### *SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT.*

The Rev. E. B. Glass, B. A., writes from Battle River Mission, July, 1884:

After two and a half years of toil in building, mostly single-handed, I succeeded in opening the day school in January of the present year. The Missionary Society in that time supplied $300.00 towards building. Permit me to remark here that immediate and sufficient help from the society on a new mission is economy. While the missionary agent is establishing a mission at the expense of time, the moral welfare of the people cannot receive due attention.

I used to call at any house or tent where a few children could be collected for a lesson in English conversation, singing, or slate exercises. On Sunday I never failed to meet the children in some place, often at three different places on the same day in order to get over the ground. Without a regular place of worship, I found it less easy to get the older people collected for service. The interpreter accompanied me one Sabbath to the place appointed for meeting, but finding no one there, we went in search of a congregation. Halting at the first house, one mile away, we encountered an invited crowd just ending their Sabbath feast. Without ceremony we opened service with the co-operation of all present who judged it more wise to join heartily in the exercises than to appear sold. Many thought one service in two or three months was enough to attend. One old man maintained that they would only be certain in the next life whether or not missionaries are teaching the truth.

Now I find an encouraging change. We meet regularly in the schoolhouse for Sabbath services. Most of the Protestant Indians would not now be satisfied with one service in three months. They await the Sabbath morning with pleasure. But few now hunt, cut wood, or go for Government supplies on Sunday. The chief said one day: "A long time ago we did not work on Sunday, but we see the white men use the Lord's day like the other days. They travel, they freight or do anything else, and the Indians are following their example; but we know it is wrong."

Some of the pupils who have attended day-school can turn to the Cree hymns and sing with the congregation, having learned in school to read and write their own language.

We are looking for greater improvements. Heathenism still lingers. Enchantment, the religious dance, and moral degradation are not yet mere characteristics of former paganism. But two days ago I heard the drum and accompanying noises in behalf of a sick boy who was in a dangerous condition. For this supposed efficacious ceremony the invalid's father parted with a horse to satisfy the claims of the pretender. But a few weeks since some of our number went north to participate in the superstitious performances of the thirst dance.

Indian civilization under Government agents is slow; the progress of mission work is not rapid; while many ask if the end in view can ever be accomplished. It would be a libel upon Christian civilization to retreat in despair. It is more heroic and more logical to increase the means, and to double the enthusiasm now employed to elevate our brethren.—*Outlook.*

### *A NOVEL PERFORMANCE.*

A novel performance, in aid of Hindu women, has recently been given at the Prince's Hall, in Piccadilly. The entertainment consisted of the recitation of a poem by Mrs. Haycraft, illustrated by tableaux vivants, arranged by Mr. V. Prinsep, A.R.A., and setting forth the life of a Hindu widow thirty years ago. She begins with pictures of her childhood, passing suddenly into marriage with a man whom she has never beheld, and removal to his father's house. Here she leads a far from happy life, caged like a bird, with the additional drawback—from which caged birds are believed to be free—of having to associate with a not too amiable mother-in law. After some time she is allowed to revisit her own mother, who is dying for want of medical attendance. Returning to her husband, she becomes the mother of a baby—unhappily, a girl. Disappointed in his hope of male offspring, the husband takes another wife. In the desire of recovering her affections, the first wife sacrifices the innocent baby by throwing her into the Ganges; but in vain. The husband dies, and she is forbidden to share his funeral pile. The second wife commits suttee, and our heroine appeals to any unknown god who will have mercy upon her and her unhappy sisters. The scenes on the stage, by which this tale was adorned and its moral pointed were gorgeous and generally accurate. We had the girls at the well, with their brown water-pots and brass "lotahs"; the home life, rather too much in the sunshine; and the romantic vision, in which the girl's sleeping brain imagines the legendary history of Savitri, the Hindu Eurydice. But her time of freedom and of dreaming goes by all too rapidly, and is succeeded by the stern realities of wedded life. We see the zenana, the marriage procession, the reception in the house of the bridegroom's father, the death of the bride's mother. One of the most effective of all the pictures was that in which the forsaken wife, whose only crime was that she was a mother of a girl, bows down in the temple of the awful goddess Kali, and offers the sacrifice of her infant as the price of her husband's love. The sacrifice being accepted, we see the banks of the Ganges and the last scene, illuminated by the lurid light of crimson flames, well and tragically portrayed, the mingled fondness and triumph of the supplanting wife, as she prepares to take her place by the side of the husband's body on the pyre which the attendant Brahmins are about to kindle.

### *A STRANGE STORY.*

A truly extraordinary story (says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*) is told by an old school-fellow of M. Lemaire, late French Consul-General at Shanghai and recently appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Hue. Twenty-five years ago he was at school at Tonnerre. There, with unconsciousness of his destiny, he was nicknamed Jaunot, on account of his singularly yellow complexion. He was a quiet lad, but brilliant, often bullied by his comrades, and somewhat hardly treated by his professors. When fifteen he passed a vacation with an uncle in Burgundy, and had for companion a cousin much younger than himself. Lemaire shouldered a rusty flint gun, and the cousin flourished an old sabre. One day it was agreed that they should get up some wine from the cellar, not with any pillering intention, but merely to play at soldiers plundering. As the cousin was mounting the cellar-stairs, Lemaire exclaimed, "Here is the enemy!" and pulled the trigger of his gun. It happened to be loaded, and the shot blew out the brains of the young cousin. Lemaire's family, horrified at the event, sent him to sea as a cabin-boy. Nothing was heard of him for years, as he sent no letters home. At last it was found out that he had established himself at Saigon, had learned Chinese, and was employed as interpreter at the French Consulate. Later news came that he had married a Cochin-Chinese lady (whether a native or a settler is not stated); and now the result of that unfortunate shot with the flint gun is that he is recognised as the most accomplished diplomatist that France can find to conduct her affairs among the yellow people.

### *ORATORY UPSET.*

In the earlier days of the legal profession in the United States, Elisha Williams was reckoned, deservedly, one of the most accomplished orators at the bar of New York. His pathos was always irresistible with a jury, and he seldom failed to secure the verdict he desired. Like many other orators, however, Mr. Williams often repeated himself, his graceful figures and forcible bits of elocution and rhetoric. On one occasion this fact did him an unlucky turn. It was at the defence of a man charged with murder, and Mr. Williams made as usual a splendid effort. The jury were all in tears—the case in Mr. Williams's hands. His opponent was no speaker, but a "plain, blunt man," who had fought his opponent before. When Mr. Williams had finished, the counsel for the prosecution rose and said, to the consternation of the lachrymose jury, and the uproarious mirth of the court-room, as he coolly advanced: "Gentlemen of the jury, I should despair, after the weepin' speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, of saying any thing to do away with its eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than what he spoke it now. Onct I heerd him speak it in a case of stealin' down to Schaghticoke. Then he spoke it agin in a case of assault, up to Esopus; and the last time I heerd it before jest now, was when them chaps was tried—and convicted, too, they was—for robbin' Van Pelt's hen house, over beyond Kingston. But I never knowed him to speak it so elegant and affectin' as what he spoke it just now." The jury were overcome. Mr. Williams was for the time being, demolished by his smartness, and the man promptly brought in guilty.—*Independent.*

### *LOS ANGELES ORANGE GROVES.*

Not everybody has seen an orange grove. But everybody has an idea, from description or otherwise, if he has not seen for himself, how an orange grove looks. I had an idea, but it was not the correct one. For instance, I never saw or heard it stated that orange groves are plowed, harrowed, and hoed, and kept as free from grass and weeds as a vegetable garden. But such is the fact: and when I saw my first "grove" standing on plowed ground instead of on pasture land like the apple orchards in New England, I recorded the event as surprise number one. Again, while standing amid a cluster of orange trees and observing the profusion of great golden globes pendant upon the branches in every direction, I ventured a remark to the gardener: "We are just at the proper season for seeing the fruit at its best?" "You may come again at Christmas, and it will be as you see it now," he replied. Which is true, for the orange tree of Southern California is ever green and ever bearing. It buds and flowers and fruits continually from January to December. This was surprise number two. And while I am in the line of confession it may as well be recorded here that my idea of a "grove" had by early education become so contracted that surprise number three awaited me when I rode straight through six miles of orange trees and learned that the plants extended miles on either hand. No name less dignified than "orange forests" will appropriately designate these great tracts of land devoted to orange culture in the Los Angeles Valley. The locality known as the Pasadema is simply a great collection of private residences whose owners are orange growers. Their houses are palaces, and their grounds are flower gardens, each in the midst of an orange grove. There may be, but there need not be, a more beautiful spot on earth

### *HOW HE STRUCK IT.*

I heard Zeo Vance telling how he captured the vote of a backwoods settlement in North Carolina when he first ran for Congress. He said that he had never been in that settlement and didn't know the boys. He rode over the mountain and found about 60 sovereigns at a cross-road grocery and he got down and hitched his horse and began to make their acquaintance and crack his jokes around and thought he was getting along pretty well with them, but he noticed an old man with shaggy eyebrows and big brass spectacles sitting on a chunk and marking in the sand with a stick. The old man didn't seem to pay any attention to Vance, and after a while Vance concluded that the old man was bellwether of the flock and that it was necessary to capture him, and so he sidled up close to him and the old man got up and shook himself and leaned forward on his stick and said solemnly: "This is Mr. Vance, I believe?" "Yes, sir," said Vance. "And you have come over here to see my boys about their votes, I believe?" "Yes, sir," said Vance: "that is my business."

"Well, sir," said the old man, "afore you proceed with that business I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly sir, certainly," said Vance.

"What church mout you belong to?" said the old man.

That was a puzzler—Vance didn't belong to any church. He knew that religion and meeting was a big thing in the backwoods and controlled their politics, but he didn't know what their religion was, for North Carolina was powerfully spotted. But he squared himself for the responsibility and said he: "Well now, my friend, I will tell you about that, for it is a fair question. Of course it is, Well you see my grandfather came from Scotland, and you know that over in Scotland everybody is Presbyterian." Here he paused to note the effect, but saw no signs of sympathy with his grandpa.

"But my grandmother came from England, and over there everybody belongs to the Episcopal Church. He paused again and the old man marked another mark in the sand and spit his tobacco far off.

"But my father was born in this country in a Methodist settlement and so he grew up a Methodist." Still no sign of approval from the old man, and so Vance took his last shot and said; "But my good old mother was a Baptist, and it's my opinion that a man has to go under water to go to heaven."

The old man walked up and taking him by the hand said: "Well you are all right, Mr. Vance," and then turning to the crowd said: "Boys, he'll do and you may vote for him I thought he looked like a Baptist." And the old man slowly drew a flask from his coat and handed it to Vance to seal his faith.

### *AN OLD CUSTOM REVIVED.*

The British War office is arranging to establish military pigeon stations at all the army centres in all parts of the world, and about 30,000 birds are to be engaged for that purpose. France and Germany have already established this service. The New York *Sun* says that pigeons can be utilized in thousands of instances where there are no wires, and where none can be put up in season for use, and adds—

"If every march in an uncivilized country were to be delayed until a telegraph system could be established, the relief of troops in straits and rapidity of movement for any purpose would be out of the question. But the pigeon can go everywhere—over deserts, over torrents, over sheer precipices, where the telegraph might be baffled even were there the means and the time to lay it. Then the expense of building a telegraph line designed to serve only a single temporary purpose, is to be considered. Finally, the liability of intercepting the message passage by killing the high-flying bird is much less than that of ambushing the mounted courier or of cutting the wire."

The *Sun* recommends the subject to the consideration of the American military authorities, and remarks that "officers on the frontier who kill time by playing poker might perhaps be better employed in training pigeons."

## BREVITIES.

"Mamma," said a little boy, "what will papa do when I get to be a man? You won't want two mans in the house."

"Goin' into politics any this fall?" said the merchant to the dentist. "Expect to take the stump occasionaly," was the reply.

I could never think well of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.—*Emerson.*

A man who lives to be fifty, sleeps 6,000 days, works the same number, eats 2,000 days, walks 800 days, is ill 500 days, and amuses himself for the rest of the time.

Stonewall Jackson's war-horse is cared for at the Virginia Military Institute, to which he belongs. The other day a lock of his mane was presented to the Tennessee Historical Society.

"I'll take Mr. B.," said a little boy to a group, who were discussing the merits of the different preachers in town; "I'll take Mr. B., cos he tells the truth *when he aint in the pulpit.*"

Here is encouragement for both old and young preachers. It is said of the celebrated Dr. Francis Wayland, that he did his best preaching after he was sixty years old.

It is said that very few blind people enjoy smoking cigars, for the reason that they cannot see the smoke. And a great many persons who are not blind don't enjoy the habit, because they can smell the smoke.—*Norristown Herald.*

The tunnel under Lake Michigan that is to give water to Hyde Park, a suburb of Chicago, has been carried out 2,400 feet from the shore. It is six feet and three inches in vertical diameter, and six feet in horizontal diameter, and has been blasted through solid rock.

"Your father was nothing but a simple brick-layer." "I know where you got that information," quietly remarked the other. "From whom did I get it?" "From your father." "How do you know that?" "Because your father was my father's hod-carrier.

A boy was asked which was the greatest evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger? "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner: "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings? "Because you can't tie a rag around them," exclaimed the child.

It is said that only a few years before her death Miss Catharine Beecher received an offer of marriage from a most estimable man. In reply to his letter Miss Beecher sent the following answer: "Dear M—, I was born in the year 1800. Yours respectfully." (Signed)

A man living wholly for himself and to himself is as a man shut up in a close room, breathing over and over the same air, and poisoning himself with his own breath. A man who depends on the contrary, upon others for happiness is destined to inevitable disappointment and sorrow.—*N. O. Picayune.*

*Doctor* (who has been sent for at 2 A. M.): "Madame, pray send at once for the clergyman, and, if you want to make your will, for the lawyer." *Madame* (horrified): "Good gracious! Is it so dangerous, doctor?" *Doctor*: "Not a bit of it; but I don't want to be the only fool who has been disturbed in his sleep for nothing.'

There have many times been made complaints of the inefficiency of the Montreal police, but the new rule which requires them to club their prisoners in two languages ought to satisfy the most fastidious. To be knocked down in English and kicked in French is a luxury not to be obtained in every city.—*Toronto World.*

Humbug is a corruption of the Irish word "nim bog," pronounced oombug, signifying a soft copper or pewter, or brass, or worthless money such as was made by James II., at the Dublin mint, twenty shillings of which was worth only two pence sterling. At first applied to worthless coin the word became the general title of any thing false or counterfeit.

In the northeastern island of Terra del Fuego, the Ua people, who intermarry frequently with the more southern Yahgans (as they are called by the English missionaries), are the tallest race on the globe, according to the report of the French Mission to Cape Horn, presented to the Academy of Science, Paris, by Dr. Hahn. In stock and speech these tall people appear closely related to the Patagonians of the continent.—*London Echo.*

Fogg has an easy way of deciding on political rumors. Whenever he hears of a new scandal on one side or the other, he just flips up a cent. If the penny comes head, the story is true; tails, it is a lie. "This" says Fogg, "saves me a great deal of dull reading and relieves my anxiety. And it is wonderful," he adds, "how often I hit it right, if the opinions of half the people I meet are any indication."—*Boston Transcript.*


## Carrying War.

Into the enemy's country. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known throughout Canada. The large demand from the United States for this great corn cure has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldly push it to the front as the leading article in its line. From England also a demand has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietory goods sold here emenate from these countries. This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure. We advise sufferers from this discomfort to test its merit.—*Exchange.*

For Coughs and Colds, use Allen's Lung Balsam. Relief is warranted or money refunded. See Adv.

Washington county, Miss., produces more cotton than any other county in America; it yields 54,000 bales a year.

A gentleman writes: "I desire to place on record the cure of the Piles by using Minard's Family Pills and applying Minard's Liniment externally." Use equal parts of Liniment and sweet oil for applying; it reduces inflammation and gives comfort at once.

The number of children receiving primary education in England has increased in fourteen years from 1,600,000 to 4,300,000.

WORMS—A young mother writes: "My little boy 5 years of age, was very much troubled with worms. A few doses of Nelson's Cherokee Vermituge brought away the worms and improved his general health. There is nothing like it as a worm expeller.

Northern invalids are known in Florida as "evergreens."

There is no pain, no matter how severe nor what the cause, that cannot be partly or wholly relieved by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, used internally and externally. It is the most powerful remedy known to medical men.

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There is nothing so essential to health and happiness as pure rich blood. It prevents exhausted vitality, premature decline, nervous and physical debility, besides untold other miseries. *Parson's Purgative Pills* purify and enrich the blood, and will change the blood in the entire system in three months.

There are 15,000,000 milch cows in the United States.

INSURANCE. Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney-Wort does this. It is natures great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See Advt.

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Cloth manufactured at the St. Croix Cotton Mills, St. Stephen, has recently been shipped to England and sold at a profit.

The total number of graduates from all the departments of Columbia College since its foundation now amounts to 8,500.

GREAT NEGLIGENCE.—There is great neglect with most people to maintain a regular action of the bowls, which cause much disease. Burdoch Blood Bitters cure constipation.

UNKNOWN TO SCIENCE.—That preparation is undiscovered which can surpass Dr. Fowlers Extract of Wild Strawberry as a cure for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and Summer Complaints.

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IRON IS KING.—and Estey's Iron and Quinine Tonic is called the King of Blood Purifiers.

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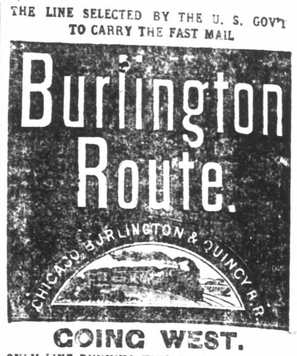


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