

# Montreal Weekly Witness.

FIFTY-FOURTH YEAR.

MONTREAL, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1899.

MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS.  
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## KLOBB-MEYNIER MURDER.

### DETAILS OF THE ASSASSINATION AND THE INCIDENTS LEADING UP TO IT.

Paris, Sept. 1.—The 'Matin' to-day publishes details of the investigation into the conduct of Captain Voulet and Captain Chanoine, charged with barbarous cruelties to the natives in the French Soudan, which led to the sending of an expedition, under Lieut.-Col. Klobb, after them. According to the paper the two officers mentioned, who were in command of a column of troops, began their work of barbarity by beheading a native who had declared he did not know a road about which he was being questioned. Subsequently, it is declared, Voulet captured 80 natives, of whom he killed 20 of the women and children, shot a soldier for wasting ammunition, and burned a village of ten thousand inhabitants.

Chanoine, it is added, shot two of his men without trial, for not pursuing a native who had wounded a soldier. He also burned a village, and having lost six men in an engagement, rushed a village and captured twenty of the inhabitants, of which number he killed ten, placing their heads on pickets. It is further



CAPTAIN VOULET.

charged that Chanoine allowed his men to mutilate the bodies of the natives who were killed, by cutting off their hands. All these facts, according to the 'Matin,' occurred in January last.

A despatch to the Associated Press from Paris, on Aug. 20, said intelligence had been received from the French Soudan indicating that Lieut.-Col. Klobb and Lieut. Monnier, who were sent to take command of a column of troops there, had been assassinated. They had been sent to replace Capt. Voulet and Capt. Chanoine, who were recalled for cruelly mistreating the natives.

Paris, Sept. 4.—The details given by the 'Figaro' concerning the assassination of Colonel Klobb and Lieut. Meynier—which it describes as an inconceivable crime, unique in French military history—are precise in confirming the first reports of the tragedy. Doubt of the truth of the circumstances is hardly possible, in view of the fact that the news reached the French Ministry of Colonies simultaneously by two different routes, by way of Dahomey and by the French Soudan.

The fatal rebellion of the Voulet-Chanoine mission took place on July 14, in the region of Lake Tchad. That mission had been engaged for nearly a year in the exploration of the territories situated at the north of the Anglo-French frontier. There was a good deal of opposition in official quarters to the despatch of the expedition, the governors of the French West African colonies being unwilling to risk their fellow countrymen in hazardous travel, and considering that the Anglo-French convention of 1898 had settled questions of frontiers and zones of influence. However, Captain Voulet was able to appeal to President Felix Faure on the strength of his past services and overcome the scruples of General de Trentinian, acting governor of the Soudan.

### MEMBERS OF THE ORIGINAL MISSION.

The mission on its departure from France consisted of Captain Voulet, Lieut. (since Captain) Chanoine, son of former Minister of War; Lieut. Pallier, Lieut. Joallard, Lieut. Peteau, Dr. Henric, Sergt. Bouthet and Sergt.-Major Lour.

Arriving at Kayes on Aug. 20, 1898, Capt. Voulet divided his forces. While he made for Sai by the way of the Niger, to strengthen the French posts on the banks of that river, Lieut. Chanoine was to cross the belt of the Niger and procure carriers and animals necessary for the further journey from Sai to Lake Tchad.

The two sections joined on Jan. 2 of this year near Sai, reorganized, and early in March left the region of the Niger, proceeding eastward. The complete column consisted of 20 Soudanese Spahis

regulars, 50 Soudanese regular riflemen, 200 armed auxiliaries, 1,000 carriers, 14 camels, 9 asses and 400 head of cattle.

### THE ADVERSE RUMORS CONFIRMED.

In April adverse rumors began to come in on the acts of the mission, especially those of M. Chanoine, who, it was said, had not spared even women and children, and had left traces in ruin and bloodshed of the march of his expedition. The complaints were formally put before the government by a member of the expedition, Lieut. Peteau, who charged the head officer with abuse of power and unjustifiable cruelty. Orders were then despatched from Paris to the governor-general to send a superior officer in pursuit of Captains Voulet and Chanoine, to make an inquiry, arrest them if necessary, and send them back to the Soudan. Lieut.-Colonel Klobb, with Lieut. Meynier, attended by an escort of twenty men, left Kayes on April 18 and overtook the Voulet column on July 14.

The two telegrams announcing the refusal of the officers to submit to recall, and of the killing of Lieut.-Colonel Klobb when he made himself known to the rebel commanders, are respectively from M. Berges, Porto Novo, on Aug. 19, Colonies, Paris, and from the resident of Haut-Dahomey, M. Fossagrives, who had received a letter from Captain Le Sol to the same effect as the first account.

### DISTINGUISHED CAREERS OF OFFICERS.

Lieut.-Colonel Klobb was forty-two years of age, married to the daughter of Rear Admiral Forget, and leaves three infants. Lieut. Meynier was twenty-five years old.

Captain Voulet, though only thirty-three, had already a distinguished career, and both he and Captain Chanoine were African explorers of some standing. They had carried out separately expeditions in 1896 and 1897, establishing French possessions in the belt of the Niger, and their patient and difficult operations conferred considerable advantages upon their country. Voulet had effected the subjugation of Mossi and its dependencies, and had checked the advance of a British expedition under Captain D. Stewart, so that when MM. Voulet and Chanoine returned to France in July, 1897, they were received with acclamation. The geographical societies fêted them, they were awarded medals and everywhere were the subjects of patriotic admiration, such as was subsequently showered upon Major Marchand.

**EFFECT OF SOUDANITY?**  
The 'Figaro' says it is in vain to look for motives explaining the criminal aberration of these officers. Such a crime against military discipline and national honor, it can only, perhaps, ascribe to a peculiar excitement due to the climate or incidental to expeditions of such a kind. Ought such a special malady to be called 'Soudanity'?

## OLD WORLD NEWS.

### AN ENGLISH JUDGE FINED—RITUALISM IN ENGLAND—IRISH POLITICS.

London, Sept. 3.—London is laughing over the adventures of Judge French, of the London County Court. The English during the last few years, have been slowly struggling toward civilized methods of bathing at the seashore resorts, but the judge was behind the times. Together with his sons, he was spending a holiday at Felixstowe, on Thursday afternoon. They undressed themselves on the beach and proceeded to bathe. An indignant spectator rushed forward to remonstrate that they were within the proscribed limits for such method of taking a bath, but to no avail. The judge was summoned before a magistrate. The evidence given was that the judge, who is a large, fat man, was wearing "a small bathing garment eight or ten inches wide." The judge maintained that the spot was an absolute desert, but the witnesses declared that ladies and children were close by. Finally the judge paid forty shillings fine in preference to spending a week in prison.

### DRESS REFORM.

Southampton, Sept. 3.—The most prominent feature of the Sanitary Congress last week at Southampton has been the proceedings of the ladies' conference on hygiene of dress. Lady Harberton told the congress that she could now go anywhere in bloomers without being obliged to take refreshment in workmen's bars. As to hygiene, woman's dress instead of being a health and protection to the wearers, was just the contrary, owing to its construction. The long flapping skirt being the most prominent feature, was not only heavy for walking, but as it trailed in all kinds of filth in roads it distributed disease germs in the form of dust. She maintained that women should not be ashamed of their true God-given form, and should adopt a method of dressing which would be a physical help instead of an impedimental disease-producing monstrosity of the nineteenth century. Miss Carey said she was averse to knickerbockers, and bloomers for wo-



OPEN AT LAST!

RUSSIAN BEAR (politely).—'Come in, Miss. How could I keep my door closed against you!'—'Punch.'

men on the ground that they were in- artistic. Mrs. H. Percy Bounoise agreed with Lady Harberton. She said what women wanted were pioneers in a movement or rational dress. She would like to be one herself, but had not the pluck. If every one in that room were to start at once and wear bloomers, they would soon become ordinary dress. Lady Harberton briefly replied that no pluck was required. Reformers, she said, would only meet with a few boys who would about 'bloomers,' but that did not matter.

### IRISH FACTIONS.

New York, Sept. 3.—The London correspondent of the 'World' cables: Not much hope is entertained among those best acquainted with the situation in Ireland that any good will come of the new attempt to bring the home rule factions together. Healy has asked Redmond to lay the Parnellite proposals for unity before the committee appointed by the Irish members of parliament in April last for the purpose of receiving such proposals. Redmond's suggestion was that a small conference, representative of all factions, should discuss the basis of a reunion. Redmond has replied to Healy, agreeing to his suggestion, and a meeting of home rule members of all factions will shortly be called. Dillon has taken no part in the correspondence, but when Redmond's proposal was first made he declined to accept it, as he said the settlement of the unity question had now been taken in hand by the people themselves. It is unlikely therefore, that Dillon will support the proposal at the forthcoming meeting of the party. It is more probable that he and his supporters will absent themselves from it.

Healy's letter to Redmond was couched in terms of bitter hostility to Dillon, and it gives no hope of an amicable feeling being established, though Healy is said to have been urged to write to Redmond by one of Dillon's followers. Owing to the fact that the last of the Irish political prisoners has now been released, the Irish Amnesty Society is about to be wound up.

### THE CHURCH WAR.

The London correspondent of the 'Tribune' says: 'Lord Halifax has never been more aggressive than in his address to the lay members of the English Church Union, urging them to stand by their priests, and to keep peace. He virtually leaves it optional for the ritualistic clergy to obey or disobey, and after ridding the recent decision respecting the cere-

monial use of incense and lights, he protests against any figment of infallibility in the Archbishop of Canterbury. His critics reply that he makes every ritualistic priest infallible, and tells the laymen to follow blindly, and that the question of the infallibility of the Archbishop of Canterbury is not raised on any question of faith, but solely on matters of legal or illegal usage in the Church established by law. All of these matters will be thrashed out in the Church Congress which will meet in October in London, but sooner or later there will be the disestablishment question a decisive issue in politics.

### A TALE OF CANNIBALISM.

### WRECKED SAILORS KILL A COMPANION AND DRINK HIS BLOOD.

Charleston, S.C., Sept. 2.—The British steamer 'Woodruff,' Capt. Milbrun, which arrived from Hamburg to-day, reports that on Aug. 31, when 250 miles south of Charleston, she picked up Maurice Anderson and Goodmund Thomassen, survivors of the Norwegian barque 'Drot,' wrecked on Aug. 15 off the Florida coast. The 'Drot' was bound from Florida to Buenos Ayres.

Anderson is a raving maniac, and his companion is shockingly mutilated from bites of the crazed man. Thomassen tells a dreadful story. The captain of the 'Drot' and a seaman were swept overboard and lost in the West Indian hurricane. The mate and seven others put up to sea on a raft made from decking. The raft parted soon after, and the mate and one man were separated from the others. The mate's companion was landed at Philadelphia by the German steamer 'Tetania' on Aug. 22. He stated that the mate committed suicide.

Of the six men on the other part of the raft, one became crazed from exposure and jumped into the sea. Two others, exhausted from suffering, fell overboard and were lost. Anderson, Thomassen and a German seaman drew lots as to which should be eaten, as none of them had had a mouthful of food since they took to the raft. The lot fell to the German. He was killed, and the blood was sucked from his veins by the two survivors. Soon after Anderson lost his reason and savagely attacked

his only companion. Thomassen's breast and face were bitten in several places, pieces of good size being torn out.

## GREAT EASTERN FAIR

### FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS OPENED.

Sherbrooke, Que., Sept. 4.—Could the six United Empire Loyalists who were the founders of the city of Sherbrooke in 1796, visit the Agricultural show, which takes place there during this week, they would witness most remarkable changes which have transpired in the course of a century.

The Hyatt brothers chose with wisdom the site which nature destined to become the centre of one of the most magnificent portions of the Province of Quebec. Sherbrooke, situated, as it is, a hundred miles from Montreal, and about the same distance from Quebec, does not come into competition with the two greater cities; but is naturally and geographically the centre of the finest section of the province of Quebec.

The fifteenth annual fair of the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association began at Sherbrooke to-day. The management have selected their portion and located their spacious buildings at a most picturesque point. The grounds adjoin the public park on the crown of the hill, on the east side, overlooking the city proper, with the waters of the Magog and St. Francis rivers just at the base.

Everything augurs a splendid exhibition for 1899. The increased number of entries in all classes of stock, poultry, agriculture, industrial and farm products go to show the growing interest taken in this fair throughout the country. Exhibits will be shown from all parts, and the best of their kind.

Every convenience of those attending has been carefully looked to. With fine weather, of which there is every indication, the fair should be a pronounced success. The special fireworks to be exhibited on Wednesday and Thursday nights will be of an unusually attractive character. It is expected that the Premier, the Hon. F. G. Marchand, the Hon. H. T. Duffy, Commissioner of Public Works; the Hon. F. G. M. De-

chene, Commissioner of Agriculture, will represent the Quebec Government next Wednesday, and pay a visit to the fair. The Hon. Sidney Fisher is also expected to be present on behalf of the Dominion Government.

## SEVEN LIVES LOST.

### Sad Ending of a Pic-Nic Party off Halifax Harbor.

Halifax, N.S., Sept. 5.—A terrible accident resulting in the loss of seven lives occurred off the harbor last evening. The victims were members of a picnic party which left here in the morning in a yacht hired for the occasion. Their destination was McNab's Island, a popular resort, about two miles from the city. The boat reached its destination in safety and the pleasure seekers spent an enjoyable day.

The party included Robert Davison, aged 25; his wife, 28; his sisters, Mabel, 12; Florence, 23; Alice, 24; Bertha, 24; and Louise, 29; Wm. H. Hamilton, of the county clerk's office, aged 29; John Hancock, aged 30; and J. Poole, and Edward Jude, officers of H. M. S. 'Talbot.' The Davisons were children of Mr. Robert Davison, who came here from New York seven years ago, and is one of the best known residents of this city. The young people were also prominent in society circles, and Mr. Hamilton and Bertha Davison were to have been married in the near future.

About five o'clock the party started to return home, with a strong wind blowing from the north. The breeze freshened until it assumed the proportions of a gale, and squalls followed one after the other in quick succession. It was one of the most dangerous sailing days that have been experienced here for some time, and when the boat was in one of the most dangerous parts of the eastern channel, a tremendous gust of wind struck them with all sail set, and tore the mast from its box. A second gust forced the heavy timber back and striking the bottom it knocked a gaping hole through the bottom. In a moment the party were face to face with death, and the twelve were battling for their lives. Poole and Jude, who are both excellent swimmers, caught Bertha and Louise Davison in their arms and started for the shore. The others were left to their fate. Mrs. Davison was the first to disappear beneath the waves, and one after the other her companions followed her.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the brave officers fought against terrible odds, and were at length picked up by a passing steamer. The women were almost gone, and it was only after careful medical attention that they were resuscitated.

The news was telephoned to the city, and Mayor Hamilton at once detailed a squad of policemen to proceed to the scene of the disaster and endeavor to recover the bodies.

## ADMIRAL DEWEY.

The United States cruiser 'Olympia,' with Admiral Dewey on board, arrived at Gibraltar yesterday afternoon, and the admiral was made the guest of the Governor of Gibraltar, with every honor that His Excellency and the admiring garrison could show him.

## YUKON BOUNDARY.

### STORY OF CONCESSIONS MADE BY BRITAIN IS DENIED.

The story, published some days ago and reiterated in a Washington despatch yesterday, that the British authorities had made concessions to the United States as to the Yukon boundary on the basis of an open port for Canada on the Lynn canal, are said to have been again denied by the British Foreign Office.

## RAIN IN INDIA.

London, Sept. 3.—Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India, has received a despatch from the viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, asserting that immediate anxiety regarding the crops in the central provinces of India has been removed by a heavy rain sweeping in from the Orissa coast, and extending into the Baghelkhand district, and the eastern half of the north-western provinces and of Oudh. Elsewhere the rainfall is insufficient, and rain is urgently needed to save standing crops in Madras, Bombay, Rajpootan, much of the Punjab, and the western section of the north-western provinces, and of Oudh. The monsoon winds are abnormally light.

## A NORWEGIAN FLAG.

Christians, Sept. 3.—The Cabinet has decided to forward a copy of the law for the introduction of a purely Norwegian flag to the Swedish and Norwegian Minister of War, in order that he may notify the foreign powers.

ANGY'S PICTUR'.

(Rev. J. Reid Howatt, in 'The Presbyterian,' London.)

CHAPTER I.

Big Ben looks over London, and looks so far and wide to see if all is right that it is doubtful if he has ever seen a little public pleasure-ground at his very feet.

But times have changed: this is a radical age—R. A. D. with a big rad. Among the crowd of gentry who met to palaver in the Big House that shakes at the boom of Big Ben, there were some who, in spite of their sharp, ferret looks, and their high and mighty way of holding their chins in the air, were kind and gentle men at heart, and these said: 'Don't let us be cads; don't let us keep this strip of garden to ourselves only.

It was Angy's favorite spot. He was seven, and his trousers were turned up six inches at the feet, to make them, like the Roman's sword, 'short but sufficient.' But he could not perform the same feat with his shoes, so they were large and liberal, and allowed for his growth.

What a sweet, simple, child-like face peeped out from this mop! And the large, soft, dreamy eyes! This was how he got the name of Angy; it used to be Angel, but the end got rubbed off, and it sounded less Methody to call him Angy than Angel.

Very angel-like was the little fellow, too. He had no brothers or sisters now; he had a little sister once—it might have been a hundred years ago, or only last month, he was not quite sure—but he could never forget how she looked in her coffin—so peaceful.

What he was seeing from the Embankment wall of the pleasure-ground no man can tell. Barges drifted down with the tide, the police-boats rowed up, the penny steamer came churning along, and he was looking at them all, but seemingly seeing none.

A tall, handsome gentleman, with bushy beard and moustache, and hazel eyes almost as dreamy as Angy's, stopped in his strolling about the grounds, and watched the boy very closely and keenly for a while.

'Well, my little man,' he said, pleasantly, 'isn't this a pretty place?'

The child looked at him timidly, like one accustomed to be 'moved off' from everything that was specially nice. But there was nothing of the 'move off' in the kind hazel eyes.

'Might you have such a thing as a name about you?' inquired the gentleman with a smile. The boy's eyes twinkled at this way of putting it.

'Angy,' he said.

'Andy, you mean?'

'No, sir; Angy—Angy Bates.'

'Very good! Angy sounds a bit queer, but Bates is good, dull English. And where do you live?'

Angy jerked his head in the direction of Grub street.

'Look here, little man,' said the stranger, gravely, 'we'll exchange cards. I am Sir Edmund Lawrence, R.A.—but you haven't the ghost of a notion what that means, and it don't matter. I want the less of you for a few days, so, if you don't mind, let us go and see what mother has to say to it.'

Much of this was all rigmarole to Angy; he only felt that the gentleman was meaning friendly, and wanted to see his mother, so, side by side—the ragged little urchin and the stately, handsome man—the two strolled down the narrow cobbled street, along some smelly windings, the stranger drawing out the boy with pleasant talk, and never seeming to be conscious of the wondering eyes fixed on the odd pair.

What a famous place was Grub street once! It used to swarm with poets, indeed, they were so thick there at one time that if you had stuck a needle out of the window in the dark you would

have been almost certain to have pricked a poet, and drawn ink from him! These illustrious writers were very poor; they lay a-bed every washing day so as not to be disturbed by visitors who they were making poetry, as well as for other reasons, and the feel of their poverty has clung to the neighborhood ever since. Grub street has been largely rebuilt, but the feel of the poverty stuck fast and stuck strong, so that you could almost hang your hat on it.

Round to the right, up to the left, and back one turn more, and come on as wretched a cluster of buildings as are to be found anywhere. The police know them, but the sun doesn't, and when the postman goes there he enjoys all the thrills of the wild and daring adventurer.

It was here Tim Bates, his wife, and two little ones (the girl was living then) took up their abode on coming from Suffolk to the big city. Things were dull in Thrapp, the little village on the cliffs, and Tim's wife's brother's companion, who was in the plumbago way, had found a good opening for Tim as a London carman, with stables which had the benefit of being quite close to the poetical Grub street.

Tim was a likely and strapping fellow, about thirty, with more intelligence and education than most of his class; there was nothing of the chaw-bacon about him. In Thrapp he had been in charge of nights of the Village Reading Club, and was altogether a steady fellow who would rather do good than evil any day. His wife was pure Suffolk, a constable's daughter, with Suffolk-like honesty and simplicity, and with God for her God. Strong and healthy, comely to look on, she had a bit of imagination in her nature—which might account for Angy's wonderful eyes.

It was a tidy little home they set up, for the size of it, and things went well and promised well for a time, but trouble crept in. Tim had taken to gambling. Round at the stable horse racing and horse betting was all the talk, and though he had stood against it for a while he had yielded at last, and when accounts were settled on Saturday night there was often little to pay for Sunday's dinner, let alone for the week to follow. He was always going to mend, and things were always going to be better; one day he would have a slice of luck, and then—the old home again and the old happiness. But the slice of luck hadn't half the spirit of the postman; it never ventured near their dwelling.

Angy still held his hearts together. To the mother he was all the world; her pain of pains was to feel that she could not do for him all she wished. If she had not had Angy, and her hope in God, she would have given way long ago. The father was fond of Angy, too, in his own way; he was never so true to himself and all that was better in him than when he was watching the expressions on the boy's face as he told him some tale of a giant or a fairy, or some brave deed of daring such as coastguardsmen knew. He would even take the child with him for a stroll on Sundays round Battersea Park, but this had been discontinued of late, chiefly owing to the state of Angy's wardrobe, which seemed to reproach the father with a double reproach on Sundays.

'I shall only want him for a week or two at most, I fancy,' explained Sir Edmund, after things had been made clear between him and the astonished mother. 'But mind, you must bring him as he is now: no washing his face and combing his hair and tidying him up; he would be no use to me in that way; he must always look just as he is now.'

And like he was then—more or less—Angy and his mother went every morning to the great house in Casaubon square, the mother either waiting with the maids in the kitchen, or taking cheap views of the grand shops in the neighborhood, till Angy's sitting, standing, posing, or whatever it might be, was over. The walk home seemed so short always. Angy had so much to say about 'the gent,' the tales he told while he was painting, the grand house, and the gorgeous footman, who was, perhaps, the very Lord Mayor himself!

CHAPTER II.

Tim Bates had been growing more irregular, and less of his wages were being seen than ever. It was a slice of luck, he admitted, that Angy had got a job, but it was only a thin slice after all, and there wasn't much butter on it. But it would not be long now before the big slice came. He knew an 'event' that was to come off soon, and he had got the straight tip: there could be no mistake about it this time. There was a feverish restlessness about the man; he was rapidly changing for the worse.

He lay late one morning; he did not need to go to work that day, he said; his horse had turned lame. He would smarten himself up a bit, and himself take Angy to the 'gent,' and have a general look round.

Something in the manner in which he said this made the wife uneasy; she had a vague dread that something was wrong, but Angy was delighted; father might even be asked in and see the big house!

When the two went off the mother took a fit of crying, rocking her body backwards and forwards in the chair; then, sinking on her knees, she prayed; not aloud, but wringing her hands from time to time, as if in earnest entreaty.

Tim was very talkative that morning, even gay, but there was a look in his eyes the boy had never seen before, and which he did not quite like, though not knowing why. He ceased to notice it, however, as he chatted on about the

'gent,' and found his father eagerly listening.

'Let me see,' said Tim, with the appearance of someone trying to recollect something very interesting; 'what was that story he told you about the Magic Ring?'

'That was a prime one,' answered Angy, excitedly; 'the man had only to wish for something and then rub the ring, and whatever he wanted came to him. Fine, wasn't it, eh?'

'Splendid!' assented the father; then, with a knowing look, and lowering his voice, 'that ring has been lost, but there's other things can bring luck just as good. Do you know, he added mysteriously, 'a latch-key can do as well as the ring. All you have to do is to get the latch-key of a big house, and if you know how to rub it properly, you get rich, and have fine clothes, and plenty to eat—whatever you want.'

'Do you know how to rub it, father?' asked Angy, entranced.

'Rather!'

So, little by little, it was all arranged, Angy was to watch his chance to get the latch-key off the hook where he had seen it hanging behind the door of Sir Edmund's house; they would keep it only for a short time—till they had had a few rubs of it, and got a chest of gold, with a carriage, and a few other trifles of that sort; then they would slip up to the door in the dark and leave the key in the lock. Nobody would be harmed by it, and they would be rich, rich!

Angy's face was so simple and innocent in its cunning, as he promised to be secret, and clever, and fetch the key!

'The mother ain't so well this mornin',' explained Mr. Bates to the Lord-Mayor footman who opened the door, 'so as it's my day off, I thought I would fetch Angy myself.'

The Gorgeous Being smiled affably as he admitted the two, passing Angy upstairs in the care of a boy in buttons.

'When may I call back for him, sir?' asked Mr. Bates, respectfully.

The Gorgeous One noticed the 'sir,' and was satisfied.

'Carn't just say,' he condescended to reply; 'p'rhaps in an hour, p'rhaps two, and maybe even three. You see, he graciously explained, 'we don't always work the same time at a job; depends on the weather an' the light, an' sich. But if you look back in an hour an' a 'arf you won't be far out.'

Tim noticed that the latch-key was on the hook, as he was shown out. In strolling the streets there was little of the holiday air about him; he seldom gave a glance at the shop windows, and invariably crossed the road or turned back if he happened to see a policeman ahead.

Meanwhile Angy was in his favorite posture in the studio, with paintings all around, finished and unfinished, framed and unframed, some with their faces to the wall; these, perhaps, had been naughty. There were statues, too, plaster casts, breastplates and helmets, old guns and swords, and a jointed figure that should have been a skeleton, only its bones were wood.

The large canvas on the easel at which the painter was working had always its back towards Angy, so that he had never seen what was being painted; but Sir Edmund kept chatting away with the boy in an easy and sunny fashion as he plied his brush. He was not long in learning that it was Angy's father, and not his mother, who had brought him that morning, which naturally led to his discovering (what he had been told before, but had forgotten) that Mr. Bates was a man who knew all about horses. He seemed interested in this, and asked more questions than Angy could answer.

Mr. Bates himself was now down in the kitchen, the 'hour an' a 'arf,' having long since expired, and the Gorgeous One being in a hospitable mood. At length Buttons came down to announce that Angy was ready. The hall was nicely warm, yet Mr. Bates was trembling when he reached it, but before he could whisper to Angy, a tall, bearded man, in a painter's overall, called to him from the landing of the thick-carpeted stairs.

'You're Angy's father, are you not?'

'Yes, sir,' said Tim, in a dazed and frightened way.

'Perhaps you would like to see what we have made of him,' said Sir Edmund kindly. 'Just step this way.'

Tim darted a desperate, meaning look from Angy to the key on the hook, and followed Sir Edmund upstairs into the studio. The painter led him round to the front of the easel.

'Know anyone there, eh?' he asked. The carman did not answer; his hands twitched and twitched, he turned deadly pale and crimson by turns, then buried his face in his hands, convulsively sobbing.

There was a strange, pure look in the eyes of the artist; it was the look of a man who was thanking God that his work had been successful.

It was a noble painting; the sweet, humble, loving Christ, snuggling a babe in his bosom while holding the hand of a poor child—the face of Angy—and high up and far away was a faint cross in the sky, a cross of softest light, as if the stars had forgotten to withdraw their gleam even when the daylight had come.

'He cares for your boy, my man,' said the painter gravely. 'Why do you neglect the child so much? Your wages are good for three of you, are they not?'

'Good wages enough, sir,' Tim answered, brokenly.

'Drink, eh?'

'No, sir, not that, but just as bad—betting.' They're the horses that have druv all wrong.'

Sir Edmund stroked his beard, looking thoughtfully and searchingly at the man.

'If you got a new chance would you bet again?'

'Chance or no chance, sir,' said Tim very humbly, letting his eyes fall on the picture, 'chance or no chance, never no more of that again—never. I humbly thank you, sir; you have been very kind to my boy, an' that pictur' has put the skid on. I've been forgettin' Him, and he bent his head toward the picture, 'an' that's been all the trouble; but he has pulled me up, an' I wheel right around from this minute.'

Again Sir Edmund stroked his beard while thoughtfully regarding the man.

'I want a coachman,' he said at length abruptly; could you do with the job?'

'I'd give ten years of my life, sir,' said Tim, earnestly, 'to be out of the place where we live, for the sake of the missus an' the boy.'

'That's all right; I'll think it over, only—whether I engage you or not—remember your vow before Him. You do not leave him here; he is at your side always and everywhere.'

Tim neither saw carpets nor statues nor palms as he descended to the hall; it was not till he had seen the key still hanging on the wall that he even noticed Angy.

'I didn't get a chance, father,' the boy hastened to explain when the two were in the street. 'When you was upstairs a kind lady gave me a cake, an' kept stroking my hair an' talking to me all the time; she was real kind. (How was Angy to know that she was only the motherly Scotch cook?) 'But she kept me from getting the chance.'

'Bless the Lord for it,' said the father, fervently. 'We shall get the good luck yet without it.'

They did, too. Tim's character having stood the test of all inquiries, except on the point he had vowed to amend, Sir Edmund engaged him, the home was removed to new and better quarters, and to this day Sir Edmund is satisfied with his coachman.

Angy goes to school, tidy and trim, but he is called up to the studio at times still,—when the head of an angel is wanted, or a handsome young Roman in some procession.

Yet the mother sometimes wonders what was the meaning of the fear which drove her to her knees that day!

LORD KINNAIRD.

(The 'Sunday School Companion.') Prominent amongst men of the moment is the Right Hon. the Lord Kinnaird, who holds such a high place in the regard of his countrymen for his philanthropic and patriotic work.

As may be seen from the photograph that accompanies this article, Lord Kinnaird is now in the very prime of life, and he is devoting his best years largely to such work as is sorely needed to bring the world nearer to the Saviour of men.

Lord Kinnaird is particularly interested in the people of India, and quite recently he visited that vast and wonderful land for the purpose of studying



LORD KINNAIRD, A Valiant Champion of Missions in India.

the missionary methods that are in force for the Christianizing of our Indian fellow-subjects.

His activity on behalf of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, at whose annual meeting he presided a week or two ago, is well known, and while he was in India he not only inquired into the actual methods of the missionaries for the conversion of the heathen to our faith, but he also went into many schools and dispensaries which the missionaries have established, to see for himself how the work was conducted.

Lord Kinnaird tells very strongly the obligation that rests upon the people of England to see that the natives of our great Indian Empire are the better, morally, spiritually, and socially, for the presence amongst them of the Anglo-Saxon race.

But Lord Kinnaird's sympathies are not exclusively given to India. He takes a deep and practical interest in many works of philanthropy nearer home. The Sunday School Union, for instance, has his warmest sympathy. The other day he was present at a meeting of the Union, and he took advantage of the opportunity to give the young men of our day rather a hard knock. 'Young men are getting abnormally lazy,' he said. 'They think they do much; but when one comes to sum it all up it is not so very great a share in the world's good works that is being done by our growing manhood. On the other hand, said his lordship, 'the women have made

a great advance of late years.' After this the young men must look to their laurels!

Another institution that finds in Lord Kinnaird a staunch friend is the Reformatory and Refuge Union, which is doing such an excellent work amongst the poor and the outcast.

The Christian Colportage Association, too, which helps so largely in the grand work of placing pure and wholesome literature in the homes of the people, has his strongest support. And, as showing that his efforts for God and goodness are not confined to his own countrymen, we may mention that he is President of the Paris City Mission, an institution which for the past twenty years has been doing on a small scale for the poor of Paris what our own London City Mission is doing for the poor of London.

Thus it will be seen that Lord Kinnaird may be described as an all-round philanthropist. Every work that has for its object the uplifting of his fellow-men, of whatever race or creed, may always be sure of his sympathy, and of his practical help too, whenever he is able to give it.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE MYSTIC PORTION.

(Katharine Joyce McElhinny, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'Almost all my lunch is gone!' cried Louise Seymore. 'The nuts were picked off the candy I bought yesterday. There's a thief in this school; there's no doubt about it. Mary's apples were taken last week, and Jane's oranges yesterday,' declared Lizzie Dalton.

'Yes,' said Jane Barrow, 'and two street-car tickets disappeared from my coat pocket; but I may have lost them.'

Then each of the five girls in the fifth grade of Miss Rayburn's Select Private School told of petty and mysterious losses.

'Let's form ourselves into a band of detectives, and trace the criminal down!' suggested Lizzie, fired with indignation.

All agreed, thinking it would be rare fun; so the 'Detective Band' was formed.

'I'll tell you who I suspect,' whispered Lizzie, 'it's that quiet, solemn Gess girl. She's so queer, anyhow! I don't believe anybody else in this school would do it.'

'I don't think it's fair to suspect any one, until we have some real proof,' said Elma Hill.

'All right,' answered Lizzie, 'you'll see! I may be mistaken—but you'll see!'

'Well, she is queer,' said one.

'Oh, my! and she's left in the room every day alone!' whispered another; and Julia Gess was decidedly under suspicion. The 'Detective Band' agreed to be on the watch and report the next day.

'We must be very particular not to accuse any one unless we are sure,' cautioned Elma, as the bell announced recess was over.

Julia Gess was a timid, quiet, delicate looking girl. Her schoolmates did not know her, although she had been in the school almost two terms. She was constantly watched from this time on. These self-constituted detectives unconsciously, but with one mind, had her under suspicion. They reported and consulted daily, but little progress was made. Traps were laid for the thief. Lunch baskets were left temptingly open, conspicuously near Julia's desk. Often the traps were laid in vain; then again something would mysteriously disappear.

Julia was left alone in the school room every day at the same hour; the other girls going into another room with the teacher, for a recitation. Every day now, Lizzie would suddenly dart back into the room, as if she had left something, always to be met by Julia's nervous, startled eyes. Indeed, it soon became evident to all that she became nervous and uneasy whenever Lizzie looked at her—but she said nothing.

Lizzie became head detective. Sometimes she found nuts, fruit or pencils—the same she declared that had disappeared—in Julia's coat pocket. One day, growing bold with indignation, she rushed up to Julia, as she was writing her exercises, exclaiming, 'That's my pencil!' and rudely snatched it from her.

Julia blushed, and began fumbling in her pocket, growing more and more nervous, and looking very guilty and red. 'I thought it was mine! I had one like it,' she exclaimed.

At the meeting of the detectives that day, Lizzie declared it had gone far enough; she, for her part, wasn't going to 'stand it any longer.' 'A thief in a select school!' she exclaimed, in disdain. 'Girls,' she cried, 'I have an idea! I'll catch up with her! Come to my house this afternoon, and I'll tell you a splendid plan. It's sure to catch the thief.'

The others were inclined to back out as things seemed to approach a crisis.

Elma said, 'Oh, I wouldn't prove it was true for anything; it would be awful!'

'Now, Elma Hill, don't be soft. Guilt is guilt; and I say this thing must be stopped,' cried Lizzie, with an emphatic stamp of her foot.

That afternoon the girls had a grand time in Mrs. Dalton's kitchen. Candy-making is always great fun. There was a mystery about some of this work. No one was allowed to see this candy but the cook; although Harry, Lizzie's eight-year-old brother, was indignant that he was not allowed to have a part in the fun.

'Law, Lizzie chile, dat boy's jest pinin' to see yer fixin' dat candy,' said Aunt Violet. But Lizzie could not be persuaded.

Some of this candy they flavored with vanilla, some with peppermint. The

beautiful pink candy no one tasted, tempting though it looked, with a nut crowning each piece.

'Lend sake! what you puttin' in dat candy?' asked Aunt Violet.

'It's a mystic portion, Aunt Violet, and has the power of making known the works of his Satanic Majesty. It's sure to catch a thief,' she laughingly whispered to the girls.

Aunt Violet sneaked the bottle from which the mystic portion was taken, and catching her grandson, Tom, in the entry, made him laboriously spell out the label on the bottle.

'T-a-r-t-a-r E-m-e-t-i-c.'

'I knowed them gals wuz up to some devertment,' said the old woman, talking to herself. 'Gwine to make somebody sick. I members dat stuff! Ole Miss give me some wince, when I was took wid a pain, and it mighty nigh kill me sure. I says, "It's a gone nigger!" She sayed dat sickness done saved my life; and I reckoned she knowed.'

The next day a bag of this delicious-looking candy was left temptingly open, on the desk next to Julia's. At recess the candy was gone, bag and all.

'Now for the fun,' whispered Lizzie. They watched, expecting, momentarily, evidence that the mystic portion had done its work, but if the magic was working, it only showed itself in the increased nervousness of the subject.

Just before the bell rang, Julia hurriedly left the room. In a few minutes Lizzie followed her. At the back on a trance door she was met by Julia, hurrying in, in nervous haste.

'Oh, Lizzie, come quickly! Don't let the others see you! This way, behind those bushes!' she cried, running ahead.

Lizzie was frightened by her manner, but thought, 'The thief is caught at last!' And, sure enough, behind the bushes sat Harry Dalton, as white as a ghost, with the almost empty bag of beautiful pink candy by his side.

Lizzie was too frightened at first by his white face and weak, faint condition to realize the situation. That it suddenly dawned upon her that she had indeed 'caught the thief.'

Shame and indignation seized her. She shook Harry, but he was too sick to care. 'Oh!' she cried, wringing her hands in her misery, 'the girls will all know! and the whole school will know!'

Julia, all nervousness gone, now that she could be of use, assured her they need never know. She said she had permission to go home, and that, fortunately, her pony and cart were waiting for her, and she could get him secretly and safely home.

Lizzie looked at her in wonder. 'You're a saint!' she cried, seizing her hands and weeping. 'Oh, can you ever forgive me?'

'Oh, yes! I knew what you thought, but I couldn't tell on Harry. I knew he took the things.'

Lizzie was at last persuaded to return to the school room, and leave Harry in Julia's hands.

The other girls never knew who was 'the thief'; but that Julia was not, and that Lizzie was her special friend, was soon apparent to every one.

The mystic portion proved a double blessing to the Dalton family; nipping in the bud a habit of dishonesty in one of its members, and a habit of suspicion in another, that would have ruined both lives in the years to come.

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A single drop of poison blood will, unless checked in time, make the whole impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great leader in blood purifiers.

It casts no shadow, but brings sunshine and health into every household. Running Sore—My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She took three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is now well. Hood's Olive Ointment helped to heal the eruption. Mrs. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawn, Ancaster, Ont.

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LITERARY REVIEW.

JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS.

Mr. Sheldon's latest book is slight as a story, but its arrangement is novel. In a former book, 'Richard Bruce,' the public have met John King, the preacher, and some old friends turn up again in 'John King's Question Class' (Gage, Toronto). The 'question class' was a young people's meeting at which the pastor answered the questions handed in the week before. Thus a great variety of topics are treated of in brief. The more serious topics are varied by occasional pleasanties such as, 'Do you think there is any harm in a young man smoking a good cigarette?' 'I never heard of a good cigarette,' or, 'Why do so many good people have such disagreeable manners?' 'Because they are not as good as they ought to be.' On some points Mr. Sheldon's opinions as expressed in these answers to questions are not at all so radical as might be expected. And they are not particularly original. The virtue of his method is that it shows, in a form in which young people can grasp the matter, how all things should be referred to the standard of what is best and right. The question of working on Sunday, when an employer specially wishes it, comes up.

The man who hires labor and then demands work seven days in a week, under threat of discharging the men in case of refusal to work seven days, is guilty of re-establishing slavery. For what is it except slavery where a human being feels the grind of toil seven days in a week? If your employer says this is a special occasion and does not happen often that is no argument. Once you have given up your Sunday to him it will be easier for him to get you to do it again.

The story, apart from the 'question class,' is of twin musicians boy and girl. Victoria lives a useful and unselfish life. Victor falls early into crime, and later becomes a helpless paralytic, dependent on his sister. There is perhaps less positive religion in this story than in most of Mr. Sheldon's books. He reads it to his own congregation, bringing in questions his young people had asked. We understand that it was written some time ago, but is now published for the first time, simultaneously in Great Britain, the United States and Canada.

HOW TO SWIM.

'How to Swim' (Putnam's) is a practical treatise by Captain Davis Dalton, champion long distance swimmer and chief inspector of the United States volunteer life-saving corps. It gives directions for learning the movements of swimming, for getting accustomed to the water, for fancy swimming and for rescuing the drowning. This is a subject with which every one should be acquainted, and it would be well for all school teachers to have such a book and give oral instruction on the more important parts of it. With regard to teaching beginners, Captain Dalton says:—

Now to write the words 'Have confidence' is easy, and to read them and seem to take them to heart is easy. But for the novice really to have confidence at the moment when the first cold wave rises above his—or her—waist, is, I have observed, quite another matter. But I have observed also, that, allowing for differences in temperament, the novices who understand the reasons why they are justified in having confidence, acquire it on the whole, sooner than those who are led into the water with the mere repeated assurance, 'It won't hurt you,' as one leads in a horse.

Therefore, I shall touch lightly here upon the reasons why human beings—particularly if they be rather stout, and most particularly if they be women, need not fear the water in its ordinary peaceful mood. The chief reason is that the human body as a whole is of about the same weight as water. Some persons are lighter than water, some heavier. The heavier persons are those who are thin—and therefore do not displace a great bulk of water—and at the same time heavy of bone. Stout persons, who present to the upbearing influence of the sea a surface great in proportion to their weight, and women, whose bones are smaller in relation to their stature than those of men, can float in salt water without sustaining themselves by a single wave of the hand.

For them swimming would be an easy art if their weight were evenly divided. Unfortunately, it is not. The legs, arms, and particularly the head, are heavy. Left to themselves they would sink. They are lifted by the trunk—mainly by the upper portion of the trunk where the lungs are placed. As long as the lungs are filled, some part of the body will remain above water. I have found that bit of knowledge comforting to novices.

A NEW DEVOTIONAL BOOK.

'Happy; or the Holy Spirit in the Heart,' by the Rev. Melville A. Shaver, minister of the Congregational Church in Cobourg, is a beautiful little book on the religious life. It consists in six short practical addresses, dealing with 'Heart wisdom,' 'Heart sweetness,' etc., and will probably prove helpful to many

who would not care to follow out the argument in larger devotional works of the same type. It is pleasant to see that the more intimate phases of personal religion are not altogether neglected by Canada's theological writers.

FOLK-LORE.

'Scottish Folk-Lore,' by the Rev. Duncan Anderson, M.A., and 'Through the Turf Smoke,' by Senmas MacManus, are both published in paper covers by G. N. Morang, Toronto, and tell tales respectively of Scotland and Ireland in the picturesque old days. Humor is of course the chief element in both, and the tales of old times will appeal specially to those who know the places and the manners now so old-fashioned.

GARDEN TALKS.

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

August wanes. The flowers, although gay, are not our first love, and the seed pods, tokens of fruition and ripening, on many plants. The rain has given a new lease of life to the drooping annuals, and I counted fifty roses when passing down the garden paths to-day. The work just now has been bringing from wood and pasture soil for the window plants, and it is full of the richness of leaf decay. In the depth of such a woods there is a gloom and mystery and a sense of shelter and peace. It is the untamed heart of nature that protects and sustains plant growth and bird life, with a freedom to all untamed creatures that hibernate there. It is the solitude that has within it a feeling of rest from the turmoil of the world that seems afar off. Lifting this rich, dark mold which has taken centuries to attain such perfection, I was reminded of a letter from 'A Constant Reader,' who says, 'I wish I could enjoy flowers as you seem to do, but one cannot do anything alone, and I never really cared for them.' There is the secret of true happiness; it is to 'really care' for something. If we go through life constantly finding fault with our environment there is no chance of happiness, but to care for our surroundings and live to improve them, will bring its own reward. As for doing anything alone, some of the best work—literary and artistic—has been done 'far from the madding crowd.' We gain impulse and enjoyment from meeting people in the towns and cities, but it does not give us the power or the ability to do our best when in its crowded ways. Charlotte Brontë wrote the work by which she is best remembered in the loneliness of Haworth parsonage, and quiet reading and study can be accomplished in any locality if there is the will to accomplish it. Original thought is always in demand, if fresh and new, whether coming from the city or the country, and 'A Constant Reader' should banish discontent, and endeavor to improve surroundings in some way. A love for flowers will come with the care and cultivation of them, and they will beautify the home. Fruit culture, too, will call forth skill and study, and brings its own reward. Better still to grow those fruits of the Spirit in which 'peace' and 'long suffering' form a part. Then, so many people go through the world with unseeing eyes, taking no pleasure in the miracles of nature, or the works of art; not uplifted by wonderful scenery or enjoying its grandeur.

A primrose by the river's brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.

THE FLORAL CLUB.

Several flowers in the garden excite the curiosity of Mrs. Frankwell as she never saw them before, and among them none more than the Salpiglossis. She cannot remember the name, although I have told her it is from salpinx, a tube, and glossa, a tongue, alluding to the tongue-like style in the mouth of the corolla. A bed of them is a gay picture just now, and strangers call them lilies. They are half hardy annuals, natives of Chili, and the seed was sown in the hot-bed in April. There are many different kinds, the Emperor being a new type, growing in upright form on one strong main stem, and the various colors are all netted and veined with golden yellow. The flowers are petunia-shaped, but of more brilliant coloring, but without perfume. Others of the large flowered newer sorts are in different shades of mauve and purple velvet. Altogether it is worth remembering that a packet of seed of this flower sown in May in the bed where it is to bloom, will be very satisfactory during the later months of summer and early autumn.

HYACINTHUS CANDICANS.

About the middle of August there blooms a bulb of this name. It is a luxuriant summer flowering plant, growing often two feet high, and throwing up tall spikes four feet high, each bearing twenty to thirty white bell-shaped flowers. They are very handsome in a group and so cheap as to be within the reach of all. Half a dozen planted the same as gladioli will be sure to please any flower lover, and they last for a long while if the ground is moist and the weather not too warm. It is more worthy of cultivation than many high-priced novelties.

WARDIAN CASE.

'Wardian' wishes to know a little about warden case, not being very successful with it last winter. Ans.—Those who



JA-JA, KING OF OPOBO.

—'St. James's Budget.'

Situated in the region adjoining that in which the numerous mouths of the River Niger enter the ocean on the western coast of Africa, not far to the eastward, is the territory of Opopo, wherein is a town and a river bearing the same name, the monarch who reigns over all bearing the eponymous name of Ja-Ja. Miss Knipley, in her book entitled 'West African Studies,' gives some interesting details regarding life in the Niger and other districts, and has gone

thoroughly into the trade history of the country. There is no doubt, despite the numerous setbacks it so frequently receives, that civilization is slowly but surely making its influence felt in this part of Africa. The portrait of King Ja-Ja, who cannot with ease accommodate himself altogether to the ungainly stiffness and angularities of a European garb, has therefore wisely been able to effect what may be considered as a picturesque compromise.

possess this miniature glass house can grow to advantage many rare plants that do not succeed in the window-garden. Begonia rex can be grown to perfection in this way, and repay for all the care in the richness of lustre and coloring. Exquisite ferns, luxuriant in the moist, still air, and selaginellas make a tender green over the damp soil. The soil itself must be a mixture of leaf mould, loam, broken charcoal, silver sand and the fibres of sphagnum broken up. An occasional sprinkling is necessary if the weather is warm and dry, but usually the moisture is so perfectly retained in the case, as to obviate the necessity for added water. Tepid soft water must always be used for the purpose, and it must be sprinkled, never poured, over the plants. It may not be well known that bulbs of crocus do well, and look very pretty as they push their way up through the moss in the depth of winter, more especially if the different colors of mauve, gold and white are blended.

PRESSING PLANTS.

'Amateur Botanist' wishes to know how to press plants so as to preserve their color. Ans.—All plants will not retain their color after this process, but a large number can be carefully placed between paper that is thoroughly dry, and quite porous. Nothing should be used that is glazed, and it is best to have a number of sheets between the specimens so that they can dry without being changed. When smoothly arranged, apply pressure until you have between one and two hundred pounds weight, a letter press is sufficient, but a smooth board to lay them on and another over, with stones for pressure, will answer the purpose. Plants that contain a great deal of sap should not be put in with others and layers of cotton between the papers is a good absorbent. Keep dark till dry in order to retain color. There is a good deal of pleasure in preserving specimens if care is taken with them, but a wrinkle or twist will often spoil them. They are best mounted on white paper, and they are fastened down with mullage made of white gum arabic, dissolved in a bottle with soft water, in which can be placed whole cloves, to preserve it. When they are mounted, it is next in order to write at the bottom the order and name of place where found, also date of finding, which is often useful as a future reference.

ROSES IN WINTER.

So many people wish to grow roses in winter that the question of Mrs. Carrie H. is timely, as to ensure success they should be in pots now and started to make the fine white roots so necessary to flowering. If not already planted, they should be at once in a soil that is fresh loam, and that has a smooth, mellow feeling if rubbed between the thumb and finger. Boxes are better than pots for the window; if the latter are used

they should be covered with bark or wooden pot covers, or set in a jardiniere to keep the sun rays from the roots. As soon as planted give them a good watering, and be sure that they never suffer for want of it, as they will at once begin to make feeding fibres. They must not suffer for want of water or be saturated, and the pot or box must have good drainage. The leaves should be syringed twice a day in hot weather, and all possible air given to promote sturdy growth. Great care must be taken in applying liquid manure, and as plants like variety it is as well to give them a change, but it must not be too strong, nor given at all until root growth is well established. If the plants are old they must be pruned by removing weak shoots and shortening the strong ones. This month is valuable for growth, as when the weather is cold and days short roses seem to rest unless in a greenhouse, where there is sufficient artificial heat to keep them growing. A great many failures are caused by over-watering in the winter months. It must be remembered that they need so much less in sunless weather, and all water used for roses should be warmed, or about the temperature of the room. Some varieties do much better than others, and Bride (white), Bridesmaid (pink), Perle des Jardins (cream), and Meteor or American Beauty, for deeper, richer coloring. Insects must be kept at bay by constant, watchful attention, and will be less troublesome if the leaves are regularly syringed and kept moist. And it must be understood that this flower will not blossom without sunshine, and demands all the attention a queen should have, and the most favorable position that can be afforded.

PLANT FOR NAME.

'Carnation,' who has been very successful in growing the water hyacinth, wishes to know its botanical name. Ans.—This odd and beautiful plant that floats on the water by means of its curiously inflated leaf stalks that resemble bladders filled with air, rejoices in the botanical name of Pontederia Crassipes.

BEGONIA FOR NAME.

We gladly welcome 'Ideola' as a member of the club. Her helpful fingers have no doubt a charm for the plants that seem always to respond to care and affection. The begonia is 'Vernon,' and the trouble is that it has been over-watered, and had too much sunshine if it has been in a western window. Place in partial shade, and only keep the soil moist, not wet, digging in a little flower fertilizer with an old table fork, and loosening the soil about the roots.

ANSWER TO OTHER QUESTIONS.

'Sunflow' could find by the catalogues this amaranthus is among the list of annuals. As for hardy perennials the list is long, but we find Aquilegia, Larkspur, Phlox, Arabia Albida, Campanula, Clematis, Coreopsis, Gaillardia,

Hollyhock, Lychnis, Myosotis, Vinca, Rudbeckia (Golden Glow), Iceland and Oriental Poppies, will make a garden gay and withstand the winters. It is rather late to sow cineraria seed for winter blooming plants, and it is very likely the dry weather is responsible for want of bloom in your dahlias.

GROWING VEGETABLE SEEDS.

'A Little Girl' asks in an anxious letter if there is any money to be made in growing and selling vegetable seeds. Ans.—The writer of this once took part in the speculation of planting a hundred barrels of onions for the purpose of seed raising. It would doubtless have been successful, but a severe hail-storm smashed the stalks just as the seed was ripening, and not one pound of seed was realized from the planting. This is an exceptional case, of course, but shows that such seeds are grown, and as onion seed is not of any use the second year, losing its vitality quickly, it is largely grown in this country and the United States, and matures well. When grown in an unsuitable latitude the result is weak seeds of any plant. Asparagus, carrots, beets, celery and other seeds of that sort can be grown here, but the difficulty is in cleaning and preparing them for market. This requires special appliances, as seedsmen are naturally very particular. If 'A Little Girl' is thinking of growing some varieties it would be as well to begin with beans, being careful to grow but one variety, so that they will not mix. These can be cleaned by hand, and if the dealer is spoken to before he has made purchases, they will find a ready market if a popular variety is chosen. Top onions are a good crop to grow in this connection, also the vine family of vegetables. Peppers are easily cleaned and peas are a staple Canadian crop, being suitable for the climate, and much sought after. Cabbage seed is grown more cheaply in Europe, though it can be grown to advantage near the sea coast, but cauliflower needs a cool, moist climate, and is brought largely from England, and the eastern continent, as is parsley, radish and spinach. It is a large industry, but needs plenty of scope and skill, to make it profitable. Of late years the United States, having a wide area, can manage to export seeds that were imported a few years ago, though there will always be some kinds that grow to perfection better in Europe than America—seeds that require a low temperature for perfect development.

WHEN DEATH HOLDS SWAY.

Very early in the morning is generally supposed to be the most common time for death to take away the sick. Old nurses will tell you that from two to four o'clock life is at its lowest ebb, and the dying patient usually passes into the great beyond between these hours. A famous French physician, however, has examined over twenty-five thousand cases of death, and finds that more deaths occur at two o'clock in the afternoon than at any other time.

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We know of nothing better to tear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption.  
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Cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured.  
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DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.



Mrs. Stamford Hill—'I hear you are trying joint housekeeping with the Lovejoys. How does it work, dear?'  
Mrs. Mining Lane—'Oh, splendidly! We never have the slightest disagreement.'  
Mrs. Stamford Hill—'Ah, the Lovejoys are so sweet and amiable. I'm sure they would put up with anything rather than quarrel!'—'Punch.'

A HABIT.

The lawyer asked the witness if the incident just previously alluded to wasn't a miracle, and the witness said he didn't know what a miracle was.  
'Oh, come,' said the attorney. 'Supposing you were looking out of a window in the twentieth story of a building and should fall out and should not be injured. What would you call that?'  
'An accident,' was the stolid reply.  
'Yes, yes; but what else would you call it? Well, suppose you were doing the same thing the next day; suppose you looked out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and again should find yourself uninjured. Now, what would you call that?'  
'A coincidence,' said the witness.  
'Oh, come, now,' the lawyer began again. 'I want you to understand what a miracle is, and I'm sure you do. Now, just suppose that on the third day you were looking out of the twentieth story window and fell out, and struck your head on the pavement twenty stories below, and were not in the least injured. Come, now, what would you call it?'  
'Three times?' said the witness, rousing a little from his apathy. 'Well, I'd call that a habit.'  
And the lawyer gave it up.—'The Gentlewoman.'

AN EXACT DEFINITION.

C. S. Batterman, one of the best known mining men in the Rocky Mountain States, was on the stand as an expert in an important mining case in Nevada, and was under cross-examination by a rather young and 'smart' attorney. The question related to the term that the ore was found in, generally described as 'kidney lumps.'  
'Now, Mr. Batterman,' said the attorney, 'how large are these lumps—you say they are oblong—are they as long as my head?'  
'Yes,' replied Mr. Batterman, 'but not as thick.' The attorney subsided, and even the judge could not help smiling.—'Argonaut.'

HIS WISH.

Boys haven't always a great imagination, but most of them have a good deal of tenacity. A man wishing to make himself pleasant to the little brother of his betrothed, told him to wish for something, and he would give it to him. 'A box of chocolates,' said the boy. 'What else?' asked the generous lover. 'Another box of chocolates.' 'Oh, but wish for something else. Your little stomach couldn't hold all those chocolates.' 'Well, then,' answered the boy, 'another stomach.'—'Household Words.'

MAKING IT PLEASANT FOR HIM.

'I don't see,' said the old man, 'why chopping wood isn't about as good exercise and just as enjoyable as golf.' 'It is the walking between strokes that makes golf so valuable an exercise,' explained the boy. 'That equalizes matters and gives the legs the exercise that they need.' Thus it happened that the old man went out into the yard and placed sticks of wood at intervals all around it, after which he handed the boy an axe and told him to play the full course.—Chicago 'Evening Post.'

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Hix—'Young Dr. Pillsbury doesn't seem to have much of a practice.' Dix—'No; but there is one thing to be said in his favor.' Hix—'What is that?' Dix—'He is willing to practice on anybody that will let him.'—Chicago 'News.'

GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Miss Peerseeker—'Oh, Baron, I would so much like to hear you tell again about how King Ludwig presented you with a decoration when you were a mere little shaver, and—'  
'The Baron Barberossa—A lather shaver! I did not shave any one ven I was lather. I did not learn my trade until—(recollecting himself)—dot is—I did not learn a trade at all.'—'Harlem Life.'

NO DIFFERENCE.

W. Childers Kyod (looking for board and lodgings)—'Oh, I forgot to mention that two of my party of four are small children. I hope that will make no difference.'  
Mrs. Hashton (sweetly)—'Oh, not at all. I always charge just the same as if they were grown up.'

# The Boys' Page.

## The Lollo Island Camp.

BY FRANCES FENWICK.

(Winner of a silver watch.)

The six youths who composed the Lollo Island camp sat around a blazing fire in Doctor Poynter's hall and looked at one another. Doctor Poynter looked at them.

"Well, and how do you like camping in rainy weather?" he asked.

"Well, this is a fine fire," said Fred, looking up, "and you're awfully good to take us in like this and—but—you know—"

He paused after this burst of eloquence and looked feebly and helplessly at his comrades.

"But," said Bob, bravely, throwing himself into the breach, "but of course we'd rather not have been obliged to put you to all this trouble, Doctor, and—and—but—and—"

"And—in short—we'd rather have had fine weather," Bob blurted out; and a feeble giggle arose from the ranks of the Lollo Island camp.

Lollo Island was situated about a mile and a half from the mainland of B— and was the property of Doctor Poynter who lived upon it in a large old-fashioned house. This gentleman, who had the reputation of being rather eccentric, had, a short time before, received a visit from six boys in a boat who had requested permission to camp out on Lollo Island. Nothing succeeds like success. Doctor Poynter, struck dumb by their audacity, gave the requisite permission and it would be difficult to tell whether he or the Lollo Island camp felt the more surprised at this fact ten minutes later.

"The young beggars!" he remarked, as he watched the boat depart.

But what the Lollo Island camp said would take too long to repeat.

The Lollo Island camp—which we will designate in future as the L. I. C., for brevity—had lived happily on Lollo Island for three days. Then came a thunderstorm; and the Doctor—who, as Bob confidentially remarked to Bill, "can't be such a bad old sort after all"—had sent his Indian servant, Tom, to bring the L. I. C. to his house. Wherefore behold them now, a little cross and rather disconsolate, sitting before the Doctor's open grate fire, in his large old-fashioned hall.

The Doctor did not smile at Bob's brilliant witticism, but suddenly left the room. Dick had scarcely time to remark, "What's up, I wonder?" when he reappeared, dragging an enormous bag behind him.

"Chestnuts," he announced; "would any of you fellows like some?"

The faces of the L. I. C. brightened, as if by magic, and they all helped themselves with a will. The Doctor pulled forward a large easy-chair and sat gazing into the fire, his feet ensconced on the hearth. The chestnuts snapped on all sides of him, the boys shouted and laughed, the flames leaped and danced, and the rain steadily poured on the roof and window.

Presently, when the chestnuts began to look and to smell as if they were getting done, the doctor announced that he would give the whole lot to the boy who should tell the best story of adventure. The one receiving the chestnuts should then distribute them to his companions as he wished. "We'll draw lots to see who will begin first," went on the Doctor, mercilessly.

He tore a leaf from his pocket book as he spoke and divided it into seven pieces. The boys drew and Fred, to his dismay, found that he was the first victim.

"But I don't know—I haven't had any adventures!" he cried. "I did have a kind of a rum sort of a go once—"

"All right!" said Bob, impatiently, "go on, do!"

"Well," said Fred, "it was last year, you know; we'd taken a house down at Danver for the summer and one evening about nine—"

"Hold on there!" cried the Doctor. "I'm going to put out all these lamps," and he suited the action to the word.

"This is the sort of fire to listen to this tale by," he added, as the fire-light flickered weirdly on the boys' upturned faces and cast long, flickering shadows on the walls and ceiling.

"And," Fred continued "one evening, about nine, I came to the house—I'd been out fishing all day—"

"How many did you catch?" interrupted Bert.

"None," replied the narrator. "And I went into the little sitting-room at the end of the hall, and found them all sitting there—mother, Aunt Jenny and the girls—all huddled together and looking scared to death.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Oh, hush!" said mother, "and close the door." So I closed it; and she told me that about half an hour ago as they were sitting there they had heard the front door softly pushed open and footsteps going upstairs. They had called out, thinking it was me—I, I mean—and nobody had answered; but they had heard someone moving quietly about upstairs. Then presently Susie had gone out into the hall, and called up to know who was there, but no one had answered

and then—the speaker paused for the sake of effect.

"Oh, go on. What next?" came from all sides.

"And then," continued Fred, impressively, "she had heard something—a queer sound not exactly a grunt nor yet a growl, nor yet a groan, but, something between the three—he paused again amid dead silence—and then, he went on, 'the sound of some one moving round had begun again.'"

"Why didn't you go next door and get Mr. Brown to come over with his gun?" I asked. "Because," said mother, "he went to Smithville to-day and they don't expect him home till to-morrow morning." Mr. Brown was our nearest neighbor and none of the others had guns or anything," explained Fred. "So then I said I would go and see what it was." He paused again.

"Well, that was plucky," said Will. "Weren't you a little bit—not scared you know—but—?"

"Oh! what happened next?"

"Drive on, youngster!" from the doctor.

"So," said Fred, warming to the subject, and assuming the airs of a Napoleon relating the crossing of the Alps, "so I walked out into the hall, got an axe—I thought I might need it, you know—a thrill ran through the assembly—and slung it over my shoulder."

"Aunt Jeany and the girls all called out, 'Oh, don't!' 'Oh, do be careful!' 'Oh, don't be rash!' and mother said, 'You're my only son; don't throw your life away,' but my blood was up, and I didn't care a rap. So I called out, 'Look here, you, sir! What do you mean by this?' There was no answer, so I walked upstairs. When I got to the top I said, 'Now, whoever you are, I'm going over to Mr. Brown's. He has a gun and a bull dog. I'll leave the door open, and you'll just have five minutes in which to make your escape. It's your last chance, and I advise you to take it.' Then I started to go downstairs very slowly, for I didn't want the fellow to think I was afraid of him."

A murmur of admiration arose from the group around the fire place.

"Then!" said Fred, impressively, "I'd gone down about three steps when I heard footsteps behind me—queer, muffled footsteps—and I'm sorry to say that I 'skit' all the rest of the way down. I'm not afraid of flesh and blood, but the idea struck me . . . that I'd never heard a man walk that way before."

The footsteps followed. I grabbed my axe—turned—"

The blue flames leaped suddenly into the air, then sank, and the boys around the fireplace crept closer to one another and listened in silence.

"And saw—Mr. Brown's big black dog!"

"Well, that's the way all ghost stories end, I believe," said the doctor, when he could make his voice heard. "Now, Bill, I think it's your turn. Have you anything in the line of a 'kind of a rum sort of a go,' as your friend terms it, with which you can entertain us to-night? If you have, trot it out."

"Once when I was a little chap I did have a sort of an adventure," Bill confessed. "It's not very blood-curdling, but I may as well have a try for those chestnuts. It was when Jack and I were about eight. Mother had made up

and we stole quietly upstairs and locked ourselves in the lumber-room.

Presently, Jack looked out and saw a policeman coming up the street. This just about finished us. It wasn't quite as bad for Jack, but as it was my quarter for which Mr. Green's steps had been crashed, I had the fixed idea that if that policeman could only lay his hands on me I should be hung, drawn and quartered. So we made one rush for mother's big trunk, crouched down in it, and pulled the cover over our heads.

"How long we sat there I really don't know. The bell kept ringing constantly and every fresh peal put us into a fresh

panic, for we felt sure that our enemy was come to drag us to a dungeon.

However, time passed by and nothing happened and about eight o'clock two very quiet and saddened youngsters made their way down stairs. Mother no sooner saw our faces than she exclaimed, "What is it? Something has happened, I know! What have you done?" Whereupon we both burst into tears and begged her not to let the police catch us for we hadn't meant to, indeed we hadn't. In fact we got her into such a state of mind that when she found out what the matter really was she felt immensely relieved and told us not to worry for it would be all right.

"What she did I never knew, but we heard nothing more about it, though it was some time before either of us could see Mr. Green's house without a tremor. And that's the nearest approach to an adventure I've ever had and I only hope I may get the chestnuts."

Bill paused amid a murmur of applause, and the doctor, looking at his watch, declared that it was time for the next boy to begin his tale.

Bob remarked that he had thought of a story. The adventure had happened to a friend of his brother's; and amid a flattering silence he began his tale:

"You know Tom's friend, Archie Jones, eh? He belongs to—what's the name of the regiment, that wears plum-puddings on their heads with funeral plumes stuck in them? Well it doesn't matter anyway; he belongs to it; and he rides a horse when they're out parading the streets. One day—no, one night, I mean—he thought he'd get up early and take a ride."

The doctor grinned broadly; but Bob went bravely on:

"And when he had his ride he thought he wouldn't trouble to take the horse to a livery stable, but put him into the back yard. It was Monday, and the washing was all hung out there and Mrs. Jones looked out after a while and felt quite mad when she saw him all tangled up with it—the horse, I mean. Archie felt very sorry; he hadn't thought the horse would interfere with the clean clothes; and he went out and held him while his mother and the cook and the girls all brought in the washing. And the girls laughed like anything, but Mrs. Jones didn't laugh; she nearly cried; and the cook gave warning. So then Archie wished he'd taken him to the livery stable—the horse you know—but he thought he'd be all right now that the clothes were out of the way. But as they were all sitting at tea they heard a noise and they found that the horse had broken the clothes line and it had got twisted around his neck and he kept dancing round, and he was pretty near strangled. So Archie untwisted him, but the clothes line was all spoilt and Mrs. Jones began to cry again and said she wondered when Archie would get a little sense. And Archie went out for a walk and when he came back every one had gone to bed, but one of his sisters, who was very fond of animals, and she said:

"Archie, dear, it's very chilly to-night and I'm sure that poor horse is cold; let's get something to put around him." So Archie was going to wrap him in his father's fur coat—Archie's father's fur coat, I mean—but Jane said not to and she got an old tablecloth—not a white one, you know, but the kind you put on between meals, you know—you do know, don't you?"

"Yes! yes!" they all cried impatiently, but the Doctor said nothing. His face was turned away and his shoulders were shaking oddly.

"And they tied it round him with a shawl-strap. Then they went to bed. Jane had the horse on her mind, and she



'THE DOOR WAS OPENED HASTILY.'

told us what they would buy if they were in our shoes.

"Now there was an old gentleman, by the name of Green, who wasn't very fond of boys, and we happened to be standing on his steps while we were talking the matter over. I was jingling my quarter, when suddenly—I don't exactly know how—it slipped through my fingers and went down a crack in the steps.

"This was too much. I burst into tears and the boys all started fishing for the quarter with their jack-knives, etc. Well, they couldn't get it that way, so the brilliant idea struck them that they would break down the steps. They all fell to work with shouts of glee and with any tools they could lay their hands on. They were just beginning to smash the bottom step when the door was opened hastily and a voice, hoarse with rage, demanded loudly: "You young rascals, what are you doing there?"

"As you may imagine, we were all 'struck of a heap,' as our cook puts it, and we fled wildly in all directions, while poor Mr. Green, whom I can't say I blame very much, shouted all sorts of threats after us. He ended by declaring that he was going to telephone to the police directly.

"When we heard that, every boy in the company rushed to his own home, Jack and I among the number; and it was only when we opened the front door that we remembered about the 'at home.' But we were desperate by this time and

we stole quietly upstairs and locked ourselves in the lumber-room.

Presently, Jack looked out and saw a policeman coming up the street. This just about finished us. It wasn't quite as bad for Jack, but as it was my quarter for which Mr. Green's steps had been crashed, I had the fixed idea that if that policeman could only lay his hands on me I should be hung, drawn and quartered. So we made one rush for mother's big trunk, crouched down in it, and pulled the cover over our heads.

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"Yes! yes!" they all cried impatiently, but the Doctor said nothing. His face was turned away and his shoulders were shaking oddly.

"And they tied it round him with a shawl-strap. Then they went to bed. Jane had the horse on her mind, and she

kept waking up, and once she looked out of the window and saw that the horse was trying to get into the hen coop—I forgot to say there was a hen coop in the yard—but she didn't think he could hurt that, so she went to sleep again. Archie got up at five and went into the yard, and what do you think?—the horse had gone, and so had the hen coop and the gate of the fence was wide open. So Archie hired another horse and rode all over looking for the first horse, and he was late for business, and his boss said he hoped it wouldn't occur again. So Archie had to advertise for a grey horse with a black spot on his nose and a table cloth fastened around him with a shawl-strap and a hen coop, and at the end of a week a man came and said he'd found a horse with a tablecloth wrapped round him, and he had fed it for a week on the best stuff, knowing he'd be well repaid for his trouble. Archie gave him five dollars, and paid the cook two dollars to do the washing over again, and he gave her another dollar to stay, and he bought a new clothes-line for his mother and a new shawl-strap for his father, and I forget how much he paid the livery stable because he had kept the horse out so long. And he didn't buy any Christmas presents this year except a book for his mother, for he said he had to economize somewhere. He used to be awfully fond of horses, but he hates the very sight of one now."

Bob paused with the expression of one who feels he has done his duty like a man, and looked complacently around for applause. This he certainly received, the boys declaring his story to be by all odds the best they had heard so far.

But Bob wonders to this day why the doctor asked him with that odd expression of countenance if his brother's friend, Archie, had any relation by the name of Rider Haggard. Bob answered: "No, not that I know of. I'll ask him," and the doctor said, "Do!"

(To be Continued.)

## How to Make

LEAF DESIGNS.

To take the impression of a leaf, hold oiled paper in the smoke of a lamp until it becomes coated with the smoke; then select a perfect leaf, and, after warming it between the hands, lay it upon the smoked side of the paper, with the under side down, and press it evenly on the paper so that every part may come in contact with it; go over it lightly with a rolling pin; then remove the leaf with care to a piece of white note-paper and use the rolling pin again. You will then have a beautiful impression of the delicate veins and outlines of the leaf.

## Puzzles.

THE CUNNING MONKS.

At a certain abbey there were 24 monks, located in cells thus:—

3	3	3
3		3
3	3	3

Fig. 1.

So there were nine on each side of the building, while the abbot resided in the centre compartment. Every night he went round the cells, and if he could count nine on each side he would conclude they were all there. But the fact was four monks would go out 'pleasuring' every night; yet the remaining monks so arranged themselves that the abbot still counted nine on each side. This is how they managed it:—

4	1	4
1		1
4	1	4

Fig. 2.

Sometimes the four monks would return with four lay brethren from a neighboring monastery, who would stay for the night without exciting the suspicion of the abbot; for though there were now 28 inmates they still arranged themselves nine on each side, as before, in this way:—

2	5	2
5		5
2	5	2

Fig. 3.

After a time four visitors were not

enough for them, and they brought in eight without the abbot noticing. The company now numbered thirty-two, and they were accommodated thus:—

1	7	1
7		7
1	7	1

Fig. 4.

The taste for company, and the monks brought in twelve strangers, concealing their advent thus:—

	9	
9		9
	9	

Fig. 5.

The strangers now pressed the monks to venture out in larger numbers than four, in order to receive return hospitality. The monks found that six in twenty-four could leave with safety, for the stay-at-homes congregated in the rooms thus:—

5		4
4		5

Fig. 6.

[For the Boys' Page.]

## THE WRECK.

(By J. C. M. Duncan.)

O me, what wild sea ecstasies,  
My noble ship and I have known,  
'Thro' what long leagues of fickle seas,  
We have been blown!

'Thro' what wild chasms of wave and foam!  
What mighty wrestlings with the gales

We had! Yet, ever safely home,  
We drew our sails.

And ever eager for the main,  
They opened to the sea-ward breeze—  
Ah me, we shall not know again,  
Such ecstasies!

For the sea spurned us in its wrath,  
And drove us, amid direst shocks,  
'Thro' depths of darkness, from our path,  
Upon these rocks.

And here, half-leaning on the land,  
And half within the well-loved sea,  
My ship lies, where safe from vandal hand,  
It e'er shall be.

Its broken spars and cloven prow,  
In the great sea-gales creak and groan;  
And in its lifeless chambers now,  
The sea-waves moan.

Yet proudly towards the open sky,  
It lifts its storm-worn, tattered sails,  
And eagerly they strain and fly,  
To catch the gales.

O it is meet my ship should rest,  
After a warfare, waged so strong,  
Beside the sea, upon whose breast,  
It toiled so long.

And I could wish when life's lines slip,  
My old, sea-battered frame might dwell,  
At rest, somewhere beside the ship,  
I love so well.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### PREPARE YOUR FEET

### FOR THE EXHIBITION.

Hundreds had perfect comfort last year at the Fall Fairs because they took the advice of friends, and used FOOT ELM. Did you? If not, try it this year. Get a box now, and use it daily. One day will convince you as to its value. In a week's time you will feel like a new man. FOOT ELM cures sweaty, tender, tired, aching feet; and relieves that hot, burning sensation. It is unexcelled (like other good things). Be sure and get the genuine. It's only 25 cents, or five boxes, \$1.00. At drug stores, or by mail, postage free. W. W. STOTT & JURY, Bostonville.

Geo. Greenley, Warkworth, Ont., says: "I have reason to speak of Foot Elm. One box has cured me."

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Work of the Ste. Agathe Sanatorium.

A NUMBER OF BEDS ALREADY ENDOWED.

Among a great many, the belief still exists that consumption, once declared to be present, must cause all hope to be abandoned.

Professor Bouchard, of Paris, concluded one of his lectures as follows: 'This disease, which has such a strong hold on humanity, is curable, and in the largest number of cases.'

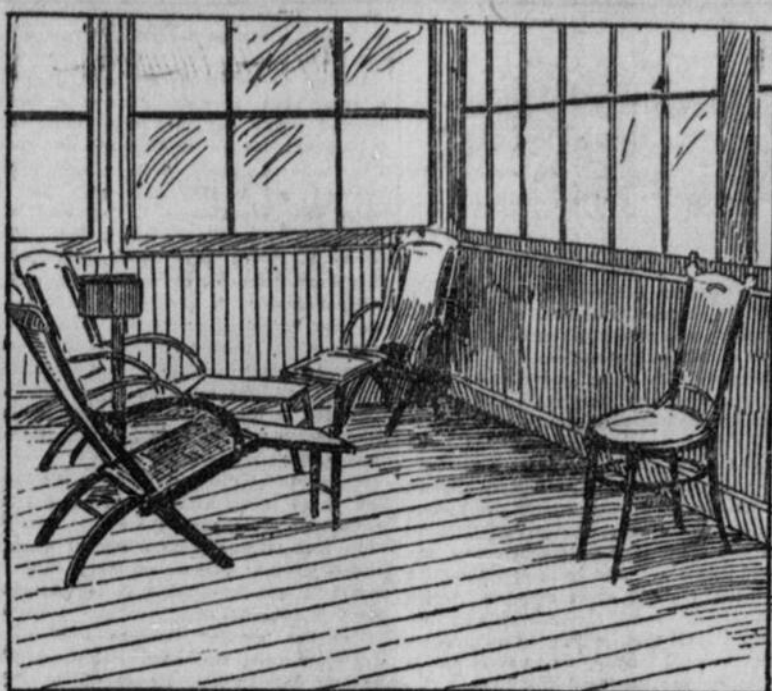
Professor James Goodhart, London, England, says: 'I am able to say that there is nothing more common than to find in those, dead from other causes, evidences of old and healed phthisis or

ber of them properly placed and properly kept. The room of a tuberculous patient should be sunny, cheerful and well ventilated.

For the proper treatment of consumptives, Canada is considerably behind other countries, there being only two sanatoria at present—the Muskoka sanatorium at Gravenhurst, Ont., and the Laurentian Sanatorium at Ste. Agathe des Monts.

The latter institution was but recently opened and has already been described but some additional features may prove interesting. Through the kindness of a lady and gentleman, whose names are not to be published, nine beds are endowed as follows: Three beds, reduced to five dollars per week for six months; six beds reduced to seven dollars per week for six months.

At the present time incipient cases only can be received. In these patients a cure will be effected in from four



A CORNER OF THE SANATORIUM.

PATTI'S ADVICE TO YOUNG SINGERS

SOME RULES THAT SHE HAS OBSERVED WHICH HAVE AIDED HER IN MAINTAINING HER VOCAL POWERS.

'I don't believe in coddling myself and making my throat too tender,' said Mme Patti to a young American who sought her advice.

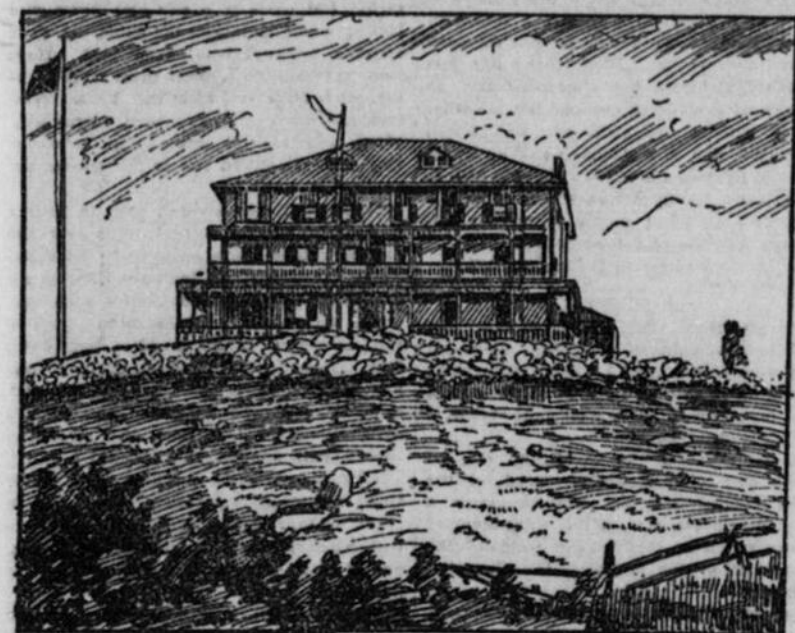
'Of course a great deal of rubbish has been written about my dread of taking cold, and I have been informed of the eccentric means I use to avoid it.

in exposure to cold air so much as to singing when nature says "The voice is in need of rest," and when the delicate organ should not be fatigued or even used.

'Where one voice is injured by exposure to cold twenty are hurt by singing when the voice is not in good condition.

'The little things of life make up its total, and a little precaution in a singer's career is what counts and adds to the span of her stage life.

'I never go out, summer or winter, riding, driving or walking, without a chocolate caramel in my mouth, letting it dissolve as slowly as possible.'



A FRONT VIEW OF THE STE. AGATHE SANATORIUM.

calcareous changes in the various glands; moreover, in most cases of tubular disease there is similar evidence that a former disease of the kind has healed.

Dr. Whittaker, of Cincinnati, says: 'It is a great exception to find upon the post-mortem table a pair of lungs totally free from some evidence of existing or pre-existing tuberculosis.'

Consumption is contagious and can be contracted in many different ways. Therefore, in all places where there are likely to be tuberculous patients, whether in private residences, workshops, offices, hospitals or sanatoria there should be proper cuspidors and a sufficient num-

ber of months to one year. As means are forthcoming, cottages will be built surrounding the present building, when less hopeful cases will be admitted, and should the government take the matter up, as it is confidently expected it will, an infirmary will be built, where almost hopeless cases will be treated, and should their condition improve, they will be removed to one of the cottages.

The treatment at the Laurentian Sanatorium is hygienic and dietetic—to nourish the patient, to feed him well with good food, or rather overfeed him, so that he assimilates more than he expends, forms an important part of the treatment.

Breakfast, 8 a.m.—Bread and butter, and honey, cocoa or chocolate, and two glasses of milk, taken slowly.

The sanatorium is lighted throughout by electricity and is supplied with good water from a spring capable of supplying from twenty to thirty gallons per minute.

Many women suffer daily with aching back. They need not. This is but a sign that the kidneys are out of order, in fact, the ache is in the kidneys themselves, not in the muscles or the bones of the back.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale at all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price, by the Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.



SITTING ROOM IN THE SANATORIUM.

concert room to the corridor stairs, then from the lower hall, the lobby, the vestibule and finally to pass into the street, is an operation which takes me half an hour, "acclimatizing" myself as I go!

'Harden yourself; build up your constitution; don't occupy overheated rooms at any time; live out of doors at least for two hours every day, and walk and drive. That's my advice.

'On the other hand, don't go to extremes and expose yourself in raw, damp air, especially at nightfall. Be sensible and preserve a happy medium between wise caution and foolish coddling.'

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND ON WHISKEY DRINKING.

The Duchess of Sutherland recently opened a new cafe and fishermen's hall at Heilmedale. Her Grace addressed the fishermen as follows: 'Dear people,—I am very glad that I have been able to get here to-day to open this institute.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Chronic Constipation (CATARRH of the LIVER)



Permanently Cured by DR. SPROULE.

Have you ever thought that your chronic constipation caused all your other wretched feelings? Perhaps your hands and feet are cold. Or, you feel dull and heavy during the day.

depart, the eyes brighten, the complexion grows clear and healthy. The cure is gentle and painless, BUT IT IS PERMANENT.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH OF THE LIVER.

This condition results from the liver being affected by catarrh extending from the stomach into the tubes of the liver.

- 1. Are you constipated? 2. Is your complexion bad? 3. Are you sleepy in the daytime? 4. Are you irritable? 5. Are you nervous? 6. Do you get dizzy? 7. Have you no energy? 8. Have you cold feet? 9. Do you feel miserable? 10. Do you get tired easily? 11. Do you have hot flushes? 12. Is your eyesight blurred? 13. Have you a pain in the back? 14. Is your flesh soft and flabby? 15. Are your spirits low at times? 16. Is there bloating after eating? 17. Have you a gurgling in bowels? 18. Is there a throbbing in stomach? 19. Is there a general feeling of lassitude? 20. Do these feelings affect your memory? 21. Are you short of breath upon exercise? 22. Is the circulation of the blood sluggish?

If you have any of the above symptoms...

Mark them and send them to Dr. Sproule, B.A. (English Catarrh Specialist), No. 7 Doane street, Boston. He will advise you free.

men. But I am not to give you a temperance sermon. All I ask of you is to reward us by making constant use of the "Fishermen's Welcome" by going as often as you can to enjoy the games and read the newspapers in the club-room, and when fishermen from other places come in from the sea I know how hospitably inclined you are.



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

Tuesday, Sept. 5, 1899

PROBLEM NO. 25.

By F. A. Hollway, Grand Rapids. Black—6 pieces.



White—3 pieces. White to play and mate in three moves.

Table listing names and scores for Quarterly and Continuous Tournaments, including R.C.M. Vernon River Bridge, H. Archibald, Brandon, etc.

Additional solutions to Problem No. 21, acknowledged from F. W. Sheppard and J.W.H. Gec. Patterson.—Our figures are right in both instances.

Advertisement for Brantford Steel-Wind Mills, featuring an illustration of a windmill and text describing its features and availability.

And Black mates in two moves.

SHORT GAMES.

Game 25—Between Amateurs.

Chess game record for Game 25 between J. A. Galbraith and Alfred Augustin.

Game 27—Ruy Lopez.

Chess game record for Game 27 between White and Black.

Game 28—Gulicco.

Chess game record for Game 28 between White and Black.

Game 29—Q. P. Opening.

Chess game record for Game 29 between White and Black.

Sharp defeat of a leading London amateur.

Chess game record for a sharp defeat of a leading London amateur.

Chess game record for a game between Dr. Smith and F. J. Marshall.

Chess game record for a game between White and Black.

# HOME DEPARTMENT

## MRS. CLIFFORD'S SUSPICIONS.

### Home Ways in a Big School—Can Tomatoes Whole.

### CARE OF THE BOY — INFLUENCE OF A HUSBAND.

#### A DAY OF POVERTY.

(By Hattie Lummtz.)

If Mrs. Clifford had read the morning paper this story might not have been written, but Mrs. Clifford despised the daily press, and found the record of current events as uninteresting as the chatter of her neighbors. The wealthiest woman in Arlingdale, she was also the loneliest, and perhaps the saddest. There had been a time when the big house on the hill was a home, and childish voices filled the long halls with music, and little golden heads made sunshine in the sombre, stately rooms. But that was long ago.

Bereavement, which mellows some natures, hardens others. Mrs. Clifford had lost husband and children in the terrible epidemic which had swept over the State like a scourge; she had rebuffed and baffled all who were ready to sympathize with her and help her. No one ever saw her shed a tear. Her kindly, pitying neighbors felt their hearts chilled when her unnaturally bright eyes met theirs, or when the metallic, controlled tones of her voice fell on their ears. The transformation in her reacted on her acquaintances and her friends, and she resented the change in them, without recognizing that she was responsible for it.

For fifteen years Mrs. Clifford had shut herself out of the homes and hearts of the community, and had grown daily more bitter and exacting and suspicious, while gradually dropping out of the thoughts of those about her.

Then a day came when her affairs were the topic of conversation in every house in Arlingdale. The morning paper had chronicled the failure of the Merchants' Bank of Pravan, with liabilities startlingly great, and every one knew that Mrs. Clifford's money was largely deposited there. Mrs. Clifford would not have been surprised at her neighbors' curiosity regarding her financial condition. What would have astonished her was the sympathy expressed everywhere.

"Poor soul! And the money was all the had," said Mrs. Banks, the doctor's wife, casting a fond glance about her long extension table, and feeling herself the richest of women. "I believe I'll run in there a few minutes after my work is done."

Accordingly, for the first time in years, Mrs. Clifford had a morning caller who dropped in without formality, and chatted about canning fruit, and the baby's latest cute saying, and went away in twenty minutes, urging Mrs. Clifford to return her visit as soon as possible, and to drop in to meals whenever she felt so inclined.

After the door closed upon her visitor, Mrs. Clifford sat down and reflected.

"What in the world is Eliza Banks planning now?" Then suddenly it crossed her mind that young Tom Banks was completing his first year in college. Very possibly the income of a country physician with a large family was severely taxed by extra expense. "And Eliza thinks that a rich and childless widow is worth cultivating," thought Mrs. Clifford, pressing her lips tightly together. "But forewarned is forearmed."

Meanwhile at home Mrs. Banks was saying, "She bears it as she always bears trouble, poor soul, like a Spartan! From her manner you wouldn't know that a thing had happened."

"Claire Leslie to see you, ma'am," said Martha, the grey-haired servant, interrupting her mistress's cynical meditations. And before Mrs. Clifford had time to ask herself what this might mean, a young girl with big, grey eyes and cheeks delicately flushed, stood before her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Clifford," said the visitor, with a smile, which somehow found its way to the heart of the lonely and suspicious woman as nothing had done for years. "I have brought you some of my sweet peas. They seem more human than almost any flower, don't you think so? More as if you could make friends with them."

Of course, Mrs. Clifford knew that this sort of talk was nonsense, yet for some indefinable reason she enjoyed it. Perhaps it brought back to her mind the days when she had indulgently listened to the fanciful prattle of little ones who, like this young girl, were ready to "make friends" with all beautiful things, animate and inanimate, in God's fair world. It was not until after Miss Leslie had departed, as a radiant pink as one of her favorite blossoms, that Mrs. Clifford's suspicions regained the ascendancy.

Strange that she should have been deceived even for a moment. Was not this girl the granddaughter of old Mr. Leslie, who had grown white-haired in the service of the church she occasionally attended? Had she not heard it said that in his increasing feebleness the cares of the aged clergyman weighed heavily upon him? "Probably he hasn't saved a cent," thought Mrs. Clifford, with fine indignation at such lack of foresight. "And his relatives think me a suitable person to make up deficiencies." In her quick resentment she was

sorry she had asked the designing girl to come again.

Strange things kept occurring all the day. Old Mrs. Peters sent up a glass of currant jelly, and Thad Demming brought his mother's invitation for Mrs. Clifford to dine with her the next day. Kate Craak came to the door, and handed Martha a book to give to her mistress. It was called "Sunshine in Shadowed Places," and Kate said it had been a great comfort to her sister, who was dead. Mrs. Clifford turned the pages with a feeling of bewilderment, and put it out of sight behind a bound volume of the "Spectator."

Late in the afternoon Joe Bemis, the blacksmith's crippled son, came swinging up the path on his crutches, Mrs. Clifford did not rise from her seat on the piazza, but she looked at him disapprovingly. He was planning to ask some favor, of course. Boys are beggars by nature, and boys of this stamp peculiarly so.

"Well," said she, in her hardest voice, "What did you come for?"

Joe was clearly taken aback by this reception. He looked at her deprecatingly.

"Jes' to say I am sorry," he answered, in his shrill voice, as a sweet nevertheless as the piping of a blackbird.

"Sorry!" repeated Mrs. Clifford, and for some reason she began to tremble. She was swept by a wave of feeling that was like indignation and like fear. "Sorry! Why should you be sorry?"

Joe sat on the edge of the piazza, wringing, nervously. He had never seen a woman who accepted sympathy in so singular a fashion.

"Cause—well, that about your money," he explained, evasively.

"What about my money?" Mrs. Clifford's eyes were boring down into Joe's soul, and the information seething there bubbled forth like a spring.

"Cause that big bank at Pravan's bursted, and it's all gone. But I haven't done anything, have I?" cried poor Joe, protesting against the severity of those judicial eyes.

To his great relief, Mrs. Clifford smiled. The Merchants' Bank had failed, then. She had done well when she withdrew her deposits six months before, acting on her lawyer's advice. Her first sensation of un-mixed triumph.

Then another emotion filled her soul, crowding out all beside. The kindness which had been bestowed upon her throughout the day were heaped upon her because she was a rich woman, but because she was thought poor. Those whom she had mentally accused of every sort of interested motive, were only actuated by pity, and a desire to help her in her supposed distress. A wholesome shame flushed her cheeks, as she thought of the spirit with which she had received the doctor's wife and Claire Leslie, and had listened to the blundering words of the crippled child. "God forgive me," said Mrs. Clifford. "I didn't dream I had fallen so low."—The Advance.

#### AN EXPERIMENT IN EDUCATION.

Dr. John Dewey, of Chicago University, has originated and superintends a unique university elementary school. It is intended to be the first step—taking the child at the beginning of his school career—in a full university course, and the plans are made to that end. It is little more than two years old, and can hardly be said to have passed the experimental stage, but the results are already such that the experiment is proving a triumphant success.

The aim is 'to keep alive and direct the active, inquiring attitude of the child, and to subordinate the amassing of facts and principles to the developing of intellectual self-control.' It is intended that whatever is learned shall in some way 'connect itself easily and naturally with the child's every day environment, and create natural motives for acquiring information.' Thus, the food which he eats naturally awakens a desire to know where it was obtained, how it grew, and the process of its manufacture. So of the clothes he wears, and of everything with which he comes into contact.

No text books are used, and there are no set lessons to learn and recite in spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, or anything else. Still there is a consistent course marked out, into which all these things enter as accessories, and are mastered as they come up. The carpenter shop, the cooking class, the making and working of simple machinery, furnish constant expansion for the use of numbers. The gist of the lesson is written out by each pupil who can write, and in that way he gets practical exercise in penmanship, spelling, punctuation, and the construction of sentences. Geography comes in everywhere, as the constituents of everything used are traced back to their original habitat, while in history the map is constantly in use. The principles of chemistry are brought out in the cooking classes, and the children get instruction in natural philosophy in the machines and various other things which they are all the time making, so that all the branches of study

go on together, connectedly and harmoniously, in natural relations, each helping the others, and no one taking more than its share of time and attention.

There are sixty pupils in the school, ranging from five to thirteen years of age, and these are divided into groups according to age, ability, or acquirements, and each group has its own independent pursuits. The visitor is impressed, first of all, with the freedom and unconstraint everywhere manifest. He sees clusters of children, here and there, in the different rooms, gathered about an older person, all talking familiarly together about something which seems to be extremely interesting. He thinks at first that he must have stumbled into a very big family, where every one is having the happiest kind of a time.

Except in the assembly room and the library, there are no desks or stationary chairs; and when a class is called, the eight or ten children, who compose it, draw up their low chairs and gather around the teacher, just as if they were at home and she was telling them a story. If they wish to ease their restless limbs by wriggling about, they are at perfect liberty to do so; they may change their places if they do it quietly; indeed, if one in the exuberance of his enthusiasm over some exciting point in the discussion should jump out of his chair and execute an ecstatic little hop or skip, I do not think the rebuke would be very severe. They may talk to each other in the classes and elsewhere, and discussions over difficult questions are often lively. There is freedom from constraint, and yet liberty is never allowed to degenerate into license.

The basement is fitted up for a carpenter shop, with low work benches, each furnished with a whole kit of carpenter's tools. It is interesting to watch the little workers—boys and girls together—as they measure, and fit, and saw, and plane, and hammer upon their respective pieces of work.

They make, first of all, the wooden articles which the school needs, and they are many and varied. Then each child can work out its own individual fancy. One boy was making a water-wheel; another was manufacturing a weapon like those supposed to have been used in pre-historic times, to be exhibited in the history class; two others were busy over a block-house, such as the New England settlers used for a refuge in times of war—this, also, to be used in another history class. Another was putting the finishing touches on a really beautiful paper-knife of grained maple, a surprise gift for his mother. Two little girls were making a doll's chair, the slats of which had to be carefully measured and sawed to the proper length. It was hard work for the tiny hands to draw the heavy saw back and forth, but they took turns at it, and persevered until it was finished. Another small woman was busy over a large doll's bedstead. So true and firm were its joints, so solidly was it put together, that it looked like the work of an expert, and when we asked in amazement: "Did you do all this yourself?" it was with a very pretty pride that she answered, "Every bit of it!"

In a corner of another room an absorbed group was gathered around a large pan containing the lungs of a calf. They were learning about the aeration of the blood. One boy was vigorously working a bellows, the nose of which was inserted in the wind-pipe, to show the process of breathing. Others had magnifying glasses and microscopes with which they were examining the cellular structure of the lung, and all were listening absently to the teacher's explanation of the wonderful mechanism of that part of the physical system. Afterwards the children wrote it all down in their books, and the accounts were wonderfully vivid and accurate.

In another room sewing was going on, but the boys did not seem so handy with needles as the girls did with the carpenter's tools. While the children sewed, the teacher read aloud a description of the flax fields of Ireland, from which the linen upon which they were working was obtained.

At eleven o'clock the kitchen becomes a busy place, for each day the members of one group prepare their own luncheon. The recipes are written upon the board, and the teacher goes over each one carefully, explaining every detail and giving the reason for it. Then they don their white aprons and go to work. Upon the day of our visit the bill of fare was chocolate, boiled rice, muffins and honey, with chopped ham and sandwiches, the bread for which was brought in from outside. How the little tots stirred and measured, and measured and stirred, and how carefully they watched the boiling and the baking! The lunch was excellent, and beautifully served by two of the class detailed for that purpose.

When a particular subject is up, every available means is used for its elucidation. History classes are taken to the public library, the Columbian Museum, the Art Institute, or wherever light is to be found. Natural science classes explore the fields and the woods. They are encouraged to make their own original investigations, and great is their joy when, of their own selves, they discover some fact unknown to them before.

As for the 'baby class,' they have easy lessons in sewing, cooking and carpentry. From time to time they are tested to see if it is best to begin word-building with them, but if they are not spontaneously ready they are not troubled. When they

do begin, it will be 'learning to read without tears.'

Though no text-books are used, there is a small but growing library of well-selected books and magazines which are in constant use for reading and reference. The children read these aloud in the classes; and as they only read that in which they are interested, they read understandingly and with expression. The books, in which they write down what they have learned are neatly kept, and a misspelled word is rare. They have their 'spelling books' in which they write down any new or strange word. As there are no set lessons in arithmetic, and yet arithmetical problems come up every day, an exception is made in favor of the multiplication table, and each group is drilled in it until it is learned.

No marks of merit or demerit are kept, and there is no nerve-trying bugbear of examination to exhaust the child's vitality. Still, each teacher keeps a careful memorandum of the progress of every child in her class, and these are used for comparison and consultation.

The five regular teachers are young women, college graduates, and specialists in their departments. Besides these, some four or five professors and students from the university come over for an hour a day and give instruction in various branches.

The school, though a branch of the university, is not yet endowed, but depends upon tuition fees and private subscriptions. It has applications from many more pupils than it can receive until it has a house of its own.

There could be no better field for working out this new educational scheme. Its originator is a man of practical as well as philosophical ideas. The teachers are well equipped for their work and enthusiastic in it. A large proportion of the pupils are the children of the university professors, and are therefore bright by inheritance. Whether it is due to these things, one or both, or to the system, or to all three combined, I never before saw such bright, wide-awake, eager, enthusiastic children, to whom learning seemed such an absolute delight.

The school is unique, and its progress is watched with interest by educators all over the land. Its managers do not consider it perfect, but as fast as they see defects they remedy them. They have an ideal towards which they are working; and when that is attained perhaps the royal road to learning will have been found at last.

The spirit pervading this school is essentially that of the kindergarten in its best estate. The value of its methods can be better determined when they have been in use sufficiently long to admit of comparisons between its pupils and those of the same ages in other schools, in regard to health, physical growth, mental development and discipline, the acquisition of knowledge and its intelligent use.—American Paper.



We are glad to begin printing letters again, after the summer holiday hiatus. B.F.H. and Sister Tracey have their interesting remarks in our corner to-day, and one or two letters are already on hand for next week.

The story competition is now closed, and the result will soon be announced.

THE CRITIC.

#### WISE WAYS IN WOMAN'S WORK.

Dear Critic.—The Home Department of July 25 is exceedingly interesting to one of your subscribers. The story of 'One Woman's Work' is as like an experience I once went through myself that I can assure the readers it is not overdrawn. Let no one be discouraged. No effort in a good cause is ever lost, and no sincere prayer goes long unanswered. In the case of our little village the women who signed the remonstrance were criticized very freely and unkindly, but before three years were over the men took hold of the work and ever since there has been no licensed hotel in the village.

I am glad to see so many taking an interest in "That Boy." Now, if there is any creature more interesting, more unmanageable, more in danger, and more affectionate than another it is "That Boy." Oh, the pitfalls, snares and traps on every hand. I do think Satan has used his best energies upon devices to ruin our boys. I sometimes wish the Lord would come before my boy grows up. What a responsibility rests on fathers and mothers. Just now as my five-year-old stands before me with flushed face and sparkling eye, fairly trembling with indignation, because some envious urchin has smashed his toy boat which he took so much delight in, I wonder what is the right thing to do, or say. However, I put my arm around him and whisper, "What would Jesus have done when he was a little boy if some one had smashed his boat?" This time the effect is magical. The tears come into the once fiery eyes and in a comforting sob he says: "I guess he would put it away and say 'never mind it.' Poor little boy, there are so many wrongs in this world you will have to meet. May you always have grace to say 'never mind it.'"

All boys are smart and interesting; indeed, of course, every 'crow's' bairn is the whitest.

It comes natural to boys to break and smash things just to investigate their make

up. Don't be too hard on them. Let the boy do what he will with his own property and respect his rights as you expect him to respect yours. A boy has rights and if you thwart him in his attempts at carpentry, machinery, engine driving, you cripple his talents in whatever direction they may be tending. I say let a boy grow up on his own feet. Let him be self-reliant. Don't do for him what he can do for himself, and above all appreciate and praise his efforts to be useful. Of course make him obedient and guide him, but let it be his own thoughts you guide, don't try to make him an echo of yourself. I need advice and help myself in this case, but if any of my experience will be of use to any one I shall be glad.

When my boy was about three years old, with his golden curls, blue eyes, white dresses and dimples, with all the et ceteras that go to make a cherub, one hot July evening I was rocking him in my arms, on the veranda. Pointing up he said, "See stars." I took the opportunity of telling him something of the beauties of heaven. The wee morsel asked a few questions and was wisely taking in all the story when all at once he startled me with the "will there be windows up in heaven to fro 'tones at'?"

Now, there is the nature. Boys don't break windows out of wickedness, but they love to hear the 'smash' they make. If the things you whip your boys for you should not notice. Yet I am glad wise Solomon was called in to give a lesson in training boys. We should consult the book more than we do. Well, baby has just wakened up from her afternoon nap, as cranky as ever. Can any one tell me what to do with a wee girlie two and a half years old who is a darling, and as sweet as can be sometimes, but she is, oh, so fretful and so shy before strangers? It is only two or three people of all our acquaintances she will ever be civil to.

A Sister in the Home, B.F.H.

#### A STUDY.

We read that 'Abah, the son of Omri, did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him.' 1 Kings, 16:30. Now, I ask, what sort of a home would such a man be likely to have, and what sort of a husband would he be?

In his endeavor to do all the evil he could, and to show his disregard for the commands of God, he chos: to marry a heathen princess, who, as his wife, becomes known to us as that "cursed woman," the persecutor of the prophets, the slayer of Naboth.

Far be it from me to, even in thought, regard lightly the responsibility of each member of the human family for their own actions, but I am convinced of the truth of Tennyson's words, "as the husband is, the wife is," and for the sake of those who exercise such mighty influence over the domestic life of a nation, as do the husbands and fathers, I write of this suggestive record, whose lesson has not yet been fully learned.

Let us consider what were the qualities of Jezebel as a woman. A deep love for the gods of her fathers, a most touching, if mistaken, devotion to her husband, and a strong endorsing of any act which he might do, or desire to do.

He never taught her anything of Israel's God—and so, as a matter of course, the queen became more and more evil continually, and sharing with him his evil actions, shared also the dire punishment which followed.

The influence of woman has not been exaggerated in the history of the world, but I contend, that the influence of man has been minimized. Let any unbiased reader of the history of Jezebel and Abah note carefully the record of their lives, and decide on which rests the weight of influence, which brought Israel under the deep condemnation of her God. Eccles, 11, 9:10.

Minesing, Ont.

SARA F. TRACY.



#### NO. 36.

Last week we talked about 'the seeds of good we sow' and the eternal harvest. Now we speak of the world as God's field, of the missionaries especially who gather souls for God in heathen lands. Explain John iv., 35, and have the children repeat it together after you. Do not speak specially of children's work in the introductory talk. Let the hymn itself bring its thoughts suddenly into view. It is so simple that explanation is not required and might be confusing. This hymn is taken from the Centenary Missionary Hymnal, published for the hundredth anniversary of the London Missionary Society.

The fields are all white,  
And the reapers are few;  
We children are willing,  
But what can we do  
To work for our Lord in His harvest?  
Our hands are so small,  
And our words are so weak,  
We cannot teach others;  
How then shall we seek  
To work for our Lord in His harvest?  
We'll work by our prayers,  
By the pennies we bring,  
By small self-denials—  
The least little thing  
May work for our Lord in His harvest.  
Until by-and-by,  
As the years pass at length,  
We too may be reapers  
And go forth in strength  
To work for our Lord in His harvest.

#### CAN THEM WHOLE.

"My! those look fine!" was the exclamation of a neighbor as she entered the kitchen one day, and saw a row of cans that were receiving their final touches before being put away for winter use.

"Yes, I feel quite proud of canned tomatoes," replied the busy housewife, as she polished the glass cans.

"Tomatoes!" said the caller coming nearer, and scanning the contents closely. "So they are, just common tomatoes, but I thought from a distance that they must be something rare, for I never saw them canned whole before; mine are always all cooked up so there isn't any form to them."

"Mine always have been that way, too, but I tried a new way last year, and they proved so satisfactory that I put them up in the same way this season," adding, as she proudly looked them over, "I do love to see an array like this in my fruit cupboard."

"Oh, I'm so glad I put off doing mine until next week, and now I'll do them your way. That is," she said with a laugh, "if you will be good enough to tell me how."

"It's an open secret and yours for the asking. I think it is a very easy method, and not any expense if you have plenty of water, it does take lots of that."

"Fortunately our well is the 'never failing' kind so please proceed with your directions."

"Buy, if you can, the round smooth tomato. Put some in a pan and cover with boiling water to loosen the skins, let them stand a few moments, then peel. Have your cans hot, to prevent them from cooking, and fill them with the whole tomatoes, packing them in as closely as you can. When they are too large to go in whole, they must be cut in two or four pieces, according to size.

"When your cans are full pour in boiling water, very slowly, until it runs over and all the bubbles have come out. Then put on your rubbers—and don't you dare to use a single second-hand one, screw your covers on tight, and set the cans in a pall or tub, according to the number you have, that has enough boiling water in it to completely cover the cans. Cover the tub with a heavy rug, and let them remain until cold. When you take them out, screw the covers again and they are finished."

"I let mine remain up here for a short time, for if any spoil they will do so in three or four days. You can easily detect when a can is beginning to work, and if found at once it can be cooked for immediate use."

"Do you think they are more liable to spoil put up in this way, than according to the old method?" queried the listener.

"No, I do not; but you must be sure and get the bubbles all out or I will cut you for the safe-keeping of your tomatoes." Then, holding up a can, she continued, "these are perfect in form and color, but you would not think they would taste better than when canned in the old way; however, they certainly do have a richer flavor when they are cooked, and being whole they are nice to slice up and eat as they are."

"We almost always eat them without an extra cooking, and these will slice up beautifully, I am sure," replied the caller as she admired the ruddy fruit.

"Last winter I had a friend here, and one day for dinner I had some tomatoes sliced up in my large salad dish, and they did look tempting. When she came to the table the first thing her eyes fell on was that dish and its contents, and she said, laughingly, 'Aren't you rather extravagant to have fresh tomatoes in January?' And she could hardly believe me when I told her they were canned; for besides looking so nice, she thought they tasted almost as fresh as if picked right from the garden."

"Well, I'm thankful if I have found a way of putting up tomatoes so that they will taste fresh, for I am so fond of them."

"Let me tell you another thing in regard to this canning business," said the one who is always willing to give all the information she can. "If you want to be able to slice your tomatoes nicely, you must can them before they are dead ripe, for if too soft they will go all to pieces when you cut them. You see I have out your experience to give you the benefit of. That we must 'live and learn' is very true, and I find that, keeping on the look out, I pick up many new and useful ideas."—Laura E. Hutchinson in N.Y. 'Observer.'

Expect the Holy Ghost to work with and for you. When a man is right with God, God will freely use him. There will rise up within him impulses and inspirations, strong strivings and strange resolves. These must be tested by scripture and prayer, and if evidently of God, they must be obeyed. But there is this perennial source of comfort: God's commands are enabling. He will never give us a work to do without showing exactly how and when to do it, and giving us the precise strength and wisdom we need. Do not dread to enter this life because you fear God will ask you to do something you cannot do. He will never do that. If he lays aught at your heart he will do so irresistibly. As you pray about it, the impression will continue to grow, so that presently, as you look up to know what he wills you to say or do, the way will suddenly open and you will probably have said the word or done the deed almost unconsciously. Rely on the Holy Ghost to go before you to make the crooked places straight and the rough places smooth. Do not bring the legal spirit of 'must' into God's free service. 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.' Let your life be as effortless as theirs, because your faith shall constantly hand over all difficulties and responsibilities to your ever present Lord. There is no effort to the branch in putting forth the swelling clusters of grapes—the effort would be to keep them back.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

Sept. 17, 1899.

POWER THROUGH THE SPIRIT.

Zech. iv., 1-14.

BY JOHN R. WHITNEY.

Golden Text.—Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. iv., 6.

The prophets Haggai and Zechariah stood in a very peculiar and important relation to each other. It required both of them to awaken the people of the Captivity to energy in building the Temple in Jerusalem. Whilst Haggai—as we saw last week—did not lose sight of the future 'glory of the house' (Hag. ii., 9), yet he laid special emphasis on its present condition. The people had been brought out of the captivity of Babylon for the express purpose of building, but they had not fulfilled that purpose. Therefore God's judgments rested upon them. They could be removed only by a careful considering of their ways and a faithful entering upon His work.

Zechariah, on the contrary, whilst recognizing as clearly as Haggai the sinfulness of the people (i., 2), emphasized before them the blessedness of building up the Temple, and of entering again into all of its gracious and significant services. In his visions he saw the near and distant future, and with all earnestness he pictured before them all that he saw, and with all faithfulness stimulated their desires for the promises of God.

When Zechariah appeared before the people, he saw on every side abundant evidences that the Lord had been displeased with their fathers, and he did not fail to call their attention to them (i., 2-6). Then he recounted to them his vision of a man riding upon a red horse—and he stood among the myrtle trees—and behind him were three red horses, speckled and white (i., 7-21). They said: 'We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold, all the earth sitteth still, and is at rest.' Then the angel of the Lord said to him: 'Cry thou, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts. I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy. I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies; My house shall be built in it, saith the Lord of hosts, and a line shall be stretched forth upon Jerusalem. My cities through prosperity, shall yet be spread abroad, and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem.'

Then the prophet lifted up his eyes again and looked, and behold, a man with a measuring line in his hand (ii., 1-8). As he looked, he heard one angel say to another: 'Run, speak to this young man, saying, Jerusalem shall be inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle therein. For I, saith the Lord, will be the glory in the midst of her.' And not long afterwards he added: 'There shall yet old men and old women dwell in the streets of Jerusalem, and every man with his staff in his hand for very age. And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof. Thus saith the Lord of hosts: If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in Mine eyes? saith the Lord of hosts' (viii., 4-6).

It was in truth a glorious, as well as a marvellous, prospect which was thus spread before the people. No wonder that they could not see how it could ever be realized, when they looked at the ruins on every side of them. But it is a no greater promise than that which God gives to all of His children when they really build for Him. Its fulfilment then is the guarantee of its fulfilment now.

One great difficulty in understanding to-day's lesson lies in the number and variety of the things presented to the prophet's eye and to the strange blending of one with another. In his description, he passes from one figure to another, without pause or explanation, and the mind becomes bewildered at the transitions. At one moment he sees a candlestick all of gold. Then he sees 'two olive trees.' Then 'a great mountain.' Then 'the headstone' of a building—a mason's plummet—and 'golden pipes.' It is not strange that when the angel that talked with him said—'Knowest thou not what these be?' he should have answered—'No, my lord' (verse 5).

Then it was explained to him that it was a message to Zerubbabel, and through him to all the people, and to us, a message of cheer and encouragement. Evidently it was a vision of the Temple completed, when as yet but very little more than the foundations had been laid, and they long ago. It was not only completed, even to the laying in its place the 'head-stone,' but it was in use, with the golden candlestick in its appointed place, and filling it with light. All of the difficulties which had risen up before Zerubbabel, blocking up his path like a great mountain which he could not remove, nor go around, or over, had been mysteriously but perfectly taken away. The 'Mountain' had become a plain, where every one could go straight forward. 'The hands of Zerubbabel,' the angel said, 'have laid the foundation of this house—his hands shall also finish it. For they shall rejoice, and shall see the plummet in the hand of Zerubbabel as a master-builder, and he shall bring forth the head-stone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace, unto it' (verses 7-10). But the angel impressed upon Zerubbabel, and through him upon all who build for God, in their own souls or in the world about them, that this blessed and glorious result would be accomplished, 'not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts' (verse 6). In this finished Temple, the one article

of furniture to which the prophet's attention was directed was the 'candlestick all of gold' (verse 2). It was the only source of light to those who entered into the 'Holy Place' in God's service. Opposite it stood the table of shew-bread, and beyond it, next to the curtain which separated the 'Holy Place' from the 'Most Holy,' was the altar of incense.

To understand the significance of all this we must remember that every article of furniture in the Tabernacle and in the Temple was a type of Christ as the one medium of access to God. (John xiv., 6.) Before any man could enter into the service of God—and none could enter that service but those who were made priests (Heb. ix., 6; Rev. i., 6)—he must come through the One Door, by the One Sacrifice which 'taketh away sin,' and be washed in the Cleansing Laver. Then he entered into the 'Holy Place,' and there he found in type, Jesus Christ as 'The Light' to direct his steps, as 'The Bread' on which he was to feed every day, and as the 'Intercessor' by whom the incense of his prayers ascended to the Father. Then in the 'Most Holy Place,' at the ark he found mercy, through Him who had kept the law.

In this vision of the prophet, however, the candlestick which he saw, did not stand alone. Beside it—on the right hand and on the left—stood 'two olive trees' with 'two golden pipes' through which 'the golden oil' was emptied 'out of themselves' into it. This unusual sight of trees growing in the Temple, greatly perplexed the prophet, and we find him twice appealing to the angel for an explanation of it. (Verses 11, 12.) 'Then said he, These are the two anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth' (verse 14).

This explanation has received many interpretations. By some 'the two anointed ones' are supposed to be Zerubbabel and Joshua themselves. Others have supposed that they represented the two sacraments of the Church, as the channels of divine grace to its members. Others still see in it a revelation of the unity of the Trinity in the work of man's purification—the Father and the Son co-operating in the gift of the Holy Ghost. And again others explain it as setting forth the two-fold character of Christ Himself—both Priest and King. Without confining ourselves to any of these interpretations, let us look at some of the facts in the case.

In the Temple service—and afterwards in the Temple—the Candlestick did not support on its seven branches candles, but on each one there was a lamp. The oil used in these lamps was to be 'pure oil.' It was procured by bruising or beating—as in a mortar or a press—the olive berry. Hence it was called 'pure oil beaten for the light, to cause the lamp to burn all ways' (Ex. xxvii., 20), or 'continually' (Lev. xxiv., 2). The oil itself was 'pure,' but it was not 'beaten.' It could be obtained, however, only from that which had been 'bruised' or 'beaten.' Each lamp was filled with this oil and lighted every evening by the high priest. It probably burned until the next evening, when it was again filled. 'The Holy Place' was thus illuminated, and those who entered into it had light when all around was darkness. It was the only light to direct the feet of those who served therein. Without it they could not see 'The Bread,' nor reach the place of prayer to offer 'Incense.'

Now as the Candlestick was a type of Christ as 'The Light,' so was the Oil a type of the Holy Ghost. They cannot, however, be separated from each other. For as the Candlestick without the Oil would give no light, so it is only when the Holy Ghost takes of the things of Christ and shows them to us, that we are able to see Him as 'The Light,' and 'The Life' of the soul. Moreover, the coming of the Holy Ghost was dependent upon the death of Him who was 'bruised for our iniquities' (Isa. liii., 5), who had 'trodden the wine-press alone' (Isa. lxiii., 3). He, Himself, said to His disciples of all time, 'It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.' (John xvii., 7.)

But the blessed influences of the Holy Ghost are not to be procured by any human agency, as the lamps were to be filled every night by the high priest. Hence in this vision of the finished Temple seen by the prophet, the oil—called 'golden oil' because of its priceless value—flowed directly from the living olive trees through 'golden pipes.' Evidently it was no material Temple at which he looked. That was only the figure of the true, the spiritual temple, built up in the soul of the believer, and in the world in which the believer dwells. To such temples the Holy Ghost must, and does, come in a continual stream of light and power from Him who was not only 'bruised for our iniquities, but who says, 'I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore.' (Rev. i., 18.)

This is the blessed condition set before us in this Gospel of Promise by Zechariah. It is offered to every poor sinner whose 'filthy garments' have been removed, and who has been 'arrayed in fine linen, clean and white.' (Rev. xix., 8.) Through the indwelling of the Holy Ghost he is brought into a living union with the living Christ, that he may shine as a light in the world to the glory of the Father. God does not promise more, and we ought not to be satisfied with less.

HOME READINGS.

M.—Zech. iv.—Power through the Spirit T.—II. Chron. xx., 5-18.—'Not by might,' W.—II. Chron. xxii., 1-8.—The Arm of the Lord. Th.—Isa. lix., 16-21.—Spirit of the Lord. F.—Rom. xv., 13-21.—Wrought by the Spirit. Sa.—I. Cor. i., 18-31.—Power in weakness. Sa.—I. Cor. iii.—Life by the Spirit.

DEPARTMENT.

Topic—Sept. 17, 1899.

UNHESITATING CONFIDENCE IN CHRIST.

II. Tim. i., 1-12.

'It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.' (Psa. cxviii., 8.)

'The fearful and unbelieving and abominable . . . shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone.' (Rev. xxi., 8.)

'He that feareth is, not made perfect in love.' (I. John iv., 18.)

Unhesitating confidence in an earthly friend is a quality with which only the worst natures are unfamiliar. A man will trust a friend, or even a stranger whom he considers honest, with the secrets of his business and largely with the success of his career. A man at the head of a large concern must have a certain amount of confidence in his employees, down to the youngest errand boy, or he cannot hope for success. Men must trust their employers to a certain extent or they will never get any work. A man begins the day in trust; he trusts the cook not to put poison in his breakfast; he trusts the driver not to run the car off the track; he trusts the houses not to fall on him; he expects to be kept from calamities of any kind. Yet this same man will tell you that he cannot trust Christ.

There is a fire raging in yonder street, Up in a front room on the top flat of the burning building three men are sitting; they smell the smoke and hear the cries of 'Fire! fire!' They look at each other. The first man says: 'It is a false alarm; I don't believe there is anything in it. You can go if you are afraid; I shall stay here and enjoy myself while I can.' The other men see the danger and open the door, thinking to escape down the stairs, but the staircase is a mass of flames! They rush to the window, and there, behold! a ladder which strong, merciful hands have raised for their relief. One man looks at the ladder, says that it is a nice-looking ladder, and that the people who raised it were doubtless very kind. He says he believes it to be a perfectly strong ladder, but that he would rather trust his own jumping powers. After which speech he carefully balances himself on the window sill and leaps to the ground below; falling on stones, he receives mortal injuries and is taken up for dead. The third man climbs down on the ladder and safely reaches the ground amid the thankful cheers of the crowd.

Impossible, you say, that men should act so madly as the first two. Not at all; it is a picture of every day life. Probably out of every three to whom the gospel message is given, the warning of fiery punishment for sins and the offer of a perfect salvation through Jesus' blood, one will say he does not believe a word of it, and that if it is true he will enjoy himself in this world anyway. Probably one out of three believes that a man should be good in order to escape punishment, and thinks that God's plan of salvation is a very good one, but that he can be saved some other way. He trusts the ladder, so to speak, but he does not trust himself to it. As one might say he trusted a chair, but would be afraid to sit on it for fear of its breaking down.

The trust that will save a soul must be something stronger than that. It must be as unhesitating as the trust a man must place on the ocean before he can learn to float. Many a man trusts his tailor and barber to make him look well outwardly, who will not trust the God of all grace to make his soul beautiful.

It is easy to despise the distrustfulness of others, but where do we stand ourselves? God is looking for men and women whom he can trust and through whom he can do mighty works. God cannot trust any one who does not trust Him. The Lord Jesus can only place confidence in the man or woman who has unhesitating confidence in Him. We may despise the smallness of mind which makes a man think he can manage his own affairs better than the Lord God of heaven and earth, but God calls doubting and fearfulness a sin.

Who, then, to-day will consecrate himself anew unto Jehovah, to be one whom He can trust in every place and under every circumstance? To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The converted Hindoos of Hyderabad have, in order to raise two hundred guineas for the Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund, resolved to have a weekly fast.

The earthquake in Rome has necessitated the closing of five churches. One, at Montepozio, was quite destroyed. The palaces of the aristocrats at Frascati were all badly damaged.

The prison population of Massachusetts to-day is 1,138 less than it was one year ago. The authorities disagree upon the cause thereof, but they join with the public in satisfaction in the fact.

It is not at all pleasant, says the Boston 'Congregationalist,' to read of the racial and religious ostracism and the brutality which has forced the only Jewish cadet at West Point to resign.

The 'Church Times' finds the present Church of England position as expounded by the Archbishop, to be intolerable, and concludes that if disestablishment is the only way out of it, disestablishment must be accepted.

The fall of Dr. Colquhoun, magistrate and city treasurer of Glasgow, whose

defalcations amount to over £100,000, and to the ruin of many people, some widows and orphans, is attributed to gambling at Ostend and Monte Carlo.

Licensed premises are being multiplied in Ireland at an alarming rate. Formerly there was a public-house for every 600 people; now there is one for every 40 in some towns; in others one for every 20; and in one small town in Galway there is a licensed house to every seven adults.

Out of a total population in Palestine of 290,000 souls, about 40,000 are Jews, as against 14,000 twenty years ago. In Jerusalem there are 22,000 Jews, half of whom have emigrated from Europe and America, and are called Ashkenazim to distinguish them from the Oriental Israelites, the Shephardists.

The latest development of the Salvation Army in New York is a bicycle band for the purpose of carrying on 'warfare' among bicyclists. Difficulty was experienced in the manipulations of the big drum, but this was finally surmounted by an arrangement of wires in front of the handle-bar, so that the driver steers with one hand, while he bangs away at his instrument with the other.

The peasant woman Danajeff, who succeeded the dying Czarowitz, has been received by the Empress Dowager of Russia, and the Czar is stated to have commanded the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch to express publicly to the Molokane community, a Protestant sect to which the woman belongs, the Imperial thanks for the good feeling manifested by her and her co-sectaries.

It was a hobby of the late American theatrical manager, Mr. Augustin Daly, to collect plates illustrating the bible. He had about eight thousand of them bound up with the text in a copy that made forty-two volumes, bound in half-white levant, with vellum sides. Mr. Henry Blackwell, the binder, used two Douai bibles for the text, as each page had to be pasted on special paper. Mr. Blackwell spent years on the work, and calculates that the cost of the bible to Mr. Daly must have been at least £5,000.

Some of the London journals have recently published correspondence on the unseemly behavior of visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral. The devotions of worshippers and the solemnity of the place are being interfered with by an increasing number of loungers, who frequent the noble edifice for other than devotional purposes. The great benefit for busy people of having a beautiful and historical sanctuary open for brief visits for rest and prayer, during the rushing hours of business, in the heart of the city is very great, and means must be taken to prevent the desecration of the building by thoughtless sightseers and idle loafers.

In England and Wales there is a population of about twenty-eight millions. Of these it is calculated that about ten millions, or just over one-third, attend divine service once at least on Sundays. In Scotland the population is about four millions and a half, roughly speaking, and it is estimated that of these just over one million attend service once a day on the Sabbath. In Ireland the population may be taken as being about five and a quarter millions, and the number calculated as attending some place of worship once a day on Sundays is over a million. There are, of course, many invalids, aged people and infants who are kept indoors all Sunday.

The Rev. Arnold Foster, of Hankow, working under the London Missionary Society, recently related: 'I remember on one occasion I had been translating a Chinese book bearing on opium-smoking, and I said to my Chinese writer and teacher, "Now, I want you, if you will, to get me some book that represents the other side." He said, "What other side?" "Why," I said, "there are a great many of my countrymen who say that opium does not do harm in all cases, but this book gives a very bad account of what opium does. I want to hear the other side." He said, "There is no other side." I said, "My countrymen say there is." The Chinaman replied, "No Chinaman says so, and you could not find a book making such a statement."

For a long time, in fact from Prof. Henry Drummond's death, says the Scottish correspondent of the 'British Weekly,' the students have been anxiously trying to secure some one who would work along the lines initiated by the author of 'Natural Law in the spiritual world.' An arrangement has now been completed whereby the Rev. John Kelman, of the Free North, will take services in the Operetta House next winter. These will be conducted as Prof. Drummond's were, namely, no meeting will be arranged for until the one preceding it. During last winter the Rev. John Kelman held very successful meetings for students, and they are to be congratulated on securing his special services now.

In May, 1848, a town meeting was called in San Francisco to take steps to organize a town church. A call was sent over to the Sandwich islands to the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, an American Board missionary, inviting him to come over and become the 'chaplain of the citizens of San Francisco.' Mr. Hunt accepted and became the first Protestant pastor in San Francisco. Now the Central Union Church, Honolulu, is making an aggressive move toward the evangelization of one of the Philippine Islands, Middanaso, an island five times as large as Massachusetts, with not a single Protestant missionary laboring among its population of 1,000,000. The Honolulu church raised at one collection \$10,000, and it will expend its money

through the Hawaiian Evangelical Association.

The Queen prizes Gordon's bible, which she has in her possession. The book never loses its interest for Her Majesty—indeed, she herself rarely fails to point it out to an infrequent visitor. It is of the plainest, being bound in a much-worn, limp leather cover, and lies on a satin cushion, open at the Gospel according to St. John. The bible is enclosed in a splendid casket of seventeenth century Italian work, with a frame of silver gilt and enamel, and sides of engraved rock crystal, and is in the Grand Corridor at Windsor. The casket stands on an ebony pedestal containing a clock with ornate mounts, and bears a small plate with engraved inscription recording the fact that the bible was presented to Her Majesty by his sister after the death of General Gordon. It is also in the Grand Corridor that the Queen speaks her last words for the evening to her guests before retiring to her private apartments.

The Zionist Congress at Basle, Aug. 16 to 17, has become an annual fixture in Switzerland. A communication from a Zionist in the 'Basler Nachrichten' affirms that the movement has made satisfactory progress during the past twelve months. It has earned the good wishes of not a few influential and liberal Christians, foremost amongst whom stands 'the renowned female Apostle of Peace, Bertha von Suttner.' The most fierce opposition, says he, has come entirely from the 'Camp of Israel itself.' The absurd misrepresentations have been circulated by Jewish pens, with the intention of hindering the adherence of the lower classes of Jews to the movement. 'The intellectual circles of Judaism are, for the most part, indifferent to it, and many express a hope to kill it by silence or contempt.' Others, who realise its possibilities of growth, indignantly attack Zionism as 'a movement of retrogression,' and an 'apostasy from culture.' In spite, however, of these hindrances, the movement is growing.

Many of the Boers in South Africa dwell in scattered villages, and about once a quarter they assemble at the nearest town and attend Communion service and other religious gatherings. The heavy ox-wagon is yoked at the distant farm, Mrs. Boer and the children are comfortably ensconced in it, the Kafir servants attend, and the whole party make for the church. Arrived on the spot, the Boer pitches his tent, and the family are prepared for the religious festival. The name given to such gatherings is Nachtmal, or Lord's Supper—doubtless from the fact that the Communion is administered during these meetings, which, perhaps, afford the only opportunity many of the Boers have of attending such a service. In a measure, the meeting appears to correspond to the camp-meeting in America. The women do not dress in their worst apparel, and the Boer farmers clothe their sturdy limbs in black. The State Church of the country is the United Dutch Reformed Church, which claims 30,000 adherents. They are strongly Calvinistic.

MONEY HARNESSSED BY SATAN.

(C. E. World.)

When Adam fell, his pocket-book fell with him. It is the money behind the whiskey business that springs up and strikes back as spitefully as a tiger cat at every proposition to abolish the saloon. Make the profits on whiskey as small as those on the retailing of sugar or flour, and the saloons would bang their doors shut, or else carry a line of bicycles to help pay expenses.

The enormous profit in catering to vice is always the rock on which temperance legislation and law-and-order crusades sink. It would not be so if the capital of so many Christians were not depraved.

In Akron, O., last winter, the saloon-keepers threatened, if not allowed their sweet will, to close all their places for a year, just to show the town that social conditions and public revenue demand saloons.

Suppose Christian money had met this bluff with the ready answer: 'Good riddance to your saloons, bag and baggage. We will substitute social clubs without intoxicating drinks—clubs that do not club the sense out of the workingman's head, and the dollars out of his pocket. We will guarantee that the increase of revenue from legitimate business, unencumbered by the saloon, will make up any loss.'

In Berkeley, Cal., recently, the town board of trustees was induced to pass a strict prohibitory ordinance, by the tender of a bond, by two prominent temperance leaders, indemnify the town against possible loss of revenue, to the amount of \$1,800.

In Washington County, Penn., a wealthy man bequeathed \$75,000 as a permanent temperance campaign fund.

These instances of money arrayed against intemperance make but small showing against the billion of dollars which it is announced will be necessary to combine all the breweries and distilleries in a great trust, but they are straws which show what victories will be possible when the clean dollar of the redeemed man is pitted against the dirty dollar; when it ceases to be said that a man can be saintly, and his dollars devilish or neutral.

The power of money is harnessed to Satan's work in the case of the vicious daily and Sunday newspaper. The conclusive answer to all protests is: This kind of journalism pays, and hence it will stay. Capital seeks the largest re-

turns, therefore it must be expected to promote moral rottenness and not cleanse the gutter out of which comes its dividends.

Monstrous! if it is the capital of professedly Christian men. The most dangerous heretic of to-day is the heretical dollar that declares on its face, 'In God we trust,' but does not trust him enough to stand for righteousness when dirt pays better. The kingdom will not come until Christian men are as scrupulous about the effect of their investments upon society as they are about the virtue of the women they marry.

Charles M. Sheldon was a true prophet of coming days when he portrayed a business man putting up his thousands of dollars to back a clean newspaper in his town. If we are not educating the capitalists of the next generation to expect to do just such unbusinesslike (?) things as that, and multiply them a thousand times, for the glory of God, how shall we ever find forgiveness for slighting our opportunity?

There is nothing in this vision that overlooks the fact that the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, and that Peter, in the day of the Church's most conspicuous endowment, with power, said, 'Silver and gold have I none.'

Peter probably would have had some silver in his pocket had he not sold his house at Capernaum, and his fishing-smack on Galilee, and put his all into the common fund, with Barnabas and the rest.

There was no more convincing demonstration of divine power in Peter's time, and there can be none in ours, than unharassing the Christian's surplus money from Satan's work, and harnessing it to the great benevolent, humane, and Christian enterprises which stand for the kingdom of righteousness.

THE CONVENTION IDEA IN MEXICO.

(Rev. James D. Eaton, in 'Congregationalist'.)

Although to a stranger Mexico may appear to be delightfully antique in its prehistoric remains, its solidly constructed buildings and the costumes and customs of its people, yet the Mexicans who have been brought into contact with the outside world show great readiness to adopt the newest and best things.

In the near past a popular gathering of any kind, except perhaps a pilgrimage to a noted shrine or a massing of insurgents, would have been as great a novelty as an arc light. There was nothing corresponding to political or religious conventions, so common in America, for the prevailing ideas in church and state were wholly opposed to such assemblies. All its government is paternal in character, and does not yet regard its children as capable of counselling or guiding.

It is worthy of note, therefore, that through the influence of evangelical Christianity the idea of conventions for promoting spiritual life, comparing methods of work, extending mutual acquaintance amongst completely isolated districts and studying problems is received with rapidly growing favor. Thus the influence of Christian missions, far from alienating the affections of the people from their own soil, or making them ready instruments for treacherous use by a foreign invader, as charged by the clerical party, is actually training them to become more thoughtful and united patriots.

At the late convention of Christian Endeavorers, Epworth Leaguers and Sunday-school workers, held in San Luis Potosi, in the C. E. rally the sentiment that was received with the greatest applause was that the motto of the societies should be 'not Mexico para los Americanos, but Mexico para Cristo.' The white badges of the delegates, showing in the centre the Mexican coat of arms, attracted much attention in the streets and hotels. A priest who lives near the beautiful church where most of the sessions were held remarked to the native pastor that he was astonished and disturbed to see that so many families, representing both the well-to-do and the humbler classes, had been won by Protestantism, yet he added that such evident sincerity and energy deserved to succeed.

Large sacrifices were made to reach the convention and meet the cost of living there. One company of twelve young men, who could not pay railway fares, came on horseback three hundred miles, bringing their C. E. banner with them, and before the convention closed two, for the first time, declared themselves for Christ. Another party paid twenty dollars a piece in stage fare to reach the nearest railway. Another delegate, who had to travel nearly eight hundred miles by rail, was so impressed that he declares his intention to attend all subsequent conventions.

To a respectful salutation from the Mexican National Convention of Young People's Christian Societies the governor replied, in part: 'Deeply do I appreciate your message and the good wishes you have expressed for this republic, and particularly for this state. I trust you will kindly convey to all who comprise your worthy convention my thanks, and my best wishes for their happiness, for the success of their labors, and that their stay in this capital may be pleasant.' Many of the civil authorities already understand that amongst the Protestants are to be found the best friends of good morals and good government.

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The Witness.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1899.

If the estimate of the world's wheat supply made by the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture be anywhere near correct, our farmers ought to get good prices for their grain this fall. Hungary is one of the largest wheat-growing countries in Europe, and, like Canada and the United States, grows it for export, so that the minister ought to be a good authority on the subject. Estimates, however carefully made, are not, it must be allowed, always correct. In Chicago, where great pains are taken to obtain accurate figures, some surprising mistakes have been made, and, as a consequence, many a speculator has come to grief, as Leiter did last year. Farmers are always slow to sell if they can possibly wait for their money, and as storage to the extent of their barn capacity costs them nothing, there is always a considerable amount of grain to come forward just when the market is thought to be about cleaned out.

Corea is the nearest neighbor to Japan on the mainland. Its future is of vital interest to the island empire, for if Russia should secure a firm foothold there the position of Japan would be worse than precarious when, his plans completed, the Great Bear would be in a position to strike at her independence. But it appears that the Japanese have not been idle, for the Shanghai correspondent of the London "Times" says their influence has completely supplanted that of Russia. Japan has an old claim on Corea, and is in close touch with its government and people on account of similarity of race and language and more intimate commercial associations. The Japanese having themselves but recently emerged from conditions not unlike those which prevail in the hermit kingdom, are obviously better fitted than the Russians, or indeed any other nation, to lift the Coreans out of the ruts of Orientalism and lead them to the new civilization. Great as the advantages would be to Japan should she become paramount in Corea, the advantages to Corea would be greater.

Complaint is made of the extraordinary length of time required to argue the Venezuelan arbitration case, and those who oppose that mode of settlement of international disputes cite this fact as an argument against it. But everybody must agree that it is infinitely better that lawyers should talk for months at each other across a room, and make un-conscionable fees, than that armies should fight, desolate territory, spread death, destruction and misery, only to arrive at the same, or nearly the same, conclusion in the end. Considering all the suffering and misery, the waste of life and treasure that accompanied the war between the United States and Spain, all of which but for the yellow journals might just as well have been done without, and reflecting on the complications, dangers and difficulties arising as a result of it, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that it would have been better for both nations had their dispute been referred to arbitration, as Spain proposed and the United States refused. There are some things, however, which seem providentially appointed to take place, and that war had effects entirely remote from its intentions in the drawing together of two kindred peoples which are worth perhaps all its cost.

There is probably some truth in the statement cabled from London that Russia is intriguing to prevent an amicable settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute. The Russian motive in selling the territory to the United States was to spite Great Britain for thwarting her in Turkey, and for fear that the British, in event of war, would seize Alaska, as they should have done during the Crimean war, instead of sending an abortive expedition to the Aleutian Islands. Russia has always been effusive in her expressions of friendship for the United States, because her statesmen thought there was a common bond between them in hatred for Great Britain, and because they were desirous of developing that hatred. The sale of Alaska was a master stroke in the way of creating a bone of contention. They counted on this hatred to help them when the 'inevitable conflict' should come in Asia. The last thing they looked for was the establishment of cordial relations between the republic and Great Britain; much less did they imagine that these two would ever make common cause in the east, or that the United States would become a territorial power on the Asiatic side of the Pacific. Fear of a combined Anglo-Saxondom, as writers are suggesting, urge Russian statesmen to seek to aggravate matters in connection with the Alaska boundary question; but that dispute will surely never assume such proportions as to lead to a serious misunderstanding between two nations whose manifest interest it is to work together, not only in the Far East, but in all parts of the world.

We heartily hope the movement among the medical practitioners of Canada to secure for themselves some national status may be successful. The principle of our constitution which relegates educational matters exclusively to the provinces has had in a great many ways a very provincializing effect upon our people. A good deal of petty provincial exclusiveness has grown up, for instance, in our school systems. Each province protects the pupils of its own normal schools and makes the path of an outsider seeking a place in its school system comparatively difficult. Each province has its own school books, and some of these are accused of being very provincial indeed. All this is narrowing instead of broadening. The effect on the medical profession is to give our physicians only a provincial standing. A man in large practice in his own province is only a layman across the boundary line. And this provincial standing is very naturally not recognized abroad. The only thing that can secure to our medical men, who are acknowledged to be second to none, the practical recognition by the world which is their due, is to adopt a system of national certificates. Attempts to supersede the provincial boards by a national board have failed, and it is to be feared always would fail. Apart from the fact that such a change would appear to have the British North America Act against it, it has necessarily the opposition of all the provincialism of the country. The present proposal is therefore simply to add a new and stiffer examination, based on a more complete training, as the basis of a national certificate which could, and would, be recognized throughout the empire, and no doubt by other countries.

It is the intention of the directors of the Banque Jacques Cartier to recommence business if seventy-five percent of the depositors sign the requisition and agree to leave their deposits in the hands of the bank for twelve months. Only depositors with a hundred dollars or more to their individual credit are asked to sign, and it is the intention of the management to pay off the small depositors so soon as the doors of the bank are opened again, if that should come to pass. It was some of the largest depositors in the first place who urged that the bank should resume business and not sacrifice its assets, as it would have to have done if it had gone into immediate liquidation. It is understood that in the neighborhood of seventy percent of the total of deposits has been signed over by the depositors for the twelve months' extension required, and if about five percent more came in, the bank would re-open its head office in less than fifteen days. Some of the depositors have been willing to sign for three or six months, but not for a year; this is of no use to the directors, however, who are convinced that a year's delay is necessary to consolidate the position of the bank, and who are determined to grant no preferences, but to treat all alike. The directors claim that the bank is perfectly solvent, and their statement seems to prove it, and it is their intention to increase the capital stock of the bank considerably if the business is resumed. The bank suspended on Monday, the first of August, so that business must be resumed on or before the thirtieth of October next, when the ninety days allowed by the act expires, or not at all.

Commander Vignot, of the French navy, who suggests as a means of avenging the Fashoda affair the construction of a ship canal between Narbonne and Arcahon, to connect the Mediterranean Sea with the Bay of Biscay, has merely revived an old scheme. This work was seriously contemplated by Bonaparte when he was considering the possibility of successfully contesting British naval supremacy, and before his hopes in that direction were destroyed by the ruinous defeat of his fleets at the Nile and Trafalgar. Surveys were actually made, and the scheme pronounced feasible, but lack of money and more pressing engagements led to its abandonment. Occasionally since that time advocates of the canal have urged its construction, and, like our own Georgian Bay canal, the localities chiefly interested have lost no favorable opportunity for bringing it forward. It is doubtful, however, considering the size of modern battleships and the extent of the locks that would be required to accommodate them, whether the canal could be constructed except at a cost which the national finances in the present state could not bear. Certainly the happiest way yet suggested of getting even with Great Britain for the Fashoda rebuff would be the building of a canal, which would have considerable commercial advantage. The best way of all, if Frenchmen would only see it, would be to devote their energies now wasted on warlike preparations and bootless colonial enterprises, to developing their existing resources and consolidating their institutions. The best 'revanche' France could have on Great Britain would be to make herself industrially and commercially great, establish peace without and vindicate justice within her own borders. The best feature of that sort of revenge would be that the British would themselves appreciate, approve and applaud it.

Explaining his policy, should he carry the elections in Manitoba, Mr. Hugh John Macdonald is reported as saying that he intended to guard against the danger of a sudden influx of large numbers of Slavs, who know nothing of representative government or of free institutions, by enacting that they must acquire a sufficient knowledge of the English tongue to be able to speak and read it before they can vote. According to the British North America Act, which is the constitution of Canada, jurisdiction in matters of civil rights is expressly vested in the provincial legislatures. The enactment proposed by Mr. Macdonald would therefore be within the competence of the Manitoba Legislature. The only thing to be considered is the wisdom of it. Of that, we think, there can be no doubt for two sufficient reasons—first, the one stated by Mr. Macdonald; second, the necessity for bringing these strangers into harmony with the rest of our population by their acquiring and understanding the language, laws and institutions of the

country. The danger of admitting masses of ignorant foreigners to full citizenship before they have acquired such knowledge was demonstrated in the United States, and led to the enactment of just such a law as Mr. Macdonald suggests. The educational test is admittedly the best that can be devised. Under its operation the second generation of newcomers will grow up Canadians and become, by natural process, identified with the country. It may be said that in advocating such legislation we would be taking the same stand as that of the Boers towards the Uitlanders. There is at least this difference, that the Uitlanders are people born and reared under free institutions, accustomed to self-government and of superior intelligence, education and enterprise to the Boers, which cannot be said of these Slavic peoples and their institutions when comparing them with those of Canada. At all events, when the case is our own, it seems good to us to admit them to the full rights of citizenship only on the condition that they become as we are ourselves. This is really the only way by which a homogeneous nationality can be built up.

Mr. Brady, governor of Alaska, said to some Canadians in Yukon: 'Great Britain never yields territory unless she gains by yielding; why should we? We do not want British fortifications built on the Lynn canal.' There is in all this not a word about right. It is simply, 'we have grabbed and we mean to keep.' Mr. Brady is simply a freebooter, as no doubt all his fathers were, and all ours, for that matter. His argument is, Great Britain is a freebooter; why should not we be? There is no doubt something in this argument. It is indeed the first scintilla of reasoning that we have ever seen in connection with the American boundary demands. It has the advantage of honesty, too, which remains greatly to be desired in connection with most of what is urged between peoples. It assumes that the presence of the United States in Alaska means, and always did mean, that Great Britain and the United States are enemies. The United States has no sort of use for the six hundred miles of our coast line except to injure and harass British territory, by excluding us from the sea. That was what she got it for, and Governor Brady does not see why the United States should not keep not only all of it that she would obtain under fair arbitration, but all she chooses to claim without submitting to any arbitration. Governor Brady does not want an alliance, either expressed or understood, with Great Britain. He is a good specimen of the marauder who so frequently does the pioneer work of civilization; he does not, as is generally done, clothe his lust for possession under the name of Civilization or of Liberty. He is, however, the same freebooter as the Boer, who in the name of the Lord and at the point of the rifle brought the blacks of South Africa to servitude, took their country from them, and made them work for him. He is the same freebooter as Rhodes and all his crowd, who have all sorts of good reasons for demanding things of the Boers, but whose bottom reason is that Great Britain ought in his opinion to control South Africa, and is going to do it. He is the same freebooter as those who, seeing the Spaniards unable to take possession of the Philippine Islands, said, 'Hands off, there; see us do it.' If we have sympathy with these other freebooters, why should we be angry with Governor Brady and the people who are behind him?

THE BOER FORCE.

The latest news leads to better hope that a collision with the Boers may be escaped, a result for which many on both sides have been praying. There is therefore hope that forecasts as to the outcome of a war are out of date. Still, the risks of war are often a powerful argument on the side of peace. President Kruger has no doubt been anxiously counting, among others, the passage about the king with ten thousand soldiers considering how he could meet an enemy with twenty thousand, and then sending an 'ambassage' when he was yet a great way off to ask for conditions of peace. An estimate by British authorities of the military strength of the Boers places the number of men they could put in the field at twenty thousand, out of a total population of sixty thousand of all ages and both sexes. The Uitlanders number eighty-seven thousand and told, of whom eighty percent are British subjects. After making due allowance for the number of warriors that may be

required to defend their homes, hold the towns, keep the natives in check and watch the Uitlanders, there would not be more than fifteen thousand men to take the field against the British. They have a few hundred more or less trained artillerymen and some modern guns. They are well equipped with rifles and ammunition, but they lack the solidarity and effectiveness produced by military training and association. Their great strength lies in the fact that they know the country perfectly, are good horsemen, of fine physique, capable of enduring much fatigue, and admirable shots. Conflicts with the natives have made them cunning in stratagem and adepts in irregular warfare. Concerning their reputation as marksmen, attention is drawn to the Matabele rebellion of 1896, when a troop of Boers were raised to aid the British, and it was found that their shooting was inferior to that of the British troops. From this it was concluded that they are good shots on ground with which they are familiar, know the distances and can choose their cover. It is also pointed out that, whereas the advantages were all with the Boers in the last war, the whole situation is now thoroughly understood by the British. The war, if it should unfortunately take place, is expected to be one chiefly of manoeuvres. There will be no walking into traps as at Majuba Hill. The object will be to strike directly at Pretoria and Johannesburg, in order to seize the seat of Boer government and release the Uitlanders. The prime weakness of the Boer position is that they will either have to leave a large force to keep down the Uitlanders, and thus weaken their strength in the field, or run the risk of attack in their rear by the Uitlanders, assisted by a flying column sent to them with arms by the road taken by the Jameson raiders. As to the threat of employing natives, it is held that such an act would unite all the whites of Africa against the Boers. Besides, the British could play that game too, and with greater chances of success. A point of more importance is the rumored possibility of the Dutch in Natal and Cape Colony going to the assistance of their countrymen. This is not regarded as a serious danger, though some are likely to do so. Of the issue there appears to be no doubt, nor is it thought the war would be of long duration. While it is admitted that the Boers would vindicate their reputation for stubbornness by making a determined stand, it is regarded as impossible that they could successfully resist the highly organized and thoroughly equipped army that would be brought against them.

THE POWER BEHIND THE CON-STABLE.

'Policeman, why don't you arrest that boy; don't you see that he has been stealing apples?' 'I don't dare to, ma'am; the other day I arrested a boy that a gentleman gave me in charge, and he never appeared against him, and I had no case, and only made an enemy, ma'am, and so it is every time, ma'am.' We are far from excusing the police of Montreal for allowing the apple crop to be annually carried off in the presence of the whole public inside the capacious shirts of small boys, and even in great bags, until the thieves have come to think that they have a right to forestall the apple harvest, and are ingeniously indignant when any one interferes with their freedom in the matter. In some way the police of Westmount seem to be able to do something in the way of protecting the apples there, and possibly the slopes of the Little Mountain will regain the fame for apples once enjoyed by Montreal, that is, if they do not become solidly covered with houses, as now threatens. But it is not with regard to apple stealing, but with regard to the deeper lesson of the policeman's words, that we wish to speak. The chief reason, after all, why the Westmount policeman is more efficient than the Montreal one is that public opinion there bears him out better in doing his duty.

The late Mr. Rolland, than whom we never had a more public-spirited citizen, used to say that we need not expect the police to enforce the laws under present conditions. Every time an officer did his duty he necessarily made a considerable circle of enemies, and, very often, when he least thought it, enemies who could bring influence to bear against him; so that the man who did his duty not only became a generally disliked man, but was pretty sure to incur checks to his promotion. The only hope of making it otherwise was for the citizens to band together and see to it that the

faithful man got the public approval and the rewards he deserved. Mr. Rolland himself did his best to carry out these principles, and as we know did good service. If a newspaper was prosecuted for showing up some den of vice he would see to it that respectable witnesses did not shirk their responsibility, and even the curd, if need be, would stand up to his guns like a man; he would see to it, too, that the policeman who showed a will to secure evidence got promotion, if his influence would secure it. But how many citizens take trouble to do that sort of thing? Trouble it must be admitted to be; tribulation would perhaps be a better word; for none can take active part in having the law enforced without being traduced and insulted, even by the demoralized officials whom he is making an effort to aid, and by a venal press, always on the side of whoever can best afford to pay it, until the very name of being connected with a league for law enforcement is sufficient to make a patriotic citizen into a sort of Dick Densley in the eyes of the multitude.

The same sort of evil runs through all our social system. There are parts of this Canada of ours in which crimes are committed concerning which the truth is generally believed to be known, yet concerning which the wheels of justice can never be got to move forward. This is especially the result when a seduction results in murder. The friends of the woman desire nothing but secrecy, and those of the man think him unfortunate. Between the one set and the other the whole township is compromised and interested in the balking of justice, and so the community condones the crime and willingly takes the blood of the murdered one on its own head. And this is not the only, or the worst, form of crime that is thus passively hushed up, even by the aid of justices of the peace and, shall we say it, of ministers. In a community that thus accepts criminality, who can expect law to be enforced? The law is always better than the people, but its enforcement seldom is. The strongest force is often, we had almost said usually, on the side of the evildoer. He has a life and reputation at stake, and, as one said who ought to know the heart of the evildoer, all that a man hath will he give for his life. Or he is making lots of money out of his crime, and he will use that to embarrass justice and to injure all who try to enforce the law, while who is there that is ready to give money to help the law enforcer?

An eminent detective has been making herculean and public-spirited efforts to bring to punishment the men who are blasting our community and bringing it into the contempt of the world by lottery schemes disguised under all sorts of subterfuges, but he is simply out of pocket after fighting the evil as far as he could. There was, he says, no public backing or encouragement, and he cannot afford to do it any more. Even in parliament the bill that was to have made his way plainer was balked by somebody. A newspaper boldly lifts up its voice and denounces an obvious fraud, and it has to stand expensive prosecution. Does the government come forward and bear the cost of this vindication of its rights, or do citizens come forward with aid? If the newspaper gains its case it is greatly out of pocket, and if it loses, as is often the chance of the best intentioned and most prudent public service, then, in the eyes of the public it has served, it is a fool for its pains. It is the same with a society which takes the public interests on its shoulders. The members of the committee are allowed to shoulder their law expenses; and if they lose, though with ever so good a vindication of their course, they get kicks for their knight-errant folly in addition to their heavy personal losses. At one time it was accounted the duty of every Englishman to be just such a fool. Every Anglo-Saxon was a constable in his own hundred, and was accounted a bad citizen if he did not, to the full extent of his power, see to the good behavior of his neighbors, even at loss to himself, and he could call on every other member of the hundred to help him. It is perhaps well for Anglo-Saxondom that there are a few such fools left.

ROUGHING IT.

To those Canadians whose memory can go back for fifty years the announcement of the death of Mrs. Trull will sound like the breaking of a tie which bound them to the past and to a period in Canadian history when our country was far different from what it is now.

Last of the five gifted Strickland sisters, she lived nearly to complete the century, having seen the country, to which she came in early days as a pioneer, transformed from a primeval forest wilderness into a land literally flowing with milk and honey. Though all the sisters made names for themselves in literature, that of Mrs. Moodie, the author of 'Roughing it in the Bush,' and of 'Life in the Clearing,' is best known to Canadian readers on account of the vividness of her descriptions of the labors, privations and trials endured by settlers in the wild woods of what is now the Province of Ontario, then regarded as the Great West of Canada. But the student of Canadian history, or any one who desires to obtain a knowledge of what this country was like previous to the era of steam and electricity, when travelling was done mostly in canoes, when not on foot, when the forests extended with but few settlements from Montreal to Lake Huron, when Indians were plentiful and the whole country was a hunter's paradise, should read the works of Mrs. Moodie and Mrs. Traill. They have a freshness and a charm peculiar to themselves, while their quaint sincerity and naivete make them as interesting in their way as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. It must be admitted, however, that these books did not make what the government would consider good emigration literature. The pictures they presented were not too inviting, save in that they gave the certain promise of independence in freehold homes to all who were brave and strong enough to leave the old country and face the conditions of life in the backwoods. The Strickland sisters belonged to a class of well-bred people who after the close of the Napoleonic wars settled in Canada. These settlers had mostly been connected with the army—both Mrs. Traill and Mrs. Moodie were wives of retired officers. There were hundreds like them, and wherever they settled they implanted that spirit of loyalty, love of British institutions and religious observance which still characterize the people of Ontario. Though little fitted to cope with the difficulties of pioneer life, they possessed qualities which made them invaluable in a new country, and set up a standard of conduct which, it is hoped, will never be lowered by their descendants. Canada, therefore, owes them a debt of gratitude, and should remember them forever with pride and reverence.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLANKS.

The Ohio Democrats have sounded the keynote of the party for the coming presidential campaign. The Chicago platform of 1896 is reaffirmed, with three additional planks, namely, anti-imperialism, opposition to foreign entangling alliances and resistance to capitalistic combinations. With reference to the Chicago platform it will be noticed that the bimetallic ratio is now placed at sixteen to seven, a considerable change from sixteen to one. This is a concession to actual facts, and is a vast improvement upon the preposterous defiance of fact contained in their former attitude. But such a revolutionary change of view ought surely to offer a convincing proof of the impossibility of fixing a permanent ratio between two metals of diversely fluctuating value. This silver plank is the worst feature in the platform, and is sure to prove a weakness at least in the eastern and north-eastern states.

The anti-imperialist plank is much sounder, and may possibly develop great strength and popularity. Its framers assume that the farmers generally and the workmen are unfriendly to expansion. Those who take anti-expansion ground have all the distinctive and deeply ingrained traditions of the American people on their side. It is difficult for a man who believes with his whole heart that Washington was right to reconcile this with a belief that Aguinaldo is wrong. A people whose school training is largely made up of abuse of Great Britain for seeking to force her rule upon her own colonies will not be able to see clearly how much better the act is when the same thing is done with regard to people who never were part and parcel of the would-be controlling power. The spectacle of United States troops slaughtering a foreign people fighting for their liberty on their own soil in a distant quarter of the globe, is discordant with every idea of right cherished by the Americans as a people. On the other hand, the viking still lives in the Anglo-Saxon of to-day, and love of ruling others is in him as well as hatred of being ruled by others. No people know so well as he how to subject his theories to the force of circumstances or to the

'logic of events.' The popularity of this anti-imperialist cry will therefore depend largely on whether the Filipino campaign can be brought to an early and brilliant finish or not. In any case, the administration can count a very long way on the natural desire of a strong nation to use power when it has it, and also on the conviction which never deserts the Anglo-Saxon that his race is born to rule other peoples for their good.

The plank against foreign alliances is primarily directed against Great Britain. It is an appeal to the enmity of the Irish and the Germans against Anglo-Saxonism. Its effectiveness will nevertheless depend largely on how far school-book traditions still rule the native population, or how far these shall be found to have given way to the sense of larger national life which the people have learned to associate with an imperial career and Anglo-Saxon brotherhood. As a matter of fact, there is no alliance even threatened, and there is a weakness in running a campaign simply against a sentiment. The declaration against capitalistic combination will be strong or weak according as the election falls on good times or bad. Every one has come to recognize such combinations as a tendency of our day. People have begun to believe that, whatever may be its purpose, capitalism has tended to the cheapening of production and of transportation, and so to lessening the cost of living. They are realizing, too, that many enterprises which bring wealth to whole peoples are impossible without gigantic combinations. Examples of this are to be seen in the enormous ventures of capital now being organized in Nova Scotia to exploit industries which have proved a failure in weaker hands, ventures which are being looked forward to by the people of the province to check the outflow of their best population and to bring about a powerful return current. Something the same may be said of the very daring risks that Mr. Reid is taking in Newfoundland, a region that without his unexampled enterprise would have remained derelict, and which may bring nothing but loss to him; but in him it has at least the hope of redemption. While, therefore, jealousy of the concentration of power will remain in full force, and theories as to how to overcome that evil will be of growing interest, the keenness of the feeling against capitalistic combinations will depend very much on whether the people find themselves well or ill off.

MANNING THE SHIPS.

With an ever-growing navy, and a corresponding demand for able seamen of British nationality to man it, or what is equally important, supply the necessary reserves for emergencies, the alleged decline in the number of native-born seamen employed in the mercantile marine may well engage the best attention of the public and of the Admiralty. According to the officials of the Shipping Federation there is no such decline as is asserted. However that may be, it is said that scarcely a ship leaves any of the great ports without a very considerable percentage of her crew being 'Dutchmen'—the sailor's term for foreigners of all nationalities except British, a fact largely owing to the willingness of these foreigners to accept what the British seamen regard as a very low wage, fourteen dollars a month being about the pay obtained at the present time. England being a free trade country, and the profits connected with shipping cut exceedingly fine, so long as there are 'Dutchmen' to be found who are willing to work for lower wages than the Englishman, so long will ship-owners, in the absence of prohibitive legislation, employ them. Of course, this would not be the case were it not that the foreign seaman, by shipping in British vessels, secures better wages, as well as food, than he would obtain in his own mercantile navy.

It is pointed out, however, that the reason which weighs most with skippers and mates in preferring 'Dutchmen' to Englishmen is undoubtedly the fact that the former do not get drunk to anything like the same extent as the British sailor. It is not that the mate looks upon drunkenness from any particularly moral standpoint, but if a man who has 'signed on' goes away and gets drunk, it is very probable that he may not turn up when the ship is about to sail, or if he come on board in proper time, the chances are that he will be so drunk that he cannot do his work. The 'Dutchman,' on the contrary, is pretty sure to turn up on sailing day, and to turn up sober, so that in this respect he is more to be depended upon than the native-born seaman. Dissipation,

moreover, makes of the seaman an easy prey to crimps, in whatever port he may happen to be. Many of the foreign-born seamen—Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Finns and Germans—are excellent sailors, and, other things being equal, there is no good reason why they should not find employment on British shipping, and although on many accounts it might be highly desirable to see the latter manned with British-born seamen only, legislation cannot in itself effect the result without injury to all concerned. The trouble rises from the fact that the British subject is better off than the foreigner, and when he keeps himself straight wants more pay than the foreigner is willing to work for. It is plain that the British vessel owner must carry on his business at the lowest cost or a worse disaster would follow than not having enough of native Britons to man the navy, as there would soon be but little mercantile marine to protect. Legislation cannot therefore be looked for that would render it compulsory to man merchantmen either with British-born sailors, who would cost more than equally efficient and trusty Scandinavians, or, should the choice be such, with British-born drunkards in preference to sober 'Dutchmen.'

MILITARISM.

Pretorianism is a word of ominous significance in France at present, and there seems to be a suspended fear that the idea it represents may possibly materialize after the Rennes court-martial has been brought to a close. Among the Romans imperialism was the result of militarism. The very word emperor, imperator, simply means commander of the army, and what we would call the 'Horseguards'—the army headquarters had practically the making and shaping of governments. This is the danger with which France has for some time been, and still is, threatened, and what sort of a rule it would be she has had the best means of learning from the exposures of the unmitigated scoundrelism of the officer class, from whose control France would seem to have escaped only through the fact that there was not one in the whole group of conspirators man enough to stand forth as a leader of the rest and strike the blow for the subjugation of his country. France has made enormous sacrifices for the army, and has regarded it as the bulwark of the nation, but now she stands in dread of it. The officers of the army at large seem, however the rank and file may feel, to be touched with the same spirit of arrogant military superiority over the civil power. Free peoples have always had an instinctive dread of permitting the army to become too strong. In Great Britain to this day the army only exists from year to year by permission of parliament, while the navy, of which the people have no fear, is established permanently. The same distrust of the military in the United States fixed the strength of the army at twenty-five thousand men. Recent wars, however, have increased it to nearly one hundred thousand, a fact which gives the opponents of expansion their strongest argument against that policy. But there is no free people now menaced with the same dangers which confront the people of France. The party responsible for the present troubles does not aim at a mere change of government; it wants to bring about a fundamental change and revert to imperial forms, which the experience of over a century condemns as unstable and unfortunate. That the reactionaries, ecclesiastical and aristocratic, should look to the army to support them in their treasonable designs is a bad sign. The saving fact is that the French army is practically the French nation, the conscription being universal. The question that is involved is whether in time of crisis it would be governed by discipline, the one thing that it worships, and destroy the nation, or whether its sympathy with the nation would make it mutiny against the military oligarchy. It would be a sad choice to have to make. But the situation is only another proof of the old saying that a great army is a great curse.

THE PATRIOT'S POSITION.

Sir Charles Tupper set a good example to his followers when he declared that he would support the government in its efforts to maintain Canadian rights in the Alaska boundary dispute, and what he has said during his present trip to England may be accepted as proof of his sincerity. The leader of the Opposition having thus put himself on record, it is much to be regretted that certain journals of his party should adopt a

course more calculated to give encouragement to the aggressor than to sustain Sir Charles in the patriotic stand he has taken. All the talk about Sir Wilfrid Laurier intending to run a jingo campaign in the coming general elections is but echoing and giving dangerous countenance to those Washington slanders which have spread so much indignation against Canada throughout the United States and have caused us to be so much misunderstood in Great Britain. This mode of warfare is but a copy of the expressions of the Democratic press of the United States with reference to next year's presidential contest. The evil of it lies in the encouragement it gives to that party in the United States which accuses the Dominion Government of preventing a settlement of the boundary question for mere political party reasons. A little reflection ought to show these people that any reasonable settlement which would put an end to the dispute would be an infinitely stronger card for the Dominion Government than anything in the way of jingoism. The people of Canada are pretty level-headed, as the saying is, and are not likely to be led away by false cries, and it is crediting the government with little wisdom to suppose it is going to run an election campaign on lines so manifestly untenable. Certainly, it has a right to claim support for the manner in which it has maintained the Canadian side of the controversy. But a jingo campaign is the last it would look to for popularity, as its traducers seem well to understand. In any case, it is treasonable to embarrass those who are loyally and moderately upholding the country's interests at a dangerous and serious crisis, and to play into the hands of those who are trying to get the better of us.

TOO MANY DOCTORS.

Dr. Irving H. Cameron, presiding over the Canadian Medical Association, recently in session in Toronto, addressed that gathering on the overcrowding of the medical profession. He said that it used to be held in old days that a population of a thousand would keep a physician in affluence, but that there were in Toronto, and indeed in most places, twice that number of physicians to the thousand, a circumstance which made it very hard for medical men to get a living. These figures no doubt appealed to Dr. Cameron's immediate audience more than they will to those who do not look on the problem from exactly the same point of view. Most people do not look upon medical schools and the exclusive privileges accorded to their alumni as existing in order to keep physicians in affluence, but for the purpose of protecting the public from being ignorantly practiced upon. To the public it is no matter how many doctors there may be so long as there are enough and so long as they are competent. The public is liable to look upon limitations placed on entering the medical profession for the purpose of securing those in it in affluence as mere selfish trades-unionism. Dr. Cameron's other argument, that an overplus of physicians leads to quackery, which can always count on an abundant supply of gulls, is one which the public will fully appreciate. Yet, so greatly has the science of medicine developed in the last quarter of a century, so many more are the occasions on which a doctor is run to now than of old, so much more can the doctor do for his patient, and so much more can the ordinary man afford the luxury of a doctor, that we are rather surprised at the increase named being looked upon as otherwise than normal.

Granting, however, that there are too many doctors, and that it is to the interest of the public to thin them out, the method of reduction which the president quotes with approval, as suggested by Sir William Banks, is certainly a good one, namely, that no one be admitted to the study of medicine who has not already that breadth of culture which would entitle him to be called an educated man, and would at least afford some little presumption of his being a well-bred man. If such a standing is not exacted at the entrance to study, there is, Dr. Cameron thinks, no way of insisting on it later. He would exact from every medical student such literary training as is included in what is known at the university as the general course. If we are right in understanding this expression to mean such a course as leads to a B. A. degree without honors, it would be a very considerable change from present conditions, and could, we fear, only be set before educationists as an ideal to be looked forward to. It is not a bit too high a standard to set, as general culture is

even more necessary than technical knowledge in fitting a man to be the guide, philosopher and friend of families, and in preparing him to take a large view of the many important questions which it is the part of the physician to solve for the community. But, so far as we have heard, this is a higher standard than has ever been set at the door of the medical profession. There is, however, a step on the way to its attainment for which possibly our community may be not far from ripe. That is, to make a distinction between the man who has passed the desired standard and him who has not, by refusing the doctor's degree to any one who has not first taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This would only be following what has been the practice in Great Britain and Ireland. We do not suppose that, here any more than there, a practicing physician would cease to be called a doctor, as we have done in this article, but, without passing through at least a moderate course of general education, he would not carry from his college any educational badge—nothing but a certificate that he has acquired a certain degree of knowledge in regard to medicine and of skill in regard to its practice.

LAKE LEVELS.

It appears that the project for the construction of a canal through the county of Kent, Ontario, to connect Lake St. Clair with Lake Erie, and thus provide a short cut for vessels navigating those waters, has given alarm to some interested parties on the United States side of the border. It is easy to see, if the project should be carried out, how it would adversely affect those interested in maintaining the existing route. An appeal is to be made to Washington, it is said, with the object of getting the federal government to interfere in the matter, the only ground for such interference mentioned being that the canal would have an effect on the level of the lakes. The same alarm was manifested when the Canadian Sault Ste. Marie canal was projected, and the Washington Government was then called upon to interfere, as now suggested. Nothing was done, however. There was a similar alarm in Canada, and with more reason, when the Chicago people undertook to open a ship canal which would allow Lake Michigan to flow into the Mississippi, and thus steal an indefinite amount of water from the St. Lawrence system, a much worse thing than simply making a new channel for water that is repaid to the St. Lawrence.

There is always reason for serious consideration before lakes are interfered with, as in nothing have there been more notable changes on the earth's surface within the history of man than in the lowering of lake surfaces. All that is necessary is to cut the outlet a little deeper and out flows the lake. Any lowering of the Niagara ledge would involve a lowering of Lake Erie, which that lake can ill afford. An interesting and to us important, if not a very large, illustration of this process is found in the disappearance of the old lake that was used by the first voyageurs between Montreal and Lachine by which means they were able to surmount the Lachine rapids with but a trifling portage. By a slight deepening of the St. Pierre river this lake has become what we call the swamp, a poor place for anything except for growing celery for the New York market. Any lowering of the lake levels might well prove an international question of importance. Fortunately, however, each country has sufficient at risk in the matter to enable the other to sleep soundly. Canada could easily afford to leave the maintenance of the water level when threatened by Chicago to the good people of Cleveland and Buffalo and Oswego and Ogdensburg. In like manner the United States can safely leave the maintenance of the lake levels as far as we are concerned to our own lake front interests. Sarnia and Goderich and Collingwood and Owen Sound are not going to allow Lake Huron to be let out, even if there were the remotest chance of an almost still water canal having any such gigantic effect. The real trouble with the parties complaining is that they fear the proposed canal will benefit Canada at their expense. For that they have reason. There are few waters in the world so thronged with commerce as the Detroit river, through which more tonnage passes than through the Suez canal. If any serious amount of this tonnage were deflected the effect would no doubt be serious, but it would not constitute a ground of quarrel.

This question of the lake levels and the possible consequences of change and

the means of protection against them has been much discussed. That the mean level is not as high as it once was is evident. Ever since their discovery there have been many and extraordinary variations in the levels of the great lakes, but on the whole the flow of water has been pretty well maintained. This is owing to the immensity of the area drained. Canada is even more concerned than the United States in preserving the level of the lakes on account of the St. Lawrence river. The lake waters are indeed almost entirely contributed from Canadian territory, for the rivers are comparatively few and small emptying into the lakes on their southern side. What is most likely to affect the water-flow is the deforesting of our northern territory. An illustration of what this can do is to be seen in northern California and southern Oregon. Mr. William H. Mills, of San Francisco, who recently examined those regions, says it cannot be long before the Sacramento river will be a small stream. Where forests once stood and streams were plentiful there is not now even a spring. The hills are dried up, and when the rain falls it runs off the slopes as it does off the roof of a house. Streams rise, run like torrents, and dry up as soon as the rain is over. Snow melts as quickly as it falls almost, and the land dries and becomes arid before spring is past. Mr. Mills's suggestion for the prevention of an extension of these evils is as valuable to us as to those for whose benefit it is made. It is that the forests should be protected, and where the land is not to be cleared for agriculture, only timber of merchantable size should be cut.

SWEATING.

How best to deal with the evils of the sweating system has again been discussed at the meeting of factory inspectors of this province, now assembled in Quebec. The question is one not easily solved, inasmuch as the responsibility for the continuance of the system is not easily fixed. The intensity of the competition to supply the popular demand for cheap clothing has led to such cutting in regular prices that it is claimed that goods are sold at less than they can be honestly made for. Wholesale establishments in other provinces complain that, to such an extent has the system been carried, that it is impossible for them to compete with Montreal in the sale of cheaper grades of goods. This was in a measure explained by Mr. Lessard, president of the Board of Inspectors of Public Buildings and Industrial Establishments, who pointed out that many women and girls living in the country, whose condition places them above the necessity of manual labor for others, devote their time eagerly and at reduced prices to this class of work, as he put it, merely to satisfy their love of dress, a process by which the conditions of those who must live by their needles are rendered more distressing. There is, of course, no end to this difficulty in dealing with women's labor. The girl who lives with her parents can always work more cheaply than the one who has to board; and are we to hold it a crime if either she or her country cousin do what they can to bear their share of the family burden, or even to improve their personal charms and chances? So great is the need of employment by poor city women that they take the work for whatever they can get, and the result is that it is done under conditions and amid surroundings anything but healthy. Clothing thus manufactured is admirably calculated to spread disease, for when disease breaks out in homes where the sewing is done the workers conceal the fact as long as they can, seeing that at such a time they can least afford to want. But there is even a sadder side to this subject. Mrs. Provencher, government inspectress, has stated that she has seen girls working so rapidly that she was painfully impressed, and wondered how long their nervous systems could resist the strain and the excessive fatigue resulting therefrom. She also condemns the hygienic conditions under which these girls work, their excessive working hours and extremely low wages. There has been a change for the better of late in the matter of hygiene and ventilation of workshops, but the other evils remain.

DEATH OF LADY BROWN.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 31.—The news has reached here of the death at Glen-shee, Twickenham, England, of Lady Brown, relict of the late Sir William Brown, Bart., of Colston, Scotland. The sad event occurred on Aug. 19. Deceased was mother of Mrs. Mackie, wife of the pastor of St. Andrew's Church, of this city.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Weak and Nervous

THE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY OF WELLAND.

Subject to Frequent Headaches, was Pale and Emaciated and Grew so Ill She Could Barely Walk.

(From the 'Tribune,' Welland, Ont.)

Miss Hattie Archer, of Welland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance extends among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—'In the fall of 1897, I was taken very ill. I was nervous, weak and debilitated. At this time the least exertion caused great fatigue. My appetite was poor and I was attacked with frequent sick headaches. I gradually grew worse until I was so weak I could barely walk through the house. I was very pale and emaciated and finally became entirely incapacitated. Various medicines were resorted to but gave no relief. Later I was treated by two of the best physicians of the town. One said my blood was poor and watery. I followed his advice for some time, but did not improve. Then the second doctor was called, and he said he could help me; but after thoroughly testing his medicines without benefit, I gave it up, and despaired of ever getting well. My grandmother had been reading at that time much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and persuaded me to try them. That was about January, 1898. From the first the results were really marvellous, being far beyond my friends' expectations. After taking five boxes I can stand more fatigue than I could for two years. I have gained weight splendidly; can take my food with a delightful relish; and again feel cheerful, healthy and strong. I would further say that the change is wholly due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I hope that my testimony may prove beneficial to other girls similarly afflicted.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say 'just as good.' Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

THE CHURCH AND THE POOR.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—'Humanitas' has received the generous offer made in your columns by 'A Close Observer' to defray the expenses of an investigation of the humanitarian work of the Church in the slums of London, and he accepts the conditions thereunto annexed—to make a report upon his return of what he has heard and seen. Such an investigation has already been made. Such a report has already been given in the series of letters written during the present controversy. That report 'A C. O.' accepts as 'imaginary,' full of 'dense ignorance,' 'misleading,' 'untrue' and 'scandalously false.'

Trusting in your readers at the end of this letter to judge for themselves concerning the prudence and the justice of such courteous phrases, I would say that what I have in these letters told of the irresponsible sufferings of the masses of the poor (the economic bondmen of our present civilization), and of the unchristian apathy of the Church towards these sufferings, has been told just because of burning memories of personal observation made in the slum districts of all the cities mentioned by 'A C. O.,' more especially in London, where a much longer time than 'two weeks' was spent in the study of the social, economic and resulting moral and physical conditions of the tens of thousands of pauper cases in hospital and asylum, as well as in the slum homes where these numerous pauper cases are produced.

During this investigation I adopted the deductive method of forming conclusions, not judging from individual cases, but from general conditions. Even the paragraph which took 'A C. O.'s' breath away and made him rub 'his eyes in astonishment,' describes not a 'vision,' much less a 'dream,' but a veritable reality which may be seen in 'Petticoat Lane' and other slum districts of Whitechapel (a few minutes' distance from St. Paul's Cathedral—the centre of Christendom) by any one who may care to visit those districts where the crystallized results of our present civilization are to be seen.

Neither is that 'vision' more vividly portrayed nor the apathy of the Church more graphically described than are the ghastliness of Cowgate and the delinquency of the Church of Edinburgh pictured by 'Ralph Connor,' who is a clergyman, and whose statements have not been pronounced 'scandalously false' by 'A C. O.'

It was during this investigation in the slums of East London that I first saw the humiliating and reproachful truthfulness of the words of Huxley: 'Having studied the social conditions of all races

of mankind, including Bushmen and Patagonians, I have found no people in a more deplorable state than the denizens of the slums of London.' (If the Church has been so faithful to the poor as is affirmed by 'A C. O.,' is it not somewhat difficult to explain present conditions, in which so few results of philanthropic work can be found after so many centuries of ecclesiastical supremacy?) It was during my amazement at the wealth and selfish luxury of the people of West London (the great majority of whom are in the Church), and, having seen the squalid pauperism of a half million of their neighbors, that I first began to realize why I had never heard a sermon preached from the text: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' It was then I first began to see the full meaning of Ruskin's words: 'According to modern theology it is not necessary to obey God, inasmuch as we are now taught that the only essential to salvation is repose in Him.' It was while studying the conditions of the ten thousand sweat-shop girls who are to be found within the half-mile radius of St. Paul's that I began to see what Drummond meant by saying: 'The weakness of popular evangelism is that it saves the souls of men and then leaves them there.'

I do not for a moment question the account given by 'A C. O.' of his own 'personal sacrifices' in the cause of the poor. Neither do I hesitate to believe what he tells of the applied Christianity of our own Lord Aberdeen. And we have all frequently heard of the noble work done by Miss Macpherson, Dr. Barnardo and other Christ-like men and women. But this is not the question at issue. These good Samaritans are not the Church. They do this work, not as deputed and authorized church members, but they do it as philanthropists. And although they are doing a noble work, yet, compared with what remains undone and unattempted, what they are doing is only as a drop of water compared with the ocean.

The Salvation Army is doing the only work done by any organized religious institution, whose results tend towards the physical as well as the moral regeneration of society. The Salvation Army is not the Church. Its origin and its marvellous growth have been due to the great needs of the vast field amongst the friendless poor and amongst social pariahs, which the Church of the past and the Church of the present have ignored and almost entirely neglected—so far has the Church receded from primitive principles. The great work of the Salvation Army is the work which was neglected by the Church. 'A C. O.' now claims that that work should be credited to the Church. The ingenuity of his arguments is equalled only by the presumption of his claims.

The Salvation Army 'Rescue Work' amongst women is a work which is bearing much fruit, especially amongst the sweat-shop girls. All the Church is doing for them is an attempt to save them spiritually—as if children could be saved by insuring their lives and then making no attempt to remove them from a burning house.

'A C. O.' cites a few isolated cases of philanthropic work in the Church, and then, as an unintelligible logical sequence, he at once proceeds to endorse the statements of 'a man of title and position,' that 'one of the great difficulties in the way of improving the sanitary conditions of the poor is that they do not want them improved,' that 'it is certain that when men and women get clean hearts they desire sweet surroundings,' and that 'therein is to be found the key to the whole position.' In this 'A C. O.' repeats the palpable illogical weakness of his first letter. If this be 'the key to the whole position' then of course the proper, the only proper method is to do just as the Church has been doing during the centuries, with results as seen in present conditions, that is, striving to give the poor clean hearts. This done, no further effort is necessary. The Church, in making any further effort would be beyond her proper sphere. Then why is it necessary for 'A C. O.' to so emphatically affirm that the Church does minister to physical needs?

But would it be possible for the poor to obtain 'sweet surroundings' even if their hearts were clean and they did 'desire' them? For instance, could the thirty thousand poor of Montreal obtain 'sweet surroundings' in close proximity to six thousand death-dealing cesspools if their hearts were clean and they 'desired sweet surroundings?' As well might 'A C. O.' say that the two thousand pauper dead who have this season been dumped into the pit called the 'earthly inferno' in the cemetery, could have escaped from those post-mortem conditions if ante-mortem they had had clean hearts. His quotation is from 'a man of title and position.' Burns has taught us that 'title and position' are not invariably synonymous with loving-kindness and mental calibre.

A more humane, a more Christian, and a more scientific 'key to the whole position' may be found in the address of the president of the British Medical Association at its recent meeting in Portsmouth: 'The great hindrance to the progress of sanitary science is the overcrowded and insanitary condition of the dwellings of the working classes. There should be fewer of these revolting pictures of impurity and wretchedness herding together in the narrow lanes where the light of heaven strives in vain to pierce the patched windows, and where the sunshine struggles in vain to penetrate the gloom of these den-like homes which are the arch-enemies of sanitary reform in all large cities. Philanthropy has long pleaded for the removal of the social evil. The medical profession has long

sounded the note of alarm, but we are still waiting for the wealthy classes of the nation to catch the same inspiration, and to join us in demanding righteous legislation by which these nurseries of disease may be exterminated.' (British Medical Journal of Aug 5, 1899.) Now the wealthy classes of the nation will catch this same inspiration when the pulpit, instead of pronouncing to them absolute obedience because of their acceptance of certain dogma, shall arouse their conscience by teaching them, what Ruskin taught, that obedience is as essential of salvation as faith.

'A C. O.' cites the words of John Stuart Mill: 'There can be no great change for the better until there is a total change in the character of human nature.' Now John Stuart Mill was too broad mentally to use such words with reference to any one class of men as 'A C. O.' uses the words of 'a man of title and position.' If he apply these words of John Stuart Mill in so narrow a sense, what about the 'human nature' of those who grow rich as a direct result of the self-same economic system which continues to produce an ever-increasing number of paupers?

He says: 'The Church has not been against ethical preaching when it has been kept in the place where the Great Master put it.' Now the Great Master gave as his manifesto, setting forth the principles and laws which were to rule in his kingdom, a system of ethics which since the third century the Church has put in the background, rarely teaching its principles, often teaching that those principles interpreted literally are not applicable to modern times and customs, and making them subsidiary to a system of dogma compiled by men of the darker middle ages, men of limited understanding, having narrow conceptions of truth and too often void not only of spirituality but of moral character. Rare exceptional ethical teachers have appeared in the pulpit, men such as Chrysostom, Savonarola, Drummond and Dr. Watson, and the Church has summarily decapitated these whenever possible.

He says: 'Our Lord began his ministry not with the Sermon on the Mount but by preaching repentance and the gospel of the kingdom.' True, and what is repentance? Is it not an ethical process? Herod and his paramour attached that meaning to it and therefore his preaching of repentance cost John the Baptist his head. And so perverted has the moral sense of the public become by the exclusive preaching of dogma, and by the consequent undue importance attached to the acceptance of dogma, that if modern prophets were to preach ethics with the courage and in the uncompromising language of John the Baptist many heads would be lopped off. And what is 'the gospel of the kingdom' of which 'A C. O.' speaks? Is it not primarily the method of entering the kingdom? Then the answer, as given by Christ himself in Matt. xxii., 37-39, is ethical, like as it is doctrinal.

'A C. O.' protests against ethics being put in the place of the gospel. That has not been done in these letters. It could not be done, because the ethic of Christianity is not only an essential, but an inseparable part of the gospel. With more reason can 'Workingman,' (whom 'A C. O.' incidentally characterizes as an unbeliever), protest against the partial gospel preached by the Church, the doctrinal part, neglecting the ethical part, that is, emphasizing man's duty to God and not equally and synchronously emphasizing man's duty to man.

He says:—'The Church is faithful to the teaching of the Apostle Paul.' It is not faithful to the higher teaching of Paul. Paul teaches that faith is only a means to an end, which is higher than faith, which is love—an end which, if it were the realized attainment, or even the ideal, of all who profess faith, the problem of present increasing pauperism would therein and thereby find its solution.

He affirms that our children are being taught the ethics of Jesus from the catechisms, and that, therefore, my statement concerning the absence of the ethics of Jesus from these catechisms is also 'untrue.' If so, he could very easily have proved me 'untrue,' by a single quotation from any one of these catechisms, whereas it is impossible for me to quote all the text of all the catechisms. I repeat the statement. Those who may wish to judge of its truth or falseness can examine the catechisms for themselves.

He makes a direct charge of falsehood in reply to my statement concerning the teaching of the ethical teachers mentioned, and their resulting ostracism by the Church. He attempts no proof concerning the first three. Those who read their writings will be able to judge for themselves. He denies that Drummond was an ethical teacher, affirming that he preached 'repentance and the gospel of the kingdom.' That is quite true, and that is ethical preaching by Drummond as it was by Jesus. 'A C. O.' is quite wrong, however, for the impression he intends to convey is that Drummond preached doctrine as it is preached by the Church—an impression which would be entirely erroneous. The most complete criticism of Drummond's work is from the pen of Dr. Newman, of King's College. In this criticism, which may be found on page 355 of 'The Life of Drummond,' (by George Adam Smith, published by MacClure), Dr. Newman says:—'Drummond went beneath the surface of things, beyond all formularies, definitions and creeds, to the elemental questions of life and conduct. I should sum up his entire teaching at the student's meeting in one sentence: "Life and religion are one thing, or, neither is anything." But all readers of Drummond can see for themselves that he was emphatically an ethical preacher. It is maintained by 'A C. O.' by the other clergymen who have taken part in these discussions, by ecclesiastical journals, which have referred to this controversy, and, indeed, by the Church in general, that 'Ethical preaching has no power.' In the cleansing of the corrupt student life of Edinburgh, former doctrinal preaching had no power. That cleansing was done by the ethical preaching of Drummond, or, rather, it was done by God, who used the ethical preaching of Drummond as his means. As a direct result of the lack of ethical preaching, we have in Canada, too, Augean stables—municipal, political, social, and even ecclesiastical. Is there no Hercules with sufficient moral strength to cleanse them? We have many priests. Where are the prophets? Again, 'A C. O.' charges, as 'untrue,' my statement concerning the opposition of the Church to the ethical teaching of Drummond. I repeat the statement, referring 'A C. O.' to pages 440-444 of his biography above referred to. In Drummond's day, as in our day, ethical preaching was a new departure, so that at his ethical preaching the Church was at first astounded that he should preach ethics instead of moving in the well-worn ruts of dogma, and because he did not preach dogma the Church stigmatized him as a heretic, and then ostracized him. 'A C. O.' makes the suggestion that I should 'call a public meeting.' If for controversy I shall be glad to meet him at any time on any public platform, where I shall be prepared to stand by any statements I have made and to substantiate them by proof. But if for the organization of philanthropic work, such work can be done only by humanitarians and Christian reformers. Humanitarians are men and women who look upon the sufferings of the poor, not as disciplinary (as the Church teaches them to be), but as evils which demand our sympathy and brotherly kindness. Christian reformers are men and women who, in present social and economic wrongs, see that there is a crying need for reform (which 'A C. O.' has evidently not yet seen), men and women who in these wrongs see the symptoms of disease of the body politic which calls for drastic as well as sedative medication. If 'A C. O.' will look with the heart as well as the head he will then be able to see these wrongs and will then probably see the need of reform. Then will be his opportune time to suggest 'a public meeting' for the organization of philanthropic work, for then he will have like sympathies and aims with Christian reformers. If I have misjudged 'A C. O.'—if he see the existence of these wrongs and the need of their reform—I apologize for the last paragraph, and shall gladly volunteer as a private soldier under himself as commander-in-chief in any campaign he may organize against the wrong which annually depletes the best resources of our young country by the curtailment of the possibilities of so many men and women and by the destruction of so many little children. 'Rome failed because of the failure of her crops—of men.' Having volunteered for this work under 'A C. O.', it remains for me to hand him my credentials. I am not an 'alien unbeliever,' but am a member of the Church, and am loyal to the Church in so far as the Church is loyal to truth and duty. Furthermore, I believe in all the great fundamental doctrines which are the eternal bulwarks of the Church. I have written these letters just because I love the Church, because I believe in her divine commission to regenerate the world, because I know that she is pre-eminently adapted to do that work, and because I am anxious to show her her duty. Should 'A C. O.' wish to accept my humble services in the work above referred to he may find my name and address in the office of the managing editor of the 'Witness.'

anything.' But all readers of Drummond can see for themselves that he was emphatically an ethical preacher.

It is maintained by 'A C. O.' by the other clergymen who have taken part in these discussions, by ecclesiastical journals, which have referred to this controversy, and, indeed, by the Church in general, that 'Ethical preaching has no power.' In the cleansing of the corrupt student life of Edinburgh, former doctrinal preaching had no power. That cleansing was done by the ethical preaching of Drummond, or, rather, it was done by God, who used the ethical preaching of Drummond as his means.

As a direct result of the lack of ethical preaching, we have in Canada, too, Augean stables—municipal, political, social, and even ecclesiastical. Is there no Hercules with sufficient moral strength to cleanse them? We have many priests. Where are the prophets? Again, 'A C. O.' charges, as 'untrue,' my statement concerning the opposition of the Church to the ethical teaching of Drummond. I repeat the statement, referring 'A C. O.' to pages 440-444 of his biography above referred to. In Drummond's day, as in our day, ethical preaching was a new departure, so that at his ethical preaching the Church was at first astounded that he should preach ethics instead of moving in the well-worn ruts of dogma, and because he did not preach dogma the Church stigmatized him as a heretic, and then ostracized him.

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HUMANITAS.

P. S.—If 'A Close Observer' will make an investigation of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual environments of the poor of Montreal, and report the same in the columns of the 'Witness,' I shall set him free from his promise concerning my expenses in London. H.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—You have reached a wise conclusion in your editorial of Saturday last, that the controversy on this subject should cease. But I think in all fairness you should allow me a little bit of space to reply to the utterly irrelevant and unprovoked criticism of 'Humanitas' on my last letter. A very small space will suffice.

My letter referred exclusively to the Church in Canada, viz., the census returns—the percentage of increase as given in those returns—the urgent demand for ministers in the Montreal and other Methodist conferences. I gave a correct account of one church in this city, in which nearly all the pewholders and supporters were workmen; and stated that 'there were thousands of bones; clergymen in Canada who were chiefly supported by the kindly givings of workmen.'

How does 'Humanitas' reply to those statements of fact? He tells us there are two millions of socialists in Germany. What has that to do with the census returns of Canada? He tells us from Canon Farrar that not two percent of the workmen of England are communicants in the English Church. What has that to do with the condition of the Church in Canada? He tells us that the

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statistics of the American Evangelical Alliance show that the Church in the United States is not gaining, but losing ground. He tells us that in one synod of the United States there are a hundred ministers for whom there are no charges. If that be so, it has nothing to do with the facts I gave in reference to Canada.

Of what use was it for 'Humanitas' to import arguments from Russia, Germany, England and the United States to disprove the authoritative and official statistics of the Dominion census. A schoolboy in logic could have told him that every one of his arguments was a non sequitur.

In Canada the Roman Catholic, Anglican, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational churches have at the present time, and have had for years a goodly measure of prosperity, and are being generously supported by tens of thousands of workmen.

If 'Humanitas' be in such dead earnest to scold the clergy and perpetuate a quarrel with the parsons, he should send his communications to St. Petersburg, to Berlin, to London, or New York. He should launch his thunders against the clergy in those countries where (according to his theories) the Church has gone so completely to the dogs. His bitter animadversions have little or no application to the churches or the ministers of our own beloved Dominion.

G. G. HUXTABLE.

A THREATENING DANGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Witness'.)

Sir,—I feel strongly moved to broach a subject, through your valuable paper, of immense interest to everybody, and while painfully conscious of my inability to do it justice, I hope that I may, at least, provoke somebody to take it up and put it before the people as it deserves. I refer to the startling increase of destructive insects; bugs, beetles, worms, caterpillars, etc., which are so adding to the labor and care of the farmer and gardener as nearly to drive him at times to discouragement and despair. It costs almost as much labor as our apple crop is worth to save it from the depredations of the tent caterpillar, and such a struggle as it is to save our potatoes from the ravages of the Colorado beetle, and our pumpkins and squashes from the squash-bug. Really, sir, if these things were to go on increasing for ten years as they have for ten years past how in reason can we escape a famine?

But the question now is, What is the cause of all this, and what is the remedy? I may not be able to answer the question, 'but what I have, give I,' and some abler pen will, I trust, give the explanation in full. Nature, when undisturbed, keeps all things and all creatures in harmony. Great fish live on little fish, so keeping them from multiplying too largely. Many large birds live on the bodies of dead animals, which would otherwise rotrefy and poison the air to the injury of other creatures, including men. Smaller birds, in almost infinite numbers and kinds live very largely on insect life—bugs, worms, caterpillars, flies, etc. Nothing, therefore, is simpler or plainer than that if, for any cause, bird life is largely destroyed, insect life must inevitably increase to an unnatural and consequently a hurtful condition. And this is exactly what we are seeing and feeling, keenly.

It is true, that the destruction of the forests, consequent upon the settling up of the country, has unavoidably destroyed large numbers of birds, but we could get along with that, for it is equally true that the same cause—the clearing of the

land—did away with an immense amount of insect life at the same time, so that the balance between bird life and insect life was not greatly disturbed after all. But now comes in a most strange and unnatural piece of history: For some ten to fifteen years past, the redoubtable Mrs. Grundy has been teaching her followers that there is nothing equal to birds' heads, wings, bodies and feathers for adorning their hats, or bonnets. And strange and unnatural and ridiculous as it really is, the fad has taken to an extent that is perfectly amazing. And the consequence is that several species of birds have been nearly, or, quite, exterminated! And of the rest, so many are being killed off that insect life is left so free from foes that it is multiplying and increasing to such an extent as to cause very great anxiety and alarm. A few facts will confirm what I am saying: In one province of India, thirty thousand birds were killed within three days to meet this cruel demand. One consignment brought to England contained thirty-two thousand humming birds, eighty thousand waterfowl and eight hundred thousand pairs of wings. Careful estimates have resulted in the positive assertion that eight millions of birds are annually sacrificed at the shrine of female fashion! What a shame! When we think of the immense quantity of bugs, worms and flies that it would take to feed all those birds (aside from the few of them that live on vegetable food), can we wonder that the insect tribes increase most alarmingly? Some may say this thing does not affect us. I beg to differ. A short time ago I saw a statement of the number of bobolinks which were killed last winter near one of our southern cities. It was immense. As a result, I have seen only two or three of these beautiful singers this summer, when I have always been accustomed to seeing scores of them. As to the lovely little goldfinch, which has always been so plentiful, I have only seen two or three this year.

But this must do for now. This wretched, cruel, wicked destruction of birds, while it robs us of a good deal of the joy and comfort that God has provided for us in the midst of our toil and hardships, I fully believe is one great cause, if not the chief cause, of the enormous increase of destructive insect life that is threatening us with almost, if not quite, a not far-off famine.

I feel as if every editor, every preacher, every educator of every kind ought to devote a portion of time and space to this subject and 'cry aloud, and spare not,' until the ears of the female world are opened, and their conscience and their common sense is aroused, and they are led to drop this monstrous fashion, and so put a stop to this dreadful work before it is too late to avert the evil that threatens us.

C. L. PERCIVAL.

HONOLULU AND THE PHILIPPINE PINES.

It is interesting to note that the central Union Church of Honolulu is evincing an aggressive missionary spirit, having raised in one collection over \$10,000 to enter Mindanao, one of the great islands of the Philippine group, five times as large as Massachusetts, but with not a single Protestant missionary laboring among its population of 1,000,000. This strong church in Honolulu will expend its money through the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. So a church, itself the fruit of missionary endeavor, is now reaching out strong arms of help towards a distant island, where, if missionary work be faithful enough, the same wondrous changes may be wrought that have been witnessed in Hawaii.

**A STATESMAN'S VIEW  
OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.**

**INTERVIEW WITH THE HON JOHN  
TUDHOPE, LATE COLONIAL  
SECRETARY OF CAPE  
COLONY.**

In all the city of London there is not a more characteristically Dutch corner than Austin Friars. Walking in the quaint church, with its painted windows and its tombs of merchants of the Stuart and early Georgian reigns, one might fancy oneself in some rich city of the Lowlands. The high houses, with their carved stone figures, the clean pavements, the stillness of the late afternoon, help to carry us into a world of dreams. But the Uitlander is here too, the clever, pushing Uitlander, and the most palatial building in the enclosure is the office of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company. It was there that on Monday I had the pleasure of half-an-hour's chat with the Hon. John Tudhope, who was Colonial Secretary for Cape Colony, under the ministries of Sir Thomas Upington and Sir Gordon Sprigg, and who for many years was closely identified with political affairs in South Africa. It is about three years since Mr. Tudhope returned to London and his influential position, not less than his unique experience, makes his views of especial value in the present crisis. After leaving Cape Colony, he spent seven or eight years at Johannesburg, and had many opportunities of visiting Pretoria and of meeting President Kruger. He was the first President of the National Union, which was founded to enable the Uitlanders to secure by constitutional means the rights and privileges of a self-governing people. This Union was formed in 1892, and it carried on its work of agitation right up to the time of the Raid. Although Mr. Tudhope strongly sympathizes with the Uitlanders, he was emphatic in condemning the Raid, which he thinks put back the cause of progress in South Africa for twenty years.

Mr. Tudhope several times headed deputations to President Kruger for the purpose of discussing various grievances. On the last occasion, in 1894, the attention of the President was called to the evils of 'commandeering.' Unfranchised British subjects were liable at any moment to be called out to bear arms, and their condition in this respect was worse than that of the Portuguese or the Belgians. Sir Henry Loch was at that time High Commissioner, and was in Pretoria. The petition against 'commandeering' was drawn up and signed by 17,180 persons, and Mr. Tudhope can speak from personal knowledge of the genuineness of these signatures. 'I observe,' he remarked, 'that doubt has been thrown upon the petition which the Uitlanders prepared for presentation to the Queen on the ground that many of the signatures were fictitious. Our petitions were all most carefully sifted, and the names were nearly all genuine. It is quite impossible that every name among so great a number should be accurately tested. Lord Ripon's famous despatch was the result of the deputation. President Kruger promised to take steps to redress the grievances, but the law was never passed, and our people in that respect are still worse off than those of other European nations.'

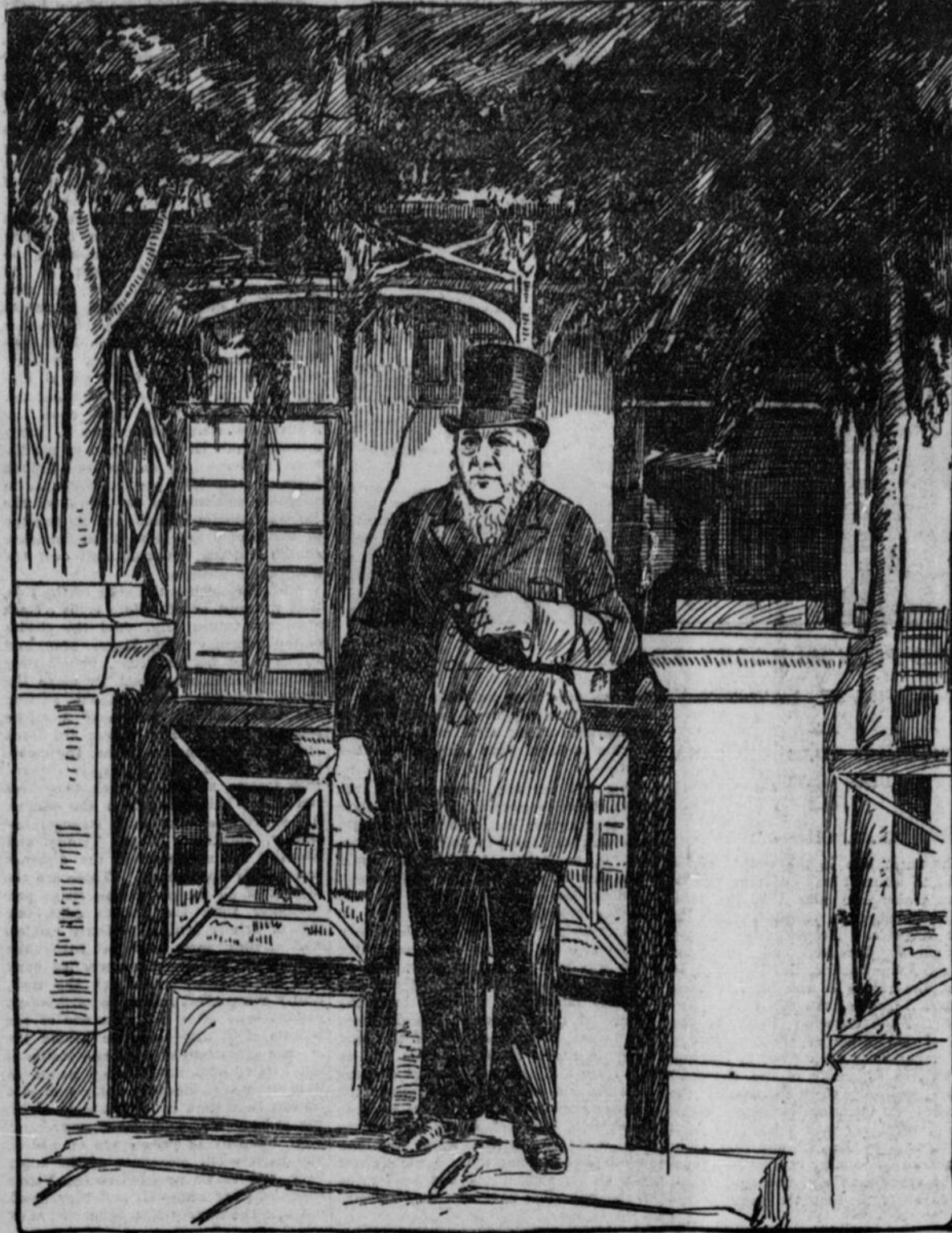
**PRESIDENT KRUGER.**

President Kruger has a very large family connection in Pretoria. His children, grandchildren, and kinsmen form quite a colony by themselves. The men are all comfortably off. The President himself sold a gold farm the other day for seventy thousand pounds.

'I should like to hear about your first visit to the President at his home.'

'He lives in a plain, unostentatious little cottage with thatched roof and with one story. There may, perhaps, be seven or eight rooms. It is the custom to call early in the morning, soon after dawn, in fact, and to drink with Mr. Kruger the mistinal coffee. The Volksraad allows him a coffee grant for the entertainment of strangers. He is very accessible, and a visitor who has obtained an introduction to him is allowed to be introduced by a friend. The Dutch themselves claim the privilege of conversing freely with their President at any time. The cottage is surrounded by a verandah, and it is on the stoep or raised platform of this verandah that the President usually receives. Official interviews take place in the government office, a magnificent pile of buildings, but it is more interesting to meet Mr. Kruger at his own house. It is quite an idyllic home. There is a fine garden and orchard, and water runs before the door. The only sign of official dignity are a couple of guards, in tan uniform, who lounge in front of the house. Mrs. Kruger is a simple old lady, who takes no active part in state affairs, but is believed to be an excellent housewife.

'On entering the house the visitor is shown into a good-sized room furnished like a parlor. It could scarcely be called a drawing-room. There are many stiff chairs, a plain sofa, a substantial table, and a few books. The President is no great reader. His manner is apt to strike a stranger as brusque and rough. You know his appearance from photographs, so I need not describe him. He is the very type of a prosperous Dutch farmer. Visitors must, of course, converse with him in Dutch. The Teal or Cape Dutch language has degenerated in process of years, and has received a considerable admixture of Kafir and Hot-



**PRESIDENT KRUGER.**

From a Recent Photograph.

tent phrases. It is a corrupt language, with little grammatical form, and is harsh and unpleasant to the ear.

'The President is a great smoker. He smokes native Boer tobacco, and his long pipe is seldom out of his mouth. He is a hard worker. He takes no part in the office routine, which is done by his secretaries, in the government buildings, but during the session of the Volksraad he is constantly in attendance, and makes frequent and strong speeches.'

**PRESIDENT KRUGER AS A POLITICIAN.**

'As regards the President's character,' Mr. Tudhope went on, 'I want to say, first of all, that he is a brave man. He proved his personal courage in early life, when he fought with lions and was a celebrated hunter. He cheerfully suffered many hardships, and the successes of his life have intensified his natural self-reliance till it has gone to the extreme of obstinacy. I found him most tenacious in his own opinions. He could not bear opposition, and would often lose his temper with deputations. He is a man of great sagacity within a narrow and limited range, but I do not believe with Olive Schreiner that he is a great man. He has been forced to act all along on the defensive, and in that capacity he has come out well. But he is quite incapable of taking the broad views of the requirements of the Transvaal and its relations to the other states and colonies of South Africa that we should expect from a statesman of the first rank. From his previous training we could hardly expect him to understand the wider aspects of politics. His character was formed in a savage world, where he fought with wild beasts and wilder men. He cares little for the larger interests of South Africa, but the dearest object of his life is to maintain the independence of the Transvaal.'

'Do you personally wish him to succeed in this?'

'I have no objection to the Transvaal remaining independent, but—and this is an important reservation—I wish it to meet the other states and colonies in a friendly spirit, and to frame equitable laws for all who are under its sway. The President's true motive in withholding the franchise is the fear that the Uitlanders would swamp the Boers and deprive his country of its independence.'

**HIS RELIGIOUS SIDE.**

Mr. Tudhope turned next to the religious side of President Kruger's character. 'There is no doubt at all,' he said, 'that he is an intensely religious man. I believe that, according to his light, he truly seeks divine direction. I cannot help comparing him sometimes to one

of Mr. J. M. Barrie's Auld Licht elders in "The Little Minister." He has narrow views on religious questions, he takes the Scriptures literally, and has the lowest opinion of your intelligence if you tell him that the earth is round. He believes that the bible distinctly proves that the sun actually rises and sets, and that it is quite a delusion to suppose that the earth revolves upon its own axis. The Dutch Reformed Church is, as you know, the State Church of the Transvaal, but President Kruger is a Dissenter, and belongs to the sect nicknamed Dopper. This sect has many curious points of resemblance with the old seceders of Scotland. They refuse to sing hymns, and confine themselves strictly to the Psalms of David. Nearly all their people wear a distinctive dress. The women wear a kind of curious sun-bonnet of white dimity, with plain cotton frocks. We should think them very much out of place in Regent street. Mrs. Kruger herself does not wear this costume, however. The church which the President attends is almost opposite his dwelling. It has a minister, with elders and deacons of its own, but by arrangement the President preaches nearly every Sunday. I have never heard him preach, but his style is well known. He treats Scripture in the most literal way. He is fond of Old Testament quotations, and often compares his burghers to the Chosen People who are wandering in the desert under the special protection of the Almighty. The early Boers justified themselves for their treatment of the natives by Scriptural comparisons. The natives they thought were the children of Ham, Philistines, Amalekites, and other evil tribes, who were to be driven out before the people of God. The pioneers were totally ignorant of geography. Once a party of them came to a broad stream in the north, and they fancied it was the Nile, so they called it Nylstrom, and the name remains to this day. All the old prejudices, delusions and errors are shared by the President.'

'Some of our papers have been saying that President Kruger's religious references are hypocritical.'

'They are nothing of the kind,' said Mr. Tudhope. 'His mind is steeped in bible phraseology, and it is not from cant or hypocrisy that his mouth overflows with bible language. You must remember that he is not a reader either of books or newspapers. He feeds upon the bible, and his figures of speech and illustrations take the color of its ancient language. President Kruger is anything but a hypocrite. The qualities I have described,' continued Mr. Tudhope, 'have given him the great hold he has upon the minds of his people. He is, in fact, a striking incarnation of the Boer ideal. I have been told by farmers in obscure parts of the country that they look upon him as their second leader, a worthy suc-

cessor to Andries Pretorius, the Washington of the republic. They think that he has consolidated the liberties that Pretorius won.'

Mr. Tudhope was naturally unwilling to say much about the present crisis, but he did not conceal the fact that his sympathies are with Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Alfred Milner. He agrees with the language of the high commissioner's despatch, but he added, 'Whether it was wise to publish the despatch at this juncture it is not for me to say.' He believes there is no likelihood of war. That would be so dreadful that he scarcely cares to contemplate it. Dutch and English are so intermingled at the Cape that a struggle between them would be practically a civil war. With patience and firmness he thinks the Uitlanders will win their cause.—'British Weekly.'

**UPSET THEIR THEORY.**

After the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet by the American vessels, Captain Taylor, of the 'Indiana,' and Captain Robert Evans, of the 'Iowa,' who are brothers-in-law, compared notes. Both had Spanish captive officers on board their boats, whom they were treating as guests. The conversation took place in Captain Taylor's cabin.

Captain Evans said that what seemed very remarkable to him was the fact that during the first ten minutes of the battle, while he was on the bridge giving orders he heard small shot and shell whistling about his head, and occasionally would see a huge body of steel gull sailing overhead.

'Then,' he went on, 'the excitement of the chase became intense, and I was oblivious to the fact that any shots were being fired at our ship. It was as if there was no enemy at all for us to bother about. I had no feeling of danger to the ship or the men.'

'It is strange,' said Captain Taylor, 'but I had exactly the same experience. After the first eight or ten minutes of the battle I was not cognizant of the fact that any missiles of death were flying about us. The whistling of the shots I heard no more. I suppose, Bob, that that is the way it should be, in battle, and that a kind Providence has made it so.'

'I suppose so,' answered Captain Evans.

Just then a Spanish junior lieutenant who knew English, spoke up. 'I think I can explain the matter,' he said, 'We did not fire any shots after the first eight or ten minutes. You drove our men from the guns!'

The two captains looked at each other, and instantly abandoned their theory of providential insensibility to shot and shell in battle.

**HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.**

**FOUR GOOD RECIPES FOR MAKING PICKLES.**

Pickles are now considered an important part of the winter menu, and housewives are deep in the mysteries of preparing the spiced dainties. Here are a few good recipes:

**Pickled Walnuts.**—Gather the walnuts when they are still quite tender, and prick them all over with a coarse needle. Make enough brine to cover the walnuts, allowing four pounds of salt to each gallon of water. Leave the walnuts in this about a week, then drain and set them in the sun on a tray until they become black. This will take two or three days. When they have become quite black put them into jars to within about an inch of the top. Scald vinegar enough to cover, allowing two ounces of allspice and one ounce of ginger to each quart of vinegar, tying the spice in a piece of thin muslin. Boil ten minutes and pour hot over the walnuts. When cold seal the jars.

**Grape Catsup.**—Use tart grapes; wash remove the stems and place in a porcelain kettle with just enough water to prevent scorching. Cook until tender, stirring often with a wooden spoon. Rub through a colander and measure the pulp. To every three pounds add a pound of brown sugar, a cup of cider vinegar and a heaping teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice, mace, salt and white pepper and half a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Boil steadily until the catsup is reduced to about half the original quantity, and seal.

**Chow Chow.**—Take one pint of finely cut celery, two dozen small cucumbers, one quart of small white onions, two heads of cauliflower, half a dozen green peppers and two quarts of green tomatoes. Cut the vegetables into inch pieces and place in a granite jar. Make a brine, allowing half a pound of salt to a gallon of water; pour over the vegetables and allow to stand over night. Next morning place the vegetables in the brine over the fire and just bring to a scald. In another kettle put three quarts of vinegar and one pound of sugar and set over the fire. Mix one heaping cupful of flour, half a pound of English mustard, half an ounce of turmeric and cold vinegar enough to make a paste. Stir this into the boiling vinegar. Cook two minutes, stirring all the time, and pour hot over the vegetables. When cold, seal.

**Spiced Peaches.**—To seven pounds of fruit allow three and one-half pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of cinnamon and one-half ounce of cloves. Make a syrup of the sugar and one quart of water, and when it comes to a scald cook in it as many peaches as the kettle will hold. There must be room to turn the peaches over in the syrup, however, so do not crowd them. Simmer until they become tender. Lift out with a skimmer and put into jars. Proceed in this manner until all the peaches are cooked. Then simmer the syrup until thick and add the vinegar and spice. Simmer ten minutes longer, then pour over the peaches in the jars, cover, and keep in a cool place.—'New York World.'

**HOW TO KEEP FOOD IN HOT WEATHER.**

Damp heat is much more injurious to animal and vegetable matter than a dry atmosphere.

A two-pound jar of lime should be placed in pantry or larder; this absorbs the air and keeps it dry and sweet.

Meat may be kept sweet for many days if it is covered with a muslin which has been wrung out in vinegar. This should be renewed every day.

**TOAST AS IT SHOULD BE MADE.**

The object in making toast is to evaporate all moisture from the bread, and holding a slice over the fire to singe does not accomplish this; it only warms the moisture, making the inside doughy and decidedly indigestible. The true way of preparing it is to cut the bread into slices a quarter of an inch thick, trim off all crust, put the slices in a pan or plate, place them in the oven—which must not be too hot—take them out when a delicate brown, and butter at once.

**HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.**

Very pretty is the new fashion of fruit dinners, which replace purely flower dinners during the hot months. It is a mixture which at once delights the heart and opens the appetite, for it is to be noted that nothing gives an appetite like a fruit, graceful and well laid table.

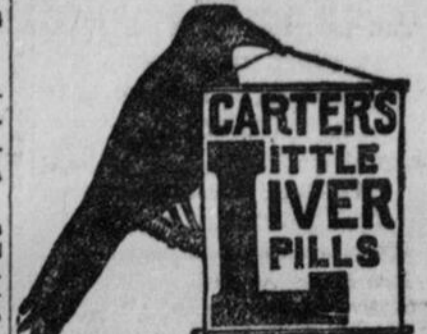
Fruits, then, are replacing flowers as decorations for the table, and for this purpose are used not fruit bought by the pound but fruit on its branches. These branches are entwined in the hanging lamps, forming a sort of cradle whence hang fresh currants, shining cherries, plums with the bloom on them, golden apricots, etc. On the table, in little flat glass dishes shaped like leaves, are arranged cherries, currants and other fruit in season. These cut glass dishes are made in every practical form, with a second compartment in which are placed powdered sugar and a little spoon. There may be four or six of them, of fairly large size, or else little ones may be chosen, in which case there should be one for each guest.

New and ingenious ideas for laying the table are being continually introduced. Thus beside the plates are placed small crescent shaped plates for salad, and sometimes delicate little silver knives and forks, used only for this purpose—as in the case of fish knives—are added.—'The Mode Francaise.'

**CARE OF ICE CHEST.**

Even the best housekeepers will some-

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**



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**Positively cured by these Little Pills.**

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**Small Price. Small Dose. Small Pill.**

times need to be reminded that care of the refrigerator is a most important item of healthy living. No other thing in the house should receive as much attention and regard for its wholesomeness. Leave your refrigerator entirely in the hands of your servants and you need not be surprised if sickness soon attacks the family. Personal supervision of this branch of housekeeping is the only safeguard against bad health.

One thing cooks should be particularly cautioned against is the putting away of warm food in the ice chest. When this is done the article will absorb the odors and flavors of other foods. Milk and butter should always be kept in compartments set aside for them. If the refrigerator, however, does not provide for this, do not fail to keep both articles well covered. Milk will readily absorb the flavors of other foods, and the butter, if left exposed, soon becomes tainted.

Every day give the ice chest a thorough washing and drying. When the ice is wrapped in a cloth to keep it from melting, do not let the same piece of wadded do duty week in and week out without a change. If possible, give your refrigerator a good sunning once a week. Roll it in the yard, wash out every crack and crevice with warm soap suds, scrub each rack with soda and water and then let a sun bath finish the purifying process.—'World-Herald.'

**PICNIC COOKS.**

'If all other resources fail,' says a western girl, 'I am sure that among a certain set of people I have sufficient reputation to get a position as a cook. If it is a picnic cook, so much the better, for it was at picnics that my reputation was made. At home the particular set of young people to which I belong is devoted to picnics. We have at least one a week, on an average, throughout the summer. There are a number of places where there are ideal picnic grounds near the city. Sometimes we take a boat up the river, sometimes we go by car and then take rowboats and cross the river, and sometimes we drive. But whichever way we go, we take the materials for a substantial supper. And I always cook the steak. In the first place, I buy it, and I know just where to get a first-class cut. Then, when we reach the picnic ground, we build a great fire over the stones, and as soon as they have been made broiling hot, they are rolled out, rubbed clean with papers, then I rub them thoroughly with some of the fat from the steak, and broil it. There is nothing like steak cooked in that way. Then we have coffee—doesn't it smell good? That is the only time I ever drink it! We have taken creamed potatoes, which we heat over, and we roast corn over the open fire. It must be understood that our picnics are not all-day affairs. We do not start until about five o'clock in the afternoon; then we get our supper as soon as we reach the picnic grounds, and sit around the fire and sing until late in the evening. That is an ideal picnic, without any of the discomforts of going out in the middle of a hot day. Then it doesn't interfere with other things.'

**HOUSEHOLD HELPS.**

Wine from white currants.—Ripe white currants, any quantity; squeeze out the juice, and put on water to get out as much more as there is of the juice, and mix the two, and to each gallon put three and a half pounds of sugar; let it work without boiling or skimming for two or three minutes; then rack off the bottle. The white currant has less acidity than the red and does not require as much sugar. I have never tasted currant wine equal to this.

Currant catsup.—Nice, fully ripe currants, four pounds; sugar, one and a half pounds; cinnamon, ground, one tablespoonful; salt, with ground cloves and pepper, of each one teaspoon; vinegar one pint. Stew the currants and sugar until quite thick; then add the other ingredients and bottle for use.

To peel peaches.—In peeling small peaches with a knife, too much of the peach is wasted; but by having a wire cage, similar to those used for popping corn, much can be saved. Fill the cage with peaches and dip it into boiling water, for a moment; then into cold water for a moment, and empty out. This toughens the skin and enables you to strip it off, saving much in labor, as also the waste of peach. Use the same method in peeling tomatoes.

ROUND HISTORIC PEMAQUID.

THE SPOT TO WHICH SKIDWARES BROUGHT HIS PERSONALLY CONDUCTED EXCURSION PARTY.

(Lowiston, Maine, 'Journal')

Pemaquid Beach, Me., July 8 (Special) - This summer finds old Pemaquid Beach as lovely as ever and since the porgie factory is not running there is an agreeable lack of that none too agreeable odor which has assailed the visitor in the past.

Mr. J. H. Cartland is at his old post ready to tell the stranger the fascinating history of this locality, and he is hoping that the present summer may bring to Pemaquid what the Improvement Association has so long desired and never been plentifully endowed with—ample funds to prosecute the search into the buried treasures of the old fortress.

Mr. Cartland has given unsparingly of his time and energy to the work and is not yet without hope that some one will remember ancient Jamestown with a legacy which will enable the society to go ahead on broad gauge lines.

Interesting as are the discoveries that have already been made, those who have studied the grass-grown ruins know that they are but an earnest of richer things to come, and when the time arrives that the old fort rises from the accumulated dust of ages it will be an attraction which will draw thousands from all parts of New England.

To accomplish this work will not need great wealth and the man who leaves a few thousands to the Pemaquid Improvement Society will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is contributing to the most interesting historical excavations that will ever be made on the Atlantic coast. He will also know that his money will be used to the best advantage and that every dollar of it will find its way directly to the work for which it was set aside.

The society is no money-making scheme and its sole object is to prosecute the work which has been commenced.

With such funds as have come to hand in the last few years the fort rock has been partially unearthed and protected from the ruthless hand of the relic hunter. The stone which was taken away from the rock has been built into two temporary towers with thick double walls. The stone has been laid in loose masonry so that when the dream of the society is realized and they have money enough to go ahead with the building of a suitable tower or monument to commemorate the spot, the stone will be available for the work and not coated with modern mortar.

Between these temporary towers has been built a house for storing the relics which have been found at one time or another. Running back and forming a quadrangle is a high broad fence which has the double effect of keeping out the people who would carry off the whole rock as a souvenir and helping out the appearance of an ancient stockade.

Though the history of this particular bit of coast has been told and retold till every schoolchild is familiar with its salient points, it is always interesting to the stranger.

Pemaquid's chief claim to attention rests in its antiquity, for it was here that the first settlement of the English in New England was made. Plymouth Rock has always worn the honors, but the historians say that Pemaquid antedates the southern New England rock by thirteen years. Indeed, it was Semoset, the 'Lord of Pemaquid,' who met the Pilgrims soon after their arrival and surprised them with the words, 'Welcome, Englishmen.'

It was in 1605 that Captain George Weymouth called at Pemaquid and took on board his vessel the Indian chief Nahanada, his friend Skidwars and three others and took them to England. The old chief came back the following year, but Skidwars tarried in the home of the white men another year and in 1607 induced a numerous colony to come to these shores.

This establishes several things—first the antiquity of this part of the coast; and, secondly, it introduces to us the first land boomer of the Pine Tree State. Skidwars appears to have talked well to the people in Britain for there were a goodly number in his personally conducted excursion party, and they were of the kind that hang to their ideals even on the chill and rockbound coast of Maine. Skidwars's party of 120 were formally welcomed to the new world by Nahanada and his people the 8th of August.

The day following was Sunday and the ship's company, headed by Captain Ratley Gilbert and Captain George Popham, landed on an island and listened to a sermon by the Rev. Richard Seymore. This is the first sermon preached on this coast, so far as the historians have been able to ascertain.

It was some twenty years later that the people at Pemaquid began building forts. The first one was only a stockade of wood and lasted but a couple of years, being destroyed by the pirate P'vie Bull. That was Fort Pemaquid. After that, in 1677, came Fort Charles, a stronger fortification, built by General Andros of New York. Eleven years later the Indians made an end of this structure.

The next one, Fort William Henry,



PEMAQUID POINT'S ROCKY FRONT.

was a fort worthy the name, for it cost \$100,000 and upwards of 2,000 loads of stone were used in its construction. Sir William Philips, the first provincial governor of Massachusetts gave this work his personal supervision and when it was completed it was confidently expected that it would endure for all time. But it didn't. It went the way of all other forts that have been built on this spot. It was completed in 1692 and four years afterward the Indians under Castine and a trio of French frigates in command of D'Iberville succeeded in demolishing its walls.

Fort Frederick came next and this is the one of which parts of the old wall are still found. It was built by the British government at the request of the people of Pemaquid, Colonel David Dunbar superintending the work. It served its purpose well on several occasions when the Indians forgot that the white men were their brothers but when the States began their struggle for liberty, the citizens of Bristol arose and dismantled the fort so that it could not be used against them by England.

This is the brief outline of the history of this spot, but it by no means outlines

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE. A THOUSAND MILES ON CANADIAN WATERS.

(N. Y. 'Observer')

'The finest trip in the world,' said a friend to whom I was outlining my vacation plans; and now that the vacation is ended, I am tempted to use the same language. Properly the journey is begun at Toronto, and continued through Lake Ontario, the Thousand Islands, the rapids of the St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, the lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay River, to the head of navigation at Chicoutimi. My own embarkation took place at Clayton, the western extremity of the Thousand Islands, and from there the boats of the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company carried me with safety and comfort through to the end, and back again as far as Ogdensburg; this made a journey of more than one thousand miles, and so arranged that the scenery was

between two great bulwarks of nature's masonry, precisely as it was when the foundations of the earth were laid, and all the sons of God shouted at the sight.

This was our trip, consuming in the actual travel something like three days and four nights; and, as for our occupation, only one thing to do, in all reason, that is, to look. At times it would seem that we must not miss one moment on deck, lest something should be lost; at other times the views were afforded in such profusion that their very abundance encouraged the feeling that no matter what was missed, enough more was in prospect, and yet all this without the slightest monotony. Hardly have the charms of the Thousand Islands been left behind, when the first of the long series of rapids is encountered; and in this feature of the trip interest deepens until the last and greatest is met in the Lachine Rapids, where all seems going to destruction, and yet safety is absolute with four men at the wheel and the skilful pilot in command. A night's rest after all the sight-seeing and excitement of the preceding day, was very refresh-



WHEN THE EXCAVATIONS WERE BEGUN.

all the things that are found at Pemaquid to interest the student of the days that were.

Beside the half-unearthed remains of the fort, there is the inkling of half a mile of the paved streets that are known to have been built, and a part of the paving has been brought to light so that it is now on exhibition.

Then there are the remains of the old wharf called 'King Landing,' forty of the three hundred cellars, the old ship yard, two clay pipe factories, several blacksmith shops, and the 'cache'—the only one of which any trace has ever been found in this country.

But as I said in the beginning, the richest of the treasures may still be buried beneath the grass and perhaps it needs only a generous donation to bring us a valuable addition to the earliest history of New England.

SMELLING A RAILWAY.

Do you know that a railway track has an odor? The fact was learned from a blind man who was walking with a friend amid strange surroundings in Westchester county last week.

'Is a train coming?' he asked. 'Why do you ask?' his friend inquired, for, though there was a railway track a few hundred feet ahead of them, there was not the slightest sound to indicate its presence.

'I smell the rails,' he answered. He did smell them, and, though his friend's nose was not nearly so sensitive, he could, with his head within an inch of the rails, detect an odor like that from slightly heated iron filings.—New York 'Herald.'

witnessed from one end to the other, and all of a piece.

And such marvellous variety of scenery—water—and land! The majestic river, carrying the overflow of all the great lakes and many rivers beside, now smoothly gliding on within ordinary confines, now expanding into vast inland lakes, whose shores seem almost dim in the distance, now again narrowing, and gushing with mad haste and great surges and fearful din over successive rapids, testing the nerve of every passenger, as he sees the boat committed with apparent recklessness to their embrace and driven hither and thither at the seeming caprice of the pilot in and out, and even close to menacing rocks; the fairy-like, ideal beauty of the Thousand Islands, with their thousand cottages and thousands of happy summer people dwelling as if in the enchanted isles; the ever-changing shores, now low-lying, again rising into bold bluffs, once more ascending to majestic mountains, passing in solemn procession for hour after hour; the marvellous engineering evidenced in the construction of great ship canals, some of which have long been in use, but the most recent of which will bring ocean steamers from Chicago past the rapids and send them on to Liverpool with the transportation for grain cut in two; the villages, towns and cities, one after another, all the way from the little French hamlets to the great cities of Quebec, with its 60,000 and Montreal with its 300,000, expanding indefinitely in all the arts connected with modern industry; again, all sign of human habitation gone, and hour after hour spent plying the dark waters

on the quiet run between Montreal and Quebec. Then an entirely new order of beauty began. In the first place, there is the grandeur of Quebec itself, the quaint, historical old town, spread over the heights, and mounting to the citadel, where, with the outlying ramparts, Great Britain defies the world with fortifications only second to those of Gibraltar.

All beyond Quebec was a surprise. The low-lying shores passed thus far have now given way to great and majestic mountain ranges. While these, yielding up in the morning sun the last vestiges of the mists of the night, are forming the background, lower shores form the foreground of the wonderful artistic display. We have hardly gotten away from Quebec when in the distance we see the celebrated falls of Montmorency, pouring over the bluff and into the bosom of the waters, with a fall greater than that of Niagara; near that rests the little village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, with the church and shrine of the same name, where an immense stack of crutches and other cast-off implements testifies to the power of one of the greatest modern superstitions centering in what are declared to be a bone or two from the body of the mother of the Virgin Mary. Now the Isle of Orleans intervenes with its charming farms and white French cottages; and, having spent an hour and a half in passing this, we draw near to the northern shore, and run close to the steep rocky sides of immense mountains whose feet are always bathed in the ceaseless tides of the St. Lawrence. All through the day the great mountains are in view,

tumbling over one another in superb confusion, and remind one of the Rocky Mountains of Colorado, with the invaluable addition of great expanses of water. A few landings only are made, for population has failed; we have gone from the busy haunts of man; the waters themselves are strangely deserted. Immense as is this great highway to the sea, and vast as is its ever-increasing stretch from shore to shore, hardly a vessel of any description was seen upon it from morning till night. At sunset we find ourselves heading for the mouth of the Saguenay River, the far-famed Saguenay. We land at Tadoussac, the quaint little town and resort at its mouth, and run up into town and visit the oldest of all American churches north of Florida; the smell of resinous wood is on all sides, and the air is keen even in midsummer. When we draw out at ten o'clock the full moon is gliding the dark waters of the Saguenay, and throwing a weird light upon the sombre mountains that enclose it. Early morning finds us at the head of navigation at Chicoutimi, an active French town of some 4,000 people, where, as in all other settlements, the power of the Roman Catholic Church and its relation to the people are seen in an immense church building, towering aloft over the diminutive cottages.

And now, such is the state of the tide, that we must be off before eight o'clock upon our return trip. And the glories of the Saguenay really begin. Man, and all signs of his existence, immediately disappear from view, and we make the entire Saguenay trip without passing any other moving craft save a single pleasure yacht. The waters are black and deep to unknown depths; the mountains are black, though largely covered with forests, and their precipitous sides run down indefinitely into the waters. All is wild, solemn, still, strange, unearthly, thrilling. Capes Trinity and Eternity are now seen in the distance and rapidly approached. These are the highest of all the mountains, rising precipitously from the water's edge, one side of Trinity being a perfectly vertical wall of rock, some 1,500 feet high. We draw near, and the passengers try their skill in throwing stones, at the rock, nearly every effort failing, so surprisingly distant is it after all. On one of the heights of Trinity Rock we behold the strange apparition of a colossal statue of the Virgin, with outstretched hands as if in the act of blessing; not a sign of a human habitation is anywhere in sight, she is 'monarch of all she surveys.' A large company of priests are on board; and have taken possession of the upper deck, and as we pass before the Virgin their hats are removed, and they break out into the singing of a hymn of praise, which certainly adds greatly to the whole effect. It is nothing that before and after this act of devotion these same priests make themselves merry with billiards, cards, wine, cigars and snuff; in the presence of this statue they are suddenly very religious. Steam is shut off and, as the boat wheels about to resume her journey, she blows successive blasts on her whistle, which are answered from the great recesses of Trinity, as if from the voice of the God of glory, whose name the stupendous rock bears.

Shortly after dinner we are again at Tadoussac, and the evening is given us at Murray Bay, a great Canadian resort, while the early morning again finds us tying up at a pier at Quebec. A day was spent in the quaint old city, it should have been more, and its churches, fortifications, and various institutions and monuments were studied, with close reference to our own revolutionary history, which touches at this point in the heroism and death of Montgomery. Instead of taking the night boat to Montreal, we made the run by day, and very greatly to our satisfaction. True, the mountain scenery had now vanished; but there was a charm about the picturesqueness of the lower banks, the successive villages and towns, with their great churches and convents, and the varying expanse of water, which we shall not soon forget.

Sunday and Monday were spent in Montreal, and the Queen's Hotel, situated beside the Grand Trunk depot, afforded us a delightful and quiet home without unreasonable rates, with good rest at night and tempting refreshment at each meal, and ready access to the varied attractions of this wonderful modern city. And here is a surprise for the 'Observer' readers, as it was for me. In this confessedly Roman Catholic city of 300,000, there are only 18 Roman Catholic churches, against 74 Protestant, of which 24 are Presbyterian. Yet every Roman Catholic church is large and full, which cannot be said of every Protestant church. As we went from one church to another, and witnessed the devotions of the people, we 'perceived that in all things they were too superstitious.' Explicit official directions are given as to how to secure indulgences by 'making the way to the cross,' and promises of prayers for souls in Purgatory are hung over the collection boxes, in one instance a picture of souls in the flames, together with others being delivered who had been prayed for and paid for, being added. The effect is painful. But Protestantism is gaining, and with it great prosperity is also visiting Montreal, whose beauty and greatness alike impress one from the magnificent summit of Mount Royal behind the city. The proverb 'See Rome and die,' might almost be applied to this city, and, indeed, to this entire region, which we have visited.

FREDERICK CAMPBELL. Brooklyn.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE NOVELIST'S FIRST LOVE AFFAIR AND ITS BITTER ENDING.

The true story of Sir Walter Scott's love for Williamina Stuart, as told in the 'Century' by a descendant of one of his intimates, shows how far astray Ruskin went when he said that the romancer had never known the passion of love. We come now to the year 1796, the most momentous period in the history of this sad first love of a noble mind; and it is also the point from which may be said to date the calamities that have darkened the memory of beautiful Williamina Stuart. These were twofold. It has been asserted, both in published statements and by the easily deceived vox populi, first, that after having given Walter Scott the utmost possible encouragement, and virtually engaged herself to him, she then deliberately threw him over when a more welcome lover appeared. secondly, that she did this dishonorable and cruel act from the most unworthy motives—because the worldly position of the new suitor, heir to the title and wealth of the baronets of Pitligo, was infinitely superior to that of the young and as yet unknown advocate. Now, the first of these calamities is mainly founded on a false interpretation of a letter written by Williamina to Walter Scott, in answer to one from him. After three years of silent longing and devoted love, he had at last been unable to resist the temptation to tell her openly the real nature and depth of his feelings toward her, and had written all that was in his heart for her, without reserve. They were, as we have seen, in the habit of corresponding, and, therefore, a reply to this letter was no proof of any intention, on her part, to allow of a change in their relations. Scott, writing on the subject at the time to an intimate friend, admits that she distinctly urged upon him the 'prudent line of conduct,' which would leave their intercourse to be conducted, as before, on simple terms of friendship; and then he adds: 'I read over her epistle about ten thousand times, and always with new admiration of her generosity and candor. . . . It would be very difficult to describe the mixed feelings her letter occasioned, which, entre nous, terminated in a very hearty fit of crying.' Williamina had written with the gentleness and sweetness which were her prevailing characteristics, and probably from this fact Scott does seem to have, unfortunately, derived some hopes which had no real foundation, as it is plain that, although they met frequently afterwards in Edinburgh, there was no change whatever in the footing on which they had always stood, and Scott apparently did not attempt any further avowal of his attachment.

Just at this time he brought out his first poem, a splendid translation of the wild German ballad of 'Lemore,' and a friend of his prepared for him a beautifully bound and ornamented copy to be by him presented to Miss Stuart. The gift could not be refused from the young author and Williamina intimated that she had appreciated and admired it; but the matter went no further, and the fatal climax of his unreturned affections was at hand.

In the autumn of that year Walter Scott went to stay for a few days with Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart at their country seat, where he had frequently been received before with the friendliness and hospitality which were natural to them. It was the last visit he ever paid to them, for their daughter let him see at once that his hopes were finally in vain, and that the affection he so long had tried to win had been given unreservedly to William Forbes, who was emphatically her first as well as her last love. It is probable, as we have seen that Scott, in his anxious hopefulness, had misinterpreted some expression in Williamina's written answer to his avowal of his love for her; but, apart from all other proofs that there never was any engagement between them, William Forbes was far too honorable as well as too proud a man to have sought her had he known that any such existed. Scott was his own intimate friend and the fact of his betrothal could not have been concealed, intimate as they were, had it ever taken place.

The fact that Williamina had never known a feeling save that of friendliness to any save the man who became her husband is clearly shown in a letter from Lady Jane Stuart to her future co-laborer, Sir William Forbes. Apparently this lover also had been diffident and doubtful of winning the prize so many coveted, and had applied to the mother of his lady love to tell him without reserve how far he had gained her affections.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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MINES OF NEW ONTARIO.

Pleasures and Pains of a Journey From Collingwood to Mine Centre.

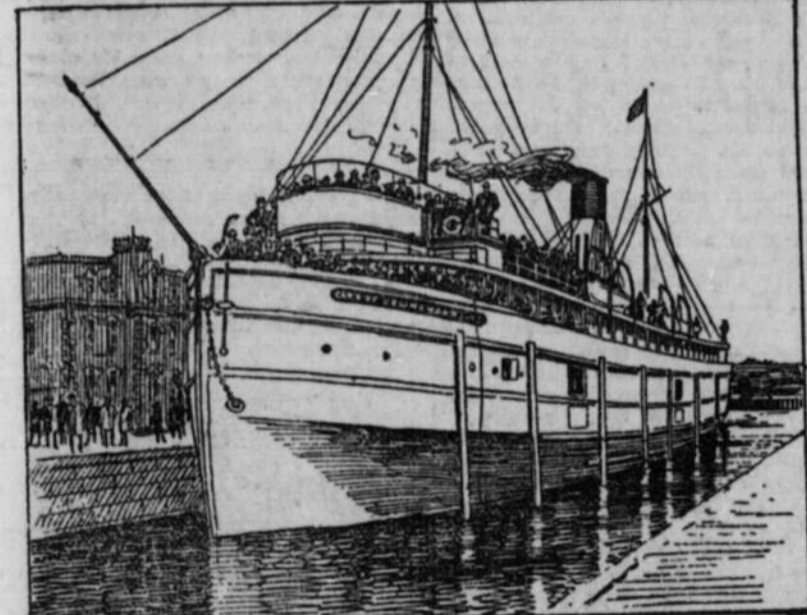
THE THRILLING ROMANCE OF THE SILVER ISLET MINE.

II.

The traveller from Collingwood to Mine Centre: across the Great Lakes by steamer; by the C. P. R. from Fort William to Rat Portage; from Rat Portage to Fort Frances by the steamer 'Keenora,' and from Fort Frances to Mine Centre by the small river steamer 'Majestic,' meets with much that gives him pleasure, and, if he be a Canadian, much that he would rather have otherwise.

patriotic Canadian sorry and ashamed, and that is the fact that, in spite of the four million dollars which have been spent upon the canal and other money spent in diverse ways, there is no wharf at which a Canadian boat of any size can unload her cargo, and the consequence is that a boat the size of the 'Majestic,' of the Northern Navigation Company's line, is forced to break her freight on the American side and tranship it over to Canada in a ferry boat. This is a blot upon our escutcheon which ought soon to be removed.

To one who is impressed with ever-changing skies and illimitable waters, the twenty-four hour's journey across Lake Superior in a good ship is one long to be remembered, and the first view of the approaches to Port Arthur is one never to be forgotten. Silver Islet Mine, once



Steamer 'City of Collingwood,' of the Northern Navigation Co., of Ontario, in the 'Soo' lock, with Algoma Legislative Tourists on board.

mer travel, and one may well be proud that they serve under the Canadian flag; the same may be said of the fine steamers of the C.P.R. line, the 'Alberta,' the 'Athabasca' and the 'Manitoba,' which ply between Fort William and Owen Sound; but these instances are all too few, and when one gets into the course of the lake-borne freight traffic, and finds that only about two percent of all this vast business is done by Canadian vessels, one somehow feels that this ought not to be so and searches about for a cause. Arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, the Canadian heart is gladdened with the magnitude and equipment of our canal end lock, and the men employed upon it point proudly to the fact that it is better than either of the two American canals. This is all very nice, of course, but when you see ship after ship, carrying grain, timber, iron ore, etc., being loaded with admirable skill and promptitude through our canal and find that nearly every one of them are of United States register, you are again compelled to deplore the fact that this traffic is so terribly one-sided. That the great pulp mills of Sault Ste. Marie are on the Canadian side of the river, and give employment to Canadians, may be accepted with unalloyed pleasure, in spite of the fact that they owe their foundation and progress to an American, Mr. F. H. Clergue, and some American capitalists associated with him. Mr. Clergue has done a great deal for the 'Soo' and district, and with his unbounded industry will yet do a great deal more for the development of this part of New Ontario, and men of his calibre should be welcome everywhere. One thing he is doing in striking contrast to the rest of the country, and that is in the matter of machinery. In the mining districts of New Ontario Americans are to be found everywhere, and nearly all the machinery in use has been made in the United States, and this is not calculated to afford a Canadian unalloyed bliss; but all the machinery of Mr. Clergue's vast pulp mills is made on the premises, and when he opens and works the mines, which are the property of the company, the machinery, so far as practicable, will be made in Canada. All this is good to know, but there is one thing at Sault Ste. Marie which makes a

so famous, is pointed out, but it is a dot in the waters that can hardly be seen. Thunder Cape, on the other hand, rises up grim and gaunt, the Sleeping Giant lying half across its length, in rude semblance to some fabulous Indian warrior, in the days when there were giants in the land. Passing between Thunder Cape and Pie Island, one enters Thunder Bay, and Port Arthur is revealed, and it is surely one of the most magnificently situated places in the world. Old travellers compare it to the Bay of Naples and other famous bays, but, in truth, it is unique, and comparisons only heighten its charms without revealing much similarity. From Port Arthur, looking outward, the view is great indeed. Pie Island lies to the right, Thunder Cape and the Sleeping Giant to the left, and, in the distance, Isle Royale appears, a line upon the horizon. But, here, again, there is a fly in the Canadian's ointment, for Isle Royale commands Port Arthur, and Isle Royale belongs to the United States. By all good rights, it ought to belong to Canada, but it was given away by the Lord Ashburton treaty, when so many of our choice spots were given away, because of ignorance and supineness; and, now, in case of war with our neighbors (which heaven forbid!) it would make them a famous shooting gallery. No Port Arthur man looks out across his bay by day or night, and no informed Canadian passes Isle Royale without bearing a grudge, mild or bitter, against those 'days that are no more.'

Small as is Silver Islet in reality, and the speck that it appears to the passer-by in ships, it deserves more than a passing word, because it was the richest mine of its size ever discovered, and one of the world's great romances. Also, because, arguing from analogy, there is a probability that other mines as rich may yet be found not many miles away. There is plenty of silver in the neighborhood of Port Arthur, and even now the West End Silver Mountain mine is being worked at a profit; but this is only accomplished by very economical management, and the majority of the mines in this district closed down when silver dropped from a dollar to sixty cents an ounce. Of this, however, more

Here is the story of Silver Islet, almost as it was told on shipboard, within sight of it, on a perfect morning in June, surely an ideal time and place. Silver Islet, then, lies almost within the shadow of the Sleeping Giant. When discovered, it was only about seventy feet long, forty feet wide, and rising no more than four feet above the surface of the lake when the waters were calm. In shape, it resembled the crown of a man's head, and when the waters were rough it was lost in the swirl of the foam. In 1869 the Dominion Government granted the Montreal Mining Company a location comprising 12,000 acres, and it was while this property was being

months these were all finished and development work commenced. Then came a catastrophe which would have disheartened the stoutest. A great storm, such as the navigators of our great unsalted seas know only too well, came on, part of the protection works were washed away, and a month or two later, in March, to wit, a full half of that which had been accomplished with so much labor and high hopes was buried in the lake. And, as misfortunes are said to never come singly, the new owners nearly lost their mine at this time. A claim jumper somehow managed to secure an order-in-council giving him certain islands contained in the limits of the grant; this



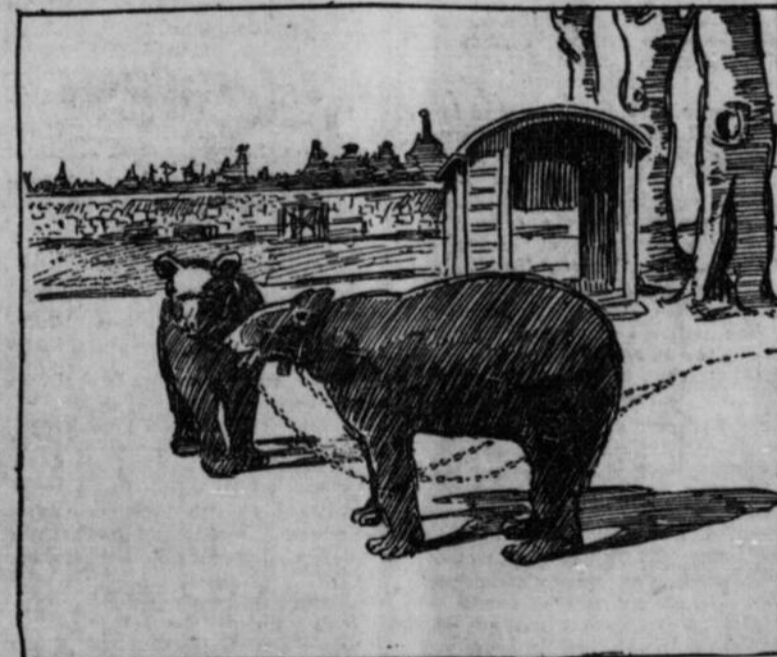
The never-ceasing procession of lake freight carriers one meets on Lake Huron, when approaching Sault Ste. Marie. Nearly all, alas! are of United States register.

surveyed that the famous richness of the little island was discovered. One of the men employed by the company was one day called upon to plant a few stakes on this islet, when he noticed a vein, carrying galena, and running across the rocks with a width of 20 feet. In the galena was also found almost pure silver, and this was also traced far out into the water. The silver on the crest of the island was soon exhausted, and then men were set to work in the ice-cold water off the shore. Here, although the workers could only remain a few minutes at a time, before almost being chilled to death (by the by, they say that a drowned body sinks to the depths of Lake Superior and never reappears, because of the water's coldness), yet, in the course of a few days, between one and two thousand pounds of silver ore were prized out from this novel situation.

Such a find naturally was much talked about at the time, and early in the following year more work of the same kind was performed. Working only on still days, and at an average depth of three feet, in a very little while something less than \$8,000 worth of ore was recovered, and, as a result, it was decided to open a mine. Then commenced such a battle with the elemental forces of nature as the sea gods of old might have contemplated with glee. Protecting cribs were built and a shaft was begun, but when this had been sunk for a few feet the water rushed in, and the miners were flooded out. Nothing daunted, when winter came around, and the surface of the islet was frozen over, ten men were set to work, and in fourteen days these recovered from under the ice in the neighborhood of nine tons of ore, valued at nearly \$20,000. The Montreal company, however, now estimated that it

included Silver Islet, and but for a change of government, which reversed the ruling of its predecessor, Silver Islet would have passed from the sway of its rightful owners. In the fall of 1872, no report having been made by the American company in the meanwhile, the directors published a statement showing that the mine had realized only \$50,000 less than a million dollars, out of which \$270,000 had been paid in dividends and nearly \$200,000 for construction works. The islet at this time, originally less than a seventh of an acre in extent, had been recovered to two acres, and was covered with buildings and machinery. Five hundred miners were employed, and the population of the settlement numbered several thousands. Here were a church, schools, stores, custom house, post-office and dwellings, a fine harbor, breakwaters, wharves, a sectional dry dock for repairing vessels, and a system of lighthouses and range lights. Surely a remarkable achievement for two years!

To thoroughly understand what has gone before and what follows, it must be remembered that this little spot in a waste of waters is exposed to the full force of Lake Superior, and for a distance of nearly 250 miles every wind has it for a prey, excepting only the north. Little wonder, then, that in the winter season of 1871 and 1872 devastating storms had swept it through and through and cleaned off the buildings upon it, as if a gigantic razor, wielded by a Titan, had severed them from the rocks and buried them out to sea. At this time timber had grown scarce in the neighborhood, and the aspect of affairs was pretty blue, but these undaunted men, part mermen and part miners, might rightly quote the pagan line of W. E. Henley, 'I thank whatever



Mr. F. H. Clergue's bears at old Hudson Bay Block House, Sault Ste. Marie.

would cost at least \$50,000 or \$60,000 to build adequate protection works, and it was thought best to offer the mine for sale. It was first put upon the market in London, but English capitalists were not at that time much enamored with Canadian speculations, and it was finally sold to a syndicate of Americans for \$225,000. Only \$50,000 of this sum, however, was ever called up, the mine itself paying the balance, besides the dividends and all development work. Some of the buyers afterwards became famous in the world, either because of themselves or their connections. One of them, for instance, was E. B. Ward, of Detroit, and the money obtained from Silver Islet made his daughter the Princess Chimay, and enabled her to pursue her subsequent shady career. Another was William B. Frue, and it was here that his famous invention, the Frue vanner, without which half the mines at present in the world could not be in operation, was first introduced, to save the slimes. Others of this famous syndicate were Charles A. Trowbridge, Peleg Hall, William H. Zabriska, G. S. Coe and A. H. Sibley.

Storms came and passed and the works were more or less battered, but, in spite of this, \$1,000,000 was taken from the mine during the next year. During the next two years the output diminished, and was only in the neighborhood of \$1,100,000; some say because the pay streak was exhausted, and others because of a 'fault.' The mine began to get waterlogged, too, and storms damaged the works again, but repairs were made and work was again resumed. In 1883, however, there was a heavy deficit, and in 1884, while ore of almost original richness was being brought to the surface, because of the non-arrival of a cargo of coal, the fault, it is said, of a

drunken captain, it was necessary to shut down the mine, and since then it has been abandoned. It is most improbable that any future attempt will be made to reopen this mine, the cost would be too great; but in all the romance of mining, there is perhaps no instance so thrilling of man's striving with and, for a time, victory over natural forces as in the case of the little islet mine which lies only 25 miles from Port Arthur. Nevertheless, nature conquered, at long last, the mine is now filled with water and deserted, the engines are still, the vast breakwater is succumbing to the tremendous force of the waves, the houses, the church, the workshops and the once unique machinery, are all in ruins, and only a solitary caretaker remains, to mourn, if mourn he does, over the ruins of a departed glory.

A 'NASAL TWANG.'

IT IS NOT DUE TO THE CLIMATE.

Just why Americans have a peculiar nasal twang has never been satisfactorily explained, nor has the twenty-first annual congress of the American Laryngological Society, which has just been concluded, thrown much light on the subject. The opinions expressed by the various throat specialists upon the subject were



SNAP-SHOT OF THE ENTRANCE TO CANADIAN 'SOO' CANAL.

so diverse and scientific that the layman is left but little the wiser.

One point, however, received universal acceptance, and that was that the climate was not the cause, or, at any rate, not the sole cause, of the twang that is invariably described with the term 'Yankee.' The nasal twang is not limited to the New England States, but has spread all over the continent, and, as the climate varies almost to extremes, throughout the country, it was scarcely fair to ascribe to it all the changes that take place in the larynx and vocal cords, and which produce the unpleasant twang.

Dr. Shedson Makuen, of Philadelphia, told the association that he attributed the high tension in the voice to the high tension of American life. When a person is excited or hurried the voice always becomes high pitched, and it does not take long before the habit is formed and the voice assumes a nasal twang. To show that it was not a question of race that would account for the twang of the American voice, like the guttural voice of the Dutch or the peculiar type of nasal voice of the French, it was pointed out that our English cousins had voices of an agreeably low pitch. Comparatively few Englishmen suffer from nasal catarrh or affection of the larynx, while it is the exception to find an American who is unaffected by some similar affection. It might very well be the case that the nasal twang is the cause of the larynx being affected instead of what is generally believed—the nasal twang being caused by the nasal catarrh.

Still another specialist, Dr. Thomas Hubbard, of Toledo, advanced the theory that high pitched voices were caused by the endeavors of people to make themselves heard in noisy cities. In order to make one's voice heard above the din and hubbub of a noisy town or city it was necessary to use one's top notes. This forced high pitch of the voice is soon imitated unconsciously, and an unpleasant voice is acquired.

An enforced domicile among people speaking with a nasal twang soon leads one to acquire the habit. An Englishman visiting this country in the space of a few weeks acquires a high pitched voice. A European trip taken by an American will often have the effect of causing his voice to change from a high pitched to a low pitched tone, and the change will be permanent so long as he refrains from mixing with people who speak with a pronounced nasal twang. Unconscious imitiveness spreads from

city to village, and some of the most pronounced nasal voices are heard in country villages.

Dr. John W. Farlow, of Boston, ascribed to immigration a great number of bizarre sounds that have crept into the spoken language. Guttural sounds were introduced by the Germans and Dutch, while a number of nasal sounds were brought into use by French-Canadians. The result was that the American had grown careless as to the best way of using his voice, and had a kind of mongrel speech. People fall into the conversational habits of the community in which they live and make no effort to better faulty methods.

The best way of getting out of the habit of speaking in a high pitched voice, it was said, is to study tone formation. This cannot be begun too early, and the necessity of teaching the subject in the public schools cannot be urged too strongly. Only one person knows how to sing, while a hundred know how to talk, and until efforts are more widely made to teach the proper modulation of the voice the American will always possess a nasal twang and its invariable accompaniment, a nasal or laryngeal catarrh.

THE ORIGIN OF FINE PEARLS.

Some hold that fine pearls are the result of a disease in the oyster, and others that they are caused by the shellfish coating intrusive bodies, such as grains of sand, insects, and even small fishes, with nacre, so as to make them agreeable to its soft flesh. According to a paper of M. Leon Digue, presented to the Académie des Sciences, Paris, recently, there is a distinction between fine pearls and intrusive bodies coated with nacre, which renders both views more or less right. It is true that foreign bodies entering the shell and probably irritating the mollusc are coated with nacre, and sold as pearls, often of peculiar and fanciful shape. They occur between the 'mantle' and the shell, but are usually, if not always, attached to the shell by a neck of the pearly matter. These 'pearls of nacre,' as M. Digue calls them, have not the fine iridescence of the true 'Orient' pearl, but only that of the shell of mother-of-pearl. They are the result of an accidental intrusion. On the other hand, the true spherical pearl of Orient lustre is formed in any part of the shellfish except the mantle and has no connection with the shell itself. It is a pathological calcification or 'stone,' and seems to arise from parasites. It begins in a small sac of humor which

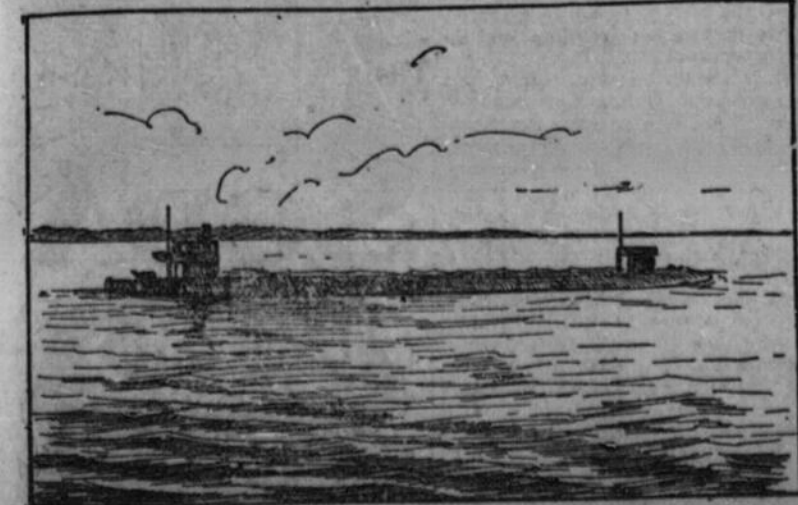


TYPE OF HARDY ADVENTURERS WHO DISCOVER OUR MINERAL WEALTH.

becomes gelatinous and calcifies in a series of concentric layers. A pearl thus formed is composed of crystalline matter and a substance resembling concholine in alternate layers. At its heart is a cavity holding organic matter and calcareous crystals, with remains of organized creatures, presumably the parasites which have provoked the malady in the shellfish. In course of time the sac in which the pearl is made becomes thin, and the mollusc, breaking it easily, can eject the pearl.



Thunder Cape, and the Sleeping Giant, as seen from Port Arthur, 18 miles away.



Snapshot of a 'whaleback' in tow, on Lake Huron.

BRITISH NEWS.

ENGLISH.

Sparks from railway engines recently caused the destruction of two fields of corn in Northamptonshire

Inspector Bond, described as the oldest railway servant in England has retired after sixty-one years' service on the Midland Railway.

A locust which came over to England a short time ago in a bunch of bananas, was sent to the Zoo. It has now about two hundred baby locusts.

Lord Rosebery's Aberdeen Angus bull 'Plutoerat,' of Dalmeny, which was first at the Yorkshire show at Hull and Perth, has been sold to an Argentine breeder.

The German Emperor's visit to Queen Victoria is tentatively fixed to take place at Windsor, on November 15, but the date is subject to possible alteration.

The Home Secretary has appointed Mr. Franklin Lushington to be chief magistrate of the Metropolitan Police Courts, in place of Sir John Bridge, resigned.

A bag containing £2,000 worth of jewellery was stolen from a Birmingham traveller at the Lime street post-office, Liverpool, the other day. There is no clue to the thief.

A large number of temperance seamen visit the Surrey Commercial Docks in the course of a year. Recently one vessel had a crew of 28 hands, all of whom were abstainers.

A scheme is on foot to supply Londoners with ten million gallons of sea-water daily. It will be brought in pipes from Lancing, Sussex, and there will be a large reservoir at Epsom.

A London lady visitor to the Norfolk Broads, while fishing at Potter Higham, hooked and landed a huge eel, which measured three feet three inches in length, and weighed five and a half pounds.

There has been quite an epidemic in camp at Shoeburyness through the eating of cockles and other shellfish. Nearly a hundred cases have been treated, some of them serious. It is said that the shellfish are poisonous owing to the amount of metal on the shore.

A curious case of suffocation is reported from Nantwich. A child was put to bed, and three hours afterwards was found dead. The infant had rolled off the bed into a box full of feathers, and was suffocated by the feathers, which had been drawn into its mouth by its breathing.

The 'Board of Trade Journal,' reporting on the skilled labor market in July, says the general state of employment during the month continued steady and good, the percentage of unemployed being still lower than at any similar period since 1890. There has been a marked upward movement of wages, particularly among coal miners and iron and steel workers.

At the examination just concluded in London for twenty-eight vacancies for the Royal Army Medical Corps, and twenty-three vacancies for the Indian Medical Service, the former only succeeded in filling fourteen places and the latter twenty-two. The same scarcity is now felt in England, where it is almost impossible to obtain qualified assistants.

At Camborne, the other morning, the miners entering the Basset United Mines found that hundreds of tons of old granite had become displaced, and had 'tumbled' two of their comrades in the 150 fathom level. Girls, as well as men, organized themselves into working gangs, and assisted in the work of rescue.

The other evening a traction engine, belonging to Messrs. Woods, whilst descending Ruxley Hill, Footscray, Kent, got beyond the control of the driver and dashed at a terrific pace into an embankment. The engine turned completely over. The driver was instantly killed and two other men were severely crushed.

Major W. A. Ellison, commanding the Windsor Company of the Berkshire Volunteers, which battalion was being officially inspected at Windsor, was thrown from his horse. When picked up he was unconscious and was found to be suffering from concussion of the brain. Major Ellison is one of the Queen's surgeons at Windsor Castle.

A familiar figure to cross-Channel passengers by the Calais route has passed away at the age of seventy-eight in the person of Captain J. W. Jutelet, one of the first commanders of the Calais-Dover fleet. He was in command of the 'France' when she made a fearful passage in the memorable hurricane on New Year's Day, 1877, when part of the Admiralty Pier at Dover was washed away.

The rigor of the Manx law in regard to debt was unpleasantly demonstrated the other day to a musician employed on board one of the Blackpool excursion steamers plying to Douglas. The minstrel made the acquaintance of an ex-barmaid, and took lodgings for her at an

of the palatial boarding houses near the Promenade. He failed to discharge his bill, with the result that he was summarily sent to prison pending payment.

A painful accident occurred on Sunday evening at Ramsgate. When Private Hanson, of the West Riding Regiment, stationed at Dover, was riding down South-eastern road, a steep incline, on a brakeless bicycle, he lost control of his machine. He approached four cross-roads at a rapid speed, and ran into a coach from Herne Bay. Hanson's teeth were knocked out, his jawbone was broken and the wheel smashed.

At Cambridge County Hospital, Aldershot, an inquest was held upon Corporal Fry, who was shot at the butts by Corporal Dobson. The evidence showed that the 'cease firing' was sounded by whistle. Every man should then have unloaded. Corporal Dobson said he did not hear the command unload, and when he rose from the ground his finger must have pressed the trigger. He was horrified. It was a pure accident. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Mrs. Vaughan, the widow of Dean Vaughan, and the sister of Dean Stanley, died in England recently. She is described as 'a woman of strongly original character, and a wise adviser to both her husband and her brother, and it was said many years ago that it was mainly through his wife's influence that Dr. Vaughan refused bishopric after bishopric.' Mrs. Vaughan was tenant for life of her brother's large fortune, the bulk of which now passes to the family of the late Bishop Parry.

Sir Charles G. E. Welby, C.B., having, owing to the pressure of private affairs, resigned the appointment of private secretary to the Secretary of State for War, the Marquis of Lansdowne has appointed Mr. P. H. Harvey (formerly assistant private secretary) and Lieut. Col. the Hon. C. G. Fortescue, C.M.G., Rifle Brigade, to be his private secretaries. Sir Charles Welby will remain on Lord Lansdowne's staff as an extra private secretary, without pay.

The Southern Districts Orders, issued at Portsmouth on Aug. 15, contain a notice that General Sir Baker Russell, commanding the district, has placed 'out of bounds' for the troops all the licensed houses in Portsmouth and district owned by a leading firm of local brewers, in consequence of 'gross insult offered to two sergeants of the Royal Artillery' by the landlord of one of the houses in 'refusing to serve them in the saloon bar, and in causing them to be turned out of the bar because they were wearing the Queen's uniform.'

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, who had been the guest of Mr. Arthur and Lady Winifred Renshaw, at Woodend House, Renfrewshire, brought his visit to England to a close on Friday, Aug. 11, and left Victoria by the 9.15 p.m. train en route to Egypt, accompanied by Major Hamilton, A.D.C., and Colonel Shefer. Colonel Kitchener, His Lordship's brother, many military officers, and personal friends saw the gallant general off. An American lady amongst the crowd displayed a silk American flag with one hand, the other extended, asking, 'Under this flag is it allowable?' 'Certainly,' replied the general, heartily shaking hands.

An interesting but melancholy relic of the ill-fated Bishop Hooper was offered for sale the other day in London. This consists of a portion of the stump which was cut from the stake at which the bishop was burnt in St. Mary's square, Gloucester, in 1588, as an 'obstinate and irreclaimable heretic.' The stake was spiked up during the mayoralty of Mr. Broughton to make room for the foundations of the present monument. The greater portion of the stake was made into a casket, and was presented to Mr. Broughton's daughter on the occasion of her marriage.

The magnificent pair of grey zebras, the first of their species ever brought to Europe, which have been presented to the Queen by King Menelik of Abyssinia, recently arrived at Plymouth on board the P. and O. steamer 'Oceana,' having been embarked at Aden. They came over in charge of Mr. Thomas, assistant superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, who was sent to Southland specially to fetch them. The animals, which have been objects of great interest at the various ports, appear to be in the best of health. On their arrival in London they were taken temporarily to the Zoological Gardens.

A discovery which has all the appearance of a dastardly attempt to run a passenger train off a bridge into the river fifty feet below, has been made at Bedlington. Across the inside rail of the down line from Newcastle to Bedlington, and about a hundred yards north of the bridge which crosses the river Blyth, a pair of metal chairs, each weighing about eighteen pounds, had been secured. Happily they were discovered by a railway official who was walking along the track just before a heavily-laden passenger train passed over the metals. The two chairs could not possibly have got on the rail except by the design of some malicious person, who has not been traced.

Much innocent amusement has been created among the members of 'the force' in London by an order issued on Friday by the chief commissioner of police, touching the great question of feet. In this

document the police are exhorted to frequently wash their feet with warm water and soap. Afterwards, adds the circular thoughtfully, they should be carefully dried. Elaborate details follow relating to the virtues of boracic powder and the application of pumice-stone to hardened epidermis. Then follows some motherly advice about the choice of socks. As the men, on account of their special duties, always pay due regard to their feet in order to ensure their own comfort, they consider the advice slightly superfluous.

St. George's Church, at the top of Lord street, Liverpool, is undergoing demolition, and the workmen have just come upon a curious relic of by-gone days. The church stands on the site of a baronial castle said to have been first built by Roger de Poitiers in 1073. After being used for various purposes, the castle was demolished early last century to make room for the church. While at work last Tuesday the demolishers of the church came upon a large slab in the east aisle, immediately under the stained-glass window facing Lord street. The slab being raised disclosed twelve steps cut in rock and leading to a platform, and an arched doorway led to another flight of five steps, at the foot of which was a square chamber about fourteen feet in height, also cut in the rock. From this place there is a passage apparently running in the direction of the river, while marks on the walls suggested that the tide flowed in at high water, though the church is on a high level and nearly two hundred yards from the river. It is supposed that these steps and passages were hewn in the rock to provide an outlet from the castle near the waterside, and that when the castle was removed it was thought easier to cover the entrance than to fill up the passage. Foul air prevented the workmen from exploring further.

SCOTCH.

A service in commemoration of the Covenanters, who found shelter at Harbour Craig, near Habbie's Howe, was held on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 13, at the spot itself.

While the Duchess of Roxburghe and her daughter, Lady Margaret Orr Ewing, were driving into Kelso, recently, the horse stumbled, but was prevented from falling. The animal became fractious, however, and bolted. A collision with some other vehicles seemed imminent, but the Duchess succeeded in getting safely past, and the horse was eventually brought to a standstill. The ladies were considerably shaken by the exciting incident.

The question of the representation of Aberdeen in the next Parliament was discussed the other night at a joint meeting of delegates of the Trades Council, Social Democratic Federation, and unattached Socialists. In regard to North Aberdeen, it was decided to invite Mr. H. M. Hyndman to contest the seat at the next election. In respect to South Aberdeen, it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Cunninghame Graham be recommended as a suitable candidate, and asked to stand.

When a grave was recently opened for an interment in Nelfield Cemetery, Aberdeen, in which such shocking discoveries were recently made, it was found that beneath a coffin interred some time ago there was a coffin lid which covered the remains of three persons which had been removed from their coffins. One of the bodies seemed to have been buried only a few months ago. The matter was reported to the agents for the Baker Incorporation, to whom the cemetery belongs.

An alarming case of poisoning occurred at Pitlochry on Sunday, Aug. 3, those affected being in grave danger for some time. A family and their friends, seven in all, after partaking of cold rabbit pie at dinner, showed signs of irritant poisoning. Dr. Beatty was promptly called, and though able to somewhat alleviate their sufferings, they passed a bad night. The following day one of the gentlemen fainted, but by night no danger was anticipated. Dr. Beatty, who believes that the affection was due to ptomaine poisoning, has secured a portion of the pie for analysis.

A return has been issued to the inspector of the horses owned by the Glasgow Corporation Tramways, showing the results of the mallein test for the discovery of glanders in the animals, from July 20 to Aug. 8. Of 696 horses tested, 69 reacted, and these were slaughtered. On post-mortem examination it was found that ten horses were apparently free from the disease. The sum of £284 in compensation (which is at the rate of one-fourth of value) was paid for diseased horses, while £220 (the full value) was the amount of compensation paid for horses apparently free from the disease.

At Brechin Town Council, on Monday night, Aug. 14, it was agreed to present the freedom of the city to Arthur George Maule Ramsay, fourteenth Earl of Dalhousie, Baron Ramsay of Kington, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, and Baron Ramsay of Glenmark, on the occasion of his attaining his majority on Sept. 4. It was also agreed to give the same honor to the Hon. Charles Maule Ramsay, who is the second and only surviving son of Admiral George Ramsay, C.B., the twelfth Earl of Dalhousie. Mr. Ramsay, who acts as

the Earl's tutor, represented Forfarshire in Parliament in 1894.

The utility of the bicycle in connection with the police force, was illustrated in the case of a Perthshire theft the other day. It appears that a sum of £20 had been stolen from Garrybridge street during the night, and that a man and a woman, who had decamped, were suspected of the theft. Information being lodged with the police at Struan, a constable obtained a description of the missing pair, after which he cycled to Blair Athol in time to catch the 1.32 p.m. south train. Searching the carriages the constable observed a pair answering to the description with which he had been furnished, and on searching them nearly the whole of the stolen money was found in their possession. The pair were then taken in charge and conveyed to Pitlochry.

James Forsyth, the man who on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, to Edinburgh, last July, fell from the railing in front of Min'o House, whilst the Royal procession was passing up Chambers street, on its way to the McEwan Hall, has died in the Royal Infirmary. The deceased, it may be remembered, was holding a child in his arms when the accident occurred, and there is little doubt that it was in the endeavors to save the infant that his own injuries were so severe, his skull being fractured, and his breast-bone broken. Forsyth, who was sixty-two years of age, had served in the army for twenty-seven years, and during the past nine years had been employed as a porter in the Pathological Department at the Royal Infirmary.

By the death of Mr. Robert McQuillen, which occurred at his house in Bristol street, on Aug. 11, there has passed away one of the most familiar figures of Edinburgh Sheriff Court. For thirty years Mr. McQuillen has acted as hall porter and door keeper in the Court, and until lately his duties never found him an absentee. Deceased was 76 years of age, and had a somewhat chequered career. When a boy of sixteen he enlisted in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and with his regiment went through the Crimean campaign. He formed one of the famous 'Thin Red Line,' at Balaclava, and was the possessor of two medals, with clasps for Alma, Balaclava and Sebastopol. At the age of 32, and with the rank of sergeant, he retired from the army and joined the Edinburgh police force. While in the force, in which he ultimately became a sergeant, McQuillen was awarded a silver medal by the Royal Humane Society for saving the life of a lady in Duddingston Loch, in 1864. Leaving the force in 1868 he secured the post as porter at the Sheriff Court. Deceased was a man of courteous and obliging disposition, ever ready to direct strangers whom business or curiosity brought within the court precincts.

IRISH.

Who said there were no snakes in Ireland? A van driver has just killed one with his whip on the Bally-beg road, County Antrim. The reptile measured two feet three inches in length and was about the thickness of an eel.

While walking on the railway at Headford, near Killybegs, the other night, a young girl named Kelliher was knocked down by a passing train, and received terrible injuries, from which she died. The girl was about to be married, and had been to Cork with the object of drawing some money from the Post-office Saving Bank there.

A very fine mission hall for deaf mutes has just been erected and opened in Cork by the Venerable the Archdeacon of Cork. The hall will be available for meetings and services, and was much required. The service at the opening was largely attended and the archdeacon gave an earnest and suitable address which was interpreted by Miss B. J. Williams.

Intelligence has been received in Drogheda from Galway of the sudden death there of the Rev. H. E. Sandford, M.A., rector of St. Peter's, Drogheda. The deceased gentleman left only a few days ago on a vacation tour, to all appearance in the best of health. A chill contracted on the journey developed into pneumonia, and after two days' illness death supervened.

Captain Shimmom, of the barque 'Eagle Craig,' which arrived at Queenstown from Portland (Oregon) for orders, reports that on Aug. 1 last, when seventy miles west of the Fastnet, a large blue carrier pigeon flew on board the vessel. The bird was greatly exhausted and was easily caught, and being cared for a little became again lively and strong. On examining the bird an India-rubber band was discovered on one of its legs. The letter B and 444 were stamped on it.

On Saturday, Aug. 12 last, there was an exceptionally fine turn out of cattle at the Wicklow Horse Fair, while purchasers from all parts of the kingdom had travelled down, as usual, to capture the prizes bred in the district. There was a great selection of valuable saddle or army horses. Fair prices were realized, and not a few of the younger animals were sold at from fifty to sixty pounds each. One purchaser—a clerical gentleman, by the way—bought a smart riding horse for seventy guineas, while an innocent-looking young gentleman, not at all of the horsey appearance, but

evidently with a good knowledge of what he was about, bought an animal for eighty pounds and sold it for ninety-five pounds within half an hour of concluding the first bargain. From every point of view the fair proved extremely successful.

NEWEST OF NEW WOMEN.

SHE DRIVES A MOTOR CARRIAGE.

(Cleveland 'Leader'.)

Has the motor vehicle come as the final emancipation of women?

Yesterday I had a vision of the very newest of the new women—not the advanced female of square-cut attire, sober colors and socialistic ideas, but the brilliant creature of the motor carriage, who is a type unto herself, a creation of the hour.

She was coming down the avenue in the sunshine. She sat luxuriously among the rich green cushions of a sparkling new Victoria with the top crushed back and a footman sitting up behind, in aristocratic stiffness and white-topped boots. In attire, from her lace parasol to patent-leather ties, she was what one might expect on the avenue on a sunny afternoon, but there wasn't a mother's son, or daughter either, of the thousand who turned to watch her go by who thought once of clothes. For her hands were on two nickel-plated levers which curved gracefully upward from the carriage floor in front of her and one dainty foot rested on the brake bar.

She wore none of the tense, anxious exerted expression of the driver of horses. A gentle turn of neatly gloved wrist increased or decreased her speed by several miles an hour, a twist of the other and the vehicle cut out to one side with a pleasant whirr and passed a lumbering 'bus; a pressure of her thumb and the electric bell rang a warning. It was all without effort, graceful, and deliberate, and yet dashing and impressive.

I watched her spin deftly in and out among the maze of travel, easily and quietly making a speed about three times that of an ordinary carriage. I saw her whistle across the tracks at a multi-trolleyed street and turn with a sweep into the lower avenue, drawing up at the curbing as gracefully as a bird might alight. And then the big footman came down and held the carriage key—these new marvels of vehicles have keys like treasure boxes—while my lady tripped across the sidewalk to do her shopping. And thus, I thought, is woman finally emancipated. No more the terror of the runaway that haunteth by day, no more of the odor equine, no more of the buckle horror, no more whips, no more flies, no more dust to fly up from beneath horses' hoofs, no more clatter and bang and rattle.

For these thousand years or more a certain weakness of my lady's wrists has forced her to sit quietly at my lord's side and see him hold with superior strength the reins that guide his high steppers. And if that strength failed, what can she do but scream? Some there have been who have driven, and yet no woman ever yet, deep in her heart, quite lost the lurking fear of the bit in the teeth nor overcome entirely her suspicion that the harness will break.

But with the coming of the new vehicle, with its smartly curving handles, all this is changed. A woman can drive now and turn and race as well as a man. It needs only the strength of a child. And more than that, she can stop—stop wherever and whenever she pleases, and in any one of four or five different ways. And when she goes in to call or shop she has no need to worry about William and the horses. She knows of a certainty that her carriage will remain exactly where she left it, and that it cannot start until she inserts the little brass key which she carries with her.

Moreover, she is emancipated from trolley cars and suburban railways. If she lives in the country, forty miles out, no more will she arise in the dawn to catch that fast train to town and worry all day about getting herself and her bundles to the fast train at night. She is ready when she pleases best, her carriage is never eating like the horses, nor warm like horses, never casts a shoe, and she gets in and rides to town on twenty cents' worth of gasoline or electricity (her fare on the suburban train would have been forty-nine cents) she shops where she pleases, locks her bundles under the seat, waits for lunch at her favorite restaurant, and stops for her husband at the office, and they spin home together in the cool of the afternoon, faster than the trolley would carry them, with no jostling nor crowding, and no changing of cars.

Once at home, this new woman runs her new vehicle into—her summer kitchen if she hasn't a barn. And there it is ready for another forty miles. There's no unbuckling of moist buckles, no mysterious straps to tie up—what woman ever really understood a harness!—no oats to parcel out nor hay to fork down, and no odor nor flies. Of course, this paragon of wheels must be cleaned, but no more than an ordinary buggy, and it must be fed, but that is no harder than filling the parlor lamp—unscrew a nut, tip up the can, and behold! it is done. The new vehicle must be oiled and the tires pumped at regular intervals, but no more than a bicycle. Fifteen cents will carry it one hundred miles, and it never eats when it isn't working, and that is something every former horse owner appreciates

most keenly. And the cost of a really good vehicle, whether operated by gasoline or electricity, is not so great as that of a carriage and span.

Any woman can learn to operate a motor vehicle in an hour; she can become proficient in half a day; two days she can go anywhere, even in crowded streets. It isn't half as difficult to 'drive' a motor carriage as it is to learn to ride on a bicycle. The main thing required is presence of mind; a driver must know instantly which lever to pull to meet each emergency as it presents itself. A motor vehicle must exercise the intelligence of the horse, and no mean intelligence it is, as well as that of the driver. The training, therefore, is more that of the mind than of the hands. There are only five things to learn at first: how to start, how to increase speed, how to use the brake, how to turn off the power, and how to ring the bell. All these operations are performed in most vehicles with two hand and one foot lever; and they are no harder to understand than a sewing machine.

In conclusion it may be positively asserted that the modern motor vehicle has reached such perfection that it cannot run away without the very grossest carelessness, and it cannot possibly explode. These two facts will reassure some women who have formerly been a bit timid regarding this new vehicle which has become the greatest fad of the season among the smart set in Newport and New York.

A NEW KIND OF MONKEY.

The monkey shown in the accompanying illustration was presented to the London Zoological Gardens by the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M. P. It is a specimen of the red-bellied tamarin, the rarity of which may be gathered from the fact that, so far as is known, it has



never before been seen in Great Britain. In appearance the curious little animal is somewhat similar to the ordinary marmoset, save that the color of its fur is of a slightly different shade. It was captured in the Peruvian district of Upper Amazon, and as soon as this became known it was at once secured by Mr. Rothschild.

FORESIGHT.

Among the myriad anecdotes of dog-gish intelligence, but few illustrate the precious gift of prudence so effectively as the following story, cited in the diary of Sir M. E. Grant Duff. 'Companion' prints it as it finds it. The clergyman has a small dog, which would delight your soul. It is accustomed to sleep with his children, but never knows in whose bed, as they fight for it every night. One evening all the household had gone out, leaving their supper, consisting of meat pies and little cakes, on the kitchen table. When they returned the eatables had entirely disappeared. When the children went to bed, however, each child found, under its counterpane, a meat pie and a little cake. In its uncertainty as to its resting-place, the dog had determined to be prepared for all emergencies.—'Youth's Companion.'

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GOETHE.

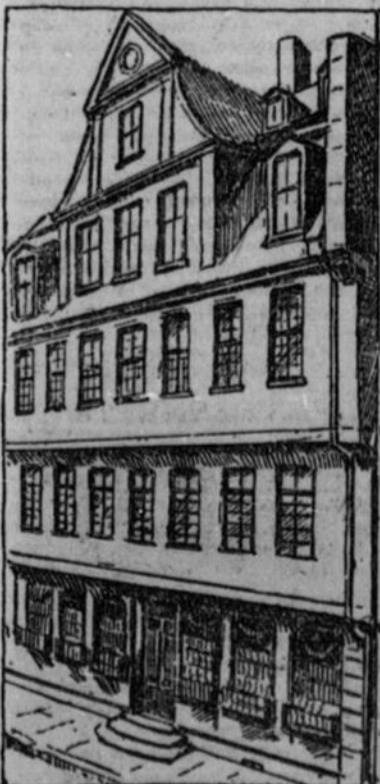
esqui-Centennial of the Great German Poet.

A LIFE OF WONDERFUL WORK.

The hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the celebrated poet, Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe, will be celebrated throughout the German Empire on Tuesday, Aug. 28, 1899, on a vast scale of magnificence.

Weimar is a strange little city. Down in a hollow of the rolling hills around it, Weimar appears to withdraw itself from the inquisitive eye.

Goethe was born in the year 1749 at Frankfort-on-the-Main, where his youthful years were spent. His father, Johann Kaspar Goethe, was an imperial councillor, in good circumstances, and in a respectable position.



BIRTHPLACE OF GOETHE IN FRANKFORT-ON-MAIN.

he became 'actual privy-councillor, at the age of thirty.' In 1782 he received a patent of nobility and from that time till 1788, travelled much in Switzerland and Italy.



EITEL FRITZ. OSCAR. CROWN PRINCE. FREDERICK. ADELBERT.

FIVE SONS OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY IN BAVARIAN COSTUME.

duke, in 1828, Goethe lived much in retirement, occupied occasionally with poetry, but much more intensely and constantly with the study of nature and the fine arts, which from his earliest years had possessed the strongest attractions for him. He died



GOETHE'S FATHER.

In March, 1832, in his eighty-fourth year Goethe's other works comprised 'Hermann and Dorothea,' a pastoral poem in hexameters; 'Wilhelm Meister,' a novel, several ballads and the poet's world-famed masterpiece 'Faust.'

Goethe is a poet who is thoroughly relished only by those who understand thoroughly the German language, and whose minds are not so typically English as to exclude a real sympathy with German thoughts and feelings.

There is something which to other people seems almost inhuman in his greatness, not because of any lack of geniality, in his nature or of general benevolence or tenderness towards other men, but because of a certain aloofness, a certain superb but unswerving isolation in his nature.

such a position that gods and men may look upon him and wonder.

The authorship of 'Faust' occupied Goethe during all his active intellectual career. The conception dates back to his twentieth year, to 1798.

In 1790 some of these fragments struggled into print. The entire first part did not appear until 1808. The second part was published in similar instalment fashion. The 'Helen,' now its third act, appeared separately in 1827.

Of course, something of unity has been sacrificed by this staccato method. But as Faust is an autobiography, a symbolical picture of the life of the most universal genius the world has ever known, it was essential that it should have been written at different stages of his career, and all the better that it was completed just before his death.

There is no more marvellous tour de force in all literature than the two parts of 'Faust.' Goethe simply took an old German legend, a folk-tale, already made familiar by the puppet-shows, and preserving its main outlines intact, he shot it through and through with the most glorious poetry, the keenest irony, the most splendid imagery, producing a drama which begins with a wail of agony over the emptiness and vanity of human life, and ends with a burst of joy in the revelation of a new gospel of faith and hope and love.

Faust in his larger sense represents the aspiring, the poetical temperament of man, but in his more restricted sense he typifies the higher part of Goethe's own nature. A student he learns only that nothing can be known; a sentimentalist, the failure of his ideals sours him into cynicism. Mephistopheles, the mocking spirit, becomes his companion. But Faust mocks at the mocker; he challenges the latter to cheat him into enjoyment. If ever he shall say to the passing moment, 'Stay, thou art so fair,' then he will surrender himself to the powers of hell. In the efforts to win this wager Mephistopheles takes Faust through sensuality, folly, error and sin.

Through it all it is impossible for Mephistopheles to blind and deaden the spirit of his victim that he shall desire nothing better than the poor joys he has to give. All along we feel that if ever Faust arrives at an abiding peace it must be in the exercise of his highest nature. Such a time does come. When Faust, old, infirm and blind, stands at the door of his palace to listen to the busy work of the laborers who, at his command, have rescued a whole province

from the sea, and thus formed a home where millions may dwell, not, indeed, DECORATED HERR ROSE.

in perfect peace and security, but in the presence of such dangers only as will call forth the best energies and noblest virtues of men, he feels that he is doing a great work, and in that consciousness he is satisfied.



GOETHE, FROM A PAINTING.

divine creative power, and henceforth the destroying spirit has power only over the dead and outward body.

The moral of 'Faust' may be stated somewhat in this form:—Granted that the world as it is not the world as it ought to be, it is better than the world as many of us imagine it ought to be. The true wisdom is to reject your own ideal, to accept the world as it is, not absolutely, but relatively—as the nearest approach yet made towards realizing the higher ideal, the sum of the ideals of all humanity—and to join your lot with that of the millions of laborers who are working, in blindness and confusion, but still with some dim consciousness of the one true way toward making the world all that it ought to be.

LEFT ONE OF HIS EYES.

This good story comes from Ceylon. A tea planter—he had a glass eye—was very desirous to go and have a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that immediately the natives who were at work on the plantation got wind that he was away they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off?—that was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men he addressed them thus: 'Although I myself will be absent yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work.' And much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the natives worked like elephants, now and then casting furtive glances at the eye, to see if it were still watching, but at last one of them, seizing his tin in which he carried his food, approached the tree and gently placed it over the eye. As soon as they saw that they were not being watched they all lay down and slept peacefully until sunset.—Troy (N.Y.) Times.

IN A TORNADO.

THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO OPEN THE DOORS AND WINDOWS.

Discussing the awful disaster in Wisconsin, Professor E. B. Garriott, of the Weather Bureau, Washington, says that when people see a funnel-shaped cloud coming they should throw open every door and window in their houses, and then wait for the storm to pass over.

Your furniture will probably be damaged by the heavy rain that usually accompanies a tornado, he says, 'but your house will not be carried into the next county, nor torn to pieces by the fury of the winds. The velocity of the wind causes a vacuum in the atmosphere. When the cloud reaches a house with all its doors and windows shut the four walls of the building must give way in that vacuum, or the house is lifted from its foundation and is carried with the wind. When the destructive cyclone visited St. Louis a few years ago many large and substantial houses were blown down. In the path of the storm were many frail houses and sheds. These places escaped without the loss of a shingle. The numerous openings permitted the air to circulate freely. On the other hand, where the buildings were large and securely closed the confined air caused destruction. There was a similar incident just outside Chicago a few years ago. There was a storm which wrecked a large barn. Within a few feet of the demolished structure were a workshop and corncrib, which escaped without damage.

It is difficult to forecast tornadoes or rather to predict where one will strike. It is like attempting to foretell where lightning will 'hit.' The only thing to be done when a tornado visits your neighborhood is to throw open the doors and pray that the storm centre will not strike in your neighborhood. The chances of escape about equal those of destruction. The storm may hit or miss you. It is purely a matter of chance. 'The North-West has fared as well

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That Snowy whiteness of lincens comes from the use of Surprise Soap on wash day. Surprise has peculiar qualities for laundry uses. Surprise Soap is the name. A pure hard Soap. 5 cents a cake.

this year as any other section in the matter of destructive storms,' continued Dr. Garriott. 'That section has been a favorite stamping ground for tornadoes. These centres are caused by the contact of warm air and cold air, which generally meets in Minnesota, Southern Wisconsin, Illinois and Michigan. The reports of storms, as may be expected, increase yearly as the population in the north-west becomes more dense. Heretofore the storms have swept over the sections for years and years, and nothing was heard of their severity while their force was spent upon trees and plains. Now, as cities and towns are being built every few miles, the paths of the storms are obstructed by houses, which cannot be destroyed without the reading public learning of it.

Tornadoes travel from west to east, and are more frequent in the north-west and middle-west, where there are miles of prairie. In the winter the storms form on the Pacific Coast and in the Gulf States. The summer tornadoes come out of the Rocky Mountain region, and are mild until they come in contact with the warm air of the valley states. The combination of the cold air in the original storm and the warm air meeting and mixing at different angles forms the cyclonic force which causes the destruction. Tornadoes are broken by obstacles and cannot exist in a mountainous country. The storms form at a low barometric pressure. They go in groups and their area at times will cover several states. The cyclonic force of the disturbance is confined generally to the eastern section of the storm, and sometimes is so high in the atmosphere as to cause no damage. The cyclonic forces remain a mystery and while the causes of the phenomena are known, we are not successful in forecasting the storms.'

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

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Summer Complaints DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA, CHOLERA MORBUS.

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

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

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There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by LEADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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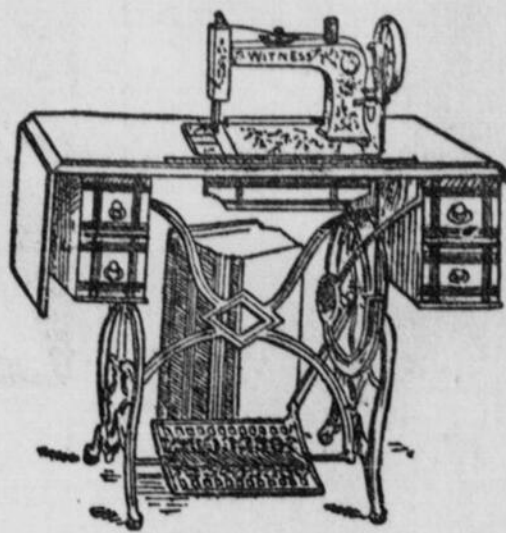
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One Drum Cylinder Press, 48 in. x 27 in. One Drum Cylinder Press, 50 in. x 28 in. One Forsyth Folding Machine. One Chambers Folding Machine. One Stonecutting Machine. These machines will cut and fold, and will be sold for \$100 each. One Stereo Casting box, 1 ft. 7 in. by 2 1/2 in.

Address or apply to J. BEATTY, "Witness" Office, Montreal.

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The New 'Witness' Sewing Machine.



This Machine is manufactured for us by one of the very best sewing machine manufacturers on this continent...

It is equal to the high-priced machines in finish and workmanship, will do equally as good work, and last just as long.

The Machine embodies all the good points found in other machines. The parts, as far as possible, are made of steel and hardened at points liable to wear.

It is a quick and light running Machine, and has the very latest improvements. It is Strong, Durable and Speedy.

This Sewing Machine uses a straight setting needle, and is so simple and easy to manage that any person of ordinary intelligence can run it without difficulty after a few hours' practice following the book of instructions, which accompanies each Machine, so that no teacher is required.

The following outfit is supplied: Thread Cutter, which we adjust before delivery.

One Tucker, with Gauge, showing correct width of tucks, from one-eighth of an inch,

thus obviating the tedious 'picking out' of early days.

A Binder, also a Quilter, which is so simple to attach, it will be found a great convenience in country subscribers homes.

The book of instructions gives explicit directions, and an illustration of each of the above as operated.

Besides the above are supplied, 11 assorted needles, 5 bobbins, 1 screw driver, and 1 oil can.

The table is of fine finished wood, having a drop leaf extension with a strong spring support, and four drawers. In fact, a lady who has tried the machine avers that each part is exactly similar to a \$50 machine in use in her home.

To any housewife desiring a sewing machine, this is an opportunity to get one free of cost.

GIVEN ONLY TO 'WITNESS' SUBSCRIBERS for twelve new subscriptions to the 'Daily Witness' at \$3.00 each; or for six new subscriptions to the Daily at \$3.00 each, and \$12.00 additional; or for two new subscriptions at \$3.00 each and \$20.00; or for 35 new subscriptions to the 'Weekly Witness' at \$1 each, or for 15 new subscriptions to the 'Weekly' at \$1.00 each, and \$12.00 additional; or for 6 new subscriptions to the 'Weekly' at \$1.00 each, and \$20.00 additional; or for 3 new subscriptions, to the 'Weekly' at \$1.00 each, and \$21.50 additional.

For sale at \$23.00. Transportation to be paid by receiver. Every one that has seen this Machine is simply astonished at the low price asked.

when my father died my mother and I did not have enough to keep body and soul together.

I knew that for all big places open to women there were ten applicants to one vacancy, so I made up my mind to think up some little field all untried by other women and attempt to climb in and fill the niche.

So I went to a girl who had recently married and set up housekeeping, told her my plans and asked to be allowed to arrange her furniture.

She consented, but said that the arrangement of her furniture suited her in every way except the hanging of her pictures.

So I undertook to re-hang her pictures, and did the work so satisfactorily that I soon had several other orders.

After my second year in Boston I departed for New York was the better field, so I came here and have worked for nearly four years.

As a rule my time is all taken, and I am well paid. I receive many orders from out of town people who are willing to pay for the time consumed in going back and forth.

People in New York are continually changing their homes, and each change is an opening for me.

Then, too, many women like their rooms to make a different appearance each season, so they employ me to move their furniture around and re-hang their pictures.

I think there is room for other women in the work, and I would recommend them to give my idea consideration, for I support my mother and myself comfortably by it, and that is the main test.

to fight bees he is likely to have his hands full in more senses than one. They sometimes alight on high objects, but do not often choose such if low growing trees are available.

A HANDY FRUIT LADDER.

Here is a fruit ladder which can be made by any smart boy who knows how to handle a brace and a bit.

Select a good, straight cedar pole (cedar is very light, yet strong), peel it, and ring it near the small end, or wrap it with strong galvanized wire.

Line it off with a chalk line, and bore the holes for the rungs. Then rip it down to the ring; this must be done carefully. Complete the operation by making and fitting the rungs, using some tough wood, such as white oak.

After it is finished give the whole ladder a soaking coat of linseed oil, after which it can be painted if desired.

The cedar pole will make the lightest and best ladder of this sort, but if it is not convenient to procure a pole, two strips of tough white oak one and one-half by three inches, bound and screwed together at the top, will serve as sides for the same.

In either case edges should be rounded off to prevent injury to limbs of trees, against which the ladder may rest.

COVER FOR A BERRY WAGON. A great deal of fruit is spoiled by being carried to market in waggons without covers.

The accompanying illustration represents the plan which we adopted, and we have found it so convenient and beneficial that we would not be without it for many times its original cost, which was about seven dollars.

It has five 1 1/2 by 3/4 inch bows which set into staples made of strap iron bolted to the sides of the box.

A two inch raven is put on the outside with the lower edge just below the top of the box so as to carry the water over.

From this raven the sides and front are boarded up two feet with 1/2 inch matched sheathing, on top of which is another two inch raven 3/4 inch thick.

The sides are covered with canvas the remainder of the way up.

The seat is set back in the centre, leaving room for one row of crates in front, which makes them handy to get at and eases up the load.

To support the seat an inch board is bolted to the inside of the bow, with the lower edge resting on the top of the box.

The seat is 12 inches wide, and is fastened with hinges at one end, so that it can be turned up out of the way when loading or unloading.

The top is covered with 1/2 inch matched sheathing the same as the sides. The top is well painted and then covered with canvas.

The canvas on both sides and top was first sized with hot glue to fill up the cloth and then painted with white lead and oil with a very little lamp-black to give it a drab color.

This makes the canvas water-tight and keeps it from shrinking. In this wagon we can carry 50 crates and have them where we

can easily get at them. When we wish to use the wagon without the top it can be set off out of the way.

THE BLACK CURRANT. The fruit of the black currant is very valuable in its season although the skin of the fruit contains essential oil—which renders it disagreeable to many persons—still the fruit is in much request for preserving and making wine.

On the whole black currants are important objects of cultivation, especially in the neighborhood of towns, where the fruit, during the long period of season in which it is fit for use, is always in demand, and generally pays well for good cultivation.

Having noticed quite recently in many districts of Shropshire the bushes of the black currant suffering from want of moisture, and unless supplied by rain or by hand (artificially), the fruit will be small and consequently will be more acid.

My practical advice to those who would like to grow the fruit of the black currant well, and get the fruit large and good, is to mulch with long stable or farmyard manure, putting it over the top soil over the roots, and then water with pond or other water that has been exposed to sun heat, giving each bush or tree sufficient to moisten all the roots of the tree operated upon, say, ten or twenty gallons.

Canadian Horticulturist. EXTERMINATING WOODCHUCKS. Many farms are badly infested with these troublesome creatures, and various devices are resorted to in order to get rid of them.

It is amusing to read some of the schemes proposed to destroy these little quadrupeds. One would think the animal a very formidable one requiring some sort of explosive for his destruction.

The use of bisulphide of carbon is a simple and easy method of getting rid of these pests. Plug up all the holes, and before closing the last one introduce a rag or piece of cloth, wound on the end of a stick, which has been saturated with about a tablespoonful of this liquid.

It generates a heavy suffocating gas, which smothers the woodchuck.

LINDENBANK. FARM GLEANINGS. If currant growers would co-operate in starting a few seedlings from Fay and White Grape, we should soon secure a bush standing eight or ten feet high, and bearing ten pounds of fruit to a bush.

Potatoes should not be dug until they are ripe, that is not until the skins will not slip, unless they are scabby, in which case the sooner they are got out of the ground the better, for the scab will increase as long as they are in the ground.

With the month of August so far advanced and winter apples, as a whole, showing such progress toward full growth, the fact is established that the final yield available for commercial purposes will be materially short of what is popularly considered a 'full crop.'

But while this is true, and while the autumn will prove very much less than the phenomenal, record-breaking yield of '98, it is none the less a fact that there are a good many apples in the country.—'N. E. Homestead.'

Many farm gardens are overrun with weeds before the season is half over. Why? Because their cultivation must be by hand, and if there is anything that the average farmer dreads to take hold of, it is a hoe.

Now, if the garden is a long, narrow strip, no difference how narrow, if it is long enough to grow all that is wanted, its cultivation is a matter of the utmost ease. It is but the work of a half-hour or an hour to run a plough or a cultivator through the whole thing, leaving but little hoeing or pulling of weeds to be done.

Numerous cures of rheumatism by the use of celery have been announced from time to time. It is asserted that the disease is impossible if the vegetable be cooked and freely eaten.

The celery should be cut into bits, boiled in water until soft, and the water drunk by the patient. Serve warm with pieces of toasted bread, and the painful ailment will soon yield.

Such is the declaration of a physician who has again and again tried the experiment, and with uniform success.—'Herald of Health.'

I have on my farm an old rear cut mowing-machine, which has been in use for 21 years, I never get off the machine to oil it without examining every nut, and if any of them are loose I tighten them.

I mow over some very rough ground, but in spite of this, and because of good care, the machine is in working condition to-day. The same principle holds good for every farm implement.

Loss of nuts on a wagon often cause serious accidents. Frequent examination and proper tightening pay better than any work the farmer can do. The machine on which every nut is tight works much easier, and is much more efficient.

The Canadian provinces will have a good many more apples than needed for home use. The crop is by no means a bumper one, but fairly liberal, as a whole, especially down in the Annapolis valley of Nova Scotia, where orchards are in a splendid condition, the fruit

developing nicely. As in recent years, the liberal surplus from that big crop will go largely to the London market, where it has a firm foothold on account of its general excellence, quality and packing.

The scattering orchard sections in New Brunswick and Quebec have fair promise, but will not cut much figure in the merchantable crop. The outlook in Ontario is for fully as many apples as last year, and better quality, but only what may be considered half a full crop.

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.]

HANDLING BEES.

To the majority of people there can be little doubt the sting of the bee is the great obstacle to bee-keeping, and no wonder, for a bee-sting is a most painful infliction and in some parts of the body is not unattended with danger.

The fear of being stung is, there is reason to believe, the chief reason why so few people keep bees, for the pursuit itself is a very fascinating and interesting one.

A few simple precautions will put the most timid person in a position to be master of the situation. The first requisite is some sort of a veil.

A very simple one is shown in the annexed drawing, which is made out of a piece of mosquito netting, about 18 inches wide and four feet long. The mode of making it is described as follows by a correspondent of the 'Country Gentleman':—

Make a shirring hem on both edges and insert a piece of elastic; lay a hoop of wire

about ten inches in diameter, the width of the hat brim from one edge, draw the netting tight and sew it fast; this gives a place to look through that is free from that wavy appearance; join the ends and you have a sort of bag that fits the crown of the hat and comes down and fits closely round the neck below the collar.

Bees do not often sting the hands, but if it is necessary to wear them to inspire confidence there is nothing better than a soft pliable pair of leather harvest mitts. Avoid woollen mitts which irritate bees by making them 'tangle-footed.'

A few puffs of smoke have a very quieting effect; in fact any threatened danger causes the bees to gorge themselves with honey, which makes them docile. Bees are more tractable in the middle of a warm day, hence in taking off honey and putting on extra boxes it is best to select such a day and by disturbing the hive a little while before opening it very little trouble will be encountered.

Quiet and gentle movements should always be practiced, as bees are very nervous insects and easily excited. In swarming-time it is well to have hives at hand ready for occupancy so as not to be taken unawares.

Bees, as a rule, swarm between ten and four o'clock on a warm, clear day, just before a season of bloom, although this is not infallible, and there are times when bees appear to set all rules at defiance, and make them for themselves when they are wanted. Bees in a swarming state are not so cross as those in a hive with brood to defend. It is best to take all precautions, however, and above all things do not lose your head and begin to fight, for when one starts

to fight bees he is likely to have his hands full in more senses than one.

They sometimes alight on high objects, but do not often choose such if low growing trees are available.

When there are medium-sized evergreens on a place they are very apt to make choice of these, and it is well for those who keep bees to have some planted here and there about their grounds.

A Handy Fruit Ladder. Here is a fruit ladder which can be made by any smart boy who knows how to handle a brace and a bit.

Select a good, straight cedar pole (cedar is very light, yet strong), peel it, and ring it near the small end, or wrap it with strong galvanized wire.

Line it off with a chalk line, and bore the holes for the rungs. Then rip it down to the ring; this must be done carefully. Complete the operation by making and fitting the rungs, using some tough wood, such as white oak.

After it is finished give the whole ladder a soaking coat of linseed oil, after which it can be painted if desired.

The cedar pole will make the lightest and best ladder of this sort, but if it is not convenient to procure a pole, two strips of tough white oak one and one-half by three inches, bound and screwed together at the top, will serve as sides for the same.

In either case edges should be rounded off to prevent injury to limbs of trees, against which the ladder may rest.

COVER FOR A BERRY WAGON. A great deal of fruit is spoiled by being carried to market in waggons without covers.

The accompanying illustration represents the plan which we adopted, and we have found it so convenient and beneficial that we would not be without it for many times its original cost, which was about seven dollars.

It has five 1 1/2 by 3/4 inch bows which set into staples made of strap iron bolted to the sides of the box.

A two inch raven is put on the outside with the lower edge just below the top of the box so as to carry the water over.

From this raven the sides and front are boarded up two feet with 1/2 inch matched sheathing, on top of which is another two inch raven 3/4 inch thick.

The sides are covered with canvas the remainder of the way up.

The seat is set back in the centre, leaving room for one row of crates in front, which makes them handy to get at and eases up the load.

To support the seat an inch board is bolted to the inside of the bow, with the lower edge resting on the top of the box.

The seat is 12 inches wide, and is fastened with hinges at one end, so that it can be turned up out of the way when loading or unloading.

The top is covered with 1/2 inch matched sheathing the same as the sides. The top is well painted and then covered with canvas.

The canvas on both sides and top was first sized with hot glue to fill up the cloth and then painted with white lead and oil with a very little lamp-black to give it a drab color.

This makes the canvas water-tight and keeps it from shrinking. In this wagon we can carry 50 crates and have them where we

HOW SOME GIRLS EARN THEIR MONEY.

MENDING CLOTHES FOR OTHER PEOPLE.

Frances E. Lanigan, in the 'Ladies' Home Journal' for September, offers valuable suggestions to women who must work for their bread. In the course of her remarks she says:—

'Business and professional women, who have but little time to look after their clothes, would be glad to secure the services of a skilled mender. Men would also be glad to avail themselves of such a person. The woman who will sew on buttons and hooks and eyes, and darn stockings and underclothing, is sure of constant work, many customers and regular compensation.

A bright young girl in an eastern city, who was suddenly compelled to assist in adding to the family finances, sent little notes to her friends, and also to her acquaintances, notifying them of her desire to undertake the charge of their skirts—to keep them free of spots and dust, and to attend to the facings and bindings. It was not long before she was able to keep two women at work under her supervision, and the financial result from her plucky venture was entirely satisfactory.'

PRIVATE SECRETARY FOR MANY PEOPLE.

Few trades are so overcrowded as that of stenography, because twenty girls can be found for each position offered. A new branch of regular stenography is that of the typewriter-stenographer who works by the piece. She visits her customers each morning, takes notes, and does her work upon her own typewriter, returning the letters promptly for signature. She also does copying. To business men who have not sufficient work, nor office room sufficient to share with a typewriter, she is invaluable. She is also a valued assistant to women who are busy with club work, answering their letters, copying rules and regulations, and filing away their business papers.'

CARING FOR BRIC-A-BRAC.

Few servants understand the care of fine bric-a-brac, and the mistress who possesses a large collection has usually but little time to devote to its care, consequently any young woman with a knowledge of the proper methods of brushing, washing, polishing and caring for delicate trifles would in a large city be almost sure to succeed. Owners of collections would be glad to turn this work over to a skilled person. This work might be obtained either by advertising or through one of the Woman's Exchanges.'

PACKING TRUNKS.

Any energetic woman who lives in a city where foreign steamers come in can nowadays find profitable employment by applying to the officials on the dock for permission to re-pack trunks after they have been overhauled by the custom house officials. Trunks are examined so thoroughly and so unceremoniously under the existing rules that the tired traveller, anxious to reach home, would be

willing to pay almost any price to a capable woman whom she could feel would re-pack her trunks in a careful way.

The quick-witted girl, in the foregoing suggestion may find another—that of packing trunks for people who are going away. There is quite an art in trunk-packing, and money to be made at it, as one girl found out who obtained permission to put a card in the office of one of the large hotels, saying that she would be glad to pack trunks for departing guests. She secured many customers and soon found herself with a steady income.

HANGING PICTURES.

Miss Josephine Pentland, of New York, as related in the Cleveland 'Leader,' owns to hanging pictures for a living, and enjoying the work very much. In appearance she is a little blonde woman, who, though in her twenties, looks not much beyond her early teens. 'I never consider a job for less than ten dollars, and often receive ten times ten,' she said in the course of an interview. 'You see, so few persons understand the proper hanging of pictures. Of course, where they have a lot of money and can employ a distinguished artist or first-class decorator, they have no need for me. But it is the people of moderate means to whom I am useful. Do you know, as a rule such persons hang pictures according to their eye, putting them in spaces where they will fit and make as much show as possible.'

'It seems impossible to make them understand that each room or part of a room should be invested with an idea that can be attained by the artistic arrangement of pictures on the wall. Engravings should be hung with engravings, etchings with etchings, photographs with photographs, and paintings with paintings. They cannot be distributed simply as regards size, colors or framing. Last week I was called into a house, and found a superb collection of Japanese prints simply killing some fine specimens of a famous water colorist's work. The owner explained that he knew the pictures were all good because they had cost big prices, and had been bought at the advice of friends whose artistic taste could not be questioned.'

'Then he complained that as visitors never seemed impressed with the beauty of his collection, he had sent for me. There were a number of prints and water colors in every one of his rooms, all grouped together according to size, and no two of them mounted the same style. Taken as a whole, the frames were not bad, so I managed to use them, separating and re-hanging so that they followed up the idea given to the apartment by the pictures. One can readily see how different the hangings in a room decorated with water colors should be from one decorated with Jap prints. That man was the most grateful customer I have ever had, and I am sure would have paid double the amount asked. The job took me one and a half days for myself and the colored boy who works as my assistant, and I received \$65 for it. So you see my work pays well.'

'I am not an artist, and really don't believe I could ever be taught to do creditable work as such. I began life as the youngest daughter of well-to-do people in Boston, received an ordinary Boston education, and travelled a little abroad. Then we had reverses, and

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HANGING PICTURES.

HANDLING BEES.

AGRICULTURAL & HORTICULTURAL

COVER FOR A BERRY WAGON.

A HANDY FRUIT LADDER.

LINDENBANK.

FARM GLEANINGS.

EXTERMINATING WOODCHUCKS.

GATHERING APPLES.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

THE BLACK CURRANT.

backs and hips, for it is upon these of a fat steer the buyer puts the value of the steer when he stands in the market as beef. It is not simply the fatness of a steer that put the highest price upon him in the market, but it is the steer that is fat at the right places on his carcass that makes him top the market.

Always try to keep your ewes in about the same condition, not letting them grow fat one month and thin the next. If treated that way they will never be a success. They should always be kept in a strong, healthy condition, but not too fat. When going to the buck they should be improving in condition, and if a heavy crop of lambs are wished, they should be fed a pint of oats each daily, which will be well paid for in your extra lambs. From that time until lambing they should never be let down in flesh, but should rather be allowed to improve, no more grain being used than is necessary to keep them strong.

Take, for example, the British thoroughbred horse, bred for generations with one idea—galloping fast—and yet in the best and largest studs for one winner there are many weeds. Two animals may be mated, descended from a long line of actually good performers, they themselves both good animals, and their produce may be never able to gallop moderately fast—may be a complete failure. What is true of the thoroughbred may be said of our other breeds. In many of these the type aimed at is but modern—may be gradually changing, and this makes the task of the breeder yet more difficult.

Never put corn, Kafir corn meal or any other grain in the milk for calves. The starch of corn has to be changed to grape sugar before it is digestible. This change only takes place in the presence of an alkali, and is done chiefly by the saliva of the mouth. The corn is gulped down with the milk, the starch is acted upon by the acids of the stomach, but remains unchanged until it comes in contact with the alkaline secretions of the intestines. With hogs the stomach is small and the intestines long. This allows starchy matter to be digested in the intestines. The opposite is true with the calf, the stomach being large and the intestines short. Unless the starchy matter is largely digested by the saliva of the mouth, complete digestion will not take place in the intestines, and the calf scours.

It appears from general information available that not only is the supply of native feeding cattle of suitable weights short, but that the ranges will also turn out a smaller proportion of such cattle than in former seasons. The past two years prices for beef and feeding steers were sufficiently high as to tempt range out a smaller proportion of such cattle at a younger age than usual, and the result will, it is stated, be noted this fall in the small supply of feeding steers. The scarcity of heavy feeders, if a fact, as is intimated, and there appears to be little reason to doubt such a condition, will be the cause of the fattening of steers of a younger age, and will also make farmers strong competitors with packers for range steers.—Sioux City (Ia.) 'Times.'

The farmers of the fourth concession of the Township of Benheim have adopted a plan for the improvement of their stock that might be copied by farmers in other localities to advantage. They have formed a syndicate consisting of eleven farmers, and have purchased a purebred short-horn bull which is to be kept exclusively for their own use for three years. One member of the syndicate is to keep the bull during the time and at its expiration it is to be the sole owner for so doing. The bull costs \$125, or a little over \$11 each for the three years' use. The bull was selected with an eye to the feeding and milking qualities of its predecessors.

Mr. F. J. Berry, president of the National Horse Breeders' Association of the United States, in a recent address, says: 'Great changes have been continually going on; business has revived, prosperity has returned, the year 1898 being the most prosperous and successful year in the agricultural and stock line that this country ever knew. It brought with it a great demand for all agricultural products. Stocks of all kinds have advanced very much; cattle, hogs, and sheep are high, and the best kind of road, carriage and coach horses are as high as they ever were, also the best grades of heavy draught sell for as much money as they did in high-priced times, with a strong demand and good prices for blocky, smooth horses from eleven hundred lbs up.'

Mr. Waldo F. Brown says:—'This is the seventh summer that I have grown sorghum for stock feed, and each year I have learned something new about it and have grown to appreciate it more and more as feed, and have cured it after four weeks of rainy weather and found it good, even feeding the stalks after raising the crop for seed and saving the seed. I can winter three to four cattle on the product of an acre, and it will make a good crop in the driest seasons. It is not in the best condition for feeding until growth stops and it is ripening, but if the pastures are short I begin feeding as soon as it is four feet high. In 1898 I began to feed it to my cows on July 12, and this year on July 20, and from the first of August till the middle of February I fed it to my brood sows. As last year was my first experience with it in hog feeding, I do not know so much about its value for them as for other stock, but I am of the opinion that it will prove the most economical and healthful food we can give our hogs. I have four acres of good cane growing now that was planted to experiment with in hog feeding, and on hope to have some valuable information

on this subject before planting time next spring. I have never had any ill effect from feeding it, but it is wise not to make sudden changes in the diet of any animals and so I always begin feeding sparingly and increase gradually until I have my stock on full feed.

HIGH-PRICED MEATS.

Those living in the near-by Chicago suburbs, have lately been made forcibly aware that meat, especially beef, is on the rise. Twenty-two cents per pound for steaks sounds as though the farmers ought to get something for good beef cattle. A day or two ago a representative of Nelson Morris & Co., when asked as to the cause of the rise in the price of beef said: 'Beef is cheaper in England today than in the United States. The advance here is caused by the efforts of the American packers to drive Australian beef from the English markets and establish American beef instead. We want that business, and in order to secure it we are shipping immense quantities of beef to England.'

'Just now this business abroad is carried on at a heavy loss because we are cutting prices to kill competition. The consequence is that the export of American beef is much heavier than ever before. Naturally under these conditions there is less beef for the home trade, although there are as many cattle for the market as ever.'

'There is no real shortage in marketable cattle, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Receipts at the yards in Kansas City, Omaha and Chicago today were large.'

'The foreign demand being extra heavy, as I have explained, the prices to cattle dealers as well as to butchers are high. The packers are not reaping any great rewards.'

'The remedy for complaining butchers is simple. They must raise prices.'

'They have evidently taken this advice and meat-eaters must pay the price. But does the farmer gain as much by this as he should? Certainly not. We are paying more that the big packing house firms may not lose while trying to crowd Australian beef out of the English market.—'International Rural.'

DIPPING SCABBY SHEEP.

The following order has been issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington concerning the dipping of sheep for scab:

Whereas, the shipment of live stock affected with any contagious, infectious or communicable disease from one state or territory to another, or from any state into the District of Columbia, or from the District into any state, is prohibited by the act of congress approved May 29, 1884; and

Whereas, the contagious disease of sheep known as scabies or scab, exists in many parts of the United States, due notice of which was given in the department order of June 18, 1897; and,

Whereas, some of the preparations in which diseased sheep have been dipped by owners and stock yard companies, with the object of destroying the contagion and making legal the shipment of said sheep in interstate trade, have proved inefficient, and said sheep have disseminated the contagion notwithstanding such treatment; and,

Whereas, the damage and losses from scabies in sheep have been in some sections very heavy and discouraging to those engaged in the sheep industry, It is ordered, That from and after Aug. 10, 1899, no sheep affected with scabies, and no sheep which have been in contact with others affected, shall be allowed shipment from one state or territory into another, or from any state into the District of Columbia, or from the District into any state, unless said sheep shall have first been dipped in a mixture approved by this department.

The dips now approved are: First. The tobacco-and-sulphur dip, made with sufficient extract of tobacco to give a mixture containing not less than five one-hundredths of one percent of nicotine and two percent of flowers of sulphur.

Second. The lime-and-sulphur dip, made with nine pounds of unslacked lime and twenty-four pounds of flowers of sulphur to a hundred gallons of water. The lime and sulphur should be boiled together for not less than two hours, and all sediment allowed to subside before the liquid is placed in the dipping vat.

The owner of the sheep is privileged to choose which one of the above-mentioned dips shall be used for his animals. The department will instruct inspectors to enforce due care in dipping sheep, but it assumes no responsibility for loss or damage to such animals, and persons who wish to avoid any risks that may be incident to dipping at the stock yards should see that their sheep are free from disease before they are shipped to market.

J. H. BRIGHAM, Acting Secretary.

DAIRYING DOTS.

Progressive dairymen selling pure, high grade milk, should be encouraged. The consumers should show their appreciation of their efforts. One, however, cannot over-estimate the importance of consumers familiarizing themselves with the source of their milk and its surroundings, and insisting that conditions be of a high sanitary character.

Farmers who lay their plans to have a part of their cows come fresh in the fall, will find it to their advantage. On most farms butter can be made cheaper

in the winter. I could always make a better quality in winter; it will sell higher in the local market, and there is plenty of time to make it in the most careful way from beginning to end, as other work is not driving. A cow fresh in the fall will yield more cash for the next four months than the same cow when she is fresh in the spring.

It is estimated that there are 11,000,000 cows in the United States devoted to butter-making, and that their average yield is 125 pounds of butter a year, or a total of 1,375,000,000 pounds, or about eighteen pounds for each one of the population of the United States. It is estimated that the normal consumption of butter in the family, that the means of supplying its wants and gratifying its tastes, is fifty pounds a year for each member. If this estimate is correct, it will require a large percentage over the present production to supply the home demand alone.

Bacteria are not all harmful. Some of them further certain processes of nature, but a great majority of them are very injurious in their behavior. Their numbers are sometimes incredible. Under dirty conditions 100,000 have been known to fall into a milk pail per minute. These may come from the milk left in the teat of the cow after milking, the dirt and hair on the udder of the cow while being milked, the hands and clothes of the milker, and from the milk pail and other vessels being insufficiently cleansed; or atmosphere where the cow is milked, and where the milk is subsequently kept both in the open air and in the cowshed. All this is already known by skilful dairy hands, who are consequently extremely careful in their dealing with milk; but it is humiliating to know that many do not practice such cleanly habits, and then they affect to be surprised when their butter becomes rancid or their cheese bitter.

A very good annual average yield of milk is 5,000 pounds instead of 3,000, and 200 to 225 pounds of butter per cow instead of 125 pounds. Many herds kept in a plain, practical, farm fashion attain still better results. There are manifestly many cows in the country, probably some millions, that do not produce the value of their annual cost, however cheap and wastefully poor their keeping may be. It is apparent that if but two cows were kept, in place of every three of the existing average quality, the aggregate products of the dairy industry of the country would be increased more than ten percent, while the aggregate cost to their owners ought to be less and probably would be. Every possible influenza should be exerted to induce dairy farmers to weed out their herds and keep fewer cows and better ones. At least the average quality of cows kept for dairy purposes should be brought up to a respectable and profitable standard. For the present the cow owner may reasonably require something over two gallons of milk per day for four months, then two gallons for the next four, and at least two months more in milk during the year, with constantly decreasing yield. This provides for an annual yield of 5,000 pounds of milk, or about 575 gallons, which is a fair ideal standard for the dairy cow in the United States.—From Alford's Statistics of the Dairy; Bulletin II, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

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

GENERAL.

POEMS REQUIRED.

M.M.W., Little Metis, wishes the words of the following poems reproduced. Any reader of the 'Witness' who has them will oblige us by sending them:

'Bring your uncle the little scribble.' 'Alice, there in the oaken drawer.' 'You may unlock it, my hands, you know, Are as weak as a woman's, and tremble so.'

(3) 'Just as if no Christ had died.'

These are the first lines of the 'required words. The second poem quoted was written about the time of the Civil War in the United States, 1861-65. W.R.M., Guide, Ont., wishes for the words of a temperance poem, one stanza of which reads:

'She was an angel, my joy, and my pride, Vainly to save me from ruin, she tried; Poor broken heart, 'twas well that she died, Long, long ago, long ago.'

INSECT SUPPOSED TO BE THE KISSING BUG.

L.L.S., Mystic. — Please state to what class of insects the enclosed specimen belongs. Is it one of the celebrated kissing bugs? Ans.—No; it is an insect known as the long-horn beetle. Latin name 'Orthis brunnipes.' It is doubtful if any kissing bugs have as yet made their appearance in Canada.

VERMIN FOLLOWING SWALLOWS.

H. G. S., Rainwell, Ont. — I Swallows' nests built under the eaves of a house have since the departure of the birds become infested with vermin which look like bed bugs. These insects now come into the house, and cause much annoyance. Is there any remedy for them? 2. What kind of insects are they? Ans.—1 and 2. If you will enclose two or three dead specimens of the insects, we will endeavor to tell you what they are. The new remedy, 'Holepoper,' which is sold in twenty-five cent tins, is generally efficacious in cases of this sort.

HISTORY OF THE BOER REPUBLIC.

Inquirer, W.M., Durham, Ont.—I do not know the exact date of the Boer Republic. It was founded in 1854 by Boers, who, dissatisfied with the Transvaal government, fled to the mountains of Majuba Hill, or it was granted to it by Great Britain? 2. If the former, what is meant by the phrase, in the Queen's recent speech, 'My grant of independence to that (Transvaal) Republic'? 3. Give an account of the London Convention held during the Queen's time. Ans.—1. The Boer Republic was granted its independence by Great Britain against the judgment, indeed, of many who thought that the war with the Boers should have been continued until they were defeated. The Transvaal, or South African Republic, was founded in 1854 by Boers, who, dissatisfied with British rule, fled to the mountains of Majuba Hill, or it was granted to it by Great Britain? 2. If the former, what is meant by the phrase, in the Queen's recent speech, 'My grant of independence to that (Transvaal) Republic'? 3. 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A TRIP TO THE COAST. SOMETHING ABOUT THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION EXCURSION.

(Correspondence of the 'Witness'.) Vancouver, Aug. 21.—The Canadian Press Association, comprising about a hundred ladies and gentlemen who have taken twelve days from Toronto to cross the continent, arrived here yesterday afternoon.

The trip was in many respects the most peculiar of any ever made by the association, most of whose members crossed the Canadian part of the American continent for the first time in their lives.

Men of the east have heard of the 'wild and woolly west,' its expressions have been quoted so frequently that many of them have become part of the language, and once an eminent literary divine introduced the phrase 'Root hog or die' into his speech before the Royal Academy with great effect—as a quotation, of course.

While western words and customs may be introduced in the east and be made to fit gracefully enough, there is that in the western region that neither pen, brush nor oratory can describe or picture.

The adjective fails in giving even a faint notion of the grand, gloriously picturesque and brilliantly sensational coloring that meets the eye, with only occasional stretches that are uninteresting in their dreariness, except for the vastness and dismal gloom of it.

The great unspoken language of nature goes to the heart, no matter in what region the traveler gazes from the flying cars, and small must be the intelligence that is not quickened into responsive heart throbs by it.

The trainmen, engine drivers, even the sleeping car porters grow poetic over the beauties of western nature, and as the journey progressed each developed considerable genius as word picture of what the traveller was to see at the next turn of the track or after the next bridge had been passed.

They were quite inadequate in their tone. The scenery was beyond their powers of exaggeration. The hospitality of the western people has been like the region, grand, broad, and measureless.

The ride from Toronto to North Bay occupied the first afternoon, and it was full of enjoyment, ending with a pleasant sail on the beautiful Muskoka lakes in the evening.

From North Bay to Heron Bay is the dreary part of the route, and the soft vapory atmosphere of the Lake Superior landscape and water stretches with cloud-flecked hills were seen with the dawning of the second day out.

The transparent blue of Lake Superior water showed the pebbly shores of the lake sloping gently, with gentle undulations of the water that to the swimmer was most inviting, if the train only would stop and give opportunity for a morning bath.

It was easy to conjure up visions of Hudson Bay canoes traversing these shadowy waters half a century ago in Indian file, the red men at the paddles as the flotilla worked westward.

Steamers of palatial build have taken the place of those, and the tourist has replaced the voyageur and the coureur de bois of the early French regime.

The towns of Port Arthur and Fort William presented many interesting features. They lie within a few miles of each other and are both thriving, with evidence of prosperity on every side.

Conversation with some of the mill workmen and others in Port Arthur shows that whatever may be said about railway subsidies, Port Arthur wants the Ontario & Rainy River Railway.

It is already graded several miles, and it was over this a small party of the association returned from a walk of four miles to Kakabeka Falls.

These are brightly beautiful, and as the sun shone on the mists caused by the tumbling waters, rainbow effects were plentiful and pretty.

The water of the Kaministiquia river leaps, the local men say, 220 feet with a volume that should give Port Arthur electric light and power, and run its mills to a great extent in a future day.

The water is divided by a huge wedge of bluff-like rock, which rears its head high, two-thirds of the way across to the southern side.

This affords a resting-place or abutment for the building operations that one day will destroy all the romance of the picture. It is a most beautiful one today, was well worth the walk to see it, and gave promise of some pretty pictures to the camera operators who took snap shots of it.

On the return walk the beauties of the region were noted at every turn, and are very like the views to be had at Montmorency Falls, except that they are on a scale grander and more sublime.

The guide book states that these falls rival Niagara. That is an exaggeration, however, probably the result of local enthusiasm. Niagara is gigantic in the comparison.

The sail on the Lake of the Woods from Rat Portage gave the newspaper men something to talk about. For half a day the tourists sailed over the waters, and recalled by comparison the enchanting sail through the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, so famous for pleasant scenes.

One glides over the waters of these islands, smooth, like to a mirror of huge proportions, until it seems a dream of fairyland and a glimpse of the undiscovered country itself, with the golden sun as a glorious shining promise of supreme happiness in the not far distance.

In the Lake of the Woods the islands multiply to over ten thousand, from the small point, with standing room only on it, up to the huge space with bluff or precipice, where may be untold mineral wealth.

Two gold mines, the 'Sultana' and the 'Mikado,' were visited here. The last named mine was inspected, and the method of taking gold from the mines 240 feet below the surface was examined.

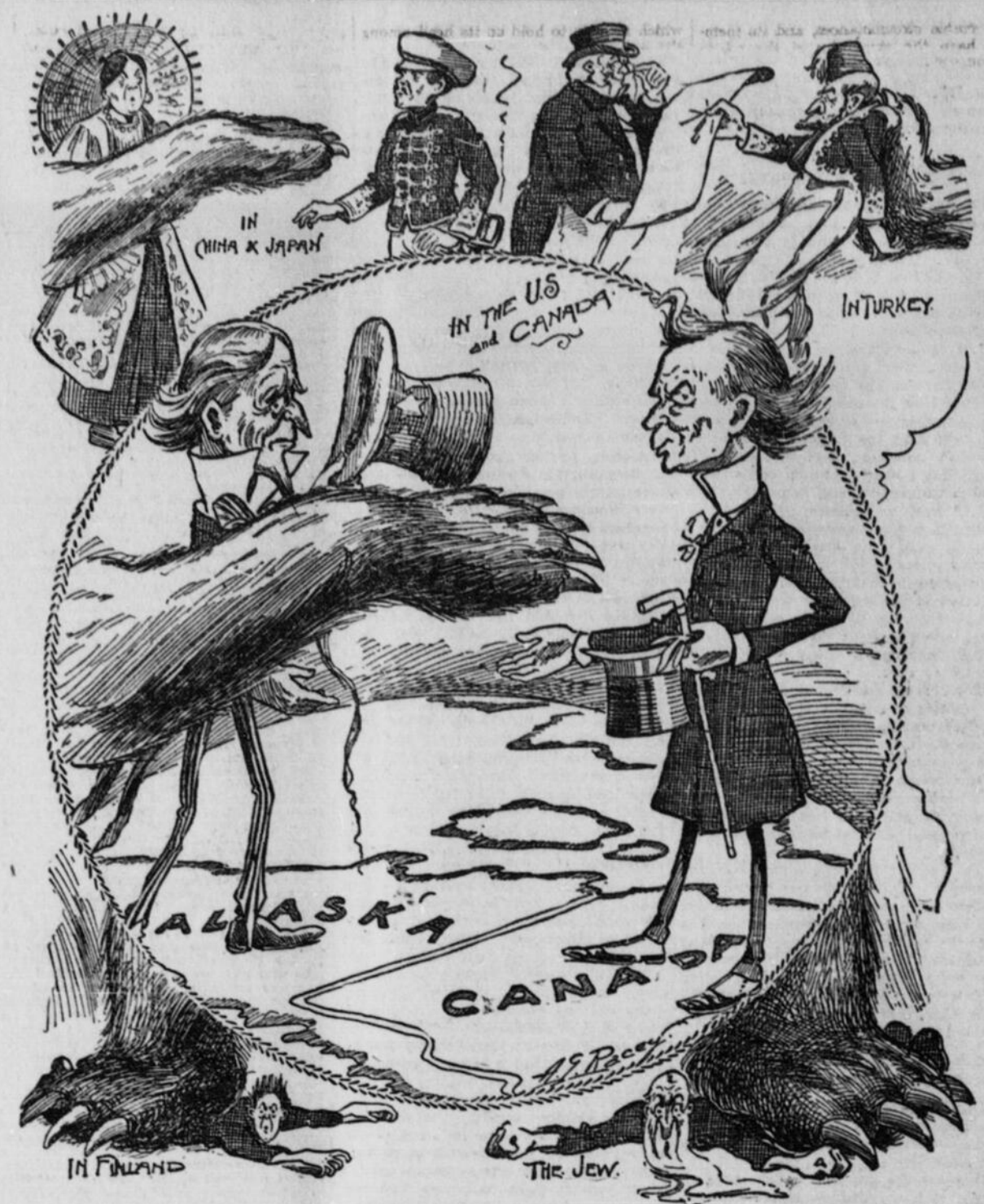
The crushers breaking the quartz or rock into powder, this carried by water over the surface of an inclined plane so prepared that the gold adheres to the surface and is scraped away afterwards, was very much admired.

No matter how careful the work, about five percent of the gold escapes. The 'Kenora,' Capt. Thompson, was the boat sailed for the accommodation of the party, and Mr. W. McCarthy, mayor, and Councillors E. D. Tweedie, C. W. Belyea, E. A. Sharpe, J. E. Rice, D. McMurphy, John Branchley were the committee who so hospitably looked after the guests.

Capt. Kendall, of the 'Clipper,' and Capt. Bellefeuille, of the other steamer in which the party left the 'Kenora' because she had too much draught, to visit the mines, were very pleasant entertainers and instructors.

The Rev. Mr. Tapscot, Baptist minister, was present, and his efforts to assist in making the voyage pleasant were self-sacrificing. He was enthusiastic as to the Lake of the Woods, and the future of Rat Portage, and said: 'Here we have on these islands, wealth, not only in gold mines to be worked in the future, but pulp wood trees for paper making.

You will see these trees of untold wealth growing to the water's edge in all these islands. They mean great prosperity for us when investors are seized of the



THAT BEAR'S PAW.

value of them. Already these islands have been very largely taken up, and we expect great things in the future.

As it is to-day, Rat Portage is a thriving, busy place, and seems full of what western men call 'go.'

were nieces of Mrs. (Rev. Dr.) James Henderson and cousins of Mrs. A. O. Dawson and the Misses Buchanan, of this city.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS MISSING. Zermatt, Switzerland, Aug. 30.—A serious mountain climbing accident has just been reported.

While two Englishmen named Hill and Jones were ascending the Dent Blanche, the rope broke, and Hill and three guides were precipitated down the mountain.

Their bodies have not been found, and it is supposed they have perished.

DOUBLE DROWNING. Shocking Casualty at Quebec.

Quebec, Aug. 31.—One of the saddest accidents which have shocked this community for many years occurred shortly before noon yesterday, a short distance beyond the city limits, plunging two highly respected families into the deepest grief and casting a profound gloom over the whole city.

It appears that at 11.30 the Misses Frances and Alice Gillespie, daughters of Mr. James Gillespie, a well-known Little River farmer, and their cousins, the Misses Mildred and Helena, daughters of Mr. George Gillespie, of Hull, who, with their mother, had been spending a part of the summer at the old homestead here, went down to the Little or St. Charles river, which flows past Mr. James Gillespie's residence, to take a bath.

They were accompanied by two little boys named Ramsay, also their cousins, and sons of Mr. Ramsay, of the Dominion Steamship Company. They had been accustomed, it seems, to taking their baths a little higher up the stream, but on this occasion, owing to the extreme lowness of the water, they determined to try it lower down, close to the city water works bridge.

This proved an unfortunate decision on their part, for, unknown to them, the bottom at that point, besides being very treacherous owing to quicksands, had been hollowed out to a depth of sixteen or seventeen feet by the action of the water discharged from the aqueduct pipes where repairs to these were necessary.

Mildred Gillespie was the first to enter the river. When she suddenly found herself sinking in the sandy bottom she shouted for assistance, and the last thing she saw before disappearing was her sister Helena and her cousin Alice rushing to her rescue.

Her sister reached her, but in doing so got beyond her depth and was unable to save herself, while her cousin Alice must have stepped in the sand when she reached the river and was also drowned.

Miss Frances Gillespie, who had also hurried to the rescue, also came very nearly sharing the same sad fate as her sister and cousin. Meanwhile Mildred, to save whom the other two had so heroically lost their lives, was rapidly drowning, when young Stewart Ramsay, aged 15, who was bathing a short distance away, heard her shriek and flew to her aid in time to bring her ashore unconscious, with the aid of Wilfrid Emond, one of the guardians of the bridge.

Miss Alice and Miss Helena Gillespie

NEW MANITOBA WHEAT.

Samples Received at Winnipeg Grade No. One Hard.

Winnipeg, Sept. 1.—The predicted cold wave has passed over Manitoba and the temperature dropped to freezing point in only a few localities and no damage is reported from any point. The temperature yesterday was much warmer and it is almost certain that the remainder of the crop will be harvested without any damage from frost.

Inquiries are being made daily for more harvest help. It would seem that the ten thousand men from the east already on the scene will not be enough to fill the demand.

At Winnipeg, on Aug. 28, Inspector David Horne, of the Grain Exchange, received nine cars of new wheat for inspection from Gretna, Altona and Plum Coulee. It is all No. 1 hard and nearly good enough for Extra No. 1 hard.

A number of prominent grain men yesterday stated that they considered the recent government estimate of yield very conservative.

Reports received by grain men in Montreal state that frosts were general throughout central Manitoba during the night of Wednesday last, varying from four to ten degrees.

The frosts extended over Neepawa to Gretna, where a good deal of the crop remains uncut; but it will be impossible to estimate the damage until after the wheat is threshed.

[It may be said that reports as to the cut in the Gretna country are contradictory, one authority stating that the wheat there is nearly all cut.]

QUEBEC CROPS.

The following are the percentages of a complete yield in the Saguenay, Chicoutimi, and Lake St. John districts:—Wheat, 76; barley, 83; oats, 83; rye, 75; buckwheat, 85; flax, 72; peas, 89; beans, 85; corn, 69; beets, 74; carrots, 77; Swedes, 79; potatoes, 85; green fodder, 62; clover, 80; timothy, 76; pasture, 80; fruits, 72.

From the above it will be seen that with the exception of Indian corn, a high percentage is shown for every crop sown in the new district.

OLD WORLD NEWS.

CHIT-CHAT FROM LONDON—NEW GUN AT WOOLWICH.

(Associated Press Cable Letter.) London, Sept. 2.—The arrival of rain during the week and the consequent banishment of the hot weather afforded intense relief.

The recent hot spell was apparently responsible for a considerable increase in the United Kingdom death rate, especially among children.

A weekly paper again brings up the Maybrick case, saying the injustice done to Dreyfus is nothing when compared to that done to Mrs. Florence Maybrick, the American woman undergoing penal servitude for life after having been convicted of poisoning her husband, basing its remarks on the old theory that she ought to have been hanged or fired.

The report of the plague abroad creates uneasiness here and the authorities have taken a few regulation precautions at the ports. But the bulk of the English are far too satisfied with their sanitary superiority to seriously consider the possibility of an outbreak in this country.

Many stories are current about the Prince of Wales's recent visit to Marienbad, where he was most democratic. It is said that a Polish Jew, sitting on a park bench next to the Prince not knowing his identity, began to question him about what he paid for his rooms, doctors, etc., ending with digging His Royal Highness in the ribs and telling him he looked too healthy to need the water cure.

An astonishing report is going the rounds about the new gun made at Woolwich, which is said to be so powerful that no range is long enough to test it, so a new range is to be built. It is seriously stated that the first shot went out of sight, and that thus it was impossible to get the exact range. But the range was conservatively estimated at fifteen miles.

As the extended testing grounds will not be ready for some time, it is said the gun is being shortened so that it can be tested.

Public interest in both the Dreyfus court-martial and the Transvaal crisis rather flagged during the week and is not yet keen on the yacht race, though the papers give good accounts of the 'Shamrock's' doings. Sandwiched in between these is the Church question. Letters from the clergy and others are constantly appearing in the press. Lord Halifax, the most prominent lay leader of the ritualists, has issued a manifesto counselling grudging compliance with the archbishops' decision if it is insisted on by the diocesan bishop, and declaring the ritualists will fight to the bitter end to secure a repeal of the decision.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 1.—Miss Maud Wallbrook, of this city, who has a position in the Red Deer Industrial School, went out for a walk last Sunday night. She has not yet returned, nor can any trace of her be found.

WESTERN WHEAT.

C. P. R. MAKING READY FOR HANDLING IT.

Winnipeg, Sept. 2.—Speaking of the company's plans of handling the wheat traffic Mr. James Osborne, the general superintendent of the C.P.R., said yesterday: 'We expect the demands on the company for cars to exceed the first calculations and we have now added greatly to the rolling stock. As a result we have now on the western division 6,500 freight cars, three thousand alone being for the wheat traffic.'

EIGHT VALUABLE MILCH COWS DIED SUDDENLY AT THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.

Toronto, Sept. 2.—Eight valuable milch cows, some of them prize-winners, died at the exhibition grounds in a most mysterious manner yesterday. Miller & Shibley, of Franklin, Pa., lost four valuable Jerseys. One of them had been exhibited five minutes before her death and had just won first prize and sweepstakes.

Mr. Robert Davies also lost three of his prize-winning Ayrshires and one Jersey cow. A rumor spread that the animals had been poisoned, but the rumor was generally discredited by ostle breeders on the grounds. There were also dark hints that the cows had been tampered with before going before the judges.

The sudden deaths of these valuable milch cows created excitement among the breeders present and a round robin was signed and sent to the directors of the industrial exhibition association asking that an investigation be made as to what caused the death of the prize animals. The board met later and passed a resolution authorizing the vice-president, Mr. A. Smith, V.S., to procure the assistance if necessary of other veterinary surgeons and to make a searching investigation.

THE LATE MR. McLEOD.

DEATH OF AN OLD RESIDENT OF SKYE, ONT.

A Skye, Ont., correspondent sends the following:—

'An old landmark, in the person of Mr. Angus McLeod, or "big Angus," as he was familiarly called, died at his home, Dunvegan, Glengarry county, on July 22 last, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Although he had reached the advanced age of 74 years, he was conscious to the last and able to recognize and converse with all his friends. The Rev. Mr. Gollan, of Dunvegan, attended the death-bed, with some of his neighbors.

'Mr. McLeod was born in Invernesshire, Scotland, in March, 1825, and was brought to Canada in the following year by his parents. With them he made his home on lot six, ninth Kenyon, until 1853, when he married Isabella, daughter of the late William McKenzie, and removed to lot fourteen, ninth concession, of that township, where he and his wife lived happily for over forty-six years. They were among the first settlers who took up their residence in that concession, where nothing but trees were then to be seen. He was a man of fine physique, strong and a hard worker, and always enjoyed the best of health until some three years ago. At that time his son, William, arrived home from the west on a visit. He and his father were out husking on one occasion in a corn field, which happened to be damp, and so the old man caught cold. That evening he took chills, and has since gradually failed in health, but was able to go about. He diligently attended the house of God when he could, until at last he was compelled to take to his bed with the dreaded Bright's disease. Despite all that skilled physicians could do for him and the careful and loving attention of the family, Mr. McLeod had to succumb to the disease. His, however, was a bed of patient suffering and even happiness. He had led a Christian life, had always kept up the family altar, and despite the trials and difficulties of life, held fast to the faith that was in him. His memory was clear and accurate, and he could trace out the windings of his pathway through life from his early childhood. In his weakest moments he would pray to God, rejoicing and longing for the approaching end. Happy are those whose hope is thus clear, whose faith is strong, and who, in the consciousness that the time of their departure is at hand, can look to the past and to the future with such confidence. His life had been full of good works, and truly it might be said of him that he had fought the good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith.

'For over forty years Mr. McLeod was a prominent and faithful elder in the Presbyterian Church here, to which he belonged, and, being of an upright and inoffensive character, he left no enemy behind. There were thirteen in his family, eight sons and five daughters; of these, nine and a sorrowing widow are left to mourn his loss, for he was a kind father and a loving husband. Of his children Angus, Neil, Elizabeth and Nellie are on the homestead with their mother, Harriet is married to Mr. D. Urquhart, at Laggan; Norman is at Vankleek Hill, Archie and William live near the homestead, and Robert lives in Wisconsin, and, sad to say, he only arrived home after his father was buried. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Duncan McMillan, Kirkhill; a brother, Mr. D. N. McLeod, and a son-in-law, Mr. A. R. Stewart, Sacramento, California. Mr. McLeod will be greatly missed here, and especially in the church which he so often attended. The funeral took place on the Monday following his death from the family residence to Dunvegan cemetery, and was one of the largest ever seen in the place, there being over 200 carriages in attendance, showing the esteem in which he was held in the community. There were six clergymen present, the Rev. Messrs. Gollan, Dunvegan; McKenzie, Roxborough; McLem, Kirkhill; McLeod, Vankleek Hill; Leitch, St. Elmo, and Bennett, Hawkesbury. Mr. McLeod leaves all his family in

comfortable circumstances, and its members have the sympathy of the whole community in their loss.

He shall sleep, but not forever, In the lone and silent grave; Blessed be the Lord who taketh, Blessed be the Lord who gave.

LIEUT.-COL. F. G. STONE, R.A.

Lieut.-Col. F. G. Stone was appointed to command the artillery in Canada, from June, 1, on the recommendation of Major-General Hutton, C.B., A.D.C. To initiate a system of artillery command and administration upon modern lines,



LIEUT.-COL. F. G. STONE, R.A., Officer Commanding Canadian Artillery.

which, at the termination of three years, our own Canadian artillery officers should be competent to carry on.

Lieut.-Col. Stone received his commission in the Royal Artillery in February, 1878, and, after the usual course at Woolwich and Shoeburyness, proceeded to India, where he served both in garrison and field artillery until December, 1880, having been present with his battery at Kandahar during the Afghan Campaign 1878-1880, under Sir Donald Stewart; he then returned to England and served in the field artillery at Woolwich until February, 1883, when he joined the Staff College after taking second place in the entrance examination. On completion of the two years' staff college course, and having obtained 'special mention' in Military Administration, he served at Aldershot until appointed Instructor in Fortification at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, September, 1885; he was appointed Brigade-Major of Artillery South-Eastern District in July, 1890, and Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General for Artillery at the War Office, September, 1895.

Lieut.-Col. Stone is the author of several military works and papers. He has twice won the prize medal of the Royal Artillery Institution, and been 'honorably mentioned' for the prize essay of the Royal United Service Institution.

For five years he was secretary of the Defence Committee in the South-Eastern District, and for four years a member of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineer Work Committee at the War Office.

With reference to Lieut.-Col. Stone's mission in this country, it may be stated that he was selected by the Adjutant-General of the army to assist Major-General Hutton in carrying out his schemes of artillery reform, which comprise, among other items: The establishment of a school of gunnery for garrison artillery at Quebec on up-to-date lines, and the same thing for field artillery at Kingston and Deseronto. The organization of the artillery defence of the dominion, both fixed and movable. The arming and equipping of both garrison and field artillery with modern guns, suitable to the requirements of the country. The establishment of suitable ranges for gun practice. The organization of a highly-trained personnel to meet the requirements of the more efficient and highly-complicated armament with which the whole of the artillery will in due course be armed. The establishment of an artillery workshop which will be capable, when suitably equipped, of carrying out all repairs to ordnance and mounting, maintaining them in an efficient state, keeping them up-to-date by carrying out the numerous modifications which changes of pattern entail, manufacturing practice shell, conducting the regular technical inspections of ordnance and mountings, receiving all new ordnance and mountings on arrival from England and putting them into a serviceable condition before they are handed over to the troops, this includes the mounting of all heavy ordnance in situ in the fixed defences. To those who have only been accustomed to the simple and obsolete ordnance with which our artillery has hitherto had to deal, it is a little difficult to realize the supreme importance of the role which the artillery workshop is destined to fulfil. The Major-General Commanding, though not an artilleryman, has fortunately had the foresight to already provide for the very considerable amount of highly-trained technical work and manufacturing plant which a modern armament will entail, and in doing so, he will not only save the country many thousands of dollars, but will assure the continued efficiency of the complex armament which modern progress has entailed upon every country

which intends to hold up its head among the nations of the world.

In addition to the foregoing, Lieut.-Col. Stone is charged with the general supervision of the training of the artillery and with the duties of Inspector-General. He has already attended all the camps which have been formed since his arrival in this country, and will now make Quebec his headquarters and conduct his office work under the same roof as the D.O. C. No. 7 Military District.—'Military Gazette.'

THE KISSING BUG.

KNOWN TO SCIENCE FOR HALF A CENTURY.

Dr. L. O. Howard, United States government entomologist, read a paper before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, last Tuesday, on the so-called 'Kissing Bug.'

'The truth of the matter is, there is such an insect,' said Dr. Howard. 'Its bite is not necessarily dangerous. It is painful, though. Lots of people have been bitten by spiders and mosquitoes, lately, and imagined they were the victims of the kissing bug. On the other hand, too, many have been bitten by the kissing bug and imagined they had been attacked only by an ordinary house fly, an ant or a flea.'

Dr. Howard says the kissing bug, so called, has been known to science for fifty or seventy-five years. He has found in his investigations that the bug is more frequent this year than heretofore probably on account of climatic conditions favorable to the propagation of the insect.

HARDWOOD AT THE 'SOO.'

PROPOSAL TO ESTABLISH FURNITURE MANUFACTORIES THERE.

Writing to the Sault Ste. Marie Board of Trade, Dr. Rogers urges that inducements be offered for the establishment of several furniture manufactories in that city. He points out the very large quantity of valuable hardwood timber existing close at hand, including white maple, birdseye, or curly maple, and red or black birch, so that manufacturers would be sure to obtain a plentiful and continuous supply of their raw material. One reason why Dr. Rogers is anxious to see a large furniture factory at the 'Soo' is that it would be a great help to the settler located on hardwood lands, who could haul the best of his hardwood to the factory or factories, and still have a large amount of hardwood. As it is, this valuable timber is either burned on the log pile, or is sold as cordwood. The red birch found to the north and north-west of Sault Ste. Marie is of a very fine quality, and will take an excellent polish, making it a very good substitute for cherry. The building of the Central Algoma Railway will bring the town into even closer connection with the hardwood forests, and this, with the cheap water carriage, east and west, by way of the great lakes, would seem to make the 'Soo' an ideal site for furniture manufactories.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

CHICKEN FATTENING STATISTICS AND CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERIES IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Professor Robertson, commissioner of agriculture and dairying, left for the Maritime Provinces on Aug. 30 in connection with the establishment of chicken fattening stations, and also to arrange for the establishment of creameries in some parts of Nova Scotia where co-operative dairy work has not yet been introduced or been successful. The Provincial Government of Nova Scotia has made provision for granting a sum of about twelve hundred dollars to each county where a successful creamery or cheese factory is not yet in operation. The Dominion Department of Agriculture will undertake to run these creameries for a few years on a plan similar to that which was followed in Prince Edward Island and which has been eminently successful and satisfactory there.

Meetings will be held by the commissioner at the following places: Caledonia Corner, Shelburne and Queen's County, N.S., on Saturday, Sept. 9; Baddeck, Victoria County, Cape Breton, on Wednesday, Sept. 13; Mabon, Inverness County, Cape Breton, on Friday, Sept. 15; Grand River, Richmond County, Cape Breton, on Tuesday, Sept. 19; Eton, Cape Breton County, Cape Breton, on Wednesday, Sept. 20; Boylston, Guysborough County, N.S., on Saturday, Sept. 23; Antigonish, Antigonish County, N.S., on Tuesday, Sept. 26.

Arrangements have been made for carrying on chicken fattening stations in Ontario at Carleton Place and Woodstock; in the Province of Quebec, at Bondville and St. Hyacinthe; in the Province of New Brunswick, at Sussex and Andover; in Nova Scotia, at Truro and Kentville; and in Prince Edward Island, at Charlottetown and Summerside. These will be conducted on lines similar to

those which were so successful at Carleton Place, Ont., and Bondville, Que., last season; the chickens being fattened after the manner which has been most successful in the south of England and northern France. They are to be forwarded to markets in Great Britain in order to further open up the trade in fattened poultry from Canada.

BARON GRANT.

SKETCH OF THE DEAD SPECULATOR'S CAREER.

Baron Albert Grant, the promoter of the companies' boom of 1870, and former millionaire, whose financial collapse in 1879 caused a profound sensation, whose death occurred in London on Wednesday, was in many respects an extraordinary financial genius. His real name was Gottheimer, and he was of German and Hebrew extraction. Beginning as a small wine merchant in London, under the sign 'Gottheimer & Co.,' he made loans to his 'swell' customers at high interest rates, and gradually worked himself into the realm of finance, becoming in 1865 the manager of a London money company. He had meanwhile assumed the



THE LATE BARON ALBERT GRANT.

name of Grant. His concern went to pieces after a short period of fabulous profits and enormous dividends, and Grant spent several years in residence and travel abroad.

A period of remarkable ups and downs in stocks began on the London Exchange about 1870, and men began to bow down to Grant as a master mind. His first operations were in Erie stocks.

Another operation was in the Mineral Hills mine, in Nevada. This was originally a paying concern, and practically no one of the English investors knew the property was 'played out.' The mines were flooded—accidentally, it was alleged—soon after the transfer, and debentures once worth \$500 became unsealable.

EMMA MINE SCANDAL.

Then came the Emma mine affair, which caused such a scandal. Experts declare the silver mine, which was in Colorado, was very rich, and a company with a million pounds capital was floated. Three members of parliament and Robert Cumming Schenck, United States minister to Great Britain, were among the directors. This was thought a masterpiece of promotion, as Mr. Schenck's name inspired great confidence. The prospectus declared that a dividend of eighty per cent was possible.

Two Americans (Trenol L. Parke and Senator Stewart) the vendors of the mine, which turned out to be worthless. Only a shilling per square was saved from the wreck. It was afterwards stated that Parke and Stewart paid Grant, £100,000 promoting money, besides other amounts. Schenck resigned his diplomatic post because of the scandal.

English mines now became the rage, and the market was deluged. Next the loan mania was fanned into being. Honduras and Paraguay served as baits, and millions flowed into the coffers of Grant, Brothers & Co.

During these prosperous days Baron Grant directed his operations from a gorgeous new building erected for him at No. 54 Lombard street. Here, in splendidly furnished offices, he received brokers and financiers, dukes and lords. No second view was required to show the mental capacity of the man, fair-haired and washed-out specimen though he was. With a few brief questions he could grasp a whole subject, and decision, accurate and telling, quickly followed.

His title of baron, though much jeered at, was perfectly legitimate, having been given him by King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy. Woe to the man who sought a favor from him and failed to give him the title. Grant stood for Parliament, and was elected, but was displaced on a bribery petition. He spent, it is estimated, £1,000,000 on a palace of Italian marble, surrounded it with magnificent gardens, and filled it with rare pictures and statuary. But his power was nearly ended. The loan mania disappeared, and with it many fortunes. Railways were boomed, and with great success for a time. Finally they collapsed with the rest. Grant Brothers & Co. filed a petition of bankruptcy in 1879, with liabilities of £281,995.

Writs and attachments were showered upon the overthrown promoter. Litigation, and the greed of those about it, ate up his entire estate, except some property he had transferred to his wife. Since his last appearance in the courts he had been little before the public.

DOMINION RIFLEMEN.

THE ASSOCIATION MEETING AT OTTAWA.

The shooting at the great rifle meeting which commenced on Aug. 29 in Ottawa, was continued, with the success which usually attends it. The Bankers' match finished with Sergt. Agias first, with a score of 34, seven rounds at 600 yards. Sergt. W. A. Swayne, 14th Battalion; George Clark, 1st C. A., and Capt. Cameron, 12th Battalion, each made 34 points, and won places in the order given. Highest possible score, 35.

The Macdougall challenge cup match was won by Sergt. A. Wilson, of the 43rd, Surgeon-Lieut. T. A. Bertram, 77th, second, each having made 67 points, seven rounds at 200 and 600 yards. Capt. R. Ronnie, 20th R. R., Staff-Sergt. C. R. Crowe, 12th B. F.A., and Capt. C. Mitchell, 90th, were next, with 66 points. Highest score possible, 70.

In the Dominion of Canada match, Lieut. D. J. C. Munro, 44th, scored 98, with Capt. C. Mitchell, 90th; Sergt. H. Morris, 13th; Private L. Langstroth, 70th, and Capt. W. Annand, next in the order named. Each had made 97 points, ranges, 200, 500 and 600 yards, seven shots at each range; highest score possible, 105.

The Minister of Militia match for affiliated teams was won by a team from the 77th Battalion, Dundas, with a score of 345; Guelph R. A. team only two points behind, with 343; New Brunswick R. A. next, with 340, and the 1st P. W. R. F., 336; Nova Scotia, 332; 43rd Battalion, 330, and the 12th Battalion, 329, all in the order given. The highest individual scores were made by Capt. Cartwright, R.G., 67, and Sergt. Nelly, 13th, 67. Highest possible, 70.

The Kirkpatrick cup was won by the men of the Fifth Military District, Montreal, with 94 hits and 322 points. The rest were in the following order:—

Table with 2 columns: Hits, Scores. Rows include Royal Grens. Toronto, 1st P.W.R.F. Montreal, 43rd Military District, etc.

Bombardier S. W. Bodley, 5th C. A., in the Walker prize, made the top score of 95. The match, which is a battalion contest, six men from any corps, was finished as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Hits, Scores. Rows include 77th Battalion, 8th R., Royal Grenadiers, etc.

The Strathcona extra series match found six men a tie, as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Corp. F. P. Carroll, G.G.F.G., Pte. W. Drysdale, P.W.R.F., etc.

Private Langstroth, 74th, won the grand aggregate, with 506 points.

A team of six of the 48th won the Gzowski and British challenge shield for skirmish, volley and independent firing. Score, 685.

The Lansdowne aggregate was won by the six men of the 77th Battalion, with 1,413 points; the Royal Grenadiers second, with 1,412, and the 48th third, with 1,409.

Corporal McLean, of the 78th, won the Tyro aggregate, with 207 points; Lieut. W. McCrimmon, 7th Fusiliers, second, with 205, and Lieut. W. F. Graham third, with 204. Six men of the 48th Highlanders won the Gillespie challenge cup, and scored 1,407. The Royal Grenadiers followed, with 1,379.

The Governor-General's prize was won on Friday by Color-Sergeant E. Skedden, 15th battalion, with 179 points; Sergeant Corrigan, 59th, second, with 169 points; and Captain J. E. Hutchinson, 43rd, third, with 168 points.

The London Merchants' Cup was won by Capt. C. W. Mitchell, and the Manitoba Rifle team of eight men, who made 734 against the Ontario team's 712. In shooting off the Strathcona tie, private W. Drysdale won.

THE OFFICERS.

The officers of the Canadian Military Rifle League were re-elected at the annual meeting on Wednesday evening, and are as follows:—President, Major J. J. Mason, Hamilton, Ont.; first vice-president, Lieut.-Col. S. Hughes, M.P., Lindsay, Ont.; second vice-president, Lieut.-Col. Tucker, M.P., St. John, N.B.; treasurer, Lieut. W. L. Ross, Hamilton, Ont.; secretary, Lieut. A. Pain, Hamilton, Ont.; auditor, Surgeon Lieut. T. H. Bertram, Dundas, Ont.

THE DAUPHIN TRAGEDY.

FINANCIAL TROUBLES BELIEVED TO BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE AFFAIR.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 29.—The news from Gilbert Plains, a short distance from Morris, to the effect that Frederick Johnson, a farmer, shot and killed his wife and three children on Sunday at his home in Gilbert Plains, has been confirmed. Johnson afterwards committed suicide. There were no witnesses to the crime. The Johnson family was well-known and generally respected. Johnson's relations with his family had always been most happy and it is impossible to find a motive.

Winnipeg, Aug. 30.—Particulars of the tragedy near Dauphin, in which Fred. Johnson murdered his wife and three children, and then committed suicide,

are to hand to-day. Financial difficulties is the only satisfactory reason that can be assigned for the crime. The father, mother and three children were found lying on the floor of one room and a single-barrel shotgun by the side of the father. The murdered woman's sister was the first to behold the awful scene.

Guelph, Ont., Aug. 30.—Frederick Johnston, who murdered his wife and three children, near Dauphin, was a son of Mr. Robert Johnston, of Speedside, and Mrs. Johnston was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Ruddell, of Eramosa. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were married six years ago, and left almost immediately for Manitoba. He managed a farm near the Portage for an English gentleman for some time, and later went to the Dauphin country. He sent for others of the family to join him, and a brother and sister, both unmarried, went out last spring. There are other Eramosa people in the settlement.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 30.—The only clue to the cause of the awful tragedy at Dauphin in which a father murdered his wife and three children and then shot himself, is a note spattered with blood found on a dresser. It reads: 'Forgive us this rash act, we have both made up our minds to leave this world, dear brother, sister and parents. (Signed) Fred. Maggie.' The note was in Johnson's handwriting and was signed by his wife.

WELLMAN IN ENGLAND.

Hull, England, Aug. 28.—Walter Wellman, the leader of the Wellman Polar expedition, who returned to Tromsø, Norway, on Aug. 17, after having successfully completed explorations in Franz Josef Land, arrived here to-day. He walks with the aid of crutches, his right leg, which was seriously injured, by Mr. Wellman falling into a snow-covered crevasse, while he was leading his party, still being useless. The explorer was accompanied by the American members of the expedition, who are well.

In an interview with a representative of the Associated Press, Mr. Wellman said: 'The object of the expedition was two-fold—to complete the exploration of Franz Josef Land, of which the north and north-east parts were unknown, and to reach a high latitude of even the pole itself. The first object was successfully accomplished. The second should have been achieved, at least to a greater extent than by previous expeditions, but for the injury to my leg.'

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THE DREYFUS RE-TRIAL.

Continuation of the Court-Martial at Rennes--- Sensational Scenes.

COLONEL PICQUART MEETS GENERAL GONZE.

Weight of Evidence in Favor of the Condemned Officer Accumulates.

The trial of Dreyfus, upon which the attention of the world is centred, was continued at Rennes last week, and General Mercier, formerly Minister of War, was a central figure in it, as he has been since the commencement.

Last Tuesday Colonel Codiere, who was deputy chief of the Intelligence Department under Col. Henry, gave evidence that it was not Henry, but Col. Sandherr, now also dead, who received the famous bordereau. Colonel Codiere declared his belief in the guilt of Dreyfus to have been shaken when he found the bordereau to have been dated May. He since had reached the conclusion that Dreyfus is innocent. Five witnesses, one after the other, confronted Colonel Codiere, but they were received with good humor by the colonel, and among them was General Mercier, who made very little by his interference.

M. de Freycinet, formerly Minister of War, and afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs, was examined; but made only a patriotic speech.

On Wednesday M. Paul Meyer, a member of the Institute, and director of the School of Ancient Manuscripts, testified in favor of Dreyfus. Other members of the Institute did the same; but General Deloye testified against the prisoner on the artillery references in the bordereau. Majors Hartmann and Ducros, who were examined in secret, were followed by Captain Lebrun-Renaud, of the Republican Guard, who gave evidence reiterating his testimony before the Court of Cassation, as to the alleged confession of Dreyfus, as follows:

At Rennes, last Thursday, Captain Lebrun-Renaud testified respecting the alleged confession of Dreyfus, which he had given before the first court martial as follows:—

'I am innocent. In three years they will recognize my innocence. The minister knows it. If I delivered documents to Germany it was to have more important ones in return.'

The witness's explanation that he did not refer to the confession of Dreyfus during his interview with President Casimir-Perier, because he overheard a conversation, during the course of which he was called 'traitor,' 'canaille' and 'cur,' came as a surprise, for he did not mention this in his evidence before the Court of Cassation, as Maitre Labori, leading counsel for the defence, pointed out. M. Labori also laid stress on the fact that Captain Lebrun-Renaud should have kept his note-book, in which, he asserts, he made a note of his conversation with Dreyfus, for four years and have destroyed it on the very moment the matter was brought in debate in the Chamber of Deputies.

The captain's reply that he looked upon the copy made by M. Cavaignac, then Minister of War, as being sufficient, was considered rather lame.

Dreyfus, replying to the witness, began by calmly declaring that Captain Lebrun-Renaud's statement that a certain Captain Dattel was present during his conversation with Captain Lebrun-Renaud was inaccurate.

The witness, however, maintained that Captain Dattel was present, whereupon Dreyfus said that if he was present, he (the prisoner) did not speak to him. Dreyfus then raised his voice excitedly and accompanying his words with short, emphatic gestures of the right hand, which was quivering with his emotion, he protested that Captain Lebrun-Renaud should have repeated to his chiefs his utterances, which began with a protestation of innocence, without asking him to explain his words. 'These are manoeuvres,' cried the prisoner, 'which must fill all honest men with indignation.'

This declaration of the prisoner made a deep impression on the audience. Dreyfus spoke the last words through his teeth and was evidently laboring under the greatest excitement and indignation. The audience broke in 'bravos,' which the gendarmes immediately suppressed.

Captain Antoine followed and repeated what Captain Dattel had said confirming the confession. Dreyfus replied that he had not spoken to Captain Dattel. On being recalled, Captain Lebrun-Renaud said this was true, but he added, that Captain Dattel was present and could have overheard the conversation.

M. Labori here pointed out that Captain Dattel had not spoken to his chiefs on this subject and General Mercier, who like all the military witnesses, followed the proceedings to-day with the keenest attention, rose and admitted that this was correct.

Colonel Jouaust told Dreyfus that he had not explained why he mentioned the term of three years, to which Dreyfus replied:

'I did not give three years as the term, I only said I hoped that in the course of three years my innocence would be recognized. And I wish to state, my colonel, that as my letter to General Gonze showed, my words did

not have the sense evil minds have sought to give them.'

M. Labori then had General Gonze called to the bar and asked him if he had not used the alleged confession of Dreyfus in opposing Colonel Picquart's arguments in favor of a revision. General Gonze replied that he had not, whereupon M. Labori asked that the letters exchanged between General Gonze and Colonel Picquart should be read. The clerk of the court began to read a letter beginning 'My Dear Picquart,' when Gen. Gonze interrupted him and asked that Col. Picquart's previous letter be read first, but as the letter was not available for the moment, the reading of all the letters was adjourned until to-morrow.

A CURIOUS OMISSION.

Major Forzinetti, who was governor of the Cherche Midi Prison during the time Dreyfus was imprisoned, and who testified in behalf of Dreyfus, declaring that he had never heard of the confession Dreyfus is said to have made, was the next witness called. He repeated his testimony before the Court of Cassation, adding that he had frequently met Captain Lebrun-Renaud and Captain Dattel and that neither of them ever alluded to the alleged confession. The witness declared that he only taxed Captain Lebrun-Renaud, before General Gonze and other witnesses, with saying he had spoken to the witness (Major Forzinetti) of the confession and Captain Lebrun-Renaud did not reply. 'Whereupon,' Major Forzinetti said: 'I seized his arm and cried: "If the words repeated as yours are true, you are an infamous liar."'

Major Forzinetti then declared that on visiting General de Boisdeffre to express fears about the health of the prisoner, the general asked him his opinion of Dreyfus and the major replied: 'My general, had you not put that question to me I would have kept my counsel, but since you ask my opinion I declare I believe he is innocent.'

The witness recounted Col. Du Paty de Clam's theatrical devices to surprise Dreyfus, to which Forzinetti declined to be a party, and the major also said that on one occasion when Dreyfus was in a crisis of despair, he (the witness) remained with the prisoner, consoling him, until three o'clock in the morning.

Col. Jouaust asked Major Forzinetti if Dreyfus ever had ideas of suicide, and the witness replied that Dreyfus had asked him for a weapon and that also after his condemnation was read to him he was with difficulty prevented from dashing his head against the wall.

After the last visit of Du Paty de Clam to Dreyfus, continued Major Forzinetti, the prisoner wrote to the Minister of War a letter, which concluded with the words: 'When I am gone, let them seek the culprit.'

FOR HIS WIFE'S SAKE.

At the conclusion of Major Forzinetti's evidence, Dreyfus, on Colonel Jouaust's invitation, and after reference to the last interview with Du Paty de Clam, said, looking with gratitude at the major: 'There is a matter which Major Forzinetti has just recalled, which has greatly moved me, and I wish to recall, for I wish to say to whom I owe the fact that I have done my duty, to whom I owe having done it for five years (after my condemnation I had determined to kill myself, I had made up my mind not to undergo the frightful torture of a soldier from whom they wished to tear the insignia of honor. Well, let me say this, that if I went to that torture, I can say here that it was thanks to Madame Dreyfus, who showed me my duty and who told me that if I was innocent I ought to go to it for the sake of her and our children. If I am here, it is to her I owe it, my colonel.'

Here Major Forzinetti said: 'It is quite true. In his last interview with his wife, Dreyfus said: "For her and for my children I will undergo the torture of to-morrow."'

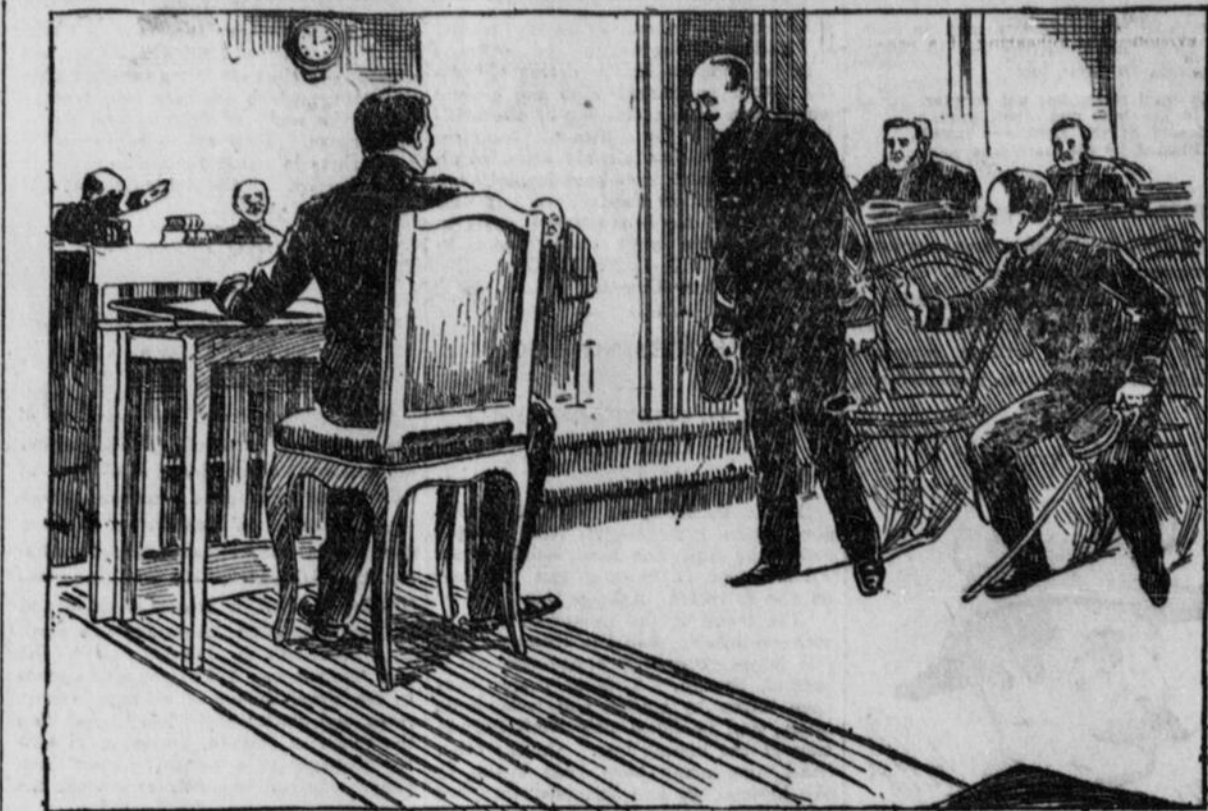
The declaration of Dreyfus that his life was due to his wife deeply stirred all his hearers. He spoke in a broken voice, with emphatic gestures, swaying to and fro with emotion and when he had finished he sat down abruptly, evidently to conceal his discomposed features from the gaze of the spectators in court, who, when he is seated are only able to see the back of his seat. Tears were glistening in his eyes and he was clearly suppressing an outburst of sobbing.

The session concluded with the confrontations of Captain Lebrun-Renaud and General de Boisdeffre, the former explaining that he did not speak to Major Forzinetti of the Dreyfus confession because he had received instructions to keep silent.

General de Boisdeffre denied that Major Forzinetti had expressed to him his conviction that Dreyfus was innocent. But the Major maintained his assertion.

THE LEAKAGE AT BOURGES.

On Friday morning at the court-martial, two or three witnesses, in support of Dreyfus on artillery questions, were next heard, and Clocissary Fischer testified that he was commissioned to in-



THE RE-TRIAL OF DREYFUS: SCENE BETWEEN GENERAL MERCIER AND DREYFUS.

—Illustrated London News.

The accompanying illustration represents the exciting scene during the trial at Rennes, when the unfortunate Captain Dreyfus, goaded into a momentary madness by the lying taunts of his bitter enemy, General Mercier, addresses vehement reproaches to the man who said that he would be the first to take the prisoner's hand in friendship did he think him innocent.

investigate the leakage of documents at the gunnery school at Bourges, and found nothing to incriminate Dreyfus.

Lieut. Bernheim testified that he lent Esterhazy documents dealing with artillery, and was unable to get them back, and artillery lieutenant Brugere, who attended a gunnery course at Challons, testified that it was easy for an outsider to obtain particulars about the guns. He said he himself had on one occasion lent his firing manual to an infantry officer.

Gen. Roget asked to be confronted with the witness, and said the latter wrote M. Cavaignac, then Minister of War, a violent letter of resignation, in which he declared it was a dishonor to serve in the French army.

This declaration caused a scene, for Lieut. Brugere, turning to Gen. Roget, cried:—'I protest against Gen. Roget's words. I affirm that I never said any such thing.'

Gen. Roget then backed down, saying:—'Well, that was the general sense of the letter.'

A roar of disgust came from the audience at this apparent underhandedness on the part of the General, and Lieut. Brugere again emphatically declared that General Roget was wrong.

Maitre Labori, leading counsel for the defence, and Col. Jouaust agreed that the letter should be obtained from the Ministry of War, and read in court. The lieutenant expressed satisfaction at this step, while the general returned to his seat with less buoyancy than when he left it.

A DREYFUS GENERAL.

General Sebret followed. He also proved a trump card for Dreyfus, as he declared the wording of the bordereau revealed professional ignorance. He also said the man who wrote it was not an artillery officer and said such an officer as Dreyfus could not make the mistakes he referred to. General Sebret entered into lengthy explanations of his statements, pertinently pointing out that an artillery officer would have known the interesting parts of the firing manual and would not have written in the bordereau 'take what interests you.' The general again declared emphatically that the bordereau could not have been written by an artillery officer or by one who had passed through the Polytechnic School.

This declaration made a profound impression on the court, which was intensified when General Sebret, who is a venerable looking gentleman, concluded, fearlessly: 'I am happy to have had the strength to carry here my stone towards the edifice of reparation which the Court is building up with so much care and confidence, while holding itself aloof from outside passions.'

Major Ducros deposed that he commanded a field battery; that he knew Dreyfus and offered him certain information. But, he pointed out, Dreyfus never asked him a question, although he knew he (the witness) possessed most interesting information, notably particulars about the hydro-pneumatic brake.

General Mercier here intervened and said that at the time Major Ducros was speaking of the Ducros fieldpiece had been rejected in favor of the Dupont cannon, and he said, Dreyfus, therefore, could have no object in procuring particulars of the Ducros gun.

A STUPID BLUNDER.

More support for Dreyfus was forthcoming in the deposition of Major Hartmann, of the artillery, who expressed the opinion that the author of the bordereau did not know what he was writing about since he spoke of the '120 short' gun, when he meant the '120 long' gun. The major led the Court through a maze of technical details about artillery, until Colonel Jouaust asked him to refrain from technicalities as far as possible, evidently fearing that Hartmann might reveal secrets of the service. His evidence was directed entirely to showing

that Dreyfus was not the author of the bordereau and that the artillery information mentioned in it was accessible to many officers of all arms in the spring of 1894.

So far as the depositions were concerned, Dreyfus certainly had every reason to be pleased with the day's results.

FIFTH WEEK OF THE TRIAL OPENS

Rennes, Sept. 4.—The fifth week of the court martial of Captain Dreyfus began to-day, with the largest attendance yet seen in the Lycee. The interest in the trial grows as the denouement approaches. Six to ten days is given as the outside limit for the further duration of the trial. There were an exceptionally large number present to-day, their bright costumes giving a gay look to the court room.

A FOREIGNER ON THE STAND.

The session opened very interestingly with the appearance of the witness, M. Gernnnschi. He was dressed in a brown lunging suit. His features are unprepossessing and in fact his general appearance did very little credit to the Serbian Royal House, to which, it is alleged, he belongs. His letter to Col. Jouaust offering his testimony, stated, that, having been mixed up in political troubles in Austria Hungary, he had been obliged to seek refuge in France, where he had a friend, who was a high official of the Foreign Office of a central European power. This friend, the witness said, told him that certain foreign agents in France might denounce him, the first name mentioned being that of Dreyfus. Another officer, a foreign General of Staff, similarly warned him. One day, the witness said, when he was visiting the latter, he saw him take from his pocket a voluminous packet containing military documents. The officer said that in France one could buy anything, adding, 'What is the good of Jews if you don't use them?'

On being questioned if he had asked the name of the traitor in the case, he replied: 'No; because the officer had already said Dreyfus was his informant.'

This answer and the tone in which it was delivered evoked a movement of incredulity among the audience.

Major Carriere, representing the government, asked that the court hold further examination of this witness behind closed doors, in view of the diplomatic side of his testimony.

M. Labori, then arose and announced that since the prosecution had summoned the aid of foreigners he intended to make formal application to have steps taken through foreign channels to ascertain whether the documents mentioned in the bordereau were delivered to a foreign power, and, if so, by whom.

The second witness called was, M. Andre, clerk of M. Bertillon, judge of the Court of Cassation, who received the confession of the late Lieut.-Col. Henry. M. Andre deposed that he overheard Lieut.-Col. Henry exclaim: 'Don't insist, I beg of you. The honor of the army must be saved before everything.'

ANOTHER MATHEMATICIAN.

The next important witness was the well known Mathematician, M. Painleve, who began by tearing M. Bertillon's system of argumentation to pieces.

M. Painleve, the nattered upon a personal topic, which quickly won him the close attention of the audience and brought on a dramatic scene, which kept the spectators in a state of excitement until he finally left the bar. M. Painleve referred to his evidence before the Court of Cassation and protested vehemently against the version given by Gen. Gonze, of a conversation with M. Hadamard, a cousin of Dreyfus, in which M. Hadamard expressed belief in the guilt of Dreyfus. 'Never,' explained Painleve did M. Hadamard doubt the innocence of his cousin.'

General Gonze asked to be heard, and mounted the stage. After declaring that the whole matter was insignificant, Gen.

Genze insinuated that the faith of M. Hadamard and M. Painleve in the innocence of Dreyfus must have been strengthened recently.

ANOTHER SCENE.

M. Painleve replied, warmly insisting that he never had any doubt of Dreyfus's innocence. The two men then went at it hammer and tongs, M. Painleve facing Gen. Gonze with his arms folded, and thrust home with his questions and retorts until Gen. Gonze became red in the face. Then Gen. Roget joined in the discussion.

M. Labori began a cross-examination of Gen. Gonze regarding a certain document in the secret dossier, to which Gen. Gonze had referred, but which had not been submitted to the court. M. Labori, not receiving satisfactory answers, and finding that Col. Jouaust declined to allow him to press the matter home the way he wished, became extremely indignant, and protested with considerable warmth against Col. Jouaust's veto of his questions. This caused a little scene between Col. Jouaust and M. Labori. Finally, the latter asked why a certain despatch from the French ambassador at Rome relative to the payment of money to Count Esterhazy by an Italian agent had not been included in the secret dossier presented to the court.

Gen. Gonze replied that he had not considered the despatch of sufficient importance to be included in the secret dossier.

Col. Jouaust here again refused to allow some of M. Labori's questions. M. Labori was fuming with indignation, but was obliged to submit.

FRESH EVIDENCE AGAINST DREYFUS.

M. Labori asked Gen. Gonze who compiled the secret dossier.

'I did,' shouted Commandant Cugnet from the body of the hall. Commandant Cugnet then came to the bar, and declared that he had omitted all documents from abroad, 'because foreigners were interested in deceiving us.' Commandant Cugnet added that another despatch existed, relating to a conversation between a foreign sovereign and a French military attaché, in the course of which the sovereign said: 'What is now occurring in France is proof of the power of the Jews.'

This despatch, said Cugnet, although against Dreyfus, was also omitted from the secret dossier. As he made this statement Commandant Cugnet turned to a brother officer sitting in the place set apart for witnesses and smiled with the self-satisfied air of a man who had made a distinct score.

MM. Demange and Labori immediately arose and expressed surprise that fresh evidence against Dreyfus should be introduced in this way. M. Labori also expressed curiosity respecting these documents, which were being held back concerning espionage, which were in the possession of the general staff, and he insisted that all these documents should be submitted to the court behind closed doors.

The question of the report drawn up by Commandant Cugnet and Officer Wattines dealing exhaustively with the secret dossier was then introduced, and General Billot arose to explain that the statement was inexact, that he took this report away with him. 'I gave this report,' he said, 'to M. Cavaignac, the former Minister of War.'

'Then,' said M. Labori, 'let us have M. Cavaignac's explanation of what became of the report.'

Col. Jouaust called for M. Cavaignac, but the former Minister of War, was not in the room, and an officer was sent to seek him. Meanwhile the testimony of a couple of minor witnesses was heard. The proceedings above described were very exciting, as at one time, when Gen. Chanoiné and M. Paleologue were brought up on the stage to explain Commandant Cugnet's statements three were five witnesses at the bar all speaking at once and interrupting one another. The testimony throughout was inter-

spersed with heated scenes between M. Labori, and Col. Jouaust.

VATICAN OFFICIALS.

London, Sept. 4.—The Rome correspondent of the 'Central News' says that he has interviewed many of the Vatican officials, including Monseigneurs Pflöfer and Angeli, and learns that the Pope and a number of the high dignitaries are opposed to Dreyfus. He adds that the Vatican will not issue instructions to the French clergy in regard to their attitude when the Rennes court-martial delivers its verdict.

WHO AND WHAT.

LIST OF PERSONS AND THINGS REFERRED TO IN REPORT OF DREYFUS TRIAL.

The following table given in the London 'Mail' explains the significance of the names and persons and matters that figure in the Dreyfus trial:—

The bordereau—The document found in bits among the waste paper at the German embassy, pieced together, and attributed to Dreyfus, though undoubtedly Esterhazy wrote it. It offers secret information, and is, of course, unsigned and undated.

The secret dossier—A collection of more or less private documents bearing on the case, only one of which, unless the war office has manufactured any more forgeries, mentions Dreyfus by name, and this is absolutely commonplace and innocent.

The 'Dixi' article—Written by Esterhazy in the 'Eclair,' bitterly attacking Picquart on private information illegally lent him by the war office.

The 'Blanche' and 'Speranza' telegrams—Two telegrams forged by Du Paty de Clam and Esterhazy, and sent to Picquart with the object of 'bluffing' him into the belief that a lady who was in the 'plot' had given away the 'secret' that he forged the Esterhazy 'Petit Bleu.'

The Petit Bleu—A telegram found at the German embassy, written by Col. Von Schwarzkoppen, the German military attaché, to Esterhazy, inviting him to call. It was torn up, the writer having changed his mind about sending it. This Esterhazy contends is a forgery.

The Weyler letter—A forged letter incriminating Dreyfus, sent to the war office. Author, probably De Clam.

'Ce canaille de D—'—A phrase in one of the documents of the secret dossier. Does not refer to Dreyfus, but to a subordinate, whose name is said to be known to the French war office.

The 'document liberateur'—In other words, that beginning 'Ce canaille de D—', was the famous one which Esterhazy threatened Felix Faure he would disclose, unless protected against Picquart. He alleged it had been stolen by Picquart for a foreign embassy. Esterhazy eventually returned it to the war office, after it had served its purpose.

Lieut.-Col. Picquart—Ex-head of the intelligence department, took up the cause of Dreyfus on the ground of insufficiency of evidence, and also produced the famous Petit Bleu (telegram), alleged to have been written to Esterhazy by the German attaché, Col. Von Schwarzkoppen, making an appointment, but then torn up and the pieces thrown into the waste paper basket, whence they were recovered by secret agents. He was removed from the army and imprisoned on a charge of forging the Petit Bleu himself. Since liberated. The Bayard of the 'Affair.'

M. Zola—The novelist, published his now famous letter of accusation ('J'Accuse') against the entire French general staff, accusing them, in point of fact, of a gigantic conspiracy to convict Dreyfus. Put on trial, convicted, fined and sentenced to imprisonment. He appealed, and his sentence was quashed. Again prosecuted, but on a sentence in his article which barred any reference to the Dreyfus case. Hence he permitted judgment to go by default, and being condemned, left the country, appealed, and lived in England, returning only recently to France. His celebrated denunciation is now proved to have been founded on absolute truth.

Commandant Forzinetti—Director of the Cherche Midi prison, where Dreyfus was first confined. He denied the prisoner made any confession, and eventually, for affirming a belief in his innocence, fell into disgrace.

Mathieu Dreyfus—The brother of the captain, was one of the pioneers of the campaign for revision. It was he who first denounced Esterhazy as the writer of the bordereau.

Count Walsin Esterhazy—A soldier of fortune of the shadiest type, was one of the chief opponents of Dreyfus. Mathieu Dreyfus having denounced him as the writer of the bordereau, he was tried and acquitted, amid an anti-Jewish manifestation. Subsequently arrested on a charge of forging the 'Speranza' and 'Blanche' telegrams, but liberated on a technical point. He was, however, expelled from the army, and has since gravitated between Holland, London and Paris, now fully admitting he wrote the bordereau by desire, and now denying he ever did so. There is little doubt he did write it. With Du Paty de Clam, he stooped to any anti-Dreyfus trick, no matter how mean, but he played all parties equally false.

M. Scheurer-Kestner—The senator. The first public man who prominently took up the cause of revision (in July, 1897). An able champion, who was not afraid of consequences.

Maitre Fernand Labori—Counsel of

Zola and Picquart. Also now appearing at Rennes.

Maitre Demange—Dreyfus's counsel at the court-martial and during the present trial.

Handwriting experts—Dreyfus trial No. 1: M. Gobert, M. Pelletier, M. Charvay, M. Teyssonnier, and M. Bertillon. Zola trial: Paul Meyer, M. A. Molinier, M. E. Molinier, M. Celerier, M. L. Franck, M. Havet, Paul Moriaud, M. Giry, M. Bournon, and Dr. Héricourt. Esterhazy trial: M. Couard, M. Belhomme, and M. Varinard.

Gen. Mercier—Minister of War (November, 1893—January, 1895); when Dreyfus was arrested. His bitterest foe, and utterly implacable. It was he who laid secret evidence before the court-martial judges.

M. Cavaignac—Minister of War (October, 1895—April, 1896; June, 1898—September, 1898), announced the discovery of Henry's forgery, but reaffirmed his belief in the guilt of Dreyfus. He is a cousin of De Clam.

Lieut.-Col. Henry—Picquart's successor in the intelligence department. To supply non-existent evidence, forged a telegram in the secret dossier. On discovery and arrest, he cut his throat in Mount Valerin.

Lieut. Du Paty de Clam—The melodramatic villain of the piece, set a trap to surprise Dreyfus by dictating to him the text of the bordereau. Warm supporter of Esterhazy, acted the part of the 'veiled lady,' assisted in forging telegrams to entrap Picquart, and did the dirty work of the War Office. Since disowned by all and expelled from the army.

Gen. Zurlinden—Minister of War (January, 1895—October, 1895). Ex-military governor of Paris. Chiefly memorable for his expression in the Chamber of absolute conviction of the guilt of Dreyfus. A fine type of the military blusterer.

M. Deleorgue—President of the Zola trial. Made history by his stock saying in favor of the war office party:—"The question shall not be put."

Gen. Billot—Minister of War (April, 1896—June, 1898), during the time of the Henry forgeries. To him Scheurer-Kestner opened up his doubts on the validity of the conviction of Dreyfus. Billot played him false, and took his stand on the 'authority of the chose jugée.' Muddled the Zola trial, and stands convicted of constant underhand practices.

Gen. Chanoine—Minister of War (September, 18, 1898—October 25, 1898)—A creature of Zurlinden, chiefly memorable for his stagey resignation in the Chamber.

Gen. Roget—The manufacturer of nearly all the War Office lies about Dreyfus, the revision of whose trial he bitterly opposed. He was the savior of the general staff in its most illicit machinations, and that was why M. Deroulède tried to induce him to march on the Elysée.

Capt. Cuiquet discovered Henry's forgery, and was satisfied with the rest of the documents of the secret dossier, which he collected and filed. Generally mistrusted.

M. Hadamard—The father-in-law of Dreyfus, a rich Paris merchant.

Gen. Boisdeffre—Chief of the general staff at the time of the Dreyfus prosecution. Resigned because Henry deceived him. Was in touch with all the Esterhazy trickeries. Now ill, and keeping in the background.

Commandant Ravary drew up the blundering report at the time of the Esterhazy Court-martial.

Commandant Besson D'Ormes-Chevillie drew up the 'act of accusation' for the court-martial of 1894. Assumed allegations of guilt to be guilt.

Gen. Gonze was the immediate superior of Picquart, against whom he was, after a moment's hesitation, a consistently warm supporter of Esterhazy. Unquestionably had doubts as to Dreyfus's guilt till the influence of headquarters made him solid with the other generals, since when he bitterly opposed revision.

Speranza letter—Forged letter sent to Picquart, with the object of inspiring official circles with the belief that he was an agent of the Dreyfus syndicate.

Cour de Cassation—Highest French court of appeal. The body which decreed the retrial of Dreyfus.

The dossier—The collection of legal documents bearing on a case. Properly speaking, the 'envelope,' containing the documents.

M. Lemercier Picard—War Office agent and forger of the humbler type. Laid a trap for the Dreyfus party, which failed. He was imprisoned, and hanged himself.

General le Pellicieux—Also on the French general staff. Supported Esterhazy and used the Henry forgery in the Zola trial as an 'absolute proof,' of the guilt of Dreyfus.

Col. Schwartzkoppen—The German military attaché in Paris, to whom the bordereau was sent, and who wrote the petit bleu to Esterhazy.

Major Panizzardi—The Italian military attaché, supposed erroneously to have had relations with Dreyfus. Sent the

telegram to his government on which Henry based his forgery.

Revision—The rehearing of a case.

Col. Sandherr—Member of the general staff and a fanatical anti-Semite. Died from brain disease soon after the first trial, at which he played a prominent part.

The syndicate—A figment of the imagination of the anti-Semites, who came to the conclusion that a number of wealthy persons were financing and 'working' the Dreyfus campaign.

M. Paleologue—Foreign Office expert and correct translator of the Pannizzardi telegram, which Henry falsified.

M. Bertullus—The magistrate who made the preliminary examination of the Esterhazy case.

Mme. De Boulangy—A relation of Esterhazy and an acquaintance of Col. Picquart. Esterhazy tried to drag her into the conspiracy hatched against Picquart, by suggesting that she wrote certain letters. It was absolutely false.

M. Bertrand—Representative of the government at Zola's second trial, and violator of the law for the purpose of saving De Clam, the forger.

Felix Faure—Ex-president of the French Republic, and an unqualified supporter of the general staff against Dreyfus.

Casimir-Perier—President at the time of the Dreyfus trial. Had the courage to speak out to the Court of Cassation and announce that the prisoner was convicted on secret evidence.

Mme. De Pays—The mistress of Esterhazy.

M. Gribelin—The keeper of the archives and abettor of De Clam.

Captain Lebrun-Renault—An officer to whom, so it was at one time alleged, Dreyfus made a confession. As a matter of fact he did nothing of the kind; only the War Office, by purposely distorting the captain's report on the circumstances, made it appear that he did.

Veiled lady was Du Paty de Clam disguised, who handed the 'document libérateur,' to Esterhazy, near the Arc de Triomphe. It was suggested that Esterhazy thought the lady was inspired by revenge on Picquart.

MME. LABORI.

M. Labori, the junior counsel for the defence in the Dreyfus case, was recently shot at Rennes on his way to the courtroom. He has been untiring in his efforts to clear the accused, and his wife, who has attended every sitting of the



MADAME LABORI.

trial, has become a well-known and sympathetic figure in the courtroom. She is said to have been a Miss Oakey and was the wife of the pianist Pachmann, from whom she became divorced. She is herself a trained musician, and is a woman with many friends and warm admirers, who feel the deepest sympathy for her in her present sorrow.—'Harper's Bazaar.'

DEATH OF MRS. TRAILL.

WAS ONE OF THE FAMOUS STRICKLAND SISTERS.

Lakefield, Ont., Aug. 29.—Mrs. Catharine Parr Trill, the author, died today, in her ninety-eighth year, at her home, 'Westover,' Lakefield.

Mrs. Trill was the daughter of the late Thomas Strickland, of Reydonhall, Suffolk, England, and was one of the five Strickland sisters, all of whom attained distinction in literature. Born in London, England, in 1802, she early began writing. In 1832 she married Lieut. Thos. Trill, an Orkney gentleman, and emigrated to Canada, being followed soon afterwards by her sister, Susanna, whose husband, Major Moodie, had been a brother officer of Lieut. Trill. The Trills settled near Rice Lake. Among Mrs. Trill's works are 'Backwoods of Canada,' 'The Canadian Crusoe,' 'The Female Emigrant's Guide,' 'Lady Mary and Her Nurse,' and 'Rambles in the Canadian Forest.'

MAHDI'S TWO SONS KILLED.

London, Aug. 30.—The Sirdar, Lord Kitchener of Khartoum, has cabled the Foreign Office that the Mahdi's two sons have been killed by British troops while resisting arrest at the village of Shukaba. A force of British troops has been despatched there, in consequence of a reported Mahdist insurrection on the Blue Nile, instigated by Kalfi Cherif and the Mahdi's sons. The letter had been lying, under supervision, at Shukaba. On the arrival of the troops the dervishes met them with a warm fire. During the fight the Cherif and the Mahdi's sons were killed and the village was burned.



THE DILEMMA.

OOM PAUL—'If I hang on he'll cut the rope. If I drop I'll be swamped sooner or later. What'll I do?'

SOUTH AFRICAN WAR CLOUD Pitiable Picture of the Situation in Johannesburg.

London, Sept. 1.—The situation in South Africa has become rather complicated. The strong feeling of the Dutch element in Cape Colony, evidently influences the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, to do everything possible to avert a rupture, and explains the further endeavor for a conference at Capetown, to arrange for the constitution of an arbitration court and to deal with the question of suzerainty, which, rather than franchise, now takes the place in the controversy.

The 'Standard' says: "Diplomatic dalliance only postpones the evil day, and prepares us for a still severer conflict. Until we resort to decisive measures every day adds to the offensive and defensive strength of the Boers, and proportionately fosters their infatuated belief in their own invincibility, which lies at the root of their obduracy. Thus we are confronted with an exceedingly grave question."



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR F. FORESTIER WALKER. Appointed to the Cape Command.

Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Forestier-Walker, who has been appointed to command the British troops at Cape Colony, in place of Major-General Sir W. F. Butler, recalled, is one of the youngest lieutenant-generals, being not yet fifty-five years of age. He joined the Scots Guards in 1862, and left a lieutenant-colonel in 1886. He served in the Kafir war of 1878 (mentioned in the despatches, and made C.B.), and on special service throughout the Zulu war of 1879 (mentioned in despatches, and awarded medal with clasp). Sir Frederick also served as assistant-adjutant and quartermaster-general with the Bechuanaland expedition in 1884-85. In 1889-90 he commanded an infantry bri-

gade at Aldershot, and from 1890 to 1895 was the general commandant in Egypt. Since the latter year he has been in charge of the western district. He was made K.C.B. in 1894. Sir Frederick is the eldest son of the late General Sir Edward W. Forestier-Walker, K.C.B. Sir Frederick joined the Guards when stationed in Montreal in 1862.

London, Sept. 2.—Last evening the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, issued the text of the Transvaal despatches of Aug. 19 and 21, and of the reply of the Imperial Government on Aug. 26. The publication is accompanied by a note, emphasizing the advisability of making the corrected versions known, owing to the fact that an incorrect version has been published in Pretoria.

The Transvaal despatch of Aug. 19 contains the proposals regarding the franchise, which go upon the assumption that Great Britain will agree that the present intervention does not constitute a precedent, and will allow the suzerainty question to drop tacitly.

The despatch of Aug. 21, makes the proposed concessions expressly conditional upon Great Britain's undertaking not to interfere in the future affairs of the Transvaal, nor to insist upon a further assertion of the existence of suzerainty, and to agree to arbitration.

The reply of the Imperial Government, dated Aug. 28, declares that Great Britain considers the proposals put forward as alternative to those of July 31, assume the adoption in principle of a franchise which will not be hampered by conditions impairing its usefulness, and which will assume immediate representation.

With respect to intervention, the Imperial note says that the government cannot debar itself from its rights under the conventions, nor deliver itself from the obligations of a civilized power to protect its subjects abroad from injustice.

The note concludes by reminding the Transvaal that other matters exist, which the granting of a political franchise will not settle, and which are the proper subjects for arbitration. These, the note declares, it will be necessary to settle concurrently with the questions already under discussion, and they will form, with the question of arbitration, proper subjects for the proposed Capetown conference.

The Pretoria version of the Imperial reply was that Mr. Chamberlain was unable to consider the Transvaal's proposals, as an alternative to a joint commission of inquiry.

London, Sept. 2.—The Pretoria correspondent of the 'Morning Post,' says: "President Kruger told a prominent Boer on Wednesday, that war was practically certain. Every Boer is now armed with a Mauser, and has a hundred rounds of ammunition strictly for future use, with forty rounds for practice. I am convinced that the reports of the Boers not being prepared is only a pre-

tense, and that they will strike a blow when it is least expected."

Herr Fischer was present at the secret session of the Volksraad, this evening, a circumstance that caused a good deal of curiosity. Large crowds gathered round the building anxious to learn the latest intelligence.

President Kruger remained with the executive until a late hour, discussing the situation. An influential section of the Afrikaners have wired to-day to Herr Hofmeyer, leader of the Afrikaner party in Cape Colony, to come to Pretoria immediately.

Johannesburg, Sept. 2.—The town is preparing for the eventualities of war. The inmates of the children's home are going to Natal. The town council is providing a three months' supply of food for the men and animals connected with the scavenging department. All the outgoing trains are crowded, and most of the prominent men have already left Johannesburg.

London, Sept. 2.—It is reported at Aldershot, that the first Royal Dragoons, under Lieut.-Col. Burn-Murdoch, is under orders to be in readiness in the event of hostilities in the Transvaal. The regiment, which figured at Waterloo, and Sebastopol, has not left England since the Crimean War.

London, Sept. 2.—Canada's ability to raise a regiment for service in the Transvaal is generally noted here.

Vancouver, B.C., Sept. 2.—The rumor was current here yesterday that the R.M.S. 'Empress of China' would not sail to the Orient on her next trip from here, but would be held here subject to orders from the British Admiralty as one of the British Government's reserve cruisers. It was also stated that she would be engaged in the transportation of troops from Australia to South Africa. Both rumors, however, are denied by the Canadian Pacific officials.

London, Sept. 4.—The Johannesburg correspondent of the 'Daily Mail' who paints a gloomy and pitiable picture of the condition of things there, says:—"It is almost a case of wholesale exodus and panic. Business is paralyzed; the prices of food stuffs are rapidly rising; half the houses are empty and the others are tenanted by people who do not pay the rent, the landlords being glad enough to have them as occupants in order to insure some sort of protection to the property. The tension has reached the snapping point. Bankruptcy and starvation are staring people in the face. Another fortnight of suspense will result in a complete commercial collapse. The banks are thronged with people anxious to withdraw their gold and the railways are besieged by those who wish to get away. Rumor fixes the number of warrants issued at 147, including the representatives of all the London daily newspapers. Mr. Moneybags, editor of the 'Star,' it is reported, has evaded the detectives sent to arrest him and has succeeded in crossing the border. It is believed that the mediation of Mr.

Fischer, the representative of the Orange Free State, has failed.

The Capetown correspondent of the 'Daily Mail' says:—"The Transvaal authorities are forwarding huge quantities of Mauser ammunition from Pretoria to Bloemfontein. On Friday 1,500,000 rounds arrived at the Orange Free State capital."

All the special despatches to the London morning papers from South Africa indicate that the correspondents have got the impression that the reply of the Transvaal Government to Mr. Chamberlain's latest note will be an impudent rejection of the suggested conference at Capetown, and a threat to withdraw the five-year franchise offer.

A special despatch from Johannesburg says the charge against Mr. Spackman, editor of the Transvaal 'Leader,' who was arrested on Saturday will be reduced from sedition to contravention of the press laws. Mr. Hoskin, the proprietor of the Transvaal 'Leader,' is chairman of the Uitlander Council, and president of the Johannesburg Chamber of Commerce.

PRETORIA PESSIMISTIC.

London, Sept. 4.—The 'Morning Post' publishes the following from its special correspondent at Castle, Natal:—"I left Johannesburg on ascertaining that it was the intention of the government to arrest every one who had taken a leading part in advocating the claims of the Uitlanders. It was an exciting journey. Boer policemen twice boarded the train. I saw trucks loaded with commissariat stores and ammunition and ready to start at every station. The Boers declare their intention soon to rush the Natal border. The chief officials at Pretoria consider war unavoidable and they have prepared to strike before the British are ready."

The correspondent of the 'Daily Telegraph' at Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal, says:—"Things have reached such a pass that war is considered unavoidable, and the impression is that the crash will come within a few days. The situation at Johannesburg is most serious. The traders are unwilling to order large quantities of stores, through fear of being commandeered. Thus thousands will risk starvation in the event of war, when the railways will be cut."

London, Sept. 4.—A despatch to the 'Times' from Newcastle, says that the feeling in Johannesburg and Pretoria is resolved and aggressive. People are leaving both places in swarms.

London, Sept. 4.—A despatch to the 'Standard' from Johannesburg, by way of Newcastle, Cape Colony, says that a message has been received in Johannesburg from a Pretoria correspondent, stating that the Transvaal has withdrawn its offer to grant the franchise to Uitlanders after five years' residence. He adds that war is now regarded as inevitable.

The 'Chronimne's' Pretoria correspondent, who is pro-Boer in his sympathies, says that the position is grave. The statement that the Boers' reply rejects the British proposal is received with reserve, as it is believed that President of the leaders of the Afrikaners to avert war.

TRANSVAAL WAR CHEST EMPTY.

New York, Sept. 4.—The London correspondent of the 'Sun' says:—"Despite the universal warlike tone of the English press, it still seems very likely that the Boers will yield before the last ditch is reached. The European powers have definitely shown that help need not be expected from them, and the magnitude of expenditure in Great Britain's preparations has probably convinced the better-informed Boers that the ultimate issue of the contest, is without doubt, while the industrial collapse will immediately and seriously affect the Transvaal treasury. Moreover, the reports cabled to London concerning the Boer's recent purchase of supplies, arms and ammunition, are discounted by the fact that there is practically no reserve fund in the Transvaal, because the revenue has been absorbed in the secret service and other exigencies to the neglect of the war chest. Again it must not be forgotten that it is England's policy to talk of immediate war. Kruger's long career in successful warfare by despatches has led the Boers to think that this may be indefinitely pursued. Therefore, it is necessary to maintain the appearance of absolute inflexibility in order to convince them that the eleventh hour was really come."

KRUGER'S NEPHEW.

London, Sept. 4.—Chr'l Hendrik, a nephew of the Transvaal President, who was made an M.D. at the recent graduation ceremony at Edinburgh University, is now in Dublin. He is completing his professional education under the training of Irish specialists. Dr. Kruger is a fluent speaker in English, and, responding to the toast of his fellow-guests at a dinner of the Corinthian Club, Dublin, the other evening, expressed his earnest hope and strong belief that peaceful relations would be maintained between Great Britain and his Fatherland.

FATAL COLLISION AT SEA.

Amsterdam, Sept. 1.—In a collision last night between two river steamers on the North Sea canal, one of the vessels sank and nine persons, including two women, were drowned.

THE PLAGUE IN OPORTO.

Oporto, Aug. 30.—Two new serious cases of bubonic plague are officially reported.

WESTERN HOMESTEADERS.

Winnipeg, Sept. 2.—Seven hundred homestead entries were granted in the Edmonton land district from Jan. 1 to Aug. 23.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS WHICH MAY LEAD TO A PEACEFUL SETTLEMENT.

Ottawa, Sept. 1.—There is a feature of the Alaskan boundary dispute of some interest to Canadians which carries with it something of gratification and which may yet act as a consideration to induce the United States Government to come to an acknowledgement of Canada's rights in the disputed territory.

It is perhaps worth mentioning in the same connection that what seemed at the time a rather strange proceeding on the part of Skaguay in forwarding a petition last session for transfer from its American allegiance to the British Crown is now plain enough.

More than one American newspaper of prominence has within the last few weeks expressed the opinion that right must prevail in this matter of the boundary dispute and some have openly given it as their opinion that there was no real reason why the matter should not be sent to arbitration.

Buffalo, N.Y., Sept. 2.—In an interview last evening on the Alaskan boundary dispute, Sir William E. Kennedy, judge of the High Court of England, who is in attendance at the conference of the International Law Society, said that it was generally believed in England that the matter would be settled without any trouble or even the straining of the friendly relations that now exist between the United States and Great Britain.

When asked if the dispute was viewed in England as a matter of national concern or as a matter that is rather local to Canada, Sir William replied: 'Oh, it's England's affair of course. Canada is England and any matter that affects her affects the Kingdom.'

Questioned as to whether it was likely that Great Britain would settle the matter with the United States in order to remain on a friendly footing even if Canada's interests might be sacrificed, Judge Kennedy said: 'England never sacrifices anything. You may be assured that she will stand by Canada to the very last.'

A WILD MAN ABROAD.

Windsor, Ont., Sept. 1.—Word has reached the Windsor police that a wild man is roaming through the woods on the Middle road near Woodsbee. He is said to be roaming almost naked, and people passing along the road claim to have seen him frequently.

A HOAX CAUSED SUICIDE.

Dublin, Aug. 29.—Mr. J. M. Sinclair, high sheriff of Donegal, committed suicide by shooting himself yesterday, on receipt of the announcement that his daughter, eighteen years old, had been drowned in another part of the county. The latter story now turns out to be false, and has caused immense excitement in the county, where the family is most prominent.

SENATOR PRICE DEAD.

PASSED AWAY SHORTLY AFTER TEN O'CLOCK MORNING.

Quebec, Aug. 31.—Senator Price died shortly after ten o'clock this morning. This makes six vacancies by death during the past year.

The Hon. Evan John Price was born at Wolfesfield, in the vicinity of Quebec, on May 8, 1840. He was the fifth son of the late William Price, a lumber mer-



THE LATE HON. E. J. PRICE.

chant of Quebec and the Saguenay, and Jane, third daughter of the late Mr. Charles Stewart, who was comptroller of the Imperial Customs at Quebec, and grandson of Mr. Richard Price, of Elstree, Herts, England.

Quebec, Sept. 3.—The funeral of the late Hon. E. J. Price took place from his home at Wolfesfield yesterday, and was attended by all the leading citizens of Quebec, and a host of strangers, who came from all over Canada to pay the last honor to the distinguished citizen who was being laid to his long rest.

UNITED STATES LOSSES.

IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The losses of the American troops in the Philippines from Aug. 6, 1898, to Aug. 28, 1899, are:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Includes Killed of wounds and accidents, Died of disease, Total deaths, Wounded, Captured and missing, Grand total.

NORTH WATERLOO PROTEST.

Toronto, Aug. 30.—The examination of Mr. L. J. Breithaupt, M.P.P., respondent in the North Waterloo election petition, was held in the office of Mr. Bruce, yesterday morning.

LADY ABERDEEN MAY ATTEND.

Hamilton, Sept. 2.—The Countess of Aberdeen will likely attend the annual convention of the National Council of Women to be held here in October.



WHEN DEWEY COMES HOME.

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH

PRIVATE IN THE U. S. INFANTRY AT MANILLA THREATENS TO KILL HIS COMMANDING OFFICER.

Victoria, B.C., Aug. 30.—A Manila despatch says:—A well authenticated story has been reported from the Wyoming Infantry Battalion to the effect that Private McVeigh, of G. Company of the command, who has been court-martialed for striking and threatening to kill his company commander, Captain Wrighter, is now under sentence of death.

So far as can be ascertained, this death sentence is the first one that has been passed upon any employee of the United States Government during the prevailing hostilities with the Filipinos, or, indeed, at any stage of the fighting here since Americans came to Manila.

The general opinion among the Wyoming men is that the President will modify McVeigh's sentence to some extent. The circumstances that induced McVeigh to take the step that now imperils his life are as follows:— McVeigh is a drinking man—a brute when drunk, and quite a genial sort of fellow when sober.

He had reasons to think that Captain Wrighter was abusing him. McVeigh's imagined wrongs rankled when he was under the influence of liquor. So, on May 4 last, towards evening, McVeigh happened to be returning to Wyoming Camp, after a day's carousing with some kindred spirits, belonging to the 14th Infantry, in a disgusting state of intoxication.

previous to his enlistment for service in the Philippines. He has been constantly in trouble since arriving in Manila, having served a good many long days in guard-house. He has been court-martialed several times for refusing to do duty, striking non-commissioned officers and running away from guards.

PRAISES YUKON OFFICIALS.

Stories of Malfesance Denied by a Returning Klondiker.

Stratford, Ont., Aug. 29.—Dr. William H. Corrigan, a medical practitioner of Hazelton, Pa., has returned from the Klondike, and is visiting in the city. Dr. Corrigan has been away two years. On his arrival in Dawson City he became house physician to St. Mary's Hospital, then the only hospital in the place.

The hospitals were not only hospitals but almshouses and whatever money is spent out there by the government is wisely and carefully spent, in fact it is hard to see how it could be put to better purpose. I want to emphasize the fact that the order of Dawson is exceptionally good.

In regard to the government officials it is my opinion that they are entirely honest, and I want to tell you that there is only one explanation of the repetition of the statements about them after their falsity has been proven. It is the opinion of every sensible person in Dawson that they are being maintained for political reasons.

TOO MANY DOCTORS.

Profession is Becoming Overcrowded.

Toronto, Aug. 31.—At yesterday morning's session of the Canadian Medical Association a paper on 'Tuberculosis in Canadian cattle, and its prevention,' by Dr. George Adams, of Montreal, was read by Dr. Downey, of Montreal. The doctor stated that the disease among cattle was spreading with frightful rapidity in northern and western Europe.

Slaughterhouse results showed that from 20 to 25 percent, of the animals slaughtered in Scotland and England were affected. He recommended that all animals imported be quarantined for seven weeks. The evidence seemed to show that bovine tuberculosis of the udder had most to be guarded against, as milk from animals thus affected, contained the bacilli in large numbers.

Dr. Bryce said that the experiments at Guelph showed that the most usual way of infection among cattle was through the lungs. Hence the importance of open ventilation of stables. He commended the Bangs system as an effective way of stamping out the disease.

Dr. Richardson, of Toronto, read a paper on the results already achieved at the Gravenhurst Sanitarium for consumptives. Dr. Richardson, of Toronto, read a paper on Christian Science, and Mrs. Eddy's works. The doctor closed a keen criticism with the statement that Christian Science was a medley of folly and of blasphemy.

whose members strove so hard to be honest as the medical.

One remedy for the overcrowded state of the profession was to act on the suggestion of Sir William Banks, and stiffen the entrance examination, so as to keep out the uneducated and the ill-bred. Once a man passed the entrance examination he was certain to qualify, if he was determined. He would exact from every medical student such literary training as was included in what is known in the University, as the general course.

Dr. Geo. M. Gould, of Philadelphia, read a paper on 'Massage and the relief of eye strain in the treatment of glaucoma.' As massage stimulated nutrition, and as cataract was a disease of denutrition, it might be hoped that massage might prove a prophylactic measure for cataract.

Many other papers were taken as read during the day. The committee on the British Pharmacopoeia reported acknowledging the valuable services of Dr. Roddick, M.P., in getting the British Pharmacopoeia acknowledged by Parliament in the adulteration law.

Toronto, Aug. 31.—Many of the papers set down to be read at this morning's session of the Canadian Medical Association had to be postponed. There was a fair attendance. Dr. J. M. Elder, of Montreal, read a paper on 'Complications and treatment of fracture of the skull.'

Dr. A. DeMartigny, of Montreal, contributed a paper on 'Erysipelas, with treatment of the Marmoreck serum.' 'Tuberculosis and life insurance' was the subject of a paper read by Dr. J. Hunter, Toronto. Dr. Hunter did not think that applications for insurance should be refused from children of people who had tuberculosis.

Sir William Hingston, M.D., Montreal, deplored the fact that so much was made of these hereditary influences. The bugbear of heredity frightens many of the young people. He believed in the old idea that consumption was caused rather by environment than heredity.

Sir James Grant, M.D., declared that consumption was a subject which he was glad to see the medical profession wrestling with. The disease was on the increase and he urged the doctors to combine to stamp it out, especially in Canada.

A HOSPITAL ROOM FOR THE HOME.

'The hospital room in each dwelling,' was the title of a paper by Dr. W. J. Telfer, of Montreal, and it introduced an entirely new subject, the broaching of which is highly to be commended. It was received with hearty endorsement. Sickness came, he said, to every family, but that fact had hitherto been ignored by architects in the construction of dwellings.

Dr. Bryce said that the experiments at Guelph showed that the most usual way of infection among cattle was through the lungs. Hence the importance of open ventilation of stables. He commended the Bangs system as an effective way of stamping out the disease.

Dr. Richardson, of Toronto, read a paper on the results already achieved at the Gravenhurst Sanitarium for consumptives. Dr. Richardson, of Toronto, read a paper on Christian Science, and Mrs. Eddy's works. The doctor closed a keen criticism with the statement that Christian Science was a medley of folly and of blasphemy.

COMMERCIAL

WEEKLY OFFICE, September 4, 1909.

WHEAT

The Lake of the Woods Milling Company report a sale on Saturday of 3,000 barrels of flour for export, at a price which they claim is better than that accepted locally.

BUTTER

The butter market is easier, as far as can be ascertained, with an absence of local business to report from. Latest cables from London report an unfavorable market and continued lack of space is causing a congestion of stock on this side.

CHEESE

The cheese market is decidedly mixed up at present. Local dealers are looking for buyers at 12c spot, whereas 12 1/2c is reported from the country board. The feeling prevails round the street that Canadian dairy products have now reached high water mark in prices.

CHEESE SALES.

Table with columns: Location, Price. Includes London, Cornwall, Belleville, Watonsville, Cowanston, Canton.

CHEESE AND BUTTER EXPORTS.

Table with columns: Location, Butter, Cheese. Includes Liverpool, Glasgow, London, Leith, Bristol.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—Sept. 4.

There were about 575 head of butcher's cattle, 600 sheep and lambs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were out in full force and with such pleasant cool weather, the demand was active and prices higher all round.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

New York, Sept. 1.—R. G. Din & Company's weekly review of trade to-morrow will say: August failures were smaller in number than for any other month in six years, excepting May and July of this year, and smaller in amount than for any other month excepting May, June and July of this year.

The astonishing feature is the magnitude of demand, notwithstanding prices which would ordinarily check it. In products directly consumed by individuals, the larger employment and better wages of the workers have given a stimulus to the demand.

Recent advances in boots and shoes and leather have been reported, and the advance in freights was well advanced, but there was no improvement in general business. Wholesale business at Halifax is fairly well sustained in all lines, but city retail trade continues quiet with collections fair.

Trade at Quebec is generally good, and the best business is reported. The fall millinery has advanced harvesting. The fall millinery has advanced harvesting. The fall millinery has advanced harvesting.

LONDON FINANCIAL SITUATION.

New York, Sept. 2.—The 'Evening Post's' financial cable from London says: Stocks here continue dull on the Transvaal situation, which is by no means lightly regarded.

after the middle of this month. The high rates at present quoted appear to choke off business. An important combination of splitter producers is in course of formation.

MONTREAL TRADE.

CONTINUES IN A PROSPEROUS CONDITION.

Dun's bulletin of Saturday, Sept. 2, will say of Montreal trade: The fall millinery openings at Montreal this week have been a success. Though the extreme heat militated to some extent against them, and in the opinion of some a week or ten days later would have been a more favorable season, still results are reported quite up to, if not somewhat ahead of, a year ago.

Included among the visitors was quite a number of general dry goods buyers, some of them from far western points, who made some fair personal selections. Grocery men report a satisfactory distribution. Some of the best of new Valencia raisins are about due, via New York, and will sell at about seven cents for fine off stalk in a jobbing way.

Though some of the larger manufacturers were not present at the boot and shoe convention, held in Quebec some days ago, still the meeting was a fairly representative one and the advances in prices recommended will, it is thought, be generally adhered to.

FARMERS' MARKET PRICES—Sept. 1.

There were the usual crowds of sellers and buyers of farm and garden stuff gathered in the vicinity of Bonsecours market and as the weather seemed to threaten rain at any minute all hands were in a greater hurry than usual to get their business done before the rain came on.

There were about 500 head of butchers' cattle, 60 calves, 1,000 sheep and lambs, and 60 store hogs and small pigs offered for sale at the East End Abattoir to-day.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—Aug. 31.

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BUFFALO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

East Buffalo, N.Y., Sept. 2.—Cattle—The offerings were forty loads, mostly Canadian stockers. The demand was fairly active and on the top grades the market was stronger.

CHEESE SALES.

Napanee, Ont., Aug. 30.—Offerings, 820 cheese, 465 lbs. white, 200 colored, and all sold at 11 1/2c. Thompson bought 150 white, Brentnell, 200; Magrath, 125 white, 78 colored; Alexander, 50; Cleah, 115 white and 125 colored.

Pictou, Ont., Aug. 30.—At our cheese board to-day 13 factories boarded 645, all colored; highest bid 11 1/2c; 330 sold.

Ingersoll, Ont., Aug. 29.—Offerings to-day 1,725 boxes, 1,230 colored and 500 white, first half August market. Sales, 650 colored and 100 white, at 11 1/2c; 100 colored and 100 white at 11c for white. Large attendance. Market quiet.

Campbellford, Aug. 29.—At cheese board

here to-day 790 boxes were boarded. McGrath bought 690 at 11 1/2c; balance unsold.

New York, Aug. 29.—Butter, steady; western creamery, 15c; do., factory, 12 1/2c; state dairy, 15c to 16c; do., creamery, 17c to 21c.

Cheese, strong; large do., 10 1/2c; small white, 10 1/2c; large colored, 10 1/2c; small colored, 11c.

Brockville, Aug. 31.—This was a record day in the history of the Brockville cheese board, in that every box of the 3,792 offered were sold by auction before adjournment.

The buyers tried hard for a long time to keep the price below twelve cents, but the salemen maintained a stiff resistance and won out. Colored was in slightly better demand, yet the white brought twelve cents also.

Ormatown, Aug. 31.—Offerings on this board, 335 cheese, and 95 boxes of butter. Buyers seemed anxious, and spirited bidding was the result. Starting at 11c bid, ran to 12 1/2c; the produce of four factories sold at the latter figure; Lovell & Christmas and Hodgson Brothers being the purchasers.

Kingston, Ont., Aug. 31.—At the cheese board to-day 840 white and 533 colored were boarded; sales, 300 at 11 1/2c.

Madoc, Aug. 31.—Fourteen factories offered 309 boxes of white; 733 sold at 12 1/2c. Balance unsold at the close.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKETS.

Newcastle, Aug. 22.—Number of cattle, yesterday, 1,961; sheep and lambs, 15,601; calves, 58; pigs, 62; trade slow; prime heifers at 7s 3d to 8s; steers, 7s 6d to 7s 9d; second class animals at 6s 6d to 7s 3d; cow and inferior at 5s to 6s 6d; pork at 3s 1d to 4s 6d; muttons at 2s 1d to 3s 1d; veal at 2s 1d to 3s; lamb at 7d to 8d.

Salford, Aug. 23.—At market yesterday: Cattle, 2,066; sheep, 14,583; pig, 14,583; a fair demand for both. Calves, 167; better trade; prices favoring sellers. Quotations: Cattle, 5d to 6 1/2d; sheep, 4d to 5 1/2d; lambs, 6 1/2d to 8 1/2d; calves, 5d to 7 1/2d per lb.

BUTTER.

Manchester, Aug. 23.—Moderate demand yesterday for Irish, and creamery met with some success in making advances. In Swedish and Finnish there was very little doing. Quotations—Danish and Swedish, choicest, 12s to 12 1/2s; fine, 11s to 11 1/2s; finest Finnish, 11s to 11 1/2s; Irish creamery, 10s to 10 1/2s; Canadian creamery, 10s to 10 1/2s.

Cork, Aug. 22.—First, 8s; second, 7s; third, 7s; fourth, 7s; mild cured, super, fine, 9s; fine, 9s; choicest boxes, 9s; choice boxes, 8s; fresh butter, 10s to 9s; in market, 27s firkins, 11s mild and 6 boxes.

AMERICAN CATTLE MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 1.—Beef—Receipts, 2,419; steers, 5c to 10c higher; bulls and cows steady; native steers at \$3 to \$5.90; tops, at \$6.05; Texans at \$4.50; bulls at \$2 to \$3.40; calves at \$1.50 to \$3.50. Cables quote American cattle at 11 1/2c to 12 1/2c; refrigerator beef at 8 1/2c. Shipments, 39 sheep; to-morrow, 75 sheep and 5,275 quarters of beef.

Buffalo, Sept. 1.—Cattle: Three loads on sale, with a moderate demand. The bulk of the offerings was for choice, which were slow. Calves were in light supply, active demand and strong; choice to extra were quoted \$7.25 to \$7.50; good to choice at \$7 to \$7.25; a few bunches sold a shade higher than the top quoted prices.

Sheep and lambs—The total offerings were 14 loads. The demand was fairly active, for choice to extra lambs, and the top grade was quotable at \$5.75 to \$6; good to choice lambs at \$5.50 to \$5.75; common to fair at \$4.25 to \$5; sheep, choice to extra at \$4.25 to \$4.50; good to choice at \$4 to \$4.25; common to fair at \$2.50 to \$2.75; Canada lambs sold from \$5.90 to \$6.75.

Hogs—The trade opened slow, with a total for the day of 20 loads. Medium and heavy were quotable at \$4.75 to \$4.90; Yorkers, \$4.85 to \$4.95; pigs, \$4.50 to \$4.70; grassers, \$4.70 to \$4.75; roughs, \$3.90 to \$4; stags, \$3 to \$3.50.

TORONTO CATTLE MARKET.

Toronto, Sept. 1.—Moderate receipts of cattle and sheep came to land this morning. The trade in this market at the Western Cattle Market this morning, being 70 carloads all told, composed of 900 cattle, 1,160 sheep and lambs, 50 cows, 10 calves and 1,222 hogs. Owing to the unfavorable weather, the market opened slow, but the demand showed signs of activity towards noon, and trade was fairly active until the close.

During the last couple of weeks the market has been in an exceptionally weak condition, but yesterday trade became somewhat firmer. The quality of fat cattle was a little better than offered on the previous markets this week, but there are still a large number of inferior grades coming forward.

Export Cattle—The light offerings of choice selections which came to hand were readily picked up, while a moderate supply of light were still dragging on the market at the close. The English markets remained firm, and choice exporters were quotable at \$4.50 to \$4.90 per cwt. and \$5 per cwt. for an occasional bunch. Light fatcattle \$3.75 to \$4.50 per cwt.

Butcher Cattle—Owing to the fact that local killers were still pretty well stocked, the offerings in this line met with a slow demand. Outside of this there was really no change in the condition of the market, as prices remained firm. Choice selections were quoted at \$3.50 to \$4 per cwt. and mediums and common grades brought \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt. A few choice heavy bulls sold readily at firm prices, or \$3.50 to \$4.25 and light stock bulls were firm at \$2 to \$2.25 per cwt.

Stockers and Feeders—An exceedingly quiet feeling prevailed in Canadian stockers for Buffalo. The market, if anything, was a little weaker, but yesterday's prices were fully realized for good stock, while poorer grades were quoted lower. Choice were quoted at \$2.50 to \$3.25 per cwt. A light run of feeders were quiet at \$4 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs—There was a fairly good inquiry for good stock, but poor grades were not wanted, and, as a result, quite a few of the latter were left over in the pens at the close. Prices underwent

no notable change, and sheep for export and butchers' use were quotable at \$3.50 to \$3.75 per cwt. Good butchers' sheep brought \$2.75 to \$3 each, and a few bunches of extra choice lambs \$4 to \$4.25 per cwt.

Bucks were quiet at \$2.75 to \$3 per cwt. Hogs—Trading in this branch was all on the irregular side to-day, the light offerings meeting with a very slow demand.

The market remained firm, and yesterday's quotations were fully realized, choice peeled hogs being quotable at \$3 per cwt. Light and thick fat corn fed stock fetched \$1.50 per cwt. Sows were quiet at \$1 per cwt.

OTTAWA MARKET.

Ottawa, Sept. 2.—The rain yesterday sort of called a halt to harvesting operations, and as the day after a rainy day is not a very good one for saving grain the farmers turned their attention in making it a profitable one from a marketing standpoint.

There were a goodly number of farmers, and they had a good selection of produce. There was a feeling of liveliness about By Ward market this morning. Everyone felt cool, and a great deal more agreeable than they were on Thursday. Straw, per ton, at \$4.50 to \$5.50; hay, per ton, at \$3 to \$3.50; oats, 30c to 32c; buckwheat, at 40c to 45c; beans, per bushel, at 16c to 17c; chickens, live, per pair, at 50c to 60c; spring chickens, at 30c to 40c; turkeys, per lb., at 9c to 10c; ducks, per pair, at 75c to 90c; butter, in prints, at 20c to 22c; butter, in rolls, per lb., at 15c to 16c; eggs, fresh, per dozen, at 14c to 15c; eggs, fresh, per dozen, at 14c to 15c; potatoes, per bag, at 70c to 75c; turnips, per bushel, at 10c to 11c; chickens, bunches, at 15c; cabbage, per dozen, at 25c; celery, per dozen, at 30c.

Country Markets.—Flour, \$1.35 to \$2.10; red wheat, 68c to 70c; white wheat, 65c to 70c; bran, 18c; middlings, 17c; barley, 35c to 40c; oats, 20c to 22c; rye, 50c to 55c; peas, 50c; hay, \$6 to \$7; potatoes, per bag, 50c to 75c; live hogs, \$4 to \$4.25; sheep, 50c to 90c; hides, 6c to 7c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 11c to 12c; chickens, per pair, 50c to 75c; ducks, per pair, 60c to 75c.

Hamilton, Sept. 2.—White wheat, per bushel, 70c to 75c; red, 68c to 69c; spring, 68c to 69c; peas, 48c to 50c; barley, 35c to 40c; oats, 20c; corn, 41c to 42c; clover seed, 30c to 35.00; timothy seed, \$1.25 to \$1.65; white wheat flour, per brl., \$22.50 to \$4; strong bakers, \$3.50 to \$3.75; dressed hogs, per cwt., \$4.50 to \$4.75; apples, per bag of bushel and half, 50c to 60c; dried apples, per lb., 4c; potatoes, per bag of 90 lbs., 90c to \$1.20; butter, in rolls, per lb., 15c to 20c; butter, in firkins, per lb., 15c to 18c; eggs, per doz., 12c to 13c.

Guelph, Sept. 2.—Flour, \$1.35 to \$2.10; red wheat, 68c to 70c; white wheat, 65c to 70c; bran, 18c; middlings, 17c; barley, 35c to 40c; oats, 20c to 22c; rye, 50c to 55c; peas, 50c; hay, \$6 to \$7; potatoes, per bag, 50c to 75c; live hogs, \$4 to \$4.25; sheep, 50c to 90c; hides, 6c to 7c; butter, 20c to 22c; eggs, 11c to 12c; chickens, per pair, 50c to 75c; ducks, per pair, 60c to 75c.

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# TO PICK FRUIT

Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, etc.,

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Just what is wanted. You'll be pleased with it. Price by mail, postpaid

# 50c

WM. RENNIE, Toronto.

### SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

#### HE IS NON-COMMITTAL REGARDING GENERAL ELECTION REPORTS.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is nearly always a disappointment to the interviewer. Cordial in his manner, courteous to a degree, the Prime Minister seeks to smile away the question, without committing himself to an expression of opinion.

The Conservative press has for the last month been hinting at a general election in the fall, several papers suggesting that the date only remains to be fixed by the Hon. Mr. Tarte, when the latter returns from Europe.

'Ah, but we can't help that, you know,' said Sir Wilfrid, on Friday, at the Windsor Hotel, when reminded of the persistent rumors.

It having been suggested that some of the papers pretended to have positive information that a general election would be held in October, the Premier quietly remarked, 'The question is, where did they get their information?'

Could Sir Wilfrid himself set the matter at rest? Would he state whether it was the intention of the government to bring on a general election any time this year? Were the rumors idle and baseless?

Sir Wilfrid smiled and shook his head. 'We must let people say what they please; but the government is not making any statement on the subject.'

With respect to the international commission, Sir Wilfrid said there had been no change in the aspect of the affair since last February. 'I am sending my colleague, Sir Louis Davies, over to England, to see the home authorities on the subject.'

'Is it true that you intend to go over yourself to consult with the Hon. Mr. Chamberlain?'

'I did think of going, and would like to, but I find I have too much business to attend to. I am going to Arthabaska to-day, but I shall proceed to Ottawa on September 15.'

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.

Annual subscribers may have announcements of births, marriages and deaths (without extended obituary or verses) occurring in their immediate families, free of charge, in which case name and address of subscribers should be given.

#### BIRTHS.

- ALLAN—At 105 Drover street, on Sept. 1, 1899, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Allan.
- DUMBELL—At 91 St. Rosa street, on Aug. 27, 1899, the wife of James H. Dumbell, of a daughter.
- HAYDEN—At 113 Ash avenue, on Thursday, Aug. 24, 1899, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hayden.
- HORSMAN—At Au Sable Chasm, N.Y., on Aug. 28, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Horsman.
- HYDE—At 49 Papineau square, on Sunday, Aug. 27, 1899, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hyde.
- KELLOCK—On Monday, Aug. 28, 1899, at the manse, Morewood, to the Rev. J. M. and Mrs. Kellock, a daughter.
- KNOWLES—On Aug. 14, 1899, at St. James's vicarage, Ratcliff-cross, London, England, the wife of the Rev. Atherton Knowles, M.A., of a daughter.
- LOCKE—At 1191 St. Andre street, on Aug. 31, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Locke.
- MATHESON—At 530 St. Antoine street, on Aug. 28, 1899, Mrs. John Matheson, of a son.
- SLOAN—At 81 Mullins street, on Wednesday, Aug. 30, 1899, a son to Mr. and Mrs. G. Sloan.
- TUCKER—At Sorel, on Aug. 28, 1899, the wife of Ed. A. Tucker, of a son.

#### MARRIED.

- ANDREWS-WALES.—By the Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M.A., rector of All Saints Church, at the residence of the bride's mother, 153 Jarvis street, Toronto, Bella, daughter of the late William Wales, to Captain W. D. Andrews, C.H.S., formerly of the life-saving service.
- BLACK-GORDON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Aug. 30, by the Rev. A. A. Radley, Minnie, daughter of John Gordon, Esq., of the East Settlement, Lacute, to Francis J. Black, of Irberville.
- BOULTBEE-DOUGLAS.—On Aug. 16, 1899, at the parish church of Hampton, Oxfordshire, England, by the Rev. W. K. Hampshire, M.A., Will Mulock Boulthbee, barrister, second son of William Boulthbee, Esq., Toronto, to Margaret Amy, younger daughter of Charles Irvine Douglas, Esq., of the Deanery, Hampton, and granddaughter of the late Lord William Douglas, of Grangemuir and Dunino, Fife.
- BUELL-REAY.—At St. Ann's Church, Richmond, on Aug. 26, 1899, by the Rev. Dean Hepburn, Charles H. Buell, of Montreal, to Helen Margaret, daughter of Charles Reay, of Melbourne, Que.
- CAMPBELL-APPLEBY.—At St. Mark's Church, George's River, C.B., on Aug. 29, 1899, by the Rev. T. C. Jack, B.A., Hugh Campbell, of Broad C. V. Mines, Inverness County, to Lizzie, daughter of the late John Appleby.

COYLE-ELLIOTT.—At St. Jude's Church, on Aug. 29, by the Rev. Canon Dixon, assisted by the Rev. J. Jekill, Agnes Lillian Elliott to Dixon Coyle.

EVANS-M'ALLISTER.—On Aug. 30, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, 99 Wilcox street, Toronto, Miss Emma Hardy McAllister to David Evans, Esq., formerly of Marlton, South Carolina, now of Chicago.

FLINT-HOLMES.—At the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Captain John Dix, Garden Island, on Aug. 24, 1899, by the Rev. W. J. Pady, of Toronto Junction, Robert S. Flint, of Toronto, to Mabel A. Holmes, formerly of Toronto.

GAIN-BEATTIE.—At the Methodist Church, Lachine, on Aug. 30, by the Rev. A. A. Radley, Robert John Gain, of the Gore, to Rachel Beattie, of the same place.

GOODWILL-WHITECOMB.—On Aug. 30, 1899, at St. Luke's Church, Waterloo, Que., by the Rev. T. B. Jenkins, rector, Edward Goodwill, of Montreal, to Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Colonel Whitecomb, of Waterloo.

HADEN-FOTHERGILL.—On Aug. 5, 1899, at Holy Trinity Church, Southampton, England, by the Rev. J. S. Gardner, M.A., George William Haden, son of the late William Francis Haden, C.E., of Edinburgh and St. Petersburg, to Ann, only daughter of John Wall Fothergill, of Manchester and Southampton.

LORIMER-BARTLETT.—At the residence of the bride's mother, on Aug. 24, 1899, by the Rev. J. H. Hunter, M.A., Coaticook, Que., assisted by the Rev. A. L. Lorimer, B.A., brother of the groom, Wrencocket, R.I., and the Rev. H. S. Kilborn, Beebe Plain, Que., Joseph A. Lorimer and M. Etta Bartlett, all of Beebe Plain, Que.

LOVELL-DAVIS.—At the Church of Messiah, Avenue road, Toronto, on Aug. 29, 1899, by the Rev. John Gillespie, Robert James Lovell to Gladys Maud, eldest daughter of Joseph Davis, Esq., Toronto.

MARTIN-EVANS.—On Tuesday, Aug. 31, at St. Stephens Chapel, Atwater avenue, by the Rev. H. E. Wright, rector of St. Stephens Church, Lachine, James Martin, Jr., Ballinasloe, Ireland, to Lydia Jane, youngest daughter of the late George Abbott Evans, of Kingsley, Que.

McKAY-McDONALD.—At the manse, Thameford, Ont., on Aug. 30, 1899, by the Rev. George H. Smith, B.D., Ph.D., Wm. McKay, of W. Zorra, to Alice McDonald, of E. Missouari.

McNAB-McARTHUR.—On Wednesday, Aug. 23, 1899, Mr. R. J. McNab, of Owen Sound, to Miss Mary McArthur, of Derby. The ceremony was solemnized at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Chas. McArthur, by the Rev. P. McNabb, of Kilsyth, Ont.

PARKER-EDMONDS.—On Aug. 17, 1899, at St. Peter's Church, England, by the Rev. C. H. Grundy, John Frederick, eldest son of John Parker, Long Bucky, to Julia May, eldest daughter of Mrs. Edmonds, and the late George Edmonds, of Hayle, and late of Bloomington, South Africa.

ROBINSON-ROBINSON.—At the manse, Kemptville, by the Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, on Wednesday, Aug. 30, 1899, Mr. Abram Robinson, Township of Winchester, to Miss Maggie, daughter of James Robinson, Township of Mountain, Ont.

ROBINSON-McDONALD.—By the Rev. J. M. Scott at the residence of the bride's father, 17 Broadview avenue, Toronto, J. Hilary Robinson, M.D., to Elizabeth Howie, second daughter of Peter McDonald.

ROSS-MORAN.—On Wednesday, Aug. 29, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, the Rev. Dr. Jackson, John Ross, to Carrie Amelia, daughter of John Moran, G.T.R. Engineer.

TERRILL-AUSTIN.—At 'Fir-Hurst,' Trenton, Ont., at the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday morning, Aug. 30, 1899, by the Rev. Mr. Graetz, pastor of the First Methodist Church, Catharine Louise, youngest daughter of W. H. Austin, Esq., to the Rev. Allen J. Terrill, B.A., of Victoria Road.

WEATHERBIE-WINN.—On Aug. 12, 1899, at Trinity Church, Liverpool, England, by the Rev. Frederick Parsons, Sidney S. Weatherbie, of Georgetown, P.E.I., to Jessie Maud, youngest daughter of the late Martin Winn, of Quebec.

WILEY-BAKER.—On Aug. 30, 1899, at the residence of the bride's parents, River View Place, Summerton, by the Rev. A. Mathewson, B.A., Jacob S. Wiley, of Brooklyn, N.Y., to Marguerite Louise, eldest daughter of Capt. Baker.

#### DIED.

- ARCHAMBAULT.—In this city, on Aug. 29, 1899, Benjamin Archambault, aged 51 years.
- RENNIE.—At Riverfield, Que., on Aug. 28, 1899, (Robenie), youngest daughter of the late Henry Rennie, aged 55 years.
- BULLER.—On Aug. 12, 1899, at Tregarrick, Twickenham, England, Mubray Buller, aged 41 years, son-in-law of Geo. Mountain Bowen, of the Island of Jersey, and formerly of Quebec.
- CAMPBELL.—On Aug. 27, 1899, at his late residence, 389 Berkeley street, Toronto, the Rev. Charles Campbell, in his 83rd year, formerly pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake.
- CHRISTIE.—On Aug. 28, 1899, J. Fairbairn Christie, son of John Christie, 50 Shuter street, aged 19 years and 5 months.
- COOK.—Accidentally drowned at Mimico, Ont., on Aug. 26, 1899, Dr. George H. Cook, of Toronto, dentist, in his 38th year.
- COPLAND.—Killed at railway crossing, Lakelse, Que., on Saturday, Sept. 2, 1899, Wm. Robertson Copland, aged 18 years, third son of E. H. Copland, of this city.
- DUFF.—At the residence of his brother-in-law, Rev. John Morrison, Rosebank, Cedarville, Prof., Ont., on Aug. 27, 1899, R. V. Daniel Duff, late of Malcom, Ont., aged 67 years, 1 month and 27 days. Deceased was a native of Perth, Scotland.
- FERGUSON.—At Riverdale, Que., on Aug. 21, 1899, William Ferguson, brother of the late Mrs. John Smardos, Montreal, in his 74th year.
- FOX.—At the Montreal General Hospital, on Aug. 23, 1899, Alfred Charles Fox, in his 78th year.

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FRASER.—On Aug. 31, 1899, at St. Andre, Kamouraska County, Que., Elliott Fraser, assistant accountant of the Public Works Department.

FRERE.—At Guelph, on Aug. 29, 1899, Mr. Felix Frere, aged 87 years. The deceased was born in England on Jan. 18, 1812, and emigrated to Canada in 1832. He was one of the oldest pioneers of Centre Wellington, where he became the owner of a farm. While of a retiring disposition, he was a man of much good nature, wit, a kind friend, and a grand living specimen of the true genius of Christianity, in the utter unselfishness of his life. He lived for others.

GILLESPIE.—Drowned, at Little River, St. Charles, Que., on Aug. 30, 1899, Alice, aged 27 years, second daughter of James Gillespie, of Little River, and Helena Mary, aged 16 years, eldest daughter of George A. S. Gillespie, of Hull, Que.

GRIEVES.—At Ottawa, on Aug. 31, 1899, Wm. M. Grievies, aged 41 years, son of the late James Grievies, and brother of J. N. Grievies, of Parliament Hill.

HASKELL.—On Friday, Aug. 25, 1899, at his residence, 94 Shuter street, after a lingering illness, P. M. Haskell.

HULBURD.—At East Farnham, on Aug. 30, 1899, Elizabeth Short, in her 74th year, beloved wife of Mr. Henry Hulburd.

HYNDMAN.—At 339 McLaren street, Ottawa, on Aug. 28, 1899, Isabella F. Hyndman, daughter of the late Wm. Bell, Esq., of Sherbrooke, Que., and wife of Mr. J. B. Hyndman.

MARTIN.—At Regina, on Aug. 21, 1899, Janet Munro Martin, daughter of Alexander and Janet Martin, aged 2 years, 10 months and 14 days.

McKAY.—On Aug. 28, 1899, at Georgetown, Ont., Elizabeth Telford, relict of the late Hugh McKay, aged 74 years and two months.

McLEOD.—Died peacefully on the evening of Saturday, July 22, 1899, at his residence, 121 D'Alay avenue, Ottawa, on Aug. 26, 1899, Agnes Mary Revell, third daughter of the late Robert Revell, barrister-at-law, of Woodstock, Ont., aged 74 years and 8 months, deeply regretted by a large circle of friends. Glengarry papers please copy.

MORGAN.—At Schreiber, Ont., Wm. B. Morgan, aged 58 years (who met his death by fire).

MUIR.—At Eastbourne, Sussex, England, on Aug. 16, 1899, Robert Muir, formerly of Montreal.

PETRIE.—At the residence of his sister, Mrs. Inglis, 121 D'Alay avenue, Ottawa, on Aug. 30, 1899, David Petrie, in his 83rd year.

PRICE.—At Quebec, on Aug. 31, 1899, Evan John Price, fifth son of the late William Price, aged 59 years.

REVELL.—At 'Englebourne,' Ashburnham, on Aug. 26, 1899, Agnes Mary Revell, third daughter of the late Robert Revell, barrister-at-law, of Woodstock, Ont.

SEDDON.—Accidentally drowned, at Montreal South, on Aug. 30, 1899, James, aged 12 years and 8 months, only son of John Seddon, G.T.R.

SHAW.—At Thornton Park, Turcot, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3, 1899, Alice E. Cadwell, aged 63, of Chateaufort County, N.Y., relict of the late Henry J. Shaw, of Montreal.

SMITH.—On Aug. 29, 1899, after a short illness, Isabella Madeline Smith, aged 19 years, beloved daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Laphorn Smith.

SMITH.—At his parents' home, on Aug. 28, 1899, T. Mansfield Smith, M.B., aged 25 years and 10 months, only son of W. Thomson Smith, manager of the Traders' Bank of Canada, Strathroy, Ont.

SYNEK.—At Gracefield, in the County of Wright, Que., on the morning of Aug. 30, 1899, after a long, painful and complicated illness, Fortune Synek, aged 19 years, daughter of Dr. Alex. Synek, Crown land agent.

TEAGUE.—On Aug. 27, 1899, at 35 Centre street, Ottawa East, Geo. H. L. Teague, aged 11 months and 2 weeks.

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