# In Canada's Garden.

## A South Norwich Man Confronted by a Bear.

### Perth Humane Society in a Prosperous Condition.

### A Point Edward Man Has Raised a Crop of Peanuts—Several Sudden Deaths Recorded—Police Raid on the Windsor Barrooms.

[Note—No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.]

Four inches of snow at Tavistock.

Judge McHugh, of Windsor, is on the mend.

They had almost a foot of snow in Galt yesterday.

Culloden farmers are busily engaged in fall plowing.

Sandwich marsh was fired by someone on Saturday.

Simcoe Fair receipts were about $100 less than last year.

Martin & Co., of Alvinston, have to run their mill double time.

The Oil Springs band is to make its first appearance on Friday evening next.

Mr. Frank Crawford raised a crop of peanuts in Point Edward's fertile soil.

In Logan township, Perth county, an effort is being made to establish a public library.

At Jeannette's Creek a washing machine agent did all the washing in town last week.

Rev. Dr. Aylesworth, of Port Stanley, conducted the anniversary services in the Tilbury Methodist Church on Sunday

The principal of Alvinston public school, Alex. McPhail, who has been on the sick list, is able to resume his duties.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cartier, of Jeannette's Creek (Perth), will celebrate the 50th anniversary of their wedding on the 28th.

Mr. and Mrs. Black, of Montreal, who had been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mackenzie, Sarnia, left for home on Saturday.

George Wilson, a colored man, aged 60, a fireman on the Lansdowne transfer steamer, dropped dead in front of the Crawford House Windsor on Monday.

D. P. Markey, of Port Huron, will address the Maccabees of Wyoming on the evening of the 25th, at a concert and supper to be given under their auspices.

Misses McKinnon, Hogarth, Holland and Ross, and Rev. M. McGregor, and Daniel Robertson will attend the Presbyterian Y. P. S. C. E. convention in Woodstock.

Mr. C. C. Collins has resigned his position as principal of the Guelph separate school, and the school passes into the control of the Sisters of Loretto Convent.

Mr. George A. McCarter, Calgary, son of Mr. George McCarter, of St. Thomas, has received the appointment of crown attorney for Calgary and district of Alberta.

The services of H. J. Mansz, teacher of school section No. 8, East Zorra, have been retained for 1896 at an advance in salary. Mr. Mansz is being appreciated, as he deserves to be.

James Silverthorn, an employe at Tilson's planing mill, Tilsonburg, lost the little finger of the left hand, and the one next to it was badly cut by coming in contact with a saw on Saturday.

A number of the public school teachers in Windsor are at home sick with typhoid. The prevalence of the disease is laid in some cases to bad drainage and in others to impure water supply.

Mr. Hugh Beaton, age 61, a much esteemed resident of Ridgetown, died last week. He was a staunch Liberal in politics, and his demise is regretted by a wide circle of acquaintances and friends.

The Provincial veterinary surgeon, accompanied by a number of Essex county veterinarians, is looking into the hog cholera epidemic in the county. Hundreds of the animals have died during the past week.

By order of the Maritime Court the steamer City of Windsor was offered for sale by auction on Friday. The boat is valued at $14,000, the claim against her is $5,000, and the highest bid received was $1,800.

Manager Walker, of the Windsor branch of the Bank of Commerce, is very ill. Manager Minty, of Walkerville, has been assigned to his place, and Manager Cameron, of Blenheim, has gone to Walkerville.

At Tilsonburg, four young men from the country were charged by E. Becker with driving his team farther than they hired it for. Police Magistrate Hare heard the case, and it cost the boys about $10 for their fun.

Ellis & Ellis, of Windsor, today secured an injunction restraining the county council from proceeding with repairs to the county building. The awarding of the contract to Navin, of Goderich, provoked the threatened action.

Messrs. Radcliffe Baldwin, of New York, and E. J. Hingston, Buffalo, extensive coal merchants, were in Tilsonburg several days last week looking into the new railroad's facilities for handling coal. They are pleased with Port Burwell as a harbor.

The Windsor police visited fifteen bars on Sunday. They have laid informations against George Smith, of Walker's Hotel, and Alphonse Nestman, of the Essex House, Wigle Bros., of the International, it is alleged, refused the officer admittance to the bar.

In the action entered for James Payne, of Port Stanley, against John Caughell, H. Caughell, R. Hepburn and Mrs. Emma Marlatt, to have it declared that the London and Port Stanley Gravel Road Company have no right to collect tolls on the road, the damages claimed are 7 cents.

Christopher Prangley died at his residence, Elgin street, Alvinston, on Saturday, aged 48 years. Deceased was a member of C. O. F., and was buried under their auspices on Sunday afternoon. The funeral was largely attended. Rev. R. D. Hamilton conducted the services in the M. E. Church.

Mr. Luther Hussy, of lot 6, con 11, South Norwich, had the unpleasant experience to meet a bear on Thursday night. He was walking along the road towards the cheese factory when a bear came out of the woods to the road and stood up right in front of him. His dog jumped at Bruin, but was soon knocked away by a blow from his paw. The bear then made off.

Mrs. E. Gimbel, aged 61, died very suddenly on Thursday afternoon. She had been in her usual good health, and had gone out to her daughter's (Mrs. R. Krug) on the 10th line of East Zorra. Mrs. Krug happened to be away in Tavistock at the time. After dinner Mr. Krug and son went out to pull mangolds, while Mrs. Gimbel was left in charge of the two younger children. Shortly after 1 o'clock, the boy having cut his finger, went into the house to have it bound up, and was horrified to find his grandmother lying on the floor beside the stove quite dead. Heart failure was the cause. Her husband survives her.

The recent annual meeting of the County of Perth Humane Society was well attended. Much interest was shown in the proceedings. The treasurer's report gave a list of 80 paid members, and a balance of $70 90. Officers were then elected as follows: President, Wm. Workman; vice-presidents, Wm. Buckingham, P. Dierlamm, Mrs. Hyslop, Mrs. J. H. Nasmyth; secretary, J. Russell Stuart; assistant secretary, D. A. Bruce; treasurer, J. H. Nasmyth; council, Mesdames Workman, D. J. O'Connor, W. M. O'Beirne, W. S. Dingman, F. Smith, D. Duggan and Misses M. E. T. Addison, B.A., Nellie Forman, Jessie McKenzie and Messrs. D. Duggan, H. G. Hopkirk, John Read, A. A. Mavor, James O'Loane, T. Plummer, W. Jeffrey, jun., W. M. Steele, Geo. Durst and B. Lecky. Additional interest was given to the meeting by the presence of J. J. Kelso, the provincial superintendent under the Children's Aid Act. He addressed the gathering at some length.

# Talmage on the Turf

## The Great Orator and Divine Discusses the Horse,

### And Gives His Views on Modern Horse Racing.

### No Harm in Fast Horses or in Racing—Objects to the Gambling Features—The Church Should Get Off Its Jog-Trot.

New York, Oct. 21.—In his sermon for Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage discussed a topic which for months past has been a familiar one in the daily press, viz.: "The Dissipations of the Race Course." His text was Job, xxxix., 19, 21, 25: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He pawed in the valley and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among his trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course, and multitudes flocked to the waterplaces to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commendable virtue—at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgement of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit, or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job, in my text, sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof, and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for cattle, and what Landseer did for the dog, Job, with mightier pencil, does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly procession, and into every great occasion, and into every great triumph. It is very evident that Job, and David, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, and John, were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are descriptions alike—the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow anyone irreverently to touch his old war horse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he could not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger, Marchgay. Walter Scott has so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the worn-out horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophesies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

When I see a man thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated, and frozen, and heated and overdriven; into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics! Oh, is it not a chame that the brute creation, which had the first possession of our world, should be so maltreated by the race that came in last—the fowl and the fish created on the fifth day, the horse and the cattle created on the morning of the sixth day, and the human race not created until the evening of the sixth day?

But not only do our humanity and Christian principle and the dictates of God demand that we kindly treat the brute creation, and especially the horse; but I go further and say that whatever can be done for the development of his fleetness and his strength and his majesty ought to be done. We need to study his anatomy and his adaptations. Groomed to the last point of soft brilliance, his flowing mane a billow of beauty, his arching neck in utmost rhythm of curve, let him be harnessed in graceful trappings and then driven to the utmost goal of excellence, and then fed at luxuriant oatbins, and blanketed in comfortable stalls. The long tried and faithful servant of the human race deserves all kindness, all care, all reward, all succulent foliage and soft litter and paradisical pasture field. Those farms in Kentucky and in different parts of the north, where the horse is trained to perfection in fleetness and beauty, and in majesty are well set apart. There is no more virtue in driving slow than in driving fast, any more than a freight train going ten miles an hour is better than an express going fifty. There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very few people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, glandered, spring-halted, blind-staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter horses and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the Church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quisk tempests, quick lightnings, quick streams; why not quick horses? In time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other nations than to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horsea drove the Macadonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalry men. The Carthaginian cavalry with the loss of only 700 men, overthrew the Roman army with a loss of 70,000. In the same way the Spanish cavalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in that country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light-footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the word of God, demand that first of all we treat kindly the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles, and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm in an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit-grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn-thresher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngsters. Prizes by all means, awards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well-doing. Heaven itself is called the prize: "The prize of the high calling of God is Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horses' fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost $1,000 or $5,000 or $10,000, and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it is accursed of God.

What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash fifty or a hundred thousand dollars change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose in a bet at a horse race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

Cultivate the horse by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others; but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever-increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipations of the American race-course. They say that an honest race-course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race-course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad; but I tell you that every race-track, surrounded by betting men and betting women, and betting customs, is a straight track, I mean down! That is a very poor job by which a man in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer, so lames his own morals that he comes out a full length behind in the race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides today to get money without earning it? That is the curse of all the cities; it is the curse of America—the effort to get money without earning it, and as other forms of stealing is not respectable, they go into the gambling practices I preach this sermon on square, old-fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse, I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against this prostitution. Young men you go into straightforward industries and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager; but you get with some of the whisky, rum-blotched crew which I see going down on the boulevards though I never bet. I will risk this wager, five million to nothing you will be debauched and damned. Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him, but be careful which way you drive. A man may admire a horse, and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to take the dust of a preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Chrictian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the Church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire: "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

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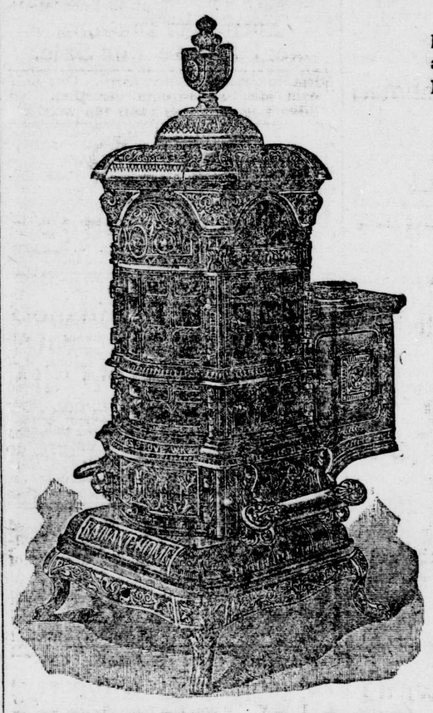

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## PREMATURE WINTER.

### Our Michigan Neighbors Indulging in October Sleighrides.

Gaylord, Mich., Oct. 22.—It has been snowing since Saturday. Snow lies from eight to ten inches deep, and citizens are beginning to get out their sleighs.

Munising—The snow lies about a foot deep in this part of the upper peninsula.

Cheboygan—Sleighs are gliding over the snow in this vicinity.

Mount Morris—There was heavy frost and a lively snow storm in Genesee county. Potatoes are frozen in the ground.

Benton Harbor—The ground was well covered with snow here. At Lawton three inches fell.

Jasper—The mercury in this part of southern Michigan fell to 17 1-2 degrees above zero yesterday morning. There was a light snow storm, and the ground was frozen hard.


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## CRIME IN CHURCH.

### Revelations Concerning the Conduct of Durrant and King.

San Francisco, Oct. 22.—The prosecution in the trial of Durrant has found a witness who will testify that everything was not right in Emanuel Church prior to the murder of Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. The witness is a colored bootblack named Budd Wilson. When he was served with a subpoena he told his story to Detective Seymour.

"I know King and Durrant so well that they talked freely with me," said he. "At first I was surprised that such professedly religious young men should be carrying on in such a fashion, but after a while I concluded that they were no better than other young men. I learned from these two boys themselves that they were taking girls to the church every night. They spoke of the different girls who accompanied them. I know of five girls who used to go to the church at night with these boys. They all belong to respectable families."

It is understood that the defense will not make any strong effort to impeach the prosecution's evidence as given in rebuttal, as Durrant's attorneys are anxious to close the case. It is possible that the arguments will be reached by the end of the week.


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| St. Paul | Oct. 30 | St. Paul | Nov. 20 |
| St. Louis | Nov. 6 | St. Louis | Nov. 27 |

RED STAR LINE.

New York to Antwerp.

Sailing every Wednesday at noon.

First cabin $50 and upwards; second cabin $38.

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| Southwark | Oct. 23 | Noordland | Nov. 6 |
| Westernland | Oct. 30 | Kensington | Nov. 13 |

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