# POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 9, 1900

tingents in South Africa. The matter was be simply courting ruin and brought forward by Mr. Monk, the mem- struction without any compensating absolutely filled with people, but the best Military Gazette, a statement that too much had been paid for this food and in- the Boers should choose the former course, ion not to be mistaken. sinuated that some person connected with even if urged to it by Kruger and their the government had benefited from this purchase. Mr. Monk, however, refused to fight and now they have suffered defeat alleged election irregularities will be at ed without a blow. If the Boers were take the responsibility of making a charge against any one, and no other member of | for them to bring the war to an end withthe opposition ventured to do so, although out further effusion of blood or destruction action was intended to burk investigative what reason is there to suppose that they they were told a committee of inquiry of property. would be granted immediately if any charges were formulated. We fail to see what advantage they expect to obtain from such tactics as were pursued on Wednesday with reference to this matter. A newspaper attack cannot be made the basis of an accusation against the governsibility of endorsing the statements contained in it. It would be a very absurd proceeding for some Tory member to rise n his place and read an attack on the government made in the St. John Sun, and endeavor to have the government condemnconsecutively on the Yukon business. He condition prescribed by Mr. Birmingham loss of men as prisoners of war has been ed because the Sun chose to abuse them. Mr. Monk's attack was equally unwaranted | body else was. This session he is showpecause the Canadian Military Gazette is always attacking the government and is just | as much a partisan paper as is the Sun. It is evident that these tactics are in part the result of the demoralized condition of the Tory party. At the present time that party is torn by internal dissensions and its leaders are quarreling among themselves to such an extent that it threatens to become a public scandal. For this reason it seems to be thought desirable to draw a herring acros the path, to kick up as much dust as posible, so as to distract | leadership should give him the same attention from home troubles. The public will take the charges and attacks for what they are worth and they will conclude that a party which has nothing better to do than indulge in such attacks is unworthy of their confidence.

### CAN THEY DO IT?

The desperate efforts being made by the opposition to discredit the government suggests the question as to how far these impartiality, it would be adverse to the Tory view. It seems improbable that the misrepresentations so freely made by opponents of the government will find anything like general acceptance among the people. We should lean to the view rather that these unscrupulous methods would be apt to react upon the party employing them. The way to win the confidence of intelligent electors is not by making sweeping charges against the government, and then be utterly unable to back them up with evidence. What the people would be much more disposed to accept and support would be an alternative policy calculated to more largely benefit the country. They have nothing

Is the record of the government for clean and capable administration to be lost sight of on the mere charge of corruption by their opponents?. The thing is hardly probable. The country has had a period of unexampled prosperity since 1896, and wide awake men will not fail to recognize some connection between this commercial expansion and the fiscal policy of the government. They will not be diverted from this view by mere cries of wrong-doing in elections, unless it can be shown that the ministers at Ottawa are that may have been committed. It is far from being clear that ballots were tampered with in either West Huron or Brockville. That will be ascertained by the judges who have been charged with got during the past year through a cominvestigation. Until that fact is established, however, it is a reflection on the good sense of electors at large to assume that they will in the meantime hold the government guilty of complicity. The hope of the Tories seems to rest on the belief that this sense of fair play will not be exercised. Is it a reasonable ex-

# THE WAR.

Lord Roberts is taking a rest after the vigorous marching of the past few weeks. Pretoria, the goal for which he started to occupy, has been captured and the enemies' capital is in his possession. Under these circumstances the soldiers can fairly claim to have a little leisure for the purpose of recruiting themselves because the end of the war is virtually in sight. The march of Lord Roberts from the Orange River to Pretoria will always be remembered as one of the best expositions of modern warfare. With a wonderfully small loss of life, he has succeeded in defeating a powerful and desperate enemy. He applied to his task the best possible strategy, that which gives the best results with the smallest loss which the army has suffered since Lord Roberts began his march north has result of his admirable dispositions by positions. Holding the line of railway with his main army he had on either flank large bodies of mounted men who were able to overlap the Boers, to threaten to evacuate their strongest positions without a struggle. This march, however, has been an arduous one and the troops no doubt will be better for a few days rest capture of Pretoria. We doubt whether before proceeding further. Whether it there ever was such a general display of will be necessary for them to go further flags and decorations as our city showed will depend on the wisdom of the Boers. yesterday, for every street and almost

commanders. They have fought a good

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Clarke Wallace finds that it pay friend, Mr. Hagart, sold him a parcel of can stand this, it is their own affair. canal lands just outside of Ottawa a few years ago. The price paid was a mere trifle; yet it realized, when sold in build-

may not have been very tired, but everyeach. Though he spoke ninety hours he could not make out even the semblance

of trators" who brought him into the cowardly stab they gave to Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Just now that seems to be about the most likely thing in the world to hap-

Sir Charles Tupper feets very sore because he has been represented by the London Times as making himself the mouthpiece of pro-Boer discontent in Canada. He will now know how the other fellow feels when he is misrepresented. No one magines that Sir Charles is pro-Boer, any more than that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is disever made the subject of political contro-

very amusing as a part of the political came. It seems that Lord Roberts is all right, and Kitchener knows his business; but, acording to some of the Tory papers, Hutton is the man who is really bringing success to British arms in South Africa-All this rubbish is put in print because it goes well with the fable that Hutton was sent away from Canada because he was a poor soldier and an Imperialist.

The Tory journals are boasting that "clean Liberals" are deserting the government party. Of course, this is nonsense; but we wonder if the Tories think clean Liberals would feel at home in their aager. Four years in opposition has not purged the Tory party of its corruption, nor has that term in the cold shades attoned for the rottenness of their eighteen ears in power. The discipline must be continued to be effective, and it looks as though they would get it.

heading "Laurier says he got no money from the Stadard Oil Company." This "we do not call Mr. So-and-so a liar and from the Standard Oil Company; but the government has taken steps to se tha: the Standard Oil Company gets less money bination with the railway companies.

One of the Boer envoys asked a Boston reporter if he had observed that not a single piece of artillery had been lost by the burghers in their masterly retreat. He might have explained that the Boers took precious good care to keep their artillery far beyond the reach of the British. That sort of "masterly" work is something like the Irishman's boast: "And thin by a quick movement, mosht strate gical in char-acter, I planted me nose fairly and shquarely agin his fisht."

It is not easy once a man has set him self to the denial of a truth to get around to that point where he feels he can gracefully give in. Yet he has got to come to it if he wishes to maintain his self respect. In this sense we are hoping that before very long all the Liberal papers will admit that the preference Canada has given to England is a real preference, and not a scheme to encourage imports from the United States, as in their blindness and chagrin they have so foolishly asserted.

We would like some one to explain how loss of human life. The sum total of the the granting of the privilege to import coal oil in tanks could possibly enable the Standard Oil Company to raise the price been very small, and this has been the of that commodity. We can understand how they could get control of the oil wells which he was constantly enabled to out and raise the price of the refined product flank the enemy and drive them from their here as in the United States; but the tank privilege could have nothing to do with the matter. That is distinctly on the side of cheaper oil to the consumer, as the consumer would quickly discover if it were

St. John did itself great credit vesterday by its impromtu celebration over the If they are foolish enough to take them- every house had a display of its own. der of Pretoria. He says that the fight

ernment for the use of the Canadian contingents in South Africa. The matter was be simply courting ruin and deber for Jacques Cartier, a gentleman with advantage. If, on the other hand, they of order prevailed and there were no easua sepulchral voice, which suggests by its submit to the inevitable now, the burghalties. The procession, although arranged only a couple of weeks ago that Pretoria very sound tombs and epitaphs. Mr. Monk ers will be able to go home to their farms at barely a day's notice, was one of the would be defended to the last extremity read from a Tory newspaper, the Canadian and resume their occupations without best ever seen in St. John. The Loyalist and that it contained sufficient arms and molestation. We can hardly conceive that city showed its spirit yesterday in a fash munitions of war and provisions to last

Mr. Clake Wallace is practically lead- It is to be regretted that the triumph a word for his party the other day at capture of the 13th battalion of Yeothe Orange Grand Lodge. If Orangemen manry. This war has been distinguished

had been complied with.

One would think by the way Sir Hibbert Tupper follows up his attacks upon Major Walsh that that gentleman was still in the employ of the government. Major Walsh has been out of office for about two years; but when the Tuppers have a grudge to satisfy they never let up until their victim is dead. Even Sir Hibbert's friends are disgusted by this spectatcle of pursuing a man who cannot

Does any sane man believe that the Unity of races is to be promoted and the best interests of Canada served, by such inflammatory appeals to prejudice as Mr. Clarke Wallace addressed a few days ago that the Create Clarke Vallace addressed is to see the control of th loval. The pity is that these things are inflammatory appeals to prejudice as Mr. the premier can really help the Tory party? Is it not about time that all of our public men got upon higher ground than the question of which race in Canada is the more loval?

> The correspondent of the New York Herald writes from Manila on February 10, that, since January 1, when it was announced that organized insurrection was practically at an end, the Americans have lost more men, more arms, and more supplies in the "pacified" districts than during any previous period of equal ength .Ambuscades are of daily occurrence, and it is more unsafe than ever for small bodies of soldiers to remain in these districts. The population in these regions appears to be bitterly hostile, and the struggle tends more and more to become a guerilla warfare.

The person who writes the headlines for the Sun seems to be as reckless and untruthful as the person who sends that paper its Ottawa correspondence. Yesterday he placed over the Ottawa de negative form of slander is like saying spatch the statement that Borden, Fitzpatrick and Laurier refused a committee a horse thief." Sir Wilfrid Laurier has of inquiry in the face of Mr. Monk's exin some way responsible for any frauds never been charged with receiving money plicit charges with regard to the emergency food supply to the soldiers in South Africa. The despatch over which this heading appears states that Sir Wilfrid out of the people of Canada than it has Laurier told Mr. Monk that if he made a statement of charges on his own responsibility, as a member of the House, he should have a committee of inquiry, and the Hon. Dr. Borden said the same thing, stating that if Mr. Monk made any charge he should have a committee of inquiry in five minutes. We fail to see what the Sun expects to gain from such reckless and untruthful statements. The fact of the matter is that matters have reached such a pass that no one now believes anything he sees in the Sun.

tacks on Mr. Tarte. The Mail and Empire in its last issue says:

"Mr. Tarte will receive the news of the flight of Kruger in his palace at Paris, for the maintenance of which the loyal people of Canada are paying dearly. Judging by the observations of the Toronto Globe Mr Tarte will not celebrate the event. 'You can compel a man to obey the laws,' says he organ, 'you can suppress sedition, but you can neither legislate, scold, nor bully him into an enthusiasm, which must be a spontaneous growth.' We shall have to leave Israel to the kindly influence of spontaneity. No one lesires to legislate him or bully him into enthusiasm, or even into good feeling."

wholly unwarranted attack on Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his address to the Orange Grand Lodge, alleging that the premie was opposed to Imperial interests. That was for Ontario. Down in Quebec itself the Tories take the other tack. There they assail the premier with relentles ferocity as a man who is first and always an Imperialist, who wants to burden Canada with millions of taxation in order to carry out his Imperialism. That was the string upon which Sir Charles played when he went down to the ancient capital Neither end of this double game is, however, like to succeed.

who is now in Chicago, still retains a cheerful optimism in spite of the surrenselves to the Lindenburg district and at- The day was an ideal one for a public cele- will continue and that the news of the

food which had been purchased by the gov- tempt to maintain a warfare in bration and the people turned out in great capture of the Transvaal capital did not EVERYDAY HEROES for an indefinite period; and it was predicted that it coud not be taken by the The judicial commission to inquire into British. Now we see Pretoria surrender without being disgraced. This is the time work in a few days, contrary to the Tory unable to defend their capital, which had announcement that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's been carefully prepared to stand a siege, can defend anything cisc.

> ing the opposition just now at Ottawa. of Lord Roberts in capturing Pretoria above all other wars in which Great Britain has been engaged by the number If Mr. Birmingham was sincere in his of British soldiers which have been cupthreat to Sir Charles Tupper, he will have tured by the enemy. It is not flattering an opportunity right away of telling all to British pride that this should be the he knows about the elections of 1891. case, but the proper way is to face the Sir Hibbert Tupper is becoming tact. Judging from the defiant attitude of Sir difficulty and discover the cause. We beful. Last session he spoke for nine hours | Charles, however, it looks as though the lieve that in most cases, if not in all, the the commanding officers, and the failure to have a sufficient number of scouts out
>
> But I am now to enroll before you The Montreal Gazette speaks of the to have a sufficient number of scouts out London Times as "the greatest journal for the purpose of discovering the enemy. a scroll of heroes that the world has of opinion printed in the English The capture of a convoy which took place never acknowledged—those who faclanguage," but when the Times criticized a few weeks ago was certainly due to Sir Charles Tupper's actions in relation that cause, and the officers who are reto the war in South Africa, there was sponsible for such gross carelessness and not a Tory paper in the land which did such unfortunate disasters should be sent as y nearly things about the great verely dealt with Colonel Spragge will fall The Tories are shouting for Sir Charles not say nasty things about the great verely dealt with. Colonel Spragge will fall The Tories are shouting for Sir Charles not say nasty things about the great verely dealt with. Coloner Spragge will tall as low in public estimation after this and rapt spirit and archangel as low in public estimation after this will tell their deeds to a listening commend those who are shoving on our loss of yeomanry as some of the other commanders in the present war have done because of similar disasters.

### Shipping Notes.

The steamship Cheronea, of the Battle Line, has gone into dry dock at London and will bring general cargo from that

The following charters have been made Stmr Santanderino, 2074 tons, St John to Liverpool, deals, 57s. 6d.; timber, 27s; —barque Lima, St. John to Spanish Mediterranean, deals, 60s.

Word from Duluth is that next boon in ship construction on the great lakes will probably be in a type of ship that can navigate both salt and fresh water, and that can carry a cargo from the head of the lakes to Liverpool. Six ships of this type are now under construction in Am erican ship yards.

A plan is now being financed at Duluth

and Cleveland for the building of a large number—perhaps 30—of these ships at the yards of the American Shipbuilding Company during the next two years.

The construction of ships shallow enough to carry economical loads on the lakes, short enough to pass the St. Lawrence and Welland canals, and withal deep enough and of proper lines to withstan the Atlantic, has been a problem that naval architects of the lakes have been

working on for months, and one they now think they have solved. draught not to exceed 17 feet and a omical carriers they must load not less than 2,500 to 3,000 tons. Most of those now under way are of the largest size possible for the trade.

Mails go daily to Coal Creek, Queens county and tri-weekly to Barnsville, Kings

The mayor has received \$92 for the cor ingent funds. Centenary church collec-tion; and \$2 for May and June from

In the Market square crowd Tuesday night a lady had her watch stolen. Bystanders saw a boy take it and captured Woodstock and Fort Fairfield, Me.

have arranged for a big horse trot for June 30 and July 4, respectively. The Woodstock races include a 2.19, 2.24, 2.29 and 2.50 class, and the Fort Fairfield races include a 2.19, 2.24, 2.29, 2.31 and 2.50 class.

On Tuesday fire destroyed the South Bay Temperance Hall owned by the Sons of Temperance, and damaged Dr. W. S. Earle. The temperance people lost their \$600 in the Manchester on the building. of Mr. Earle's furniture was dam

# Mrs. Thatch er Townsend.

News was received Wednesday from Butte Montana, of the death of Mrs. Rebecca Townsend, widow of the late Mr. Thatcher ownsend, of Milford. Mrs. Townsend, a ew months ago. left this city on a visit a few days before the time for her depart ture home she was taken ill with pneu monia and died Tuesday evening last. De eased was one of the oldest residents of Milford and was 72 years of age. She leaves three sons and four daughters to mourn their loss. The sons are Messrs Sumner and Frank, of Fairville, and Mr Chester Townsend, now residing in the states. The daughters are Mrs. Wiliam and Charles Armstrong, of Butte City, Montana: Mrs. Walter Cooper and Mrs. William Hanson, of Fairville.

## We are:: Starting a Flour Mill

Fitted up with the very latest Improved Ma-150 Barrels per Day, and are ready to Buy Wheat or Exchange Flor for Wheat. We are also putting in an

Mr. Fischer, one of the Boer delegates Up-to-date Buckwheat Plant, and will be ready to grind in a few weeks. Bring along your Wheat and Buckwheat as soon a

. ROUND OF DUTY WELL DONE. PRESENT AND FUTURE RESULTS.

Who Timethy Was Counselled to Endure Hardness as a Good Soldier-The Fitness of the Military Symbol to the Ohristian Life-What Casualties a Hero?-The Quality Which Makes for Persistence in a Righteens Cause,

little importance will in the day of final readjustment be crowned with high honor; text, Il Timothy ii, 3, Thou therefore endure hardness. Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great mili-tary chieftains. We have the full length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. tory is not written in black ink, but of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or to their chariot wheels, and yet in

the great day of eternity will stand universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life. this roll, in the first place, I

find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God, "Put forth thy hand and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse thee to thy Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can stand that can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the hody into a blaze of fever, yet there have been men and women, but more vomen than men, who have cheer fully endured this hardness. Through of exhausting rheumatisms gone and through bodily dis-that rasped the nerves and tore the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the innabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels. The cancer ate away her life from reck to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good-night" was feebler than the "good-night" before, yet never The children looked up into face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield amid shot and shell were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God,

of the eternal authem, "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that! In this roll I also find the heroes of toil who do their work uncom plainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when in the gleaming eyes and the flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted. But to do sewing when you expect the employ er will come and thrust his thumb perfect it is or to have the whole garment thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your chil-dren will starve—ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle. The great battlefields of our civil were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not Heroes of the needle Heroes of the sewing machine! Her es of the attic! Heroes of the cel-

es of sick headache. Heroes of life

long invalidism. Heroes and hero-

ines! They shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note

Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them! In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustice. There are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sympathy in their homes. Ex-hausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at

Debt is the ghost of property, remors s the ghost of honor. All affectation is a subterfuge to cove he lack of substance.

until he comes out of it-the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic THE HEAVY COST OF THE DAILY life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heart-breaking trouble, into appalling dissipation but for the

Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of nien who, ander the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There to-day, made such by their wives. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose Washington, June 3 .- Dr. Tallife is a perpetual martyrdom-some thing heavier than a stroke of the fist, unkind words; staggering home mage, who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of at midnight and constant maltreat-ment, which have left her only a England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of

when in the midst of a brilliant as full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious martyrdom, a 50 years' putting to death, yet uncomplaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companpitch the husband daed drunk into the front entry. No bitter words when wiping from the swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him who when promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No bitter words when the family Bible goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say, "Well, how are you getting along now?" and, rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says, "Pretty I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirum of her last sickness she may tell all the other secrets of her lifetime, but she will not tell that. Not until the

who are twisting a garland for the victor, put it on that pale brow! When she is dead, the neighbors will beg linen to make her a shroud, and she will be carried out in a plain box, with no silver plate to tell her years, for she has lived a thousand years of trial and anguish. The gamblers and evindless who destroyed her harded swindlers who destroyed her husband will not come to the funeral. One carriage will be enough for that funeral — one carriage to carry orphans and the two Christian wo-men who presided over the obsequies. But there is a flash, and the opening of a celestial door and a shout,
"Lift up your head, ye everlasting
gate, and let her come in!" And in. Ye suffered with me on earth; be glorified with me in heaven." What is the highest throne in heaven? You ay, "The throne of the Lord Almighty and the Lamb." No doubt throne in heaven? While I speak it seems to me it will be the throne of

the drunkard's wife, if she with cheer

books of eternity are opened on the

throne of judgment will ever be known what she has suffered. Oh, ye

ful patience endured all her earthly torture. Heroes and heroines I find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who out of their pinched poverty help others—of such men as west who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to secretary in New York, saying: thank you for that \$25. Until terday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have people who have only half a loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give 25 cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat and of that mother who wears a fad-ed dress, that their children may be well appareled. You call them paupers or ragamuffins or emigrants. call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is. God knows, and they have more angels hovering they will have a higher seat in hea-They may have only a cup of cold water to give a poor traveller or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger or have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they white robe, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory, and all applause of earth and all the shouting of heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to reward to those humble vorkers in his kingdom and say to

"Well done, good and faithful servant." Who are those who are bravest an deserved the greatest monument, Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland was secreted by John Brown up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her, "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She made no answer, for she could not betray the minister Claverhouse of the gospel. "Ha!" "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have some thing in my pocket for you. It is a nosegay. Some people call it a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the

may think they know it all, but our serspades in one game and beat them out."
"What's that?"
"The dismemberment of China."—

Philadelphia Press.

"Don't cry don't cry. This isn't a thumbscrew, this is a nass-gay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother cause out, and Claverhouse said: "Hal, It seems that you thier have laid your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest, of your hypocrit-ical, canting, sniveling crew. Rather than give up good Mr. Atkins, pious Mr. Atkins, you would die. I have a telescope with me, that will improve your vision," and he pulled out a pistol. "Now," he said, "you" old pragmatic, lest you should catch cold that the cold was proved to the cold with the cold was proved to the cold with the cold was proved to the in this cold morning of Scotland and for the honor and safety of the

king, to say nothing of the glory of God and the good of our souls, I will proceed simply and in the heat-

will proceed simply and in the heat-est and most expeditions style possi-ble to blow out your brains."

John Brown fell upon his knees and began to pray. "Ah," said Claver-house, "look out, if you are going to pray, steer clear of the king, the council and Richard Cameron." "O Lord," said John Brown, "since, it seems to be thy will that I should leave this world for a world where I can love they better and serve these can love thee better and serve the more, I put this poor widow woman and these helpless fatherless children into thy hands. We have been to-

and these helpless fatherless candred into thy hands. We have been together in peace a good while, but now we must look forth to a better meeting in heaven. And as for these poor creatures, blindfolded and infatuated, that stand before me, convert them before it be too late, and may they who have sat in judgment in this lonely place on this blessed morning upon me, a poor, defenseless fellow creature — may they in the last judgment find that mercy which they have refused to me, they most unworthy but faithful servant. Amen." He arose and said, "Isabel, the hour has come of which I spoke to you on the morning when I proposed hand and heart to you, and are you willing now, for the love of God, to let me die?" She put her armis around him and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, Blessed be the name of the Lord." "Stop that sniveling," said Claverhouse, "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aims house, "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said, "Now, my good woman, and said, "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about, your bonnie man?" 'Oh," she said, "I always thought weel of him, he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but weel of him, and I think better of him now." Oh, what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouse and the Herods and those who had scepters and crowns and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers of eternity. I beat the drums of their eter-

nal despair. Woe, woe, woe!

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That, is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who walted on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Maty" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry; they clothed the naked; they sick; they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillew of the sepulcher. God watched them, God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down, these, his dear children, and one day, the Lord struck his hand so hard on his thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler as he said, "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper.

What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with sheathed sword fights for you? preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you to play the hero or the Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any we-man her wardrobe or her exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the her-oine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get bread listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window, and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window, and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Po you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that God who allowed his disciples of Sabbath morning to go into the grainfield and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat-do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the exper-ience of that old man, "I have been young and now am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Get up out of your discouragement, O troub-led soul, O sewing woman, O man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O ye who are hard beset in battle of life and know not which way to turn, O you bereft one, O you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer. him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the para-

Mix turpentine with store blacking if you wish to give a good polish to be tove that has become rusty.

The scholar in his study dreams thought vital, even revolutionary. The man of the world, his next-door neighbor, reckons it all moonshine

Human sorrow is long and wide, but not, in reality, so very deep.