MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS

FORTY-NINTH YEAR. } MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1894. { MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 Post-Paid; 5c a Copy.

SUMMARY.

A long distance telephone is about to be put in operation between Berlin and Stockholm, Sweden.

Abdurrahman Khan, G.C.S.I., Ameer of Afghanistan, has been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath by the Queen.

In accordance with his expressed wish, the body of Sir Samuel White-Baker, the African explorer, who died on Saturday, was cremated at Woking on Tuesday.

The Rev. D. Sutherland a few days ago discovered on Gabarus Lake, Nova Scotia, one of the greatest beds of 'red hematite iron ore', it is supposed, in the world.

Mr. Hebert, the Canadian sculptor, in Paris, has been awarded the contract for the statue of Sir John Macdonald, to be erected on Parliament hill, Ottawa, at the public cost.

Nowithstanding the new regulations, twenty-one sealers have sailed from Victoria, B. C., so far, carrying 74 Indians and 428 whites. This constitutes one-third of the entire fleet.

The hard times have forced Harvard College to retrench. Notice has been given to two professors and four instructors that their services will not be required after the close of the current year.

Walter Campbell, of Chicago, president of the Illinois Electric Forging Company, has disappeared and many stockholders in the company whose subscriptions amount altogether to $215,000, are looking for him.

Fifty-two prisoners are now in the Chicago, Cook county, jail charged with murder. Five hundred other prisoners are in the jail awaiting trial. In many cases three or four men are crowded into one cell.

The Kroner Brothers, until recently of the Cetta Publishing Company, Stuttgart, have finished printing Bismarck's memoirs in six volumes. The memoirs will be withheld until after the Premier's death.

Diphtheria has been epidemic in Saratov, Russia recently. Most of its victims are children. In some towns and villages hardly a child has survived. In nine villages of one district there were 1,094 deaths from diphtheria last year.

The Berlin newspapers state that the recent massacre of Catholics at Krosche, Russia, was due to the express order of General Kakhanoff, governor of Vilna. The papers declare that sixty persons were killed and ten injured by the Cossacks.

The usual vice-regal reception on New Year's Day by the Governor-General was attended by an unusually large number, it having been Lord Aberdeen's first New Year's Day levee. All the members of the Cabinet attended his Excellency.

A petition, signed by a large number of the captains of British vessels, employed in the trans-Atlantic trade, has been presented to Mr. Gladstone, urging that Great Britain join with the United States and other powers in sending war-ships to destroy derelicts.

Peasants ni the Kharkov district of Russia have rebelled against the official measures inaugurated there to suppress the cattle disease known as rinderpest. Troops have been called out several times to disperse mobs and several peasants have been killed. The rinderpest is spreading rapidly.

In consequence of threats made to blow up the Casino at Monte Carlo, persons entering the gambling saloons there, are searched to see that they do not carry dynamite. Some of the high patrons of the place objected so vigorously to this process that exceptions are made in certain cases.

The complaint of General Briamont, the Belgian expert in fortifications, that Turkey had been deterred by Russian influence from properly fortifying the entrance to the Black Sea, has been corroborated by the 'Wiedomosti.' This journal says that in view of the Porte's financial troubles Russia advised the Sultan to stop building forts on the land side.

It was decided by the Department of Justice at Ottawa to commute the capital sentence passed on Hill, the Brandon boy murderer, to imprisonment for life in the Manitoba penitentiary. There was no excuse for the crime, the cold-blooded murder of Williams, his employer and benefactor, a young Englishman who had set up farming in that new country, but owing to the convict's youth, fourteen or fifteen, the executive consider that it would not be humane to hang him.

A BATTLE BY MISTAKE.

BRITISH TROOPS ATTACKED BY FRENCH AND SOME THIRTY OR FORTY KILLED AND WOUNDED.

THE AFFAIR WAS IN SENEGAMBIA, AND IT WAS A MILITARY MISTAKE AS TO IDENTITY.

London, Jan. 5.—Military and political circles are excited to-day by a sensational report which reached here from Sierra Leone, Senegambia, the British colonial settlement of West Africa. According to the report received here Captain E. A. W. Londy, inspector general of the frontier police, and twenty-six men and several officers of the first battalion of a West India regiment, who were engaged in an expedition against the Sofias, have been killed and it is added that they were shot by French troops. It is also asserted that a French officer engaged in the attack was captured and that this confirms the story that the British force was destroyed by the French troops. The affair has caused the greatest excitement.

No further details have as yet been received. The expedition started a few weeks ago to chastise the Sofias, who have been giving much trouble to British traders on the coast near the French territory. The sensation mongers are already looking upon this colonial incident as being likely to be the spark which will cause a war between England and France, but the fact remains that the report is unconfirmed and that it will take a great deal more than a frontier incident to cause England to disturb the peace of Europe.

Every effort is being made by the Government authorities to obtain correct information regarding the alleged massacre of the British detachment and some time may elapse before the real facts in the case are obtainable.

THE ATTACKING LEADER CAPTURED.

London, Jan. 6.—Particulars concerning the battle between French and British troops on the frontier of Sierra Leone on the north-west coast of Africa, are in effect that the British force, said to number about five hundred native troops, sent against the Sofias under Alfmay Samadoo, a rebellious chief, were encamped near Warina, within the sphere of British influence, shortly before daylight on Dec. 23. This force was attacked by thirty Senegalese sharpshooters, supported by twelve hundred native French auxiliaries, under Lieut. Moritz, of the French regular army. The French opened fire upon the British, who replied, and after the fighting had continued for some time the French retired and Lieut. Moritz, who had been wounded, was captured by the British and brought into the camp.

Upon being questioned as to his reason for opening fire upon the British troops, Lieut. Moritz explained that he mistook the British force for a force of Sofias under European officers and Arab leaders. Lieutenant Moritz, in spite of the assistance promptly rendered to him, eventually died of his wounds. In addition ten of the Senegalese sharp-shooters were killed, and of the frontier police which accompanied the expedition in addition to Inspector-General Lendy, two were killed and three were seriously wounded. Later news received says it was bright moonlight and the mistake was inexcusable.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PRESS OPINIONS OF THE UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT.

London, Jan. 6.—Col. A. B. Nellis, of the West India regiment, has telegraphed to the Right Hon. H. Campbell Bannerman, secretary of state for war, the despatch being dated Warina, Dec. 23, as follows:—'Before day-break this morning our camp was suddenly attacked by a strong force of natives, several of whom were armed with rifles. For forty minutes there was a hot fire. The enemies used trees for cover. The killed of the West India regiment are Lieut. Liston, Second Lieut. Wroughton, Sergeant Carragher and four privates. The killed of the constabulary were Capt. Lendy and two privates. The severely wounded were Sergeant Field and fourteen privates of the regiment and three privates of the constabulary. The fire slackening, we advanced and found seven magazine rifles and eight chassepots. Shortly after a wounded prisoner reported that we had been attacked by Lieut. Moritz of the French army, 32 Senegalese sharpshooters and 1,200 Kissi natives. The prisoner stated that Lieut. Moritz had left Farana with this force against the Sofas at the end of September and had arrived Dec. 21 at Teubikundu, fifty miles north-east of Warina. Lieut. Moritz, hearing that there was war in the Connoh district, believed it was being carried on by the Sofa under Asorokarri, a Sofa chief, who was trying to escape from the British and join the Sultan. Lieut. Moritz left on the morning of Dec. 21, and on Dec. 22 was fifteen miles north-east of our camp. He left this point at midnight under a full moon and attacked us believing us to be Sofas.

'I wrote Lieut. Moritz, explaining the situation. A letter had been previously sent on Dec. 13 to the commanding French officer at Kissi, in Sahara, giving notice of the approach of the British troops.

'At 11 o'clock Lieut. Moritz was found severely wounded. Despite all medical attendance he died at noon. Before he died he said that the natives had told him we were Sofas and that he had no idea we were British. Lieut. Moritz and ten Senegalese who had been killed in the fighting were buried with military honors. Captain Lendy and two constables were shot by their own men. Another letter has been sent to the French commander at Kissi informing him of the occurrence and assuring him that the friendly relations existing will not be disturbed owing to Lieut. Moritz's mistake.

'Warina is within our own sphere in which is the source of the Babbes river, which flows eastward.'

The British Government has ordered that a stringent enquiry be made into the affair. A Cabinet Council will be convened on Tuesday to consider the reports of the battle of Warina.

A LATER DESPATCH.

London, Jan. 7.—The Government received to-day a despatch which was delayed in transit, concerning the movements of Colonel A. B. Ellis's column of West Indians prior to the attack of the French force at Warina. The column left Kommendi on Dec. 16, and marched north-east. Colonel Ellis found that an area thirty-one miles wide had been devastated by Sofas. On Dec. 17 he surprised a party of Sofas and put them to flight. Lieutenant Gwynn, of the Engineer corps, and one of the West Indians were wounded. The town of Sidu was captured on Dec. 20. Lieutenant Margesson and three West Indians were wounded. The main body of Sofas was then at Karayemma, and Colonel Ellis intended to advance on the camp in a few days.

London, Jan. 7.—Several newspapers to-day print an interview with Lieut. Mizon, the African explorer and traveller in the French service. He said that he was not surprised when he heard of the battle at Warina. The territories of France and England were not adequately defined in North-West Africa and there was deep animosity between the Senegalese sharp-shooters and the West Indian soldiers. The latter, Mizon said, were robbers and plunderers. Lieut. Mizon could not believe that the fault lay with the French.

The attack took place in the district possession of which is still a matter of dispute between France and England. Capt. Lendy some time ago was supposed to be hemmed in by natives near Karanko, and a detachment of the West India regiment was sent to his aid. Then a larger force from the same regiment was dispatched after the first. It is not known whether both forces were with him at the time of the French attack. Capt. Lendy left Liverpool in November, 1892. The French some time ago took possession of the town of Hera Makonah, in the interior. This town was claimed by the English, and Capt. Lendy was dispatched with a small police force to relieve the British garrison at Taluta, in the same district. All reports of his progress and experiences since he set out have been meagre and contradictory. The main British expedition sent to Koranko was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis and consisted of one hundred and twenty frontier police and four hundred and thirty West Indians. It was sent against the marauding Sofas, who have long been troublesome. Great Britain had informed France of the objects and scope of the expedition, knowing that French troops were punishing the Sofas under Ahmay Samadoo. Those at Koranko have fled from the French. Great Britain was not aware that the French were far enough south to come in contact with the British troops. The French force consisted chiefly of Senegal negroes, officered by Frenchmen. Captain Lendy recently was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order as a reward for his services.

One section of the Paris press adopts a distinctly Chauvinist tone with reference to the Warina conflict, questioning the veracity of the British accounts and glorifying Lieut. Moritz as the victim of British perfidy.

The 'Journal des Debats' says it declines to believe that the French were responsible for the Warina affair. It complains that the French were never officially notified of the departure of the British force into the interior.

The 'Liberte' says it has reason to believe that the British were wholly blamable.

The 'Temps' expresses the opinion that the affair was indubitably the result of a misunderstanding.

The 'Figaro' says: 'It is probable the English press will make a great fuss about the bungling incident. Before we pronounce an opinion we will await the receipt of details. Judging from the explanations given by the Colonial Office in London, it seems the British expedition was imprudent.'

The 'Gaulois' expresses the hope that the affair will not lead to complications and that it will be settled by the exchange of notes by France and England.

London, Jan. 6.—The 'Evening Standard,' Conservative, says: 'It would be monstrous and absurd to suppose that the French officers wilfully ordered their men to fire on the British flag. The disaster was caused indirectly by French encroachments. They pushed and harassed the Sofas to such a degree that the latter raided into British British territory.'

Under the caption, 'For want of a buffer,' the 'St. James's' Gazette,' Conservative, says: 'The French are singularly ill-adapted to the role of comfortable neighbors. We do not find German troops prowling about in our preserves. It would appear prudent to keep something always between ourselves and our thin skinned, restless neighbors.'

The 'Westminster Gazette' (Liberal) says. 'Although the ways of certain French officers in West Africa are past finding out, we decline to believe that there was intent in this case. If a French officer acted in such criminal fashion he surely will not get any support on the Quai d'Orsay.'

The 'Globe' (Conservative) says in a leader on the fight at Warina: 'How did the French happen to follow the Sofas into the British hinterland. Doubtless our neighbors are as anxious as ourselves to sift the matter to the very bottom and will make all possible reparation if malicious intent be proved.'

The 'Pall Mall Gazette' (Conservative) says: 'Happily there is no reason to anticipate serious difficulties with France. Next to the deplorable loss of life, the most lamentable features of such blunders is that they produce local feelings which require years to remove.'

London, Jan. 8.—The Paris correspondent of the 'Daily News' says that excepting the news from English sources nothing has been received in Paris regarding the Warina battle. The French Government is anxiously awaiting the official despatches, which are not likely to arrive for some time yet.

The 'Daily News' says editorially: 'The details received from Warina make it certain that the French attack was an error pure and simple, an honest mistake of identity.'

The 'Standard' says: 'The blame for the affair at Warina lies entirely with the French, yet nobody in England will dream of suggesting that the attack was made with intent. It was an error which we are sure France and the French deeply regret and for which they will, to the best of their ability, be glad to make honorable reparation.'

OPINION IN LONDON.

(By Cable to the New York 'Times.')

London, Jan. 6.—Suddenly, and if not from a clear sky, at least from an unexpected quarter of the horizon, a lightning flash has startled Europe. There has been some strange sort of night encounter between English and French forces in the bush up the Niger Valley in that vague Hinterland between Sierra Leone and Senegambia. Three well-known young English officers, with sixteen black soldiers in British uniform, have been killed by French weapons. Original reports from Sierra Leone, both to the news agency and the Foreign Office, ascribe the action to a mistake on the part of the French, who are said to have taken the negroes of the West India regiment, despite their uniforms, for savage natives.

To put it mildly, this explanation impresses London as quite too thin! Skepticism is all the more easy because for years back a number of French officers along the Upper Niger, notably Lieut. Mizon, have been displaying the utmost rancor toward the English, and have been boldly taking, on their own initiative, a line of practical hostility which the French Foreign Office has been forced to disavow.

Mizon returned to Paris a few months ago and told his side of a story, which both the English and Belgian officials in the Niger-Congo country denounced as a pack of lies, but which so took the Parisian fancy that Mizon became the hero of the hour, and the Parisian press bullied the French Foreign Office into a tacit promise that hereafter French interests in the debatable Hinterland should be more vigorously looked after. These antecedent circumstances raise a tolerably substantial presumption against a theory that the catastrophe at Warina was due to an innocent mistake.

In spite of this feeling, the London papers speak very guardedly of the matter. Ministerial papers, like the 'Daily News' and the 'Chronicle,' are a trifle more alarmist in their tone than the 'Times,' and the Tory organs, while the evening papers of all shades counsel cool heads and patience till it is seen what the French will do. So far as one hears from Paris, there are only brief press comments, pitched in a rather careless key and foreshadowing a position that the fault was British, because their troops were not on British territory. This is, apparently, quite untrue. The danger is not so much that the French Foreign Office desires to avoid an apology and reparation as that the furious anti-English spirit in Paris may fan up a commotion which will coerce the Foreign Office into making difficulties against its will. This was the case in the Siam difficulty, and the present is recognized by everybody to be a far graver affair.

QUEBEC LEGISLATURE.

The Quebec Legislature has had a partial triumph as to the Asylum Bill, which the Legislative Council amended, so as to prevent the province from becoming owners thereof. It permitted the nuns of the Beauport Asylum to be custodians of the insane, at a fixed price. The Legislature was much exercised over the discussion of several bills relating to the charter of the city of Montreal, some of which passed to become law. Among these was one that cuts down the aldermanic representation of Montreal from three to two in each ward. The Legislative Assembly added a clause to the Villeneuve bill, which would take from the electors of Montreal the election of their mayor, and would give it into the hands of the City Council. There was also a clause in this that permitted Montreal to borrow a million dollars for the erection of a railway station in the East End, and for other improvements which have been deemed unnecessary by honest people. While admitting the million dollar ican, the Montreal members raised objection to the method provided of electing the mayor. The Legislature refused to pass the bill as amended by the Legislative Council, and asks the latter to strike out the clause relative to the mayor's election. This the Council refused to do, and there was a dead lock until the meeting on Monday, when the Legislative Council yielded and the bill passed, leaving Montreal to elect her mayor in the old way.

MR. BLAKE'S MOVEMENTS.

Toronto, Jan. 8.—A despatch from Boston states that the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., is to be invited to deliver an address in that city on the present aspect of the Home Rule cause. Mr. Blake says he has had no such correspondence with Boston, and has not as yet received any formal invitation. Being asked when he would return to England, Mr. Blake said: Early in February next. The date has not yet been definitely fixed, but I will sail on either Feb. 3, 6, or 10.

SHOT GEN. WILLIAMS DEAD.

New York, Jan. 8.—The 'Herald's' Managua, Nicaragua, special says: Gen. Williams, who was taken prisoner when the town of Choluteca in Honduras was captured by Bonilla's troops, tried to escape yesterday and was killed by a sentinel. Foreign residents here have asked the United States minister to send the warship 'Ranger,' now at Corinth, Nicaragua, to Amarinta, to protect their interests.

CARRIED BY 70,000,

Plebiscite Returns.

MAJORITIES BY COUNTIES FOR AND AGAINST PROHIBITION.

MANDATE OF THE ONTARIO ELECTORATE FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Toronto, Jan. 8.—The plebiscite returns by municipalities received show the following majorities compiled by counties:

Counties.	For.	Ag'st.
Algoma	391	....
Addington	245	....
Bruce	2188	....
Brant	1072	....
Carleton	622	....
Durham	2108	....
Dundas	1566	....
Dufferin	295	....
Essex	1192	....
Elgin	2479	....
Frontenac	164	....
Grey	2733	....
Grenville	235	....
Glengarry	211	....
Hastings	2149	....
Haliburton	101	....
Huron	3815	....
Holton	710	....
Haldimand	1232	....
Kent	1806	....
Lanark	1756	....
Leeds	1153	....
Lambton	2694	....
Lennox	895	....
Lincoln	1301	....
Middlesex	2588	....
Muskoka	484	....
Nipissing	62	....
Northumberland	1274	....
Norfolk	1657	....
Oxford	3901	....
Ontario	1988	....
Perth	1020	....
Parry Sound	582	....
Prince Edward	1966	....
Peel	866	....
Prescott	....	833
Peterboro	1407	....
Renfrew	844	....
Russell	....	138
Simcoe	2006	....
Stormont	450	....
Victoria	1028	....
Wellington	2525	....
Wentworth	1231	....
Waterloo	4	....
Welland	528	....
York	7163	....

This gives in round figures a majority by counties for prohibition of over 60,000 which, with the 8,000 aggregate majority given by the cities of Ontario, swells the total majority for prohibition to over 68,000.

About a hundred municipalities in sparsely settled and back districts have not yet reported to the central committee or to the Government. While they will not change the relative position of the counties, they are confidently expected to increase the total majority to a round hundred thousand.

DR. BOURINOT'S VIEWS.

Ottawa, Jan. 6.—Dr. J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons, being interviewed on the recent plebiscite vote said: 'Sir Oliver Mowat having asked an explanation of public opinion is bound to abide by the results of that vote. He either meant something or nothing. He is now bound to carry out the decision of the people to its logical conclusion as far as possible within the limits of well defined constitutional authority.'

'It has been claimed, Dr. Bourinot,' the reporter said, 'that the Premier of Ontario has no power to enforce prohibition. What do you consider the limits of his power?'

'There can be no question,' said Dr. Bourinot, 'that he has full control over the retail system of the province. If there is any meaning to be attached to that vote. If he asked it with a view to legislation he is of course bound to do away with the Liquor License act of Ontario, which is entirely within his own constitutional control. It is a matter over which he has control, and in my opinon he has the power to shut up every retail shop in this province. No doubt with a view to meeting the wishes of the temperance people he asked their opinion, and, having got that opinion, it is now for him to consider what is best to do in the interests of Ontario.' As to the practicability of prohibition, Dr. Bourinot said that in his opinion prohibition legislation was practically impossible without unanimity of public opinion.

THE THAMES AND RHINE FROZEN OVER—SEVERE WEATHER.

London, Jan. 4.—A blizzard prevails in England to-day. There is a heavy snow-fall in the southern counties. A severe gale is blowing in the Channel. The weather in Austria and Hungary is bitterly cold. In Vienna last night the mercury registered nineteen degrees below the freezing point. The suffering among the poor is terrible. The Danube is frozen over from Vienna to Belgrade, Servia. At Trieste the cold is intensified by a hurricane blowing from the north. Traffic of all kinds is stopped and the streets are deserted. Despatches from the North sea and Baltic ports state that a furious storm is raging.

Paris, Jan. 4.—The weather is becoming colder. The river Seine is covered with thick ice. The railway trains arriving in the city are hours behind time, the delay being caused by the water freezing in the feed pipes of the engines.

Berlin, Jan. 5.—The thermometer registers 22 degrees below zero Cent. in several places of the empire. Reports of deaths from cold are still reported. Five dead bodies have been found on the highways since noon.

THE MATABELE WAR.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD—COL. RHODES' SPEECH CRITICISED.

Cape Town, Jan. 6.—Advices from Palapye have been received here to the effect that a post runner of King Khama, the ally of the British in the operation against the Matabeles, has arrived at Palapye from the Zambesi mission stations. He states that the Barotes tribe have an armed force along the banks of the Zambesi river to prevent Lobengula, King of the Matabeles, from crossing the river.

London, Jan. 6.—The 'St. James Gazette,' under the caption 'A Straight Tip from Rhodes,' comments to-day on the speech made by Col. Rhodes, Premier of Cape Colony and chairman of the British South African Company, in reply to the address presented to him upon his arrival yesterday at Cape Town from Bulawayo. The paper declares that it would be injudicious to ignore the language used by Mr. Rhodes. He does not intend that the Colonial Office shall claim the spoils of his hard-earned victory over the Matabeles. His position is a strong one, and he can rely upon influential support in England, and he has the whole of South Africa at his back. If he considers it necessary to vindicate the interests of Cape Colony against Great Britain, the colonists of all nationalities will follow him with enthusiasm. There will be an Afrikander party, led by an Englishman, all the members of which will be animated by a common resolve. Perhaps the loss of the 'United States of South Africa' will not come as quickly as Colonel Rhodes imagines, but the paper adds that it sees a distinct step towards separation from Great Britain. How would the Marquis of Ripon (Secretary of State for the Colonies) feel, it asks, if the Cape Government should place an embargo on British immigration, and pass a measure similar to the American McKinley bill against British imports?

London, Jan. 4.—Captains White and Donovan, who were in the Matabele campaign, have come to London. They have given a detailed account of the fighting. Captain White denies the stories of immense slaughter of the Matabeles. Not more than 1,500 or 2,000 warriors were killed, he says, in the whole campaign.

Cape Town, Jan. 4.—King Khama denies Premier Rhodes's charges of desertion and cowardice. He says that when he was asked for 1,000 men to help the company's forces he sent double that number. He desires a full inquiry into his conduct.

HE HOOPER TRIAL.

JOHN HOOPER ON TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE.

This trial, which has caused much interest in all parts of Canada, has been in progress at Joliette for several days. The case has already been so fully detailed in the 'Witness' that its features are generally known by our readers. It was evident early in October last that an unusual thing had occurred at a small station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, not far from Montreal. The body of a woman, who was said to have died suddenly, was sent away from the station, to be buried in a Port Hope Cemetery, without an inquest. From incidents which came to a 'Witness' reporter's ears it seemed as though foul play had been at the bottom of the woman's death. It transpired that her husband, John C. Hooper, had had her buried in Port Hope without very much ceremony, and without the investigation one would naturally expect to be made under such circumstances. Following the publication of the facts in the 'Witness' came the knowledge that Hooper had been purchasing prussic acid to poison a large dog—that he had given his wife on the train something to drink, and that she had died almost in a few seconds. There have also been stories that Hooper had previously thrown his wife from a bridge over the river not far from Joliette, and that she had escaped that peril, only to be afterwards poisoned. Hooper's arrest and the incidents of the inquiry before the jury, showed that he had lied often in an attempt to show that the woman was not his wife, and also that he had attempted to make it appear that while she was really in an insane asylum in Ontario, she had died, and he was a widower. He was suspected of having caused a notice of her death to be inserted in a Richmond, Que., newspaper, in order to make her death appear to be fact. This notice, clipped from the newspaper, he had shown to a young woman in Ottawa, whom he was keeping company with, and whom he had asked afterwards to marry him. Thus far the evidence has been very much against the prisoner; but the defence has not put forward any plea, except that of not guilty. Mr. Webb, the druggist who sold the poison, is dead; but Dr. Cameron, to whom accused went for the order for the poison, has already testified against the prisoner. Testimony has also been adduced, which points to the accused having made the attempt to drown his wife from the bridge, but is not definite enough to convince the reader of guilt, thus far, at least. The trial is progressing before Judge Delorimier. Thus far the story has been told without any particularly new feature, and with tediousness of detail necessary in the strange case. Hooper appears to keep his nerve wonderfully, and protests his innocence when he does speak of the matter. All the movements of the prisoner are being unravelled, showing how he had his wife removed to Montreal, thence to her home, and the subsequent incidents in the unfortunate woman's after career.

SNOW IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Jan. 6.—The whole country from the Pyrenees to this city is under snow. Trains are delayed for hours. It is from eleven to twenty degrees below freezing point. Even in Alicante, Malaga and Ronde, snow has fallen.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS.

BY L. DOUGALL,

Author of 'Beggars All,' etc.

BOOK I.

Necessity Knows No Law.

BOOK II.

'Necessity, like light's electric force,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us—'

CHAPTER VI.

One evening Alec Trenholme sat down to write to his brother. Bates had urged him to write, and, after a due interval, of his own accord he wrote. The urging and the writing had a certain relation of cause and effect, but the writer did not think so. Also, the letter he wrote was very different from the document of penitence and recantation that Bates had advised, and now supposed him to be writing.

He gave a brief account of what he had done before he accepted the post of station-master at Turrif's station, and then,

'I liked it well enough,' he wrote, 'until one night a queer thing happened. As evening came on, a man drove up bringing a coffin to be sent by train to the next village for burial. When I was left alone with the thing, the man inside got up—he really did, I saw him. I shut him in and ran to fetch the carter, but couldn't catch him. When I came back, the man had got out and run into the wood. They had lined the box with a white bed-quilt, and we found that some miles away in the bush the next day, but we never found that man; and the queer thing is that there were two men and a girl who seem to have been quite certain he was dead. One of them, a very intelligent fellow that I am staying with now, thinks the carter must have played some trick on the way; but I hardly believe that myself, from the way the carter acted. I think he spoke the truth; he said he had been alone on the road all day, and had been scared out of his wits by hearing the man turn in his coffin. He seemed well frightened, too. Of course, if this is true, the man could not really have been dead; but I'm not trying to give an explanation; I'm just telling you what occurred. Well, things went on quietly for another month, and on the last night of the old year the place was snowed up—tracks, roads, everything—and at midnight an old man came about who answered to the description I had of the dead man, clothes and all, for it seems they were burying him in his clothes. He was rather deaf, and blind, I think, though I'm not sure, and he seemed to be wandering in his mind somehow; but he was a fine, powerful fellow—reminded me a little of father—and the pathetic thing about it was that he had got the idea into his head—'

Here Alec stopped, and, holding the pen idly in his hand, sat lost in thought. So wistful did he look, so wrapt, that Bates, glancing furtively at him, thought the letter had raised associations of his home and childhood, and took himself off to bed, hoping that the letter would be more brotherly if the writer was left alone. But when Alec put pen to paper again he only wrote:—

'Well, I don't know that it matters what he had got into his head; it hadn't anything to do with whether he was a Cameron (the name of the man supposed dead) or not. I could not get a word out of him as to who he was, or where he came from. I did all I could to get him to come in, and have food, and get warmed; but though I went after him, and stood with him a long while, I didn't succeed. He was as strong as a giant. It was awfully solemn to see an old man like that wandering bareheaded in the snow at night, so far from any human being. I was forced to leave him, for the engine came clearing the track. I got some men to come after him with me, but he was gone, and we never saw him again. I stayed on there ten days, trying to hear something of him, and after that I came here to try my hand at lumbering. The owner of this place here was terribly cut up about the affair. It was he who started the coffin I told you of, and he's been left quite alone, because this tale frightened men from coming to work for him in the winter as usual. I have had a very comfortable berth here. I think there must have been something curious—a streak of some kind—in the dead man's family; his only daughter went off from here in a rage a few days after his death, and as the snow came at once, she is supposed to have perished in the drifts on the hills. Our logs have to be floated down the small river here at the spring flood, and this man, Bates, is determined to look for the lost girl at the same time. I'll stay and see him through the spring. Very likely I shall look in on you in summer.'

Alec Trenholme went to bed not a little sleepy, but satisfied that he had given a clear account of the greater part of what had befallen him.

The next day he tramped as far as the railway to post the letter.

When Principal Trenholme received this letter he was standing in his library, holding an interview with some of his elder pupils. He had a pleasant manner with boys; his rule was to make friends with them as much as possible; and if he was not the darling of their hearts, he was as dear to them as a pedagogue ever is to a class under his authority. When he saw Alec's letter, his heart within him leaped with hope and quailed with fear. It is only a few times during his life that a man regards a letter in this way, and usually after long suspense on a subject which looms large in his estimate of things. When he could disengage himself he tore it open, and the first question with which he scanned it concerned Alec only—was he in trouble? Had he carried out his threat of evil-doing? Or was it well with him?

Robert Trenholme was not now merely of the stuff of which men of the world are made. Could we but know it, a man's mind probably bears to his religion no very different relations from what his body bears; his creed, opinions and sentiments are more nearly allied to what St. Paul calls 'the flesh' than they are to the hidden life of the man, with which God deals. To the inner spring of Robert Trenholme's life God had access, so that his creed, and the law of temperance in him, had, not perfection, but vitality; and the same vitality, now permitted, now refused, by unseen inlets flowed into all he did and was, and his estimate of things was changed. He, in subtle selfishness, did much, almost all he could, to check and interrupt the incoming life, although indeed he prayed, and often supposed his most ardent desire was, to obtain it. Such is the average man of faith; such was Robert Trenholme—a better thing, truly, than a mere man, but not outwardly or inwardly so consistent.

The great fear he had when he opened this letter was that he had caused his brother to stumble; the great hope, that, because of his prayers, heaven would grant it should not be so; but when, on the first hasty glance over the pages, he discovered that Alec was well, that fear and hope instantly glided into the background; he hardly knew that they had both been strong, so faded did they look in the light of the commonplace certainty.

The next question that pressed assumed an air of paramount importance. He had asked Alec to enter some honorable profession. He had pressed this in the first interview, when the hot-tempered young man had left him in a rage. He had argued the point in subsequent letters; he had even offered his own share of their inheritance as additional capital. He felt that he deserved an answer to this offer, and believed that his happiness depended upon Alec's acceding to the proposed change of his life-plan. His mind full of this secondary subject, he perused the sheets of the letter with singular impatience and distaste. Any man might, in the most favorable circumstances, have been excused for experiencing impatience at having so wild a tale foisted in brief confusion upon his credulity; in the mood of his present circumstance the elder Trenholme refolded the letter, using within himself the strongest language in his vocabulary.

Robert Trenholme was not a happy man just now. Since he had last seen Alec a change had come to him which made this matter of the other's calling of warmer interest than it had been. Then his early love for Sophia Rexford had been a memory and a far, half-formed hope; now it had been roused again to be a true, steady flame, an ever-present influence. His one desire now was to win her affection. He would not be afraid then to tell her all that there was to tell of himself, and let her love decide. He did not feel that he should wrong her in this. At present he had everything to give, she everything to receive, except the possession of gentle blood, which would apparently be her only dowry. The girl he could not once have dared to address was now working servantless in her father's kitchen; he knew that it was no light drudgery; and he could offer her a comparatively luxurious home, and a name that had attracted to itself no small honor. He had a nice appreciation for what is called position, and the belief that their mutual positions had changed was very sweet to him. All his mind expanded in this thought, as the nerves of the opium-eater to the influence of his drug; it soothed him when he was weary; it consoled him when he was vexed; it had come to him as an unexpected, unsought good, like a blessing direct from heaven.

This was as things now were; but if his brother adhered to his purpose of establishing himself in his business in the same country, that would make a difference—a difference that it was hard, perhaps, for a thoughtful man to put into words, but which was still harder to wipe away by any sophistry of words. Robert Trenholme may have been wise, or he may have been foolish, but he estimated that difference as great. Should Alec persist in this thing, it would, in the first place, endanger the success of his school, or alter his relation to that school; in the second, it would make him more unworthy in the eyes of all Sophia's well-born relatives. While he remained in suspense, therefore, he was too honorable to seek to entangle her affections by the small arts that are used for such purposes; for if the worst came, he felt that he would be too proud to ask her to be his wife, or if love should overcome pride, and he should still sue for what he loved better than life, he must do so before he sought her heart—not after; he must lay his cause before the tribunal of Sophia's wit before she had let go her heart—a thing that he, being what he was, had not courage to do.

He was not 'living a lie' (as his brother had said) any more than every man does who allows his mind to dwell on the truth of what pleases him more than on disagreeable truth. The fact that he was, by a distant tie of consanguinity, related to a gentleman of some county position in England was just as true, and to Trenholme's mind more largely true, than the fact of his father's occupation. Yet he had never made this a boast; he had never voluntarily stated the pleasant truth to anyone to whom he had not also told the unpleasant; and where he had kept silence concerning the latter he had done so by the advice of good men, and with excuse concerning his professional influence. Yet, some way, he was not sufficiently satisfied with all this to have courage to bring it before Miss Rexford, nor yet was he prepared (and here was his worldly disadvantage) to sacrifice his conscience to success. He would not ask his brother to change, except in so far as he could urge that brother's duty and advantage; he would not say to him, 'Do this for my sake'; nor yet would he say, 'Go, then, to the other side of the world'; nor yet, 'You shall be no longer my brother.'

Robert Trenholme was bearing a haunted life. The ghost was a fantastic one, truly—that of a butcher's shop; but it was a very real haunting.

CHAPTER VII.

The Rexford family was without a servant. Eliza, the girl they had brought with them from Quebec, had gone to a situation at the Chellaston Hotel. The proprietor and manager of that large building, having become lame with rheumatism, had been sorely in need of a lieutenant, or housekeeper, and had chosen one with that shrewdness which had ever been his business capital. His choice had fallen on Eliza and she had accepted the place.

When Robert Trenholme heard of this arrangement he was concerned, knowing how difficult servants were to procure. He took occasion to speak to Miss Rexford on the subject, expressing sympathy with her and strong censure of Eliza.

'Indeed I am not sure but that she has done right,' said Sophia.

'You surprise me very much. I thought you made somewhat of a companion of her.'

'I do; and that is why, after hearing what she has to say about it, I think she has done right. She has abilities, and this is the only opening in sight in which she can exercise them.'

'I should think'—sternly—'that these abilities were better unexercised.'

'That is probably because you haven't the least idea what it is to have energies and faculties for which you have no scope'—this archly.

'But I should think the risk of learning pert manners—'

'That is the way men always argue about women. I tell you there is no such risk for an energetic, clever girl as to place her where the rust of unexercised faculties will eat into her soul. It is just because so many girls have to undergo this risk, and cannot do it safely, that the world is so full of women that are captious or morbid or silly. Boys treated in the same way would turn out as badly.'

'But there is scope for all the highest faculties of a woman's nature in such a household as yours,' cried he.

'Since you say so'—politely—'I am bound to believe it.'

'No, but really—do you mean to say you don't think so?'

'You have just expressed yourself so positively that I am curious to know how you came by your knowledge, first, as to Eliza's faculties, and secondly, as to the scope for them in our house.'

'It is unkind of you to laugh at me when I am only a humble enquirer after truth.'

'Having expressed yourself thus modestly—'

'Nay, but I only said what I would have said about any girl in any such family.'

'And you only said it with that simplicity of certainty which every man would have felt on the same subject.'

'I cry a truce; I plead for mercy. Let us have out the traits of Eliza's character separately, and examine the scope in detail.'

'To begin with, she has wonderful foresight; her power to plan the work of the house so as to get it done as easily as possible often surprises me. Now, of what use is this faculty in the kingdom of my stepmother, who always acts on the last impulse, and upsets everyone's plans without even observing them? She has great executive ability, too, but what use is it when, as soon as she gets interested in the accomplishment of something, my mother cries, "Come, Eliza, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; go and romp with the children!" Then, too, she has plenty of resource; but of what use is that, when the thing she sees to be best in an emergency is seldom the thing that is done? The hotel-keeper is more observing than you; he has noticed that Eliza is no ordinary manager, and offered her high wages.'

'You know, of course, what you are talking about,' said Trenholme, feelingly, for he had no doubt that her sympathy with Eliza had arisen out of the pains of her own experience; 'but in your house there is surely boundless room for humble, loving service; and how much better this girl would be if she could set aside her cleverness to perform such service.' He did not add, 'as you have done,' but there was that in his voice which implied it. He went on: 'I do not yet allow that you have disproved my statement, for I said that where she was she had scope for her highest faculties.'

'I suppose it is admitted that the highest faculty of man is worship,' remarked Sophia, suggesting that he was not speaking to the point; 'but that is no reason why a boy with a head for figures should be made a farmer, or that a young woman with special ability should remain a maid-of-all-work.'

'And what of the affections—love for children, and for other women better than herself? A girl who has such privileges as this girl had with you has a far better chance of doing well than in a public hotel, even if that were a safe place for her.'

Possibly Sophia thought her companion showed too great sensibility concerning Eliza's privileges, for she did not take notice of any but the last part of his sentence.

'It is a safe place for her; for she is able to take care of herself anywhere if she chooses; and if she doesn't choose, no place is safe. Besides, you know, the place is a boarding-house really, rather than a hotel.'

'I am not so surprised at the view you take of it, for you will do more than anyone else to supply her place.'

This, Trenholme's feeling prophecy, was quite true. Sophia did more of Eliza's work than anyone. She spared her younger sisters, because she wanted them to be happy.

In spite of this, however, Sophia was not so much in need of someone's sympathy as were those younger girls, who had less work to do. A large element in happiness is the satifaction of one's craving for romance. Now, there are three eras of romance in human life. The first is childhood, when, even if the mind is not filled with fictitious fairy tales which clothe nature, life is itself a fairy tale, a journey through an unexplored region, an enterprise full of effort and wonder, big with hope, an endless expectation, to which trivial realizations seem large. It was in this era that the younger Rexford children, up to Winifred, still lived; they built snowmen, half expecting, when they finished them in the gloaming, that the thing of their creation would turn and pursue them; they learned to guide toboggans with a trailing toe, and half dreamed that their steeds were alive when they felt them bound and strain, so perfectly did they respond to the rider's will. Sophia, again, had reached the third epoch of romance, when, at a certain age, people make the discovery of the wondrous loveliness in the face of the Lady Duty, and, putting a hand in hers, go onward, thinking nothing hard because of her beauty. But it is admitted by all that there is often a stage between these two, when all the romance of life is summed up in the hackneyed word 'love.' The pretty girls who were nicknamed Blue and Red had outgrown childhood, and they saw no particular charm in work; they were very dull, and scarce knew why, except that they half envied Eliza, who had gone to the hotel, and who, it was well known, had a suitor in the person of Mr. Cyril Harkness, the Philadelphian dentist.

Harkness had set up his consulting room in the hotel, but, for economy's sake, he lodged himself in the old Harmon house that was just beyond Captain Rexford's, on the same road. By this arrangement he passed the latter house twice a day, but he never took any notice of Blue and Red. They did not wish that he should—oh,no, they were above that—but they felt sure that Eliza was very silly to dislike him as she did, and—well, between themselves, they found an infinite variety of things to say concerning him, sayings emphasized by sweet little chuckles of laughter, and not unfrequently wandering sighs. Sophia, at their age, had had many suitors; this was the family tradition, and lo, upon their own barren horizon there was only one pretty young man, and he only to be looked at, as it were, through the bars of a fence.

One day, when the blue merino frock was flitting about near the red one, the wearers of both being engaged in shaking up a feather bed, Red suddenly stopped her occupation in some excitement.

'Oh, Blue!' She paused a moment as if she were experiencing some interesting sensation; 'oh, Blue, I think I've got toothache.'

'No!' cried Blue, incredulously, but with hope.

Again over Red's face came the absorbed expression of introspection, and she carefully indented the outside of her pretty cheek several times with her forefinger.

'Yes, I'm sure I feel it. But no; there, it's gone again!'

'It's just the very way things have,' said Blue, lamenting. 'For two months we've quite wished we had toothache, and there was Tommy the other night just roaring with it.'

'I shouldn't like a roaring toothache,' said Red, reflectively.

'Oh, but the worse it was,' cried Blue, encouragingly, 'the more necessary it would be—' She stopped and shook her head with a very roguish and significant glance at her sister.

'Mamma only put a bag of hot salt to Tommy's,' said Red, prognosticating evil.

'But if it were me,' cried Blue, with assurance, 'I'd not be cured by bags of hot salt. I would insist upon consulting a dentist.'

They both laughed a laugh of joyful plottiug.

'It was only the other day,' said Red, twisting her little English voice into the American accent, 'that he told Harold he was right down clever at tinkering a tooth in the most painless manner.'

'Oh, Red, dear Red,' begged Blue, 'do feel it again, for my sake; it would be so joyfully funny if mamma would take us to him.'

'I'd a little bit rather you had the ache, Blue.'

'I'd have it this instant if I could, but'—reproachfully—'it was you that felt the twinge.'

'Well, I don't mind,' said Red, heroically, 'as long as my cheek doesn't swell; I won't go with a swelled face.'

'What would it matter? He knows that your face is alike on both sides usually.'

'Still, I shouldn't like it,' replied Red, with a touch of obstinacy.

Eliza, however, was of a very different mind about this same young man. She had not taken her new situation with any desire to see more of him: rather she hoped that by seeing him oftener she should more quickly put an end to his addresses.

The 'Grand Hotel' of Chellaston was, as Miss Rexford had said, a boarding-house. It had few transient visitors. The only manufacturer of the village and his wife lived in it all the year round; so did one of the shopkeepers. Several other quiet people lived there all winter; in summer the prices were raised, and it was filled to overflowing by more fashionable visitors from the two cities that were within a short journey. This 'hotel' was an enormous wooden house, built in the simplest fashion, a wide corridor running from front to rear on each story, on which the room doors opened. Rooms and corridors were large, lofty, and well-lighted by large windows. The dining-room, billiard-room, office and bar-room, on the ground floor, together with the stairs and corridors, were uncarpeted, painted all over a light slate grey. With the exception of healthy geraniums in most of the windows, there was little ornament in these ground-floor rooms; but all was new, clean and airy. The upper rooms were more heavily furnished, but were most of them shut up in winter. All the year round the landlord took in the daily papers; and for that reason his barroom, large and always tolerably quiet, was the best public reading-room the village boasted.

The keeper of this establishment was a rather elderly man, and of late he had been so crippled by rheumatism that he could walk little and only on crutches. He was not a dainty man; his coat was generally dusty, his grey beard had always a grimy appearance of tobacco about it. He spent the greater part of his day now sitting in a high pivot chair, his crutches leaning against it.

'You see, miss,' he said to Eliza, 'I'll tell you what the crying need for you is in this house at present; it's to step round spry and see that the girls do their work. It's this way: when I was spry, if I wasn't in the room, the young people knew that, like as not, I was just round the corner; they knew I might be there any minute; at present they know they'll hear my sticks before I see them. It makes all the difference. What I want of you is to be feet for me, and eyes for me, and specially in the dining-room. Mrs. Bantry—that dressy lady you saw in the corridor—Mrs. Bantry told me that this morning they brought her buckwheat cakes, and ten minutes after, the syrup to eat 'em with. How hot do you suppose they were?'

He finished his speech with the fine sarcasm of this question. He looked at Eliza keenly. 'You're young,' he remarked warningly, 'but I believe you're powerful.'

And Eliza showed that she was powerful by doing the thing that he desired of her, in spite of the opposition from the servants which she at first experienced. She had a share of hand work to do also, which was not light, but she had high wages, a comfortable room in the top story, and the women who were boarding in the house made friends with her. She would have thought herself very well off had it not been for her dislike of Harkness, for which one reason certainly was the show he made of being in love with her.

Harkness had his office on the first floor, and he took dinner at the hotel. For about a week after Eliza's advent the young dentist and the young housekeeper measured each other with watchful eyes, a measurement for which the fact that they crossed each other's path several times a day gave ample opportunity. Because the woman had the steadier eyes and the man the more open-tempered, Eliza gained more insight into Harkness's character than he did into hers. While he, to use his own phrase, 'couldn't reckon her up the least mite in the world,' she perceived that under his variable and sensitive nature there was a strong grip of purpose upon all that was for his own interest in a material way; but having discovered this vein of calculating selfishness, mixed with much of the purely idle and something that was really warm-hearted, she became only the more suspicious of his intentions towards herself and summoned the whole strength of her nature to oppose him.

She said to him one day, 'I'm surprised to hear that you go about telling other gentlemen that you like me. I wonder that you're not ashamed.'

As she had hitherto been silent, he was surprised at this attack, and at first he took it as an invitation to come to terms.

'I've a right-down, hearty admiration for you, Miss White. I express it whenever I get the chance; I'm not ashamed of my admiration.'

'But I am,' said Eliza, indignantly. 'It's very unkind of you.'

Harkness looked at her, failing to unravel her meaning.

'There ain't anything a young lady likes better than to have an admirer. She mayn't always like him, but she always likes him to be admiring of her.'

However true this philosophy of the inner secrets of the heart might be, Eliza did not admit it for a moment. She denounced his behavior, but it was clear, as she saying is, that she was speaking over the head of her audience. The youth evidently received it as a new idea that, when he had spoken only in her praise, she could seriously object.

'Why now,' he burst forth, 'if any young lady took to admiring me, thinking a heap of me and talking about me to her friends, d'ye think I'd be cut up? I'd be pleased to that extent I'd go about on the broad grin. I mightn't want to marry just yet; and when I did, I mightn't possibly take up with her; but I can tell you, as soon as I was disposed to marry, I'd have a soft side towards her; I'd certainly think it right to give her the first chance in considering who I'd have. And that's all I ask of you, Miss White. You won't have anything to do with me (why, I can't think), but I just give it out that I'm an admirer, and I hang on, hoping that you'll think better of it.'

He was good-natured about it, perfectly open apparently, and at the same time evidently so confident that his was the sensible view of the matter that Eliza could only repeat her prohibition less hopefully.

A little later she found that he had quelled a revolt against her authority that was simmering in the minds of the tablemaids. She went at once to the door that was decorated with the dentist's sign.

It was opened by Harkness in the bowing manner with which he was wont to open to patients. When he saw Eliza's expression he straightened himself.

'I want to know what you've been saying to those girls downstairs about me.'

'Well, now,' said he, a little flustered, 'nothing that you'd dislike to hear.'

'Do you think,' she went on with calm severity, 'that I can't manage my affairs without your help?'

'By no means.' His emphasis implied that he readily perceived which answer would give least offence. 'Same time, if I can make your path more flowery—fall to see objections to such a course.'

'I don't want you to trouble yourself.'

'It wasn't the least mite of trouble,' he assured her. 'Why, those girls downstairs, whenever I roll my eyes, they just fly to do the thing I want.'

'Do you think that is nice?' asked Eliza.

'Lovely—so convenient!'

'I do not like it.'

'It don't follow that whenever they roll their eyes I do what they want. Jemima! no. They might roll them, and roll them, and roll them, right round to the back of their heads; 'twouldn't have an atom of effect on me.'

He waited to see some result from this avowal, but Eliza was looking at him as coldly as ever.

'In that respect,' he added, 'there ain't no one that interferes with your prerogative.'

Eliza looked as if he had spoken in a foreign tongue. 'I do not understand,' she said, and in this she told a lie, but she told it so successfully that he really did not know whether she had understood, or whether it behooved him to speak more plainly.

Before he could make up his mind she had taken her departure. When she was gone he stood looking darkly, wishing he knew how to hasten the day when she should change her aspect to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Harkness found that he was always defied by Eliza he grew gloomy, and was quiet for a time. One day, however, he recovered his former cheerfulness. He seemed, indeed, to be in high spirits. When he saw his time, he sought talk with Eliza. He did not now affect to be lively, but rather wore a manner of marked solemnity.

'Can you read the French language?' he asked.

'No,' she answered.

'That's unfortunate, for I'm not a good hand at it myself; but I've found a bit of news in a French paper here that is real interesting and important.'

He unfurled a crushed copy of a Quebec journal a few days old. 'It says,' he began translating, 'that there's a man called Cameron, who's been nicknamed Lazarus Cameron, because he seemed to be dead and came to life again.'

He looked hard at the paper, as if needing a few moments to formulate further translation.

'Do go on,' said Eliza, with manifest impatience.

'Why now, you're real interested, Miss White.'

'Anybody would want to know what you're at.'

'Well, but, considering it's anyone so composed as you, Miss White, it's real pleasant to see you so keen.'

'I'm keen for my work. I haven't time, like you, to stand here all day.'

All this time he had been looking at the paper. 'What I've read so far, you see, is what I've told you before as having happened to my knowledge at a place called Turrif's Station.'

'Is that all?'

'No,' and he went on translating. "Whether this man was dead or not, he is now alive, but partially deaf and blind; and whether he has ever seen anything of the next world or not, he has now no interest in this one, but spends his whole time praying or preaching, living on crusts, and walking great distances in solitary places. He has lately appeared in the suburbs of this city" (that is Quebec) "and seems to be a street-preacher of no ordinary power."'

Harkness stopped with an air of importance.

'Is that all?' asked Eliza.

He gave her another paper, in English, to read. This contained a longer and more sensational account of the same tale, and with this difference, that instead of giving the simple and sentimental view of the French writer, the English journalist jeered greatly, and also stated that the nickname Lazarus had been given in derision, and that the man, who was either mad or an impostor, had been hooted, pelted, and even beaten in the streets.

'Is that all?' she asked.

'Unless you can tell me any more.' He did not say this lightly.

'Is that all?' she asked again, as if his words had been unmeaning.

'Well now, I think that's enough. 'Tisn't every day this poor earth of ours is favored by hearing sermons from one as has been t'other side of dying. I think it would be more worth while to hear him than to go to church, I do.'

'Do you mean to say,' she asked with some asperity, 'that you really believe it?'

'I tell you I saw the first part of it myself, and unless you can give me a good reason for not believing the second, I'm inclined to swallow it down whole, Miss Cameron—I beg your pardon, White, I mean. One gets real confused in names, occasionally.'

'Well,' said Eliza, composedly, preparing to leave him, 'I can't say I understand it, Mr. Harkness, but I must say it sounds too hard for me to believe.'

He looked after her with intense curiosity in his eyes, and in the next few days returned to the subject in her presence again and again, repeating to her all the comments that were made on the story in the bar-room, but he could not rouse her from an appearance of cheerful unconcern.

Another item appeared in the papers; the old man called Cameron had been brought before the magistrates at Quebec for some street disturbance of which he appeared to have been the innocent cause.

Upon this Cyril Harkness took a whim into his head, which he made known to all his friends in the place, and then to Eliza—a most extraordinary whim, for it was nothing less than to go down to Quebec, and take the street preacher under his own protection.

'I feel as if I had a sort of responsibility,' said he, 'for I was at the very beginning of this whole affair, and saw the house where he had lived, and I got real well acquainted with his partner, who no doubt had ill-treated him. I saw the place where a daughter of his perished too, and now he's got so near up here as this, I can't bear to think of that old man being ill-treated and having no one to look after him. I'm going right down to Quebec by the Saturday night train, an' I'll be back Monday morning if I can persuade the old gentleman to come right here where I can look after him. I reckon there's room in the Harmon house for both him and me, an' I reckon, if he's got anything particularly powerful to say in the way of religion, it won't do this little town any harm to hear it.'

He had said all this to Eliza.

'Don't!' she cried in great surprise, but with determined opposition. 'I shall never think you have any sense again if you do such a foolish and wicked thing.'

'Why now, Miss White, as to losing your good opinion, I didn't know as I'd been fortunate enough to get it yet; and as to its being wicked, I don't see how you make that out.'

'It's meddling with what you have nothing to do with.'

'Well now, what will you give me not to go?' He said these words, as he said most of his words, in a languid, lingering way, but he turned and faced her with an abrupt glance.

He and she were standing at the head of the first staircase in the unfurnished corridor. It was the middle of the afternoon; no one chanced to be passing. He, light-moving, pretty fellow as he was, leaned on the wall and glanced at her sharply. She stood erect, massive, not only in her form, but in the strength of will that she opposed to his, and a red flush slowly mantled her pale, immobile face.

'I don't know what you want of me,' she said. 'Money's the thing you love, and I haven't any money; but whether I had or not, I would give you nothing.' She turned at the last word.

Then Harkness, taking the chiding and jeers of all his companions good-naturedly, and giving them precisely the same excuses that he had given to Eliza, started for Quebec.

What was more remarkable, he actually brought back the old preacher with him—brought him, or rather led him, to the Harmon house, for the old man was seemingly quite passive. This was an accomplished fact when Eliza and Harkness met again.

CHAPTER IX.

The day after his coming, and the next, for some reason, the old stranger called Cameron remained in the brick house to which Harkness had brought him. The young man, im-

patient for novelty, if for nothing else, began to wonder if he had sunk into some stupor of mind from which he would not emerge. He had heard of him as a preacher, and as the conceptions of ordinary minds are made up only of the ideas directly presented to them, he had a vague notion that this old man continually preached. As it was, he went to his work at the hotel on the third morning, and still left his strange guest in the old house, walking about in an empty room, munching some bread with his keen white teeth, his bright eyes half shut under their bushy brows.

Harkness came to the hotel disconcerted, and, meeting Eliza near the dining-room, took off his hat in sullen silence. Several men in the room called after him as he passed. 'How's your dancing bear, Harkness?' 'How's the ghost you're befriending?' 'How's your coffin-gentleman?' There was a laugh that rang loudly in the large, half-empty room.

After Harkness had despatched two morning visitors, however, and was looking out of his window, as was usual in his idle intervals, he noticed several errand-boys gazing up the road, and in a minute an advancing group came within his view, old Cameron walking down the middle of the street hitting the ground nervously with his staff, and behind him children of various sizes following rather timidly. Every now and then the old man emitted some sound—a shout, a word of some sort, not easily understood. It was this that had attracted the following of children, and was very quickly attracting the attention of everyone in the street. One or two men, and a woman with a shawl over her head, were coming down the sidewalks the same way and at about the same pace as the central group, and Harkness more than suspected that they had diverged from the proper course of their morning errands out of curiosity. He took more interest in the scene than seemed consistent with his slight connection with the principal actor. He made an excited movement toward his door, and his hand actually trembled as he opened it. Eliza was usually about the passages at this time of day. He called her name.

She put her head over the upper bannister.

'Come down and see Lazarus Cameron.'

'I'll come in a minute.'

He saw through the railing of the bannisters the movement of some linen she was folding.

'He'll be past in a minute.' Harkness's voice betrayed his excitement more than he desired.

Eliza dropped the linen and came downstairs rather quickly. Harkness returned to his window; she came up beside him. The inner window was open; only one pane was between them and the outer air. In yards all round cocks were crowing, as on a mild day in the Canadian March, cocks will crow continually. Light snow of the last downfall lay on the opposite roofs, and made the hills just seen behind them very white. The whole winter's piles of snow lay in the ridges between the footpaths and the road. Had it not been that some few of the buildings were of brick, and that on one or two of the wooden ones the white paint was worn off, the wide street would have been a picture painted only in different tones of white. But the clothes of the people were of dark color, and the one vehicle in sight was a blue box-sleigh, drawn by a shaggy pony.

Eliza was conscious of the picture only as one is conscious of surroundings upon which the eye does not focus. Her sight fastened on the old man, now almost opposite the hotel. He was of a broad, powerful frame that had certainly once possessed great strength. Even now he was strong; he stooped a little, but he held his head erect, and the well-formed, prominent features of his weather-beaten face showed forth a tremendous force of some sort; even at that distance the brightness of his eyes was visible under bushy brows, grey as his hair. His clothes were of the most ordinary sort, old and faded. His cap was of the commonest fur; he grasped it now in his hand, going bare-headed. Tapping the ground with his staff, he walked with nervous haste, looking upward the while, as blind men often look.

Harkness did not look much out of the window; he was inspecting Eliza's face; and when she turned to him he gave her a glance that, had she been a weaker woman, would have been translated into many words—question and invective; but her silence dominated him. It was a look also that, had he been a stronger man, he would have kept to himself, for it served no purpose but to betray that there was some undercurrent of antagonism to her in his mind.

'You're very queer to-day, Mr. Harkness,' she remarked, and with that she withdrew.

But when the door closed she was not really gone to the young man. He saw her as clearly with his mind as a moment before he had seen her with his eyes, and he pondered now the expression on her face when she looked out of the window. It told him, however, absolutely nothing of the secret he was trying to wring from her.

There was no square in Chellaston, no part of the long street much wider than any other or more convenient as a public lounging place. Here, in front of the hotel, was perhaps the most open spot, and Harkness hoped the old man would make a stand here and preach; but he turned aside and went down a small side street, so Harkness, who had no desire to identify himself too publicly with his strange protege, was forced to leave to the curiosity of others the observation of his movements.

The curiosity of people in the street also seemed to abate. The more respectable class of people are too proud to show interest in the same way that gaping children show it, and most people in this village belonged to the more respectable class. Those who had come to doors or windows on the street retired from them just as Harkness had done; those out in the street went on their ways, with the exception of two men of the more demonstrative sort, who went and looked down the alley after the stranger, and called out jestingly to some one in it.

Then the old man stopped, and, with his face still upturned, as if blind to everything but pure light, took up his position on one side of the narrow street. He had only gone some forty paces down it. A policeman, coming up in front of the hotel, looked on, listening to the jesters. Then he and they drew a little nearer, the children who had followed stood round, one man appeared at the other end of the alley. On either side the houses were high and the windows few, but high up in the hotel there was a small window that lighted a linen press, and at that small window, with the door of the closet locked on the inside, Eliza stood unseen, and looked and listened.

The voice of the preacher was loud, unnatural also in its rising and falling, the voice of a deaf man who could not hear his own tones. His words were not what anyone expected. This was the sermon he preached:

'In a little while he that shall come will not tarry. Many shall say to him in that day, "Lord, Lord," and he shall say, "Depart from me; I never knew you."'

His voice, which had become very vehement, suddenly sank, and he was silent.

'Upon my word, that's queer,' said one of the men who stood near the policeman.

'He's staring mad,' said the other man in plain clothes. 'He should be in the asylum.'

This second man went away, but the first speaker and the policeman drew still nearer, and the congregation did not diminish, for the man who left was replaced by the poor woman with the checked shawl over her head who had first followed the preacher up the street, and who now appeared standing listening at a house corner. She was well known in the village as the wife of a drunkard.

The old man began speaking again in softer voice, but there was the same odd variety of tones which had exciting effect.

'Why do you defraud your brother? Why do you judge your brother? Why do you set at nought your brother? Inasmuch as you do it unto the least of these, you do it to him.'

His voice died away again. His strong face had become illumined, and he brought down his gaze toward the listeners.

'If any man shall do his will he shall know of the doctrine. He will know—yes, know—for there is no other knowledge as sure as this.'

Then, in such a colloquial way that it almost seemed as if the listeners themselves had asked the question, he said: 'What shall we do that we may work the works of God?'

And he smiled upon them, and held out his hands as if in blessing, and lifted up his face again to heaven, and cried, 'This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.'

As if under some spell, the few to whom he had spoken stood still, till the preacher slowly shifted himself and began to walk away by the road he had come.

Some of the children went after him as before. The poor woman disappeared behind the house she had been standing against. The policeman and his companion began to talk, looking the while at the object of their discussion.

Eliza, in the closet, leaned her head against the pile of linen on an upper shelf, and was quite still for some time.

CHAPTER X.

Principal Trenholme had been gone from Chellaston a day or two on business. When he returned one evening, he got into his smart little sleigh which was in waiting at the railway station, and was driving himself home, when his attention was arrested and his way blocked by a crowd in front of the hotel. He did not force a way for his horse, but drew up, listening and looking. It was a curious picture. The wide street of snow and the houses were dusky with night, except where light chanced to glow in doorways and windows. The collection of people was motley. Above, all the sky seemed brought into insistent notice as a roof or covering, partly because pale pink streamers of flickering northern light were passing over it, partly because the leader of the crowd, an old man, by looking upwards, drew the gaze of all to follow whither his had gone.

Trenholme heard his loud voice calling: 'Behold he shall come again, and every eye shall look on him whom they have pierced. Blessed are those servants whom their Lord when he cometh shall find watching.'

The scene was foreign to life in Chellaston. Trenholme, who had no mind to stand on the skirts of the crowd, thrust his reins into the hand of his rustic groom, and went up the broad steps of the hotel, knowing that he would there have his enquiries most quickly answered.

In the bar-room about thirty men were crowded about the windows, looking at the preacher, not listening, for the double glass shut out the preacher's voice. They were interested, debating loudly among themselves, and when they saw who was coming up the steps, they said to each other and the landlord, 'Put it to the Principal.' There were men of all sorts in this group, most of them very respectable; but when Trenholme stood inside the door, his soft hat shading his shaven face, his fur-lined driving coat lying back from the finer cloth it covered, he was a very different sort of man from any of them. He did not know that it was merely by the influence of this difference (of which perhaps he was less conscious than any of them) that they were provoked to question him. Hutchins, the landlord, sat at the back of the room on his high office chair.

'Good evening, Principal,' said he. 'Glad to see you in the place again, sir. Have you heard of a place called Turrif's Road Station?'. 'Tain't on our map.'

Trenholme gave the questioner a severe glance of enquiry. The scene outside, and his proposed enquiry concerning it, passed from his mind, for he had no means of divining that this question referred to it. The place named was known to him only by his brother's letter. The men, he saw, were in a rough humor, and because of the skeleton in his closet he jumped to the thought that something had transpired concerning his brother, something that caused them to jeer. He did not stop to think what it might be. His moral nature stiffened itself to stand for truth and his brother at all costs.

'I know the place,' he said.

His words had a stern impressiveness which startled his hearers. They were only playing idly with the pros and cons of a newspaper tale; but this man, it would seem, treated the matter very seriously.

Hutchins had no desire to annoy, but he did not know how to desist from further question, and, supposing that the story of Cameron was known, he said in a more ingratiating way:

'Well, but, sir, you don't want us to believe the crazy tale of the station hand there, that he saw the dead walk?'

Again there was that in Trenholme's manner which astonished his hearers. Had they had the slightest notion they were offending him, they would have known it was an air of offence, but, not suspecting that, they could only judge that he thought the subject a solemn one.

'I would have you believe his word, certainly. He is a man of honor.'

A facetious man here took his pipe out of his mouth and winked to his companions. 'You've had private information to that effect, I suppose, Principal.'

Very haughtily Trenholme assented.

He had not been in the room more than a few moments when all this had passed. He was handed a newspaper, which gave still another account of the remote incident which was now at last tickling the ears of the public, and he was told that the man Cameron was supposed to be the preacher, who was now without. He heard what part Harkness had played, and he saw his brother's name was not mentioned in the public print, was apparently not known. He took a little pains to be genial (a thing he was certainly not in the habit of doing in that room), in order to dissipate any impression his offended manner might have given, and went home.

It is not often a man estimates at all correctly the effect of his own words and looks; he would need to be a trained actor to do this, and, happily, most men are not their own looking-glasses. Trenholme thought he had behaved in a surly and stiff manner, and, had the subject been less unpleasant, he would rather have explained at once where and who his brother was. This was his remembrance of his call at the hotel, but the company there saw it differently.

No sooner had he gone than the facetious man launched his saw-like voice again upon the company. 'He had private information on the subject, he had.'

'There's one sure thing,' said a stout, consequential man; 'he believes the whole thing, the Principal does.'

A commercial traveller who was acquainted with the place put in his remark. 'There isn't a man in town that I wouldn't have expected to see gulled sooner.'

To which a thin, religious man, who, before Trenholme entered, had leaned to the opinion that there were more things in the world than they could understand, now retorted that it was more likely that the last speaker was gulled himself. Principal Trenholme, he asserted, wasn't a man to put his faith in anything without proofs.

Chellaston was not a very gossiping place. For the most part the people had too much to do, and were too intent upon their own business, to take much trouble to retail what they chanced to hear; but there are some things which, as the facetious man observed, the dead in their graves would gossip about if they could; and one of these themes, according to him, was that Principal Trenholme believed there had been something supernatural about the previous life of the old preacher. The story went, about, impressing more particularly the female portion of the community, but certainly not without influence upon the males also. Portly men, who a week before would have thought themselves compromised by giving a serious thought to the narrative, now stood still in the street to get a chance of hearing the preacher, and felt that in doing so they were wrapped in all the respectability of the cloth of Trenholme's coats, and standing firm on the letters of his Oxford degree and upon all the learning of the New College.

They did not believe the story themselves. No, there was a screw loose somewhere; but Principal Trenholme had some definite knowledge of the matter. The old man had been in a trance, a very long trance, to say the least of it, and had got up a changed creature. Principal Trenholme was not prepared to scout the idea that he had been nearer to death than falls to the lot of most living men.

It will be seen that the common sense of the speakers shaped crude rumor to suit themselves. Had they left it crude, it would have died. It is upon the nice sense of the probable and possible in talkative men that mad rumor feeds.

As for Trenholme, he became more or less aware of the report that had gone out about his private knowledge of old Cameron, but it was less rather than more. The scholastic life of the college was quite apart from the life of the village, and in the village those who talked most about Cameron were the least likely to talk to Trenholme on any subject. His friends were not those who were concerned with the rumor; but even when he was taxed with it, the whole truth that he knew was no apparent contradiction. He wrote to Alec, making further enquiries, but Alec had retreated again many miles from the post. To be silent and ignore the matter seemed to be his only course.

Thus it happened that, because Harkness housed him in the hope of working upon Eliza, and because Trenholme happened to have had a brother at Turrif's Station, the strange old preacher found a longer resting-place and a more attentive hearing in the village of Chellaston than he would have been likely to find elsewhere.

CHAPTER XI.

There was in Chellaston a very small and poor congregation of the sect called Adventists. The sect was founded by one Miller, a native of New York State, a great preacher and godly man, who, from study of prophecy, became convinced that the second coming of the Lord would take place in the year 1843. He obtained a large following; and when the time passed and his expectation was not fulfilled, this body, instead of melting away, became gradually greater, and developed into a numerous and rather influential sect. In the year of Miller's prediction, 1843, there had been among his followers great excitement, awe and expectation; and the set time passed, and the prediction had no apparent fulfilment, but lay to everyone's sight, like a feeble writing upon the sands of fantasy, soon effaced by the ever flowing tide of natural law and orderly progression. Now, that this was the case and that yet this body of believers did not diminish but increased, did not become demoralized but grew in moral strength, did not lose faith but continued to cherish a more ardent hope and daily expectation of the divine appearing, is no doubt due to the working of some law which we do not understand, and which it would therefore be unscientific to pronounce upon.

The congregation of Adventists in Chellaston, however, was not noticeable for size or influence. Some in the neighborhood did not even know that this congregation existed, until it put forth its hand and took to itself the old preacher who was called Lazarus Cameron. They understood his language as others did not; they believed that he had come with a message for them; they often led him into their meeting-place and into their houses; and he, perhaps merely falling into the mechanical habit of going where he had been led, appeared in his own fashion to consort with them.

There was something weird about the old preacher, although he was healthy, vigorous and kindly, clean-looking in body and soul; but the aspect of anyone is in the eye of the beholder. This man, whose mind was blank except upon one theme, whose senses seemed lost except at rare times when awakened perhaps by an effort of his will, or perhaps by an unbidden wave of psychical sympathy with some one to whom he was drawn by unseen union, awoke a certain feeling of sensational interest in most people when they approached him. The public were in the main divided into two classes in their estimate of him—those who felt the force of his religion, and argued therefrom that his opinions were to be respected; and those who believed that his mind was insane, and argued therefrom that his religion was either a fancy or a farce. At first there was a great deal of talk about whether he should be put in a madhouse or not; some called Harkness a philanthropist, and others called him a meddling fellow. Soon, very soon, there was less talk; that which is everybody's business is nobody's business. Harkness continued to befriend him in the matter of food and lodging; the old man grew to be at home in the Harmon house and its neglected surroundings. When the will to do so seized him, he went into the village and lifted up his voice, and preached the exactions of the love of the Son of God, proclaiming that he would come again, and that quickly.

The winter days had grown very long; the sun had passed the vernal equinox, and yet it looked upon unbroken snow-fields. Then, about the middle of April, the snow passed quickly away in blazing sunshine, in a thousand rivulets, in a flooded river. The roads were heavy with mud, but the earth was left green, the bud of spring having been nurtured beneath the kindly shelter of the snow.

CHAPTER XII.

Now came the most lovely moment of the year. All the trees were putting forth new leaves, leaves so young, so tiny as yet, that one could see the fowls of the air when they lodged in the branches—no small privilege, for now the orange oriole, and the blue-bird, and the primrose-colored finch, were here, there and everywhere; and more rarely the scarlet tanager. A few days before and they had not come; a few days more and larger leaves would hide them perfectly. Just at this time, too, along the roadsides, big hawthorn shrubs and wild plum were in blossom, and in the sheltered fields the mossy sod was pied with white and purple violets, whose flowerets so outstripped their half-grown leaves that blue and milky ways were seen in woodland glades.

With the sense of freedom that comes with the thus sudden advent of the young summer, Winifred Rexford strayed out of the house one morning. She did not mean to go, and when she went through the front gate she only meant to go as far as the first wild plum-tree, to see if the white bloom was turning purple yet, as Principal Trenholme had told her it would. When she got to the first plum-tree she went on to the second. Winifred wore a grey cotton dress; it was short, not yet to her ankles, and her broad hat shaded her from the sun. When she reached the second group of plum-trees she saw a scarlet tanager sitting on a telegraph pole—for along the margin of the road, standing among uncut grass and flowers and trees, tall, barkless stumps were set, holding the wires on high. Perhaps they were ugly things, but a tree whose surface is uncut is turned on Nature's lathe; at any rate, to the child the poles were merely a part of the Canadian road, and the scarlet tanager showed its plumage to advantage as it sat on the bare wood. There was no turning back then; even Sophia would have neglected her morning task to see a tanager! She crept up under it, and the bird, like a streak of red flame, shot forth from the pole to a group of young pine trees further on.

So Winifred strayed up the road about a quarter of a mile, till she came to the gate of the Harmon garden. The old house, always half concealed, was quickly being entirely hidden by the massive curtains the young leaves were so busily weaving. The tanager turned in here, as what bird would not when it spied a tract of ground where Nature was riotously decking a bower with the products of all the roots and seeds of a deserted garden! There was many a gap in the weatherbeaten fence where the child might have followed, but she dare not, for she was in great awe of the place, because the preacher who was said to have died and come to life again lived there. She only stood and looked through the fence, and the tanager—having flitted near the house—soared and settled among the feathery boughs of a proud acacia tree; she had to look across half an acre of bushes to see him, and then he was so high and so far that it seemed (as when looking at the stars) she did not see him, but only the ray of scarlet light that travelled from him through an atmosphere of leaflets. It was very trying, for anyone knows that it is something to be able to say that you have come to close quarters with a scarlet tanager.

Winifred, stooping and looking through the fence, soon heard the college bell jangle; she knew that it was nine o'clock, and boys and masters were being ingathered for morning work. The college buildings in their bare enclosure stood on the other side of the road. Winifred would have been too shy to pass the playground while the boys were out, but now that every soul connected with the place would be indoors, she thought she might go round the sides of the Harmon garden and see the red bird much nearer from a place she thought of.

This place was nothing but a humble, disused and untidy burying-ground, that occupied the next lot in the narrow strip of land that here for a mile divided road and river. Winifred ran over the road between the Harmon garden and the college fence, and, climbing the log fence, stood among the quiet gravestones that chronicled the past generations of Chellaston. Here grass and wild flowers grew apace, and close by ran the rippling river reflecting the violet sky above. A cemetery, everyone knows, is a place where anyone may walk or sit as long as he likes, but Winifred was surprised to find Principal Trenholme's housekeeper there before her; and moreover, this staid, sad woman was in the very place Winifred was going to, for she was looking through the fence that enclosed the Harmon garden.

'Good morning, Mrs. Martha,' said Winifred politely, concealing her surprise.

'I've been milking,' said the sad woman, glancing slightly at a pail of foaming milk that she had set for greater security between two gravestones.

Winifred came and took her place beside the housekeeper, and they both looked through the paling of the Harmon property.

The tanager was still on the acacia, from this nearer point looking like a great scarlet blossom of some cactus, so intense was the color; but Winifred was distracted from her interest in the bird by seeing the old house more plainly than she had ever seen it before. It stood, a large substantial dwelling, built not without the variety of outline which custom has given to modern villas, but with all its doors and windows on this side fastened by wooden shutters, that, with one or two exceptions, were nailed up with crossbeams and overgrown with cobwebs. Winifred surveyed it with an interested glance.

'Did you come to see him?' whispered the housekeeper.

Winifred's eyes reverted to the tanager, of which, on the whole, her mind was more full. 'Yes'—she whispered the word for fear of startling it.

'I should think yer ma would want you in of a morning, or Miss Sophia would be learning you yer lessons. When I was your age—But'—sadly—'it stands to reason yer ma, having so many, and the servant gone, and the cows comin' in so fast these days one after t'other, that they can't learn you much of anything reg'lar.'

Winifred acquiesced politely. She was quite conscious of the shortcomings in the system of home education as it was being applied to her in those days; no critic so keen in these matters as the pupil of fourteen!

'Well now, it's a pity,' said the housekeeper, sincerely, 'and they do say yer ma does deplorable bad cooking, and yer sisters that's older than you aren't great hands at learning.' The housekeeper sat down on a grave near the paling, as if too discouraged at the picture she had drawn to have energy to stand longer.

Winifred looked at the tanager, at the housekeeper, and round her at the happy morning. This sad-eyed, angular woman always seemed to her more like a creature out of a solemn story, or out of a stained glass window, than an ordinary person whose comments could be offensive. They had talked together before, and each in her own way took a serious interest in the other.

'Sister Sophia has learned to cook very nicely,' said the child, but not cheerfully. It never seemed to her quite polite to be cheerful when she was talking to Mrs. Martha.

'Yes, child; but can't do everything'—with a sigh—'she's put upon dreadful as it is.' Then in a minute, 'What made you think of coming here after him?'

'I think it's so wonderful.' The child's eyes enlarged as she peered through the fence again at the scarlet bird.

'Lolly, child! I'm glad to hear you say that,' said Mrs. Martha, strongly. 'He's far above and beyond—he's a very holy man.'

Winifred perceived now that she was talking of old Cameron, and she thought it more polite not to explain that she had misunderstood. Indeed, all other interests in her mind became submerged in wonder concerning the old man as thus presented.

'He's mad, isn't he?'

'No, he isn't.'

'I knew he was very good, but couldn't he be good and mad, too?'

'No,' said Mrs. Martha; and the serious assertion had all the more effect because it stood alone, unpropped by a single reason.

'When I've milked the Principal's special cow I often come here of a morning, and sometimes I see the saint walking under the trees. I don't mind telling you, child, for you've a head older than yer years, but you mustn't speak of it again. I'd not like folks to know.'

'I won't tell,' whispered Winifred, eagerly. She felt inexpressibly honored by the confidence. 'Do you think he'll come out now?' Awe and excited interest, not unmingled with fear, were taking possession of her. She crouched down beside the solemn woman, and looked through at the house and all its closed windows. The hedge was alive with birds that hopped and piped unnoticed; even the scarlet bird was forgotten.

'Mrs. Martha,' she whispered, 'I heard papa say Cameron believed that our Saviour was soon coming back again, and only those people would go with him who were watching and waiting. Mr. Trenholme said everyone was mad who thought that.'

'There's a sight of people will tell you you're mad if you're only fervent.'

The child did not know precisely what 'fervent' meant, but she began to doubt Trenholme's positive knowledge on the subject. 'Do you believe the end of the world's coming so soon?'

'Lor, child! what do I know but the world might go on a good bit after that? I can't tell from my Bible whether the Lord will take us who are looking for him up to his glory for a while, or whether he'll appoint us a time of further trial while he's conquering the earth; but I do know it wouldn't matter which, after we'd heard him speak to each of us by name and seen his face.' The sad woman looked positively happy while she spoke.

'Oh, Martha, are you watching like that? But how can you all the time—you must sleep and work, you know?'

'Yes, child; but the heart can watch; and he knows we must sleep and work; and for that reason I'm not so sure but, if we're faithful, he might in mercy give us a word beforehand to let us know when to be expecting more particularly. I don't know, you know, child; I'm only saying what might be.'

'But what makes you think so, Mrs. Martha?'

Winifred was quick-witted enough to perceive something withheld.

'There's things that it's not right for anyone to know but those as will reverence them.'

Oh, I will, I will,' said Winifred, clasping her hands.

'As I understand it, Mr. Cameron's had no assurance yet.'

Winifred did not ask what this meant. She felt that she was listening to words that, if mysterious, were to be pondered in silence.

'You know the poor thing whose husband is always tipsy—drunken Job they call him—that you've seen listening to Mr. Cameron?—and that weakly Mr. McNider, with the little boy?'

'Yes,' assented Winifred.

'He told them,' whispered the housekeeper, 'that when he was agonizing in prayer it came into his mind to wait until August this year. He hasn't any assurance what it may have meant; but that may come later, and p'r'aps the days may be told him; and he's awaiting, and we're awaiting too. There, that's all I have to tell, child, and I must be going.'

She gathered her lean figure up from the hillock, and took up her pail.

As for the girl Winifred, a terrible feeling of fear had come over her. All the bright world of sun and flowers seemed suddenly overshadowed by the lowering cloud of an awful possibility. She would no more have allowed herself to be left alone in that sunny corner of the glad spring morning than she would have remained alone where visible danger beset her. Her face bathed in the sudden tears that came so easily to her girlish eyes, she sprang like a fawn after her companion and grasped her skirt as she followed.

'How you take on!' sighed the woman, turning. 'Do you mean to say you ain't glad?'

'I'm frightened,' gasped the girl.

'And you been confirmed this spring! What did it mean to you if you ain't glad there's ever such a little chance of perhaps seeing him before the year's out.'

They both climbed the fence, handing over the milk-pail between them. When they had got on the road and most part, the housekeeper spoke.

'I tell you what it is, Winifred Rexford, we've not one of us much to bring him in the way of service. If there's one thing more than another I'm fond of it's to have my kitchen places to myself, but I've often thought I ought to ask yer ma to send one of you over every day to learn from me how a house ought to be kept and dinner cooked. Ye'd learn more watching me in a month, you know, than ye'd learn with yer ma a fussin' round in six years. Don't tell yer ma it's a trial to me, but just ask if she'll send you over for an hour or two every morning.'

'Thank you,' said Winifred, reluctantly. 'Do you think I ought to come?'

'Well, I'd want to be a bit more use to my ma if I was you.'

'It's very kind of you,' acknowledged Winifred; 'but—but—Mrs. Martha, if it was true about this—this August, you know—what would be the use of learning?'

'Child,' said the woman, and if her voice was sad it was also vehement, 'them as are mad in religion are them as thinks doing the duty of each day for his sake ain't enough without seeing where's the use of doing what he puts to our hand.'

'Mrs. Martha,' besought Winifred, timidly, 'I—don't like cooking; but do you think if I did this I should perhaps get to be glad to think—be glad to think our Saviour might be coming again soon?'

'To love him is of his grace, and you must get it direct from him; but it's wonderful how doing the best we can puts heart into our prayers.'

The scarlet tanager rose and flew from tree to tree like a darting flame, but Winifred had forgotten him

(To be continued.)

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAIN.

(By Richard Burton.)

Yon towering height is softened into grace
And loveliness by snow its summit bears;
So have I seen some rugged human face
Made beautiful with age and silver hairs.

The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him upholdAnd steadfast truth acquit him out of all.

—Spenser.

THE PASTOR'S NURSERY.

BY J. N. ERVIN.

Pastor Tenderheart was in charge of a large congregation. He was considered to have a 'good charge.' His church had more members than any other church in all that region; and he had organizations for various purposes which did admirable work. It was reported some time since that some of his neighboring pastors had intimated that if ever he should leave his present charge there was no place they would prefer to go. Now, I am not saying that this very admirable household had 'a skeleton in the closet.' Nor need you try to read that meaning into what I am about to say. If I happen to have gotten hold of a few things which happened to him in that field, and if I happen to tell them to some other people, just set it down as a bit of gossip and don't worry writing to me for the pastor's address. He does not intend to leave his field, I am well assured, and if he knew you were trying to find out some more such things as are here revealed, he would never reply to your letetr.

Pastor Tenderheart set out one bright afternoon to make some pastoral calls. He never neglected anybody, and while he paid special regard to the poor he found time to look into the spiritual matters of the rich as well. He faithfully sought out those who were irregular in doing their duty and kept in touch with those who were faithful. This day in question he stopped at a little shop nad went in to inquire about a youth who had not long been a member of his church, but who was growing more and more irregular in his attendance at the services of the church. The boy was discouraged. He told his pastor his whole story. Everything seemed to be against him since he had joined the church. His companions found it out and they were all teasing him. His employers seemed to find some obstacle to put in the way of all his duties to the church. He confessed that all these things had worried him a great deal and that he had almost lost heart. He was almost afraid he had made a mistake in joining the church. He did not believe he could ever make a good church member. The good pastor cheered him up and went on his way saying to himself. He is one of God's dear children whom we need to help till he gets a little more strength, and is able to take care of himself. He is only in the nursery yet and the business of the church is to watch him. I will stop and see two or three of his older friends and get them to take special pains to encourage him. He is a good boy.

He dropped in at a comfortable home the inmates of which were long associated with his church. Among the members of the family was a young lady who had been for several years a member of the church and for two years past a teacher in the Sabbath school. But he had missed her in her place for several weeks past and she was very irregular at public service. He mentioned it in his conversation and received her plaint in turn. She had been faithful for more than a year and she had grown tired. Sometimes she slept late on Sunday morning and sometimes she had not studied her lesson during the week and sometimes she did not feel like making the exertion which it required to get to the service. He argued with her and tried every inducement he could think of to secure her regular attendance and good work for the school. He was not quite sure of his success as he went on thinking within himself. That baby ought to be getting out of the nursery. She has had advantages in her home and training in the house of God sufficient to put her above the necessity of being urged to do anything like a petted child. But we will have to pamper her with spiritual sweetmeats so long as we can do no better. Certainly a litle coaxing will do her no harm.

He saw one of the brethren, about forty years years of age, dressing his lawn and opening the gate went in and sat down on a rustic seat for a few minutes' talk. The good brother was out of humor with the church. The trustees of the church had been making their annual canvass of the congregation and they had asked among other questions if people could not increase their pledges a small amount for the coming year. He was tired of this thing of running after money all the time. He did not like to have his happiness in the church disturbed by these calls. He thought they might take it for granted that he knew what he ought to give and would give it without being asked for it every year. The pastor could not see how the trustees were to find out the amount of his pledge unless they should ask him, or how they could estimate the income of the church for the coming year unless they did canvass for that purpose, or how they could determine what amount they could expend unless they knew how much they would receive. But this did not soothe the wounded feelings of the good brother who had indulged himself in just such a way every time a church benevolence had been announced for twenty years.

The pastor went on, wondering whether that infant in the nursery ever would get over the colic. He had those crying spells periodically, and the only remedy seemed to be to let him take a good cry, when he would rest easier for a time. I wish the fellow would grow up and be able to do something instead of staying in the nursery to be fed all the time.

It was not long till he had rung the bell at a handsome home. He was ushered in by the servant and received by the mistress. It was not long till they were talking of spiritual matters and about her own relation to the church. She thought of taking her letter and going to another church. She had always felt a little uncomfortable in that church. (She had been a member for thirty years, a long period of discomfort.) There were other people in that church who never had treated her as one member of a church ought to treat another. Some of them were terribly stiff and would hardly speak to her. She had sat just across the aisle for a year from people who would not treat her cordially. She had been sick for two weeks at a time and not a half dozen of the church members ever called to see her, and sometimes even the preacher did not so much as inquire about her. (This with a toss of the head and teeth set firm as if in a paroxysm of pain.) She could go to the other church and they would be glad to have her and would treat her as she ought to be treated. The pastor wondered how old some of the babies in this nursery might be. Here he was trying to soothe one fifty years old who had been in that nursery thirty years to his certain knowledge. But she was as much of a baby as ever.

He had gotten almost home when he stopped for a word with an old lady who sat at the door of her little comfortable home. She was glad to see him. It had been so long since he had called at her house that she was afraid he was not going to come again. She remembered the dear good man who preached to the church which she attended as a girl, and when her mother was sick he used to come to see her almost every day. She forgot to say that it was in a little village and the church did not have more than fifty members. And so she murmured of every one in the congregation.

Pastor Tenderheart went home to talk it over with his wife, but how the secret got out perhaps neither he nor his wife will ever know. But the facts are here and the good man guards such things so closely that it is hardly likely we will ever get any more. But I hope that if any of these nursery children of his read this article they will take a little more heartily of the milk of the Word and of strong meat and get out of the nursery to some kind of work and help the church instead of demanding strength in caring for them.—Dayton, (Ky.) 'Ram's Horn.'

THE ROC'S EGG LEGEND.

FOUNDED ON THE THIRTEEN-INCH EGG OF THE AEPYORNIS.

(London 'Daily News.')

There has lately been brought to England another egg of the aepyornis, the gigantic long-lost bird of Madagascar. The egg is gigantic, too, for it is equal in capacity to no fewer than six ostrich eggs. Legends have been current in all ages of some monstrous fowl that haunted the eastern seas, and when the first of these great eggs was seen and handled by Europeans, it was believed that here at last was proof of the existence in the past, if not in the present, of a bird as vast as that which made so light of Sinbad.

It is not twenty years since an Italian naturalist, after a careful study of such bones as had been then found, still held to the belief that the aepyornis was a vulture, and that, in fact, it was nothing less than the roc of the Arabian Nights. But the more generally received opinion is that it was a running bird, wingless probably, and much like the ostrich in build and bulk.

It must not be forgotten that the dimensions of an egg cannot be relied on to give us a true idea of the bird that laid it. A tall ostrich is eight or nine feet high, and produces an egg six inches long. The egg of the largest species of apteryx, the strange, wingless bird of New Zealand, is not much less—nearly five inches in length—while the bird itself is only two feet high, or not more than a fourth the height of the ostrich. The gingantic moa, whose toe bones almost rival those of the elephant, stood ten or twelve feet high, yet its egg was no more than nine inches and a half in length.

Owen was of opinion, after examining such scanty remains as were then available, that the aepyornis was not, after all, so very colossal, certainly less than the moa, and perhaps not equal even to the ostrich. 'Tall bird' is the translation of its name, as St. Hilaire christened it; and having regard to the original Greek, there can be no doubt that aepyornis is more correct than epiornis. The eggs were first seen in the hands of natives, who were using them for water buckets. Of the bird itself they had no knowledge, and although a number of eggs have been met with, they are always found buried, or washed out of the earth by heavy rains. There does not appear to be among the Malagasy people even a tradition of a lost gigantic bird, as there is in New Zealand about the moa.

There are two aepyornis eggs in Paris, measuring 13 inches by 9, and 12 inches by 10. The one now in London is about the same size, and is described as being 33 1-2 inches in its longest circumference. Even this does not convey much idea of its real magnitude, which, perhaps, can be best appreciated by cutting an oval in paper 13 inches in length and nine inches across.

This specimen was found floating in the sea off the south-west coast of Madagascar, and was probably disinterred from the sandhills by a storm. It is in the south of the island especially by Cape St. Mary and Machikova, that all known finds have occurred. One egg was found while some men were sinking the shaft of an iron mine, at a depth of 45 feet below the surface. This, however, was in the clay, and in every case the shell has been met with in a recent geologic formation.

The surface of an aepyornis egg is granulated, like that of one species of ostrich, and the substance of the shell is remarkably strong. Its color is of creamy white. It is thought that the bird may perhaps have existed during our era, but it has, at any rate, been lost for nearly 2,000 years. The moa, on the other hand, disappeared no longer ago than great auk, for in 1844, an old Maori, who claimed to have seen Capt. Cook, declared that he himself had seen the huge, night-wandering bird. It was believed then that it still existed in the South Island, and stories were current of two old settlers who had eaten its flesh. The moa was killed off by native moa hunters, and it is chiefly from the kidden middens—the heaps of refuse they have left—that its remains are recovered. As much as seven tons of moa bones have been found in one swamp; while, from drier soil, such as the floors of caves, even some of its red feathers have been brought to light and at least one perfect egg.

An egg shell seems a frail thing to last so long and under such conditions. Yet not only have guillemots' eggs been dredged up unbroken from the bottom of the sea, but the shells of hens' eggs, put one inside another in a neat pile, were found a few years since buried in a Roman villa, together with coins, which proved pretty well that the room had been untouched for nearly 1,400 years.

In the islands near Madagascar there dwelt other strange fowl that, like the aepyornis, have disappeared forever. There is nothing at all left of the solitaire of the Rodriguez, a bird that old navigators say weighed nearly half a hundredweight. It is exactly two centuries since the dodo was last seen in Mauritius, the strange fowl whose 'body is round and extreame fat; her slow pace begets that corpulencie; few of them weigh less than fifty pounds; better to the eye than to the stomack.' 'The longer the flesh was cooked, in fact, the worse it was to eat. No one possesses a dodo's egg. No one even knows what it was like. Our only information on the point is the somewhat inexact description given by a French writer of the year 1651, that it was about the size of a halfpenny roll.

It may well be imagined that, to a collector, the egg of a moa or an aepyornis would be a treasure indeed. Yet the egg of the great auk is more highly prized than either. The highest price paid for an aepyornis's egg is £100. The last great auk's egg that came into the market—there are sixty-nine of them in existence, so far as is known—changed hands at £228. It is hardly to be wondered at that the happy possessor of seven out of the sixty-nine keeps his treasures in an iron safe. If the lost bird of Madagascar did not rival the moa in stature, or even the ostrich, it was a creature of no mean dimensions. Among the few remains of its skeleton is a thighbone no less than 25 inches long. It may, after all, have been the original of the roc, so

Magnified by the purple mist,
The dust of centuries and of song,

that there grew out of it the prodigious fowl that, in Sinbad's story, was able to carry away in her claws, as food for her family, an elephant and a rhinoceros together, and whose egg, for destroying which his comrades paid so dear, he tells us was no less than fifty paces round.

FUN ON THE ICE.

—From 'Harper's Weekly.'

THE MOON.

(Written for the 'Witness.')

The moon hath risen now in all her glory,
And shineth sweetly o'er the eastern hills,
And with the thought of love, and song, and story,
And names, and hearts, and hopes my spirit fills.
I cannot see with telescopic vision,
Her fireless craters and her waveless seas,
Nor trace with mathematical precision
Her mountains' height and length of her degrees.

I only see in her the moon of lovers,
The moon that sleepless age and sickness cheers,
The moon that oft hath guided chartless rovers,
One of the great lights set for signs and years.
Wise moon; thou'st seen the lot of many a mortal
Since first was launched against thy silver ray,
From leafy tents not far from Eden's portal,
Good Abel's sheep-dog's deep and thundering bay.

Gazing, I seem in fancy to remember
How looked, beneath thy light, strange ancient lands,
The rising pyramid's unfinished chamber,
And marble Tadmore 'mid the Syrian sands,
And 'mid her blossomed groves, Damascus hoary,
With her 'bossed silks, her blades, her glittering rills,
And mighty Rome, sitting in scarlet glory,
A crowned queen, upon her seven hills.

Thou hast seen lavish kings and proud princesses
Of every kingdom, age, and dynasty,
Their diamonds, silver, gold, and gorgeous dresses,
Their sceptres, signets, thrones of ivory.
Thou hast seen Solomon, his nobles round him—
And all that Sheba loved of rare array—
Decked with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him,
Upon his jubilant espousal day.

Thy light hath streamed upon the ancient ocean,
As round some summer land of love it smiled,
Thou through torn clouds hast watched the fierce commotion,
When there was sorrow on its waters wild.
And, oh! what meetings glad, what bitter parting,
Thy faithful unrevealing eye hath seen,
Hope against hope and fear at shadows starting,
As thy sweet light bedecked the land serene.

Thou hast seen brightest eyes and tresses faded,
And fleetest footsteps fail their goal to win,
And homes of merry-hearted youth o'ershadowed
By death, and poverty, and shame, and sin.
Fair moon, all earnest eyes of earth that heed thee,
Bless thee, and prize thy beams to gild their lot,
There is a land afar where none do need thee,
Shall we forget thee when we need thee not?

MARGARET G. CURRIE.

A DANGEROUS CONCLUSION TO DRAW.

—'Life.'

The King of Italy has become the patron of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and has promised a donation of £40. For many years the society has had important stations in the chief ports of Italy, while the Sailors' Rest and Institute in Genoa, with its steam launch for the harbor, is one of the finest equipped centres (for seamen of all nations) in the world. One of the last acts of Lord Vivian was to bring the society before the King of Italy.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

FRENCH AND GERMAN SYSTEMS CONTRASTED WITH OUR OWN.

BY ROBERT STANLEY WEIR, B. C. L.

Municipal government in France is logical and systematical, as, indeed, might be expected. All Gaul is now divided, not into three, but into eighty-nine departments. Each department elects a municipal council, which deals with matters of local administration, but has no power to levy taxes. The municipal council has far less power than the head of the department, who is the chief executive officer, and styled the Prefect. The prefect is not elected by the municipal council nor by the people, but is named by the Minister of the Interior, at Paris. The prefect appoints all the important inferior officials, is the treasurer and superintendent of affairs, does everything but levy taxes, and this is done by the central legislature, at Paris. The Department is the largest municipal unit in France. The smallest division is the Commune, which may be rural or urban. The commune also elects a council by what is practically universal suffrage. The council elects the mayor, but the mayor is not responsible to the council or to the people, but to the prefect of the department in which the commune is. Of course each department contains many communes, and the prefect of the department has thus control and oversight over as many mayors as there are communes. The mayors may be suspended or removed from office on complaint to the minister, and their official acts are subject to the veto. In Paris the same highly centralized system is in vogue. The citizens elect the municipal council, consisting of eighty members, four from each of the twenty arrondissements. These mayors and members are elected for three years, and retire all together. Each arrondissement has a central building, the 'Mairie,' in which are the bureaus of the mayor, and his three assistants or adjuncts (adjoints). Neither the people nor the council of Paris elect their mayors or adjuncts. These are appointed by that great official the prefect of the Department of the Seine, whose agents they virtually are, and who may remove them for cause. These twenty centres of local administration are the admiration of the world, and it is everywhere conceded that under any scheme whatsoever of reconstructed municipal government would be allowed to remain. These mayors and adjuncts receive taxes, attend to election lists, schools, vital statistics, perform the civil ceremony of marriage, inspect and regulate markets, roads and streets, water supply and like matters, that with us are left to bungling and boodling committees. The Prefect of the Seine is named by the Minister of the Interior. He represents the executive authority, and is independent of the deliberative or legislative municipal council, whose acts, indeed, he may report to the minister for cancellation as ultra vires. The municipal council has no power to withhold a vote of credit, as in such an event the minister may officially include the required amount in his budget. The central government also appoints the Prefect of Police, whose duties include public health, order, inspection of buildings, weights and measures. The Prefect of Police thus divides the administration with the Prefect of the Seine, and both with their staff, over whom they have direct control, are completely independent of the municipal council.

The government of the city of Berlin is divided between a chamber of deputies and a council. The deputies, one hundred and eight in number, are elected by the citizens for six years. Their deliberations are public. They elect their president, who is not the Mayor or burgomaster, but simply a presiding officer and representative of the deputies. They also elect a president and a secretary. The assembly of deputies is purely a deliberative or legislative body. It possesses a general control over civic affairs, including taxation, contracts, real estate, roads, water supply, etc. but is not concerned with the carrying out of its decisions. No deputy can vote in a matter in which he is privately interested. The administration of the city's affairs is carried on by a council consisting of a burgomaster, elected by the chamber of deputies for twelve years and whose salary is $8,000 a year; a deputy burgomaster and fourteen paid councillors elected in the same manner and for a like term of twelve years; lastly, seventeen councillors, unpaid, and elected for six years. These councillors are experts and comprise engineers, educators, lawyers, accountants, surveyors, etc. They are chosen from outside the chamber of deputies, no member of which can be a councillor. This council is the administrative body. It secures the proper observance and execution of the laws relating to schools, streets, public works, buildings, sanitary matters, the collection of taxes and other departments of civic life. They appoint the minor officials, and these are not removable save for cause. The burgomaster is the governor of the city and president of the council. He has the right to veto any decision of his council. His appointment and that of his assistant require the approval of the Imperial Government, which also revises all legislation of the deputies which affects public lands, or matters of historic, scientific or artistic importance, such as the establishment of schools of art or science, the erection of monuments and the like. The police of Berlin is under the control of the national government and in the smaller towns of Prussia the burgomaster is also the chief of police.

Several features of French and German municipal systems as above illustrated, may not be consonant with our notions of democratic liberty. The lofty powers assigned to Prefect and Burgomaster may seem to savor of autocracy. The tendency in the newest civic systems of America is nevertheless to reproduce this characteristic feature of Continental civic systems. The Mayor in the United States now usually possesses the power to veto all ordinances passed by the municipal council. In Brooklyn the Mayor appoints absolutely, without confirmation by the common council, all the executive heads of departments. He appoints, for example, the police, fire and health commissioners, the city attorney, the board of assessors, the board of education and the board of elections. These officials in turn appoint their own subordinates so that the principle of defined responsibility permeates the city government from top to bottom. In New York since 1884 like powers have been conferred upon the Mayor, but that functionary is usually controlled by the sinister influences which secure his election. This distrust of the common council and tendency to entrust one man with large powers is certainly very marked in American civicism. It would appear to be a confession that government by councils and committees is a failure and that the remedy is in resolute, intelligent one-man power. The confession is doubtless honest and true, but the remedy, I venture to think, is inadequate. It is surely possible to adopt the merits of European civic systems without imperilling them by despotic features. What then, it may be asked, are the essential merits of the municipal government as seen in Paris, in Berlin and other cities of France and Germany. I answer in the complete separation of the executive from the representative and deliberative. An analysis of the municipal systems of the world conclusively demonstrates that where the alderman is a legislator and also an administrator mismanagement, misrule and corruption are the consequence. The purest and most efficient systems are those which completely divorce the two branches of public service. Citizens of Montreal, I venture to think, will find the cause of their civic mismanagement not in the inherent depravity of their representatives, as many vehemently assert, nor in the supineness of the people, but in the stupid system borrowed from English cities when rotten boroughs were at their worst, whereby the alder men legislate in council assembled and also undertake to administer and execute in committee. The functions of public government are legislative, judicial and executive. They should be independent of each other. In civic affairs of our own and other mismanaged cities the legislative and executive functions have been combined. The nominal heads of departments are cajoled, snubbed or disregarded by aldermen who regard petty patronage as their perquisite and the disposal of contracts to tenderers high or low their special right. This is verily the root of the evil and that against which special effort should be directed.

ROBT. STANLEY WEIR.

COAL SAVING.

Coal is not selling at an unusually high price this winter, but even at present rates the fuel bill bears heavily upon the great majority of householders. Any suggested scheme for reducing the expense of house heating, cooking and washing is, therefore, eagerly seized by those who are forced to make the subject of economy a close study. As a rule, the proposed economical scheme is disappointing, especially in regard to the saving of fuel, because the glowing promises are never fully realized, and the experimenter often finds himself unable to see any saving at all. But a very simple and inexpensive experiment may be tried, and if it does not really save coal it will cause it to burn better, increase the heat, reduce the quantity of clinkers, lessen the danger from the escape of bad-smelling gases, and by a careful regulation of the dampers ought to make the fuel last longer. The saving of the coal will, however, depend a good deal upon the user. Here is the secret:—Take of water two gallons, common coarse salt half a pound. Dissolve the salt in water and sprinkle the solution on your coal. The coal is then ready for use. Two and one-half pounds of salt, which may be bought at a cent a pound, dissolved in ten gallons of water, is enough for one ton of stove nut coal. Those who have tried this simple and cheap 'coal saver' say they have found it to be quite as good as any of the much more expensive preparations now on sale.—Toronto 'Globe.'

Miss Ray Frank, of Oakland, Cal., is to be ordained soon as a rabbi of the Jewish Church, and will be the first of her sex, it is said, to occupy such a position. She has been studying at the California State University and at the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati.

QUAINT, QUEER CERAMICS.

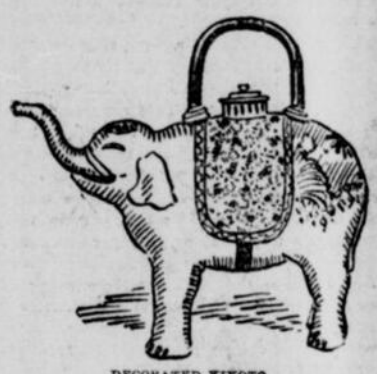
ART POTTERY AT THE ART GALLERY.

The collection of Japanese and Chinese pottery now exhibited in the new art gallery is almost unique in the history of ceramics. It presents a remarkably complete series of the productions of Japan both in pottery and porcelain, collected during the last twenty-two years. Upon the teacup, a vessel found in every household from palace to hovel, the Japanese have lavished that exquisite skill in workmanship and dainty decoration that everywhere characterizes their productions, and which of late has so extensively influenced the art of other countries.

Although the present collection is chiefly from Japanese furnaces it includes a number of specimens of Chinese manufacture, among them many of value and interest, while the few examples of metal ware, admitted because completing the illustrative series, are generally choice and old.

The term 'teapot' has been taken rather more broadly than as used, in its native equivalent, by the Japanese themselves, who apply different words to the tea-containing vessel and to that, perhaps identical in form and material, from which the boiling water is poured upon the leaves. The public of Montreal are exceptionally fortunate in being able to examine this collection, perhaps the largest and most varied in the world, not even excepting the famous collection of the Emperor of Russia, which the owner of the present collection helped to collect. We take a few examples out of over a thousand displayed, for illustration and description.

A piece of decorated Kiyoto, made by the elder Kozan (Makusa) grandfather



DECORATED KIYOTO.

of Makusa Kozan, now the great art potter of Japan, is shown at No. 1. It is a teapot in the form of a white elephant, with trappings.

No. 2, is the work of a later period of Makusa Kozan, who is still living but

MAKUSA KOZAN.

very old, and likely to leave no worthy successor. Teapot, dark green glaze with decoration of flowers and leaves.

No. 3, Old Ninsei ware, very rare specimen of one of the potters, of a hun-

OLD NINSU.

dred years ago. It is a charming little piece of pottery, gray fishes on a warm stone ground.

No. 4, Old. Satsuma, about eighty years old, of the earlier decorative period, but-

OLD SATSUMA.

terflies and sprays of flowers on a white stone ground, highly glazed—very handsome.

No. 5, Bird's-egg shaped teapot, ground pretty bird's-egg blue, Old Giriojin, the God of long life, with head high where brains have extended it while striving to grant long life to his worshippers; the middle figure is the God of Glory, the left hand figure, the God of Contentment. On the other side is Bentin, the Goddess of Love, the God of Daily Food with the choice fish Tai and the God of Riches with his hammer and bag upon

OLD GIROJIN.

which, when he knocks, whatever his devotees pray for is supposed to come out.

No. 6, Chinese Cock in old blue, the

CHINESE COCK.

base forms a field upon which the fowl stands. Date unknown, but very old.

No. 7, is a dingy piece of pottery, the

IMPERIAL CHRYSANTHEMUM AND CREST.

color of old Brown Bronze, but it has an exceedingly curious history. It bears the Imperial chrysanthemum crest and the triple leaf of the Imperial family. These pieces were used for one day only and then broken; it was treason, and brought death to possess one in the old days. How this piece escaped is not known, but when a Japanese native sees it he regards it with a feeling of reverence and a bow.

This piece follows the fashion and taste of the Imperial family, which was then simple, although elaborately decorated pottery was used by the people beyond the pale.

Those who were fortunate enough to hear Prof. Morse, of Salem, discourse upon 'The art of the Japanese potter,' at the Art Gallery recently, had a delightful experience. That Prof. Morse is a thorough master of his subject goes without saying, but it was the charm and delightful humor with which he imparted his knowledge to others that so refreshed the large and fashionable audience assembled to hear him.

A rapid sketch of the origin and surroundings of the composite race known as the Japanese (sometimes called the Yankees of the East), a nation welded together out of materials as heterogeneous as our own, prefaced a humorous comparison between Japanese art and that which obtains with the Caucasian; in which the latter got much the worst of it.

Prof. Morse himself has a chamber of horrors into which he places his collection of Western art atrocities and counsels attaching such a chamber to every art gallery as an object lesson in what not to admire, possess, or imitate. One such object he found it necessary to order in advance (they were selling like hot cakes), it was that of a youth, kneeling, in a devotional attitude, upon a hard bronze mat, and balancing a kerosene oil lamp on his head; another was a butter-boat in the form of a flat-iron, equally popular! Then there were our receptacles for flowers, gaudily painted and killing the beautiful objects they were meant to contain; our coal hods with a bunch of gaudy roses, or perhaps a Scriptural subject on the lid; and numerous other examples of Philistinism. In Japan it was different, the keynote of Japanese art was appropriateness, every object was of just the right shape and decoration for its purpose and could not be improved. There, articles were not turned out by machinery at so much per dozen, but reflected the personality of the workman. Here, the workman saws planks by machinery for a brief space and is then denominated a carpenter, or cabinet maker; there, the apprentice serves seven years, and is afterwards proud to say, such an one was my master, the master being equally proud of a deserving pupil. Here, we cut a bunch of gaudy flowers, separate the leaves, bind it up with wire, and call it a bouquet, and then we stick it into an equally gaudy vessel; there, a flower-bearing branch, or a single flower, in an appropriate vessel, shows where true art and beauty lies.

In Japan there are no divisions into decorative art, pictorial art, etc., as obtain with us; all is included in the one term Western artists, say the Japanese, attempt to deceive and do not deceive, their compositions are elaborate and strive to realize complex conditions, but the result does not satisfy the equation of truth. The Japanese artist takes a natural spray of flowers, a bird on the wing, a rising wave, and produces results that are marvels of truth and beauty.

One curious fact about this interesing nation is that they speak in Japanese and write in Chinese. Speaking our own language and writing in Greek would not form an exact parallel, for the Chinese language contains thousands of characters, and some of the characters contain as many as thirty strokes. Prof. Morse sums up the character of the people of Japan in four words: tranquility, sobriety, hospitality and cleanliness. Some of the sentiments inscribed upon their pottery are sweetly beautiful, such as 'The fair wind blows, the branches turn green, and those upon the south side blossom,' and 'The dew of bamboo makes a pleasant noise dropping on the ground below.' 'Fancy,' said Prof. Morse, 'a people like ourselves, in a hurry to catch trains, listening for the sound of dew falling from the bamboo upon the ground; and yet, how tranquil and pleasant it all seems.' 'Ruskin,' he said, 'describes a railway station as a place to get in and out of, he could not imagine anyone passing a pleasant five minutes in such a place, and yet I did so at your Windsor street station. The explanation is that the first objects that I noticed upon my arrival were some beautiful Japanese vases, beautifying the place.' Another thing that delighted Prof. Morse was the splendid collection of Japanese ware collected by Sir Donald Smith and Mr. Van Horne, and a photograph showing a Japanese gateway in pottery, sent him to-day by the German Consul.

'Here,' he said, 'is a great railway magnate, a banker and philanthropist, a consul, and I have known a diversity of other men, under the spell of this wonderful art, and the longer and better they are acquainted with it the more enthralled they become.' Prof. Morse was careful to warn his hearers against the so-called Japanese objects of art found in the shops, which are not the real thing, but spurious.

But to adequately describe Prof. Morse's lecture would require several columns of space and, even then, his rare charm of manner would be absent.

TARIFF REFORM.

THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST WANTS IT.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—At Alameda, Assa., on Dec. 19, there was a meeting of the settlers from the surrounding settlements in Hislop's Hall, for the purpose of discussing the question of tariff reform. The meeting being called to order, on motion Mr. H. Wheeler was requested to take the chair, and Mr. T. S. Drennen to act as secretary.

The meeting was addressed by Mr. J. S. Turriff and others. Mr. Turriff, in his address, showed very clearly the injustice and unfairness of the National Policy, which bore heavily on the poor and the workingman, and comparatively light on the rich. He showed, also, that every thing that the farmers in the North-West used was heavily taxed, and that the settlers are unnecessarily hampered by protective taxation in order that a few men might become rich; that reform in the tariff is absolutely necessary to enable the settlers of the North-West to live; further, that while the National Policy enabled the capitalist to grow rich, the workingmen were struggling for an existence.

There is in this part of the Territories universal dissatisfaction with the National Policy; no man need show his face here who does not support tariff reform. The election of Mr. Martin for Winnipeg has given great satisfaction. When the House meets at Ottawa next month, if Sir John Thompson's Government does not make some substantial changes in the tariff, neither he nor any of his supporters will get a hearing in this country at the next election. The people will not be satisfied with anything in the way of tinkering with the question of tariff reform. Nothing short of tariff for revenue will satisfy them. Taking the duty off one thing and putting it on another is played out. A CONSERVATIVE.

Alameda, Assa., Dec. 22, 1893.

ONE OF THE UNCHURCHED UNTRUTHFUL.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—Under this heading in the 'Witness' of Dec. 16, a writer signing himself 'Hope,' makes the following statement: 'It is not long since we read of a Baptist church in Chicago that discharged its minister because he refused to receive help from a brewer.' The above is so repugnant to Baptist principles, and so unlike anything I had ever known in Baptist practice, that I wrote to Chicago for confirmation or refutation of the statement and have received the following reply:

Chicago, 27 Dec., 1893.

Dear Brother,—As to that story of a Chicago minister being discharged because he refused help from a brewer, you may brand the writer as a false witness.

Yours truly, P. S. HEUSON,
Pastor of First Baptist Church of Chicago.

By inserting the above you will serve the cause of truth and honesty, and much oblige,

JAMES GREEN.

Montreal, Dec. 29, 1893.

PERSONAL.

The death is announced in England of Robert Arthur Kinglake, brother of the historian, in his eightieth year. He was the author of a life of Gordon, a treatise on land transfer, and several pamphlets on social subjects.

President Carnot, of the French Republic, is a skilful amateur photographer, and during the visit of the Russian fleet to France made some successful 'snap shots' of Rear-Admiral Avelon and his staff.

The Nabob of Rampur, one of the Indian princes, has been in Berlin recently. He was received with great distinction and entertained by the highest people in the city. He was invited to visit Weimar by the Grand Duke and cheerfully accepted the invitation. He showed great interest in the old town and visited the homes of Goethe and Schiller a number of times.

Princess Sybilla of Hesse-Cassel, future Empress of Russia, is now a slender, graceful little girl of sixteen, with large, deep eyes and floating hair. The Czarewitch is nine years older than his betrothed. The Princess's younger brother is married to the Emperor William's youngest sister; and, as she is a niece of the Queen of Denmark, the young Sybilla is the cousin of the Princess of Wales. This pretty girl is not only pretty, she has intellectual tastes and uncommon talent in music. She has not yet entered society, and has lived a very quiet country life with her mother, the widowed Landgravine of Hesse-Cassel.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

TACKLED THE WRONG MAN.

'Isn't this my old friend, Gabriel Comstock, of Franklin Furnace' said the smiling young man, approaching the stranger, and extending his hand.

'No, sir,' replied the stranger. 'My name is Thomas Easley, and I am from Wheelersburg.'

'I beg your pardon,' replied the other politely, 'but the resemblance is so extraordinary, that I thought I could not be mistaken.'

'That's all right. There's no harm done,' said the stranger, passing on.

A few minutes later he was accosted by another smiling young man who met him at the street corner, and stopped in great apparent astonishment.

'Why, how are you, Tom? Bless me, who would ever have thought of seeing you here?'

'Guess you're mistaken, young fellow.'

'Mistaken? Not much! I'd know you a mile off. You're Thomas Easley, of Wheelersburg. Used to call you Tom when we were boys togeth—'

'No, you didn't. My name isn't Easley, and I don't know where Wheelersburg is.'

'You're not Tom Easley?'

'No, sir. I never heard of Tom Easley. My name is Absolom Reinhardt, and I live in Greenup.'

The smiling young man withdrew in evident perplexity.

'Must have got switched off on some other fellow,' he muttered as he turned the corner. 'But it's all right. Mr. Reinhardt will do just as well.'

Meantime, the stranger pursued his way leisurely down the street, and five minutes after he was confronted by a third young gentleman with an engaging smile.

'Hello! Why, this is my old friend, Absolom Reinhardt. How are you, Ab? How are things in Greenup?'

'I don't know you, sir. My name is not Absolom Reinhardt, and I don't know anything about Greenup. Never heard of it in my life.'

'Say, who are you, anyhow?'

The stranger handed him his card. It bore the following inscription:

Rev. Ben. Thayer,
Evangelist,
and
Reformed Confidence Man.

A LITTLE SHORT.

'I didn't like your cake very well to-night,' remarked Gus de Smith to his landlady.

'No?' queried she. 'What was the matter with it?'

'It seemed to me it was a little short.'

'I have noticed the same failing in you, Mr. De Smith,' was the terse reply. And Dingley borrowed enough from his friends to pay something on account.

Have Beecham's Pills ready in the household.

HOW THE JUDGE WAS AVENGED.

In the course of a speech made in a recent case tried in the mayor's court, counsel told this anecdote of a learned judge who used to sit not more than one hundred miles from the Guildhall. The case he was trying was against a railway company for the loss of a bag. After a somewhat lengthy hearing, the judge summed up the jury thus:—'Gentlemen, the plaintiff claims damages for the loss of his bag against the company. They are always losing bags; they lost mine when I was on circuit. Consider your verdict.' They did, and found it very easy to arrive at a conclusion.—London Exchange.

NATURE DOES VERY WELL.

Philosopher—'People talk about the wise provisions of nature, and yet no sooner does man become a brain worker than he loses his teeth.'

His Wife—'Dear me! Nature knows that when people begin to use their brains, they will have sense enough to go to the dentist's.'—New York 'Weekly.'

A DRUMMER.

Little Boy—'Who was that man who's been talkin' to you so long?'

Country Merchant—'He's a drummer.'

'What sort of drums does he drum on?'

'Ear drums.'

IN DEMAND.

Fat Man—'Yes, I was quite an athlete when I was young. I was always in demand when feats of strength were to be performed.'

Inquiring Boy—'Did they want to try to lift you.'

ERGO.

Professor of Logic—'I put my hat down in the room; I cannot see it anywhere; there has been nobody in besides myself; ergo, I am sitting on it!'—'El Nervion.'

An illiterate young man once got a friend to write a letter for him to his sweetheart. The letter was rather prosaic for a love-letter, and he felt that an apology was due his sweetheart for its lack of tender nothings. It was as follows:—'Please excuse the mildness of this here letter, as the chap wot's 'ritin' it is a married man, and he says he carn't 'bide any soft soapings; it allus gives him the spazzums.'

'And what is that a photograph of?' she asked of the young man who was exhibiting his collection of instantaneous pictures. 'Of a football game.' 'Dear me! I thought it was a lot of musicians having a quarrel.'—Washington 'Star.'

Visitor—'And which is the older, Tommy, you or Willie?' Willie—'We're tie.' Visitor (mystified)—'What do you mean by tie?' Tommy—'We're twins.'—Philadelphia 'Record'

'My boy has discovered who Santa Claus is,' said Hicks. 'Well, is he delighted?' asked Dawson. 'No, he is mad. He says if his own daddy is Santa Claus, he thinks it's pretty poor business for Santa Claus to give toys to all the children in the world and talk economy to him.'—'Harper's Bazar.'

HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE FACTORY PROBLEM: A FACTORY GIRL'S VIEW—DRIVEN OUT OF HER SPHERE — A LOVABLE CHARACTER, BUT WEAK—A WIDE-AWAKE MAN—DRESSING LIKE ONESELF—A SMALL BOY'S DIARY.

A FACTORY GIRL'S VIEW.

'Is this true, Susie?' I picked up the 'Witness' and read a selection of Carrie M. Derrick's paper on 'Woman as a Wage-Earner.' A bright girl, neatly dressed, listened attentively while I went over the figures and the facts in connection with factory life.

'One dollar fifty! No one earns as little as that in one week, in this town,' she said.

'Not young girls; beginners,' I asked.

'No, the lowest wages is 35 cents a day; $2.10 a week, and girls under 14 years, get that.'

'But it's against the law for girls under 14 to be employed,' I said.

'Yes; I know, but there are lots working.'

'If a girl has to pay for her board, what has she to give as a rule.'

'Seven dollars a month for board and washing.'

Just think friends, that would leave the magnificent sum of $1.40 to dress on; but in nearly all instances, young girls board at home, and, of course, that makes matters easier.

'What about the men, Susie?' I enquired. 'Do they get better pay than the girls' providing they do the same work?'

'No; just the same, and men pay more for their board. A young fellow pays $10 per month for his board.'

'Well, now, which would you rather do, housework or factory work?' Susie rises before six, and is at her post at half past six. She cooks her own breakfast, and is quite a skilful housekeeper. No one kneads the bread as well as she does, and not one in the house has as good a touch on the organ.

'Factory work,' was the decided reply. 'It's far easier. I have lots of spare time, and sometimes I sit and sometimes I stand. Then there is so much fun; lots of fun,' and she laughed merrily.

'But are the girls well behaved? What about their language?'

'Oh, they are not allowed to use any bad language. The girls behave well. Indeed, there is worse behavior among the school girls. If it was us—the factory girls—it would be terrible, but because some of them belong to the big folks, it's no harm.'

'Of course, many of the girls earn good pay?'

'Yes; some get as high as forty dollars a month; $30 is the general run. Indeed, lots get more than men in the same factory, and they buy their own organs and sewing machines. Then see how they dress. But, of course, some are saving, and some spend it all, for they go to everything that's going.'

'Is it healthy, do you think? Are the factories well ventilated? What about closets—are they comfortable and convenient?'

'I think it's healthy. The ventilation is good. We have our own closets and they are handy to us.'

Susie chatted a few minutes longer, then left for work. I am boarding in her home, and it is a cosy nest. Everything so exquisitely clean and neat. There is no man in the house. Five girls and the mother. Three are wage-earners. One keeps house, and the two little ones assist. Everything is cooked daintily, and served daintily, and the work goes on so smoothly. All are practical housekeepers, and there is far more comfort than one finds often where there are men in the household. I hear many interesting bits of life. For instance, one factory girl was engaged to a young man in the factory. They put their wages together, and bought a lot, then built a nice little house and furnished it, filled the pantry, set the table, asked their friends and minister in one evening, and were married. After that the man earned all the wages, and the wife managed so well that they put ever so much improvement on all their property.

'Indeed,' she said to the other girls, 'when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'

Two other factory girls bought land and built a home for their widowed mother. They had big brothers, but it was the girls who provided for the mother in her old age. In the home where I am there is great generalship shown in the management, and everything bears the impress of thrift and good management.

Don't you think much of the troubles nowadays arise from the want of these things? So many girls cannot make their own clothes, and, in fact, they don't even mend what they have. Then they buy candies, perfumery, and kid gloves, when often enough a few yards of cotton would be more sensible.

Yours, SALOMA.

THEY DON'T AGREE WITH HER.

Dear Editor 'Home,'—I have read all the letters about that great subject of woman's sphere, and I feel that the time has come for me to have my say. I quite agree with 'B.E.K.' and others, that woman's sphere is to visit the sick and poor; and I have always thought it was my sphere. It was my ideal of woman's sphere, and—well, it's strange, but true—no one else will agree with me, at least, far enough to give me my living while I fill my sphere. Then, again, I have thought it was also my sphere to have a kind, loving husband, and little cherub children around me. I would be delighted to shine in that sphere, but the kind, loving husband cometh not. Meanwhile, I must be earning my bread till he comes, providing he comes at all, which I doubt.

Now, how is the bread to be had? Shall I be a servant girl? Oh, lovely position! It is so secluded, and so free from temptation, away from the staring gaze of vile men. But somehow the serpent gets into even that Eden. I could tell some dark things about the master of the house. 'Tis strange, but true, that there are many servant girls going on the downward path. There are many girls in their father's home that go down to shame. There are many married women surrounded by loving husbands and children, and every comfort, and they also go down that road. Now, what is the trouble with pure, angel women that even in their own sphere they go astray? Well, I think the reason is this: That there is sin in the world, and has been since the time of Adam and Eve, and it does not show its ugly head a bit more in the office than in the home.

And then, if woman's influence is worth anything; if she has a mission to fill to help men, why, the office is just as good a place as any to do missionary work in. It is a very strange thing that the men, all the men, as soon as they leave their homes, and go to the office, become brutes and beasts. It is very queer that the influence of their wives and mothers does not go with them to the office, so that office girls need not be afraid of them. So that office girls are doing the work that wives and mothers fail to do, that is, to make honorable office men out of their husbands and sons. To hear some pure women talk, you would think there is no such thing as an honorable merchant or lawyer, or business man of any kind. If not, it is time there were, and the pure, noble office girl has a grand chance to fill the sphere they were created for, that of being a helpmeet to man. It is not at all necessary to marry him to help him; and God did not say how she was to help, except that they were both to keep the garden. Now, they are both in the world, and it is their business, both together, to reform and subdue the world. All praise and honor to the brave business women, who are as truly filling their sphere reforming the world, as are the wives and mothers. Let each woman have her own individuality, and not be led by the whim of others.

Yours,
HYPATIA.

Dec. 27, 1893.

LOVABLE, BUT WEAK.

To the Editor of the Home,—I can very readily pardon 'Ullah' for ascribing foolishness to me, as I feel compelled to return the compliment, by assuring him that I think his views of principle and truth are telescopic, and, aside from his allusion to 'Gilchrist,' he fails to comprehend what is a strong character, religious, or otherwise. Is it really suicide to die rather than enter upon a course of deception and fraud? Is it suicide to die rather than make use of stolen gold? Is it suicide to die for the right when one can live by doing wrong? I think not. A soldier who courts certain death by standing firm amid the wreck and rout of a beaten army is not written a suicide. If 'Ullah's' view is correct, a long line of suicides should be written, instead of saints and martyrs. To come to the point, or rather to 'Marian' and 'Star,' I fail to see that 'Star's' champions have shown one single instance of strength of character.

'Star,' though young and strong, was a dismal failure at making her own livelihood. 'Marian,' no doubt, was very successful as a school teacher. 'Star' was not self-reliant at all; she was unselfish, but very weak in character; by her own confession she would have married a drunken sot, if the sot had undertaken to be kind to her mother and 'Richards'; that was self-sacrifice, but it was not strength. Under similar circumstances, 'Marian' would have shown greater strength, and far more resource.

'Star' was weak enough to deceive her dying mother, even to the extent of falsely using God's name. 'Marian' would have died rather than be guilty of such an action.

'Star' used stolen gold, knowing it to be such. 'Marian' would have died rather than spend stolen gold. 'Star' was inconsistent: she used 'Hubert's' stolen money, but drove him from her mother's presence; drove him from the sweet presence which seemed to have a wonderful fascination for him. 'Star' was a weak, inexperienced, inconsistent young woman, devoted, unselfish, and very lovable withal, deserving every sympathy and consideration, but she was not a strong character.

'Marian,' as 'A Young Mother' truthfully says, moves through the story, a beautiful, womanly presence, in her trailing robes, and delicate patrician grace. And yet, as 'Betty' remarks, 'Marian' bowed very low to 'Gilchrist,' and almost wept as she contrasted her best efforts with the self-abnegation of a man who had abandoned everything to follow with outstretched arms in the wake of one lost sheep. 'You are a good woman, will you help me' said 'Gilchrist' to 'Marian.'

That was high praise, coming from such a source. Ah! yes, in 'Marian' we have a good, consistent, religious, experienced, high-souled woman. Beautiful, sweet, unselfish, sympathetic. One in whose graceful presence poor 'Star' seems to diminish and 'fade away like the stars of the morning.'

The palm is 'Marian's' and it shall not be taken from her.

Yours truly,
AN ADMIRER OF 'MARIAN.'

Montreal, Jan. 1.

A WIDE-AWAKE MAN.

There were several men, relates a correspondent of the Massachusetts 'Ploughman,' talking over the peculiarities of the feminine half of the house, etc., when the wisest one of them all said: 'I like my wife to go about, to belong to clubs, and to have something outside of home for thought. I notice that after she has stayed at home a week, the trials with domestics, what sewing she has to do, how the moths are eating the carpet, look bigger to her than anything else. I like better the subjects she picks up to talk about when she goes out.' Is there not a good deal in that. One whose horizon is bounded by four narrow walls cannot get a broad look-out. You will see this proved, even in the larger cities. There are women who have never gone out of the rut in which their days began, and who know no more of new ways than if they were not. Those things are of first importance to a woman which develop her clear-sightedness, her sympathy, her self-control, her helpfulness. Seeing only her own family does not do this, for she is not brought into contact with any one wiser than herself, and no one ever grows who is content to use herself as her standard of what should be. There must be food and clothing, yet the body is more than raiment, and not all one's efforts and thoughts should be spent on these alone. Get food and clothing, but let not the emphasis of living be placed on the purely perishable. Meet as many persons as you can. The more they differ from you the better for you. You will soon learn, if you are worth anything, that your ideas have no special value simply for being yours. You may understand that when woman is spoken of in a general manner it need not apply to you and every particular woman; nor will you feel that it is your duty to regard the sex in any other light than as a part of humanity.

TED MADISON'S DIARY.

BY 'MOTHER EVE' IN 'MOTHER'S NURSERY GUIDE.'

Ted Madison was a boy eleven years old. He had a diary given him last Christmas by some well-meaning friend, who also gave him a brief description of its use. Ted tried most conscientiously, but in vain, to 'keep' it; nothing ever 'took place' with him worthy of note. He ate his meals, and he went to school, one day as another. So it is not surprising that before the middle of February Ted's diary-keeping had come to an end, and the book was locked up in the safe in his father's office, awaiting more stirring times, or the fuller development of invention in its owner.

A few mornings before formally abandoning it he had said to his father's bookkeeper, Ted's cousin and friend, 'To-night I am going to write in my diary-book everything the teacher says to me to-day, just every little thing; and then, to-morrow, everything, everything, father and mother says to me. Now, that will be something, won't it, Harry?'

Ted's bright look, as of rosy anticipation, made Harry laugh.

'Yes, you will probably have some first-class lectures preserved in ink, if you are not careful—and you will anyway, whether you are careful or not,' he added, as Ted gave the door a jubilant bang behind him.

Harry had a strong affection for honest, heedless Ted, and had been impressed for some time with the immense amount of parental snubbing deemed necessary to the 'bringing of him up.' At home, it was 'Don't, Don't!' and a steady diet of 'Don't!' until Harry wondered why every ray of cheerfulness and every good-natured impulse had not been starved out of the boy's disposition. Both parents were good, were honest were justice-loving, and were model citizens But each was busy and full of care: Mr. Madison in acquiring wealth; Mrs. Madison was not a strong woman, battling with the infantile ailments of a pair of sickly twins. This was the situation, and Harry pondered upon it, not for the first time. He argued, that as Ted had not imposed himself upon this world, his parents should not allow other things to cheat him out of his own rightful share of good times in it. But they did.

Finally it occurred to Harry that maybe Ted himself had hit upon an excellent plan—that of putting down all his father and mother should say to him in the course of a day. Then, if some discreet accident brought it to light, and they for once saw themselves as their son was forced to see them, perhaps—but Ted would need any amount of assistance to carry into effect. Still, upon further study, Harry thought of a way to furnish that. So, spurring Ted up to take notes during the day, he did the same himself, and the following is their combined and faithful report, copied afterward by the innocent Ted into his 'diary-book,' which, upon a suggestion from Harry, he carried to his father to be locked up in the safe.

That night, Harry, feeling unwell, retired early with Ted, little thinking that the diary had already accomplished, or, at least, begun its mission.

'Myra, I have Ted's diary here,' began Mr. M., interrupting his wife, who had just found her paper-knife broken (Ted's work), and who was saying that Teddie became more of a trial every day. 'He has tired of it, and put it in my hands for safe-keeping. He seemed to be pretty hard pushed at the last for matter to put down, as you may judge by knowing that his last few pages are filled with a report of all you and I said to him yesterday.'

'Said to him yesterday? I can't remember a word I said to the child yesterday.'

'Well, we both did take time to address him several times, though whether the boy or the world either is any better for it you can decide by reading it over.'

The extracts were as follows:—

MOTHER'S PAGE.

Morning:—

'Hurry up, Teddie, breakfast is nearly ready. Don't wait to be called a second time.'

'Don't, don't, make so much clatter! You'll wake the babies!'

'Teddie, see your hands! Leave the table instantly and wash them over again.'

'Don't try to explain. I know chapped hands—they can look better than that.'

'Don't you know what your napkin is for?'

'Don't lean over your plate so—sit up!'

'Coffee? You never have it! Why do you ask?'

'There, there! drumming with your feet again. Every day you have to be told about that.'

'What in the world do you want to take lunch to school for? One would think you would want to come home.'

Noon:

'Don't try to talk when you're eating.'

'Listen, and you won't have to ask over.'

'Be careful.'

'Don't tell such foolish stories.'

'Sit still.'

'Ted-die! Don't let me have to speak to you every day about doing that!' (Tipping up the sauce-plate for the last spoonful of 'juice.')

Night:

'Go straight back and try cleaning your shoes again.'

'Here, come back! Don't leave the door ajar, always!'

'Do not whistle in the house.'

'Callers are coming, so go out to play. Nora is cross to-day, and won't want you with her—go out doors.'

'Answer papa, don't you hear?'

'The idea of a boy of your size asking such a question!'

'Put up your book, Ted. You would never notice, I suppose, that it's bed-time.'

'Yes, yes. Good-night. Go on.'

FATHER'S PAGE.

Morning:

'Move your chair out of a person's way!'

'No, sir! Can't afford it.' (Ted wanted a nickel, the usual contribution in his room at school for a class picture.)

'Forgot to unchain Carlo, again, have you? Well, now, start!'

'Bring me a match, son—but, there, don't knock the house down doing it.'

Noon:

'Don't interrupt a person speaking.'

'Not another word about money! I want to hear the last of it. You will have to get along without a ball. It's enough to keep such a boy as you in shoes.'

Night, at the Office:

'Don't touch anything on that desk! Don't go near it!'

'Sit down, and keep out of the way.'

'For pity sake, Ted, go home! I'm tired, and you are enough to worry a dead man.'

At Home:

'Did you carry off my umbrella, sir?'

* * * *

After a few minutes' silence, a family council seemed to ensue. Harry, from overhead, wished most devoutly he could hear, and he did catch these fragments:

'All true.' 'Not an encouraging word.' 'A stepmother's couldn't be worse than mine.' 'Full of fatherly instruction, isn't it?' 'As though he were only a nuisance.' 'Harry must have engineered it.' 'Not a bad boy.' 'Disorderly—most boys born so.' 'Well, I'm going to turn over a new leaf!'

Then, as Harry's ear caught the doleful sounds of sobs, he cast one triumphant glance in the direction of snugly, peacefully slumbering Ted, and drew the bed-clothes over his head.

Probably the eyes of a very near relative of Mr. and Mrs. Madison will never fall on this extract from Ted's diary; but possibly those of some distant friends may, and as I ask myself I would like to ask them, how would we enjoy living in a Madison atmosphere or anything like it? To rise, to dine, to retire on a reprimand? To acquire notice only as a trespasser? To find ourselves in everybody's way, and everybody cross about it?

But to leave the Madisons, how many of us could feel sure of enjoying a perusal of a similar report from our own Teddie, a report of some chance yesterday? Possibly it might be to our profit and peace of mind to stop and consider what view of our character—not our minister, nor our neighbors, nor our parlor-callers, but our children get, from what they daily see—our dearest treasures in the world.

To be sure, theories only are perfect.

Practice never is, or can be, or, at least, not until the day of perfect mothers and perfect eleven-year-olds. Dear little offending Teds are on hand with trying blunders at trying moments, and correction under the existing order of things cannot always be administered in an ideal manner. But let us at least be economical of time and strength. Let us not reiterate, day after day, to an unheeding Teddie, the same directions. But let us make our criticisms occasionally; that is, give them an intermittent character; and occasionally let us make them at a proper time, in a proper place, and in a motherly and impressive manner; for who does not prefer the table manners of the boy who tips his sauce-plate to the mother who disturbs the table's serenity to then and there hold forth upon it?

MISLEADING ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dear Editor 'Home,'—Will you please answer through the 'Witness' if Miss Wetherell wrote a sequel to 'Daisy,' and if so, what is the name of the book? Could you give a list of her other books, and can you also in some way let readers of the 'Witness' know that 'John Ward Preacher,' by Margaret Deland,' is a very pernicious book for the young people to read, or any one who is not a Christian good and strong. I saw it among others that I knew were good, and sent for it, thinking they were all of the same style, and these little slips are to be found in nearly all the books. I wanted it to give away, but would not dare face the result of such a book on a young heart. Yours truly,

ELLA E. TRACY.

Abbott's Corner, Que.

The sequel to 'Daisy,' is 'Daisy in the Field.' Susan Warner's principal books (Elizabeth Wetherell is merely a nom de plume), are 'Melbourne House,' 'Daisy,' and 'Daisy in the Field,' 'Queechy,' 'Wych Hazel,' sequel 'The Gold of Chickaree,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'The Law and the Testimony,' 'The Old Helmet,' 'A Story of Small Beginnings,' 'The Say and Do Series,' and 'Stories on the Lord's Prayer,' and with her sister, 'Say and Seal,' 'Ellen Montgomery's Bookshelf,' 'The Word Series,' and 'Books of Blessings—Stories on the Beatitudes. The leaflet enclosed is from an English firm advertising their own 'Pansy Series'—cheap reprints of stories by different American authors. It is called the 'Pansy Series,' but contains many other books by widely different writers. Moral—Don't believe all you see, or all you think you see. Investigate for yourself, or be sure of your adviser.

WOMEN HERE AND THERE.

A number of housewives in a western town decided that darning is too dull work to be done at home alone, and so formed a darning club, which met every Wednesday forenoon, and while others were sewing, one woman, who was so fortunate as to have no work to do, read to others.

The queen-regent of Holland lately presented her little daughter, the Queen Wilhelmina, a complete set of wooden soldiers clad in the uniforms worn by the army of the Netherlands, in order that she might be able to recognize the ranks of the real soldiers.

The Chinese minister's wife at Washington, is prohibited, by the customs of her country, from receiving callers or attending one of her own state dinners. Yung Yu, the minister, has never been out of China before, but is proving himself an acceptable and useful official.

An elderly woman or man need not necessarily be old. By keeping fresh one's interest in current events, and especially by constantly learning something new, heart and mind are employed, and the faculties have no opportunity to rust out.

Mrs. Campbell Wilson, a prosperous florist of Cleveland, Ohio, started in business with a capital of fifteen cents and an indebtedness of one hundred dollars.

Mrs. Agnes d'Arcambal, of Michigan, has done much to help discharged prison-convicts during the past twenty-five years. Through her efforts a home for discharged convicts has been established in Detroit, and sixty percent of the men who have been received here are now living honorable, upright lives.

COMFORT BAGS.

Miss Bertha Chamberlain, of the Tabernacle Christian Endeavor Society of Jersey City, tells how to make 'comfort bags' for sailors, lumbermen, and surfmen, in life-saving stations. She says:—'Any one can make a comfort-bag,—even the young men,—it is so simple. Take some good, stout gingham, or any similar material that is strong. Make a bag about ten by fourteen inches, draw a cord in at the top, and you have the bag. It will be a comfort bag when you have filled it. Put in buttons—common ones, such as you buy for one and two cents a dozen,—get large and small ones; pins; tape, coarse thread, black and white; good, large-eyed needles, for the surfman must not lose patience over small ones; a pocket-comb; some court-plaster; a large thimble; anything you think would be useful to the men far away from mother and sisters. Besides these articles, put in some bright reading matter. A little story is always acceptable. And don't forget a Testament, with a kind, cheery letter slipped between its leaves, with your name and address, so that the recipient can answer it if he chooses. No one can estimate the good accomplished by such simple gifts.'

A NEW DEPARTURE.

BY MRS FLORA ELLICE STEVENS IN 'WOMAN'S JOURNAL.'

'To him that hath shall be given,' said pretty Fanchon Avelyn, musingly. 'It is quite like the Scriptures, if it is not wicked to quote them—wedding presents. Girls who have everything, when they marry get quantities of lovely gifts, duplicates, sometimes half a dozen of the same article. I know they don't appreciate their presents unless they are something very rare or costly. Perhaps I shan't either'—with a charming blush—'when I get married. But it's all a sort of barter, anyway; you give so much, and expect so much in return when your turn comes. There is precious little love, or even friendship, goes with those wedding gifts, I believe. I should like mine to be a little different—something sanctified, as it were. Presents at other times might be wordly enough, but wedding gifts ought to be actually holy. For I shall never marry a man, as some girls do, just because he is rich, handsome or talented, I should want to love him as well as my own life, and I should not want anything to be sent me out of indifference, or simply because it was expected; or worse, to receive a gift actually tainted with envy or spite. Why, it would actually degrade my wedding!' and a pink flush of scorn came into the fair young face.

'Now, this present for Coral Gray; I've hunted everywhere for something unique. I thought of a coral pin for her name's sake, or a lovely twisted bracelet. But she has a half-score of pins or bracelets; my contribution would only be tossed carelessly into a jewel-box, and I like what I give to be appreciated. I think I shall send to Uncle Will out in New Mexico for some gorgeous Navajo blankets, or hideous Zuni idols, in the future, to remember my friends with when they enter the matrimonial state. I would rather have some pressed flowers, a souvenir of a summer ramble, from one who loved me, than silver or gold sent by one who came to civilise, or because she thought it was expected of her. There must be people in the world who would enjoy, yes, actually enjoy and value the gift I shall send Coral, and she will pile it in a careless heap with a hundred others.'

Idly walking to the window, Fanchon saw the laundress's daughter tripping down the basement steps. Fanchon remembered having heard vaguely that she was to be married the next day.

'To her own true love, of course. Poor people marry for affection, not for convenience, or riches. Those are luxuries reserved for the "upper classes,"' with a slight bitterness.

A sudden thought came into her pretty head. Why not? She could afford to do as she pleased. So, in two minutes, the vow was made: 'There, I will not give Coral Gray a thing, but I will take the money I should have spent on her gift and buy presents for poorer brides. It will be easy, I fancy, to find something to suit them.

So no messenger went to the Gray mansion, but a lovely Sevres cup and saucer, bearing Miss Avelyn's card, were sent Lizzie Dow, were admired and exclaimed over, and placed on the most prominent shelf in the little sitting-room.

Next it was the cook's sister who was married, and she was gladdened with a pretty rug. Then a porter on his wedding morning received a photograph of a famous picture, in an oak frame to grace the modest apartments of himself and wife, before Coral Gray's wedding-gift fund was exhausted. And when Fanchon received an ill-spelt note of gratitude, she felt an odd thrill of satisfaction that she had never experienced before.

So pleasant did she find her new experiment that she continued the scheme when Pansie Leigh was married, and Jessie Sherman and Ednah Holmes. A book-keeper, who was fond of music, became the possessor on his wedding day of a violin that cheered the winter evenings in the tiny parlor where two hearts truly beat as one. Two struggling art students, who flung prudence to the winds, and joined their fortunes for life, found a beautiful easel scarf to brighten their bare studio-home. A young girl clerk, who wedded a salesman, received some choice plants, to bring beauty and fragrance into their new existence. Fanchon, while buying gloves, had overheard her confess how much she longed for flowers of her own. A hard working stenographer received a writing desk. In fact, it was wonderful how Fanchon had found out who were going to be married, and just the right gifts for their tastes.

One day she invited her four bride friends to lunch, and while they were seated at the dainty table, she said:

'Girls, you think I have been dreadfully stingy or queer because I have not sent one of you a wedding present. Oh! I know you think so, even though you won't confess it. But the fact is, I have bought your presents, and have gotten a good deal of pleasure out of having them, too.'

Then she told them her plan, and how it worked, and inviting them to drive, took them to several places where she had sent her souvenirs. And being, under all their fashionable follies, carelessness, and indifference, warm-hearted girls, they all declared that their wedding presents had been put to the best possible use.

'Do you intend to carry out your new departure?' asked Pansie.

'Not exactly,' replied Fanchon, 'but I have determined hereafter, when one of my own social circle is married, to deduct from the price of the present I should otherwise make him or her, enough to buy a pretty gift for some bride or bridegroom in humbler life, who yet has a heart as loving, ambitions and hopes as fond as we, and, perhaps, keener appreciations.'

A year later, Fanchon herself was led to the altar by her 'own true knight,' and none among her costly array of gifts was more dear to her than that of the four brides. It was only an exquisite little water-color, bearing a card with these lines:—

'May we, too, quote Scripture, and say: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," even wedding presents.'

And Fanchon was happier yet when she learned of the set of Dickens that went to a book-hungry teacher bride, the price of which had been deducted from her wedding present.

STUDYING FOR DINNER CONVERSATION.

'I do study up for a dinner,' admitted a successful society young man in a recent interview, 'and I don't know as I am ashamed to tell of it. When my invitation comes I usually know what persons will comprise the company, and I make a note of the place, date, and possible guests in a little book I have for the purpose. As the interval of time passes, in my reading of the newspapers or books and magazines, and in my talk with anybody, I keep in mind any bit of interesting comment, incident, or a good story, putting them down in outline for my dinner conversation. Then just before I start for the feast, I loow the list over, fixing the range of topics in my mind. Where's the harm?'

A FEW CAKE RECEIPTS.

Dear Editor 'Home,'—As I think it would be decidedly selfish to take all the good things in your department, without contributing anything, I send the following receipts asked for by 'A Subscriber.'

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

Three eggs, whites beaten separately; two cups of powdered sugar, or one and two-thirds cups of granulated, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, to which have been added three teaspoons of baking powder, two squares of chocolate. Cream butter, sugar and yolks thoroughly, then add milk, then whites of eggs beaten stiff, then flour, stir hard, then stir in chocolate dissolved in a little hot water. Bake this in a loaf, or in layers.

Icing—Two squares grated chocolate five tablespoons of powdered sugar, three tablespoons of boiling water, stir over a moderate fire till it is smooth and glossy.

WALNUT CAKE.

One and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar, three eggs, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; beat yolks to a stiff froth and stir in; then add milk. Then beaten whites, then flour; stir hard and flavor. Bake in two square layer pans; ice heavily with caramel icing, and arrange walnut kernels in regular order on top.

NUT CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two eggs, two cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup of nut-meats chopped and then sprinkled with flour.

Cream butter, sugar and yolks; add the milk, then the flour, in which the baking powder has been sifted; then the nut-meats, and lastly, the well-whipped whites. Bake in layers, and put together with caramel icing, and chopped nut-meats.

CARAMEL ICING.

Two-thirds cup of milk, butter the size of a walnut, two cups of sugar; boil till thick, which will take about fifteen minutes. Flavor, stir till it thickens sufficiently to spread on cake.

ANGEL CAKE.

Whites of nine large, fresh eggs, one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar, one cup of sifted flour, one-half teaspoon of cream tartar, a pinch of salt added to eggs before beating. After sifting flour four or five times, measure and set aside one cup. Then sift and measure one and one-quarter cups of granulated sugar; beat whites of eggs till stiff (a wire whipping spoon is best); add cream of tartar, and beat till very stiff; stir in sugar well, then flour very lightly, and flavor. Bake in an ungreased tin for about 40 minutes in a moderate

oven. When thoroughly cold, cut the cake out of the pan. Yours sincerely,

LIZZIE BEATRICE TOYE.

Morrisburg, Ont., Dec. 26, 1893.

DRESSING LIKE ONE'S SELF.

A writer in the 'Interior' quotes the opinion of a certain nice young bachelor who said, 'I do like a woman who sticks to one or two becoming dresses. She and her dresses then become identified with each other, and one gets a distinct idea of a girl in one's mind; but if she is one day in blue, and another in yellow, and the next in red, the individuality of the wearer is quite subservient to that of the gown, and it is just like looking at so many fashion plates or a kaleidoscope.' On this the writer wisely comments:—

It is considered the proper thing to have a chosen flower, a special perfume, as well as a prevailing color for your rooms. You have your individual charities and hobbies, also your studies, scientific or artistic, wise or otherwise. So much is this true, that it has ceased to seem a slang to talk of 'fads.'

How would it do to choose a becoming style of dress, and have that dress become a part of yourself? A dress fad, meaning by that a dress for the girl, instead of a girl for the dress! Think what a comfort it would be to your lover, to be able to photograph you, in his mind's eye, as a veritable 'queen rose in a garden of girls,' instead of a rose to-day, a poppy to-morrow, and a marigold the day following.

You all have favorite gowns; why lay them aside for another less becoming, simply as a matter of change? Really, I believe many a girl has wondered why she has ceased to charm some admirer, when the fault was not in herself, but in her dress, a change of dress having made her seem like other girls, where before, in his eyes, she was her own sweet self.

I do not mean by this that you must be old-fashioned or never change your style of dressing. But I do believe, with the young men, that we have too many kaleidoscope girls.

There is another and a more earnest side to the question. There are girls who cannot change their gowns with each wave of fashion or for each interesting event of their lives. They are sisters of yours, whether you acknowledge them as so or not, and it is becoming that there be not too much difference in the apparelling of the 'daughters of the King.'

When we think of those who are the shining ones, who once walked this earth with us, how seldom we think of them in the gowns which were prepared for some society event! Rather in the dear home dress which, much worn, became—of their dear selves a part.

In the eyes of love, dear girl, you will become more fair as you seem individual in dress, body and soul.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

M.H.—'Beggar's All' can be obtained through any bookseller.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

CAIN AND ABEL.

January 21.—Gen. 4 : 3-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain.—Heb. 11 : 4.

EXPLANATORY.

I. The First Two Brothers.—Cain and Abel were probably the first two boys that ever were born.

Cain means 'possession,' or 'offspring.' We understand Eve's exclamation, 'I have gotten a man from the Lord,' as a kind of joyful eureka over the firstborn of the race, as if in this seed of the woman was to be realized the promise of the 'protevangelium' recorded in chap. 3 : 15.—'Whedon.' Abel means 'breath,' 'transitoriness,' and was given either after his death, or as expressing her disappointment connected with Cain, their age was probably about 125 years at the time of the murder. Brothers and sisters must have married in this first age. There is an old tradition that Cain and Abel had respectively twin sisters, and that the twin of Cain became the bride of Abel, and the twin of Abel the bride of Cain.' That they were trained religiously is evident from the fact that they worshipped God by offerings.

In this early period began division of labor according to natural tastes. Cain was a farmer and Abel was a shepherd. Food and clothing implements for tilling the soil, and for some kind of

EGYPTIAN HOES.

home, must have been needed from the first. Without doubt everything was of the rudest, and these men used such stone implements as are found now in connection with the remains of early man. It must have been some centuries before metals were discovered and used (4 : 22). The Bible account thus exactly agrees with the modern discoveries of early man; and the earliest bones of men, 'the tall Cromagnon men agree with the giants of Genesis.'—'Dawson.'

II. The Two Offerings for Worship.—Vs. 3-7. 3. 'And in the process of time.' Literally, 'at the end of days.'—'Green.' Others make it mean also the celebration of the end of some period, as a week or year. 'Cain brought of the fruit of the ground.' Fruits, vegetables, grains. 'An offering unto the Lord.' 'This was a very natural method of expressing gratitude to God as the bountiful giver of all.'

4. 'And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock.' Either the firstborn, which God afterwards demanded (Ex. 13 : 12), or the choicest and best (Job 18 : 13).—'Cook.' 'The Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.' As the apostle (Heb. 11 : 4) informs us that God testified his approbation of Abel's offering, it is reasonable to suppose that this was done by the visible token of fire from heaven consuming it upon the altar. Theodotion, in his Greek version, renders it kindled or set on fire—'Kitto.'

The Difference Between the Offerings. There must have been some essential difference between the offerings or the Lord would not have made so marked a difference in his treatment of them. The central difference was in the heart and character of the persons who made the offerings. The apostle (Heb. 11 : 4) tells us that 'by faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent (a more complete) sacrifice than Cain.' Faith implies here a heart of obedience and love, a right disposition toward God. This character was wanting in Cain (v. 7 and 1 John 3 : 12). 'What was in Cain was shown by what came out of him.' God rejects not only the offering but the person who offers. God had respect unto Abel and his offering, but not unto Cain and his offering. Some one has said that 'the best part of a sermon is the man behind it.' It is equally true of every act of worship.

If, as seems probable, animal sacrifices were appointed by God, then Abel showed his faith by making the offering in God's way, while Cain seems to have shown his want of faith by disobedience to God's appointment.

5. 'And Cain was very wroth' (literally, it burned with Cain exceedingly). Anger is like an ungoverned fire in the soul. 'His countenance fell.' Under the influence of angry and moody feelings men are apt to go about with their heads hanging down, and their faces and eyes turned toward the ground, instead of holding their heads up, and meeting others with frank, cheerful looks, as they do when they are pleased with them.—'Todd.'

6. 'And the Lord said....' 7. 'If thou doest well.' The Lord does not give up Cain as hopeless. He seeks to bring him to a true state of mind. 'He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.' He is patient and long suffering, and shows Cain the real source of his failure, in order that he may turn to a better life. 'And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.' 'That is, if thou doest not well, the sin is not Abel's nor any one's but thine own, and therefore anger at another is not the proper remedy, but anger at yourself, and repentance.' Sin is here represented as a wild beast crouching at a man's door, and ready to spring upon him and destroy him when he comes out.—'Todd.' 'And unto thee shall be his desire.' Sin is as eager for your soul as a wild beast is for its prey. See Luke 22 : 31 ; 1 Pet. 5 : 8. 'And thou shalt rule over him.' The pronouns 'his' and 'him' refer to sin here conceived of as a beast of prey. All ambiguity is removed in the margin of the revision by rendering 'unto thee is its desire, but thou shouldst rule over it.'—'Prof. Green.'

III. The First Murder.—V. 8. 'And Cain talked with Abel his brother.' Hebrew. It has been well said that 'we cannot suppose that this murder was premeditated. Cain did not even know what a human death was.' 'And it came to pass, when they were in the field.' The open, uncultivated land, where Abel's flock would find pasture. 'Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.'

Abel died comparatively young. His is the shortest recorded life in the first 2,000 years of the human race. His life has been an example and inspiration to all ages down to the present day, and his goodness and faith are still working good in the hearts of men. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'

IV. The Crime Discovered.—Vs. 9-10. 9. 'And the Lord said unto Cain.' Mark how close on the heels of sin God's question treads! How God spoke, we know not. 'Where is Abel thy brother?' The word brother is introduced no less than seven times in the short narrative, as if to call attention to the unnatural character of the crime. 'And he said I know not.' A direct falsehood. The current Moslem tradition is founded on a Jewish one, which states that 'Cain was not aware of the Lord's knowledge of hidden things: he therefore sought to make one sin cover up another; but the denial only made two sins instead of one.' The young, especially, should be taught that confession is noble, and to deny the truth is mean as well as wicked. 'Am I my brother's keeper? Cain is not content with simply denying all knowledge of his brother's whereabouts; he intimates that there is injustice in the attempt to hold him accountable for him. So Adam found fault with God (3 : 12).—'Todd.'

Am I my Brother's Keeper? We cannot escape our mutual relations with others. The clothing made in unhealthy tenements has brought sickness into the homes of the rich. The vile dressing on a lawn brought death to a neighbor's home. The rum shop permitted brings the sons of those who favored the license to perdition and daughters to misery.

10. 'The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.' Cain's effort was a complete failure. No power on earth can silence the voice that demands the punishment of sin. He had done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it it safe. Ah, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it and say it is safe. True, it is, that, generally speaking, 'murder will out.' The guilty soul cannot keep its own secret.'—Daniel Webster, in the trial of the Knapps.'

V. The Fruits of Crime.—Vs. 11-13.

12. 'The ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength.' It is not necessary to suppose that the crops were withheld from Cain through any miraculous intervention. The restlessness of the murderer, and his inability to endure the companionship of simple husbandmen and their innocent life, would render it impossible for him to till the soil successfully, and would make him a rover. The fact that the family of Cain devoted themselves to other arts (vs. 20-22), shows that they no longer found agriculture profitable anywhere.—'Todd.'

'A fugitive and a vagabond (or wanderer) shalt thou be in the earth.' Roaming about unsettled and flying the face of man. He would be homeless; and his conscience condemning him, he would flee even when no man pursued. He should carry about with him the materials of his own torture in a guilty conscience, such as a murderer alone can know.—'Jacobus.' Sin is a separator, a divider between man and man. It destroys mutual confidence. It awakens distrust.

13. 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' The word rendered 'punishment' means either 'sin' or 'punishment for sin.' It is the crime with all the weight of its consequences, its burden of punishment, that was greater than Cain could year, but he seems to have looked chiefly at consequences (vs 14).

Punishment shows to men the evil of sin. It is the divine expression of its awful nature, written in language that all men can read.

Therefore God appointed a sign for Cain, R. V., or set a mark upon Cain, A. V. 'It is a question whether this means he imparted a sign to him, impressed it on him; or, he gave him a sign, i.e., assured him of his inviolability by some external occurrence; . . .'—'Condensed from Peloubet's Select Notes.'

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled; but how?
His thoughts are not as thine.
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith, 'Arise and shine!'
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But his of boundless joy and light.
Thy Father reigns supreme above;
The glory of his name
Is grace and wisdom, truth and love;
His will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one
In whispering forth, 'Thy will be done.'

—F. R. Havergal.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

NOVEL COASTING.

(By Rachel Muldor.)

'Oh, dear me!' exclaimed little Fred, in a tired voice, turning away from the window, 'how I do wish the rain had not come. It has spoiled all our coasting.'

'Yes, the snow will be no good now, 'cept for big sleighs, and you are too small to go on them, 'though Cousin Sam said he would take me,' answered Ned, his senior by five years, innocently using the superior tone to which his brother objected. 'You see I don't wear dresses,' he added, unconsciously wounding a sensitive spot, and poor Fred, feeling that he had more than his share of this world's troubles summed up in his five years and kilt skirts, stood with trembling lip for a moment, then burst into tears and rushed from the room.

'Why, grandma, what's the matter with Freddie!' asked Ned, and his grandma hastily explained as she laid aside her knitting to follow and comfort the little boy:

'Your brother is disappointed that the side is ruined, and grieved that you are about to enjoy a pleasure which he is denied.'

Somehow Ned's face was not so bright as he drummed idly on the old-fashioned window pane. He and Fred had been brought by their mother to pay their grandparents a mid-winter visit in their country home, and when she was obliged to return on account of her husband's illness she consented that her boys should remain until she sent for them. She had never been separated from her children, and every imaginable danger was anticipated and guarded against by a word of warning. She had left Fred as Ned's special care, charging him to be very tender and considerate of the child. All this Ned remembered, and he also thought of the beautiful text Mrs. Raymond had illuminated and hung in the nursery when she began her efforts to exterminate the root of selfishness from the heart of her first born: 'He pleased not himself.'

The door opened and grandma entered, leading little Freddie by the hand, while in the other he held material comfort in the shape of a big sugar cookie. The traces of tears were on his face, but he had partially forgotten his trouble in the excitement of his Cousin Tom's return from school.

'Hurry up and get on your things, Ned; the fellows will wait for us at the four corners if we don't keep them too long,' said Tom, a lad of fourteen, dressed in out-door clothes, as he followed the others into the room.

'I'm not going to-day,' answered Ned, nervously playing with his buttons.

'Not going! Why not? What's changed you? You begged hard enough this morning to go, and offered me your new knife in the bargain. Not scared, are you?' he added, curiously, as his cousin did not reply.

Ned flushed deeply. It was so hard to have Tom, whose opinions he so prized, even suggest that he was afraid to ride down hill on the big double sleigh with a load of the large boys. As he was thinking this he felt something soft and crumbly slipped into his hand. Freddie had broken his sugar cake and, as usual, had given the larger piece to his less-favored brother. This was not intended as a bribe, nor was it accepted as such. It was a pure love offering, and made the older brother stronger in moral courage.

'I am going to stay at home with Fred,' said Ned firmly, and after trying to persuade him to again change his mind, Tom departed in high dudgeon.

Ned then read 'Swiss Family Robinson' aloud while his grandma sewed, and when the early twilight fell, she put aside her work, drew her chair nearer the blazing fire, and taking Freddie on her lap, while Ned sat on a stool at her feet, she told them of what she had done in her childhood. How her mother had taught her to spin and weave, although hand work was even then being superseded by machinery; how they made their own dyes, some of them from the butternut, which furnishes in the different seasons a color suitable to the time of the year; in the spring a delicate yellow, in the summer a yellowish green, in the fall a brown which in winter, when the bark alone can be used, is almost black.

'And did you ride down hill in winter?' asked Freddie.

'Yes,' said grandma, with a smile, 'and I remember one time when the snow was deep and the rain had frozen and formed a crust such as we now have, I rode down hill in a milk pan.'

'Can't we do that?' enquired Ned.

'Why, yes, if we can find the right shaped pans' replied his grandma.

'Let's go look,' said Freddie, sliding down from his seat, and slipping his hand persuasively into hers.

As they were entering the milk cellar on their tour of inspection, Ned spied a big chopping-bowl on the shelf.

'Why can't we use that bowl?' grandma?' he said.

'Perhaps you can,' she replied, 'and there is one like it that Freddie can have. Let me put in on the floor and see if you can get in.'

'It looks like that picture of an Esquimaux sled in the dictionary,' said Ned, seating himself in the bowl, where he looked so comfortable that they decided to search no farther.

The next morning, when Tom had gone to school, Ned and Fred went out, each with his wooden bowl under his arm, and going to the hill in front of the house, seated themselves, and the novel sleighs flew down the icy slope in a delightful fashion. Then the boys would take their light burdens again and walk up the shoveled path to come flying down over the snow again.

It is needless to say that the favorite amusement in Rocksville for the remainder of the winter was 'bash-bowling,' as Freddie had named it. No small boy was happy until he had been provided with a wooden bowl, while even the big boys decided it was more fun to ride on a sled with a broad bottom than to guide an ordinary sleigh on its narrow runners over the ice when it was possessed 'just to turn 'round,' and then to drag it to the top when the journey was ended.

When Mrs. Raymond read the joint epistle of her children to her convalescent husband, they smiled at the description of winter amusements which it contained.

'Dear Mamma: We go out every day and ride down hill in our hash-bowls.' But though the tears came into her eyes, her heart was very joyful as she read the letter from her mother, which accompanied that of her boys, telling her of Ned's sacrifice that snowy day in the country.'—'Christian Intelligencer.'

REV. B. FAY MILLS AT ANN ARBOR.

HIS RECENT WORK IN MICHIGAN.

In view of the approaching visit of the Rev. B. Fay Mills to this city, our readers will be interested in the following brief account of his work in Ann Arbor, Michigan, by a correspondent of the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.'

The first of the union services was held in the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening. The house, accomodating some 1,600, was more than filled. Mr. Mills preached with power, the Holy Spirit was present, and an encouraging commencement was made. Mr. Mills was accompanied by his musical director, Mr. John P. Hillis, who is an effective and pleasing leader. On Thursday, Mr. Mills preached at 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. at the M. E. Church, holding 1,700 people, and at 7.30 p.m. at the Presbyterian Church. The programme for Friday was the same. The evening meetings were crowded, many being unable to gain admittance. On Saturday evening the first service in University Hall was held. The large hall, accommodating 3,500 or 4,000, was packed. Mr. Mills was mightily helped by the Holy Ghost, and preached as with the voice of a prophet, and many hearts were touched.

The evangelist made a most favorable impression from the first. His fine Christian spirit, his modest demeanor, keeping himself in the background and presenting the cross of Christ; his freedom from anything like sensationalism or coarseness; his evident Bible scholarship, and his luminous expositions of Scripture truth won the hearts of even the most conservative. An evidence of this was afforded in connection with the use of University Hall. Previous to the meetings, the best the executive committee could do was to secure the hall for the three meetings of Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday evenings, and this was granted with some reluctance. Indeed, even that concession occasioned censure and criticism. On the Sunday before Mr. Mills came, the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, pastor of the Unitarian Church, preached an elaborate sermon and had it printed and scattered broadcast over the city, entitled, 'The Rev. B. Fay Mills and the University; or, Ought Revivals and Meetings for Sectarian Propagandism to be held in a State Institution of learning?' But after Mr. Mills came and had been heard, the university authorities most cordially offered the use of University Hall for any and all meetings that the executive committee might desire.

Sunday was a day full of interest. Mr. Mills preached a sermon in the morning to men only, in the Presbyterian Church. At the same hour the Rev. J. M. Gelston, Presbyterian, preached to women only in the N. E. Church. At 3 p.m., in University Hall, Mr. Mills preached to young people, and again in the same place at 7.30 to a general congregation that packed the building. Deep impressions were made in all these services, and many signed cards or expressed by the uplifted hand or by rising, a desire henceforth to lead a Christian life.

By Mr. Mills' special request, a collection for the poor of Ann Arbor was taken in the Sunday morning meetings, and one for the suffering miners of Northern Michigan at the evening service. About $180 was contributed for each object—some $360 in all.

The day services, which have been more especially for Christians, have been delightful seasons. Mr. Mills study of the Bible, is filled with the Spirit evinces a most thorough and critical and has the faculty of throwing wonderful light upon a passage of Scripture. His Bible readings are helpful and profitable.

Mr. Mills preached again in University Hall on Monday evening. Tuesday, the last day of the meetings, was a special day of prayer and worship, beginning with neighborhood prayer-meetings at 8 a.m., services in each church at 9, conducted by the pastors; preaching by Mr. Mills at 10 and 3 in the M. E. Church, and concluding with the final service at University Hall in the evening. Nearly all the business houses in the city closed at 3 p.m. Tuesday, to give employees opportunity to attend the meeting. That the union revival services have been productive of much good, all agree. Several hundred persons signed cards, and still larger numbers expressed in other ways their desire to find Christ.

BRAHMIN SECOND SIGHT.

A Baptist missionary writes from India:—Four years ago, when we had about seventy coolies employed in building the mission bungalow, a fire broke out among the thatched houses in the town. The dry thatch of straw and leaves burned like tinder. The occupants were attending a festival some miles distant. One-third of the town would soon have been swept away, but on seeing the flames I sent my overseer with the coolies to put out the fire. When they came near the burning houses they saw more than two hundred people gathered there, not one of whom was making any effort to stop the progress of the fire, but all were laughing and enjoying it as our people would enjoy a bonfire at home. My overseer ordered the coolies to take water from a large irrigation well near by and quench the fire. A number of men near by forbade them touching the water, saying that it would defile the well, many of the coolies being outcaste men. Though a Christian, this was too much for the patience of my overseer; in anger he struck some of those who stood near, and they were all afraid and ran away. The coolies then dipped up the water, and the fire was soon subdued. The poor people on returning from the festival blessed us for saving their homes.

While camping at a village, a boy while taking water from a well, fell in, and was liable to drown, while his sister stood near beating her breast and could render him no assistance. An out-caste boy seeing the occurrence jumped into the well, and brought out the drowning boy. The chief man of the village, in anger, abused and threatened the boy severely, saying that he should have let the boy drown rather than defile the well.

A Brahmin, who has been in the habit of deceiving the people in this district, for some time, came to the mission bungalow to-day. He claimed that through the assistance of the deities, and by reading the stars, he could tell any word that we might write in secret. Desiring to find out and expose his deception to the people, I determined to examine his claims if he would agree. I told him that I doubted his ability to do as he said, but would examine if he would permit. He gave me a piece of paper, a pencil, and a book to write on, and told me to write a word in Telegu. I took it to a distance and wrote a word, and put it in my pocket, returning the book and pencil to the Brahmin. He went to the other side of the bungalow for a minute, and then came and told me the word I had written. I was somewhat surprised, but thinking he saw me while writing, and therefore knew the word, I took another paper from him and wrote the word in a private room. He soon returned and told me the word I had written.

I was much surprised, and it set me thinking how I could account for it. I began to think that it must be in the book that he gave me to write on. The book was covered with brown paper, so I thought that he must have some black copying paper between the brown paper cover and the book. I took another paper from him to write on, took the book and pencil as before, and went into a private room and examined the book, unfolding and taking off the brown paper cover. I found, as I expected, a sheet of copying paper, and under that six or eight sheets of white paper. This was the arrangement on each cover of the book. I carefully replaced everything as I had found it, and wrote the word, placing the paper on the table, and not on the back of the book, and handed the book and pencil to him as before. He went as before, but came back saying that I must write again. I gave the paper to my sister, and told her his trick. She wrote a word and we asked him to tell what she had written, but he soon came back and said we must write again. Mr. Scott also took the paper and wrote, but the Brahmin soon returned, saying that the stars were not good to-day, and therefore he could not tell the words we had written.

We then turned off the cover from his book and showed him and a number of others from the town, who had come to see him perform, his deception. We took the copying paper and placed it between sheets of other paper, wrote on it, and showed them how it would copy. He was a sorrowful man, but we were happy that this prop of idolatry could be taken away, and thereby many other such props weakened. He begged of us all not to expose the trick, saying that was the only way he had to make a living, and that rich Brahmins and kings had offered him hundreds of rupees if he would reveal to them the secret, but that he had showed no one. I lectured him for some time upon the wickedness of such a course, and showed him that he was not only going to ruin himself, but deceiving and dragging thousands of others down with him. But nothing could make an impression on him. 'His god is his belly,' and this he must do for his stomach's sake.

BISHOP HIRTH'S CONFESSION.

A remarkable piece of news has arrived from Uganda. Bishop Hirth, of the Roman Catholic Mission, writes as follows: 'After much hesitation I have concluded that it is necessary for us also to print the New Testament, which the Protestants are spreading everywhere. The chief reason is that we cannot prevent our people from reading it—everybody wishes to know how to read for baptism—except women and old men. We are therefore preparing an edition, with notes drawn from the Holy Fathers.' Evidently this is a necessity laid upon the Romanists by the neighborhood of the English Mission, and it is a notable testimony to the faithfulness of the latter in enlightening their converts by the study of the Holy Word. Additional testimony is given by the fact that on June 12 last, eighty-nine boxes were despatched from London containing 1,511 complete copies of the New Testament, 5,170 volumes containing the four gospels and the Acts, 496 volumes containing Paul's Epistles, and finally, 25,880 separate copies of the Gospels and of the Acts. The cost of printing, packing, and sending to Zanzibar, amounting to more than $2,000, was met by the Bible Society. The cost of transport from Zanzibar to Uganda, which would be $50 per box, was charged to the Uganda Mission. And all this for a Central African tribe, a few years ago unknown, who will buy and read God's Word translated into their own language, and with such an intense eagerness as has necessitated the strictest rules regulating the sale.—'Missionary Herald.'

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORK.

The Christian Endeavor Society has issued a leaflet suggesting three practical efforts which the societies may make during the coming year in the interests of good citizenship, enlarged giving to missions at home and abroad through the missionary boards, and the enlargement of the fellowship of young disciples. In the line of good citizenship all members who have a vote and can vote are urged to go to the primaries of the party to which they belong and so far as possible secure the nomination of only honest, clean men. It is also urged that every one who can vote should vote; that special meetings be held for the consideration of the claims of good citizenship, sometimes devoting regular meetings to this purpose. In case of special exigency it should be possible for different societies and members belonging to the different parties to unite to secure the election of good men. With regard to the enlargement in systematic and proportionate giving the Rev. A. A. Fulton's plan of two cents a week is urged strongly, with the expressed hope that it will develop into a two-dollar-a-week plan. Looking forward to the time when the present members of the Endeavor societies shall be earning their own income, a calculation is made that probably one-fifth of the 1,600,000 Endeavorers have a regular income of not less than $500 a year. Allowing, however, only 300,000 earning that sum, one-tenth would be $15,000,000, three times as much as the missionary societies received last year. The enlargement of Endeavor fellowship is pressed most earnestly, but as there are few places where there are all the societies that can be advantageously formed, the offer of banners and diplomas is made to give any additional stimulus that may be advisable.

THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

One of the members of the Board of Education for New York city is Charles B. Hubbell, Esq. He is engaged in an earnest and most important effort to reduce the cigarette evil in the public schools. He is enlisting the boys in an Anti-Cigarette Smoking League, with a pledge to abstain from the vice. A boy who is addicted to it can immediately be recognized by his looks, and he becomes listless and unambitious; and his deterioration, say the teachers in the schools, becomes rapid. He becomes a liar, a thief if his parents try to break his habit and deny him money, and a truant. Occasionally the habit breaks down a good scholar, but it is generally the weaker-minded boys that contract the habit. Principal Elgass of our city schools thus describes a cigarette fiend:—

'I can tell a boy who smokes cigarettes almost the moment I see him. He is pale and thin, as a rule; his eyelids are red, and his eyes rimmed with a dark discoloration of the skin most unnatural in children and youths. But the decisive symptom is a peculiar listlessness, a disinclination to either physical or mental exertion, a general dullness, showing unmistakably in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that the boy is narcotized by nicotine. After taking in these evidences I instinctively glance at the fingers of the right hand and there I almost invariably see the well known yellow stains. If a boy comes to my school in this condition I consider that the very first thing to do for him is, if possible, to break him of his habit. Indeed, if this cannot be done it is practically useless to try to do anything else for him.'

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

On a recent Sunday morning, in making the announcements for the week, Dr. Pentecost mentioned that among the speakers at one meeting would be Dr. Swanson, the venerable Chinese missionary. A deacon thereupon went up to the pulpit, touched Dr. Pentecost on the arm, and informed him that Dr. Swanson had died suddenly on Friday evening of diphtheria. The news made a painful impression on the congregation, which was very large, in spite of the wet weather of Sunday.

The local union of the Christian Endeavor Society, in New York, has instructed its local committee to reorganize—that is to make changes in the constitution and by-laws that will enable the Christian Endeavorers in the city to do better, more united and more aggressive work. Seven districts have been formed in the city and the towns immediately north of it. Each district will have fifteen or twenty societies.

The Congregationalists' correspondent in Detroit, Mich., writes that Dr. Chapman's work there surpassed anything ever before known in that city, and untold good has been done. The last three weeks the meetings were all held in the auditorium, in the heart of the business district. It holds 5,000 people, and was nightly packed. After meetings were uniformly held, and thousands of inquirers' cards were signed.

General Booth has visited Dublin, and addressed gatherings in the Christian Union buildings. At an evening meeting he gave a resume of the position and prospects of the Darkest England Scheme, followed by a fervent and pointed Gospel appeal. The 'Daily Independent,' a local Catholic journal, thus refers to him: 'The General, who looked as hale and hearty as when he last visited Ireland, spoke with his usual vigor and flow of language, and when now and then he struck the table in a fit of frenzy, the figure, straight and erect, with its impressive face from which a pair of dark eyes flashed out under a pair of heavy eyebrows, the long grey beard, the dishevelled locks, arranged in a sort of artistic confusion, and the queer, earnest, and somewhat hoarse voice, which tumbled out the ideas given it to speak with an unfailing rapidity, all denoted a man who had departed from the common ways of thinking, and who, whether for right or wrong, had struck out a path for himself, and was asking for recruits to follow him.'

Both England and Scotland have suffered a great loss in the death of Alexander L. Bruce, of Edinburgh. For thirty years he has been known all over Great Britain as a man of rare executive ability, an eminent financier and earnest Christian worker. Repeatedly he has been urged to enter Parliament, but always has declined. He was director in a large number of mercantile enterprises, and was especially interested in the African companies, being a director in the African Lake Company and the Imperial Africa Company, and was also treasurer of the East Africa Scottish Mission. He was one of the prominent promoters of the Emin relief expedition, and was looked to by all interested in the extension of mercantile and religious enterprises throughout Africa. His impulse to this was undoubtedly due to his marriage with the daughter of David Livingstone. His interest in Christian work is manifested by an incident connected with his business life in London. Soon after settling there he called together the sixteen truck drivers connected with his office to give them Bible instructions on Sunday afternoons, and whenever any one in their families were sick it was his practice to visit them. His efforts were mostly quiet, and he avoided, so far as possible, any publication of them. He leaves £3,000 to the University of Edinburgh, for the purpose of founding a Chair of Public Health. He has also left a considerable sum of money in the hands of his two sons, with the hope that they will take an interest in the opening up of Africa to Christianity, commerce and civilization on the lines laid down by their grandfather.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

ALL IN ADVANCE.

Daily Witness				$3.00
Weekly Witness				1.00
Northern Messenger (single copy)				30
" "	10	copies to one address		2.25
" "	20	"	"	4.40
" "	50	"	"	10.50
" "	100	"	"	20.00

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

For Great Britain add $1.04 for postage on "Weekly Witness;" "Northern Messenger" add 28c; "Daily Witness" add $3.60.

ADVERTISING RATES.

WEEKLY WITNESS.—Casual advertisements, 20c per line per insertion, including cuts and large type. One-third off when set in our usual small advertising type. Contract Rates—1 year, $7.50 per line; 6 months, $4 00 per line; 3 months, $2.25 per line. "Farms to Rent," "Farms for Sale," can be inserted for 1c a word per insertion. Money to accompany order.

DAILY WITNESS.—10c per line first insertion, and 5c per line each subsequent insertion. CUTS or LARGE TYPE, double rates. Contracts on favorable terms. "Employment Wanted," "Situations Vacant," etc., 10c per insertion, up to 20 words. Money must accompany order.

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Contracts payable quarterly in advance.

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

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—When remitting be particular to give the correct post-office address and the Province or State, and either register your letter, which will cost 5c in addition to the regular postage, or procure a post-office order (in all cases we prefer the latter, as it protects the sender and ourselves). Post-office orders can be obtained at the following rates: $1 to $4, 2c, and $4 to $10, 5c. The American Express Company also issue money orders under $5.00 for 5c, and $10 for 8c. Subscribers in the United States can remit by P. O. order on Rouse's Point, N.Y., or order of American Express Co. When wishing to have your address changed from one post-office to another, it is necessary to give the old address as well as the new. If this be not done such changes cannot be made. Address all letters concerning subscriptions or advertising: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, "Witness," Montreal.

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

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

The Witness.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10, 1894.

THE PLEBISCITE.

The impression made upon the public mind in Ontario by the extraordinary prohibition vote of last Monday has not been realized by many people living outside of that province. The majorities cast for prohibition have been almost uniformly large all over the province, in the cities and towns, as well as in the rural municipalities, and, contrary to all expectations, the majorities were majorities of exceedingly large votes as a rule. In Toronto the liquor interests, as our correspondent points out, did not allow the case to go against them by default. The vote cast was large. Only largely French-speaking counties gave majorities against prohibition, namely, Prescott, 883, and Russell, 138. Even Waterloo, largely German, was a victory for the prohibitionists, who held the field at the close of the struggle, though by the narrow majority of four. The banner county was Oxford, with a majority of nearly four thousand; then Huron, with only a hundred less, and Grey, with two hundred less, while about a dozen counties have a majority of about two thousand and upward. The majorities given by the counties sum up to about sixty thousand, and the cities and towns, instead of reducing the majority given by the country districts, add the handsome majority of about ten thousand, the largest cities giving the largest majorities. Seventy thousand of a majority for prohibition makes a prohibition law a moral certainty. Our correspondent, who is exceptionally well informed, believes that the first result will be a stricter enforcement of all the restrictive clauses of the License Act. The next effect may be a provincial law putting an end to drinking at bars or in saloons or places where liquor is sold. The Provincial Government has the power to restrict the liquor traffic to this extent, and the people having responded to the Mowat Government's invitation to pronounce for prohibition, and having listened to and acted upon the addresses of the five or six of the ministers who took the stump and urged the people to vote for prohibition, will expect the Government to do all it can to that end. If the case now submitted to the courts by the Mowat Government ends in a decision that the province has the power to prohibit, then the Mowat Government, if it still remains in power, will have no course but to keep its pledges and pass a prohibition law. In any case, the Provincial Legislature will, in accordance with the will of the people, formulate a demand upon the Dominion Parliament for a prohibition law—which the Dominion certainly has the power of passing. If the Dominion Government passes a permissive law allowing the provincial legislatures to adopt it, that would be a gain. But we should not wonder if the Dominion Parliament proposed a Dominion plebiscite to be taken at the next general elections. The victory has greatly inspirited the prohibitionists, who are organizing for even more decisive victories at the polls, and for securing the fruits of those they have already won. A campaign of education among the women voters is spoken of. It is probable that all the great majority of the women voters need is arousing. They are already convinced of the need of prohibition; what they should be convinced of is the need of their voting and working.

FORTHTELLING.

That society, and even the churches, need to be awakened from conditions of complacency and of lethargy periodically, and that by no gentle means, must be plain to everyone who has given attention to the history of peoples. From the beginning until now prophets have felt the task imposed upon them of speaking the truth in rough words and in a rude manner to people who have peradventure come to hear smooth and comfortable things spoken in flattery of them and of their doing. Such men have always administered veritable shocks to their hearers. They have done so because they know that a severe shock is often necessary to a moral awakening and change. The Elijahs, the Isaiahs, the Jeremiahs, the Baptists, the Savonarolas, the Knoxes were not comfortable men to listen to when they undertook to arouse their audiences to what Carlyle called the 'realities and the verities.' There have been very much smaller men than these who have done lesser but necessary work of a similar kind under similar conditions. No man can judge of his fellowman or his work of this kind. 'To his own master he standeth or falleth.' Mr. Stead, who has gone through with some disagreeable but effective and lasting work in his day, has been attempting in Chicago some of the kind of work done by the prophets, old and modern. He was invited to speak at a meeting of the Chicago Woman's Club, called to confer upon plans to aid the suffering poor women and children of that city. Mr. Stead, who is a comparative stranger to the special needs of Chicago, said that the earnest workers among them knew far better what needed to be done than he did, he would not speak as to that, but he welcomed the opportunity to speak because sitting side by side with the active workers were some of the most disreputable women in Chicago. 'Nothing,' continued Mr. Stead, 'was more obvious 'to anyone who paid any attention to 'the teaching of our Lord than the fact 'that the conventional judgment about 'reputable and disreputable was quite 'foreign to the Christian ideal. Who 'were the most disreputable women in 'Chicago? They were those who had 'been dowered by society and Providence with all the gifts and all the opportunities, who had wealth and who 'had leisure and who had all the talents, 'and who lived entirely self-indulgent 'lives, caring only for themselves, thinking not of the welfare of their brothers and sisters in the midst of whom 'they lived. These women, who had 'great opportunities only to neglect 'them, and who had great means only 'to squander them upon themselves, 'were more disreputable in the eyes of 'God than the worst harlot on Fourth 'avenue. None were in such danger 'of losing their souls as those who were 'wrapped up in their own selfish comfort and who forgot the necessities of 'the brothers and sisters of the Lord.'

Mr. Stead shocked his audience. They were in such a stunned condition that it was not until after he had finished his address, and had left the hall, that the least sign of dissent was manifested, but when the audience had time to recover, the storm broke forth. Mr. Stead was then overwhelmed with abuse. He was spoken of as 'one driven from London,' who in language 'only fit for the gutters' 'insulted the best element among the women of the city.' He was a 'sensation monger;' his utterances were 'the emanations of a crank.' He had insulted them 'in the most horrible terms,' 'accused them of the foulest crimes'; 'told the leaders of society present that they were nothing better than bawds, etc. These people forgot that if Mr. Stead was all that was bad, was a notorious sensationalist, a disreputable crank, an outcast from London, they themselves had invited him on the strength of his doings in London to address them. Was it because he was notorious for his 'gross attacks upon the higher classes of English society' that they wanted to hear him. 'What went ye out to hear?' Assuredly, Mr. Stead has never given any class of people reason to believe that he was 'a man clothed in soft raiment,' who stood in the courts of kings or queens of society and spoke the pleasant flatteries of courtiers. Of course, Mr. Stead did not say of his audience what the excited speakers afterward accused him of saying, as will be seen from his quoted words. In the first place, he declared that he spoke not of the earnest workers, but to those who did not work, and had come to the meeting probably to hear and see the 'notorious' Mr. Stead. Speaking of those who had means and talents which they used only for their own pleasure, who did nothing to feed the hungry, to visit the sick or raise the fallen, he did little more than repeat the warnings of Christ to the highly respectable, reputedly moral people among the highest Jewish society of the day. The respectable Jews who admitted the obedience they owed to God, and who, while promising acquiescence, failed to obey, were likened to the son who, in answer to his father's commands, said, 'I go sir,' and went not. And it was of these nominally obedient but inactive and self-indulgent people that Christ said: 'Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.' Mr. Stead's audience would possibly have been equally enraged at Him whom they call Master. Whether Mr. Stead was justified in speaking in this forthtelling way or not is another question. Unless he could do so with complete charity, with a single eye to the good of those he was addressing, and without any admixture of self-seeking, he was liable to do harm rather than good. A man's lips have to be touched as with a coal from God's own altar before he can become one of his denunciatory prophets.

FARM AND LABOR DELEGATES SHOULD GO TO OTTAWA.

All the signs seem to indicate that the Finance Minister is busy with tariff revision. The other ministers are able to tell the public just upon what principles the reviston is proceeding. The new tariff will be a 'protective' one, they tell us, in which the old policy will be preserved. The protected manufacturers are to be secured in their privilege of fleecing the farmers, the merchants, the laborers and consumers generally. Sir John Thompson and Sir Hibbert Tupper, who are doughty knights both, have assured their noble friends, the manufacturing barons, that they are still to be allowed to levy upon the common people. The manufacturers are apparently not altogether satisfied with these assurances. They, like the old Scotch noble, believe in 'makking sicker,' and as in the days when the hated protective tariff was first framed they are now flocking to Ottawa to tell the Government just what duty on their manufactures will best fill their pockets. Mr. Foster, the finance minister, took the greatest pains to go about and get their opinions and views as to what tariff changes could be made without impairing their privileges, and he listened patiently to them, and he did not afterward announce that they were nearly all in favor of free trade or a lower tariff. He did not take the trouble to interview the farmers of Ontario or Quebec, but he saw a few of those of Manitoba, and he seems to have lectured rather than listened to them, and he did in effect declare that the farmers, like the rest of the people, are still in favor of protection. It appears that sheep like to be fleeced, that lambs like to be killed and eaten. The Comptrollers who have no seats in the Cabinet, and therefore no voice in the final settlement of the tariff question, were sent to Ontario to listen to the farmers, and they also report in effect that there is nothing the Ontario farmer loves so much as to be made to pay high prices for all he buys and to accept low prices for all he sells. So the farmer need not be taken into account in the work of tariff revision—and he is not apparently to any great extent. The manufacturers who already have been consulted are now seen running by ones and twos and groups to Ottawa to settle with the Finance Minister just how much they are to be allowed to levy, and how the details of the tariff are to be arranged for their benefit. They have come back satisfied and well pleased with their reception by the Finance Minister and with the results of their visit. Their names will be made a note of, of course, and when the general election time comes about they will be once more reminded of the story of the swineherd who shook down the acorns to the greedy swine and of the ingratitude of the swine, which never do anything for their swineherd. So the game is to go merrily on. It is about time it was stopped. We would advise the Farmers' Institutes, the Granges, the Patrons of Industry and all the other farmers' associations, as well as the Knights of Labor and all the laboring societies, to send delegations of capable men to Ottawa to interview the Finance Minister, and obtain from him definite assurances of the lowering of the tariff duties upon all manufactures of iron, wool, cotton, flax, especially upon agricultural implements and upon tools. They ought to demand that the tariff be lowered to about seventeen and a half percent, and arranged with regard solely to the revenues required for the government of the country, and not at all with a view to taking by law the money from the pockets of the farmers, the merchants and the laborers, and putting it into those of the manufacturer, the combination, the trust or the monopoly. The farmers and laborers should send their delegates to Ottawa.

THE EXPORT OF LOGS.

The vexed question of the export of Canadian logs to the United States is once more brought forward for discussion at a very proper time, namely, just before the meeting of Parliament, by a Canadian living in Michigan, who is obviously well informed in regard to the extent and details of the business of getting out the logs and transporting them across the lakes. His letter seems to show that not only do Canada and Canadians lose the work of manufacturing when logs are exported to the United States, but they lose also the work of transporting them, and even of furnishing certain kinds of supplies, such as booms and chains, which is mostly in the hands of Americans. Of thirty-three tugs regularly employed in the business of towing logs from Canada to the United States, only two apparently are Canadian, and of the two Canadian tugs one is said to be sailed by an American crew under American papers. That is a pretty bad showing for Canada. Mr. Charlton, the Liberal member for North Norfolk, is, it appears, the only Canadian who can hold his own in the towing business against the Americans, who gratuitously supply booms and chains to lumberers in Canada in order to secure their business. The Americans must be able to do the work more cheaply than Canadians or they would not get it. Sailing the lakes is a business in which competition is free and open, and in transportation between Canadian and American ports Canadian and American vessels are on exactly the same footing. It is probable that the rates of towing are whittled down pretty fine, and that the business is not a very profitable one. In any case, however, it is certainly best for Canada and Canadians that there should be no protection enhancing the cost of towing or transporting logs. The lower the cost of transportation is reduced by open competition, the greater is the price Canadian logs fetch and the higher are the prices which the Canadian timber limits fetch our provincial governments.

The value of Ontario's timber limits has risen rapidly during the last ten years as a result of the demand from Michigan lumber mills for Canadian logs. The periodical auction sales held by the Ontario Government have of recent years been phenomenally successful. Nevertheless, the harvesting of Canada's one and only crop of pine by Americans does seem akin to selling our birthright for a mess of pottage. The pine forests of the world are disappearing very rapidly, while the demand for the manufactures of pine increases. When only a limited area remains, when the end of pine lumbering on this continent is plainly in sight, it is surely time to consider whether it would not be more economical in the short run, as it certainly must be in the long run, to preserve very strictly our timber limits. While we think that to protect Canadian lumberers and saw-mill owners in the sense of securing them from competition would result in a decided loss to Canada and Canadians as a whole, we think that protection of our forests and our timber and timber trade by strict 'preservation' would add greatly to the permanent wealth and prosperity of the Dominion. The time has come when pine forests, and indeed all forests, should be only 'thinned,' that is, only those trees cut which are reasonably matured, which are not healthy or which are crowding younger trees. Strict, effective Government oversight and care of forests would prove expensive, but as the experience of Germany and other Continental countries proves, it would be profitable. Strict preservation would do all that the proposed export duty would do in the way of protecting the national wealth, and a great deal more: those protectionists who are merely greedy, and would cut down all the Canadian forests in one year if they had a monopoly and could do so with most profit to themselves, would rather have the present wasteful system. We would like to see our Canadian forests carefully preserved, the timber economically used, and manufactured by our own people in Canada; but the only way to secure this without injuring the people of Canada as a whole is by 'preservation,' and not by 'protection.' If wholesale and unchecked destruction is to go on, more money will be made by Canada as a whole by allowing of perfectly open competition. But Canada's interests lie in strict 'preservation.' Some who have studied the question believe that the destruction by fire which is given as an excuse for destruction by the axe is largely a humbug. Destruction by fire, however, only affords an additional argument in favor of a thorough system of conservation and oversight. No export duty would reach the fire question. That it can be reached is proved by Sweden and other European countries.

KRISHNA.

Mr. Dawson is sadly out in his facts. In the first place, Jesus Christ was not born on the twenty-fifth of December. No one knows at what time of the year he was born, but the proof is very strong that it was not at Christmas time. Christmas was probably the result of pious endeavors in the dark ages to substitute Christian worship for deeply-rooted heathen customs, based on the turn of the year from shortening to lengthening days. Some of the Christmas customs suggest remnants of fire worship. So far Mr. Dawson is probably right in holding that customs very generally adopted by Christianity are derived from or coincident with those of heathenism. The change is very great, however, from the licentious saturnalia of Rome to the loving amenities of Christmastide. Then, with regard to Krishna. Whether Krishna ever lived or not is hard to say. Whether he lived or not, he certainly was a very bad fellow. Wherever Mr. Dawson got his life of him it is directly contradicted by the account given by Sir Monier Monier Williams, K. C. I. E., D. C. L., Professor of Balliol College, Oxford, the author of an authoritative work on 'Hinduism.' In the first place, it is mere guesswork to say that Krishna lived about twelve hundred years before Christ. A Brahman invasion of India took place at least fourteen hundred years before the Christian era, say Orientalists, but the chronology of the Brahmans extends over millions of years, and the fables of Krishna are as nebulous as the chronology. Krishna lived, according to the fables, millions of years ago. He was not born on the twenty-fifth of December or anywhere near it; the festival of his birthday occurs on the eighth of Sravana (July-August). In every month in the year excepting December there is a festival of the birth or some other event in the life of some god of the Hindu pantheon. Krishna was not born of a holy virgin named Maia. He was the eighth son of Vashnu-deva and his second wife Devoki. At his birth there was no chorus of angels, nor had it been told a thousand years in advance by prophets; it was foretold that a son of his father would kill the king of the country, and the king took the usual fabled steps to prevent such a calamity; he killed the sons of Vashnu-deva as they were born until the seventh, who, immediately after his birth, was transferred to the womb of the first wife, and then palmed off as her child. Krishna, the eighth, was saved by his father exchanging him for the new-born daughter of the wife of a cowherd, who brought him up. The king issued no order for the slaughter of all male children; he was only too lax in taking measures against the boy babies of Devoki, who did not leave the kingdom with her son. Krishna did not live in obscurity by any means during his youth; he spent it according to the fables, in a rather romping and dissolute way with the wives and daughters of the cowherds, among whom he had eight favorites. This fable of his life as the example of a god became an excuse for the horrors of licentious worship in India. He certainly did deeds of prowess; he killed, while still a child, a great serpent and lifted up a mountain on his little finger for the shelter of the cowherds' daughters and wives. He had no disciples in the Christian meaning of the word, and he did not teach his followers the brotherhood of man, and to return evil for good. On the contrary, he taught them to uphold caste—that is, division of men into classes—by war to the knife, and the great poem, the 'Mahabharata,' containing his teaching, was a sort of dialogue held between him and a cousin of his whom he egged on to a war, and for whom he would not fight, but whose chariot he consented to drive in order to have a chance of lecturing him. Krishna seems to have died a natural death, and left sons behind him, but of his life after death the fables seem to say little definitely. He is not expected to return to earth again. He is only accounted one of the many avatars of Vishnu. There is to be another incarnation of Vishnu in a man called Kalkin, who is to appear for the final destruction of the wicked and the establishment of righteousness. But the so-called Brahman trinity is not a trinity at all in the Christian sense of the word. There is Brahmah, the creator, Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the destroyer. All three have had avatars, which can hardly be called incarnations in our meaning of the word, for these gods generally appeared in the form of animals. Vishnu had ten or twelve principal and several minor avatars, a fish, a turtle, a boar, a Manu lion, a dwarf, a hero, a Ramachuna and a Krishna; and Kalkin is yet to come. Krishna had wives, and left children. The poem setting forth his teachings was written, according to the best authorities, about the third century of the Christian era, and contains some fine passages, which resemble passages from the New Testament. These poems were edited in the sixteenth century. Christianity was early preached in India, and what more likely than that the stories told by Christian teachers should get mixed in the popular mind with those of their own deities and demigods. Either in the third or in the sixteenth century it would be very easy to have legends derived from Gospel teachings floating in the air.

WHAT IS THE SECRET?

Mr. Stanley Weir has tackled the much vexed but singularly little studied problem of civic constitutions. Every city in Christendom seems to be agonizing over this question, with little or no help from the experience of other cities, still less from the labors of men competent to collate the facts and make trustworthy deductions from them. It is singular how long some fields of philosophic research lie fallow, crying for someone to enter upon them. It was left to a Canadian to become the acknowledged authority in one field of constitutional study by writing on parliamentary practice. Now, 'according to Todd' is as dogmatic as 'according to Hoyle.' Mr. Weir has found another field, so far as we know equally untraversed, that of modern civic government, and we can imagine none in which a jurist could use talent to the greater benefit of his age. The interests of the world, material and moral, are increasingly identical with those of cities. The importance of cities is no new thing. The histories of Greece and Rome, from which the modern world has derived all its constitutional instruction, were the histories, not of countries but of cities, with rural and later with foreign or colonial dependencies. The feudal system of the middle ages made countries, and not cities, the units of government, but even then the problems of liberty were fought out in the cities, and the cities manintained a varying but, on the whole, successful war against baronial tyranny. As states developed, and as the walls of cities became less and less necessary to personal safety and liberty, the city became relatively a less important factor in the body politic. It is, however, to-day assuming a new importance from an entirely different cause. That cause is the facility of transport and communication. The railway and the other inventions for facilitating intercourse which our century has developed, the telegraph, the telephone, cheap postage, the newspaper and the countless other applications of steam and electricity by which the greater part of human industries have been transferred to cities, and by which it has become possible for those not bound to the soil, to mines, or to water power to live in cities, have caused such a tendency of the world's population to cities that the development of their wealth and size has quite outstripped the development of their methods of government. The cities of America would seem to have been taken by surprise, like boys that have outgrown their boys' clothes, and do not know where to look for others.

A very curious phenomenon which Mr. Weir has in earlier articles pointed out is that practically all the cities in America are corrupt as to their civic government, while broadly speaking all the cities of Britain and Europe are free from civic corruption. While this is cause for shame to the United States and to Canada, which has in this followed her neighbor too closely, it also affords a shining cause for hopefulness. It is then possible for cities to be free from that corruption which benumbs the public spirit of all good men and which checks progress by making it cost twice as much in money as it should. We can have progress under other management than that of highwaymen. We can have civic patriotism like that of Athens, of Sparta, of Rome in her better days, and like that of the free cities of earlier Europe. The question is, wherein lies the difference between the corrupt and the incorrupt? As no one in North America is prepared to admit that the city populations of the United States and Canada are really less moral than those of the old world, it becomes an intensely interesting subject of enquiry, what change is needed to make the governments of the former as good as those of the latter. We have never supposed that corruption would be abolished by any change of civic constitution, but we have believed that while one form of civic government might put a premium on iniquity, another might make that iniquity very difficult, indeed. The presumption is that America has civic

government of the former sort, while Europe's civic constitutions are of the latter kind. In his article, printed in this number of the 'Witness,' Mr. Weir has apparently reached on this most important question the same conclusions which the 'Witness' has earnestly set forth from time to time.

THE WOMEN'S VOTE.

If the startling prohibition majority in Ontario has been a pleasing surprise to the advocates of reform, the vote of the women has been a disappointment to many. There are those who thought that however little women are inclined to mingle in ordinary politics, they would unanimously go through fire on behalf of the protection of their homes. They have not been enthusiastic and they have not been unanimous. In Toronto not one woman voter in four could be got to the polls at all, and, what is more significant, twenty-eight women took the trouble to go to vote against prohibition for every seventy-two who voted in its favor. It is not improbable that the majority of these were directly interested in revenues arising from the liquor traffic or other evil trades allied to that traffic; such women would be less backward about attending the polls than others. The men voters turned out better than the women voters, yet not quite half of them voted on the plebiscite. There are good reasons why the women should be less ready than the men. The men are out at business anyway, and are in the habit of going to all sorts of offices to do all sorts of business, and have always been accustomed to voting, while the women, widows and spinsters, are of the most retired as well as the most retiring class of the community, a considerable proportion of them being actual invalids. The women certainly voted better than the men did, for in Toronto for every fifty-five men who voted for prohibition forty-five voted against it. The conclusion is that women's votes would, on questions like this, distinctly raise the moral standard of such expressions of the public conscience. Whether the result would be similar in connection with questions of economics, or whether the women could be interested in such questions at all, has not yet been experimented upon. Meantime, the Government which planned the plebiscite vote and arranged for the polling of a separate women's vote have rendered the world a great service quite apart from any possible effect on the cause of prohibition, in exhibiting a very neat and fairly complete social experiment.

FAILURES IN CANADA.

The record of the failures in business in Canada during the year just ended compared with that of the preceding year, which will be found elsewhere in this paper, does not show as encouraging a state of affairs as might be wished, or even as is in some quarters represented by, we fear, not wholly disingenuous politicians. The number of failures shows an increase in every province but two, namely, New Brunswick, where they are the same as last year; and Nova Scotia, where they are twenty-five less than last year, which was an exceptionally troubled one in the Maritime Provinces. In Ontario the failures exceeded those of last year by 36; in Quebec by 34; in Prince Edward Island by 14; in Manitoba by 7; in the North-West Territories by 13, and in British Columbia by 11. For the Dominion they were greater by 87. In every province, with the exception of Quebec and Nova Scotia, the sum of the liabilities was greater than those of last year, those of Ontario being greater by slightly over three millions of dollars, an increase of about a hundred per cent. In New Brunswick they were greater by over two hundred thousand; in Prince Edward Island by thirteen thousand; in Manitoba by two hundred thousand; in the North-West Territories by one hundred thousand; and in British Columbia by two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. In Nova Scotia they were thirteen thousand less, and in Quebec about seven hundred thousand less. For the whole Dominion they were over three millions greater. The assets were about two millions greater. In view of the depression in Great Britain and the United States, Canada should prepare for an even greater depression than she has yet experienced. Canada always suffers somewhat later than those countries. The depression which came early in the seventies to both Great Britain and the United States was not fully felt here until a year or two later, and long after both the greater countries had begun to recover, Canada's suffering increased. Canada should not allow herself to be befooled into the notion that by any quack specific she can be saved from the full effects of a great depression, such as at present prevails. Every precaution should be taken. Business men know that the failure record does not wholly present one feature of trade of this year, namely, the general decrease in profits and the decline in values of many kinds of property, including real property both in the cities, excepting, perhaps, Montreal, and in the country, and of shocks industrial, financial and trading.

THE PRICE OF WHEAT.

Last year the price of wheat went down to the lowest point ever reached in America, being at times below a cent a pound, and the price of flour was even correspondingly lower. It was remarked at times that the price of hay was higher per pound than the price of flour; that is to say, that the dried stalks of a plant requiring comparatively little cultivation sold at a higher price by weight than the manufactured product of the seed of a plant that requires careful cultivation. Of course, these relative values were owing as much to a failure of the grass crop in Europe and the consequent high price that had to be paid owing to the expense of transporting a foreign produce that bulks so largely, as to the low price of wheat and its manufactures. Still, the phenomenon was an extraordinary one. The continuance of the depression in prices was perhaps an even greater cause of surprise and dismay to the producers and traders in wheat on this continent. The 'Mark Lane Express' of a recent date has been able to make plain one of the causes, and probably the main one, for the low prices that have ruled, namely, the obvious one of a large production in the chief wheat-producing and exporting countries. It publishes a table showing the quanity of wheat, including flour expressed in terms of wheat, exported during eleven months of last year by the United States, Russia, India, Australia and Argentina. The following is the table, the three last cyphers being cut off from the end of each number:

	United States.	Russia	India.	Australia.	Argentina.
Jan.	9,464	1,615	840	920	440
Feb.	8,552	2,352	712	2,120	600
March	9,736	3,600	624	2,360	1,000
April	12,344	5,356	1,200	2,880	2,920
May	10,552	8,577	1,488	1,280	1,560
June	12,336	9,392	2,608	800	1,300
July	20,576	8,631	3,208	800	1,400
Aug.	15,648	3,864	2,040	520	800
Sept.	17,272	5,312	1,640	240	360
Oct.	13,931	14,387	768	200	592
Nov.	8,749	16,672	1,168	176	560
	139,160	80,758	16,296	12,296	12,992

The exports from all these countries were large, and while those of Australia and Argentina increased rapidly during the first five months, those from the United States, Russia and India increased much more rapidly during the period from April to July, and those of Russia were very much greater still during September, October and November. The United States and Russia had immense crops, both of which seem to have been underestimated, not only by speculators but by the governments of those countries. The American crop was large, the Pacific slope shipments being apparently exceedingly large. There can be no doubt, either, that the low rates of like freights on the great lakes, owing to the number of vessels thrown out of their usual employment by the depression in the iron business of the west, was quite an influence. Prices have shown some tendency recently to pick up a little, but this may disappear with the appearance on the market of the Australian and Argentina grain, which will begin to go forward in increasing quantities by the end of the month. It would be safest for the farmers of America to calculate upon a continued depression in prices, and they should seek by every means in their power to reduce the cost of living in order to mend their reduced revenues from grains. Canadian farmers have done well with butter and cheese and hay and some kinds of coarse grains, and they will probably find that the production of all but hay for export still affords more profit than wheat production. While continuing their policy of varying their production as the demand changes, they should, however, see to it that they are no longer unnecessarily burdened with protective taxation. They are compelled to sell in the cheapest market; they should insist upon their right to buy in the cheapest one also. They have to accept the prices fixed in the open market of the world by universal competition, and they should demand that the prices they pay should be similarly governed by open competition. That is only fair play and justice.

OMINOUS.

The Protestant Protective Association has been somewhat surprisingly, almost startlingly, successful in the municipal elections in Ontario. Wherever they have run candidates of their own, or wherever they have taken a special interest in any of the candidates nominated, they have carried the day by very large majorities. Indeed, it is the strength of their majorities rather than the number of their successes which is the most surprisingly significant, and it is to be feared ominous, feature of the election. In Toronto the chances seemed to be in favor of the re-election of Mayor Fleming, who was popular personally, and who had a good record and had the advantage of experience in municipal work. He was supported by the most prominent temperance people, and though both candidates had their confidence, it was expected that the prohibition plebiscite would bring out a strong vote for him. He was liked by the business men of the city. He was sure, it was generally understood, of the almost solid Roman Catholic vote, and this seems to have been the rock on which his election went to pieces. The Protestant Protective Association and their sympathizers voted for his opponent for that reason, and Mr. Warring Kennedy, a good man, was elected by over three thousand majority. That in spite of the fact that the plebiscite went in favor of prohibition by a majority of over two thousand, indicates that many temperance people voted for Mr. Kennedy, presumably because of Mr. Fleming's supposed popularity among the Roman Catholics. In Hamilton the Protestant Protective Association ran a candidate against both the Conservative and Liberal candidates, and they elected their man by a vote larger than the combined votes of the Reformers and Conservatives.

Stewart, P.P.A.	4,288
Carscallen, Reform	2,623
Van Allen, Con.	1,331

That is the majoralty vote. It will be seen that the Protestant Protective Association's candidate beat the Reform candidate by a majority of 1,665 and the Conservative candidate by a majority of 2,957 votes. Hamilton generally elects Conservatives by fair majorities, so it is clear from the relative votes cast for the three candidates that the Protestant Protective Association's candidate drew chiefly upon the Conservative vote, leaving the Conservative candidate with a very small vote indeed. But his vote exceeded the combined vote of the two parties by 334. That is an extraordinary and significant result.

The general strength of the association in Ontario is a thing that must be taken into serious account. It will not do to say that this is a senseless movement. No such general movement is without cause, and the cause at least is not altogether without reason. The association is possibly open to criticism in its origin, its methods and its aims. As to its origin, its name suggests affinity with an organization in the United States, the American Protestant Association, commonly called the A. P. A., an association which sprang from, or at least attained to most of its present strength through, a popery scare, raised wilfully and mischievously by the base means of a forged document and forged reports. The document purported to be a papal letter absolving all Romanists in the United States from allegiance to their Government after the first of January of this year. It was sent to us by some of our readers, to whom we responded privately, seeing that it was, if we remember aright, considered too foolish and contemptible and inherently mischievous to be publicly noticed, especially as, knowing nothing about where it came from, we could say no more than that it was an obvious and absurd forgery, whether jocular or malignant we could not say. The corroborative stories about arms hidden here and there in the purlieus of Roman Catholic churches and of Roman Catholics secretly drilling for war seemed to be of precisely similar merit. The New York 'Witness' challenged evidence of the truth of these reports or of any one of them, and the utter absence of any rejoinder practically proved their falsity. It would be doubtless unfair to hold the A. P. A., as an organization, in any way responsible for these wicked proceedings, except for being largely fooled by them. The methods of the A. P. A. of the United States, as well as the P. P. A. of Canada, in so far as they are secret, are reprehensible in a free country, and are open to the very objection which the promoters of the organization urge against Jesuit machinations. Nor can the aim of these associations be defended, namely, the boycotting of Roman Catholics, both politically and socially. Its members are bound never to employ a Roman Catholic where they can find a Protestant to do the work. The disfranchisement and ostracism of a large body of citizens, could it be accomplished, would be destructive of the free institutions under which we live, and would make the country intolerable to them. These, however, are not the results that the movement, as far as it is a social one, is calculated to achieve. What it is likely to achieve in these directions is wholly bad. The best hope of breaking the ecclesiastical bonds of Roman Catholics, and the thing which those who control them most fear, is the free intermingling of Protestants with Roman Catholics. In the freedom of intimate intercourse the two peoples will assimilate, and the truer and stronger and freer belief will prevail. The best way to rivet these fetters is to give the people cause to hate and shun Protestants, and to set before them a religious system with prejudices and intolerance similar to their own.

It is obvious, however, that something else must be looked for than the existence of a new secret organization to account for the sudden and spontaneous efflorescence of an anti-Romanist political movement. The soil must have been in some way prepared for so sudden a crop. Some cumulative and thus far latent force must have sprung into activity. It is well understood that the conviction is general among Protestants that the Roman Catholic vote is largely wielded by ecclesiastics having the aggrandisement of their church as their object and having understandings or at least sympathies, with political parties that serve them. The solidity of the Roman Catholic vote thus controlled is undoubtedly a direct threat to our representative system. It is an ever-impending danger to our institutions. As a rule, this recognized danger is tolerated like many other evils that no one knows how to mend, but strong feeling with regard to it lies ready to be called into potency when circumstances are favorable. There has been of late a conjunction of events just such as to prove a no popery hotbed. There were the two Jesuit bills of Mr. Mercier. Nothing more unwise could have been done by the Church of Rome or by any politician working for its support than to awake the indignation which the name Jesuit must ever evoke wherever free institutions exist or are desired. The grant of public money to the Jesuits under pretence of settling an old score resulted in the tremendous agitation of the Equal Rights movement. There was also the National movement, emanating from the same source as the Jesuit bills, with its beatification of the murderous Riel and the fact that that ill-balanced being was regarded as the cat's paw of the Ultramontanes. Then there was the Manitoba school question, well calculated to keep the irritation at fever heat. Lastly, the appearance at the head of affairs of a politician with whose advancement the ecclesiastical authorities had somewhat scandalous connection. The magic wand of the Rev. Dr. Douglas laid upon the events at this juncture at Conference meetings and in letters to the 'Witness,' proved most potent in calling the anti-Romish spirit from the vasty deep and in crystallizing the discontent which had been hanging in solution. With such conditions, all that seems to have been necessary to bring about the crystallization in question was to hang any kind of a string into the bowl.

The facts published by the Rev. Dr. Robertson in respect to the confiscation of the property of Manitoba settlers at sheriffs' sales has aroused the farmers of the province, and they are making themselves heard in a way not to be misunderstood. The South Brandon Farmers' Institute has met and discussed the Exemption Act and the farmers' position generally, and resolved that sheriffs, bailiffs and other legal officers should be paid by salaries and not by fees; that sheriffs, sheriffs' officers and all county court officials, except judges, should be appointed by the municipalities; besides many other sweeping changes calculated to reduce the excessive law costs and enlarge the list of exemptions from seizure. One of the farmers' demands is that small debt courts for cases up to one hundred dollars be established, 'in which no lawyer shall be allowed to plead on either side,' and another is that all lawyers' charges shall be fixed by statute. Many other branches of the Farmers' Institute are adopting similar resolutions. The institutes are all striking at the Dominion customs tariff, one resolution reading as follows:

Whereas, the grievous burdens laid upon the farmers of Manitoba by the high Customs tariff, and the exorbitant freight rates charged by the railways, for the transportation of his products to the markets of the East, together with the low price of wheat, have brought very many face to face with actual want.

There is evidently a very bad state of things in Manitoba and the Territories; and it has needed such sharp lessons as the people are now learning to teach them how completely they are in the hands of monopolists. Their trying position is arousing them to the necessity of throwing off the mighty incubus which paralyzes their endeavors; and we may expect to hear that throughout the entire North-West the farmers, driven to despair, have turned upon their oppressors.

The craze of unprovoked animosity toward the English from which the French are suffering at present seems to have assumed a violent form not only in the navy, as illustrated by the Newfoundland instance, but in the army also, judging from the account of the deadly attack upon British troops in Sierra Lecre. The Sierra Leone coast has been under British rule since the seventeenth century. The colony, or rather station, is one of the most unhealthy of all British military posts. Sidney Smith used to say that there always seemed to be two governors of Sierra Leone, one just arriving home in England and one just arriving out in Sierra Leone. The troops have to be changed nearly as often as the governors. Yet England has gone on extending her territories along the coast until they reached Senegambia, a French possession on the north, and Liberia, a free state to the south, and inland, until the French, who have been taking possession of the upper waters of the Niger, have apparently fired upon the advancing forces of the English. Sierra Leone, like Liberia, was intended by Abolitionists for a free negro state for liberated slaves of America, and the negroes of Nova Scotia were sent thither. The project failed, however, though Granville Sharp, Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, who was once its governor, and many other British heroes gave time and strength and money to the work. Sierra Leone was one of the stations at which that fine young Canadian, Captain Huntley Mackay, distinguished himself, and where he first caught the fever which afterward ended his heroic short life at Mombasa, on the opposite coast of Africa.

The offering of prizes by the Canadian Government to the school children of Great Britain for the best essays on Manitoba and the North-West Territories is a novel method of advertising for a government, but it may prove effective, and cannot be very costly. It is probably a Van Horne idea, and was apparently suggested by the example set by officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who gave prizes for similar papers to the young people of the Maritime Provinces. Even the best of these essays will not be accepted as standard authority; still, the study of the amount of Canadian history that is called for and the cramming in other branches of the enquiry may be useful to the youth of Great Britain, whose parents and friends also will probably have their attention directed to Canada by this special study of their children. It would not be a bad idea for our Canadian youth to learn something more about Canada than they know already. The study of Canadian geography, Canadian resources and Canadian history and the Canadian people should receive more attention; and if prizes will alone avail to secure this attention, by all means let prizes be provided at the public expense. A few thousand dollars so invested might lead to very beneficial results.

The French-Canadians, like the Germans of Ontario, seem to have a larger number among them who are opposed to prohibition than have the English-speaking people. The counties of Essex, Grenville, Prescott and Renfrew, all of which have a considerable proportion of French-Canadian inhabitants, contain the towns, villages and townships which, outside of the German county of Waterloo, gave majorities against prohibition. The total votes of these counties will be looked for with a good deal of interest. In the almost purely English-speaking counties the few places giving majorities against prohibition are back townships or settlements in which mining or lumbering populations are in a majority. A township in Bruce, one in Muskoka, and a couple of townships in Hastings are probably thus accounted for. The adverse votes cast in a very few towns which are seats of the liquor business and otherwise mostly in a state of general dry rot are not hard to account for.

LAUS DEO!

JAN. 1, 1894.

Thank God—for the victory won
By the people's peaceful might,
Without thunder of cannon or gun,
In the silent struggle for right!

Without glitter of lifted sword
Or of lance with life-blood stained,
For the Right,—in the strength of the Lord,—
Hath the victory been gained.

Thank God—that the glad New Year
Hath brought us the promised boon—
That a curse, from our land so dear,
Shall pass from the people soon!

Let the joy-bells ring to the skies,
For our voices are all too weak,
Though the wives' and the mothers' eyes
Beam with gladness they cannot speak;

And a paean joyous and strong,
Goes up o'er the land, to-day,
With a prayer—that it be not long
Ere the curse shall be swept away!

God speed the struggle with wrong,—
Speed the Right, with its conquering sword,
For this battle is not to the strong,
But is won in the strength of the Lord!

FIDELIS.

Jan. 2, 1894.

ALMOST A HALF CENTURY.

The 'Weekly Witness' has now entered into its forty-eighth year, yet there are still among its readers many who were among the first subscribers, and a still larger number of those who belonged to the families of the original subscribers, and who have been connected with it ever since. We solicit the aid of these valued friends to assist in increasing the circulation of the 'Weekly Witness.' Remember, a premium, postage free, will be sent to every subscriber who sends his renewal and two new subscriptions to the Weekly Witness' at $1 each.

LORD ABERDEEN'S POLICY.

Ottawa, Jan. 5.—Mr. W. T. Stead's article in the 'Review of Reviews' on Lord Aberdeen was written after a residence of ten days at Rideau Hall and his statement of what the Governor-General has a mind to do with public boodlers is interesting. He says that Lord Aberdeen will, if he gets a chance within constitutional limits, strike a swift and certain blow at corruption, which will be none the less effective because delivered without preliminary notice. It is reported that if His Excellency is advised to release Messrs. McGreevy and Connolly he will call for reasons.

PLEASING TESTIMONIALS.

Numerous flattering testimonials to the worth of the 'Weekly Witness' reach us daily. We are grateful for the good opinion and good wishes of our esteemed contributors and solicit their assistance to increase the circulation. Our premium list is full of useful presents for the selection of those who forward two new subscriptions of $1 each with their own renewals. Renewals and new subscriptions should be sent in at once to avoid missing any of the numbers containing 'What Necessity Knows' and 'The Copperhead,' both valuable additions to literature and the history of our own and the neighboring country.'

Our premiums have found much favor and we are receiving numerous letters of thanks, among others the following:—

'Attwood, Ont., 'The carving set to hand, for which I thank you very much. It is a very good set and much better than I expected. I will certainly be pleased to show it to my friends.'

Almonte—'I have received the carving knife, fork and steel; it is very nice, and I am well pleased with it. I return my thanks.'

Every subscriber, new and old alike, can help us to widely extend our circulation and obtain one of our useful premiums at the same time.

A correspondent from Woodstock, Ont., writes on receipt of his premium: 'I have received the carving knife with many thanks, and am well pleased with it, I can assure you. I have always done what I could to increase the circulation of the "Witness," and will still do so.'

The 'Weekly Witness' finds its warmest friends among its oldest subscribers, proving that the better it is known the more it is appreciated and valued.

Writing from Beulah, A Manitoba correspondent says: 'We value the "Weekly Witness" much, as a good, healthy family paper.'

A subscriber from Blenheim, Ont., writes: 'Enclosed find the sum of one dollar, being one year's subscription for "Weekly Witness." After being without it for one year we find we cannot do without it any longer.'

A friend from Canso, Nova Scotia, writes: 'I find the new form of the "Weekly Witness" a great improvement on the old.'

COULDN'T SCARE MR. MARTIN.

Winnipeg, Jan. 5.—Tuesday was the last day in which a protest could be filed against the return of the Hon. Mr. Martin for Winnipeg. No petition was filed. Mr. Martin said the other side had come to him with a proposal or threat that if he did not use his influence to get one of the Conservatives out of the dangerous and awkward box he now finds himself in by reason of his action as Deputy Returning Officer, they would file a petition against Mr. Martin's return. Mr. Martin indignantly spurned the offer, and told them to go on and file their petition, and the people of Winnipeg would show by their votes if they got another opportunity just what they thought of the situation.

DEATH OF A FEMALE HERMIT.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 5.—Mary McGrath, an aged recluse, was dug out of a mass of dirt and rubbish at her home on Clarke avenue, on Wednesday night, and an hour later she died of privation brought about by sickness and lack of attention. Mrs. McGrath owned real estate, the rentals of which amounted to nearly $3,000 a year. For the past five years she had led the life of a hermit, never opening the front door or windows of her house. No perzon had ever been seen to enter her home, and her only companions were half a dozen dogs, several chickens, and some canary birds and cats. The room which she occupied was devoid of all furniture, and rubbish to the depth of nearly two feet covered the floor. On this the old woman made her bed each night, surrounded by her pets. A partial search of the house by the public administrator revealed a box containing deeds and other papers worth between $30,000 and $40,000.

AN INVENTIVE ARCHDUKE.

London, Jan. 5.—A despatch to the 'Times' from Vienna says that the Archduke Salvator has perfected an automatic mitrailleuse that will fire from 460 to 480 shots a minute. Smokeless powder can be used in all weather. Forty thousand rounds have been fired from one barrel of the new gun without the barrel showing any defect. The weapons cost 1,000 florins each.

A VALUABLE PICTURE WRECKED.

St. Louis, Jan. 3.—The fact was made public to-day that a $100,000 canvas masterpiece was wrecked at the Laclede building last Sunday afternoon. 'Le Roi s'Amuse' is the catalogued name of the painting, and it is from the brush of Jules Arsene Garnier, a Frenchman, who did the grandest work of his life when he executed this. The picture was being moved on Saturday from the rooms of the late S. A. Coale, in the Laclede building. Three men were holding the valuable canvas and when it reached the first story it struck the floor. Instead of stopping the elevator boy gave the lever a shove and down the lift plunged to the basement. There was a crash, a rending of canvas and 'Le Roy s'Amuse' was torn to ribbons. The painting is the property of a banker, who declines to allow his name to be published.

THAT KNIFE AGAIN.

We have received several more letters in answer to the advertisement of W. A. Wood & Co. offering an aluminium knife for nothing on the remittance of six cents, which advertisement seems to have been cleverly worded so as to convey the impression when it should appear among our own premium announcements that the offer was made by the 'Witness.' The Witness' has no connection with the advertisement in question or with Messrs. W. A. Wood & Co. The advertisement passed through the hands of a new clerk and so found its way into the paper, a mistake for which we are sincerely sorry. When the deceptive nature of the advertisement was pointed out to us it was stopped immediately. We are always thankful to any of our readers who draw our attention to any advertisement that is not right.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Racking Cough

Cured by **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** Mrs. P. D. HALL, 217 Genessee St., Lockport, N. Y., says:

"Over thirty years ago, I remember hearing my father describe the wonderful curative effects of **Ayer's** Cherry Pectoral. During a recent attack of La Grippe, which assumed the form of a **catarrh, soreness of the lungs,** accompanied by an aggravating **cough,** I used various remedies and prescriptions. While some of these medicines partially alleviated the coughing during the day, none of them afforded me any relief from that spasmodic action of the lungs which would seize me the moment I attempted to lie down at night. After ten or twelve such nights, I was

Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of **Ayer's** Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning **greatly refreshed** and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in **two** weeks my cough was cured."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

DON'T BE CARELESS.

Don't be too careless to examine closely when you go to buy a bottle of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Many unprincipled dealers will hand you a bottle, put up in RED Wrapper, and closely imitating 'C-A-R-T-E-R-'S.'

Don't fail to examine carefully, and don't be put off with something 'just as good as CARTER'S.'

'There is nothing as good as CARTER'S.' The only safety is in getting the genuine CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Ask for C-A-R-T-E-R-'S and be sure you get them.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Dr FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES

COLIC CHOLERA CHOLERA-MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY

AND ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS of CHILDREN or ADULTS

Price 35 CTS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

GRATEFUL — COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST — SUPPER.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready so attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England. 2

DO YOU WANT A FARM?

Advertise in the 'Weekly Witness.' Twenty-five cents for twenty-five words each insertion; additional words, one cent each.

THIS Rolled Gold Plated Ring (worth $1), your name on 20 new and pretty Cards, silk fringed, gold edge, hidden name, etc.; Agent's Sample Case and a 25c present; all for 10c. Samples, etc., 3c.

Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

IF YOU WANT to get cheap Jewellery, Novelties, or a Watch, at about one-half regular price, write for Catalogue and private terms. Address

HALL BROS. & CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL

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

DISTRESSED MANITOBA FARMERS.

Several communications have been received at the 'Witness' office recently from distressed Manitoba farmers who give a rather doleful account of the present condition of a large portion of the settlers in the Canadian North-West. One of the writers states for a fact that nearly 'half of the homesteads that the people have patents for in Manitoba are mortgaged and will never be redeemed by the present owners, and sheriff's sales are getting very common. Another writer states that many of the farmers who had mortgaged their crops to the machinery sellers or the village storekeepers, are compelled to 'steal enough grain from their creditors to keep their families alive over winter, and many of them have already mortgaged their next year's crop, which will not be in the ground until spring, in order to pay debts contracted this or last year, or to hold off creditors who have been hanging on already for years.' Another writer says that 'there are at the present time scores if not hundreds of men who would have been fortunate had they been robbed of what brought them, and what they brought here, before coming to this tariff locked combinesters slave coral.'

One of the writers says that with the present low prices of wheat in the western parts of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, it requires a yield of at least twenty bushels per acre to pay the actual cost of ploughing, seeding, harvesting, threshing, and drawing to the railway station, but the average crop in the west is not over twelve bushels per acre, and under such a condition of things, the poor farmer has rather a difficult task before him this winter to keep the wolf and the sheriff's bailiff from his door. It is said that last fall the sheriff of Brandon had seventy bailiffs attending the threshings in that district seizing the grain on behalf of the storekeepers. Many and bitter are the complaints made regarding the excessive rates of interest charged by money lenders, machine dealers and storekeepers in general.

Having had myself some unpleasant experience of the exactions of money-lenders, I can sympathize with the unfortunate settlers in Manitoba who are caught in their toils, and I feel as if I would prefer feeding on the hardest of 'hard tack' and dress in the patchiest of 'duds' rather than permit myself to be caught in the web of money-lending vampires, and if crying would give any relief I could shed tears for some of my unfortunate fellow-countrymen in what nature designed to be the fairest portion of the Dominion. But is there no help for this deplorable condition of things? I think there is, and if Manitoba farmers would act on the advice which I have for more than fourteen years been pressing on them, and which a number have been following with the best of results, they would find that their adopted country is one of the best in the world for an industrious farmer to 'lawfully procure and further his wealth and outward estate.'

My advice is, and has always been, to cease selling good wheat at less than one cent per lb., as it is simply impoverishing the land and its owner, but instead of selling the produce of the soil in bulky grain, which costs so much for freight to eastern markets, send it eastward in the more condensed form of live stock, dead meat, eggs, butter and cheese, for the successful production of which the Canadian North-West is so admirably adapted.

When I was in Manitoba any quantity of excellent prairie hay could be had for the cost of cutting, curing and stacking, and with unlimited pasturage it seemed to be all that any one required for successful stock-raising and dairying. Since that time the Government have been draining the swampy lands, so that it is now probable that in most places prairie hay cannot be depended on, especially if it happens to be a dry season; still cattle food, excepting Indian corn, can be raised much more cheaply in Manitoba than in any of the eastern provinces, and if the farmers would cease growing wheat for sale and sow their cultivated lands with peas and oats or vetches and oats and save them as hay, before they are quite ripe, they would have any amount of superior fodder which would require but a very moderate outlay in harvesting, threshing and marketing, compared with the outlay required in the production and disposal of a crop of wheat. Besides, the soil would be increasing in fertility instead of being rapidly run out as is now the case on so many Manitoba farms.

Mr. Robert Ironsides, an extensive cattle exporter, is reported to have said that a good many farmers are at present feeding cattle for the spring trade. 'They are safe in stall-feeding, and will get 3 3-4 cents per pound weighed off cars at Winnipeg (buyers to pay freight), for all choice export cattle in spring of 1894. I strongly advise them to do so, as they will make at least sixty cents per bushel out of their wheat, if fed, and receive the benefit of the manure on the land, which will yield ten to fifteen bushels per acre more grain with the same work, seed, etc.' I believe that much more money can be made by dairying, combined with pork raising, than by feeding beef cattle, and the returns will come to hand much sooner. By pursuing such a course as is here recommended the farmer will avoid, in a large measure, the exactions of the machinery vendor and the N.P.

RUSTICUS.

FARM GLEANINGS.

There are in the United States more than six million farms, on which dwell more than thirty million people, who furnish more than 74 percent of the value of exports from the country.

Count Ludienski of Poland, representing a syndicate, has located a colony of seventy Polish families upon 3,000 acres of land near Neligh, Neb., where they will engage in raising sugar beets for the Norfolk factory.

It is a fact that our farm homes do not have the comforts and facilities of living easily that town homes of the same class have. This comes pretty hard on the farmers' wives, and is one thing that makes the daughters long for the town. See if you cannot correct this matter a little.

The Kansas City 'Star' says:—The December report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the average farm price of wheat, December 1, was 52.1c. a bushel, which is 12c. less than the average price of any preceding year of which a record has been kept. The next lowest price was 61.5c. in 1884, and the average price for thirteen years past was 81.2c. The average farm price now is 35 percent below the average for ten years past.

Secretary Morton says that the weight of seeds sent out last year was 300 tons, which at one cent an ounce cost the Government an additional $107,520 for transportation through the mails. Enough cabbage seed was sent out last year to plant 19,200 acres, a sufficient quantity of beans to plant 4,000 acres, of beets enough to plant 2,500 acres, sweet corn for 7,800 acres, cucumber seed 2,025 acres, and enough watermelon seed to plant 2,675 acres. Altogether a sufficient amount of flower and vegetable seeds to plant 89,596 acres of land. The secretary believes, therefore, that the seed business has become an abuse and should be abolished. He recommends the distribution of rare seeds among persons who would know how to use them for the sake of introducing foreign, novel and important plants and vegetables into the agriculture of this country, but would stop the practice of distributing them wholesale as campaign arguments.

If people would only stop to think, agriculture presents greater inducements to brain, wealth and brawn than any industry known to mankind. It holds out to families the most permanent prospect of employment and subsistence. It adapts itself with admiral pliancy to all the relations of industry, whether on a limited or extensive scale. It organizes itself spontaneously in accordance with the intellectual or moral condition of families and the diverse circumstances under which these may exist. It establishes between the farmer, the soil, the plants and animals a harmony which serves to perfect the pleasures of the home circle, and develop in the human breast an attachment to its birthplace. It furnishes mankind with nearly all things necessary to existence, and thus secures true independence, affording a protection from the corruptions and seductive influences which so often prevail among the inhabitants of cities and the larger towns. In a word, the interests of the land cultivator are so intimately associated with and identified with the general interests of the entire country in which he lives, and the world at large, that the most worthy landed proprietor is now being recognized as constituting a class best fitted to direct public affairs.

In his report to the Royal Commission on Labor on the labor question in France, Mr. Geoffrey Drage points out that agriculture occupies half the population of that country. In 1886, he says, there were 17,698,402 persons engaged in agriculture, of whom 2,167,667 were small cultivators, owning not more than two and a half acres of land. The agricultural area of 121,927,375 acres is divided into more than 14,000,000 lots; but many of these are so small that the area covered by the possessions of the peasant proprietors is smaller than is commonly supposed to be. Proprietors and their servants, he adds, cultivate 47,844,375 acres; metayers, 11,208,125 acres; and tenant farmers, 21,782,812 acres. Latest complete French agricultural statistics make total area of agricultural land, including private woodlands, but not the state forests, 123,904,652 acres, in 12,115,277 lots, and of this area 31,125,267 acres are credited to petite culture, including holdings up to 25 acres in extent. The number of proprietors of estates and holdings of all sizes was returned at 4,833,246, in 1882, when the latest agricultural statistics yet published were collected. They were not issued until 1887. Of these owners, 3,525,342 cultivated their own land. The condition of the agricultural laborers is said to have improved of late in all parts of France. Wages vary in different parts of the country, but in many districts are three francs a day in summer and two in winter, without board, with extra for piece work in harvest. The women in many parts of France add considerably to the family income by weaving and other industries, when they do not work on the land.

A farmer cannot afford to be without an ice house. Experiments have proved that it pays as well as any building that can be erected on a place. Its value to commercial dairymen is too well known to be referred to. It is difficult to keep milk and butter during the summer without it. But farmers who do not produce milk and butter for sale will find that there is economy in an ice house. In it they can keep fresh and cool the butter and milk needed for their own tables. They can also preserve fresh meats, fish and fowls of all kinds for several days. In the ice house cooked food can be kept from one meal or one day to another without injury or waste. Small fruits or vegetables, like lettuce, radishes, or cucumbers are much improved by being chilled before they are placed on the table. A supply of ice saves fuel and lessens the amount of work required to be done during hot weather. To be grateful and appetizing all foods or drinks must be considerably warmer or considerably cooler than the temperature of the body and the surrounding air. In winter we ordinarily prefer them warmer, but in summer we prefer them cooler, except early in the morning. With a supply of ice it is easier and cheaper to chill foods and drinks than to heat them to the proper temperature. A ton of ice costs much less than a ton of coal, and in many cases it serves the same purpose in preparing foods and drinks. Besides there is less discomfort in using ice in the preparation of articles for the table when the weather is very hot.

A MODEL RAILWAY STATION GARDEN.

Some time ago 'Tit Bits' offered a prize of 10gs to the stationmaster of any railway in England who should, by the first Monday in August, have the finest show of flowers in the garden attached to his station. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Philip James, stationmaster, Brough station, on the Hull and Selby branch of the North-Eastern railway. The commissioner reports that this is an extremely beautiful garden. It comprises flower garden, most tastefully laid out, two rockeries, vegetable garden, well stocked, small orchard, greenhouses etc. There is also a pretty fountain, in which there are 30 goldfish.

The Brough station garden has been Mr. James's hobby during the last 35 years. He has attended to it himself, without any assistance, during the leisure time at his disposal. Every penny spent on it has come from the stationmaster's own purse, and many a professional florist has declared that such a place could not be put together for a less sum than £1,000. One of the greenhouses cost £30 and the other £40.

In the centre of the down platform garden is a fountain, in which the jets of water represent the Prince of Wales' feathers. Mr. James relates with some pride that when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales used to visit the residence of Christopher Sykes, Esq., M.P., he was wont to arrive at Brough station, and was so struck with the beauty of the station garden that he had it specially photographed. The photograph now hangs in the Royal Library at Sandringham.

SYSTEMATIC LABOR ON THE FARM.

In reviewing causes of losses amongst farmers during the year, the one that most frequently thrusts itself upon attention, is the failure to do work at the the right time. The man who begins late necessarily keeps just so far behind all through the whole working season. Usually, too, he has to work harder than the man who is able to do every job at the right time. Though this is evident, yet the habit of procrastination, when once formed, is a difficult one to get rid of, and year after year the same late start keeps its unfortunate subject a laggard to the end. It is often caused in the beginning by lack of a definite plan for the year. If such plan were formed accidents might interfere with it at times, but the farmer who is used to his work can calculate on these to a certain extent, and be able to bring his work to a close at nearly the usual season.

Most farmers begin work in spring with less help than they usually need. In fact, the great bulk of farmers in Ontario do not hire sufficient help during the whole year to successfully carry on their operations. This is always poor economy. It never pays to attempt what cannot be finished, nor to attempt more than can be done in one season. Many make their calculations, knowing how much a day's work is, as if no such thing as rainy days, suspending all outside work, were ever to be feared. The thoughtful farmer has made provision for these, not only in employing enough help to do the work in fair weather, but by providing also some inside work for their hired help to do when nothing can be done out of doors. There are many such jobs on the farm, and it is easily possible to increase the profitable indoor work that may be done in stormy weather. It is only as he is able to do this that he can afford to employ enough help to keep ahead of his work all through the season. Oftentimes when one kind of out-door work is not possible another is. There are farmers who waste time enough waiting for machinery to be put in order to more than balance all gain from its use. Other farmers finding their hired help idle, perhaps in the harvest field, find work for them hoeing or cultivating among the corn and potatoes. This kind of economizing in labor is absolutely necessary when diversified crops are grown. Otherwise the waste of time before changing from one work to another will destroy all chance of profit.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

The loss from rinderpest alone to the agricultural wealth of India this year exceeds £5,000,000 sterling. The disease among cattle is increasing yearly.

Hill farmers, in common, indeed, with lowland stock farmers, have been having a splendid autumn in respect of the abundance of keep. Never have pastures been fresher or more luxuriant at this period of the year, and all classes of stock are finding ample supplies of keep. On the lowland farms this has enabled fodder to be economized very considerably, and on very many farms, especially in the dairy districts, the present saving of fodder was much needed in order that enough might remain over for spring. With the present freshness of the pastures, and with a large turnip crop to fall back on, there is now no reason to fear any scarcity of keep in the spring unless it be an unusually late one. It is probably due to these circumstances that the demand for cattle requiring to be kept till spring or summer is much brisker than it was in the early autumn.—Glasgow 'Herald.'

While the aggravating causes for acute lameness in the horse are multiple by necessity of work over the slippery roadbed to our cities, those of the country are few but highly important in that proper attention being given to harness and shoeing an appreciable saving of time, trouble and money will result. Give the adult horse with good shoulders a collar that fits him, and barring accident he will doubtless carry through a natural life time of usefulness an armor of defence against disability, or shoulder wasting or lameness. In addition to this see that no bungling smith deforms or burns his feet with hot shoes; neither suffer him to carry upon his limbs through the hours of darkness a coat of plaster from the soil he so faithfully helps to till, and the return shall come in exemption from the various forms of disease the wonderfully constructed and sensitive foot and limb of the horse are liable to contract through neglect of the simple laws of hygiene and humanity.

Warm, comfortable quarters are essential, for calves cannot thrive if the major portion of the food has to be used to keep up animal heat in chilly, draughty stables. It is the plan with some farmers to keep one of the fall calves until it is three of four months old, by which time it has been gotten in splendid condition for young beef. As the weather is then cold it can be killed, and will in most instances keep until it has all been consumed for food. As most farms nowadays have an icehouse, the meat could be kept there, always in prime condition, and be used as required. This method will enable the farmer to enjoy excellent meat on his table, and he will find it will taste considerably better than meat from the butcher, which will cost him three times as much per pound. The raising of calves where winter dairying is in vogue is such a new and radical departure from old-time spring calf methods that the farmer who does not devote a little extra watchful care to the calves will find one main branch of the profit in the business a big leak instead. The calves may be disposed of, says the Baltimore 'Sun', at a good round profit, and then the dairy products be just that much ahead. The cows that have full calves should give milk the winter through, and with good care will go on the spring pasture and then gain in milk. It pays to properly look after fall calves, as they add materially to the profit of winter dairying.

Despite the large marketing of cattle this fall, and consequent low prices on this side of the Atlantic, the Texas 'Live Stock Journal' believes there is a scarcity of cattle in that country, and that it is likely to increase. Some of the reasons for this belief as far as that state is concerned, may be quoted. The causes of the reported shortage are the hard droughts which the state has passed through in the past few years, the great fatality of the past several winters, and the never-before-heard-of shipments of female cattle, calves and yearlings to market during the period. All this goes to show that the producing power of these great western ranges has decreased to a great extent, to say nothing of the practice of spraying cows which has been extensively carried on. There is a slight increase in Ontario in store cattle this year over 1892, but it is very slight. In many parts of the Western States there is not one-fourth as many cattle now as there were three of four years ago; in other parts there may be as many as one-half the number, or possibly a little more, but nowhere is there to be found as many cattle as there were a few years ago. The 'Journal' goes on to say, between the losses this winter, the short calf crop which will be had next year, and the cattle marketed, the number will be still further reduced, and it is very likely that Jan. 1, 1895, will find Texas with not more than 4,000,000 cattle. It is likely that this scarcity of cattle will be seriously felt by spring. At present large numbers of cattle are being marketed on account of drought and scarcity of feed last summer, through several of the western ranches.

The severity of the drought in Western Queensland and the value of making a store of fodder for stock, is shown in the letter of a correspondent of the 'Queenslander,' dated July 31. He writes:—'The drought, which has been partially broken up, has been the most disastrous here on record, and it is doubtful whether we shall be able to muster more than one-half of our general herd, and some of our neighbors are worse off. I fear that when we have a square-tail muster many will find themselves about ruined, and the last ten years wasted. However, the returns at the end of the year will show how disastrous has been the drought. I am glad to say that with the help of the ensilage and hay provided in the good season of 1890, we have been able to save the best of the studs. We fed 100 of the picked studs of the herd on ensilage and hay, and found that they throve wonderfully well on the ensilage, much better than on the hay.' The ensilage stack was pressed by a Johnston patent ensilage press. Fourteen drums were used, which were fastened to logs passed underneath the pack, and about three feet apart. When the stack was cut into, about two feet of the outside was quite dry, like good green-looking hay. Inside that it was solid brown ensilage. About a foot of the ensilage at the bottom of the stack was mouldy, but every particle was eaten. This mouldiness can be avoided in future by covering the ground between the logs with old sheets of galvanized iron.—'Australasian.'

ROYAL STOCK BREEDERS.

The show at Islington this winter will be memorable for more than one thing. In the first place it proved to be the largest, and presumably, therefore, the best, which has ever been held under the auspices of the Smithfield Club, and in the second the success of the Royal exhibits has been even greater than it was at Birmingham the week before last. It is true that Her Majesty the Queen, who has three times won the champion prize for cattle with shorthorns, has not quite accomplished that feat on the present occasion, but she has only failed by what would in racing parlance be described as 'the shortest of heads,' and in other competitions her stock have carried nearly all before them, while the Prince of Wales, who has not for the last two or three years done so well with his cattle as he did at one time, has taken two prizes, and a high commendation with three out of his four exhibits, and done equally well with his sheep. Even the Duke of York, whose farming experiences date only from this year, has not been altogether unrewarded, for one of the two pens of pigs exhibited in his name obtained favorable notice from the judges. As for the Queen, the success of her stock has been something quite out of the common, for with six entries of Devons, she took six prizes, with two entries of Herefords, two prizes, and with four entries of shorthorns, three prizes in the classes. Nor is this all, for the shorthorn steer which won first prize in his class, also carried off the silver cup as the best of his breed, and then the £50 cup as the best of his sex, just failing, as described above, to gain the champion honors. The Prince of Wales, who won a first prize and a high commendation with two of his shorthorns, also took the first prize in one of the classes for Kerry and Dexter cattle, the increasing entries of which are very clear proof that people believe in this breed being useful as well as ornamental, and this charming little black heifer, ripe and plump as a plum, was also awarded a silver cup as the best of her kind. Then with five entries of Southdown sheep, two pens got first prize and another second, while one of the former captured the silver cup as the best of the breed, and was only just beaten in the final struggle for the champion plate given to the best of the short-woolled sheep.

EXPERIMENTAL PIG FEEDING.

In the winter of 1891-2 we fed six thrifty pigs on ear corn, middlings and oil meal with the view of ascertaining the cost of producing pork in winter. They were eighty-five days old at the beginning of the trial and their average weight was seventy-five pounds. They were weighed in order to note the cost of producing a pound gain with their advancement in age and maturity. The prices assumed for the feed were $12 per ton for ear corn, $14 for middlings and $30 for oil meal. During the first two weeks they gained 85 pounds, or an average of 1.01 pounds each per day. It cost at the rate of $2.78 per hundred pounds of increase. They ate 247 pounds of ear corn, 98 pounds of middlings and 13 pounds of oil meal. In the second period they gained 104 pounds or an average of 1.23 pounds each per day at a cost of $2.67 per hundred pounds gain. It required 264 pounds ear corn, 138 pounds middlings and 15 pounds of oil meal to feed them the two weeks. In the third period they gained 150 pounds or an average of 1.79 pounds per day at a cost of $2.36 per hundred pounds of gain. They ate 295 pounds of ear corn and 252 of middlings. The oil meal was discontinued. In the fourth period they gained 120 pounds or an average of 1.43 pounds per day at a cost of $3.22 per hundred pounds of increase. They ate in this period 328 pounds ear corn and 271 of middlings.

During the last twelve days they ate 540 pounds ear corn which produced 53 pounds of gain at a cost of $6.11 per hundred pounds of increase. Their average daily gain was .74 pounds. These pigs were sold at the end of the trial for $3.55 per cwt., the market price at that time. Taking a retrospective view of these figures, we find during the sixty-eight days they were on trial they gained 512 pounds or an average of 1.25 pounds per day. The average cost per hundred pounds of gain was $3.08. Reckoning the 53 pounds of gain in the last twelve days of the trial at the selling price we have $1.88 or a loss by keeping them during that period of $1.36. If we had sold them at the end of the fourth period the average cost of one hundred pounds of gain would have been $2.72 instead of $3.08, or a profit of 83 cents per hundred pounds.

FEEDING HORSES.

On the majority of farms, after winter sets in, there is not a very large amount of work for the teams, yet it is very important that they be left in a good, thrifty condition. It is better for the horses, as well as more economical in feed, to keep them thrifty, than to allow them to run down and then be obliged to feed up before work commences in the spring. But less grain will be needed if plenty of roughness is given. When not at work less nutriment is needed, as there is less waste, but digestion is always best when the stomach is full. If the stomach is partially empty when all the food given has been eaten, it does not satisfy the animal, and as a consequence it is more or less uneasy. When too much grain is fed during the winter the appetite is liable to become cloyed by spring, and just at the time when they need an increase of nutriment in the ration they cannot eat it to advantage. A lighter feed of grain with all of the roughness that they will eat up clean will secure better thrift at a less cost. But in feeding roughness no more should be given than is eaten up clean within a reasonable time. Keeping feed before horses all of the time is to keep them eating a little all of the time, and this gives the stomach no opportunity to rest, and in consequence this organ will fail to do its work properly. The condition of the animal should determine the amount of the ration. The feed must be sufficient to keep the horses thrifty and must vary according to the needs of the animals. There should always be a sufficient variety to keep up a good appetite; with plenty of water, good grooming and a comfortable shelter they can readily be kept thrifty.

NEW ZEALAND PORK PACKING.

A syndicate known as the Intramarine Supply Company has recently started pork-packing factories in the North Island of New Zealand, and Mr A. Vecht, the representative of that company, visited the South Island, with the object of inducing farmers there to go into pig breeding on a wider scale, so that the company might have an inducement to continue operations there.

Going more into detail as to how pigs for pork-packing should be bred and fed, Mr. Vecht said: 'The pig should be from 120 lbs. to 160 lbs.; should be kept in a well fenced paddock—the fence having, close to the ground, a couple of barb wires more than an ordinary sheep fence had—and they should be fed on clover, followed up with turnips or peas, beans, or such hard stuff, while if the farmers had potatoes for which there was no market the pigs would always be their customers.

A sow with five litters in two years would easily raise twenty young ones in a year. If these were kept for seven or

eight months and sold to him at the price he offered—which was something like 35s each—the sow would produce about £35, while a cow would produce about £7 a year. In Holland whey had not the same quality in it as skim milk, but pigs grew on it and liked it—in fact, they liked it too much. Before whey was given to the pigs they should have some boiled food, for if the muriatic acid in the whey was brought into contact with dry food it would cause the pig to die.

The company was willing to buy pigs from the farmers whenever they were ready, and to pay cash for them. He did not ask them to take shares, only grow pigs and the company would find the capital and erect factories. He wanted the farmers to arrange so that instead of preparing their pigs for three months in the year, as at present, they would have them all the year round. It would only be necessary for farmers who intended to raise pigs to buy a few good sows—he was not particular as to what sort the sow was, so long as it had size—and breed from the Berkshire or Yorkshire boar. The pigs should have plenty of running in paddocks and then should be fed on clover or lucerne, and they should then be finished up with a fortnight on hard food—by which he meant peas or beans or any sort of corn except maize. The fortnight's hard feeding was necessary for his process of preparation, for he wanted the pigs to have a certain thickness of hard fat under the skin. He wanted a pig that would develop flesh, and a coarse pig had a much better chance of doing that in a fern-root paddock than a fine pig had. He offered 3d per lb. dead weight for the pigs, but he took them alive.

DAIRYING DOTS.

In the month of October, 1893, England's butter imports were principally made up as follows:—Denmark, 79,421 cwts; France, 35,831; Sweden, 23,313; Canada, 16,424; Holland, 13,566.

The winter dairy is one of the outgrowths of the new agriculture. One point that recommends it strongly is that it furnishes a source of income at a time when the farm has little revenue, and so prevents the accumulation of bills, to be settled after the next harvest. Besides that—when rightly handled, it is more profitable than the summer dairy, because its products are sold at much higher prices.

The P. & O. Company's R.M.S. 'Massilia' sailed for London on Saturday, Nov. 18, freighted with the largest cargo of butter yet sent out of the colonies. About 85 tons were loaded at Sydney, while exactly 500 tons were shipped at this port by the Agricultural Department. Space for storing 25 tons has been set aside for Adelaide exporters, so that the weight of the total shipment will be 610 tons, valued at £75,640, of which £60,000 will be distributed among the Victorian factories.

Under the rules of the Oregon Dairy commission all butter or milk shall be considered adulterated that falls below the following standards:—Butter that contains more than fourteen percent water. Milk that contains more than eighty-seven percent water. Milk that contains less than three percent butter fat. Milk that contains less than twelve percent volume of cream, or less than 1,035 specific gravity after the cream has been removed.

In all occupations it is necessary that practical as well as theoretical knowledge should be acquired. A man may, by close study and by seing the work performed, learn the method of driving a locomotive, but without practical service in a subordinate position and training in its actual duties he can never become a competent engineer. So a man may learn from outside sources a great deal about dairying, but in order to make the dairy business a financial success it will be necessary for him to add a practical training to his theoretical knowledge. This fact, however, must not lead to the disparagement of instruction and observation. He is a wise man who learns all he can from the experience of others. It is a great deal cheaper for a dairyman to learn from a book or a paper that excessive feeding of cotton seed meal is dangerous than it is for him to find it out by spoiling his cows in making a practical test of the matter. And there are hundreds of other points upon which the experience of others will be just as valuable as that of his own and yet which will cost nothing as compared with the expense of an actual trial. Such sources of information should be used to their fullest extent. Books and papers should be attentively read, and the processes adopted by the leading men in the business should be carefully noted. But in addition to this there must be practical, individual work.

The Melbourne Chilled Butter and Produce Company has an excellent display of all the latest kinds of dairying utensils, but that which more especially rivets the attention of practical men is Evendon's lightning butter extractor at work. This churn, which is now attracting the special attention of butter factory managers, is simple in the extreme and gives the most astonishing results, and bids fair to put the old concussion churns completely in the shade. Its merits, as indicated by the pamphlets and proved in actual work, are numerous, but the most prominent are the quickness with which it converts the cream into butter, the ease with which it is fed and cleared, and the effectiveness of its work. It consists of a wooden cylinder, driven round by cog-wheels underneath it, and in the cylinder are two arms made stationary during the churning process, but removable when the churn has to be emptied. The cream is driven against blades attached to the arms, and the whole is so thoroughly worked that it seems an impossibility for any of the fat globules in the cream to escape being broken. So perfect is the action of the churn that the inventor claims it is impossible to overchurn, hence creams in various stages of ripeness can be treated in the one operation. Being open at the top it is constantly under inspection, and the gases from stale cream can readily escape. 'Butter in five minutes' is certainly no misleading advertisement as many visitors could testify who saw it in actual work on Tuesday last. We would advise our country friends to visit the Melbourne Chilled Butter Company's factory, where this class of churn is in daily use, and see for themselves what it really can do.—'Australasian.'

GOT HIS DESERTS.

It will be remembered that some two years ago the 'Prairie Farmer' exposed the fraud that at the time was said to have been an Australian discovery, and guaranteed to produce two pounds of butter where one pound was produced in the natural (honest) way. All that was necessary was to send for the preparation with a certain sum of money, for the discoverer did not want to get rich, but wanted to make everyone else rich. As we indicated, the 'butter-making compound'—all these so-called butter-making compounds are frauds that should land both seller and the alleged maker in the penitentiary—was finally traced, according to a contemporary, to the same old J. M. Bain, of Zanesville, Ohio, who was arrested for using the mails fraudulently in sending out a 'butter-making compound,' convicted in the United States Court in Columbus, sentenced but released on bail pending an appeal, and was at last sent to the penitentiary. After a hard fight Bain was convicted on two indictments and on one of them was sentenced to a fine of $250 and eighteen months at hard labor in the penitentiary, sentence on the other being withheld pending his appeal. The Supreme Court lately reached his appeal and dismissed it and Bain was called into court and sentenced. United States Attorney Hooper reminded the court of the other indictment against Bain, whereupon Judge Sage imposed an equal sentence for that offence, making the dose three years at hard work and a fine of $500.—'Prairie Farmer.'

WON A LORD MAYOR'S DAIRY CUP.

How Mr. Louis Chassery won the cup offered by the Lord Mayor of London is told by the maker in a British contemporary as follows:

The Agricultural Hall, at Islington, is not, perhaps, an ideal place in which to make butter; but the arrangements for the butter making competitions there have improved every year since they were first started, and now, I am glad to say, leave little to be desired. There is no doubt, as the number of entries (229) prove, that these contests have become by far the most popular of any. The acme of a butter-making competitor's ambition is to win the champion prize and Lord Mayor's cup at the Dairy Show—at any rate it was mine.

The appliances, placed in the order in which I used them were: A thermometer, straining cloth, 'New Era' disc churn, sieve, squirt, with scoop, butter-dryer (of which more anon), a pair of Scotch hands, and a butter table, on which to make the butter. Of course, all the utensils, etc., were thoroughly cleaned and prepared in the usual way by scalding and scouring with salt, then rinsing with cold water. Each competitor was given twelve pounds of thick, ripe cream at a temperature of 61 degrees. I reduced the temperature of my cream to 54 degrees by placing the bucket containing the cream in another bucket of iced water—each competitor was allowed seven pounds of ice. When the cream was reduced to 54 degrees I poured it into my churn through the straining cloth, and after rinsing the bucket with a little water at 54 degrees I added it to the cream in the churn; having placed the hood or cover over the disc, I commenced churning, turning the handle for the first half minute or so at about 45 revolutions per minute, increasing this afterward to about 60; this would give the disc 360 revolutions per minute. I reversed the action about every half minute. The cream thickened in about two minutes, and began to form into butter in a little over three minutes, when I added a little water by the squirt using only just sufficient, however, to wash out the corners and splashings of cream on the sides and hood. The grains of butter became large enough to wash in about five minutes from the commencement of churning, when I poured a bucketful of water at 45 degrees into the churn and turned a few times as fast as possible. I then drew off the water and buttermilk through a sieve and after repeating this washing floated the grains of butter to the top of the churn by filling up with iced water. I did not use any special brine, but mixed the salt in all the water used to wash the butter. I like this plan much better than the one of using fresh water for washing and a brine to finish, for the reason that salt water being colder than fresh, the grains are kept separate much more easily, and there is less danger of 'caking.'

The next utensil I used was the Dryer, which, since it is quite a new implement, I will endeavor to describe. It consists of a long hoop of perforated metal lined with butter muslin; the top and bottom—or rather, the sides—are made of wood and are detachable. Through the centre runs a spindle of wood, with a square hole through its centre to admit the iron spindle of the churn. The grains of butter are scooped from the churn into the dryer, and after the water is let out of the churn and the disc removed, (this may be done in a minute)) the dryer is placed in the churn, and, after a cloth is thrown over the top, turned as rapidly as possible. At first the water is thrown off in large quantities ,gradually lessening until, after turning for two or three minutes, none comes away and the butter may be removed.

After taking the dryer from the churn I turned the butter out upon the table in a ring of perfectly dry butter; this when touched by the Scotch hands fell abroad, showing every grain still perfect. Without any further working I made it up into one pound bricks. These, when cut by the judge, still showed each grain perfect and I was awarded the champion prize.

FOWL NOTES.

(By Fred. Grundy.)

Are your hens laying 25-cent eggs now? If not, why not? What's the matter with 'em? Are you feeding for eggs or for fat? If your hens have no material in their food out of which they can construct eggs how are they to lay? They must have egg food in order to manufacture eggs. By egg food I don't mean condition powders, nor the ground and medicated stuff put up in little bags and sold at the store at a profit of ninety-five percent. I mean such food as enters into the composition of the egg. They certainly can't make eggs out of corn alone. They must have such a variety as will in a measure force them to lay. Wheat is far better than corn, but a variety of seeds and grains is better yet. Wheat, oats, buckwheat, meat, bone and any kind of vegetables as well as almost any kind of seeds is the sort of food for winter. You may say it is expensive fodder, and so it is, but it brings eggs, and eggs are away up yonder, now. Then there is grit and lime. Of course they get some lime out of the grain, but give them a lot of old plaster to pick at and notice how much of it they devour. If they don't need it why do they stay by it and keep everlastingly picking at it? Many a time have I been able to pick out my layers by simply keeping my eye on a pile of old plaster. And the grit to grind their food with? Where are your hens getting it from? If the land is covered with snow how are they to find gravel? You must provide it or they will have to go without, and they certainly will not long remain healthy without plenty of grit in their gizzards. There are some things you can give your hens too much of, but shrap grit and pure water are not among them. Please bear this in mind.

And then there is exercise. Don't forget that. When they are snowed in they must have something to do to keep them out of mischief, and there is nothing they like better than scratching, especially if there is anything eatable to be found thereby. I have seen a few hens rake down a good pile of straw and turn it over two or three times in one week just because it contained a few grains of wheat. Then by scattering a little millet seed among it I have induced them to turn it over a dozen times a week. Give them a pile under the shed, out of the snow and wind, and scatter wheat, oats or millet seed among it and see them go for it. There is very little work about this. You can throw a lot of straw under a shed in five minutes, and it will not need to be changed oftener than once in two weeks, and the grain or seeds can be scattered over it in two minutes about once in three days just often enough to make prime scratching. Anybody that would kick about a little job like that ought to be kicked off the landscape. Still there are men who seem to prefer sucking a cob pipe beside a stove to 'fiddling about with hens.' Such beings should be excluded from the table when chicken pie, custards or anything into which fowl or eggs enter is being served. Mush and skim milk is good enough for men who are too meanly lazy to care for poultry, and china dishes filled with emptiness should be sufficient for those who are too large and proud to 'monkey around with hens.'

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

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

LEGAL.

(ONTARIO.)

STRUCK GOLD.

A Subscriber, Ont.—Q.—I have found an ore on my farm containing 1¼ oz. gold, 7½ oz. of silver to the ton (2,000 lbs.) of ore, which would make a total of $31 per ton. I have also found the mineral in the soil very rich. About a year ago I found the mineral on a sheep's teeth. I killed one, and its teeth were all covered with it. 1. What does the Government charge for the claim to work it? 2. What would be the cost of a practical person to inspect it? 3. Where would I get one? Ans.—1 and 2. We are not in a position to say. 3. The assayer nearest your place of residence would probably be found at London, Ont. There is one, if not more, in that city. It would be well for you to consult one.

A PROPOSED CLAIM.

A Subscriber, Ont.—Q.—What is the law in Ontario with regard to the following:—A man and wife enjoying property in common. The wife dies. 1. Can her heirs claim any part of the property, she having left no will? If so, how much? 2. Is it necessary to file the claim immediately after her death, and would it be legal to do so eight or ten years afterwards, claiming interest for that length of time, or what her share was worth at time of death? Ans.—You do not tell the nature of the property in question. Nor is the description you give of the extent of the wife's interest or estate (if any) in the same sufficiently definite to enable us to answer your questions. Consult a solicitor personally.

BREACH OF POSTAL REGULATIONS.

A Friend, Ont.—Q.—1. I folded a newspaper and put a postal card inside, written on, and 35c in silver, and was sending them across the lines. Was it breaking the law to send the money that way? 2. Was it wrong to send the postal card that way? 3. Can the postmaster open such things after putting on the stamp? Ans.—1, 2 and 3. Yes.

LITIGATION AHEAD.

A.B., Ont.—Q.—A dies and leaves a farm to his children, all of age (died April, 1886). One of the heirs refuses to sign a deed of sale. 1. Is there any way to get a good title to the farm without his signature? 2. What would be the probable cost? Ans.—1. Proceedings may be taken under R.S.O., 1887, chap. 104, to bring about the result desired, and a solicitor should be instructed to institute such proceedings. 2. We cannot undertake to say what the costs might amount to, but the solicitor retained might be able, after hearing the facts stated, and becoming conversant with the circumstances of the case, to give a rough estimate.

AGRICULTURAL.

Conducted by W. F. Clarke, "Lindenbank," Guelph.)

THE CREAMERY BUSINESS.

Mrs. J. B. Seaburn, Manitoba.—Q.—I would like to have some questions answered that have been troubling me those last few weeks, and after looking the 'Witness' over I thought you were the most likely one to give me an answer. Do you know whether the most butter is contained in July, August, or September cream? I have always found that the September cream was the best, but this last season A creamery started in our neighborhood, and I, with others, sent our cream. We were to be paid 14 cents per inch, and one inch of average cream was to make one pound of butter. The first I sent was on July 6. They were to pay monthly, they said. I did not receive any pay till Aug. 24, when I was paid for what I had sent from the 6th to the 15th of July, for 21 inches of cream. I was paid for twenty-five pounds of butter. I asked then why there was so much. They said my cream was that much over the average. I got no settlement with them till Sept. 15, when I found that on 89 7-10 in. cream I was short 2¼ lbs. of butter. On my next payment, which was from Aug. 6 to Sept. 6, I was five pounds short. Now, I want to know if there is no way by which we farmers can protect ourselves, or find out if we are justly dealt with. How would it pay for each farmer to get a Babcock tester, and test their own cream before being sent. What would one cost, and can anyone operate it? Also, when a company promises to pay monthly, is that stood as 30 or 31? Dear sir, please answer my questions in the 'Witness' as soon as you can, as many in the district are so discouraged with last summer's arrangement, that they think of parting with a number of their cattle. With the quantity of cream that the men called seven inches I am churning just now eight pounds of butter. Our milk cows are fed straw and boiled wheat, as number one hard is only 40c per bushel, and butter 20 cents per pound. Ans.—Cream is not all alike in respect to gravity or value. The cream of different cows varies in both respects, and even the cream from the same cow varies considerably as the effect of feed. Prof. Arnold tells of a cow in April, while in the barn, and fed on hay and wheat bran which gave milk in which the cream differed so little from the rest of the milk, that no distinct line between milk and cream was observable after standing 24 hours in a graduated glass ten inches deep. The milk of this cow was watched and a decrease of cream distinctly noted with change of feed. In June, when fully established on a diet of grass, the cream had dwindled to 12 percent, and its line of separation from the milk became distinct. The experiment made with this cow showed the marked effect on both the gravity and richness of the cream consequent on change of food, and proved that the mere volume of cream is not an absolute guide in estimating quality. I cannot say which is the best month of the season in Manitoba. Here in Ontario, June butter is considered to carry the palm, but whether it is in regard to color, aroma, or inherent richness, or all combined, I am unable to say. I doubt if it will pay the individual farmer, who sends a small quantity of cream to the butter factory to keep a Babcock tester. In the cheese and butter business, like every other, there must be confidence. 'We are members one of another,' and mutual confidence is necessitated by mutual dependence. I should think the 'patrons,' as they are called, who supply cream to the butter-makers, would do well to meet and impose conditions as to prompt payment, and other matters, before they sell off their cows through dissatisfaction. It might be well to seek information as to what are the rules and regulations in vogue usually as between factory-men and their patrons. Information on these points can be obtained by addressing J. W. Wheaton, secretary of the Western Ontario Dairymen's Association, London, Ont. In regard to the cost and working of the Babcock tester, information may be had from G. S. Pearce & Co., London, who are large dealers in dairy supplies of all kinds.

ORCHARD PLANTING.

M.W.C., Glasgow, Scotland.—Would you kindly give me through your columns the name of a good American work on 'Orchard Planting and Culture.' It is for my brother who is resident in North Island, New Zealand, and the climate, he says, is similar to that of California. Please say where and how I could obtain the book, and what would be the probable cost. Ans.—It is an American book on orchard culture that is asked for. The best of its class is 'Fruit and Fruit-trees of America,' by Charles Downing. It is, however, a large and costly work. 'American Pomology,' by Dr. Warder, would probably come nearer the mark. It is published by the Orange Judd Company, New York, but I cannot state the price. A smaller work, 'Field Notes on Apple Culture,' costs only 75 cents. I should think an order might be sent through any Glasgow bookseller.

CANADIAN BEE JOURNALS.

T.G., Varney, Ont.—Please let me know through the 'Weekly Witness' the address of some of the leading bee journals published in Canada. Ans.—Gould, Shapley & Muir, of Brantford, Ont., publish the 'Canadian Bee Journal,' which is issued monthly at one dollar a year. C. A. Ouellettte, of Tilbury Centre, Ont., publishes the 'Practical Beekeeper,' which is a quarterly. Subscription price, 40 cents a year.

STARTING A DAIRY HERD.

Not long since a correspondent of the 'Witness' enquired how to create a dairy herd, commencing with common cows, and working up to a high standard of excellence. The 'Country Gentleman,' of Dec. 14, contained the following queries and replies referring to this subject. 'I have a number of cows which appear to have none of the points requisite for a good dairy animal; also six heifers out of these cows by a short-horn bull, which I think has been bred more especially for beef. I wish to engage in dairying, and should like to know the cheapest way for me to get a good butter herd. Would it be best to dispose of all the above cattle and buy some good butter stock?—or is it possible, and would it be economical, to try, by the use of a good Jersey bull, to grade these cattle up to a point where they would become profitable? (We could answer the question better, if we knew exactly how much butter per week these cows yield. Try them individually with a Babcock tester. Some it may pay to keep; some may actually be losing money for their owner. We imagine the six heifers had better be disposed of, in any case, as their breeding seems to be extremely unpromising. In buying cows to add to the herd, be guided more by individual excellence and the Babcock test than by purity of blood. For the purpose in mind—high grades may be as useful as thoroughbreds. Of course, the bull must be pure-bred, and of distinctly butter lineage, as well as fine and 'buttery' in his own characteristics.)'

SIMPLE MEANS.

A good workman likes good tools, but in an exigency he can get along with very simple and homely contrivances. The St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat' cites a striking example:

A well was to be cleaned, but the man who had undertaken the job was afraid to go down until he had tested the quality of the air at the bottom. He let down a lighted candle, and when it was about six feet from the bottom it went out as suddenly as if a whiff of wind had struck it.

That told the man all he needed to know. The well was full of poisonous gas. He took a small umbrella,, tied a string to the handle, and lowered it, open, into the well. Then he drew it up, carried it a few feet from the well, and upset it. This operation he repeated twenty or thirty times, with the bystanders, who are never absent on such occasions, all laughing at him.

After this he let down another candle. It burned clearly even at the bottom. Before going down to his work he explained to those who had been making fun of him that the gas in the well was carbonic acid gas, which is heavier than air, and therefore could be drawn up in an umbrella, as if it had been so much water.

A FRIEND OF CANADA.

President Cleveland is popular in Canada. During his first administration he made a discreditable treaty with Mr. Chamberlain, in which he abandoned the historical fishing rights of the nation in the North Atlantic, and gave to the Canadian fishermen everything they wanted. Then he armed the Canadian Pacific by a Treasury decision witht the bonding privilege, and enabled that subsidized corporation to make war upon American commerce and railways. So marked and useful was his championship of Canadian interests that the British Minister, at the close of his first term, entered the field as his electioneering agent. Now that there is a second Cleveland administration the Canadian policy is resumed with unabated ardor. Fresh fish is put on the free list without the saving clause, 'for immediate consumption,' so that the Canadian fishermen virtually will get the market which was closed against them by the rejection of the fisheries treaty. Then lumber, salt, ores and agricultural and dairy products are added to the free list gratuitously. Immense commercial privileges are given away without a treaty based upon equivalents. Statues in honor of President Cleveland might well be raised in the public squares of Toronto, Montreal, Quebec and Halifax.—N. Y. Tribune.

ABOLITION OF GRADE CROSSINGS IN CHICAGO.

By an ordinance of the city council of Chicago, steam railway companies within its boundaries are required to elevate their tracks to a suitable height above street grade, the time limit for doing this being Jan. 1, 1895, in the heart of the city, and from two to four years more in other parts of the city. The ordinance also provides for the removal of tracks from several miles of streets which the companies have occupied without legal authority. The work of removal and of elevation was to begin not later than July 1 of the present year. When it is remembered that there are at least 1,500 places where railways cross at grade in that flat city, and that the principal terminal stations are near the lake, some conception will be formed of the magnitude and tremendous cost of the changes required. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the roads show reluctance in obeying the order. That the city proposes to enforce it, however, is made evident by suits of ejectment already brought by the corporation counsel against the Western Indiana Railway Company and the lessees of its tracks, including many well-known lines. The fact that over one hundred deaths occurred at these grade crossings during the first seven months of the present year, emphasizes the necessity and urgency of elevating these tracks at whatever cost.—Chicago Paper.

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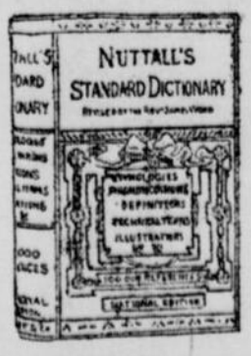

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THE COPPERHEAD.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

CHAPTER V.

'JEE'S' TIDINGS.

Time was when I had known the Hagadorn house, from the outside at least, as well as any other in the whole township. But I had avoided that road so long now, that when I came up to the place it seemed quite strange to my eyes.

For one thing, the flower garden was much bigger than it had formerly been. To state it differently, Miss Esther's marigolds and columbines, hollyhocks and peonies, had been allowed to usurp a lot of space where sweet-corn, potatoes and other table-truck used to be raised. This not only greatly altered the aspect of the place, but it lowered my idea of the practical good-sense of its owners.

What was more striking still, was the general air of decrepitude and decay about the house itself. An eaves-trough had fallen down; half the cellar door was off its hinges, standing up against the wall; the chimney was ragged and broken at the top; the clap-boards had never been painted, and now were almost black with weather-stain and dry rot. It positively appeared to me as if the house was tipping sideways, over against the little cooper-shop adjoining it—but perhaps that was a trick of the waning evening light. I said to myself that if we were not prospering on the Beech farm, at least our foe 'Jee' Hagadorn did not seem to be doing much better himself.

In truth, Hagadorn had always been among the poorest members of our community, though this by no means involves what people in cities think of as poverty. He had a little place of nearly two acres, and then he had his coopering business; with the two he ought to have got on comfortably enough. But a certain contrariness in his nature seemed to be continually interfering with this.

This strain of conscientious perversity ran through all we knew of his life before he came to us, just as it dominated the remainder of his career. He had been a well-to-do man some ten years before, in a city in the western part of the state, with a big cooper-shop and a lot of men under him, making the barrels for a large brewery. (It was in these days, I fancy, that Esther took on that urban polish which the younger Benaiah missed.) Then he got the notion in his head that it was wrong to make barrels for beer, and threw the whole thing up. He moved into our neighborhood with only money enough to buy the old Andrews place, and build a little shop.

It was a good opening for a cooper, and Hagadorn might have flourished if he had been able to mind his own business. The very first thing he did was to offend a number of our biggest buttermakers by taxing them with sinfulness in also raising hops, which went to make beer. For a long time they would buy no firkins of him. Then, too, he made an unpleasant impression at church. As has been said, our meeting-house was a union affair; that is to say, no one denomination being numerous enough to have an edifice of its own, all the farmers round about—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and so on—joined in paying the expenses. The travelling preachers who came to us represented these great sects, with lots of minute shadings off into Hard-shell, Soft-shell, Freewill, and other subdivided mysteries which I never understood. Hagadorn had a denomination all to himself, as might have been expected from the man. What the name of it was I seem never to have heard; perhaps it had no name at all. People used to say, though, that he behaved like a Shouting Methodist.

This was another way of saying that he made a nuisance of himself in church. At prayer meetings, in the slack seasons of the year, he would pray so long, and with such tremendous shouting and fury of gestures, that he had regularly to be asked to stop, so that those who had taken the trouble to learn and practise new hymns might have a chance to be heard. And then he would out-sing all the others, not knowing the tune in the least, and cause added confusion by yelling out shrill 'Amens!' between the bars. At one time quite a number of the leading people ceased attending church at all, on account of his conduct.

He added heavily to his theological unpopularity, too, by his action in another matter. There was a wealthy and important farmer living over on the west side of Agrippa Hill who was a Universalist. The expenses of our union meeting-house were felt to be a good deal of our burden, and our elders, conferring together, decided that it would be a good thing to waive ordinary prejudices, and let the Universalists come in, and have their share of the preaching. It would be more neighborly, they felt, and they would get a subscription from the Agrippa Hill farmer. He assented to the project, and came over four or five Sundays with his family and hired help, listened unflinchingly to orthodox sermons and put money on the plate every time. Then a Universalist preacher occupied the pulpit one Sunday, and preached a highly inoffensive and noncommittal sermon, and 'Jee' Hagadorn stood up in his pew and violently denounced him as an infidel, before he had descended the pulpit steps. This created a painful scandal. The Universalist farmer, of course, never darkened that church door again. Some of our young men went so far as to discuss the ducking of the obnoxious cooper in the duck-pond. But he himself was neither frightened nor ashamed.

At the beginning, too, I suppose that his taking up Abolitionism made him enemies. Dearborn County gave Franklin Pierce a big majority in '52, and the bulk of our farmers, I know, were in that majority. But I have already dwelt upon the way in which all this changed in the years just before the war. Naturally enough, Hagadorn's position also changed. The tiresome fanatic of the 'fifties' was the inspired prophet of the 'sixties.' People still shrank from giving him undue credit for their conversion, but they felt themselves swept along under his influence none the less.

But just as his unpopularity kept him poor in the old days, it seemed that now the reversed condition was making him still poorer. The truth was, he was too excited to pay any attention to his business. He went off to Octavius three or four days a week to hear the news, and when he remained at home, he spent much more time standing out in the road discussing politics and the conduct of the war with passers-by, than he did over his staves and hoops. No wonder his place was run down.

The house was dark and silent, but there was some sort of a light in the cooper-shop beyond. My hope had been to see Esther rather than her wild old father, but there was nothing for it but to go over to the shop. I pushed the loosely fitting door back on its leathern hinges, and stepped over the threshold. The resinous scent of newly cut wood, and the rustle of shavings under my feet, had the effect, somehow, of filling me with timidity. It required an effort to not turn and go out again.

The darkened and crowded interior of the tiny work-place smelt as well, I noted now, of smoke. On the floor before me was crouched a shapeless figure—bending in front of the little furnace, made of a section of stove-pipe, which the cooper used to dry the insides of newly fashioned barrels. A fire in this, half-blaze, half-smudge—gave forth the light I had seen from without, and the smoke which was making my nostrils tingle. Then I had to sneeze, and the kneeling figure sprang on the instant from the floor.

It was Esther who stood before me, coughing a little from the smoke, and peering inquiringly at me. 'Oh—is that you, Jimmy ?' she asked, after a moment of puzzled inspection in the dark.

She went on, before I had time to speak, in a nervous, half-laughing way: 'I've been trying to roast an ear of corn here, but it's the worst kind of a failure. I've watched 'Ni' do it a hundred times, but with me it always comes out half-scorched and half-smoked. I guess the corn is too old now, anyway. At all events, it's tougher than Pharoah's heart.'

She held out to me, in proof of her words, a blackened and unseemly roasting-ear. I took it, and turned it slowly over, looking at it with the grave scrutiny of an expert. Several torn and opened sections showed where she had been testing it with her teeth. In obedience to her 'See if you don't think it's too old,' I took a diffident bite, at a respectful distance from the marks of her experiments. It was the worst I had ever tasted.

'I came over to see if you'd heard anything—any news,' I said, desiring to get away from the corn subject.

'You mean about Tom ?' she asked, moving so that she might see me more plainly.

I had stupidly forgotten about that transformation of name. 'Our Jeff, I mean,' I made answer.

'His name is Thomas Jefferson. We call him Tom,' she explained; 'that other name is too horrid. Did—did his people tell you to come and ask me ?'

I shook my head. 'Oh no!' I replied, with emphasis, implying by my tone, I dare say, that they would have had themselves cut up into sausage-meat first.

The girl walked past me to the door, and out to the road-side, looking down toward the bridge with a lingering, anxious gaze. Then she came back, slowly.

'No, we have no news !' she said, with an effort at calmness. 'He wasn't an officer, that's why. All we know is that the brigade his regiment is in lost 141 killed, 560 wounded and 38 missing. That's all!' She stood in the doorway, her hands clasped tight, pressed against her bosom. 'That's all!' she repeated, with a choking voice.

Suddenly she started forward, almost ran across the few yards of floor, and, throwing herself down in the darkest corner, where only dimly one could see an old buffalo robe spread over a heap of staves, began sobbing as if her heart must break.

Her dress had brushed over the stove-pipe, and scattered some of the embers beyond the sheet of tin it stood on. I stamped these out, and carried the other remnants of the fire out doors. Then I returned, and stood about in the smoky little shop, quite helplessly listening to the moans and convulsive sobs which rose from the obscure corner. A bit of a candle in a bottle stood on the shelf by the window. I lighted this, but it hardly seemed to improve the situation. I could see her now, as well as hear her—huddled face downward upon the skin, her whole form shaking with the violence of her grief. I had never been so unhappy before in my life.

At last—it may not have been very long, but it seemed hours—there rose the sound of voices outside on the road. A waggon had stopped, and some words were being exchanged. One of the voices grew louder—came nearer; the other died off, ceased altogether, and the waggon could be heard driving away. On the instant the door was pushed open, and 'Jee' Hagadorn stood on the threshold, surveying the interior of his cooper-shop with gleaming eyes.

He looked at me; he looked at his daughter lying in the corner; he looked at the charred mess on the floor—yet seemed to see nothing of what he looked at. His face glowed with a strange excitement—which in another man I should have set down to drink.

'Glory be to God! Praise to the Most High! Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord!' he called out, stretching forth his hands in a rapturous sort of gesture I remembered from class-meeting days.

Esther had leaped to her feet with squirrel-like swiftness at the sound of his voice, and now stood before him, her hands nervously clutching at each other, her reddened, tear-stained face afire with eagerness.

'Has word come?—is he safe ?—have you heard ?' so her excited questions tumbled over one another, as she grasped 'Jee's' sleeve and shook it in feverish impatience.

'The day has come! The year of Jubilee is here!' he cried, brushing her hand aside, and staring with a fixed, ecstatic, open-mouthed smile straight ahead of him. 'The words of the Prophet are fulfilled!'

'But Tom!—Tom!' pleaded the girl, piteously. 'The list has come ? You know he is safe ?'

'Tom! Tom!' old 'Jee' repeated after her, but with emphasis contemptuous, not solicitous, 'Perish a hundred Toms—yea—ten thousand! for one such day as this! "For the Scarlet Woman of Babylon is overthrown, and bound with chains and cast into the lake of fire. Therefore, in one day shall her plagues come, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God which judged her!" '

He declaimed these words in a shrill high-pitched voice, his face upturned, and his eyes half-closed. Esther plucked despairingly at his sleeve once more.

'But have you seen ?—is his name ?—you must have seen!' she moaned, incoherently.

'Jee' descended for the moment from his plane of exaltation. 'I didn't see!' he said, almost peevishly. 'Lincoln has signed a proclamation freeing all the slaves! What do you suppose I care for your Toms and Dicks and Harrys, on such a day as this ? "Woe! woe! the great city of Babylon, the strong city! For in one hour is thy judgment comes." '

The girl tottered back to her corner, and threw herself limply down upon the buffalo robe again, hiding her face in her hands.

I pushed my way past the cooper, and trudged cross-lots home in the dark, tired, disturbed and very hungry, but thinking most of all that if I had been worth my salt, I would have hit 'Jee' Hagadorn with the adze that stood up against the door-sill.

CHAPTER VI.

NI'S TALK WITH ABNER.

It must have been a fortnight before we learned that Jeff Beech and Byron Truax had been reported missing. I say 'we,' but I do not know when Abner Beech came to hear about it. One of the hired girls had seen the farmer get up from his chair with the newly arrived weekly 'World' in his hand, walk over to where his wife sat, and direct her attention to a line of the print with his finger. Then, still in silence, he had gone over to the bookcase, opened the drawer where he kept his account books, and locked the journal up therein.

We took it for granted that thus the elderly couple had learned the news about their son. They said so little nowadays, either to each other or to us, that we were driven to speculate upon their dumb-show, and find meanings for ourselves in their glances and actions. No one of us could imagine himself or herself venturing to mention Jeff's name in their hearing.

Down at the Corners, though, and all about our district, people talked of very little else. Antietam had given a bloody welcome to our little group of warriors. Ray Watkins and Lon Truax had been killed outright, and Ed Phillips was in the hospital with the chances thought to be against him. Warner Pitts, our other hired man, had been wounded in the arm, but not seriously, and thereafter behaved with such conspicuous valor that it was said he was to be promoted from being a sergeant to a lieutenancy. All these things, however, paled in interest after the first few days before the fascinating mystery of what had become of Jeff and Byron. The loungers about the grocery-store evenings took sides as to the definition of 'missings.' Some said it meant being taken prisoners; but it was known that at Antietam the rebels made next to no captives. Others held that 'missing' soldiers were those who had been shot, and who crawled off somewhere in the woods out of sight to die. A lumberman from Juno Mills, who was up on a horse-trade, went so far as to broach still a third theory, viz., that 'missing' soldiers were those who had run away under fire and were ashamed to show their faces again. But this malicious suggestion could not, of course, be seriously considered.

Meanwhile, what little remained of the fall farm-work went on as if nothing had happened. The root-crops were dug, the fodder got in, and the late apples gathered. Abner had a cider-mill of his own, but we sold a much larger share of our winter apples than usual. Less manure was drawn out into the fields than in other autumns, and it looked as if there was to be little or no fall ploughing. Abner went about his tasks in a heavy, spiritless way these days, doggedly enough, but with none of his old-time vim. He no longer had pleasure in abusing Lincoln and the war with Hurley. Not Antietam itself could have broken his nerve, but at least it silenced his tongue.

Warner Pitts came home on a furlough with a fine new uniform, shoulder-straps and sword, and his arm in a sling. I say 'home,' but the only roof he had ever slept under in these parts, was ours, and now he stayed as a guest at Squire Avery's house, and never came near our farm. He was a tall, brown-faced, sinewy fellow, with curly hair and a pushing manner. Although he had been only a hired man he now cut a great dash down at the Corners, with his shoulder-straps and his officer's cape. It was said that he had declined several invitations to husking-bees, and that when he left the service, at the end of his time, he had a place ready for him in some city as a clerk in a dry goods store, that is, of course, if he did not get to be colonel or general. From time to time he was seen walking out through the dry, rustling leaves with Squire Avery's oldest daughter.

This important military genius did not seem able, however, to throw much light upon the whereabouts of the two 'missing' boys. From what I myself heard him say about the battle, and from what others reported of his talk, it seems that in the very early morning Hooker's line—a part of which consisted of Dearborn County men—moved forward through a big cornfield, the stalks of which were much higher than the soldiers' heads. When they came out, the rebels opened such a hideous fire of cannon and musketry upon them from the woods close by, that those who did not fall were glad to run back again into the corn for shelter. Thus all became confusion, and the men were so mixed up that there was no getting them together again. Some went one way, some another, through the tall corn-rows, and Warner Pitts could not remember having seen either Jeff or Byron at all after the march began. Parts of the regiment formed again out on the road toward Dunker church, but other parts found themselves half a mile away among the fragments of a Michigan regiment, and a good many more were left lying in the fatal cornfield. Our boys had not been traced among the dead, but that did not prove that they were alive. And so we were no wiser than before.

Warner Pitts only nodded in a distant way to me when he saw me first, with a cool 'Hello, youngster!' I expected that he would ask after the folks at the farm which had been so long his home, but he turned to talk with someone else, and said never a word. Once, some days afterward, he called out as I passed him, 'How's the old Copperhead ?' and the Avery girl who was with him laughed aloud, but I went on without answering. He was already down in my black-books, in company with pretty nearly every other human being roundabout.

This list of enemies was indeed so full that there were times when I felt like crying over my isolation. It may be guessed, then, how rejoiced I was one afternoon to see Ni Hagadorn squeeze his way through our orchard-bars, and saunter across under the trees to where I was at work sorting a heap of apples into barrels. I could have run to meet him, so grateful was the sight of any friendly, boyish face. The thought that perhaps after all he had not come to see me in particular, and that possibly he brought some news about Jeff, only flashed across my mind after I had smiled a broad welcome upon him, and he stood leaning against a barrel munching the biggest russet he had been able to pick out.

'Abner to home?' he asked, after a pause of neighborly silence. He hadn't come to see me after all.

'He's around the barns somewhere,' I replied; adding, upon reflection, 'Have you heard something fresh ?'

Ni shook his sorrel head, and buried his teeth deep into the apple. 'No, nothin',' he said, at last, with his mouth full, 'only thought I'd come up an' talk it over with Abner.'

The calm audacity of the proposition took my breath away. 'He'll boot you off'm the place if you try it,' I warned him.

But Ni did not scare easily. 'Oh, no,' he said, with light confidence, 'me an' Abner's all right.'

As if to put this assurance to the test, the figure of the farmer was at this moment visible, coming toward us down the orchard road. He was in his shirt-sleeves, with the limp discolored, old broad-brimmed felt hat he always wore pulled down over his eyes. Though he no longer held his head so proudly erect as I could remember it, there were still suggestions of great force and mastership in his broad shoulders and big beard, and in the solid, long-gaited manner of his walk. He carried a pitchfork in his hand.

'Hello, Abner ?' said Ni, as the farmer came up and halted, surveying each of us in turn with an impassive scrutiny.

'How 'r' ye!' returned Abner, with cold civility. I fancied he must be surprised to see the son of his enemy here, calmly gnawing his way through one of our apples, and acting as if the place belonged to him. But he gave no signs of astonishment, and after some words of direction to me concerning my work, started to move on again toward the barns.

Ni was not disposed to be thus cheated out of his conversation: 'Seen Warner Pitts since he's got back ?' he called out, and at this the farmer stopped and turned round. 'You'd hardly know him now,' the butcher's assistant went on, with cheerful briskness. 'Why you'd think he'd never hoofed it over ploughed land in all his life. He's got his boots blacked up every day, an' his hair greased, an' a whole new suit of broadcloth, with shoulder-straps an' brass buttons an' a sword—he brings it down to the Corners every evening, so's the boys at the store can heft it—an' he's—'

'What do I care about all this?' broke in Abner. His voice was heavy, with a growling ground-note, and his eyes threw out an angry light under the shading hat-brim. 'He can go to the devil, an' take his sword with him for all o' me !'

Hostile as was his tone, the farmer did not again turn on his heel. Instead, he seemed to suspect that Ni had something more important to say, and looked him steadfastly in the face.

'That's what I say, too,' replied Ni, lightly. 'What's beat me is how such a fellow as that got to be an officer right from the word "go!"—an' him the poorest shot in the whole lot. Now, if it had a' ben Spencer Phillips I could understand it—or Bi Truax, or—or your Jeff—'

The farmer raised his fork menacingly, with a wrathful gesture. 'Shet up!' he shouted; 'shet up, I say! or I'll make ye!'

To my great amazement Ni was not at all affected by this demonstration. He leaned smilingly against the barrel, and picked out another apple—a spitzenberg this time.

'Now look a-here, Abner,' he said, argumentatively, 'what's the good o' gittin' mad ? When I've had my say out, why, if you don't like it you needn't, an' nobody's a cent the wuss off. Of course, if you come down to hard-pan, it ain't none o' my business—'

'No,' interjected Abner, in grim assent, 'it ain't none o' your business!'

'But there is such a thing as being neighborly,' Ni went on, undismayed, 'an' meanin' things kindly, an' takin' 'em as they're meant.'

'Yes, I know them kindly neighbors o' mine!' broke in the farmer with acrid irony, 'I've summered 'em an' I've wintered 'em, an' the Lord deliver me from the whole caboodle of 'em ! A meaner lot o' cusses never cumbered this footstool!'

'It takes all sorts o' people to make up a world,' commented this freckled and sandy-headed young philosopher, testing the crimson skin of his apple with a tentative thumb-nail. 'Now you ain't got anything in particular agin me, have you ?'

'Nothin' except your breed,' the farmer admitted. The frown with which he had been regarding Ni had softened just the least bit in the world.

'That don't count,' said Ni, with easy confidence. 'Why, what does breed amount to, anyway ? You ought to be the last man alive to lug that in—you, who've up an' soured on your own breed—your own son Jeff !'

I looked to see Abner lift his fork again, and perhaps go even further in his rage. Strangely enough, there crept into his sunburnt, massive face, at the corners of his eyes and mouth, something like the beginnings of a puzzled smile. 'You're a cheekly little cuss, anyway!' was his final comment. Then his expression hardened again. 'Who put you up to comin' here, an' talkin' like this to me ?' he demanded, sternly.

'Nobody—hope to die!' protested Ni. 'It's all my own spec. It riled me to see you mopin' round up here all alone by yourself, not knowin' what'd become of Jeff, an' makin' b'lieve to yourself you didn't care, an' so givin' yourself away to the whole neighborhood.'

'Damn the neighborhood!' said Abner, fervently.

'Well, they talk about the same of you,' Ni proceeded with an air of impartial candor. 'But all that don't do you no good, an' don't do Jeff no good!'

'He made his own bed, and he must lay on it,' said the farmer, with dogged firmness.

'I ain't sayin' he mustn't,' remonstrated the other. 'What I'm gittin' at is that you'd feel easier in your mind if you knew where that bed was—an' so'd M'rye!'

Abner lifted his head. 'His mother feels jest as I do,' he said. 'He sneaked off behind our backs to jine Lincoln's nigger-worshippers, an' levy war on fellow-countrymen o'his'n who'd done him no harm, an' whatever happens to him it serves him right. I ain't much of a hand to lug in Scripter to back up my argyments—like some folks you know of—but my feelin' is: "Whoso taketh up the sword shall perish by the sword!" An' so says his mother, too.'

'Hm-m,' grunted Ni, with ostentatious incredulity. He bit into his apple, and there ensued a momentary silence. Then, as soon as he was able to speak, this admonishing boy said: 'Guess I'll have a talk with M'rye about that herself.'

The farmer's patience was running emptings. 'No!' he said, severely, 'I forbid ye! Don't ye dare say a word to her about it. She don't want to listen to ye—an' I don't know what's possessed me to stand round an' gab about my private affairs with you like this, either. I don't bear ye no ill-will. If fathers can't help the kind o' sons they bring up, why, still less can ye blame sons on account o' their fathers. But it ain't a thing I want to talk about any more, either now or any other time. That's all.'

Abner put the fork over his shoulder, as a sign that he was going, and that the interview was at an end. But the persistent Ni had a last word to offer—and he left his barrel and walked over to the farmer.

'See here,' he said in more urgent tones than he had used before, 'I'm goin' South, an' I'm goin' to find Jeff if it takes a leg! I don't know how much it'll cost—I've got a little of my own saved up—an' I thought p'r'aps—p'r'aps you'd like to—'

After a moment's thought the farmer shook his head. 'No,' he said gravely, almost reluctantly. 'It's agin my principles. You know me—Ni—you know I've never b'en a near man, let alone a mean man. An' ye know, too, that if Je—if that boy had behaved half-way decent, there ain't anything under the sun I wouldn't 'a' done for him. But this thing—I'm obleeged to ye for offrin—but— No! it's agin my principles. Still, I'm obleeged to ye. Fill your pockets with them spitzenbergs, if they taste good to ye.'

With this Abner Beech turned and walked resolutely off.

Left alone with me, Ni threw away the half-eaten apple he had held in his hand. 'I don't want any of his dummed old spitzenbergs,' he said, pushing his foot into the heap of fruit on the ground, in a meditative way.

'Then you ain't goin' South ?' I queried.

'Yes I am!' he replied, with decision. 'I can work my way somehow. Only don't you whisper a word about it to any livin' soul, d'ye mind!'

Two or three days after that we heard that Ni Hagadorn had left for unknown parts. Some said he had gone to enlist—it seems that, despite his youth and small stature in my eyes, he would have been acceptable to the enlistment standards of the day—but the major opinion was that much dime-novel reading had inspired him with the notion of becoming a trapper in the mystic Far West.

I alone possessed the secret of his disappearance—unless, indeed, his sister knew—and no one will ever know what struggles I had to keep from confiding it to Hurley.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ELECTION.

Soon the fine weather was at an end. One day it was soft and warm, with a tender blue haze over the distant woods and a sun like a blood-orange in the tranquil sky, and birds twittering about among the elders and sumac along the rail fences. And the next day everything was gray and lifeless and desolate, with fierce winds sweeping over the bare fields, and driving the cold rain in sheets before them.

Some people—among them Hurley—said it was the equinoctial that was upon us. Abner Beech ridiculed this, and proved by the dictionary that the equinoctial meant September 22, whereas it The Irishman conceded that in books this might be so, but stuck wilfully to was now well-nigh the end of October. It that in practice the equinoctial came just before winter set in. After so long a period of saddened silence brooding over our household, it was quite a relief to hear the men argue this question of the weather.

Down at the Corners old farmers had wrangled over the identity of the equinoctial ever since I could remember. It was pretty generally agreed that each year along some time during the fall, there came a storm which was properly entitled to that name, but at this point harmony ended. Some insisted that it came before Indian Summer, some that it followed that season, and this was further complicated by the fact that no one was ever quite sure when it was Indian Summer. There was all sorts of rules for recognizing this delectable time of year, rules connected, I recall, with the opening of the chestnut burs, the movement of the birds, and various other incidents in nature's great processional, but these rules rarely came right in our rough latitude, and sometimes never came at all—at least did not bring with them anything remotely resembling Indian Summer, but made our autumn one prolonged and miserable succession of storms. And then it was an especially trying trick to pick out the equinoctial from the lot—and even harder still to prove to sceptical neighbors that you were right.

Whatever this particular storm may have been it came too soon. Being so short-handed on the farm, we were much behind in the matter of drawing our produce to market. And now, after the first day or two of rain, the roads were things to shudder at. It was not so bad getting to and from the Corners, for Agrippa Hill had a gravel formation, but beyond the Corners, whichever way one went over the bottom lands of the Nedahama Valley, it was a matter of lashing the panting teams through seas of mud punctuated by abyssmal pitch-holes, into which the wheels slumped over their hubs, and quite generally stuck till they were pried out with fence-rails.

Abner Beech was exceptionally tender in his treatment of live-stock. The only occasion I ever heard of on which he was tempted into using his big fists upon a fellow-creature, was once, long before my time, when one of his hired men struck a refractory cow over its haunches with a shovel. He knocked this man clear through the staunchions. Often Jeff and I used to feel that he carried his solicitude for horse-flesh too far—particularly when we wanted to drive down to the creek for a summer evening swim, and he thought the teams were too tired.

So now he would not let us hitch up and drive into Octavius with even the lightest loads, on account of the horses. It would be better to wait, he said, until there was sledding; then we could slip in in no time. He pretended that all the signs this year pointed to an early winter.

The result was that we were more than ever shut off from news of the outer world. The weekly paper which came to us was full, I remember, of political arguments and speeches—for a Congress and Governor were to be elected a few weeks hence—but there were next to no tidings from the front. The war, in fact, seemed to have almost stopped altogether, and this paper spoke of it as a confessed failure. Farmer Beech and Hurley, of course, took the same view, and their remarks quite prepared me from day to day to hear that peace had been concluded.

But down at the Corners a strikingly different spirit reigned. It quite surprised me, I know, when I went down on occasion for odds and ends of groceries which the bad roads prevented us from getting in town, to discover that the talk there was all in favor of having a great deal more war than ever.

This store at the Corners was also the post-office, and, more important still, it served as a general rallying place for the men-folks of the neighborhood after supper. Lee Watkins, who kept it, would rather have missed a meal of victuals any day than not to have had the 'boys' come in of an evening, and sit or lounge around discussing the situation. Many of them were very old boys now, garrulous seniors who remembered 'Matty' Van Buren, as they called him, and told weird stories of the Anti-Masonry days. These had the well-worn arm-chairs nearest the stove, in cold weather, and spat tobacco-juice on its hottest parts with a precision born of longtime experience. The younger fellows accommodated themselves about the outer circle, squatting on boxes, or with one leg over a barrel, sampling the sugar and crackers and raisins in an absent-minded way each evening, till Mrs. Watkins came out and put the covers on. She was a stout, peevish woman, and they said that her husband, Lee, couldn't have run the post-office for twenty-four hours if it hadn't been for her. We understood that she was a Woman's Rights' woman. All that was certain, however, was that she did not believe in free lunches out of her husband's barrels and cases.

The chief flaw in this village parliament was the absence of opposition. Among all the accustomed assemblage of men who sat about, their hats well back on their heads, their mouths full of strong language and tobacco, there was none to disagree upon any essential feature of the situation with the others. To secure even the merest semblance of variety, those whose instincts were cross-grained had to go out of their way to pick up trifling points of difference, and the arguments over these had to be spun out with the greatest possible care, to be kept going at all. I should fancy, however, that this apparent concord only served to keep before their minds, with added persistency, the fact that there was an opposition, nursing its heretical wrath in solitude up on the Beech farm. At all events, I seemed never to go into the grocery at night without hearing bitter remarks, or even curses, levelled at our household.

It was from these casual visits—standing about on the outskirts of the gathering, beyond the feeble ring of light thrown out by the kerosene lamp on the counter—that I learned how deeply the Corners was opposed to peace. It appeared from the talk here that there was something very like treason at the front. The victory of Antietm—so dearly bought with the blood of our own people—had been, they said, of worse than no use at all. The defeated Rebels had been allowed to take their own time in crossing the Potomac comfortably. They had not been pursued or molested since, and the Corners could only account for this on the theory of treachery at Union headquarters. Some only hinted guardedly at this. Others declared openly that the North was being sold out by its own generals. As for old 'Jee' Hagadorn, who came in almost every night, and monopolized the talking all the while he was present he made no bones of denouncing McClellan and Porter as traitors who must be hanged.

He comes before me as I write—his thin form quivering with excitement, the red stubbly hair standing up all round his drawn, livid face, his knuckles rapping out one fierce point after another on the candle-box, as he filled the hot little room with angry declamation. 'Go it, Joe!' 'Hangin's too good for 'em!' his auditors used to exclaim in encouragement, whenever he paused for breath, and then he would start off again still more furiously, till he had to gasp after every word, and screamed 'Lincoln-ah!' 'Lee-ah!' 'Antietam-ah!' and so on, into our perturbed ears. Then I would go home, recalling how he had formerly shouted about 'Adam-ah!' and 'Eve-ah!' in church, and marvelling that he had never worked himself into a fit or broken a blood-vessel.

So between what Abner and Hurley said on the farm, and what was proclaimed at the Corners, it was pretty hard to figure out whether the war was going to stop, or go on much worse than ever.

Things were still in this doubtful state, when election Tuesday came round. I had not known or thought about it, until, at the breakfast table Abner said that he guessed he and Hurley would go down and vote before dinner. He had some days before secured a package of ballots from the organization of his party at Octavius, and these he now took from one of the bookcase drawers, and divided between himself and Hurley.

'They won't be much use, I dessay, peddlin' 'em at the polls,' he said, with a grim momentary smile, 'but we'll vote 'em!'

'As many of 'em as they'll be alowin' us,' added Hurley, in chuckling qualification.

'They were very pretty tickets in those days, with marbled and plaided backs in brilliant colors, and spreading eagles in front, over the printed captions. In other years I had shared with the urchins of the neighborhood the excitement of scrambling for a share of these ballots, after they had been counted, and tossed out of the boxes. The conditions did not seem to be favorable for a repetition of that this year, and apparently this occurred to Abner, for of his own accord he handed me over some

dozen of the little packets, each tied with a thread, and labelled, 'State,' 'Congressional,' 'Judiciary,' and the like. He, moreover, consented—the morning chores being out of the way—that I should accompany them to the Corners. The ground had frozen stiff overnight, and the road lay in hard uncompromising ridges between the tracks of yesterday's wheels. The two men swung along down the hill ahead of me, with resolute strides and their heads proudly thrown back, as if they had been going into battle. I shuffled on behind in my new boots, also much excited. The day was cold and raw.

The polls were fixed up in a little building next to the post-office—a one-story frame structure where Lee Watkins kept his bob-sleigh and oil barrels, as a rule. These had been cleared out into the yard, and a table and some chairs put in their place. A pane of glass had been taken out of the window. Through this aperture the voters, each in turn, passed their ballots, to be placed by the inspectors in the several boxes ranged along the window-sill inside. A dozen or more men, mainly in army overcoats, stood about on the sidewalk or in the road outside, stamping their feet for warmth, and slapping their shoulders with their hands, between the fingers of which they held little packets like mine—that is to say, they were like mine in form and brilliancy of color, but I knew well enough that there the resemblance ended abruptly. A yard or so from the window two posts had been driven into the ground, with a board nailed across to prevent undue crowding.

Abner and Hurley marched up to the polls without a word to anyone, or any sign of recognition from the bystanders. Their appearance, however, visibly awakened the interest of the Corners, and several young fellows who were standing on the grocery steps sauntered over in their wake to see what was going on. These, with the ticket pedlers, crowded up close to the window now, behind our two men.

'Abner Beech!' called the farmer through the open pane, in a defiant voice. Standing on tiptoe, I could just see the heads of some men inside, apparently looking through the election books. No questions were asked, and in a minute or so Abner had voted and stood aside a little, to make room for his companion.

'Timothy Joseph Hurley!' shouted our hired man, standing on his toes to make himself taller, and squaring his weazened shoulders.

'Got your naturalization papers?' came out a sharp, gruff enquiry through the window-sash.

'That I have!' said the Irishman, wagging his head in satisfaction at having foreseen this trick, and winking blandly into the wall of stolid, hostile faces encircling him. 'That I have!'

He drew forth an old and crumpled envelope, from his breast-pocket, and extracted some papers from its ragged folds which he passed through to the inspector. The latter just cast his eye over the documents and handed them back.

'Them ain't no good!' he said, curtly.

'What's that you're saying?' cried the Irishman. 'Sure I've voted on thim same papers ever since 1856, an' niver a man gainsaid me. No good, is it? Huh!'

'Why ain't they no good?' boomed in Abner Beech's deep, angry voice. He had moved back to the window.

'Because they ain't, that's enough!' returned the inspector. 'Don't block up the window, there! Others want to vote!'

'I'll have the law on yez!' shouted Hurley. 'I'll swear me vote in! I'll—I'll—'

'Aw, shut up, you Mick-' someone called out close by, and there rose another voice farther back in the group: 'Don't let him vote! One Copperhead's enough in Agrippa!'

'I'll have the law—' I heard Hurley begin again, at the top of his voice, and Abner roared out something I could not catch. Then, as in a flash, the whole cluster of men became one confused whirling tangle of arms and legs, sprawling and wrestling on the ground, and from it rising the repellant sound of blows upon flesh, and a discordant chorus of grunts and curses. Big chunks of icy mud flew through the air, kicked up by the boots of the men as they struggled, I saw the two posts with the board wave under the strain, then give way, some of the embattled group tumbling over them as they fell. It was wholly impossible to guess who was who in this writhing and tossing mass of fighters. I danced up and down in a frenzy of excitement, watching this wild spectacle, and, so I was told years afterward, screaming with all my might and main.

Then all at once there was a mighty upheaval, and a big man half-scrambled, half-hurled himself to his feet. It was Abner, who had wrenched one of the posts bodily from under the others, and swung it now high in the air. Some one clutched it, and for the moment stayed its descent, yelling, meanwhile, 'Look out! Look out!' as though life itself depended on the volume of his voice.

The ground cleared itself as if by magic. On the instant there was only Abner standing there with the post in his hands, and little Hurley beside him, the lower part of his face covered with blood, and his coat torn half from his back. The others had drawn off, and formed a semicircle just out of reach of the stake, like farm-dogs round a wounded bear at bay. Two or three of them had blood about their heads and necks.

There were cries of 'Kill him!' and it was said afterward that Roselle Upman drew a pistol, but if he did others dissuaded him from using it. Abner stood with his back to the building, breathing hard, and a good deal covered with mud, but eyeing the crowd with a masterful ferocity, and from time to time shifting his hands to get a new grip on that tremendous weapon of his. He said not a word.

The Irishman, after a moment's hesitation, wiped some of the blood from his mouth and jaw, and turned to the window again. 'Timothy Joseph Hurley!' he shouted in, defiantly.

This time another inspector came to the front—the owner of the tanyard over on the Dutch road, and a man of importance in the district. Evidently there had been a discussion inside.

'We will take your vote if you want to swear it in,' he said, in a pacific tone, and though there were some dissenting cries from the crowd without, he read the oath, and Hurley mumbled it after him.

Then, with some difficulty he sorted out from his pocket some torn and mud-stained packets of tickets, picked the cleanest out from each, and voted them—all with a fine air of unconcern.

Abner Beech marched out behind him now with a resolute clutch on the stake. The crowd made reluctant way for them not without a good many truculent remarks, but with no offer of actual violence. Some of the more boisterous ones, led by Roselle Upman, were for following them, and renewing the encounter beyond the Corners. But this, too, came to nothing, and when I at last ventured to cross the road and join Abner and Hurley, even the cries of 'Copperhead' had died away.

The sun had come out, and the frosty ruts had softened to stickiness. The men's heavy boots picked up whole sections of plastic earth as they walked in the middle of the road up the hill.

'What's the matter with your mouth?' asked Abner at last, casting a sidelong glance at his companion. 'It's be'n a-bleedin'.'

Hurley passed an investigating hand carefully over the lower part of his face looked at his reddened fingers, and laughed aloud.

'I'd a fine grand bite at the ear of one of them,' he said, in explanation. "Tis no blood o' mine.'

Abner knitted his brows. 'That ain't the way we fight in this country,' he said, in tones of displeasure. 'Bitin' men's ears ain't no civilized way of behavin'.'

"Twas not much of a day for civilization,' remarked Hurley, lightly; and there was no further conversation on our homeward tramp.

(To be continued.)

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

1. Hullo! This is evidently a favorite scratching post for bears
2. I will dress it up and await developments.
3. The Bear; Well, stranger, what are you doing here?
4. Get out of it, or
5. I'll knock your head off!
6. And hug the breath out of your body.
7. Here! You! What are you up to? Don't you see I can't move?
8. What a duffer I was not to look behind!

['Pall Mall Budget']

SCRIPTURE AND SCEPTICS.

LIGHT THROWN ON BIBLICAL HISTORY BY SECULAR RESEARCH.

BY PROF. A. H. SAYCE, LL D.

We have heard a good deal of late years about the "Higher Criticism" and its effect upon our views in regard to the character and authenticity of the Old Testament Scriptures. In some quarters it has been asserted that the new science has triumphantly demolished the ancient history of Israel, at all events up to the age of the foundation of the monarchy, and has thrown considerable doubt even upon such Old Testament records as belong to a later date. By the term "Higher Criticism" is meant firstly, an inquiry into the age and authorship of the books of the Bible, and, secondly, a judgment on the historical character of their contents. The two kinds of investigation are not necessarily connected with one another, the literary analysis of the Old Testament books belonging more strictly to the domaine of philology, while the criticism of their historical contents falls within the province of the historian or the archaeologist. In practice, however, it is not easy to keep the two kinds of inquiry separate. History will often cast an important light on the age or authorship of a literary document, and conversely the historical credibility of a narrative is lessened, if not overthrown, if we can show that the document in which it is contained was written long after the events recorded in it.

The fierce criticism to which the books of the Bible have been subjected since the beginning of the present century is but a reflection of a general spirit of scepticism which has rejected traditional beliefs in regard to ancient history and writings, and insisted on bringing them before the bar of the modern inductive method. It is not only the ancient history of Israel which has been relegated to the region of myth; the ancient histories of Greece and Rome have fared no better, and it has been obstinately maintained that the history of civilization begins with the age of Cyrus, and that literary documents in the true sense of the word were unknown before the closing days of the Jewish monarchy. There has been a tacit assumption that the nations of antiquity were practically illiterate, and thatit is useless to search for grains of truth in the traditions of their earlier history which have come down to us.

The high-water mark of historical scepticism is represented in Greek history by Sir Geo. Cox, in Roman history by Sir Geo. Cornewall Lewis, in sacred history by Havet and Vernes. The reaction naturally came first in the case of Greek history. The excavations of Dr. Schliemann proved that the early history of Greece was not that mass of myths and fables which it has been the fashion to suppose it to be; that, on the contrary, the story of Achaean power and culture was founded on fact, and that a race of kings once held sway in Mykenae who were in contact with the civilizations of Egypt and Phoenicia. At first the scholars scoffed; but facts are stubborn things, and before his death Dr. Schliemann had the satisfaction of knowing that he had by means of the spade re-established the credit of a history which the Higher Criticism seemed to have demolished for ever.

As the destructive criticism of the Old Testament had but followed in the wake of that of early Greek history, it was natural that it should share the fortunes of the latter. The discovery and decipherment of the monuments of Egypt, of Assyria, and of other oriental lands, have done for the older records of the Bible what the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann have done for the early traditions of Greece. The historical fabric, which the "Higher Criticism" had claimed to have destroyed, is being reconstructed by the archaeologist and decipherer. We have come to know that much which had been pronounced impossible was not only possible, but true; and that the difficulties raised by the critic were really due to his own ignorance.

Let us take, for example, the assumption that the Israelites in the age of Moses were an illiterate people, or that the events recorded in the book of Genesis could not have been preserved in writing. Modern research is making it continually clearer that the ancient oriental world, instead of being illiterate, was one in which the arts of reading and writing were almost as common as in our own day. The cuneiform tablets of Tel-el-Amarna, discovered three years ago, have shown that all over the civilized world of the East, in the century before the Exodus, there were libraries and schools in which books and letters were stored, and numerous pupils were taught the foreign language and complicated syllabary of Babylonia. They have shown that an active correspondence was carried on, not only about affairs of State, but even about such trivial matters as the illness of the writer or the despatch of a messenger. And this correspondence was carried on in a foreign language and system of writing, the mastery of which demanded a prodigious amount of labor and time. The cuneiform characters were usually impressed on tablets of clay, and since clay is indestructible, except by the agency of man, we may well suppose that in cities like Gaza, which were never captured by the Israelites, the old libraries survived down to the days when the historical books of the Old Testament were compiled. They would thus have preserved in an imperishable form contemporaneous accounts of events which had happened long before the Israelitish conquest of Canaan.

The evidence given by the cuneiform tablets of Tel-el-Amarna is supplemented by the inscriptions collected by Dr. Glaser and others in Arabia. It seems to result from a study of these that the kingdom of Sheba, whose queen came to visit Solomon, was preceded by a yet more powerful kingdom,that of Ma'in. The capital of the kingdom was in the extreme south of the Arabian peninsula, but its kings held sway as far north as the borders of Edom and Egypt, and even to the city of Gaza. Its people were highly cultivated, and have left behind them inscriptions carved on the rocks, both in the south and in the north of Arabia. Here, then, we have a population allied in blood and language to the Israelites, and extending as far as that very desert in which the Israelites wandered for so many years, who had practised the art of alphabetic writing from a very early period. If the Arabs of Ma'in could write and read, why could not the Israelites have done the same?

But archaeological research has afforded us the means of proving in certain instances that the narratives we possess in the earlier portion of the Bible are historical, and must therefore have been derived from credible sources. The account of the campaign of Chedorlaomer and his Babylonian allies against Palestine has been condemned as unhistorical by the "higher critics." It has been urged that a campaign against so distant a country as Palestine could not have been made by an Elamite king at so early a date, and that it would have been impossible at such a time to retain a distant dependency under tribute for thirteen years. It has been questioned whether even the existence of Palestine would have been known to the Babylonians at so early a date. And yet inscriptions have now proved that it was the critic and not the Biblical writer who was mistaken, and that not only was Palestine well known to the Babylonians in the time of Abraham, but that expeditions had been conducted against it by Babylonian monarchs centuries before his age. Sargon of Accad, whose reign was assigned to B.C. 3800 by the native annalists, had already marched his armies into Syria and Palestine on four separate occasions, and on the fourth occasion had erected images of himself on the shore of the Mediterranean, and had spent three years in conquering the countries of the West and consolidating them into a single empire. A later king of Babylonia calls himself "king" of Syria and Palestine, and in the time of Abraham we find the Elamite Kudar-Inabug described by his son Eri-aku as "Father" of the same regions. Eri-aku was king of Larsa, and it is therefore tempting to see in him the Arioch of El-lasar mentioned in the book of Genesis, more especially as Babylonia was at the time under the suzerainty of Elam, while another king was reigning in the south of the country,which was called Sumer in the inscriptions, and Shinar in the Old Testament, the tablets of Tel-el-Amarna again indicate how long and penetrating the dominion and influence of Babylonia must have been in the West. In no other way can we explain the fact that the language and writing of Babylonia were spread throughout Western Asia, and that even the gods of Palestine were assimilated to those of the Chaldeans. Thus the vassal-king of Jerusalem, in one of his letters to his Egyptian master, identifies the god of the city with the Babylonian deity Uras. In other tablets from Tel-el-Amarna reference is explicitly made to the western "conquests" of Babylonia and Aram-Naharaim.

Of course we must not conclude that the work of the "Higher Criticism" has been altogether barren of results. On the contrary, it has elucidated points which had previously been neglected and has caused the text of the Old Testament to be minutely examined in a way which cannot but be helpful to the cause of truth. Doubtless there is a portion of its work which will prove to be a permanent acquisition to science. But it has been disfigured by a spirit of arrogance and scepticism, and a disposition to prefer the conclusions of the student in his library to the solid facts of archaeological research. The critic forgot that as long as the Old Testament and the history it embodied remained isolated and solitary, the last relic of a literature which seemed elsewhere to have perished, it was whatlthe logicians would call a "single instance," and that from a "single instance" no generalizations of any scientific value can be drawn. To-day the case is different; the past has yielded up its dead, and the contemporaries of the writers and heroes of the Old Testament are speaking to us once more in living tones. And the witness they bear is clear and unmistakable to the antiquity of writing in the ancient world and the substantial accuracy of the historical statements of Holy Scripture.
—London "Christian World."

In this world the great purpose is the development of character. This is the school life. You and I are little scholars. And when the almighty, all-wise Teacher is speaking, the child should keep still. When He appoints us hard lessons, we should learn them. The mightiest lessons to be learned in this world is to let God have His way. Your brain and my brain are not big enough to comprehend the mysteries of Divine Providence; but your heart and my heart may trust Him enough to say, I will submit! I am silenced! I open not my mouth because Thou didst it!—Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D.

HELEN KELLER AT CHICAGO.

A DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND GIRL'S VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The story of Helen Keller's life has already been told to 'Witness' readers who will, no doubt, be much interested in this account from 'St. Nicholas' of the deaf, dumb and blind girl's trip to Chicago.

HER TEACHER'S LETTER.

Miss Anna M. Sullivan, the teacher of Helen, writes:—'In the letter from Helen you will read in her own words that she spent three weeks in Chicago during the Exposition, 'and had a perfectly splendid time.' Thousands and thousands of American young folk will share her enthusiasm as they recall the delightful days of the wonderful show when, seeing it all, and hearing all about it, they took in pleasure and information at every turn. But little Helen Keller can neither see nor hear. Everything is a blank to her until an impression can be made either through her imagination or through the deaf and dumb language of the hands and fingers; and even then, in Helen Keller's case, the words are not seen but felt by her own palm and fingers as they lightly hold the hand that is making the signs of words and letters.

The president and the managers of the Exposition were exceedingly kind to her and did all in their power to make her visit pleasant and instructive. So widely is she known, and so general is the interest in her, that wherever she went she received loving attention. The task of describing things to her was made lighter by the helpful sympathy of the chiefs of the departments. They gladly permitted her to pass her fingers over the exhibits whenever it was possible, and cheerfully gave her all the information they could. Of course I interpreted everything to Helen by means of the manual alphabet. She was allowed even to climb upon the big Krupp gun, and its workings were explained to us by one of the German officers. Everywhere the show-cases were opened for her, and rare works of art were given to her for examination.

At the Cape of Good Hope exhibit the great doors were unlocked, and Helen was admitted to the realm of diamonds, where everything was carefully explained to us about the precious stone; how it is mined, separated from the matrix, weighed, cut and set. Wherever it was possible she touched the machinery and followed the work being done. Then she was made very happy by being allowed to find a diamond herself—the only true diamond, we assured her, that had ever been found in the United States.

But the French bronzes afforded her more pleasure than anything else at the fair. The picture which she presented as she bent over a beautiful group, her eager fingers studying the faces or following the graceful lines of the figures, in her effort to catch the artists' thought, was the most touching and pathetic I have ever seen. And, strange as it may seem to those who depend upon their eyes for the pleasure which they derive from works of art, this little blind girl, who has not seen the light since she was nineteen months old, rarely failed to divine the thoughts which the artists had wrought into their work.

Constant practice, indeed, has given to Helen's sense of touch a delicacy and precision seldom attained even by the blind. Sometimes it seems as if her very soul were in her fingers, she finds so much to interest her everywhere. People frequently said to me at the fair: 'She sees more with her fingers than we do with our eyes.' And in one of her letters she says, 'I am like the people my dear friend Dr. Holmes tells about "with eyes in their fingers that spy out everything interesting, and take hold of it as the magnet picks out iron-filings."'

Descriptions are to Helen what paintings are to us; and her well-trained imagination gives the light and color. One evening, as we sat in a gondola, I tried to tell Helen how the thousands of tiny electric lights were reflected in the water of the lagoons, when she asked:—'Does it look as if a shower of golden fish had been caught in an invisible net.' Is it any wonder that Dr. Holmes says of her, 'She is a poet whose lyre was taken from her in her early days, but whose soul is full of music?'

So we see, pathetic as Helen's life must always seem to those who enjoy the blessings of sight and hearing, that it is yet full of brightness and cheer, of courage and hope.

HELEN KELLER.
(From a recent photograph.)

Sweet Helen, when I think of thee,—
With sightless eye and sealed ear,
Yet pining not in misery,
But with a spirit full of cheer,
Seeing with inward vision clear
The loveliness of earth and sky,—
I blush that mortals blessed as I
So little see, so little hear!

HELEN'S LETTER.

My Dear Friend,—Teacher is very tired so I will take upon myself the pleasant duty of writing to you. I know you are impatient to hear all about our visit to the World's Fair. We spent nearly three weeks in Chicago, and had a perfectly splendid time. We thought of you very often, and wished that you were with us, enjoying everything as much as we did. It was all so grand and marvellous. I am sure the world has never seen anything half as beautiful as the Dream City of the West, and I feel very proud and glad that this dream of loveliness has been realized in our own dear country. Of course it would be impossible to tell you all that we did, felt and saw while we were in Chicago: for we saw innumerable wonders, the works of man in every country and in all times; marvels of invention; wonderful treasures of skill and patient industry; and beautiful works of art which made us feel, when we touched them, that the artist's soul was in his hand when he created them.

We approached the White City the first time from the lake side, and got our first impression of the Fair from the peristyle. It was a bright, clear day; the sky and water were a perfect blue, making a most beautiful setting for the Dream City, crowned by the glistening dome of the Administration Building. Then we moved slowly up the Court of Honor, pausing every now and then while the teacher described the beautiful scene to me; the groups of noble buildings; the lagoons dotted with fast-moving boats; the stately statue of the Republic; the fluted columns of the peristyle; and, beyond, the deep, deep, blue lake. Oh, how wonderful it all was! Our day was most delightfully spent in getting a general idea of the fair, and trying to understand the new world in which we found ourselves. Late in the afternoon, when the day was almost done, we stepped into a gondola, and made the trip through the lagoons. The burning sun, as he sank westward in his golden car, threw a soft rosy light over the White City, making it seem more than ever like fairyland. When it was quite dark, the illuminations began, and the fountains were all lighted up. Teacher described everything to me so vividly and clearly that it seemed as if I could really see the wonderful showers of light dart up into the sky, tremble there for an instant, sink and fall, like stars, into the depths of the lake. But, dear friend, the most delightful days must end; for little girls will get sleepy and tired even in fairyland. While the White City was yet crowded with sight-seers, we returned to our hotel through the Midway Plaisance, a most bewildering and fascinating place, the home of nations. We were greatly pleased to see all those foreign people we had read about in history, gathered together in one place, at peace with one another and apparently happy in their new homes. At the entrance to the Arabian house we saw a dear little baby boy in his mother's arms, and we stopped a moment to speak to him. He greeted us with a bright smile, and looked up at the strange faces with surprised pleasure. 'Where was the baby born?' we asked the mother. 'In Damascus,' was the reply. Those words made me start. That far-away city, with its strange, Oriental life, seemed very near, indeed. I felt like sitting down beside the gentle woman who had the lovely baby, for there were many questions which I wished to ask her; but it was late, and to-morrow with new opportunities and delights hastening towards us. So I bade the little Oriental good-by, and went away, feeling as if I had really been to Damascus.

In the days that followed we spent many most enjoyable hours in the Plaisance. Old Vienna, and the Japanese and Irish villages, were very interesting and instructive. I did not like the Turks very well, but the Japanese were gay and amusing. Of course we rode on the Ferris Wheel. Just think of being swung two hundred and fifty feet in the air! No, I was not at all afraid. I liked it. I also rode on the ice-railway, and had a sail in the great whaleback, and enjoyed them both very much; but I must not stop to tell you about these things when there is so much of greater interest which I wish to tell you, for I saw a great many of the most wonderful and beautiful things at the fair. Every one was very kind to me. The president of the fair gave me permission to examine all the exhibits. Was not that exceedingly kind? Nearly all the exhibitors seemed perfectly willing to let me touch the most delicate things, and were good about explaining everything to me. A French gentleman showed me the wonderful French bronzes. I think they gave me more pleasure than anything else at the fair; they were so lifelike and beautiful to my touch. Dear Mr. Bell went with us himself to the Electrical Building, and showed us some of the historic telephones. Dr. Gillett went with us to the Liberal Arts and Woman's Buildings. In the former I visited Tiffany's exhibit, and held the beautiful Tiffany diamond, and touched many other costly and rare things. I sat in King Ludwig's arm-chair, and felt like a queen when Dr. Gillett told me that I had many dutiful subjects. At the Woman's Building we met the Princess Maria Schaovsky, of Russia—a very kind lady. We also met a lovely, dark-eyed Syrian lady. She has such a beautiful soft hand, and she spoke English perfectly. Mr. Bell and Professor Putnam explained the curious and interesting things in the Anthropological department. I was especially interested in the Peruvian relics and all that was told to me about them. At the time of the discovery of America, it seems, Peru, like Mexico, was inhabited by Indians who were considerably advanced in civilization, and who were governed by a race of princes called Incas, whose dominions extended along the Andes from the United States to the southern part of Chili. The life and achievements of this strange and almost forgotten people, as they are revealed to us by their pottery, implements, and sacred altars, are very interesting, and I should like to know more about them.

We spent one very pleasant afternoon in La Rabida, which is modelled after the monastery in Spain where Columbus, weary and hungry, sought and received shelter for himself and his little son, four centuries ago. The kind monks detained him for several months, and, becoming interested in his dreams of discovery, gave him letters to persons high in authority. After several years of failures and hardships he at length returned to La Rabida, bearing a royal order that the people should provide him with vessels and supplies for his journey. When he came back from America he again visited the monastery, bearing the news and trophies of his discovery.

There is a great deal more about which I would like to write, but I fear my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-by for the present.

We are having a delightful time here, resting and enjoying all the beauty of the place. The country has especial attractions for us after the heat and excitement of Chicago. I do not know when we shall leave, but I am anxious to see the dear ones at home. Lovingly, your little friend,

HELEN KELLER.

THE QUEEN'S WORSHIP.

The papers have all announced that last week the half-yearly dispensation of the sacrament took place in the temporary wooden church at Crathie, and that the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove from Balmoral and joined in the service. This was the first time that the Queen has attended 'public worship' in Scotland for two years, as Her Majesty now has service every Sunday morning in the private chapel at Balmoral. It is not generally known that the Queen's practice of partaking of the sacrament in a Presbyterian church excited the strongest disapproval on the part not only of Archbishop Longley and Bishop Wilberforce, but also of Archbishop Tait and Dean Wellesley. The only Anglican ecclesiastic of note who did not decidedly object to the custom was Dean Stanley. The other divines based their objection on the foundation that the Anglican communion service is an essential part of the Coronation Service, so that a sovereign that has been crowned in Westminster Abbey ought not to receive the sacrament from another church. Archbishop Longley, indeed, privately protested against the Queen's periodical appearances at Crathie, about 1866 or 1867, but he only annoyed and irritated Her Majesty, who is believed to have sent him a sharp answer.—English Paper.

SUNDAY POSTAGE STAMPS.

Collectors of postage stamps have now an entirely new variety to add to their collections. 'The Voice' tells about them:—

Belgian newspapers furnish us with a rather unique instance of conscientiousness. The present Minister of Railways, Telegraphs and Posts of Belgium has scruples about the delivery of mail matter on Sunday, and is doing all he can to check it, though he cannot entirely stop it under the laws of the country. He has lately adopted a unique device by which those entertaining the same ideas on the subject as himself may prevent their letters being delivered on the Lord's Day, while those who have no scruples in the matter may avail themselves of the usual Sunday deliveries.

The device is a little tag attached to the usual stamp, directing in two languages—French and Dutch—that the letter bearing it is not to be delivered on Sunday. The French inscription reads, 'Ne pas livrer le Dimanche,' and the Dutch, 'Niet bestellen op Zondag.' If those using these stamps have no objection to their letters being delivered on Sunday, they need only tear off the tag containing the order, and place the upper portion of the stamp upon the envelope.

These stamps have just been issued, and only a few of them, mostly of the 10 centime variety, have as yet been received in this country. The complete series contains nine varieties, valued at 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 25, and 50 centimes, and 1 and 2 francs. All of them bear the same design, but the colors are different. The profile on the stamp is that of King Leopold II.

ENGLAND.

(Special Correspondence of 'Witness.')

London, Dec. 16.—The Midland counties are never specially exhilarating in the dulness of a damp December; when fields are sodden and hedge-rows bare, and when the storm-swept trees look but dim brown ghosts of their former selves; when mining villages and iron-working towns have their dusty streets and lanes made into channels of liquid mud; and when the normal dingy blue of the sky is deepened to an 'aer bruno' that helps one to realize the atmosphere of Dante's 'Inferno.' But when to these ordinary causes of dulness and depression there is added such effects as have followed the late industrial struggle between labor and capital in the coal trade, the noted 'Black Country' becomes black indeed. And the shadow of this latter gloom still rests in some intensity upon the coal districts. The great fight may be over—perhaps is—but the myriad little and more individual battles and struggles with poverty or with sickness engendered of privation, still remain to be fought out. And, alas! here the miner and his family, with the many other families more or less dependent on his custom and patronage, have been sore wounded and crippled. It is well said that no one can understand what war is, and appreciate its horrors, until he has gone personally over the battle-field to count the slain, to mark the death agony stamped upon the features, and to hear—it may be—groans of the wounded; even so, no one can appreciate the fierceness of the battle waged by the miners during sixteen weeks of conflict with their employers without visiting some of the towns and villages around which the struggle has gone on.

'AFTER THE BATTLE,'

is the only word for what I have seen of the sad, coaly Midlands lately. Starting from Leicester, and working through the Trent and Nottingham districts to Claycross and the Derbyshire coal country one sees enough to make one sad and thoughtful. Alas, for the luxury and wealth in which it was said the miners were 'rolling.' I am well aware that extravagance and waste may have place in a cottage of three shillings a week rental, as well as in a stylish villa or lordly mansion; and of course 'extravagance' is a relative term. It has been charged against the miners that when distress began to pinch them and they were compelled to sell part of their furniture, or had it seized for debt, that more than a hundred pianofortes were brought out of these little brick cottages; and the question was asked how could they have afforded pianos unless their wages were extravagantly high. Well, in England a man does not need a large income to indulge in the luxury of a piano. I have seen showy new instruments sold for £10, and the same sum would buy a decent second hand instrument. And if a young miner or his wife were fond of music, and chose to save money for a piano instead of spending it in a tavern, I should praise rather than blame them. A French king is said to have wished that the poorest peasant in his kingdom had a fowl to put in the dinner-pot; and it is only a step in human progress to wish that every laborer's family had a taste for music and the means of gratifying it within his own home. But, indeed, there is little thought of pianos in the Midland miner's home.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

has had to be paid in these dismantled and disfurnished houses one sees around here. And much more than pianos has had to go; hundreds of cottages have little but a few broken sticks and rags of furniture and bedding left in them. Decent clothing went first and there has not been time yet for the men new set to work to redeem their clothes from the pawnbroker. Food has been more than scarce, and is none too plentiful now; for arrears of debt at the 'shop' have to be partly paid off before fresh supplies can be had. And 'clemming,' as starvation is called here, has left its mark upon the faces of very many—of the women especially. It was needful to keep up the workman's strength, if possible, and the poor children must have 'something'; so in too many cases the mother has felt the hurt of the strike most of all. Still, now hope shows on the most pinched and hunger-bitten faces; although it will be many months before the wounded in this industrial battle will be healed; while the scars may remain for life. And I am told that many besides the miners have suffered nearly as much. The small shop-keeper has had a terrible time of it, not simply in loss of trade, but in the unavoidable accumulation of petty debts; and the trades which specially work for the working-classes, and the trades dependent on the supply of coal have also endured more than can easily be told.

A SPLENDID CHARITY

has been shown toward the suffering—especially in the districts affected—one noticeable result being a local inability to respect calls for help in outside charitable and religious work in anything like the accustomed degree. So true is it that if one member of the body politic suffer all the members suffer with it. This also is part of the price of the victory won by the miners. But the serious question as to the issue and results of the struggle now arises

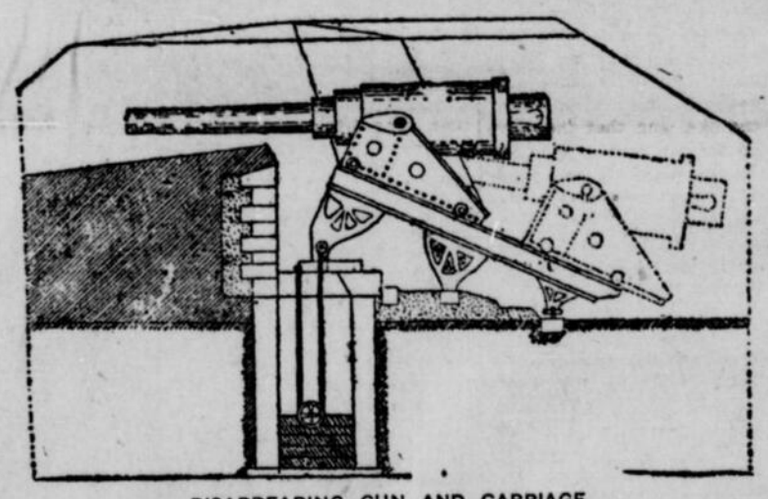
IS IT VICTORY?

or is it, after all, only an armed truce between the masters and the men? As I write the 'Board of Conciliation', instituted at the Rosebery conference, has held its first meeting for the settlement of the wages question, and has failed to agree upon a chairman. This is rather ominous; though it may mean no more than a sense of the importance of a casting vote. Yet it seems as if it were expected that such a vote will be necessary. And if this should happen often, the board would break down by its own weight. Something is said, also as to the relative ability of the masters and men to dishonestly influence a vote or two from the opposite side. Trade unions have sometimes brought charges of this kind against the men whom they have sent as delegates to a conference between employers and employed. It may be hoped that the miners' delegates are well chosen: and the eyes of the nation are on them; but it is obvious that, in such a transaction, the wealthier party would have enormous advantage. The saving consideration is that the bare suspicion of betrayal by their delegates would cause the instant repudiation of any settlement so arrived at. And we are all hoping that the year will not close without the assurance of success of this latest attempt to substitute conference and arbitration for the horrors of civil or industrial war. V.V.

PRESTO, CHANGE!

THE NEW DISAPPEARING GUN.

The Government of the United States have undertaken an enormous task in perfecting their system of coast defence. The works, it is estimated, will cost $126,000,000. New York harbor will be defended at the eastern and southern entrances by the most effective war machinery known. Where the land is high and the soil firm barbette batteries will be used, while on low land turrets and armaments will repel the invader. In the old style barbette battery the muzzles of the guns remained in view, offering a fair target to the enemy. But science has stepped in with a disappearing battery, so devised that the guns can be loaded out of view and only be a mark for the enemy while in the act of firing. These disappearing guns are manipulated on the two principles of an inclined plane and lift. The former has a counterweight attached to the piece by a steel cable and pulley which weight falls in a well when the piece is raised. When the gun is discharged its own recoil forces it down the inclined plane until checked at the foot. When reloaded and ready sighted it need only be released to rise again into the firing position. For guns of over twelve-inch bore this form of carriage has not proved successful, the mounting not being strong enough to withstand the recoil.



DISAPPEARING GUN AND CARRIAGE.

The larger guns are mounted on lifts or elevators, which raise them above the parapet. The lifts and loading machinery are operated by hydraulic power. Such batteries will be placed at Sandy Hook and Hewlett's Point. Seen from the water nothing is visible but a smooth sloping hill. The decks of attacking vessels being most vulnerable, close attention is being devoted to improvements in high angle firing by mortar batteries in trenches which, casting their projectiles high in the air, would work disaster among the ships. The Turret system is best adapted to low-lying levels and will be employed at Plum Island, Sand's Point, David's Island, and other points. The Gruson turret is the best known and believed to be the strongest. Its roof is made of hardened cast iron or steel, convex in shape, so that any shot striking it will glance instead of penetrating, and is backed and supported by concrete. The guns under this covering are worked by machinery, and communication is maintained between the different turrets and the magazine by underground protected passages. These turrets are considered practically impregnable, and the only accident possible to them would be the disabling of the gun by striking its projecting muzzle. The methods used to gauge the distance and range of a ship from shore is simple. Two telescopes as far apart as the limits of the fort will permit are sighted upon the ship. These are connected by electricity with two long needles, pivoted on points on a chart agreeing exactly with the locations of the telescopes, and so arranged that the needles always point at just the same angle that the telescopes do. Thus the point where the needles cross on the chart exactly corresponds to the location of the ship, and as the chart is marked off in distances down to ten yard spaces and all the guns in the fort are marked on it the officer in charge of the look-out room can telephone or telegraph to each gunner the exact distance and angle of direction at which he is to point his gun. The direction is expressed in degrees of left or right deviation, and distance in degrees of elevation, and these figures are only communicated to the gunner, who aims the piece without seeing what he is to fire at or even knowing what it is.

LITERARY REVIEW.

MR. LOFTIE ON ARCHITECTURE.

'Inigo Jones and Wren, or the Rise and Decline of Modern Architecture in England,' (Macmillans) is the title of a handsome illustrated work, by W. J. Loftie, author of 'A History of London.' The book is written, Mr. Loftie says, not for architects, but for employers of architects, by one who is not himself an architect, but who is moved almost to tears when he thinks of what is being done in all directions under the name of architecture. Ignorance of the fundamental rules of proportion by Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren is, this writer loftily remarks, the great sin of the modern architect, whose Gothic training has turned his attention to details only. 'He flounders about among small features and is surprised to find that the wildest combination will not result in picturesqueness, just as pressing down the whole keyboard of a piano will not give harmony.' Of modern styles Mr. Loftie says:

A large building in a provincial town is greatly admired there, chiefly on account of its size and cost. I did not offer my opinion on it, but I suppose it would have been called flippancy that made me reply when asked directly if I admired the architecture, that I saw no architecture, only a great deal of mixed building. The new town halls and municipal buildings in half a dozen English cities are in what, for want of a better term, must be called the South Kensington style. Architectural exhibitions are full of them and their unmeaning details. All betray the same absolute ignorance of architectural principles, coupled with the same feebleness when attempting to obtain picturesqueness. What, therefore, with the new buildings and what with the restoration of old ones, the present prospects of sound architecture are truly deplorable.

The scope of the book is shown by the titles of the chapters 'The Decay of Gothic,' 'Elizabethan Architecture,' 'The Beginnings of Palladian,' 'Inigo Jones,' 'Wren,' 'Wren's Churches' and 'The Successors of Wren' and there more than fifty-five illustrations, mainly from plates published during the golden age of English Palladian. The Grecian was, Mr. Loftie says, killed as a modern and feasible style by stucco. Views of grand buildings in Regent street and Cumberland place, built in the earlier part of the century, are most imposing, but these gorgeous palaces must not be examined too closely. 'They stand to architecture as scene painting stands to landscape. They are contrived to produce an effect, and they produce it until you come near enough to see that they are constructed throughout of Portland cement and the like, and that the capitals and mouldings are cast.' This elevation of the make-believe to an equality with the real helped to ruin the practice of Grecian, which may be said to have died out in England before St. George's Hall was completed in 1854, and to prepare the way for the Gothic revival. Henceforth there was a sweet simplicity of classification, says Mr. Loftie. Everything that was not Gothic was Grecian; no invidious distinctions were made.

After many years and much eloquent writing, and elaborate designing, people are beginning to discover that there is a style that is neither Grecian nor Gothic, a style, too, which, unlike either, encourages a designer to be original, and desires him to go forward, and not backward, and which, though it is by no means new, does not prohibit novelty. The Palladian style is about 400 years old, yet its admirers are not obliged to build a 400 year old pattern. They are able to use the building appliances of the day. Without any falsification and make-believe they can employ every new invention for heating and lighting, for ventilation and sanitation. The style often in this country called 'Queen Anne,' is included in it, and there are other names, but Inigo Jones, Wren, Burlington were, and acknowledged themselves to be, under the influence of Paliadio rather than of Bramante, or Vignola, or Sansovino, or San Gallo, or any other great Italian of that time. The great drawback to the use of this style at the present day lies in the necessity for careful proportion. It comes into competition, not with Grecian, as it was understood when George IV. was king, nor yet with Gothic, as practiced by Scott and Street, neither of whom seems to have known what proportion meant, but with the new wilfully ignorant school, the 'know nothings' of English architecture; and so, in the closing words of this chapter and this book, I come back to what I began with. If the British public, the employers of the British architect, insist on learning and beauty, whether Gothic or Palladian, or Grecian, it daily becomes more likely that they will get it. But, if they profess not to care, we may go on as at present with cathedrals like Truro, with palaces like Buckingham Palace, and with private houses like Grosvenor Place.

(W. Drysdale & Co., $4.50.)

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

Two neat volumes, published by Macmillan & Co., New York, entitled 'Specimens of Greek Tragedy,' contain Prof. Goldwin Smith's translations from Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. In his preface Prof. Smith says:—

The number of those who do not read the originals will be increased by the dropping of Greek from the academical course. To give them something like an equivalent for the original in English is the object of a translation. As prose can never be an equivalent for poetry and as the thoughts and diction of poetry are alien to prose, it is necessary to run the risks of a translation in verse. To translate as far as possible line for line, is requisite in the case of the Greek dramatists if we would not lose the form and balance which are of the essence of Greek art. It is necessary also to preserve as much as possible the simplicity of diction and to avoid words and phrases suggestive of very modern ideas. After all it is difficult, with a material so motley and irregular as the English language to produce anything like the pure marble of the Greek.

(W. Drysdale & Co., $2.50.)

'Essays on Questions of the Day, Political and Social,' also by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., is the title of a larger volume, from the same publishers, containing eight papers, giving, as the writer says, 'the opinions of a Liberal of the old school as yet unconverted to State Socialism, who looks for further improvement not to an increase of the authority of government, but to the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economical, which have brought us thus far.' Among the subjects treated of are, Disestablishment of the Empire, Woman Suffrage, the Jewish and the Irish questions and Prohibition, on all of which topics Prof. Smith airs his views with perfect freedom, not having himself, as he says, any nostrum or panacea to offer, but preferring to criticize those offered by others.

(W. Drysdale & Co., $2.25.)

MODERN CHICAGO.

'The Cliff-Dwellers,' by Henry B. Fuller (Harper Bros.), is a novel which has attracted a good deal of attention on account of its realistic descriptions of Chicago life in its speculative aspect. The author describes in metaphorical language the towering cliffs which shut in the great canons cut by the rushing streams of commerce between old Fort Dearborn and the new Board of Trade building. These soaring walls rise higher and higher every year, the unit of measurement being 'the story,' and the number of these has increased in ten years 'from seven to eight—to ten—to fourteen—to sixteen, until some of the leading avenues of activity promise soon to become little more than mere obscure trails half lost between the bases of perpendicular precipices.' Mr. Fuller chooses as the residence of his 'cliff-dwellers' one of these great buildings, called the 'Clifton,' which he thus describes:

From the beer-hall in its basement to the barber shop just under its roof the Clifton stands full eighteen stories tall. Its hundreds of windows glitter with multitudinous letterings in gold and silver, and on summer afternoons its awnings flutter scores on scores in the tepid breeze that sometimes comes up from Indiana. Four ladder-like constructions, which rise skyward stage by stage, promote the agility of the clambering hoards that swarm within it, and ten elevators—devices unknown to the real aboriginal inhabitants—ameliorate the daily cliff-climbing for the frail of physique and the pressed for time. The tribe inhabiting the Clifton is large and rather heterogeneous. All told, it numbers about four thousand souls. It includes bankers, capitalists, lawyers, 'promoters'; brokers in bonds, stocks, pork, oil, mortgages; real-estate people and railway people and insurance people—life, fire, marine, accident; a host of principals, agents, middlemen, clerks, cashiers, stenographers and errand-boys, and the necessary force of engineers, janitors, scrub-women, and elevator hands.

Mr. Fuller proceeds to give a series of episodes in the lives of certain of these cliff-dwellers, presenting a very vivid picture of the unscrupulous rush of business life in the great western metropolis. (W. Foster Brown.)

RELIGIOUS.

Hurlbut's 'Illustrative Notes,' (Bradley & Co., Boston) afford a useful series of helps for the Sunday-school teacher. Mr. Hurlbut has been assisted in the work of gathering thoughts on the lessons from various sources by R. R. Doherty, Ph.D., and gives besides many illustrations and valuable teaching hints. This is the fourth time Mr. Hurlbut says that the Sunday-schools of the world have begun the study of the Bible under the International Lesson system. The first course began in 1873, the second in 1880, the third in 1887, and the fourth begins in 1894. The advance of Sunday-school work under this system may be seen, he thinks, by comparing any series of lesson helps of 1873, with the same publication to-day, when the latter will be found to be on a far higher plane of thought. (W. Drysdale & Co., $1.25.)

An enthusiastic appeal for workers to evangelize the world in this generation is entitled 'A Mission Exodus.' Joseph Merlin Hodson, the author of 'How to begin to live forever,' thinks that the genius and daring which have successfully carried through the great commercial enterprises of the world would, if sanctified and applied to missionary work, lead a great crusade to conquer heathen lands for Christ, or, in other words, cause a great exodus of the Christian world in men, women, money, and spirit, to the heathen world. (Saalfield & Fitch, New York.)—T. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh, publish a Bible class primer on 'The Parables of our Lord,' by Prof. Salmond, D.D., of Aberdeen. The price is 20 cents and it is to be had from the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto.

MONTREAL ART.

A dainty volume of pen and ink etchings, illustrating a poem by Mr. Walter Norton Evans, cannot fail to be a favorite present with our citizens as both pictures and poems present in various aspects a subject dear to Montrealers'—Mount Royal. The illustrations by Elizabeth Warren and A. B. Clarkson, can be best appreciated by those who have made themselves familiar with every nook and path on the mountain and with every view to be seen from it. Their delicate beauty and fidelity to nature seem to leave little to be desired. The poem is worthy of the pictures with which it is so gracefully illustrated. Here is the concluding verse:

Farewell, Old Mountain
From thy wood-crowned heights,
I bear away a deeper, dearer sense
Of 'God with me' than e'er I knew before,
Mounts of Transfiguration still there are
That lift us far above the influence
Of time and sense, and bring us nearer heaven.
And such thou art to me. When in the valley
We feel our limitations, grieve and fret;
And then in wild despair look to the hills,
For there are wisdom, strength and boundless love,
Thou blessed Mountain teacher, Fare thee well!

By a happy thought the cover is decorated with the white trillium, a flower more characteristic of Mount Royal than any other.

FOR ARBOR DAY.

'Patriotic Recitations and Arbor Day Exercises,' edited by George W. Ross, LL.D., Minister of Education, Ontario. (Warwick Bros. & Butler, Toronto), appears to be a volume admirably adapted for the purpose for which it is designed. Dr. Ross gives in the first place suggestions which will help teachers to make children understand the value of the Government under which they live and the purposes of various national holidays; following this by a dramatic model of a public school annual meeting in which the children are instructed in the value of improvements in schoolhouse and grounds. After this comes a model trustees' meeting, to be carried on by the boys, in which the question of 'cheap' or 'dear' teachers is argued and one trustee remarks 'a cheap teacher' is the worst investment we could make; even a cheap pair of boots, as a rule, 'does not pay.' In Part II. nearly 200 pages are given to patriotic recitations from various sources. General selections follow, while part IV. contains suggestions and exercises suitable for Arbor Day. (Price, $1.)

THE 'INTERIOR.'

Chicago is the city of great enterprises and it is to be expected that when a great weekly religious paper, with a special holiday edition of fifty-two pages is issued it should date from that city. The 'Interior', for such is its name, is not only a mammoth paper of its class, but there is nothing better of that class, It is written with the greatest care, carefully edited, nearly all branches of Christian work are treated thoroughly, with a special leaning towards Presbyterianism, while financial, social, educational, musical topics, and cognate subjects are not ignored. It is interesting for Canadians to know that the Rev. George Simpson, for many years editor of the 'Canada Presbyterian,' is one of the editors of this great paper.

'JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.'

'Samantha at the World's Fair,' by 'Josiah Allen's wife' (Marietta Holley), contains many quaint pieces of humor. Baron de Grimm's illustrations of the characters are exceedingly clever. The adventures of Josiah and Samantha, those devoted characters who are known all over the continent for their strange sayings and doings, were as funny at the fair, according to the author, as they ever were anywhere. For instance, when Samantha met the Duke of Veragua, she judged that her 'curchey wuz jest about right,' and when, upon her saluting him 'in the name of Jonesville and America, the Duke bowed so low that if a basin of water had been sot on his back it would have run down over his head.' The author's views on Sunday closing at the Fair are, perhaps, a little peculiar; otherwise there is much sound sense mingled with the humor. (New York, Funk & Wagnalls; Montreal, Canadian Publishing Company.)

Dr. Julius Pohlman, in the 'Medical News,' remarks that in spite the high pressure rate of American work, a Yankee's expectation of life is greater than that of an Englishman's or a German's.

FREE LUMBER.

THE SALVATION OF SAGINAW VALLEY MILLS.

CANADIAN LOGS NOW THEIR SOLE DEPENDENCE.

Bay City, Mich., Dec. 20.—The proposed removal of the tariff on lumber in the Wilson bill has little terror to the Saginaw valley lumber men. There are few of them who are not interested in Canadian pine and the business has reached the point where Canadian interests must receive some concessions from the United States or the saw mills of the valley quit business. Since the export duty on logs was taken off by the Canadian Government valley mills have practically lived on Canadian pine.

During the past year upwards of three hundred million feet of logs have been brought across Lake Huron and converted into lumber by the mills of the Saginaw river and the shore towns. The Holland & Emery Lumber Company put in about seventy-five million feet; Turner & Fisher, and other firms in which S. O. Fisher is interested, put in forty-three million feet; J. W. Howry & Sons about twenty million; Edmund Hall S. G. M. Gates, the Eddys, both Bay City and Saginaw; Bliss & Alger, Peter A. Maltby, Hitchcock & Baily, F. J. Saxe, H. Morey, A. T. Bliss, all brought over rafts of logs ranging from three to twenty million. As the average cut of the valley mills is not far from twenty million feet per year a piece, Canadian logs have furnished labor for the employees of fully fifteen large saw mills.

Unless there is an export duty placed on logs this winter the amount brought over next summer will undoubtedly exceed that of the past year. Nearly all of the lumbermen have arranged for cutting as much, or more, during the winter, the Holland & Emery Co. alone increasing their output by 25,000,000 feet.

The business of rafting logs across the lake employs hundreds of men who sort the logs and man the tugs which do the towing. One firm in Bay City, the Saginaw Bay Towing Association, has ten powerful tugs for the work. About half the output comes from Spanish river and the remainder from French river and Little Current.

Speaking of the removal of the tariff on lumber this morning, S. O. Fisher said: 'It means the salvation of the Saginaw river mills. If the United States retains the duty on lumber an export duty will be placed on the logs, which will absolutely prohibit our bringing them over. This Government must make some concession to Canada if it wants to secure its raw material in the shape of logs free. The removal of the duty won't have the slightest effect on the wages of saw mill operatives, and it won't reduce the amount of lumber cut here. I am as heavily interested in Michigan pine as in Canadian timber, and am not the least bit afraid of the effects of free trade on lumber.'

E. T. Carrington, whose political views are directly opposed to the ex-congressman's, said, 'The fact that this Government would have to make concessions to the Canadian lumbermen in order to secure our logs free of export duty is pretty well understood. A few years ago there was an export duty of $2 per thousand on logs. Canadian timber is coarse and has to be handled on a very small margin. We have got to have free lumber to get free logs, and the removal of the tariff can have no material effect on the wages of the men employed in converting the logs into lumber. On the other hand, its retention means that the majority of the men employed in our mills and all the men employed in handling and rafting logs to the mills will have to look elsewhere for a means of support.'

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—The above despatch to the Detroit 'News' will be of interest to your readers. It shows what protection your Finance Minister, Mr. Foster, is giving Canada and the Canadians. In the log towing from Canada there are as follows engaged:—Saginaw Bay Towing Association, 18 tugs; Michigan Log Towing Co., 4 American and 1 Canadian; Reid Wrecking & Towing Co., 4; F. W. Gilchrist & Co.,4; Mr. John Charlton, 1 American and 1 Canadian.

There are besides about twelve chartered tugs during the season and one Canadian tug, the 'John Charlton,' sailed by an American with American papers. In order to secure the towing the Michigan Log Towing Company have now loaned the Saginaw Lumber Company and the Holland & Emery Lumber Company, 866 booms with chains, to be used as glancing and pocket booms in the spring while those companies are driving their logs, and the Saginaw Bay Towing Association have at least two thousand booms with chain in use in Canada as above, all this besides booms and chain used in Canada picking up stray logs, not counting what material is smuggled each trip, I know of four mills which would return to Canada, providing a duty was put on logs. The Waterous Engine Company of Brantford will corroborate this statement. As it now is Canadians are compelled to follow the logs for employment which is denied them in Canada. I

Bay City, Mich., Dec. 21, 1893.

A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

'A—I've no doubt you're quite right in theory, Lady Hypatia. But I'm afraid that in practice the world at large won't agree with you.' 'Won't it! Then it oughtn't to be at large!'—'Punch.'

PATRONIZE PROHIBITIONISTS.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—Allow me through the columns of your valuable paper to draw the attention of the ministers of the Gospel and temperance workers generally, who are identified with the temperance or prohibition cause, to one phase of it, to which perhaps they have given little thought, i.e., the duty of patronizing 'prohibitionists.' This is a more serious matter than it may appear to many. It ofttimes becomes a burning question with some of us. I make this appeal believing this to be a fitting time, now that we are on the eve of another era in the prohibition movement. I trust this humble appeal, written reluctantly and with hesitation, may have some little weight with your many readers. I find in my experience, which, I believe, is the common experience of business or professional temperance men that Christian temperance workers do not seem to consider that it might be their duty, reasonably, to patronize the business man, who is making sacrifices (in a business point of view) for the cause of prohibition. It is true we are called on to suffer for truth and righteousness' sake, but it is doubly hard doing so when the burden of such is being added to by the action of your friends in this work, within whose power it is, rather to lighten such burden. Many of us who are prohibitionists among the merchants have this to contend with. Our ministers do not patronize us as they might and should, nor do our temperance friends treat us fairly in this respect, while at the same time we have antagonized the liquor traffic by our attitude on prohibition. At the time of the agitation over the Scott act in our county, I did what I could to aid in the passage of the act. Previous to this I had considerable trade from the hotel-keepers. I lost this nearly altogether, as well as their influence. That was all right. I looked for nothing else, but the unkindest cut of all was the consideration shown by my own pastor (who was a strong prohibitionist), and temperance friends generally in the matter of custom. My pastor and his family seemed to make no difference between myself and any of the merchants who were opposed to prohibition in the matter of patronage. It seemed to me to be a matter of indifference with him where he bought his goods. He would often pass the store of one of his own congregation, whose sympathies were with the temperance cause, and go to the stores of those who neither belonged to his congregation nor were the friends of the cause, for what he wanted. Now it seems to me that if an article could be got just as reasonable from a worthy member of any congregation that that is the person for the minister of such congregation to purchase it from and not from those who were neither his true friends nor sympathizers.

A lady who was in business, a worthy member of the W.C.T.U., told me that she got very little help in the matter of business from the members of the W.C.T.U.; that with many of them she was disgusted, so little practical sympathy did she receive from them. Such experience is common. MERCHANT.

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

—'Life.'

THE BIRTHDAY OF AVATARS.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness.')

Sir,—If it is mere coincidence, it is, to say the least, a remarkable one that Dec. 25, the day on which Christians everywhere celebrate the nativity of the Saviour Christ, should also have been fixed upon as the birthday of most of the great Avatars or demi-gods of heathen antiquity. Bacchus of Greece, Adonis of Greece, Chrisnna of India, Changti of China, Sakia of India, and several others were all born (so their biographers say), on our Christmas Day. This certainly sounds wonderful in our ears, but a still greater cause for wonder is to be found in the astonishing series of analogies that exist between the lives of some of the these Oriental messiahs and that of Christ. Take the legend of Chrishna, for example. This saviour (for so his followers termed him) lived in India about twelve hundred years before Christ. He is represented in the books of that country as a divine Avatar or incarnation of Vishnu, the second person of the Hindoo trinity. Though he was of royal descent, yet he was born in a dungeon. His mother was a holy virgin named Maia. Choirs of devitas (angels) sang hymns of praise at his birth (which had been foretold by prophets a thousand years in advance), while shepherds surrounded his cradle. It was necessary to conceal his birth from the tyrant ruler, Cansa, who sought to kill him through a jealous fear that the young prince would become a rival of his. The tyrant issued an order for the slaughter of all the young male children in the kingdom, but the infant prince escaped with his parents beyond the bounds of the kingdom and lived in obscurity for a time, after which he entered upon a public life, distinguished for prowess and beneficence. He cured the sick, raised the dead, cast out devils and performed many other wonderful works. Many of his disciples also performed similar works. He taught his followers to return good for evil, and many other precepts of a beautiful and ennobling character. A woma once annointed his head with oil, in return for which he cured all her maladies. One of his first miracles was the healing of a leper. To show his humility, it is said he washed the feet of the Brahmins. He denounced riches and rich men and lived himself a life of poverty and self-abnegation. Like all other reformers he made enemies amongst the rich and the proud. A conspiracy was formed against him and he was arrested and crucified between two thieves, when he was about thirty-three or thirty-four years of age. The crucifixion was attended by darkness, which his followers ascribed to supernatural causes. In spirit he descended into hell and preached to the inmates with a view of reforming them. After three days interment, he rose from the dead, and was seen and recognized by his devout followers. Finally, he ascended into heaven, to Brahma, the first person of the trinity, he himself being the second person, and Hindoo prophecy points to his return to the earth to encounter the prince of darkness and drove him to hell before the end of the world.

Many more points might be mentioned in which the life, labors, and teachings of Christ are paralleled by those of Chrishna, but I think the above should be sufficient to stimulate inquiry as to the cause of the startling similarity in the careers of the two personages. How shall we account for it? Can it be the result of mere chance or coincidence, or shall we find the true explanation in the idea that all the great religious systems of the world have had a common origin, and that of a truth 'God is no respecter of persons (or nations either) but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.' I have no opinion to offer; I have simply stated a few facts, that seem to be well established by evidence of a fairly reliable character. I consider the subject an interesting and important one, and shall be glad to have some light shed upon it from any source whatever.

G. DAWSON.

THE LOUDEST NOISE EVER HEARD.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, Aug. 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination. The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort was what raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is ninety-four miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search; they presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succor. The reports were sounds which had come all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out what was the matter. The sounds had travelled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not serve to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise which ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by sounds like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterwards before they learned that their tranquility was disturbed by the grand events then proceeding at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.—Sir Robert S. Ball, in the 'Youth's Companion.'

THE NEW YORK CANALS.

CANADIAN COMPETITION MUST BE MET.

GOVERNOR FLOWER RECOMMENDS THE ELECTRIC TROLLEY SYSTEM.

New York, Jan. 2.—It is very evident that the Governor and Executive of the State of New York are very much alarmed over the possibilities of Canada's canals competing successfully with those of this state for the grain and general transportation trade between the Atlantic seaboard and the West. What is feared is apparently the results which will be obtained by Canada from her canals when enlargements now being carried on so slowly are completed. A greater and more permanent danger to the predominance of the New York canals is, however, the possibility of a great ship channel being carried through by way of the St. Lawrence river and the great lakes, of from twenty to twenty-five feet in depth. This project was brought up at a transportation congress held in the West some months ago, and was warmly advocated by prominent American transportation men and engineers. That the St. Lawrence route will be some day what nature intended it to be, the great means of transportation between the West and the Atlantic, is certain, and that it will be accomplished only by the joint efforts of the American and Canadian interests involved is probable. In the meantime, New York interests are fighting to maintain the temporary advantage. The Governor in his address to the Legislature, after referring to Canada's competition, reviews favorably several schemes for increasing the capacity of the canals, such as doubling the lengths of the locks so as to increase lockage capacity, the deepening of the canals; which is almost impossible, recommends the use of the electric trolley which he thinks will lessen the cost twenty-five percent and increase the speed thirty percent as compared with horse power. The cost of the projects for deepening the canals and lengthening the locks is estimated at $20,000,000. Governor Flower says:

The last season of canal navigation was an unusually prosperous one. The total tonnage carried on all the canals was 4,331,963, which is an increase of 49,968 tons over the traffic of the preceding year. The increase of the Erie canal alone was 256,894 tons, but this was largely offset by a falling off of 172,174 tons of freight carried on the Champlain canal, occasioned by the diminishing shipments of iron ore, lumber and coal. The total tonnage of the canals was made up as follows:

	Tons.
Products of the forest	1,930,604
Products of agriculture	1,544,146
Manufactures	96,892
Merchandise	216,013
Other articles	1,474,308
Total	4,321,963

The amount of freight carried by the various canals was as follows:

	Tons.
Erie Canal	3,235,726
Champlain Canal	848,965
Oswego Canal	92,634
Black River Canal	115,877
Cayuga and Seneca Canal	38,761

During the season of canal navigation the whole number of bushels of grain received at the port of New York was 108,962,706, of which the canals carried 43,076,900, or slightly over 39 1-2 percent. In 1892, while the total receipts at New York during the canal season were greater than those of 1893, the proportion carried by the canals was only 23 percent, or 16 1-2 percent less. The increase in favor of the season just closed was because of the higher railway freight rates, which turned more traffic to the canals and made the season a profitable one to boat owners.

The cost of superintendence, ordinary repairs, and maintenance of the canals during the last fiscal year was $726,087-47. This is the lowest expenditure for these purposes in seven years. In addition, the Legislature appropriated $780,000 for improvements. These are now under way, and will increase the efficacy of the canals. They consist in continuing the policy of lock-lengthening, under what is known as the Seymour plan, deepening the Champlain canal, bottoming out the Erie canal, improving the Erie basin and Black Rock Harbor, dredging the Albany basin, improving the Erie canal in the city of Buffalo, repairing the upper and lower Mohawk aqueducts and the Schoharie Creek aqueduct, rebuilding the state dam at Cohoes, improving certain feeders and reservoirs, building canal walls and bridges, etc. More appropriations of this kind will be required this year, and the detailed information regarding them will be submitted to the Legislature by the proper officers.

I have alluded in other official papers to the necessity for maintaining the efficiency of the canal system and extending its usefulness wherever practicable. The Erie Canal was built three-quarters of a century ago to divert the flood of agricultural wealth of the West from outlets to the sea by way of Canada or the Mississippi River. That policy poured the treasures of the new country at the feet of New York and built up her great cities. As much now as ever before in her history does the state of New York need the maintenance of substantial water-ways. No narrow or short-sighted policy should permit this tide of commerce between West and East to be turned away from New York. To-day Canada aspires to contest with us for the traffic of the great lakes. She has already spent upwards of $50,000,000 in improving and building canals and in deepening channels. She is constructing a new canal through her territory at the Sault Ste. Marie, and is making a channel fourteen feet deep all the way from Lake Superior through the Welland Canal and St. Lawrence River to the sea. When that is completed a two-thousand-ton boat can go from Duluth to Montreal, Halifax, or Liverpool. To meet this competition the United States Government is making a twenty-feet channel through the lakes to Buffalo. When that is finished a three-thousand ton boat can come as far as Buffalo, and from that point freight must find a cheap and easy outlet to the seaboard. Here is where New York's interest lies, and where the necessity of utilizing the advantage of the Erie Canal is vital.

Think for a moment of the vast wealth centred now in the territory surrounding the Great Lakes. Here, in these states, is already nearly half the population of the country. There has been no parallel in history to the rapid development of this region. Its industrial and commercial possibilities are almost unlimited. The great wheat fields of the world are there, great areas of timbered land, immense deposits of iron, copper, and the precious metals. The cities of this region must eventually be the greatest centres of wealth and population in the country, and the natural pathway of their products and those of the vast country beyond them must ever be through the Great Lakes to the East. Railways alone cannot carry all the product of this region; development would be checked if dependence was alone upon them. But railways and waterways together, not antagonistic but mutually essential, will, year by year, carry increasing burdens from these treasuries of wealth to the seaboard, and take back the products which our industries or commerce supply in return. The figures of the lake commerce are already startling. In 1889 the tonnage is said to have been ten millions greater than the combined entries and clearances of all the seaports of the United States, and three millions greater than the combined entries and clearances of Liverpool and London. Statesmanship would be short-sighted which would fail to take consideration of these facts in outlining or establishing a policy of state development. How to attract to and through our own state this enormous traffic should be the subject of careful solicitude.

To establish a ship canal is, in the opinion of most persons who have given the suggestion careful consideration, both impracticable and unwise. The most practical suggestions are contained in plans for increasing the tonnage of the Erie Canal.

One of these plans has been in process of execution during the last seven years. It consists in lengthening the locks so as to permit two boats to pass through at the same time, thereby saving expense and time of transportation. Under this policy all but four of the locks which it is feasible to lengthen, in the opinion of the Superintendent of Public Works, have been so lengthened. The cost has been about $3,000,000, thus far. The results have been disappointing, for the tonnage of the canal has diminished instead of increasing. The lengthening of the remaining four locks will not change the situation materially, for it requires on the average about three minutes to lock a boat, so that the time saved between Buffalo and Albany by lengthening the remaining locks would be less than half an hour.

Another plan proposed in connection with the lengthening of the locks is the deepening of the canal and the raising of its banks, so as to enable boats of larger capacity to be used. The deepening of the canal would necessitate the rebuilding of all its structures—an enormously expensive undertaking; the raising of the banks, however, would be quite feasible as a means of securing a greater depth of water. Something in this direction should undoubtedly be done when the present capacity of the canal proves insufficient, and at present provision should be made for prompt removal of all accumulations in the bottom of the canal, so that its full depth may be enjoyed.

It has seemed to me, however, that the most practical plan for immediately increasing the tonnage of the Erie canal is that which would supply speedier and more economical motive power. Mules and horses now propel canal boats at a rate of about two miles an hour, while steam sends them along at the rate of about three miles. The banks of the canal will stand a speed of about four miles an hour. It seemed to me after personal observation of present methods, that electricity might be applied as a motive power with a considerable saving in cost and a considerable increase in speed. Experiments in this direction were authorized by the last legislature upon my recommendation, and seem to have demonstrated clearly the feasibility of using electricity as a motive power on the canals. The only question still to be determined is that of cost, and the estimates are quite favorable to a considerable reduction from the cost of propulsion by steam. Just how much of a reduction could be obtained it is of course impossible to say definitely, but very conservative estimates make the saving in cost of transportation at least 25 percent, and the increase in speed at least 30 percent. The advantage of electricity over mule or horse power would be much greater. If these results could be attained the benefit to the canal would be indefinitely greater than the benefit which would flow from all the proposed enlargements, and need not cost the state a penny. Boatmen could make many more trips in a season, fewer employees would be needed on each boat, no money would be required for horses and mules, the large space occupied by steam-boiler and engine would be saved for freight, and danger from fire or explosion would be avoided. At the same time the increased tonnage and business of the canals would provide more employment and more remunerative occupation for boatmen. Other advantages readily suggest themselves. It should be clearly understood, moreover, that the adoption of electricity as a motive power does not mean the abandonment of horse, mule or steam power if boat-owners prefer to have their boats propelled by these powers. The idea is that whether the state furnishes the electric power from its own plant, or whether individuals or corporations furnish it under contract, there will be no compulsion to use it, but the endeavor will be to supply it at such a low cost to boatmen that they will find it advantageous to apply it to their boats in the interest of economy.

This plan need not interfere, either, with any proper enlargement or deepening of the canal. Indeed, if the plan is found to operate satisfactorily, the next logical and necessary step would probably be to so improve the canal as to enable the use of larger boats. But for the present I am quite convinced that the proper course is to give electric propulsion a fair trial, and if it accomplishes what is claimed for it, a new era of activity and prosperity should begin for our canals. Grain has been carried during the last season from Chicago to Buffalo for as low as one cent a bushel; boatmen can carry it profitably at two cents a bushel. If by cheaper and quicker propulsion the cost from Buffalo to New York by way of the Erie canal can be reduced to three cents a bushel, as is reasonable to suppose, there is no other carrying route that can successfully compete with it, and a continuance of New York's supremacy is assured. Moreover, the harnessing of the tremendous water torrent of Niagara to the wheels of industry will furnish the cities of Buffalo and Rochester and all western New York with the cheapest power for manufacturing in the United States. We may look forward to the time when the great flour mills of the world will be located there, for the cheapness of power would do more than compensate for the cost of transportation of grain from the fields of the North-West. So with other manufactories. Then, more than ever, will be needed cheap transportation through the state. To-day the Erie canal does not carry one-half its capacity. Reduce the cost of transportation and increase the speed and the tonnage will increase, and when the tonnage increases then will be the proper time to seriously consider expensive schemes of enlargement.

The essential point in the arranging for the application of electric propulsion on the canals is that the power should be furnished at the lowest possible cost, and any construction of state works for this purpose or any contract with individuals or corporations for supplying power to boatmen should be hedged about with abundant safeguards for the protection of the public interests.

SICILY'S ANTI-TAX RIOTS.

THE SITUATION EXTREMELY GRAVE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS BURNED—MOB VIOLENCE IN SEVERAL TOWNS.

Rome, Jan. 2.—Despatches received from Sicily to-day say that in Campobello, a town of six thousand inhabitants, the town council passed a resolution abolishing the wheat octroi. As protests against this action the millers proposed to increase the price of flour and the bakers announced an increase in the price of bread. When these measures became known yesterday morning about one thousand men and fifty or more women of the working class gathered and began marching through the streets. The police who tried to disperse them were put to flight. The rioters set fire to all the public buildings except the Town Hall. From these buildings the fire spread to the near-by private houses. While a large district was in flames the mob marched to the prison and took it by storm. All the prisoners were liberated. The soldiers, who were confined to their barracks, were driven out by the fire. When brought out the soldiers forced back the mob slowly at the point of the bayonet, and at no time received orders to fire. Nearly a third of the town is now in ruins. At Salemi fires were started by anti-tax rioters shortly before dark yesterday, and half a dozen buildings were burning by 9 o'clock. Fires were set by rioters repeatedly in several smaller towns. The troops, although provoked by the rioters repeatedly in Salemi, did not fire. At Pietra-Perzeia, a town of 11,000 inhabitants, near Caltanisetta, an anti-tax mob set fire to three public buildings and tried to get at the rest, but was prevented by troops who had been called out to protect them. The rioters made such determined attacks on the military in their efforts to reach the buildings that eventually the order to fire was given. Five were killed and many wounded by the first volley. The second volley, fired over the heads of the rioters, was quickly followed by the dissolution of the mob. The Town Council in Marino, near Palermo, abolished the wheat octroi on Saturday, but the millers and bakers refused to reduce their prices. The people rose yesterday and tried to destroy the town buildings, but were driven off by the troops after several stubborn fights, in which three rioters were killed and several wounded. The Communal councillors of Sicily have taken steps to quiet the populace by lowering the wheat tax. The despatches from Trapani giving details of the riots in Campobello arrived during a Cabinet Council this morning. They were read first by Premier Crispi, who at once communicated them to his colleagues. All the ministers pronounced the situation in Sicily graver than at any previous period of the anti-tax agitation. Premier Crispi expected until this evening to go to Sicily, but the alarming reports received have caused him to change his plans, as he deems his presence in Rome indispensable.

DECLINED THE INVITATION.

London, Jan. 3.—It is understood that the Duke of York has answered cordially declining the invitation of the Australian premiers to visit Australia with the Duchess this year, excusing himself on the ground that domestic circumstances would compel him to decline for the present.

LORD ABERDEEN.

HIS EXCELLENCY AT THE QUEEN CITY.

TRIBUTE BY THE TORONTO BOARD OF TRADE TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Toronto, Jan. 5.—When at 12.15 yesterday the Earl of Aberdeen and party entered the rotunda at the Board of Trade building the scene was entitled the designation picturesque. A strip of brilliant scarlet carpet stretched from the entrance across the floor to a handsomely decorated platform facing the doorway. On the platform awaiting the viceregal party stood the president and leading members of the council of the Board of Trade. Without preliminaries, Mr. Wilkie read and presented a richly illuminated address. The address assured His Excellency of the loyalty of the Board of Trade to Her Majesty; congratulated him upon his appointment as Governor-General, and welcomed him as their guest.

Speaking on commerce, the address said: 'This Board of Trade craves permission to inform Your Excellency of the fact that resolutions have been passed by the Board on more than one occasion in favor of closer trade relations within the empire, and begs of Your Excellency such assistance and encouragement as Your Excellency's exalted position and opportunities afford in the attainment of an object which we consider will inure to the lasting material advantage as well of the United Kingdom as of its colonies and dependencies.

We have every reason to believe that the sojourn of Your Excellency in our midst will assist materially in the development of the Dominion, and hope that you will always be able to look back upon your residence in Canada with pleasure.

We desire to express our regrets that circumstances have prevented the Countess of Aberdeen from accompanying Your Excellency on this occasion, and beg of you to convey to Her Excellency our heartfelt appreciation of her continuous efforts on behalf of the needy and of the afflicted, and our best wishes for her health and happiness.

The address was signed by Dr. R. Wilkie, president, and Edgar A. Willis, secretary.

The Governor-General responded in complimentary terms. Lord Aberdeen spoke of the growth of the Dominion, the magnificent prospects of the country, and the splendid showing made by Canada at the World's Fair.

The function closed with cheers for Her Majesty and the Governor-General, and the members forming a circle round the rotunda and being introduced to the Earl by Mr. Wilkie.

A TRYING YEAR FOR ENGLAND.

MANY CAUSES ASSIGNED—BRIGHTER DAYS PREDICTED.

London, Jan. 3.—In a review of English trade in 1893, the 'Times' asserts that the year has been a more trying one than any year in the decade. It recalls the lockout in the Lancashire cotton districts, the strike of the dock laborers at Hull, the lockout on the Midland coal fields and the attendant strikes on the coal fields of South Wales and Scotland. These all dislocated trade which was further disturbed by the long series of bank failures in Australia, by the depression in American railway stocks, and by home investment troubles. These depleted incomes and forced economy on large numbers of the English people. In addition, manufacturers and traders have had to meet increasing foreign competition. The inherent conditions of trade have been generally sound and remain so. What is now lacking is confidence and stability of affairs abroad. In America the situation is clearing and there is likely to be a revival of trade. If uncertainty in Brazil and Argentina were removed the deferred shipments to those countries would stimulate industry in England. The Indian financial situation may be the retarding element and remain so until the value of silver becomes more certain. With abundant supplies of raw material at almost bottom prices and a steadily enlarging demand, the prospect for 1894 is more promising than was the prospect for 1893. The 'Times' adds that the cycle of depression which followed the Baring collapse in 1889 is now showing signs of exhaustion.

BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE TWO NATIONS IN ACCORD ON THE ADVANTAGES OF PEACEFUL ARBITRATION IN THE SETTLEMENT OF DISPUTES.

A cable despatch from London says that further correspondence relating to United States proposals of international disputes was laid before the House of Commons, including a letter from Secretary Gresham. Following is the text of the letter referred to:—

His Excellency Sir Julian Pauncefote:—With regard to your note of Aug. 3, 1893, of which the acknowledgment has been hitherto unavoidably deferred, I have now the pleasure to inform you that the President will feel great satisfaction in bringing to the knowledge of Congress in his forthcoming annual message the resolution of the House of Commons of July 18 last, whereby that high body expressed its cordial sympathy with the action taken by the Senate and House of Representatives, in the concurrent resolutions of Feb. 14, April 3, 1890, requesting the President 'To invite from time to time, as fit occasion may arise, negotiations with any Government with which the United States has or may have diplomatic relations, to the end that any differences or disputes arising between the two governments, which cannot be adjusted by diplomatic agency, may be referred to arbitration and be peaceably adjusted by such means.' In manifesting the hope that Her Majesty's Government will lend their cordial co-operation to the Government of the United States upon the basis of this concurrent resolution of Congress, the House of Commons has afforded a most gratifying proof of the sentiment of the nations in favor of the settlement of international disagreements of which the United States and Great Britain have by mutual accord given to the world conspicuous illustrations on several recent occasions.

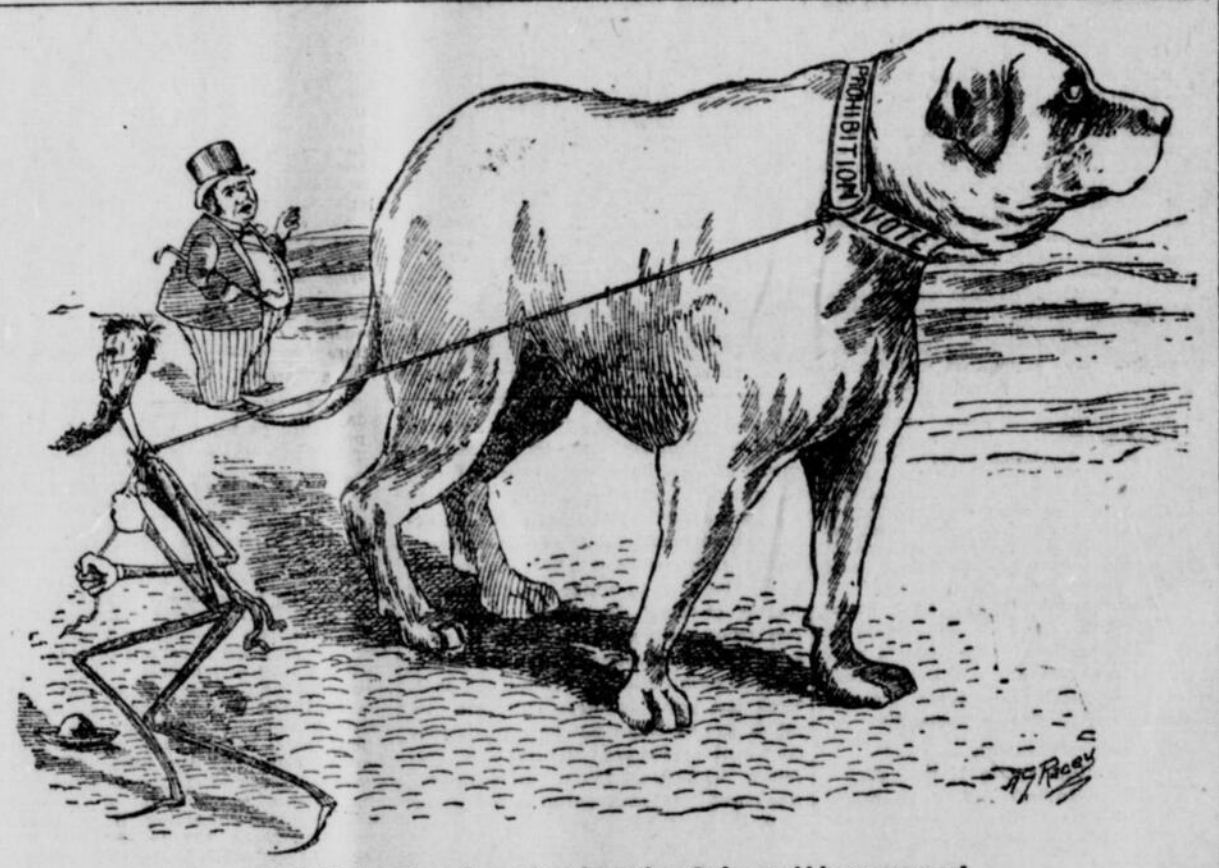
I have the honor to be, Mr. Ambassador, with the highest consideration, your obedient servant, W. O. Gresham.

NEWS FROM HAWAII.

London, Jan. 5.—A despatch from Auckland, New Zealand, states that the American steamer 'Alameda,' from San Francisco, via Honolulu, has arrived there, bringing Hawaiian advices to Dec. 22. According to these advices the greatest excitement was prevailing in Honolulu. A number of policemen who had been requested to bear arms in defence of the Provisional Government had refused to do so and had been dismissed from the Government service.

It is further stated that Mr. Willis, the American Minister, had written to the Provisional Government declaring that they must surrender office, as the United States had declared in favor of Queen Liliuokalani, who had agreed to grant amnesty to the men who had overthrown her government, to ratify the Government obligations, and to govern the islands according to the present constitution. The Provisional Government at the time the 'Alameda' sailed, was preparing a lengthy reply to Minister Willis's letter.

The 'Commercial Advertiser' of Honolulu declares that the American Congress has taken the Hawaiian matter out of the hands of President Cleveland, and that the Provisional Government will not retire unless it is forced to do so. The paper holds that the employment of force to reduce the present government is not likely.



THOMPSON:—Great Guns who'd have thought he would have grown so!
FOSTER!—Call him some pretty names John, quick!

THE PROHIBITION VOTE.

IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND BY COUNTIES.

Charlottetown, Jan. 2.—The following is the vote cast in the three counties of Prince Edward Island for and against prohibition in the recent plebiscite, with the total vote cast for the candidates to the Legislature:

	For.	Ag'st.	Total for cand'te
Queen's County	4,226	1,513	7,970
Prince County	3,579	1,109	5,112
King's County	2,811	168	4,813
Totals	10,616	3,390	17,895

MILLS FORCED TO CLOSE DOWN.

West Superior, Wis., Jan. 5.—Five mills, which have been turning out Superior's heaviest flour product the past season, have been forced to shut down because high all rail rates to the east were inaugurated on Jan. 1.

DISALLOWANCE IN MANITOBA.

THE QUESTION ONCE MORE A LIVE ONE AMONG CABINET MINISTERS.

Ottawa, Jan. 3.—The members of the Cabinet are at present quarrelling between themselves over two special questions, the disallowance of the North-West school ordinance and the expediency of releasing the Hon. Thomas McGreevy and Mr. N. K. Connolly from jail. Both questions are pressing for solution. The time within which the North-West school law of 1892 can be disallowed, expires on Jan. 23. There is, therefore, no time to be lost in reaching a decision and submitting it to council in the shape of a report from the Minister of Justice. As yet the Minister has drawn up no report, but is discussing the matter with some of his colleagues. Further petitions from the Roman Catholic clergy and others of the North-West have been received within the past week. There is a decided difference of opinion whether this is a case for the exercise of the power of disallowance. Some of the Ministers contend that if the school ordinance of 1888 and amending acts were within the power of the Regina Assembly, the act of 1892 is equally intra vires, because the one is a consolidation and amendment of the other. They also say it is strange if in

THE MATTER OF TEXT BOOKS

a new and sparsely settled country cannot agree on the one set so that confusion, change and expense may be minimized. As to the Sisters of the Catholic Church being shut out from teaching under the new regulation requiring a Normal School certificate, it is urged that this would scarcely be a sufficient ground on which to veto the ordinance. The inspection of all schools under the Council of Public Instruction or of its superintendent is a point the supporters of the ordinance rather regard as a good one. On the other hand Sir John Thompson is understood to have pointed out to some of his colleagues that the hours for religious instruction, the character of the text books, and the qualification of the teachers are subjects hitherto left to the Roman Catholic section of the Board of Education, whereas they are now relegated to the new Council of Public Instruction, in which Roman Catholics have no votes, thus withdrawing from the Church the exclusive control exercised all along over these vital matters, and breaking the spirit if not the letter of the constitutional act. How Mr. Daly and the ministers from Ontario can reconcile their differences on this question with the Premier and other colleagues it is not easy to see, for all of them are strongly in favor of allowing the people of the North-West to manage their own schools in their own way. The Comptroller of Customs voted in the House of Commons for Mr. McCarthy's bill to give the North-West home rule in matters of education, but he is not of the Cabinet and may not even know what grave issue is now pending before the Cabinet.

OBIT.

Albany, N.Y., Jan. 2.—Bishop McNienery died at 8.45 p.m.

Rochester, N.Y., Jan. 2.—The Hon. Oscar Craig, president of the State Board of Charities, died at nine o'clock to-night.

New York, Jan. 2.—Mr. Orlando B. Potter dropped dead at 9.20 to-night, in front of the Hotel Buckingham.

St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 2.—The Hon. W. C. Smith, of St. Albans, ex-member of Congress, and a former trustee and manager of the Vermont Central and Vermont and Canada railway, died to-day of paralysis. He was born in St. Albans in 1823.

Paris, Dec. 31.—Mr. Robert Huessey, director of the French Embassy in London, died at Mentone, near Monaco, yesterday. He was a conspicuous essayist. His subjects were taken from French and English history and light literature, notably often from Dickens's works.

London, Dec. 31.—Mr. Jamieson, a director of the Anglo-American Oil Company, died yesterday at Kensington, of influenza.

Parry Sound, Ont., Dec. 30.—Julius Ansley, a resident of this place for the last twenty-five years, died here last evening. Deceased was born in the County of Down, Ireland, towards the close of the last century. At an early age he was sent to the artillery school of the British army and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He came to Canada in 1830 and settled in Lower Canada. He was upwards of one hundred years old.

Brantford, Ont., Jan. 3.—Mr. John Hope, manager of Bow Park Farm, died at four o'clock this evening. He was in town this morning, but not feeling very well drove home at eleven o'clock. Shortly after reaching Bow Park he was taken with a fit of apoplexy, in which he passed away at four o'clock. Deceased was manager of Bow Park stock farm for the last 20 years. He was one of the most successful shorthorn breeders in the country, and was highly respected by the Americans and was always sought for as judge at their state fairs in the west. He leaves a wife and two children.

London, Jan. 3.—Baron Solohns, Minister of Belgium to Great Britain, died suddenly to-day He had held the post for nearly 21 years, having been appointed on Feb. 21, 1873.

London, Jan. 3.—Miss Tucker, known all over the world under the initials of 'A.L.O.E.' is dead in India. For the last eighteen years Miss Tucker had been engaged in missionary work there. The proceeds of her pen were used for the benefit of the missions and it is understood that all money earned on her works in the future will go to the missions.

London, Jan. 4.—The Duchess of Argyll died this evening at Inverary Castle, Inverary, Argyllshire. She was the Duke's second wife and a daughter of the Bishop of St. Albans, being the widow of Col. Anson at the time of her marriage with the Duke.

Pittsfield, Ills., Jan. 5.—Mr. James S. Irwin, one of the best known lawyers in the State, died last night, aged seventy-four. He was a personal friend and associate of Lincoln and Douglass.

MR. LAURIER BANQUETED.

THE LIBERAL LEADER HONORED BY THE CITIZENS OF QUEBEC.

A BRILLIANT ASSEMBLAGE AND A MOST SUCCESSFUL AFFAIR — MR. LAURIER'S ADDRESS.

Quebec, Jan. 4.—The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier was banqueted this evening at the Chateau Frontenac by the citizens of Quebec. Three hundred persons of prominence in the political and social life of the Dominion were present and that there were not more was due only to the fact that the capacity of the dining room made that the necessary limit.

The Hon. H. G. Joly De Lotbiniere acted as chairman, having on his right at the banquet the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, Mayor Fremont, the Hon. F. Langelier, Mr. R. Prefontaine, Mr. J. I. Tarte, the Hon. Mr. Cormier, the Hon. Mr. Sylvestre, Mr. T. Brodie, Mr. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Mr. W. McWilliam, Mr. G. Rocheete; and on his left the Hon. F. G. Marchand, Mr. J. Lavergne, M.P., the Hon. D. A. Ross, Mr. G. W. Stephens, M.P.P., Mr. F. G. M. Dechene, M.P.P., and Lt.-Col. G. R. White. The other four tables were presided over by Messrs. H. Bisson, M.P.P., and P. A. Choquette, M.P.P., J. Tessier, M.P.P., and A. Delisle, M.P., A. Turgeon, M.P.P., and H. G. Carrol, M.P., N. Bernatchez, M.P.P., and Dr. Guay.

The secretaries of the banquet were: Lt.-Col. G. H. White and F. G. M. Dechene, M.P.P. The committee were:—The Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, C. M. G.; the Hon. Francis Langelier, the Hon. D. A. Ross, the Hon. Jos. Shehyn, Messrs. J. Fremont, Jules Tessier, Richard Turner, S. N. Parent, Arthur Delisle, Geo. Carrol, J. Geo. Garneau, J. B. Laliberte, Peter Johnston, Charles Fitzpatrick, Amedee Robitaille, A. Turgeon, F. X. Berlinguet, J. H. Patry, L. F. Pinault, Ovide Picard, Lawrence Lynch, Jos. Gauthier, Dr. Guay, Louis Bilodeau, Emile Jacot and Dr. Larue.

Many life-long Conservatives were noticed among the elect, such as Messrs. T. Lefebvre, Provincial counsel for the revenue, Ald. Gignac, F.X. Morency and others.

At 7.30 p.m. the grand dining-room of the Chateau was filled to its utmost capacity and for the next two hours following the menu occupied the attention of the assembled gathering.

When this had been discussed the healths of the Queen, Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor were proposed by the chairman.

'Our Host,' was the next toast and its proposal was the signal for prolonged and vociferous cheering. In proposing it the chairman said that Mr. Laurier counted among his friends almost as many of his political opponents as of his political followers.

MR. LAURIER'S ADDRESS.

When Mr. Laurier rose to reply he was greeted with prolonged cheers. After a few happy introductory remarks Mr. Laurier took up the political questions of the day. He referred to the garbled and unfair accounts of all political things which the Conservative press of the Dominion is in the habit of furnishing to its readers. In Ontario they professed to be the champions of Protestantism, in Quebec they sought the favor of the Catholic hierarchy. In the former province we see them the defenders of the Protestant Protective Association, in Quebec we see them insisting on exemption from taxation for Catholic institutions and thus posing as the only true friends of the Church. As for the Liberal party he was proud to say that it stood on the broad platform of a common Canadian nationality. The ideal of the Liberal party was a united country. Their desire was to develop the work of Confederation and to unite the different and conflicting factions which may exist within our borders. We were a people composed of several races, and to form one common nation it was of the most absolute necessity that racial and religious prejudices should be kept outside the arena of politics. As a people of a common country we must work in harmony for our common benefit. We must each one do our share for the building up of the common edifice. This was the work which the Liberal party had proposed to itself and which it was bound to realize.

The Conservatives also had declared that their policy was one which would build up and make a prosperous nation of Canada. A protective system was in their mind, the panacea which we required. To use a common proverb the proof of the pudding was in the tasting the proof of the Conservative policy was in its results. He did not need to specify these results. They were sufficiently apparent in a virtually diminishing population and a depreciation of farm values. The Liberal party proposed to give the people commercial liberty, freedom to trade where they would, and to compete with the world in the markets of the world free from the barriers imposed by unnatural legislation. A protective tariff had as its inevitable result the destruction of commercial development of a country. How could it be otherwise, building up, as it does, a veritable Chinese wall between the nation and the other nations of the world. Quebec, for instance, to-day complained of the death of her ship-building industry. Why had this industry ceased? Wooden vessels had, it was true, given place to vessels of iron, but at a distance of but a few miles from the city were iron and coal mines of unknown wealth, unknown wealth, he said, because the protective tariff prohibited their development.

A REVIEW OF THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY.

Mr. Laurier then reviewed the policy which had ever since Confederation governed the Conservative party. They never appealed to a common patriotism but to the several conflicting passions and prejudices of the several races. He was proud to say that such could not be said of the Liberal party. As a proof of this he need say no more than to refer to the fact that himself, a French-Canadian, he was still the leader of the Liberal party of the Dominion, and as such received by the English Liberals as heartily as by their French fellow-countrymen. The conduct of the Conservatives in this respect was significant. In Ontario the Conservative press referred to him as French Mr. Laurier and tried to raise a prejudice against him on that score. In Quebec, on the other hand, this same press found fault with him because, as they said, he was not sufficiently French. He was of French origin, then? There was no reason that he should desire to hide the fact, but he was none the less a Canadian. His ambition was to be a citizen of a great country and he believed that he would yet see his desire realized. But in order that this might happen there must be a change in policy of the party in power. There must be, for instance, a little less religion, strictly political religion by the way, in the Conservative party. As he had just said, the religion of this party had a distinctly different complexion in different parts of the country. The Liberal party did not profess such piety but like the publican of old it might after all be worth more than that of the Conservative Pharisee.

Mr. Laurier, referring to the statement of the Protestant Protective Association that no Catholic could be a true citizen, said that the history of the world, the ultimate tribunal for such questions, had shown the falsity of such assertions. He quoted from writings of Cardinal Newman to show that among Catholics the sovereignty of the Pope did not extend beyond spiritual matters. He referred to the Protestant Protective Association simply because their numbers in the sister province gave them a certain importance. He believed in expressing his honest opinion upon every live issue, whether his personal opinion were the popular one or not. He had been attacked by a portion of the Conservative press of Quebec because he had expressed himself as favoring a scheme of commercial federation between the Anglo-Saxon countries of the world. This press had accused him of treason to the French race in what he had said. He had meant what he said. We were a portion of an Anglo-Saxon nation, the most commercial people of the world and he favored a commercial union of the whole race. He did not speak of a military, that might or might not follow, but there certainly was nothing unfeasible in the former project. In conclusion, Mr. Laurier said: 'Let us be true to our double origin. Let us bear in mind ever that love is better than hatred and those differences of religion which now prove the bane of our land will cease to divide a united and mutually respecting people.'

The Federal Parliament was the next toast, and was replied to by the Hon. Frs. Langelier. Mr. Langelier attacked the protective system in all its phases.

The toast of the Provincial Legislature was replied to by the Hon. D. A. Ross and the Hon. Mr. Marchand.

Owing to the late hour, the remarks of the leader of the Quebec Opposition were not long, and he confined himself principally to adding his testimony to the sterling worth of the Liberal leader, whose accession to power in the near future he confidently predicted.

The toast of the Press called for a few well-chosen remarks from Mr. J. I. Tarte, M.P., and Dr. Stewart, of the Quebec 'Chronicle.' Mr. Tarte said that if there was a certain amount of friction between the people of Ontario and Quebec, it was because they did not mutually understand each other.

The toast of the Ladies was most felicitously responded to by Mr. Rudolph, and at one o'clock a.m. the most enthusiastic gathering dispersed.

PRIMATE OF ALL IRELAND ENTHRONED.

Dublin, Jan. 3.—The Most Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, formerly Protestant Bishop of Cork, who was elected to succeed the late Most Rev. Robert

REV. DR. GREGG.

Knox as Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, was enthroned to-day at the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Armagh.

Dr. Gregg is the son of the late Right Rev. John Gregg, Bishop of Cork. He was born in Dublin in 1834, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was ordained a priest in 1857, and in 1859 was appointed incumbent of Christ Church, Belfast. He became Dean of Cork in 1875, in which year he was consecrated and elected to the See of Ossory by the Synod of the Church of Ireland, and was translated to Cork in 1878, on the death of his father. On Dec. 14 he was elected Archbishop of Armagh, in succession to Archbishop Knox, who died on Oct. 23. The Diocese of Armagh includes portions of the counties of Armagh, Louth, Tyrone, Derry and Meath. The income of the Archbishop is $12,500 a year.

A FURIOUS GALE AND BLINDING SNOW PLAYS HAVOC.

Dover, Jan. 3.—A severe gale, accompanied by snow, swept over this coast throughout the night. This morning the German barque 'Gong,' was reported in danger of drifting ashore. Tugs were sent to her assistance. At Broadstairs an excited crowd gathered last night when it was reported that there were three vessels in distress off that point. All three ships were showing flare signals of distress and on account of the terrible sea running the lifeboat was unable to reach them. Two of these vessels are supposed to have foundered during the night.

London, Jan. 3.—A blinding snowstorm, accompanied by a heavy wind and furious sea, prevailed in the English Channel last night. A despatch from Ostend says that the Ostend boat was unable to land its passengers to-day owing to the severity of the weather. From al parts of England terrible weather is reported and much snow has fallen. Despatches received here announce severe weather throughout Germany, adding that the cold snap is likely to last for some time. Drifting ice in hte Rhine has interrupted navigation on that river. A severe storm is reported to have done much damage in Baltic ports and several disasters to shipping are feared. Full details of the storm have not yet been obtained but there is no doubt that much damage has been done here, in France, and in Germany, the sea coast being the scene of the greatest damage.

NOVA SCOTIA LEGISLATURE OPENED.

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

Halifax, N.S., Jan. 4.—The Nova Scotia Legislature was opened this afternoon by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Daly. A guard of honor was in attendance from the 63rd Rifles, and the King's Regiment. The Speech referred, among other things, to the fact that the Dominion has recently received a new representative of Her Majesty in the person of the Earl of Aberdeen, who has been appointed Governor-General of Canada, and it is probable our province will be visited by His Excellency during the present year. 'All classes of our populatoin will join in according a hearty welcome to Lord Aberdeen, whose record in the Mother Country gives abundant assurance that he will efficiently dicharge the duties of his high office.' It sets forth while the condition of business throughout Nova Scotia leaves much to be desired in the way of improvement during the year the people engaged in various branches of industry have had a moderate measure of success from their labors and our province has escaped the severe depression created in some parts of the continent by financial disturbances. In one of the most important departments of industry, that of coal mining, there has been very gratifying activity. The output of coal from the mines of Nova Scotia in 1893 exceeded that of any previous year in our history, and the prospects for the further extension of mining enterprise are of the most encouraging character. The progress already made by the new company under the special act of last session for the further encouragement of coal mining has fully realized the expectations of the promoters of that measure. The mines operated by the company have produced a larger quantity of coal than in any previous years. The preparations of the company for future work, including the construction of a new railway to Louisburg, one section of which is already open, gives promise of the large development of our coal trade. These extensive operations in coal mining have not only promoted industrial and commercial activity, but through the increased royalty have added largely to the provincial revenue and have placed the provincial finances in a more satisfactory position than for some years past. With a view to still further encouraging coal mining operations the Government have entered into contract with another company for the construction of a railway from Orangedale to Broad Cove, County of Inverness, in connection with the project for the development of the valuable coal fields of that section. The Speech next deals with the projected railway line and the establishment of a provincial school of horticulture for the benefit of the fruit-growing industry. 'A reply has recently been received from the Dominion Government to the address passed by the Legislative Council and Assembly in relation to certain claims of the province. The document will be submitted for consideration and for further action.' The Speech then announces that further arrangement has been made by the Government with capitalists in England interested in the Yarmouth and Annapolis Railway Company with reference to the claim of the province and municipalities of Annapolis and Digby against that company. A partial repayment has already been made to the province and to the municipalities. The accounts of revenue and expenditure of the province exhibit a substantial surplus.

In the Assembly the address in reply to the Speech was moved by Mr. Wm. Roche, M.L.A., Halifax, and seconded by Mr. Richard Hunt, M. L. A., for Queen's.

In the Legislative Council the address was moved by the Hon. R. Drummond, and seconded by the Hon. W. H. Ray. General Montgomery Moore was among the distinguished visitors present at the opening.

THE HAMBROUGH AFFAIR.

New York, January 3.—Lieutenant Hambrough, who was mysteriously shot dead while fowling in Scotland with his tutor, Alfred Monson, had been insured in the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of this city, on two policies of $50,000 each. Hambrough had assigned these policies to Monson's wife. It was this circumstance that led to the trial of Monson on suspicion of having killed Hambrough. Hambrough was a minor when he made the assignments, wherefore they are invalid. The question arose as to whether the policies would have to be paid to Hambrough's heirs. An official of the company said last night that evidence has been found of the concealment of material facts, which, under the contracts, makes the policies void.

A London despatch says: Alfred John Monson, who was recently tried at Edinburgh for the murder of Lieutenant Hambrough, and who was discharged from custody, the jury returning a verdict of 'not proven,' will soon bring an action against Major Hambrough, father of the lieutenant, in connection with the charges on the Hambrough estates. Tottenham, the money lender, who was one of the witnesses in the murder trial, will also bring suit against Major Hambrough to recover money advanced to Lieutenant Hambrough. Tottenham holds as security one of the two £10,000 policies issued on Lieutenant Hambrough's life by the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company. Major Hambrough will bring a counter-action against Tottenham to recover this policy. As soon as letters of administration are granted five other actions will be brought against Major Hambrough in regard to matters in which Monson and Tottenham claim to have acted in behalf of Major Hambrough.

PREMIER RHODES CHEERED.

Cape Town, Jan. 3.—Premier Rhodes has arrived here from the north and was accorded an enthusiastic reception. Replying to an address of welcome on behalf of the corporation of Capetown, Mr. Rhodes said that the settlement of the Matabele question would be made in accordance with the views of the colonists. This statement of the Premier was greeted with loud cheering and is looked upon as indicating that he has been successful in prevailing upon the Home Government to keep its hands off colonial affairs when they are capable of being settled by the colonists themselves, and when the colonists claim to be the best judges of what is right and what is wrong for them.

PLEBISCITE RESULTS.

IMMEDIATE MUNICIPAL PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN STARTED.

WORK FOR DOMINION PROHIBITION STIMULATED.

Toronto, Jan. 3.—Now that the province has shown itself so overwhelmingly in favor of the principle of prohibition, and even Toronto has spoken with emphasis on the temperance side, the lethargy feared by some has not manifested itself, but on the contrary the sentiment so strongly represented is taking immediate practical shape. Mr. F. S. Spence, secretary of the Dominion Alliance, who organized the plebiscite petition movement, and the campaign just now so triumphantly ended, has led off with a ringing manifesto for immediate action. He says: 'There is no time to lose. In every municipality in which the prohibition vote is sufficiently overwhelming to warrant action our friends should at once appeal to the municipal council asking for the passing and submitting of a by-law. An advance in this line will not weaken but rather strengthen our determination to insist on further legislation.'

Mr. Spence was asked by the 'Witness' correspondent what effect the plebiscite contests had on the plank in the Dominion platform of the Liberal party, which he proposed and secured the insertion of at Ottawa. The Alliance secretary said that the people would not stand any such nonsense as a repetition of the plebiscite on any technical grounds in the provinces which had already voted so clearly on the question.

The chairman of the Provincial Prohibition Campaign Committee, Mr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., considers Monday's vote a magnificent temperance victory. In answer to the question 'What next?' Mr. Maclaren said: I am anxious to move on to Parliament to have the verdict of the plebiscite crystalized into law. It is improbable that the decision of the Supreme Court upon the question of jurisdiction can be obtained in time for action to be taken during the approaching session. But the time need not be lost for Monday's mandate is as much directed against Ottawa as Toronto, and if the report of the Royal Commission on the Liquor Traffic is presented during the next session of the Dominion Parliament the question can and will be pressed there, and the figures of three provinces who have been heard can be produced to show that the country is ripe now for prohibition.

Mr. George Gooderham, distiller, and others in the liquor trade, express opinions that the popular vote will not have much effect, but the prohibition leaders and prominent politicians who have so far expressed themselves, are all of the opinion that the temperance victory of New Year's Day has greatly advanced the movement.

On Friday afternoon the Toronto committee will meet to close up the plebiscite work, and resolve upon the next steps to be taken. Every account will be paid immediately as this popular temperance movement has been generously supported by the workers and adherents.

KINGSTON'S OFFICIAL DECLARATIONS.

Kingston, Ont., Jan .4.—(Special)—To-day the official count of the vote on the prohibition plebiscite was announced. The vote stood: For—Males, 1,217; females, 195. Against—Males, 914; females, 86. Majority for, 462. The number of males entitled to vote was 3,847, only 2,242 cast ballots; female votes, 604; voted, 253. There were numeroues spoiled ballots.

Mr. John Herald, M.D., is mayor by eight votes. A recount will be asked for on behalf of ex-Mayor Drennan.

A BIG MAJORITY IN ESSEX COUNTY.

Windsor, Ont., Jan. 4.—(Special)—Later returns indicate that the plebiscite will have a majority of between 1,500 and 2,000 in Essex County. Contrary to expectations, 21 votes were polled in Walkerville for prohibition. The vote against has not been given. Sandwich went 45 against, Mersea township 343 for and Rochester will also give a big majority for. The other townships will be closer but the executive committee look for fully 1,500 majority. The temperance people are jubilant over the result in Windsor. Seventeen hundred votes were polled for the mayoralty and thirteen hundred for the plebiscite and the city only gave 108 against it, which is considered a great victory.

AT OTHER PLACES.

Brantford, Jan. 4.—Brant County gives a majority for prohibition of 2,439, as follows:—Brantford city, 1,011; Brantford township, 474; Burford township, 428; Paris, 203; South Dumfries, 135; Oakland, 11s; Onondaga, 73.

Russell, Jan. 4.—The result of the plebiscite vote in the township of Russell:—232 for and 342 against.

Carleton Place, Jan. 4—For prohibition, 312, and 188 against. Total majority for, 124.

Tecumseh, Ont., Jan. 4.—Twenty-six for and 455 against prohibition in Sandwich East.

Merrickville, Ont., Jan. 4.—The prohibition plebiscite was carried here by 135 majority. John Mills was re-elected reeve. The councillors are J. Boyd, J. Cranston, T. Edwards, and W. Nicholson. School trustees, R. Bates, J. McIntyre and F. A. Tallman.

London, Ont., Jan. 4.—London township: For prohibition, 987; against, 45.

Toronto, Jan. 5.—Dr. Bourinot, visiting friends here, was interviewed regarding the plebiscite. He says Sir Oliver Mowat has power under the constitution to abolish the retailing of liquor and in the face of the plebiscite vote will probably do so.

Alexandria, Ont., Jan. 5.—The total vote in the township of Lochiel was 284 for prohibition and 162 against.

The total vote in Maxville village was 97 for prohibition and 30 against.

TROUBLE BREWING IN UGANDA.

London, Jan. 5.—Mr. Robert Ashe, a missionary who lately returned from Uganda, asserts that a dangerous Arab ferment threatens to disturb the whole country. The Arabs are well armed and provided with ammunition, he says, and unlimited material is being smuggled to them after having been openly admitted through German territory. Immediate definite action is necessary, Mr. Ashe says, in order to avoid another Soudan experience.

THE BRAZILIAN REVOLT.

A MORE AGGRESSIVE MARITIME POLICY TO BE ASSUMED BY THE GOVERNMENT—MANY RUMORS CURRENT.

Rio de Janeiro, Jan. 4.—Admiral Coelheneto has replaced Admiral Chave as Minister of Marine, and it is reported that the change indicates that the Government intends to inaugurate a more active maritime policy, and that the new minister of marine will immediately take steps to prepare President Peixoto's fleet for an engagement with the rebel squadron, in order that the rebellion may be settled one way of the other as soon as possible.

Montevideo, Jan. 4.—The officers in command of the ships belonging to the government of President Peixoto, of Brazil, have received instructions to immediately embark provisions, coal, and other appliances, and proceed with all possible speed to Pernambunco, where they will join the cruisers 'Nictheroy' and 'America,' and prepare for combined movement against Admiral Mello and Admiral de Gama.

It is reported here that the advisors of President Peixoto have prevailed upon him to take decided action immediately as his resources are fast becoming exhausted, and it is absolutely necessary that a decided movement against the rebels should be promptly commenced in order to strengthen the Government's credit abroad and to enable it to raise additional funds.

It is also stated that the agents in Europe of President Peixoto have been instructed to do their utmost to raise the money necessary to complete and provision the two war vessels of Brazil which are now at Toulon, in order that they may be sent as soon as possible to reinforce the fleet in Brazilian waters. Naval experts here are of the opinion that the vessels at Toulon will not reach here, under any circumstances until the fate of the Peixoto Government has been decided one way or the other.

Private letters received from Rio de Janeiro say that the inhabitants of that city are heartily tired of the opera bouffe warfare which has been going on for months past between President Peixoto and the rebel admirals and that everybody will experience a feeling of relief when the struggle is decided one way or the other. It is added that the people, apparently, feel utterly unconcerned as to who will win and are only anxious to see the civil war at an end and business resume its usual course.

Report also has it that negotiations have been in progress between President Peixoto and the United States Minister at Rio de Janeiro looking to a settlement of the dispute by the intervention of the United States fleet now at Rio de Janeiro. It is also reported here that Admiral Mello is on his way to Rio with reinforcements for Admiral Da Gama, and upon their arrival at that port the rebel admirals will proceed to attack the new Brazilian cruisers fitted out in New York.

AN EQUAL RIGHTER'S OPINION

OF THE P. P. A. AND ITS PRESENCE IN CANADA.

In the municipal elections, held in Ontario on Monday, the Protestant Protective Association showed its hand in several places, and was the means of returning candidates who otherwise would have been defeated. In Hamilton and Brantford the nominees of the order were elected and in Toronto it decided the day against the old mayor, who sought re-election, but for no other reason, apparently, than that he had obtained the confidence of the Catholics, for both he and his opponents are Methodists in good standing and Liberals in politics. That such an association as this so-called Protestant Protective one should obtain a foothold in Ontario much less sufficient strength to give it the casting-vote where sides are evenly divided, is a reproach to the intelligence of the people of that province. The purpose of the P. P. A. is of the most selfish and most narrow character. It does not bid its members to engage in the struggle to obtain the equality of rights, to overthrow those relics of feudalism which are preserved in our institutions. On the contrary, it enjoins its members to unite to place Catholics under disabilities, by depriving them of their inalienable right to an equal voice in public affairs and their share in positions of profit and honor, in order that the members of the P. P. A. may personally profit thereby. The P. P. A. is simply a combine, a union to deprive Catholics of their due share, in order that they may be allowed their portion to divide among the leaders of the P.P.A.

If there is a province in the Dominion where there is substantial cause for complaint of the claims of the Church of Rome to privileges injurious to the public weal it is in Quebec, but the Protestants of Quebec in combating these pretensions would scorn to use the weapons of the Yankee invented P. P. A. To combine to deprive fellow-subjects of their rights, to boycott them because of their creed, is an offence to justice, it is a violation of the golden rule, it is a defiance of the spirit of Christianity. The sooner the P. P. A. and the other societies imported from the United States are sent back to the land where they were hatched, the better for the peace of Canada.—Huntingdon 'Gleaner,' Jan. 4.

THE ALL-BRITISH CABLE.

IMPERIAL ASSISTANCE URGED—THE FARM PUPIL AGENCY QUESTION.

Toronto, Jan. 4.—The following special cable appears in this morning's 'Globe,' dated London, Jan. 3: I learn that a very strong pressure is being brought to bear upon the Imperial Government on behalf of Canada to support the all-British Pacific cable project. It is strongly urged in view of the action of the French and of the willingness of Canada and Australia to co-operate in the enterprise, that the British Government ought, on Imperial grounds, to assist the project by some guarantee. The prospect of a favorable response to the solicitation is very doubtful. The budget outlook alone is probably sufficient of itself to make the Treasury authorities extremely loth to undertake fresh obligations of any kind. It is thought here, however, that the scheme will prove a feasible one, even if the Imperial Government decide to hold aloof.

The farm pupil agency question is again being discussed in the English press, owing to fresh complaints from victims who have been induced to go out under the premium system. Official warning against the payment of premiums is freely given.

MASSACRE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED SLAIN BY RUSSIAN COSSACKS AT KROSCHE.

KNOUT, PISTOL AND LANCE USED IN THE TERRIBLE WORK—PARTICULARS OF THE HORRIBLE AFFAIR.

Berlin, Jan. 4.—The reports of a Roman Catholic massacre at Krosche, Russia, by Cossack soldiers in the Russian service, and reiterated with much circumstantiality of detail by the Cologne 'Gazette' and the 'Cologne Volks Zeitung.' The number killed is not definitely stated, but report places the number all the way from seventy to one hundred, with a large number so severely injured that they have since died of their injuries, or have been maimed for life. Various versions of the affair have been given, but each has been officially denied by the Russian Government.

Following is the true story, according to the 'Volks Zeitung,' in its issue today:

The Catholics at Krosche took turns to guard the church for eight days previous to the massacre, in order to prevent a surprise by the Russian Cossacks, who were expected, according to report, to make an attack upon the Roman Catholic inhabitans of the town. Despite this precaution they were surprised, at 2 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 10, by the Prefect of Klingenberg, who arrived from Kovno, accompanied by forty armed Cossack policemen. This party entered the church in which about seventy Catholics were gathered, and, cursing and yelling, rushed upon the worshippers, knouting them and striking them with their swords until the church resounded with the screams of the wounded.

Some of the Catholics fled to the belfry, where they rang the bell and brought the rest of the inhabitants to the spot. The prefect and his deputy retreated to the organ loft, from which place they opened fire upon the people in the church until the Cossacks escaped. The prefect and his deputy were overpowered, and eventually confined in a cell in a neighboring convent.

Later in the day a detachment of some three hundred Cossacks was sent from Kovno to Krosche. They were armed with rifles, lances and knouts, the latter a terrible whip, the ends of which were twisted with wire and weighted with small pieces of iron, each blow tearing the flesh.

Just outside the town the Cossacks divided into two detachments. One body surrounded the township on all sides and the other rode at a gallop towards the Catholic church and dashed, with lances down, into the crowd outside that building, spearing and shooting and lancing with their knouts all who came within their reach, many being killed and wounded. The Cossacks then rode their horses into the church, and the massacre of the people inside then began.

The unfortunate Catholics threw themselves on their knees in a corner and prayed to God for help, but the Cossacks shot and speared right and left, until the floors and walls of the church were drenched with blood. The Cossacks acted like demons, smashing the crucifixes, candlesticks and images of saints and throwing the pieces into a cess-pool.

In the midst of this carnage and desecration a Catholic priest was forced, at the point of the lance, into the church, and was made to carry out the monstrance, a sacred church utensil or frame, generally of gold, used for the purpose of presenting the consecrated host for the adoration of the people.

The Cossacks rode over the people right and left and dragged their bodies by their feet to the cess-pool and threw them in until it was choked with the dead and wounded.

The people fled in all directions while the massacre was going on, and were pursued and captured or badly wounded by the Cossacks of the second detachment, which had been detailed to surround the town to prevent the escape of any of the inhabitants. A number of the latter are said to have been so panic-stricken that they committed suicide by jumping into the swollen river. The rest of the unfortunate inhabitants were surrounded by the Cossacks, who, lance in hand, drove them before them to the marketplace in front of the town hall.

When this round-up of the inhabitants of Krosche was completed every man, woman and child of the town was ordered to be punished by being flogged with the knout. A doctor prescribed the number of lashes which each person young or old, male or female, could bear.

The victims then had their clothes torn off, and were made to lie, completely naked, between two rows of Cossacks, who flogged them until many of them were almost dead. The victims were afterwards compelled to clothe themselves as best they could, and were then driven to prison.

LONDON FINANCIAL CIRCLES DISTURBED

OVER THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S ADVANCE TO THE BARINGS AND TO STOCK BROKERS.

London, Jan. 5.—Much stir was created in financial circles to-day by the announcement that Mr. William Hunter, Liberal member of Parliament for North Aberdeen, intended to put a question this afternoon to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, regarding the extent of the Bank of England's advances to the Barings and to stock brokers, and enquiring as to the quality of the assets generally of the Bank of England. Mr. Hunter was noticed in the House of Commons this afternoon and his advent there caused much comment. Soon after his arrival Mr. Hunter had a long private conversation with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the member for North Aberdeen eventually left the House without putting this very important quesion.

Lord Willoughby D'Eresby was supported in his campaign, yesterday, by his mother, the Countess of Ancaster, and by his sister. The Conservative candidate and the leaders drove about the district all day yesterday, the latter making speeches at the several meetings.

THE GOVERNESS.

People often do not know how to treat their children's governesses, whose presence in the house is, by reason of their employers' ignorance and lack of tact, a frequent source of embarrassment. Forgetful of the fact that they have been chosen to act as the instructresses, mentors, and the constant companions of the children, and that the requirements of such a responsible position as this demand refinement, breeding and sensitiveness on the part of its occupant, the parents are too often apt to behave toward the governess as if she were but one degree better than the servants, unworthy of the courtesy and consideration accorded to any one with the pretension of being a lady. The position of a governess is one per se of great difficulty, and the employers should do everything that lies in their power to strengthen her prestige both in the eyes of her pupils and of the servants. The governess often suffers more from the inattention and rudeness of the servants than her employers have any idea of; and everything, therefore, should be done to avoid what might tend to humiliate or hurt her.—New York 'Tribune.'

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

When the Prince of Wales attended a workmen's exhibition in London he admired an overcoat, and ordered one like it for himself. The coat having reached its destination, a letter has been sent stating that it gives the Prince every satisfaction.

A Yale professor says that football makes the students 'sluggish' in their studies. The London 'Lancet' records no less than 109 cases in which participants in football games played in 1892 in Great Britain received injuries so serious as to require hospital treatment.

Mrs. Ye Cha Yun, wife of the first secretary of the Korean Legation at Washington, is a handsome woman, as beauty in Korea goes, and a sweet-faced woman according to American ideals. She is modest and retiring, and is the first Korean lady of the nobility who ever left her native land.

A monument to the memory of Emin Pasha, the African explorer, will be erected in Neisse, Germany, where his sister, Fraulein Schnitzer, and his little daughter, Frida, now live. Emin spent the greater part of his youth in the little German town. A committee formed for the purpose will collect subscriptions in all parts of Germany.

A 'safe deposit,' or subterranean fortress, has been opened in the heart of London. It covers half an acre, and extends to two floors underground. The strong rooms and safes are constructed of impenetrable steel plates. It is provided with the electric light. A guard with loaded rifles will patrol the place at night, although the place is regarded as impregnable, proof against burglars and fire.

The most powerful lighthouse light in the world has just been completed in the Cap de la Heve Lighthouse, near Havre. On a clear night it can be seen at a distance of 130 miles. . . . . A new line of steamers has started running from Rouen to Canada. It is the first time that steam communication has been established direct between France and the Dominion.

Sir Gerald Portal says that between the coast and Uganda the supply of elephant tusks in Africa is 'apparently almost inexhaustible.' Enormous numbers of elephants are in the country still. One of the officers of his expedition, while exploring the country west of Mongo, saw more than 300 in one herd.

Miss Mary Smith, an English woman, has been engaged in a novel sort of social philanthropy. Instead of devoting her energies to the very poor, she has been studying to provide inexpensive but healthy and pleasant homes for women who have small incomes. In Gloucestershire she has established a number of small cottages having all the picturesqueness of the thatched cottage period, and the sanitary improvements of later days.

There is a strong movement in England for the abolition of check reins, or, as they are called there, bearing reins, on working horses. The Hampstead and Highgate Anti-Bearing Rein Association has this for its object and has accomplished much good work already. The railway companies, carriers, great brewers and large coal companies have abandon the use of the bearing reins on all horses under their control.—'American Agriculturist.'

At present there is a legion of private postal agencies in China with a variable scale of prices for postage. A letter from Peking to Shanghai costs from ten to sixty-five cents, and from Peking to Canton twenty to twenty-five cents. It is now proposed by the government, under the inspiration of Sir Robert Hart, to establish gradually a full postal service, and it is expected that within a few years the towns and larger villages of the empire will have each its post-office. This will be a great boon to the Chinese and it cannot fail to have a powerful influence in the opening of the empire.

LITTLE LADY MARJORIE.

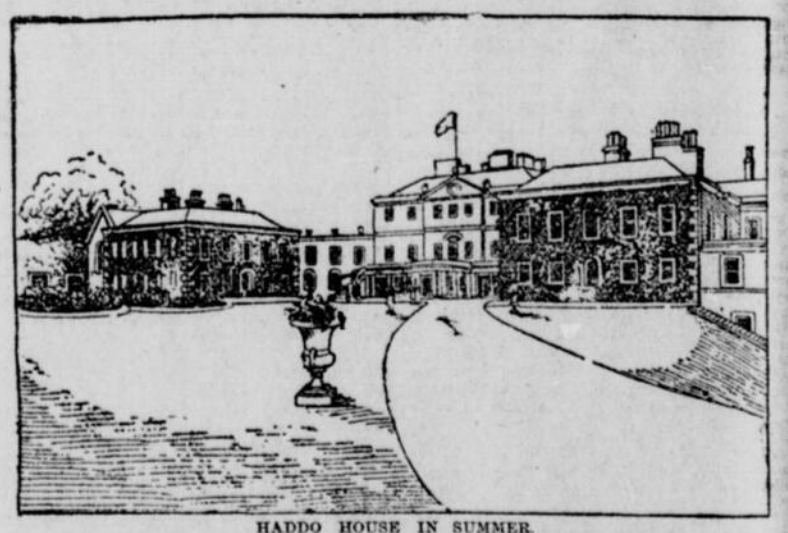
HER 'HOLIDAY HOUSE' ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SEA.

That delicious little Lady Marjorie, who won every heart at the gathering in this city which her illustrious parents, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, attended, is the subject of an article in a recent English magazine. The writer tells a very pretty story of Lady Marjorie's 'Holiday Cottage,' which

LITTLE LADY MARJORIE.
DAUGHTER OF OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

stands about half a mile from Haddo House, on the borders of a wood. In order that their children might be better able to appreciate the difficulties and delights of housekeeping, Lord and Lady Aberdeen had this cottage fitted up with all the goods and chattels of a humble home, except that there is no sleeping accommodation in it. You walk across the field and turn into the wicket-gate of a small cottage garden, where Lord Haddo and the Hon. Dudley and Archie Gordon grow potatoes, cabbages, and strawberries, and where, perchance, you may see the three brothers dig and delve, fetch water from a pump in the neighboring field, mend fences, polish door-knockers, chop wood or make themselves otherwise useful. Lady Marjorie grows roses and other flowers in this garden, and all the four owners of Holiday Cottage are intensely interested in a tiny rockery close to their door.

In the kitchen Lady Marjorie practices all the details of housekeeping. If the floor is dirty she scrubs it; when the grate is cold, she kneels in front of it and cleans it, and lays the fire; the brightness of the cutlery and the crockery depends on her handiwork; and if the owners of Holiday Cottage invite guests to tea or luncheon, she must prepare whatever refreshments she offers to them.



HADDO HOUSE IN SUMMER.
THE WINGS OF THE BUILDING COVERED WITH VINES.

The beautiful home life of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, may be illustrated further by the following:

'A MODERNIZED FEUDAL SYSTEM.'

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a sketch of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, published in the 'Outlook,' says: 'I was privileged to see them entertaining their twelve hundred tenants one afternoon some months ago, in the grounds of their country residence, Haddo House, in Aberdeenshire, in the north of Scotland. The most radical democrat could scarcely have looked upon the scene, and witnessed the unaffected interest and affection existing between landlord and tenant, as members of one great household, and not felt that a modernized feudal system might possess some advantages over democracy. It is doubtful whether any employer in the United States could have established such relations of amity and good will as were there to be witnessed. We shall probably never have a landed aristocracy in the United States, and I hope never a hereditary 'leisure class'; but surely there are men and women of wealth in the United States who might learn a lesson of life from the example of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen; might learn that there is some better use for wealth than to employ it in getting more wealth, or to expend it in ingenious, useless, and wearisome extravagance, or even to give it away in one sum for other people to administer in benevolence after the accumulator of it is dead and gone; might learn what an opportunity for joyous life in public service is afforded by the combined possession of wealth, social culture, and intellectual ability.

DEVICE FOR SENDING A LINE FROM A WRECK.

The New York 'Herald' publishes the above picture, a contrivance consisting chiefly of an inflated rubber bag, the invention of a Brooklyn man, as a solution of the life line problem. The scheme is considered by the inventor as of great value to the seafaring community. It is thought that a heavy sea and wind would send the bag to shore with a line.

The treasurer of the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge acknowledges with thanks from Miss Orkney, $25.

PROFIT SHARING.

HOW THE SYSTEM IS CONDUCTED IN FRANCE.

The following is taken from a paper read by Professor Emil Levasseur before the Social and Economic Science Congress at Chicago:—

As with many other social institutions, the origins of profit sharing are obscure and far away. The 'metayer' system, which, under different forms and in many countries, has been in force from time immemorial, is a kind of sharing of profits. So, too, are the contracts under which employers have secured premiums to their employees. As we know, profit sharing applied to industry—that is to say, the contract by which the whole or a large part of the workmen or employees in an establishment are sure of receiving, beside their wages, a fixed share in the profits, when there are any, without being responsible for losses—is a thing comparatively new. I do not think I make a mistake in saying that France was the cradle of this. A house-painter, first a workman and then a small master, had the idea, as far back as 1829, of gaining over his employees by the offer of one franc over the customary wages in their business. He made a good thing of this, and, his business having prospered, he founded for his workmen a Friendly Society, and in 1842 he admitted them to share in the profits of his enterprise. This man, whose name is to-day celebrated in the history of institutions for the benefit of working men, was M. Leclaire. He was then forty-one years old, unknown, and quite alone in perceiving the future of an institution which found the workmen incredulous and offended other employers. The 'prefet de police,' fearing lest they should try to re-establish, under a disguised form, the old trade corporations, declared it a question of regulating workmen's salaries which did not seem to be encouraged and was even prohibited by the laws; so he refused M. Leclaire the desired permission to hold a meeting with his workmen. On their side, the workmen only believed in their patron's good faith when they had seen him, at the beginning of 1843, emptying on the table a bag containing 11,886 francs in gold and five-franc pieces, which he divided among them according to their year's wages.

In 1864 M. Leclaire admitted to partnership the Friendly Society that he had founded for his workmen, in 1838. He signed a decree of commercial association, according to which the Friendly Society should participate as partner on the basis of 100,000 francs. The profits, the division of which has varied since 1863, are attributed now in the proportion of 25 percent to the Friendly Society, which has an unlimited duration; 50 percent to the workmen and employees; and 25 percent to the two partners, who have besides a fixed salary of 6,000 francs. M. Leclaire died in 1872. He had no children, but his work survived him, and the firm is now known as Redouly et Cie., Ancienne Maison Leclaire. The apprentices are taken by preference from the families of the workmen. The apprenticeship is the first step of initiation into the house. All the workmen are admitted to profit-sharing without distinction, according to their wages: this is the second step. After a certain time they may be admitted to the noyau, or nucleus—a group of workmen who receive an extra wage and exercise certain rights in the administration, particularly in the nomination of the partners: this is the third step. After five years' uninterrupted service the members of the nucleus can be admitted into the Friendly Society, which assures them, among other advantages, a retiring pension: this is the fourth step. In 1889 this society, the president of which is M. Charles Robert, distributed 120 pensions, the amount being 1,200 francs to a member of the Society, and 600 francs to a widow. The firm is administered by two managers appointed by the nucleus and chosen from its members. These institutions may seem complicated, but, when the house is closely examined, it is found to be ingeniously arranged, and must not only be quoted as the first trial of profit-sharing crowned with success, but also recommended as a model worthy of study.

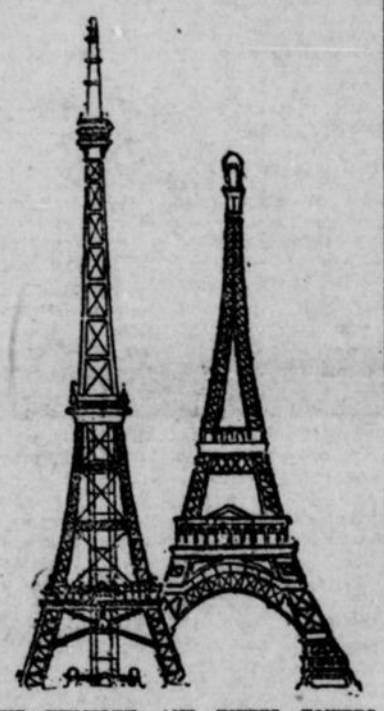
The important woollen firm of Paturle Lupin, whose manufactories are in Chateau and the neighborhood, commenced in the year 1839 to attribute 25 percent of the profits to the principal employees and overseers. This firm, now known under the name of Seydoux Sieber at Cie., has always kept up this custom, without being engaged by contract, and allows premiums to the weavers whose production is above the average and to workmen who distinguish themselves by their carefulness. Profit-sharing has in France, as in other countries, met with obstacles to its development in the nature of things and in the prejudices of employers and employees against this kind of institution. In 1889 an International Congress of Profit-sharing was held in the buildings of the Universal Exhibition. According to the last report the number of firms on the list of those who have adopted the system is 115.

HIGHER THAN THE 'EIFFEL.'

A TOWER IN A SUBURB OF LONDON WHICH IS TO OUTDO THE PARISIAN ERECTION.

At Wembley, near London, an enormous tower is at present being built which will be higher than the Eiffel tower. The area of the first floor will be about 200 feet square, and it will be covered by a concert hall, shops, restaurants, and sideshows of various kinds. There will be like erections on the second platform, but on a lesser scale, and on the third a post-office with telephonic communication will be the leading feature. If the amount of busines transacted on the highest stage of the Eiffel tower be any criterion the postmaster-general will have no cause to complain of an unremunerative branch, while the patriotism of its patrons will be gratified by the circumstance that this stage is to be forty feet higher than the loftiest which the Parisian erection can boast. Crowning all will be an electric lamp of extraordinary illuminating power.

The entire tower will weigh about seven thousand five hundred tons and each of its colossal legs will stand on a solid rock of concrete, already in



THE WEMBLEY AND EIFFEL TOWERS.

position, and embedded to the depth of seventy-five feet. This weight is much lighter than that of the Eiffel tower, but Sir Benjamin Baker, who built the great Forth bridge, is superintending the work and may be safely trusted to make the structure perfectly strong and safe.

The four legs are already a third of the way up to the first platform. They stand at the corners of a square of 300 feet base, within which four elevators—two up and two down—will work and will be able, if required, to carry as many as sixty persons in a day. The tower will be entirely of steel.—'Chicago Paper.'

NAMES IN LIVERPOOL.

Mr. J. A. Willox, M.P., lecturing on 'Names,' in Liverpool, on Wednesday, said that taking the traditional names of Brown, Jones and Robinson, the Liverpool directory showed that the Joneses so preponderated as to almost justify the description of the 'capital of Wales' as applied to Liverpool. There appeared in the list close on four thousand Joneses, about nine hundred and thirty Browns and seven hundred Robinsons. In addition to the four thousand Joneses—which grand total, be it remembered, did not include their better halves, nor the large array of little Joneses—there were nearly three thousand Williamses, over eighteen hundred Davises, besides Hugheses, Evanses, Edwardses, and Thomases. A yet larger force, however, had to be reckoned in the great tribe or clan of the Macs. These, all told, were something over five thousand strong. It would be too much to regard them in their entirety as a 'gathering of the clans,' for among the Macs a considerable proportion must be credited to the Emerald Isle, which also claimed a multitude of its own, beginning with 'O.'

Mr. Walter Besant, says 'The Review of Reviews,' is of opinion that while 'The Pilgrim's Progress' remains and is read by our boys and girls, two or three truths will remain deeply burned into the English soul. The first is the personal responsibility of each man; the next is that Christianity does not want, and cannot have, a priest. 'I confess,' he says, 'that the discovery, by later reading that the so-called Christian priest is a personage borrowed from surrounding superstition, and that the great ecclesiastical structure is entirely built by human hands, filled me with only a deeper gratitude to John Bunyan.' The lesson from this is obvious: get the boys and girls to read the famous allegory.—'The Christian.'

The smoking of cigarettes or tobacco by boys under the age of sixteen has been practically stopped in Connecticut by what is known as the anti-cigarette law, which made the sale to them of cigarettes and tobacco a misdemeanor.

APPALLING FIGURES.

THE RECORD OF FINANCIAL LOSSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

A MEMORABLE YEAR IN RAILWAY AND COMMERCIAL CIRCLES—MILLIONS LOST.

The New York 'Press' publishes an interesting article on the losses of 1893, and the railway losses in particular. It says:—

This year will be forever memorable as a year unprecedented in the number and magnitude of railway and commercial bankruptcies. Eighteen hundred and ninety-three ought to stand in American economic history as the year 1792 still stands in French political history. It ought to bring a revolution in methods of railway financiering, and it ought to end, for a generation at least, fraud and false pretence in politics. The evil wrought by these has been great enough to cause permanent revolution.

The railway bankruptcies of 1893 involve 73 companies, 31,878 miles of railway, and $1,611,284,000 in bonds and stocks. The 'Press' has compiled these figures from careful tables prepared by the 'Railway Age,' an acknowledged authority. We have added the Atchison failure of Saturday. The aggregate of these figures, involving the bankruptcy of nearly one-fifth of all the railways in the country, is too large to be comprehended at a glance. It is difficult to realize that the stocks and bonds involved have a par value of more than twice the whole national debt of the United States. Unwieldy floating debts, shrinking credit, and steadily falling freight rates (which decline in rates has been universal throughout the country for fourteen years) have brought many companies to ruin in the past ten years, but this year's disasters have capped the climax, as the following comparison shows:—

	Number roads.	Mileage.	Stocks and bonds.
1884.....	37	11,038	$714,755,000
1885.....	44	8,286	385,460,000
1886.....	13	1,799	70,346,000
1887.....	9	1,046	90,318,000
1888.....	22	3,270	186,814,000
1889.....	22	3,803	99,664,000
1890.....	26	2,963	105,007,000
1891.....	26	2,159	84,479,000
1892.....	36	10,508	357,692,000
1893.....	73	31,878	1,611,284,000
Totals 10 years	308	76,750	$3,705,819,000

One-half the companies placed in receivers' hands this year have had a mileage exceeding 100 miles each. The full list of the more important embarrassed companies follows in the order of their failure:—

Roads.	Miles.	Funded debt.	Capital stock.
Phil. & Read....	1,185	$152,000,000	$40,426,000
Chat. R. & Col..	138	2,090,000	2,800,000
St L. C.G.&S.W	103	1,150,000	1,150,000
C.,N. O.& T.P.	336	15,935,000	3,000,000
Mexican & Nor...	105	2,200,000	1,284,000
W. N. Y. & P..	641	34,164,000	19,730,000
T., A. A.& N.M.	287	7,386,000	6,500,000
T., St. L. &K.C.	451	9,000,000	17,055,000
Port R. & Aug..	112	1,862,000	750,000
Sav. & West....	628	7,135,000	3,000,000
Port. R. & W. C.	227	2,500,000	1,418,000
Lit. R. & Mem..	133	3,250,000	3,200,000
B..S. & Tenn.R.	119	2,975,000	3,275,000
Om. & St. L....	144	3,039,000	4,533,000
S., L. S. & E....	246	5,675,000	4,150,000
Lou. & South...	127	5,000,000	7,000,000
Erie.....	103	77,643,000	85,963,000
Pitts., A. & W..	165	2,450,000	4,230,000
Rio G. South	172	4,310,000	4,310,000
L., St. L. & T...	146	5,000,000	3,071,000
Northern Pacific	4,374	128,000,000	85,140,000
P. R. & N. E...	167	11,100,000	6,600,000
Wis. M. & P....	217	3,228,000	3,229,000
Clev., C. & S....	210	3,099,000	13,251,000
Chi., P. & St. L.	167	2,953,000	3,500,000
J., L. & St. L...	128	1,689,000	1,500,000
Wis. Cen.....	915	17,260,000	15,000,000
Sioux C. & Nor.	96	1,924,000	1,440,000
Chi. & Nor. P..	....	23,740,000	30,000,000
Union Pacific...	....	120,000,000	60,868,000
U. P. D. & G..	7,681	22,436,000	33,837,000
Ft. W. & D. C.	...	8,343,000	9,375,000
D., B. C. & Alp.	224	2,500,000	1,670,000
S. C., O'N. & W.	130	2,840,000	3,600,000
Tenn. Midland..	136	2,711,000	3,146,000
P., Tenn. & Ala.	118	2,432,000	2,432,000
Chi. & South...	130	1,625,000	2,100,000
Winona & N. W..	117	2,118,000	2,290,000
A. T. & S. F....	9,344	221,332,000	102,000,000
Total (with 33 smaller companies).....	31,878	975,249,000	636,035,000

Dishonesty or mismanagement have brought a few of the largest of these companies to grief, like the Reading and the Northern Pacific failures, but the majority of the railways are honestly and capably managed. The cause of the majority of the failures lies deeper than the faults of railway officers. A cure is the great problem of the near future. More than half of these $3,705,819,000 in stocks and bonds have sold at or near par within the past ten years. Ten cents on the dollar is probably too high a price to put on the whole capital stock of these companies now. The mere shrinkage here represented involves an amount of loss approximate to the valuation of the entire city of New York, as shown by the assessors' books.'

THE FEET AND THE HEALTH.

The matter of health is very closely connected with the condition of the feet. A high-heeled shoe throws the weight of the body on the toes, keeping the nerves and muscles on a strain between the ankles and knees. Ill-shaped shoes irritate the nerves of the feet. The irritation extends, often causing severe headaches or continued irritability. There can be relief sometimes by frequent changing from one pair of ill-fitting shoes to that of another, where a proper fit cannot be obtained, as different pairs of shoes do not press in the same places; callouses and corns are not, then, rendered so painful and troublesome. A lady who accomplished a great deal of work, and walked every day, had flat heels made to her shoes, if they were not flat when she bought them. They were broad in the toes. After taking a long walk, the first thing she did on her return was to change her shoes and stockings; if hot and dusty she sponged her feet. It took but a moment or so to wring out a washcloth, rub the surface and dry thoroughly. She was then ready to go to work. She spent no time in resting. Her rest was change. A daily washing of tender feet in quite warm borax water does much towards keeping down the inflammation. Irritation between the toes, in hot weather, and especially in sandy countries, is relieved in this way. If the person takes cold easily, a dash of cold water after the hot foot-bath will close the pores. Then rub dry.

MONTREAL NEWS.

Statistics show 914 licensed liquor sellers in Montreal.

Sixteen patients entered the Royal Victoria Hospital on the first two days it was opened last week.

The Italian residents of Montreal have formed a Christophoro Colombo Society, with national objects, and have elected the vice-consul of Italy, Signor Mariotti, as their patron.

Last Wednesday a child named Gigault residing with her parents was poisoned owing to the druggist having made a mistake in the prescription. The child died late in the evening, and an inquest was ordered.

Mr. Louis Joseph A. Papineau, Seigneur of Montebello, is to be received into the Presbyterian Church at Russell Hall by the Rev. Dr. Chiniquy this evening. The affair creates quite a sensation in religious circles.

A boy named Poulette was run over at Coteau Landing on Friday night, and was so terribly hurt that he died on Saturday morning in Notre Dame Hospital, to which place the unfortunate lad had been taken to try to save his life.

The 'Witness's' exposures of the gamblers has resulted in the decamping of a gang of them, who infested a room in the Perreault building. The police authorities are not terribly anxious in the matter, but the Citizens' League is carefully watching them.

A wicked fellow named Jeremie Valiquette, who is a cripple, got food and shelter from a family residing on Lacroix street, last week, and committed an indecent assault upon a six-years-old child of his benefactor. He was arrested at once. The child is in a low state from her injuries.

Frank Symonds, the white and black negro whose career was sketched recently in the 'Witness,' died in the hospital where he was sent to from the House of Refuge. Death occurred on Thursday, and as the unfortunate man has no relatives or friends, his body goes to the dissecting table.

The Volunteer Electoral League has discovered over seven hundred names of dead men on the voters' lists of the city. These have been systematically 'telegraphed' at municipal elections, and there have also been found on the lists the names of minor children, whose names have also been fraudulently voted upon each year.

J. F. Guimond was before the Recorder on Thursday morning, charged with deserting his family. He left his wife, and took the bed from under her, in order to purchase liquor with the money value he received for it. Six children were left by him to starve with the wife in the house, in which there was no stove, or fire of any description.

The High School, erected last year, at an expense of $240,000, is now being found too small for the number of children. It is not so much a high school, however, as a high-class school. Elementary branches are taught just in the same manner as in what are called common schools. If confined to really high school branches it will be large enough.

Several Syrians have been residing in Montreal, recently, to learn the customs and language of the British people. Elias Abughannam is one of them, and he made himself known to the Young Men's Christian Association, who took an interest in him. He went to Boston last week to go before the American Missionary Board. Three others remain and seek work in order to cover educational expenses.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM OUR READERS.

An 'old typo' says: 'I have been an observer of the improvements that have taken place in the 'Weekly Witness' during the past thirty years that I have been a subscriber thereto. In its matter, its typography and its make-up it now seems doubtful whether much material improvement be possible. The paper in its present form is a great change for the better. Other weeklies I have cast aside, but cannot do without my 'Witness'; there is much good reading in it not to be found elsewhere. Being in my eightieth year, and confined to the house, my good-will must be taken instead of any effort to enlarge the subscription list.'

A Little Rock, Ark., subscriber writes: 'Please find enclosed one dollar for my renewal subscription for the 'Weekly Witness.' The older it gets the better it is, and very convenient in its new form. Accept my best thanks and wishes for the future.'

From St. Lawrence, Mass., a friend sends the following: 'In renewing for the 'Weekly Witness' permit me to say that I think it is the best paper published on the American continent. Here in the United States I await its weekly visits to ascertain the truth in our American politics; feeling that when I have your opinion I have an authority unswayed by expediency.'

COMMERCIAL.

WITNESS OFFICE, Monday, Jan. 8, 1894.

AMERICAN GRAIN DOWN.

On the prospects of a big decrease in the visible the American wheat market opened stronger this morning and made quite an advance. The highest price in Chicago was 67¾c for May delivery, and 68⅞c July, ⅜ of a cent better than the closing prices of Saturday. When it became known, however, that the decrease in the visible was not so large as expected, the market began to lag and it eased off to 67c for May delivery. At noon it was struggling to keep its head above that mark and succeeded in touching 67¼c May. Corn was steadier than wheat and held on pretty well to the advance it made in the early morning. The highest price it reached was 38⅞c for May delivery and at noon it had only dropped ⅛ of a cent off that figure.

The Chicago wheat market closed at 61¼ Jan., and 66⅝ to 66¾ May.

STOCKS ACTIVE AND STRONG.

The local stock market exhibited considerable activity this morning and the transactions were large. 550 shares of Canadian Pacific Railway sold at from 72⅞ to 73 and 806 shares of Commercial Cable at from 136¾ to 137. Richelieu opened at an advance, at 81¼, but closed at ¼ percent lower at 80¾. Other stocks were firm.

The market closed strong and active.

Reported by Messrs. W. L. Jackson & Co.

	Between Banks Buyers.	Sellers.	Counter
New York Funds	Par. to 1-16		¼ prem to ¼
Sterling, 60 days.	8⅞ to 9		9⅛ to 9¼
Sterling, demand	9 5-16 to 9 7-16		9⅝ to 9¾
Sterling, cables..	.....		9⅞ to 10
Paris Cheques...	5.18¾ to 5.16¾		5.15 to 5.12½

Guilders, 3 days, 39¾ to 40; Reichmarks, 3 days, 94¾ to 95; Documentary, 60 days, 8¾ to 8½; Cattle Bills, 3 days, 8¾ to 9; Money in London, 1½ percent; Bank of England rate, 3 percent. Market dull.

The sales this morning were:—100 Canadian Pacific at 72¾, 450 at 73; 706 Commercial Cable at 187, 75 at 137, 25 at 136¾; 10 Montreal Telegraph at 142, 25 at 141; 84 Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company at 81¼, 50 at 81, 25 at 80¾; 100 Gas at 179; 25 Bell Telephone at 135; 1 Bank of Montreal at 231; 23 Commerce at 136; 200 Colored Cotton bonds at 99.

The sales this afternoon were:—

25 Canadian Pacific at 72⅝;
15 Gas at 179;
75 Richelieu at 80½;
9 Street Railway at 164; 100 at 163¼;
7 Telephone at 135½; 25 at 136; 50 at 136½;
9 Hochelaga Bank at 120.

MONTREAL STOCK REPORT.

(Furnished by Macdougall Bros., Brokers.)

Montreal, Jan. 6.

Stocks.	Asked.	Bid.
Canadian Pacific Railway	73¼	72¼
Do. L. G. Bonds	....	109
Duluth S. S. & A.	6¼	6
Do., Preferred	17	14
Commercial Cable Co. ex div.	135½	134¾
Montreal Telegraph ex div.	142	140
Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co	81	80¾
Montreal Street Railway Co.	165	160½
Montreal Gas Co.	179	178½
Bell Telephone Co.	135	133½
Royal Electric Co.	140	130
Bank of Montreal	222½	220
Ontario Bank	120	111½
Peoples Bank	130	116½
Molsons Bank	....	160
Bank of Toronto	....	253¾
Jacques Cartier Bank	125	118
Merchants Bank	165	155
Merchants Bank of Halifax	141	137
Eastern Townships	....	....
Quebec Bank	....	122
Union Bank	....	....
Bank of Commerce	137	135
Hochelaga Bank	....	....
Intercolonial Coal Co. ex div.	50	35
Canada North-West Land Co.	....	....
Colored Cotton Co.	125	....
Montreal Cotton Co.	65	61
Colored Cotton Bonds.	100	....
Dominion Cotton Co.	110	79
Cable Rights	....	....
Royal Electric Bonds	....	....
Merchant Cotton	....	....
Champlain Bonds	100¼	100

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

Messrs. Miller, Powell & Co.'s stock letter from New York to day says:—Saturday's market was regarded as a grand charge of the bull interest with St. Paul sugar, Gas and W.U. made leaders. Further large covering was brought about in each of these stocks, and commission houses reported a sensible increase in demand for long stocks. There was very little argument added to what has been said for certain bull interests are working on a belief that Washington developments point to important modification or defeat of the tariff bill, and hold that as soon as this becomes evident to the country there will be material improvement in business. The loan crowd showed a good many stocks returned, but in some cases it seemed to be done with a view of borrowing elsewhere. The Reading annual report shows for both companies a surplus over all fixed charges of $880,168, but $1,682,511 was spent for equipment and improvement, making a deficit of $802,342. It is estimated that cash liabilities of both companies exceed cash assets $8,220,231.

STATE OF TRADE.

Dry Goods.—There is little change in the wholesale market. Travellers are doing their best to work up the spring trade, but they have not been out long enough to meet with any marked results. The reports from the country are of an encouraging character, however, and something is expected of the near future. Payments were very fair on Jan. 4, in fact, there was a marked improvement on the few previous months, and merchants were very well satisfied. The North-West seems to be the only weak part of the Dominion, but this state of affairs was expected. The fourth of next month will be a good test of the standing of the mercantile community in the city and country.

Iron and Hardware.—The market for heavy iron is positively without interest. There is little if any trading, and prices are nominal. There is nothing doing in pig iron and prices might be shaded some under the influence of fair sized lots. Scrap iron is dull and wrought scrap has touched as low as $12. Bar iron affords little interest, the mills being shut down and business being at a standstill to that line. There is no call for tin plate but prices are nominally the same as last quoted. Canada plates are unchanged in any respect, and Terne plates are without feature. The wholesale hardware houses are doing little at present in the way of new business, and they have ample opportunity to take stock and close up for 1893. An improvement is expected shortly, when things will have thoroughly got over the effects of the holidays. Prices are about as follows:—We quote: Summerlee, $ 8.50 to $19.00; Gartsherrie, $18.00; Carnbro, $16.75 to $17; Siemens, $18; Eglinton, $17 to $17.25; Wrought scrap, No. 1, $15 to $16; bar, $1.90 to $1.95. Tin plates, coke, $3.00 to $3.20; charcoal, $3.75 to $4.25; Canada plates, $2.50 to $2.55; terne plates, $7.25 to $7.75. Oxford copper, 11¼c, to 12¾c; ingot tin, 21¼c to 22c.

Leather.—The business of the past week or two has been exceedingly quiet and at present there is not much sign of improvement. The trading is of a small jobbing character and prices are easy: Manufacturers' sole, No. 1, 18c to 19c; do., No. 2, 16c to 17c; do., No. 2, 14c to 16c; do., No. 3, 13c to 14c; No. 1 slaughter sole, 20c to 22c; harness, 18c to 22c; waxed uppers, 20c to 26c; French calf, $1.05 to $1.40; splits, Quebec, 10c to 10½c; Western, 14c to 18c; pebble, 10c to 13c; russets, heavy, 30c to 35c.

Hides.—Stocks are small but prices are not any firmer owing to the indifferent demand at present. We quote: No. 1 at 4½c, No. 2 at 3½c, No. 3 at 2½c to tanners and to dealers ½c less all round. Calfskins at 7c. Sheepskins, 70c to 75c.

Cement and Firebrick—There is not much doing in these materials at present and the market is uninteresting. The movement is confined to small lots. Prices are inclined to be easy. We quote as follows: Cement, English brands $2.05 to $2.15; Belgian brands, $1.85 to $2.00; firebricks, $14.00 to $18.50, according to quality.

Petroleum.—The market is easy with respect to American refined petroleum, but Canadian petroleum is steady: Canadian, 11½c in shed or round lots, and from 11½c to 12c in smaller quantities. American, 16c in car lots, single barrels, 17c to 17½c; American benzine, 23c to 25c; Canadian, 13½c.

Coal—The demand is quiet but steady and prices unchanged. We quote as follows to-day: Stove coal and chestnut at $6.50, and egg and furnace, at $6.

Sugar.—The market is dull and easy, there being a decline last week in granulated. We quote:—granulated at 4½c; yellow, dark, 3½c, light 3¾c to 3¾c.

GRAIN AND FLOUR.

Grain.—The grain market affords little interest all attention being confined in a small way to coarse grains. We quote the following as to-day's prices No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat, 73c to 74c; No. 2, 71c to 72c; corn, duty paid, 60c to 61c; No 2 oats in store, 35c to 36c; peas, in store, 68c to 69c; do. afloat, 0c to 71c. Rye, 55c to 57c. Barley, for feeding, 42c to 43c; malting, 52c to 54c. Buckwheat 51c to 53c.

Flour.—Business is quiet and prices unsettled. We quote:

Patent Winter	$3.50	to	3.60
Straight Roller	3.00	to	3.10
Extra	2.75	to	2.80
Superfine	2.60	to	2.70
Strong Bakers' (Man)	3.50	to	3.55

Meal.—There is a quiet steady trade doing in oatmeal at prices below quoted.

Granulated, in brls	$4.20	to	$4.35
Granulated, in bags	2.10	to	2.20
Standard, in brls	3.95	to	4.00
Standard, in bags	1.90	to	2.00

Feed.—The demand for bran and shorts continues steady, and prices are firm. We quote:

Bran	$16.00	to	$16.00
Shorts	17.00	to	22.00
Moullie	20.00	to	22.00

GENERAL PRODUCE.

Hog Products.—The local market continues quiet. Prices are, however, unchanged. Dressed hogs are steady and prices range from $6.75 to $6.80 by the car lot, and $7.00 small lots. We quote:

Canada short cut, mess pork	$17.25	to	$18.25
Chicago new mess pork	17.00	to	18.00
Hams, city cured, per lb.	00.12	to	00.13
Lard, compound	00.8¼	to	00.8½
Lard, pure	00.10½	to	00.11
Bacon	00.11¼	to	00.12½

Butter.—There is no change. The market holds firm and steady. We quote:—Townships, 21c to 22c; creamery, 23c to 24c; western dairy, 19½c to 20c.

Cheese.—There is little new of interest in connection with the local cheese market. The movement is small and unimportant, while prices are unchanged. We quote as follows to-day:—Finest Ontario, 11c to 11¼c; Townships, 10¾c to 11c; Quebec, 10½c to 11c; other grades, 10c.

Eggs.—Good boiling stock is scarce and prices are unchanged. We quote:—Boiling stock at 25c; candled at 17c to 18c; limed at 16c to 17c.

Ashes.—The market is quiet and easy. We quote First pots, at $4.35; seconds $3.75. Pearls at $5.50.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES.—Jan. 5.

There was a rather small attendance of both buyers and sellers at the city markets to-day and trade was slow, with comparatively few changes in prices, and where there were any changes they were nearly all tending downwards. Oats and potatoes were in pretty large supply and prices are lower; garden stuffs remain at about former rates; very few dressed hogs were offered by the farmers and prices are unchanged. The farmers did not bring in many beef quarters, but Mr. Bickerdike is receiving three carloads of superior ranche beef weekly, which he is selling at 4½c per lb. for forequarters, and 8½c per lb. for hind quarters. There were not large supplies of poultry, but the demand is slack and prices lower. There are no changes in the prices of butter and eggs, both of which are pretty high priced. Mr. Bourdon got 45c per lb for choice print butter and 60c per dozen for fresh laid eggs. The fruit market is very quiet, and oranges are lower in price, but lemons are still scarce and dear.

The following are to-day's prices:—

GRAIN.—Oats sell at from 75c to 85c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; buckwheat, 50c to 55c do.; beans, $1.40 to $1.80.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 55c to 65c per bag; cabbages, 50c to 60c per barrel; cauliflowers, $2.50 to $4.50 doz.; celery, 25c to 50c per doz.; Quebec turnips, 50c per bag; artichokes, $1 do.; carrots, 30c per bush.; onions, 40c to 60c do.; beets, 35c do; parsnips, 50c do.; horse radish, $1.00 do.

FRUIT.—Lemons, $4.00 to $5.00 per box; apples, $3.50 to $5 barrel; oranges, $2.00 to $2.50 box; cranberries, $7.00 per barrel. Almerian grapes, $4 to $5.00 the 50 lb. barrel.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Tub butter, from 19c to 25c per lb.; prints, 30c to 45c; fresh eggs, 50c to 60c; packed eggs, 18c to 25c per dozen.

POULTRY.—Fowl, 7c to 10c per lb.; turkeys 9c to 12½c do.; geese, 6c to 8c do.; ducks, 10c to 12c per lb.; chickens, 9c to 12c do.; partridges, 75c the pair; wild ducks, 65c to $1 do.; prairie chickens, $1 do.; dressed hogs, 7¾c to 7½c per lb.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, $7.00 to $9.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.; pressed hay, 60c to 70c per 100 lbs.; straw, $5 to $6 per 100 bundles of 12 lbs. each.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.—Jan. 4.

There were about 675 head of butchers' cattle, 40 calves and 220 sheep and lambs offered at the East End Abbattoir to-day. Nearly all the cattle were rough and half-fatted old cows, steers, oxen and bulls, with a few head of fairly good beeves among them. The butchers were present in considerable numbers, but they were chiefly on the look out for small stuff, calves and lambs being in active demand at higher figures. A few of the best cattle we e sold at 4½c per lb., with pretty good beasts at about 4c; rough and half fatted stock brought from 3c to 3½c, and the lower beasts at from 2½c to 2¾c per lb. Good calves were in active demand, but there were no extra veals on the market; prices ranged from $4 to $10 each. Mr. Joseph Richard bought three of the best calves for $27.50. Fairly good lambs sold in lots, with a few sheep among them, at 4c per lb. Fat hogs are rather lower in price, or from 5½c to 5¾c per lb. Dressed hogs sell at from 6¾c to 7c per lb.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.—Jan. 8.

There were about 500 head of butcher's cattle, 40 calves and 100 mutton critters offered at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in considerable numbers but the class of cattle did not suit them, as there were no really prime beeves on the market to-day and comparatively few pretty good animals, while common and inferior beasts were plentiful enough. The best cattle sold at about 4c per lb., rough and half-fatted beasts at from 3c to 3½c and the leaner beef critters at from 2c to 2½c per lb. A lot of eight lean cows and a hard looking small bull were sold at 2c per lb. They weighed 7,300 lbs. Good calves are in demand but the butchers don't seem to care for the 'bob' veals. Prices ranged from $2 to $10. Good lambs sell at 4c per lb. and the others at from 3c to 3½c do. Fat hogs are not plentiful and sell at from 5¾c to 5½c per lb.

MONTREAL STOCK YARDS COMPANY.

The receipts of live stock at the yards of the Montreal Stock Yards Company, Point St. Charles, for the week ending Jan. 4, 1894, were as follows:—

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Calves.
Left over from previous week..	470	305	453	34
Total for week....	44	....	....	....
Left on hand.....	431	103	291	34
	160	....	....	....

The receipts of cattle for week at these yards were rather heavy for the season, consequently trade was quiet and low prices accepted in order to effect a clearance. Live hogs were in demand and prices ruled 15c to 20c higher. Ready market for good lambs and calves.

We quote the following as being fair values:—

Cattle—Export	.... to ....
" But her's good	4½c to 5c
" " medium	3 c to 3½c
" " culls	2½c to 3c
Lambs	2½c to 3½c
Hogs	$5.25 to $5.75
Calves	$5.00 to $12.00

MONTREAL HORSE MARKET.

WEST END MARKET.

(Reported by the Montreal Horse Exchange, Point St. Charles.)

The receipts of horses at these stables for week ending Jan. 6, 1894, were 104; left over from previous week, 40; total for week, 144; shipped during week, 79; left for city, 7; sales for week, 3; on hand for sale, 50. No particular change in the horse market this week. The demand seems to be mostly for horses suited for the English market. We have on hand for sale 50, comprising heavy and medium draught, choice drivers, saddle and coach horses, with two cars to arrive on Monday.

WHEAT IN SIGHT.

	Jan. 6, 1894	Dec. 30, 1893	Jan. 7, 1893
Visible supply, U.S. and Canada	79,823,000	80,228,000	81,788,000
On passage to the United Kingdom	23,352,000	23,440,000	21,861,000
On passage to Continent	7,912,000	7,980,000	5,696,000
Total in sight.	111,217,000	111,648,000	109,348,000

MONTREAL STOCKS IN STORE.

	Jan. 6, 1894.	Dec. 30, 1893.	Jan. 7, 1893.
Wheat, bush	635,427	626,632	452,951
Corn, bush	1,432	969	15,064
Peas, bush	110,813	101,597	270,459
Oats, bush	139,583	96,276	294,667
Barley, bush	66,344	54,976	84,435
Rye, bush	37,603	37,197	15,830
Buckwheat, bush	2,534	2,879	
Flour, bbls	54,151	....	41,291
Meal, bbls	237	234	235

FOREIGN MARKETS.

Chicago, Jan. 8, 1.15 p.m.—Closing.—Wheat, 61¼c Jan., 66¾c to 66¾c May, 68c July. Corn 35c Jan., 35½c Feb. 36⅝c March, 34⅝c May. Oats 28c Jan., 30⅝c May.

Toledo, Jan. 8, 1.15 p.m.—Closing, wheat, 62c cash and Jan.; 66¾c May; corn, 36¼ cash; oats, 30 cash.

Milwaukee, Jan. 8, 1.15 p.m.—Closing prices—Wheat, 59¾c cash; 63⅝c May.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Jan. 5.—Beeves: Receipts, 40 carloads, or 728 head, 25 of which were for the market and the balance consigned direct to home-trade slaughterers. Five carloads of sale cattle were already in the yards, making a total of 30 carloads to be disposed of. The demand from slaughterers was weak and easily satisfied and the general trading was only fairly active. Favorable Western advices gave a firmer tone to the market, and this, together with a fairish demand for export cattle, enabled sellers to effect sales at about former figures for all grades of steers. Dry cows were in heavy supply and ruled slow throughout at a reduction of 10c to 20c per 100 lb. Oxen, bulls, etc., were not quotably changed. Four carloads of strictly choice natives changed hands at $5.45 per 100 lbs., good to prime do. at $4.70 to $5.20, medium to fair do. at $4.40 to $4.60, common to ordinary do. at $3.70 to $4.30; 2 carloads of corn-fed Colorados at $4.15; stags and oxen at $2.60 to $4; heifers at $2.60 to $3.80; bulls at $2.55 to $3.10; dry cows at $1.50 to $3.25. Dressed beef showed very little activity, sales of poor to prime native sides ranging from 7c to 9c per lb. Latest advices from the principal European markets quote American steers slow but firm at 11¼c to 12c per lb., dressed weight, and American refrigerated beef ½c per lb. higher, or at scant 9½c per lb.

Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts, including 8 carloads, direct to butchers were 20 carloads, or 4,165 head. The trading was generally active, but sheep of all grades were weak, and sales showed a slight decline. Sheep sold at $3.50 to $4 per 100 lb. for poor to strictly prime; lambs ranged from $4 to $5.50 for very common to choice.

Hogs.—Receipts, 22 carloads, or 3,311 head; None on sale alive. Quoted nominally firm at $5.90 to $6.30 per 100 lb.

Chicago, Jan. 5.—Cattle—Receipts, 5,500 head; shipments, 2,000; market higher; good to choice steers, $4.95 to $5.50; no prime grades here; others, $4.25 to $4.75; common, $4.75 to $5.15; cows, $2.25 to $3.25; no Texans. Hogs—Receipts, 34,000 head; shipments, 8,000; market opened steady, closed 5c lower; prime heavy $5.30 to $5.40; packers and mixed, $5.15 to $5.25; prime butchers' weights, $5.40 to $5.45; prime light, $5.30 to $5.45. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; shipments, 1,000; market trifle stronger; natives, $2.00 to $3.25; common Westerns, $2.80; lambs, $2.50 to $5.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

Edinburgh, Dec. 23.—Messrs. John Swan & Sons weekly report says:—With fairly large supplies of fat cattle at all the principal centres this week, there has been no quotable change in the state of trade. Though there has been no material demand from the South, and the meat market continues quiet, there has been little or no alteration in prices. Supplies from Ireland are gradually getting smaller as between the grass and turnip-fed season. Fat cows and bulls have made quite as much money. About 700 United States cattle are reported to have been sold at prices similar to last week. The number of sheep has not been quite so large. Nice shop sheep have met a good inquiry at quite as much money, but heavy-weighted sheep and those adapted for the London market, have made about the same as last week. A large show of calves, quality not quite so good; best made full prices; secondary cheaper. Pigs a good show, and they met a steady trade. Very small supplies of store cattle on offer. Store sheep for short keep meet a good inquiry, and get well sold. Milk cows not so numerous; best very dear; secondary, slow to sell. Best beef, 7s 9d to 8s; secondary, 7s 2d per stone; best, 7½d to 7¾d; secondary, 7¼d per lb.

THE COTTON TRADE.

Manchester, Jan. 3.—The 'Guardian,' in its commercial article says: The market yesterday did not assume a market-day aspect. The delay in the receipt of the data relative to the American cotton crop movement rendered many buyers cautious. Others expressed the opinion that a collapse in cotton was imminent. Advices received in Manchester show that dealers in Bombay and Calcutta are watching the statistics with the closest attention, expecting that there will be a decline in prices. They are somewhat anxious about forward purchases at a higher level. Spot values are easier in Calcutta owing to the absence of up country demand. Many manufacturers of India goods commence the year with well filled order books and are able to resist lower offers. There are, however, occasional exceptions to this rule. The makers of China goods are short of orders of some kinds, chiefly for the better class of shirtings. In other cloths it is often the case that the time given for shipment hinders business. There is rather more enquiry for finishing cloths. There were some transactions yesterday at lower prices. Offers for lower and medium shirtings sometimes resulted in trade. There was a slight increase in the number of offers for India shirtings at lower prices. Many of these offers were impracticable. Yarns were slow and showed a weaker tendency.

MANITOBA WHEAT MARKET.

Locally the wheat situation is rather uninteresting owing to the present dulness. There is no shipping movement, as buying prices in country markets here are above a shipping basis. There is a little buying on a speculative basis, to go into store to hold. Receipts at Fort William for the week ended Dec. 28 were 89,000 bushels, and shipments only 667 bushels. Total stocks were 1,441,543 bushels, and a year ago were 2,102,287 bushels, being an increase of 294,708 bushels for the week that year. Continued dulness has ruled in country markets, and prices have been about the same, ranging from 40c to 45c per bushel for No. 1 hard, at different points, the variation being due to difference in freight rates and local influences.—The 'Winnipeg Commercial.'

BUSINESS FAILURES IN CANADA.

According to the following record of failures kept by Bradstreets it will be seen that there was a heavy increase in the financial business failures during 1893 over the year 1892. There are 1,781 failures reported from the Dominion and Newfoundland in 1893 compared with 1,632 in 1892, with liabilities amounting to $15,690,000, about 50 percent more than in the year before and assets $7,388,000, a proportionate increase compared with the year before.

There were only 36 more failures in Ontario in 1893 than in the year before yet the liabilities are nearly double, proving that many large firms went by the board. Quebec makes a much better showing than her sister provinces. There was a small increase in the number of failures for 1893 but the liabilities are about $678,000 less than during the previous year. The failures in New Brunswick were the same in number as the year previous, but there was a material increase in liabilities. Nova Scotia had 25 failures less in 1893 than in 1892 but the liabilities were about the same in both years. There is a large increase in the liabilities of the failures in the North-west Territories. Newfoundland seems to have suffered much from the general depression. The failures are five times as many than in 1892 and the liabilities show an enormous increase.

	Number of failures		Assets.		Liabilities.	
	1893	1892	1893	1892	1893	1892
Ontario	732	696	$ 8,040,276	$ 1,513,623	$ 6,709,822	$ 3,632,959
Quebec	599	563	1,832,641	1,503,781	4,379,505	5,973,547
New Brunswick	85	85	430,280	834,320	839,996	849,002
Nova Scotia	198	153	478,573	487,330	915,925	965,330
Prince Edward Island	22	8	57,810	61,300	126,900	113,000
Manitoba	69	62	403,190	285,956	722,618	517,400
Northwest Territories	29	16	54,362	28,602	150,473	51,521
British Columbia	82	71	413,750	248,181	687,050	473,461
Totals, Canada	1766	1679	$ 6,711,582	$ 4,830,095	$ 14,762,574	$ 11,563,210
Newfoundland	15	3	677,600	19,000	927,630	37,000

PLENTY MONEY, NO SECURITIES.

Henry Clews and Co.'s Weekly Financial Review says:—'The new year opens with a feeling on the Stock Exchange which is in welcome contrast to the tone of affairs outside. There is no marked buoyancy, nor any great activity in securities: but equally there is an entire absence of the pessimism and prostration that prevail universally in the commercial markets. The enormous amount of money resting idle in banks and trust companies shows that, while the supply of securities is unusually light, there is ample capital waiting to find employment in them. In these important respects the new year opens with reasonably encouraging prospects for business on the Stock Exchange.

CANADA ACCORDING TO BRADSTREET'S.

General trade in the leading cities of the Dominion of Canada remains dull, and January operations show less activity than a year ago. At Montreal commercial payments are fairly prompt, but the outlook is not promising. The sorting up trade characterizes transactions in Toronto, and at Halifax the unseasonable weather has had a depressing effect on business, although wholesalers report fair remittances.

Bank clearings at Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax aggregate $16,932,000, an increase of nearly 13 percent over last week, but a decrease of 18 percent contrasted with the like week a year ago. There were 36 failures reported from the Dominion this week, compared with 30 last week, 27 the first week in January, 1892, and 36 in 1891.

WHEAT STOCKS AND BUSINESS FAILURES

During the last six months available wheat stocks here and in Canada increased only 34,000,000 bushels, whereas they decreased 38,000,000 in the first half of 1893. Exports of wheat (flour included as wheat) from both coasts of the United States and Canada, aggregate 8,196,000 bushels this week; last week the total was 2,035,000 bushels; last year 3,008,000 bushels.

There are reported 480 business failures throughout the United States as compared with 318 last week, 313 in the week a year ago, and 333 two years ago.—'Bradstreet's.'

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Chicago Union Stock Yards, Jan. 8.—Hogs—To-day's estimated receipts, 35,000. Yesterday's receipts, according to official returns, 25,710. Shipments, 7,071. Left over, 4,000. Light mixed, $5.15 to $5.45; mixed packing, $5.15 to $5.45; heavy shipping, $5.00 to $5.15; rough grades, $5.00 to $5.15. The receipts of cattle were 18,000. Market steady to 10c higher.

LIVERPOOL MARKET PRICES CURRENT.

Liverpool, Jan. 8, 12.30 p.m.—Spring wheat, nominal; red winter, 5s 3d to 5s 3d, No. 1 Cal., 5s 4d to 5s 5d. Corn, 4s 3d; Peas, 4s 11d. Pork, 60s. Lard, 42s. Tallow, 27s 6d. Bacon, heavy, 40s 6d; light, 41s 6d. Cheese both, 56s 6d. Wheat, steady, demand moderate; holders offer moderately. Corn, firm, fair demand.

LONDON CONSOLS.

London, Jan. 8, 12.30 p.m.—Consols, 98¾ money 98 13-16 account.

OTTAWA MARKETS.

Ottawa, Jan. 6.—To-day being observed by many as a holiday, there was only a poor attendance of either buyers or sellers this morning. The principal offerings were heavy produce, meats being especially plentiful with a slight reduction from last week's quotations. Fowls were not greatly in demand, the supply in that line being over large. Pork was plentiful at $7 a cwt. Beef $4 to $5 per cwt for fores and hinds. Lamb 6c to 7c per lb., fore and hind quarters. Mutton 5½c by the carcase. Turkeys sold at from 75c to $1.25 each; geese, 50c to 75c each; ducks, 75c per pair; chickens, 35c to 50c per pair. Butter was in good demand and sold at 20c to 22c per lb. in tubs and pails. Potatoes, 75c to 80c a bag; cabbages, 25c to 50c a dozen; onions, 90c to $1.50 per bag; turnips, per bag, 25c to 30c, $6 a ton; beets and carrots, 30c to 50c a bag; beans, 80c to $1.00 a bushel; parsnips, 50c a bag, apples, from 75c up to $1.25 per bag; eggs, fresh, 22c; packed, 18c to 20c per dozen; hay, per ton, $6.50 to $9; oats sold freely at 35c per bushel; buckwheat, 45c to 50c per bushel, hardwood, $3 to $4.50 a cord.

INGERSOLL MARKET.

Ingersoll, Ont., Jan. 8.—White wheat, 55c to 58c per bushel; red fall wheat, 55c to 58c per bushel; spring wheat, 56c to 59c per bushel; barley, 40c to 42c per bushel; peas, 52c to 55c per bushel; oats, 31c to 32c per bushel; bran, $14 to $15 per ton; shorts, $15 to $17 per ton; potatoes, 70c to 80c per bag; onions, $1 do.; live hogs, $4.85 to $5.00 per cwt.; flour, $1.75 per cwt; oatmeal, $2.50 to $3 per cwt.; cornmeal, $2.50 to $3 per cwt.; apples, 75c to 90c per bag; butter, 20c to 28c per lb.; eggs, 16c to 18c per doz.; hay, $8 to $8.50 per ton; hides, $2.00 to $3 per cwt.; wool, 17c to 18c per lb.; lard, 12c to 13c per lb.; dressed hogs, $6.50 per cwt.

HAMILTON MARKET.

Hamilton, Ont., Jan. 6.—White wheat, per bushel, 59c to 60c; red, 59c to 60c; spring, 54c to 59c; peas, 52c to 53c; barley, 38c to 44c; oats, 34c to 35c; corn 45c to 48c; clover seed per bushel, $6.00 to $6.25; white wheat flour, per bbl., $2.50 to $3; strong bakers,' $3.00 to $3.25; dressed hogs, per cwt., $6.65 to $6.75; apples, per bag of a bushel and half, 80c to $1; dried apples, per lb. 5c to 5½c; potatoes, per bag of 90 lbs., 50c to 60c; butter, in rolls, per lb., 18c to 20c; butter, in firkins, per lb., 18c to 19c; eggs, per doz., 16c to 17c.

GUELPH MARKETS.

Guelph, Ont., Jan. 6.—Flour, roller, $1.60 to $1.85; fall wheat, 56c to 57c; spring wheat, 52c to 53c; bran, 13c; shorts, 14c; middlings, 16c; barley, 38c to 42c; oats, 30c to 31c; rye, 50c to 54c; peas, 59c to 62c; hay, $6.50 to $7.50; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 20c to 22c; potatoes, per bag, 40c to 50c; pork, $6.40 to $6.60; sheepskins, 60c to 85c; hides, $2.50 to $3; turnips, 8c to 9c.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Toronto, January 8, 1894. — Market inactive. Quotations:—Straight roller flour, $2.60; extra, $2.40 to $2.50; white wheat, 56½c; spring, No. 2, 57c; red winter, 57c; goose, 54c; No. 1 Man. hard, 74c to 75c; do. No. 2, 71c; peas, No. 2, 52c; Barley, No. 1 43½c; feed, 35c to 38c; oats, No. 2, 30c to 31c. Sales, oats, outside, at 30c to 31c; and to arrive at 34c; peas, outside, at 52c to 52½c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A HAMILTON MAN—NEURALGIA MADE HIS LIFE MISERABLE—HOW HE FOUND RELIEF.

A member of the staff of the Canadian 'Evangelist' in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, Hamilton, found him very outspoken in his admission as to the benefit he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills, and anxious that their good qualities should be made widely known.

Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in the head, arms and legs, and the pain was often so excessive and the soreness so great that he could scarcely walk. He tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August he determined to give Dr. Williams's Pink Pills a trial. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared and he was as well as ever. He further remarked that he now felt like a

ONTARIO HAS SPOKEN.

WHAT HER RECENT VOTE ON THE PROHIBITION PLEBISCITE CALLS FOR.

(Special Correspondence of 'Witness.')

Toronto, Jan. 6.—The Mayoralty election, though some days have passed since it took place, is still a subject of conversation. There was nothing surprising in Mayor Fleming's defeat, but the majority against him was so great as to surprise both supporters and opponents. As usual it is easy to account for the result after the event, but in this case some of the influences are of so interesting a character, that a few remarks on them may not be amiss. The very bad times, coupled with a comparatievly high rate of taxation, would probably have compassed Mr. Fleming's defeat without any other ground of support for his opponent, but Mr. Kennedy had other grounds, one of which brings him into the general current of politics. He was chosen largely, if not chiefly, because he is an Orangeman, and as such had the sympathy of

THE PROTESTANT PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

The members of that society, now 5,000 strong, it is claimed, are not all Orangemen, but the great majority of them would at any election prefer an Orangeman to one who is simply a Protestant, however unquestionable his Protestantism may be. It was assiduously circulated for a few days before the election that Mr. Fleming was to get a solid Catholic vote, by order of the priests, and this was sufficient to throw the waverers by hundreds into the camp of his rival. A similar state of affairs obtained in three western cities—Hamilton, Brantford and London. The Mayor of London, who was the P.P.A. candidate last year, was re-elected this year, though by a diminished majority. Apparently the movement there has about run its course. In Brantford the victory of the P.P.A. was complete, and Mrs. Shepherd, the well-known zealot, can claim to a large extent the credit. She spent some time in the city and delivered recently some of the most incendiary harangues. Municipal issues had little to do with the contest. In Hamilton the P.P.A. candidate had almost half the votes polled, while a Conservative and Liberal candidate divided the other half between them; but Mayor-elect Stewart is exceptionally popular personally, and would probably have been elected by a fair majority if the P.P.A. had never been imported into Canada. What will be

THE POLITICAL EFFECT

of these municipal contests. The result in Toronto may fairly be claimed as a Conservative victory, because the whole Conservative organization was placed at the disposal of Mr. Kennedy. But it will not be safe to predicate much from that for either the Provincial or the Dominion general election. The former comes off some time this year—probably soon after the impending session—in all probability the Conservatives will be able to get three out of four members for the Legislative Assembly, if not the whole of them, though that will depend to some extent on the personnel of the candidates on each side, which in Toronto always tells for a good deal. In the Dominion election matters will be more mixed. As against Sir Oliver Mowat the P. P. A. and the Conservative machine work harmoniously together; as against Sir John Thompson they will pull opposite ways, the P. P. A. working for Mr. McCarthy and the machine for the Premier. The result will be doubtful, but it cannot be perfectly satisfactory from a Conservative party point of view. Meanwhile, however, the managers are enjoying their local victory, trusting to the chapter of events to bring their party into power in Ontario before the Dominion election comes off.

THE PROHIBITIONIST VICTORY

was a greater surprise in Toronto than the defeat of Mr. Fleming by so overwhelming a majority, for there is no possibility of explaining it away. Had the vote been a small one it might have been said that the anti-prohibitionists did not take the trouble to vote at all, and some of them did not as a matter of fact. But the vote was a very large one—well up to the Mayoralty vote and that was exceptionally heavy. That the prohibitionists should on such a vote carry the city by a majority of nearly three thousand is so much better than the most sanguine hoped for that the temperance workers may be excused for feeling elated. Their victory puts Toronto fairly in line with the advanced prohibitionist wave that has swept the province with the exception of a few municipalities. Had the majority been the other way in this city it would have been a serious obstacle to immediate action. As matters are, the Alliance organization is already in the field to carry local option by-laws wherever the prohibitionist majority is large enough to make it expedient to try the experiment. As a political measure the plebiscite has been justified by success. The vote means much and it cost little. It allays doubts, paves the way for legislation, and clears the air of misrepresentations as to the strength of the prohibitionists and their opponents.

WHAT WILL THE RESULT BE?

It is too soon yet to make definite predictions as to time, but there can be no doubt that it is only a question of a comparatively short time when the experiment of prohibition must be tried in this province. The Legislature cannot settle the matter at its first session, for a case involving disputed jurisdiction as between the Provincial and Dominion Parliaments is now before the Supreme Court. But the Legislative Assembly can, and probably will, pass a resolution asking the Dominion Parliament to pass a prohibitory law whenever it feels it has the authority to do so. It can, and perhaps will, do something in the way of making the license law still more stringent. The prohibitionists would be greatly pleased to have a law passed abolishing bar-drinking and all other forms of drinking on the premises where the stuff is purchased. It is perhaps too soon to expect anything so radical as that, but the whole situation has been changed by the plebiscite, and no one can foresee very clearly what will happen next. The most disappointing feature of the contest was

THE SMALL WOMAN VOTE

polled on election day. Less than one-fifth of the women voters of the city took the trouble to go to the polls, and of these some voted against prohibition. There should have been enough of women's votes added to the total to bring the vote up to the mayoralty vote in number to swell the majority to five thousand. This disappointment will do good in two ways—it will ensure a new crusade for the purpose of finding out the women who have votes and educating them, and it will start a movement to secure the municipal franchise for married women who have the school franchise now. Both propagandas are needed just now, and the sooner they are started the better for the prohibitionist cause.

AN OLD PIONEER GONE.

Another of our old pioneers and subscribers to the 'Weekly Witness' has passed away in the person of Mr. John Standen, who died on Dec. 14, at Minesing, Ont. Deceased, who has been a resident of this place for thirty-one years, was born at Belbroughten, Worcestershire, England, in 1808. His father being a blacksmith he also learned the same trade, and in the course of time took his father's business. About the age of thirty-five he was converted under the preaching of the Baptists, a sect then very much despised, and shortly after began to preach the Gospel at a place called Holy Cross, walking ten miles to do it. Seeing the evils of intemperance he joined the teetotallers, the name given to the temperance party then in its infancy. Being a man of firm convictions, he suffered with the rest of his party. The brewers boycotted them, declaring if they would not purchase their beer they should certainly not have their barm (yeast), which was almost the only substance used then in making bread. In 1855 he emigrated with his family of small children to this country, and for a time took up his residence at Mudville (now Edgley), in Vaughan, York county, afterward removing to Woodbridge, then known as Burwick, where he opened a shop and did business for a few years, and as his boys were growing up he determined to move back to the bush and commence farming. He bought lot nine in the tenth concession of Vespia, then a dense cedar swamp and slush. He had to construct about one hundred and forty rods of corduroy road to get to it. The farm was very difficult to clear, and, besides, the land was subject to flood and frost and infested with mosquitoes, and a man of less determination and perseverance would have left it. Yet he lived to see it mostly cleared, and it is now one of the finest farms in Minesing, and is in possession of his son William. He gave up active business about seven years ago, and has been living amongst his children since. He passed away rather suddenly at the residence of his son, William, and was buried beside his wife (who died last June), in the Union cemetery. He leaves two sons and four daughters. A large number of friends attended the funeral. Mr. Lougheed preached the sermon and paid an eloquent tribute to the worth of the departed. It may be truly said of him that 'his delight was in the law of the Lord,' and as a result his character was strikingly humble and gentle. He was an 'Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.' His snow white locks, rosy countenance and sweet earnest voice will long be remembered by the people of Minesing. May it be his to know that 'earth remembers him in love.'

Notices of births, marriages and deaths must invariably be endorsed with the name and address of the sender, or otherwise no notice can be taken of them. Birth notices are inserted for 25c, marriage notices for 50c, death notices for 25c prepaid. When announcement of funeral, extended obituary or verses accompany such notice further charge will be made. Notices received from annual subscribers inserted free.

BIRTHS.

FOWLER—At Mellboro, Que., on Jan. 2, 1894, the wife of H. W. Fowler, of a son. 5

GRAFTON—On Dec. 28, 1893, the wife of Mr. Alfred Ross Grafton, of a son. 2

HISLOP—On the 2nd instant, at St. Laurent, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew B. Hislop. 4

LEPAGE—On Dec. 20, 1893, the wife of D. G. Lepage, of a daughter. 3

McDONALD—In this city, on Jan. 2, 1894, at 627 St. Catherine street, the wife of W. G. A. McDonald, of a son. 2

POLLOCK—At 59 Mackay street, on Jan. 5, 1894, the wife of James J. Pollock, of a daughter. 5

SCARFF—On Friday morning, Dec. 29, 1893, at 20 Hutchison street, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Scarff. 20

STEELE—At Ironside, P.Q., on Dec. 20, 1893, the wife of D. G. Steele, of a daughter. 3

MARRIED.

AUSTIN—TUPPER—On Dec. 27, 1893, in the Congregational Church, Kingsport, N.S., by the Rev. Jacob Whitman, the Rev. James M. Austin, of Sheffield, N.B., to Leota Rebecca, eldest daughter of Mr. Benjamin Tupper, of Kingsport, N.S. 4

ARMSTRONG—McCORD—On Dec. 27, 1893, in the Carp Methodist Church, by the Rev. Carl Allum, Mr. Wm. Armstrong, of Marsh, to Miss Annie Mary McCord, of the same place. 5

BALL—ELLICOTT—On Wednesday, Jan. 3, 1894, at St. George's Church, by the Rev. Dean Carmichael, the Rev. Thomas W. Ball, B.A., Incumbent of Milton, Que., to Miss Margaret E. Ellicott, of Montreal.
English papers please copy. 5

BAKER—ATTRIDGE—On Dec. 21, 1893, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. J. Attridge, by the Rev. J. E. Richardson, of Spencerville, Mr. James P. Baker, to Miss Katie Attridge, both of Augusta. 4

BORROWMAN—CARR—At the residence of the bride's sister, Clarke Township, Ont., on Dec. 27, by the Rev. A. Leslie, M.A., Alexander Borrowman, of the County of Essex, to Sarah Carr. 30

BERVIE—KINLOUGH—On Dec. 27, '93, at the residence of the bride's mother, Kinloss, Bruce Ontario, by the Rev. George McKay, M.D., Kincardine, Ont., James Elliott Bervie, Kincardine, Ont., to Annie Ross Kinlough, Kinloss, Bruce, Ont. 2

CHICK—BEANE—At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Luther Beane, in Dixville, on Jan. 1, 1894, by Pastor J. W. Gregory, Harry W. Chick, of Littleton, N.H., to Miss Rose Beane, of Dixville, Que. 2

CLARK—McDONALD—On Dec. 27, 1893, at the residence of the bride's father, Glamis, Bruce, Ont., by the Rev. George McKay, M.D., Kincardine, Ont., Henry G. Clark, Cargill, Bruce, Ont., to Flora H. McDonald, Glamis, Bruce, Ont. 3

KERFOOT—BOYCE—On Dec. 27, 1893, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Grenfell, Mr. John J. Kerfoot, of Forrest, Ont., son of Richard Kerfoot, Esq., of Smith's Falls, Ont., to Miss Laura L. Boyce, daughter of Stephen Boyce, Esq., of Athens, County Leeds, Ontario. 2

MITCHELL—MAHON—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 20, by the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., St. Andrew's Church, Perth, Mr. D. J. Mitchell, of Perth, to Miss Ellen Mahon, of Maberly. 30

MONTGOMERY—KERNIGHAN—At the residence of the bride's parents, 'Sunnyside Farm' on Dec. 13, 1893, by the Rev. Robert Henderson, Harry L. Montgomery, of Cannington Manor, Assa., youngest son of Captain A. T. Montgomery, Goderich, to Miss Minnie V., youngest daughter of John Kernighan, Esq., Colborne Township. 20

MARTIN—HITCHCOCK—At the residence of the bride's parents, East Bolton, Que., on Dec. 28, 1893, by the Rev. George Stafford, Mr. Ephraim D. Martin, of Fitchburg, Mass. to Miss Abbie L., daughter of Sherman Hitchcock, Esq. 3

MUSTARD—TURNER—On Wednesday, Dec. 27, 1893, by the Rev. Alex. U. Campbell, B.A., at the residence of the bride's mother, Town of Uxbridge, James Mustard, Township of Scott, Ontario County, to Jennie Turner. 3

McGREGOR—SMITH—At the residence of the bride's father, Toronto, on Dec. 28, 1893, by the Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., Roderick J. McGregor, to Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Smith, M.P.P. 3

POOL—MARTIN—Aa Dixville, Que., in the Baptist parsonage, on Jan. 1, 1894, by Pastor J. W. Gregory, Rufus Pool, of Barnston, Que., to Miss Emma J. Martin, of Barford, Que. 3

PALMER—ALLAN—On Thursday, December 21, 1893, by the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Wm. J. Palmer, of Bathurst, to Miss Jennie Drysdale Allan, daughter of Robt. Allan, Esq., Scotch Line, Burgess.

SWALWELL—KERR—On Dec. 26, 1893, by the Rev. George McKay, M.D., at the residence of the bride's father, Armon, Albert Swalwell, Glamis, Kincardine, Ont., to Miss Lillie Kerr, Armon, Kincardine, Ont. 3

SUITOR—REID—At the manse, Kinnear's Mills, P.Q., on the 3rd of January, 1894, by the Rev. J. M. Whitelaw, B.A., B.D., George Suitor, of Barre, Vt., to Annie Reid, of Leeds, County of Megantic. 5

WARREN—EAST—On Dec. 12, 1893, at Bombay, the Rev. A. F. Warren, M.A., T.C.D., C.M.S. Missionary, Jubbulpore, India, son of S. Warren, Dublin, to Mary Kathleen, daughter of the late Rear-Admiral East and of Mrs. East, Beach House, Weymouth. 4

DIED.

ASHTON—In this city, on Dec. 29, 1893, Alexander Samuel, second son of George Ashton, age 17 years, 6 months, 22 days.

AUGER—On Jan. 3, 1894, in this city, Dame Clarinde Beaudry, wife of J. C. Auger, registrar, aged 80 years.

AUCHMUTY—On Jan. 4, 1894, at 16 Lorne avenue, Ethel Lonsdell, only surviving daughter of Stanrus J. Auchmuty, aged 4 years and 10 months.

COOKE—Suddenly, on Jan. 1, 1894, William Cooke, aged 63 years, at his late residence, 616 Dorchester street.

CAMPBELL—Fell asleep in Jesus, on New Year's Day, 1894, Mr. Donald Campbell, of Breadalbane, Glengarry County, Ont., aged 76 years and 5 months. 4

COLLARD—In this city, on Jan. 3, 1894, Marie Marguerite Adrienne, infant daughter of Henri Collard, Deputy Prothonotary, aged one year and three months. 4

CONSTANTINE—On Dec. 16, 1893, at his residence, Cross Park Terrace, Heavitree, England,, in his 74th year, the Rev. L. Constantine, for forty-two years incumbent of Stanbridge East, P.Q. 4

DERBY—At Pendleton, Dec. 14, 1893, Mr. Jos. Derby, in the 75th year of his age. A native of County Derry, Ireland. 30

DALGLEISH—At Kenmore, on Dec. 30, 1893, Mrs. Wm. Dalgleish, aged 39 years. 5

DOYLE—At her residence, 27 West 90th st., New York city, on the 23rd ult., Lucinda M. Doyle, in her 65th year, widow of the late James Doyle, of New York, and mother of the late John E. and Warren A. Doyle, of this city. 4

FALK—On Sunday, Dec. 24, of congestion of the lungs, at the residence of James McMahon, Desalaberry, Que., Canada, George Jas. Falk, aged 30 years. A native of Germany.
New York and German papers please copy

FOSTER-VESEY-FITZGERALD—On December 10, 1893, at Movriesk, County Clare, Ireland, James Foster-Vesey-Fitzgerald, D.L., (who survived his wife little more than an hour), aged 72 years, third son of John Leslie Foster, sometime one of the Barons of Her Majesty's Court of Exchequer in Ireland. 2

FOSTER-VESEY-FITZGERALD—On December 10, 1893, at Movriesk, County Clare, Ireland, Henrietta Louisa, the beloved wife of James Foster-Vesey-Fitzgerald, D.L., daughter of Sir Ross Mahon, Bart., of Castlegar, County Galway, aged 73 years. 8

FORCE—Reginald Anthony Force, of consumption, Jan. 2, 1894, in his 24th year, the second son of Anthony Force.

GOLD—At Uxbridge, Ont., on Dec. 27, 1893, Sterling Proctor, infant son of Thomas C. and Lily Gold, grandson of Jos. E. Gould, and great grandson of Mrs. John Sterling, of Toronto, aged 1 year, 1 month, and 15 days. 30

GAMBLE—On Jan. 2, 1894, at 87 Quesnel st., Ste. Cunegonde, Marjorie, infant daughter of G. A. Gamble.
Burlington, Vt., papers please copy. 2

HUTCHINSON—At his late residence, Grafton, Dec. 27, 1893, of inflammation of the lungs, Wm. G. Hutchinson, aged 72 years.

HUTCHINSON—At her late residence, Grafton, on Dec. 31, 1893, Mary Ann Young, wife of the late Wm. G. Hutchinson, aged 75 years. 4

ILSLEY—On Dec. 31, Ellen, wife of the late Charles Ilsley, Esq., aged 75. 4

JONES—At Quebec, on Jan. 1, 1894, Minnie, wife of Edwin Allen Jones. 3

KEEFER—At Port Arthur, Ont., on Dec. 28, 1893, of pneumonia, Thomas Alexander Keefer, in the 44th year of his age. 3

KEARNS—In this city, on Jan. 4, 1894, of pneumonia, Thomas James Kearns, only and beloved son of Thomas and Lizzie Kearns, aged one year and ten months.

LOUGH—At Vankleek Hill, Jan. 1, 1894, Mr. Hugh Lough, in the 87th year of his age, a native of County Antrim, Ireland.
Irish papers please copy. 4

MILLAR—At his residence, 729 Sherbrooke st. on Monday evening, January 1, 1894, G. M. Millar, aged 71 years.

MUTTLEBURY—At Winnipeg, on Dec. 30, 1893, Fannie, wife of Geo. A. Muttlebury, and daughter of the Rev. John Gillespie, of Toronto. 3

McCARRON—At Quebec, on Jan. 1, 1894, C. McCarron, aged 67 years. 5

MOREY—At Olcott Falls, Vt., on Dec. 31, 1893, Alice Levasseur, beloved wife of Chas. Morey, formerly of Windsor, Que., aged 26 years.
Richmond and British Columbia papers please copy. 3

McCORD—On Dec. 31, 1893, at 252 Huron st., Toronto, Maxwell Robert McCord, son of the late Maxwell McCord, Esq., of Guelph, aged 20 years and 6 months. 2

MARSHALL—At the residence, 201 Seaton st. Toronto, on Jan. 1, 1894, Charlotte Augusta, beloved wife of Kenric R. Marshall, in her 74th year, mother of K. C. and Noel Marshall. 3

McKAY—On Jan. 5, 1894, at 129 Forfar street, of bronchitis, Mary Florence, youngest daughter of Donald McKay, aged 11 months and 15 days.

McKAY—On Jan. 2, of scarlet fever, Edward Duncan Throsby, youngest son of Donald McKay, aged 6 years and 11 months.

McANDREWS—In the Township of Osgoode, Nov. 20, 1893, aged 74 years, Mr. Peter McAndrews, a native of Perthshire, Scotland.

PARKER—At Dixville, Que., on Dec. 30, 1893, Harvey Parker, aged 87 years, 4 months and 15 days. 3

PERRIN—At Ste. Scholastique, on Jan. 2, 1894, Pierre Perrin, retired merchant, aged 90 years.

POWERS—At Waterville, Que., at the residence of her father, G. M. Powers, M.D., on Nov. 27, 1893, Miss Jessie M. Powers, aged 22 years. 3

PATTERSON—At the Montreal General Hospital, on the 29th instant, of diphtheria, Georgiana, daughter of Edmund Patterson, of South Gaspe, Que., aged 15 years. 30

PORTEOUS—At Chicago, on the 29th ult., Charles A., younger son of the late William Porteous.

PARENT—On Jan. 3, 1894, in this city, Chas. Alf. Parent, Esq., notary public, aged 56 years.

ROGERS—James D. Rogers, aged 2 years and 6 months.

SHAW—At Gaspe Basin, P.Q., on the 3rd instant, Mary Thorne, widow of the late Joseph Shaw, of Annapolis, N.S., aged 92 years, 4 months.
St. John, N.B., and New York papers please copy. 4

SCOTT—Fell asleep in Jesus, in this city, on Jan. 4, 1894, Diana Porter Dillon, relict of the late John Scott, aged 67 years.
Ottawa papers please copy. 5

SPIER—In this city, on the morning of the 30th instant, Catherine Gentle, widow of the late Wm. Spier, architect and builder, aged 92 years and 3 months.

STANDEN—On June 3, 1893, at the residence of her son, William, Minesing, Ont., Elizabeth, beloved wife of John Standen, in her 84th year. 3

STANDEN—On Dec. 14, 1893, at the residence of his son, William, Minesing, Ont., John Standen, in his 86th year. 3

TERROUX—In this city, on Jan. 2, 1894, Charles A. E. Terroux, of the Post-Office Department, aged 39 years.

TAYLOR—At Norwood, London, England, Hugh Taylor, advocate, late of Park House, Montreal. 3

WALLACE—At Cote des Neiges, on Dec. 31, 1893, Alexander Thomas, only and beloved son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, aged 10 months and 24 days.

WEIR—In this city, on Dec. 30, 1893, John Weir, brother of James and Robt. Weir.

WIGGINS—On Dec. 2, 1893, Ann Lindsay, wife of Robert Wiggins.

WIGGINS—On Jan. 4, 1894, Robert Wiggins, aged 53 years.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNIE WARD, wife of the Rev. M. F. Boudreau, of St. Hyacinthe, died Jan. 4, 1893, trusting in Jesus. Her memory is blessed.
She left the following message to her family:—
'Leave God to order all thy ways,
And trust in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days,
An all-sufficient strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on a Rock that naught can move.'

Those sending notices for the above column may send with them a list of names of interested friends. Marked copies of the "Witness" containing such notice will be sent free to any address in Canada, Montreal excepted.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.

A MOUNT FOREST MAN THOUGHT HIS CASE HOPELESS—URGED BY A FRIEND, HE MADE ONE MORE TRIAL FOR HEALTH—THE HAPPY RESULT.

Mr. George Friday is a well-known resident of Mount Forest, and among those acquainted with him it is known that he has been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis, accompanied by a bad cough that used to leave him so weak that he would lie down for hours at a time. Mr. Friday's friends have noticed latterly that he has regained his old time vigor, and in conversation with a reporter of the 'Confederate' a few days ago, he was asked to what agency he owed his renewed health. 'To the same agency,' said Mr. Friday, 'that has accomplished so many wonderful cures throughout the country—Dr. Williams's Pink Pills. For the past three years I have been so ill I have been able to do but little work. I doctored and tried many remedies with but little or no benefit, and at last I went to the hospital at Brantford, where I remained for some time, and while there I felt somewhat better. The improvement was only temporary, for scarcely had I returned home when I was again as ill as before. I had spent a great deal of money in doctoring without benefit, and I felt discouraged and began to look upon my condition as hopeless. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams's Pink Pills, and as you can see I have reason to be thankful that I did. After I had taken a number of boxes the cough that had troubled me so much, entirely ceased, and I could eat a workingman's hearty meal, and before long I was able to go to work. I am now in excellent health, and I believe that Dr. Williams's Pink Pills have saved my life.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills strike at the root of disease because they build up the blood, driving out all impurities. If given a fair trial they never fail. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. There are imitations of these celebrated pills, against which the public is cautioned. 4

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Please mention this paper. 10

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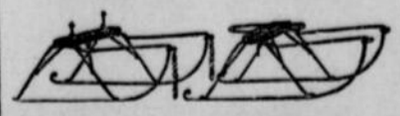

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Have you seen our new Adjustable Seat Wooden Gear Cutter?

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN;

That Application will be made at the next Session of the Parliament of Canada, for an Act to Incorporate the Dominion Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Montreal, 4th December, 1893.

MACLAREN LEET, SMITH & SMITH.
Solicitors for Applicants.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TERRIBLE LA GRIPPE.

ITS RAVAGES ARE APPALLING—ONLY PROMPT MEASURES CAN RESTORE THE SUFFERER TO HEALTH.

The people of this country have good cause to view with alarm an outbreak of la grippe, as it leaves behind it more shattered constitutions than any other known disease. Mr. Edward Botting, for ten years a councillor of the united townships of Bedford, Olden and Palmerston, in Frontenac county, is one who nearly fell a victim to this scourge. To a Whig correspondent Mr. Botting said: About two years ago I had a bad attack of la grippe, and the after effects of that malignant trouble brought me so low that my friends despaired of my recovery. I was troubled with severe and constant pains in the back, sensations of extreme dizziness, weakness, and was in fact in a generally used up condition. I had read frequently of Dr. Williams's Pink Pills, and felt they must have some special virtues else they could not obtain such strong endorsations in all parts of the country. I determined to try them and I bless the day that I came to that conclusion. Before the first box was finished I felt benefited, and I continued their use until I was as strong as ever. I consider Dr. Williams's Pink Pills the best medicine sold, and I would not be without them in the house if they cost $5 a box.

Dr. Williams's Pink Pills have had marvellous success in removing the after effects of la grippe, and restoring sufferers to their former vigor. No other medicine can accomplish the results they achieve and those who have suffered with la grippe should use them without delay. Can be had from all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams's Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

The Sabbath-school edition of the 'Northern Messenger, published fortnightly in two parts, giving a paper for each Sunday, is the paper for the Sabbath-school. It is undenominational, contains the Sabbath-school Lessons for both Teacher and Scholar, and is illustrated and a great favorite throughout the Dominion and United States.

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GOOD FARM IN MANITOBA FOR SALE CHEAP, ½ section, 125 acres cultivated; wire fencing; good housing; abundance of timber, oak, ash, etc.; river running through farm. For particulars, apply to JOHN SMITH, Dominion City, Manitoba.

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THE WEEKLY WITNESS is printed and published at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the Editor should be addressed 'Editor of the "Witness."'