

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

Vol. III.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1884.

No. 22.

The Weekly Messenger.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

The *Weekly Messenger* is supplied at the rate of half-a-dollar per year. It contains the news of the whole world every week, written in the most readable style, without any unnecessary spinning-out, and without any of that obnoxious matter which makes it impossible for decent people to allow some newspapers into their families. It is printed in such large and clear type that very old and very young people can read it without trouble, and the smaller the type the more injury it causes even to the strongest men and women.

The large and increasing circulation of our journal shows that these facts are thoroughly understood wherever the *Weekly Messenger* has once made its appearance. We depend upon all our readers, as they appreciate our work themselves, always to recommend us to their friends. The more new subscribers we get, the better will both be pleased.

AMERICA NOT FULL YET.

The excitement about "pauper emigration" has spread to Canada, and the fact that many emigrants cannot find work in our cities has frightened some people into calling out for a stoppage of all assistance to intending emigrants. The outcry however will not be allowed to have much effect, as a little thought shows that the country, both in Canada and in the Western United States, can accommodate emigrants from the old world as fast as they arrive,—if they are the right kind. That is the great point. There are agents in Great Britain, Germany and other places, who are paid by steamship companies a certain amount for each person they persuade to cross the Atlantic by the various companies' steamers. These agents sometimes, for their own benefit, get people to emigrate who would do just as well at home. Then there are other men who emigrate without any persuasion at all, and who refuse to take decent work at good wages even when it is offered them. While people emigrate at all, there will always be some emigrants whom this continent does not want and cannot satisfy: but the continent is still like a sponge, now only just damp, and ready to absorb all the human stream likely to be poured into it for many a year. The people of the Old Country are quickly learning to take an interest in our affairs, and to treat our feelings with sympathy, and Lord Carnarvon, who is urging his countrymen in England to emigrate, is urging every precaution to avoid sending men to America who are not of the sort that America wants.

THE GREATEST LEATHER merchants in Vienna, Gewitsch & Sons, have failed, with liabilities of about a million dollars, bringing down seven other Austrian leather firms in the crash. These houses have connections in New York.

THE HERO OF THE CENTURY.

General Gordon is still in Khartoum, and though attempts are being made to send messages to him no success has yet been heard of. The most different and contradictory stories come from the Soudan, and it is hard to know what to believe. It is thought that a stream of deserters still flows from the Egyptian army to join the rebel chief, the Mahdi, and every now and then it is reported that he is receiving help from some other tribe. One telegram, however, says that the Mahdi's soldiers are already beginning to desert him, owing to a rumor that British troops were coming against them. There is the greatest excitement in England, caused by the fear that General Gordon is in danger, and an attempt is being made to force the government to send an army to his relief. Mr. Gladstone has declared over and over again that the government holds itself entirely responsible for Gordon's safety, but refuses to attempt to conquer the Soudan. As Mr. Gladstone says, the rebellion is really a fight for freedom, the country having been tyrannically treated by its Egyptian rulers. And General Gordon would be the last man to wish the country given over once more to the tyrants on the pretext of saving himself and the ten Egyptian garrisons still remaining in various parts of the Soudan. Three steamers, manned by British blue-jackets, have started up the Nile to get definite news of Gordon.

AMERICAN CONGRESS.

A proposal is before the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Congress to request the President to negotiate with the British Government for a new treaty, or rather a resurrection of the treaty abolished in 1866, by which the produce of British North America was admitted into the United States, and that of the States into British America, free of duty. It is not likely that anything will be done this year.

Mr. Robinson, of New York, has put his foot in it. In his insane hatred of "monarchy," he asked Congress to refuse permission to an officer of the navy to accept a decoration from the Emperor of Austria; it would, he said, "prostrate the American people in dirt and degradation." He also ridiculed the officer as a "dude." His colleagues then snubbed him by showing the record of this "dude," who has saved eleven lives at the risk of his own, and is now on his way to rescue his countrymen in the Arctic regions.

It is thought likely that a proposal will be made this session to abolish the customs duty on coal and lumber.

A proposed amendment to the Constitution, now before the Senate, would make the President and Vice-President elected for six years, and would not allow any man to be President twice.

The United States Senate Committee on Post-offices has reported in favor of a government system of telegraph lines. The public would thus be guarded against the high rates charged by private monopoly companies—rates that must be high in order to pay interest on the enormous sums bor-

rowed by those companies to buy up their rivals.

The *New York Herald* says that Sir Charles Tupper's recent visit to Washington was to see if the fishery clause of the Washington treaty could not be extended, and if negotiations could not be opened for a general reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. Sir Charles will probably consult the Imperial Government in London on the subject.

THE NEW YORK PANIC.

The financial troubles in New York are by no means finished yet. The Westside Bank stopped paying on Saturday afternoon. The cashier had lost \$10,000 by speculating, had then taken \$75,000 and fled. The President says the loss will not be more than \$96,000 and the bank will soon resume business. The Pennsylvania Bank stopped again on Monday, because the president, Mr. Riddle, was too ill to be present at the adjustment of the Bank's affairs. He had taken an overdose of chloroform or morphia, and will perhaps not recover. Mr. Riddle is himself the largest loser by the failure. The bank examiner says that the whole capital of the Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn—\$200,000,—has disappeared, and still there is a deficiency of \$40,000.

Ferdinand Ward, the partner of General Grant's son, has been arrested, and is imprisoned in the cell once occupied by "Boss" Tweed. He declares that his partners, the Grants, knew that the alleged profits of the business could not have been honestly made, and they should keep him company in gaol. James D. Fish, late President of the Marine Bank, was also arrested at midnight on Saturday, at Mystic Flats. An examination of the books shows that Fish misappropriated \$1,141,000 of the bank's funds between March 1 and May 6 of this year, advancing the money in various sums to Grant and Ward. Fish says that he is absolutely penniless: that he may have been a stupendous fool, but was not a robber. John C. Eno is likely to be arrested soon. The liabilities of Frederick D. Grant are \$2,215,000, with assets nominally valued at \$1,990,000; he owes \$220,000 to the Fourth National Bank.

Reid and Smith, cotton merchants, have assigned. Their capital was \$250,000. Smith was a director of the Marine Bank. George H. Levis, a missing broker, who owes nearly \$200,000, is believed to be in Philadelphia.

DYNAMITE IN ENGLAND.

All the steamers arriving on the English coast from France are now closely watched. On Monday, the detectives at Dover were looking out for two men who had gone on board with suspicious black bags at Calais. The men were not seen until the train for London was just starting, when they rushed into the station and tried to get on board. The detectives sprang at them and had a desperate struggle, all being dragged for some distance by the train; but at last the suspected men were secured and taken to the police station, where a quantity of dynamite was found in their baggage. When

they were brought up in a London police court, they said that they were French chemists, and were bringing over the explosives for an experiment in blasting near Glasgow. This was proved to be true, and some gentlemen at the French Embassy identified them as Eugene Turpin, a chemist of Victoria street, in Paris, and his assistant, Eugene Louir. Accordingly, the assistant was discharged, but the master was released on bail, as he had broken the law against carrying dynamite without permission.

THE BRITISH REFORM BILL.

The great work for which the present British Parliament was elected, and for which Mr. Gladstone's government was placed in power, progresses slowly but very surely. A proposal not to allow Ireland to share in its benefits was voted down by an immense majority in the House of Commons. The opposition also tried to defeat the Reform Bill, which gives votes to two million inhabitants of unincorporated districts, by a resolution that the House would not consider it till the Redistribution Bill was also produced. This was defeated by 276 to 182. The Redistribution Bill, which is sure to be introduced by the Government, will take away representatives from small and unimportant places and give them to great centres of population.

THE FIVE HUNDRETH anniversary of Wycliffe's death is now being celebrated in England. At a great meeting in Exeter Hall, London, Lord Shaftesbury presided. Canon Taylor lifted a warning voice against those who were trying to undo the work of the great English Church reformer and translator of the Bible, and to lead England back into the superstitions and idolatries of the middle ages. Another speaker said that Spurgeon, Moody, and "General" Booth, with the doctrines of Wycliffe, now had more power than all the priests in the Churches of England put together. An appeal is being made for \$50,000, to publish and circulate the great reformer's writings, and to erect a statue of him in London.

MANY PEOPLE in many cities have many times complained of having to listen to their neighbors strumming on pianos hour after hour and day after day. But where, except in Germany, would the people dream of getting the authorities to put down piano practising? The residents of Berlin—those of them who do not practise on pianos themselves—want piano playing to be prohibited except between 11 a.m. and noon, and between eight and eleven at night.

THERE IS A STRONG movement in France in favor of annexing the New Hebrides, so that the worst criminals could be transported and let loose there. The Australians, to avoid the presence of such a hot-bed of wickedness in their neighborhood, want to annex the New Hebrides themselves; and sixty-eight native chiefs of one of the islands have sent a petition to the Queen asking protection from France and annexation to the British colonies.

"THE BATTLEFIELD."

(From the Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Oh, there you are! Nigh at hand for once! Here, take this jug and money, and fetch me three-pen'orth of gin. If yer don't hurry, you'll catch it, mind!" and she gave him a smart slap on the shoulder to hasten his movements. But the pavement was slippery, and Greg, never very firm on his legs, went suddenly down, smashing the jug to atoms.

"Yer young varmint!" said the woman, almost beside herself with anger, dealing out blows on the shrinking form. "I'll teach yer to break my jugs, I will."

"What's the matter, Moll?" shouted a voice from the next door; "has the brat broken yer jug?"

"Yes, all to bits," said the angry woman, pausing a moment to detail her grievances, while Greg shrank away as fast as he could.

"Was yer going to have a drink? Never mind, come and get it there," said her neighbor, pointing with her thumb to the public-house at the corner. And the two slatternly women crossed the road to the place, where they grew more quarrelsome, more dirty, and more unwomanly.

Meanwhile Greg, sobbing with pain and trouble, dragged himself to his accustomed corner, where he was in some measure out of the rain, and sat down to bear his sorrows as best he might. Poor little lonely soul, only the same age when children in happier circumstances are cared for and loved and looked after in every possible way, he was left to bear heavy trials and sufferings all alone. By-and-by he saw May stepping across the court wrapped in an old shawl of her mother's, and carefully avoiding all the pools left in the broken pavement. She did not see him, and he felt too miserable to call her, and only watched her with wistful eyes. But the sigh of May awoke other thoughts, and his heart grew warmer as he remembered that Jesus loved him, and one day would take him to the happy land, to be with Jesus and mother; that would be nice, he thought, and he wished he might go just then out of that wretched court to join them. But when he looked up there were no stars! And he cried to think that even that land might be spoilt.

Presently May passed again, and hearing sobs, she came up to the child, asking kindly—"What's the matter, Greg?"

"The happy land's gone!" said the child, with tear-stained face.

"Oh no," she said cheerfully—"it never goes."

"But it has, see!" and he pointed upward.

May, with a child's quick instinct, caught his meaning as she looked up and saw the cloudy skies.

"It's all right, Greg, the happy land ain't gone; the rain never comes near it, mother says."

"But we can't see it," said Greg, only half comforted.

"No, but it's there all the same," returned May, confidently. "There, don't cry no more, it will be all right."

Greg was only half convinced,

ones; but he says they ain't no use. He can't move hisself a bit."

"He'll walk in the happy land."

"Yes, he said so; and he wants you to go and talk about it, will yer?"

"Well," said May, demurely. "I'll ask mother, 'cause, ye see, she's particular where I goes. But there, I mustn't stop, I've to fetch a ha'porth of milk. Don't cry any more, Greg."

The boy was getting stiff from sitting so long, so he got up and followed May out into the street. It was still raining fast, but he

had an old umbrella over her stall to keep her fruit dry, and she drew her large shawl round her as if she felt the cold; but her face was cheery and pleasant, and she had a lively word and bright smile for each of her customers. Presently, to his great surprise, Greg found that the apple-woman was beckoning to him.

CHAPTER III.

A KIND HEART.

"Come here, honey—how wet you be, to be sure! And what'll your name be?"

"Greg," said the child, gravely. "And that'll be a nice short name to remember. Well, Greg, my boy, creep under my shawl and have a bit o' my supper, and maybe ye'll get warmer."

Biddy, as the apple-woman was usually called, had kept a stall at that corner for years; she was now an elderly woman, and although very ignorant, was always kind and good-natured. She had never married, for, as she said in her quaint way, she had enough to do to look after herself, without looking after a husband too; for Biddy did not seem to understand that it is a husband's place to look after his wife; perhaps she had seen too many cases to the contrary. Anyway, she had a very warm spot in her heart for children; she dearly loved them, and the more loveless and forlorn they looked, the more her heart seemed to go out to them, so that she warmed to Greg at once. Though Biddy had kept her stall so long at the corner, she and Greg had never spoken before; for though he had seen and admired her stall from a distance, it was not often he ventured so far.

"Ahone! but how wet ye be, my darlint! an' what'll the tears be in your eyes for?" and she softly stroked Greg's head.

"You're very good," said Greg, gratefully; "are you going to the happy land too?"

"An' what land'll that be, I wonder? It'll be far enough away from here, no doubt."

But before Greg could say more, he heard his granny's voice close by and shrank closer under the friendly shelter of the ample shawl. Biddy seemed to understand why it was; and when the old woman stopped at the corner of the road and asked her sharply, "Ha' ye seen a lame brat about here?" she answered quickly, "An' never a brat have I seen, at all, at all."

"Yer uses yer eyes precious little, then," returned Granny, scoffingly.

"An' a good thing, too, in a world like this," returned Biddy



"I'LL TEACH YER TO BREAK MY JUGS, I WILL."

but after a moment's silence he said—"I've been to see an old man what can't walk, and he says I must go again, and you an' all."

"Me!" said May—"what for?"

"'Cause he's going to the happy land, and he wants to see you afore he goes."

"Where does he live?" asked May, wondering.

"Round the corner, there," said Greg, pointing with a dirty hand in the direction of the upper part of the court.

"Hasn't he got no legs?" asked May, remembering that he could not walk.

"Oh yes, he has legs—long

was nearly wet through, and a little more rain would not make him much worse. He saw May go into the milkshop, and got a bright smile and nod from her as he passed the door. Down to the corner he walked, where the old apple-woman kept her stall, summer and winter. Greg had never had any money to buy any of her bright fruit, but he had often looked at her stall from a distance, and wished he could have a halfpenny of his own to spend. To-day she had got a few small oranges as well as apples, and Greg placed himself on a doorstep not far off to watch her. She

trickly
eyes to
"Bac
cious
nowa
ing bac
I'll hav
back
when l
seen m
ly, who
of sigh
"An
Little
'brats'
"Greg
he dr
heart.
"Do
you, h
in a ki
keepin
'ter l
"Ye
sorrow
ragged
"Oh
you a
claime
as sh
mark
"An'
to ha
You c
when
I'll tal
"Gr
and a
him.
"H
'twill
held
It
had b
Isaac
but l
forted
child
May
ing, s
defen
wom
day
Bidd
He
her t
her t
then
to the
It
Greg
again
and l
happ
like
Isaac
her.
the c
time
at th
tied
look
gues
strik
He l
stun
angr
he g
May
rcw
one
ing,
war

quickly; "it's best to shut your eyes to the bad, sure."

"Bad! Yes, they're a precious bad lot are brats nowadays," said Granny, walking back in great wrath. "Now I'll have to tramp all the way back again. Greg'll catch it when I do find him!"

"Why did you say you hadn't seen me?" asked Greg, presently, when Granny was fairly out of sight.

"An' I didn't say so honey. Little childer shouldn't be called 'brats.'"

Greg did not question this, but he drew closer to the kindly heart.

"Does your Granny beat you, honey?" asked Biddy, in a kindly voice, meanwhile keeping a sharp look-out after likely customers.

"Yes," returned Greg, sorrowfully, turning up his ragged sleeve—"look there!"

"Oh, the cratur! to give you a blow like that!" exclaimed Biddy, indignantly, as she saw a long black mark on the little bony arm. "An' it's she doesn't deserve to have a child near her. You come to me, my darlint, whenever she beats ye, an' I'll take care o' ye."

Greg looked up gratefully, and ate the bread she offered him.

"Here, take a drink o' this, 'twill do ye good," and she held a jug of tea to his lips.

It was long since Greg had been so kindly treated. Isaac was kind, to be sure, but he had not fed and comforted the hungry, aching child like Biddy; and though May was always sympathizing, she could not help and defend him as the apple-woman did. No, from that day Greg always counted Biddy as his best friend. He remained hidden with her till she began to pack up her things for the night, and then he sorrowfully returned to the dreary court.

It was some time before Greg went to see old Isaac again; he longed to have another talk about the happy land, but he did not like to go without May, as

Isaac had especially asked for her. May had not been about the court for some days; the last time Greg caught sight of her at the window she had a bandage tied round her head, and she looked very sorrowful. Greg guessed that her father had been striking her in some drunken fit. He had often watched the man stumbling home, and heard his angry words and loud voice; and he grieved in a quiet way that May, too, should know the sorrows of a drunken home. But one day when the sun was shining, and Greg was enjoying its warmth, sheltered from the cold

winds in his usual nook, he saw May coming out. She looked sad, and there was a great black mark on her forehead; but she came straight up to the boy and said, gently—

"You're always in this corner, Greg."

"Yes, I've got to be here. Granny goes out every morning, and turns me out afore she goes, and locks the door so I've got to be here."

"Ain't you very cold?"

"Sometimes. It's nice and warm now in the sun."

"Shall we go and see that lame man?" asked May. "Mother

hearty "Come in!" Greg could not reach the latch, so May opened the door, and there sat Isaac alone busy at work.

"Come in, come in," he said, when he saw his visitors timidly standing at the door; "I can't move, and my wife is out. I thought you had forgotten me, you were so long coming again."

"No," said Greg, "but May couldn't come."

"Oh, this is May is it? I'm very glad to see her. Has she had a fall? What a bad knock you've got, my child!"

"No, it wasn't a fall—" said May, slowly, and she stopped.

Isaac slowly shook his head, watching the faces of the children before him, and thinking with grief of the sadness that sin had brought into their lives. Then rousing himself, he asked, "What did you read to-day?"

"Why, mother read such a beautiful bit! 'Twas all about singing and being glad—about the sea making a happy noise, and the leaves rustling in the wind, and the river rushing along—and all 'cause the Lord was King! 'Twasn't like this 'ere court at all. But mother said that if people would come to the dear Saviour, all the world might be like that—all bright, and happy, and good, and singing. And I know one verse said something about 'victory,' because mother said, 'Ah child, our court's called 'The Battlefield,' and it is just a part of the great battlefield; but, dear me, most of the battles are lost here because they don't know that the Lord has got the victory.' She said something like that," said May, in her old-fashioned way. "and I wish the victory was come, 'cause 'twould all be so nice then."

Isaac smiled. "It'll come, child, it'll come. Yes, there'll be a grand victory one day! Your mother was right, this is part of the great battlefield; she's got a hard fight, I expect, but you tell her she's sure to win, because she's on the right side she'll win, sure enough."

May smiled, pleased that Isaac thought her mother all right, but not understanding his meaning. Greg had sunk down on the floor in a crouching position; he never could bear to stand long, for his back gave him so much pain; but his bright eyes were wide open listening eagerly to the conversation.

"When'll the victory come?" he asked at last, with his head bent eagerly forward.

"I don't know, my boy. Every fresh one who comes to the Lord Jesus makes it a bit more likely, and every little victory gained over sin brings the great triumph nearer."

"But what have we to fight?" asked Greg. "Granny fights sometimes, must I fight her? I'm over little to do any good."

(To be continued.)

TO DO ONE THING poorly and slowly, for the sake of saving a little money, at the expense of another thing we have learned to do quickly and well, is a mark of parsimony rather than of real economy. The most precious things are time and opportunity for good.—*Sunday-School World.*



"GREG, MY BOY, CREEP UNDER MY SHAWL AND HAVE A BIT O' MY SUPPER."

says I can go now."

"Yes," said Greg, eagerly, rising with difficulty—"and hear about the happy land."

"I wish we could go there, Greg," said May wistfully.

"We're goin' some day ain't we?"

They walked up the court, turning round to Isaac's corner. When they got there Greg's courage failed him.

"You knock, May," he said.

"No; you've been before, it's you to go first," replied May, drawing back.

So Greg gave a timid knock, which was responded to with a

"I see, I see," said Isaac, pitifully—"poor lambs, you've a deal to bear. But the blessed Lord knows all about you, and He cares for you. Do you know about Him?"

"Yes," said May, a soft light coming into her eyes; "He is the dear Saviour who died for us, and is going to take us to the happy land one day."

"God bless you, child. Who told you about Him?"

"Mother told me; she talks about Him every day, and she reads about the happy land, and we sing sometimes when father's out," said May, innocently.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, MAY 31.

WAR NOTES.

THE LEEDS campaigners have adopted a uniform,—a bit of the noble blue ribbon on the breast.

SHEFFORD COUNTY, Province of Quebec, has fallen into line, and is beginning a grand fight to clear itself from the liquor curse.

IN PERTH, the arrangements for submitting the Scott Act are progressing, and it has been decided that each district will pay its share of a fund of \$1,500 or \$1,600 for the work's expenses.

THE SCOTT ACT campaigns in the city and county of Brantford and Brant are being carried on separately. The committees are going the right way to work by circulating plenty of good campaign literature in their districts. They recommend the Rev. Mr. McKay's pamphlet, the Dominion Alliance tracts, the *Canada Citizen*, and *War Notes*, a lively sheet issued by the *Witness* house at less than cost price.

ENTHUSIASM is steadily rising for the grand fight now beginning against drink and immorality. County after county in Ontario is falling into line. All timidity is fast vanishing: what soldier can be afraid when he has brave comrades on every side? Even in the Province of Quebec the infection of the patriotic war spirit is spreading, and once a good example is set there is no knowing what good result may follow. A correspondent writes very hopefully from Huntingdon, where a few meetings might show that the men of that county, and the women too, are quite ready to march with the conquering host.

MANITOBA IS AROUSED.—The greatest temperance meeting ever held in the province has just taken place at Winnipeg, and resolutions were unanimously passed in favor of having a vote on this Scott Act all over Manitoba at the same time. There is the greatest enthusiasm among the inhabitants who wish to keep themselves and their friends off the track that runs through the saloon door to ruin. In Lisgar and Marquette, where the Scott Act is already adopted but is being opposed in its enforcement, liquor dealers are going to be prosecuted under the provincial law for selling without a license. Of course, they cannot get licenses where the Scott Act is law, and it is to be hoped the people of Lisgar and Marquette will find some means of protecting themselves from that public nuisance the rum seller.

THE SPECIAL PLEADERS who are trying to convince Ontario that the liquor traffic is a blessing and not a curse find that their glib tongues have undertaken a hard task. Mr. King Dodds is of course the generalissimo of the army of defence—the army, that is, which has done its best to enslave the country and is now trying to prevent an end being put to its usurpation. The weapons of Mr. Dodds and his imitators are very old, and sadly blunted by the hard invincible facts with which they have come in contact. Still, the armory of the liquor dealers is very limited, and the old worn-out lies and scarecrows have to be dragged out once more for want of better. For instance, that undying fiction about the inefficiency of the Prohibitory Law in Maine has made its appearance from Mr. Dodds' mouth at Cornwall, Ontario. But there happen to be a number of natives of that

State now working in Cornwall, and they are coming forward denying the slanderous statements of Mr. Dodds about their country and their countrymen. We give on another page of this number an interesting description of the sneaking, hole-and-corner business into which the Maine liquor trade has shrivelled under the reign of Prohibition.

THE WEEK.

THREE MEMBERS of the Canadian Cabinet left for England by the same steamer last week: Mr. D. L. Macpherson, Sir Leonard Tilley, and Sir Charles Tupper.

A SEVERE EARTHQUAKE in the Peninsula of Izzicus, Asia Minor, on May 21st, destroyed several villages, killing twenty human beings.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY, who have been conducting wonderfully successful missions in Great Britain, will set sail, on their return to America, on July 5th.

THE KING OF SPAIN is suffering from a wasting away of the arteries, which makes those blood vessels liable to rupture.

IT HAS BEEN PROPOSED to have veterinary surgeons placed on steamers that carry cattle to England.

THERE HAS BEEN A terrible cyclone at Akyah, in British Burmah, destroying a lighthouse, driving several ships ashore, and wrecking the whole town.

THE CHIEF LICENSE INSPECTOR of Halifax, N.S., Mr. John Naylor, must have been doing the duty for which he was appointed, for he has just received a threatening letter consigning him to perdition.

THE NATIONAL MILLER'S ASSOCIATION'S report, just issued, says that the prospects of this year's grain crops are very good in nearly all the States.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada has been inspecting the Cadets in the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario, and was much pleased with their drill.

THE DEATH OF CETEWAYO has left his Zulu Kingdom in a very disturbed state, and it is said that British troops are to be sent there once more. Mr. Osborn, the British Resident in Zululand, has been prevented from collecting the taxes in Inkandhla by a number of women armed with sticks, and has had to beat a hasty retreat. He has since been attacked in his own house by twenty of King Cetewayo's late wives, and but for timely assistance would have been in some danger. He escaped on a horse which fortunately was standing near. The Zulus in Inkandhla now refuse to pay any taxes.

THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN Church, at its Synod in Pittsburg, has formally condemned the liquor traffic, excommunicating all who engage in it or who lease their property to tavern keepers.

TWO LIQUOR SELLERS at Halifax, N. S., have just been fined \$25 each for selling without a license under last year's Act of the Dominion Parliament—the Act that some people are saying is not to be enforced.

THE KING OF THE MAORIS, the brave natives of New Zealand, is about to visit England to ask the Imperial Government to stop the wrongs inflicted on him by the white colonists. His Majesty is not a very reputable character, being rather too fond of liquor, but it is said that the treatment of his people by the settlers has really been very bad.

MICHAEL DAVITT was going off on a two years' lecturing tour round the world. The Irish National League, however, has passed resolutions wanting him to stay at home, as their work cannot get on without him. We shall see.

CHINA has not only patched up her quarrel with France, but has conferred on the Admiral of the French navy the "Order of the Double Dragon" and the title of Mandarin.

THE ENGLISH custom of allowing a man to make laws for the nation because his father did so before him sometimes has disgraceful results. A young man whose grandfather rose to be Lord Chancellor inherited his ancestor's title of Lord St Leonards and his ancestor's seat in the House of Lords. He has been living a fast life, and has at last been convicted of a serious assault on a woman. And yet this young rascal's vote against any good measure brought up in Parliament has as much power as the vote of any statesman who has spent all his life in benefiting his country. Another lord, the heir of the Marquis of Allesbury, has just distinguished himself by marrying an actress.

COMMERCIAL MEN in Germany are very indignant at a proposal to increase the taxes on financial operations. It is likely that Prince Bismarck will have to find some other screw by which to squeeze money from the Germans to pay for the huge military system of the Empire.

IT SEEMS as unlikely as ever that France would welcome another Napoleon, so the reported quarrel between Prince Victor Napoleon and his father Prince Jerome, as to which should be Bonaparte's successor, only excites amusement and pity. It is denied by some that there is any quarrel at all.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, who won such a black reputation for himself when Marquis of Blandford, is trying to raise more money by selling the pictures obtained by his ancestors. He has offered to sell eleven of the most valuable historical specimens to the British Government, for the National Gallery, for \$1,837,500.

THE SRUPTSCHINA, or Parliament, of Servia,—the youngest Kingdom in Europe,—has just been opened by King Milan, who promises freedom of the press and of public meetings. There was a rebellion in this little kingdom recently.

A CATTLE MAN of St. Louis says that probably half a million head will be sent from Texas this year, being more than in any season for ten years past.

THERE IS A GREAT and increasing excitement among the slaves of Brazil; they are determined to have freedom, and they will not now be prevented from obtaining it. The slavery question is also a very pressing one in Cuba; the abolitionists in that island, and their sympathizers in Spain, say that the blacks are not being emancipated as fast as they should be. And a petition is being sent to the Spanish government to stop the flogging of negroes.

FLOODS are causing great damage in the south-east of Spain. Crops are destroyed, families driven from their homes, and communication between towns cut off.

SOME SCOUNDRELS loosened a railway track in Russia the other day, and wrecked a Moscow express train. One person was killed and seven injured. This was probably the work of Nihilists, for the Grand Duke Sergius was travelling on the same line, and reached the spot soon after the accident.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT has invited the British artillery volunteers to Quebec, to compete in the contests next September. If the National Artillery Society can raise \$5,000, they mean to send out a team for this purpose.

THERE IS ALWAYS more of 's trouble in the South American republics, and now a civil war is likely in Venezuela.

THE TEACHERS of London, Ontario, have decided in favor of having temperance taught in the schools.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL of Canada, and Lady Lansdowne, are in Quebec just now, living at the Citadel.

THE LACROSSE PLAYERS have begun their summer's work in earnest. The American team are having a very successful time over in England; they were thoroughly beaten by the North of England club at Manchester, however. No match for the championship of Canada has yet been played.

THERE IS NO END to the string of false prophets trying to deceive their foolish fellow-creatures just now. The latest is a negro, who is announcing himself to the people of Georgia, as the Messiah.

MR. DANIEL LOGAN, with whose writings the readers of the *Weekly Messenger* have been familiar since its foundation, has left Canada to take a position on the Honolulu *Daily Bulletin*, Sandwich Islands.

A GREAT TEMPERANCE CONVENTION, for the whole State of Minnesota, is to be held at Minneapolis on the 18th and 19th of June, under the auspices of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC Church authorities at Oka, following up their plan of treating the Indians as the Irish and Highland landlords treat the crofters, are beginning to serve notices of eviction. As the Indians claim the land as their own on which the tribe has lived for many generations, they do not intend to move out without contesting the matter in the Courts.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY Italians complain of a very cruel fraud on the part of a man named Leonard. This man found the Italians in Toronto, engaged them to work on some great contract at Cornwall, Ont., and sold them tickets to that place at a dollar a head more than the tickets really cost. On arriving at Cornwall the unfortunate men found that nothing was known of Leonard or his contracts. The townspeople charitably supplied the wants of the men, who are now seeking work in Montreal.

THE ENGLISH MISSIONARY, Mr. Shaw, who has received \$5,000 from the French Government as damages for his unjust imprisonment on a French war-ship at Madagascar, is claiming an additional sum as compensation for his harsh treatment by the Admiral, and for the destruction of his property by the bombardment.

TWELVE IRISHMEN have been sent for trial at the next Sligo assizes, on a charge of conspiracy to murder. One of the witnesses, Delaney, who had been an "Invincible," swore that Tynan, who is supposed to be the "Number One" who organized the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, was present in the Phoenix Park when that tragedy took place. Delaney also swore that he was one of the men sent by their murderous leaders to shoot Detective Sheridan.

THE PEACH CROP in Niagara district, the orchard of Canada, is expected not to be a success this year. Grapes may be a fair crop, and there is a good prospect for apples, pears, plums, cherries and strawberries.

Twenty persons were injured in a collision at Brighton, N. Y., between the St. Louis express and a freight train. It is said that the accident was caused by the flagman at a crossing being off duty. Prince Yamasiki, of Japan, and eleven of his followers, were bruised.

The famous scientists who intend to be present at the British Association's meeting in Montreal next fall will probably be not far short of one thousand. As they will take the opportunity to visit their friends in various parts of the continent, America is likely to experience such a thorough sprinkling of knowledge and wisdom as she never felt before.

The bill to construct a great canal, to reach Manchester, England, from the sea, has been agreed to by a select committee of the House of Lords, but the work is not to be begun till \$25,000,000 is subscribed for it.

Now that the French have settled their Chinese quarrel, they are sending more troops to Madagascar. The brave Hovas are still determined to keep the independence of their island kingdom, and the French as-sailants are determined to have themselves acknowledged as "protectors." It seems likely that a war will be the result, and the people of Madagascar, who were in a fair way to become really Christianized, will have all their savage instincts aroused against the religion of nations whose Christianity consists of unjust bombardments and invasions.

One person has died in England, and three are dangerously ill, from eating canned meat from Chicago.

The bishop of Algoma has returned to Canada from England, where he has been very successful in raising funds for his missionary diocese.

The income of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways from traffic continues to decrease.

Queen Victoria's birthday was kept as a holiday in nearly all parts of the British dominions last Saturday, though on account of the Duke of Albany's death, the official celebrations will not come off till the 28th of June.

Mr. Alexander Buntin, one of the directors of the Exchange Bank, which failed so disgracefully in Montreal last year, is being sued by the liquidators. They say that after the bank stopped paying its ordinary depositors Mr. Buntin was allowed to draw out \$10,000.

Here is a good example.—The Band of Hope connected with the Episcopal Cathedral in Montreal has now 1,600 members; 364 have joined in twelve months.

The Erie Preserving Company's box factory on Long Island was burned on the 24th; loss, \$200,000.

Several large tanks of oil at Cleveland and Philadelphia were struck by lightning and consumed, on the 23rd.

The new Dominion of Canada license law is not a dead letter, after all. A New Brunswick liquor dealer has just been fined \$20 under it, for selling in illegal hours.

The Southern Presbyterian Church refuses to unite with the Northern, not for political reasons, but because it thinks they can do more work separately.

There was a fire in the *Mail* building, at Toronto, on the 24th of May, when \$15,000 worth of damage was done.

The Presbyterian General Assembly, at Saratoga, N. Y., has passed strong resolutions urging the churches to take up the temperance question.

In a carrier pigeon race from Bordentown, New Jersey, to Havre de Grace, Maryland, one bird flew 184 miles in 268 minutes, or 1205 yards a minute.

London, which always has more or less small-pox lurking in its corners, is frightened to see this terrible disease spreading. However, the health of the great city is better looked after now than formerly, and no great plague is likely.

"Left Handed" Marriages.—A London paper says that it is a mistake to suppose that a "morganatic" or "left-handed" marriage, such as that just entered into by the Queen's son-in-law, Grand Duke Louis of Hesse, is simply a loose kind of agreement. In Germany society is divided into castes. If a man of one caste marries a woman of an inferior one, the marriage, which is perfectly valid, is termed morganatic. This means that his wife and the wife's children do not rise to the caste of the man. So, again, if the wife is of a superior caste to the husband, the marriage is morganatic. For instance, the marriage of the Duke of Hamilton with a Princess of Baden was morganatic; and the marriage of Princess Louise with Lord Lorne would, if either had been German, have been a morganatic one. Both Prince Teck and Prince Louis of Battenberg are the issue of morganatic marriages.

The movement in favor of burning dead bodies, instead of burying them, is spreading, and a "crematory" is to be built in Philadelphia. The crematory at Lemoyno, Pa., has more work than it can do.

The trustees of the Brooklyn Bridge were sued for damages in consequence of the frightful panic which took place on Decoration Day. The General Term has declared that the trustees are not liable, but the actions for damages will be taken to appeal.

A team of Australian cricketers are making a tour of England. They are splendid players, and have taught their English cousins some severe lessons in the game before now, but they have just been badly beaten by the famous Marylebone club.

Most people now think of Germany as one country, ruled by a central government with a rather despotic pair of old gentlemen—Bismarck and Emperor William—at its head. Only fourteen years ago, however, Germany was simply a collection of little and big states, ruled by kings, princes, dukes, and men with other titles. As a fact, Germany is still far from being one country, like France or Russia, and the highest court in the empire has just declared that Emperor William is not the sovereign of Alsace and Lorraine, but only rules those conquered provinces as president of the German Confederation.

Edward Hanlan, the great Canadian oarsman, has been enthusiastically welcomed by the Australians. In a boat-race there with Laycock, the Canadian won as usual.

English Meat-Eaters.—and we all know what devoted meat-eaters the English are—should be having a good time just now. Animal food is very cheap; and no wonder, when 3,363 head of cattle and 19,190 sheep were offered for sale in the London markets on one day.

The American End of a new telegraph cable across the Atlantic has been landed, amid great rejoicings, at Rockport, Massachusetts.

The Madison Avenue Congregational Church, of New York, is mortgaged for \$80,000, and the holders of the mortgage are going to take possession.

Two chiefs of the rebellion in Cuba, named Figudo and Gomez, have been executed.

An old Indian of the Caughnawaga Reserve, on the St. Lawrence, left his son-in-law's house the other day, saying that he was "going home." He packed up his blankets and other belongings and set out in a canoe. He was not heard of again, and he must have gone down the Lachine Rapids.

A party of nuns from Europe have arrived in America and are going West to help in Roman Catholic church work among the Indians.

The French artists are so disgusted at the United States Congress, for preserving the duty on works of art, that they want American pictures refused admission to the great annual exhibition in the "Salon."

A rich banker and money changer of Paris has been fined \$1,500 for passing forged bank notes. If he had been a beggar, he would have certainly gone to gaol. One law for the rich, another for the poor,—and the same system prevails even in our own free countries.

The "Syria," a British ship, has been wrecked among the Fiji Islands, and seventy passengers are reported to have been drowned. No particulars have yet been received.

The Canadian Government has been asked to abolish the tolls on its canals, so that more produce shall come east by the Canadian route instead of going by the free canal system of the United States. The Government has not made any promises, but is going to reduce the tolls by one half, for a year, as an experiment.

The persecution of the Jews in Limerick, Ireland, is so bitter that they are leaving for the larger city of Cork, where their countrymen welcome them. Not only were the Irish in Limerick boycotting the Jews, but landlords were afraid to lease houses to Jews for fear of being boycotted themselves.

The crew of the "Nisero," wrecked on the coast of Achene, are still kept by the native ruler until a ransom is paid for them. The British Government has offered to mediate between the brigand-king and the Government of Holland, to which country the captive sailors belong.

A heap of stones and fence rails was placed on the Ontario and Quebec Railway by some ruffian or madman, and was run into by a construction train carrying a hundred men. Happily no one was hurt.

It was reported that a French invasion of Morocco was in preparation, but this is denied. A French paper says that Spain and the Sultan of Morocco know the reports to be without foundation.

The Baptist Missionary Union, at the Detroit meeting, recommends a scheme to raise \$400,000 for foreign missions in the next twelve months.

A WELSH AMAZON.

Thomas Pennant, in his "Tours in Wales," speaks of a Welsh Amazon named Margaret Evan, who lives at Pentlyn. She is at this time above ninety years of age. She was the greatest hunter, shooter and fisher of her time. She kept at least a dozen dogs, killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed stoutly and was queen of the lake; fiddled excellently and knew all our old music; did not neglect the mechanical arts, for she was a very good joiner, and at the age of 70 was the best wrestler in the country, and few young men dared to try a fall with her. Margaret was also blacksmith, shoemaker, boat builder and maker of harps. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and built her own boats while contract to convey copper up and down the lakes. All the neighboring baris celebrated her exploits. She had many admirers, but gave her hand to the most effeminate of them.

LAUGHING GAS.

MAKING A SNOW CAKE.

A few months ago when the snow was lying on the ground, an old lady living at Edeer visited a friend in the same village. At ten times the visitor was treated, among other good things, to a snow cake. "Ma bhinny," she exclaimed, addressing her hostess, "this is too fine too. What is it?" "Snow cake," was the reply. "Re-e-ly, noo," ejaculated the old lady. "Vey," she added, "it's that fine as man mek some for my-el when sa get byem." About a week after she again visited her friend, and while tea was being prepared, she remarked, "That reminds me what as was gannen to tell thoo. When I gat byem after aa left her the last time as was up as set to work to mek some snow keyk; but it wasn't up to much, for all as gat the verry best Hungarian flour an' the cleanest snow keyk; our noo-e, the stuff was as soft as leather!" As soft as leather, bhinny!"—*English Exchange.*

HEREDITARY TALENT.

Here is a story which actually occurred, says the *Whitehall Review*, and which only wants an illustration from M. de Maurer to be a perfect example of "things one would rather not have said." A gentleman, rather nervous and well-meaning, is introduced to the married daughter of a well known—perhaps too well known—statesman. The lady, desirous of setting her companion at his ease, brings forward her little boy. "Isn't he wonderfully like his dear grandfather?" Do you know, I think he will show in time something of his grandfather's ability." The gentleman, anxious to be agreeable, and thinking he is saying a pleasant and at the same time rather erudite thing: "Ah! yes, it is very curious how in some families hereditary talent passes one generation and reappears in the next." Then the well-intentioned speaker discovered, from the expression on the lady's face, that he had not been very successful in his observation.

A SERIOUS OBJECTION.

"I am opposed to convicts working in public," said a well known citizen of Arkansas. "Why?" asked a bystander. "Because it has proved to be humiliating to some of our best people. No man likes to put on striped clothes and be marched around town, and some of our prominent citizens, proud as aristocrats, declare that if the state is going to allow the penitentiary to be run thus, they will either be forced to retire from business or leave the country."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

WHY THEY GOT NO FISH.

"How are they feeding you down at your boarding house now?" asked Yeast of young Crimso-beak, meeting in the barber's shop the other morning. "As poor as ever," was the reply. "You get plenty of fish just now, I presume?" Yeast ventured to continue. "Fish?" exclaimed the boarder with some surprise: "Oh, no; we don't get any fish. You see the shrewd old boarding house mistress knows well enough that fish makes brains, and she's afraid if we got any brains she might lose all her boarders!"

A TRIFLE PREMATURE.

It is soberly related that a youthful married couple at Buckingham, whose apartments have recently been glorified by the addition of a facsimile of the beautiful little mother, decided to have the christening service in the hotel. A venerable Methodist minister was called to officiate. He took the babe in his arms very affectionately and addressed in a paternal fashion a few words of advice to the young parents. "See that you train up this child in the way that he should go; that you surround him with the best influences and that you give him a good example. If you do so, who knows but what he may become a John Wesley or a George Whitfield? What is his name?" "Nellie, sir," replied the mother.

SIMPLE ADDITION.

When Carol Morgan received one day a letter from her old teacher, Miss Cameron, proposing to pay her a visit on her way to Baltimore, she danced up and down for joy. It was no wonder to anybody who knew Miss Cameron that Carol should love her thus dearly; and now they had not met for a whole year and a half. So the guest-room was put in daintiest order; Mrs. Morgan saw that fresh muslins were hung in the windows and her own Shaker rocking-chair brought in, and Carol emptied her little purse at the florist's to buy Miss Cameron's favorite *Marechal Neil* roses, that were to greet her when she entered the room from the slender vase on the toilet-table, and the pot of blooming heliotrope, that, standing on the window-ledge, would make the whole air full of luxury.

It was pleasant to meet her friend at the train and escort her proudly home; pleasant to share her with the family and see how they all appreciated her, from father down to his baby Majesty, who hadn't any name yet. But when the household was asleep, to sit talking alone with Miss Cameron, the door of the guest room being shut, and to keep on in all the delightful recklessness of not caring what time it might be—Carol had few enjoyments all her life long in which she had revelled more. Even in eighteen months a good deal had happened. Carol could astonish Miss Cameron with unexpected tidings of some who had been her scholars. Miss Cameron had news of others that Carol had lost track of. Many a merry reminiscence made them laugh, and when Carol's tears dropped fast on the last letter which Helena Everett, who died abroad, had written to Miss Cameron, the familiar touch of her teacher's arm around her made her cry again for the comfort of it. Then Miss Cameron had been out to Colorado the previous spring; and Carol's uncle had taken her to the White Mountains. But when they began on the books they had read, Miss Cameron, in spite of her interest, caught herself in an unmistakable yawn, and Carol sprang up, saying, penitently, "I haven't been thinking at all how tired you must be. I won't stay another minute."

Miss Cameron still detained her as she returned the good-night hug and kiss. Those loving brown eyes of hers looked deep down into Carol's eager, pink face. "You look well, darling, well and happy," she said, carelessly; "all's well with you, then, isn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Carol, slowly; but she sighed and grew a little pale. A sort of worried look came over her face.

"I haven't the least thing to complain of," she went on, frankly. "I haven't any elegant miseries. Don't you remember Clementine Smythe, and how Charlie Breck used to mock her drooping and sighing, and say that she kept elegant miseries just as her aunt kept poodle dogs? I have good times, and everybody is kind to me, and I can do just as all the girls do; but—after all, dear Miss Cameron, I'm dreadfully afraid I don't amount to much, and that's my trouble."

"Haven't you enough to busy yourself about, then?" asked Miss Cameron.

"Oh, it isn't that my time hangs heavy!" replied Carol. "In the house there is always plenty of work—you may trust his Majesty for that—and we've only one servant you know. Then, outside, there are so many of us girls that, between German classes, clubs, mission circles, little parties, fairs, and so on, something is continually hurrying me. But I don't feel satisfied lately. I enjoy it all, and still, as I said before, I know I don't amount to much. I have a guilty feeling that somebody ought to come along take Carol Morgan up and shake her, and then harness her into some missionary work that's really worth while."

"Maybe I'm the one," returned Miss Cameron, gravely; "so go and sleep peacefully, my child, for if I am I shall surely do it."

The loving brown eyes, without seeming in the least to spy upon Carol, after this watched her attentively. They lost no look or motion of Carol's, for Miss Cameron was making a study of the thing.

Carol was not a remarkable girl. She was a frank, warm-hearted, wholesome one, who told the truth, liked to share in whatever was going on, mourned honestly that her hair wouldn't curl, and wanted to be a credit to her Lord and Saviour, because she

saw plainly that He had a right to expect it of her.

She was always downstairs promptly in the morning. "For I wake early," she explained, and my sister is not nearly as strong as I am." So she naturally attended to the dusting of the sitting-room, brushing up the hearth and setting the breakfast-table—garnished, also, whenever a leaf or flower could be had, with its morning bouquet. She liked to be active. It was no trial to her to run up stairs for something her mother had forgotten, or go down town on an errand for Sue, or carry her father's mail to the post-office. And she took such interest in everything interesting to the rest that her older sister Sue sometimes complained bitterly. "Positively Carol wastes her time abominably," she would say; "she'll stand listening to Dick's description of his ball-match by the half-hour together. As if it were of any account about his ball match, you know! And when peddlers, or book-agents, or beggars come to the door, I dread to have Carol the one to attend to them. She will listen, she will get interested, and throw away time on them as much as on people of some consequence."

If his Majesty fretted, it was the most natural thing in the world that Carol should throw by her Kensington stick and rattle off Mother Goose rhymes to amuse him; "yard after yard," as Dick declared disdainfully. "For my part, I never could see," added Sue, "how any sane creature could either learn or remember Mother Goose." But his Majesty adored Mother Goose, all the same.

Sue was a fine musician, on the scientific plan, but she never would play unless she was in good practice, and she never would sing unless the piano and her throat were in perfect tune. She shivered over incorrigible Carol, who would oblige anybody at any time, be it her father who wanted the old hymn tunes on Sunday nights, or Dick asking the accompaniment to an air from "Patience." "Because I'm the kind that practice makes no difference with; and, as to my voice, I have so little that it's at anybody's service," she apologized.

Miss Cameron heard of her, therefore, as playing for the dances, slipping into the organist's vacant seat in emergencies, or serving as a modest accompanist when more distinguished ones failed.

"The handsiest little person to have round," nodded one observant lady across to Miss Cameron, upon such an occasion.

The brilliant girls of Carol's set were officers in the different societies to which she belonged, and often showed real executive talent as leaders. Carol never set up a way of her own. She only fell in with the way of somebody else, and sometimes meekly confessed, "I don't amount to anything particular here, either."

"But really, you've no idea, Miss Cameron," remarked the anxious president of the Cooking Club, "how valuable the comfortable member of a club is—that one, like Carol, who don't set up views of her own, nor aspire to criticism, but is always good-natured and willing to approve, to fall in and to help out."

Nobody was afraid to ask Carol for any aid or favor. She carried burdens to and fro, or undertook errands continually that, though homely, or trivial in themselves, made her step quick with desire to accomplish, her face bright with hope to help as she went.

"Do you know my girl-friend, Carol Morgan?" asked Miss Cameron of an invalid lady on whom she was calling.

"No; but you don't know what real good she does me," replied the invalid; "I see her pass every day, and she looks so happy, strong, and bright that, bless her! many a languid hour has lost its gloom at the sight of her. I've often wondered if she knows how much good she can do by just carrying that cheerful, healthy face through the world."

"I will ask her," responded Miss Cameron, softly.

On Saturday night she sat alone with Carol again. It was in Carol's own room, and the girl was counting up the Sunday-school money, of which she was treasurer. At last the long, slim column of her sum in simple addition was completed, and she folded her hands behind her head rather weary for a moment before she went on to add it up.

"Well, so it goes, Miss Cameron," she

said, thoughtfully. "My life is all about like this that you see—a little music, a little Kensington, some dusting, some mending, some attendance on his Majesty, calling and receiving calls, going to lectures, concerts, clubs, or parties, and doing as everybody does. But isn't it true that, after all, I don't amount to anything? I don't have time to amount to any one thing. I'm not fit to be a city missionary. It don't seem to be the thing for me to give all my goods to feed the poor, either. And yet I did want, I did mean to amount to something, for—for—"

"I know it; for Christ's sake," said Miss Cameron, tenderly, taking up the sentence where Carol's voice faltered. She drew Carol's head down into her lap, and stroking the rather rough hair that would not curl, continued:—

"My dear little true heart, I've watched you carefully, and now, you may take my word for it, you have no need to blame yourself. You say that you don't amount to anything. Very well. It is only because you are not added up yet. Here on this sheet of paper is your long row of figures, waiting to be put together. None of the numbers separately is large, but there are so many that you can see the sum of them combined will be no inconsiderable one. Now, by doing the duties nearest you, taking them just as they come, in this patient, cheerful way of yours, Carol, you are setting down the figures that will make a noble total when your life is added up in the end. That time is not come yet. You can trust Him to do it accurately, and at the right hour, who never makes any mistakes. To carry a blithe face, to lend a ready hand, to have an attentive ear, a quick sympathy, to be faithful to all the minor claims of life, these seem to you discouragingly small things in one who wants to live as Christ lived. But do you only go on in painstaking with these 'parts of His ways,' as fast as He gives them to you, and wait till He shows you some day what you amount to. Remember you are only in process now, like your sum here; you are not finished; so be fair to yourself, as St. Paul was fair. 'Ye, I judge not mine own self,' he says. Wait till the full time comes, and you are 'complete in Him'—the tiny ministries, the humble efforts all counted in with His great and sufficient merit."

"Oh! how beautiful you make it!" cried Carol, with an irrepressible sob of relief. "I knew I preferred to be Christ's, but I was growing terribly frightened lest I might be mistaken; because I couldn't see that I was helping anybody, and He helped people all the time. I wanted to be doing work to help and comfort, too."

"My child, it is by what the heliotrope is, not by anything it moves from its place on the window-sill to do, that my whole chamber is penetrated with perfume. It is what you are that will make you valuable and useful; for, as has been truly said, 'No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.'"

—*Christian Union.*

SHADE TREES.

Nothing "sets off" a farm and throws over it and all its surroundings an air of general comfort, thrift and prosperity so much as a number of shade trees judiciously arranged around the dwellings, in the fields and along the road fences. They betoken good taste and a love for something more attractive and beautiful than open fields and stock and barns. The ideal country home is always "embowered in cool foliage," where the birds sing and the shadows play upon the grass in the hot summer days. Here too the farmer and his men recline at noon for rest and refreshment. It is a pity that such a picture must be so often spoiled by contrast with the reality. Something very near the ideal does exist, but such homes are not found as often as they should be. The reality very often is an unpainted farm-house standing close by the dusty roadside, its small windows and weather-beaten sides open to the sun on every side, blistering under the heat, from the cellar walls to the mossy shingles on the roof. The rooms are filled with dry, stifling air, a place repellent to the tired laborer from the field, and cheerless and comfortless to those who are obliged to remain within the walls through the whole day.

How easy to change all this in a few

years by planting around the house the maple and the locust. Even a poor, unpainted building may be given a cheerful, cosy, homelike appearance in a setting of fine shade trees.

The "wide-spreading tree" is not only a thing of beauty but a thing of usefulness. In fact, there is more to be said of it on the side of its utility than of its ornamental value. That collectively they bear an important relation to the rainfall of a country has been pretty well settled by recent discussion. That they have a marked and beneficial influence upon the general healthfulness of a community is also beyond question. There may be too much shade close to a dwelling, but there is seldom any excess in this direction.

In setting out trees around a farm the comfort and thrift of live stock should be a matter for consideration. In pastures trees can be set out in groups, especially where the fields are to remain permanently in grass. Some should be placed around springs and along water courses, and others on the higher points where the stock may lie in the shade. It is nothing less than neglect and cruelty, though it may be unintentional, to put any kind of stock in an enclosed field where there is no refuge afforded from the burning heat of summer. Pasture land might almost as well be devoid of water as of shade. And the latter cannot be left to chance any more than the former. Every farmer who has as many fine trees as he needs even if he is not able to have fine buildings and blooded stock.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is a glass
Of liquor, alas;
It causes many a fall.
My second a room
Where we stow the old loom,—
Not parlor, chamber, nor hall.
My whole is a word
You often have heard,
Containing eight letters in all.

DIAMOND.

1. A letter.
2. To increase.
3. A girl's name.
4. White negroes.
5. A musical term.
6. A dozen.
7. Written pledges.
8. A luminary.
9. A letter.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

*	0	0	0	*
*	0	*	0	*
0	*	0	0	0
0	*	0	*	0
*	0	0	*	*

Words across: 1. A blockhead; 2, comical; 3, made happy; 4, a body of water; 5, coarse yarn.

Diagonals from right to left: a fancy; from left to right, chafe.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in scene, but not in view;
My next is in ship, but not in crew;
My third is in shore, but not in strand;
My fourth is in mild, but not in bland;
My fifth is in coin, but not in gold;
My sixth is in vixen, not in sold;
My whole was a puzzler in days of old.

DECAPITATION.

In the beginning I think you will find
I was named first of all living kind.
In the depths of old ocean I dwell.
Behold me, I'm hearty and well.
Behold again you will confess.
A drink remains that's used to excess.

RIDDLE.

In marble halls as soft as milk,
Within a curtain soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple does appear.
No doors there are in this stronghold.
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.—John Greenleaf Whittier. (Jewel, orb, bare, fate, tint, hog, mine, Behooved words.—1. Land-grave; 2. Land-lady, 3. Land-lord; 4. Land-mark; 5. Land-pike; 6. Land-side; 7. revolution—evolution—votation. WORD PUZZLE.—1. Salem, 2. Camels, 3. Luce, 4. Beam, 5. Clam, 6. Car, 7. Elm, 8. Mace, 9. Mewl, 10. Arms, 11. Lame, 12. Cream, 13. Ale, 14. Ream, 15. Scale, 16. Race, 17. Ears, 18. Arc, 19. Males, 20. Real, 21. The candles, are Caramels.

A PEEP INTO PROHIBITION'S STRONGHOLD.

We Englishmen have heard much about the working of the Maine Law in the State of Maine, and being just now in its most notable city, Portland, we have made it a point first of all to visit the father of the Maine Law, General Neal Dow, and then to see with our own eyes the results of the Prohibitory Law.

We were most kindly welcomed by the General, whose apparent physical condition was a pleasant surprise to us. We had expected that after his years of labor to secure the Maine Law, and his subsequent thirty years of successful effort for its maintenance, he would now be exhibiting symptoms of weakness and decay. Such, however, was not the case. His hair was silvery white, but not scant; his form was considerably stouter than when he was last in England, while his face had lost none of its kindly firmness, but had rather gained in dignity and repose.

Referring to the subject of Prohibition, the General remarked on the moral, as well as the legal, effect of such legislation. He pointed out the fact that a prohibitory law branded the drink itself as an evil thing, and even made moderate drinking disreputable. Yet the law which prohibited the general public sale of intoxicants in Maine is only a law of the State, and its scope is limited by the general law of the United States. Thus under the present law of the United States Maine cannot close its ports against intoxicants which other States and countries (under United States regulations or treaties) have a right to export to any port of the United States. Under these exceptions there can also be importers in Maine, who can lawfully sell their imports to others, but only in the original and unbroken packages in which they are imported, and there the sale must end, for the buyer cannot sell again either in bulk or retail. The fact, however, that but a small proportion of the inhabitants thus obtain imported packages seems to be indicated by the fact that a current Portland daily paper, which writes against the prohibitory law, has in its pages only one drink advertisement, and that from a firm in another State.

Neal Dow, in illustration of his contention that legal prohibition conduces to a general voluntary abstinence from intoxicants, referred to the visit of General Grant to the capital of the State—Augusta—when the city authorities entertained him at a grand banquet. "Now," said General Dow, "there was not a drop of anything intoxicating at that banquet. It was not got up by professed temperance men, and no resolution was arrived at to dispense with intoxicants—the liquor was simply never thought of. The prohibitionists had so advanced the temperance sentiment in the State that strong drink was not counted in as an element of hospitality or festivity. By legally outlawing the common sale of drink we lead society to socially outlaw it. It was the same at the grand banquet associated with Mr. Blaine, the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. In the State, too, the proprietors, editors, &c., of the newspaper press constitute a Maine Press Association which, though not based upon abstinence, has illustrated our teachings very effectively."

Here we called the attention of the General to the fact that the current newspapers advertised the fact that the Maine Press Association were about to have their annual excursion, and were going up the route we had come down, to St. John, New Brunswick, and thence to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where we Good Templars had just been holding our international session.

"Exactly," said the General; "and the Press Association made the same trip not long since, and the Canadians, who received them most cordially, were amazed to find that when they sat down to dinner not a man of their Maine guests took anything intoxicating. Such is the moral suasion exercised by the legal suasion of our State."

The General indicated that the next step to be taken was to obtain from the United States Congress such a change in its laws as would allow the State to stop all importation of intoxicants. This and other similarly effective legislation has of late been sought by temperance politicians of various States who have moved Congress to so amend the United States Constitution as to prohibit the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicants throughout the Union. Referring to the subject of the working of the

Prohibitory Act in Portland, the General admitted that the law, like other laws, was broken by corrupt people. The fact that Portland was a seaport made administration of the law less easy. In country sections there was absolutely no legal or illegal sale, and would-be drunkards from such parts would, when visiting the city, hunt out the low houses where the illicit sale went on. As to the allegation that thirty-seven drunken arrests had been made in the city during one week, the General doubted it, but if so, it did not disprove the general effectiveness of the law, because here they would arrest men who would be left to go home in non-prohibitory cities. From such men they sometimes learned where they obtained the drink and then hunted the sellers down, and sent them to prison. The city authorities were more vigorously enforcing the law, and had in January last appointed three sheriffs, whose sole business it was to see the Prohibitory Act obeyed, and to detect and prosecute offenders against it. A short time since they heard that liquor was to be had at a house kept by an Irishman, and as they forced their way into lower part of the house a can of liquor was thrown out of the upper window into the street. In concluding the interview with us the General suggested that we should go to the City Hall and see the officers thus charged with the suppression of the liquor traffic, and there we accordingly went.

On the ground floor of the massive City Hall we found an office with the words "Liquor Deputies" on the door, and we were soon on good terms with the officers therein. On inquiring whether they had any liquor in stock a sheriff answered that they had plenty to show us, but none to sell or give away. "Not just a drop for a minister?" asked Mr. Franks. "Not a drop to save your life," was the response of the officer, as he led the way with his keys and unlocked a large vault at the back and invited us in. "Pshaw! and don't you charge anything for the smell? It is almost strong enough to break the windows," we remarked. "No charge for the smell, gentlemen," was the response, as we entered the dusky cellar. It was fairly full. All the liquor in it, and more had been recently seized. We counted one hundred and fifteen barrels, mainly large barrels of beer, but some smaller ones apparently contained spirits, and there were besides a large number of stone jars and glass bottles of various kinds of intoxicants. "And have all these been seized?" we inquired. "Yes; most of them during the last week or so. When we seize the liquor in the absence of its owner we have to advertise the seizure, and wait for the owner to come and show he is entitled to it if he dares, and after ten days have elapsed without it being claimed we dispose of it ourselves." "How?" we asked. "Empty it all down that hole into the sewer," replied the Sheriff, pointing to a barrel-rest over a hole in the floor. "Thousands of gallons have gone down that hole, and more will go soon. We have an emptying every Wednesday, and to-morrow is the day." And so we passed out of the vault, consoled by the fact that instead of locking men up from the drink the people here have sense enough to imprison the drink, so the men may go free. It was the condemned cell of strong drink—strong drink which should never again see the clear day light, nor blight body or mind with its deadly influence.

Returning into the Sheriff's office, he told us of some of the tricks resorted to by those who endeavored to evade the law—tricks which would not be needed were the law vigorously enforced, and the existence of which illustrates to the law breakers that at the best "the way of transgressors is hard." The officer told us of a case arising in a house by a Frenchman. "I suspected the house," said he, "and, after smashing in the street door, I noticed that a strip of wooden moulding round the opening at the foot of the staircase did not fit close up. I took hold of it and found it was not fast to the wall, and on removing it saw the ends of two lengths of tube, each with a cork in. I loosened the corks and found both tubes contained hard liquor—the one whiskey and the other rum. I called the Frenchman's attention to it, and asked him in what part of the house was the secret store of liquor from which these tubes were supplied. When he hesitated I told him that I must find it if I had to tear the house down to discover its whereabouts; and he then took me upstairs

and showed me the place. On turning down the corner of the carpet in the room above there were to be seen two holes in the floor. These holes led into a kind of cistern under the floor and near the stair-head. The cistern had a partition across the middle, dividing it into two sections. The one hole was over the whisky section and the other over the rum section. The cistern was thus supplied by pouring the liquors through the holes in the floor, and from the cistern the tubes carried the stuff behind the woodwork to the foot of the stairs. Of course the liquor and apparatus were duly seized, and an example was made of the offender. Before departing we inquired as to the aggregate quantity of intoxicants seized since the appointment of these new officers, and on referring to their books they found that from January 2nd, 1883, to April 1st, they had captured over 11,000 gallons, and that up to the present date (19th June, 1883) 14,375 gallons had been seized. It would seem that this rigorous enforcement of the law, with its enormous losses to the dealers by such wholesale confiscation of their "goods" and its fines and imprisonments to boot, must make it become increasingly "difficult to do wrong" even if they may not feel it "easy to do right."

We speak of that which we have seen, and testify to that which we do know, when we say that "Prohibition does prohibit" quite as truly as that any English law prohibits any crime against which it is directed; and as "Good Templars" and temperance politicians we feel encouraged and strengthened by what we have seen and heard in the Mecca of the Maine Law—the fair city of Portland.—*Joseph Malins in Alliance News.*

GIVE THE LITTLE ONE A LIGHT.—If a child wants a light to go to sleep by give it one. The sort of Spartan firmness which walks off and takes away the candle and shuts all the doors between the household cheer and the warmth and the pleasant stir of evening mirth, and leaves a little son or daughter to hide its head under the bed clothes, and get to sleep as best it can, is not at all admirable. Not that the dear mother means to be cruel, when she tries this or that hardening process, and treats human nature as if it were clod to be molded into any shape she may please. Very likely she has no idea whatever of the injury and suffering she causes; or perhaps her heart aches but she perseveres thinking she is doing right. Children are often obliged to endure a great deal of unnecessary hardships, being subjected to absurd methods of discipline which every good mother ought to avoid.—*Selected.*

DESPOENDING MOTHERS.—"I have done nothing to day but keep things straight in the house," you say wearily at the close of the day. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy and happy, and secured from evil influence? Nothing that neatness, and thrift, and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger-tips? Nothing that beauty in place of ugliness meets the eye of the cheerful little ones, in the plants at your window, in the picture on the wall? Nothing that home to them means home, and will always do so to the end of life, what vicissitudes soever that may involve? Oh, careworn mother, is all this nothing! Is it nothing that over against your sometime mistakes and sometime discouragements shall be written, "She hath done what she could!"—*Hans Dorcomb in The Household.*

CRÔQUETTES OF RICE. Put half a pound of rice and a pint and a half of milk into a stewpan, and stir it over the fire until it boils; then cover the stewpan, and let it simmer until quite tender, put the rind from a lemon into half a pound of sugar, then pound the sugar in a mortar, add to it the rice and the yolks of five well-beaten eggs; again stir it over the fire until the eggs thicken, but do not let it boil. When cold, form it into small balls; whisk four eggs well on a basin, dip each ball into the egg, and then into some bread-crumbs, smooth them with a knife, repeat the wire and crumbs, and put them into a wire basket made for the purpose, place it in a stewpan of boiling lard, and fry them lightly. When done, drain them from the fat on a very clean cloth, and pile them very high in the centre of a dish on a folded napkin, sift powdered sugar over them and serve.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

June 8.—1 Romans 3: 19-31.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. The atonement.—Ver. 26. No illustration from human affairs will precisely illustrate the atonement; for there are no circumstances among men exactly parallel to the relation of sinners to God. But the story of Zeleucus, king of the ancient Locris, throws much light upon the question. Zeleucus had made a law against a certain crime, the penalty for breaking which was the loss of both the eyes. His own son was the first person to break the law. He wished to save his son from the terrible doom of total blindness, and yet if he pardoned him, what became of his law? and what would be the effect on his people? Therefore, the king had one of his own eyes put out and one of his son's. He thus saved his son and yet he honored the law, because no one would think lightly of the law, or think he could escape from its penalties, since the king was willing to suffer so much rather than have the law made of no effect. For he suffered for the sake of the law and its effect on his subjects, more than he would had both the eyes of his son been put out.

II. Faith and Works. Can faith save you, then, without works? Suppose a man should "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" and continue to exhibit a profane and impure life, will he be saved by his sound faith in spite of his wickedness? This question does not deserve an answer. It is a foolish question; it assumes an impossibility. Suppose one should address to an eminent physician the question, "Pray, sir, tell me, is the blood necessary to life?" and he should answer "It is." Suppose the questioner then proceeds to say, "But if a great artery is cut and all the blood of the body escapes and the man still lives and acts with undiminished vigor, do you persist in your opinion that the blood is necessary to life?" The physician will not answer. Or, if he answers at all, he will say, "First show me a living man with no blood in his body, and then I shall consider the causes of the phenomenon." Such treatment he deserves who inquires, "Shall I be saved if I believe in Christ, though I live in sin?" The supposition is an impossibility.—*Wm. Arnold.*

III. Salvation by faith, apart from works, is illustrated by Robertson in this way: "A man is killed by lightning, apart from thunder." There are always good works accompanying faith, as there is always thunder with the lightning; but it is the lightning, not the thunder, that kills. It is faith, not the works that grow out of it, that saves.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The two great thoughts (though they are really but parts of one) to be impressed upon the scholars' mind by this lesson are: (1) The sinfulness of all, so that all need to be forgiven. And (2) Salvation is only through faith in Jesus Christ. These two should be brought out clearly, and applied closely to each scholar. It is well to explain the phrases used more frequently in public preaching formerly than now, such as justification; and set out clearly the nature and the need of the atonement.

SOME CONSOLATION.

LACK OF BRAINS A SOURCE OF STRENGTH TO THE DRINKER.

Men of low intellectual endowment with a taste for strong drink will derive much comfort from the result of one of the latest experiments which the French temperance society has been making on the alcoholization of pigs. The experiments which were commenced in 1879 on a number of pigs of the so-called Anglo-Chinese breed have been continued ever since. Each pig was kept in a separate sty, but twice a day they were all fed together in an adjoining yard. Alcohol was mixed with their feed, and after each meal they all fell into a deep sleep, but showed no signs of excitement, except now and then a slight muscular trembling. The difference of the effect of alcohol on human beings and pigs is believed to arise from the smallness of a pig's brain, for the larger the brain the more dangerous the effect of intoxication. Hence, although the companions of St. Anthony may occasionally indulge in their taste for juniper, they are in no danger of being attacked by delirium tremens.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON X. [Rom. 3:19-31]

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH
COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 24-26.

19 Now we know that what things cover the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God.

20 Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight: for by the law is the knowledge of sin.

21 But now the righteousness of God without the law is manifested, being witnessed by the law and the prophets;

22 Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference;

23 For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God;

24 Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus;

25 Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God;

26 To declare, I say, at this time his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.

27 Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? of works? Nay; but by the law of faith.

28 Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law.

29 Is he the God of the Jews only? Is he not also the God of the Gentiles also?

30 Seeing it is one God, which shall justify the circumcision by faith, and uncircumcision through faith.

31 Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom. 5:1.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Rom. 3:19-31..... Justification by Faith, T. Rom. 4:1-7..... Imputed Righteousness, W. Rom. 5:1-11..... Fruits of Justification, F. Rom. 5:12-21..... Grace Abounding, Th. Rom. 6:1-23..... Exhortation to Holiness, Sa. Gal. 3:1-20..... Redeemed from the Curse, S. Heb. 9:11-28..... "By His Own Blood."

LESSON PLAN

1. No Justification by Works. 2. Full Justification by Grace.

Time.—A. D. 58 (spring). Place.—Written from Corinth.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Epistle to the Romans was written probably in the spring of A. D. 58 from Corinth, during Paul's three months' abode in that city (Acts 20:3), and sent to Rome by Phoebe of Cenchrea, Rom. 16:1. The design of our lesson-plan is to exhibit the gospel method of justification. It is not by works, but by faith (vs. 2, 22); applicable to all men (vs. 22, 23); is entirely gratuitous (v. 24); has for its ground the sacrifice of Christ (vs. 24, 25); reconciles the exercise of mercy with the divine justice (v. 25); humbles man (v. 27); presents God in his true character as the God and Father of all men (vs. 29, 30); establishes the law (v. 31).

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 19. LAW—rule of duty. What it means rules laid down by God in the Old Testament Scriptures. THEM WHO ARE UNDER THE LAW—the Jews. THAT EVERY MOUTH MAY BE STOPPED—that Jews as well as Gentiles may be deprived of all excuse. BECOME GUILTY—found guilty. V. 20. BY THE DEEDS OF THE LAW—by doing what the law prescribes. JUSTIFIED—pronounced and treated as righteous. THE KNOWLEDGE OF SIN—in its true nature and consequences.

II.—V. 21. THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD—the righteousness which God gives and which is acceptable to him. WITHOUT THE LAW—not obtainable by obeying the law. WITNESSED—taught. THE JEWISH SCRIPTURES taught justification by faith, not by works. BY FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST—of which Christ is the object. UNTO ALL—Jews and Gentiles. V. 24. REDEMPTION—deliverance by the payment of a ransom. V. 25. SET FORTH—publicly exhibited. TO DECLARE HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS—to make it plain that he is just or righteous in the forgiveness of sins. THAT ARE PAST—committed under the former dispensation, before the coming of Christ. Heb. 9:15. V. 26. AT THIS TIME—under the gospel dispensation. V. 27. In this and the following verses the apostle shows that this plan of salvation excludes boasting (v. 27); presents God in his true character (vs. 29, 30); establishes the law (v. 31).

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That all men by reason of their sins deserve the wrath and curse of God. 2. That we cannot be freed from condemnation by our own merits or works. 3. That Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law and by his obedience unto death. 4. That justification is the pardon and acceptance of the sinner for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for him. 5. That God will thus pardon and accept every one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, May 28, 1884.

Chicago is about steady, but the price has fluctuated during the week. The quotations are as follows:—89½ June, 91½ July; 92 Aug.; 92½ Sept. Corn is dearer, 55½ May; 57½ June. Liverpool is sullen and weaker, Spring wheat being quoted at 7s 4d to 7s 6d and Red Winter 7s 6d to 8s. The local market is as dull as it can be, and slightly lower. We quote as follows:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.12 to \$1.13; Canada White, \$1.13 to \$1.17; Canada Spring, \$1.14 to \$1.15; Corn, 70c to 72c; Peas, 92c to 94c; Barley, 55c to 65c; Rye 67c to 69c.

FLOUR.—The market is quiet, unchanged prices. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$5.50 to \$5.55; Extra Superfine, \$5.20 to \$5.25; Fancy, \$4.35 to \$4.90; Spring Extra \$4.60 to \$4.70; Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.15; Strong Bakers', Can., \$5.10 to \$5.40; do., American, \$5.35 to \$5.45; Fine, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Middlings, \$3.35 to \$3.45; Pollards, \$3.10 to \$3.25; Ontario Bag, (medium), bags included, \$2.30 to \$2.40; do., Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$2.85 to \$2.90.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, nominal; Oatmeal, ordinary, \$4.35 to \$4.75; granulated, \$4.50 to \$6.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—New butter is bringing 18c to 20c. The following are the quotations for old:—Eastern Townships, 21c to 22c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 19c to 21c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese is quoted at 10½ to 11c.

Eggs are at 15c per dozen.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Are very dull. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$20.50 to \$21.00; Canada Short Cut, \$21.50 to \$22.; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14½; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, Western, 11½c to 12c; do., Canadian, 11½c to 11¾; Tallow, refined 6½c to 7c to quality.

ASHES are quiet at \$3.90 to \$4.00 for Pots.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

There has been a break in the prices of shipping cattle and prices have declined nearly ten percent on choice cattle. Good butchers' cattle are also lower in price, while inferior stock are rather dull of sale although the supply is not large. A few choice animals were sold at 6c per lb, and pretty fair steers and heifers at about 5½c to 5½c, do., while fat oxen bring about 4½c to 5c. Milkmen's strippers sell at from \$23 to \$52 each or 3½c to 4½c per lb. Calves are not so numerous as they were some weeks ago and prices are firmer. Sheep and lambs are both plentiful and have declined from fifty cents to one dollar per head. Live hogs are being brought in considerable numbers from Chicago and prices here are easier, at from 6½c to 6½c per lb. Good milk cows have been offered more freely on the market of late and prices are lower. Common cows bring from \$30 to \$35 each; good country cows \$40 to \$50 each, and a few extra ones were sold at \$60 each. The horse market is almost at a stand-still.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Very few farmers have been bringing produce to the markets of late and traders keep the prices up pretty high. There have been considerable arrivals of potatoes from various points on the St. Lawrence between here and Quebec and this has checked the upward tendency in prices. The supply of green stuffs, especially, rhubarb, lettuce and green onions has been very large of late and prices are low. There is a better supply of butter, and prices are easier although the quality is better; eggs are also abundant and cheap. Good apples are scarce and very high-priced, but oranges are lower in price. There is a slight reduction in the prices of bran and Indian meal. Hay is in fair supply but the quality is not good; the supply of straw is larger and prices are declining. Oats are \$1.05 to \$1.20 per bag; peas, \$1.05 to \$1.10 per bushel; potatoes, 65c to 80c per bag; Swedish turnips, 75c to \$1.00. Tub butter, 16c to 22c per lb; eggs, 15c to 20c per dozen. Apples, \$6.00 to \$7.00 per barrel; Hay, \$6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs. Pressed hay, 55c to 65c per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK, May 26, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat \$1.01½ June; \$1.01 July; \$1.03½ August. Corn, 62½c May; 61½c June; 63½c July; 65c August. Oats, 36c May; 36½c June; 37½c July.

FLOUR.—quotations are Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.45 to \$3.35; Low Extra, \$3.35 to \$3.60; Clears, \$4.50 to \$5.10; Straight (full stock), \$5.25 to \$6.15; Patent, \$5.40 to \$6.75. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.90 to \$3.60; Low Extra, \$3.45 to \$3.65; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.50 to \$5.65; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.75 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.20 to \$6.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.50 to \$5.60; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.60 to \$4.10; West India, sacks, \$3.80 to \$4.80; barrels, West India, \$5.00 to \$5.15; Patent, \$5.50 to \$6.15; South America, \$5.00 to \$5.15; Patent, \$5.45 to \$5.95. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.75 to \$5.25; Family, \$5.40 to \$6.25; Rye Flour—Fine to Superfine \$2.50 to \$4.05.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.00 to \$5.40; Coarse, \$5.40 to \$5.90 per bri. Cornmeal, Brandywine, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Western Yellow, \$3.00 to \$3.25; Bag meal, Coarse \$1, \$1.10 to \$1.15; Fine white, \$1.30 to \$1.40; Fine yellow, \$1.40 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$3.00 to \$3.75; Hominy, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, at \$22 00 to \$23; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, at \$20.00 to \$22.00; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, at \$17 to \$18; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed \$16.00 to \$16.50; 50 lbs. or medium feed, \$16.00 to \$16.50; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$16.00 to \$16.50. Rye feed at \$18.00 to \$19.00 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, 10c to 10½c for fair to choice; timothy, retail parcels \$1.55 to \$1.70; round lots \$1.50 to \$1.60; domestic flaxseed nominal, \$1.60 to \$1.70; Calcutta linseed, spot \$2, and to arrive, \$1.80 to \$1.85.

BUTTER.—Business is almost at a stand-still, only a few lots of choice selling. The exports are very small and it is almost impossible to find a buyer who will take more than he needs for an especial demand. We quote for new:—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 17c to 23c. State dairies, not quoted; State firkins, fair to best, 18c to 21c; State Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 17c to 21c; Western imitation creamery, 14c to 19c; Western dairy, not quoted; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 8c to 11c.

CHEESE.—A disinclination to do business visible and prices are slightly lower, exports for the week are 34, 156 boxes. We quote as follows:—State factory, skims to select, 6c to 11½c; Pennsylvania skims, good to prime, 2c to 4c; Ohio flats ordinary, 7c to 10c.

BEEF.—Extra mutton:—Extra mess, \$12.00. Extra India mess, \$19. to \$21.00; Packet, \$12.50 to \$12.75 in brls.

BEEF HAMS.—Sellers were firm at \$24.00 to \$24.25 spot lots, but only small lots sold.

PORK.—We quote:—\$17.00 for old brands mess; \$17.75 new mess; \$16.00 for extra prime; \$18.00 to \$18.75 for extra back \$17.00 to \$17.50 for family.

BACON.—The market much quieter but strong at 8.55c.

CUTMEATS.—Pickled bellies, 12c lb. average, 7½; pickled shoulders, 7½c; pickled hams, 11½c to 12c; smoked shoulders, 8½c; smoked hams, 12½c to 13c.

LARD.—Prices are higher. City lard bringing 8.15c. Western 8.45c.

STEARINE.—Lard stearine is at 9½c for choice city. Oleomargarine, firm at 8½.

TALLOW.—Demand more active at 6½ to 6½c for prime city.

LOOK OUT FOR SUMMER.

The necessity of changing the diet for warm weather is not yet fully realized, though it is quite as important as that of changing the clothes. People see the customary warm meats and soups at dinner, and without thought employ the usual bill of fare. Wholesome fruit has been proved excellent in many cases for supplying the proper nourishment, and if fruit and vegetables do not relieve the exhaustion produced by heat, a draught of milk, if it can be obtained, acts as a veritable tonic. When we are in the tropics, we must live accordingly.

CAMPAIGN TRACTS.

PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE DOMINION ALLIANCE.

No. 2 Sir Alexander Galt's great speech at Sherbrooke, on Prohibition viewed from the standpoint of a political economist.

No. 3 A Synopsis of the Scott Act, showing the steps necessary in inaugurating a contest.

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

No. 5 A Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. John, N. B., on the duty of Christian citizens. Price, 25 Cents a Hundred.

No. 6 No parcels will be sold of less than a Hundred Copies, and 5 Cents extra for Postage on Single Parcels, and 3 Cents for each additional hundred, must accompany orders.

The National Temperance Society's Tracts are on hand at the WITNESS Office, and will be forwarded at cost to all who remit for them. They are as follows:—

- 1. A miscellaneous series of 24 tracts, from two to twelve pages, by some of the best writers of the country, suitable for all classes of people, and adapted to every phase of the work—\$1.00. 2. Seventeen four-page illustrated tracts—10c. 3. Teachers' series prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; especially adapted for teachers—5c. 4. One-page handbill tracts, 79 kinds, 25c. 5. Children's Illustrated Tracts, 4 pages, 122 kinds—30c. 6. Twenty-nine Temperance Leaflets or Envoye Tracts, neatly printed on tinted paper—30c. 7. Union Leaflets, especially adapted to woman's work. Prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 77 numbers—30c. 8. Young People's Leaflets, by the same, especially adapted for young people—10c. 9. Penny Papers—a series of 12 page Tracts, prepared by the same—10c. 10. Union Handbills—Cider series, 40 numbers—10c. 11. Beer series, 57 numbers—15c. If any money is forwarded for assorted supplies, we shall send the best assortment we can to the extent that it pays for. Money must invariably be in our hands in advance, as there is not even a margin to pay for answering letters.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal Que.

EPPS'S "COCOA"—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.—Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (1 lb. and 1/2 lb.) by grocers, labelled —James Epps & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

READY FOR THE NEW LAW.

HYGIENIC PHYSIOLOGY,

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS AND NARCOTICS,

By Dr. J. DORMAN STEELE.

EDITED AND INDORSED for the use of schools by the DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION OF THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

Sample copy, by mail, 75 cents.

A. S. BARNES & CO., Publishers, NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER is printed and published at Nos. 38, 39 and 37 St. James street West, Montreal, by JOHN DOUGALL & SON, composed of John Dougall, and J. D. Dougall, of New York, and John Hepburn Dougall of Montreal.