisfactory to both countries and will be succeeded by the same warm feeling of friendship which has existed between them for so many years.

LORD ROSBERY, LIBERAL LEADER.

Edinburgh, Dec. 23, 1895. I can only reply that I absolutely disbelieve in the possibility of war between the United States and Great Britain on such an issue as this, for it would be the greatest crime on record.

History would have to relate that the two mighty nations of the Anglo-Saxon race, at a time when they appeared to be about to

overshadow the world in the best interests of Christianity and civilization, preferred to cut each other's throats about a frontier squabble in a small South American Republic. The proposition only requires to be stated to demonstrate its absurdity.

All that is wanted is a level head and cool, common sense in our governments. I congratulate you on the good work that your paper appears to be doing in this direction. ROSEBERY.

FROM THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

London, Dec. 22, 1895. While fully appreciating your friendly sentiments, it is impossible for the Foreign Secretary to take the course you suggest. E. BARRINGTON, Foreign Office.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN.

London, Dec. 23, 1895. Our common humanity and our Christianity would sternerly condemn a fratricidal war. Every Christian patriot on both sides of the Atlantic must employ every effort to avert a course that would strike us all alike. We are too close bound to America by blood, respect and affection for her people to tolerate the idea of bloodshed. Let us all remember the words, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'

HERBERT, CARDINAL VAUGHAN, Archbishop of Westminster.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

London, Dec. 24, 1895. With all my heart I pray to God to avert from this country and the United States the crime and disaster of war between them. And I hold it to be the bounden duty of every man in both countries to avoid all provocative language, and to do all that he conscientiously can to promote peace. F. LONDON.

ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Dublin, Dec. 23, 1895. I am fully assured that every member of the Church of Ireland, most earnestly deprecates anything that could imperil peace or cause disunion between us and our American brethren. PLUNKETT, Archbishop of Dublin.

BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Manchester, Dec. 23, 1895.

The possibility of a war with America fills most of us with a feeling of horror. It would be to all intents and purposes a civil war, and could not fail to arouse passions and create enmities which many years would fail to allay. This would be all the more unfortunate because of late years the feeling in England for America and Americans has been one of continually increasing and even fraternal interest and admiration.

We cannot see what there is in the present dispute to create such deep irritation as we hear of, and we are sure that, if for such a cause, war is allowed to arise between brethren, before every legitimate means of conciliation is exhausted, those who precipitate the contest, on either side, will have committed a crime against civilization. May God avert so great a crime and calamity.

FROM THE FREEMASONS' CLUB, MANCHESTER.

Christmas greetings of Freemasons' Club, Manchester, to American Freemasons:—'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will toward men.'

Edinburgh, Dec. 24.—The Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh has sent a message to the American Presbyterian Church conveying greetings and the hope that everything consistent with the will of Christ will be done both by Great Britain and the United States to secure a peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan dispute.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CHRISTMAS WISH.

London, Dec. 26.—Mr. Gladstone sent a Christmas message to the Rev. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple yesterday which read: I humbly pray Christians may grow more and more in that unity which the Lord gave us life to promote and which all earnest prayer tends to forward.

London, Dec. 25.—The 'St. James's Gazette' which was the first newspaper to print the ultimatum of Great Britain to Venezuela on Oct. 19, publishes to-day a statement that initial steps have been taken in British Guiana to form a chartered company whose operations shall lie between the Essequibo and the Schomburgk line. The 'Gazette' proceeds to say that the origin of this important political development is to be found in a despatch which Mr. Chamberlain, Colonial Secretary, wrote in September, sketching the new policy of the Imperial Government as regarded interior affairs and inquiring if local capitalists were prepared to take up a large concession in the north-west and develop its mineral and other resources, at the same time hinting that if not there were people in the United Kingdom who were willing to do so. The 'Gazette' then goes on to print a report of a meeting held in British Guiana for the purpose of forming a chartered company to take up Mr. Chamberlain's offer. The paper, which claims to know the policy of the colonial office, says it is certain that Great Britain will not consent to leave to arbitration the entire territory claimed by Venezuela; hence if the bona fide financial guarantees of local applicants are satisfactory there is no reason why Great Britain should stay her hand by not granting a charter, despite the tension between England and the United States.

(Special United Press Cable.)

London, Dec. 28.—Notwithstanding the condition of excitement under which the country was alleged to be laboring owing to the attitude of the United States on the Venezuelan dispute, which excitement, by the way, was only manifested by the newspapers and not by the people, Lord Salisbury spent the whole week quietly at his seat, Hatfield House, with his family and a few guests. Two messengers went daily between Hatfield House and the Foreign Office carrying despatches. Those whose business, even during the holiday period, obliged them to visit the Foreign Office, found the atmosphere motionless and not a trace of the recent supposed excitement. Few communications have been received during the week from any quarter and most of those that were received were from Constantinople. No communication of importance was received from Washington.

WILL AID THE COMMISSION.

It is understood here that no difficulty will be placed in the way of the Venezuelan commission getting at all the sources of inquiry at the disposal of the Foreign Office. If the documents in its possession are desired, duly certified copies of the same will be sent to Washington. If the commissioners carry their enquiries into British Guiana they will obtain all



american attitude, as well as against the hard and haughty assumption of the English view. I believe that neither of these conditions represents the thought, the purpose, or the feelings of either people. I venture to prophesy that somehow these empty vapourings will vanish into thin air and no serious consequences result, except the substitution of confidence and comity for the present feeling.

SOME STRONG CRITICISM.

New York, Dec. 23.—The 'Evening Post' to-day makes editorial comment of letters received by the editor concerning the Venezuelan war scare. The 'Post' says:—'We wish we could print the names of all the writers. If we could it would show that no better expression of American morality, religion, learning and distinction in every field, has ever seen the light in one spot on any subject. But why, we cannot help asking, why, thousands will ask, should the heathen have been allowed to rage so long and so furiously, when all this real patriotism, solid sense and high morality was kept dammed up when a daily drop would have extinguished them long ago? Why have they been allowed to train up a whole generation of young barbarians, when a monthly sign of the cross would have broken their infernal gatherings and hushed their diabolical music in the twinkling of an eye long ago?'

Further on the 'Post' says: 'We doubt if the voice of the clergy has been so emphatic as it was yesterday since the firing of Sumpter. It spoke in a tone of as pure and ardent patriotism, too, as it did in 1861—as faithfully expressing now the horror in which the moral sense recoils from the wicked war talk of President and Congress as it did then the general alarm at threatened disunion. And the sermons were content with mere platitudes about peace. The directness and force with which the ablest clergymen in this city and in the country as far as reported, addressed themselves to Mr. Cleveland's betrayal of the nation, were refreshing. Nor were the congregations behind the preachers in reprobating the President's mad appeal to the basest passions of the mob. He got his full of the bray of the mob on Wednesday and Thursday; on Friday and Saturday he was overwhelmed with the execrations of business men. On Sunday he received the most unanimous and crushing rebuke that the pulpit of this country ever addressed to

ly one illustration, I hear men who on Thursday were all for shelling New York within a fortnight saying to-night that, after all, England has undeniably got into bad habits in dealing with smaller powers, and perhaps some such vigorous rousing protest as President Cleveland's was needed to waken Downing Street to the consciousness of the fact. From this attitude it will be a short step to a general popular request for a statement of how England, without undue loss of dignity can meet America's wishes on this Venezuelan matter, which nobody here cares a button about. Englishmen have formed the rather contemptuous habit of supposing that everything in America displeasing to them originates in the desire of our politicians to pander to the Irish vote, and they would have naturally jumped to this explanation of the President's message had the President been anybody but Cleveland. Somehow the city men got the idea that the presidential election came next March, and the theory based on this that the whole flurry would be over within three months was so general on Wednesday that the markets were scarcely affected that day. The change came when the word was passed round that the elections were not to occur till November.

They have come to consider the issue respectfully and ask to be shown an honorable way out of the complication. There is no element of cowardice in this attitude, bear in mind. They would fight any European nation without any searchings of conscience at all, whether right or wrong, but they do recognize that if the whole American people stand out on a matter of principle Englishmen must act on an equally high level. Curiously enough, the news from the Continent that the foreign press is pretty generally denouncing the Monroe doctrine has an actual tendency to dispose Englishmen to think that it must be a better doctrine than they had supposed. This seeming paradox is very illustrative of the Briton's general state of mind. The very idea that Frenchmen or Germans applaud and egg him on in a quarrel with Americans suggests to him that he is an ass to be engaged in any such quarrel.

It is said here that the Marquis of Salisbury has secured general European assent to the repudiation of the Monroe doctrine, and, as theoretical expressions of opinion, there is nothing improbable in this, but in practice it is of little value. If the Continental powers saw

by resolution declared that they would make England's embarrassment Ireland's opportunity. Enthusiasm was great and many names were added to the rolls.

Columbia, Mo., Dec. 24.—Judge Lawson, professor of Law in the State University, is the author of numerous law books. His work on 'Contracts' is used in nearly all the leading law schools of America. Speaking of the threatening war with England, Judge Lawson said:—There will be no war, for the simple reason that England has given too many hostages to fortune in the shape of American investments. Every American citizen would be released for the time from any debt obligation to Great Britain and if it becomes necessary the United States could, as a war measure, wholly annul obligations. Even without governmental action, all business relations would cease. Take the suspension of English insurance companies doing business in America; all the obligations incurred under these would be cancelled. It will be a long time before a commercial country like England involves itself in war with the United States. Judge Lawson does not agree with the law professors of Yale and Harvard in their published utterances of international law. 'International,' said Judge Lawson, 'is not a code of principles reckoned from all that pertains to justice. It is simply certain important principles which each nation has been able to get other nations to acquiesce in through force. The Monroe doctrine will become international law as soon as the United States, holding firm to its position, compels its recognition by another country.'

WARLIKE PREPARATION IN VENEZUELA.

New York, Dec. 24.—The 'Herald' special from Caracas, Venezuela, says:—'Venezuela is making active preparations for war as the possible outcome of the boundary dispute with Great Britain. Four places between Caracas and La Guayara have been fortified. Mr. Russell, secretary of the American legation, arrived in La Guayara yesterday. He was given a rousing reception, and a cannon salute was fired in his honor. Mr. Boulton, the Consular Agent for Great Britain here, has headed the popular protest against a Venezuelan acting in such a capacity for England, and has resigned. Business firms are distributing circulars in favor of a commercial warfare, which has already begun, upon all the English houses and English goods. London, Dec. 23.—Sir Augustus William

facilities for the pursuit of their investigations, though it is the opinion of the authorities here that the work of an actual frontier inspection will be too difficult a task for any commissioners that President Cleveland is likely to appoint—a task that neither Mr. Phelps nor Mr. Lincoln would undertake.

Lord Salisbury in appointing Sir Augustus Hemming to the governorship of British Guiana in succession to Sir Charles Cameron Lees, had in view Sir Augustus's services in delimitating British and French territories in West Africa. The nomination of Sir Augustus was due to the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who persuaded Lord Salisbury to make an unprecedented departure from official custom in raising Sir Augustus from a chief clerkship in the Colonial Office to a colonial governorship. Sir Augustus has studied the Venezuelan frontier question. He coached Mr. Chamberlain on the subject, and probably supplied Lord Salisbury with material information.

MORE NEWSPAPER OPINIONS.

Now that the question of the crisis has relaxed, people are wondering what all the furor was about. Papers like the 'Speaker,' which last week breathed a warlike defiance to the United States, indulge this week in self-congratulation on the good sense and good feeling shown by the English under most unexpected and extraordinary provocation in 'keeping their temper and studiously refraining from anything like retaliation upon the American jingoes.' The truth of the matter is that the jingo papers here tried to fan popular feeling into flames. They failed chiefly because the mass of the people could not understand what the cause of offence was that had been offered or was to be received from Washington. The war talk on the part of some of the newspapers is not quite over. The agricultural papers discuss the probable effects of a war between the two countries. The 'Mark Lane Express' holds that should a war occur and should it be a brief one, the only effect on the grain trade would be increased prices and not a shortness of the supply. Russia and India, it says, are now effective sources for the supply of any home deficiency.

'Vanity Fair' publishes a wild article in which it says that a war would be an excellent thing. If England should make the United States climb down it would put England on a pinnacle that she never yet attained.

UNITED STATES FINANCIAL TROUBLE.

The financial and tariff troubles of the United States strain the anxieties of practical men more than does President Cleveland's message on the Venezuelan question. City opinion remains in a condition of suspense, behind which, however, there is a feeling of greater confidence in the immediate future than the financial press assumes. A most eminent financial authority states that bonds of a four percent gold loan would be readily taken here. Three percent gold bonds would also have a European market, but coin bonds might be distrusted. As a matter of fact, European investors do not doubt there will be a recovery in the finances of the United States. Referring to the prophecies of a suspension of gold payments by the United States, the same authority holds that this should not seriously affect the values of American stocks, though much would depend on what premium gold attained.

U.S. ARMY OFFICERS WARNED TO KEEP SILENT.

Washington, Dec. 27.—Certain army officers who have appeared in recent alleged interviews in the newspapers in discussions of the possibilities of war, and outlining their ideas of what should be done in such an event, have received personal letters from the Secretary of War, Mr. Lamont, severely deprecating such talk. Undue significance, he says, is not only given expressions from such sources, but they are also injurious to the good reputation and discipline of the army, and harmful to the country in contributing to an unwarranted apprehension.

THE PRESIDENT'S FINANCIAL MESSAGE.

(N. Y. 'Journal of Commerce'.)

At the beginning of last week, the President sent a message to Congress conveying proposals in terms which left no possibility of escape from war with the most powerful of nations, except through retreat by the United States, and Congress accepted his programme. Before the end of the week he sends another message, imploring the attention of Congress to the perilous condition of the Treasury. His first freak has shaken European confidence in our credit to its foundations, and within three days London sold securities at New York estimated at a market valuation of \$16,000,000. These sales have produced a panic in Wall street and precipitated a fall in securities averaging twelve to thirteen percent in active stocks. At the end of the week there was a lull in demoralization, owing to the intervention of Saturday with its three hours of business, but there was an absence of real recovery, and present indications suggest the probability of a chronic state of panic more or less severe. Both here and abroad there is a disposition to suspend judgment and action until it becomes more apparent what is likely to be the result of the proposals for a new Treasury loan, and possibly that may put some restraint upon the prevailing demoralization for a time. It must be said, however, that the prospect is regarded among the financial houses as at least dubious.

At present there is a manifest hesitation among the banks to part with their gold for the new loan, especially on the part of the large holders. In face of the possibility of an early suspension of gold payments they doubt whether the gold procured by a loan would be of more than momentary use to the government as it would be subject to being quickly drawn out in payment for security sent home from Europe and by a drain for private hoarding which has already visibly set in; and, as they have little hope of being able to save the Treasury, they deem it proper to have some regard for their own safety and for the interest of their depositors. Of course, under the circumstances induced by the Venezuela message and by the belligerent future it has excited, it seems almost hopeless to expect that the government could procure any gold in Europe. And, moreover, men of responsibility have become so wearied of the process of borrowing 100 millions of gold a year which the Treas-

ury cannot hold, that they are becoming disposed to accept the hopelessness of the case and let the financial problems be dealt with in its worst phase, as being possibly most conducive to the ultimate application of a remedy. Before the distrust evoked by the President's emphatic war threat, there was some inclination in that direction; but now the disposition has become so manifest as to threaten a serious effect upon the fate of the impending loan. Moreover, the President's strange reckless attitude towards the business interests of the country and the consequent loss of confidence in his administration have produced a serious discouragement of the promptness that has so far existed to make sacrifices in the interest of the Treasury. Of course, much must depend on the attitude of our English creditors. If, as it is feared, the shock to their confidence and the wounding of their national sensitiveness should lead to the continued return of our obligations in large amounts, those operations might very quickly drain the Treasury of all gold it could borrow; a possibility which is gravely discouraging to those earnestly disposed to help in rescuing the finances.

It would be of no use to attempt any concealment or palliation of the peril of the situation. The President's blow to hope stimulates liquidation, and liquidation intensifies every element of danger. Mr. Cleveland has hitherto been a tower of strength under our financial emergencies; now, he has forfeited all confidence in his prudence and has become the chief source and centre of distrust. There seems to be but one possible relief from this situation, and that lies in some effective form of assurance that the President will assume a more pacific attitude and resume negotiations with England upon a basis that will eliminate the possibility of war from the situation. If Mr. Cleveland will not qualify his rash position to that extent, the ruin he has started must go on to its logical result; nothing can stay its progress from one stage of disorganization to a worse, until the government becomes financially and politically impotent. The President has let loose a set of mischievous influences all tending to distrust and to the most unmanageable forms of public danger. He has done this under circumstances of virtually uncontrollable monetary disorganization, from which no clear way of escape had been discovered. Our monetary system had become highly precarious even for peace purposes; and now he deliberately forces upon it the sudden strain of a war challenge, the most dangerous test to which even the most conservative system of finance can be subjected. His act has brought upon the country this almost hopeless state of financial confusion, and to his return to moderation we can alone look for mitigation of this utter wreck of confidence. He has not yet lost all his power to mend the situation; but he can help to redeem the country only by qualifying his own unfortunate position. Therein lies the only possibility of restoring confidence; but his assurances must have no uncertain tone, or they would be unheeded.

THE FALL OF CLEVELAND.

It is putting the case mildly to say that neither friends nor enemies recognize in the Cleveland of the message about Venezuela the Cleveland whom they thought they knew. Here and there a characteristically turgid quality of style may suggest his hand, but the recklessness of the production, tested either by the standard of morals or of statesmanship, reveals an entirely new side of his character. The unthinking applause with which in very many quarters this has been received, is an illustration of popular heedlessness, which may well arouse concern for the future of the republic. But Mr. Cleveland has changed more radically than most men do all at once, if this will console him for the unstinted condemnation which this production has elicited from many of his most steadfast and most discriminating friends. The humiliation and amazement with which these men regard the President in his new role of reckless jingoism have been but partially expressed. For them his assumption of such a role makes the ignoble ending of a great public career. It reduces him to the level of the demagogues, who are as forward in cheering him on to the execution of the disastrous work to which he has set his hand as they have been in obstructing and misrepresenting all his great efforts of enlightened statesmanship. Cleveland was once lauded for the enemies he had made; now he has brought himself to the pass of being distrusted and forsaken for the friends he has gained. Among these there are men who see with half-concealed satisfaction that he has undertaken an enterprise from which he can hardly emerge without being the target of popular execration or public contempt.—'Journal of Commerce.'

POLITICAL MATTERS.

NOT GOING TO OTTAWA.

Quebec, Dec. 28.—The 'Evening,' the French Quebec organ of the Tallon Government, declared last evening that it is in a position to state positively that the Hon. L. P. Pelletier has refused to accept a seat in the Bowell Cabinet. It says that he was at first disposed to accept in order to relieve the Ottawa Government of its embarrassment; but as he is the friend and partisan of Mr. Angers he finally refused to do so when he found that the majority of Mr. Angers's friends were opposed to making the slightest concession before the promised remedial legislation was before the House. It claims to be also informed that he has written a long letter to Sir Mackenzie Bowell explaining his reasons for refusing, but expressing his faith in the government's sincerity and acknowledging the sacrifices which it has made to render justice to the Manitoba Catholics.

IN WEST HURON.

Toronto, Dec. 27.—In a letter to a leading Patron in Toronto, Mr. D. A. Forrester, Patron candidate in West Huron, states his intention of coming out as a McCarthyite at the approaching election. If such action is taken the P. P. A. candidate, who is now in the field, will probably be withdrawn. The people are very enthusiastic in their opposition to remedial legislation, and Mr. Forrester believes his chances for election the very brighter. It is reported that Mr. M. C. Cameron, the Liberal candidate, will quit and that the fight will be between the government candidate and a Patron-McCarthy candidate. The Liberals have begun canvassing and contend that their man will go to the polls.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

Mr. Greenway's Reply to the Government's Amended Remedial Order.

Winnipeg, Dec. 26.—The reply of the Greenway Government to the Order-in-Council relating to the separate schools of the Dominion Government, has been made public. It reads as follows: To His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council:

May I please Your Honor,—The undersigned has the honor to submit for the consideration of Council, the following: That he has under consideration the order-in-council relating to the educational system in the Province of Manitoba, approved by His Excellency the Governor-General, on the 27th day of July, 1895. The apparent intention of the said document, among other things, is to invite action on the part of the authorities of the province to remedy the alleged grievances of the Roman Catholic population in relation to the Educational Bill. The exact nature of the action which is invited is not specially stated, and must be gathered from certain expressions found in the order-in-council in connection with the well-known facts of the case.

Attention may be drawn to the following extracts: 'It is believed by the subcommittee that the religious opinions and rights which have been recognized in the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Imperial Privy Council could be sufficiently met by the Local Legislature without impairing the efficiency or proper conduct, management and regulation of the public schools.'

The expressions, 'religious opinions and rights,' evidently refer to the contention that the Roman Catholic people of the province are entitled to special privileges in regard to education.

In another portion of the order-in-council may be found the following: 'The government has, therefore, decided not to ask Parliament to deal with remedial legislation during the present session. A communication will be sent to the Manitoba Government on the subject with a view of ascertaining whether that government is disposed to make a settlement of the question, which will be reasonably satisfactory to the minority of that province, without making it necessary to call into requisition the powers of the Dominion Parliament. A session of the present Parliament will be called together to meet not later than the first Thursday of January next. If, by that time, the Manitoba Government fails to make a satisfactory arrangement to remedy the grievances of the minority, the Dominion Government will be prepared at the next session of Parliament, to be called, as above stated, to introduce and press to a conclusion, such legislation as will afford an adequate measure of relief to the said minority, based upon the lines of the judgment of the Privy Council and the remedial order of the twenty-first of March, 1895.'

SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

The above extracts, taken in connection with the history of the question at issue, and the expressed views of those who claim to represent the minority, leave no room for doubt that the remedy or relief sought for is the re-establishment, in some form, of state aided separate schools. Whether the proposal is to place such separate schools in effect under clerical control, as were the Catholic schools prior to 1890, does not appear. It is, however, reasonably certain that no concession that does not admit the principle of such separate schools, and embody the same in the educational statute of the province, will be regarded as an adequate measure of relief or accepted as a solution of the difficulty.

If this conclusion be correct, and it is submitted that no other conclusion can be deduced, any present consideration of suggested concessions other than the restoration of separate schools may be dismissed as being irrelevant to the issue.

The order-in-council in question may, in effect, be stated to be a declaration that the advisers of His Excellency the Governor-General have, as a matter of educational policy, decided upon the re-establishment of state-aided separate schools for the Roman Catholic minority; that it is desired by His Excellency's advisers that such policy shall be adopted and carried into effect by the government and Legislature of Manitoba, and that, should such policy not be so adopted and carried into effect, the Parliament of Canada will be forthwith asked to override the wishes of the people of the province, its legislature and government, and re-establish such separate schools by Dominion legislation.

The issue is, therefore, very clearly defined. Upon the above declaration of the policy and intention of His Excellency's advisers certain observations may, not improperly, be made.

It has been held by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council that the present educational statutes of Manitoba are constitutionally valid.

THE LEGISLATURE DETERMINED.

The more recent decision of the same court in no way weakens or impairs the force of the former decision, which stands as an authoritative declaration that the said statutes which abolished separate schools are constitutional and, therefore, that such separate schools are not guaranteed to the minority by the constitution. The Legislative Assembly of the province has repeatedly declared itself to be resolute in its determination to maintain the principle of the present educational law.

The people of the province in the general election, held during the year 1892, were expressly asked to pronounce upon the same principle, with the result that all parties joined in the declarations of their determination to uphold it. The decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case, which was referred to the Supreme Court of Canada by the government of the Dominion, has in many quarters been misapprehended. Its entire scope and effect, so far as the Parliament or government of Canada, or the Legislature or government of Manitoba are concerned, is to declare and define the powers of the Governor-General-in-council and the Parliament of Canada as in the exercise of appellate functions.

It is respectfully affirmed that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council did not declare how the powers of the government or of Parliament ought to be exercised, nor did the said court possess any authority to make such a declaration. The function of the court was to declare the constitutional powers of the government and Parliament and not their policy. The action to be taken in the exercise of such powers is purely a matter of statesmanship, to be decided in the last resort by the people Canada, and not by a court of law.

RELIEF OF THE MINORITY.

The question of relief to the minority, therefore, came before the Governor-General-in-council, and will now come before Parliament as a question of policy, to be decided upon its educational merits, subject always to the well recognized principle that the central authority ought not to interfere with a province, except in a case of the most urgent necessity.

THAT REMEDIAL ORDER.

The Governor-General-in-council was in no way bound by the constitution to make a remedial order, granting the prayer of the appellants in whole or in part, nor is Parliament now bound by the constitution to make a remedial order granting the prayer of the appellants in whole or in part. Nor is Parliament now bound by the constitution, expressly or impliedly, to give effect to the remedial order in whole or in part. This fact being clear, it is submitted with confidence, that no sufficient ground has been established for interference in our educational affairs by the government or Parliament of the Dominion. The remedy sought to be applied is fraught with great danger to the principle of provincial autonomy. An independent consideration of the subject, as well as the recognized constitutional practice in analogous cases, clearly indicates that it should only be made use of as a last resort, and after the clearest possible case has been made out. It is obvious that so drastic a proceeding as the coercion of a province in order to impose upon it a policy repugnant to the declared wish of its people, can only be justified by clear and unmistakable proof of flagrant wrongdoing on the part of provincial authorities.

NO WRONG DONE.

In the present case there has been no wrong committed by the provincial authorities. It is justly maintained by the legislature that the law complained of is founded upon the principle of equal justice to every section of the community and so confident was that body of the fairness and justice of its position that in its reply to the remedial order it challenged an impartial enquiry into the facts of the case. The judgment of the court that the minority have a grievance does not in any way indicate that a moral or political wrong has been done. The legal grievance referred to in the judgment consists in the abolition of a privilege theretofore enjoyed, irrespective of whether the privilege was founded on reason or justice.

There is no inference to be derived therefrom that the privilege ought to be restored. Whether such privilege shall be restored or not is a question of public policy. The reasons which have impelled the advisers of His Excellency to decide without investigation upon the re-establishment of separate schools for the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba have not been made known to the government or legislature of the province, and it is respectfully affirmed that a full and careful consideration of the whole subject fails to disclose any sufficient reason for the adoption of such policy.

NO SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

It is, therefore, recommended that so far as the Government of Manitoba is concerned the proposal to establish a system of separate schools in any form be positively and definitely rejected, and that the principle of a uniform non-sectarian public school system be adhered to.

It is further recommended that the order-in-council of July 27, 1895, with the reply of your Honor's government thereto be laid before the Legislative Assembly of the province with all convenient despatch at the next ensuing session thereof. [Note.—The legislature meets on Jan. 23, twenty days after parliament meets at Ottawa.]

It may be pointed out that the legal position in regard to the proposed remedial legislation is far from clear. It has repeatedly been declared, according to reported utterances, that remedial legislation does not necessarily mean that the remedial order will be literally followed, or that the system of separate schools which existed prior to 1890 will be restored.

It would appear reasonable to conclude that no one could seriously contemplate the restoration of that system. Yet, if remedial legislation in any other form than literal confirmation of the remedial order be introduced a grave doubt arises as to the competency of parliament to pass such legislation without the same being first submitted to the legislature of the province.

On the other hand any proposed measure would require to be in accord with the order of the Governor-General-in-Council; so that the first step required might be to amend the remedial order. Whether any power exists to amend or rescind the remedial order is also a subject of some doubt.

It is a matter of regret that the invitation extended by the Legislative Assembly to make a proper enquiry into the facts of the case has not been accepted, but that, as above stated, the advisers of His Excellency have declared their policy without investigation. It is equally a matter of regret that parliament is apparently about to be asked to legislate without investigation.

A REGRETTABLE COURSE.

It is with all deference submitted that such a course seems to be quite incapable of reasonable justification, and must create the conviction that the educational interests of the people of the Province of Manitoba are being dealt with in a hostile and peremptory way by a tribunal whose members have not approached the subject in a judicial spirit or taken the proceedings necessary to enable them to form a proper opinion upon the merits of the question.

The enquiry asked for by the reply of the Legislature to the remedial order, should, in the opinion of the undersigned, be again earnestly invited, and in the event of the invitation being accepted, the scope of the enquiry should be sufficiently

wide to embrace all available facts relating to the past or present school system. The desire of the Legislature and government of the province throughout the whole course of the proceedings, being the wish with the enactment of the statutes of 1890, has been to provide the best possible means of education for the children of our citizens. To that end every possible effort has been put forth, and every possible pecuniary sacrifice made in order that there might be established a school system based upon sound principles, and equipped and administered in accordance with approved modern educational methods. Though very much remains to be accomplished, it may be fairly asserted that a reasonable measure of success has attended the efforts which have thus been put forth.

In amending the law from time to time, and in administering the system, it is the earnest desire to remedy every well-founded grievance and to remove every appearance of inequality or injustice that may be brought to notice. With a view to so doing the government and the Legislature will always be ready to consider any complaint that may be made in a spirit of fairness and conciliation.

It seems, therefore, most reasonable to conclude that, by leaving the question to be so dealt with the truest interest of the minority will be better served than by an attempt to establish a system of separate schools by coercive legislation.

Such a system, discredited as it is, will be from the outset crippled by reason of insufficient pecuniary support, and ineffective educational equipment, and will be an injury rather than a benefit to those whom it is intended to serve. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Dated at the Council Chamber, Winnipeg, this 20th day of December, A.D. 1895.

AN INFAMOUS STORY.

HOW A WEALTHY FRENCH CONSRIPT SCRIPT WAS DONE TO DEATH.

New York, Dec. 29.—The 'Sun's' London cable letter says: The doing to death of Max Leboudy by the French conscript system is one of the results of the reign of scandal in France. It is an amazing story. All the world had heard about this young man and his millions which he squandered so recklessly. He was a most eccentric spendthrift, and his eccentricity kept full pace with his love of notoriety. He inherited a fortune of \$9,000,000 two or three years ago, and in spending some of it his generosity has been often princely and judicious. When the time came for him to render the three years' military service which the French law exacts, the Socialists and Radicals, who had been scandalized by his extravagances, were delighted at his being constrained to shoulder his musket, and they kept strict watch over him. Every time he obtained a leave of absence for a day there was an outbreak in every revolutionary, Socialist and Radical newspaper. His colonel was accused of showing him favor, and when he first fell ill in the summer, the doctor who had given him a certificate of vacation to that effect, was openly accused of having received a bribe of 20,000 francs. The attacks were so persistent that the military authorities recalled the unfortunate young man, who had received an unlimited furlough. Instead of recovering, he soon showed signs of consumption. Anyone else in his condition would have been sent home, but, although twenty doctors declared that he was unfit for service, the military authorities dared not release him. Mme. Severine, a woman journalist, was particularly bitter in her persecution of the young man through the press. Some of the venalet sheets of Paris did not neglect the opportunity to levy blackmail upon the millionaire conscript, but he resisted their demands, and the attacks went on. He was sent from one military hospital to another until it happened, as he himself wrote to a friend, 'It is an absolute denial of justice that I have to suffer on account of my millions. I am more ill-treated than the lowest of peasants and I envy their lot. The doctors have all admitted that I'm sick. They have all declared that my remaining in the army means death, and no one will give me a chance of life because my name is Leboudy, and because they do not wish to be attacked in certain papers. Let them finish the business then. If I am well, let them send me to the barracks, and if I am sick let them release me from this service. But they ought not to toss me any more from hospital to hospital. I am here as a dying man in the midst of the dying, to see all these unfortunate soldiers who have come back from Madjuna without any breath left in them, and who are going to die before me, perhaps. It seems to me that I live in the midst of phantoms and spectres.' M. Leboudy was kept in a common ward among the sufferers from Madagascan fever until within a few days of death, where he contracted this fever, and died of it. It is said that he left his entire fortune to Mlle. Marsey, one of the actresses of the Comedie Francaise.

JAPAN'S PARLIAMENT IN SESSION.

REFORMS SUGGESTED IN THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

Yokohama, Dec. 28.—The Japanese Parliament was opened to-day. In his speech from the throne the Emperor said he was rejoiced at the end of the war with China, that order had been established in the island of Formosa, and that the relations between Japan and the foreign powers were more intimate than formerly. He said that the Japanese Empire had already achieved striking progress in civilization, but that it had a long and arduous task before it. Measures would be introduced to increase the defences of the country.

DEATH OF A PRESBYTERIAN DIVINE.

Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 28.—The Rev. John Scott, D.D., a retired minister of the Hamilton Presbyterian Church, died last night in his seventy-ninth year. For twenty-five years he was the pastor of St. Andrew's Church in London, and was later on stationed in North Bruce. He retired from active work six years ago.

THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.

Annual Report of the Minister of Finance For the Past Fiscal Year.

Ottawa, Dec. 26.—The annual report of the Minister of Finance known as the Public Accounts for the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1895, is published.

The operations of the year resulted in an increase of \$6,891,897, in the net public debt, which on June 30, stood at \$253,074,927. The receipt from ordinary sources failed to meet the ordinary expenditure by \$4,153,875. This showing is even worse than appeared by the statement of the year's finances published in the 'Canada Gazette' in October, both the net debt and the deficit being larger than the amounts contained in that statement.

The withdrawals from the savings banks amounted to \$11,250,000, and the deposits to \$11,224,000. There was thus \$55,845 more withdrawn during the year than was deposited. The accrued interest on the various accounts amounted to \$1,470,332.

The actual debt is even larger than \$253,000,000, because no account is taken of the three million dollars to which the Dominion is indebted to the Province of Quebec, and for which we became liable under a statute passed recently. It is a direct liability which the Minister of Finance apparently repudiates.

The total expenditure on account of consolidated fund was \$38,132,005 and the total receipts \$33,978,129, showing a deficit of \$4,153,875. The deficits since Mr. Mackenzie left office have been as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Year, Amount. 1879: \$1,937,599; 1880: \$1,548,227; 1885: \$2,540,928; 1886: \$5,834,571; 1888: \$10,051; 1894: \$1,210,322; 1895: \$1,153,875.

The deficits during Sir Richard Cartwright's administration of the finances, amounted in three years to \$4,489,000.

The following are the items of expenditure on account of consolidated funds for 1895:—

Table with 2 columns: Item, Amount. Interest and charges on public debt: \$10,745,244; Civil Government: \$2,602,311; Administration of Justice: \$1,322,274; Dominion Police: \$2,143; Legislation: \$41,670; Penitentiaries: \$449,599; Arts, Agriculture and statistics: \$25,749; Immigration: \$1,000; Quarantine: \$101,239; Pensions: \$4,849; Superannuation: \$265,285; Militia: \$1,574,013; Mounted Police: \$646,125; Public Works: \$1,742,316; Railways and Canals: \$252,716; Mail subsidies and steamship subventions: \$13,268; Ocean and river service: \$265,922; Marine Hospitals: \$1,322,274; Steamboat Inspection: \$2,585; Insurance Inspection: \$10,617; Fisheries: \$443,871; Geological Survey: \$5,151; Scientific institutions: \$3,274; Subsidies to Provinces: \$4,227,474; Indemnity: \$55,493; North-West Government: \$303,603; Miscellaneous: \$217,290.

The collection of customs cost \$917,632 and excise \$471,864. The expenditure on militia was \$300,000 in excess of the previous year and the expenditure on railways and canals on account of income increased by nearly 100 percent and the expenditure of Public Works on account of income was increased by \$500,000. Administration of justice was increased \$40,000 and civil government \$20,000. The expenditure on immigration decreased by \$7,000.

The expenditure on capital amounted to \$5,031,000, distributed chiefly among four items, as follows:—St. Lawrence river, and canals, \$1,137,592; Sault Ste. Marie canal, \$466,151; Intercolonial Railway, \$327,044; Lacine canal, \$189,944. In addition the railway subsidies charged to capital account and paid during the year aggregated \$1,319,549.

The management of Dominion lands, \$99,842, is charged to capital account. The receipts from these lands amounted to \$167,869. In addition to this the sum of \$129,727 was paid on account of consolidated fund making a total expenditure of \$329,000, while the total receipts amounted to \$167,869, leaving a deficit of about \$62,000. This was the fund which according to Sir Charles Tupper was to realize from the sale of lands to settlers the sum of \$69,000,000, after paying all the expenses of survey and management. It was Sir Leonard Tilley when Minister of Finance in 1882 predicted that by 1890 Canada's public debt would be reduced to \$100,000,000 by the proceeds of Dominion lands. The amount of debt to-day is \$253,000,000 and the Dominion land fund continues to show an annual deficit.

The liabilities of the Dominion which were a year ago \$308,000,000, are set down now at \$318,000,000. Since last year Mr. Foster has realized \$10,950,000 on account of the loan of 1894. In other words, Mr. Foster is borrowing money to pay his running expenses.

Among the miscellaneous expenditure for 1895 appear the following items, expenses for Alaska boundary commission \$44,565; contribution to the Lady Thompson fund, \$25,000; additional payment for Colonial Conference, \$4,605; funeral expenses of the late Sir John Thompson, \$29,831; plant for printing bureau, \$4,929; preparations of returns to Parliament, \$1,442; further payment to Royal Commission on the liquor traffic, \$13,857.

The revenue of the Post-Office Department amounted to \$2,792,789 and the expenditure to \$3,598,647, a deficit of \$820,000, which is very much in excess of the average deficit. The post-office revenue was \$17,000 less than the year before and the expenditure \$75,000 more. The expenditure for the post-office was larger than in any previous year since confederation. The same is true in the Militia Department. The same is also true as applied to the Government of the North-West and the penitentiaries.

In 1890 it cost \$73,000 to collect about \$24,000,000 of Customs revenue, and in 1895, it cost \$917,000 to collect \$17,440,000.

The number of accounts opened with the Post-Office Savings Bank was the smallest of any year during the last ten years.

HATRED OF ENGLAND.

Here is the Devil Which Mr. Cleveland Has Stirred Up and for Which he is Responsible.

(Detroit News.)

The discussion which the Venezuelan question has provoked in this country and in England is a fruitful source of nonsense uttered by people who talk from the pulpit, write in the newspapers, and make speeches to the public.

1. The people of England and the United States are of one race and one blood, and war between them would therefore be fratricidal.

2. There is at bottom a solid friendship between the two peoples which will prevent war.

3. That war, should it come, will be entered upon by this country on account of a wrong done by England to Venezuela, and for the sake of the actual rights of the controversy in the boundary dispute between those two countries.

4. That we shall be at a frightful disadvantage in the conduct of war unless we shall preserve the gold basis upon which our currency now rests.

5. That the withdrawal of British and other foreign capital will ruin, or impoverish, or seriously embarrass us in the conduct of war with England.

6. That war between the two nations would be a calamity of an unparalleled nature, because of the intimate relations between the two peoples.

7. That modern war is more frightful in its destructiveness and in its injury to mankind and its retardation of what is called progress and civilization, than was ancient war.

There are many other foolish things said by the unthinking parrots who rush into speech and press on this occasion, but these will do for the present. There is not one of the above statements, which are generally uttered with all the assurance of self-evident infallibility, which has any solid basis of truth and most of them are shallow falsehoods.

1. We are not at all of the same race or blood as the English, except for purposes of academical discussion. The people of the southern states, leaving out Louisiana and Florida, are the only people in this country of whom that can be said, and even in their veins there is a very large admixture of other bloods.

2. There has never been any love lost between this country and England. We have always been enemies, and we always shall be. We must admire the English, but we must also distrust if not hate them, as they do us. The qualities that make them worthy of our utmost admiration are the very qualities that make them dangerous to us.

3. We do not need gold to carry on war. We put up the biggest fight in the world's history between 1861 and 1865, and we didn't have a dollar of either gold or silver in our currency. We can do it now a hundred times better.

4. Our British creditors sell off their American securities, theirs will be the loss and ours the gain, as we shall get very good properties for less than their real worth. The railways, breweries, factories, etc., upon which these credits are based, are what constitutes the real wealth. If the English care to sell them off at any price, or even to give them away, the properties will still be here, and somebody will own them and make money out of them.

and wounded in some of our modern battles seems sometimes ridiculously small compared with the number engaged, and provokes the question if there was really any serious fighting done.

Beside, are we going to abdicate our position as a great nation merely because of the fear that someone may get hurt?

SOWING THE WIND.

To what kind of sentiment should a man address himself who has a message to deliver on which hangs the issue of peace or war between two of the great nations of the world? Unless he be prepared to accept a lasting notoriety of infamy, he may not 'pamper a hasty time' by a clap-trap appeal to ignorance and passion.

At Denison, Texas, a heavy rain prevailed yesterday. The whole country is flooded. The Red river has risen nearly eight feet.

At Weir City, Kansas, William Curtis, a farmer, was drowned yesterday while fording Brush Creek.

Schenectady, N.Y., Dec. 27.—A wind and rain storm which swept over this city shortly after midnight assumed the fury of a hurricane.

New York, Dec. 27.—Reports continue to come in this morning of damage caused everywhere in this vicinity by last night's wind and rain storm and many persons had arrow escapes from serious injury, if not death.

Troy, N.Y., Dec. 27.—The worst wind known here in years visited the city between two and four o'clock this morning.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 27.—A terrible gale struck this city about one o'clock and lasted till five o'clock this morning.

try can command the respect of mankind which conducts its greatest affairs by appealing to the lowest passions. The earliest of Republics succumbed to the recklessness of their demagogues and the volatile heedlessness of their people.

FLOODS IN THE WEST.

Little Rock, Ark., Dec. 24.—The Arkansas River has continued to rise during the past forty-eight hours.

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 24.—Advices received here from Warsaw, Benson county, Missouri, state that the flood situation there is growing alarming.

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Toronto, Dec. 27.—The suit of the Hamilton Branch of the Lord's Day Alliance against the Hamilton Street Railway Company, came up for argument this morning in the High Court of Justice before Judge Rose.

Messrs. Charles Moss, Q.C., and A. E. O'Meara appeared for the Hamilton Lord's Day Alliance, and Messrs. Edward Martin, Q.C., and Kirwin Martin, represented the Street Railway.

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Toronto, Dec. 27.—The twenty-third annual general meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada, was begun this morning in the Auditorium Hall.

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THE MANITOBA ELECTIONS

Mr. Greenway Delivers an Address on Educational Matters.

THE OPPOSITION TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

Winnipeg, Man., Dec. 24.—In announcing the dissolution of the Manitoba Legislature yesterday, Mr. Greenway, premier, made the following address:—The menacing attitude assumed by the Dominion Government, with reference to the educational legislation of the province, has made it necessary to take the sense of the electors upon the question thus forced upon them.

On March 21 last the Dominion Privy Council hastily issued a general order which commanded the Legislature of Manitoba to restore the separate school system, as it existed prior to 1890.

On July 3 last, the Hon. Mr. Foster, speaking for the Dominion Government, in the House of Commons, stated that a communication would be sent to the Manitoba Government to ascertain whether a settlement of the question could be made and that, in the event of a refusal, a session of the Dominion Parliament would be called to meet not later than the first Thursday of January next.

On Christmas night a man was shot in the thigh by an unknown individual on the corner of Queen street and Dominion avenue.

Montreal people are anxious lest the City Council should give the street railway company the right to enter and traverse the Mountain Park.

The election of the Hon. James McShane by a large majority for Montreal Centre division, has proved a great surprise to both parties.

The Demers case in the Court of Queen's Bench is drawing to a close. The defence concluded its evidence on Friday and on Saturday Mr. Desmarais addressed the jury for his client.

One of the sad occurrences of the week was the death of Mr. Thomas Fraser, a well known grocer of Bleury street.

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MONTREAL NEWS.

Mr. Bousquet, the cashier of the People's Bank, in process of being wrecked now, has disappeared from the scene, and is in New York, shareholders threaten the arrest of all the directors.

An unknown man turned out the gas in the Hope Coffee House one night last week and was found dead in his bed next morning.

The Rev. Mr. Hay Atken, the Rev. Mr. Stephens, Mrs. Crouch and Miss Ryder, who have returned from their evangelistic mission at Hallax, the results of which have been favorably spoken of, left on Saturday morning for Ottawa.

The weather has been milder than has been known in this part of Canada for more than twenty years, and the men who every year make their livelihood by cutting ice for summer use are out of work.

A carter named James Tarrington, who lived at 1969 St. Hubert street, Boulevard St. Denis, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning.

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ONTARIO.

(Special Correspondence of the 'Witness.') Toronto, Dec. 28.—The by-elections of this week have had a marked effect on public opinion.

Mr. Macgillivray will vote against remedial legislation in the House of Commons. It is not possible to say the same thing about Cardwell.

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