

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

VOL. IV

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N. O.

The Weekly Messenger

MONTREAL'S WINTER CARNIVAL.

On Monday next, January 26th, the grand winter carnival begins at Montreal and lasts throughout an entire week. Judging by present progress, the magnificent Ice Castle, the beautiful Condora, and the mammoth Ice Lion will be completed in time, provided only that the weather—which is now all that could be desired—continues propitious. To read the official programme containing a *resumé* of the various sports and pastimes arranged for those six days almost take away one's breath. Tobogganing, skating, curling, snowshoeing and other carnivals follow in rapid succession, together with driving, torchlight processions, fireworks displays, bombarding the ice castle and other fun *ad libitum*. A very large influx of visitors is expected, and one of the most successful week's amusement ever inaugurated in Canada is confidently expected.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.

From Peking it is learned that China is divided in opinion on the Franco-Chinese embroglio. The masses of the people are said to favor war; but the wealthy members of the community desire peace. Then there are vast hordes of officials greatly interested in maintaining the present condition of things. The amount of speculation is said to be something astounding. It is also claimed that had the Chinese but twenty efficient men and trained officers aboard each of their men-of-war their fleet could sink Admiral Corbett's fleet with ease. The Empress is said to favor war. M. Ferry in the Paris Chamber of Deputies recently made an official declaration of the intention of the Government respecting Tonquin. General Camponen contended that the invasion was unprofitable and unworthy of the Republic, in view of the situation in Europe and the necessity of mobilizing the French army. M. Ferry said that the Government intended to immediately increase its energies in Tonquin nor would it stop until the whole country was occupied up to the frontier of the Chinese empire. The declaration produced a sensation, and was received with cheers and groans. M. Ferry also declared that the operations necessary to the proposed conquest of Tonquin need in no way compromise the military strength of France at home. The Republic had three millions of men, the best soldiers in the world, ready at a moment's notice to march in the cause of France. The army in Tonquin must be occupied, the time had passed for it to remain idle. The order was adopted by a vote of 294 to 234. The speech of the Premier made a profound sensation in Paris, the general impression being bad. Admiral Peyron has chartered six more steamers as transports, and General Lewal has been told to do as he pleases without being hampered by instructions and interference from the Council of Ministers.

Many retired German army officers have gone to China to instruct the Chinese army. The German Government cannot prevent this, but it prohibits officers actually in the army or in the army reserve from going.

THE EGYPTIAN PROBLEM.

From Egypt it is learned that the difficulties of the desert march are immense. Small parties wearing the Mahdi's uniform are met roaming in the desert. The heat is very trying and what water there is in the condition of pea soup, and the soldiers freely offer a dollar for a tumblerful. The force of General Stewart reached the well at Howeyiat on the tenth, and resumed their march at once. A fort and hospital has been erected there and a detachment left in charge. The natives in the vicinity are said to be friendly. General Wood is to remain at Korti in command of operations whilst Lord Wolseley passes to the front. The Egyptian soldiers whilst on the march to Gakdul behaved infamously. They drank the water belonging to others and refused to obey the Colonel when ordered to advance. The march was in fact, a terrible ordeal to the British. Thirty camels died, most of the water was lost. Provisions ran short owing to the want of animals to transport them. The soldiers suffered so from thirst that their tongues became too swollen to eat food, and for lack of water it was impossible to make soup. The glare of the sun has brought on bowel complaint, but the brave fellows bear their trials bravely and are anxious to meet the foe. General Lord Wolseley telegraphs on January 12th from Korti, that a large convoy has returned from Gakdul. They report the whole route quiet. The natives think the English soldiers Turks and are afraid to approach them, fearing ill-treatment. The Mahdi has written to the Bayuda Sheikhs saying that they are assisting the English and warning them that apostates, if caught, will be stoned, and if they escape, their relations and friends will suffer. The letter ends by saying: "Better slaughter your camels and throw them into the Nile than gain infidel money." General Gordon is reported to have had a brush with the rebels, whilst he was proceeding along the river with some armed steamers. One of his steamers was sunk, and the others dispersed the enemy. The Sultan is said to have sent 6,000 men to occupy Suakin on the east coast of Egypt, to chastise Osman Digna. The services of the five hundred Canadian voyageurs, who enlisted for six months to aid Lord Wolseley in getting up the Nile are now no more needed, and they are to be mustered out of service and will embark for home on February the 4th.

In Europe, M. Ferry proposes, in response to Lord Granville's note concerning Egypt, to extend taxation to European residents and traders in Egypt. He reserves for mutual discussion Lord Granville's proposals to deduct ten percent each from the Alexandria indemnity, the expenses of administration and the allowance of the army of occupation. Germany is said to have rejected the proposals regarding Egyptian finances recently submitted to the Powers by Eng-

land, and accepted the proposals of France. The English proposals ask for an indemnity of £4,500,000 for the occupation of Alexandria to be paid in five percent preference bonds. France stipulates that England cover the expenditure herself and guarantee an Egyptian loan. The Powers also ask England to convene a European Conference as soon as possible for the friendly discussion of the measures proposed to insure freedom on the Suez Canal, during peace or war, for European nations.

A Council of War was held at London on Sunday last, and the report quickly spread that England had decided to resist any attempt on the part of Turkey to land troops in Egypt. Orders for stores and ammunition were at once sent to all the arsenals and dockyards, and another battalion was ordered to embark for Malta for Egypt. The ministry is determined not to allow Turkey to interfere in Egyptian affairs.

THE CONGO.

Negotiations between the government of France and the African International Association are described as progressing favorably. The Association are to retain Stanley pool. The minor question of frontier remains undecided. The announcement in England that the British representative at the conference had been instructed to accept the French proposal for freedom of trade in the Congo country has caused considerable excitement especially in mercantile circles. It is said to be a trap to hand the country over to the African Association as soon as trade has been developed. An the withdrawal of agitation in favor of England's consent is in progress in several of the large cities. A large number of memorials on the subject are continually being received at the Foreign Office in London from all parts of the United Kingdom. From Berlin it is announced that a squadron of one ironclad and four gunboats will be sent out by Germany to reinforce the fleet on the west coast of Africa. The proposed railway to the interior is again receiving consideration, since the opinion has gained ground that unless a means of transportation to the interior is provided, the work of the Conference will be but limited in its practical results. Stanley has proved that the railway is needed, not only to ensure commercial advantages, but as a means of ensuring the safe arrival of colonists in the interior. As it is now half of the persons going into the central part of the country become invalids during the journey thither. Three reasons have been given by the American delegates for the participation of the United States in the Conference. Firstly, because America first officially recognized the African International Association; secondly, because the population of America comprises six million negroes, whose parent country is Africa, and thirdly, because Americans hitherto have been the main explorers of the country.

THE GERMAN Budget Committee has voted in favor of a credit of 150,000 marks for the explorations in Central Africa.

A SWORD DUEL NEAR VIENNA.

A sword duel between Austrian and Russian naval officers, in which both were seriously wounded, has just taken place in the neighborhood of Vienna under the following circumstances: An Austrian officer had been present, incognito, at the recent manoeuvres of the Russian navy at Cronstadt. On his return he published in the *Army and Navy Gazette*, a severe criticism of what he had seen, passing an unfavorable judgment on both men and material of the manoeuvring squadron. This article was discussed the other day in a company of officers where a Russian belonging to the imperial navy happened to be present. He took offence at something that was said by an Austrian comrade and sent him his second the next day, the result being as already stated.—*Vienna Dispatch to the London Daily Telegraph*.

AN INTERESTING little book, containing a large collection of anecdotes relating to Mr. Gladstone, has just been published by Mr. J. Rees, of Mold. The following is a characteristic specimen:—About forty years ago several haulers were employed in carrying pig iron from Brynabo to Queensferry. Among the number was one William Griffiths, who is still alive. This man, when going down to Tinkersdale one day, with his load of iron, was accosted by a stranger who chatted very freely with him. Among other questions, the stranger asked how much he got per ton for carrying the iron. "Six and sixpence," said the carter. "What weight have you on the cart?" "About a ton and a half." "And what do you pay for gates?" "Eighteen pence." "How much does it cost to keep the mare?" "Thirteen shillings a week." Presently they reached the foot of the Mill Hill. "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger. "Oh, I can get me shuder, and push up here." "I'll help you a bit," said he, and at once put his shoulder to the cart, and pushed up the hill well. When they reached the top the hauler said, "You an' Mr. Gladstone, was good as a chain horse." "Well, well," said the stranger, "I don't know how the horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?" "Yes thank you," said the hauler, and, wishing him good-day, they separated. As soon as the stranger was gone, a tradesman asked Griffiths if he knew who had been helping him. "No," said he, "he's a perfect stranger to me." "That was Mr. Gladstone," said the tradesman. Mr. Gladstone," responded the hauler, "I dun know what he'll think o' me then, for I never sir'd him nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer."

A REVOLUTION is progressing in five States of Columbia. Barranquilla has been captured and is held by the rebels. Cartagena was captured on the 13th and retaken by the National forces on Thursday. Troops have been sent from Panama to assist in the attack on Barranquilla. Another detachment has been sent to Buenaventura to assist in the restoration of order there.

HIS APPOINTED WORK.

BY J. W. DUNGEY.

CHAPTER I.

"When once I commence I shall work with a will and succeed and get my degrees, mother, and go into the Church and be an ornament to it, and then—"

The speaker was John Carlton. It was the close of a January day, in the small country village of Summerdale, and he was in the cosy little parlour of a comfortable house, standing before the window. John Carlton was what folks might fairly call a superior young man, for his intellect was keen and bright, and his character was full of those high excellences which command respect, and about his face and form, too, there was a nobility higher than the average.

Behind the speaker, in an easy chair at the fire-side, sat his mother, listening with pleased interest to his every word. He was the pride of her life; he was her only son, and she was a widow. Together mother and son had lived in the quiet retirement of Summerdale, on a small competency left them on the death of Mr. Carlton, the mother busy with thought for her boy, and leaning for earthly comfort on his strong, warm love, and the son studious and dutiful, filling the home with the sunshine of his presence. John Carlton, for a while after his school days had honorably closed, had been living without a purpose; but lately a great change had taken place in his life, a change not so visible to others as to himself, for it was that change which operates in the soul and revolutionizes a man's inner life. Now he saw himself as he was. Now he realized the presence of an omniscient God, judging the actions and thoughts of men; now he desired to live out of himself, and leaving those things which were before; and now had grown up in his soul the holy and great ambition to work for his Master. To that end there was no sphere of work like that of the Church which better fitted John Carlton's aims, and around that sphere his hopes now centred like star-garlands encircling a sun. An honored member of the English Church, he often pictured himself in some retired village, holding the weary, tending the sick, and relieving the poor, guiding one and all homeward and heavenward.

"Get my degrees, mother, go into the Church, be an ornament to it, and then—"

"And then ask Ruth Grey to be your wife; eh, John?"

"Yes, mother; that is what my intention is," he said, looking straight out of the window.

"Do you think she will say 'Yes,' John? You know she is very rich, they say, and you are—"

"Poor. I know I am," her son said, impatiently catching the word; but I shall try, mother, to merit her love by true worth and a high and noble purpose in life. At any rate I shall take my chance when the time comes, if Ruth is then free."

"That is the solid way of viewing things, John. It is very certain that you will have little money. Your studies will cost a good deal, and we can only just spare the expense from our limited means; but we shall be amply repaid if you succeed, John, as I feel sure you will."

"At that moment there was a tap at the door, and the servant entered, bearing a letter.

CHAPTER II.

That letter was the blackest John had ever received. It was the crash which banished his brightest dreams, the blow which sent his rich argosy of hopes a total and drifting wreck. Thrice he read it with dimmed eyes and trembling hand. It contained the news of the stoppage of a bank, a calamity involving many hundreds in ruin, themselves among the number. It ran thus—

"Dear Nephew,—I wrote you that the news may be gently broken to your mother, ere it reaches you from other sources: the Marborough Bank has stopped. I will bring particulars to-morrow, when I will run over and see you.—Your affectionate uncle James."

John Carlton passed it to his mother: she perused its contents, then folded it in silence for not a word could she say. They gazed steadily at each other; Mrs. Carlton burst into tears, and John, feeling his throat swelling and swelling hurried from the room. They both realized the import of this terrible news, for in the fact that poverty now straddled them in the mean, that a small

prospect of going into the Church, but God may have another branch of His work for you to engage in. The Temperance cause may after all be your appointed work."

John was silent. He did not quite understand that yet. How could it be his appointed work?

CHAPTER IV.

Round about Summerdale there were some fine old country seats. One of them was called Dale Court. The Conways lived at Dale Court. The Conways were musical people, and held periodical musical gatherings at Dale Court, at which those who had good talent were invited to lend their aid for the common delectation. John Carlton was a musician of some excellence, and at Dale Court he was a welcome guest, and upon a certain evening he was among the company, taking part. But on that night he could not enter into the music with his wonted zeal, for on the morrow he was to bid farewell to Summerdale and commence his less painful life, a prospect, however, to which he told himself he was now fully resigned. Among the company was Ruth Grey; she lived at Dale Court, having no other home, and being distantly related to the Conways.

Ruth Grey was reputed to be very rich, but was known more substantially than by repute, for the poor in Summerdale knew her as one who thought, who worked, and who prayed for them, striving with woman's charity to raise the fallen and cheer the faint. One kind deed or word in season is worth whole volumes of repute. In Ruth Grey, John Carlton marked the perfect woman and beheld the upright. She was the object of his admiration and of many of his thoughts. He was sitting moody and silent in the splendid, well-lit drawing-room, when he felt a light touch upon his shoulder, and, glancing up, saw her before him.

"I am sorry to break your attention from the music, Mr. Carlton, but I want to enlist your help in a little parish work I have on hand. I have had no opportunity before this, and there are so many here this evening."

"Do not apologize, Miss Grey; it is always a pleasure to speak to you."

They moved to a part of the room away from the company.

"I was thinking, Mr. Carlton, that we might arrange a sacred concert for the poor in the village. We must consider them, and they have little good to attract them."

"I should be delighted, Miss Grey, but I am leaving Summerdale for good to-morrow, and that is one reason why I am here to-night, to say farewell, and to thank all who have shown kindness to me."

Miss Grey started with surprise.

"Leaving Summerdale, Mr. Carlton? We heard you were going to college, but do you commence so soon?"

And then John narrated everything to Miss Grey's sympathetic ears.

"I am most grieved to hear this, Mr. Carlton. Is there no other course open but leaving Summerdale?"

"None at all, Miss Grey. I know your goodness, and am sure you really feel for us, but I am trying to think all this will be for the best for me."

"Yes, do try and think so; and, Mr. Carlton, there is much set for us all to do and bear, and it may be that in Marborough you will find your appointed work."

John started, for they were the same words his uncle had used.

"Yes; my uncle mentioned some temperance work I might assist him with," he said.

There was unusual animation in Miss Grey's voice, but a deep sadness withal, when she said, "Oh, what a grand work! Mr. Carlton, if it would afford you any comfort to know that others have to suffer and have secret sorrows, I could tell you much of my life that would surprise you. None but the Conways in Summerdale know my family history. Outwardly I know my life appears unfettered with care, but, believe me, there are times when I weep, and wring my hands, and wrestle and pray in secret. What is wealth to me? I know you thought my life one of the brightest; did you not?"

John inclined his head, for he could not speak, and Miss Grey continued, "Mr. Carlton, there has been a sin in our family, a bitter curse which has destroyed its peace and disgraced its name, and which I tremble to think is still existing. When I was yet a child my parents hastened their deaths through drink. You have, I know, been

surprised sometimes to hear me speak about the use of strong drink in decided terms." John certainly had, but he knew little of the temperance question himself, and hitherto had given little heed to it.

Miss Grey continued, and her voice shook much, "And now, Mr. Carlton, I have still a dear brother, whom I have not seen these years, who is living the drunkard's life. I watch and pray for his reclamation, but where he is I know not. He has squandered a fortune. Oh, he was a splendid fellow! and if it had not been for—"

Here she stopped, for the tears came.

"I do pity you. How shocking! Where is he now?" asked John sorrowfully.

"They say he enlisted in the army, and was drafted off to India. How I long to see him, and to know that he is changed!"

"May be that that will come some day, Miss Grey."

"I begin to fear, Mr. Carlton; but you do not let me keep you any longer. I shall often think of you in your new sphere."

"That was all John could say to Miss Grey that night, except a hurried 'Good-bye' when the party separated."

The next day he bade farewell to home and Summerdale, to enter upon his business life.

CHAPTER V.

"You will go with me to-night, John; will you not?"

"Do where, uncle?"

"Down by the coal wharves, where I hold my temperance meetings. You could help me greatly, John."

John Carlton had been but a few days in Marborough, and his uncle and he were in a small room behind the shop, partaking of tea. His short experience of uncle James' business had not been very reassuring, but he was trying to take to it kindly.

"Yes, I will go, uncle; but you know I am not exactly a temperance man yet."

"I hope you will soon be, John. I want help. The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few."

A short distance up the High Street of Marborough was a small and dirty lane. It was called Wharf Lane, and led down to the river-side, where there were numerous quays and coal wharves; there too, was a small iron building which had once on a more elevated site, done duty for a chapel, and was afterwards removed there out of the way. Mr. James rented it for a small charge, and carried on within a noble work of Christian charity. On the night John Carlton was first introduced to it the room was full as usual with rough, hard-working men, coal-heavers and those who belonged to coal briggs near the quay. After a hot basin of soup or cup of coffee, which Mr. James never neglected to have dispensed, especially in winter-time, had been disposed of, Mr. James mounted a small rostrum at one end and said a few words.

John found at once his uncle was well adapted to speak to such an audience. Among other things the speaker said,—

"My friends, you all have to work very hard, and none of you will have rosy times, I know that well, and I feel for you. Life, you have proved, is hard and difficult. Friends, it is like climbing a steep and rugged hill, isn't it, now? ('So it is, master, so it is,') said one man, while others echoed 'Hear, hear.'") Well, then, of course let us choose the best and easiest side of the hill, if we must climb it, especially if we have to help any one along with us. ('Quite right, sir,' said a man who had nine in family and a sick wife; there is nothing which makes the uphill road of life so full of stones and steep places like strong drink, my men, depend on it. ('That's right, too,' was the answer.) And you who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, you can understand that life is itself a dangerous sea, full of rocks and shifting sands; well, then, what do I say to you, friends? why, steer clear of the rocks and sands, to be sure. If you want to reach the great good harbor, steer clear of them, and there isn't a rock so destructive, or sands so ready to draw you in, as strong drink.' With such earnest words and a hearty appeal Mr. James concluded, amid words and nods of approval from all.

Afterwards they sang, 'Shall we meet beyond the river,' and it thrilled John's soul to hear the rich sturdy voices, and he felt it was good to be there. At the close many took the pledge. 'I've broke it a many times sir,' said one, belonging to a brig, to him; 'and I'm known for bad in Sunderland, but won't they open their eyes now,

for I'll keep it this time, that I will." "I've spent a sight of money on it, but I won't do it again, please God," said another; and one man said after he had a big cross against the name John had written for him, "My missus'll cry for joy."

When the room was empty, as Uncle James was closing the door, he said, "Well, nephew, what do you think of it?"

"It is glorious, uncle!"

"Take the good step and work with me, John."

"I am almost persuaded."

"Do throw in your lot with us, John, and try to think what it may be Heaven sees fit that it shall be."

"What is that, uncle?"

"Your appointed work!"

"His appointed work! For a while those words seemed ringing, ringing discordantly in his ears, but they rang on and on until each syllable was in tune, and settled down with perfect harmony in John Carlton's heart. His thoughts reverted to the meeting and Uncle James' good work in general, and slowly the idea dawned upon him, "It is quite true, it may be that this is the work God would have me do, and it may even be that all has happened that I should throw my life into this good cause."

True, this was then only a seedling which was to develop into good and lasting fruit, "first the ear, and then the full corn in the ear." Now for the first time John Carlton saw it more clearly a Christian duty to rescue the interperate by life energy and work.

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning, as John was sitting at his desk in the little shop, there came walking in with uneasy gait a young man who was shabbily dressed, and had the air of one ashamed of his errand. At a glance John noted, even in his present condition, noble symmetry of form and an intelligent face finely featured. He placed on the counter a small book.

"Will you buy this, Mr. James?"

John's uncle, who came forward, took up and examined the proffered volume.

"This is a Bible, sir. I am sorry you want to dispose of this. I prefer selling Bibles to buying them."

"The young man grew excited.

"Will you take it or not? I am in a hurry. I can get rid of it elsewhere."

"I will buy this of you, but if ever you want it back, remember, I shall not dispose of it. I have seen you before in Marborough. We are holding some good meetings twice a week at—"

With an impatient gesture the young man took up the few pieces of silver Mr. James had placed on the counter, and hurried from the shop before the bookseller could finish speaking.

"Ah, his is a sad history, I believe!" said he to his nephew. "I thought the book safest in my possession. Look at it, John."

John took the volume in his hand. It was a small pocket Bible. He turned over the pages, and then he started with great surprise. "What is the matter, John?"

"I have found him, uncle!"

"Found whom? What is written there?"

"This, uncle: 'Robert Grey, with his sister Ruth's love. The Lord bless thee and keep thee.'"

And he explained the cause of his pleased surprise, adding, "Uncle, if you can spare me, I will run over to Summerdale this very morning. I should like Miss Grey to know I have at least seen her brother."

It was a cold, sunny morning, and John Carlton started out to walk, and being strong and active, it was not long before he had covered the few miles to Summerdale. When passing the old church where he had been wont to worship Sunday by Sunday, he saw the doors were open, and he heard the grand organ pealing within. Half intuitively he turned and entered the sacred building. With surprise he saw it was Ruth Grey who was performing. As the door slammed she ceased playing, and came towards him.

"Good morning, Mr. Carlton. You did not think to see me here, I dare say, but Mr. Conway has presented the church with a new stop to the organ, and asked me to come in and try it. Do you like it?"

"I think it is good, but I am too much impressed to pay proper heed to it this morning. I have seen your brother this morning."

"Oh Mr. Carlton!"

John related what he knew, while she listened with bated breath. When he had

concluded, and had given her the pocket Bible, she caught his hand eagerly.

"Oh, then he must have prized and read it, and he may be saved yet. Promise me, Mr. Carlton, you will not rest until you have found him."

And he answered from the bottom of his heart, "I will not rest until I have found him."

When they had left the church Ruth Grey presently asked, "And now tell me Mr. Carlton, how are you getting on yourself? Even in these few days we have missed you at Dale Court."

John frankly entered into details, and expatiated largely on Mr. James' temperance work, and his new views respecting it. Miss Grey grew enthusiastic.

"Oh, that is just what would delight me, Mr. Carlton. What scope for Christian work, and how noble of Mr. James! Of course you will engage in it, and accept it for an appointed work."

"I shall try to take it up with all my heart, and with more zeal for having your sympathy, Miss Grey."

"I am sure you have that, Mr. Carlton," she said, extending her hand, as they parted at the gates of Dale Court.

CHAPTER VII.

A few weeks passed over. John searched everywhere for Ruth Grey's brother, but without avail, and he regretfully reported his non-success. In other respects he was doing well, he had relinquished all prejudice and had joined heart and soul in Mr. James' work, and was bidding fair, as his uncle acknowledged, to become its mainspring. He had learned to feel now a high design in those events which had so lately transpired; "It is because I shall prove more useful in this sphere," he thought, "and God's hand has been in it all. His ways are not ours, and this is my appointed work."

In the dusk of one afternoon, as he stood elevated upon some high steps, arranging some books on a high shelf, to his surprise and no little consternation, who should enter the shop but his mother followed by Ruth Grey! He almost fell over in his haste to get down, it was foolish, doubtless, of him, but he shrank from her seeing him at work in the little shop.

"We are interrupting your business, Mr. Carlton," the latter said, "but I was coming over to Marborough, and I happily thought of calling for your mother to bear me company. I was anxious to hear if you have discovered anything."

John felt comfortable in a moment. Ruth's manner was too affable to admit of embarrassment. There was an unexpected little tea-party in the small parlor that afternoon, for Miss Grey was delighted to accept Mr. James' invitation, and the one little maid-servant was busy enough for a while in preparation. The bookseller was delighted at the deep interest manifested in his work, of which he was never weary of speaking.

"And it is our meeting to-night, Miss Grey, and if you could make it convenient to go with John's mother for a few minutes, you would be well repaid. We commence at seven o'clock, we close business early on meeting nights."

"I shall be only too pleased if Mrs. Carlton so pleases."

But the few minutes were unexpectedly prolonged into many hours, for that night was an eventful one for all. As they were proceeding down Wharf Lane a man hurried past them, reeling and staggering, and making for the end of the lane, where the river ran dangerous and deep. In the darkness they could not see who it was, but this they knew, it was an intoxicated man hastening on in his madness, little thinking, perhaps, of the river before him. John comprehended the danger at a glance, and with eager haste he followed to stop the reckless man's career; but the object he had in view was not gained for the man, who was not too senseless soon to be aware that he was followed, increased his pace to a run which threatened to dash him on the ground each instant. There was a cry and a plunge, and when John reached the edge he was just in time to see the muddy waters closing above his head. But John was a brave swimmer, when the drowning man rose again to the surface he jumped in and caught the curly locks in his strong grasp. When he took hold of the edge of the quay there were willing but trembling hands to assist him safely from the water. As the rescued man was laid down unconscious, the moon shone out brightly on his white face. Ruth

Grey fell on her knees by his side and cried, "My dear, dear brother Robert!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Who shall describe John Carlton's joy at having been the means of saving Robert Grey from death, and also his resolve to save him, if possible, from the living death of a drunkard's course? But for some time there was grave anxiety respecting the life of the rescued man, for he had to suffer a long and dangerous illness. The little house in the High street was full, for the invalid could not be moved from it. Ruth remained to nurse her brother, and Mrs. Carlton closed the house in Summerdale to be with them and assist.

That illness proved the salvation of Robert Grey, the turning point in his life. It would take too long to narrate all the repentance manifested, and the words of hope and counsel afforded in the sick chamber. When they heard his story it was indeed one of sin and disgrace, and not the least item of his shame was a discharge from the army for drunkenness. He had been in England only a few weeks. In his sober moments he had been always planning to find his sister Ruth, but the sin had as often overtaken him to divert his attention, and he had never thought she was living with the Conways and so near. With tearful eyes he thanked John many, many times, for what he had done for him.

"I little thought where I was going to that night when you saved me. What an awful end mine would have been had it not been for you!"

"Do not speak so, Robert. I rejoice in your recovery."

"We cannot sufficiently tell you of our gratitude to you all, Mr. Carlton," Ruth said with beaming eyes.

It was the night before they left Marborough. Robert was able to be removed, and his sister and he were bound for a sunny sea-side resort for a change. The next day life settled into the old groove again, with the exception that John's mother decided to let the little house in Summerdale, and reside with her son and brother in Marborough.

Some weeks flew by. John engaged heart and soul in his appointed work, and increased it rapidly, but with not much help or encouragement from the Marborough folks; he did his work silently and almost alone. Sympathy, however, is, we know, often wanting for the best and truest enterprises.

CHAPTER IX.

Coming events surely do not always cast shadows before them. In John Carlton's case they sent rays of sunshine, with the warm promise of good and prosperous times to come.

One day in joyful spring he was pacing the sands of a beautiful sea-side resort with Ruth Grey by his side. On a little way before them were Robert and his mother.

"Come down, John," Robert had written in a letter to him. "We shall be returning to Marborough in a few days. Come down for a day or two's rest, and bring your mother with you, John." And so now he was walking with Ruth, and they two had just pleasantly arranged to traverse the road of life together. John, inspired with hope, had told Ruth his plain, unvarnished tale of love, and she had replied,—

"I loved you more and more, John, since the day you told me of your misfortunes, and when I knew how you mastered self and accepted the lot God sent."

"I never can regret," he replied, "that the course I had planned out for myself was changed. I could not understand it at first, Ruth, how the stoppage of the Marborough Bank and the loss of our money was best for me, but I see it now more plainly than ever. Out of that evil chalice good has come, and it is still to be."

"Heaven has known wisest through all, John. Your ambition for entering the Church was truly honorable, but the temperance cause is God's work as well."

"It is a stepping-stone to heaven, Ruth."

"Truly, and so God knowing your talents and capabilities better than yourself, sent the trouble to you, that your character might be strengthened—and that you might find—"

"Now I know what you are going to say, Ruth—that I might find—"

"Well John?" she asked with a happy smile.

"My appointed work."

Afterwards there was quite a stir in Marborough for the crusade, the holy war, which was carried on against intemperance; for with Ruth Grey's love to John came also a fortune, and together they employed it nobly in the work. A mission was instituted on behalf of the sailors, and countless good was the result. The business of Mr. James' little shop was transferred to large and handsome premises, where a publishing business was commenced, which disseminated heaven-directing literature far and wide. Robert Grey from bitter experience knowing the snares of intemperance, labored with willing heart and hand with John Carlton and Mr. James, and Mrs. Ruth Carlton and John's mother assisted with their great weight of woman's faith and devotion.

Reader, are you working? If so, God bless you and give you a rich ripe harvest; but if not, if you are throwing no light into a world of sorrow, pause and think, and commence with haste, for the night cometh suddenly when none may labor.

"O that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

"O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!"
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne."

—Temperance Union.

A DAY OF DELIGHT.

BY ARIANA HERMAN.

Years ago there came into the course of an uneventful young life an occurrence which made a deep impression upon the memory. It was witnessing the solemn ordination for his work of a foreign missionary one of whom worldly men said that he was a fanatic, and Christian men that he had the spirit of his Master ever upon him. A single speech of his, prompted by the desire that always burned within him to do something for his Master's cause, took root in a young heart and grew into a fruitful source of help and strength.

In the course of a morning call at my father's house, I, scarcely more than a child at the time, found myself left alone for a little while to entertain the missionary. I was dreadfully afraid of him and of his "religious conversation," though I, too, loved and tried to follow his Lord. My shyness, however, vanished in the free and natural and cordial manner of his talk, and when it touched upon the privileges and safeguards of a Christian land which he must give up, and the Sabbath was mentioned among them I was emboldened to make a confession of my sorest trouble.

"Oh, Mr. Matthews," I said, not lightly, but with emotion. "I hate Sunday!" A surprised silence was his only answer, and I continued, "I would not care how strictly we were required to keep it, if I could only do it, but try as I may, I always feel when night comes that I have offended God by not spending a perfectly holy day. And this of course is misery."

I can remember to this very hour, though that was long ago, the brightness of countenance with which this man of God made answer. "Why in the world," said he, "should you take a beautiful gift of God and make a galling yoke of it? You sincerely desire to keep the day in the way of His own appointment? Very well. You are his child; you are a weak child, but he knows that; you have wrong impulses, he knows that too, and knowing all your failings, he gives you these quiet, guarded hours in which everything tends to help you in your better life. When you look back regretfully over misspent hours, do not think of God as an offended Lawgiver, but as a tender Father, who knoweth your frame, and remembering that you are dust, will be ready to help you to spend the next holy day aright."

Rab out the word 'duty' from the portals of your Sabbath, and write in its place 'delight.'"

I have never seen the missionary since, but all my enjoyment of the Lord's day began when he persuaded me to leave the law side of the commandment and go around to the gospel side. —Illustrated Christian Weekly.

ACQUIRE early in the quarter a good general knowledge of the lessons for that quarter. By understanding the general drift of study, you can properly connect the lessons and teach more acceptably. The truths of one lesson are often illustrative of those of another.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24.

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

IN HASTINGS temperance work is all the go. Canvassers for each polling division have been appointed.

THE ANNAPOLIS liquor-sellers are finding out that they are no more going to get off. Half a dozen liquor-dealers and a couple of hotel-keepers have been heavily fined.

IN MANY municipal elections in the Province of Ontario temperance was made the chief factor, and in most cases won the day. Especially was this the case in Paris, Brant county, where the men who were known to be advocates of the Scott Act and would support it were elected. This was all the more a victory because over a hundred majority was given against the Act in this town at the Scott Act election.

FOUR VICTORIES.—There is joy in the camp of the temperance workers over the four victories just gained. Kent has given the largest majority for the Act of any county—2,012. Lunark gave a majority of 412; Lennox and Addington of 28, and Bromes of 485.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT will go into force in Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry on the expiration of the present licenses.

THE SCOTT ACT petition for Wentworth county was filed a few days ago. The Middlesex, Lambton and Lincoln petitions will shortly be sent to Ottawa. The Missisquoi petition which was forwarded to Ottawa contained over \$1,400 names.

POLLINGS FIXED.—

Guelph.....Jan. 22.
Carlton.....Jan. 29.
Northumberland and Durham.....Feb. 27.

"HELL'S ANTE-CHAMBERS."

Judge Johnston, of California, in passing sentence of death upon a criminal, is reported to have used the following strong language: "Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell which mark, like plague spots, the fair face of our state. You need not be told that I mean a tipping shop, the meeting place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool which, by spontaneous generation, breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I would not be the owner of a grocery for the price of this globe converted into ore. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool and this trembling culprit a demon! How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore, the vendor has committed an act not recognized by earthly tribunals, but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the deed. Is it not high time that all these sinks of vice and crime should be held rigidly accountable to the laws of the land, and placed under the ban of an enlightened and virtuous public opinion?"

MR. T. BURT, M.P., in an address at Bampton, England, on the 20th of December last, spoke of the small proportion of the money spent in the manufacture of in-

toxicating drinks which went to the remuneration of the labor. He said that some time ago he collected some figures from a temperance publication when he was addressing a temperance meeting in Carlisle, and they went to show that if you expended say £5 on woollen cloth about £3 of that went to labor, and if the same amount was expended on earthenware about £2 10s. went to labor, whereas if a similar sum was spent on liquor only 2s. 6d. went to labor. Where other employers gave work to 17 people the manufacturer of liquor gave employment to only one.

ONE STATE'S PROGRESS.—The W. C. T. U. of the state of Iowa sends to the W. C. T. U. department of the World's Exposition at New Orleans as its representative, a white satin banner, on which is printed its motto, "This is the victory even our faith," also its aim, with date of organization and incorporation. Its financial progress is given as follows: "Receipts 1874, \$39,707; 1883-4, \$5,533.31. The results are 'known and read of all men,' viz., a home for fallen women established on a sound financial basis, and a prohibitory law enacted for the whole state."

CALIFORNIA'S SHAME.—California has an annual wine yield of 14,000,000 gallons, of which 10,500,000 gallons are consumed in the state. In its chief city, San Francisco, there is an average of two homicides every month, and ninety-three suicides, twelve of whom are women, while three hundred and ninety-two divorces have been granted by its courts during the past year, largely on account of intemperance. Is wine the harmless beverage that many would have us believe?

WORSE THAN SAVAGES.—Mr. Price, a United States Indian Commissioner says of the city of Washington, "There are 200,000 inhabitants in the city, which is the capital of this great nation, and the central point of its refinement and culture, and yet there is more drunkenness and crime here among the 250,000 Indians who are savage and have never felt the elevating influence of our modern civilization."

A NUMBER of persons have been canvassing in the city of Quebec for names to a petition asking that the Scott Act be brought into force in that city. They have so far met with very good success. The archbishop, it is stated, will shortly issue a mandamus in favor of the Act. The Rev. C. Hamilton, of St. Matthew's Episcopal church, is also making strenuous efforts to have the Act brought out in the city.

AT A MEETING of the United States House of Representatives House Committee on military affairs, on Friday, Gen. Slocum was authorized to call up in the House at the first opportunity the bill introduced in the Senate at the present Congress, providing for placing Gen. Grant on the retired list. At a meeting of the committee a motion authorizing him to call up the bill passed by the Senate on the 14th instant was lost by eight to two.

A MASS MEETING of 10,000 unemployed working-men was held in London (England) on Saturday last, and was addressed by Mr. Henry George, Miss Helen Taylor, and Mr. W. Saunders. The speech-making was of an inflammatory sort, while the gratuitous literature distributed appealed to "Blood, bullets, and bayonets."

MR. YATES, of the London *World*, has surrendered to the officers of the law and has been placed in custody. In serving his sentence he will rank as a first-class misdemeanant.

THE WEEK.

THE PROPOSALS OF EARL GREY, formerly secretary of state for the colonies, and the Marquis of Lorne, late governor-general of Canada, to create a council composed of the high commissioners and agents-general of the British colonies, to be attached to the Colonial Department, have been submitted to the Government. It is reported that Earl Granville, the foreign secretary, and Earl Derby, the colonial secretary, approve the scheme.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, president of the Board of Trade, London, in a recent address, stated that he was convinced that protection would not improve the position of the farmers. The condition of the farmers was never so hopeless and the condition of the laborers never so abject as when corn was dearest. The creation of a peasant proprietary and permanence of occupation were the only remedies for agricultural stagnation. The present system was based on robbery and the community was entitled to restitution and redress.

THE BLACK SEA Steam Navigation Company has given orders for the building of a fleet of steamers in Sweden and England. Each steamer is to be fitted up with petroleum tanks, and have a capacity of 1,500 tons per trip. The design is to compete with the American petroleum trade.

WAR has broken out among the trans-Atlantic steamship companies. Steerage passengers are carried from New York to the Continent for \$14 by some lines.

THE DEFICIT in the Prussian budget for 1885 amounts to 5,600,000 marks.

SIR CHARLES DILKE addressed a meeting of Liberals, at Kingston, on Tuesday evening week. He said the Redistribution Bill would destroy the old-fashioned Conservative party, which would develop into a rival democratic party, and hasten the solution of the land problem.

THE AUSTRALIANS seem to be thoroughly aroused against the policy of the British Colonial Office. Mass meetings to protest against foreign annexations in the Pacific are an every day occurrence. Shire and borough councils are recording their protest, and the press without a dissentient voice is engaged in an emphatic denunciation of all foreign attempts to gain a foothold in Australia.

OWING to information recently divulged to the police, the customs authorities at Liverpool and the Irish constables strictly examine all vessels, passengers and luggage on arrival.

AN ANARCHIST plot has been discovered at Lyons. It contemplated the seizure of arms and the proclamation of a revolution.

"TRUTH" says that the Queen and the Princess Beatrice will go to Germany in March, and that they will remain on the Continent three weeks.

THE SOCIALIST members of the Reichstag have caused a bill to be introduced to abolish duelling. It is proposed to make the offence punishable by whipping.

A CONFERENCE of Highland landlords in London on Tuesday unanimously resolved to increase the size of the crofters' holdings, to grant leases for twenty years when rents are not in arrears and to permit a revision of rents as compensation for permanent improvements; also to urge the Government to aid in the development of the fishing industry and assist the crofters who desire to emigrate.

THE KARL FAMILY, of Creston, Ia., numbering twelve persons, are looking for the end of the world. The men have thrown up their positions and will not work. Bibles are constantly before them. It is rumored one poor girl who is not a believer is to be offered up as a sacrifice. The police are watching them closely.

THE MORMON CHURCH newspaper organ of Salt Lake, has had articles recently urging the assassination of United States Marshals who attempt to serve warrants on polygamists by entering their houses, or to serve subpoenas for witnesses. It is now said this policy has been decided on and that a large number of special policemen had been sworn in to guard the houses of polygamists against alleged intruders.

A STRANGE DISEASE has broken out amongst the sheep in Belleville, Ont. It is an affection of the head. Many of the animals have died and others have been killed to end their sufferings.

FIVE THOUSAND unemployed workmen held a meeting, in Birmingham, on Thursday last. A resolution was passed asking the corporation to furnish them with employment. After the meeting, a procession marched through the streets and halted before a bakery, and shouts of "Break in" were heard. An artisan stole a loaf of bread and was promptly arrested. Much excitement prevails among the working classes. It is feared violence will be resorted to unless their condition is improved.

THE SENATE has passed Mr. Edmunds' bill by 49 to 9, placing Gen. Grant on the retired list, with the rank and full pay of a general-in-chief.

COUNSELLOR RUMPH, who took an active part in the prosecution of the eight anarchists recently tried at Leipsic on the charge of attempting to assassinate the Emperor William and others of the Imperial family, while on their way to attend the ceremonies consequent upon the unveiling of the Neiderwald statue, was found dead on Wednesday week, at his own doorstep. The police have no clue as to the assassins, but generally believe the crime to be the work of the friends of some of the convicted Anarchists.

THE TOWN HALL at Warminster, Wiltshire, was partially wrecked by an explosion of dynamite on Tuesday night last. Several houses in the neighborhood were badly shaken, many windows shattered and several persons thrown to the ground by the shock. The report of the explosion was heard two miles. Fenianism is given as the motive.

DURING DECEMBER 13,632 immigrants arrived in the United States. The arrivals were 454,000 last year, as compared with 560,000 in 1883.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, has written a reply to a letter of congratulation which he received from Mr. Gladstone on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday. The Prince says: "Please accept many thanks for your very kind letter, which admirably describes much that demands my earnest thought and which I will prize among my dearest treasures."

A MAN named Delahanty, who was occupying a farm at Kibbeggan, Ireland, from which a tenant had been evicted, was shot dead on Wednesday night last.

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP LINE will extend its service after April first, despatching a steamer to New York every Saturday and every other Wednesday, and to Boston every Tuesday.

ROBERT MERCHANT, an old man, died at Greece, Rochester, on Wednesday last. On his death bed he confessed that twenty years ago, while keeper of a tavern, he murdered a peddler, robbed him, and buried his body under the hotel.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' son, whose majority was recently celebrated, is suffering from a plethora of nomenclature. The papers call him by turns, Edward, Albert, Victor, and by a combination of these names. It is understood that he will be officially known as Edward. The Prince of Wales intends to drop the name Albert at his coronation, and will reign as Edward VII., and when his son ascends the throne, it will be as Edward VIII.

JUDGE MAGUIRE, of the Supreme Court, San Francisco, has decided in the case of Manie Tape, a Chinese girl, ten years of age, against Mrs. Jennie A. M. Hurley, principal of a public school in this city, that Chinese children born in this country are entitled to admission to the public schools. The decision is based on the fourteenth amendment, which secures equal privileges to all persons born within the United States subject to their jurisdiction, and the state law which provides that all children shall have equal facilities for education by means of public schools.

ACCORDING to the official record 695 persons were killed by earthquakes in Granada and 1,480 injured. Shocks of earthquake continue daily in Granada, and the demoralization of the people is increasing.

AN OTTAWA voyageur in Egypt, named William Doyle, was thrown out of a boat on the Nile and drowned. There is a large number of Canadian voyageurs in the hospitals and there is only one left to pilot about every eighth boat ascending the Nile.

THE CASTLE authorities at Dublin are alarmed over the activity of secret societies. Fenians have been swearing in large numbers of recruits. It is asserted the Invincible Society has been re-organized, with headquarters in London.

IT IS SAID ex-Governor Coburn, of Maine, a short time before his death, was swindled by Boston sharpers out of \$50,000 through the purchase of Topeka, Salina & Western Railway securities.

A CHINESE SQUADRON has been despatched to Formosa to attack the fleet of Admiral Courbet, recapture Kelung and raise the blockade.

A TERRIBLE MINING ACCIDENT occurred at Levin, France, on the 18th inst., by which about forty-eight lives have been lost. An explosion of fire-damp caused 800 metres of the galleries to fall.

A YOUNG GIRL named Marie Therien, aged 14, a pupil at a young ladies school in Paris, has been recently whipped by her teacher, with most distressing results. Marie appears to have been a nervous child, and the effect of the whipping, which was not unduly severe, brought on hysteria. The girl gave way to violent paroxysms, tore her clothes and attempted to injure herself, so that she had to be strapped down in bed. Her parents were at once sent for and the child was removed, and, under medical advice, was placed in a *maison de sante*, where it is hoped she will recover her reason. M. Therien intends bringing an action against the proprietress of the school for assaulting his daughter. This should prove a warning to teachers in their dealing with children, and especially children of nervous temperament, to whom treatment such as has been described, might prove of lasting injury.

CONSIDERABLE excitement prevails in the Gattineau district over the Quebec government's eviction feat. Scores of poor settlers in five townships around Montulabe are affected by it, and fear that their homesteads will be swept from them. The *Free Press* says the wholesale eviction and confiscation threatened is scarcely paralleled in the worst pages of the history of Irish landlordism. It is a glaring and iniquitous outrage under the name of a legal action.

THE RENT STRIKE in the County of Limerick is gaining headway.

NOTWITHSTANDING the persistency with which the report is circulated that the Queen purposes visiting Cannes during the winter there is higher authority for saying that Her Majesty has no such intention. With the Princess Beatrice she will return to Windsor about the second week in February, and about the middle of March they will go to Germany and remain on the Continent for three weeks.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANT has forbidden the circulation of O'Donovan Rossa's paper in Ireland.

IT IS ANNOUNCED that the Duke of Edinburgh will publish a collection of poems dedicated to the Duchess of Edinburgh, entitled "Love Songs of a Violinist."

A SEVERE STORM raged at Nice on Saturday last. The sea submerged the Quai Midi and Promenade Anglais and cellars of the hotels and villas were flooded. The damage was serious.

THE WHEELMEN from Boston, Chicago, New York and Buffalo met the other day, and arranged for a tour next summer, lasting two weeks, through Canada to the Thousand Islands, to Niagara, Albany, down the Hudson to New York, leaving Buffalo on July 6th.

ANOTHER severe shock of earthquake was experienced at Granada on Friday last, causing great alarm among the inhabitants. Snow storms and frost continue. In Malaga the sugar cane crop has been destroyed, and the orange and olive groves damaged. The situation is most critical. The earth is again trembling. Wind and snow have destroyed the huts of those who fled from the cities and towns for safety. At Frigiliana the people are desperate by cold and hunger, and attack the houses of land-owners. Another severe shock has been experienced at Camillas.

THE KING OF SPAIN, who has made a tour through the districts desolated by the recent earthquakes, has witnessed scenes of great suffering. Sickness is everywhere increasing in consequence of the severity of the weather, and the absence of clothing, provisions and shelter.

NORWICH, CONN., appears to have a mania for stock-gambling. Two million dollars of Norwich money has been squandered in Wall street the last two years. Every business man who had a dollar set it whirling on margin of a railway or mining stock. Men sold their estates and even personal property to keep up the margins. New York brokers said Norwich was the most hopelessly crazy one on stock speculation of any town of its size in the country.

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE has a novel idea. He proposes to have a collection of the different uncivilized races in Paris. We constantly, he argues, bring together the various products of the globe; why not bring together the producers?

THE ATLANTIC MILLS at Lawrence, Mass., employing 2,500 operators, announce a general reduction in wages, to take effect February 9th.

THE TOWN COUNCIL of Vienna has ordered an enquiry into the reason why the bakers buy wheat cheap and sell bread dear.

Jews own and work more than 1,250,000 acres of land in Russia and rent from the Crown nearly 1,500,000 acres more.

THE SOUTH INFIRMARY of the Illinois Eastern Hospital for the Insane was burned on Sunday morning last. The fire originated in the furnace room, and had obtained strong headway before it was discovered. The floors and stairways being of Southern pine burned rapidly. The building was occupied by forty-five patients, six attendants, and one night watchman. Seventeen patients in all are missing. Twelve bodies have been recovered, burned beyond recognition. All of the patients were infirm and incurable. The bed ridden ones were rescued first, and those who were able to help themselves did not realize their danger in time. The building, which was new, cost \$16,000. The fire spread so rapidly that all efforts to save the building in the absence of a fire alarm, and for want of facilities to quench the flames, were found to be in vain. At the inquest the entire remains of ten victims were spread on a table two feet square—a little heap of charred ashes.

LORD AYLESFORD, who in England achieved such unenviable notoriety, has just died at Brig Springs, Texas, where he had taken to cattle ranching.

A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT occurred on Thursday night last in the Irish sea, involving the loss of life of sixteen persons. The Dublin and Holyhead packet "Admiral Morson" collided with the American ship "Santa Clara," from Liverpool to New York, and was sunk. Every effort was made to save the lives of those aboard the sinking ship, but a heavy sea was on at the time, and twelve of the crew and four passengers were drowned. This latest disaster has brought to light other serious accidents which have lately occurred in the Irish sea, and which have been kept quiet or only scantily noticed. Two steamers of the same company that owned the "Admiral Morson" came into collision a few days ago and caused the death of two seamen. A month ago another steamer of the same line foundered; all of the officers and crew were drowned, but there were no passengers on board. This series of disasters has caused much nervousness and anxiety among passengers on the Dublin and Holyhead line, and also on the packet line between Cork and Liverpool.

MR. ROSS WINANS, an American millionaire, has got himself into bad odor in the old country. He has a very extensive deer-park in Scotland and he has been making himself extremely obnoxious to some cottars who are on part of his leased estate, and who have for years been in the habit of allowing their sheep to graze on the outskirts of his park. This annoyed him and he determined to clear out the cottars. He accordingly brought an action against one of them named McRae for trespass, for allowing a pet lamb to graze on his estate. The case was tried on Monday last and the action was dismissed, Mr. Winans being condemned to pay heavy costs.

GREAT EXCITEMENT prevails in Albany over the poisoning of the Misses Annie, Blanche, and Jennie Burns, three highly respected young ladies. They prepared breakfast on Saturday last, using water from a barrel. Shortly after eating they became violently sick. Upon examination the water in the barrel was found to contain arsenic. How it got there is a mystery. The victims up to latest accounts, were in a serious condition.

THE DUBLIN CASTLE authorities are alarmed. In addition to the reports of general Fenian activity there is specific information that the Invincibles have been re-organized with head quarters in London, and that one of their avowed objects is to assassinate ("remove" is the more euphemistic term of the society) Earl Spencer before the end of his term. In consequence of this more care than ever is taken of his Excellency, and the judges and counsel who were in any way engaged in prosecuting the Phoenix park murderers, are also under protection of the detectives.

CAPT. BEDFORD PIM, of the British navy, who has recently been exploring the route of the proposed Panama canal, in a letter to Secretary Frelinghuysen on the subject, says over sixty million dollars had been expended on the work thus far, and less than three miles of the contemplated 41 miles of water-way have been opened; that owing to the nature of the soil it would be impossible for a force of 10,000 laborers to complete the total excavation of the canal in less than 15 years, and that to protect the work from overflow will require five years of great industry and immense outlay.

MANY of the church-yards in London, (England), are far above the level of the adjacent streets, raised by repeated burials, inch by inch, year by year, till in many cases the surface has been raised six or seven feet—the cities of the dead are very populous. In addition to being eyesores, these urban graveyards are unwholesome, and the tendency has been of late to close them, and in many cases the old yardshave been levelled laid out in flower beds, and make charming playgrounds for the young in crowded localities. The committee of the Privy Council on the recommendation of Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, has just ordered the closing of eight city church-yards on sanitary grounds.

THE GERMAN officers who have entered the Chinese service meet with many difficulties. The Chinese appear apathetic, and look with apprehension upon the proposed improvements in military appliances.

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR FAWCETT. That a man need not despair of his being able to do good and lasting services for humanity because he is deprived of one of the means which Nature has given us of communion with the outer world has been evidenced by the career of the late Professor Fawcett, the old Postmaster-General. The following instance of the thoroughness with which Mr. Fawcett carried out his conviction of duty is related by a friend of his, Mr. Henry Willett, who had the anecdote from Mr. Fawcett himself: The Post Office is the largest employer of labor in the country, having over 80,000 employees. Amongst these numbers all are not honest, nor trustworthy, and as every dismissal has to be signed by the Postmaster-General, Mr. Fawcett considered it a duty to engage himself into particulars before taking a step so serious to the person accused. Not long ago defalcations having occurred in a local post office, a watch was set. Strong suspicion fell on a clerk who had been caught in using telegrams for racing and betting. As an experiment the clerk was removed to another office for a month, and the irregularities instantly ceased; he was then sent back and immediately they recommenced. What could be a closer case? He must be dismissed. But so; Mr. Fawcett said, "I'll give him one more chance; for he has been to the Rector, who has written that he confesses his gambling and general misconduct, but solemnly protests he is not the thief. The Rector believes him, and as he has admitted his gambling he may be innocent. If he had denied it, I should be convinced that he was guilty." Certain delicate and microscopic tests, which are made use of in difficult cases by the Post Office, were then applied, and the result proved conclusively that the clerk was a guard of the railway train, who had been statute enough to stop his thefts during the temporary absence of the suspected clerk, but who resumed them on his return. "There! you see, Mr. Willett," said the blind Professor, "by a little extra care I saved a fool: a young man from the absurd ruin of character which his dismissal from the Post Office under such suspicion would have involved."

LIQUOR PROHIBITION IN PORTLAND, MAINE.

BY THE REV. S. W. POWELL.

The question whether "prohibition prohibits" in Portland, Maine, is one the answer to which depends upon the meaning given to the word "prohibit." Milton makes those confined in the infernal pit say:

"Gates of burning adamant
Barred over its profane ingress."

There it means, of course, positively to prevent or preclude, to make escape impossible. But Webster gives *prohibit* and *hinder* among the words defining *prohibit*.

In this use of the word no one who saw what I saw in the evening and learned by inquiry during the afternoon of Thursday, August 24th, in quarters occupied by the Sheriff of Cumberland Co., of which Portland is the county seat, can deny that, to a remarkable extent, prohibition does prohibit in that city, the largest in the state. What I saw and learned proved that an honest and fearless sheriff, even without the sympathy of the city marshal and the police, can make it very hard and unsafe to carry on the business of liquor-selling.

Politics being what they are in Maine, it is not to be expected that the city government of so large a town as Portland would be thoroughly hostile to the liquor trade. But sheriffs are elected by the votes of a whole county, farmers and all, and in the present incumbent, who is an active member of one of the Congregational churches in the city, the county has a tireless and fearless enemy of the wretched business of making drunkards.

During the last twelve months his deputies have made four thousand searches and two thousand seizures. This averages more than ten of the former and five of the latter every day of the year. Nowhere in this state is liquor sold unless it is carefully concealed in every place and by every method that avarice and fear can suggest.

The most filthy places imaginable are not too vile to serve as depositories of the liquor or even as the bars for sale. One of the deputy sheriffs told of finding a dirty woman standing over a wash tub of beer, in a malodorous outhouse, one of a row of such necessary buildings in the rear of a thickly crowded tenement block, leading it out with a filthy dipper to a row of men, who came up one by one. In the line were several stolidly arrayed ward politicians, wearing silk hats and kid gloves.

When the Rev. I. P. Warren, editor of the *Christian Messenger*, recently went with the officers on one of their raids, he saw what was evidently a system of signals, to give warning of their approach. Only by rapid driving and very prompt, and if need be, forcible entry of the suspected premises was there any hope of seizing the contraband. No large quantity of it is ever kept where anyone can see it. Any household utensil, not likely to arouse suspicion, serves as the receptacle, garden sprinklers appearing to be favorites. A single flat bottle carried in a woman's stocking, or under her skirts, is often literally a walking liquor shop.

During the last year there were seized and destroyed 22,494 gallons of ale, 7,247 of lager beer, 809 of rum, 1,193 of whiskey, 98 of gin, 36 of wine and 11 of brandy, besides a considerable quantity of cider. Much of this was intercepted between the wholesaler and the retailer, it being a common thing for the wholesale wagon to leave it in the bushes, or in the woods. I saw one ale-barrel thickly coated with stable manure, in a heap of which it had been hidden. Often these heavy barrels are concealed in the upper story of a tenement house, in which case the officers do not break their backs in carrying the 420 pounds down in such a way as not to injure the stairs.

In the basement of the City Hall there is a store-room, 36x17 feet, with a stone or cement floor. In one corner of this room is a hole, perhaps six inches in diameter, which opens into the sewer. On the evening of August 24, in company with the Rev. Drs. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, and Warren of Portland, I saw poured upon that floor the proceeds of ten days' seizures, consisting of fifty-seven barrels and twelve half-barrels of ale and beer, besides a large amount of rum, whiskey, gin, etc., which was poured from the buckets, wash-tubs, garden sprinklers, and other receptacles in which it was captured. These various packages, big and little, sold for the benefit of the public

treasury, brought in over \$4,000 last year, the value of the liquors at wholesale being not less than \$10,000.

The Sheriff is provided with blank warrants, upon which he, his deputies, or any citizen can certify belief that liquor is kept for sale in or near any locality by any known person. The complete knowledge he and his men have of all the dens where, and the tricks by which, the sellers attempt to get around the law, enables them to fill these blanks with very few mistakes.

The prosecutions under the nineteen months of work by the present Sheriff have resulted in the collection of \$22,500 in fines and costs; and in other appealed cases, which are decided but the sentences are not yet pronounced, the fines are enough more to bring the total up to \$10,000. This, of course, is exclusive of attorney's fees.

It was worth going a long way to see Dr. Cuyler's glee as the ale and beer spouted from the prostrate barrel against the opposite wall, like a stream from a fire engine. It was hard to say which was the more irresponsible, the good doctor or the beer. He had to leave before the work—which lasted more than two hours—was done. Dr. Warren said he should see it through. I had to leave to catch my train a few minutes before the end of the good job.

But some one will say: "There must be a great deal of liquor sold to pay for these confiscations, costly suits and heavy fines. Well, this is a doubtless true; but it is probable that many keep on from obstinacy, or from hope that the machine will rotate in a less faithful sheriff. It would not be strange if the rich Liquor Dealers' Association of the United States were to help in such a case, since there seems to be a great anxiety lest the world should come to believe that the law is effective in Maine's largest city. This is shown by the fact that such a parade is made over the so-called open bar with which certain streets swarm. Bottles and other paraphernalia of the business are openly displayed in these places. The aforesaid bottles are labelled and colored so that it looks as if they contained brandy, gin, whiskey, etc. Just take one down and smell it, however, and you will discover that it is, as Dr. Warren says, nothing but "colored slop." A little aniline dye and water will go a long way in that sort of fraud.

No doubt there is a small quantity of liquor kept at these places to sell to those who will not "give them away," and if the Sheriff and his men are believed to be at a safe distance it is sold. Of the police there is probably not much fear. Another thing should not be forgotten. A first offence is punished by a fine of one hundred dollars or three months' imprisonment. A second by the same fine and six months' imprisonment. The appealed cases were carried up so as to gain time by those who meant to take the risk of continuing to sell. Until the first case is finally decided, subsequent cases are not, legally, second offences, and therefore, do not bring the six months' imprisonment. The law's delays, the chance of corrupting judges or juries, or of a change in the sheriff might come in to prevent the cases being carried through. Let the same sheriff be kept in, and sentence in this large number of appealed cases be carried out, and we shall very likely see that, even the present law, without the addition proposed by Dr. Warren of making the owner of premises in which liquor is found liable for the penalties, can almost, if not quite, stop the business.

It is no doubt true that the liquor dealers of the country at large would be very sorry to have the State of Maine vote "yes" at the next election, on the question of adding a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Their most favorite argument is that, even in Maine, "prohibition does not prohibit." Those who will study the matter in Portland, can learn how much truth there is in this assertion.—*N. Y. Independent*.

OUR POSITION as women is not so much in the front of the battle to face the foe, as to follow in the train, undermen the strongholds, and support and strengthen the weak and wounded. And though our efforts may seem feeble and fruitless in the struggle with this mighty evil, let us not weary but remember—

"Of broken shells He maketh, so He wills
The everlasting marble of this hills."

—*British Women's Temperance Journal*.

WHAT IT COST.

BY LOUTISA M. ALCOTT.

The two beds were side by side in the long ward, and on them lay two men, each with a gunshot wound through the right arm below the elbow. They were about the same age, each had a wife and children at home, and both hoped to save these useful right arms, for on their strength and skill the support of their families depended.

Clarke was a farmer, a pleasant, happy tempered fellow, bound to look on the bright side of things, and to get well as soon as possible, though his wound was the worst of the two. Morse had been a blacksmith and was proud of his strength, but said little and seemed to have something on his mind, being moody as well as taciturn.

The two were soon friendly, for neighbors in a hospital can hardly help being so, but Clarke did most of the talking, and Morse seemed contented to listen to his lively gossip without making any return. Therefore I knew very little about him, and when the surgeon one day asked me if Morse had been a drinking man I could not answer.

"Why do you want to know, doctor?" "He is not doing so well as Clarke though his wound is a safer sort, and ought to be nearly well by this time. It is in a bad way and I'm afraid he'll have to lose that arm of his," answered the surgeon, shaking his head over a particularly unhappy patient.

"I hope not, I thought he was doing well and that Clarke, who suffers much more, was the one who might have to lose an arm," I said, rolling bandages for both as I talked.

"Not he, his blood is as healthy as a child's, he will be all right in a month, you may tell him so."

I am very glad, for he is always talking about the happy time when he can go home to his wife and babies. Morse says nothing, but is as anxious to get well I think, though when you speak of his family it does not seem to cheer him up.

"I wish you'd find out if he has not been a drinker. I can't make him talk, and it is important to know, for if it is so the sooner the arm is off the better," and the doctor corked his bottle with a decisive rap.

When I saw the men again my feeling toward them was quite changed, for now anxiety about Clarke was all gone, and I pitied Morse so much I could not bear to ask that hard question. I soon learned the fact, however, without asking, and in this way:

As I went through my ward with a glass of wine-when for another patient, I stopped to wet Morse's arm, for I saw a lock of pain on his face and knew the comfort of cold water. He did not speak, and I went to refill the basin, leaving the glass on the little table near his bed. When I came back the glass was empty.

"Why Morse, that wasn't for you! Stimulants of all kinds are bad for your just now," I said, thinking how impatient poor Martin would be at having to wait for a second supply.

"I know it—I couldn't help taking it—the smell was too much for me," muttered Morse, looking red and ashamed, though the fierce, hungry expression of his eye betrayed that he longed for more.

"I'm afraid you like that sort of thing too much for your own good," I ventured to say.

"It has been the ruin of me, but I fight against it, indeed I do," he said so earnestly that I believed it, and longed to prepare him for what was to come, feeling that I could tell him more gently than the surgeon who had a somewhat startling way of saying to a patient, "Now, then, my man, I shall want this leg of yours in about an hour."

"Perhaps the pain you have suffered here may help you in your fight. Times like these do much to strengthen good resolutions if one is sincere," I said pleased at having won him to talk of himself.

"I know it, and I've made many since I've been lying here. But you see I couldn't resist even a small temptation like that. I wish I'd had a bullet through both arms before I did it!" he answered under his breath, with a remorseful look at the empty glass.

"Perhaps the loss of one arm will help you to resist," I began, finding it hard to soften the hard truth after all.

"You don't mean that?" and he looked up at me with a scared face, for the loss of

a right arm was more dreaded than the loss of any other limb.

"I am afraid I do. Dr. Otmen thinks it may be necessary, for it is not doing well." "But it is not so bad as Clarke's. They've saved his arm, why can't they mine?" he whispered, glancing at the great, brawny hand below the bandages, the hand that would never swing a sledge-hammer again.

"Ah, that's the pity of it, Morse. They saved his, though worse wounded than yours, because he was a temperate man. You must lose yours because you have poisoned your blood with bad liquor, and now must suffer for it.—*Lanlet*."

THE STUDY AND CURE OF INEBRIETY.

We do our best work in England in a very strange way. We see some evil needing reform, and at once in the freshness of our enthusiasm, we throw ourselves into the task, often to learn from failure that we have started in the wrong way, and have to begin over again. So, Dr. Norman Kerr tells us, we have done in the case of inebriety. We have set ourselves to cure drunkards of their propensity, and to save men from becoming drunkards, and have had large success; but till now we have no society whose object it is to ascertain what drunkenness really is, and how it ought to be dealt with. Such a society Dr. Norman Kerr has helped to found, and his inaugural address, published by H. Lewis, 136 Gower street, is full of large-hearted, wise sympathy. Two points he urges with special force—that we should no longer look on drunkenness in all cases as a sin or vice, but wait till we know more about its real nature before we ticket it with a name which in some cases is certainly inappropriate; and also that we should not put a stumbling block in the way of those who long to cure themselves of this taint by attaching any slur to residence, whether voluntary or the reverse, in a Home for Inebriates, where cure is most easy and sure. We may hate and despise drunkenness, but we should pity and help the drunkard. Even in all his degradation he is still one of our brethren, possessing all the possibilities of greatness that are ours, and above all we should as a nation support the terrible evil to its sole rational and efficient cure.—*Sunday Magazine*.

Question Corner.—No. 2.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What wicked man in the old Testament uttered true prophecies concerning Israel?
2. Which apostle was the son of a Pharisee, and was himself a Pharisee and a persecutor of the Christians, before he was converted?
3. Where is it said that great men are not always wise?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The portion of his goods which Zacharias gave to the poor.
 2. The tree whose leaf brought hope to the world.
 3. The country whose king was charged to rebuild the Lord's house.
 4. The portion of a man's body cut off by Peter's sword.
- The initials and finals give the two opposite feelings with which men look forward to the future.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 21.

1. Micah 6. 2.
2. Gen. 3. 15.
3. Gen. 4. 10.
4. Num. 21. 17.
5. Isaiah 49. 3. Malachi 3. 1.
6. Isaiah 54.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

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| 1. | M | Gen. xxxv. 18. |
| 2. | BEN | Josh. xv. 19. |
| 3. | CALEB | 1 Chron. vi. 67. |
| 4. | RAHAB | Is. xxxvi. 2. |
| 5. | MELCHIZEDEK | Gen. xiv. 18. |
| 6. | HEPHZIBAH | Is. lxi. 4. |
| 7. | ELIEZER | Gen. xv. 2. |
| 8. | LYDIA | Acts. xvi. 41. |
| 9. | R | Ex. xv. 22. |
| 10. | K | |
| 11. | | |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from Agnes Hall, M. E. Mootie, M. S. Gilmore, Andrew Kirk, H. E. Greene and Maggie Whitehead.

WHITTLING.

A boy must have a knife, and he must whittle. No energy of man or boy should be wasted; so that it becomes all directors and guardians of youth to turn the whittling propensity to good account. Tell the boy what to whittle, how to whittle—or he will surely be aimlessly whittling a shingle, hacking the furniture, or carving his name on fences and benches.

The jack-knife is a simple tool, but one with which some excellent work may be done. By no means despicable wood carving may be done with it, and it may be pressed into service for the manufacture of numerous knock-knacks worthy of thought, in these days when boys are racking their brains to know what they can make for Christmas gifts. Let me give some suggestions as to whittling.

In the first place, have a good jack-knife. Not one of the flimsy little penknives, with blades not even big enough to play numble-peg with; but a right down substantial knife, with one big and one little blade. A smooth handle with rounded ends should be chosen because it will fit the hand better, and will not wear out the pockets. Keep the knife always sharp—first by having it well ground, and afterwards by frequent application to a moderately rough oil-stone. Don't by any means get one of those complicated and useless knives that combine in one handle a gimlet, cork-screw, file, saw, and a score more of useless but curious additions.

Having the knife, boys, don't whittle aimlessly. You can learn to make long, firm, straight cuts just as well in making an arrow as in shaving up a shingle. I know there is something extremely fascinating in the wisp of a cut through a cedar or pine shingle, and the odor of the newly cut wood is something simply delicious. But these charms need not be absent when you are making something besides shavings.

Well, what shall I make? the boy asks, in a perfect fever to be at work. Let me suggest a few articles. Paper cutters, in the shape of daggers, of hard wood, and with handles carved in some simple design. Finish them smoothly in every part, rub them down with painters' oil till they are polished, and you could hardly have anything better to give to father or mother for Christmas. Then for the little brother there is nothing better to make than a bow and arrows. A good stick of ash is easily fashioned into a bow, and an arrow of pine with a heavy head and light body is easily made. Or a cross-bow, with stock of black walnut and bow of ash, with a trigger of walnut and a good closely-twisted string to draw it with, is an implement which may be used to train the eye in shooting at a mark. Or, if you want to make a Christmas gift to some older male friend, go out into the woods and find long shoots of hickory or holly; cut them with the big root knots left on, trim off the branches smoothly, and, taking advantage of the natural lines of the root, make a handle by carving it into a more perfect resemblance of the grotesque head it is almost sure to look like in the rough. You have only then to hang it up to season, rub it down and varnish it, add a ferule, and you have a cane that will be prized far more than any one you could buy in the shops. Or take one of those curious Swiss toys, or long-nosed wooden nut-crackers—they, too are whittled by boys in the Swiss mountains—and see how closely you can copy it in soft cedar or pine. You won't do it, perhaps, as well as your model, but you'll be surprised how quaint and funny your copy will be when it is done, and how handsome it will be, too, when you've filled the grain with oil and rubbed smooth the puffy cheeks and long crooked nose. Then there are boats to be made; a row-boat for Johnny, all complete, with dainty oars and seats; or a sail boat, rigged, for Sammy, with his monogram painted on the sail. The boys can try them in the bath tub, and then lay them away to have fun with next summer. Or you can take a picture of a Venetian gondola, and see how closely you can make a miniature gondola by that guide. Make even the little cabin, and if you give the graceful craft to Sue or Polly, she can give her tiniest doll a "boat ride" in the tiny craft upon the surging waters of the wash-bowl. Or if you have a fancy, my boy, to make something of more importance than a toy boat, get a piece of half-inch oak stuff, and see what you can do towards making a weather-cock. One of the most astonishingly wide-awake roosters that I ever saw pictured

out was done in wood by a boy of twelve. It told the way of the wind capitably, and sat proudly on the barn gable, saluting every fresh breeze with a new "cock-a-doodle-doo."

Something, and quite a good deal, may be done with the jack-knife in the way of wood carving. A simple flat pattern on a panel of soft wood may be traced out with considerable nicety by a clever boy. Don't have the pattern too elaborate, let it be conventionalized (look that up in the dictionary), and begin by cutting the outline in a little trough-like groove, say sixteenth of an inch in depth. It is a knack easily acquired to cut smoothly and of even depth, and no good results can be had until it is acquired. Then having the pattern all outlined—a spray of oak leaves, or a quaint dragon or other grotesque monster from some Japanese design—and a groove cut all round it, you have only to remove the wood all round the pattern, and you have a carving in low relief. Perhaps you have left your ground a little irregular—smooth it all you can—and then with a sharpened nail make little indentations all over it. Rub some coloring into the ground, leaving the design in the natural color of the wood, or gild it with gold paint, and you have a panel that will surprise you. It can be made the front of a paper-rack to hang on the wall, or, if small, the end of a hook-rack to put on the table—or it can be put on the front of a box; used anywhere, in fact, where graceful ornamentation is better than plain surface.

And don't forget the useful things that can be fashioned with the jack-knife. The butter-paddle of hard wood, wooden spoons, and salad spoons and forks. I saw the other day a wooden spoon so well carved out that I could hardly believe it was the work of a school-boy. He had taken a common wooden spoon, such as is sold in the shops for three cents, and carved a fanciful design all around the handle, and left a monogram in relief upon the front of it. The mother who showed it to me was quite proud of it, I can assure you—as well she might be. It came to the dinner table with the dessert, and was used to dip nuts out of a wooden bowl that had also been carved and ornamented by another member of the family.

But I only suggest whittling—not the hundred and one things that can be made by a skilful whittler. Let everybody who has a jack-knife use it to some purpose. If anybody should say, "nothing can be made with so simple a tool," let me refer such a one to the nearest museum where South Sea Island curiosities are kept. Look at the elaborately carved war clubs, and canoe paddles, and spoons, and cocoa-nut drinking cups; they are simply wonderful—and were all wrought out with a knife so roughly made that a "second-best" Yankee jack-knife would be worth ten of it—yes, a hundred.—*Christian Union.*

TESSA'S GOOD THINGS.

BY KATE S. GATES.

She wanted so many things; it was so hard to understand why she could not have them, so hard to be willing to go without them!

They were all good things, too; things that she was sure it would be well for her to have, and yet she did not have them.

She wanted Mrs. Hoyt, her Sabbath-school teacher, she always helped her so, but Mrs. Hoyt was miles and miles away in her new Western home, with so many cares that she rarely found time even to write to Tessa. She wanted to teach in Sabbath-school herself, but her health was not strong enough to permit her doing so. She wanted to invite her old class of boys to the house one evening every week; they were getting rather wild, apt to spend their evenings in the streets with the boys; she was sure that they would come willingly to her, she knew she could make it pleasant for them and profitable.

She had it all planned when Aunt Sarah came to spend the winter with them. When she heard Tessa talking about it she said directly that she could never bear the noise and confusion, it always made her nervous to have boys around.

Just now Tessa wanted to go to Thursday evening meeting, but it poured in torrents. She had been looking forward to this evening all the week, and she was very, very much disappointed.

"It seems to me I am always wanting something that I cannot have," she thought to herself bitterly.

"And they are good things too; it would not be so hard to give them up if they weren't. I don't see why I can't have them!"

And then, nestling down among the sofa pillows, Tessa let herself be as miserable as possible and thought over all her disappointments, until life seemed very hard to bear.

By-and-by her father came in and took up the Bible for prayers. Mother and Aunt Sarah put up their work. Tessa went out into the sitting-room and sat down in the corner where it was too dark for any one to notice that her eyes were red from crying. The Psalm for the evening was the eighty-fourth. Tessa liked to hear her father read the Bible; she said she always felt a new meaning to the verses just from his tone and way of reading.

There was such a sure, triumphant ring to his voice, as he read the eleventh verse of this psalm: "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." "No good thing," thought Tessa. She could not read these words in any such tone.

Then she noticed with a sudden pang how bent and gray and old her father looked. He was not so very old either; it was hardship and trouble that had made him a prematurely old man.

Still, for all that, he could say so positively that no good thing was withheld! She wondered how he could!

After prayers her mother went out in the kitchen to give orders for breakfast. Aunt Sarah went upstairs, leaving Tessa and her father alone.

"It—doesn't seem to me that that is true, father," she said, half defiantly.

"What, daughter?" he asked.

"That God does not withhold any good thing from His children. I have wanted so many good things—things that I'm sure would have been good for me, too, but I did not have them."

"Tessa, suppose that you were sick and I had two kinds of medicine for you; that one was good, that is, it would keep the life within you, and perhaps even give you a little strength, but the other would build you up into perfect health; which do you think I should give you?"

"The best, of course, father."

"God is the physician of our sin-sick souls. Cannot you trust Him that He will give you what is best for you? Nothing that is for our best good is ever withheld."

"But it is very hard to see it, father. For instance, it rained so hard that I could not go to meeting to-night. I wanted to very much. I needed the help I should have had there. Why couldn't I go? And why did Mrs. Hoyt have to go so far away? I used to be better for just catching a glimpse of her." Tessa spoke sharply, almost bitterly.

"I cannot tell why, daughter. Sometimes I think we depend too much upon earthly helps, and so the Lord takes them away to bring us nearer to Himself. It is not necessary for us to know the whys and wherefores always, though it is well for us to pray that we may learn the lessons God wishes to teach us in His dealings with us. The Lord has withheld many a desire from me. He has taken from me many a cherished object; but, Tessa, child, I do not believe that there has been one single good thing kept from me."

"But O, father," said Tessa brokenly, "why must we want the things we cannot have? If things are not good for us why need we care for them?"

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." "And every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit," was the reply. And Tessa, hearing it, went slowly up stairs to her own room. She had had her word, now she wanted to be by herself to think it over.

"I hope that God will make me fruitful, even if I do cry out at the hurt of it. I will try to remember."—*Christian Intelligence.*

HOW TO PROMOTE THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR SCHOOLS.

BY D. A. CORMACK.

It has been said by an eloquent man, that speeches which cost no labor are worth nothing, but I am quite sure that Sunday-school instruction which involves no preparation is of no value. If we wish to be suc-

cessful in teaching a class of young people, we must go to them with the matter clear in our own minds, everything ordered consecutively, regularly ticketed, and put one side in different parts of the brain, then brought out and given to the scholars in a systematic, orderly manner.

Then, again, the higher state of elementary education makes increased demands upon us as Sunday-school teachers. In the past, a teacher would have to deal with a class of big boys, or big girls, who could only spell out something with difficulty. But thanks be to God, the time has come when such a state of things is rapidly passing away.

When the children enter our classes in the Sunday-school, they come to have that religious instruction perfected which is only partially given in the week-day school. Can we, therefore, imagine a more solemn responsibility than what the Sunday-school teacher has undertaken? The future of the rising generation depends, to a very great extent, upon the Sunday-school teacher. Thus we see the need of preparing well ere we undertake to go before our class in the Sabbath-school. As a means to this end, I strongly approve of teachers' preparation classes being held in all our towns and cities, and in connection with large schools in the country districts, where the teachers connected with the different schools can meet and confer together, with the view of perfecting themselves in the mode of teaching; because, after all, it is one thing to know, but another thing to teach. Teaching is an art, and it requires great patience, great skill, and excellent temper to train up children in the way they should be trained. I also think it would be a great improvement if all schools would have a short address on the lesson every Sabbath, say by one of the teachers; and as we have undertaken the duty of advancing the best interests of humanity, let us be real Christians, serving our common Master and arriving at the same common end.—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Pelouet's Select Notes.)

February 1.—Acts 21: 15-26.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Review. Review briefly Paul's visit at Cesarea.

The map. Trace out the journey from Cesarea to Jerusalem.

The Diary. Have the scholars go over the diary of Paul for these few days. Call attention to the subject,—the return of the missionary. Paul had been at Jerusalem several times before this. His most important visit there was eight years before this, at the great conference in reference to the Gentile converts (Acts 15) in A. D. 50. But he made a brief stop there at the close of the second missionary journey (Acts 18: 21, 22).

1. Notice Paul's reception at Jerusalem (vers. 15-17.) Such a man as Paul would be dearly loved, and great numbers would rejoice to see and greet him.

2. Paul immediately reports to the leaders of the church (vers. 18-20.) It would be well for the scholars to bring together in the class the chief results of the last two great missionary journeys. His first journey he had therefore reported to the church there (Acts 15: 4.) Notice how large-hearted these leaders were, rejoicing in the work of others who had been blessed of God. They were not narrow or selfish men.

Illustration. Caesar's motto was "Aut Cesar aut nullus," either Cesar or nobody. He must be first. But true men want the work of God to prosper, no matter by whose hand it is done.

3. Then arise slanders against the Missionary (vers. 20-22.) Show the basis of truth in these slanders, and yet how false they were. The worst and most dangerous of lies are those which have a mixture of truth.

Illustration. From the caricatures of great men, which must always have some resemblance or the ridiculous and monstrous fictions would have no point.

4. The slanders are refuted (vers. 23-26.) The plan advised. How it was intended to work. How it was consistent with Paul's teachings and practices. Its success or failure.

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Gen. xxxv. 18. Josh. xv. 19. 1 Chron. vi. 67. Is. xxxvi. 2. 1 Sam. xiv. 1. Heb. xl. 21. Is. lxiii. 4. Gen. xv. 2. Acts. xvi. 14. Ex. xv. 22.

CEIVED.

received from S. Gilmour, 1 Maggie White-

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 1.

PAUL AT JERUSALEM.—ACTS 21: 15-26.

COMMIT VERSES 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when they heard it, they glorified the Lord.—Acts 21: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should rejoice in the progress of Christ's kingdom, though it be by other means and in other ways than our own.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 21: 15-26; Rom. 15: 14-24; W. Acts 14: 19-28; Th. 1 Cor. 9: 1-27; F. Acts 15: 1-29; S. Acts 15: 1-29; S. Num. 6: 1-12; Sa. Psalms 46: 1-11.

CHRISTMAS.—After a brief visit of four or five days at the home of Pollio, the evangelist in Caesarea, Paul continues his journey to Jerusalem, and completes the third great missionary journey.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

15. CARRIAGES.—baggage, including the money contributed for the poor at Jerusalem. 16. MINAS.—an early dialect, one of the first, having his home in Jerusalem. 17. JAMES.—the brother of our Lord, pastor of the church at Jerusalem, and author of the Epistle of James. 18. ZEALOTS OF THE LAW.—the Jewish Jews of circumcision, sacrifices, meats festival, etc. 21. INFORMED THAT THOU TEACHEST THE JEWS.—the charge, as they had accused, to teach those things to the Gentiles; and that they were not essential to salvation even to the Jews (Gal. 2: 3-13; 1 Cor. 7: 19; Rom. 2: 8, 29). 22. WHAT IS IT.—What shall we do about it? 23. WE HAVE FOUR MEN.—Christians of Jerusalem, which have a vow—the Nazarenes (vs. 21); NUBI. 6: 1-21; PURIFY THEMSELVES WITH THEM.—did with them in the closing days and offerings. BE AT CHARGES WITH THEM.—either for their bad and their expenses, temple fees, and cost of sacrifices. For each of the five the apostle would be too busy, a man, uneducated, bread, cakes of flour and oil, and wine, it would be no small expense. 25. AS TOUCHING THE GENTILES.—vs. 15-19. He need not retract any of his teachings.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what city was Paul on a journey? How long since he had been in Jerusalem? (Acts 18: 21, 22). The feast was probably Tabernacles, Leviticus 23: 34. The events of each day from the time Paul came to Caesarea till the end of this lesson. Where did Paul say at Caesarea? Describe the parting scene.

SUBJECT: THE RETURNED MISSIONARY.

I. HIS RETURN (vs. 15-17).—How long had Paul been absent on his third missionary journey? How far had he come on his way home? How far is Caesarea from Jerusalem? What time is meant by "those days" in vs. 17? What were the "carriages" mentioned? Of what doubtless did a part of this baggage consist? (vs. 21, 25). What accompanied Paul from Caesarea? When did they arrive at Jerusalem? With whom did they lodge there? II. HIS GREETING (vs. 17-19).—How was Paul received on his first evening? By whom? Whom did he meet the next day? When James was there? How was he greeted here? (Rom. 16: 4). III. HIS REPORT (vs. 20, 21).—What did Paul report to this assembly? How many great missionary journeys had he made since he met the Jerusalem Council in the great conference? (Acts 15). Name some of the leading events in his second missionary journey. (Acts 16: 1; 18: 23). Did he visit Jerusalem at the close of his journey? (Acts 18: 22). What had God done through him on this third journey? (Acts 18: 21, 27, 28). To whom did Paul ascribe these works? Why? How did the assembly receive the report? What is it to orify God?

IV. STANDERS AGAINST HIM (vs. 22).—What is said of the number of Jewish converts? Of what law were they zealous? What had been told them against Paul? Was it true? What foundation was there for this kind of? (Gal. 5: 6; 1 Cor. 7: 19; Rom. 2: 25, 26). Are the worst lies those that have a mixture of truth? V. THE STANDERS REPORTED (vs. 23-26).—What did the assembly advise Paul to do? What vow is referred to? (Num. 6: 1-4). Would the charges be heavy? (Num. 6: 13-17). How would this course relieve the student? Was it consistent with Paul's teachings? How did they receive this? (vs. 23). Had he done anything like it before? (Acts 18: 18). Was this plan successful?

PHILOSOPHICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. There will arise differences of opinion among the best of people. II. Each one should try and understand the others. III. Each one should do all he can for the general peace, and the correction of misunderstandings. IV. But we should never yield a great principle for the sake of peace.

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Jan. 20, 1885.

Things are very quiet, indeed prices have changed but little and the volume of business has been small. The snow has come at last and the winter roads promise to be good for a period and this should help the country trade. Butter and cheese are flat, stale and unprofitable just now, stocks are small, and this is, in fact, the reaction after the actual trade of the summer.

Chicago has been fluctuating slightly, but prices are now about what they were last week. We quote:—Wheat at 79½¢ Feb. 80½¢ March, 88½¢ May. Corn is quoted at 38½¢ Feb. and 41½¢ May.

The local wheat market is steady but there is not much business doing. We quote Canada Red Winter, 86¢ to 88¢; White, 84¢ to 85¢; Spring 84¢ to 85¢; Peas, 70¢ to 71¢; Oats, 31¢. Barley, 50¢ to 60¢. Corn 66¢.

FLOUR.—Is very dull and higher. Sales have not been frequent for the past few days. The quotations are:—Superior Extra, \$4.10 to \$4.15; Extra Superior, \$3.95 to \$4.00; Fancy \$3.80; Spring Extra \$3.75; Superior, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Strong Bakers' (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.25; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.25 to \$4.50; Fine, \$3.10 to \$3.25; Middlings, \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.60 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$1.75 to \$1.80; Spring Extra, \$1.45 to \$1.55; Superior, \$1.15 to \$1.55; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.25.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet and unchanged. We quote as follows:—Creamery, 21¢ to 23¢; Eastern Townships, 19¢ to 20¢; Western, 13¢ to 16½¢. Cheese 1¢ unchanged at 12¢ to 12½¢ for September and October, and 8¢ to 11½¢ for other makes.

Eggs, fresh are selling at 21¢ to 22¢, as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15 to \$15.25; Hams, city cured, 12½¢ to 13½¢; Bacon, 12¢ to 13¢; Lard, western, in pails, 10½¢ to 10¾¢; do., Canadian, 10½¢; Tallow, common refined, 7¢ to 8¢.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$3.40 to \$3.45 as to rates.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle is not so large this week as was the case last week, but as the butchers then bought freely at pretty low rates, they are not eager to pay higher prices now, and are waiting for larger supplies from the country. There is still a brisk demand for all the fatted and largest steers for shipment to Britain where the markets are reported to be better than they have been for some time. Pretty good shipping cattle sell readily at about 50¢ per 40 lb. and superior butchers' stock at about 47¢ do. while rough steers and fat cows bring from 40¢ to 44¢ do. There is an active demand for good veal critters and fancy prices are being paid for some of the best. The quality of the sheep offered lately is not very good and prices are low, sheep selling at from 3½¢ to 3¾¢ per lb. and lambs at 3½¢ to 4½¢ do. There is not much doing in the hog trade, dead or alive, and prices are lower, live hogs sell at from 5¢ to 5½¢ and dressed hogs at 6½¢ per lb. There is a better demand for good milk cows and higher prices are being paid for them.

FARMERS' MARKET.

With the return of pretty good sleighing and a substantial ice-bridge for the farmers to drive over from the south side of the St. Lawrence, there has been a more liberal supply of farm produce offered on the markets here of late, which meets with a good demand at somewhat lower rates. The fruit market is very quiet and prices, especially of lemons and oranges, pretty low. Superior print butter and fresh laid eggs continue to realize fancy prices, but old or stale goods are not wanted. The very unsettled state of the weather has caused the supply of hay to fluctuate a good deal with more or less corresponding variations in prices. Oats are 75¢ to 85¢ per bag; peas, 85¢ to \$1.00 per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 40¢ to 50¢ per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30¢ to 50¢ per bushel; cabbages 40¢ to 60¢ per barrel; butter 14¢ to 50¢ per lb; eggs 22¢ to 60¢ per dozen; apples \$2.00 to \$3.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 6½¢ to

7½¢ per lb.; mutton carcasses 5¢ to 6½¢ do; young turkeys 9¢ to 12¢ per lb.; geese 6¢ to 9¢ do; fowls 6¢ to 12¢ do; ducks 12¢ to 15¢ do; hay \$6.50 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 92½¢ Jan.; 94½¢ Feb.; 94½¢ Mar.; 96¢ April; 97½¢ May; 98¢ June. Corn, 52½¢ Jan.; 50½¢ April; 50½¢ May. Rye, quiet, 63½¢. Oats, dull; 34½¢ Dec.; 34½¢ Jan.; 35½¢ May. Barley, Canada No. 2, 70½¢. Peas nominal.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.10; Low Extra, \$3.15 to \$3.30; Clears, \$3.90 to \$4.75; Straight \$4.75 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.75 to \$6.00. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.90 to \$3.30; Low Extra, \$3.15 to \$3.35; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.30 to \$5.35; Patent, \$4.75 to \$5.75; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.40 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.25 to \$3.40; West India, sacks, \$3.00 to \$3.90; barrels, West India, \$4.90; Patent, \$4.75 to \$5.85; South America, \$4.85 to \$5.00; Patent \$4.75 to \$5.85. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.75; Family, \$4.90 to \$5.50; Patent, \$4.55 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.50.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.30 to \$3.40 in bris; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per br.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 15¢ to 35¢. Half firkins, ordinary to best, 16¢ to 27¢; Welsh tubs 19¢ to 25¢; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9¢ to 25¢. Cheese, state factory, ordinary, to fall cream, 3½¢ to 13½¢. Ohio flats, fair to choice 6¢ to 11½¢; Skins 1¢ to 3¢.

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