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The Weekly Messenger.

THE DEAD GENERAL.

The people of the United States to-day without distinction of party, are mourning for the illustrious survivor of the Union, who a few days ago closed his life on Mount McGregor in New York State. A sketch of Gen. Grant's life which, to a great extent, is a history of the United States during the most terrible crisis through which it has passed, has been already given. The portrait in this number shows the General as he appeared a few years ago. No better proof of the estimation of the dead hero's greatness could be given than by the universal sorrow that his death has caused throughout the world. The tributes of esteem, respect and condolence from all quarters have been spontaneous and unanimous. The English as well as the American newspaper devote much of their space to a relation of his deeds and an estimation of his character. The great cities throughout the Union wear an air of mourning and active preparations are being made in New York for the burial of the dead hero. The selection of Central Park as the last resting place of General Grant, has given rise to a great deal of feeling, as it is thought by many that Washington would be the most suitable place, as it is there that General Washington lies buried. Mrs. Grant and the other members of the family, however, having expressed a preference for New York, sets all controversy on this subject at an end. The preparations for the funeral are nearly completed. The remains will be at the cottage in the room where the old soldier died until Tuesday afternoon, when the funeral cortege will be placed on a special train and conveyed directly and without demonstration to Albany and placed in the Capitol, where they will lie in state until Wednesday noon, then to be conveyed by train to New York, where they will arrive on Wednesday evening. At New York they will remain in state until Saturday then to be borne to their last resting place. It is mentioned as a curious fact that even up to within three weeks of his death Gen. Grant occasionally expressed the hope that he might after all get well or at least live several years. But it was only at times that these gleams of hope came to him. In the bottom of his heart he knew he had to die and nothing could exceed the thoroughness with which he had prepared to meet death. He seems to have thought of everything and all that his family had to do was to follow out instructions, as clearly and tersely worded as orders to an army. He also wrote many affectionate and loving notes to his family, and a long one of three or four pages, at which he had worked in secret, was found sealed up in an envelope in his coat pocket after he had been dead for some

time. It was addressed to his widow and was filled with endearing expressions and touching words of consolation. General Grant had to the last an abiding faith in his work. In a letter that was given to Dr. Douglas, his physician, with instructions that it should not be opened until after his death, he writes. "If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey his call without a murmur. As I have stated, I am thankful for the pre-idential extension of my time, to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful because it has enabled me to see for myself, the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions towards me in person from all parts of our country from people

THE COMING STRUGGLE.

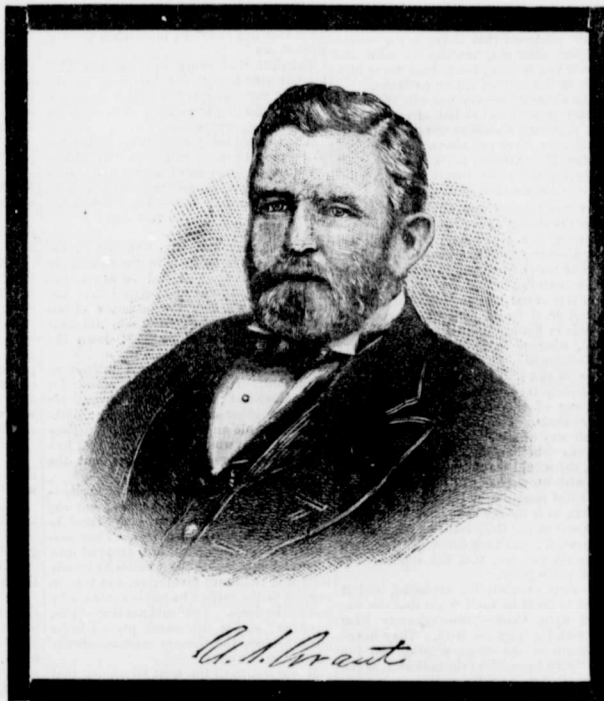
The purely legislative business of the Imperial Parliament is now assuming a quiet turn and interest is becoming more and more centred on the coming elections. Many members of Parliament have already left London and gone to their respective boroughs to arrange for the coming struggle at the polls. The indications are stated to be that the approaching election will be by all odds the severest and most closely contested which has been waged in England since the famous campaign of 1836. It is difficult to say which party will gain the ascendant. The Tory political agents in the provinces continue to send in promising reports of their party's prospects. Nearly every report received from them by the Central Association contain a confident assurance of victory in the farming districts and minor boroughs over the "Radicals," as

bitter one. The Conservatives will be strongly supported by the Parnellites, who hate the Liberals more than ever after certain utterances made by leading members of that party. Mr. Bright, the great English orator and a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, was unsparing in his remarks at the dinner to Lord Spencer on the alliance of the Conservatives and Home-Rulers, and for this he has been savagely attacked. So bitter is the feeling against him that at the session of the House of Commons the other day, one of the Parnellites moved that Mr. Bright's speech be considered a breach of privilege. The old Quaker did not spare them in his reply. He said that if his words were censurable he regretted using them. His opinion however remained unchanged. The fact was that the Parnellites had assailed Lord Spencer and the Crown officers, and if he had said that the Parnellites had defended

the judges and law officers, everybody would have said he was a fool for making statements that were absolutely untrue and would have laughed him to scorn. The leader of the Conservatives, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, expressed the opinion that if Mr. Bright had spoken in Parliament the words which he had used at the banquet, he could have been called to order, but he thought it was advisable to make such occasions causes for a motion for a breach of privilege. The Irish members seized the opportunity to indulge in a lot of acrimonious language, one of the Parnellites saying that he had a supreme contempt for Mr. Bright's utterances that he had no confidence in the justice of the House, and that, when occasion offered, the supporters of Mr. Parnell would repay Mr. Bright in his own coin. The motion was rejected but there is no doubt that the Parnellites intend to carry out their threat and if possible to hold the balance of power in the next Parliament.

VICTOR HUGO's literary will, which is dated 1875, appoints Mr. M. Meurice, Vaequerie, and Lefebvre, his literary executors. He desires his manuscripts to be published in three series, first, his complete works, second, his unfinished works and third, sketches and fragments. He leaves 200,000 francs to defray the expense and allows his executors a commission of the net profits on the different series. The executors, however, while joyfully accepting the task, say they will not touch the profits, which will be devoted to various monuments.

AN ALMANAC, three thousand years old, found in the British Museum, is supposed to be the oldest in the world. It was found on the body of an Egyptian who had evidently regarded it with great reverence. The days are written in red ink and under each is a figure followed by three characters signifying the probable state of the weather for that day.



of all nationalities, of all religions, and of confederate and national troops alike. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not affected a cure. General Grant, there is no doubt, has had the privilege of seeing much of the bitterness of the strife, in which he was a conspicuous figure, disappear, and a united country arise from it by which he will be always held in grateful remembrance.

YELLOW FEVER is reported to exist as an epidemic in a portion of Brazil, and cholera has made its appearance near Cadiz, Spain.

The Liberals are called, since the Whigs have been so largely superseded in the management of the affairs of the Gladstone party. The Conservatives have decided to contest every constituency in Great Britain where there is a shadow of a chance for success. Tory candidates will stand for every constituency in England and Scotland, except in about forty, where the Liberals have such an assured ascendancy that it would be a waste of energy to try to defeat them. An enormous fund for defraying election expenses has been gathered by the Government, and the struggle will be a close and

THE FOUR MACNICOLS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

(Author of "Mistress of Dares," "A Daughter of Heth," "Madcap Violet," etc.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Well, it seemed easier to dismiss superstitious fears out here in the sunlight. Perhaps it had been only bats after all. Warlocks did not whirl in the air—at least, they were understood not to do so. Witches were supposed to reserve their aerial performances for the night-time. Perhaps it was only bats, as Rob asserted. Indeed, it would be safer—especially in Rob's presence—to accept his explanation of the mystery. At the same time the younger boys occasionally started a stealthy glance backward to that gloomy apartment that had so suddenly become alive with unknown things.

Then the games began. Rob had come to the conclusion that a wise chieftain should foster a love for national sports and pastimes; and to that end he had invented a system of marks, the winning of a large number of which entitled the holder to pecuniary or other reward. As for himself, his part was that of spectator and arbiter; he handicapped the competitors; he declared the prizes.

On this occasion he ensconced himself in a niche of the ruins, where he was out of the glare of the sun and gracefully surrounded by masses of ivy; while his relatives hauled out to the middle of the green plateau several trunks of fir-trees of various sizes that had been carefully lopped and pruned for the purpose of "tossing the caber."

Well, they "tossed the caber!" they "put the stone," they had wrestling-matches, and other trials of strength; Rob the while surveying the scene with a critical eye, and reckoning up the proper number of marks. And now some milder diversions followed. Three or four planks, radeily nailed together, and forming a piece of rough flooring about two or three yards square, were hauled out from an archway, placed on the grass, and a piece of tarpaulin thrown over them.

Then two of the boys took out their jews-harps—alas! alas! that was the only musical instrument within their reach, until the coveted bagpipes should be purchased—and gayly struck up with "Green grow the rushes, O!" as a preliminary flourish.

What was this now? What but a performance of the famous sword-dance by that renowned and valiant henchman, Nicol MacNicol of Erisaig, in the kingdom of Scotland! Nicol, faling a couple of broadswords or four dirks, had got two pieces of rusty old iron and placed them crosswise on the extemporized floor.

With what skill and nimbleness he proceeded to execute this sword-dance—which is, no doubt, the survival of some ancient mystic rite; with what elegance he pointed his toes and held his arms akimbo; with what amazing dexterity, in all the evolutions of the dance, he avoided touching the bits of iron; nay, with what interplay, at the most critical moment, he held his arms aloft and victoriously snapped his thumbs, it wants a Homeric chronicler to tell.

It needs only be said here that, after it, Neil's "Highland Fling" was comparative failure, though he, better than most, could give that outlying quiver of the foot which few can properly acquire, and without which the dancer of the "Highland Fling" might just as well go home and go to bed.

The great chieftain, having regarded these and other performances with an observant eye, and having awarded so many marks to this one and to that, declared the games over, and invited the competitors one and all to a royal banquet.

It was a good deal more wholesome than most banquets, for it consisted of a scone and a glass of fresh milk apiece—butter being as yet beyond the means of the MacNicol. And it was a good deal more sensible than most banquets, for there was no speech-making after it. But there was some interesting conversation.

"Nicol, what did ye find in the dungeon?" Duncan said.

"Oh man, it was a grewsome place," said Nicol, who did not want to make too little of the perils he had encountered.

"What did ye see?"

"How could I see anything? But I felt plenty on the way down; and I'm sure it's full o' creepin' things and beasts. And then, when I was near the foot, I put my hand on

something leevin', and it flew up and bit me; and in a meenit the whole place was alive. Man, what a noise it was! And then down came the rope and I fell; and I got such a clour on the head!"

"Nothing but bats!" said Rob, contemptuously.

"I think it was houlets!"* said Duncan, confidently; for there was one in the wood when I was gaun through, and I nearly ran my head against him. He was sitting in one of the larches—man, he made a noise!"

"Ye've got your heads filled with nothing but witches and warlocks the day!" said Rob, impatiently, as he rose to his feet. "Come, and get the things into the basket. We maun be back in Erisaig before the *Glenara* comes in."

Very soon thereafter the small party made their way down again to the shore, and entered the war-galley of the chieftain, the halvards being restored to their proper use. There were no more signs of any squall, but the light, steady breeze was contrary; and as Robert of the Red Hand was rather anxious to get back before the steamer should arrive, and as he prided himself on his steering, he himself took the tiller, his cousin Neil being posted as lookout forward.

It was a tedious business this beating up against the contrary wind; but there was nothing the MacNicol delighted in so much as in sailing, and they had grown to be expert in handling a boat. And it needed all their skill to get anything out of these repeated tacks with this old craft, that had a sneaking sort of way of falling away to leeward.

However, they had the constant excitement of putting about; and the day was fine; and they were greatly refreshed after their arduous pastimes by that banquet of scones and milk. Nor did they know that this was to be the last day of their careless, boyish idleness; that never again would the great chieftain, heedless of what the morrow might bring forth, hold these high frolics in the halls of Eilean-na-Rona.

Patience and perseverance will beat even contrary winds; and at last, after one long tack, stretching almost to the other side of Loch Scrone, they put about, and managed to make the entrance to the harbor, just weathering the rocks that had nearly destroyed them on their setting out.

But here another difficulty waited them. Under the shelter of the low-lying hills the harbor was in a dead calm. No sooner had they passed the rocks than they found themselves on water as smooth as glass, and there were no oars in the boat.

For this oversight Rob MacNicol was not responsible, the fact being that oars were valuable in Erisaig and not easily to be borrowed, whereas this old boat was at anybody's disposal. There was nothing in it but to sit and wait for a puff of wind.

Suddenly they heard a sound—the distant throbbing of the *Glenara's* paddles. Rob grew anxious. This old boat was right in the fair-way of the steamer; and the question was whether, in coming round the point, she would see them in time to slow.

"I wish we were out of here," said he. As a last resource, he threw the tiller into the boat, took up the helm, and tried to use it as a sort of paddle. But this was scarcely of any avail; and they could hear, though they could not see, that the steamer was almost at the point.

The next moment she appeared, and it seemed to them in their fright that she was almost upon them—towering away over them with her gigantic bulk. They heard the scream of the steam-whistle, and the sharp "ping ping!" of the indicator, as the captain tried to have the engines reversed.

It was too late. The way on the steamer carried her on, even when her paddles were stopped; and the next second her bows had gone clean into the old tarred boat, cutting her almost in two and heeling her over.

She sank at once. Then the passengers of the steamer rushed to the side to see what should become of the lads struggling in the water, the mate threw overboard to them a couple of life-buoys, and the captain shouted out to have a boat lowered. There was a great confusion.

Meanwhile all this had been witnessed by the father of the MacNicol, who had stood for a second or two as if paralyzed. Then a sort of spasm of action seized him; and apparently not knowing what he was about he threw open the gangway aloft the paddle-box and sprang into the sea.

*Anglice, owls.

CHAPTER III.

ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCES.

Even with this big steamer coming right down on them, Rob MacNicol did not lose his head. He knew that his two brothers and his cousin Neil could swim like water-rats; and as for himself, though he would have given a good deal to get rid of his boots, he did not fear being able to get ashore.

But there was no time to think. "Jump clear of the boat!" he shouted to his companions.

The next second came the dreadful crash. The frail old boat seemed to be pressed onward and downward, as if the steamer had run right over her. Then Rob found himself in the water, and very deep in the water too.

The next thing he perceived was a great, greenish-white thing over his head; and as he knew that that was the hull of the steamer he struck away from it with all the strength at his disposal. He remembered afterward experiencing a sort of hatred of that shining green thing, and thinking it looked hideous and dangerous, like ashark.

However, the next moment he rose to the surface, blew the water out of his mouth, and looked around.

There was a life-buoy within a yard of him and the people on the steamer were calling to him to lay hold of it; but he had never touched one of these things, and he preferred to trust to himself, heavy as he felt his boots to be.

It was the others he was looking after. Neil, he perceived, was already off for the shore, swimming hand-over-hand, as if a sword-fish were after him. Nicol was being hauled up the side of the steamer at the end of a rope, just as he had been hauled up from the Eilean-na-Rona dungeon; and his brother Duncan had seized hold of the helm that had been cast loose when the boat went down.

Satisfied that every one was safe, Rob himself struck out for the side of the steamer, and was speedily hauled on board, presently finding himself on deck with his two dripping companions.

The strange thing was that his father was nowhere to be seen, and even the captain looked round and asked where John MacNicol was. At the same moment a woman, all trembling, came forward and asked the mate if they had got the man out.

"What man?" said he.

She said she had been standing by the paddle-box, and that one of the sailors, the moment the accident had occurred, had opened the gangway and jumped into the water, no doubt with the intention of rescuing the boys. She had not seen him come up again, for just as he went down the steamer backed.

At this news there was some little consternation. The mate called aloud for John MacNicol; there was no answer. He ran to the other side of the steamer; nothing was visible on the smooth water. They searched every where, and the boat that had been lowered was pulled about, but the search was in vain.

The woman's story was the only explanation of this strange disappearance; but the sailors suspected more than they dared to suggest to the bewildered lads. They suspected that old MacNicol had dropped into the water just before the paddles had made their first backward revolution; and that in coming to the surface he had been struck by one of the floats. They said nothing of this, however; and as the search proved to be quite useless, the *Glenara* steamed slowly onward to the quay.

It was not until the next afternoon that they recovered the body of old MacNicol; and from certain appearances on the corpse it was clear that he had been struck down by the paddles in his effort to reach and help his sons.

That was a sad evening for Rob MacNicol. It was his first introduction to the cruel facts of life. And amid his sorrow for the loss of one who, in a sort of rough and reckless way, had been very kind and even affectionate to him, Rob was vaguely aware that on himself now rested the responsibility for the upbringing of his two brothers and his cousin.

He sat up late that night, long after the others were asleep, thinking of what he should do. In the midst of this silence the door was quietly opened, and Daft Sandy came into the small room.

"What do ye want at this time o' night?" said Rob, angrily, for he had been startled.

The old, bent, half-witted man looked cautiously at the bed in which Neil lay fast asleep.

"Whisht, Rob, my man," he said, in a whisper; "I waited till every one in Erisaig was asleep. Ay, ay! it's a bad day this day for ye. And what are ye going to do now, Rob? Ye'll be taking to the fishing!"

"Oh, ay; I'll be taking to the fishing!" said Rob, bitterly, for he had been having his dreams also, and had turned from them with a sigh. "Of course I'll be taking to the fishing! And maybe ye'll tell me where I am to get forty pounds to buy a boat, and where I am to get thirty pounds to buy nets? Maybe ye'll tell me that, Sandy?"

"The bank—"

"What does the bank ken about me? They would as soon think of throwing the money into Loch Scrone."

"But ye ken, Rob Coll Macdougall would give ye share in his boat for twelve pounds."

"Twelve pounds! Man, ye're just daft, Sandy. Where am I to get twelve pounds?"

"Well, well, Rob," said the old man, coming nearer, and speaking still more mysteriously, "listen to what I tell ye. Some day or other ye'll be taking to the fishing; and when that day comes I will put something in your way. Ay, ay, the fishermen about Erisaig dinna know everything; come to me, Rob, my man, and I'll tell ye something about the herring. Ye are a good lad, Rob. Many's the herring I've got from ye when I wouldna go near the shore for they mischievous bairns; and when once ye have a boat and nets o' your own I will tell ye something. Daft Sandy is no so daft, maybe. Have ye any tobacco Rob?"

Rob said he had no tobacco; and, making sure that Daft Sandy had come to him with a pack of nonsense merely as an excuse to borrow money for tobacco, he bundled him out of the house and went to bed.

Rob was anxious that his brothers and cousin and himself should present a respectable appearance at the funeral; and in these humble preparations nearly all their small savings were swallowed up. The funeral expenses were paid by the steambot company. Then, after the funeral, the few people who were present departed to their own homes, no doubt imagining that the MacNicol boys would be able to live as hitherto they had lived—that is, anyhow.

But there was a kindly man, called Jamieson, who kept the grocery-shop, and he called Rob in as the boys passed home.

"Rob," said he, "ye maun be doing something now. There's a cousin of mine has a whiskey-shop in the Salt-market, in Glasgow, and I could get ye a place there."

Rob's very gorge rose at the notion of his having to serve in a whiskey-shop in Glasgow. That would be to abandon all the proud ambitions of his life. Nevertheless, he had been thinking seriously about the duty he owed to these lads, his companions, who were now dependent on him. So he swallowed his pride, and said,

"How much would he give me?"

"I think I could get him to give ye four shillings a week. That would keep ye very well."

"Keep me?" said Rob. "Ay, but what's to become o' Duncan and Neil and Nicol?"

"They must shift for themselves," the grocer answered.

"That wina do," said Rob, and he left the shop.

He overtook his companions, and asked them to go along to some rocks overlooking the harbor. They sat down there—the harbor below them, with all its picturesque boats and masses of drying nets and what not.

"Neil," said Rob to his cousin, "we'll have to think about things now. There will be no more Eilean-na-Rona for us. We have just about as much left as will pay the lodgings this week, and Nicol must go three nights a week to the night-school. What we get for stripping the nets 'll no do now."

"It will not," said Neil.

"Mr. Jamieson was offering me a place in Glasgow, but it is not very good, and I think we will do better if we keep together. Neil," said he, "if I had only a net, do ye not think we could trawl for coddies?"

And again he said, "Neil, do ye not think we could make a net for ourselves out of the old rags lying at the shed?"

And again he said, "Do ye think that

*Coddies is the familiar name in those parts of young saithe. Trawling, again, there means the use of an ordinary seine.

Peter, the tailor, would lend us his old boat for a shilling a week?"

It was clear that Rob had been carefully considering the details of this scheme of co-operation. And it was eagerly welcomed, not only by Neil, but also by the brothers Duncan and Nicol, who had been frightened by the thought of Rob going away to Glasgow. The youngest of all, Nicol, boldly declared that he could mend nets as well as any man in Erisaig.

No sooner was the scheme thoroughly discussed than it was determined, under Rob's direction, to set to work at once. The woman who kept the lodgings and cooked their food had intimated to them that they need be in no hurry to pay her for a week or two until they should find some employment; but they had need of money, or the equivalent of money, in other directions.

Might not old Peter, who was a grumbling and ill-tempered person, insist on being paid in advance? Then, before they could begin to make a net out of the torn and rejected pieces lying about the shed, they must needs have a ball of twine.

So Rob bade his brothers and cousin go away and get their rude fishing-rods and beat themselves to the rocks at the mouth of the harbor, and see what fish they could get for him during the afternoon.

Meanwhile, he himself went along to the shed which was used as a sort of storeroom by some of the fishermen; and here he found lying about plenty of pieces of net that had been cast aside in the process of mending.

This business of mending the nets is the last straw on the back of the tired-out fisherman. When he has met with an accident to his nets during the night—when he has fouled on some rocks in dragging them in, for example—it is a desperately fatiguing affair to set to work to mend them when he gets ashore, dead beat with the labors of the morning.

The fishermen—for what reason I do not know—will not intrust this work to their wives; they will rather, after having been out all night, keep at it themselves, though they drop off to sleep every few minutes. It is not to be wondered at, then, that often, instead of trying to laboriously mend holes here or there, they should cut out a large piece of torn net bodily and tuck on a fresh piece.

The consequence is, that in a place like Erisaig there is generally plenty of netting to be got for the asking; which is a good thing for gardeners who want to protect currant-bushes from the blackbirds, and who will take the trouble to patch the pieces together.

Rob was allowed to pick out a large number of pieces that he thought might serve his purpose; and these he carried off home. But then came the question of floats and sinkers. Sufficient pieces of cork to form the floats might in time be got about the beach; but the sinkers had all been removed from the cast-away netting.

In this extremity, Rob bethought of rigging up a couple of guy-poles, as the salmon-fishers call them, one for each end of the small seine he had in view; so that these guy-poles, with a lump of lead at the lower end, would keep the net vertical while it was being dragged through the water.

All this took up the best part of the afternoon; for he had to cudge about before he could get a couple of stout poles; and he had to bargain with the blacksmith for a lump of lead. Then he walked along to the point where the other MacNicoles were busy fishing.

They had been lucky with their lines and bait. On the rocks beside them lay two or three small codling, a large flounder, two good-sized lythe, and nearly a dozen saithe. Rob got hold of these; washed them clean to make them look fresh and smart; put a string through their gills, and marched off with them to the village.

He felt no shame in trying to sell fish; it was not the whole trade of the village. He walked into the grocer's shop.

"Will ye buy some fish?" said he; "they're fresh."

The grocer looked at them.

"What do you want?"

"A ball of twine."

"Let me tell ye this, Rob," said the grocer, severely; "that a lad in your place should be thinking of something else than fleecing a dragon."

"I dinna want to flee any dragon," said Rob; "I want to mend a net."

"Oh, that is quite different," said the grocer; and then he added, with a good natured laugh, "Are ye going to be a fisherman, Rob?"

"I will see," Rob said.

So he had his ball of twine—and a very large one it was. Off he set to his companions.

"Come away, boys, I have other work for ye. Now, Nicol, my man, ye'll show us what ye can do in the mending of nets. Ye havena been telling lies!"

Well, it took them several days of very hard and constant work before they rigged up something resembling a small seine; and then Rob affixed his guy-poles; and they went to the grocer and got from him a lot of old rope on the promise to give him a few fresh fish whenever they happened to have a good haul. Then Rob proceeded to his fateful interview with Peter, the tailor.

Peter was a sour-visaged, gray-headed old man, who wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He was sitting cross-legged on his bench when Rob entered.

"Peter, will ye lend me your boat?"

"I will not."

"Why will ye no lend me the boat?"

"Do I wan't it sunk, as ye sunk that boat the other day? Go away with ye. Ye're an idle lot, ye MacNicoles. Ye'll be drowned some day."

"We want it for the fishing, Peter," said Rob, who took no notice of the tailor's ill-temper. "I'll give ye a shilling a week for the loan o't."

"A shilling a week?" said Peter with a laugh. "A shilling a week? Where's your shilling?"

"There," said Rob, putting it plump down on the bench.

The tailor looked at the shilling; took it up, bit it, and put it in his pocket.

"Very well," said he; "but mind, if ye sink my boat, ye'll have three pounds to pay."

Rob went back eager and joyous. Forthwith, a thorough inspection of the boat was set about by the lads in conjunction; they tested the oars; they tested the thole-pins; they had a new piece of cork put into the bottom. For that evening, when it grew a little more toward dusk, they would make their first cast with their net.

Yes; and that evening, when it had quite turned to dusk, the people of Erisaig were startled with a new proclamation. It was Neil MacNicol, standing in front of the cottages, and boldly calling forth these words:

"Is there any one wanting cuddies? There are cuddies to be sold at the West Slip, for a six pence a hundred!"

"Fleein' a dragon—flying a kite."

(To be Continued.)

THE EYE-GLASS VENDOR.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Two men, strangers to each other, one day fell into conversation at the dining table of a public-house.

The talk ran, naturally, from the business outlook to politics, and in talking up the different issues the temperance question was discussed quite warmly.

The younger man was for prohibition, and in support of his argument said: "Now let me tell you, sir: Even in my little business of selling eye-glasses and spectacles from house to house through every town in this State the advantage of a prohibition town over one where licenses are granted is most marked. For instance there is South Dillingfield, a no-license town from the beginning. There are no very wealthy people there but nearly every family lives in their own neat, pretty little home. The women and children are well dressed, the houses are comfortably furnished. There are good gardens and plots of blossoming flowers before the doors. A sewing machine in nearly every house, and the women are busy fashioning garments or about some dainty bit of fancy work that is to lend a new charm to the home. There are good schools in that village, a flourishing church and Sunday-school, and about everything a pervading air of independence, prosperity and self-respect. Trade is always good with me there. I sell not only cheap bowled glasses but those with bows of shell and gold as well, and they buy cords and chains and pins. But the good trade is not the best part of my day there. I get full of bright temperance thoughts and ideas that I peddle all

along my route. Public sentiment in Dillingfield is all based on thorough temperance principles. There is a temperance society, a Band of Hope, and the subject is kept alive and fresh before the people. I tell you when an excursion goes from that town to Black Island or any other place of resort the young men do not all come home the worse for liquor, as I saw a car full the other day at a place twenty miles below Dillingfield, a village of about the same number of inhabitants and with the same industries. There are two hotels and a half dozen saloons in this latter place, and the proprietors of these drinking places are the only ones who have money to buy eye-glasses. The state of affairs in that village is pitiable. Public sentiment is dead from its cradle. Misery and squalor are everywhere. I tell you, sir, that little village is a missionary field for some one. The women and children are weary and sad-eyed. The face of one of these women has haunted me ever since my last visit. She was a quiet, ladylike person, who I was sure must have been better days. Her small room was tidy, and she herself was neatly dressed with a bit of something white about her throat. She was sewing diligently, and I took note at once that her eye-glasses did not fit her at all. I told her so and she admitted the fact but added, "They will have to do. They were my father's, and I am glad to have even them."

"But the old fashioned heavy brass-horns are wearing a dint upon your nose," I said laughing. "Do let me sell you a lighter pair and a younger; you need a number twenty," but she shook her head again saying:

"I know all that, but there is no use in talking; I cannot purchase." She was so quiet and decided that there was nothing I could do but to go, yet I have felt conscience stricken ever since that I did not give that poor woman a pair of glasses. I inquired about her later and heard that her husband had formerly been an owner in the mill but drink had ruined him; he has pawned everything of value that he possessed and would even pawn those brass bowled glasses were they worth the value of a glass of whiskey. Now, sir, in those two villages you have the whole effect of license and no-license set before you."

The older man had finished his dinner and now sat with his hands clasped upon the table paying the young eye-glass vendor the closest attention.

"You are quite a temperance lecturer," he said, in a half mocking tone, "but,—"

"I beg pardon, papa," said a young girl who sat beside him and who had also closely followed the young man's talk, "it seems to me there are no 'but's' in this case. I want to ask, if the mill-owners in this last village understood the better state of affairs at the prohibition village where the pennies and dollars go for comforts instead of for liquor would not they make the attempt at least to have no-license in their town another year?"

"I think not," replied the young man respectfully, "and I will tell you why. I have been told that the mill owners themselves carry on the liquor business, and the money they pay for wages comes right back to their own coffers for rum, and while their wives and daughters dress in satins and seekings and enjoy every advantage of ease and luxury, the wives of the poor operatives have to suffer."

"Deplorable!" said the young girl; "and what is the name of this town?"

"Ware-House Neck," said the vendor. "There are old drunkards there, sitting round the hotel, who are seventy-five and eighty years old, fairly pickled in liquor."

The young girl gave a start, bit her lip, looked at her father, but said nothing as she rose from the table, and the old gentleman only added:

"You make good use of your tongue and of the knowledge you pick up here and there, young man."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I have decided opinions, and when I am pretty sure they are on the side of truth, right, humanity, and integrity I do not hesitate to express them. No one can tell where a good seed will take root; it is the safe way to scatter as you go, lest you should lose an opportunity. Good-day."

A year later, as the young man was making his annual round, he could hardly believe his eyes as he entered the village of Ware-House Neck. There was not a dram shop in the place. The streets were cleaned,

new side-walks made, fences repaired, gates hung anew, houses freshly painted! The glasses vendor could hardly believe his eyes. Almost the first house he entered was that of the woman who had so excited his sympathy a year before.

"Ah! you have new glasses," he said in the ready pleasant way that always won him customers, "and yet you would not buy of me a year ago."

The woman knew him at once, and said with a smile, "These were a present a year ago from Miss Edith, the daughter of the owner of the mill, and her father charged me when you came again to be sure and send you at once to him; he lives in the great house on the hill yonder."

Supposing something in the way of his trade was required, he went as requested. It was quite a pretentious mansion and had always been closed on the young man's previous visits. Being shown into the library, what was his surprise to find his table acquaintance of the year before.

"You set out my business and my village to my daughter in fine style that day, young man," said the master of the house, rising and extending his hand. "I was sure you would come, and I have waited for you patiently. Edith says the Lord set you down to the table with us that day, and led the conversation for her benefit. You see she has had no mother since she was an infant and had never been here to this home. She came from the school where she had been educated with a heart full of zeal to engage in some work for the Lord, and it was given you to show her the duty lying nearest her hand. As it had been the chief object of my life to accumulate wealth for my daughter, I have, since she came home, found my chief joy in gratifying her wishes, and you see some of the results in the general appearance of the village. But the greatest change is in me. I gave up wine at my table, then I gave up tobacco, and seeing the beneficial results of temperance living in these people all about me, and in observing my young daughter's beautiful life, I have been brought to feel the need of that Saviour who is able to cleanse even such a sinner as I am, and to indulge in a hope that through his love I may be accounted worthy to take a part in his work."

"Now, since you talked temperance to such good advantage to me that day, I have wanted you to come here and educate public sentiment until every child in this village shall have the ground-work of his character based on firm unswerving temperance principles. I will pay you a salary and you can, if you please, make your home here."

The young man accepted the work at first as a temporary arrangement in which he might perhaps sow seed in good ground; but as time went on, he, with the full sanction of the rich manufacturer, became the husband of Miss Edith, and now they carry out together many good schemes for the benefit of the poor, the lowly, the uncared for, and in their own village and elsewhere they make the underlying principle of their work—whatever it may be—that of Christian temperance.—Church and Home.

THE KITCHEN.—Last in the thoughts of many, the kitchen should come first in the thoughts of all who wish to keep house successfully. Far from being an unimportant factor in the comfort of the family, it plays a part really superior to the parlor. Yet how much is lavishly spent to make that room beautiful and attractive in houses where the kitchen is damp, dark, small, and insufficiently supplied with conveniences for doing the housework. See to it, friends, that the kitchen utensils are whole, in good order, and handy to use. If you cannot have the new chair, the dainty vase, the longed-for rug for the drawing-room, have at least enough spiders, sawn-frames, pots and gridirons for the easy preparation of the meals. Let the kitchen be well-lighted and cheerful, with a painted floor, if possible, or a bright, thick oil-cloth. Have one strong, large table, and a couple of smaller ones, with chairs that are comfortable as well as serviceable. I believe in making the kitchen an inviting place, and in keeping its appliances up to the times, just as a farmer insists on having the latest labor-saving contrivances in his fields and barns. Far too many women spend their energies wastefully in "making things do," after the things in question are worn out and fit for the junk-shop. This is mistaken economy.—Selected.

THE WEEK.

IRISH LEGISLATION.

The affairs of Ireland are again absorbing a great deal of attention in English political life, and several exciting incidents have taken place of late in connection with Irish Legislation. The position taken by the Conservative Government in regard to Mr. Parnell's denunciation of Lord Spencer's administration was received with great astonishment, and they were widely attacked for their too evident readiness to seek an alliance with the Irish leader and his party. So much sympathy, in fact, did it excite for Lord Spencer, that a banquet was recently organized in his favor, at which no less than two hundred members of the House of Commons were present. The Marquis of Hartington presided and proposed the health of Lord Spencer in a flattering speech, in the course of which he warmly commended his administration. Earl Spencer, in reply, said that he had tried to do his duty to his sovereign and his country fearlessly in the sight of the world. He justified the Crimes Act on the ground that when it was passed there were 30,000 Fenians in Ireland, who were aided by members of Parliament from England and Scotland and by funds from America in resisting the laws of the land. He declared that nothing could be more dangerous than to attempt to govern Ireland as a Crown colony without representative institutions. Mr. John Bright, who was one of the principal speakers, vindicated Lord Spencer's policy, and said that the men who brought charges against Earl Spencer and the Irish judges were disloyal to the Crown, and directly hostile to Great Britain. They had, so far as they could, obstructed legislation which was intended to prevent or discover and punish crime. These remarks of Mr. Bright have made the Irish party furious, and it is said that the matter will be brought up as a question of privilege in Parliament. In the meantime matters are not progressing very smoothly among the chiefs of the party, the various sections of which are at loggerheads. The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, a leading member of the Gladstone Cabinet and a statesman whom many regard as the coming leader of the Liberal party, intends to make a tour through Ireland at an early date. His visit is strongly disapproved by the Parnellites, who characterize it as an election dodge for the Liberals with whom they are not on very good terms. Now, Mr. Michael Davitt who is perhaps even more popular among the Irish than Mr. Parnell himself has just written a long letter to Mr. Chamberlain in which he makes the emphatic declaration that he would be proud to stand on any platform with Mr. Chamberlain during the latter's proposed visit to Ireland. The letter, it is claimed, marks a final rupture of the two Irish sections. Mr. Davitt, however, refuses to enter Parliament because in doing so it would be compulsory for him to swear allegiance to the Queen. This stand places Mr. Chamberlain in a rather awkward predicament as he will be urged to seek the co-operation of a man who refuses allegiance to England's sovereign. What Mr. Chamberlain will do under the circumstances remains to be seen. The new viceroy, Lord Carnarvon, is going about his duties in a quiet but business like manner and there is even a prospect that he may in time become personally popular with the people, an event that does not often happen to the occupant of the Castle. A well-known Irishman, Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, author of "Young Ireland," has written an open letter to Lord Carnarvon, in

what he congratulates him for the adoption of what he terms an admirable and upright policy towards the Queen's subjects in Ireland. Sir Charles thinks that if the Conservative Cabinet undertakes to restore Ireland's control of her own local interests and to accord to her the same kind of independence enjoyed by British Colonies, not a single Irish member in the next Parliament will refuse to support the programme of the Government. He declares that the restoration of the Irish Legislature is the only measure that will ever succeed in rendering Irishmen at home and abroad content. Whether any English Government will see its way clear to attempt such a scheme is a question of dispute, but there can be no doubt that the British House of Commons will be called upon very soon to discuss such a proposal.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

The greatest event in English society for some time took place this week in the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, youngest daughter of Queen Victoria, to Prince Henry of Battenberg, which took place at St. Mildred's Church, Whippingham, near Osborne, on Thursday the 23rd inst. The marriage was the occasion for a grand ceremony, and the vicinity of Osborne wore a gala appearance. The flags of all nations floated from the houses, and the river and bay were full of yachts brilliant with bunting, the Royal Yacht being decked with wreaths, evergreens and flowers in profusion. Previous to the ceremony, a hundred guests of the Queen breakfasted at the palace at Osborne, and at eleven o'clock the guests started for the church. The Prince of Wales and members of his family landed from their yacht and were driven to Osborne. The Prince of Wales wore the uniform of a field marshal, his son Victor was dressed in the uniform of an army officer, and his son George in that of an officer of the navy. The 93rd Highlanders guarded the approaches to the church and the road traversed by the procession was lined with volunteers. The bridal procession started from the palace fifteen minutes after one. Loud and enthusiastic cheering greeted the pageant as it emerged from the gates and the demonstration was taken up and continued by the people along the whole route to the church. Five bands of music played at intervals. When the procession neared the church, the choir, followed by the clergy, passed to the altar to prepare to receive the bride. The Queen left the palace for the church shortly after one o'clock. The procession made its entrance to the church to the strains of Handel's Occasional Overture. All the royal ladies present wore dresses of white gossamer silk. The Prince and Princess of Wales did not join the procession but remained at the entrance to the church. Prince Henry, the bridegroom, wore a white uniform, and on his breast were numerous orders. He passed into the church accompanied by the members of his royal house. The bridesmaids then left the vestry, in which they had been waiting, for the entrance to the churchyard to receive the bride. The arrival of the Queen with the bride was heralded with cheers and a royal salute. The pipers played the march "Highland Laddie," and the Spithead and Solent guns thundered a grand salute. The Queen entered the chapel on the bride's left. The Prince of Wales was on the right and the bridesmaids followed. The Princess Beatrice bowed to the guests on either side as she advanced up the aisle. The scene as the Queen, dressed in black, with lace, and wearing a miniature diamond crown, entered the church, was very impressive. The bride looked very pretty.

She was dressed in ivory satin with Honiton lace; her hair was artistically arranged and its effect was made more charming by a wreath of orange blossoms which she wore. The princess of Wales wore a costume of white L'eau de Nil. Prince Henry stood at the south side of the altar and awaited the bride. The Princess walked with firm steps up the aisle. After Wagner's Bridal March had been played, the Archbishop of Canterbury read the service, the bride and bridegroom responding in clear tones, which were heard throughout the building. The Queen gave the bride away. At the close of the service Mendelssohn's Anthem was sung. The Queen, Prince Henry and the relatives on both sides kissed the bride. As the bridal party left the church Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played and the guns of the guard ships fired a grand salute.

A NOBLE LIFE.

Sir Moses Montefiore, the celebrated philanthropist, whose hundredth birthday was celebrated throughout the civilized world last October with great ceremony, has at length passed away full of years and honors. He died at his residence at Ramsgate on Tuesday afternoon. The life of the aged philanthropist furnishes an example of useful work and unostentatious charity. The Montefiore family trace their descent back to very ancient times. The grandfather of the philanthropist, Moses Vita Montefiore, settled in London in 1752. He had seventeen children, all of whom lived to be very old, and having amassed a large fortune at the time of his death, which took place in 1789, he left each of his children a good fortune. Joseph Elias Montefiore, the sixth son, was the father of Sir Moses. He did business as a merchant and dealt chiefly with Italy which he frequently visited with his wife. While on one of these visits in 1784 Sir Moses, who was the eldest son, was born at Leghorn. He was educated in London and entered business at an early age. He secured a seat on the Stock Exchange at a cost of \$6,000 and by his winning and amiable disposition soon became a general favorite. At an early age he married the daughter of Levy Cohen, a wealthy London merchant. Sir Moses served the office of sheriff of London in 1837 and was knighted on the visit of Her Majesty to the Guildhall. He was also High Sheriff of Kent, in which county he resided, and in 1846 was raised to a baronetcy, in recognition of his high character and public service. In 1840, Sir Moses, always mindful of the interests of his countrymen, went on a mission to the East in order to secure certain rights for his Jewish brethren at Damascus, and after his return, having accomplished his object, he was presented by the Jews of London with a magnificent set of plate. In 1864 he received the thanks of the Court of Common Council for the signal services he had rendered, by missions to various countries, for the relief of persons oppressed for their religious convictions, and more especially by a journey to Morocco, undertaken to solicit the Emperor to relieve his Jewish and Christian subjects from all civil and religious disabilities. The death of Lady Montefiore, which took place in 1862, was a great blow to her husband, who founded a magnificent college at Ramsgate in respect to her memory. Of late years this noble man has spent his declining days in his beautiful home overlooking the sea at Ramsgate, where he has been the recipient of many honors, and the universal celebration of his hundredth birthday last year was a token of the widespread regard in which he was held, not only by his own sect but by the people of all denominations. The

great object of his life was the relief of and success of his oppressed co-religionists in all parts of the world, by whom his death will be regarded as a national loss.

A WAR AVERTED.

A long and bloody Indian war in the United States has, in all probability, been averted by the firm and just action of President Cleveland, who is evidently determined that all classes of the population shall receive their rights. The President and Cabinet have reached the conclusion that leases of land in the Indian Territory held by cattlemen are invalid, and it has been determined to take steps to have them set aside. As the parcelling out of the territory belonging to the Redman to cattle ranchers was the whole cause of the recent trouble in the South-Western States, it is to be presumed that with the removal of the grievances the Indians will once more subside into a state of peaceful tranquility. General Sheridan, the Commander-in-chief of the United States armies, who was sent to the scene to inquire into the troubles, reported that no permanent settlement of the Indian troubles in the Territory could be effected while cattlemen were in possession of the best lands. The President accordingly is determined to remove the disturbing element, and to reserve Indian territory for the exclusive occupation of the Indians. The Indian problem in the United States, as elsewhere, has been a most difficult one, and the difficulties have been increased by the bad faith in too many cases of the white man. The Government has, however, in the present instance, taken the only stand consistent with honesty and justice, and it is to be hoped that their efforts will be attended with happy results.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

Unusually hot weather has prevailed throughout the greater part of this continent during the past week, forcing the corn crop towards an early and most abundant harvest. As there has been no lack of moisture nearly all the growing crops are making good progress, and in many localities the present appearances are very favorable for an abundant yield, despite the depredations of chinch-bugs and grasshoppers in some sections. The yield of grain in Texas for the present year has been the greatest ever known in the history of the State. The *Galveston News*, commenting upon the fact, says: "With no untoward disaster to the cotton crop the State is on the eve of the grandest period of agricultural prosperity she has ever enjoyed. The commercial and general business situation may naturally be expected to sympathize with this prosperity." The pasturage is better than usual in most places, and the products of the dairy are correspondingly large, but the prices are still very low, though they have recently taken an upward turn. Grass-fed cattle are coming on the market earlier and in better condition than usual, and prices are steadily declining.

MRS. PARNELL, the mother of Ireland's great agitator is in a very wretched condition if she represents the exact state of her case. In a recent letter to a friend she states: "I have striven to sell and to pay to such an extent that at last I have nothing left of which I can easily dispose. Owing to some payments having stopped last year I don't see how I am able to live for I have no income for myself to the amount of one cent." It seems a strange thing that the mother should be in such a state while the son lives in luxury at home.

RIEL ON TRIAL.

The trial of Louis Riel on a charge of treason in instigating the recent rebellion in the North-West has been resumed at Regina before Judge Richardson. The Court room is crowded daily, among those present being many ladies who take great interest in the proceedings, Riel, who sat in the dock, was the object of all eyes. He wears a collected appearance and seems to take the proceedings very coolly. The first regular session of the trial was spent in empanelling a jury to try the case, which was rather slow as challenges were made on both sides, but the jury finally chosen was composed of the following—Henry J. Painter, Ed. Everett, Ed. J. Brooks, Walter Merryfield, Paul Deane and Francis Cosgrove. These were duly sworn in and the indictments read over to them, Mr. Osler, Q. C., of Toronto, opened the case on behalf of the Crown, in an eloquent speech to the jury. He claimed that it was only right that Riel's trial should take place in the territory where the offences were committed. The difficulty of summoning a grand jury in such a case, he pointed out, was insurmountable. The prisoner, if the plea of naturalization in the United States was put in, would be tried under the provisions of the Fenian Act for treason felony, but it had been deemed advisable to have the case tried under the statute treason of Edward III which had formed the law of treason to the present.

Mr. Osler detailed the events leading to Riel's arrival from Montana and to the constitutional means at first adopted to gain a redress of the grievances of the half-breeds. He then announced that it was the intention of the Crown to prove by witnesses that Riel ordered and succeeded in bringing together, on March 3rd, an armed assembly, and that he was at the head of the rebellion and was the means of inciting the Indians to rise in arms. He also alluded to offers and propositions made by Major Crozier of the Mounted Police to settle the difficulty before the first shot was fired. Mr. Osler here read a letter signed by Riel and found among his papers at Batoche. It was addressed to Major Crozier, and demanded the unconditional surrender of the police at Fort Carlton. A dramatic incident took place during the reading of the letter, Riel no sooner hearing its contents than he sprang to his feet, and leaning over the box surveyed, with mingled rage and indignation, the production of the document. The Crown Counsel concluded by saying that they would bring home to Riel the responsibility for all the engagements and the consequent loss of life, and would produce testimony to show that Riel ordered the Indians from every direction and authorized a war of extermination.

The examination of witnesses was then commenced, the first witness for the Crown being Dr. Willoughby of Saskatoon, who testified that Riel had told him before the rebellion that as soon as he struck the first blow a proclamation would go forth and the Indians would join him. He had the United States at his back, and the time had come when he would rule this country or perish in the attempt; Riel said his intention was to have a new Government in the North-West composed of God-fearing men, and not such as at Ottawa. The country was to be divided into seven portions, one of which was to be a new Ireland.

The trial is still proceeding, and is expected to occupy ten days. The line of the defence will likely be that Riel, while in a proper condition of mind, worked simply for constitutional agitation, and gave way at last when his mind became deranged. This is a very plausible story, but it is not

likely to have much effect with an intelligent jury.

THE AFGHAN QUESTION.

The question of the possession of Zulfikar Pass, on which the Afghan question rests at present, is, there is every reason to believe, as far as ever from a settlement. Neither party seems willing to hasten the crisis. The present Government seemed disposed to loyally fulfil the pledge made when they took office of carrying forward the negotiations for peace upon the lines established by Lord Granville, and the Russian authorities appear convinced that it would be a much more risky business to exasperate England now than it was a few months ago, both on account of the return of the war party to power, and of the friendship of Germany towards the British Government. Prince Bismarck, it is stated, has suggested that the difficulty be, at least temporarily, settled by declaring Zulfikar Pass and the mountains to the east of it neutral territory, to be used freely by both Afghans and Turcomans for peaceful purposes, but to be closed against the passage of troops in either direction. The idea meets with favor from some, but is strongly opposed by others. Russia still assumes an equivocating air and gives no definite sign of her intention. A recent article in a Russian paper supposed to be inspired by the Government declares that Russia has reached the farthest limits to which she desires to go, and that the Government considers its ventures in Central Asia at an end. Russia, it is stated, fears nothing so much as the condition and growth of an unwieldy territory. The Czar is anxious to secure a solid frontier within which progressive works of civilization may be carried on. Russia has expressed her willingness to withdraw her troops from the advanced positions in Zulfikar Pass on condition that the Afghans be restrained from occupying the positions evacuated by the Russian troops. Negotiations are still in progress in London between the representatives of the two Governments and a settlement of the vexed question is anxiously looked forward to.

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

The present political condition of France is exciting a great deal of interest, as active preparations are now being made for the election of a new Chamber of Deputies under more than usually complex circumstances. This year the members of the Chamber of Deputies are to be voted for by the *scrutin de liste*, or departmental tickets, in the same manner as presidential electors are chosen in the United States. To every French department is allotted a quota of deputies proportionate to its population, and every citizen is to inscribe upon his ballot the names of candidates for all the seats assigned to the particular department of which he is a resident. There are so many parties in the field that it would be difficult to predict who will gain the upper hand in the approaching election.

FROM TIME TO TIME alarming rumors are spread concerning events in the Soudan. One of these is that Gen. Gordon is still alive in the Madhi's camp, then it is stated that Olivier Pain, the Frenchman, instead of being murdered by Arabs, is alive and well, and now the report is that the Madhi is the dead man. The mystery that surrounded Gordon's death will always be a fruitful source of such stories, and probably the only thing that would put an end to them would be the production of the dead hero's body.

A STRANGE INCIDENT regarding the death of Gen. Gordon has just come to light through a question put in the British House of Commons. Mr. Burke, the Under-Secretary, in answering inquiries in the House of Commons, recently, said that during May 1884 Mr. Billing had offered Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador at Paris, to obtain the ransom of Gen. Gordon from El Madhi for the sum of £50,000. Lord Lyons forwarded the offer, without comment, to Earl Granville, then British Minister of Foreign Affairs. The first condition of the offer was that the acceptance should be accompanied by the payment of £2,000 down. Lord Granville, it was stated, after consulting the Cabinet, instructed Lord Lyons that for various reasons he must decline the offer.

THOSE WHO PUT THEIR FAITH in the Congo country have received a shock through the publication of a letter by a gentleman employed by the Congo Association, who writes that the whole thing is a swindle. The King of Belgium he says, supplies lots of money, but only one fourth of it ever reaches its destination. Men are dying of like rotten sheep and the food is bad and scanty.

MR. GLADSTONE is suffering from obstinate catarrh of the larynx, causing a partial loss of his voice. His physicians have instructed him to take a complete rest.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS have been made between the British Government and the Rothschilds for the issuing of an Egyptian loan. Russia having assented to the Government has instructed the Rothschilds to issue the loan in August. This has been taken as marking the growth of friendly relations between Great Britain and Russia.

SOME of England's public men are extremely well paid. This is especially shown in the case of Lord Chancellors. It is a rule that all ex-Lord Chancellors, however short their tenure of office may have been, enjoy a pension of £5,000 a year for the rest of their lives. It is therefore estimated that if Mr. Naish, who has just retired from the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, after a service of thirty-five days, and Mr. Ed. Gibson, the newly appointed, Chancellor to whom one hundred days of office were awarded by his adversaries, were each to live to be seventy years of age, they would receive together £204,000 for what would in all probability be about seven hundred hours work or at the rate of £290 an hour.

A MEETING between the Emperor William of Germany, and the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria is to take place at Gastein, Germany, on August 7th.

IT IS STATED to be the intention of the Russian Government to impose a poll tax of from one hundred to two hundred roubles upon every foreigner residing longer than a fortnight in the country.

A SUPPOSED FENIAN named Henry Duff, has been arrested in London on a charge of murdering one Henry Gateley, as long back as 1880. It was supposed that the latter was the victim of Irish retribution, and all efforts to discover the murderer proved fruitless. The last seen of him was when he left the village of Solihull, where the murder was committed, and his description corresponds with that of the arrested man.

NEW YORK CITY has been treated to an exceedingly strong taste of torrid weather this week, and many deaths are reported from prostration. The thermometer reached as high as 98 degrees in the shade, and the air was stifling. During twenty-four hours no less than 180 deaths were reported.

THE CANADIAN WIMBLEDON TEAM of this year has made but a very poor showing this time. Their shooting for the Kolopere cup was very poor. The English team won the cup with a score of 650, the Guernsey team 639, Jersey team 612, and Canadian team 597. This is the eleventh time the English team has won the prize. The Canadian team secured it four times. The Canadian cup was won by Sergt. Ashall with an aggregate score of 313. Sergt. Bulwer of the Second Lincolnshire Corps won the Queen's Cup.

THERE SEEMS TO EXIST a mania among a certain class in New York to jump from Brooklyn Bridge. Following on the fatal attempt of Odlum, another man jumped into eternity the other day. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, a small party of men, one of whom wore a long linen duster down to his feet, passed through the Brooklyn entrance to the Bridge. They walked out a little beyond the front pier to a part not guarded for the moment by the police. Then the man with the duster hastily threw off the garment, and showed himself to be attired in a close fitting jumping suit. He at once ran quickly to the side of the Bridge and clambering through the wire netting, jumped off. He stood perfectly erect for about one hundred feet of the fall. Then he suddenly doubled up and a second later struck the water like a bullet from a rifle. His body disappeared and did not come to the surface again. The identity of the man remains a mystery.

THE STRANGE STORY of how a clever woman overcame a great array of lawyers is told from London. In March, 1883, Isaac Lotinga, a banker, insured his life for ten thousand dollars in the Commercial Union Company. Four months afterwards he died from the effects of a drink of carbolic acid and the jury found a case of suicide. The Insurance Company refused to pay the policy on the grounds of suicide and drunkenness. Mrs. Lotinga took suit to recover the sum but her lawyers lost the case. She then took charge the case herself, secured a new trial and against an array of opposing lawyers and witnesses stood alone and fought single-handed for fourteen days. She argued points of law and cross-examined witnesses with a skill that told against the defence, and finally summed up her case in an address of three hours. The jury gave her a verdict for the full amount.

THE TRIAL OF JACKSON, secretary to Riel, the instigator of the North-West Rebellion, was held this week at Regina, before Judge Richardson and Mr. Lejeune on a charge of treason felony in connection with the late rebellion. The prisoner when asked to plead replied that he had been Riel's secretary and that he wished to share his leader's fate whatever that might be. The Crown Counsel informed the court and jury that they had such reliable information as to Jackson's insanity that they could not press the case to conviction. The jury accordingly returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," on the plea of insanity, and the sheriff was ordered to keep Jackson in charge until orders were received from the Lieutenant Governor.

THE FRENCH SENATE has adopted a bill to issue bonds for thirty years to the amount of 319,000,000 francs for the purpose of improving parish roads and schools.

A SOLDIER belonging to the South Wales Borderers has confessed that it was he who stabbed Grant, the man killed in the riots in Waterford, on the 12th of July. The soldier has surrendered himself to the officers.



War Notes.

* THE NEW YORK PROHIBITION STATE COMMITTEE has secured the Alhambra Rink, the largest building in Syracuse, for the meeting of the Prohibition State Convention on September 8th and 9th. The rink will accommodate 4,000 people.

VICTORIA has secured a glorious victory for the Scott Act for which it has declared by a majority of nearly one thousand. The majority at latest returns so far as heard from is 745. The friends of temperance in Victoria are deserving of great praise for their energetic efforts which have been crowned with so signal a success.

THE TEMPERANCE PEOPLE have gained another victory over the Anti-Scotts, who, it would seem, are prepared to resort to any means in order to gain their ends. Judge Hughes delivered judgment at St. Thomas on Saturday on the recount of the ballot in the late Scott Act elections, declaring the Act carried by 13 majority and ordering the petitioners for the scrutiny to pay all costs.

THE SAW MILL of Mr. O. Jull in the County of Dufferin was recently completely destroyed by fire which, there is no doubt, was the work of an incendiary. Mr. Jull was an earnest supporter of the Scott Act, and threats have been made against him by some of the liquor party. Such acts will only have the effect of making the friends of temperance more vigorous in their work.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES of Georgia has by a vote of 111 to 22 passed a general local option law designed to afford the counties in Georgia, which are not already under prohibition, with every facility for speedily securing it. The bill provides that on petition every two years elections may be held in counties where intoxicating drinks are sold until the county goes for prohibition, when no more elections can be held.

THE RECENTLY ISSUED forty-sixth annual report of the Registrar-General shows that the death rate referred to intemperance in England and Wales, which was considerably above the average in 1881 and 1882, again showed a marked excess in 1883. The annual rate in the three years 1881-82-83 averaged 48 per million persons living, whereas the mean rate was but 38 in the five years 1871-75 and 42 in the five years 1876-80.

THE GOOD RESULTS of temperance were strongly shown in the case of Bartholomew Coles, a farmer living near Harrisonvale, Salem County, N. J., who a few days ago celebrated his one hundredth birthday—when there were present his five sons, twenty-six grandchildren, thirty great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren. Mr. Coles never used tobacco in any form, and had never tasted liquor in twenty years, and previous to that very seldom.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the British Medical Temperance Association was held in London recently. The annual report showed there are now 309 members who are medical men, and 37 associates who are students of one diocese. One of the principal features of the proceedings was an address by Dr. Murray McCalloch, one of the veterans of the Medical Temperance movement, who is now eighty-one years old, and who expressed the opinion that the only way to deal with the liquor traffic was to totally prohibit it.

TORONTO.—Already petitions praying for the adoption of the Scott Act in this city are in the hands of the canvassers in the several wards, the result, so far, being very encouraging. One canvasser reports that he visited twenty-three voters, and twenty-one of the number signed the petition. Another reports visiting fifteen, and securing twelve for the petition. Another obtained twenty-six out of forty-five, showing about 70 percent in wards that are by no means considered the most favorable. Altogether the most encouraging reports are coming in from all quarters. Workingmen are signing the petition, and strong hopes are held that the Act will triumph in Toronto.

NEW BRUNSWICK has had the enviable reputation of being the banner province in the temperance cause, and Fredericton, the banner city, but we regret to say that our sister provinces have been walking past us and that there is every probability that we shall be distanced if there is not a grand temperance revival very soon. It has been shown that no fault can be found with the Act itself by the manner in which it is working in all the provinces except our own, and we trust that the day is not far off when the hearts of the temperance people will be so enthused that they will demand by the right of the power of the majority, the privilege of having the traffic banished forever from the land.—*Temperance Journal*.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS are making active preparations for their grand temperance centenary, which will be celebrated in Philadelphia next September. The temperance people of America are following in the steps of the Old Temperance Society which celebrated its jubilee in Scotland in 1879, and that of the Total Abstinence Society in 1882. The Americans date the beginning of the temperance movement in this country from the publication, in 1785, of an essay by Dr. Benjamin Rush, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Philadelphia, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Effects of Spirituous Liquors." Dr. Rush's was the means of bringing the subject before several of the General Assemblies and Conferences of the churches.

ST. THOMAS.—The recount of the ballots cast at the recent Scott Act election took place on Wednesday, 22nd inst. The result as declared by the returning officer after the election, showed that the petition had 11 of a majority. The ballots, deducting the bad ones counted by the judge, show a majority of 21 against the petition, but the sworn evidence of the deputy returning officer and scrutineers show that the ballots have been tampered with, and that 38 ballots for the petition, and six against it, have been spoiled since they were placed in the envelopes by the deputy returning officers. The judge remarked that suspicion attached to a number of persons in connection with the fraud which had been laid bare, and he thought it the duty of those to come forward and clear their characters from the imputation. The proceedings were farther adjourned for the judge's decision.

THE *Temperance Journal* is the title of a new paper published at Fredericton, New Brunswick. The motto of the new publication is prohibition, and in its announcement it says: "We believe the time has arrived for the publication of a purely temperance paper in this province. We feel that the cause has required it for some time past, and we are convinced that had such a paper been published in this city the good it would have done would have been inestimable." The editor of the *Journal* is Mr. Herman H. Pitts, who has been long connected with nearly all the temperance organizations in the province. The paper is well edited, and is sure to meet with the warm support of the temperance community. The *Temperance Journal* is published semi-weekly, and the subscription fee is only sixty cents a year.

HAMILTON.—A convention of representatives from the various temperance societies in the city was recently held to discuss the advisability of organizing an electoral union for furthering the interests of prohibition. A resolution was passed in favor of the proposal, and a resolution was also adopted congratulating the friends of temperance on the great success of the Scott Act in the various counties, at the same time recognizing the importance of putting the question of prohibition in such a position as to render impossible the success of any retrograde movement, whether originating in the Senate, Dominion or Provincial Parliament. A special committee consisting of J. H. Killey, W. Murray, W. W. Buchanan, G. Wilson, Jas. Wilds, P. W. Bradford, and J. T. Middleton, was appointed to draft a basis of organization to be submitted to a future general meeting.

THE NEW YORK *Voice* takes rather too gloomy a view of the situation in Canada when it says: "After seven years of hard and almost uniformly successful work, it appears inevitable that the Canada prohibitionists are about to see all their gains dissipated as the result of the cry for 'moderation,' the corruption of legislators,

the treachery of politicians, the flagrant villainy of the unscrupulous liquor-lobby, and the political inertness of trustful temperance men, who relied on the inherent justice of their cause, rather than upon political organization for its support." There can be no doubt that the opposition to the Act is becoming more desperate, but this only serves to show the onward progress that the cause is making. Its foes have come to realize that prohibition is only a question of time, and they are pointing all their batteries at it in one last desperate struggle.

VICTORIA.—The Scott Act campaign in Victoria was a very exciting one as the following paragraph, written previous to the voting, will show: "The Scott Act campaign is now being vigorously pushed in this county. Rev. Weston Jones, vicar of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, has created a sensation by preaching fervid sermons in favor of the Act. His congregation contains the principal liquor dealers of the county. Enormous meetings have been addressed during the past week by Mr. John A. Nicholls. At Bobcaygeon, Omeenee, and Fenelon Falls standing room was crowded. He addressed a mass meeting here Sunday night. A well-known hotel-keeper a few days ago caused a scandal by clutching Rev. Mr. Pomeroy, of Mariposo, while in the former's hotel, shaking his guest, and using profane and threatening language because Mr. Pomeroy was about to attend a Scott Act meeting. Public feeling is beginning to run high."—*Canada Citizen*.

DRUNKENNESS IN GERMANY.

The world has been startled recently by a report published by Consul-General Oppenheimer of Frankfurt, Germany, on the drink question. Englishmen, according to the *London Times*, have been accustomed to hear themselves denounced as singularly abandoned to indulgence in alcohol. Consul-General Oppenheimer assigns to Germany a far worse pre-eminence. Great Britain is the land of beer, as France is of wine. Valiantly as North Germany imbibes beer England easily distances it in its consumption of that beverage. In spirits the balance is much more reversed. North Germans drink nearly five times the British spirit average. Spirits were sold in 1880 at 92,000 houses in Prussia. Germans of the better classes seldom drink spirits. In general, the habit is confined to the working population, and to men. Thus, although the statistics do not seem to be very systematically made up, the figures, at their lowest, indicate the drinking by North German workmen of six glasses of *schnaps* daily a head. Only Sweden, Russia, and Denmark show a more damaging proportion. Holland and Belgium, which are notorious for the same taste, do not reach an equal level. It has grown, and is growing and Northern Europe must increase its thirst, or it will be overtaken by the kingdom of Prussia. Consul-General Oppenheimer confesses his obligation for his estimates to Dr. Baer, the head physician at the Plotzensee Prison. Statistics of spirit-drinking are interchangeable with statistics of crime and madness. In Germany forty-one percent of the prisoners were in gaol for acts committed under the influence of intoxication. Not quite half the forty-one percent were habitual drunkards. An eighth of all the annual suicides in Prussia are committed under the impulse of alcohol. In the Prussian States 2,016 persons are yearly treated for *delirium tremens*. Yearly there are 597 cases of dipsomania. In Prussia thirteen millions sterling are spent annually on spirits. Spirit-drinkers in North Germany waste a huge amount of the national wealth. They murder, they assault, they run mad, they crowd hospitals, prisons and asylums. The habit ruins themselves body and soul. It begets a fatal inheritance of disease, rickettiness and mischievous thiriness to succeeding generations. The working classes are the replenishers of the population. For future moral and physical interests it is of more importance to the national welfare that the transmissible qualities of the race should not be vitiated in those classes than in their social superiors. Germany, according to the British Consul-General, is going hard and fast to work to poison the stock at its root. The above statistics are a complete refutation of the statements that have so often been made as to the Germans being remarkably free from drunkenness. The

report reveals a terrible state of affairs which call for an urgent remedy.

WHAT THE TEACHER NEEDS.

We hear much of the qualifications of Sunday-school teachers. Sometimes these are represented in a manner to discourage and repel many who are conscious of their deficiencies. There are teachers who succeed without some of the qualifications thought by others necessary to success. Though deficient in many desirable qualifications, they evidently have something in their character which brings results.

One thing is certain. No teacher can succeed who does not have communion with the Great Teacher. Whatever other qualifications he may have, he needs those which come from a spiritual knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. This will intensify his teaching power, giving him a hold on his scholars which can be obtained no other way.

The suggestion offered to preachers on a certain occasion may be serviceable for Sunday-school teachers. We trust it will be none the less acceptable because it comes from a converted heathen. At a meeting of preachers in China, several years ago, one of the native converts who was preaching before them said: "Ask the Master for Peter's hook, to bring up the fish; for David's crook to guide the sheep aright; for Gideon's torch to light up the dark places; for Gospel seed, without any tares in it; for Moses' guiding rod; for the brazen serpent, to cure the bites of the world's snakes; for David's sling, to prostrate your giant foe; for the armor inventoried by Paul in the last chapter of Ephesians; but, above all, for the wonderful Holy Spirit to help at all times. If we have all these, it is no matter where we go. This is to the point. If the teachers in our Sunday-schools follow this wholesome advice, they will have no cause to complain of want of success."—*Sunday-School Journal*.

BOYS AND NEEDLES.—An amiable gentleman who gives sewing lessons in a ragged school found one of the smallest children in her class one day listlessly holding the needle, but making no attempt to use it. "Why do you not go on with your sewing, little girl?" asked the teacher. The child looked frightened, rubbed its little knuckles in its eyes and tears soon began to roll down its cheeks. "O! I don't cry," said the kind instructor in a soothing tone. "All little girls should learn to sew, and it is not so very hard either. Come, I'll show you how," taking the piece of work out of the child's hand. But the tears only flowed faster and the little thing sobbed out: "I don't want to—learn." Then piped up a voice shrilly from a back seat: "He ain't a girl; he's a boy." With this unlooked for explanation the effort to coax the unwilling subject to do distasteful work was immediately abandoned. This story is very probably a true one, and it is quoted here to enforce the desirability of teaching little boys as well as little girls the use of the needle. A boy need not be a seamstress, but he ought to be able to sew on a button with neatness and despatch. He may with advantage be trained in plying needle and thread in a variety of ways. If he should never be called upon to put his knowledge to use the acquisition will be no loss. On the other hand, at school or college, traveling and under other circumstances the ability to do a little sewing may be most useful to him. Mother and sisters will not be always on hand to meet his necessities in this respect, and he is more likely than not to have cause again and again to be thankful that he was taught in his youth to sew.—*Ec.*

THE NOTION that those who work only with their brain need less food than those who labor with their hands has long been proved to be fallacious. Mental labor causes greater waste of tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates three hours of close study wears out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus no thought," is a German saying, and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which this organ is required to perform. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, which is one fifth of the whole, though its average weight is only one-fortieth of that of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain workers require more and even better food than mechanics and farm laborers.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—A GUEST.

THE PROPHETS OF BAAI.—1 KINGS 18:19-29. COMMIT VERSES 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.—1 Kings 18:21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The most important decision of our lives is, whom we will serve and love supremely.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 18:19-29. T. Ex. 32:26-35. W. J. ch. 24:14-28. Th. Luke 10:14-17. F. Deut. 8:1-25. Sa. Jer. 10:1-16. Su. Job. 35:1-13.

THESE.—18c. 97, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Mount Carmel, a ridge 12 miles long on the west coast of Palestine. It is 1,728 feet high at its summit. Elijah's sacrifice was in the eastern summit, which rises like a wall from the great plain of Esdraion. It could be seen by vast numbers, even as far as Tyre. There is on it a sort of natural fort, and near it an unending spring of water.

REFERS.—Abah, king of Israel (17th year); Jehoshaphat, king of Judah (7th year). INTERPRETATION.—In our last lesson we left Elijah confronting Ahab near Mount Carmel. Ahab had charged Ahab with being the cause of the famine, and he now challenges the king to a test as to who was the true God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

19. PROPHETS OF BAAI.—priests who conducted his worship, and were called sometimes wild and frantic cries supposed to come from the inspiration of the idol. Hence they were called prophets, i.e., those who speak under special divine influence. OF THE GROVES OF ASHTOROTH, the Phœnician Venus. FAT AT—rather from. They were supported by Jehoiad. These had named prophets did not come. 21. HOW LONG HAD YE—i.e., are ye indeed, vacillating. BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS—whether to serve Baal or Baal. 24. THE GOD THAT ANSWERETH BY FIRE—a miracle that only God could perform. Baal was regarded as the sun, and it was not by any so that if any idol could bring fire he could, and it is as fire in the influence of the spirit, in consuming sin, in warming another's big hearts, in giving light to mind and soul, in purifying men. ANY REASON which comes out from this passage. THIS IS THE TEST OF THE TRUE GOD. BAAI, HEAR US—this was repeated over and over again with shouts, fire, and smoke. BAAI, BAAI, BAAI. CUT THEMSELVES—thinking their God would be pleased with their torture. EVENING SACRIFICE—three o'clock p.m.

QUESTIONS.

1. INTERPRETATION.—Where did we leave Elijah in our last lesson? With what had he charged the king?

SUBJECT: THE IMPORTANT DECISION.

I. THE CHALLENGE (vs. 20).—What did Elijah now propose to Ahab? Who were to be present? In what place? How was Mount Carmel especially adapted for this purpose? Why are Baal's prophets called prophets? Who were named by the prophet of the groves? Who supported them? Did they come with the great king? Did they have the right?

II. THE CHAIRS (vs. 21).—Between what two gods must the people choose? What position did they take? What reasons had they for serving Baal? What reasons had they for serving the Lord? Why should we go to H? Why were they undecided? Why did they make no answer? What was the choice to make? What reason do you have for not serving God? What reasons have we for choosing him as our master and God? Why is idolatry unprofitable? Why is it dangerous?

III. THE TEST (vs. 22-24).—How many were on each side? How many on Baal's? How did Elijah propose to test which was the true God? Whose test was perfectly fair, and gave them every advantage? How would the Lord have proved himself? What was the true God? From what was the test adapted to Baal's claims? What objects is fire a good symbol of the true God? (vs. 23, 24.) Mat. 5:22; Deut. 1:24; Matt. 11:1; Ex. 17:1; John 1:9. What test something like this is the test of every religion? See H. p. 110. What did the people say to Elijah's proposal?

IV. THE FAILURE OF BAAI TO STAND THE TEST (vs. 25-29).—What did the prophets of Baal do? What was their prayer? What did they do to make Baal hear them? What was the object in cutting themselves? What did Elijah say to them? How long did they continue to cut themselves? What was the result? What is this work—sins, pleasures, honors, or the various forms of idolatry—any better able to help us in our times of need?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- I. Every one must make the choice between God and the world. II. Every person shall faithfully examine the claims of the religion. III. The test of true religion is the "answering by fire"—the purifying, cleansing power of the Holy Spirit, the power that brings revelations that gives spiritual life, that enlightens the mind, that cheers the heart. IV. Indecision in religion is stupidity and folly and death. V. Let us rejoice in a God that never sleeps, but is so great that he can hear every cry of every person in his whole universe. VI. Every substitute for the religion of Christ is a failure in meeting the great needs of men.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, July 29, 1885.

The British markets are dull, but little doing, and but little change in prices. Red winter is quoted at 6s 11d to 7s, Canadian peas at 5s 6d. Chicago is also quiet, and there is no large amount of grain on the move. August is quoted at 87c Sept. and Oct. at 91c. The local market is very dull indeed, a sale of small cargo of Red winter at 92c, yesterday fixing a price below quotations. We quote—Canada Red Winter, 92c to 95c; Canada White, 92c to 94c; Canada Spring, 95c; Peas, 77c to 78c; Oats, 35c to 36c; Rye, 72c to 74c; Barley, 50c to 60c; Corn, 60c to 64c.

FLOUR.—There are but few reported sales on 'Change, and the daily receipts do not run over five thousand barrels. There have been some changes in prices. Patents going higher and Spring Extra lower. We quote—Patent, \$4.50 to \$4.85; Superior Extra, \$4.25 to \$4.40; Extra Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Fancy, \$3.85 to \$3.95; Spring Extra, \$3.80; Superfine, \$3.55 to \$3.60; Strong Bakers' (Manitoba), \$4.50; Strong Bakers' (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.15; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.50 to \$4.75; Fine, \$3.40 to \$3.75; Middlings, \$3.20 to \$3.30; Pollards, \$3.00 to \$3.05; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.00 to \$2.05; do., Spring Extra, \$1.90 to \$1.95; do., Superfine, \$1.75 to \$1.80; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.25 to \$2.30.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, \$4.25 to \$4.40 per bushel. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—There has been no change in prices, and there is but little demand for export. We quote—Creamery, 18c to 20c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 16c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 15c to 16c; Western 12c to 14c. Cheese is also very dull at 7c to 8c for fine to good.

Eggs are rather lower again this week at 11c to 12c per dozen, in cases.

HOG PRODUCTS are quiet and steady. We quote—Western Mess Pork, \$13.50; do., Short Cut, \$13.75 to \$14.00; Canada Short Cut, \$13.75 to \$14.00; Mess Beef, \$15.00; India Mess Beef, \$25.00; Hams, city cured, 11c to 11c; do., canvassed, 12c to 13c; Lard, in pails, Western, 9c to 10c; do., Canadian, 9c; Bacon, 11c; Shoulders, 9c to 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 7c.

ASHES.—Pots are higher at \$3.80 to \$3.85 per 100 lbs.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers have been very busy at their hay of late, and only a small number find leisure to bring produce to the market, consequently the supplies of grain and hay are light with higher prices prevailing, more especially for good old hay which has sold lately at \$14 to \$15 per hundred. Garden stuffs are very abundant, of superior quality and low priced for so early in the season. The fruit market is rather excited with higher prices nearly all round, especially is this the case with lemons and apples. The recent hot weather has ripened the tomatoes earlier than usual and they are getting plentiful with prices rapidly declining. The prices of good print butter and fresh laid eggs are firm. Poultry, especially fowls and spring chickens, are plentiful and pretty low priced. Oats are 80c to 95c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.50; do.; potatoes 25c to 50c per bushel; butter, 15c to 35c per lb.; eggs 14c to 25c per dozen; apples \$3.50 to \$4.25 per barrel; dressed hogs 6c to 6c per lb.; turkeys \$1.50 to \$2.00 the pair; fowls 8c to 8c; ducks 8c to 9c; do.; spring chickens 25c to 50c; do.; hay \$9.00 to \$15.00 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a considerable diminution in the supply of butchers' cattle offered on this market this week and prices have taken an upward turn, but the butchers are inclined to hold back and buy as few cattle as possible in hopes of more liberal supplies later on. Good butchers' stock sell at 4c to 4c per lb., and shipping cattle at 4c to 5c per lb. Half-fatted beasts sell at 3c to 4c, and lean animals at about 3c per lb. Calves are scarce and generally of inferior quality yet they realize higher prices. Sheep and lambs are plentiful, but owing to the active demand prices are maintained. Sheep sell at from \$3.25 to \$7.50 each and lambs at from \$1.75

to \$4. each. Fat hogs are rather lower in price at from 5c to 5c per lb. Milch cows are much less plentiful than formerly, yet there are more offered than can find ready sale; especially is this the case with common cows which sell at about \$25 each. The horse market continues quiet with very few horses offering and no demand from the United States.

NEW YORK, July 28, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 98c July; 98c Aug.; \$1.00 bid Sept.; \$1.02 bid Oct.; \$1.04; Nov. Corn, 51c July; 51c bid August; 52c bid September; 53c bid October. Oats, 36c bid July; 37c bid August; 31c bid September.

FLOUR is somewhat higher this week. We quote:—Spring Wheat, No. 2, \$2.60 to \$2.70; do., Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.05; Low Extra, \$3.20 to \$3.30; Clear, \$3.55 to \$4.40; Straight, \$4.45 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.50 to \$5.50. Winter Wheat—No. 2, \$2.85 to \$3.40; Superfine, \$3.50 to \$3.70; Low Extra, \$3.45 to \$3.85; Clear (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.30; Patent, \$4.80 to \$5.75; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.60 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.60 to \$3.75; West India, sacks, \$3.80 to \$4.00; West India, barrels, \$5.00 to \$5.10; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.50; South America, \$5.00 to \$5.50.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$1.50 to \$3.35 in brls.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, \$20 to \$21; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, \$18 to \$19; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, \$16 to \$17; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$15.50 to \$16.00; 50 lbs. or medium feed, \$15.50 to \$16.00; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, 15.50.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 13c to 19c; State half firkins, ordinary to fancy 11c to 17c; Western dairy, ordinary to choice imitation creamery, 8c to 16c; Western factory, ordinary to choice, 6c to 11c. Cheese—State factory, ordinary to fancy, 4c to 8c; Ohio Flat, fair to prime, 5c to 6c.

Eggs.—State and Pennsylvania, in brls. 14c to 15c; Canadian, fine, 14c; Western, fair to fancy, 11c to 14c.

INCENDIARY FIRES, which are becoming common in Russia, are causing great alarm among the people. There were no less than four such fires in Moscow during one day. The buildings selected for destruction were mostly warehouses filled with dry goods and furs, and the fires were started in such places that the wind would invariably carry the flames over large areas. The loss by the fires was enormous, the damage being estimated at over a million of roubles. The authorities are convinced that this wholesale arson is a new terrorizing movement by the Nihilists and that they have invented some new combustible which will spread fire quickly. The police believe that the Nihilists have adopted this new plan of spreading terror because it is attended with less damage to the culprits.

SPECIAL CROP REPORTS from all winter and spring wheat growing States show that the North-Western wheat situation is generally considered favorable, but Michigan alone raises a crop equal to that of 1884. In South Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee and Kentucky, there has been no improvement. In the two latter states millers are buying old wheat to start up their mills. The failure of winter wheat will disastrously affect the railways.

THE CHOLERA is still raging in Spain and large numbers of deaths are reported daily.

HE WAS OFF.

"There's one thing nobody can ever say about me," said a fish dealer. "They never can say that I was ever anything but generous." "You're off your base," replied his customer. "What makes you say that?" "Why, because your very business makes you sell fish."

"ARE YOU PAPA'S BOY?" "Yes, sir." "And are you mamma's boy?" "Yes, sir." "But how can you be papa's and mamma's at the same time?" (After a pause) "Can't a nice carriage have two horses?"

EARLY RISING.

The delights of early rising
Oft are sung;
Every post seems to have them
On his tongue.
Still I've noticed, and you know I've
Often said,
Poets like, as well as you or I, to
Lie abed.
This induces the reflection,
By the way,
That poets don't always mean just
What they say.
Their enthusiasm oft is
But a hoax,
And their prettiest maxims just apply to
Other folks. —Somerville Journal.

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