THE SAVIOUR IS WITH US

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE CONTINUED MISSION OF CHRIST.

The Scene in the Caravansary-The Ques tioning of the Doctors in the Temple-The Temptation, Betrayal, Crucifixion and Mission of To-day.

"On His Head Were Many Crowns;" Revelation xix, 12. This is the subject of an eloquent sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage. He

spoke as follows: May your ears be alert and your thoughts concentrated and all the pow ers of your soul aroused while I speak to you of "the march of Christ through the centuries." You say, "Give us, then, a good start, in rooms of vermillian and on floors of mosiac and amid corridors of porphyry and under canopies dyed in all the splendors of the setting sun." You can have no such starting place. At the time our Chieftain was born there were castles on the beach of Galilee and palaces at Jerusalem and imperial bathrooms at Jericho, and obelisks at Cairo and the Pantheon at Rome, with its Corinthian portico, and its sixteen granite columns, and the Parthenon at Athens, with its glistening coronet of temples and there were mountains of fine ar chitecture in many parts of the world but none of them was to be the start-ing place of the Chieftain I celebrate

A cow's stall, a winter month, an atmosphere in which are the moan of camels, and the basing of sheep, and the barking of dogs, and the rough banter of hostelries. He takes his first journey before he could walk, Arm-ed desperadoes, with hands of blood, were ready to snatch him down into butchery. Rev. William H. Thompson, the veteran and beloved missionary whom I saw this last month in Denver, in his eighty-sixth yeor, has described, in his volume entitled "The Land and the Book," Bethlehem as he

Winter before last I walked up and down the gray hills of Jura limestone on which the city now rests. The fact that King David had been born there had not during ages elevated the village into any special attention. The other fact that it was the birthplace of our Chieftain did not keep the place in after years from special dishonor, for Hadrian built there the grove of Adonis, and for one hundred and eighty years the religion there observed was the most abhorrent debauchery the world has ever seen. Our Chieftain was considered dangerous from the start. The world had put suspicious eyes upon him because at the time of his birth the astrologers had seen stellar commotions—a world out of its place and shooting down toward a Star divination was a science. As late as the eighteenth century it had its votaries. At the court of Catharine de Medici it was honored.

Kepler, one of the wisest philoso-phers that the world ever saw, declared it was a true science. As late as the reign of Charles II Lily, an astrologer, was called before the House of Com-mons in England, to give his opinion as to future events. For ages the bright appearance of Mars meant war, of Jupetir, meant power, of the Ple-iades, meant storms at sea. And, as history moves in circles, I do not know but that after awhile it may be found that, as the moon lifts the tides of the sea and the sun affects the growth or blasting of crops, other worlds besides these two worlds may have something to do with the destiny of individuals and nations in this

I do not wonder that the commotions in the heavens excited the wise men on the night our Chieftain was born. As he came from another world and after thirty-three years was again to exchange worlds, it does not seem strange to me that astronomy should have felt the effect of his coming. And d of being unbelieving about the one star that stopped I wonder that worlds in the heavens did not that Christmas night make some special demonstration. Why should they leave to one world or meteor the bearing of the news of the humanization of Christ? Where was Mars that night that it did not indicate the might that were to come beween righteousness and iniquity? Where Jupiter that night that it did not celebrate omnipotence incarnated Where were the Pleiades that night that they did not announce the storms of persecution that would assail our Chieftain?

In watching this march of Christ through the centuries, we must not walk before him or beside him, for would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind him. We follow him while not yet in his teens, up a Jerusalem terrace, to a building six hundreed feet long and six hundred feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gateways, and by a pillar crowned with capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and leaves, and along b ywalls of beveled masonry and near a marble screen, until a group of white haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overhelms these scholarly septuagenarlans with questions they cannot answer, and under his quick whys and whyfors and hows and whens they pull their white beards with embarrassnent and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and, putting their staffs hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows -twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow him into the Quarantania, the mountain of temptation, its side to this day black with robbers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chiefcapture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of nce, he hurls all Pandemonium down the rocks, suggestive of how he can hurl into helplessness all our tem-ptations. And now we climb right after him up the tough sides of the "Mount of Beatitudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hatin before him, the Lake of Galilee right of him, the Mediterranean sea to the left of him, and he preache a sermon that yet will transform the world with its applied sentiment. No we follow our Chieftain on Lake Gali-lee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what p work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water.

Christ our leader is on the top of THE WEEKLY SUN, \$1.00 a year.

the Tossing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see him putting his feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf, solid as though it were frozen snow. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but he cheers them into placidity, showing himself to be a great Christ for sail-ors. And he walks the Atlantic and the Pacific and Mediterranean and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for his voice at half past three o'clock in the morning on any sea, indeed at any hour, they will hear his voice of compassion and encouragement.

We continue to follow our Chieftain, and here is a blind man by the wayside. It is not from cataract of the eye or from ophthalmia, the eye-extinguisher of the east; but he was born "Be opened!" he cries, and at first there is a smarting of the eyelids, and then a twilight, and then a midnoon, and then a shout. "I see! I Tell it to all the blind, and they at least can appreciate it. And here is the widow's dead son, and here is the expired damsel and here is Lazarus! 'Live!" our Chieftain cries, and the live. Tell it through all the bereft households; tell it among the graves. And here around him gather the

deaf, and the dumb, and the sick, and at his word they turn on their couches and blush from awful pallor of helpless illness to rubicund health, and the swollen foot of the dropsical sufferer becomes as fleet as a roe on the mountains. The music of the grove and houshold wakens the deaf ear, and lunatic and maniac return into bright intelligence, and the leper's breath comes as sweet as the breath of a child and the flesh as roseate. Tell it to all the sick, through all the homes, through all the hospitals. Tell it at twelve o'clock at night; tell it at two o'clock in the morning; tell it at half past three, and in the lst watch of the

night, that Jesus walks the tempest.
Still we follow our Chieftain until the government that gave him no protection insists that he pay tax, and, too poor to raise the requisite two dollars and seventy-five cents, he orders Peter to catch a fish that has in its mouth a (and you know that fish naturaly bite at anything bright), but it was a 1 acle that Peter should have caught it

Now we follow our Chieftain until for the paltry sum of fifteen dollars Judas sells him to his pursuers. Tell it to all the betrayed. If for ten sand dollars, or for five hundred dollars or for one hundred dollars your interests were sold out, consider for how much cheaper a sum the Lord of earth and heaven was surrendered to humiliation and death. But here, while following him on a spring night between eleven and twelve o'clock we see the flash of torches and lanterns and we hear the cry of a mob of nihilists. They are breaking in on the quietude of Gethsemane with clubs-like a mob with sticks chasing a mad dog.

It is a herd of Jerusalem "roughs"

led on by Judas to arrest Christ and punish him for being the loveliest and best being that ever lived. But rioters are liable to assail the wrong man. How were they to be sure which one was Jesus? "I will kiss him." says Judas, "and by that signal you will know on whom to lay your hands of arrest." So the kiss which throughout the human race and for all time God intended as the most sacred demonstration of affection, for Paul writes to the Romans and the Corinthians, and the Thessalonians concerning the "holy kiss," and Peter celebrates the kiss of charity, and with that conjunction of lips Laban met Jacob, and Joseph met his brethren, and Aaron met Moses, and Samuel met Saul, and Jonathan met David, and Orpah parted his friends at Ephesus, and the father in the parable greeted the returning prodigal, and when the millenium shall come we are told righteousness and will kiss each other, the world is invited to greet Christ as inspiration cries out "Kiss the lest he be angry and ye perish from the way"—that most sacred demonthe way"—that most sacred demon-stration of reunion and affection was desecrated as the filthy lips of Judas touched the pure cheek of Christ, and the horrid smack of that kiss has its echo in the treachery and debasement

and hypocrisy of all ages.
As in December, 1889, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the Garden of Gethsemane and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnesses of the occurrence spoken of, the scene of horror and of crime came back to me, until I shud-

dered with the historical remini In further following our great Chieftain's march through the centuries. I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a moveable platform placed upon a tasselated payement. Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned, Pilate lets the people hether it shall be an as or our Chieftain, and they all cry out for the liberation of the assassin, thus declaring they prefer a murderer to the salvation of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted, and I see them looming up through all th ages, eight fingers and two thumbs

standing out red with the carnage. Still following our Chieftain, I asend the hill which General Gordon. the great English explorer and arbiter, made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chieftain, for he has not only two heavy timbers to carry on his back, the upright and horizonts pieces of the cross, but he is suffering from exhaustion caused by the lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods and

years of maltreatment. It took our party in 1889 only fifteen minutes to climb to the top of the hill and reach that limestone rock in yonder wall, which I rolled down from the apex of Mount Calvary. But I think our Chieftain must have taken a long time for the ascent, for he had all earth and all heaven and all hell on his back as he climbed from the base to summit and there endured what William Cowper and John Milton and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and James Montgomery and all the other sacred poets have attempted to put in verse, and Angelo and Raphael and Titian and Leonardo da Vinci and all the great Italian and German and Spanish

and French artists have attempted to | turous. It maybe after our world paint, and Bossuet and Masilion and George Whitefield and Thomas Chalmers have attempted to preach.

Something of its overwhelming aw-fulness you may estimate from the fact that the sun which shines in the heavens could not endure it; the sun which unflinchingly looked upon the deluge that drowned the world, which without blinking looked upon the ruins of earthquakes which swallowed Lisoon and Caraccas, and has looked unblanched on the battlefields of Arbela, Bleheim, Megiddo and Esdraelon, and all the scenes of carnage that have ever scalded and drenched the earth with human gore that sun could not look upon the scene. The sun dropped over its face a veil of cloud. It withdrew. It hid itself. It said to the midnight, 'I resign to thee this spectaçle upon which I have no strength to gaze, thou art blind. O midnight! and for that reason I commit to thee this tragedy!" Then the nighthawk and the bat flew by, and the jackal howled in the ra-

Now we follow our Chieftain as they carry his limp and lacarated form amid the flowers and trees of a garden, the gladiluses, the oleanders, the the geraniums, the mandrakes, down five or six steps to an aisle of granite, where he sleeps. But only a little while he sleeps there, for there is an earthquake in all that region, leaving the rocks to this day in their asiant and ruptured state, declarative of the fact that something extraordinary there happened, And we see our Chieftain arouse from his brief slumber and wrestle down the ruffian Death, who would keep him imprisoned in that cavern, and put both heels on the monster, and coming forth with a cry that will not cease to be echeed until on the great resurrection day the door of the lost sepulchre shall be unhinged and flung clanging into the debris of demolished cemeteries.

Now we follow our Chieftain to the shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings he rises, the disciples clutching for his robes too late to reach them. across the great gulfs of space with one bound he gains the world which for thirty-three years he had denied his companionship, and all heaves lifted a shout of welcome as he entered, and of coronation as up the mediatorial throne he mounted. It was the greatest day heaven had ever seen. They had him back agin from tears, from wounds, from ills, from a world that never appreciated him to a world in which he was the chief delight. In all the libretto of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough con-

seraphic, arch angelic, deific, But still we follow our Chieftain in his march through the centuries for invinsibly he still walks the earth, and by the bye of faith we still follow him. You can tell where he walks by the churches, and hospitals, and refor matory institutions, and houses of mercy that spring up along the way. I hear his tread in the sick room and the abodes of bereavement.

marches on and the nations are gathering around him. The islands of the sea are hearing his voice. The continents are feeling his power. America will be his! Europe will be his! Asia will be his! Africa will be his! Australia will be his! All the earth will be his! Do you realize that until now it was impossible for the world to be converted? Not until very recently has the world been found.

The Bible talks about "the ends of the earth" and the uttermost parts of world" as being saved, but not until now have the "ends of the earth" been discovered, and not until now have the "uttermost parts of the world" been revealed. The navigator did his work, the explorer did his work, the scientist did his work, and now for the first time since the world has been created has the world been known mea sured off and geographized, the lost hidden and unknown tract has been mapped out, and now the work evangelization will be begun with an earnestness and velocity as yet unimagined. The steamships are ready; the lightning express trains are ready; the printing presses are ready; the tele-graph and telephone are ready; millions of Christians are ready and r see Christ marching on through the

nturies. Marching on! Marching on! One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore his name. More honor ed and worshipped is he in this year of 1895 than at any time since the one, and the day hastens when all nations will join one procession, "following the Lamb whithersoever he goeth." arching on ! Marching on !

This dear old world whose back has een scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been rung will yet rival heaven. This planet's torn robe of pain and crime and de mentia will come off and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holines and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time; the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have repented of the last crime and our world that has been a straggler among worlds, a lost star, a wayward planet. a rebellious globe, a miscreant satel-lite, will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem and agonised prayer in Gethsemane and dying groan of Gologotha, and as this voice cries "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. Marching on - Marching on !

Then this world's joy will be so great that other worlds besides heaven ma be glad to rejoice with us. By the aid of powerful telescopes, year by year coming more powerful, mountains in other stars have been discovered and chasms and volcanoes and canals, and the style of atmosphere, and this will go on, and mightier and mightier telescopes will be invented until I should not wonder if we will be able to exchange signals with other planets. And as I have no doubt other worlds are inhabited, for God would not have built such magnificent world houses to have them stand without tenants or occupants, in the final joy of earth's redemption all astronomy, I think, will take part, we signaling other worlds and they in turn signaling their stellar neighbors. Oh, what a day in heaven that will be when this march of Carist is finished! I know that on the cro Christ said. "It is finished." but he

meant his sacrificial work was fin the All earth and all heaven know evangelization is not finished, im

will come a day in heaven r Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN.

which is thought to have about fif-teen hundred million people, shall have on its decks twice its present population, namely, three thousand million souls, and all redeemed, and it will be after this world shall be so damaged by conflagration that no human foot can tread its surface and no human being can breath its air, but most certainly the day will come when heaven will be finished and the last of the twelve gates of the eternal city shall have clanged shut, never to open except for the admission of some celestial embassage returning from some other world, and Christ may strike his scarred but healed hand in emphasis on the arm of the amethystine throne and say in substance, "All my ransomed ones are gathered; the work is done; I have finished my march through the

When in1813, after the battle of Leipsic, which decided the fate of the Nine teenth century, in some respects the most tremendous battle ever fought, the bridge down, the river incarnadined, the street choked with the wounded, the fields for miles around strewn with a dead soldiery from which all traces of humanity had been dashed out, there met in the public square of that city of Leipsic, the allied querors and kings who had gained the victory-the king of Prussia, the emperor of Russia, the crown prince of Sweden-followed by the chiefs of their armies. With drawn swords these monarchs saluted each other and for the continental victory they had together gained. History has

made the scene memorable.

Greater and more thrilling will be the spectacle when the world is all conquered for the truth, and in front of the palace of heaven the kings and conquerors of all the allied powers of Christian usefulness shall salute each other and recount the struggle by which they gained the triumph, and then hand over their swords to him who is the chief of the conquerors, crying : "Thine oh Christ, is the kingdom. Take the crown of victory, the crown of dominion, the crown of grace, the crown of glory. "On his head were

MRS. T. DE WIT TALMAGE DEAD.

The Wife of the Noted Preacher Passe Away After a Year's Illness.

Since the burning of the Brooklyn Tabernacle last year Mrs. Talmage by you since becoming minister, we has suffered from nervous prostraand she has never fully recovtion ered from the shock sustained then. was holding his usual Sunday reception, and a large number of parishioners and visitors were in the church when the fire broke out. They all made good their escape, but Dr. Talmage went back into the burning edifice for something he had left behind. During his absence Mrs. Talmage, who with other members of the family was outside awaiting his reappearance, became greatly excited and alarmed for the doctor's safety. As soon as she was informed that he was all right she broke down completely.



MRS, TALMAGE,

her over vrought nerves being unequal for such a strain. Her doctors suggested a European trip to build up her failing halth. She was accomnied by the Misses Maud and Daisy

Talmage. of her physicians, she returned home, While staying at the family residence. near East Hampton, L.I., she appeared to improve and her friends had hopes for her speedy recovery. This was not to be, however, as she soon had a relapse of the spells of exhaustion and nervous prostration. The sufferer was removed to the Dansville Sanitarium about a year ago. While Dr. Talmage was absent on a lecturing tour in the west last week he received a telegram summoning him to his wife's bedside He at once canceled all his engagements and hastened back, to find that there was very little hope for the patient's recovery, and he remained with her until the end came.

Mrs. Talmage was the second wife of is first wife was Dr. Talmage. drowned while boating in 1862, leaving a daughter, Miss Jessie, and a son, who has since died. Dr. Talmage at that time lived in Philadelphia and the accident occured at Fairmount dam. Two years afterwards the doctor married Miss Susie Whittemore of Brooklyn. She became the mother of five children, Rev. Frank de Witt Talmage, Mrs. Dorin. Mrs. Mangan, Miss Maud and Miss Daisy Talmage.

The Fortman's Folded Arms. Can anyone tell me, asks a London Graphic writer, why a groom or a page boy, or a footman on a carriage sits with his arms folded? probably is the orthodox custom and doubtless looks very smart, but it is difficult to understand wht useful purpose it can possibly serve. The object of having another servant besides the coachman on a carriage is that he should be of immediate service in case of emergency and allow the driver to give his undivided attention to horses. A man with his arms folded must lose time—even a few seconds is often of the greatest importance. because he has to unfold them before he can make use of them. Another thing, the arms being so long in one position not infrequently cramped, and it is some time before the muscles recover their usual suppleness and utility. Surely there must be some important motive for the attiture referred to-beyond it being the fashion I confess I am unable to under-

stand the reason of it. Subscribe for THE WEEKLY SUN. NOVA SCOTIA RIFLEMEN.

An Address Presented to Hon. Mr. Dickey and the Reply of the Minister of Militia.

More Lee-Metford Rifles for the Militia of Canada Close of the Annual Meeting.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 14.-The shoot ing at the Provincial rifle meeting today was the most sucessful in the annals of the association. There were two hundred and fifty men on the range and the shooting average was unusually high. Major Bishop of the 63rd battalion won the first prize in the all-comers match with a score of 62 out of a possible 70. Private Stevens of the 63rd took second with 61,and Lieut. Bent, 93rd Batt., third, with the In the battalion shooting, teams of

ten men from each, the 68th won first prize, a silver bugle and forty dollars cash, score 394. The 63rd took second with 393 points, winning twenty-five dollars. The Halifax garrison artillery, third. On the General Williams competition

Gunner McEachern, H. G. A., won the gold watch and twelve dollars, with his score of 74 points. Major Bishor Sergeant Major Case, H. G. A., wor

the ladies' competition with a score of 33. There were seven others 33 scores (Special to The Sun.)

Halifax, Aug. 15.-The thirty-sec annual meeting of the Provincial Rifle Association practically ended today, The prizes were presented by the min of militia. Before the ceremony Hon. Mr. Dickey was presented with the following address: The council of the Provincial Rifle

association of Nova Scotia, representing the militia of the province, tender you a most cordial welcome upon this your first official visit among the members of the force, for it is a matter of especial rejoicing to us as Nova Sco tians to have the head of the department a fellow Nova Scotian. As a Nova Scotian you need feel nothing but pride, for the reports of the different inspecting officers show that the various branches of the service in this province have ever stood among the most efficient in the dominion. With a knowledge of the several steps taken are encouraged to hope that the active militia has secured a firm friend, who will strive to obtain for that portion fire broke out while the Doctor of the force the consideration it should receive. For these reasons we believe it is giving expression to the sentiment of the force when we tender you a most hearty welcome today, assuring you that every corps in the province will endeavor to strengthen your hands by maintaining the proud position now occupied. We most sincerely trust you will not estimate the hearti ness of our welcome by the shortness of this address, for soldiers are not given to making of long speeches or the utterance of words of flattery.

In reply, Hon. Mr. Dickey said would endeavor to speak as a soldier should, briefly and to the point. The interests of the militia of Canada were dear to him, and he would always endeavor to perform the duties of his position justly and impartially. There vere two things he regretted. The first was the lack of money for the service, and the second was political wire pulling which often acted prejudicially to the interests of the force He would try to avert the evil results of such political influence, and would not allow it to interfere with the discharge of his duty. Many valuable additions were contemplated to the militia equipment, and he would start announcement that \$50,000 with the worth of Lee-Metford rifles would be in the hands of the militia before next season Then Canada would have the best of soldiers armed with the best of

Among the visitors on the range was Major Clarke of the 90th Winnipeg. The Merchants' cup was won by Gunner Campbell, H. G. A., with 88 points. The skirmishing match for the Laurie bugle was won by the 63rd Rifles. While in Rome she became ill with Gunner Campbell wins the governor Roman fever and, accompanied by one general's silver medal for the special aggregate. He also wins the grand aggregate medal and badge.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S STORY.

Frederick Villiers, the war correspondent, asked if he had ever had a presentiment of coming death, replied: "Certainly not, otherwise I shouldn't be here. I have been through dozens of battles; I've had horses and camels shot under me, and my clothes cut by bullets, but I've never got so much as a scratch. But wait till I get a presentiment. I came near having one at this Port. Arthur affair, very near You know the engagement began at six o'clock in the morning, and all through the previous night we had been on the march, climbing up steep roads on the great mountain table land, where the Chinese forts were. I hadn't slept much for days, and as my little donkey stumbled along, hour after hour, through the silence of the night. I felt a sense of despondency taking possession of me. Then I noticed that a horned moon was shining in the sky, always a bad omen to

"Is it for me, I said to myself, looking at the silver points. 'Is this going to be my turn ?"

"When the guns began firing at the dawn, the moon with its sinister horns was still shining, but low on the horizon now, and right over the Chinese When I saw that I got as forts. merry as a boy. I understood that the moon's menace was only for the wretched Chinamen, and rode about among the shells as light-hearted as if I had been in a ball-room. I knew no harm was coming to me, and none

"Do you mean that you rode on a donkey all through the battle ?" "I rode on the donkey as long as the little beast would let me. But donkeys, like horses, don't enjoy the shrick of shells. You know a shell passing six feet away from a man will blow him. over, and passing within two feet of him will make him deaf for life, and perhaps kill him outright. So I had to walk about the field most of the day; indeed, I generally prefer to be on my own legs under action."

Then Villiers told another story. "I must tell you about the time I charged a Russian battery all alone, or rather it was a crazy horse that I was on that did it, and I stayed with the horse. This was in the Russo-Turkish campaign, at the battle of the River Lom. Archibald Forbes and I had gone ahead skirmishing between the lines during the engagement, a very foolish proceeding. My horse suddenly took fright and ran away straight towards the lines of the en-emy, the Turks. I managed to saw his head round and then he charged straight up the slope of the Russian battery, which was spitting out hell fire at the opposing army. I saw there was nothing for it but to let the brute have his way, and up we went towards the guns, the horse running like mad and I hugging his neck. When he reached the parapet he paused just a second to gather his strength, and then with a splendid bound cleared the line of discharging cannons and landed me among the astonished gunners, who immediately put me under arrest and dragged me before the commanding officer.

"And what did he do?" 'Oh, he laughed," answered Villiers

TO ENGLAND IN THREE DAYS.

A Multiple Propeller Boat is Expected To Do It. New York, Aug. 13 .- The model of

a steamship designed to make 38 nautical miles an hour and to cross the ocean in three days was exhibited in the Maritime exchange by Richard Painton, the inventor of the system of propulsion. It is thus described in his own words:

"My object in exhibiting here is to form a stock company with a paid-in capital of \$3,000,000. The model represents a vessel 636 feet long, capable of carrying 2,500 passengers, 400 officers and sailors, 5,000 tons of coal, 4.000 tons of freight, 40 tons of food for the passengers and 300 tons of

food for the crew.
"I gave the model a successful trial before the board of naval constructors and engineers at Philadelphia, and I have the assurance of Chief Engineer Melville of the navy that my system of distributing power and my patent propellers will revolutionize the construction of ocean-going vessels. I will exhibit the model before the house of representatives and the senate when congress convenes in December, and I will endeavor to have an appropriation bill passed to build a cruiser that will be superior to anything that the naval powers of the world can show. The distribution of power is the whole secret. We have a series of from 14 to 20 propellers, four at the stern, four at the bow, and from four to eight on each side of the vessel. They are all worked by independent motors, and a vessel could be propelled by any one of them. Again, the distribution of power permits a vessel to run on its own axis. The engines are worked like ordinary stationary engines ashore. The shafts that work the propellers are from 12 to 35 feet in length, and weigh from to 10 ton each. At present the shafts of an ocean steamship are 65 feet long and weigh about 50 tons. The four propellers on the bows have a two-fold duty. In the first place they help to propel the ship either forward, backward or sideways, and in the second place they keep the bow steady in rough weather and save the strain on the stern propellers. The motors are not connected with each other. They have a capacity of six and one eighth horse power and can work the propellors at an average speed of 1,800 revolutions per minute. Under

knots an bour. "A vessel propelled by such a system would save fully 60 per cent. in coal. Should some of the propellers become disabled, the passengers would not be subjected to any worry or dis-comfort, as was the case on La Gassogne last winter. I estimate the cost of a passenger steamer at about \$1,-500,000. This would cover the cost of every modern convenience.

The secret of the alternating propeller is this: The blades are constructed like a fish's tail. When the blades strike the water they present a great surface of resistance, and while recovering they present a surface akin to the edge of a knife, and by having two propellers in succession the other takes up the work that the first one cannot accomplish. No power is lost, and no wash results from the whole series of propellers.

"The whole system of propellers is worked by a switchboard, which is operated in the chart house. Any propeller can be run or stopped at will, and in this way the captain is independent of his officers or crew.

MICHIGAN WOMEN

After the Scalp of Hon. A. F. Martin

(Despatch to Boston Standard.) Detroit, Mich., Aug. 9.—The Wo-man's American Protective Association of Michigan has adopted the following in answer to the Manitoba legislature, whose recent criticisms of the public schools of this country have called forth such indignant protests in all parts of this country:

Whereas, Hon. A. F. Martin, on the floors of the Manitoba legislature, stated that things were being taught in the public schools of the United States, and especially of Boston, that were unfit to be repeated or published; "And, whereas, it is the desire of the American people to oppose all teaching detrimental to the youth of the nation, we, as women of council No. 5, W. A. P. A., of Detroit, Mich., do protest and offer the following:

"Resolved, that as patriotic women loyal to our American institutions, and especially our public schools, we do hereby demand of Hon. A. F. Martin proof of the assertion herein made, or a retraction of the same, through the

Hildesheim's famous thousand-yearold rose tree was threatened with de-cay, but the botanists and gardeners called in have succeeded not only in preserving it, but in making it bloom heavily again this year.

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TELEG

Ottawa, Aug. itia Dickey will senate of Toronto he is M. A., to re in arts of his dist will accept the Hon. Mr. Ives,v writes that he is and will sail from ada on Sept. 17th The agriculture

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discovered. Investis proceeding. M of the veterinary was probably cor ed by exposure Ottawa, Aug. annuations in the toms made on the complete the proment. Another b tions and abolit nounced. Colector Arthur is supera year; salary \$1,00 is J. Wylie. Nia duced to an ou and the collec outport of Rockla ed and the serv Rondeau dispens itoba, is made a peg. Collector Bo B., is retired at Cyr is appointed John F. Stairs, married Helen The bride is a nie

M. P. Ottawa, Aug. 1 tistician has analysist of 1894 for th entitled to vote election, a gain vision of 1891. of the population qualified voters gains 81, 222; Qu tia, 21,079; New E. Island. 1.180: ritories, 4,834; B The deposits ernment saving amounted to \$

\$355.144; leaving, the end of the 1 The Canadian to apply for lette ation. The pro Montreal, London bec horse owner ing a Canadian greed horses and ings; capital, \$10 ior department the success of h sing district, On patriated French chigan. He den the failure of as a malicious political agents

liscourage the them to return Paradis says n Most of the fa acres under cro Ottawa, Aug. the New York s bers of the go arrange for the tions in the St. Islands. They plans for the Ir The state of lands, but the to a plan of ex the scheme. It pend the Unite in regard to American water The newly con toms board held

Sir A. P. Car meeting at Lal trict on Sunday sion of the vis and there was new settlement perous settlers Contracts h the constructio 75 box cars an & Co. of Amhe per cars. The

Montreal, A surprising if resumed payr the \$900,000 in redeemed up than half of other banks v St. Vincent d

to \$25,000 thro

friend in Hol Quebec, Aug cona, which Aug. 4th, we seven miles be ers were sent expect to have has a general to Reford of Montreal. to the number New Prunswi ployment. Th received here cent of the w and seventytributed thro being eagerly from \$25 to \$40 sion is that itimates of yield will be bushels per a The gathe societies of A ed in Wilkes ed as the ner election of c year resulted Peter Kinne president, A. second vice-Wilkesbarre, Ross, New Yo Keown, Chic

John Picker

committee, J

and Wm. Se

McLeod, Sc

Montreal.