POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

SCALES OF JUSTICE.

ACCURATE MEASURE OF THE RESPONSIBILITY OF HUMANITY.

PERSONAL ACTIONS WEIGHED.

The Balances of God Not Only Weigh Human Lives, But Also Principles, and Aggregate Bodies Such as Churches, Nations, Worlds—Rev. Dr. Talmage on Responsibility to God.

Washington, May 21.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text, Daniel v, 27, "Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting." He said:

Babylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, 2,000,000 men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city 60 miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city, from which the material for the building of the city had been digged. There were 25 gates on each side of the city, between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies, from each gate on the one side a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were 50 streets 15 miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river some times overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace 7½ miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Baylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Bleus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple one image which would cost what would be our $89,000,000.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of fiery terror, circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it comes up, and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king, "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balances are put Belshazzar's opportunities; on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipose may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and he calls upon his recording angel to mark it, "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct—that 20 hundred weight makes a ton and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less. And a religion which does not take hold of this life as well as the life to come is no religion at all.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh worlds. "What!" you say, "Is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances suspended from the throne the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins, and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balances and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balances. On the other side of the scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of his mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times he has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and he put on one side the scales the Emperor, and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champ Elysees, and the gilded opera house, and on the other side he puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting?

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads the gun; he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sickroom, does he treat disease in the abstract? No; he feels the pulse, makes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And, if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now, and be weighed." But as he gets into the balances I say, "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness and kindness and charity and generosity and kindliness generally." "Oh, my brother, we cannot weigh that; we are going to weigh you—you. Now stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now, before you get out of this scale, I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say, "no." Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart and soul and mind and strength?" "No," you say. Make another mark. "Come, now, be frank, and confess that in ten thousand things you have come short—have you not?" "Yes." Make ten thousand marks. Come, now, get me a book large enough to make the record of the moralist's deficits. My brother, stand in the scales; do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered, but on the other side the scales I put this weight which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting.

Still the balances of the sanctuary are suspended, and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is a formalist. He comes, and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflections and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say, "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is Westminster Assembly Catechism." I say: "Very good. What have you in the other pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is the Heidelberg Catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh," he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are these books on your side the balances?" "Oh," he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes.'" "My brother, we are not weighing books; we are weighing you. It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah, that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man, "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church record." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion 40 years." "That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances, and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. I put this million pound weight on the other side the balances, 'Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof.'" Weighed and found wanting.

But I must go faster and speak of the final scrutiny. The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which are now drumming the march of life may after awhile call a halt. We walk on a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupation, not knowing whether we shall come back—crowns being burnished for thy brow or bolts forged for thy prison; angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance or fiends of darkness stretching out skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate!

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea and the other foot on the land, will swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer: "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as if from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The unforgiven get in on this side the balances. They may have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone, there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages—a soul on one side the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, 10,000 opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and, in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel, he announces, while groaning earthquake and crackling conflagration and judgment trumpet and everlasting storm repeat it, "Weighed and found wanting."

But say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned; our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" "Yes, my brother, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed. Oh, follower of Christ, you get into the balances! The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections. Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side the scale we will place all the good deeds you have ever done and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come, mighty men of the past, and get in on that side the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wycliffs, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances and see if you cannot help him weight it aright. They come and get in. Too light! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet! I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and he puts one of his scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then he puts both of his scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight!

But says the Christian, "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh, what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack. Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept him? Will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner. I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee!"

We go away off or back into history to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt and hurt for others. But I tell you today of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice, come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

THE DRUMMOND COUNTY RAILWAY BILL AGAIN.

The Opposition Talking Against Time and Making a Poor Showing—The More the Matter is Discussed the Better the Bargain is Shown to Be.

OTTAWA, Ont., May 25—The house of commons resumed business today. There was a very slim attendance. The premier was in his seat. Mr. Tarte was also present after his illness and was the recipient of congratulations. Hibbert Tupper led the opposition.

Mr. Costigan said that he intended making a statement as to his political relations to the Conservative party, but he would defer it on account of the absence of the leader of the opposition.

Premier Laurier, in moving to take Wednesdays for government business deferred the resolution at the request of Sir Hibbert Tupper.

In answer to Mr. Foster, Mr. Fielding made the following statement as to the financial relations of Ontario with the dominion: Until arbitrators have made their final rewards, the indebtedness of the province of Ontario to the dominion government on the 30th of June, 1898, cannot be exactly determined, but an approximation of the indebtedness was made at $1,650,000 which did not include any amount for claims made by the dominion for payments to Indians under the Robinson treaties and treaty No. 3 as these claims were before the courts and arbitrators. On this approximate indebtedness 5 per cents per annum was charged, in accordance with an agreement made with the provinces in 1894. There have been at the credit of the province of Ontario since confederation the Upper Canada grammar school fund of $312,769.04 the Upper Canada building fund now amounting to $1,597,076.59 and Ontario's share of the common school fund, which fund now amounts to $2,521,501.25; and on these amounts 5 per cent. interest has been allowed to the present time. As the indebtedness of Ontario to the dominion could not be determined the net amount of interest on the 30th of June, 1898 $95,000 was paid to the province pending a final settlement of accounts. It is usual to make interest payments to the Ontario government in July and January, and in July, 1898, $45,000, charged to accounts of 1897-8 and $50,000 charged to accounts of 1898-9 were paid, and in January, 1899, $50,000 were paid.

Mr. Blair, in reply to Mr. McDougall said that a claim of the Nova Scotia government for a refund of a subsidy towards the construction of the Eastern Extension had received the consideration of the government, but no decision had been reached. The premier of Nova Scotia had during his recent visit brought this matter to the attention of the government.

Mr Blair, in answer to Mr. Ives, said no promise officially or otherwise had been made to purchase the Canada Eastern Railway of New Brunswick.

Mr. Sifton, in reply to Mr. Clarke Wallace, said that the number of immigrants who arrived in Canada during the year ending Dec. 31, 1898, was 31,702; homesteads taken up were 9,898.

Mr. Blair, answering Mr. Clarke, said 16 passenger and sleeping cars were ordered by the government for the Intercolonial railway between 1st January, 1898, and the 1st April, 1899. Orders were given to the Crossen Car Company for eight of these cars and the Wagner Palace Car Company for the other eight cars. Tenders were not called in 1899 for five of these cars, but tenders were called for eleven. The cars cost $14,043 each for five sleepers and $19,940.80 each for eight sleepers and $9,800 for each of three parlor cars. Cars recently ordered were obtained from Wagner Palace Car Company after tenders were asked for and obtained from several large firms in the United States. The department before making a contract with United States manufacturers had applied to the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific railways companies, Messrs. Crossen & Co. and Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co. for offers.

The two last mentioned firms declined to offer for these cars on the ground that orders they had then on hand from the Intercolonial railway were all they could fill within the time allowed. The first two companies would not undertake the work as their shops were overcrowded with their own work. The department needed these cars for the opening of the tourist season this spring, and had no alternative than to place these orders with the Wagner Palace Car Company whose tender was the lowest of United States firms.

Sir Henry Joly introduced a bill to amend the weights and measures act. The bill makes provision as to the measurement of a barrel of apples. It is proposed to consider with this bill the various bills introduced by private members concerning the subject of weights and measures.

The Drummond County Railway purchase debate was resumed by Mr. Borden of Halifax. He spoke for some time last Thursday and concluded his remarks today. Beyond his summarizing his previous arguments, he based on them a claim that $1,100,000 was the utmost value of the road that could be arrived at. He pointed out that the selling value of the property was not its cost but its worth to the seller.

Mr. Borden said that to him the Drummond line did not come up to the standard of leading Canadian roads. Referring to the new terminals in course of construction at St. John, Mr. Borden made a plea for Halifax being made the terminus for export trade via the Intercolonial claiming the use of Halifax would prove much more advantageous to the Intercolonial and better its position with regard to competition with the C. P. R. With respect to the proposal to terminate the C. P. R.'s running rights over the Intercolonial, he said Nova Scotia would not agree to be shut out from the advantage of the service provided by the C. P. R. Mr. Borden concluded by saying that, while he favored in the abstract the principle of the extension of the Intercolonial to Montreal, he considered the Drummond County bargain and the bargain with the G. T. R. for the use of the Montreal terminals bad ones, and hence proposed to vote against them.

Mr. McIsaac, of Antigonish, followed and made a practical and business like speech. He was a member of the committee that heard the case last session and consequently is thoroughly conversant with the whole subject. He quoted from the testimony given last session before the investigating committee to show that the railway and engineering authorities agreed that the Drummond county railway offered more advantages than any other available route for the extension of the Intercolonial to Montreal.

REV. WILLIAM EATOUGH DEAD.

The Energetic Curate of Trinity Church Passed Away Thursday Morning.

Rev. William Eatough, curate of Trinity church, died early Thursday morning at his residence Pitt street, and though not unexpected, the news of his death will come as a great shock to his many friends. He had been ill for some time, and the sudden death of Ven. Archdeacon Brigstocke, with whom he had been so closely connected in church matters, effected him so much that it

REV. WM. EATOUGH.

hastened his demise. He has been lingering for some days, and the end came this morning at 12.30.

Rev. Mr. Eatough was a young man of English birth, who came to this country and began his labors in Sussex parish after Canon Medley's death. Ten years ago he came to Trinity church, this city, as curate, and has there shown intense interest in the church, and particularly in the work among the young. In this connection he was most popular and was very prominent in the Young Men's Association and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew of Trinity church. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Charlotte Evans, of Sussex.

Though so much interested in the young people's work, he was beloved with Trinity congregation in general and has many personal friends who will join in sympathy to his widow in her bereavement.

RAILWAY IMPROVEMENTS.

The Canadian Pacific to Inaugurate a Fast Train Service Across the Continent—General Railway Improvements.

MONTREAL, May 25—The new fast service on the Canadian Pacific Railway will be inaugurated about the middle of June, probably the 18th or 19th. The flyer across the continent will be called The Imperial Limited, and will reduce the time between Montreal and Vancouver to about 100 hours. There will also be a daily trans-continental service instituted, owing to the vastly increasing volume of travel, and trains will leave on Sundays as well as on week days, this being absolutely necessitated to relieve the present heavy traffic on Monday's trains with travelers from Europe. The hour of departure from Montreal will be 9.30 a. m., and Toronto about four hours later, and Winnipeg and many parts of Manitoba will be brought within 48 hours of this city, local trains in that province making close connection with the "Imperial Limited." Vancouver and Victoria will be reached in the fourth day out from Montreal. The Kootenay country will also be advantageously affected by the new service. A fast train on the Crow's Nest Pass railway to which a through sleeper will be attached to Kootenay landing, will make this alternate route to these gold fields the shortest and quickest one from the east. Through passengers will have a choice of routes to the Pacific coast by the main line or by the Crow's Nest Pass branch, just as they now have the option of travelling around the north shore of Lake Superior or by the upper lake steamships of the company between Owen Sound and Port Arthur and Fort William.

This new fast service is to be greatly supplemented by an increased local service on different sections of the line so that the accelerated speed will be largely obtained by the reduction of the number of local stops.

Brakeman Hurt.

ST. STEPHEN, May 25—Albert Lucas, a brakeman on the W. C. R. R., was hurt today while coupling an engine to a car at Calais. The shackle slipped and Lucas was caught, breaking his collar bone, shoulder and hip and badly crushed through the chest. He is probably hurt internally and may be fatally. The man lives at Milltown and has a wife and 10 children. He has been breaking on the Princeton road for 20 years. This was his first accident.

WOODSTOCK, May 25—Thos. Troy, a brakeman on the C. P. R., while coupling cars at Perth, today, had his right arm badly broken and smashed. He was brought to his home in Woodstock, where Drs. Sprague and Hand found it necessary to amputate the arm.

Hiram Brewer, an aged resident of Upper Woodstock, died at his home last evening. Mr. Brewer was a prominent member of the Orange order.

AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

Summer Houses of Rich New Yorkers Become the Abodes of Tramps in the Winter—The Wandering Gentry Are Neither Neat, Clean, Nor Particular.

NEW YORK, May 24—There comes from Lake Hopatcong's shores a story of the way tramps have lived all winter long in the summer homes of the city folk. When Jacob Ruppert goes to his cottage on the south shore he will find that William the Weery has slept in his bedrooms, and that Rufus the Indolent has dined with his feet under the antique oak table. The tramps have spent a pleasant season, and when they fled with the coming spring flowers, they left behind them many a despoiled dwelling.

All the local constabulary is snowed in when winter rests upon the waters of Lake Hopatcong. The city man locks and bars his doors and windows when he goes away in the fall, and trusts that Providence will protect his dwelling until he returns. The tramps moved in last winter, and from appearances their sojourn has been a merry one.

FEAST ON CANNED GOODS.

It will be a shock to the returning cottager this summer when he finds that the canned vegetables which had been left over have been devoured. The pressed canned beef has been consumed by the army which makes everlasting bivouac among the country roads. All the lodges and camps are sights to behold. The unbidden guests of the winter were not content with fires in the stoves and ranges. They added to the general warmth by erecting hearthstones in the middle of the floors. Such canned goods as were not entirely satisfactory were hurled about the premises. Many a tomato can that will go on a pilgrimage this summer was taken originally from the summer cottage of a New Yorker at Lake Hopatcong.

Chairs are splintered and rattan sofas are in a disorganized state. The tables bear the marks of heavy hard heels and the matting is burned with stray embers. The tramps have not been good housekeepers. They have played havoc with the abodes which the deserted city visitors left furnished or partly furnished for their convenience. There lurk around these houses a subtle odor of flag tobacco and the aroma of unsavory stews.

WEARING APPAREL TAKEN.

Those who made a belated investigation yesterday found that all the comfortables, well worn shoes of last summer are gone, and that sundry old clothes which had been packed away in camphor had disappeared. There has been a general onslaught on the trees in the neighborhood, but what could the owners expect, seeing that they had not provided a sufficient quantity of coal for the entire winter? It seems that the only way to protect summer cottages and lodges at Lake Hopatcong is either to put a spring gun at every door and window or to leave a few cans of dynamite marked "select tomatoes."

During the winter the tramps have made occasional foraging trips around the shores of the lake. Sometimes they have obtained a cold handout from the farmers or accomplished the death of stray fowl. They became a colony unto themselves, all unsuspected by the natives. All they needed was a few dog cars and plaid clothes to form an aristocracy unto themselves.

DAILY TELEGRAPH DISCONTINUED.

The Great London Journal Follows the Example Set By Its Contemporary the Daily Mail.

LONDON, May 23.—Another concession to the non-conformist conscience.

This morning the Daily Telegraph announces in a rather inconspicuous notice of about a hundred words that the issue of the Sunday Daily Telegraph will be discontinued immediately, and that on and after Saturday next the most attractive features of the Sunday paper will be found in the Daily Telegraph of each Saturday.

It will be remembered that just one week ago the Daily Mail announced the death of its Sunday edition, and frankly admitted it was due to the religious feeling which had been aroused in opposition to seven day newspapers.

The Daily Telegraph, however, gives no reason for the discontinuance of its Sunday edition.

Thus, after an experiment lasting less than two months, two London papers with the greatest circulation have been forced to admit that the British public will not support seven day newspapers.

A Sailor's Reply.

On the second day out, one of the sailors on a White Star steamer had a bad fall and sustained a severe cut on his head. One of the ladies on board was very solicitous about him, and inquired of the captain that evening how he was doing. Rough weather came on, and she was compelled to forget the wounded sailor in her own sufferings. Four days later, when she emerged, white and weak, from her stateroom, she saw the poor sailor with a strip of plaster on his forehead. "How is your head?" she asked, kindly, as he passed by on some duty. "West by south, ma'am," was the reply, delivered with respectful but hasty clearness, and he was gone.—Argonaut.

Withycomb Heard From.

HALIFAX, May 25—Yesterday afternoon the proprietor of the Handly House, Dartmouth, received a letter from his recent boarder, Withycomb, who had so mysteriously disappeared and left no trace of his whereabouts, and in consequence was thought to have been drowned. The letter stated that he had joined the Royal Artillery and that as soon as he had sufficient money he would pay the board that was due and get his clothes and other articles he had left in his bedroom. Mr. Moir, Withycomb's late employer, was seen today. He could not understand his recent night watchman's actions. He had not called for his week's wages due him.