

"RED DAVE";

Or, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"

(From the Family Friend.

CHAPTER I.

DAVIE.

"If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus—
You can say He died for all."

The prison gates swung slowly back, and the constable who held the keys lifted up his lantern for a moment amid the fog.

"Thick, ain't it, little chap?" said he, as a child stepped forth from the gaol; "which way are you going—into the town?"

"No, sir," was the answer, half-frightened, half defiant, as Davie shrank back from the portly officer.

"You won't make much of the country roads in this here mist my lad; you'll get dropping into some ditch, as sure as my name's John Gregson. Haven't you got nobody a-waiting for you outside? That's a pity! well, get back into Mereham, but take my advice and keep clear of the Jarvis lot, or you'll be lodging here again," and then the bull's-eye disappeared, the door was double-locked, and Dave found himself alone, outside the gates, in the midst of a dense December fog.

Very cold and hungry was little Dave, for his breakfast had been a spare one, and the rags he was wearing again after three weeks' prison uniform, were no protection against the damp, chilly mist; but it was almost a relief to him that the day of his release was not bright and fine. He slunk along close to the high, dark wall, feeling that the fog seemed somehow to agree with his own condition—which was truly about as miserable a one as a boy could know.

Three weeks ago, "Red Dave" (as they called him) was selling matches, sweeping crossings, holding horses, and fetching beer for the shoeblacks and stall-keepers in Mereham Market and High street; now the prison scissors have cropped the red tangled curls, and Dave feels that his shaven head must betray to all that he is a "gaol-bird" let loose—something worse than the street-boy who slept in arches and barrows, and even in unused sewer-pipes! He understood, as he crept along, that the fog was deeper than ever now—deeper even than on that night so long ago, when they carried him, a little frightened child, from his workhouse crib, to "kiss mother good-bye."

He was not a prison-boy then; he had not stood in the dock, nor slept in the cell!

How could he now return to town? All the people in the market knew he had been taken up. The shoeblacks in the High

Street had seen him marched along, the policeman's hand above his elbow.

And Jarvis—Jarvis was free!

As Dave remembered him, he burst out in the darkness into oaths and curses; all the wild passion of his nature vented itself in the dreadful words he had heard from the lips of drunkards and profane men in the prison.

"If I had him here in the fog, by this wall, I'd kill him; whenever I get a chance, I'll kill him."

The strong brown fists were mercilessly clenched, the blue eyes flashed like a furious beast's; Jarvis, with his greater strength of six more years of Arab life, must have suffered sorely had he crossed the boy's path then.

It was only an everyday story,

likewise the fascinating picture on the first page of the paper he was carrying. How Jarvis must have prospered since the day when he, too, ran bare-footed in the market, helping the farm-men to unload in the chill of the early morning, for the sake of a copper or a bunch of raw turnips!

Very condescending was Ben Jarvis that night; he read Dave portions of the histories of celebrated robbers and highwaymen and showed the excited child all the fascinating pictures that illustrated their wealth and daring but omitted to show the end of their career, which was ruin and disgrace, and the death of a criminal.

A second invitation found Dave quite ready for the novel at-

full in view, his angry face flushed and bleeding, his ragged sleeves turned up.

The constable bade him "be off out of this," and kept him in memory for any future occasion, as a patron of that "gaff," which was well known as a resort of young pick-pockets and burglars.

Jarvis continued to patronize Dave, who became exceedingly proud of the notice of such a young "swell."

One day Jarvis called for him in the market, saying that a great crowd was collecting in the High Street to see some of the Royal Family pass by. Dave had very exalted notions of the Royal Family, and with a vision of crowns and sceptres before his mind, he only waited to don an old pair of hobnailed boots in honor of such grandeur, and rushed out to join the throng.

The High Street was crowded; people pushed and jostled one another, and Dave found he could scarcely see anything at all, for the people's heads towered far above him. Impatiently he turned and twisted about to get a good place ere the carriages approached, till the surrounding spectators bade him angrily be still, and he turned to Jarvis with the exclamation, "Tain't no good staying here! I mean to climb a lamp-post."

Just then a gentleman seized hold of his arm, shaking him indignantly.

"Where is my purse, you young thief? Stop him! Stop thief!"

For Dave, frightened and bewildered, made a movement to escape.

A dozen hands caught hold of him at once, and a woman's voice shrieked out, "Police! Police!" In another instant a member of the police force had Dave down on the pavement turning out his solitary pocket. Within they found a rotten apple, a dirty string, and—a leather purse!

"I didn't take it—I didn't, sir," protested Dave; but the gentleman said sternly, "It is useless for you to tell falsehoods now; the purse was found upon you;" then, as he opened it, he discovered that it was empty.

"Search him again, policeman," said he; "my money is gone; there were four sovereigns and some shillings."

The policeman shook out his jacket again.

"I know the boy," he said; "he belongs to a bad lot—he is in with young Jarvis, who gives us the slip like an eel. This chap must have collared the money, and passed it on to one of his pals."

"I saw him shifting and wheedling about, a-slipping from side to side just now," said the shrill female voice that had called for a constable. "He tried to make off just as the gentleman missed his purse," said another.

"I hain't done nothing," said



"HALLOO, YOUNGSTER! LOST YOUR WAY, EH!"

though a tragedy to "Red Dave."

One evening, when Dave sat supperless in the market, within the warmth of a hot potato stall, Jarvis came sauntering in, and offered to treat him to the play. Now little Dave had never seen a play, and felt too cold and hungry to care to turn out in the street, so as Jarvis jingled the change in his pocket, the boy said eagerly he'd rather have "one of them there 'taters'."

Jarvis treated him to a couple on the spot, ordering the man to "pepper 'em well," and then sat down beside Dave, whilst the supper was hastily devoured. All the time he was eating, Dave noticed with wonder and respect his companion's brilliant scarf-pin and spotted tie, and shining boots;

tractions of the "penny gaff"; there Jarvis mixed with a number of boys about fifteen and sixteen, who were indulging freely in beer. They offered some to Dave, but he had tasted it before, and it had made his head so bad that the very sight of it seemed to bring back the sick pain again, and he would not touch it. The lights and the singing seemed, however, half to intoxicate him; he began to roar out the choruses so loudly that the crowd turned to "chaff" him, and when Jarvis launched into a fight with another lad, Dave distributed blows on his behalf right and left. There was a call for order from the stage, and a policeman appeared on the scene. Jarvis and his foe became invisible, but Dave stood

Dave, looking half blindly from the one to the other, wondering why Jarvis was not there to help him, yet with a sudden sickening revulsion of certainty that Jarvis had used him as a tool for the theft.

"Will you charge him, sir?" asked the constable.

"Certainly; it will be a warning to him," answered the gentleman; and after a moment's violent resistance on the part of Dave, the three proceeded together to the police-station, followed by a small crowd of juveniles.

The magistrate was sitting in court, and the evidence was laid before him, added to which Dave was charged with severely assaulting the policeman, whom, in trying to escape, he had kicked with his hobnailed boots.

Sentence was passed upon him for the theft and assault—three weeks in all; and the red head disappeared from the dock, and Dave was a prison-boy.

He went down to the gaol in the van, feeling as though he "didn't care now what became of him—not he;" and he came out three weeks later a desolate child, into the shrouding fog.

CHAPTER II. SUNNYSIDE.

Cold and hungry and friendless, Dave wandered on to a pretty village on the outskirts of Mereham; many an artist loved to linger at Bankside, on account of its beautiful river scenery, and others stayed there in fine weather for the sake of boating and fishing.

The fog was clearing now, and Dave could see the shining river spanned by an ornamental bridge, and the handsome villas with their spreading lawns and conservatories full of rare choice flowers.

"How fine it must be to be rich!" thought Dave, gazing at the gleam of the firelight upon crimson curtains and plate-glass windows; "there's food to be had in there—they don't know what it is to be all over cuts and chilblains, and not a bit of bread a-lying about anywhere to be picked up, that I can see."

Slowly and hesitatingly (for Dave was thoroughly frightened of all this grandeur) he entered the opened gate of one of the finest of the mansions, intending to make his way to the kitchen entrance, and beg for a little food. But the approach to "Sunnyside" was rather perplexing, and he found himself instead before the deep bay window of a large, comfortable room, into which he could look quite plainly from the gravel path outside.

Something like envy filled the heart of the little outcast as he gazed upon a boy, attired in warm black velvet, who lay upon a couch, comfortably wrapped in a handsome skin rug. This child

of luxury seemed about his own age, but oh! what a difference there was between them!

"He's had dinner, I reckon," thought Dave, miserably; "maybe plum duff, and gravy 'taters. There ain't no shivering for him, neither. Ain't he just snug, and ain't he a-laughing jolly like with them there kittens, and don't that 'ere lady seem fond of him just?"

A gentle-faced lady, who had been sitting in the arm-chair by the fire reading aloud to the little boy, here rose and settled his sofa pillows for him more comfortably.

"Guess it's good to have a mother," thought poor Dave, turning gloomily away; he did not know that in one respect he and Wilfrid Joyce were alike, for they were both motherless; but Dr. Joyce's sister in Wilfrid's case, tried hard to supply the place of a mother to her little nephew.

"Hallo, youngster! lost your way, eh? You mustn't come tramping about the front garden."

The speaker was a good-natured man in coachman's livery; in Dave's eyes he was very imposing, and the frightened boy faltered out, that he was very hungry.

"Well, you won't get food, starting at mistress and young Master Willie; come round here to the kitchen, and I'll warrant cook can find you some broth."

Dave opened eyes, ears, and mouth; it was good fortune enough to be addressed so kindly, but to be promised broth, and actually to detect a warm savory smell as he neared the cook's domains!

But, unfortunately, just at that moment a side gate opened, and in walked a gentleman, at sight of whom Dave would have taken to his heels and fled, but that fright seemed to chain him to the spot.

"How often shall I have to order tramps away from the stable-yard?" he asked sternly; and then, seeing Dave's face, he exclaimed, "Why, this is the young thief who stole my purse last month—the daring rascal to come prowling about my house! I'll take care you lay hands on nothing here, you good-for-nothing fellow! Be off, or I will send for a policeman."

"Please, sir," pleaded Griffiths, with the privilege of an old servant, "he's such a little chap, and mistress said as how the broth was to be given away at the door this bitter weather."

But Dave was already out of the front gate, and a long way down the road, and Dr. Joyce passed in to toast himself at the fire, and take an hour's rest before tea with his idolized child, Wilfrid.

Mrs. Joyce had died when her little boy was born; she was a sweet Christian woman, and though she could scarcely get sufficient breath to speak, yet when they laid her little one beside her, she touched the tiny

babe, saying faintly, "Thine own, dear Lord."

Her last words were thus a prayer that her little Wilfrid might belong to God; as yet it seemed as though her dying prayer had been unheard, for though little Will heard plenty of fairy-tales, and wonderful adventures of heroes real and unreal, no one had ever told him the sweetest story of all—how Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. And yet he was nine years old, and could read quite well.

You will wonder still more when I tell you that it was by his father's orders that the subject of religion was kept as an avoided one in Wilfrid's presence; Dr. Joyce said that he himself did not believe in God, and he would not have a lot of nonsense put into the boy's head.

Miss Joyce, a kind, gentle lady, who prayed in secret that the Lord would move her brother's heart to let her teach little Will of the Saviour, took good care of the child, who was by nature sweet-tempered and obedient; but often and often when the poor little fellow was in pain with the croup and asthma that so sadly afflicted him, she longed to hear his little voice falter a prayer to the loving heart of Him who pities His little ones in their pain and trouble.

But her brother, to all save Wilfrid, was a hard stern man, and Miss Joyce was frightened that if she disobeyed him, he would remove her from the care of her dearly-beloved nephew. How often she thought of the times when the doctor and his sweet wife went to the house of God together, and when morn'ing and evening the doctor used to open the Bible, and read aloud from it, and then offer prayer to God.

But since his wife's death he had seemed completely changed. He had loved her passionately, and none but himself and the Lord knew how hard he had prayed that her life might be spared. But God, in His wisdom and mercy, saw it fit to call her to himself, and from that time the doctor seemed utterly turned against religion.

I wonder what you would think of a child who turned against his mother, and would have nothing to do with her, because she had denied him something he was determined to have? You would call such a child foolish and wicked; could he not trust his mother's love to choose and decide for him?

But Dr. Joyce was acting just in this way; first of all he said, "God is cruel," and then, like the fool mentioned in the Bible, "There is no God," and then, as if to revenge himself against the Lord of Hosts, he decided to turn religion out of his house entirely.

But the dear mother's prayer had gone up to heaven with her

dying breath, and the Lord in whom she trusted had not forgotten little Will.

In envying the young master of those pretty white kittens, Dave had only judged from appearances; he did not hear the hacking cough, he did not know how many months little Will had lain upon that couch day by day, and how hard the father strove to persuade himself and others that the child was not growing weaker, and wearing away before their eyes.

He looked up gladly as his father came in, with the loving smile and dark blue eyes of his lost mother.

"Papa! we've got snow-cake for tea, and we had chicken for dinner, only I couldn't eat much because auntie gave me such a big cup of beef-tea at lunch."

Did some thought of the hungry face of the little tramp cross the doctor's mind? If it did he dismissed it with the remembrance of Dave's guilt as a thief.

"And have you been busy, papa dear? Have you been to any little boys who cough as bad as me?"

"Oh, what grammar!" cried his aunt, playfully; then she added, "But you have not coughed quite so much to-day, darling."

"Of course not," said Dr. Joyce, drawing the little golden head tenderly to his shoulder. "I believe that medicine will fatten him up out of all knowledge. This dull weather is against the strongest constitution; when the roses come you'll be quite well, my boy."

"But I have never been quite well, you know, papa; somehow I never seem to have played about like other boys."

"Oh, your chest has been a little weak," said the doctor, hastily, "but you will grow out of it; it is nothing at all. You've got that wool next to the skin?"

"Oh yes, papa; auntie takes care of that; but, papa dear, I've been thinking—suppose I don't get better, papa. Cook had a little nephew who had the croup, and he died."

"Cook is a gossiping idiot," said the doctor angrily; then he added, touching the little frail hand to his lips, "There's no fear for you, my boy; cook's nephew very likely had neither doctor nor nursing. I think we are able to insure your life for a good many years to come."

"Oh, I do hope so, papa; I don't want to die. Fancy going away from you and auntie, and everything nice and being put in the cold, dark ground."

"The flowers don't mind the cold dark ground," said his aunt, in a trembling voice.

"No, auntie; but they come up out of it, and look beautiful; I shall have to lie there for ever and ever and ever—shan't I papa? Oh, it does frighten me so."

(To be continued.)

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

WHAT INSURANCE MEN SAY.

Our readers may remember a statement recently made by Col. Greene, President of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, about the effects of the "moderate" use of alcohol in the form of beer. He said: "That in this country and climate the use of beer is an evil only less than the use of whiskey, if less on the whole, and that its effect is only delayed, not so immediately and obviously bad, its incidents not so repulsive, but destructive in the end, I have seen abundant proof. Beer drinking is peculiarly deceptive at first; it is thoroughly destructive at the last."

The New York Voice prints a number of letters from other insurance men, confirming that remarkable statement. Here are some of them:

From Thomas W. Russell, President Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.:—"I have no doubt the results are correctly stated by Col. Greene. Pneumonia, typhoid fever, inflammation of the brain, of the bowels, etc., are not infrequently given as the cause of death, when it should be truthfully added—directly induced by the use of such beverages."

From George C. Ripley, President Home Life Insurance Co.:—"Our experience, as a rule, confirms that of Col. Greene. It indicates that malt liquor, used habitually, even though moderately, causes an increase of mortality."

From T. H. Brosnan, President United States Life Insurance Co.:—"Our experience has been very much more limited than the experience of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co., but, as far as it has gone, and to the extent of our own powers of observation, whether speaking officially or personally, we believe that Col. Greene's views represent the facts."

From J. B. Temple, President Southern Mutual Life Insurance Co., Kentucky:—"I cannot say that I have such wide experience as Col. Greene, but I do not doubt the correctness of his conclusions. In the case of moderate drinking either of malt or spirituous liquors, there is small hope that the habitual drinker will remain a moderate one."

From A. G. Bullock, President State Mutual Life Assurance Co.:—"I have not examined the subject as thoroughly as Col. Greene has, and cannot answer, therefore, with much confidence from personal knowledge. But generally, I will answer, my experience confirms that narrated by him. My experience is that the habitual use of beer, ale, etc., even by moderate drinkers, increases mortality."

From Stephen Ball, Secretary of the Hartford Life and Annuity Insurance Co.:—"From our general observations, we should take it for granted that a careful examination of our mortality experience would not fail to confirm the experience of Col. Greene."

From Samuel C. Huey, President of the Pennsylvania Mutual Life Insurance Co.:—"My experience confirms to a great degree the experience of Col. Greene. I consider that malt liquors taken habitually by a moderate drinker tend to increase mortality."

From J. A. Nitchin, Secretary National Life Insurance Co., U.S.A.:—"In general, our experience justifies the conclusion expressed by Col. Greene."

From Charles Dewey, President National Life Insurance Co.:—"Our experience confirms that of Col. Greene, of the Connecticut Mutual Life. Mortality, in our opinion, is increased by the habitual use of malt liquors—beer, ale, etc."

THE SCOTT ACT CAMPAIGN.

RENFREW AND NORFOLK having both adopted the Scott Act,—the latter county by a majority of over 1000,—the next elections fixed are the following:

Compton, Que.	Nov. 26.
Brantford (city) Ont.	Dec. 11.
Brant (county) Ont.	" 11.
Leeds & Grenville Ont.	" 18.

Let the friends of our great cause strain every nerve to win. Let every organization be in perfect working order. Let every voter who is on the right side be brought to the poll, so that his vote may correspond to his convictions. And let the contest be carried on with the enthusiasm and determination of men and women who know that God is on their side.

MAKING THEMSELVES RIDICULOUS.—The Orangeville hotel-keepers, at a meeting held when the county (Dufferin) had adopted the Scott Act, determined to raise prices. They also removed their horse troughs and made things as uncomfortable as possible. Two, however, kept their heads: Mr. Lennox announced that his prices would remain the same, and Mr. Hicks declared that he would give better accommodation at the old rates. Besides this, the temperance committee issued a circular informing the public that arrangements for temperance accommodation had already been made! The hotel men are now grumbling at their own stupidity.

THE ACT 'N WESTMORELAND.—Four liquor sellers have just been fined \$50 each, and costs, and a number of new cases are to be brought immediately. There is no quarter for the liquor traffic here. An enthusiastic meeting has also been held at Petticoe, resulting in the formation of a strong branch of the Alliance to put a stop to all violations of the Scott Act in Salisbury parish. The Rev. A. C. Thompson is president.

LINCOLN TO JOIN IN.—A convention at St. Catharines has unanimously resolved to open a Scott Act campaign in the county of Lincoln at once. Reports were received from every municipality in the county, and nearly all gave assurance of a strong feeling in favor of the Act. It was also resolved to ask the co-operation of adjoining counties.

HALDIMAND, it is proposed, shall join her neighbor Lincoln in introducing the Scott Act to the Niagara peninsula.

MANITOBA.—Organization has been completed in eight counties (Manchester, Marquette, Portage la Prairie, Dufferin, Rock Lake, Morris, Norfolk and Brandon), and substantial progress has been made in the cities of Winnipeg and Brandon. The Alliance agent, Rev. J. E. Allen, is visiting those counties where activity is not reported.

IMPROVING ON THE BAR.—A friend, writing to us from Bond Head, says:—

Seeing an item in last week's Messenger that a bar, in Oakville, had been turned into a flour and feed store—I thought I would let you know that Bond Head, Simcoe county, is not behind Halton, for we have a tailor here who has rented a tavern and turned it into a tailor's shop, using the bar-room for cutting-room, and rooms upstairs for workrooms. May every tavern in the land become a tailor's shop or something as good,—is the prayer of

Yours Truly,
H. J. SAUNDERS.

PERTH.—A new petition will almost certainly be prepared in this county, to replace the one rejected on a technicality.

FOUR YEARS AGO, it was impossible to hold a temperance meeting at Cambridge, England, because of the violent opposition of the students of the university. Now, a remarkable change has occurred. Not only is wine-drinking being gradually given up in college, but a large number of students wear the blue ribbon. A great improvement has taken place in the town, crime and poverty decreasing, and Cambridge may to-day be looked on as one of the advanced posts of the temperance movement.

LARNE VERSUS BESSBROOK.—A bill has been issued by the temperance people of the town of Larne, Ireland, containing these very instructive facts: The manufacturing town of Bessbrook, with a population of over 5,000 inhabitants, has no public-houses, no policemen, no pawnshops, and there—drunkenness and poverty are almost unknown. The town of Larne with a population of only 4,534, has got 20 public-houses, or places where drink is sold; 10 policemen, 1 pawnshop, and a well-filled poorhouse, a heavy poor-rate, and a large amount of drunkenness, poverty and crime.

THE CONSTITUTION OF OHIO prohibits the sale of liquor, but liquor is freely sold in that State. The Scott Law, which has now been declared unconstitutional, was an attempt to give licenses under the name of taxation. There is now free trade in liquor in Ohio.

FOUR YEARS AGO, there were 10,000 votes cast for Neal Dow in the Presidential election. St. John is believed to have this year received 200,000 votes. Is not prohibition coming to the front as a national issue in the United States?

Mr. ST. JOHN has been engaged to lecture for prohibition in the United States during the whole of the next four years.

THE CROFTERS at Skye, who showed signs of open rebellion against the evicting landlords, have submitted,—for the present. In the House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, said the crofters had his deep sympathy. He was not in favor of the employment of force against them, and earnestly appealed to the landlords in the west of Scotland to mitigate the crofters' condition.

SOME 414,000 persons arrived in the United States in the ten months ended October 31st. Of these 48,000 were from Britain; 55,000 from Austria; 141,000 from Germany; 12,000 from Italy; 35,000 from Norway and Sweden; 40,000 from Canada, and 62,000 miscellaneous. For the same period last year the arrivals were 501,000.

THE Czar's private physician, carrying out his master's orders, has been investigating the high death-rate in St. Petersburg hospitals. He finds that most of the deaths are from weakness; only 9½ cents per day is allowed for each patient, and even then some of the patients' food is stolen by the nurses, who are poorly paid.

AN AMERICAN named Bruce, formerly a Baptist minister in New York is confined in an insane asylum in England. As he appealed to the American Ambassador, the government granted a special enquiry, when it was declared that Mr. Bruce was undoubtedly insane.

FIVE COLORED MISSIONARIES left New York for the Congo on Saturday.

THE GOVERNOR OF MONTANA speaks bitterly against the Canadian officials for not allowing the cattle of that territory and Wyoming to pass through the Dominion. He declares the cattle have always been, and are now, free from contagious diseases.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC "Plenary Council" at Baltimore is still in session, having public discussions in Latin and private in English! The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America has resolved to send speakers to all parts of the country this winter to enlist the Catholics in the temperance work.

A SEVERE SHOCK of earthquake has been felt at Clitheroe, twenty-five miles from Manchester, England. Horses and wagons were thrown down in the streets.

THERE is an epidemic of diphtheria in Chicago.

THE PRAIRIE CATTLE COMPANY of Scotland is to be sued by the United States Attorney-General for fencing in 33,000 acres of public domain.

FOURTEEN MEN, women and children, have been murdered at San Salvador in consequence of a quarrel as to the ownership of some land.

TWO EMPLOYEES of a French mining company in Greece have been killed by brigands and robbed of \$4,000 which they were carrying to pay the workmen.

THE KHAN OF KHIVA, in Central Asia, is not a very mild ruler, and many of his subjects are going over to Russian territory. Russia will probably take over the Khan's territory and subjects together.

TWENTY-TWO SOCIALISTS have now been elected to the German Reichstag: there were only nine in the last parliament.

THE POPE, it is stated, has written asking his ambassador at Paris to try and stop the attacks of the "ultramontanes" upon the "Liberal Catholics."

THE LOSS caused by the Hocking Valley miners' strikes since the 17th of June amounts to about \$4,000,000.

THE PARNELLITES are going to submit additional evidence to the government to prove that the men convicted of the Maamtrasna murders were really innocent. An enquiry before independent English lawyers is asked for.

A COMMITTEE of the French Chamber of Deputies has decided against continuing to appoint Life Senators.

FIFTY AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS have been arrested on a charge of Socialism.

BARON VON STIEGLITZ, the most famous banker in Russia, died on the 5th, leaving a fortune of nearly \$75,000,000. He left to each of his confidential clerks a splendid mansion.

MAGGIE ECKERT, a servant, was shot and killed last week by a lawyer named Bunn, who mistook her for a burglar.

MORE THAN six thousand men are at work at Philadelphia, and a very large number at Fall River.

THE LONDON "TIMES" says it rests with Canada to decide whether the United States shall have the whole of the West Indian trade. A reduction of the tariff on West Indian products would at once answer the question.

THE WEEK.



HENRY FAWCETT.

We give this week a portrait of Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of Britain, whose life and death were recorded in our last issue.

THE NAVAL ADVISORY BOARD recommends an addition of twelve new cruisers to the United States Navy.

THE PARISH PRIEST of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Fall River, Mass., has been driven from his parsonage by members of his congregation, and altogether an unpleasant state of affairs exists between pastor and people.

ONE OF THE MOST benevolent ladies of Torquay, England, has just been atrociously assaulted and murdered. She was unmarried, and resided in a very fine house of her own. The fishermen looked on her as an angel, because of her great charity. An ex-convict got into her service by forged letters of recommendation, and tried to make her marry him. She refused, and then the tragedy took place. Taking a quantity of jewellery the ruffian set fire to the house to conceal the crime. The flames were put out, however, and the body was discovered. Her murderer was found in a stable and confessed his guilt.

A RANCHMAN named Petty and his wife have been murdered in Texas by a band of Indians from Mexico, and their three children were carried off. Troops and citizens are after them.

MRS. PEARSON, Vice-President of the British Woman's Temperance Association, has been speaking during this week in various churches of Montreal. She is a most effective orator.

AN IMMENSE SCHOOL of blackfish has visited the bay at Provincetown, Mass., this week. The fishermen have caught \$20,000 worth by driving the fish into creeks.

THE COURT at St. JOSEPH, Missouri, on Monday, fined sixty liquor dealers \$200 each and denied them a license for two years for refusing to take out a license under the Downing Law. Thirty additional cases are pending.

THE "SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT" of Forepaugh's show is dead. All the other elephants bellowed for grief when their pale comrade's spirit fled. The showman estimates his loss at \$52,000.

LIEUT. COL. HOUCHE, M. P. for Maskingone in the Dominion Parliament, and at one time a well known journalist, has died at the age of 37.

A TELEGRAM to London says that 500 Chinese prisoners have been beheaded by the Annamite allies of the French.

AN OUTBREAK of cattle disease in Kansas has been caused by the "ergot" fungus in the grain eaten by them.

THE ENGLISH COURTS have granted an injunction forbidding the publication of Lord Lytton's letters. As they have already been published, and quoted and commented on in nearly all the newspapers in the English language, the injunction is not of much use. The letters were published by a friend of the late Lady Lytton, showing that his lordship began by being an unusually idiotic lover, and turned out to be a very violent and cruel husband.

AN ANTI-PROTECTIONIST league has been formed in Paris to oppose the proposed duties on food.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" will sail from England next week with European exhibits for the New Orleans International Exhibition.

MR. ALEXANDER BUNTIN, one of the richest millionnaires in Montreal, has been convicted by a jury in a criminal trial. As a director of the Exchange Bank, when it suspended payment to other people, he helped himself to \$10,000 of a deposit which he had placed there, and only returned the money when a lawsuit had been brought to compel him. People wonder what the sentence will be.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—There is now no doubt that Mr. Cleveland has been elected President of the United States. The total vote in New York State was: Cleveland, 562,961; Blaine, 561,883; St. John, 25,078; Butler, 16,945. Mr. Blaine has gracefully acknowledged his defeat, which he honestly confesses to be caused by the Republican prohibitionists. At the next Presidential election, the Republican party will know better than to give a cold shoulder to the prohibition movement.

NINE MEN have been drowned while returning in a lifeboat from the steamship "Inveralt," which lies stranded at Pictou Island, Nova Scotia.

TURKEY has stopped trying to collect taxes from its rebellious subjects in Yemen, Arabia.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., the novelist, historian and Irish Nationalist, prophesies that within five years the British parliament will grant Home Rule to Ireland.

THE COMMODORE in command of the fleet in Australian waters has formally proclaimed a British protectorate over part of New Guinea. The ceremony took place, with great pomp, on the 6th of this month. Settlers will not be allowed in at present.

THE FIRST BISHOP of the Episcopal Church in America was consecrated just one hundred years ago, and the occasion is now being celebrated. The London Times says that if ever the Church of England is separated from the State, it may learn from America that neither extinction nor humiliation need be feared.

A PROTESTANT CHURCH near Dungannon, in Ireland, was attacked on Sunday by a crowd of miners, who used sticks and stones to disperse the congregation; after other violence had been committed, the Dungannon police came and put down the riot.

PRUSSIA is going to raise a loan of \$2,500,000 for the expenses of her army and navy and railways.

A VIENNA PROFESSOR thinks there is little danger of cholera invading Austria.

TWO LODGES of Good Templars have been formed in Finland. One works in the Swedish language, which is used by about 200,000 people; in the other, the Finnish is spoken, as used by 2,000,000 of the inhabitants.

IN VINELAND.—An Englishman who has emigrated to Vineland, New Jersey, writes home as follows to Mr. Cash, of the Temperance and General Provident Institution. "Vineland is a temperance district; no drinking licenses; and my taxes last year were only four dollars (16s. 8d.); no policemen in Vineland; this is through having temperance laws. The population is about 10,000."

THE SPANIARDS congratulate themselves on their treaty with the United States, and hope that Cuba and Porto Rico will have the American sugar-market to themselves.

AN ICE PALACE, it is proposed, will be erected in Central Park this winter. New York weather, however, is too uncertain. Without a good reliable spell of hard frost the palace is likely to melt away as it is being built.

THE LAW-COURTS at Sternberg, in Moravia, have been blown up by dynamite.

A WOMAN NAMED BOUTET having been condemned to death at Quebec for murder, a petition was sent to have the sentence changed, but the government refuses to interfere with the execution.

THE SHOE MANUFACTURERS of Lynn, Massachusetts, have started to work again, and the workmen demand 20 per cent increase of wages. The Cleveland rolling mills, employing 3000 men, have also started. At Elizabeth, N. J., 600 men have been discharged from the Singer sewing machine works till January, and 500 more will go this week.

THE FORTSMOUTH (N.H.) Trust and Guarantee Company has been stopped doing any more business, owing to its rotten condition. There is \$417,000 on deposit, and the depositors are mostly poor people, but they expect to be paid in full.

THE AMERICAN Salvation Army has its headquarters at Cincinnati.

INDIANS are in the habit of getting quantities of lead from a secret mine in Armstrong county, Pennsylvania. The whites have tried hard to find the spot, but so far without success.

SOME DISCHARGED EMPLOYEES and other rascals loosened a rail on the Southern Texas Central Railway near Hempstead on the 14th. They intended to wreck and rob a freight train, but a passenger train came first and went over into a creek. Ten persons were killed and many badly wounded.

THE FIJI ISLANDERS, who have about 40,000 church members amongst them, are sending missionaries to the savages of New Guinea.

THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY office at Washington has appointed Captain Dutton to scientifically examine all earthquakes in the United States.

THE CHOLERA has already caused a large number of deaths in Paris, but cold weather and frost have come, and the spread of the disease is now checked.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS of Charles Dickens, by Mr. Dolby, who managed his lecturing tour in America, will be published next month.

EXPERIMENTS WITH TOBACCO.

Zulinsky has recently published, in a Polish medical paper, the result of a large series of experiments on men and animals, made for the purpose of ascertaining the physiological action of tobacco-smoke on animals. He has found that the smoke is a powerful poison, even in very small quantities. In the case of man, tobacco-smoke, when not inhaled too freely, is only deleterious to a limited extent. Zulinsky declares that the poisonous character of the smoke is not entirely due to the nicotine which it contains. Tobacco-smoke rendered free from nicotine remains poisonous, though not to so great a degree as before. The second poisonous principle is an alkaloid, colidin. Carbonic oxide, hydrocyanic acid, and other noxious principles, are also contained in tobacco-smoke. The bad effects of excessive smoking depend very much both on the kind of tobacco consumed, and on the manner of consuming it. In cigar-smoking, the greatest amount of poison is inhaled, in cigarettes much less, in pipes still less, whilst those who indulge in the nargileh, or any similar luxury where the smoke is drawn through water, take tobacco in its least mischievous form. Such are Zulinsky's conclusions. There can be little doubt that many of the light-colored tobaccos have been partially bleached in order to give them that pale tint which moderate smokers believe to be an infallible indication of mildness. The decolorizing agent is suspected to be, in many cases, a deleterious chemical compound. Some of the light tobaccos smoke exceedingly hot, owing to the quantity of woody fibre which they contain. This is especially the case with "bird's-eye," which is cut near the stalk of the leaf, the slices of the midrib, thick in this part of the leaf, giving this variety of tobacco the characteristic appearance from whence it derives its name. "Bird's-eye" is very apt to cause slight inflammation of the tongue, on account of the irritant character and heat of its smoke, and, together with other light tobaccos, must act very prejudicially on elderly smokers, who may be prone to cancer of the tongue or lip. Dark tobaccos are readily adulterated; but when pure they are probably the most wholesome for pipe-smoking.—British Medical Journal.

HATS FOR KING TAWHAIHO.

It is said that King Tawhaiho has left England with enough white hats to stock a New Zealand store. His partially for this description of *chapans* has brought him a stream of presentation hats of the kind. They are of every conceivable shade, texture, and design. Some have black bands round them. One was received illuminated with blue, which the King greatly admired. He cannot possibly wear them all out, though it is admitted that he is "heavy on his hats." His Majesty is, it is said, in no hurry to return to his native land. He has grown to like our ways, and has become accustomed to the noise of our streets. He likes the free and easy motion of the London hansom; and it is a sign of the demoralizing influence of civilization that he no longer regards his tattoo marks with pride.—Hatters' Gazette, (London, England).

FRENCH "BRANDY."—The report of the United States Consul at Rochelle on French brandy ought to help in the strengthening of the hands of the Blue Ribbon Society. Brandy within the last three years has ceased to be brandy, being for the most part alcohol of grain, potatoes or beets. The proprietors of the vineyards themselves have become so clever in its fabrication that it is almost impossible even for honest merchants to buy a pure cognac when they wish to do so. When the bottle is invoiced or labelled 1849 or 1856 it only means that the article has been made to resemble the brandy of that year. The alcohol which has taken the place of the genuine spirit of the grape is described as a most pernicious liquor, producing an intoxication which inclines the patient to rage and physical violence, while the prolonged use of it leads to insanity.—Brooklyn Eagle.

MAJOR JACKSON, President of the Enterprise Cotton Mills at Atlanta, Georgia, has been arrested on indictments charging him with misappropriating \$152,000.

A WORD FOR PERPLEXED PARENTS.

I was the fortunate mother of a bright and active boy whose perseverance and determination equalled anything I have ever seen in children, and it was manifested when he was a tiny baby of a few weeks. I was positive I should have great trouble with him, and conscious that, unless I guided him aright, he would be a curse instead of a blessing, not to his parents alone, but to all with whom he might be brought in contact during his life should he be permitted to attain to manhood. I brought much thought and constant prayer to the task before me, that I might be guided rightly in my management, and be permitted that insight into his disposition and mind which would enable me to train and form him into a character which should be full of joy and blessing for himself, and lead to ultimate success in life.

My first point was never to permit him in the most trifling matter to go wrong. I do not say do wrong, the child was too young, but to go in the wrong direction and to grow that way. One instance will show. He had a most devoted nurse, who thought every wish should be gratified, no matter at what expense. When about four months old, he expressed a desire for some fancy article he saw upon the *stage*, which Mary at once gave him.

"Mary, take that away from Jamie, and never give him anything but his own toys, without asking permission."

She reluctantly complied, and as he chanced to be in a good humor no outburst followed. About two weeks later, being very fretful and cross, he was attracted by the same bright lured toy and reached for it. Mary gave it to him, very likely without thinking at the moment, but her memory returned, and she glanced at me to see if I had noticed. I repeated my former directions and she replaced the article. Then we had a frantic outburst of shrieks accompanied by reaching and pulling to obtain the coveted treasure.

"I had better take the little man away, ma'am, till he gets over it."

"No, give him to me, we should only have the same trouble over again, he must begin to learn he can't have everything he wants, and I can't begin to put things away."

I took him upon my lap, and sat down with him near the *stage*. The change of position, etc., effected a little diversion in his thoughts, but in a moment he remembered the casket and reached for it.

I said, "No, Jamie cannot have it."

"Jamie can look at it while mamma holds him, but not have it."

The reaching still continuing, I imprisoned the two chubby hands in my own, talking to him gently all the while, saying nothing of the desired object, unless he pulled away his hands and reached after it, when I again imprisoned them and said "No." As soon as his serenity was restored I gave him to the nurse, who took him into the other room.

I felt much curiosity to know what would be the outcome of it—if his memory would stand the test. The next day Mary was holding him again in the same part of the room, when he again spied the trinket and asked for it in his fashion.

Mary saying "Mamma says 'No,' my darling, Mamma can't give it to you," he began to cry and kick, when I took him from her and sat down with him where I had been before and imprisoned his hands again. He sobbed for a moment or two, looked at me, then at the casket, and tried to remove his hands, which I held more firmly than the day previous, when I said "No," quite decidedly. He looked in my face, looked again at the casket, then shook his head, and at the same time ceased struggling to obtain the use of his hands. I immediately released them when he reached out again.

"No."

He stopped, putting his hands back in his lap, looked up at me, and shook his head again.

"Jamie cannot have that nor any of mamma's things, but he can have his own."

He seemed content to leave it to me, and after holding him there for a little while I resigned him to his nurse. From that time he never offered to take that article nor anything from the *stage*, when with myself or his father, but for a week or more whenever he passed it with Mary he would reach for it. She would say "Mamma says 'No,'" when he would look at me and shake his head.

As he grew older, seven, eight, and nine

months old, I would show him what he asked for, holding him on my lap, and the article, whatever it might be, in my hand until he was satisfied, only if he attempted to take it I at once replaced it where it belonged. I insisted on Mary's following the same plan with the few things she was permitted to show him. It required but one or two, I think in one instance only, three lessons to convince him of the right way. Not that he knew the difference between right and wrong, but he learned what he could not do, and with comparatively little friction. At no time did I rouse his will into opposition to mine, but I took the lead and guided him, always telling him which was the way to do, and never suggested there was a wrong way.

As he grew older I endeavored to teach him self-control and government, to give him every advantage of his perseverance and determination.

As years added other members to my family, I found them all with varying dispositions, each requiring different management and control, but they all learned the lesson of implicit obedience and unlimited confidence in my word and judgment. I never commanded them to do anything. I said always: "Will you do so and so?" but I expected the request to have the full force of a command, and it was always honored.

We had no family quarrels. They were taught at the earliest possible moment, the rights of property, and one child was not permitted to take a plaything or book belonging to one of the others without asking permission of the owner. It saved a world of trouble, and there was no bickering nor squabbling about their belongings. If a younger child wanted anything an older one was afraid to lend, the matter was referred to me, and my decision was final. I set them the example, never taking their books, chairs, footstools, etc., without asking "Mamma would like so-and-so, will you get it for me?" Oftentimes I borrowed myself for the example. Why should we extend to other people more courtesy than to our children? And where can they better learn the "small sweet courtesies" that adorn life than in the sanctity of home? A boy, properly taught from his infancy, will be free from the awkwardness and restraint of which we hear and see so much, as he grows from boyhood to manhood.

Let me advise all young mothers not to think they are wasting precious time in curbing the passionate tendencies of their little ones, in leading their tiny feet in the "paths of peace," showing them the "way of pleasantness" in the nursery and playroom, and fitting them to adorn home and society, as they grow to manhood and womanhood. This requires time and close attention, careful study of the disposition and temperament of each child, constant watchfulness and unvarying patience, with much prayer that the means used may prove effectual in the careful and successful training of these immortal souls committed to our care. How few of us realize that we are training souls for time and eternity. Ah, how much one might say on this fruitful subject—it is exhaustless. To all these perplexed young matrons let me say, never deceive a child, do not threaten punishment, but when cause is given for correction, administer with wisdom whatever in your judgment seems best for the child, preserve your own temper unruffled, use great patience and gentleness combined with unbending firmness, once you are sure of the right course to pursue, and trust the results with our heavenly Father.

ONE MOTHER'S EXPERIENCE.

—The Household.

ABOUT SMALL FEET.

I saw Louie Arnold the other day, sitting in her room, and crying as if her heart would like to break, over, of all queer things in this queer world, a pair of new shoes.

Louie's great trouble in life is the fact that she happens to have a long slender foot, when she admires a short and plump foot. She has a fancy that, between them, her mamma and the shoemaker are to blame for her foot, which she wants to look like Mamie De Lancy's. But mamma always insists that her little daughter's boots and slippers shall be a trifle longer than the foot (in Louie's opinion already too long), that the heels shall be low and broad, and that the shoe shall fit very nicely, but not cramp any part of the foot so tightly that the blood shall not have room to flow.

The shoemaker takes great pains to carry out her instructions. Louie's idea is that a very short, very tight little shoe, with very high heels would make her look stylish. She would not mind limping about for a few days, as some of her school-mates always do when "breaking in" their new shoes.

"Just think of it!" she once said to me in a tone of complaint; "I've never had to break in a shoe in my life. My shoes never hurt me, even the first day."

Happy little Louie! There are thousands of grown-up people who wish that twenty years ago their mothers had been as sensible and as firm as your mamma is now.

If you wear a shoe which is too narrow and too short, you will probably have both bunions and in-growing nails. The torture of these deformities is fearful, and after a while cannot be borne with patience; the surgeon has to be called upon to cure one of the troubles, and the sufferer from the other has to go about in shoes like canoes for size.

A boy or girl who would like to be healthy and strong needs to take a great deal of exercise out-of-doors. As a person can not run, jump, climb, dance, or walk in tight, "choking" shoes, of course wholesome exertion in them is out of the question.

Aunt Marjorie's bit of advice is, Wear an easy shoe, have such a foot as nature has planned for you, and run about as much as you possibly can.—Harper's Young People.

TEA-CAKES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON SOVILL, IN "CHRISTIAN UNION."

CORN MUFFINS.—Dissolve one teaspoonful of soda into one quart of sour milk; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, a pinch of salt, two eggs—the whites stirred in the last thing—and enough corn-meal to make a thin batter. Bake quickly in rings.

MODERN SALLY LUNN.—To four teaspoonfuls of flour add two teaspoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of good lard, four eggs well beaten, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Use one half milk, and one-half water to reduce this mixture to a thin batter. Bake in gem-pans, in quick oven.

ROYAL TEA-CAKE.—Take one quart of flour, put into it a piece of butter the size of an egg, sift in one teaspoonful of soda and two of cream of tartar, add two well-beaten eggs, and enough milk to make a batter as stiff as can be easily stirred with a spoon. Bake in a flat pan about two inches deep, and break in squares when done; it requires from fifteen to twenty minutes according to the heat of the oven.

WHIGS.—To four cups of sifted flour add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; mix in gradually two cups of milk, and last of all two well-beaten eggs. Bake in cups or gem-pans, if the housekeeper is fortunate enough to possess a waffle-iron she may indulge in these delicious cakes; they do not taste the same baked in any other form.

POULTRY DRESSING.—Helen Campbell recommends, as a dressing for poultry, one pint of bread or cracker crumbs, into which mix dry one teaspoonful of pepper, one of thyme or summer savory, one even teaspoonful of salt, and, if in season, a little chopped parsley. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in one cup of boiling water, and mix with the crumbs, adding one or two well-beaten eggs. A slice of salt pork chopped fine is often substituted for the butter. For ducks, two onions are chopped fine, and added to the above.

FROM a parliamentary return it appears that the total number of Martini-Henry rifles in the hands of British troops is 225,619, of which 118,493 are distributed to infantry of the line, 89,177 to the militia, and 12,965 to rifle volunteers. The number required to arm the remainder of the volunteers would be 158,367, and there are 231,178 in stores.

MANY OF THE LONDON STREET-CARS, which run on more than 400 routes and carry 7,000,000 of people a year, have texts of Scripture neatly posted up in them, at an annual cost of two and a half dollars for each. This is the work of a London association formed for the purpose.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRICULUM.

(From Pelouet's Select Notes.)

Nov. 30.—Prov. 8: 1-17.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Wisdom speaking to the Soul. "When I was a little boy in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond, then spreading its waters wide; a rhodora in full bloom, a rare flower which grew only in that locality, attracted my attention, and drew me to the spot. I saw a little tortoise sunning himself in the shallow waters at the roots of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile; yet I thought I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys do so, and I felt a disposition to follow their wicked example. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong!' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions, till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Sore men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on heeding that little voice.'"—Quoted by F. W. Farrar.

II. Wisdom sought early. The human soul in youth is not a machine of which you can polish the cogs with any help or brick-dust near at hand, and, having got it into working order, and good, empty, and oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive at twenty-five years old or thirty, express from the Strait Gate on the Narrow Road. The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction (I use the words with their weight in them,) in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes and faith. There is not an hour of it but it is trembling with destinies; not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected work struck on the cold iron.—Ruskin.

PRACTICAL.

- 1. True wisdom begins with the fear of God; it is moral and religious.
2. True wisdom is the choice of the best means to the best ends.
3. Jesus Christ is the source of true wisdom. They that love and serve him with a perfect heart are wise for this world and for the next.
4. God seeks us, and invites us, and presses us to come to him.
5. Wisdom calls us by the Word of God, by conscience, by providence, by the Holy Spirit, by Sabbath services, by friends, by our conscious needs.
6. Young graduates who have come to the parting of the ways, maidens
' Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet.'
to you is Wisdom saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it."—Miss Mary Briggs.
'O Jesus thou art standing
Outside the part closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er."
8. Wisdom is on the watch for the country lad, just entering the great city; let him be the look-out for her.—B.
9. The wise of heart do all the good they can, in all the ways they can, to all the people they can, as long as they can.
10. When you have the choice, prefer education to the most splendid wealth.
11. True spiritual wisdom is the source of the truest worldly wisdom. Not mere sharpness or selfish shrewdness, but divine wisdom, is the surest means of success.
12. Whatever wisdom there is in the world is but a shadow of the wisdom of God.
13. To fear retribution is not to hate sin; in most cases it is to love it with the whole heart.—Arnold.
14. "He always wins who sides with God."

TWO WAYS.

BY MRS. E. M. NELSON.

There are quite too many among Christian people who utterly fail to realize how easy it is to darken the active imagination of a little child with a nameless horror that overshadows his soul for years or for life, or how easily it is to arouse his keen delight in things beyond his material surroundings so as to glorify to him the future here and hereafter.

Years ago there lived next door a dear little two-year old child, a shy little dark-eyed thing, who ran to meet me and followed me about like an infant double. One evening from apparently perfect health she passed into a lethargic state, followed speedily by convulsion after convulsion, the frail body racked in the grasp of that fierce manifestation of disease, until, in a few hours, despite the wisest professional counsel, and most assiduous care, all hope of recovery was gone, and we stood about the poor exhausted baby watching the labored breathing as the life passed itself away.

Leaning on his mother's knee and close to his little sister's side stood Frank, five years old, watching in puzzled wonder the scene, now so strangely quiet in contrast to the wild haste and bustle of applying restoratives, and evidently feeling much relieved that the darling sister was so much better.

Suddenly out of the complete stupor in which she had lain the wee thing opened wide her brilliant eyes, raised herself from the pillow in haste, looking above and beyond us all at something invisible to us. The little hands reached towards it, a wonderful light broke over the baby face, and a rapt expression of marvellous, unspeakable delight glorified the sweet smile into something indescribably beautiful.

We waited breathless in this audience-chamber of a passing soul. In a moment the eyelids fell, the limbs relaxed, and the lovely image of what had been our pet and darling was all that was left before us. We felt that angels had been among us though we knew them not, but the smile with which she went left its charm upon the baby face even in the dreariness sleep.

The little boy stood in wonder looking at the happy face, uncomprehending death. But at that instant the mother, for the first time realizing that her child was dead, with one shriek threw her arms around the boy, breaking into a wild confusion of cries and lamentations: "O Frankie, little sister is dead, is dead! She'll never speak to us again, nor ever come back to play with you! You'll never see her any more, and she's going to be buried in the cold, damp ground, and the worms will eat my baby up! Oh! Oh! Oh!" And wringing her hands and rocking wildly back and forth in her chair, she was oblivious to the fact that the boy was white with terror and trembling in every limb.

Some one tried to comfort him, but he rushed from the room in an agony of fright; and though in the days following his face was swollen with weeping and he could neither be forced to eat nor coaxed to play, he would not once enter the room where the sweet form of the baby girl lay, a flower among the flowers, and even when the family went to take leave of the precious clay he could not be induced to go with them, but broke into frantic screams and struggled with all his puny strength to break away from the kind hands that gently persisted in trying to overcome his aversion and painful fright.

This was the impression made upon his young mind by the wicked foolishness of his mother, when it might so easily have been that through all his life death would have been a beautiful mystery into which even his tiny sister went with shining face, instead of the horror into which his mother's wild unreason had transformed it. That was one way, this the other.

A sudden change for the worse coming on, the little girl was sent away, and in a few hours the suffering mother had ceased to breathe. The next morning the grief-stricken father said to his mother, "I'll take you over to get Mamie, but you must tell her that her mother is dead, for I cannot!"

With great sorrow of heart the good woman complied with his request, but judge you what must have been her trial, realizing so perfectly as she did the distress she must bring to the tender heart of the little one always so devoted to that mother.

She could hardly find voice to greet her when the little girl ran into her arms, but feeling her strength giving way she dared not wait. Drawing the child to her, she said, "Mamie darling, your mamma has gone away." A sudden and astonishing change in the child's manner stopped the words upon her lips. A swift transition had come over her; she stood an instant spell-bound, as if linking in these tidings with something in the past, and then burst out, holding tightly her grandmother's hand, "Oh, has she gone to that beautiful place? Has she really gone? And she won't be sick any more, and she can sing again the way she used to sing to us! and she's all in white, and the angels are there and Jesus too, and"—for the first time the brave little voice faltered, a sob breaking through the words, the tears streaming down the flushed cheeks as the quivering baby voice went on—"and I can't see her any more now, not for a long, long time, and she—she can't come back home any more; but by-and-by if I'm Jesus's little lamb, I'll go where she is! And I won't be afraid, for mamma'll be waiting for her little Mamie all the time!"

The father caught his child to his heart. "Out of the mouth of babes!" had come consolation. His child's words recalled the thought, lost in the first intensity of grief, that he and she, the desolate husband and the orphaned babe, should in God's own good time go home and find her waiting. Through those weeks of failing strength and of suffering the mother-love had conquered its own anguish of parting in painting on that baby soul a picture of immortal glory and un fading joy which nothing earthly can ever dim. Death to her will never be aught but "going home."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Through those weeks of failing strength and of suffering the mother-love had conquered its own anguish of parting in painting on that baby soul a picture of immortal glory and un fading joy which nothing earthly can ever dim. Death to her will never be aught but "going home."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

WILLING TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

"But, aunty dear, I cannot see just what we have to do."
 "We must attend to our hearts, and see that they are quite right with God."
 "It would be a great deal easier to do something else, aunty; I cannot quite make out about getting the heart right."
 "We have all sinned against God, and we all owe him a great debt, Clarice."
 "Yes, aunty, I know."
 "Somebody is able and willing to pay that debt for us."
 "Yes, Jesus is able and willing to do it."
 "Then the next thing is, are we willing to let him do it?"
 "What a strange question; aunty!"
 "No, it is not a strange question; it is just the question we need to settle before we can find out anything about getting the heart right."
 "But, surely, everybody must be willing, aunty!"
 "No, child: more than half the people of the Christian world are not willing; a very great many people want to get the debt paid, but they object to the right way. Jesus died for us all—not for a few of us. He will satisfy our debt to God, if we will let him: all we have to do is to make up our minds that he can settle, and that we will let him do it."

"Surely, everybody knows that he can, because he suffered and died just for that, and surely it seems as though everybody must be willing."
 "No, dear; many think they can pay the debt themselves by being very good, but they can never be perfect, and God requires perfection; only the blood of Jesus can cleanse the sins of our hearts and lives. Many think they must do some great thing themselves, and forget that it was Jesus who did the great thing, and that we have only to be willing to believe in him, and to take the benefit. Then there are many who are not willing, because they like their own way and pleasure so much that they are not content to give up this heart and have it made right."

"There it is again about the heart, aunty; it is a hard part to understand."

"A heart has four things to decide before becoming a Christian heart. It must decide it owes God a debt, and that it cannot pay God itself: it must decide that Jesus is able and willing to pay it: it must decide to let Jesus pay it. Some people get as far as the first three steps, but never get any further. They decide that they cannot pay God themselves, and that Jesus is able to make it all right, but they do not decide to let him do it."

"It seems very strange, aunty; how can they do so?"

"To decide to let Jesus do it is to give the heart to God, to get the heart right. It does not only mean that I believe the truth, that I cannot save myself, and that Jesus can save me, but that I give myself up to Him to do as he pleases with me: I ask Him to take away all evil from me, and to make me all good; to put His Holy Spirit in my heart that I may know what is right, and to make me so strong that when I know what is right I may always do it, no matter how much I may want to do wrong. It is giving up my wishes for God's wishes; it is giving up everything for Jesus' sake—it is called giving God the heart."

Clarice sat with her face resting on her hand, and looking up in aunty's face; she began to see what was meant by "giving the heart."

"God can do as he pleases with us any way, aunty; and we all want him to."

"Some of us want him to, dear, but God's doing with us as he pleases and our doing as God pleases are two different things entirely."

"Yes, aunty."
 "I have known people who really seemed to wish in a weak, sad way to do right, who are always doing wrong—very wrong indeed—and that was the reason. They were not willing to have Jesus save them in His way, because they did not care enough about Him, or about being saved, to give their hearts to Him; to give up their lives to Him; to make up their minds to do as nearly right as they could, no matter what stood in the way."

"It seems very easy when we talk about it, but aunty, it is not easy to be good always," said Clarice, sadly. "Do you think people ever make a mistake, and think they are Christians when they are not Christians at all?"

"I am afraid they do, dear; but if they took the trouble they could easily find out."

"How, aunty dear?"
 "By constantly watching themselves, and discovering if they like God's way or their own way best. I know a young girl who acknowledges herself that she wants to be honorable; but that she wants gay ribbons and fixings so much more that she sometimes steals to satisfy her wish. I know some one else who would like to be sweet tempered, but who likes so much better to be ill-tempered that she makes herself and others grave troubles. There are plenty of us who admire goodness, but the thing is to determine through all difficulties to be good, not merely to like to be good. Loving God, giving God the heart, obeying God as perfectly as possible, all mean the same thing—a determination to do what is right, to do what will please God through everything, and over everything, no matter how we feel about it; no matter how hard it is, or how much we want to do the other way, or what difficulty starts before us, or how it will make the tears come, or the bones break, or the heart ache; that in all cases, in all times, in all places we will do, as nearly as can be, the thing that will be pleasing to God."

"Being willing for Jesus to save us means a great deal, aunty."

"It is the part that comes hardest, Clarice, though it sounds very easy, and remember always, the four steps necessary to become a Christian,—to feel that we have sinned and owe God a debt, and that we cannot pay the debt ourselves; to decide that Jesus is able and willing to pay it, and that we are willing to let him do it for us."—*Geo. Kingle in N. Y. Observer.*

FRIED BREAD.—Crumbie stale bread as for dressing; mix with it several well beaten eggs; form into small cakes and fry brown in hot butter.

PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.

The words omitted from the first stanza are formed from those omitted from the second and third stanzas.

"Twas in the fifteenth century,
 A peasant girl of *****
 Heard strange, unearthly voices call:—
 Perhaps 'twas in her *****"

And soon an army forth she led,
 Her banner they did mark;
 For Victory perched upon its folds
 Her name /*****

And when King Charles at Rheims was crowned,
 'Twas due to her he said.

Alas! She perished at the stake!
 So young! *****

CHARADE.

My first is a term implying a firm,
 When it follows a gentleman's name.
 My next plainly tells of a female who dwells
 In seclusion, where man never came.
 Martial sounds, for my third, redoubling are heard,
 When the demon of war has awoke.
 But what am I doing, this trifle pursuing?
 For really my whole's but a joke.

ANAGRAM.

"We all can say and speak the truth,
 How well we know her in our youth."
The door ring tided ill.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters, and am a term in arithmetic.
 My 4, 3, 5, is an animal.
 My 8, 7, 5, is a negation.
 My 4, 3, 2, is an apartment on wheels.
 My 1, 3, 4, 5, is a reality.
 My 9, 5, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a place of waiting.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.
 HOUSEKEEPER'S PUZZLE.
 1st couplet—ants 8th couplet—pears
 2nd " preserving 7th " piecilli
 3d " jelly 8th " piecile
 4th " pluin 9th " catchup
 5th " jar 10th " preserves

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Crust, rust. 2. Proach, reach. 3. Teach, each. 4. Scorn, corn. 5. Grain, rain. 6. Spy, py. 7. Heel, eel. 8. Star, tar. 9. Span, tan.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—1. Ether, 2. Ore. 3. Bey, 4. Ass, 5. Eye, 6. Mat, 7. Sea, 8. As, 9. Serpent, 10. Pen, 11. Dove, 12. Sand.

SQUARE WORD.

O P A L
 P I N I
 A N N A
 L E A N

AN INFIDEL'S PRAYER.

The following incident has just been related by a minister, whose veracity will not be questioned by any one who knows him. It occurred under his personal observation, and hence it is not a story manufactured to illustrate a point. He has no objection to the use of his name, nor would he hesitate to give the name of the person who was most concerned. He is ready also to furnish the precise date and locality of an event in the history of a young man, that speaks in thunder tones to those who deliberately make light of God and of His Word.

This young man, just entering upon the practice of medicine, had become a scoffing infidel through the reading of Ingenoll's wretched books, and other vile productions of hell. He seized every opportunity to pour forth a tide of shocking blasphemy against Christ, and held up the Bible among his companions to coarse and obscene ridicule. At length he went so far in his desperate wickedness that he uttered a willful lie, and perpetrated a monstrous fraud, in order to express his contempt for Christianity. He pretended to be converted, and asked permission in a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association to confess the Lord Jesus publicly by leading in prayer.

Of course his request was gladly granted, but, meanwhile, he had prepared a prayer addressed to the Unknown God. It was filled with horrible irreverence and thoughtfully planned insult of the Saviour. Spreading the manuscript before him on a seat, he kneeled down, and commenced to read his ribaldry, when his voice was suddenly hushed, and his body was heard to fall upon the floor. The young men who were present hastened to him, but found that he was dead, and in unpeakable awe they carried forth the corpse, the ghastly pallor of the face and stony stare of the eyes haunting them, as they bore all that was left of the scoffer to his home.—*The Truth.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES

From Preceptor Question Book. LESSON IX. Nov. 20, 1884. [Prov. 8: 1-17.] TRUE WISDOM.

- COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 10. 1. Both not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? 2. She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. 3. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. 4. Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. 5. O ye simple, understand wisdom; and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. 6. Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. 7. For my mouth shall speak truth; and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. 8. All the words of my mouth are in righteousness; there is nothing froward or perverse in them. 9. They are all plain to him that understandeth, and right to them that find knowledge. 10. Receive my instruction, and do not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. 11. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. 12. I Wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions. 13. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil, pride, and arrogance, all the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate. 14. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom; I am understanding; I have strength. 15. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. 16. By me princes rule, and judges, even all the judges of the earth. 17. I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

GOLDEN TEXT. "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. 8: 17.

HOME READINGS. M. Prov. 8: 1-17. The Call of Wisdom. T. Prov. 8: 1-17. The Value of Wisdom. W. Prov. 8: 1-17. The Promise of Wisdom. Th. Prov. 2: 1-9. The Promise of Wisdom. F. Job, 28: 1-28. The Gift of Wisdom. Sa. Matt. 13: 44-46. The Treasure of Wisdom. S. Rev. 3: 14-22. The Reward of Wisdom.

LESSON PLAN. I. The Call of Wisdom. II. The Promise of Wisdom. III. The Value of Wisdom. Time—About a 1/2 hour. Place—Written by Solomon at Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY. In this lesson, true wisdom, the wisdom that is from above, is personified, and represented as calling to men and giving them counsel. Many suppose that by wisdom in this passage the Lord Jesus Christ, who is called the "wisdom of God," is meant; and that it is his voice that is here addressed to us.

LESSON NOTES. I. V. 1. BOTH NOT WISDOM CRY—loudly and persistently. V. 2. IN THE TOP OF HIGH PLACES—where she may be observed. V. 3. AT THE GATES—in all places of public concourse where men are accustomed to assemble, and where she had hope to reach their ears, wisdom lifts up her voice, by giving their attention. V. 4. UNTO YOU, O MEN—the call is public, open, universal, plain. With hearty full of love and sympathy for men, with blessings most precious to bestow, she offers her counsel and longs to gain their ear and their heart that she may bless them. V. 5. FOOLS—those who are bereft in their usual Bible sense; not with reference to weak minds, but unconverted hearts, ch. 1: 14.

II. V. 6. EXCELLENT THINGS—things of value, worth having. RIGHT THINGS—the truth, as opposed to deception. V. 8. FROWARD—twisted, deceitful, contrary to truth. Her instructions gave no needless pain, impose no needless restraint; there is no insincerity in her invitations, no untruthfulness in her promises, no wickedness in her promises. V. 9. PLAIN—easy to comprehend. THAT FIND—those who have the entrance of God's word gives understanding to the simple.

III. V. 10. RECEIVE MY INSTRUCTION—is better than silver or gold. V. 11. WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RUBIES—the fear of the Lord, piety, is true wisdom—more to be desired than the most valuable earthly treasures. V. 12. WITTY—practical, skillful, sagacious. V. 13. THE FEAR OF THE LORD—not a dread of wrath, but a loving, kind, reverential regard for his will. True piety and true wisdom are here spoken of as having common marks of like and dislike. To seek wisdom is to incur fear punishment, and yet love sin. The fear of the Lord leads men to hate everything which he hates. So that he that doth not hate sin, saith not God. V. 14. COUNSEL—good direction and essential aid. There is no sound wisdom but in Christ, or from Him who is the Fountain and Author of human reason. He is the true Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Counsel is this, for me is the Wonderful Counselor; wisdom is His; He is understanding. V. 15. BY ME KINGS REIGN—only as they rule in wisdom can they maintain their authority. V. 17. I LOVE THEM—their love to me makes it possible for me to pour my richest blessings upon them. SEEK ME EARLY—literally, "at dawn" and so in early life. The same word elsewhere in this book means diligently, earnestly. Prov. 1: 28: 7; 15: 11; 27. The fact that wisdom directs her appeal so generally to the young, favors the sense early

in life. A hearty earnestness is no doubt implied. What a precious encouragement is thus promised to the young to begin at once a life of piety!

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED? 1. That God calls upon all to seek true heavenly wisdom. 2. That this call should be regarded and obeyed at once. 3. That true religion is more desirable than any earthly good. 4. That without it, however much of worldly wealth we may possess, we will be found poor at last. 5. That the young have very great encouragement to seek true heavenly wisdom.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Nov. 18, 1884.

Positively the last cargo for shipment has been sold, and from this time on the Montreal markets are purely local. As a consequence the price of flour has gone down ten to fifteen cents. For some time past the price has only been kept up by the determination of holders to get the last barrel for shipment sold before the fall in prices. There is exchange in the price of wheat in the local market, quotations being nominal, and this will continue all winter to a great extent. The Bay of Quinte barley has not been moving this year to any extent, the farmers evidently believing that the price in that section is lower than it should be, and it will have to lie over all winter, something not usual. The Liverpool markets are about steady. Canadian peas, fetch 5s. 9d. and Red Winter 2s. 6d.

The Chicago wheat is now about a 1/2 cent per bushel cheaper than last week, and today it increased in price 1/4, and, in fact, has been strengthening for a couple of days. Wheat at 72 1/2 Dec. and 73 1/2 Jan. Corn is also lower by a cent; year is quoted at 37 1/2 and Jan. at 35 1/2.

The local market is as dull as ditch water, or any other dead thing. Quotations are: Canada Red Winter, 82c to 83c; White, 83c to 84c; Spring 82c to 83c; Peas, 72 1/2 to 73c Oats, 31c Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn 65c.

FLOUR.—The tender market spoken of last week has become a falling one and as the price of flour is now so low a fall of ten cents is a serious affair. The quotations are as follows:—Superior Extra, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Extra Superfine, \$3.70 to \$3.75; Fancy \$3.65; Spring Extra \$3.70; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.60 to \$2.70; Ontario bags, (large included) Medium, \$1.95 to \$2.05; Spring Extra, \$1.85 to \$1.90; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.70.

MEALS are unchanged at former prices. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet with unchanged prices. We quote:—Creamery, 24c to 26c; Eastern Township, 18c to 22c; Western, 14c to 18c. Cheese is unchanged at 11c to 11 1/2c for September and October, and 8c to 10c for other makes. Eggs, fresh, are selling at 20c to 21c, as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$17.00 to \$17.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western, in pails, 10 1/2c to 10 3/4c; do., Canadian, 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$3.85 to \$3.90, as to tares, and Pearls being nominal at \$5.00.

LIVE STOCK MARKET. There have been larger numbers of butchers' cattle brought to the market this week, but the shippers brought up all the best steers for shipment to Britain as stockers, and the butchers were unable to secure prime beefs to meet the wants of their best customers. Good cattle continue scarce and high priced but all other kinds are again declining in value. Choice animals would bring from 4 1/2 to 5c per lb, but few or none of this kind are being offered at present, as they are being kept for the Christmas market. Pretty good fat cows and common steers sell at about \$35.00 per head or 3 1/2c per lb.; common dry cows at from \$24.00 to \$30.00 each or 2 1/2c to 3c per lb.; and small leanish stock at \$8.00 to \$16.00 each or 1 1/2c to 2 1/2c per lb.;

There are large supplies of sheep and lambs this week and prices are rather easier. Fat hogs are not so plentiful as they have been here lately and prices are advancing, being from 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. Good milk cows are scarce, and as the demand is improving so also are the prices.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The country roads have been in a very muddy state of late and few farmers, except those living near the city, or convenient to macadamized roads, have been bringing produce to the market, and prices are generally higher; but with the return of colder weather and harder roads, larger supplies and lower prices are expected shortly. There are no changes to note in the prices of eggs or butter, except that fresh laid eggs are very scarce and high-priced. Apples are still plentiful at former rates. Hay has been very scarce and prices have gone up to \$10.50 per 100 bundles on some days for the best loads, but the supplies are increasing this week and prices are declining. Oats are 85c to 95c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.40 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 45c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 15c to 30c per dozen heads; butter 16c to 35c per lb.; eggs 22c to 40c per dozen; apples \$1.00 to \$3.00 per barrel; dressed hogs 7c to 7 1/2c per lb.; mutton quarters 6c to 8c do; young turkeys \$1.25 to \$2.00 the pair; dead geese \$1.25 to \$2.00 do; fowls 50c to 75c do; spring chickens 35c to 65c do; ducks 75c to \$1.00 do; hay \$6.00 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 79 1/2 Nov.; 81 1/2 Dec.; 83 1/2 Jan.; 85 1/2 Feb. 87 1/2 Mar. Corn, 51 1/2 Nov.; 49 1/2 Dec.; 47c Jan.; 46 1/2 Feb. 47 May. Rye, quiet, 63 1/2c. Oats, dull 31 1/2c Nov., 31 1/2c Dec.; 32 1/2c Jan.; 32 1/2c Feb. Barley, Canada No. 2 76 1/2c. Peas nominal.

FLOUR, quiet and unchanged. We quote: Superfine, \$2.35 to \$2.80; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.25; Clears, \$3.75 to \$4.45; Straight \$4.75 to \$4.80; Patent, \$4.50 to \$4.60. Winter Wheat — Superfine, \$2.80 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.40; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.90 to \$4.85; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.10 to \$5.25; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.50; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.20 to \$5.15; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.10 to \$3.50; West India, sacks, \$3.90 to \$4.00; barrels, \$4.50 to \$4.80; South America, \$4.40 to \$4.50; Patent \$4.85 to \$5.50. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.25 to \$4.40; Family, \$4.60 to \$5.15; Patent, \$5.10 to \$5.60. Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.85.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bl.

SEEDS.—Dull. Clover 8c to 8 1/2c; Timothy, \$1.45 to \$1.47; Linseed \$1.80.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 19c to 30c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 25c; Welsh tubs 18c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation factory, ordinary to 24c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 4c to 12 1/2c. Ohio flats, fair to choice, 6c to 11 1/2c; Skims 1c to 3c.

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