

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 20, 1884.

No. 38.

The Weekly Messenger

AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR READERS,—We want to give our best thanks to those of you who have so successfully canvassed for us and sent us new subscribers; and we now repeat our offer. We will send a copy of the *Weekly Messenger* to any address till the end of the year for *fifty cents*; and we will give to the person who gets us ten new names *half the money*. That is, anyone who sends us the names of ten new subscribers need only send us *seventy-five cents*, keeping the other seventy-five cents as commission.

Set to work with a will, canvass for your friend the *Weekly Messenger*, and when you send orders mark every letter "Autumn Trial Trip."

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

"Witness" Office, Montreal, P. Q.

OFF TO THE NILE.

In spite of the warnings of some "Egyptian experts" in England, who seem to have an idea that Canada is a land of snow and ice, and who declare that it is simply murder to take Canadians to Egypt, Lord Wolsley's invitation was promptly responded to. On Saturday last, between three and four hundred hardy boatmen arrived in Montreal and went on board the "Ocean King," a steamer chartered especially to convey them to the Nile, where they are to conduct Lord Wolsley's expedition up stream for the relief of General Gordon. Two hundred men came from the Ottawa—their lumbering operations there being over for the season: one third of them were English-speaking, one third French, and the other third Indian. Ninety men came from Manitoba, one third being Indian. And sixty Indians came from Caughnawaga, on the St. Lawrence. Others joined at Three Rivers and Quebec, where the Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne saw them off.

The water in the Nile is still very low, and Lord Wolsley is preparing to march across the desert from Debeh to Khartoum if he cannot get up the river. Agents are scouring the country for camels, 30,000 of which are wanted for the expedition. Three thousand troops have just been ordered to Egypt from England.

The Mudir of Dongola, about whose supposed treachery so many reports have circulated a little while ago, has now defeated a large force of rebels under command of the Mahdi himself, and several rebel chieftains were killed. A fight is reported near Suakim, in which a thousand friendly Arabs were defeated by 4,000 of Osman Digna's forces, and the same despatch says that it is feared the friendly tribes will be forced to join the rebels. On the other hand, many tribes are declared to be tired of misrule, and desirous of again coming under the Egyptian government. That they are tired of anarchy is likely enough; but it is not probable that they wish their Egyptian tyrants

back again. They would probably not object to be governed by the British; and, though the British don't want the task of governing any more foreign nations, the task will very likely be forced upon them.

Lord Northbrook is said to have promised the Khedive that Britain will guarantee a new Egyptian loan, if the Vauoufs department is placed under British control. It is also said that the British propose to pay the indemnities to those who suffered by the bombardment of Alexandria, cash down, less 25 percent; or, in full, spread over ten years.

Several German and Austrian men-of-war are to be sent to Egypt to protect the interests of the two governments if necessary. The necessity is as yet far distant.

AN INDIAN EXHIBITION.

The Iroquois Indians living at Caughnawaga, near Montreal, have just had their second annual exhibition, in a fine new building that would do credit to many a white man's town. The live stock shown would not stand much chance of winning prizes in ordinary exhibitions,—except the pigs, which were very creditable. In their display of potatoes and grain the Indians won considerable praise from visiting farmers, and the many fine heads of corn were superior to anything at the Dominion Exhibition. The beadwork was extensive and elaborate, and bore testimony to much hard work on the part of the ladies of the tribe. A brass band was brought from Onondaga, near Syracuse, N. Y., and was of great service during the exhibition. War dances and scalp dances of the most blood-curdling description were performed, and seemed to be as interesting and curious to the dusky natives as to the pale-faced visitors. Among the latter was Mr. Dingman, Inspector of Indian Agencies, who referred to the act which will come into force next January, by which the more advanced tribes will be allowed to have their own municipal institutions and manage their own affairs.

At a church-door meeting after mass on Sunday,—this tribe being entirely Roman Catholic,—one of the Onondaga Indians gave a fervent temperance address in his own language. Old Chief Martin, of Deseronto, followed with a stirring speech in the same tongue, after which he turned to a few white men who were present and delivered the following little oration:—

"And now a few words to the English language. My dear white faces friends, I thank you for all you have done for us. I hope you will do all you can to help us with our Indian Exhibitions when they are held once every year. I hope you will do all in your power to prevent the intoxicating liquors. I am temperance; I was not always temperance; I find it was ruining my body and soul and my family, so I gave up that business, and now I am always feeling well, and always more happy than I was the day before that. I have done."

The speech was received with loud applause, and it is to be hoped it will have its effect.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Although in some parts of the country the crops have been considerably damaged by rain, and in other places frost has injured garden stuffs, buckwheat and corn, yet on the whole the prospects for an abundant harvest continue to improve. While the hot wave interfered considerably with trade it has secured to the country an unprecedented crop of corn, which, owing to its lateness, required just such weather to force it along so as to be out of danger of early frosts. A good corn crop means that hog and cattle products will be abundant and low priced. So far as threshing has been done, the wheat is turning out even better than was anticipated, and the potatoes in most sections are abundant, of superior quality, and nearly free from rot. In many sections, the dry weather has severely affected the pasturage, but the late rains have been pretty general all over the continent and will greatly help the fall feed for live stock. With an unusual abundance of farm produce in the country, even if prices are low, the conditions of improved trade exist, and the whole community will receive more or less of the benefits to be derived from abundance.

THE KING AND THE CHOLERA.

France is no longer the scene of the cholera's most terrible ravages. All eyes are now turned to Italy, and especially to the city of Naples, where this disease has got a firm footing and is sweeping off the inhabitants literally by hundreds. The medical science seems to be unable to cope with the epidemic, to such an extent has it grown. Between midnight on Friday and Saturday afternoon there were 1,299 cases reported, and 687 deaths in the city. The average daily number of deaths, however, is about one third to one half of that figure.

The King went about like a hero, personally inspecting the cholera wards in the hospitals and helping the needy. He also subscribed 60,000 lire (nearly \$12,000) for the relief of distress. His bravery has provoked his subjects' admiration, and he received an enthusiastic welcome on his return to Rome. The state of Naples is altogether dismal. The superstitious people, forgetting that God helps those who help themselves, rely upon religious processions more than on cleanliness, and at the close of the processions come drinking bouts, which sweep the participants right into the cholera's arms. The panic has spread to the prisons, and the inmates of one goal broke out in insurrection, which had to be quelled by soldiers.

The disease is now spreading in other parts of Italy. In France, statistics show that the victims belonged to the following nations: 114 French, 427 Italian, 19 Spanish, 11 Greek, 6 Austrian, 5 English, 4 Swiss, 3 German, 2 American, and 1 Swedish.

There is something extremely pleasant in the fact that Queen Victoria has sent a telegram to the Queen of Italy, condoling with her on the outbreak of cholera in Naples. We hear of such courtesies as this when a

member of some Royal Family is sick; and this is as much as to say that to a good ruler all her subjects are dear as her own children.

THE FRENCH IN CHINA.

The French ministers have decided to go on with their operations against China, and a suggestion that the dispute should be settled by arbitration is indignantly scouted. No formal declaration of war by France, however, has been made: whether the Chambers shall be called together to do this, will be decided at a Cabinet Council on the 23rd.

It is reported that the Emperor of China has issued a manifesto declaring that France has committed acts of war, and calling on his subjects to repel the invaders.

In the meantime, people are wondering what the French fleet is going to do next. It has left its anchorage at Matsun and has started for the north. It is supposed by some that Admiral Courbet is going to land an army and force the Chinese troops southward, where they will meet hostile hill tribes. Another rumor is that the fleet has gone to the Gulf of Pechili; if so, it is near Peking, the Capital. A third report is that the Admiral has put to sea to destroy Chinese shipping.

A telegram from a Chinese firm to its agents in New York says that 65,000 troops are going to recapture Tonquin. Hundreds of boats, laden with stones, are ready to be sunk in the river Woonson, in case the French venture up the river to attack Shanghai. Shanghai is a "neutral port," and the neutral powers will have something to say about this matter. Some of the more cool-headed French journals are now attacking their Government's policy for its interference with trade.

PROHIBITION.

The prohibitory amendment to the constitution of Maine was carried by over three to one. The vote stood: for the amendment, 64,507; against, 20,224; majority, 44,283.

The prohibition campaign is particularly lively just now. The liquor traffic threw its whole force into one little county of Ontario to get prohibition repealed there; the traffic was ignominiously defeated; and now recognizes that it is doomed to be blotted out of the Dominion. It is accordingly acting somewhat like the poor, that offered to "come down as soon as Colonel Crockett's rifle was aimed at it." The liquor men are making proposals for surrender with compensation. As the sympathetic *Toronto World* puts it: "If the trade is to be extinguished, there is no doubt but what partial—not total—compensation would be the cheapest method. These fights in each count are expensive undertakings for both parties." In other words, the liquor men have been poisoning and robbing people for centuries, and now they kindly offer to leave off if they are paid to do so.

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

When the morning paints the skies,
And the birds their songs renew,
Let me from my slumbers rise
Saying, "What would Jesus do?"

Countless mercies from above
Day by day my pathway strew;
Is it much to bless Thy love?
"Father, what would Jesus do?"

When I ply my daily task,
And the round of toil pursue,
Let me often brightly ask,
"What, my soul, would Jesus do?"

Would the foe my heart beguile,
Whispering thoughts and words untrue;
Let me to his subtlest wile
Answer, "What would Jesus do?"

When the clouds of sorrow hide
Mirth and sunshine from my view,
Let me, clinging to thy side,
Ponder, "What would Jesus do?"

Only let Thy love, O God,
Fill my spirit through and through,
Treading where my Saviour trod,
Breathing, "What would Jesus do?"

—Rev. E. H. Bickerth, in *Sunday at Home*

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY FANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Locking On.")

CHAPTER XV.

CLARKE POTTER.

From the pasting-room Reuben was called down-stairs to the marking and cutting-room. The queer little machine that bit the corners out of the covers so skillfully, had taken his fancy the day before, and to his great delight he was set to working it. Skill was required here as well as in pasting, but it was of a different sort, and Reuben caught the movement of the machine at once; his eyes brightened with every turn of the bright shears.

"You have a very correct eye," Mr. Barrows said to him, and then his face broadened in a smile.

His success was worse for him, in one sense, than his failure in the upper room had been, inasmuch as it moved certain of the others to envy. They did not approve of the city boy at the best; as if there were not fellows enough in the town to run the factory! This was the way they felt, and this, in some form, was what they growled to each other from time to time. Little attention did Reuben pay to them; so that he guided the skilful shears in biting out those square corners, it was all he asked. The very speed with which it worked was a delight to him. Reuben liked fast things.

Mr. Barrows was moving in and out, talking with first one workman then another, with a general eye to all that was going on. During one of his visits he was sharpening a pencil with a very choice, four-bladed knife, whose pearl handle and polished steel caught an admiring flash from the eye of every boy in the room. Near the busy shears he laid both down for a moment, while he explained to the man who was running the large machine just how a certain kind of board was to be cut. Then came a sudden call for him from the office, and he went away.

It was perhaps an hour afterwards that he came in hastily, and looked among the fast increasing piles of chips that was gathering around the little shears as Reuben still successfully chipped out the corners.

"Boys, have any of you seen anything of my knife?" he asked, and held a dozen pairs of hands paused in their work, and as many pairs of eyes looked up to his; innocent eyes, and certain mischievous ones. But they shook their heads. Before, however, one of the others could speak, Reuben's clear voice was heard:

"Yes, sir; I had a glimpse of it. It is in the upper pocket of my jacket; and the pencil you were sharpening is there too."

Mr. Barrows looked at him in astonishment it is true, but it did not compare with the amazement on the faces of the boys.

"Reuben," said the gentleman in a grave, inquiring voice, "did you fear that the knife and pencil would get lost, and so put them in your pocket for safe keeping?"

"No, sir; didn't put them there at all; but I know they are there, for I saw them

drop in." Then seeing that Mr. Barrows still waited with a grave and not altogether pleased face, he added: "I didn't touch them, sir, as true as I live."

"Will you explain, then, how they got into your pocket?"

"They were put in, sir."

"But not by your hands?"

"Not by my hands."

"Do you know anything about whose hands put them there?"

In that room, at that moment, busy place though it generally was, you could have heard a pin drop. Every boy was listening. One of them had a red face. For just a moment Reuben considered then he spoke:

"Yes, sir, I know just exactly whose hands put them there; but I kind of think it was done just for fun, without much thinking about, or meaning any harm, and if you will take them away, and excuse the hands that dropped them there, I will do."

"Boys," said Mr. Barrows turning from Reuben, "you hear what this new-comer says. He is a stranger to all of you, but I know him a little, and I have some reason for trusting him; still, I will be fair to every one of you, and give you a chance to express an opinion. Do you believe that he has told the truth about my knife and pencil?"

A chorus of voices answered him:

"Yes, sir; we know he has."

"Very well, then, I'll claim my property." And he went to the poor little almost worn-out jacket, and took from the pocket the four-bladed knife and pencil; as he did so, he said, "Now there is at least one boy in the room who has been guilty of a very mean trick, and ought to be ashamed of himself. I don't know which one it is, and don't want to. Since Reuben has asked it as a favor, I am willing to excuse the hands that put them in. I hope the owner of those hands will be manly enough to apologize for the mischief he tried to do, and say 'thank you,' for the kindness shown him."

Then Mr. Barrows went away. Reuben made the little machine bite out the corners as fast as it could, and did not raise his eyes. Not a boy spoke. After a little one of them whistled, then several of them laughed. Reuben worked on. It was not until the great bell in the church tower around the corner rang out its six-o'clock call to come home to supper, that the tongues of those boys were let loose. Then while they rushed for caps and coats and mittens, they all talked at once; not loud enough for Reuben to understand what they said, but loud enough for him to know they were talking about the knife and the pencil.

"One, the oldest and most lawless-looking, lingered while Reuben hunted among the chips he had made for a bright bit of paper that he had a fancy to save for Beth. "Honor bright," said the boy, "do you know who put the knife in your pocket?" Reuben turned full bright eyes on him and answered quickly:

"Know as well as though you had told me all about it beforehand; you did it yourself."

Whereupon the boy gave a sharp little whistle. "What did I do it for?" he asked presently.

"I don't feel so sure of that. I thought maybe it was just for what some fellows call 'fun'; I don't see much fun about it, but I thought perhaps you did, and if you meant nothing but that, why there is no harm done."

"Suppose I meant a good deal more than that?"

"Then there's lots of harm done; you feel mean over it by this time, and folks don't like to feel mean; at least I don't."

"Why didn't you tell Mr. Barrows which of us did it?"

"I didn't see any good in that. He got his property and that is what he was after, and I proved all around that I had nothing to do with putting it where it didn't belong, and that was what I was after."

"Well," said the other, after a somewhat longer pause, "my name is Clarke Potter, and I didn't mean a single thing only to have some fun, and tease you a bit; I thought you was a spooney little fellow away from his mother, and we might as well have a little fun with you as not."

"All right," said Reuben gravely. "I'm a little fellow, that's a fact; look younger than I am, and I'm away from my mother. As for being spooney, I don't feel any too sure that I know just what it means down

here in the country. Perhaps I am a spooney, and perhaps I ain't; never mind. The knife is where it ought to be, and I guess you and I will be all right after this."

"I guess we will; I mean to stand up for you. Only I'd like to know this; are you one of the goody-goody sort?"

"Don't know them," said Reuben in utmost good humor. "What are they like?"

"Oh bother! you're not so green as all that. Are you one of them that thinks it is wrong to wink, or sneeze, or whistle, and that tells your mother every time you turn around, and says your prayers, and all that?"

The merry twinkle went out from Reuben's eyes, but he looked with clear, steady gaze at Clarke Potter, and answered slowly:

"I'm good at whistling, or bad, I don't know which to call it; mother says I almost deafen her sometimes. I like to tell things to her first-rate, when I don't think they will worry her too much; you see it is different with me from what it is with most boys; my father has been dead a long while, and I'm the only boy—in fact, I'm not a boy at all. I have to do what I can to support the family. I've been the man of the house these three years, so I have to think about things. As for saying prayers, I never did much of that—forgot it, you know—after I got too old to say them with mother; but one night a while ago I was in awful danger—didn't expect to get home alive—and I just asked God to help me, the same as if I could see him, you know, and he did it. Since then I've thought it would be a good plan to ask him about things."

Said Clarke: "You are a very queer chap! A very queer chap indeed!" he added gravely, after a slight pause. "But I'll stand up for you though thick and thin; I will, so. And when Clarke Potter makes a promise, it means something."

Work went on quietly after this for two days. The boys tried to tease Reuben occasionally, but there were two things in the way of their doing much in this line; Reuben was hard to tease; he was good-natured over what would have made many boys angry, he laughed when they expected him to frown, and whistled when they had planned for him to growl; besides, he soon discovered that Clarke Potter was a sort of leader among them, and when he said: "Look here, fellows, if you know when you're well off, you'll let that little chap alone; he's a friend of mine!" the boys knew he meant it.

Reuben's success in the box business was a surprise to himself. He learned rapidly. Not that he was any smarter than most bright boys of his age, but he had a mind to do his best all the time; and the box trade is, like most others, easy to learn when a wide-awake fellow does his best.

He discovered from Mr. Barrows' manner, rather than from any thing he said, that he was giving satisfaction, but on Saturday the gentleman spoke:

"Reuben, Mrs. Barrows thinks it would be a good plan for you to hire a woman to clean the little house, and get it ready for your mother. What do you think about it?"

Reuben's face brightened, then grew sober. "I'd like it first-rate," he said with his usual promptness; "only I don't know whether mother would."

"Why, she's the very one we are trying to please! what's in the way?"

"Well, you see, sir, it takes a good deal of money to move, and we are pretty short in that line, and I don't know but mother would think I ought to have saved the money and let her and Beth do the cleaning."

"I see," said Mr. Barrows, and he looked by no means displeased. After a few quiet minutes he spoke again. "There is a woman living down the lane from my house who wants a cord of wood split and carried into her wood shed. She works at house cleaning, and washing, and all that sort of thing, and she can't afford to pay money for her work. How would it do to turn a job or, are you too tired when six o'clock comes, to think of splitting wood by the light of a lantern?"

"Now was Reuben's face all bright.

"It will do splendidly!" he said with the eagerness of a boy who had a fortune left him. "If I can get the job, mother shall come to a clean house."

"You shall have the job," Mr. Barrows said with well satisfied face. "I promised her this morning I would look out for a boy of the right sort."

An hour afterwards Reuben was down-stairs piling boxes in the hall, ready for the delivery waggon, when Mr. Barrows drove up in his carriage, and jumped out, leaving little Miss Grace in charge.

"Shall I hold your horse, sir?" asked Reuben, bestowing admiring glances on the sleek coat of the handsome fellow.

"No; he is used to holding himself. He is better trained than most horses," Mr. Barrows answered, and passed into the office, where he stood talking with his foreman, and looking over some papers that were handed to him. Grace Barrows leaned out of the carriage and nodded to Reuben.

"How do you like boxes by this time?" she asked him.

"First-rate," he answered heartily, setting down ten of them at once with great care. "Don't you hold the reins when you are left in charge of a horse?"

"Oh, no; Samson never does anything but stand still until papa wants him to go."

"Is that his name? What a queer name for a horse."

"Isn't it a nice name? We call him that because he is so big. Isn't he big?" she said with pride. Just then a paper fluttered from the desk, out of the door, down the walk, stopping at the wheel of the carriage.

"Catch that, Reuben!" commanded Mr. Barrows, in a tone that said "It is an important paper." Reuben sprang after it.

What made a sudden whirl of wind just at that moment bring a great torn newspaper half way across the street and fling it into the very eyes of Samson? Why should a torn newspaper frighten a horse out of his senses? A great many questions can be asked, but who stands ready to answer them? Not Samson, certainly, for he hadn't time. Away he flew as if he had suddenly discovered that his four legs were long and made on purpose for running away. Not Reuben, for he had other business. His hand was on the hind spring, just where he had placed it in the act of stooping for the important paper, and as he did not let go, you can imagine, perhaps, just how fast he was travelling at that moment.

CHAPTER XVI.

REUBEN CONQUERS SAMSON.

Oh dear! What a boy was Reuben for getting himself into scrapes with horses! Here was he being whirled along too fast for thinking, one would suppose, while Mr. Barrows without his hat and with his coat-skirts flying in the air, followed on foot, shouting at the top of his lungs: "Stop that horse! Stop that horse!"

As if one could stop the wind! Men came out from their store doors and stared and winked, and by that time Sam-on had passed them. Meantime a white frightened little heap was curled up in the closest corner of the back seat. This was Grace Barrows.

"Don't you be frightened, Gracie; I'm coming."

This was what she heard in the cheeriest of tones coming from somewhere near the ground behind her. Sure enough! Reuben had not clung to the hind spring for nothing. He had climbed like a monkey to the back of the carriage, and was hard at work with hands and teeth trying to unfasten the curtain; all the time he worked, he kept up a cheery conversation with Grace Barrows.

"Don't you be scared, Gracie; I'll be there in a jiff. Can't you catch hold of the reins? Then perhaps he will stop."

"I can't," said the white, trembling lips. "He has dropped away down at the side."

"That so? Well, never you mind; this old buckle is giving way now; in another second I'll be there and I'll get the reins."

"O Reuben! Do you suppose you can stop him?"

"Of course I can. You'll see how quick he will mind when he has to."

What lovely music Reuben Watson Stone's voice was to poor frightened little Gracie! Another vigorous twitch to the strap, and Reuben had clambered over the seat, and was reaching over the dash-board for the reins, all the time talking to Samson in a good-natured tone:

"Old fellow, good old fellow, don't be scared; nothing is the matter; it is just a notion of yours. You needn't go so fast as that; plenty of time, you are scaring your little mistress, and that is mean of you!"

At last he had the reins gathered firmly in his two stout young hands, and had

THE WEEK.

MR BLAINE is visiting New York this week to consult with the party leaders, after which he may accept a few invitations to the West. General Logan has been visiting Bay City, Michigan.

THREE RUSSIAN COLONELS have been condemned to perpetual exile in Siberia for belonging to a secret society. Many subordinate officers and privates of these two colonels' regiments have also been sentenced.

GOVERNOR ROBBIE'S majority in Maine, with 18 unimportant places still to hear from, is 19,709. He received 77,779 votes, against 58,070 cast for Mr. Redman. In 1880 the Democrats had a majority of 169.

COUNTESS LAZANSKY has been accidentally shot and killed during a hunting excursion in Bohemia.

THE LONDON "STANDARD," speaking of Lieut. Greely's paper read before the British Association at Montreal, says that every sanitary law seems to have been violated on the Greely expedition, and the disastrous result was due to looseness of discipline.

THE BRITISH SCIENTISTS, on their excursion along the Canadian Pacific Railway, arrived at Kicking Horse Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, on Saturday. Several of them narrowly escaped death by the falling of four miles of a tunnel.

A WELL-KNOWN FENIAN named Duggan has just died in Dublin. His funeral was attended by 15,000 persons, including Michael Davitt.

THE CONGRESS of the Argentine Republic has voted \$500,000 in order to definitely occupy the Chaco,—a territory of 240,000 square miles, inhabited chiefly by Indians, and which has been claimed to belong to the neighboring Republic of Paraguay. An expedition, commanded by the Minister of War, leaves Buenos Ayres for this purpose at the end of the month.

CAPTAIN RENAUD has been making another experiment with his balloon steering apparatus; he was able to sail against the wind for some seconds, but he did not arrive at his expected destination.

A TELEGRAM from Washington to the New York Times says that Mr. Gresham is believed to have been offered the late Mr. Folger's position of Secretary to the Treasury.

THE SOVEREIGN GRAND LODGE of Odd-fellows of the world met on Monday in Minneapolis, when about 200 delegates were present. There are now about five or six hundred lodges, with 90,000 encampment members.

THE EMPERORS of Germany and Austria have been visiting the Czar of Russia in Poland; and so far they have escaped with their lives. The goals must be crowded by this time, and yet there seem to be plenty Nihilists left outside.

AN AWFUL CALAMITY is reported to have befallen Kiang-Si, an inland province in the South East of China. The news, which comes by way of Canton and Yokohama, is from King Tak, the centre of the pottery manufacture, and one of the four chief markets of the empire. It states that floods had submerged the country to a depth of sixty feet, sweeping away whole towns and destroying 70,000 lives. It was feared that a pestilence would be caused by the dead bodies. Cholera has already broken out at Amoy, on the coast.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, it is said, want to travel over Ireland. There is no lack of bravery in either husband or wife, and if the government decides to allow it, the tour is likely to have a good effect.

THE PEOPLE OF JAMAICA are talking of getting their island made part of the Dominion of Canada. The proposal, which seems to be actually under consideration by the Government at Ottawa, has taken Canadians' breath away. Many think that it would be quite impossible to let Jamaica, with its colored population of 570,000 and its little band of 15,000 whites, bring their voting power into the northern confederation.

AMONG the Rocky Mountain ranches in the United States is one belonging to a French nobleman, Baron de Bonnesmains, who was an aide-de-camp to Marshal MacMahon when the latter was President of the French Republic. The Baron and two of his countrymen have just gone home to procure fresh capital. They are loud in praise of the English-speaking ranchers; even sons of English noblemen, they say, are splendid fellows to work. The cause of this is simple. English lads, whether their fathers are dukes or tallow-chandlers, are brought up to use their muscles in all sorts of open air exercise.

THE ANCIENT CITY of Quebec, it seems, is going deeper and deeper into stagnation. The cry in all quarters is "there's nothing doing!"

IT IS PROPOSED by the British to annex the Delta of the Niger. This river comes next to the Nile and Congo among the streams of Africa. The river begins to branch out about 100 miles from the sea, and the various mouths empty themselves at various points along 200 miles of coast, so the Delta contains about 14,000 square miles. The land is rich, but as yet covered with forest and jungle.

EVERY SATURDAY now is a field day in the campaign against the House of Lords in England. Last Saturday the Radicals, to the number of 50,000, held a meeting in the Victoria Park, London, when resolutions were passed demanding that the House of Lords should be abolished altogether. Mr. Gladstone, in one of three great speeches which he delivered to huge audiences in Edinburgh the other day, said that the issues at present at stake were wide enough without bringing in the general question of the reform of the House of Lords. He created much laughter by saying that it might be timidity or indolence that made him unwilling to begin another great fight. Assuredly, neither indolence nor timidity is a weakness of the "grand old man" of 73 years. The premier called attention to the fact that since the last reform bill, fifty years ago, there have been ten Liberal Governments in Britain and two Conservative,—and the Lords, who profess in some way to represent the people, have only been in agreement with two of those twelve elected parliaments.

VICTORIA MOROSINI, the daughter of a very rich broker in New York, has eloped with and married her father's coachman. The young lady, who is 25 years old, took several thousand dollars' worth of her own jewellery with her.

VARIOUS OPINIONS are expressed as to whether Russian petroleum is really going to drive the American oil out of European markets. The London Standard says,—Yes, no doubt about it. The American oil men say,—Not a bit of it!

A RUSSIAN GIRL, named Katersky, has just been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, for attempting to murder a government official at Odessa.

CHARLES DALLY, a defaulting town collector at Woodbridge, New Jersey, has been sentenced to two years' hard labor. This is good news. That sort of criminal is generally allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten gains in some neighboring country.

LONDON, the city of five million people, has never been healthier or freer from nuisance than now, and the City Sewers Commissioners say that if cholera comes it cannot remain long, nor become very serious.

ON THE RE-OPENING of the British Parliament next month, Mr. Gladstone will describe his scheme for re-distributing the representation of the country. He will, however, insist on the Franchise Bill being passed before the other.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK bank failure in New Jersey has had a terrible effect. Mrs. Hill, wife of the cashier, attempted to commit suicide because of her husband's disgrace. Trade is at a standstill in the city. The city itself is hopelessly bankrupt, having been depending for years on the bank.

THE MAINE ELECTIONS resulted in the return of a Senate containing 31 Republicans and no Democrats, and a house composed of 82 Republicans and 21 Democrats.

THE FINAL FUNERAL of MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, took place on Thursday, at New Lexington. MacGahan, who died a few years ago in Constantinople, was the man who exposed in the London Daily News the horrible atrocities committed in Bulgaria in 1876 by the Turkish regular and irregular soldiers.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT having refused to open a new enquiry into a murder for which some people now claim an innocent man was hanged some time ago, the Irish Nationalists have decided to vote with the Conservatives against the Franchise Bill, which they supported last session. However, the session, which begins on the 23rd of October, is not expected to last more than four weeks.

THE TAMMANY WING of the Democratic party, who opposed Governor Cleveland's nomination at the national convention, have just had a large and excited meeting in New York. After a long denunciation of Mr. Cleveland, the committee submitted a resolution offering cordial support to him as the nominee of the party. This was carried by 810 to 87, although ex-Senator Grady vehemently declared that he was for General Butler.

QUARANTINE is to be enforced against American cattle crossing into the Canadian North-West.

LORD DUFFERIN, the popular Irish nobleman, European diplomatist, and Canadian Governor-General, has now reached the top of the official tree. He has been appointed Viceroy of India, and in December next will wield the sceptre over an empire containing more than two hundred and fifty million human beings. The only doubt that anyone expresses about the wisdom of this appointment is whether he can be spared from Turkey, where he is now the British Ambassador. He is certainly the man for India. His predecessor, Lord Ripon, has offended his countrymen in India by his sincere attempts to do justice to the people of the country themselves, and it would be a pity to fill his place by some old aristocratic stick who cared about nothing but upholding the dignity of his office.

AT THE NEXT GERMAN ELECTIONS the Socialists are likely to show some increase of strength. Many of the Liberals will vote for them, and some say that the Catholics would prefer a Liberal to a Conservative majority, and will help the Liberals.

THE HEAT last week was very great over the greater part of the country. At New York the temperature was up again to 94°.

AT A WEDDING FEAST in Barnside, Illinois, the bride, the minister and fifteen other persons have been poisoned by eating canned fruit.

THE PRESIDENT of the Trades' Assembly says that in Cincinnati alone there are over 20,000 workmen idle.

THE EDGAR THOMPSON Steel Company, of Pittsburg, has announced that its works, employing 5,000 men, must be stopped unless the men accept a reduction of wages. There is already great distress in the city, and the reduced wages will probably be agreed to.

A BAND OF FORGERS has been arrested in Vienna, consisting of the father and seventeen children. They were working in connection with the Anarchists.

THE POPE has now some quarrel with Costa Rica, and his Nuncio, or ambassador, who was about to go there, has been ordered to stay at home. Costa Rica is a little republic at the other end of Central America, with a population of 175,000, mostly Spaniards.

AN OUTBREAK of a very obnoxious disease, sometimes called "cæste," has occurred at Halifax, Nova Scotia. A colored girl having been admitted to the vice-principal's department of a certain school, many of the other pupils have left.

HENRY LAMB, a man who died the other day in Fairfax County, Virginia, at the age of 97, persisted to the last in declaring that George Washington's skull was stolen by French sailors and sold to some phrenologists in France.

A MOST DISASTROUS FLOOD has come to Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, doing great damage both in the city and around it. At Eau Claire, 200 houses have been swept away.

THE AMERICAN FORESTRY CONGRESS met at Saratoga on Tuesday the 16th.

THE RAJAH of TENOM, yielding to the serious threats of the British Government, has released the crew of the "Nisero," who have been kept by him in Sumatra since the 12th of November last.

THERE IS ANOTHER CLAIMANT to the throne of France, whenever France resolves to have the luxury of a throne again. The Countess of Paris has given birth to a son.

YELLOW FEVER and small-pox, according to one report, have appeared in Sierra Leone,—the "graveyard of the British Army."

THE CZAR has attended a grand ball at Warsaw, but only half of the 800 invitations were accepted. Several Polish noblewomen did not attend the Czarina's reception. Hundreds of arrests have been made, and yet thousands of revolutionary placards have been circulated in the city.

GOLD, in profitable quantities, is reported to have been found in the Little Rock Mountains, Montana.

THE FRENCH have bombarded and occupied Mahanoro, another coast town in Madagascar; and still there is no sign of the brave Hovas surrendering their independence.

LIEUTENANT GREELY.

Lieut. Adolphus W. Greely whose portrait we give this week, was born in the State of Massachusetts about forty years ago. Entering the war as a private in the Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, he was soon promoted to corporal and first sergeant in Company B of that regiment. He was made second lieutenant, in March, 1863, in the Eighty-first U.S. Colored Infantry, and in April, 1865, he was promoted to the first lieutenantcy. On the 13th of March, 1865, he was breveted major "for faithful and meritorious service." He was made captain of the Eighty-first colored Infantry on the 4th of April, 1865, and on the 22nd of March, 1867, was honorably mustered out. Upon the re-organization in 1869 he was assigned to the Fifth Cavalry, and in 1873 became first lieutenant, which is his present rank. In 1880 Congress made an appropriation for the establishment of a polar colony, which was carried into effect in 1881. Lieut. Greely was placed in command of the exploring party, and set sail for the Arctic seas, a little more than three years ago, to establish, in accordance with an international arrangement, a station of observation in Grant Land, about latitude 82° N., whence expeditions could be despatched in the direction of the pole. We have before spoken of the terrible hardships of the voluntary exiles. They remained at their post, making many and valuable observations and waiting month after month for the assistance that never came. At last they travelled southwards, and tried to reach some stores of provisions that had been hidden for them. They failed; and the story of their life in their encampment during last winter is a terrible one. One by one the men died of exhaustion, and their bodies made food for the more desperate of their surviving companions. At least one of their number had to be shot for stealing more than his share of the scanty remains of provisions. And Lieut. Greely and the remnant of his followers were in a miserable condition when rescued this spring.

"PSYCHICAL RESEARCH."

A new and very interesting organization has just been formed at Philadelphia, called the American Psychical Society. A similar society has existed for some time, in England, and its members, professors and other scientific and learned gentlemen, make it their business to thoroughly investigate every story of ghosts, or mind-reading, or second-sight, or transmission of impressions from a distance, that is brought before their notice. They have collected and published an immense number of cases which cannot be explained by any law of nature now generally known and believed in. It is not their purpose, in collecting these facts, to support any particular theory; and they only put forward as a possible explanation the supposition that the human mind has greater power than we are at present aware of,—that two minds, in sympathy with each other, can influence each other's thoughts even when separated by great distance. It is a mistake to call these scientists ghost-hunters, though they will always investigate "ghosts" or "haunted houses" when they are asked to do so. One instance of the mysterious mental power referred to may be briefly given here by way of illustration. A gentleman went out in his sailing-boat, early one morning, alone; and when turning round he received a terrible blow on the mouth from one of the boat's spars. At the same moment, his wife, who was still at home and asleep, awoke suddenly, feeling a violent blow on

her mouth, and snatched up a pocket handkerchief to staunch the blood which she thought was flowing from the wound. She soon found that there was no wound, and she could not possibly have been struck.

THE COTTON INDUSTRY in Lancashire, England, is in an extremely depressed state. Many mills are either working on short time or are closed altogether. Similar hard times have over-taken many of the cotton manufacturers on this side, both in the United States and Canada; in fact the high tariff has made cottons dear to the public without even benefiting the manufacturing industry. Stafford & Co., owners of several mills in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, have assigned with estimated liabilities of \$250,000, and the Enterprise Cotton Mills at Augusta, Georgia, have also suspended.

THE BURGOMASTER—or mayor—of Brussels says that the recent riots were due to the Clericals, whose newspapers reviled and insulted the Liberals, while the Liberal press advised calmness. It was impossible, he said, to repress the universal and spontaneous feeling of the people. The City Council passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the burgomaster, who had been reprimanded by the government.

THE STEEL RAIL manufacturers of England, Germany and Belgium have had a conference and decided to form an international combination to keep up prices and prevent over-production.

THE BOERS who were sent to England to try and get better terms for the Transvaal Republic have got into hot water on returning to their South African home. They cannot account for some 12,500 dollars of the allowance made for their expenses.

A NUMBER OF PASSENGERS who have just arrived at New York on the steamship "City of Rome," have sent a letter to the owners protesting against the gambling that was allowed in the public rooms on board. The captain says that many persons like to pass the time at sea by playing cards for money. But playing cards for money is a very small part of the gambling that goes on on nearly all ocean steamers. We have been, for instance, on a fine steamer of the White Star Line, when the smoking room was every evening filled with men gambling and betting, in the most systematic manner, on the number of miles to be run by the steamer on the following day. The men who composed that crowd of smoking and drinking gamblers included an English earl and a well known New York professional gambler, but it also included many young emigrants going to visit their friends in Britain, with no money to spare. Hundreds of pounds passed from hand to hand, and for the most part those who lost were those who could not afford to lose. The practices now allowed on ship board could very well be put down by a little exercise of the captain's authority, and then respectable people would be able to cross the Atlantic in something like comfort. The companies will have to come together in this matter. Perhaps no one company would like to stand alone in prohibiting gambling, for fear that those who liked to indulge in it would patronize another company's steamers.

THERE ARE in connection with the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Great Britain 2821 Bands of Hope, an increase of 177 in the past year. The number of members is 291,959, an increase of 20,289. The number of adult Wesleyan temperance societies is 337, with an enrolled membership of 26,713.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORM.

A thunderstorm of almost unprecedented violence burst over Dundee, Scotland, about noon on the sixth of August. The weather in the morning was fine, but very close and warm. Shortly after ten o'clock thunder peals were heard in the distance, and continued with little intermission till mid-day. At that hour an extraordinary phenomenon occurred, the like of which has not been witnessed in Dundee, or perhaps anywhere in Scotland, during the memory of any one living. The sky suddenly darkened, and a heavy gloom enveloped the town. A rift in the eastern sky for some time kept up a certain degree of light, but that quickly became obscured, and the gloom deepened, the town being immediately enveloped in the darkness of midnight. This extraordinary state of matters continued for fully half an hour, during which almost all kinds of traffic was suspended in the streets. Many people exhibited the utmost alarm, and waited with trembling fear the result of the extraordinary phenomenon. Shortly after half-past twelve a little clearance was visible in the western sky, and long shadows were seen cast to the eastward by the mid-day light. As the darkness began to lighten rain commenced to fall literally in torrents. Simultaneously a thunderstorm of unparalleled violence burst forth right over the town. Flash after flash burst forth, and the long dazzling streaks darted in their zigzag course across the sky. The thunder peals following in immediate succession were continuous in their roar, coming in great crashing peals, and then dying away in huriling echoes, like the roar and rumble of an artillery war. The storm continued to rage with little abatement in its violence up to two o'clock. During the period when it was at its height some beautiful effects were visible, the lightning sometimes darting in brilliant fire balls, which seemed to burst just over the earth. So great was the darkness in the town that all public works, shops, and offices, were lighted. The lamps were also lit in the street cars. Several parts of the town were deeply flooded.—*Dundee Advertiser.*



LIEUTENANT A. W. GREELY, U.S.A.
(From a Photograph taken August 11 1864.)

COLONEL INGERSOLL has been to Victoria, British Columbia, where he had arranged to give a lecture on "orthodoxy." The civic authorities, however, prevented him from getting the building on the ground that it was not safe against fire. The police tried hard to prevent Ingersoll from getting in, but the people broke into the place and the lecture was delivered. From all accounts at present received there seems to have been a determined attempt to shut the infidel's mouth. Freedom of speech is a right that should be denied to no one, no matter how we abhor his opinions.

A DYNAMITE CARTRIDGE has been found in a cask of petroleum which recently arrived at Leeds, England, from America.

OF 371 MINISTERS in connection with the United Methodist Free Churches, 300 are pledged abstainers.

THE ARTILLERYMEN sent out to rejoin the British volunteers at the Quebec firing competition have been having a good time, both in work and play. In the matter of shifting guns, the British were beaten, but in firing the visitors proved superior to the Canadians.

M. C. THOMSON'S BANK, of Rockford, Illinois, has suspended. His liabilities are about \$500,000, believed to be more than covered by assets.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has ordered an inquiry into charges of shameful immorality made against prominent officials in authority over the female paupers at Loughrea, in Ireland.

FELIX OSWALD, M. D., in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says that physicians universally admit that in fever cases where 10 total abstainers die 100 drinkers die.

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LEAVES NOT THE LIFE.

"Grandpa what can you be doing," inquired Gerald, coming toward grandpa, with a face full of amused astonishment; "what can you be doing?"

"I am making a gooseberry bush for you," replied grandpa, composedly; "I noticed you liked the ripe gooseberries, when you were at Pemberton Lodge, last week, and I think you would like a bush of your own."

"But, grandpa," began Gerald, looking very hard at grandpa, and thinking very hard in trying to decide if he was joking, or had quite gone crazy—"grandpa, gooseberry bushes grow; they are not made."

"It pleases me to make this one. All the rest may come as they please," replied grandpa, pinning a leaf here and there to a tall, dry hrier, which he had previously planted firmly in a large pot.

"How do you like your gooseberry bush?" Gerald did not wish to hurt grandpa's feelings, but what could he say? He looked at the pretended bush, and at grandpa's face, and was perplexed, for grandpa appeared heartily in earnest in the work of trying to make the bush.

"It cannot have berries on it," he replied evasively.

"It cannot, pray tell me why?" inquired grandpa seeming to be astonished as he drew off a little way to admire his bush, and to glance at Gerald.

"Because, grandpa, it has no life." Grandpa folded his arms across his breast; he gave a little push up to the glasses astride of his nose; he looked so inquiringly at Gerald, that Gerald felt obliged to add: "Dead bushes do not bear berries."

"How do you know it is dead? You say hard things of a fresh, green bush. See the leaves. Why, boy, your grandpa knows that a dead bush does not bear berries, but look, don't you think he has given it life?"

"It will not stay fresh and green, grandpa; you only put on its leaves; you did not put any life in it," said Gerald, gravely, more and more perplexed by grandpa's uncomfortable notion about the bush.

"Will not the green leaves bring it life?" said grandpa; "what is the life of the bush if such beautiful green leaves are not its life?"

"Grandpa dear, you are only hoaxing me; I believe you know it is the sap. The sap makes the leaves grow, and shows that the bush is alive, but the leaves do not make the sap."

Grandpa laid down the leaf and pin; he did no more towards making a bush; he drew Gerald close to him, and laid his hand upon his head, and gave a long pleased look in his face, and he asked: "And you think all those beautiful fresh leaves do not give life to this bush?"

"No grandpa; they never can."

"And suppose they have grown on the bush, what then?"

"Oh, then we would know that the bush was alive."

"Why? if the leaves are not the life of the bush how would you know any better about it if it had leaves of its own?"

Gerald considered.

"I think, grandpa, that the leaves only show that the bush is alive; they do not make it alive."

"Can a bush without leaves be alive?"

"Yes, sir; if I cut off all the leaves of my bushes in the garden they would still be alive."

"Can a bush grow without sap?"

"No, sir; the sap makes it grow."

"But if the bush has sap—that is life—how about the leaves?"

"It will put out leaves, of course, grandpa, if it has life."

"Now Gerald," said grandpa, very earnestly, this world may be compared to a garden; every boy and girl, and man and woman in it may be called one of God's plants; "what is the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones?"

"What a funny notion, grandpa; I do not believe I know what you mean."

"What is the difference between a real Christian and a make-believe Christian?"

"Real Christians are good, and the make-believes only seem to be good; is that it, grandpa?"

"That is right, so far as it goes, but the difference between God's living plants and the dead ones is that the living ones grow and bear leaves and fruit while the dead ones have the leaves pinned on."

"Grandpa: what a funny, funny notion."

"The leaves and fruit of God's plants are their works; and, boy, many plants, not really living plants of God, have leaves and fruit of a certain kind, but they are dead leaves. Can you tell me why?"

Gerald thought a minute. The lesson he had been taught flashed upon his mind with a new light.

"Grandpa," he said, "do you mean that living plants must have God's Spirit, and that works without God's Spirit are dead?"

Grandpa smiled. "You are right, boy; even dead plants often have leaves and fruit which do not grow from the living power of God's Holy Spirit, which come from outside influences, and are like good, green leaves pinned upon a dry, dead stem. The leaves and fruit, you see, are not the life; the Spirit of God in the heart is the real life, just as the sap in the plant is its life."

"Grandpa, why did you ever try to make a gooseberry bush?" inquired Gerald, looking at the result of grandpa's effort.

"I tried to make it, boy, because I wanted you to remember for the rest of your life that leaves are not the life—that works never make a Christian—but that good works, the leaves of God's plants, must grow by the influence of His Holy Spirit, or they are like dead leaves pinned on; for good works are not the life, they are only the consequence of life. What kind of a plant do you wish to be—a plant with a few leaves pinned on, or a living plant, sending out green leaves and sweet fruit, because God's Spirit has made you a living plant?"

Gerald whispered his answer in grandpa's ear, and grandpa smoothed back his hair and smiled, and taking his hand walked out to the bright sunshiny and fresh air, leaving the dead bush, with its false leaves, while he enjoyed the beauty and fragrance of the living plants holding up such sweet contented faces in the living garden toward the brightness overhead.—*Exchange.*

POTATOES: AN ILLUSTRATION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS SNOW.

For the purpose of illustrating a certain subject I draw a fancy sketch, and ask the reader to accompany me in imagination to another country.

After landing on its shores we make our way to one of the principal towns, and on the morning of the following day we sally out to make our observations.

In passing through a street, we hear the question asked at an open door, "How is your husband this morning?" and we are startled by the reply which the wife gives: "We've had a terrible night with him. I had to call the neighbors in to hold him, or else he would have jumped out of the window. O these potatoes—these potatoes—they are killing him! When he keeps from potatoes he's all right, and we've a comfortable house; but there's so many shops open he can't pass 'em by, and when he takes one potato he will have more, and they get to his brain and make him into a madman."

Going further on we hear the noise of crying children. "What is the matter?" we ask. "O, they're Mary Tomkin's children. A kind lady saw them in the street yesterday all in rags, and asked them where they lived, and their mother told her a fine tale of poverty and destitution. So this morning the lady sent them some clothes that had belonged to her own little 'uns. The servant tried 'em on the children, the poor little things was wonderfully pleased, and Mary was all smiles and thanks. But as soon as the servant was well out of sight what does Mary do but strip them off the children and put on their rags again, and now she's off with them to pledge for money to take to the potato shop. And so that's what the crying's about." "Is this the way with the mothers of this country?" we indignantly ask. "O dear no," is the ready reply. "It's only when they take to potatoes. I remember Mary Tomkin's when she was as good and kind a mother as ever lived; and when that oldest girl was about the size of the youngest but one, we used all of us to notice how clean and tidy Mary kept her, but since she took to potatoes they're always just as you see them now."

Proceeding on our way, we see men here and there staggering in the street, and we ask, "Are those men ill?" "No—they've been eating potatoes."

We go out after nightfall. We hear loud shrieks, and hasten in the direction whence

they proceed. We see a group of people standing in the light proceeding from an open door. We come forward and behold a woman laid upon the floor. We hear her heavy and painful breathing until it ceases, and ceases finally. We notice a man leaning back upon the arm-chair, the only person present who does not comprehend the meaning of the scene. He came from the potato-shop not many minutes ago in a state of frenzy, which is now followed by stupefaction. He commenced beating his wife as he was wont to do in his madness; but this time, after felling her to the ground, he inflicted a violent kick in the region of the heart, and now the police have come to take him to prison.

Next morning we take our walk in the suburbs. We find ourselves approaching the public cemetery. We enter the grounds, and are civilly accosted by a townsman whom we overtake. He joins us in our walk round, chatting pleasantly as we go along. Looking at a head-stone in front of us he remarks, "Poor fellow, I knew him intimately. His father and I were boys together. He was a bright and promising lad as ever you saw, but he fell into bad company and got a liking for potatoes, and then it was all over with him. He was mad after them, though we could all see they were bringing him to the grave. He would have been alive and well and prosperous now if it had not been for potatoes." We look at the lettering, and read, "age 23."

On returning into the town we enter the Town Hall. The magistrates are on the bench and are trying the "cases," and we soon find they are nearly all potato cases. One after another the bear-eyed victims of potatoes stand in the dock. Some have been drunk and incapable, some drunk and disorderly, some are charged with crimes more or less serious, but the great bulk of them have been brought to their disgraceful position through eating potatoes.

We begin to conclude that we have lighted upon a very unfortunate town. So we take our departure and make our observations in another part of the country. But here again we encounter scenes of the same character. And go where we will, we find a most fearful amount of crime, pauperism, lunacy, and premature death chargeable upon potatoes! Nay, so common is the vice of excess herein, that the articles themselves do not require to be specified when reference is made to that vice. The indefinite expression "he eats," or "she eats," or "they eat," conveys a meaning unmistakably particular, viz., that the persons referred to eat potatoes, and eat them to a degree which is creditable to the character, and detrimental to all the qualifications of well-being and well-doing.

If you knew such a country you would say that it was in very deed suffering from a potato blight—not a blight upon the potatoes, but unspeakably worse than that, a blight inflicted thereby. You would deem it an honor and privilege to contribute in any way towards the removal of that blight. You would scarcely, methinks, plead for the use as distinguished from the abuse but would rather urge in the name of common humanity and common sense that the whole thing, root and branch, be swept away altogether.

The above is an imaginary sketch. But dear reader, you know a country, and you know an article in that country concerning which every word in the above sketch is no fiction and no exaggeration, but a great and terrible reality. That country is our own beloved England, and that article is intoxicating drink, an article which owes its injurious and fatal properties not to the God of nature but to human manipulation—an article the evil results of which beggar description and defy exaggeration, while the supposed beneficial effects of its use as an ordinary beverage constitute the greatest and most unfortunate error the world was ever beguiled with. Do you doubt this latter statement? The accumulated testimony of the past fifty years to the superior health and greater longevity of hundreds of thousands, yea millions of total abstainers from this beverage, amounts to a demonstration which whose runs may read.

Ponder well, dear reader, these two facts—(1) the unspeakably appalling and widespread evils of the immoderate drinking of intoxicating liquors arise directly from its moderate use as a beverage; and (2) that moderate use as a beverage is useless.

Underbarrow Parsonage, Milnthorpe.

PUZZLES.

TWO-WORD CHARADES.

My first the radiant summer skies
When showers have passed, will sometimes span,
With varied hues of richest dyes,
God's sign of promise unto man.

My second with the ills we class
To which our mortal fame is heir,
For here not all is bliss—alas!
Some pains we surely all must bear.

My third is something,—nothing, too,—
In but one course will ever tend;
You'll find, when you have searched it through,
There's no beginning and no end.

My whole is fixed and well defined,
Yet limitless must ever be;
And in its hard embrace you'll find
No charms, I think, for you or me.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

Behad and curtail No. 1 to find No. 2.
1. A lord. 2. Atmosphere.
1. A rope with a noose. 2. An animal.
1. To receive information. 2. Part of the head.

1. A bank built along a river. 2. The latter part of the day.
1. A gift. 2. A verb.

1. An Eastern prince. 2. An interjection.
1. A bird. 2. Charity.
1. The course travelled. 2. Not in.

NONSENSE RHYMES.

The italicized letters put in proper order spell the names of rivers in Europe.

When we were on the *Uba Den*.
Its waters, blue as the *Ho Ren*.
Reminded us of the *Ir Hen*.
Then, then we thought of bright *Os Sen*,
And often spoke of wild *Die Stren*,
Yet loved far more our own *Ei Sen*.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

PUSSY PUZZLE.



To the cat I've added 65,
And made a man, as I'm alive.
AN ANCIENT RIDDLE.—Whole.

TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

My rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it. It is merely, begin when the hour comes. I once belonged to a model Sunday-school, in which there was little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good, superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter, until the old plan was suggested and restored. Boldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musician and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercise, or even its whole character. You can pray and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read, to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singers when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve. Some will always be late, but if it is not known exactly when school really opens a great many will be late.—*Selected.*

CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.—One division of a cake of chocolate dissolved in a little water. To this put one pint of new milk and the yolks of three eggs. Put the chocolate into the milk and boil a few minutes. Sweeten with a quarter of a pound of sugar, and then pour it, boiling hot, on the eggs, which have been previously beaten till light. Return all to the kettle, and stir rapidly until it thickens, or is upon the point of boiling, when it must instantly be poured off and set aside to grow cold.

LADY JANE GREY.

A story so touching as the life of Lady Jane Grey is scarcely to be found in the pages of history. Think of a little English girl, the daughter of a nobleman to be sure, but with far less of her own way than many young girls imagine they could live with now; a girl with so stern a father and mother that she turned for companionship and sympathy to her books and her schoolmaster; who had so employed her time during her short life that at the age of sixteen she excelled in needlework, vocal and instrumental music; could speak and write both Latin and Greek and had some knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic; and who when the rest of her family were out hunting found more enjoyment in staying at home and reading Plato; who had been nothing but sweet and obedient all her life to those over her; and yet this girl when only seventeen years old was seized upon and imprisoned, hought for no fault of her own, and a few months afterwards was beheaded like a common felon.

Those were strange times in England. The King, Edward VI., was only sixteen and of such delicate health that he could not be expected to live long, and there was great excitement as to who should be his successor. There was no male heir to the throne, but there were four women, Mary, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, and Lady Jane Grey. Space forbids us to go into details, but please try and remember these few facts, for unless you do you cannot understand the story. Mary of England was daughter of King Henry VIII., (young Edward's father) by his first wife Catherine of Aragon, and Elizabeth was daughter of Anne Boleyn, his second wife. Mary Stuart, afterwards the renowned Mary Queen of Scots, was a grandchild of Henry's sister Margaret, and Lady Jane Grey granddaughter of his sister Mary.

And now came the trouble as to which of these four should be sovereign. The two Marys were bigoted Roman Catholics, and great was the distress among the Protestants for fear one of them should come to the throne. Lady Jane Grey was just as strong a Protestant, while Elizabeth, though not so earnest as she, was a thorough Englishwoman and in spite of the Pope would stand up for England and her own right.

But now the originator of all the trouble appears in the person of the Duke of Northumberland. He, too, was a Protestant and was very much alarmed at the thought of having other than a Protestant queen on the throne. But he was also a very ambitious man and determined that, if possible, no man should hold so high a position in the kingdom as he. So he laid his plans. His fourth son, Lord Guildford Dudley, only a few years older than Lady Jane Grey, became very much attached to her and they were married, and these two Northumberland determined to use to accomplish his ends. Henry VIII. had named Mary and Elizabeth first in succession and Lady Jane Grey next, but Northumberland urged the young, dying Edward to alter this and place Lady Jane Grey first. You see how this would work! If all things went well his son would be husband to the Queen of England, and then who would be more powerful in the realm than himself. Lord Guildford Dudley does not seem to have had any part whatever in the plot.

No sooner was poor young Edward dead than Northumberland conveyed the news to Lady Jane, and very much grieved indeed she was to hear that her gentle, accomplished young cousin was no more. But what was her astonishment when in the next breath her father-in-law informed her that she was to be his successor, and he, and her father and mother bowed before her as the Queen of England. She cried, and protested and said that it could never be, that she did not want to be Queen, that it was cruelly unjust to Mary and Elizabeth whose claims were prior to hers. But it was all to no purpose. Her husband wished her to accept, her stern father-in-law urged, and her father and mother con-urged. What could she do? She was only a girl, and had never disobeyed her father or mother in all her life,

and how could she dare now! So away she was taken to the Tower and proclaimed Queen.

But the farce, of which she was so unwillingly a centre, was of short duration.

Nine days it lasted and then came the end. The people refused to recognize her and rallied round Mary Tudor and crowned her queen. Only nine days on the throne, and there against her will, Lady Jane Grey left it with no regret. She had no ambition for anything of the kind and would have been glad to settle down again to her old quiet life. But she was not allowed to go home. Although her father was pardoned, Northumberland was beheaded for treason, and she and her husband were kept prisoners in the Tower. They were not treated harshly but still they were prisoners.

The country remained in a very unsettled condition. The Protestants hated Mary, and a few months after this there was a

A letter written to her sister on the night previous was full of loving, pious counsel, but contained no hint of her approaching death. She died for no fault of her own, but having loved God all her life and striven to do His will, she did not fear death now, for she knew that all it could do was to take her to Himself.

THE PREPARATION OF THE TEACHER FOR HIS WORK.

BY PROF. H. F. KLETZING.

While the work of the Sabbath-school is to give instruction in the Word of God, to educate the young, and to familiarize them with the precepts and doctrines of our holy religion, the chief object of the Sabbath-school worker should be to lead young hearts, not hardened in sin, to accept Christ as a personal Saviour. Unless this is accomplished, the Church will receive but little

revival in the church to gather in the Sabbath-school scholars? We must acknowledge that the latter is the rule. Why is this?

Can we answer this question by asking another? Does the teacher prepare for his work with the desire and expectation of seeing the scholar saved? The successful minister "weeps between the porch and the altar" for the sins of the people. Should the teacher be interested to a less degree in the salvation of those committed to him? The many excellent lesson-helpers for the teacher are indeed a blessing. The progressive, enthusiastic and consecrated teacher cannot inform himself too well upon the lesson. But in our efforts to make thorough preparation, do we not sometimes look to the letter more than to the spirit? "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," said the Lord. If the minister with the best production cannot reach the heart of the unsaved unless his own soul is all aglow with the truths which he utters, then the teacher must also apply the lesson to himself before he goes before his class. I would not ask that less time be spent in the preparation, but that a part of the time spent in preparation be spent in the closet. There let the teacher burn the precepts of the lesson into his own soul—there let him plead and wrestle with God for the salvation of the whole class—there let him wait and tarry until a holy unction is upon him. Then he can, Moses-like, go before his class with a glow of Divine love and power upon his face. The minister who is unsuccessful in saving souls rightfully asks, "Am I at fault?" The teacher is responsible to the same degree, with this difference: his field is his class. If the Sabbath-school scholar is to be saved from going into sin, and perhaps never rescued therefrom, there must be knee preparation by the teacher. Were all the teachers of the Sabbath-schools to make thorough closet preparations, the whole Church would become electrified, and thousands of souls might be saved. It might lead to a revival throughout the Church unprecedented in her history. How much of the time given to preparation is spent in the closet, in preparing the heart for the work? There lies the secret of success. The Lord help us to do our whole duty!—*Living Epistle.*



LADY JANE GREY.

strong uprising against her, and Mary's friends, fearing that a party might again rise and try to make Lady Jane Grey queen in her place, insisted that for the safety of all she and her husband should be put to death.

She received her sentence very quietly. When they tried to make a queen of her she resisted with all her might, but she did not even weep now. She only said "I only consented to the thing I was forced into." Not one word of complaint did she utter. She would not say good-by to her husband for she said it would only increase her pain. She saw him from her window as he passed on his way to execution, and waved her hand to him as a sign that they would soon meet in heaven. An hour later she, herself, walked to the scaffold and without a tear or sign of agitation laid her own young head on the block.

benefit from the school. Too often have we seen the child growing up in the Sabbath-school, and then turning away into a world of sin, instead of practicing the principles so long taught him. The child and youth should be led from the Sabbath-school into the Church.

Much, very much of the responsibility rests upon the parent, but is not the Sabbath-school teacher in part responsible for the future of his scholars? Is it not too often the case that the school is considered the place for Scriptural instruction only, while the church is expected to gather in the youth after they have indulged in sin? It is generally expected that conversions should take place through the direct efforts of the Sabbath-school teacher? Is not that school in which conversions occur an exception? Do we expect conversions in the Sabbath-school, or are we waiting for a

out the swelling and inflammation, and afterwards we dressed it with carron oil, a mixture of equal parts of sweet oil and lime water, which is, I believe, the best dressing known for soothing and healing burns and scalds. The little one got along very nicely, not suffering much except when the burn was being dressed, and although the place was six weeks or more in healing, she did not take cold in it, nor have any drawback. You who have little ones, write this on the "blackboard of your memory": Raw flour paste, then sweet oil and lime. During my stay in a western sanitarium, a dozen people who were scalded in a railway accident, were brought there for treatment, and the carron oil was the chief healing agent relied on there.—*Household.*

A MAN is known by his company.

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SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON XIII.

Sept. 28, 1881.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."—Ps. 66:16.

HOME READINGS

M. Lesson I. F. Lesson VIII.
T. Lessons II., III. Sa. Lessons IX., X.
W. Lessons IV., V. S. Lessons XI., XII.
Th. Lessons VI., VII.

INTRODUCTORY QUESTIONS.

Who was the first king of Israel? How was he chosen? What was his first military exploit? What effect had it on the people? Give some of the events in the life of Saul. For what sin was he rejected? Who was appointed to be king in his place? Give an account of the first noted event in David's life. What caused the envy and hatred of Saul? Who was David's friend? What do you know about their friendship?

How did David show his forbearance toward Saul? Give an account of the death of Saul and his sons. How did the Philistines treat their bodies? What finally became of them? How long did Saul reign?

Of which tribe did David become king at the death of Saul? Who became king of the other tribes? Where and how long did Ishboseth reign? How did his reign end? What was David's first capital? How long did he reign there? What is the Golden Text of this lesson?

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS.

I.—What is the title of the first lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did the elders of Israel propose to David? What followed this proposal? What did David do? What neighboring king became his friend and ally? What made David prosper?

II.—What is the title of the second lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Who had the ark been for many years? Who went to remove it? What sin delayed its being brought to Jerusalem? Where was it then carried? What was the result to the household?

III.—What is the title of the third lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did David propose to do? What did the Lord say to this proposal? What did the Lord promise David? Who should build the temple? What did the Lord promise respecting his kingdom?

IV.—What is the title of the fourth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What inquiry did King David make? What was told him? What did he do? What kindness did he show Meghosheth? How did he honor him?

V.—What is the title of the fifth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did David confess his sins? How did he cry for forgiveness? What was his prayer for inward cleansing? What new consecration did he make?

VI.—What is the title of the sixth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did Absalom steal the hearts of the people? On what pretence did he go to Hebron? For whom did he send? What was said of the conspiracy? What did David do?

VII.—What is the title of the seventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? For what was the king waiting? For what was he most anxious? What good news did he receive? What bad news? What was the father's lament?

VIII.—What is the title of the eighth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did the Lord punish the sins of David and his people? What did David do? What did the Lord say? Where did David build an altar by divine command? How did the Lord show his acceptance of David's offerings?

IX.—What is the title of the ninth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What are we taught by the works of God? When and where do they show these things? How should we clearly reveal himself to us? How should we regard the word of God? What should be our daily prayer?

X.—What is the title of the tenth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? How did the Psalmist express his confidence in the Lord? What was his great desire? Of what was he assured? How would he show his gratitude? What important counsel does he give?

XI.—What is the title of the eleventh lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What did the Psalmist do in trouble? With what result did he wait? Who is here pronounced as blessed? What is said of the offering of sacrifices? What is our only hope of salvation?

XII.—What is the title of the twelfth lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? What does the Psalmist call upon himself to do? What benefits does the Lord bestow upon us? How has he made himself known to us? How does he show his love for his children? How does the psalm end?

THE PRESIDENT OF THE Windsor (Ont.) Band of Hope writes that 40 copies of War Notes and 50 copies of the New York Witness are given out every week, and are a great help to the meeting. Mr. Lambie also says: "These papers are telling for good. This is a prosperous organization, drawing a full house of all ages and all denominations. James Dougall, who has been a hero in the temperance cause in this town for 50 years, is on the platform at every meeting, and he waxes brighter as he gets older in this and in every good cause."

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 16, 1884.

The grain market is still very quiet indeed, and very small quantities are being handled. The action of the Harbor Commissioners in restoring the wharf dues to their original figures, is blamed for the almost total loss of the Chicago trade. Barley, which should be moving freely, is still very quiet, as the farmers refuse to sell at the present very low prices,—not more than 60c a bushel. Several lots of new peas have been offered and sold on a basis of 85c. Chicago is about the same as last week. Quotations now are:—74c Oct.; 77c Nov.; 79c Dec. Corn is about one cent lower all round and is now quoted at 54c Sept.; 51c Oct.; 44c Nov.

The local grain market is no better, and prices are a little worse than they were. The offerings this week have been larger than the demands. We quote:—Canada Red Winter, 86c to 88c; White 87c to 88c; old Canada Spring, 87c to 88c. Peas, 80c to 82c. Oats, 39c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn, to 69c.

FLOUR.—Prices have steadily weakened, every sale almost being made at a reduction. Some business has been done however. We quote: Superior Extra, \$4.27 1/2 to \$4.35; Extra Superfine, \$4.10 to \$4.20; Fancy \$4.00; Spring Extra \$3.90 to \$4.00; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.15 to \$2.20; Spring Extra, \$2.00 to \$2.10; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.75.

MEALS are unchanged. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Cheese is unchanged, with a brisk market, and is quoted as follows: 9c to 9c 1/2 July, August 9c to 10c. The price in England is 51 shillings per hundred. Butter is still dull. We quote:—Creamery, 22c to 23c; Eastern Townships, 17c to 19c; Western, 14c to 16c.

Eggs are selling at 15c to 16c as to quality. HOG PRODUCTS are unchanged. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$20.00 to \$20.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c 1/2; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western in pails, 11c to 11c 1/2; do., Canadian, 10c to 10c 1/2; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are quoted at \$3.80 to \$3.90, for Pots, and \$4.50 to \$4.55 for Pearls.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Farmers have been coming to market in large numbers of late, and together with market gardeners they furnish an abundant supply of nearly all kinds of seasonal produce, for most of which there is an active demand at fair rates. The prices of grain, potatoes, onions, carrots, eggs, poultry, apples, tomatoes, flour, feed and dressed hogs have a downward tendency, while good butter and good hay bring higher rates. Green corn ears are very abundant and cheap, and there are also large quantities of common musk melons offered at from 5c to 25c each. Plums are very scarce and high priced, but there are abundant supplies of apples, pears and peaches of more or less doubtful quality.

The supply of good well saved hay is not equal to the demand, as a considerable quantity of the best hay is being held up for shipment to the United States.

Oats are 90c to \$1.00 per bag; potatoes 45c to 50c do.; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 60c per bushel; cabbages 12c to 35c per dozen heads; butter 17c to 25c per lb.; eggs 17c to 30c per dozen; apples \$1.50 to \$3.00 per barrel; tomatoes 15c to 25c per bushel; nutmeg melons \$2 to \$5 per dozen; hay \$6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of butchers' cattle continues large, and prices of all, except the best, are still tending downwards. A few choice heifers and steers are sold at about 4c per lb., but good fat cows and fair conditioned steers sell at from \$35 to \$42 each, or from 3c to 4c per lb. Common dry cows sell in lots at from \$25 to \$30 each, or about 3c per lb. Two year-olds in fair condition sell at from \$18 to \$25 each, or 3c to 3c 1/2 per lb.; and leanish cows and storks at \$12 to \$22

each, or 2c to 2c 1/2 per lb. There is an active demand for all good lambs at from \$3.25 to \$4 each, but most of the offerings consist of leanish ram lambs that are getting troublesome to their former owners and are being sold to prevent their doing more harm. Such mutton critters sell at from \$2 to \$3 per head; some of the poorest bring even less. Live hogs are in large supply and prices are easier, or from 5 1/2 to 6c per lb. There has been an active demand for good mitch cows of late, and pretty high prices are paid for such as are fresh calved.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat 84c Sept.; 85c Oct.; 87c Nov.; 88c Dec.; 90c Jan.; 97 Feb. Corn, 59c Sept.; 58c Oct.; 57c Nov.; 49c Dec.; 48c Jan. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72c. Oats in fair demand, 31c Sept., 31c Oct., 31c Nov. Barley, nominal. Pease nominal.

FLOUR.—The quotations are as follows:—Spring Wheat No. 1, \$2.00 to \$2.60; Superfine, \$2.40 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.90 to \$3.25; Clears, \$3.95 to \$5.00; Straight (full stock), \$4.30 to \$5.50; Patent, \$4.60 to \$6.00. Winter Wheat—No. 2, \$2.30 to \$2.60; Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$2.90 to \$3.45; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.95 to \$5.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.50 to \$5.45; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.65; Straight (White City), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.15 to \$3.55; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$3.90; barrels, West India, \$4.65; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.60. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.60 to \$5.00; Family, \$4.85 to \$5.60; Patent, \$5.35 to \$5.65. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$3.00 to \$4.15.

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

SEEDS, dull. Clover 9c to 10c; Timothy, \$1.55 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.50 to \$1.60.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—we quote creamery, ordinary to select 17c to 27c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 15c to 23c. Welsh tubs 17c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery 9c to 21c. Cheese state factory ordinary to full cream, 2c to 10c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 5c to 8c; Skims 1c to 2c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.00 to \$18.00; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$11.50 to \$12.00. Lard \$7.70 to \$7.87.

A WHALE AND THE TELEGRAPH.

The steamer "Retriever" was engaged in repairing a break in the West Coast of America Telegraph Company's submarine cable, when a whale, measuring from seventy to seventy-five feet in length, fouled itself in the wire. In its struggle to get free the cable cut into its right side, the entrails and large quantities of blood issuing from the wound and floating round the ship. In the last dying struggle of the captive it parted the cable, and floated away to windward of the steamer. Some days afterwards the "Retriever" returned to pick up the piece of cable in which the whale had been entangled. It was then found that the fish had drifted away, and that the cable was twisted up in a most curious fashion. In no fewer than six different places it had been bitten through sufficiently to stop all communication.—Panama Star and Herald.

THE "FATHER" OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Sir George Rose Sartorius, G.C.B., the senior Admiral of the Fleet in the Royal Navy, has just completed his 94th year, having been born on August 9, 1790. This gallant nonagenarian veteran has been upwards of eighty-three years in the navy, which he entered in June, 1801, and rose to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in 1869. He is the only surviving officer who took part in the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, and he commanded the Portuguese fleet in the cause of Donna Maria, for which he received the title of "Count of Pentafirme." He is the "father" of the British Navy, being the oldest officer in the naval service, and is the oldest Knight of the United Kingdom. Among the titled classes, in fact, his only senior in point of age is the venerable centenarian baronet Sir Moses Montefiore.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON

the eminent scientist, in addressing a recent meeting in London, said that "the temperance cause will never win its way, until all the women in the kingdom, and throughout the civilized world are embarked in the enterprise of temperance."

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PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE DOMINION ALLIANCE.

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No. 4 The Rev. Mr. Brethour's striking speech at Ottawa, on the remarkable success of the Scott Law in the county of Halton.

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6. Twenty-nine Temperance Leaflets or Envelope Tracts, neatly printed on tinted paper—30c.
7. Union Leaflets, especially adapted to women's work. Prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 77 numbers—30c.
8. Young People's Leaflets, by the same, especially adapted for young people—10c.
9. Penny Papers—a series of 12 page Tracts, prepared by the same—10c.
10. Union Handbills—Cider series, 40 numbers—10c.
11. Beer series, 57 numbers—10c.
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THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at Nos. 311 and 313 St. James street, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, and J. D. Dougall, of New York and John Bealpath Dougall, of Montreal.