

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

The Weekly Messenger.

WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

Lord Wolsley has denounced the evacuation of the Soudan by the English Government. He says that on the withdrawal of the troops from Dongola, in Lower Soudan, the whole country will be given up to marauders and will at once become a barbarous country again. He says, also, that he believes the Mahdi will become powerful once more on the English troops leaving and will in a few years attack Egypt. If this be true England's best policy would seem to be to attack the Mahdi at Khartoum whilst his forces are yet small. The Mahdi has large numbers of Egyptian prisoners and rather than support them or kill them he is letting them go. More than eleven thousand have already returned to their homes. Suakim is a hard enough post to hold for European troops through the summer months even though there were no enemy except the climate to contend with. The position is made doubly hard by the extra duty which the troops have to perform in repelling the attacks which are made nearly every night by Osman Digna's men. Osman Digna is evidently trying his best to fulfil his threat and drive the whole garrison of Suakim into the Red Sea.

A MOB ATTACK PROHIBITION.

A great row took place on Friday of last week in Springvale, Me. Trouble which has been brewing for some time over the enforcement of the prohibitory law culminated in the organization of a mob, armed with revolvers and stones, who made attacks upon a number of houses, in which windows were smashed and other damage done. The gang went to the house of William H. Frost, about a quarter of a mile from the village, and sent a shower of rocks through the windows, accompanied by a volley of bullets from revolvers, fired in reckless disregard of the sleeping family within. Taking the direct road to the village, the mob next stopped at the house of John W. Frost, a trial justice. Three shots were fired into the house, where women, children and an old man were sleeping. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the windows were demolished. The house of G

H. Roberts was next visited. Here, also, the windows were smashed and the furniture damaged. The residence of Wilson Cheney, a prominent clothing dealer, was also treated to a volley of rocks. The final effort of the mob was made against the office of the *Advocate*. The editor of this paper sleeps in the office. A perfect fusillade was kept up, and the bullets rained into the room. By what seemed a miracle he escaped injury. The raiders then disbanded. Much excitement has of course resulted from this row and steps will be immediately taken to punish the offenders. This incident does not, as some people would like to make out, show that prohibition is productive of more evil than license, but shows what a lawless set the advocates of whiskey are and what great need they have of strong legislative measures against them to make them learn how to live as peaceable citizens. This crowd of roughts will find that it has been trying to put its back through a stone wall.

dare to force a war which may be prevented. Will the members of the New Cabinet, who called so loudly for war whilst they were in the Opposition, still strive to bring about bloodshed? We think not. They will at least go about it quietly, for to show the people that war had resulted from their efforts would cause their downfall.

BATTLEFORD.

Battleford, owing to the kind exertions of Mr. Poundmaker, who is good enough to designate himself *not* the chief of the Crees, is now the centre of a very wide district in which, though there is much real estate there is no personal property, and it is famous in the annals of the war as the spot which was for some three weeks closely invested by Indians, who never got a shot at it, though they got within its hot. The town itself is the capital of the Saskatchewan district, and was for a long time the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the

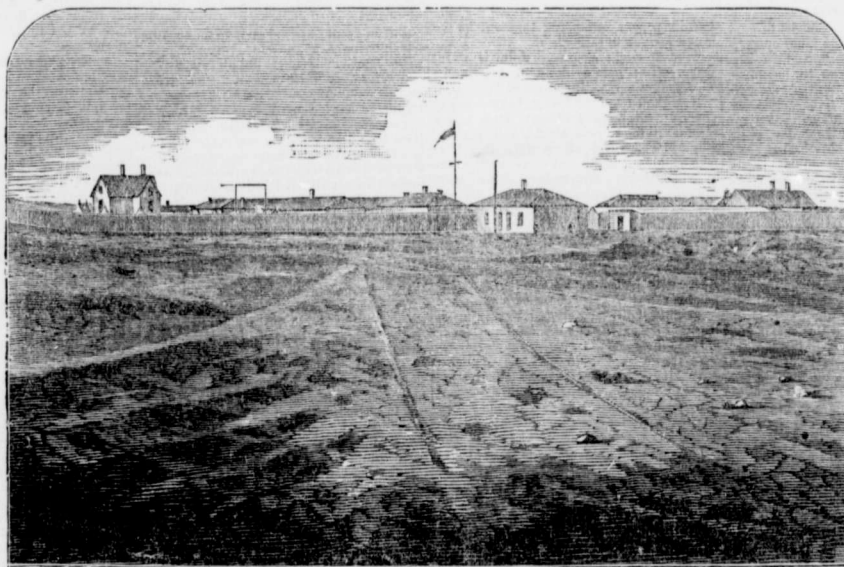
A NEW GOVERNMENT.

The probabilities for the forming of a Conservative ministry have engrossed public attention in England this week. The whole European press express the greatest surprise at the sudden collapse of the British Cabinet. Many papers dwell on the enormous difficulty of assuming management at this time. Her Majesty sent for Mr. Gladstone to come to her residence, Balmoral, Scotland, to confer with her concerning the resignation of his ministry. It is said that when he did not go, pleading ill-health, the Queen telegraphed to him requesting him to reconsider his decision to resign. Some feeling is expressed at the Queen's attempt to compel political leaders, even when they are men of advanced age and delicate health, to make a journey of several hundred miles to save her a little trouble. Nothing has yet been definitely settled and things will remain as they are till the Queen's return to Windsor. Mr. Gladstone has announced

that his resignation of office has been accepted by the Queen and that Her Majesty had summoned the Marquis of Salisbury to form a new ministry. A doubtful story comes from Marseilles. It says: "The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and suite arrived here, yesterday, and left for Paris. On landing the Duke heard the first news of Mr. Gladstone's downfall. The entire party seemed delighted and gave a loud hurrah." The Duke is reported to have exclaimed:—"There will be much champagne drunk over this in India," and it is said he went so far as to have thrown up his hat in the air. It is still possible that the Cabinet may not persist in resigning.

The Liberals generally hope it will, for a few months of Tory rule, they believe, would insure a Liberal triumph in the general elections to take place this Fall.

The CHICAGO health officers are endeavoring to secure large appropriations to put the city in a good sanitary condition, in anticipation of the early appearance of cholera. Of ninety thousand buildings, twenty-five thousand need watching. It has just leaked out that four years ago there were 6,200 cases of small-pox in the city, and 2,500 deaths from the disease. The health officers suppressed the facts to prevent panic and serious injury to trade.



BATTLEFORD BARRACKS.

WHICH POUNDMAKER ATTACKED AND WHERE HE IS NOW A PRISONER.

STILL SUSPICIOUS.

The Afghans have been greatly excited over the rumor that the Ameer had been assassinated through the influence of Russia. This rumor seems to have originated in St. Petersburg, from which place it has been twice telegraphed to England. The Afghans are still continuing to prepare for war being suspicious because of the delay in laying down the Afghan frontier. The boundary commission is proceeding with its explorations and is everywhere met with goodwill and civility from the natives. The overthrow of the Gladstone Ministry has caused some fear in Afghanistan that a war will be forced upon Russia. It remains to be seen whether the new ministry will

Territories. The village had, before the outbreak, a population of some three or four hundred, and was prospering. The fort, of which we to-day give an engraving, is built upon a high plateau-like tongue of land between the Battle and Saskatchewan rivers, and although its defences were but a fence of poplar poles lashed, through the exertions of the garrison, by a little earth, they were quite strong enough to resist for an indefinite period the attack of the Indians.

GREAT EARTHQUAKES have occurred in the Eastern Caucasus, Russia. One town was completely swallowed up and a large tract of country was disturbed.

COMPETITIVE WORKMEN.

BY FAYE HENNINGTON.

CHAPTER X.

True to her resolution made down among the currant bushes that July morning, Jane Fleming set about shaping into words her reasons for including cider and home-made wines in the temperance pledge. Fred, coming to the house one bright sunny afternoon, found Janet in her old place on the back stoop, her lap full of papers and pamphlets, and her mind full of the subject.

"Now, see here, Fred," she began, "I can't find out that there is a bit of difference between the alcohol that is found in cider and wine and that which is found in brandy and whiskey. And cider contains from five-and-a-half to ten per cent of alcohol. Just think of the quantity of alcohol that John Blake pours down his throat in a day! He drinks the hardest kind of cider, too."

John Blake was one of those men to be found in every farming district who work out by the day—men who are always called upon by farmers as extras. Janet found that he was engaged at Mr. Wilson's.

"I don't like to have him work at Mr. Wilson's," Mrs. Blake had said; "Mr. Wilson is a real nice man; but he lets John have all the cider he wants; and his cider is awful hard, too. He comes home every night drunk on it."

Mr. Wilson was husking his corn in the field, and every morning John Blake went out with his jug filled, and came back to refill it whenever it was empty. Usually he went to the cellar and helped himself; but for some reason best known to himself, that afternoon he ordered Mrs. Wilson's servant girl to go down cellar and draw the cider for him. Bridget refused in no very gentle terms. Mr. Wilson happened to be in Ernest's room with his wife. Coming to the door, Blake denounced the girl in loud, angry tones, hurling out the vilest epithets. Mr. Wilson stepped forward, and in very decided words ordered him to be quiet. The man became perfectly frantic. He leaped forward, and would have seized Mr. Wilson had not that gentleman been too quick for him. It was a cool day, and a fire was burning upon the hearth in Ernest's room, and some billets of wood lay in the corner. Mr. Wilson seized one of these, and at the second attempt at an assault he felled the man to the floor. Bridget had meantime retreated to the pantry and bolted the door. Blake fell backward into the outer room, and Mrs. Wilson immediately closed and locked the door. The next moment the man had risen from the floor, and he was heard cursing, and throwing the chairs about, threatening vengeance upon Bridget, with now and then a curse thrown in for Mr. Wilson. Mr. Wilson passed through the hall and out at the front door, to call the men in from the field to assist in overcoming the madman.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Wilson, knowing that Blake was fond of her, thought that she could quiet him; and being a fearless woman, as soon as she could quiet Ernest, who clung to her, she opened the door. She was impelled to do this through fear that Bridget, by her screams in her terror, would betray her hiding place, and that Blake would break open the door, and perhaps kill the girl. So opening the door, she confronted him.

"John!" she said, in a soft voice. "I'll kill that Irish jade!" she shouted. "I wouldn't hurt a hair in your head, Mrs. Wilson; but that Bridget! the impudent hussy! I'll kill her if I get a chance!" And now with a trade of angry words he tore around the room.

"If I can't kill her, I'll kill myself!" And to her unspeakable horror she saw that he had seized upon Mr. Wilson's razor, and stepping to the glass, he was barring his throat, when she darted forward.

"John, I know you won't hurt me! and now, for my sake—for my sake, John—don't do this dreadful thing! don't!" And with that she sunk to the floor, having fainted. At this Blake threw away the razor, and stood looking down at the prostrate woman.

"Is she dead? is she dead?" he almost screamed in his horror. And Mr. Wilson coming in with Fritz at that moment, Blake ran out of the house, eluding the grasp of the two men who were following, Mr. Wilson and Fritz in their anxiety having outrun the others. Mrs. Wilson soon recovered.

"Did he kill himself?" she asked, as soon as she could speak. "No; but he has almost killed you!" said Mr. Wilson. "The wretch!"

Blake went home, and for several days did not appear outside his own house. What his wife and children suffered in the mean time no one knew. Mr. Wilson went once to get him to return to his work, but he refused to see him. Finally, Mrs. Wilson sent him a message. He sent back word:

"Tell Mrs. Wilson that I don't hold any grudge against her, and I wouldn't hurt a hair in her husband's head, for her sake. But that Bridget! I'm afraid I'd kill her, if I went back."

His wife said: "He just sits around and drinks cider. I'll be thankful when he gets that barrel emptied!"

After a few days he went back to the cider-mill to work, and for a week or two things seemed to be going better, though he was cross and moody. One morning he did not get up. His wife, leaving the best the house afforded on the table for his breakfast when he should see fit to get up and eat it, took her two little children and went to a neighbor's for a day's washing. Several times during the day she said to the woman for whom she was at work:

"I don't know but I ought to go home and see how John is." And once she added, "But I am afraid."

"Why, what do you mean? What are you afraid of?" asked her kind neighbor.

"I don't know; only I am afraid. I suppose I'll have to go to-night. But I dread it. I don't know why. I am not afraid of him; I can generally manage to quiet him; but I do dread to go home."

"My husband will go home with you to-night," said the woman.

"Oh, I wouldn't dare to have him! It would make John so angry if he thought I was afraid."

"But we could make an errand for him. I will give you something that will be too heavy for you to carry."

"But he might suspect. John is awful sharp. No; I'll go alone. I don't know what makes me so silly about it."

Now shall I tell it? Would that I might pass over this terrible event. It is not a pleasant thing to read about, and perhaps you will wish I had left it out. But it is true, and is essential to my story, this history of John Blake. Remember, he had been brought up in that neighborhood. He had as a boy sucked cider through a straw at the old mill; he had gone on drinking cider; he had never drank anything stronger; to use his own words, he had never yet come to the "finishing rooms;" he found plenty of cider at the houses of his employers in the neighborhood. Every year he managed to work in the mill long enough to lay in his store of cider for the winter, and every year he increased the quantity, until, as we have shown you by the scene in Mr. Wilson's kitchen, he had become cider crazy. The end ought not to have surprised any of the people of the Centre. The sight that awaited the poor wife, as she entered the house, was a dreadful one.

The breakfast which she had prepared with so much pains was scattered about the room, where he had evidently thrown it in his frenzied anger at its meagreness. Passing into the bedroom, with a sickening horror chilling her life blood, she saw a sight which will never leave her as long as she lives.

Weltering in his own blood, John Blake lay upon the bed with a horrible gash in his throat! Dead by his own hand! The victim of a cider jug!

When the terrible fact became known, think you that Janet Flemming needed any further fact or argument to present when she would prove her point?

And yet it is true that cider, which is sold and drunk as a beverage, is still made at the mill in the Hollow.

However, they neither make it nor drink it, nor furnish it to their help at the Wilson's.

CHAPTER XI.

Meantime, how fared our friends, the St. Johns?

Since the death of her beautiful daughter, Mrs. St. John had fallen into a state of melancholy fretfulness, very trying to those around her. Now that Lena had gone, there seemed to the poor woman very little that was worth living for, very little that was worth doing at all. If Josephine suggested any improvements or changes in the household arrangements, her mother would say:

"Oh, never mind; if Lena had lived, she

would have been interested, and we would have enjoyed it together; but it isn't worth while to trouble about it now." Instead of being drawn to her surviving children, and being more gentle and tender in her manner towards them, she seemed almost to forget that they had any claims upon her. She spent her days lamenting her loss, and blaming first one and then another as the cause of "poor Lena's sickness." She blamed the trustees for not sooner providing a better school-house; she blamed Mr. Stuart for rousing Lena's ambition, "making her study too hard," she said, and she blamed the father and sister and brother of the dead girl for various fancied neglects. She would not see Mr. Stuart at all when he came to the house, and the only person she cared to talk to was Fritz Hettinger. It was Fritz who had been a help and comfort to Helena in her last hours, and the sad-hearted mother would talk to him by the hour of her lost one. If Fritz grew weary of her repetitions, he never manifested it, and when Josephine would say, "Come again soon, your visits do mother so much good," and with a wistful look on her face, she would add, "and do us all good," Fritz's eyes would sparkle, and a glow would come into his cheeks that sometimes made Josephine wonder.

Mr. St. John had changed no less than his wife, but in another way. He had never gone back to his cider-mug, and had entirely forsaken the group of loungers in Christy's bar-room. He had spasms of industry, during which he made some repairs about the house and barns. The fields and stock certainly looked better than ever before, and altogether things were more comfortable; though it could scarcely be expected that the man would throw off the habits of years at once. Still he had aroused himself somewhat, and realized that Josephine, at least, was striving after better things; and he was desirous of helping her, though he did not know just how to do it.

But an event occurred early in the autumn which brought in its train greater changes to the family. Mrs. St. John's father died, and before his death he sent for his disinherited daughter, and with his forgiveness reinstated her in her rights as a daughter of the house; and Mrs. St. John came back from the funeral and the reading of the will in a new suit of handsome mourning, fully alive to her own importance as heiress to what seemed to her almost fabulous wealth. In fact, her share of her father's estate would be sufficient to pay off the mortgage on the farm, and this over and above a sum which had been bequeathed to the children to be used for their education. And this is how it came about that Josephine was busy, as the winter drew near, with preparations for leaving home. Flavius had decided to remain and continue his studies with Mr. Stuart, hoping to be ready for college in a year. But Josephine would enter Madame Dorsey's seminary as a parlor boarder. This was Mrs. St. John's idea, as she was sure that "the most that Josie needed was to see something of good society." It was fortunate for Josephine that she was made of good stuff, else her head must have been completely turned. Mrs. St. John's sole thought seemed to be to get her daughter away as soon as possible, and she spared no pains in getting up her outfit; though she lamented often and loudly that "poor dear Lena" could not have been spared to share in the honors and comforts which their newly-acquired wealth brought.

Josephine soon found herself a favorite at Madame Dorsey's. She was pretty and bright, and dressed well, besides having plenty of pocket money; and what more does a school girl require in order to be popular? She soon made some very pleasant friends outside the seminary, and strangely enough, found herself walking into the good graces of the lady out of whose house Philip Stuart had walked so abruptly a year previous.

Mrs. Stuart, meeting the young girl at one of Madame Dorsey's receptions, had taken a fancy to her, and learning in the course of a conversation with her that Mrs. St. John's maiden name was Lucy Bellingier, she exclaimed:

"What! Lucy Bellingier, of Belleville?"

"Yes, ma'am; my Grandfather Bellingier lived at Belleville."

"And you are Lucy Bellingier's daughter! Why, I used to go to school with your mother; we used to sit together, and were as fond of each other as ever school girls were. I can't make it seem true; but I see that you have Lucy's eyes. Child, you must

come and see me. I am going to talk to Madame Dorsey about it."

Of course, Madame Dorsey could scarcely refuse any request of Mrs. Stuart, whose husband was the senior partner of the great firm of Stuart and Meigs, so it came about that Josephine was free to go as often as she liked to the home of her new friend, and as she had numerous invitations, she was much with her. Mrs. Stuart was continually sending the carriage for Miss St. John, with her compliments to Madame: "Could she spare her pupil for a few hours to meet a few friends?" or, "Mr. Stuart was away for a day or two, could Miss St. John be allowed to spend the time with a lonely old woman, out of pure benevolence?" The excuses were never wanting, and always served to satisfy the conscience of Madame Dorsey.

Mrs. Stuart was not long in introducing her nephew, young Morgan, who had taken the clerkship refused by Philip Stuart. When Thanksgiving day came, Josephine did not go home, though the distance was but a few miles, but spent the day with her new friends, Mr. Morgan making one of the family party. And when the holidays approached, Mrs. Stuart was beforehand with her invitation for the entire vacation. At first, Josephine thought she must go home, of course; but Mrs. Stuart represented the advantage it would be to her to remain in the city, and upon writing to her mother she received this characteristic reply:

"My dear Josie, by all means accept Mrs. Stuart's invitation; you say Lena's lives elegantly, and doubtless you will meet some very elegant people there. I hope, my dear child, that you are awake to the importance of making a good marriage. Your grandfather's legacy will be nearly, if not quite, spent upon your education. And it is necessary that you should look out that your future is provided for, by making a good marriage. And I have no doubt that my friend Mrs. Stuart will be of great assistance to you in introducing to you eligible young men."

As Josephine read this piece of foolishness, her cheeks flushed; and at the concluding sentences the poor girl dropped the letter, and, burying her face in her hands, shed bitter tears.

"To think that my mother would write such a letter!" she thought. Then she added, still mentally, "Poor mamma! I wish she had as much sense as I will not blame her. But it makes me ashamed to go to Mrs. Stuart's. What if anybody should see this letter?" and in horror at the thought she arose and laid the letter upon the coals, then sat down to write an acceptance to Mrs. Stuart's invitation. And if a deeper shade of pink than usual dyed her cheeks as she remembered that Mr. Morgan would probably be a frequent guest at his aunt's house during the holidays, it is to be wondered at, taking into consideration her mother's remarkable letter! She had by this time become quite well acquainted with Mr. Morgan. She knew he was not a rich man; she knew he was only a clerk, a clerk "in a downtown house." Mrs. Stuart had explained, and she had never thought to inquire closely as to his business; and if she had known the fact that he was connected with a liquor store, her ideas upon the temperance question were so vague and uninformed that I do not suppose she would have given the matter a second thought. She had been given to understand that to be connected with McGrawth & Co. was to be on the road to wealth; and Mrs. Stuart had spoken of Mr. Morgan as a young man bound to rise. He was very pleasing in his manners, and according to his own account of himself, as well as his aunt's recommendation, he was a very exemplary young man. He was fine a singer, a brilliant talker, and had all the accomplishments of a gentleman of society; and being very popular among the young ladies, it was not strange that a young girl like Josephine St. John, who had seen very little of the world, should be flattered by his evident admiration of herself.

She had known nothing of the circumstances of Philip Stuart's coming to the Centre, and never once connected any thought of him with the family of the same name with whom she was becoming so intimate.

She happened one evening some weeks after she was first introduced to the Stuart mansion, to be turning over a photograph album, when she came upon a familiar face.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "that is Mr. Stuart!"

Young Morgan was looking over with her, and he now said in surprise:

"That fellow! Do you know him?"

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"Indeed I do! He is the teacher at the Centre. I never thought of his having the same name! Is he a relative?"
"He is Uncle Stuart's nephew. But I can't understand why my aunt keeps his photograph. He is a poor upstart. If I were you I would not mention his name here. Uncle hates him, and will not hear his name. He treated Uncle Stuart shabbily about a year ago. I suppose he thinks that teaching a country school is better than a clerkship. You see, uncle took great pains to find a good paying situation, and he flew up and off in a tantrum because the place didn't suit him. He is college bred, you know? He couldn't stoop to a clerkship! But, to my mind, beggars ought not to set themselves up to be over particular. He treated uncle shamefully, and he will never be forgiven."

"How strange!" said Josephine. "I cannot think of Mr. Stuart doing anything dishonorable. Why, everybody at the Centre looks up to him, and thinks he is just splendid; but of course you ought to know."
"Oh, well, I wouldn't say anything to injure him; only if I were in your place I wouldn't talk about him here. I have no grudge against him. If he chose to quarrel with his uncle, and his bread and butter at the same time, it is his own lookout."

"But," persisted Josephine, "do you mean to say that he acted in any way that business men could call him dishonorable? You see he is a great friend of my brother's, and I would like to know about him."
"Oh, well, of course I wouldn't want to say anything against anybody. But there were circumstances connected with the affair which made things very embarrassing to my uncle, and—well, I'd rather not say anything about him."

Young Mr. Morgan had done his work very well that evening.
(To be Continued.)

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE,
(Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.)

CHAPTER VIII.—FOOD.

Food in any substance which can be taken into the body and used for its health, life, and growth. We must have daily food to repair the daily waste of our bodies, to keep them warm, and, in childhood and youth, to make them grow.

SOURCES OF FOOD.

The earth and the air contain the materials on which our lives depend. But most of them must be changed in form, before they are fit for us to eat.

We hold in the hand a grain of wheat. It has no sign of life, no leaves show that it can drink in moisture and sunlight. Its outer husk is hard and dry. It seems no more alive than the grains of sand on which we are standing.

Put it into well-prepared ground. By the help of the sun, air, and moisture, it sends out rootlets into the dark earth, green shoots break through the soil, and the stem lengthens. By-and-by, a graceful plume loaded with the grain that is to make our bread, trembles in the breeze.

Down in the meadow is a beautiful carpet of green grass. It is a good place for play, but you could not eat the grass; you would starve to death if you had nothing else.

But that grass is growing, in order to make food for you. Cattle are feeding on it; it goes into their bodies, and out of it are made the milk you drink so freely, and the flesh which may come to your table as roast beef or beefsteak.

We eat, unchanged, a few inorganic substances, or substances which have never had life, such as water and salt; but most of our food is organic—has been living,—it has been prepared by plants from the earth and air, or by animals who, by their own eating and living, have changed vegetable into animal matter.

KINDS OF FOOD.

Our food is divided into three great classes—

- 1st.—Mineral food.
- 2nd.—Tissue-making food, or food for the growth or life of the various parts of the body.
- 3rd.—Heat-making food.

MINERAL FOOD.

This includes all inorganic substances that we eat unchanged, together with some that we get in other kinds of food. The

most important of these are water and salt. If a man weigh 160 pounds, about 140 pounds of this weight is nothing but water—quite enough, if rightly arranged, to drown him."

Much of this is in the blood, some in the muscles, some in the tears, and the rest in other parts of the body, as you will learn by further study. It dissolves other food, so that the body can use it, and helps to regulate the heat of the system.

We must have water to drink, and it should be pure and good. Death from thirst is quicker and more painful than death from lack of food.

We do not drink all the water which the body requires; for we get a large part of the amount needed in the food itself, as in fruits and vegetables, the juices of meat, milk, and the water used in cooking these.

PURITY OF WATER.

Water that runs through lead pipes, is

the ground and made them into material fit for our use, or by eating the flesh of animals which have fed upon such vegetables.

ISSUE-MAKING FOODS.

Among the most important of these are eggs and the different kinds of meat; they are found, too, in milk and the grains.

Wheat contains more of these foods than other common grains, and bread made from this grain is most nourishing and best.

HEAT-MAKING FOODS.

These are of three kinds: fats or oils starch, and sugar.

THE FATS OR OILS.

These are found in both animal and vegetable food; for example, beef and mutton suets, the cream of milk, the yolks of eggs, Indian corn, olive and palm oils.

People who live in cold climates need and crave much of this kind of food.

Eternity!

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

ELLEN H. GATES.

F. P. BLISS, per.

Musical notation for the hymn "Eternity!". It consists of a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Below the notation are two verses of lyrics: "1. Oh, the changing bells of Time! Night and day they rise or cease; 2. Oh, the changing bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall."

Musical notation for the hymn "We are wearied with their chime". It consists of a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Below the notation are lyrics: "We are wearied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace; But in un-der tone sublime, Sounding clear-ly through them all."

Musical notation for the hymn "And we hush our breath to hear". It consists of a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Below the notation are lyrics: "And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see A voice that must be heard, A our mo-ments onward flee."

Musical notation for the hymn "If thy shores are drawing near". It consists of a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Below the notation are lyrics: "If thy shores are drawing near,—E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty! And it speaketh aye one word,—E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!"

Musical notation for the hymn "Oh, the changing bells of Time!". It consists of a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like. Below the notation are lyrics: "3 Oh, the changing bells of Time! To their voices, loud and low, In a long, un-resting line We are marching to and fro; And we yearn for sight of sound, Of the life that is to be, For thy breath doth wrap us round,—Eternity! Eternity!"

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very likely to dissolve some of the lead, if it stands in the pipes for any length of time. Lead is a very sure poison. Care must be taken to draw off all the water that has so stood, so as to avoid danger. You will learn more about poisoned water in the chapter on respiration.

SALT.

Watch the sheep when the farmer "salts" them, and see how eager they are for the treat. Salt is necessary to man, as well as to the lower animals; but it exists naturally in most food-materials. A moderate amount of it, as seasoning, makes our food more agreeable and healthful.

LIME, PHOSPHORUS, AND IRON.

The bones need lime, the brain requires phosphorus, and the blood must have iron, in order to be perfectly healthy.

But we cannot eat clear lime, phosphorus or iron. We must get them by eating vegetables which have taken these minerals from

A story is told of some English sailors who prepared a "Christmas tree," as a treat for a company of Esquimaux children. As no suitable tree could be had, they made an imitation one, by tying together walrus bones, shaping the whole to look as much as possible like a tree.

Instead of candy, they made balls of the white blubber and hung them on the "tree." The children were delighted and ate the balls of fat, as eagerly as you eat your Christmas candies.

Some food of this kind is necessary; and, if one does not like it, he should learn to eat enough of it for health.

Those who do not eat fats of any kind, are usually thin and unhealthy, and likely to have some serious disease, as scrofula or consumption, even while young. Butter may be used instead of fat meat if preferred. On the other hand, too much fat must not be eaten; a naturally fleshy person requires less than the average amount.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first's an adjective that will Describe the light in childhood's eye: My last the Hebrew champion chose, Refusing kingly steel to try. My whole, a name no title gilds, Yet England gives it honor due, And henceforth upon history's page, That name the student's eye will view.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

- * . . 0
- * . 0 .
- * . 0 .
- 0 . * .
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- * . 0 .
- * . 0 .
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The crosses, interference with the affairs of others. The circles, inconsideration. Cross-words. 1, Wise men; 2, to crook; 3, dispute; 4, in the same place; 5, an island; 6, to nod; 7, to fly aloft; 8, a composer; 9, precious stones; 10, certain.

RIDDLE.

Madam one thing of you I crave, 'Tis what I'm sure you cannot have Nor ever had in ages past, Nor ever will while life shall last Yet as I love you as I say, Pray give it me without delay.

EFFIE MUTTON.

ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Real fun.
- 2. To sin far more.
- 3. City life.
- 4. Clouds rise.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

BURIED POEMS.—1, Sunrise on the Hills. 2, Woods in Winter. 3, Song of Hiawatha. 4, By the Fireside. 5, The Light of Stars. 6, A Psalm of Life. 7, Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie. 8, The Happiest Land. 9, Song of the Bell. 10, The Castle by the Sea. 11, Maidenhood. 12, To the River Charles. 13, The Secret of the Sea. 14, The Building of the Ship. 15, The Panatton Ship. 16, Weariness. 17, Something Left Undone. 18, Beware. 19, The Old Clock on the Stairs. 20, The Child Asleep. 21, Song of the Silent Land. 22, The Day is done. 23, Footsteps of Angels. 24, Consolation. 25, Sleep. 26, A Shadow. 27, Twilight. 28, To a Child. 29, Three Friends of Mine. 30, Hymn to the Night. 31, The Bells of Lynn. His words: HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. DIAMOND. S. S. A. T. I. R. T. I. U. N.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1, Leap, palm. 2, Table beat. 3, Share, short. 4, Hood, door. 5, Stock, toat. 6, Naples, planes, panels.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Effie Mutton, Everett D. Stone, Wm. Boulter, and Mary J. Harland.

WHAT IS THE USE?

An English missionary, in an address at his old school, said he used to wonder what was the use of cramming one's self with Latin and French, and he was told that it had a very fine effect upon the intellect. When he got out to the Congo he was placed in a position which was altogether unforeseen when he was at school, and he had to acquire Portuguese, which was the only means of communication, and he found it very easy to do so after the grounding in Latin he had received there. He had learned French there also, and when he got out to the Congo he found how very useful it was to know something of French. He learned to swim, and that also had been useful to him. He noticed in the school some geological and natural history specimens. On the banks of the Congo he had noticed some fossils, and had said to one gentleman, "I suppose you burn this stone up for lime." "No," he said, "that is not limestone." He asked one of the Roman-catholic missionaries, and tried to ascertain if he knew anything about limestone, but he appeared to be quite ignorant of it. But he tested a piece of it, and he found that it was limestone. It was a very valuable thing for boys to get a practical knowledge of things about them, and to pay some attention to the geology of the country around them. No one knew the calls that might be made upon them in after life.

You never know, boys, when any knowledge you may possess will come into use.—E.

RIEL, PIAPOT AND BIG BEAR.

In Riel's house, framed and covered with glass, is a large nail about four inches in length, which Pope Pius IX. sent to Louis Riel, accompanied by a medal, in recognition of his services in the rebellion of 1869. The Pope, so assert the family, represented the nail to have come out of the cross upon which our Saviour was crucified. The family thoroughly believe the story and keep a light burning constantly underneath the place where it is hanging on the wall. The nail looks ancient enough to have come out of the ark. It has a large head on it, and resembles much a nail used for hanging pictures. Louis Riel always carries the medal hung around his neck. Riel's mother is an intelligent-looking old lady, about seventy-five years old. She is still active but grieves day and night over the impending fate of her son, as she fears he will be hanged. Mrs. Riel, when asked about her son, said: "I think that he has done no wrong. I know he meant no harm to any one, and he was not working for his own interest. He has always been in trouble since 1866, and he is still in trouble, but he is in God's hands and I must leave him there. He left me when he was eleven years old, but he never forgot his poor old mother, and always when he had a cent to give he gave it cheerfully. I know he was not working for himself in this case." Madame Riel was then asked if she would like to give a more decided opinion on the conduct of her son. She thought for about ten minutes and then burst out, "My son is good, O God, my son is good, and if I was to tell my opinion of him it would only appear as if I was only foolish. I think so much of him I know he did no wrong. My sorrow is too great to talk, but God will take care of Louis." Alexander Riel, a brother of the rebel chief, is trying to raise money to defray the expenses of counsel. Louis is anxious to have good counsel in the approaching trial. It is believed that Riel's papers and books, which were kept very systematically, will reveal startling facts concerning some prominent people.

Poundmaker has acknowledged the receipt of four letters from Riel, one of which he said he had left in his tent near his reserve. A party of police were sent at once to look for it. They returned having found the letter where Poundmaker said he had left it. It will, no doubt, be a very important document at Riel's trial. It is dated from Fish Creek, the day after Gen. Middleton's fight there, and states that Riel had killed 300 police. It then orders Poundmaker, if Battleford has not already been captured, to capture it at once and kill all the white people there. The letter then goes on to say that when that has been done Riel will attack and destroy the volunteers and join Poundmaker at Battleford. The letter is signed by Riel himself. Poundmaker has been examined in a court as to the thefts of several half-breed prisoners now at Battleford. His testimony was in favor of the half-breeds, and he denied having the power to prevent the thefts being openly committed.

The Montreal Garrison Artillery, now stationed at Regina, has been honored by a visit from Piapot and his chiefs. He was quite as much surprised at the reception the troops gave him as the volunteers had been at the mode of their reception a week previously by the chief. When a volley was fired in his honor, he and his braves were almost terrified but did not like to appear afraid any more than did the volunteers at the terrible tortures they witnessed at Piapot's great sun dance. The chief was especially struck with the band and the big drum. He was permitted to have a

pound at it himself and enjoyed it immensely.

At the beginning of the Indian rising in the North-West, Big Bear sent messages to the Chippewyan Indians ordering them to join him. The Chippewyans were very unwilling to do so, but being threatened with extermination by the messengers, about two hundred warriors left their reserves with their families and joined Big Bear. They tried hard to get leave to let their families return, but this was not granted by Big Bear who wanted the women and children as hostages for the good faith of the Chippewyan warriors. These latter soon found that the Plain Crees, of whom they had been so much afraid, were great cowards. Big Bear was being closely followed up by Gen. Middleton and the Chippewyans risked a desertion. Nearly the whole band arrived in safety at Fort Pitt, and surrendered to Gen. Strange, giving up their arms. This necessitated a larger supply of provisions, which were immediately sent for. The Chippewyans say that they had purchased their freedom with cattle, but that after doing so Big Bear would not let them go. The Indian chief had not known of the defeat and capture of Riel up to the time the Chippewyans left and was at that time trying to join the rebel chief with from 150 to 200 warriors, all that remain with Big Bear of the band of 700 which he was supposed to have collected. The battle between Gen. Strange's force and the Indians occurred on the 25th of last month. Of this we have given an account. Eight days later Captain Steele with eighty men under him was attacked by Big Bear who then had three hundred Indian warriors with him. Steele opened fire, both sides fighting for three hours behind trees in a thick wood which it was impossible for horses to get through. Capt. Steele put out the white flag, and the Rev. Mr. McCoy spoke to Big Bear, asking him to release the prisoners. To this request Big Bear replied "Never; I will fight to the last." The firing then recommenced, and was kept up hot for two hours. Then the white flag was hoisted again by Capt. Steele, as he thought the Indians wanted to parley. They were then one hundred yards from each other across a small stream. Big Bear was again asked to release his prisoners, but the Indians replied with a volley at the white flag. The Indians were then forced to retreat to the top of the hill. Capt. Steele ordered a charge and the hill was cleared. Quite a number of his men were wounded and the Indians suffered some loss.

Gen. Middleton, after having followed Big Bear for some sixty miles north of Fort Pitt, had to give up the pursuit on account of the rough nature of the country. In several bogs cross-ed the horses had sunk up to their girths. There were many tracts of wooded country that had to be crossed and fifteen miles was the most that could be done in a day. The abandonment of the pursuit is known to Big Bear's scouts, and the band is now taking matters leisurely. No doubt they will be joined by discontented Indians from other bands. Their united force will be a standing menace for some time to come. It will be necessary, therefore, to keep strong garrisons at Battleford and Fort Pitt. The garrisons must also be maintained at Prince Albert and at Humboldt or Fort Qu'Appelle. Gen. Middleton's column is worn out with fatigue.

A woman in Quebec, who claims to be a cousin of Big Bear, says he is no Indian but the son of Louis Lambert, a French farmer of Levis County, in the Province of Quebec.

The Mayor of Chicago has ordered all the gambling houses in the city to be closed.

A DREAD ENEMY.

Madrid has taken advantage of her experience of cholera and every precaution is being taken to keep the city in a sanitary state. All cows and donkeys have been ordered out of the city limits and fires are kept burning nightly in the most unhealthy streets of the town. Besides this the sewers are thoroughly disinfected with lime. The opinion concerning America is that if cholera is attacked, instead of passively being allowed to attack the people, it will not reach this side of the water. Cases of cholera have appeared in fifty towns in Spain along the Mediterranean. The Spanish Government has again forbidden Dr. Ferran's system of inoculation to be used and also forbids anyone to have in his possession in uninfected provinces any microbe inoculation liquor. This shows the Government believe inoculation liable to transmit a dangerous type of cholera and foreshadows the decision of the national medical commission appointed to examine Dr. Ferran's system. The immediate report of the commission is not probable. If it is against Ferran it may lead to riots among the poorer classes, who now trust solely in Ferran and superstitious formulas.

Marseilles has kept in mind its delivery from the plague in 1720, when 40,000 of its inhabitants perished, and kept the 12th inst. as the anniversary of that deliverance. Special prayers for protection from pestilence were offered up in the presence of an immense congregation. Marseilles seems to be quite satisfied to pray without putting its shoulder to the wheel. Experience has taught Marseilles little. In most of the old streets inhabitants still pitch their animal and vegetable refuse into gutters. The sewers are foul. Everything is ready to favor the development of the epidemic if it should again break out. All the warnings of doctors seem powerless to stir the Municipal Council to the danger. The Jarret still rolls its inky waters through town, and the sanitary precautions taken to guard Marseilles against the scourge extend no further than sprinkling a little disinfecting fluid against the walls of a few houses. So far as can be ascertained only three cases of cholera have occurred in the Marseilles district within the last month. The first is that of a poor woman, the mother of sixteen children. The second case was that of a dirty old septuagenarian, Claude Guerin, who, though a landed proprietor, worth 60,000f., blacked boots for a living and slept in a garret seven feet square, without air or windows. He had the usual symptoms of Asiatic cholera and was taken to the Conception Hospital, where he rallied. The Lady Superior having heard of his wealth a few weeks ago suggested that he ought to pay for his lodgings, whereon he discovered that he was cured and decamped. The third case is still under treatment.

WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

There has been another week of changeable weather, but on the whole it has been much warmer than the preceding one and more favorable for the growing crops, especially the young corn plants which were in much need of warmer weather to give them a good start. The crops are all doing well, except the fall wheat in the great wheat growing states where the prospects for a crop grow less as the season advances. In very many sections the fall wheat has been ploughed up and the ground re-seeded with corn or oats, and even where the wheat was allowed to grow unmolested, it is said to have developed more chaff than wheat in very many fields. The report for June, issued by the Agricultural Bureau at Washington,

estimates the wheat yield throughout the United States this year at three hundred and sixty million bushels, or about one hundred million bushels less than the average yield during the last five years, yet the price of wheat at Chicago is almost exactly the same as at this date last year when there were such bright prospects for an enormous yield of wheat. The continuance of comparatively low prices for wheat in view of such a prospective deficiency in the wheat crop in both Europe and America, is owing to the enormous stock of old wheat on hand and available for the coming season, as well as greatly increased yields in New Zealand, Australia and South America.

A MURDERER of a mother and two wives is being tried in Paris. The man was a watchmaker by trade but spent all his spare time in learning music and chemistry. He paid particular attention to poisonous drugs of which it is now discovered that he made free use in getting rid of relatives. His mother was his first victim. He next poisoned two servant girls. One of them ran to the hospital and was cured. In 1880 Pel married a pretty young girl, Eugenie Buffreau, who brought him a dowry of \$1,000. Mme. Pel died two months later, after two weeks of vomiting, thirst and intense pain in the intestines. Pel declared death was caused by eating poisonous mushrooms, a story that was readily believed. Nine months afterward Pel married Murat Bellisle, who brought him a dowry of \$1,500. Ten days later Pel's second wife and her mother were seized with excruciating pains in the bowels, but his mother-in-law, having a presentiment of evil, left the house and persuaded her daughter to do the same, thereby saving both their lives. Last year Pel made the acquaintance of Eliza Boehmer and the two lived together, she giving money to Pel who squandered it. When she refused to give him more he administered poison and she disappeared. Pel, however, was caught in the act of cremating her body in his furnace and he was arrested. At the opening of his trial thousands of persons could not find room in the Court House. A large china basin containing the intestines of the victims rested on a table in the Court, and Pel examined them with a diabolical smile when he entered the prisoner's box. The trial created a great sensation. The prisoner has been found guilty and been sentenced to be beheaded by the guillotine.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC Church and the Church of England each receive from Government certain grants to enable them to give Indian children a school training in the North-West. The Methodist Conference in Winnipeg have asked the Government to put similar institutions to those of the Roman Catholic and Episcopal Churches under the direction of the Methodist Church for its Indians.

Eighty-five persons committed suicide in Philadelphia in the past year. Hanging appears to be a most popular method and drink the leading cause. America is fast catching up to the Old World in the matter of suicides. Crime of all sorts is bound to increase as long as the sale of intoxicating and poisonous drinks is licensed or permitted.

THIRTY MILLIONS of dollars were voted by the House of Commons last Saturday for the purpose of carrying on public works. The whole proceeding of passing the bill occupied three minutes; ten millions voted a minute.

THE WEEK.

THE MARRIAGE of the Princess Beatrice, the youngest of the Queen's children, is to take place on July 23rd. As Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons, the marriage is based on a true attachment. We have already given the pictures of the princess and her future husband, Prince Battenberg. The marriage is to be conducted with a good deal of pomp and ceremony. "Enough" will not be reckoned "as good as a feast," for the wedding cake alone will weigh 250 pounds, and will be placed on a golden pedestal.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE war which has slowly dragged along for the past few years has brought less glory than shame, less gain than loss to the French. The treaty which has just been agreed to between France and China shows that the war has made no very important change in regard to China. The following are the provisions: French soldiers shall not enter Chinese territory nor shall Chinese soldiers enter French territory. The relations between France and Annam must not be of such a character as to embarrass China. A boundary commission shall be appointed to settle questions relating to the frontier by December next. Frenchmen entering Chinese territory and Chinese entering French territory shall be provided with passports. The French are to evacuate Chinese territory directly.

THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION, at its nineteenth anniversary in Philadelphia, adopted laudatory resolutions, and sent a congratulatory letter to the Premier, Mr. Gladstone, commending his successful efforts to prevent an Anglo-Russian war.

AT THIERS, a city in the heart of France, in the Department of Puy-de-Dome, a murder trial has been in progress some days. The circumstances of the murder and the exciting incidents of the trial engrossed the attention of the people, and on the last day of the trial, the Court was crowded with men and women. When the people were leaving, immediately after the adjournment of the Court, and were jammed on the stone staircase leading to the street, the lofty staircase fell, and the scene that followed was appalling. Immense masses of masonry crashed down upon the struggling people, grinding through their flesh and bones and maiming and mutilating them horribly. The fall of the staircase and the shrieks of the people lying helpless in the ruins, caused a panic in the court-room and there was a rush for the wrecked exit. Those who were in front were unable to withstand the pressure from behind, and were hurled down upon the bruised men and women below, whom the people in the street were already striving to rescue. When at length the panic had exhausted itself and the immense stone steps of the staircase had been removed, twenty-four persons were taken from the ruins dead. The injured numbered not less than one hundred and sixty, and many of these will die of their injuries. Many of the injured are women and their wounds serious. When the massive stone staircase fell, the scene was fearful to witness. The immense stone steps above with the people upon them were precipitated upon the dead and dying below, adding to the horrors of the awful spectacle.

THE CANADIAN Pacific Railway Company has given orders to Messrs. Barney & Smith, of Dayton, Ohio, who built their parlor and sleeping cars, for seven new dining cars to be used on the main line between Montreal and Winnipeg. It is stated these cars will be fully equal to any cars on the same character on any American railway.

TO QUIET the city of Panama and give confidence to the citizens it has been found necessary to declare martial law to be in force. This has had the desired effect and the city is quiet.

A CHILD has died at Graetna, near New Orleans, from a disease supposed to be yellow fever.

"MAUD S." made a mile in 2.13 in Philadelphia recently.

A LARGE FIRE occurred at St. Cesaire, P.Q., on the 10th inst. The Hon. Senator Chaffers' residence, Rabidou's hotel, a large dry-goods store and a dozen other buildings were burnt to the ground.

TWO CANADIAN steamship companies have for some time been negotiating concerning rates. There may be some pretty tall cutting of rates done.

THE HAMILTON Central Labor Union has passed a series of resolutions condemning the Senate's amendments of the Scott Act.

THE TORONTO Methodist Conference passed a resolution, strongly condemning the Senate and warning the House of Commons in the matter of the Scott Act amendment.

ON THE MORNING of last Tuesday, Gen. Grant left New York with his family for the country. Mr. William H. Vanderbilt gave the general the use of his private car.

FORTUNATELY for the office-seekers in Washington this hot summer that city has 60,000 shade trees.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Presbyterian Church in Canada met in Montreal this week. The next meeting of the Assembly will be in Hamilton in June 1886.

A RECOUNT of the Scott Act ballots cast in Kingston, made a reduction of forty-seven anti-Scott Act votes. The Act is defeated, however, by ten votes. The Scott Act party seem to have lost heart over the Senate's amendments, and seeing they did not get a majority of all the ballots cast, did not push the question of the illegality of the numbered ballots but abandoned their case.

THE SCHEMES and underhand plots which originate in the harem at Constantinople, if written would furnish a book worthy to be put along side of the Arabian Nights. For some time back Prenk Doda, Prince of Maridites, has been detained in Constantinople as a hostage. His surveillance was not, however, so strict, but he was able to take part in an intrigue, and discovered that his cousin was playing the part of a spy for the Turkish Government. This discovery Prenk Doda conveyed to his mother and sister at Scutari, in Asia Minor, and when his cousin shortly afterwards visited them he was shot dead. Who fired the fatal shot is not known, but the mother and sister of Prenk Doda are undoubtedly the principals, and an order was issued for their arrest and they took refuge in the French Consulate. The Porte demands their extradition as accomplices in a murder; but this demand is resisted by the consul until he is advised from France, on the ground that the shooting may be a political offence, and that no evidence has been adduced proving the connection of the women with the murder.

RICHARD SHORT, the dynamiter who was charged with attempting to remove Capt. Phelan, has been married to Kate Deasy, a sister of Tim Deasy, one of the men hanged for the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. "Birds of a feather flock together."

WITHIN THE PAST WEEK snow has fallen within a few miles of Quebec, rather a curious phenomenon at this time of the year.

THE POLICE in St. Louis, Missouri, have received a letter from the brother of Arthur Preller, the man who was recently murdered in St. Louis. From this letter it appears that Maxwell, whose real name is Brook, forged his father's name to a note, while in England, and left soon after for America with his ill-gotten money.

A LARGE DREDGE has accidentally sunk in the Suez Canal. It will take several weeks before this can be removed and traffic resumed. Efforts to destroy the sunken dredge with dynamite have failed. Gunpowder will be tried.

THE ANGLICAN SYNOD assembled at Toronto has discussed a proposal to change pastors of congregations at regular intervals, and also to change missionaries from one station to another. Some delegates openly advocated a modification of the Methodist itinerancy for the Anglican body, in order to put a stop to the process of starving out frequently restored to by congregations desirous of getting rid of pastors. The Synod is trying its best to raise the salaries of ministers and has fixed the minimum salaries of pastors of congregations at \$800, \$1,200 and \$1,500, according to the length of service.

THE EARTHQUAKES in the vale of Cashmere continue. They have already destroyed several towns and villages and have caused the death of over four hundred persons.

THERE IS GREAT EXCITEMENT in Gethsemane, Kentucky, over the death and alleged cruel treatment of Father Emmanuel, one of the oldest monks of the monastery, by the abbot, Father Benedict. Father Emmanuel was the first of his order to come to this county from France to establish a monastery in Gethsemane, and, besides being director and next in authority to the abbot, was seventy-three years old. Last week he escaped from the monastery and sought the protection of a Protestant family. He stated that the abbot almost starved him, and had him constantly imprisoned. He refused to return to the monastery, but the abbot was allowed to take him back by force. He died in a few days and was buried in the potter's field. Father Emmanuel was held to be of unsound mind by some; others considered him perfectly sane.

CHANCELLOR BOYD of Toronto has delivered a long judgment by virtue of which the government of the province of Ontario can claim possession of 55,000 square miles of land round Lake Wabigoan which the Dominion Government previously considered they had a right to.

THE GRAND TRUNK Workshops in Montreal are closed for the summer vacation, which commenced on the 15th inst., and ends on the 1st of July. About a thousand men will thus be temporarily out of employment.

IN ZACATECUS, capital of the State of the same name, in Mexico, five hundred cases of giant powder exploded in the famous silver mines. Ten persons were killed outright and as many more wounded. The mine and everything near it is completely wrecked. The cause of the explosion is unascertainable.

IN ANSWER to a correspondent we may say that the date for voting on the Scott Act in Grey has not yet been fixed, as telegrams from Ottawa gave us to understand.

FORTY CASES of small-pox have appeared on the two vessels in quarantine in New York harbor since their arrival there, a couple of weeks ago.

THE POLICE interfered to stop the sale of liquor on the Island opposite Toronto, on Saturday last, with the warm approval of the temperance public and to the intense disgust of the hotel-keepers and beer drinkers.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION, assembled at Hamilton, has strongly disapproved of the Senate's action in regard to the Scott Act.

A DESPERATE STREET FIGHT occurred in Genoa, last Sunday, between a procession of Clericals and a mob of roughs. Knives, clubs and stones were freely used. One man was killed and many were wounded.

THE GOVERNMENT of India propose to copyright special telegraphic despatches to newspapers. In this way it is hoped that papers will have their property protected and that stealing of despatches will be prevented.

THE DIVORCE LAWS of the several states in the United States were severely criticized in the Diocesan Convention in Reading, Pennsylvania. One Bishop said: "We have in easy divorces and frequent re-marriages polygamy as bad in essence though not so openly proclaimed as among the Moimons."

THE YOUNG LADIES have done well at Toronto University this year and as a result many others of the gentler sex will be desirous of following suit and going in for a University course. At the annual dinner of the University, held in Toronto, the most interesting feature of the proceedings was the graduation as Bachelor of Arts of five young ladies who have completed their course in Toronto, and three of whom attended lectures last session in University College. The lady winners of honor were cheered in the heartiest manner by the male students.

THE STEAMER "Speke Hall," from Liverpool for Bombay, has foundered in a cyclone in the Gulf of Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea. There was only one survivor. The "Speke Hall" was one of the Hall Line of steamers between the above ports, the vessels being of a superior class, not carrying steerage passengers.

IT HAS BEEN DECIDED to open a Canadian Club in New York, on Dominion Day, July 1st. Great interest is manifested in the movement, large numbers desiring to be enrolled. It is estimated that the number of Canadians in New York is fully 6,000, and a very large and influential membership is certain. Prominent Canadians have already enrolled themselves as non-resident members. Sir John A. Macdonald, the Hon. Edward Blake and others have been proposed as non-resident members.

THE VISIT of the Prince of Wales to Ireland caused a good deal of loyal feeling among the Irish, but one such visit was not sufficient to root out the discontent which has not been produced without good cause. The Queen resides in England part of the year, and part of the year she has her residence in Scotland. Ireland is slighted in this matter and a flying visit such as that of the Prince and Princess of Wales was not sufficient to pacify it. The outrages in Ireland have begun afresh; another gentleman farmer has been murdered, his skull being battered in. A farm laborer near Tipperary, was shot, but not fatally injured.



War Notes.

BAUCO.—Charges were preferred against two hotel-keepers in Kincardine last week for violating the Scott Act. They acknowledged the crime and handed over their \$50 each.

MR. ST. JOHN has had immense audiences to hear him in Garnett, Kansas, where only six months ago he was burned in effigy. It has been impossible to find a hall large enough anywhere to hold all those who gather anxious to hear him on the temperance question.

SCOTT, who carried off a large portion of the capital of the Manhattan Bank, was made partly insane by drinking whiskey. He was not a fast young man and did not dress expensively, but he had this great fault, the love of whiskey, which made him leave the path of honesty.

SMOKE.—J. M. Ness, a Barrie hotel-keeper, has been fined \$50 and costs for selling liquor under the Scott Act. The talk about the Act being a nullity has aroused the temperance people to action and if the Act is not amended by the Commons, it will be enforced.

HURON.—Chas. Schmidt, of the Exchange, was charged with violating the Scott Act. He pleaded not guilty and asked for an adjournment of the case. When the case was brought up he pleaded guilty to the first charge laid against him, and was fined \$50. There not being sufficient evidence to prove the second case it was withdrawn.

THE Landed approves highly of the higher taxation of spirits and beer. The amount, it says, of both of these articles consumed by the British public is disgraceful and disastrous, and any taxation which will reduce the amount will tend to diminish the disease and misery which come from drunkenness.

A NEW YORK POLICEMAN, named Thomas Quigley, took a woman into a saloon and ordered two whiskey soups. The bar-keeper refused to comply on the ground that he had instructions not to sell liquor to women. Quigley took out his revolver, and swore that he would blow his brains out unless the drinks were forthcoming. The bar-keeper then did as he was ordered, but afterward had Quigley arrested.

MIDDLESEX.—At a recent Scott Act meeting in Strathroy the following resolutions were unanimously carried: "That the adoption and proper enforcement of the Scott Act in the county of Middlesex will materially benefit the business interests of the country," and "That the Scott Act is the best available means at our disposal to relieve ourselves of responsibility for the liquor traffic and its attendant evils."

CONDEMNED BY ALL.—The Bay of Quinte Methodist Conference at Port Hope, Ontario, has passed a resolution condemning the Senate amendments to the Scott Act. The Niagara Conference, at Brantford, adopted a committee report containing a similar condemnation, and the London Conference, at Chatham, took the same action. The Queen street Methodist Church officials have issued a manifesto, in every way favoring the Scott Act. This course had been adopted to prevent them from being compromised by the outspoken Anti-Scott utterances of their pastor, the Rev. Mr. Jeffery.

ON TUESDAY EVENING last week, Police Magistrate Young, of Halton, addressed a very well attended meeting in Strathroy. Mayor Smith occupied the chair and introduced the speaker of the evening, who spoke for about two hours, dealing mainly with facts in the county of Halton since the passage of the Act. He stated that the treating system and open drinking had been stopped, crime lessened, legitimate business not injured and taxes not increased, as the

opponents of the Act would make it appear. The speaker was listened to attentively throughout and frequently applauded by his hearers. At the conclusion of his address a motion was unanimously carried censuring the Senate for amending the Scott Act, by allowing the sale of light wines and beer.

A TRUMPET NOTE FROM HABAKKUK REVISED.—Yes, moreover, wine is a treacherous dealer, a haughty man and that keepeth not at home; who enlargeth his desire as hell, and he is as death, and cannot be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all nations, and heapeth unto him all people. Shall not all these take up a parable against him, and a taunting proverb against him, and say, Woe to him that increaseth that which is not his! how long! and that ladeth himself with pledges! Shall they not rise up suddenly that shall bite thee, and awake that shall vex thee, and thou shalt be for booties unto them? Because thou hast spoiled many nations, all the remnant of the people shall spoil thee; because of men's blood, and for the violence done to the land, to the city and all that dwell therein.—Habakkuk ii. 5-8 (Revised Version)

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES are almost universally agreed that an extra charge of at least a half a cent per cent must be required in order to cover the additional risk of fire in places where liquor is sold. All houses in the neighborhood of saloons are generally forced to insure at increased rates. There are many companies throughout the United States that have entirely given up insuring buildings in which bars are kept. In Texas all companies refuse saloons and many go so far as to refuse to take the risk of any house in the same block with a saloon. The Dakota Fire and Marine Insurance Company refuse to take any risks where any saloon business is directly or indirectly affected by it. The president of this latter company says: "We consider the moral hazard of taking a risk in connection with the whiskey business is too great. We have been content with the experience of others."

THE FOLLOWING is a copy of a resolution passed unanimously at the annual meeting of the Toronto Association of Baptist Churches, assembled at Collingwood:—"That while as an Association we would feel grateful for the important and magnificent results of the Scott Act campaign, and for the large majorities by which it has been carried in so many counties, we would at the same time urge upon all our friends to aim at making these results permanent, and as far as possible, increasingly effective. Further, as an Association of Baptist ministers and delegates, representing a constituency of 12,000 persons, that we enter our emphatic protest against the recent high-handed action of the Dominion Senate, in the attempt of that body to thwart or neutralize the wishes of the people, so decidedly expressed at the polls, and that as an Association we urge upon the House of Commons to reject the proposed changes, and so preserve the act in its integrity." Signed by order of the Association and forwarded to the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, and the House of Commons.

ONTARIO COUNTY.—Since the organization of the W. C. T. U. in Oshawa, about four or five weeks ago, the members have done much practical temperance work. In addition to distributing many temperance tracts and getting a number to sign, they have, during the past week, circulated a petition to the House of Commons, praying its members to use their utmost influence against the adoption of the Senate's amendment to the Scott Act. Large numbers of our citizens signed the petition and many more would have done so had they been seen, but, fearing lest it might be too late, the ladies had to hurry the petition forward, and many who were away from home, when waited upon, were thus unavoidably prevented from signing. By a careful estimate, based upon their canvass and a scrutiny of the voters' list, the ladies calculate that about one-half the voters of the town will vote for the Act, while of the remainder more than half will either assume a neutral position, or are not residents and not likely to be here to vote at all. We are glad to see the ladies thus active at work and we hope their numbers will augment as their object deserves.—*Oshawa Indicator.*

TOO MUCH TREATING.

A visit to any of our first-class saloons in the heart of the city will reveal a state of affairs that is fast ruining many of our most prominent merchants and business men. At any hour of the day—before, during and after business hours—are congregated crowds of merchants, brokers and others engaged in "setting them up" in a lively style. Here you will find our business men discussing the state of trade over "spits," ginger ale and whiskey. They are loud in denouncing the hard times and the causes that led thereto, and while talking about cutting down expenses, recklessly fling down a half dollar, and with the remark "What will you have?" This is repeated by every one in the crowd, and when they finally separate they seek their respective stores or offices and again denounce the stringency in the money market.

A prominent merchant, who is not an abstainer, told *The World* yesterday that this treating habit is ruining some of our smartest and most successful business men. "In fact," he said, "you cannot complete any simple transaction of business without having to treat. This causes men to leave their place of business during working hours, and once the restraints of the office and store are removed the younger men become somewhat reckless both of money and time. They are holding up the bars of saloons when they should be in the office attending to correspondence and customers. I know many young and successful business men in Toronto to day who are simply wasting their time and capital owing to this treating habit which has lately become alarming. Whenever I hear of a failure now-a-days I enquire the habits of the insolvent and you would be surprised at the number whiskey has ruined. Instead of attending to business and pushing it at these hard times you will find many business men not only absent from their office but spending dollar after dollar in the saloons. This is not a temperance lecture. It is a solid every day experience in this city."—*Toronto World.*

THE LITTLE PREACHER—A TRUE STORY.

"Cousin Gracie, tell me a story, won't you, please?" pleaded Jennie. "I'm tired playing." And down went ball and picture book, and up went Jennie into Gracie's lap. "What shall I tell about?" said Gracie. "Oh! I like real, true ones! Tell me about the little boys and girls where you used to live."

"Well, I'll tell you about a little boy whom I knew very well. He went to our Sunday-school; and, though only seven years old, he was a very intelligent little boy, and did his work well in his short life. We called him our little temperance preacher."

"What was his name?"
"His name was Eddie."
"Was he nice looking?"
"Oh! yes; he had a sweet little face, and was a dear, good little boy."

"How did he learn about temperance? Did his ma teach him the same as mine does?"
"No, his mother had never taken any interest in such things. A number of ladies where I lived formed a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. They thought something ought to be done to save the boys and girls from drinking, so they formed a Band of Hope."

"Who belonged to it?"
"Why, as many little boys and girls as they could get."
"Did you join?"
"Oh! yes, of course. I enjoyed the meetings ever so much."

"How many did they get?"
"They got sixty in all, and among them was Eddie."
"Did they all belong to the same Sunday-school?"
Here Mollie, who had been playing with her doll by the window, came and sat down near them, exclaiming: "Don't interrupt so much, Jennie. Let Gracie go on and tell the story. I want to hear, too."

Gracie smiled down on the two eager faces and went on: "No, they didn't all belong to the same Sunday-school. They belonged to the different schools and some had never been to any school at all. The ladies met with us once a week, taught us lessons from the 'Catechism on Alcohol,' and told us how alcohol would injure our

bodies if we drank it, because it is a poison drink. We also, to sing and speak, had Bible lessons—for the Bible is against strong drink too—it says that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven. We learned that Jesus will only dwell in pure hearts, and if we would grow up to be pure men and women we must begin by being pure, clean boys and girls; never to use bad words; to have nothing to do with tobacco or strong drink. Well, Eddie came regularly to every meeting, till one week we missed him."

"What was the matter? Did his mother keep him at home?"

"No, he was sick. He was sick for three weeks, and one day called his mother to him and told her he was going to die."

"Didn't she feel awful bad?"

"I dare say she did. He told her not to cry, and said: 'Mamma, I want you to promise this: I want you to tell the Band of Hope that I never took any wine or any of the bad drink while I was sick; and tell them never, never to break their pledge. When I die I want you to have my funeral in that church where they never have any temperance meetings; you know what one I mean. I want the minister to tell the people that I never broke my pledge. Will you promise?' The mother gave the promise, and then Eddie kissed her and began to sing, 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus.' He was so weak that he could not sing loud, and while he was singing the breath left the little body, and Eddie died."

"Oh! that's too bad," said Jennie; while she and Mollie each dashed away a tear.

"Yes, it was sad; but now comes the pretty part of my story. They held the funeral in the very church Eddie had requested."

"Why did he?"

"Well, I guess it was because the people who went there were fashionable, and, perhaps, drank their wine. They would not allow any temperance meeting to be held in their church, and I don't know that the minister ever preached temperance; maybe he was afraid if he spoke for temperance that his members would make him get another pulpit."

"That wasn't very brave in him," spoke up independent Lottie, who had listened attentively, but till now had said nothing.

"No, I don't think it was. If he thought wine-drinking was wrong he ought to have said so, and preached against it from his pulpit. When the day for the funeral came all the members of the Band of Hope, fifty-nine in all, marched to the house where Eddie had lived and went with the friends to the church. First they carried the little body in, and behind that walked the parents and friends, and then followed the Band of Hope. The members all had badges on, so every one knew they were Band of Hope children. They all carried flowers; some had wreaths. The minister told the people of Eddie's message to the members. After the sermon the children all marched to the cemetery, which was not far off, and when the coffin had been lowered in the grave they threw their flowers down on it, the last thing they could do for their little friend. When the grave was filled and the earth was all piled upon it nicely, those who had wreaths placed them on it, and then came away and left their little friend all alone. They could do no more for him."

Mollie by this time was sobbing. Jennie's eyes were moist, but Lottie's eyes sparkled with admiration. She said: "I think that was just splendid. To be sure, it was sad for him to die so young; but he was a brave little boy, and I guess his work was done—don't you think so, Gracie?"

"Yes, the Saviour wanted him, and knew when it was best to take him. He had fulfilled his little mission, he had preached his little sermon, and now he is with the Saviour, whom he loved. And this ends my story."

"But what about the church? Did they ever have a temperance meeting in it after that?"

"I don't know. I should think the people would have been willing to let their children join the Band, and if they did the boys and girls would soon enough tell their parents what they learned at the meetings; so we will hope some of them know more about temperance than they did. All this happened three years ago, and soon after my mother died, and I came away to live with you."

"And I'm awful glad you did!" said Jennie, giving her a hug.—*Temp. Banner.*

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Twelve years ago, Dr. T. L. Cuyler writes: "To John B. Gough belongs the unique distinction of having addressed more human beings than any man now living on our globe. And no man living has been the innocent occasion of so much hearty laughter, and as many honest tears. Spurgeon began ten years later than Gough, and has not spoken more than half as often. Henry Ward Beecher did not rise into celebrity until Gough had been for a half dozen years the prince of platformers. For thirty years no speaker has commanded such crowds who were eager to pay for the privilege of listening to the most exciting of discourses, delivered in the most dramatic voice and gesticulation. Rarely has a man ever employed his peculiar gifts more nobly than has my well-beloved friend and brother, John B. Gough.

He is a native of Sandgate, in England, and was born in a poor little cottage, on the 22nd of August, 1817. His father was a common soldier in the British army. I need not recount his familiar history, how he came to America with but half a dollar in his pocket, how he struggled along in the most utter poverty, how he ran behind the pauper's hearth that bore the body of his poor, pious mother to the Potter's Field, how he fell into the most degraded drunkenness, how he was rescued by Joel Stratton, the Worcester shoemaker, and signed the total abstinence pledge with a trembling hand, how he relapsed and signed again, until at last, by God's grace, he stood up as an emancipated and converted man. Mr. Gough's hope of remaining a reformed inebriate, is founded on the "Rock of Ages." He trusts God, and not himself. The most attractive trait in brother Gough's noble character is his earnest and devout faith in his Redeemer.

Soon after Mr. Gough's reformation, he began to lecture in behalf of total abstinence. At first he spoke to a few country folk in schoolhouses and churches. Then he went to Boston, where, after three hundred public addresses, he can draw larger audiences than any man alive. Deacon Grant was his early benefactor, and was always proud of having befriended him. For many years Mr. Gough was a member of Rev. Dr. Kirk's church, but of late has been connected with the Congregational church of Boylston, Mass.

Next to the grace of God, and the prayers of a godly mother, our friend owes most to his faithful Yankee wife. He married Mary Whitcomb, of Worcester county, on the 24th of November, 1843. At the time of their marriage he was worth the coat on his back, and ten silver dollars. That same evening he fulfilled an engagement to talk temperance in a schoolhouse. She took him on trust, and has stood by him until he has risen into a world-wide fame as an orator and philanthropist. When her young husband—still rather "shaky," and in danger of falling—introduced her to Deacon Grant, the shrewd man talked with her a few moments, and then slyly whispered in his ear, "John, she'll do." She has done, and nobly too, for twenty-nine eventful years. During the long period of his public career, Mr. Gough has made two visits to Europe, and spoken in every considerable city and town of the British Empire. He has had the gifted and the titled among his auditors, yet the common people hear him gladly.

He has delivered over seven thousand public addresses, some of them to audiences of ten thousand people. He has travelled over a sufficient number of miles to have carried him twelve times around the globe. He has secured over two hundred thousand signatures to the pledge. By the help of God he has reformed a large number of those who had sunk into that same abyss of drunkenness from which he himself was rescued. Much of the large amount of money paid him for his addresses, has been generously given away in charity.

As an orator, Mr. Gough reached his climax of power twenty years ago. His voice was then as musical as a flute, with marvellous power in the tender, pathetic passages. Long and hard service has made it somewhat harsh and husky, but it is still an instrument of rare compass and flexibility. Sometimes he overacts, especially when weary. But in the days of his highest glory, no man could surpass him in delineation of character and in impersonations of "all sorts and conditions" of humanity. He has often been a mother, a child, a peading wife, a brutal husband, a planta-

tion negro, a Scotch deacon, a Frenchman, a raw Irishman, a pompous coxcomb, and a poor, besotted toper, all in one hour's address. And he excelled in every character. Truly, God made a wonderful creature when he made John B. Gough. And the grace of the Lord Jesus made a glorious philanthropist and reformer when it converted him to the service of his Divine Master. May he live fifty years longer!

Another writer, speaking of his home in the city of Worcester, Mass., says: "Within the house speaks in very plain language of much taste and culture, as well as of much attention to the solid comforts of life and little to its show and pretension. One needs not to be introduced to Mrs. Gough to know that her husband has what the Good Book declares is a gift from the Lord, but, being introduced, is confirmed in that faith, and finds in even a very short acquaintance that her temperance sympathies are quite as strong as those of her husband, and her literary tastes as carefully cultivated. The home-life, as I saw it that summer day, was a very delightful one, and Hillside seemed to me the very ideal of a New England home.

I had never met Mr. Gough personally before. I was at no loss afterward to know why, not knowing I yet loved him. The personal magnetism which men talk about so glibly and so ignorantly, is, I firmly

believe, in part if not entirely, a spiritual quality. The invisible, the unrecognized spirit speaks out in the man, he knows not how himself, and how should others know? This mysterious magnetism thrills you for the moment you catch Mr. Gough's eye or touch his hand. His warm heart brightens the eye and tightens the grasp of the hand. He is no mere actor, no orator, no public man living in a public atmosphere, and laboring for fame or gold, but a friend; a friend of yours, a friend of every man who needs a friend. His simplicity, his kindness, his naturalness, his unfeigned sincerity, all shine out in even a half hour's intercourse. The orator, you admire; the man, you love. The ancient writers said that the foundation of rhetoric was a high and noble and moral character. Modern writers have laughed at them, but I believe they were right. A rascal may be an actor, but not an orator. A great heart is the first condition of true eloquence; and Mr. Gough has emphatically a great heart.

However, I did not take up my pen to write of Mr. Gough, but of his home. But the man makes the home; hence the digression.

A man is judged, it is said, by the company he keeps; and a literary man's books

are his company. He who should judge Mr. Gough by his books would judge him a man of broad and generous culture. Such a library! It is not a huge literary workshop, with a promenade from the table to the chair and another from the chair to the bookcase, but the cosiest and most charming of sanctuaries. Its books are well-used books and no department of literature seems to be unrepresented. But you catch the spirit of the owner when you notice two facts, that its largest departments are Christian literature and art. If I were a preacher I should hardly dare to go into Mr. Gough's library lest I should covet my neighbor's books. I have rarely seen on any ministerial shelves a finer collection of English commentaries and helps to the understanding of the Scriptures. But art, that peers out at you everywhere! Books on art, books of art, great folio volumes by the score, magnificent quartos, in a case by themselves, though that is in the parlor, portfolio after portfolio of loose engravings, the finest collection of English cartoons of all descriptions on the subject of temperance, the finest collection of Cruikshank's works in this country, probably the finest in the world—these are some of Mr. Gough's companions.

As among these pictures he showed me



JOHN B. GOUGH.

the picture of his humble birth place in Sandgate, England, and I heard him tell the story of his early life, and his hard battle with the fiend, and contrasted this happy home with what it might have been but for those temperance principles of which he has been the most distinguished advocate, it seemed to me that he and his home bore a more eloquent testimony to the virtue of total abstinence than any which by words, however glowing, he ever uttered. Twelve years have passed, and Mr. Gough still labors on. A few weeks ago Montreal had again the rare pleasure of welcoming him in her midst, and hearing for herself, what she had already learned from others, that although now in his sixty-eighth year, his oratorical powers have lost none of their vigor and force. But although his head is snowy white, Mr. Gough is still, in the best sense of the term, not an old man, and the prayer of all will be that he may long be spared to continue the noble work to which he has devoted his life.

It is DISOWNING my belief, wronging my soul, and giving the lie to God, to think but for a moment, that His mercy in Christ is not above all my sins.—Rev. T. Adams.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Pelouet's Select Notes.)

June 28.

REVIEW.

Scripture lesson.—The Golden texts and 2 Tim. 4: 1-8.

Golden text.—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith.—2 Tim. 4: 7.

Time.—From A. D. 60 to about 68.

Territory.—Caesarea, Malta, Rome, the Mediterranean Sea.

Persons.—Paul, Peter, Luke, Aristarchus, Julius, Publius.

Books.—The Acts, Ephesians, Philippians, 1 Timothy, 2 Timothy, Hebrews, 2 Peter.

Place in Bible history.—Acts, chaps. 27, 28, and several years after the close of the Bible narrative.

Suggestions for Review.—There may be a general Review of the whole school by means of the Titles, Golden Texts, Central Truths, and Review Exercises.

Assign to the scholars the different books studied, and the principal persons.

Let each scholar make a list (1) of the great truths he finds in these lessons. (2) Of the duties. (3) The things to be desired and sought for. (4) The things to be avoided.

The main thoughts of the Quarter can be massed around two central points:—

I. The last years of St Paul (Lessons I, II, III, IV, IX.). Describe the voyage, its starting point, its aim, how long, the incidents showing Paul's character, the delay at Malta, his stay there, his success, his subsequent history till his death, his character, his greatness, his goodness, his usefulness.

II. The Christ whom Paul preached (Lessons V. XII.). Christ is the centre to which every lesson leads, as rays of light concentrate in a focus; and also from which truth and blessings radiate to all. One could make a simple blackboard exercise with Christ as a central sun, and lines radiating from that centre, and on each ray let the scholar write the thought in each lesson which leads to Christ, and the truth or blessing which radiates from him.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

Not to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it into the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To treat their mother as politely as if she were a stranger lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.

To take pride in being gentlemen at home.

To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that these things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits.

To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.—Selected.

TOM'S GOLD DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle, often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "that boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. Where did he get gold-dust? Ah, he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as though they were. Take care of your gold-dust, and lay up something for old age—for time as well as eternity.—Exchange.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book)

Studies in the Acts of the Apostles.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 28.

REVIEW AND LITERARY LESSON.

REVIEW.

(Scripture Lesson—The Golden Texts of the Quarter, and 2 Tim. 4:15.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 Tim. 4:7.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. Acts 17:1-41.
T. Acts 25:1-41.
W. Eph. 6:1-12.
Th. Phil. 2:1-11; 4:1-13.
F. 1 Tim. 4:1-15; 2 Tim. 4:1-8.
Sa. Heb. 1:1-9; 9:1-12.
Su. 2 Pet. 1:1-11.

STUDY-QUESTIONS.—There may be a general review by the teacher, Golden Texts, Central Texts, and by the Review Exercises of the whole quarter.

The various places may be pointed out on the map, and what took place at each one, the voyage of Paul, and the places where the Epistles were written and to which they were sent.

The different books studied may be assigned to the different scholars, for special reports, and in the same way the different characters studied may be assigned to them, let each one make a list of all the great truths found in these lessons, and of the great duties, and of the things to be desired and sought for, and of the things to be avoided.

QUESTIONS.

- 1. THE LAST YEARS OF ST. PAUL.—(Lesson 12 & 13.) From what place did Paul start on his last voyage? For what place? Under what guardship? How long was it before he reached his destination? Describe the storm that overtook him. What good came from this storm? Paul's character was revealed in:
a. How long was he at Malta? What good things did he do there? When did he arrive at Rome? Why not him? Where did he live at Rome? How long was he there? Give me an account of his subsequent life, of his death. What opinions have you formed of his character? Of his greatness? Of the good that he did?
2. CHRIST WHOM PAUL PREACHED.—(Lesson 14.) What is taught us of his nature? (Les. 15.) Of his atonement? (Les. 16.) Of his salvation? (Les. 17.) Of him as our example? (Les. 18.) Of his character? (Les. 19.) Of his life? (Les. 20.) Of his devotion to him? (Les. 21.) Of his progress toward him and by him? (Les. 22.)

RESPONSIVE TEMPERANCE EXERCISES.

(From Julia Coleman's Catechism on Alcohol, by permission.)

I. THE MISDEEDS OF INTEMPERANCE.

- 1. TEMPER. Wine is a mocker.
2. TEMPER. Strong drink is raging.
3. And whosoever is deceived thereby is ruined.
4. He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.
5. He that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich.
6. He is not among wise-servers.
7. Among riotous covers of flesh.
8. For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.
9. Who hath wine?
10. Who hath sorrow?
11. Who hath contention?
12. Who hath babbling?
13. Who hath wounds without cause?
14. Who hath foolishness and folly?
15. They that tarry long at the wine.
16. They that tarry long to seek mixed wine.
17. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.
18. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

II. THE WORK OF THE DRUNKARD.

- 1. TEMPER. Woe unto them that rise up early to be inebriated.
2. Woe unto them that stay up late to drink wine.
3. They that continue till wine inebriate them.
4. And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and wine, are in their festivity.
5. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.
6. And men of strength to mingle strong drink.
7. Which justify the wicked for a reward.
8. And take away the righteousness of the righteous through wine.
9. Therefore, as the fire devoureth the stubble, and as the flame consumeth the chaff.
10. So their root shall be as rottenness, and their blossom shall go up as dust.
11. Their strength shall be as the wither down in the midst of the sea.
12. Or as the chaff that is blown about by the wind.
13. They have sown seed, but they have not sown wheat.
14. They have sown, but they have not sown barley.
15. They have sown, but they have not sown wheat.
16. They have sown, but they have not sown wheat.
17. Therefore my people are gone into captivity.
18. Because they have no knowledge.
19. And their honorable men are despised.
20. And their multitude dried up with thirst.
21. Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim.
22. The drunkards of Ephraim shall be drunken, they shall stagger through wine.
23. They err in vision, they stumble in judgment.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, June 17, 1885.

The British grain markets are very quiet. Red winter wheat is quoted at 65 9/16 to 75 1/16; Canadian Peas at 58. 7/16.

The local grain market continues inactive. There is no demand and values are not firm. We quote—Canada Red Winter, 94c to 95c; Canada White, 93c to 94c; Canada Spring, 94 to 95c; Peas, 78c to 79c; Oats, 35c to 35 1/2c.

FLOUR.—The market is extremely quiet and values are somewhat easier. We quote—Superior Extra, \$4.40 to \$4.45; Extra Superior, \$4.30 to \$4.35; Fancy, \$4.25; Spring Extra, \$4.20 to \$4.25; Superior, \$4.05 to \$4.10; Strong Bakers' (Canadian), \$4.25 to \$4.40; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.75 to \$4.95; Fine, \$3.50 to \$3.85; Middlings, \$3.50 to \$3.55; Ontario lags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.15; do., Superfine, \$2.05; City Bags, (delivered.) \$2.45.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, \$4.50 to \$4.70 per bu. Cornmeal, nominal.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Butter shows but little if any change, the market still continuing very quiet. We quote as follows.—Creamery, 15c to 19c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 17c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 14c to 15c; Western 12c to 14c; old makes, 6c to 12c, as to quality. (Add to the above prices two cents per lb. for selection for the jobbing trade.) Cheese.—This market is now much firmer, and prices have advanced since our last report. We quote—Fine to fancy, 7 1/2c to 7 3/4c; other grades, 6c to 7 1/2c, as to quality. The public cable is steady at 37 1/2.

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

HOG PRODUCE are quiet and rather cheaper.—We quote—Western Mess Pork, \$14.00; do., Short Cut, \$14.00 to \$14.25; Canada Short Cut, \$14.00 to \$14.25; Mess Beef, \$15.50; India Mess Beef, \$25.00; Hams, city cured, 11c to 11 1/2c; do., canvased, 12c to 13c; Lard, in pails, Western, 10c to 10 1/2c; do., Canadian 9 1/2c; Bacon, 11 1/2c; Shoulders 9c to 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 7 1/2c.

ASHES.—Pots are now quoted at \$3 65 to \$3.70 per 100 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There has been less enquiry for shipping cattle during the past few days and this has affected prices of butchers' cattle to some extent, though the numbers offered have not been large. Good butchers' cattle sell at from 5c to 5 1/2c per lb. and good large shipping steers at from 5 1/2c to 5 3/4c do. Rough steers and fat cows sell at 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c and leanish animals at 3 1/2c to 4c per lb. Sheep are not very plentiful and prices are unchanged, but the supply of lambs continues to increase and prices are declining, only very good ones bring over \$3.50 each, while some of the smaller lambs sell at \$2 each. Hogs are in small supply and prices are firmer, or from 5 1/2c to 5 3/4c per lb. Milch cows are plentiful and prices of good cows are lower, but there is an improved demand for small cows for family use and good little bossies bring more money than for several weeks past. The horse market is very quiet at present owing to the small number of horses that are offered for sale as well as to the high prices asked for them by their owners.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers' market has been crowded of late, both sellers and buyers being present in large numbers, and an active trade has been done at rather lower rates. Garden stuff, of old and new growth, are very plentiful and low priced. Butter and eggs continue plentiful and at low figures, but there is a slight advance in the price of fresh laid eggs, for the packed eggs are getting unreliable. The fruit market is more active since the advent of hot weather and prices are advancing. Very few dressed hogs are being brought to market by farmers, but poultry are more plentiful and lower in price. There have been liberal supplies brought to market of late and prices are easier. Oats are 75c to 90c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.50c do.; potatoes 25c to 45c per bag; turnips, carrots, and beets, 30c to 50c per bushel; butter, 15c to 30c per lb.; eggs 14c to 20c per dozen; apples \$3.75 to \$4.50 per barrel; dressed hogs 6 1/2c to 7c per lb.; turkeys 14c to 15c per lb.; fowls 12c to 14c do; ducks 14c to 15c do; hay \$9.00 to \$12.50 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 99 1/2c bid June; \$1.01 1/2 July; \$1.03 1/2 August; \$1.05 1/2 Sept; \$1.06 1/2 Oct; \$1.08 1/2 Nov; \$1.09 1/2 Dec. Corn, 55c bid June; 54 1/2 July and bid August; 55 1/2 Sept; Oats, 38 1/2c bid June; 38 1/2c bid July; 34 1/2c bid August.

FLOUR does not show much change from last week's prices. We quote—Spring Wheat, Superfine, \$2.85 to \$3.50; Low Extra, \$3.25 to \$3.90; Clears, \$3.75 to \$4.50; Straight, \$4.25 to \$5.00; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.65. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$3.40 to \$3.60; Low Extra, \$3.60 to \$3.70; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.30 to \$5.30; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.50; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.65 to \$5.35; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.60 to \$3.70; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$4.00; West India, barrels, \$4.90 to \$5.05; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.85; South America, \$5.00 to \$5.85; Patent \$5.00 to \$5.85. Southern Flour—Extra \$4.00 to \$5.25; Family, \$4.65 to \$5.60; Patent, \$5.20 to \$5.85; Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine, \$3.10 to \$4.35.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.00 to \$3.35 in bbls.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, \$18 to \$20; 100 lbs. of No. 1 middlings, \$17 to \$18; 80 lbs. of No. 2 middlings, \$15 to \$16.00; 60 lbs. of No. 1 feed, \$14.50 to \$15.00; 50 lbs. of medium feed, \$14.50 to \$15.00; 40 lbs. of No. 2 feed, \$14.50 to \$15.00. Rye feed, \$17.00.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—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 15c; Western factory, ordinary to choice, 6c to 11c. Cheese.—State factory, milk skims to fancy, 3 1/2c to 8c; Ohio Flat, fair to prime, 5c to 7c; Skims, Pennsylvania, common to prime, 4c to 11c.

EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, in bbls, 14c to 14 1/2c; Canadian, fine, 14c to 14 1/2c; Western, fair to fancy, 13c to 14c.

IT IS FEARED that the Apache warriors whom Gen. Crook has driven over the boundary into Mexico will return to the United States after the severe engagement they have had with Mexican troops. Many Mexicans were killed in the fight and several Indians wounded. If the Apache and other Indians do return to the United States, Gen. Crook says they will slaughter many white people, not to obtain arms as formerly, but merely for the sake of cruelty. In the mountains they can spread and defy the troops, killing the settlers whenever a chance presents itself. Gen. Crook fully aware of the difficult task he has in hand, has asked for full authority from the War Department in Washington. Reinforcements have been sent him to enable the campaign to be carried out with as little loss of life as possible.

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A MOVEMENT has been started in Quebec to organize a company to prosecute seal-hunting in the Gulf with property built steamers, which will engage in the coal and herring fisheries after the sealing season is over. If successful, operations will be begun next spring.

THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT of the International Inventions Exhibition in London has been completely destroyed by fire. Many costly models of Indian workmanship, which cannot be replaced, were destroyed.

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