

DAILY RIGHTEUSNESS.

There is Danger to the Church From Reckless Drivers.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on Church Men Bers Calling for a Wider-Spread and More Continuous Christianity.

A despatch from Washington says:—The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "The driving is like the driving of Jehu, the Son of Nimshi; he driveth furiously."—2 Kings ix. 20.

Joram, wounded in battle, lies in a hospital at Jezreel. The watchman, standing in the tower, looks off and sees against the sky, horsemen and chariots. A messenger is sent out to find who is coming, but does not return. Another messenger is sent, but with the same fate. The watchman, standing in the tower, looks off upon the advancing troops, and gets more and more excited, wondering who is coming. But before the cavaliers come up the matter is decided. The watchman cannot deny the features of the approaching man, but he exclaims, "I have found out who it is; the driving is like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously."

By the flash of that one sentence, we discover Jehu's character. He came with such speed, not because he had an errand to do, but because he was urged on by a headlong disposition, which had won him the name of a reckless driver, even among the watchmen. The chariot plunges until you almost expect the wheels to crash under it, or some of the princely party to be thrown out, or the horses to become utterly unmanageable. But he always goes so; and he becomes a type of that class of persons to be found in all the communities, who in worldly and in religious affairs may be styled reckless drivers.

To this class belong all those who conduct their worldly affairs in a headlong way, without any regard to prudence or righteousness. You have no right to shut the door of your office or store against the principles of our holy religion. That minister of Christ does not do his whole duty who does not plainly and unmistakably bring the gospel face to face with every style of business transaction. Many a man sits in his pew on Sunday night, and sings Rock of Ages, and rolls up his eyes, very piously, who on coming out at the close of the service, shuts the pew-door, and says, "Good-bye, religion; I will be back next Sunday!" A religion that does not work all the week as well as on Sunday, is no religion at all.

We have a right, in a Christian manner, to point out those who, year by year, are jeopardizing not only their welfare, but the interests of others in reckless driving. As a hackman having lost control of a flying span, is apt to crash into other vehicles, until the property and lives of a whole street are endangered, so a man driving his worldly calling with such loose reins, that, after a while, it will answer his voice or hand, puts in peril the commercial interests of scores or hundreds. There are to-day in our midst many of our best citizens who have come from affluence into straitened circumstances, because there was a partner in their firm, or a cashier in their bank, or an agent representing their house, or one of their largest creditors, who, like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, was a furious driver.

Against all this, it is high time that the Church of God wakes up. Who else will expose the wrongs? Not the law! Almost any man can sue, that, if he has money enough. Sheriffs, policemen, and police officers have for their work to see that no defrauder, if means get too badly hurt. Once in a while, a swindler is arrested, and if the case be too notoriously flagrant, the culprit is condemned; but the officials having him in charge must take the express train and get to Sing Sing in the briefest time, or the governor's pardon gets there before him.

We have felt of lightning when we get on the track of a woman who has stolen a paper of pins; or a freighting man who has abstracted a scuttle of coal; but when we go out in pursuit of some man who has struck down the interests of a hundred, and goes up along the Hudson to build his mansion, the whole city hangs on our skirts, crying: "Don't you hurt him!" It is, therefore, left to the Church of God to make these things odious and penal. Everybody knows that there stand in the membership of our churches men who devour widows' houses, and digest them, and for a pretense make long prayers. There are stock gamblers who are trustees of churches; in the eldership, those who grind the faces of the poor; and while the Church will expel from its membership the drunkard or the libertine, which of our churches has risen up to the courageous point of saying to a defrauder, be he great or little, president of a bank, or keeper of a cigar shop, worth a million, or a bankrupt, shall not come unchallenged to our holy communion! The Church of God wants nothing so much to-day as to be swept out. But an ordinary sweeping will not do the work. It needs to be scrubbed. The time must soon come when the Church will break her down. If a teamster, passing down the street, dashes heedlessly along, and runs down a child, the reckless commercial drivers, who stop not for the right of others, and who dash on to make their fortunes over

the heads of innocence, virtue and religion's chastisements. Some time ago, in the city of New York, a young man in a jeweller's store, stood behind the counter, offering gold rings to a customer. He said, "Those rings are fourteen carats." The lady replied, "I want a ring of sixteen carats," and not getting what she wanted, went away. The head man of the firm came and said to the clerk, "Why did you not tell her that these rings were sixteen carats?" He replied, "I cannot deceive anybody." The head man of the firm severely reprimanded him, and said to the clerk, "You never can get along in this way. It is lawful in business to make these little misrepresentations!" Who was the young man? A hero! Who was the gentleman representing the firm? A deacon in a Brooklyn church.

Meanwhile this class of defrauders increases—more during the war than before it; more now than in war-times. In those days of large contracts, and convulsions in the gold-market, and sutlerships in the army, multitudes of men got so in the habit of cheating that they cannot stop. In those days they bought a very splendid house and their roan span, and formed acquaintance with the high families on the best square; and means must somehow be obtained to continue in the same style, for keep house they ought, and drive the roan span they will, and walk the beach at the watering-place with the Astors they must. Clear the track for these reckless drivers.

Firmly not worth a dollar dazzling a whole city with their splendor of equipment! Officials having in charge public funds invest them in private speculations. Debts repudiated! Property surreptitiously put out of one's hands! Members of our State Legislature with small salaries helped into great extravagances by railroad monopolies! Three-fourths of the country in debt to the other fourth! Fortunes made in 3 weeks. Honest men derided as imbecile, and as not living up to their privileges! New York common councilmen, with no salaries getting rich! All the cities falling into the same line. All our streets, alleys, and courts filled with the thundering wheels of reckless drivers.

When I see in the community, men with large incomes but larger outgoes, rushing into wildest undertakings, their pockets filled with circulars about gold in Canada, and rich in Missouri, and fortunes everywhere, launching out in expenditures to be met by the thousands they expect to make, with derision dashing across the path of sober men depending upon their industry and honor of success, I say, "Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously." When I see a young man, not content to go to college, but to go to Europe on credit, spending in one night's carousal a month's salary, taking the few hundred dollars given him for the purchase of a carriage, and the regal wardrobe, ashamed to work, anxious only for display, regardless of his father's counsel, and the example of the thousands who, in a short while, are wrecked body, and mind, and soul in scheming or dissipation, I say, "Here he comes, the son of Nimshi, driving furiously."

I would that on the desk of every counting-house, and on the bench of every tribunal, there were a bible, and that by its instruction all business men were regulated, and that they would see that godliness is profitable for the life that is, as well as for that which is to come; and that business dishonesty is a spiritual disaster; and that a man may be the leader of a Methodist class, or the trustee of a Baptist church, or an example in a Quaker meeting-house, or a vestryman in an Episcopal parish, or an elder in a Presbyterian church, and yet go to perdition.

Thus far my discourse may not have touched your case, and I consider that sermon a failure which does not strike every one somewhere. I have no desire to escape personal preaching. What is the use of going to church if not to be made better? I never feel satisfied when I sit in church unless the preacher strikes some of my sins, and arouses me out of some of my stupidities. Now, you may, in worldly affairs, be cautious, true, honorable, and exemplary; but I am I not right when I say that all those who are speeding toward eternity without preparation—flying with the years, and the months, and the weeks, and the days, and the moments, and the seconds toward an unalterable destiny, yet uncertain as to where they speed, are reckless drivers? What would you think of a stage-driver with six horses and twenty passengers, in the midnight, when it is so dark that you cannot see your hand before your face, dashing at full run over bridges and along by dangerous precipices? Such a man is present compared with one who, amid the perils of this life, dashes on toward an unknown eternity, not knowing where he goes. If, in driving, you come to the forks of a road, and one goes to the right, and the other to the left, you stop and make inquiry as to which road you ought to take. "Ponchito, you have come to the forks of a road. One leads to heaven and the other to hell. Which road will you take?" The road to the right is a little rough—a year, you may find it very rough. It has been much cut up with the hoof-marks of the cavalry of temptation. There are a great many steep hills. You will see where torrents of tribulation have washed the road away. The bones of the martyrs are scattered

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ed along the road. I will not deceive you—some have found it a very rough way; but I tell every man who might think it is the right way. It comes out at the right place. There is a great house at the end of it built for you. As you come up, you will see Christ ready to greet you. At the gate, you will find enough of the waters of the Jordan to wash the sweat from your cheek, and the soiling from your brow, and the dust from your feet. Talk about castles of marble and granite! This one is cleft of amethyst, and chalcodony, and pearl. Talk of banqueting! The spoils of the universe are gathered at this table, and all who sit at it are kings and queens.

But notwithstanding the brilliant termination of the road, you halt at the forks, because the left-hand road is a great deal smoother; and some of you will drive in that way. I see multitudes of people who do not even stop to look at the right way. The couriers behind which they go are panting with the speed, nostrils distended, foam dropping from the bit and whinching the reins, but still urged on with lash and shout and laughter; the reins undrawn; the embankments unwatched; the speed unnoticed. Alas for the reckless drivers! They may fully under way, the peril and seize the reins, and lay back with all their might, and put on the brakes, and cry for help until their hands are numb, and their feet start from their sockets, and their breath stops, and the heart chills, as over the rocks they plunge, tumbling and chariot, and horseman, tumbling in long-rolling crash of ruin.

Some are drawn along by sinful pleasures—a wild team that ran away with all who have persisted in riding behind them. Some are drawn along by no saving of the bit can stop them. They start at every sudden sight or sound; and where it needs a slow step to great care, they go with bound terror, their eyes are aflame with terrors, and their hoofs red with the blood of men whose life they have dashed out; and what is worse, the drivers scourge them into more furious speed. We come out and tell them of dangers ahead, but with jeers they pass on. The wild team smoke with the speed, and their flying feet strike fire, and the rumbling of their wheels over rotten bridges that span awful chasms is answered by the rumbling of the heavens: "Because I called and ye refused, ye stretched out your hands and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh."

When this world gets full power over a man, he might as well be dead. He is dead! When Sisera came into the house of Jael she gave him something to drink, and got him asleep on the floor. She then took a tent peg from the side of her tent, and a mallet, and drove the peg through the brain of Jael into the floor. So the world feeds a man and flatters a man, and when it has him sound asleep, strikes his life out.

The trouble is that most reckless drivers do not see their peril until it is too late to stop. Young men, go to the almshouse hospital, and see the festering, disgusting end of those who have surrendered themselves to sensuality, and their flung them down their body feasting on the refuse of other mark, their nails dropping loose; their limbs rotting off; their nostrils eaten away; their eyes quenched; their breath stinking; their hair falling out; their teeth falling out; their house—their wife in the consuming tortures of a libertine, dead-bed. Do they like it? Oh, no! If they had but gradually come to a complete stop, they could have had a release from the horrors which this moment shrank over the couch, where the tears of their anguish mingle with the bloody ichor that exudes from their ulcers.

Young man before you mount the chariot of sin, go and see the end of those who have yielded to the power of sin as fair a check as you can get, and as a heart. They stepped very gradually aside. They read French novels. They looked at bad pictures. They went into dissipated associations. Out of curiosity, and just to see for themselves, they entered the house of sin. They were caught in snares that had been set for them, and they were far away from the help of their friends. Farewell to peace! Farewell to heaven! Perhaps there are some here who say, "What a God! He will not let me do that!" I cannot say. I know that I am on the wrong road, and that I have been a reckless driver; but I try to rein in my swift appetites, and I try to keep my feet on the safe path. I have a hope of return, such that there is an Almighty hand which can pull back these wild racers. Ho, those who seek the stars answer, and heaven commands the chariots of heaven to come and flatter a man, and master for these temptations. Helpless yourself, and unable to guide these wild courses, give Jesus Christ the reins. Mighty to save unto the uttermost!

Better stop now. Some years ago, near Princeton, New Jersey, some young men were skating on a pond around an "air-hole," and the ice began to break in. Some of them stopped; but a young man said, "I am not afraid! Give us one round more!" He swung nearly round, when the ice broke, and not until the next day was his lifeless body found. So men go on in sin. They are warned. They expect soon to stop. But they cry, "Give us one more!" They start, but with a wild crash break through into bottomless perdition. Do not risk it any longer. Stop now. God save us from foolhardiness of the one round more!

I thank God that I have met you tonight, and been permitted to tell you which is the right road and which the wrong road. You must take one or the other. I leave you at the forks; choose for yourselves!

And may God have mercy upon all reckless drivers!

Lord Kitchener's first important piece of work in Egypt was at Debbeh, where as Quartermaster-General and Deputy Assistant Adjutant, he did his utmost to keep open communication with Gordon at Khartoum for the expedition which vainly tried to rescue him in the autumn of 1884.

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THE BATTLE OF GLENGOE.

BULLETS FELL LIKE A HAILSTORM, DOING DEADLY EXECUTION.

A Vivid Account of This Terrible Fight in Letters From the Seat of War.

The fight we had at Dundee was a terrible affair. On Friday morning we fell in on parade at 4.30 a.m., to guard against a daybreak attack as we knew from our spies that the Boers were somewhere in the hills around the camp. We stood on parade until daybreak, 5.30 a.m., and then we were dismissed and went to our tents. We were all chatting and having a smoke, when suddenly shells from eight guns started pouring over our heads. We turned out to find the Boers on a hill called Talana, about one and a half miles from camp. Our General at once sent out to attack them in the following order: Dublin Fusiliers in the first line, King's Royal Rifles in the second, and the Irish Fusiliers in reserve, also twelve field guns.

We marched towards the hill until we got about 1,000 yds from it, when we halted in a ditch while our artillery gave them a good shelling. They shot so straight that in forty minutes they had blown all the Boer guns to pieces, so that all we had to face now were bullets.

We had to get across open ground about 500 yds. wide, and as we passed over it the bullets fell like a hailstorm, the men falling in all directions and although we crossed in about eight minutes we had at least one hundred men killed and wounded. When we got to the other side of this ground, there was a wood, which we entered, thinking the trees would give us a bit of protection, but it was worse still there, because we were nearer to them, and they shot about another thirty men, so we advanced again.

As we left the other side of the wood our General got hit in the stomach and had to retire, and the next senior officer wanted us to retire also, but the troops would not do so, as they stood as much chance of getting hit in going back as in going forward, so we kept advancing until we were about 200 yds. from the top, and there our troops lay behind the rocks and peeped through the crevices, and could see them falling all along the ridge, and this so cheered our troops that they fixed their bayonets and rushed up to the top.

As soon as the Boers saw that we intended a charge they fled in all directions, we firing into their backs. When the Boers got to the bottom of the hill they found the 18th Hussars waiting to charge them, so they hoisted the white flag, and went on their hands and knees for mercy. All over the top of the hill we found hundreds of their dead and wounded. I shall never forget the sight so long as I live.

We sent a few messengers to the Boers to ask them to come and fetch their dead and wounded. Instead of burying the dead, they flung them down a coal mine, where I suppose they are still lying. They are nothing but a lot of white savages. They carried their wounded into farmhouses, and sent their messengers to fetch the wounded, but never gave them anything to eat or a drop to drink; so we took them seventy loaves and killed and cooked a hundred for the poor fellows. As we halted for the poor fellows, they actually spat at us, but we had to take no notice of them, as they were in such pain and agony from wounds.

I should say there were about 1,200 of them wounded, and there must be 200 dead. Their force was 8,000 at the start, and our attacking party had 3,500, so I think we had a glorious victory, and I shall be glad to get home to explain it to you.

And now I think I have got worse to tell you. On the day after our fight, just as we were about to bury our dead, our spies brought in information to say they had seen about 12,000 Boers, with twelve guns getting out of the bush, and dressed their camp, so we were at once ordered to get ready for another fight. We got ready, and waited to see what hill they were going to take up a position on. They placed themselves on a hill a mile from our camp, and our General made us stand by and watch the Boers get the guns into position ready to shell us—he would not let us attack them until they had got all their guns ready. Then he marched us about three miles from camp, thinking we were out of range of their shells, but we soon found their guns were 40-pounders and their shells could reach us six miles away—so we moved out of range.

When the Boers started they could not reach us they started shelling our camp and afterward our hospital, where we had about 200 wounded men so we had to go and fetch our wounded away from the camp. While we were doing this they poured hundreds of shells into us, and yet not one man got injured, although the shells were dropping all round us. We placed our wounded behind a hill out of harm's way, and then went back for tents for them, but still not one man was hit. On the Sunday morning we went out to attack them, but found there were too many of them, as, besides the 12,000 which had come by train, they had the remnants of the force we had defeated on the Friday.

When we got back again our General told us the only thing we could do was to retire on to Ladysmith; he also told us that the proper road to attack them was held by the Boers, and that we should have to go a roundabout way—about 100 miles instead of sixty. All our provisions were in camp except a few tins of biscuits and tinned beef, so we asked the General to march us day and night, so as to get to Ladysmith as soon as possible. I cannot describe the horrors of this march to you. We had eaten all

our food on Tuesday night, although we had been kept as short as possible. We were told it was our last meal, and no more till Ladysmith. That meant no food and a thirty-three mile march—all the time the rain was pouring down in torrents. Well, we started at 3 a.m. on Wednesday morning and arrived here at 9 a.m., on Thursday—30 hours' marching on an empty stomach, soaked to the skin, and up to our knees in mud. But when we got here we had a reception that repaid us all for our hardships. As we marched through the town the women and children carried our packs and rifles for us, and the men carried our fellows who were footsore on their backs until we got into camp.

DINNER IN HOLLAND.

When the members of a Dutch family dine, the daughters join their mothers in contributing to the pleasure of the occasion. The dinner is simple, but the viands are excellent and well cooked. Soup or bouillon is served first. Fish is the next course, which consists of sole and gratin, with a rich brown sauce. Then follows veal, roasted, stuffed with chestnuts, and garnished with rings of beet root and lemon. She concludes with a cold sweet—some kind of pudding made with eggs and milk, ornamented with dried cherries and flavored with marmalade.

The service of the table is plain—no flowers, but the cloth is of the finest damask and the silver and crystals are both massive and sparkling. There is a great variety of vegetables, and these are placed on little stoves on the table. These stoves contain a remarkably fine pea, which has been brought to a uniform state of heat and is served free from any visible smoke. Every tea kettle and urn which is brought to the table is kept hot by a simple apparatus of this kind and by the same method tea and coffee may be always had at any hour of the day and always hot.

After dinner black coffee is handed round, rich and sweet, and served in the quaintest of Serres cups and saucers. No domestics wait at this Dutch family dinner table. The daughters of the house perform this service, and judge from their happy faces, dimpling with girlish smiles, it appears to be a delightful task. Evidently the small table maids are the pets of the household.

AN APPETIZING SAUCE.

Lentils are cheap and cook some like split dried peas. They were combined with lima beans in the croquettes. Soak one cup of lentils and three-quarters cup of lima beans, over night. Drain, add two quarts of water, one-half onion, one stalk of celery, four slices of carrot, and a sprig of parsley. Cook until soft, take out the sea-weeds and rub through a sieve. Add one cup of dried bread crumbs, one beaten egg and salt and pepper to taste. Melt one and one-half level tablespoonsful of butter, and one and one-half level tablespoonsful of flour, and pour on gradually one-third cup of hot-cream; add this sauce to the first mixture, and if it still seems too thick add a little more cold cream. Shape into croquettes, dip in crumbs, egg and crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Drain and serve with a tomato sauce made with three level tablespoonsful each of butter and flour cooked together, and one and one-half cups stewed and strained tomatoes added with the usual seasonings.

A GOOD SPICE CAKE. One tablespoonful of butter, one-half cup of sugar, two whole eggs and yolks of six more. Mix this well, then add one cup of golden syrup or honey, and one tablespoonful of brandy. After stirring all together well, add three and one-quarter cups of flour, two cups of shelled peans, two tablespoonsful of baking powder, two tablespoonsful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, and one-quarter cup of bitter chocolate grated. Spread as thin as possible in greased bread pans, and bake in a quick oven.

ROYAL TREES.

Some of the queens of England have been in the habit of choosing a fine and thriving oak or beech tree in Windsor Forest to which they have given their name, which, with the date of the month, and year of selection, is engraved on a brass plate, and screwed securely to the tree; thus, in one of the most beautiful and retired parts of the forest: Queen Anne's oak may be seen; the oak of the cousin of George II., Queen Caroline, the oak of Queen Charlotte, the oak of Queen Adelaide, as well as that of her present Majesty.

GOOD LOGIC.

Larry—Norah hung her jersey jacket over the stove and it wuz scorched. Did ye hear about it, Dinny? Denny—O! did; an' Oi also hur-rud that it changed the 'jacket' completely. Larry—How phas that? Denny—Well, ye see, it phas a jersey jacket which shue hung it thoo, but phas, after it wuz scorched it phas a smoking jacket.

CAPTAIN OF THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMBTON.

Captain of the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, of H. M. S. Powerful, who, with his naval brigade, rendered such signal service to Sir George White in Natal, may claim to be regarded as one of the most fortunate officers in the navy. He served as commander in the Osborne at the age of twenty-six, and became a captain at thirty-two. Since then he has been flag-captain on the Pacific station, and private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty. He is a brother of the Earl of Durham.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

When choosing geese and ducks for the table see that they have hard, plump breasts, and pliable, soft yellow feet. Equal parts of ammonia and turpentine will take paint out of clothing, no matter how dry and hard it may be. Saturate the spot two or three times, then wash out in soap-suds. For any one who takes cold easily, a piece of soft brown paper tacked inside the back of a dress or slip-body is invaluable. Thick cotton blouses can thus be worn when otherwise a thick dress would be required. Belladonna or iodine tincture is the best remedy to apply to sprains, and, if the sprain is at all severe, the part should be frequently bathed with hot water.

Warm baths will often prevent the most virulent diseases. A person who may be in fear of having received infection of any kind should take a warm bath, suffer perspiration to ensue, and then rub dry. He is advised to dress warmly to guard against taking cold. A French deserter having been arrested at Southampton and sent back to his regiment, the court-martial that tried him accepted as sufficient excuse that he wanted to help the Boers.

It would be of interest to know, says a war correspondent, if there has ever been a country so divested of its male population as the Transvaal is at this moment. It is a land of women and girls, boys under fifteen or sixteen, and a few old men. The rest are at the front in Natal, or across the Western border.

It is said that when the Naval Brigade made such a successful debut, at Ladysmith, No. 1 of the 47 gun said, on being told to fire at "Long Tom," "Can I hit him at 5,000 yards? Just half a moment!" And he did.

Even the educated Boer is wonderfully ignorant. When at lunch in the house of a well-known Johannesburger, Judge Koch observed that England could not put more than 40,000 men in the field, even if she brought her Indian army and the Volunteers into action.

The three Japanese naval and gunnery officers who are expected in England shortly to visit the various Government dockyards and depots, intend to pay special attention to the transport system, which appears to have greatly interested the Japanese Government. The clockwork-like manner in which troops have been got off without hindrance to trade and without single hitch is the admiration of the world and the envy of the Continent. The Japanese are not afraid to show their appreciation openly.

The regiment which, not long since, stormed the Boer position at Kimberley at the point of the bayonet is the only one in the service entitled to use the distinction, "Loyal," its full name being the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. It is also one of the seven territorial regiments which have the black line in the gold lace of rose pattern. This black line was introduced into the lace in memory of the taking of Quebec in 1759, when this regiment, then known as Wolfe's Own, lost their commander, General Wolfe, in the moment of victory.

The bridge at Hopetown, over which Lord Methuen's column, has recently advanced, is the most remarkable structure of the kind in Cape Colony. Its total length is no less than 1,400 ft. The bridge at Alwal North is only 350 ft. long. Hopetown is notable as being the last town on the Orange River. A few huts or scattered farmsteads are the only signs of human habitation along the great waterway for 600 miles to the Atlantic.

By the kindness of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and over the viser of Major-General Sir J. C. Ardagh, Director of Military Intelligence, the hon. Secretary of the Imperial War Fund has been enabled to instruct the officers commanding depots in Natal to at once pay over to the widow of every regular soldier or Colonial volunteer killed in action the sum of £10, these officers being empowered to draw on Messrs. Cox & Co., the treasurers of the Imperial War Fund, through the friendly mediation of the Natal Bank.

ABOUT CRIMINALITY.

In an article on "Women and the Emotions," by Prof. Mantegazza, there are some interesting statistics showing that those modern sociologists who hold that women are men's equals in the field of criminality are wrong. Here are some of them: Man bears false witness 100 times to a woman's seventeen. Man for forgery and counterfeit coinage was convicted 100 times to a woman's eleven. In France women are summoned before the tribunals four times less than men. In France in 1880 women delinquents were fourteen to 100 men. In Italy in the same year they were only 9 per cent.

In Algeria we have ninety-six male delinquents and only four women. In England and Wales between 1831 and 1842 there were twenty-four women to 100 men, all for the more serious offenses.

In 1871 Dr. Nicholson found in the prisons of England 8,218 men and 1,217 women.

In Bavaria from 1862 to 1866, in a population consisting solely of peasants, the women who were condemned were in proportion twenty-nine to 10 men.

In the prisons of Turin from 1871 to 1881 the women in respect to men are represented by a figure of 13.67 per cent. Taking the whole of Europe, women are, the professor says, five times less guilty than men.

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