

# Weekly Messenger

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## The Weekly Messenger.

### GEN. GRANT'S EVIL GENIUS IN PRISON.

Ferdinand Ward who has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for his infamous dealings in connection with the firm of Grant & Ward is blamed for much of the suffering of Gen. Grant and his sentence is therefore thought by many people to be too lenient.

It was Sunday morning when Ferdinand Ward saw the morning light for the first time in his strong cell at Sing Sing, of the thirteen hundred tired convicts he was the one who was the most tired. But he did not sleep. Even the stern guard looks in through the thick iron bars with pity at the lean, lonely man, sitting on his little cot and picking at his rumpled livery of disgrace.

Now there is a wild clamor as the prison bell is jerked roughly by a keeper. Hundreds of feet begin to shuffle and stamp, heavy doors open and shut with startling accompaniments of chain rattling. Suddenly all the cell doors in the five long, gloomy tiers are opened and the whole thirteen hundred silent men step out and put their hands upon each other's shoulders as they form in line. Ward is there. He puts the tips of his long, thin fingers on the back of the sullen man ahead of him and shivers as he realizes that his companion's hands have been red with human blood.

Ward is at the end of the stove mousers' gang. If he were in the middle his awkward attempts at the lock-step would break up the line. Past hundreds of dark, yawning cells into the great dim mess room, with its scores of benches, hundreds of tin cups and platters, the long line of speechless prisoners go. The once rich man shows that he does not relish the coarse but wholesome food set before him. Hunger is always the best sauce, however, and he makes a fairly good meal.

After breakfast all but the Catholic prisoners file into the Methodist Chapel. At the door of the chapel Ward falters. Then he bends his head as he enters a long low-ceilinged room filled with rows of rough wooden benches, stiff-backed and unpainted. Ward sits in the middle of a bench thirty feet from the pulpit with its open Bible. A burglar rubs elbows with him on one side and a manslaughterer on the other. At the first hymn "Will Jesus Find us Watching" he is silent, but starts in a shrill terror voice at the beginning of the next hymn, nodding his head gently and beating time with his little foot as he sings:

The mistakes of my life have been many,  
The sine of my heart have been more,  
And I scarce can see for my weeping,  
But I'll knock at the open door.

I know I am weak and sinful;  
It comes to me more and more;  
But when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in  
I'll enter the open door.

When the keeper came round Ward said:  
"I'll have nothing but prison food offered to me, I'll starve."  
"Oh, no, you won't," said the kind-

hearted keeper: "you'll get fat on it. Keep a stout heart and you'll be all right yet."

Ward will be treated as an ordinary convict. His money can not procure him any favoritism or exemption from the common lot. Ward had been assigned work in the stove-mounting shop, his task being to fit the rough castings before they are finished. The work is easy and comparatively clean. He will begin his labor at 7.30 in the morning and end it at four in the afternoon. The State will receive 56 cents a day for his services.

### CANADIAN SCHOOLS TO EXHIBIT.

A great exhibition of everything in connection with schools is to be held in London, England, beginning on the 6th of May, 1886. Each institution in Canada, whatever may be its rank in the educational system, is invited to prepare with care whatever will tend to give a correct idea of the state of education in the province.

The schools are asked to send: A photographic view of the school building accompanied by a historical sketch of the institution; anything that is peculiar to the institution in the way of school-books and school apparatus; copies or specimens of scientific or literary works prepared or published by the professors or pupils of the institutions; specimens of the daily exercises of the pupils in writing, drawing, arithmetic, history, geography, needle-work, tapestry, etc., etc. As it is important that the specimens of penmanship prepared by the pupils for this exhibition should be written upon good paper of uniform size, the commission requests that the specimens from French schools should be prepared in the series of copy books of the Christian Brothers, or in that of J. A. Langlais, book-seller, Quebec; and that the specimens of writing from the English schools should be prepared in Gage's Series of Copy Books. I may add that all the specimens prepared for the exhibition should be forwarded to the Department of Public Instruction before the first of March next.

### WEATHER AND CROP REPORT.

The very mild, genial weather which prevailed through the greater part of the month of October has given place to a rather boisterous period, and during the past week we have had throughout the Dominion and many of the northern states a superabundance of rain and wind, snow and sleet, frost and slush, which has prevented nearly all outside work on the farm. In many cases live stock have suffered sorely owing to exposure through the neglect or carelessness of their owners in not stabling them soon enough. A considerable portion of the turnip crop is still in the field, and not a few fields of potatoes in the Province of Quebec are still undug, and are likely to remain so unless there is a return to more genial weather. As the rainfall has been considerably above the average this fall and the "swamps are now full of water" winter will probably set in earlier than usual.

### A QUEER REMEDY.

Physicians who have just returned from Peninsula, a small town in the state of Ohio, report the wildest demonstrations in that town yesterday in an effort to save the life of Anton Pfau, who was given morphine for quinine by a green boy in a drug store. Pfau took from three to five grains of the drug. His life being despaired of, the entire populace turned out and all day fully one hundred men were engaged in running Pfau up and down the streets in the wildest manner in order to keep him awake, while women and children followed, adding greatly to the excitement. At four o'clock Pfau began fighting the crowd and several desperate struggles ensued. His condition was very critical, as in the case of a struggle for life against severe cold, so it is in the case of a struggle against the effects of morphine, if the almost irresistible impulse to sleep is given way to there is little hope for the sufferer.

### PREPARING FOR WAR.

War preparations have been going on day and night in Burmah under the direction of Italian engineers in King Thebaw's service. The Burmese army, excepting a small body of soldiers, consists of an undrilled rabble, and numbers at most only 15,000 men, but the number might be largely increased by a levy of peasantry. The only European officers in the army are an Italian and a Frenchman. There is a woman in the question between Burmah and England, namely, King Thebaw's wife, who exercises great influence over her husband. She thinks and declares that fighting and the smell of gunpowder will be injurious to her health just at present and to that of her little child. She advises King Thebaw to quietly submit to the British Government, for the present at least, and fight after her health has improved. It is believed that Burmah will answer the Indian Government in an evasive manner and try to postpone but not to put off the war altogether. It was not at first thought that King Thebaw would be so foolish as to be fight, but it seems as though that will prove a wrong impression.

### BREAKING UP A NEST OF THIEVES.

During the past month numerous depredations have been committed in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. Cellars have been broken into, and in many cases the labors of the summer canning for the winter have disappeared in a single night. Farmers have had their potato pits opened and the contents carried off in a mysterious manner. Buffalo robes, horse coverings, and almost anything that hands could be laid on were spirited away until the depredations became so bold that blankets, quilts, &c., were stolen from off the beds of a number of residences. Officer Thomas H. Young, of the Ontario police force, was made acquainted with these facts, and on Saturday last made arrests in a number of houses tenanted by Italians in what is known as "The city of the Falls." Here a large quantity of the goods were recovered, and the empty jars and cans which were scattered

around told of an unlimited feast indulged in by the sons of sunny Italy. Further warrants were issued to-day, and a wholesale raid made upon every house in that locality. These miserable hovels are inhabited by, besides Italians, as low, mean and dirty a set of people as is to be found on the face of the earth. Wretchedness, poverty, unknown crime, exist at every turn. The houses are one mass of filth and vermin. The people are too drunken and lazy to work and in many cases the goods stolen are disposed of or traded off for whiskey, and when one debauchery is at an end they are ready for any kind of thievery to obtain the necessaries for another. A few days ago when Officer Young, who was accompanied by some of the victims, entered one of these dens he was confronted by a score of swarthy Italians, who with smothered oaths drew their weapons and showed fight. They were armed with dirks made from old files, revolvers and all kinds of weapons, and appearances looked very much against the officer. His companions at this stage fled, but he, undaunted, calmly drew his revolver, locked the door to prevent the occupants escaping and continued his search. He then demanded the Italians to lay down their weapons, which they did reluctantly, when he arrested the ringleaders and brought them to Niagara Falls, where they will await trial.

PRINCE BISMARCK is not at all one of those men who take a delight in unreadable handwriting. The illegible signatures of public officers have called forth his attention and he now threatens to dismiss all from office who do not write distinctly. "A legible signature," says the Prince, "is not only demanded as an official duty, but as an act of common courtesy. Many gentlemen who address official documents to me attach names of a kind which may to them appear equivalent to a signature, but which are unintelligible to others. I insist that every public officer shall so write his name that it can not only be deciphered, but plainly read at the first glance."

BISHOP GRANDIN, who has a great deal to do with the Indians of the North-West Territory, says that he fears the Blackfoot Indians may make trouble in the future unless all their demands are complied with. During the rebellion the Government, in order to keep them quiet, gave them all they asked for, which it is feared has made them consider that the Government are afraid of them, and as they are scattered along the line of railway they may commit much damage should they take the warpath.

LAST SUNDAY a mounted sword contest took place in San Francisco. The contest was conducted something in the manner of the tournaments. An instructor of swordsmanship in a local club named Jennings was pitted against an athlete named Ross. On the twentieth attack Jennings dislocated Ross's elbow with a terrific blow. Ross continued the fight left-handed, but Jennings was declared the victor by one point at the end of three more rounds.

## HOW BILLY WENT UP IN THE WORLD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

SCARED AND SCREGGOLING.—Continued.

The winter went swiftly by, then the Easter holidays came and passed. Billy had made excellent progress in his studies; had become a great favorite with scholars, and teachers, and even with Doctor Higbee. He had found time, over and above his daily tasks, to attend a few lectures on popular science and literature, and he had begun a systematic course of reading.

During the spring holidays Billy was at work on the farm, and so saw nothing of Ned; but when he came back to school, he guessed by the sullen, uncommunicative manner of his room-mate, that his vacation had been worse than unprofitable. He knew nothing for certain, however, until he one day encountered Uncle Zeph in a deserted classroom. The old man drew him into a corner, and whispered:

"I did something the other night that I can't do again—no, never! I did it partly out of liking for you, and partly because the other fellow is as civil and as nice a one, in the main, as ever I saw in the 'Academy.'"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Fenton," returned Uncle Zeph, solemnly shaking his head. "I'll tell you how 'twas. The boys all know that the least thing at night I see to the fires. Well, the last day of school I run 'em sort of low, but the fire in the biggest heater didn't go out until next day; so I let it be, locked up, and went away until night; then I came around to see if everything was right, and no danger nor nothing. It was after eleven before I started for home; and just as I got to the front hall, ready to leave the building, there came the awful banging on the door, and then something tumbled against it. I was kind of scared, but I opened and peered out. As I did it a feller took to his heels down the gravel walk, leaving another one in a heap on the top door step. If you'll believe it, there was Ned Fenton, drunk! Such a thing never happened in these here halls of learning ne—er! I couldn't seem to believe my own eyes. He could stagger up stairs leaning on me, and he did, tho' we took a pretty considerable time, and I preached temperance lectures on every landing, all out of breath as I naturally was, and he only sense enough to take me for a prayer-meeting, and a saying: 'Amen,' to every blessed sentence. I got him onto his bed, and I dar'n't leave him for the night, to go to fooling, maybe, later, with matches or a kerosene lamp; so I rolled myself into your place and dozed. He slept like a log; but when morning come you never saw a fellow madder at himself or neeker to hear reason. He begged me never to tell a human being unless it was you. He didn't excuse himself or tell whose legs there was that I saw clipping down the front walk, but I knew them for Stan Ellery's all the same."

"Now, ain't this here awful? It never must happen again! What'd the trustees say to me for helping drunken fellers to bed! The reputation of the 'institution' can't suffer in that sort of a way."

Billy was not so anxious about the "institution," as he was shocked at Ned's behavior. Uncle Zeph, perceiving this in a moment, added: "Yes, you may well groan; and that wasn't the worst of it, either. Ned wanted to stay in his room until noon, he said. His head ached and he had some things to do; so I left him and came back to look up. I was climbing the stairs when I heard light steps behind me and the softest voiced, mildest faced lady, with a worried little tremble in her way of speaking. She says to me: 'Is my son in his room? I mean Ned Fenton.'"

"I says: 'He was, but now perhaps he's gone.'"

"He stayed here all night last night, didn't he?"

"Yes marm, but I heard him say he was going home to-day."

"Certainly he is—the foolish fellow, to stay here poring over his books. I presume," says she, "that he was so interested in some study he never remembered it was vacation. His father was just about as absorbed when he was over his sermons."

"Well, when we got up, sure enough, Ned was there, washed and tidied up ready to go. They left the door wide open and I could hear her kind of lovingly scolding him for studying too hard, and telling how late she sat up for him the night before. She went looking all about his room, laughing at the

contrivances, and showing just how proud she was of him. She said she was glad to hear from one of the teachers what a steady feller you was, for she didn't want her boy daily exposed to evil companionship. Ned spoke up, and says he: 'Billy Knox is worth a dozen chaps like me.' She only laughed at that, like a young girl."

"It is a wretched business," said Billy, sadly, "and what to do I cannot tell. He must stop or be stopped, but how?"

"There was a loud call in the hall for Uncle Zeph, who departed, first exclaiming: 'You may well ask 'how!''"

"That night Billy had one more long talk with Ned, who promised to do anything and everything in the way of thorough reform. He was humble and sorry, ashamed and melancholy; but Billy rightly judged that, pliable as he was in his hands, just so easily turned would be in Stan Ellery's. Anew he resolved to watch over him for good; but what sort of a manhood would that be which must be kept from evil by an outside human power, because before evil it would surely fall?"

The spring went by, and there remained only three more weeks of the last term. Ned had applied himself to study for a number of months, and worked until late into each night. He made up so many of his neglected back tasks, that it seemed possible for him to enter college in the class he had earlier meant to join; at least it would be possible, after some work done in vacation.

## A STRUGGLE ENDED.

One Friday night Ned Fenton insisted on taking Billy home with him for a brief visit. The fine old homestead belonging to his mother's father was only five miles from the town, and Billy had accepted his invitation with satisfaction and a desire to see a place of which he had heard considerably. It was a larger house and more elegant than Billy had supposed it to be. Mrs. Fenton was very polite, in a hearty, sincere way, and old Mr. Holmes seemed so genial he soon felt at ease. The pictures of foreign buildings, the fine library, and the beautiful conservatory, were of great interest to him. Ned could not have treated a most distinguished guest with more attention, while the fact that Ned liked him was reason enough for his securing the good opinion of every person about the establishment. This visit has no particular significance as a part of our story, but one little thing pleased Billy at the time, and was never afterwards forgotten.

In the evening, by bright moonlight, they strolled out for a walk about the grounds.

"Grandfather approves of you," said Ned, lightly; "he never shows his coat-of-arms to people he does not care to please as well as to instruct; for of course it is useless to you to learn our pedigrees."

"Well, a coat-of-arms is a fine thing, though I have seen the time a coat for my arms was much more to the purpose. Your grandfather is a splendid looking old gentleman."

"Yes, he has backbone literally and figuratively. If he knew the flabbiness of his grandson, he would appoint you his guardian, from this time forth. What am I going to do without you, Billy? In a few days you go one way, and I another."

"I have done you no real good. If your backbone were any stiffer for having known me, that would be something."

"You have given me a good example of pluck and principle. I have resolved to try and stand on my own feet—to 'pray devoutly and hammer away stoutly,' as Sancho Panza says."

"Really to do both?" asked Billy.

"Yes—both," returned Ned, soberly. "He had never before promised to pray; neither had he ever talked with Billy of religious matters. He always listened to any word on them from him respectfully, although he knew all that any one could say; so to-night, Billy only grasped his hand a moment, then they wandered on in the soft evening light."

The whole family urged Billy to stay over Sunday; but he declined, wishing to spend that time at the farm. He was back at the Academy promptly Monday morning; but not so was Fenton, whose non-appearance during the day caused his roommate some anxiety. In the early evening he came; his face was flushed, and his eyes very red. He smiled faintly at Billy's first unguarded look of suspicion, and sinking into a chair, said:

"I came straight from home, and I have

not eaten a mouthful to-day; but I have drunk unlimited ice water and lemonade. My head aches outrageously. I walked into town, hoping I should feel better, but I don't."

"You might as well have stayed at home until morning. Perhaps a night's sleep would have brought you out all right," said Billy, who was about going to Doctor Higbee's office. "Don't go digging into Greek," he called back, as he went down the hall. A dismal groan was Ned's only reply.

No books were on the table when Billy returned, and Ned was in bed, but not asleep. He said he had a chill after Billy left him, but now he had, evidently, much fever. Neither of them knew anything about sickness; but when Billy saw how much redder Ned's face had become, and how bright were his eyes, he proposed to him that he should return and get Doctor Higbee. To this Ned would not hear; and so, after rendering his room-mate such small services as he permitted, Billy fell asleep, and after a hard day's work, slept soundly. It was six o'clock in the morning when he awakened. The sunshine filled the room, and his first thought was that the merry warble of bird-song had startled him out of sleep; but no—Ned, erect in bed, was violently gesticulating and talking rapidly of his mother and a pyramid. It must be lifted off her head, but nobody would help him do it. Then, as Billy stared at him in dismay, he shouted with laughter, and would have leaped toward the door.

Billy, with a struggle urged him back into bed, and pounded loudly with his fists on the wall, calling to the inmates of the next room for help. For a moment or two, their neighbors supposed them engaged in some riotous sport; but at last Billy made them understand he needed them. As soon as they came in, they agreed that Billy should go at once for the doctor, while they remained with Fenton. Accordingly, he hurried over to the office, and knowing Doctor Higbee's peculiarities, would not return without him.

"Been off on a spree, I presume," grumbled the old fellow, stamping up the worn staircases.

"No, he has not. I know how he has spent every hour for weeks," returned Billy, following the doctor into the room. Ned paid no attention to the latter, save once to cry out, as with pain, when he laid his hand over his scalp. The doctor examined him carefully, and Billy who, by this time, was well able to read the old man's face, and guess at his opinions, understood that Ned's case was a serious one, even in this early stage. When the doctor spoke at last, he turned to Billy, saying:

"His pulse is a hundred and sixty."

"Can he be moved—be taken home?"

"No! You must send for his mother, and she must have a strong man nurse."

"Can't I do what a man would be needed for?" asked Billy.

"With any of us fellows to take our turn?" added the others, in a breath.

"Well to begin with, you can try; but you must keep this part of the building perfectly quiet. His hearing will be morbidly acute, and loud noises will be agony to him; slight ones almost unendurable."

"What ails him, doctor?" Billy ventured to inquire.

"An acute cerebral trouble. You must not leave him a moment; he will have all sorts of hallucinations, and you must keep him from injuring himself until the delirium becomes more subdued, as it will, with the advance of the disease."

"How long will the disease run?"

"Perhaps two weeks, or three—perhaps not half as long. Now, some of you fellows go get things into shape. Clear out these upper rooms, anybody who will make the least noise. There must be no tramping through halls, no whispering outside the doors. You might as well know that Fenton will have a hard fight for life."

Morton and Bridges, the two friends, went out softly, leaving Billy with the doctor, who turned then to him, and asked:

"Has he been drinking?"

"Not for two or three months; but he has studied very closely, by night and day, to make up for what he lost in the winter."

"Well he is in for it now; but keep his mother cool, if you can. She will naturally worry to have him moved home; but it can't be done, or thought of. Get her here at once."

It was a rare thing for the doctor to stay

with his patients, but he remained with Ned half the forenoon, and until his mother came; then, when he went, it was to return at regular and not infrequent intervals. Such strange nights and days those were that followed. By Billy only, would Ned let himself be controlled and that settled the question of a nurse. The other boys were as kind as brothers could have been. Mrs. Fenton was not a woman who had to be "kept cool," for, from the moment she entered the room, with her face colorless from fear, she was as calm and self-restrained as if she had known all Ned's danger.

At first Ned talked incessantly of Greek, of Latin, of skating, of terrible dangers he could not escape; sometimes confusing the struggle against evil, with literal fights against present enemies; often repeating the very phrases used in some past discussion, which Billy well remembered. Gradually the wildness of his delirium passed away, and he would lie for short intervals quiet, in the dim light of the silent room. He recognized his mother and smiled; to Billy, he murmured short sentences that seemed not without connection and thought. That last moonlight Saturday night seemed constantly in his mind, and always associated with some "help to the uttermost, you know you said," he would whisper to Billy.

Doctor Higbee brought all his skill to bear on the case, in a way that more than once recalled to Billy, Uncle Zeph's account of his peculiarities; but he was so quiet, he blustered so little, and joked so seldom, that his gravity was ominous.

There came a time when Ned, to his mother's intense relief, fell into profound slumbers, and, on awakening, was apparently perfectly aware of their presence—able to listen to them and reply. She assured Billy that this sleep must certainly work for his recovery; but it began to seem to the other watchers much like stupor. One midnight they heard him mutter:

"I pray—I pray!"

"For what, my son?" said his mother, bending low over the bed. He waited before he could get up slowly: "If I should die—before I wake—my soul to take."

"He is wandering a little and remembering a child's prayer," she explained to Billy; and then, at the latter's urgent request, she went away for a brief rest. In the morning she said it seemed so good to have Ned quiet, but she did not see what Doctor Higbee showed to Billy; the paralysis of the eyelids, the low, irregular pulse, in short the coming on of complete insensibility. She waited for hours, expecting him to awake; and at last the doctor had to tell her, as gently as he could, that all consciousness was gone, and almost all life from the boy who was her idol. Her grief was as the grief of all mothers with their dead; and to Billy it was infinitely touching. The little that he could do for her, he did, so tenderly, that she trusted him to carry out all her wishes.

No funeral could have been simpler or more solemn. The services were held in the great school-room, and two hundred schoolmates followed with uncovered heads the coffin, carried down the long avenue, under the budding trees. It was all as unreal as a dream to one of them. He could shut out the sight of these black badges, and hear Ned's voice in their sunny room as he sang some gay college song, or he could see him with bent head, as he sat melancholy after some confession of wrong doing. He could not think of his body, cold and motionless, his soul gone away out of all earthly temptation, out of all struggle. The poor lad had truly struggled, and Billy was glad that he could remember tears and promises and prayers; for if he pitied and loved the erring boy; was not God more pitiful? Perhaps it was in purest mercy God had sent the blow on his mother; for it may be that death, not life, could best save her son. Sooner or later her heart might have been wrung by his weakness and backslidings; now she would always keep him in her memory as in her loving ignorance she fancied him to have been.

Billy wondered if it were wrong to be sincerely glad that very few people knew of poor Ned's failings and follies, and that those few would be likely to guard their secret.

There was only one week more of the school term after Ned's death; a fact for which Billy was very grateful. He was overwrought, and needed rest, after a year of severest study and the recent drain on his

sympathies. It rested him only to think of out-of-door work, or getting away from books and from the little upper rooms full of sad associations.

As he was packing his boxes the last day, a shadow darkened the threshold, and looking up, Billy saw Stan Ellery, as gracious and cheerful as ever. He flung himself into a chair, tossed a cigar-end out of the open window, and after a few careless remarks, exclaimed: "Ned told me once that you knew he was in debt to me and to another fellow."

"Yes, I knew it; but see here, Stan Ellery, are you going to bring more trouble on my mother? She is almost crushed by her loss, any way, but you don't know the satisfaction it is to her to tell people what a good boy he was. Now, if you do and show up to her every miserable slip in this last year of his life, you make her utterly wretched. You take away her comfort."

"Oh, hold up, Billy! Don't fly off at a tangent. All I came in for was to tell you to keep your own mouth shut on this matter. I have settled with the other fellow, and never expect my money back. Let his mother believe he was a newer edition of his father the parson. Ned was a good-hearted fellow as ever was."

"I don't know how long he would have been so!" Billy said this much and stopped. What was the use of talking to Stan?

"If I had had much to do with him, you mean," continued Stan himself. "Oh, I don't hurt him. He had been held in too long, and when he once started he didn't know when to stop. He cut me three months ago, and I did not follow him up. I say, Billy, ain't you turning out rather more pious than one would expect from your earliest training?"

"Perhaps. How about your early training, and your present going?"

Stan gave a boisterous laugh, and made ready to leave him, saying: "Well, I am not such a Jew as you seemed to expect I would be in regard to these debts. Going over to the farm to-day! Give my love to Nan, she is getting most mighty pretty. Ned was a little soft on her—don't know the state of her heart. Good-bye, old chap."

Billy could not help wondering, as Stan went whistling down the old stairs, if he were acting out of generosity and kindness, or if it seemed to Stan as well not to bring to light his own share in Ned's transactions.

The books were all packed at last, all movable articles were sent away, and by night Billy was ready to leave forever the place in which he had learned much and experienced more. As he stood in the door, looking back into the room, darkening with the night-fall, he remembered with a thrill his late friend saying: "In a few days you go one way and I another."

Ned's way had led him into eternity. Whither did his own steps turn? He could not tell, but one thing he realized: his own boyhood was past—it was time that he should go out into the world and become a man among men.

(To be continued)

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

A deal of leakage amongst glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp chimneys, tumblers and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table salt has been added. Boil the water well, and then allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material, sprinkling with alcohol, and rolling in newspaper, commencing with the paper and crape together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material. Allow it to remain so until dry.

A better plan for removing grease spots than by applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirits of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it. Every schoolboy is not aware that ink spots can be removed from the leaves of books by using a solution of oxalic acid in water, nor does every housemaid know that "spots" are easily cleaned from varnished furniture by rubbing it with spirit of camphor.

Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the

soothing influence of lamp-oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth. When the white pianoforte keys become discolored, we should re-rub the front door, fall, and slip of wood justly over them; then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a cloth slightly damp with cold water, and dry off with a cloth slightly warm. Should the keys be sticky, first damp the cloth with a little spirit of wine or gin. Soap or washing powder must not be used. It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger-marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans. A teaspoonful in a basin of warm water will make hair brushes beautifully white; but care must be taken not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface. Rinse them with clean warm water, and put in a sunny window to dry.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discolorations may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, are all of us aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from white ivory knife handles, or that the lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of egg?

Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver than alcohol and ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not in use every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevent the mustiness of the contents familiar to hotel and boarding-house sufferers.—*Harpur's Bazar.*

UNCONVERTED SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

What are unconverted Sunday school teachers like? Perhaps the following incident may suggest a simile. After one of our colliery accidents, and when the dead bodies were being brought to the surface, one of the miners engaged in that work found himself unable to make his way with his sad burden over the top of the "fall," because he had to carry his Davy lamp in the hand which he required to climb with. He says, in giving his account, "I could not catch hold of the stuff at the side, to get up to the top; so then, I put the dead man's hand through the ring of the lamp, and then I used the hand that I had been carrying the lamp with, to lay hold of the stuff at the side, and so, with my corpse carrying the lamp to light us, I got over, and brought up the body." It may be that God, in his infinite mercy, may use the words of unconverted teachers for light to the children, but there is an awful pathos in the possibility that the likeness of this incident may be seen in such a case, and it is only a lamp held up in a dead man's hand.—*Intermediate Teacher's Quarterly.*

WRONG EXPECTATIONS.

The doctrines of conversion, conviction of sin, and regeneration have been monstrously perverted when they have been made to teach that in every case, whatever the natural disposition or early training, there must be a sudden, conscious, terrible wrench from old ways of living; for it shuts out all childish conversions, and makes a youth of sin indispensable to an old age of godliness. This explains many of the terrible revelations which praying parents have had concerning their sons and daughters. They have looked and longed and prayed for a sudden, thrilling conversion and experience for their children, rather than for a very early turning to God and growth in grace. This sudden, thrilling experience never came, but ruin and disgrace and heart-ache have come, because the parents have not practically believed in a religious childhood. We believe that the Bible teaches that it is not necessary for young, innocent children to agonize over their sins, and mourn and weep like gray-haired offenders, and then come out of a terrible darkness into a marvellous light. We need not look for any such experience. The dawn comes gradu-

ally, the lightning with a blinding flash; but the daylight is far more useful than the lightning's glare, and he is a foolish parent who says, "I will not believe that my child has any light until the electric flash strikes him blind with its dazzling rays." It depends very largely upon Christian parents whether the day-dawn from on high shall come into their children's lives while they are very young and illuminate all their eternity. Let us plan for this, pray for this, expect this, and to our children will be long the blessed experience of never knowing a time when they were not Christians.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Nov. 15.—Jonah 3: 1: 10.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Subject,—Repentance and remission of sins.

I. The prophet restored (vers. 1-4). Fix attention on Jonah, saved, forgiven, grateful, longing to proclaim abroad his new experience, that "Salvation is of the Lord," yet fearing lest he had forfeited his privilege as a prophet. Enter into his joy at again receiving God's command, and his alacrity on entering upon his wearisome journey and braving the more cruel perils of the moral desert. The Lord had restored unto him the joy of his salvation.

Whether the words given in the chapter are merely the text of a longer sermon, or whether he reiterated this one sentence, he was preaching the preaching that God laid him.

Illustration. For four years before the destruction of Jerusalem, a peasant proclaimed through its streets by day and by night, "A voice from the east, a voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, 'Woe, woe to Jerusalem!'"

II. The people repentant (ver. 5-9) Nineveh was in the height of splendor and sin, when suddenly there appeared this strange figure from the distant land of Omri, startling every lane and square, and caravanary, by a piercing monotonous wail, in a dialect which, though not intelligible, seemed uncouth and barbarous.—*Geddes.* God's word went home to their souls. Their conscience also bore witness against their besetting sins—cruelty, violence, violence,—and they (1) believed God. (2) They were heartily and openly sorry. (3) They prayed mightily to God. (4) They put away their sins, each one for himself. (5) They made restitution of their ill-gotten gain. This they did both as individuals and as a nation. It was a miracle of grace, attributable to nothing short of the Holy Spirit.

Illustrations. (1) The Day of Pentecost (2) The great revival in the Sandwich Islands during the present century. (3) The more recent conversion of the Fiji Islands.

Two points are worthy of attention. (1) Nations and corporations, as such, have no future life, and their rewards and punishments are received in this life. Bearing this in mind, we better understand political economy and the philanthropy of history, not only in ancient monarchies, but in the accidents and massacres, and successes that to-day are making history. (2) Our common domestic animals, from their connection with our sinful race, are exposed to suffering, which it is our duty to alleviate and prevent as far as possible.

Illustration. "A man's cat and dog ought to be the happier for his religion."

III. The punishment remitted (ver. 10). Do not try to reconcile God's unchangeableness and his repentance, for, like free will and foreknowledge, "they were never at variance." Both are blessed truths seen from different standpoints. Show rather that God morally regard us: any one moment just as we then are, and that his justice is honored in the salvation of the penitent as much as in the destruction of the wicked.

If there is time, glance at Jonah (chap. 5), not yet hopeless of the destruction of those sinners, petulant, disappointed, even angry, as those who could govern God's world as better than God himself are liable to be. Notice what the Lord prepares for his instruction, and the lesson he teaches him; and notice too that Jonah does not, as before, betake himself from God's presence.

Fail not to press home on every conscience the Golden Text.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE (PARTLY PHONETIC).

First.

I am only a myth in fairy tales;  
Yet once in your own land,  
Wise men and good believed in me  
And all my sister band.

Second.

I hide the mountains from tourist's gaze;  
I am wondrously soft and blue;  
I am known by college freshmen well,  
And much to their sorrow, too.

Third.

I belong to many a mansion fine;  
I'm in library, parlor, and hall;  
I measure less than a rod in length,  
And I'm always in luck, withal.

Whole.

I have made a fortune for certain folk,  
Yet I'm only a woodland tree;  
But I'm full of healing, and some men claim,  
A divining power for me.

ANAGRAMS OF AUTHORS.

- Mollie Welles, Dover, N. H.
- Old Carl Mayna.
- Jim Holston.
- Mad Tom Irfray.
- The clear Dr. Cocked brags.
- Marn Rufeicy.
- Toul, alias Toc.

ENIGMA.

In bell, not in lute;  
In fulcrum and in flute;  
In sing, not in cry;  
In say and reply;  
In band, not in drum;  
In egg, not in plum;  
In finger, not in thumb;  
In syrup, not in juice;  
Whole make something few refuse.

OMNIBUS WORD.

In a word of five letters find, without repeating a word, or the same letter in a word, the following:—

I. A Diamond Puzzle. 1, A consonant; 2, A monkey; 3, Lean; 4, An epoch; 5, A vowel.

II. Another Diamond Puzzle. 1, A vegetable (in sound). 2, An ocean; 3, Fruits; 4, Latin for "art"; 5, A consonant.

III. A Square Word. 1, A vegetable; 2, A part of the body; 3, A verb.

IV. Three Reversible Words. 1, To quarrel; reversed, short, quick blows. 2, A syllable in music; reversed, an affix. 3, The juice of a plant; reversed, the French for right of precedence.

V. Twelve Words. 1, To resolve a sentence into its parts; 2, An implement of war. 3, Cuts off the surface; 4, Gathers; 5, A parent; 6, To cauterize; 7, To overthrow; 8, A plant cultivated for the oil obtained from its seed; 9, A prefix, signifying "by"; 10, A large, rough file; 11, Equal value; 12, A small venomous serpent. Can you guess the word?

CROSS WORD.

In beach not in shore,  
In much not in more,  
In boy not in man,  
In Tim not in Dan,  
In high not in low,  
In sleet not in snow,  
In faith not in hope,  
In priest not in pope,  
In truth not in lies,  
In tears not in sighs,  
In thought not in mind,  
In band not in bind,  
In wrong not in right,  
In red not in white,  
In soft not in hard,  
In poet not in bard,  
In love not in faith,  
In life not in death,  
In might not in power,  
In minute not in hour,  
In mend not in patch,  
In clock not in watch,  
In trap not in snare,  
So the answer will declare  
A precept good and wise  
Which no one should despise.

S. MOORE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.—Shadow.

CHARADE.—Orchestra.

BEHEADINGS.—1, Bill-ill. 2, Steam-team. 3, Dream-room. 4, Ghat-gal. 5, Said-aid. 6, Sand-ant. 7, Stick-lick. 8, Drive-five. 9, Green-lean. 10, Lamb-orth.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Everett D. Stode.

## GOLD RINGS, PENKNIVES, &amp;c.

This competition which has just begun is a splendid chance for every boy and girl to obtain some very useful article. The *Weekly Messenger* has a better patronage than many an older paper and the reason is plain—True worth must always tell and it does so in the case of this paper. Many people have only got to be shown the *Weekly Messenger* to be made anxious to subscribe for it. From every quarter of this continent of North America we receive congratulations and praises. The subscriber in Texas joins with the subscriber in British Columbia, Ontario or Nova Scotia in praising such a valuable household paper.

In our last competition many persons waited till the last few days before trying to obtain subscriptions. Some of them sent in letters saying that they were sorry to be late but hoped to get a prize. Now though we were sorry for them, we cannot give prizes to those who are late. The letters must be sent in good time or no premium can be given.

Let everyone then send in the new subscriptions obtained at once and then add to these afterwards if possible.

No prizes or premiums can be sent out until the beginning of next month as many will wish to add to former lists and will consequently be entitled to more valuable rewards.

Our new prize competition will last only until the 30th of this month. Besides giving the *Weekly Messenger* for the

## REST OF THE YEAR FREE,

we make the following offer of money prizes for those who obtain the five largest lists of new subscriptions at fifty cents each—these subscriptions only expiring on the

## 1ST OF JANUARY, 1887.

For the largest list we will give a prize of **\$10.00**; for the second largest list, a prize of **\$5.00**; for the third largest list a prize of **\$2.50**; for the fourth and fifth largest lists a prize of **\$1.00** each.

Besides getting the remaining two months' issues of the paper free, and the chance of winning one of these five money prizes, everybody throughout the Dominion who sends in even one new fifty-cent subscription will be certain of receiving a present, and the more subscriptions any one sends the more valuable the present which will be received. Here is our promise:—

For one new subscription—A large and exceedingly bright and beautiful colored picture—your choice out of three.

## (Second List.)

Everyone sending in two new subscriptions will be entitled to his choice of one of the following articles:

1. A pair of scissors.
2. A jet brooch.
3. A locket, with place for miniature likeness.
4. An illuminated Family Record, with scrolls for births, marriages and deaths.
5. A gilt watch chain.
6. A History of the Riel Rebellion.

## (Third List.)

Everyone sending in three new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. A pocket toilet case.
2. An assorted package, including needles, thimble, cuff-buttons, brooch and chain.
3. A silver thimble.
4. One of the articles in *Second List* and the picture besides.

## (Fourth List.)

Everyone sending in five new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. An extra copy of this paper, to be sent to any address free until 1st January 1887.
2. A two-bladed pocket knife (Rodgers' steel.)
3. A fancy silver thimble.
4. Any one thing mentioned in *Third List* and any one thing mentioned in *Second List* besides.

## (Fifth List)

Everyone sending us ten new subscriptions may choose one of the following:—

1. A nine carat gold ring, handsomely engraved.
2. Any one of a large number of valuable and handsomely bound standard books, the full list of which will be published next week.
3. Any one thing from each of *Second, Third and Fourth Lists*, besides the picture.

Every letter sent in for this competition must be plainly marked **WEEKLY MESSENGER COMPETITION** on the envelope as well as on the paper on which are the names of the new subscribers. In stating what prizes are wished for, in the list you are entitled to choose from, do not forget to give the number of the list and the number of its subdivision as well as the names of the separate articles.

## THREE COLORED PICTURES.

Three more pleasing and graceful pictures than the three large ones of which we offer the choice to all who send us one new subscription, it would be difficult to procure.

A written description is impossible in the case of such works. Only the artist's brush could do justice to the beautiful young "Foster-Mother," with her golden hair flowing in captivating negligence,—her sweet beseeching expression and uplifted hand together appealing for the safety of the frightened new-fledged birds whose mossy nest is gently borne in the other hand of their "Foster Mother."

The picture so appropriately called "Who Invited You?" is full of brightness, heightened by the rich dark background so happily chosen by the artist. It is a question which of the figures in this picture will be considered of greater interest,—the little miss with her dainty white frock and her masses of auburn hair, or the great dog who has slyly poked his nose on the table beside her, and at whom she is quietly looking down to see if he is audacious enough to take the biscuits he so covets.

Who can help falling in love with the motherly little damsel, so quaint and yet so natural, who stands there with her bare feet peeping from under the old-fashioned little gown? It is time she was in bed herself, dear little soul,—but "He won't go to sleep," she says, as she takes from his cradle the chubby little fellow, almost as big as herself, and as wide-awake as you please!

It would be difficult to recommend any one of these in preference to any other, when all are of such an extremely taking character. We can only call attention to the fact, that everyone has here an ample opportunity of exercising his or her particular taste.

## PRIZE BOOKS.

The following is the list of books from which we offer the choice of one volume to all who send us in ten new subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger*:

The Popular Poets series handsomely bound with gilt edge:—Scott, Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Hood, Schiller, Campbell.

The following of Walter Scott's novels very well bound:—Ivanhoe, Waverley, Guy Mannering, Tales from French History.

The following of Dickens' works, neatly bound in cloth:—Pickwick papers, Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby.

These books by Agnes Strickland:—Tales from English History, True Stories from Ancient History, True Stories from Modern History.

A. L. O. E. series in gilt edges:—The Giant Killer, House Beautiful, A wreath of Indian Stories, The Silver Casket, Battling with the World, The Mine, Rambles of a Rat, Stories of Home and School Life by Mrs. Prentiss:—Stepping Heavenward, Flower of the Family.

The following books, any one of which may be chosen, are extremely popular, they are handsomely bound in cloth, extra, black and gold:—Robinson Crusoe, the Scottish Chiefs, Gulliver's Travels, Dickens' Child's History of England, Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Swiss Family Robinson, Don Quixote, Vicar of Wakefield, Paul and Virginia, Pilgrim's Progress, The Last Days of Pompeii, Dog Crusoe, Gorilla Hunters, Wild Man of the West, Bear Hunters.

Still other books to choose from are the following:—Quinby's Bee-Keeping; The Story of the Life of Jesus, a 220 page book, profusely illustrated and printed on very good paper; Self Formation, by Paxton Hood; Children of China; Half Hours with the Best Authors; From the Log Cabin to the White House.

There are no shoddy books amongst these, every volume being strongly bound. In most cases the books contain over four hundred pages, and in some volumes there are as many as between six and seven hundred pages.

AT THE REQUEST of our readers we have sent off hundreds of sample copies of this paper to different persons of whom they have given us the addresses. We now offer to send sample copies for two weeks to those friends whose names and addresses our subscribers may see fit to send us.

THERE ARE TWO THINGS which we must beg leave to impress on our readers. One is that all letters sent in for the *Weekly Messenger* competition must be marked "Weekly Messenger Competition" on the envelope, and also on the top of the paper on which the names are written. The other thing is that in every case fifty cents must be sent in for each subscription. The paper is already cheaper than any other similar one, and no reduction will be made on the regular subscription rates.

THOSE WHO SEND us in subscriptions to the *Weekly Messenger* should, in choosing their prizes, state the number of the list (second, third, fourth or fifth) and the number in that list which has been chosen. Also be sure and state all the separate articles wanted. For instance, if a subscriber sends us ten subscriptions and wishes for No. 3 in the fifth list, he should say so before enumerating the articles he has chosen from the former lists.

## THE WEEK.

LORD TENNYSON'S new poem entitled "Vastness" has been published. It deals with political and religious questions, thoroughly removing whatever doubt might have been caused by the author's relations to the "Nineteenth Century" magazine as to his belief in a future state.

THE "GREAT EASTERN," the largest steamship in the world and the one which has proved of so great use in laying Atlantic cables, was sold the other day for \$131,000.

A LETTER, supposed to be written by Lord Bramwell, appeared in the *London Times*. In it his lordship condemns the action of those who are urging a reprieve for Riel as he considers that no man deserves punishment so much as a man leading a rebellion. Riel in particular was a very bad rebel, having carried out his rebellion for gain. This is his second offence, and, says His Lordship, he has done more mischief than a score of burglars, murderers and other criminals.

SEVERAL COUNTIES in Arizona passed a barbarous law giving a large sum of money to anyone obtaining an Indian scalp. This law has done a great deal to clear Arizona of the troublesome Apaches, but the inhabitants of Northern Mexico are not benefiting by the process as the Indians, finding persecution rather hot on the United States side of the line, are constantly betaking themselves to the mountainous parts of Mexico where they live by the fruits of their depredations on peaceable citizens.

THEY ARE GETTING UP a Winter Carnival in St. Paul, Minneapolis, on business principles. The St. Paul Ice Palace in Winter Carnival Association is to be regularly incorporated as a joint stock company with a capital of \$15,000. Plans for the palace have been submitted and work will be begun as soon as possible.

THE GRAND JURY of New York, in the presentment made several days ago, says that during the October term of the Court they were strongly impressed with the fact that a large proportion of the 323 criminal charges that were passed upon were directly traceable to the indulgence in intoxicating drinks due to the temptations offered by nearly 10,000 licensed saloons throughout the city. The Grand Jury holds that the excise board is highly culpable for their indiscriminate system of licensing now being pursued.

IN CALDWELL PARISH, Louisiana, a number of colored children who had witnessed a baptizing took one of their number, a child three years of age, and immersed him in a pond until the amusement lost its charm. The child died in two hours.

THERE IS A THEORY that the lower grades of animals in the course of centuries develop into human beings, but some naturalist has discovered that one species of animal the Manatee, or sea cow as it is ordinarily called, has a retrograde movement in the scale of creation. He says: "The Manatee is an animal belonging to a family that has evidently seen better days. I predict that not many years hence there will be found more and more conclusive evidences that the forms from which Manatee and its relatives have been descended had arms and legs and a very much smaller tail. The hind legs have been lost in the process of evolution, the front legs have been degraded into fins, and the tail has become one for swimming instead of for flapping from side to side."

THE LABORERS in the Yorkshire collieries have decided to strike unless their wages are raised fifteen percent. These strike would throw about 200,000 men out of employment. Two Glasgow cotton mills have reduced the wages of the operatives who have struck in consequence. In France a great struggle is at present going on between labor and capital, and numerous strikes in various trades are in progress throughout the country. The prospects are, to say the least of it, alarming for both workmen and employers.

LARGE SUMS OF MONEY have been subscribed to the Irish Defence Union whose object is to put down the boycotting which is doing so much harm in Ireland. Three dukes, four marquises, fourteen earls, a score of lords and viscounts, and many members of the House of Commons and other prominent gentlemen were elected as an executive committee.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has issued a proclamation designating Thursday, November 26th, as a day of national thanksgiving.

ONE OF THE WORST STORMS experienced on the New England coast for many months was felt on Monday, and from all points come reports of more or less damage to vessels, houses, trees and property generally.

A CITIZEN OF GENOA, the home of Columbus, with a view to creating an interest in the celebration of the 600th centenary of the discovery of America, has conjured up some relics of the great explorer and discoverer of the New World. He declares that he has possession of the identical chains with which Bobadilla loaded the wrists of Columbus when the latter was sent back a prisoner to Spain in the year 1500. He secured these relics after a long and expensive journey made in Spain and America for the purpose.

THE FRENCH FORCE in Tonquin have recently gained a victory over the Black Flags. It is likely that the French army in Tonquin will be considerably reduced.

PRESIDENT WILLARD introduced to the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, of Philadelphia, several workers from Canada. Among them Mrs. E. S. Barber, of Montreal, who said the flag of prohibition would soon float over Canada.

M. DE LESSEPS is trying to raise money for the pushing of the work of construction of the Panama Canal. Having failed to accomplish his object by other means he now proposes to raise the money by the sale of lottery tickets. Great ends have indeed been accomplished by harmful means, but lawful measures are cheaper in the end and the French Government would find that it would be cheaper to pay out the money from the national coffers than to condescend to grant M. De Lesseps' request for a lottery.

IT IS BELIEVED that before long Buffalo city will be supplied by natural gas through an immense main pipe line from the gas regions.

MRS. LANGTRY has been compelled to pay household debts contracted while living with her husband.

THE CHOLERA is not yet stamped out in Spain by any means. In some small towns to which the plague has spread, the deaths average twenty a day—a truly terrible state of affairs.

THE MONTENEGROS have again been defeated by the Government troops. The latter being surprised by the rebels were at first forced to retire to the heights. Afterwards they turned round and completely defeated the Montenegros with the loss of their baggage and animals.

MR. SPURGEON heartily advocates the separation of the English (Established) Church from the State. He considers the union of the church and state unscriptural and unfair to the dissenters.

AN ATTEMPT has been made to assassinate M. De Freycinet, French minister of Foreign Affairs. The way of it was this: After attending a Cabinet meeting M. De Freycinet took a drive and while returning to his office a man stepped out into the roadway and fired a pistol directly at his carriage. The shot was harmless, and before the culprit could fire again he was arrested. When the would-be assassin was examined at the police station he confessed he did not know M. De Freycinet personally, and refused to give his name or occupation. Afterwards it was discovered that the man was an Italian, Mattei by name, and that he had been a workman on the Panama canal. In 1883 one of his children was violently treated at the hands of some of his fellow workmen, and despite Mattei's efforts, the guilty men escaped punishment. Mattei then engaged a lawyer in Paris to lay the facts before the government, but failed also in this attempt to obtain justice. Believing that M. De Freycinet was shielding the miscreant he resolved to punish him, and hence his attempt to shoot him. The physicians who have been making an examination as to the mental condition of Mattei have made a report declaring the prisoner to be insane.

TWO CONVICTS escaped from the Kingston Penitentiary a few days ago. Charles Andrews, who was convicted of manslaughter at Toronto and sentenced to five years, two of which he served, had charge of the coal house; for an assistant he had Mat Kennedy, an Essex burglar, who had served eighteen months of his seven years' sentence, and it was not thought necessary to place a guard over them. The wall of the Penitentiary formed one side of the coal-house, and this they operated on, removing the stones, and covering the openings with coals when they left their work. They succeeded in getting through the wall and burrowing through the earth to the surface on the outside, a distance of ten or twelve feet. The hole in the ground they built up with stone to prevent its caving in and the dirt excavated was covered with coal, so that the circumstances were most favorable for them. In the hole was found a board on which cleats were nailed, and up this they scrambled and through the hole into the open air. They must have been working in order to effect their escape, for fully a month, as the job was very neatly done. Andrews is fifty years of age, has sore eyes, wears spectacles, is slightly lame and is five feet eight and a half inches high. Kennedy is twenty-three years old, fair, five feet nine inches high, and minus the front upper teeth. Both are desperate characters.

THE UNITED STATES CONSUL at Foo Chow, China, states that cholera is prevailing to such an extent as to make it all but epidemic. In a short time twenty-seven deaths had occurred within a quarter of a mile of the Consulate, and all the victims were either men or boys who had been taking part in idolatrous processions, which had been parading the streets in the night and rain for the purpose of warding off the disease. Such occasions are always accompanied with much imprudent eating and drinking, thus fitting the participants for attack and rendering them unable to recover when once ill. The parading of idols, called by foreigners the "tall white devil," and the "short black devil" are the chief sanitary measures employed in Foo Chow to prevent the ravages of cholera.

A LETTER from a gentleman who was President Lincoln's Secretary has been published in a St. Louis newspaper. The letter is in reference to the President's policy in regard to the war between the North and the South. It says: "Soon after Mr. Lincoln's return from the James River, the Cabinet was convened and he submitted for approval a message which he had prepared to be submitted to Congress, in which he recommended Congress to appropriate \$300,000,000, to be apportioned among the several States in proportion to the slave population; to be distributed to the holders of slaves in those States upon condition that they would consent to the abolition of slavery, and disbanding of the insurgent army, and would acknowledge and submit to the laws of the United States. The members of the Cabinet were all opposed to it. He seemed somewhat surprised at that and asked, 'How long will the war last?' No one answered, but he soon said 'A hundred days; well, we are spending now in carrying on the war \$3,000,000 a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives.' With a deep sigh he added, 'But you are all opposed to me and I will not send the message.'"

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

A New York broker had an interview with a newspaper reporter the other day in the course of which the broker told of an instance of good fortune which befell an unconscious speculator. He said: "There are two men, whom I'll call Jones, because that sounds something like their name. One was John Jones and the other James. They were twin brothers, and looked so much alike their wives could hardly tell them apart. For some strange reason they dressed exactly alike, too, and I would wager \$10 against a brass button that you couldn't tell which was which if you saw them standing side by side. Why, when a man who had been drinking saw them together he would generally think he saw double. They were as much alike as that. John was a petroleum broker and James was an insurance agent. Both lived in New York. Every once in a while James would go down to the Exchange to see his brother, and in that way meet a good many business men, none of whom ever knew him afterward from his brother, the petroleum broker. One day the market was going up like a rocket, when James came into the pit looking for his brother, who didn't happen to be in at that moment. This, remember, was in the good old times in oil when the market used to break loose once in a while like a freshet.

"James stood around a minute or two waiting for John to come in, when he noticed a man on the other side of the pit he had been introduced to. He nodded to him, and the man yelled something back to him, but the noise and confusion were so great he couldn't understand what he said. So James smiled pleasantly and nodded his head in reply. Then another man yelled something at him and James nodded again. Then a lot of other brokers began yelling to him, and he kept nodding like the head of a little Japanese idol until his neck ached.

"He thought they mistook him for his brother, and wondered what John had done to make himself so extremely popular, but before he had made up his mind about the matter the market changed, and began to drop like hail in February. The crowd grew frantic, and the noise increased to bedlam; then the bottom was struck, and the confusion began to subside.

"While James was watching the scene

with considerable curiosity, for he had never been in a lunatic asylum, and was unaccustomed to such sights, a broker walked up to him and held out his hand.

"Well, Mr. Jones," said he, 'you've made a pretty good thing out of this.'

"Yes," said James, thinking he alluded to his curiosity being satisfied.

"I suppose you have cleared a neat little sum out of this deal?"

"Ah!" asked Mr. Jones in surprise.

"Yes," said the broker. "I believe I owe you something over \$15,000 on that 100,000 barrels."

"Ah!" said Mr. Jones again, more cautiously.

"Before they got through talking, another broker came up, and another and still another. While James was nodding to his brother's friends in friendly recognition, as he supposed, he had been selling thousands of dollars' worth of oil, which the sudden drop in the market of fifteen cents a barrel had made valuable.

"Well, James Jones was no fool, he didn't tell any one who he was. He kept his identity strictly to himself, and hurried out as soon as he could get away to notify his brother of the great good luck. As fortune would have it, he found him at his office, and thus his real name was not disclosed. That day's mistake cleared him \$290,000 or more."

"How did you happen to know about the story, if it was kept so secret?" he asked.

"I am one of the twins," responded the broker.

THOSE WHO HAVE READ tales about household animals have often seen stories of dogs and cats, for instance, who, on the death of their masters, moped and refused all nourishment for many days, sometimes until death relieved them from their sorrows. It is seldom, however, that we hear of such a case as the following, mentioned in a recent cablegram: "The body of a lion tamer, named Stewart, was found on Friday in a room at Romainville, outside of Paris. The man had died from apoplexy. Beside him was the body of a lion which, it is supposed, died of starvation caused through grief at the loss of its keeper.

TWO CANADIANS who were employed on a steamer at Duluth, Minnesota, met an awful death the other day. While the steamer was leaving the dock the cylinder filled with steam and exploded, throwing a great volume of steam with such force as to knock the second engineer, who was on the watch, through the door into the room where the first engineer was in bed asleep. The steam rushed in through the opening, filled the room and scalded them so that when the crew went into the room almost immediately afterward, they found both men dead. Thomas Hickey, the first engineer, was thirty-seven years old, and leaves a wife and two children in Hamilton, Ont. The second engineer, William Rooney, was not married. He leaves relatives in Ottawa, Ont.

THE SAME GENTLEMAN who informed the public that Mr. Gladstone went to the theatre after receiving the news of Gordon's death has repeated his statement with the hope of injuring Mr. Gladstone's prospects in the coming elections. Mr. Gladstone has denied that even a rumor of the sad event had reached him at the time.

IT IS SAID that the Arabs grind their coffee as fine as flour and boil it in a copper saucepan without a lid. They would not on any account boil it in a covered vessel, as that would prevent the deleterious qualities from escaping and make the coffee bitter.

## THAT CALF.

To the yard by the barn came the farmer  
one morn.

And, calling the cattle, he said,  
While they trembled with fright, "Now  
which of you last night  
Shut the barn-door while I was abed?"  
Each one of them all shook his head.

Now the little calf, Spot, she was down in  
the lot;

And the way the rest talked was a shame;  
For no one, night before, saw her shut up  
the door.

But they said that she did, all the same,  
But they always made her take the blame.

Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was not up  
that way

Last night, as I now recollect;"

And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns  
very high,

And said, "Let who may here object,  
I say 'tis that calf I suspect!"

Then out spoke the cow: "It is terrible now  
To accuse honest folks of such tricks."

Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't  
me!"

And the sheep all cried, "Bah!" (there  
were six)

"Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"

"Why, of course, we all knew 'twas the wrong  
thing to do."

Said the chickens, "Of course," said the  
cat;

"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks  
think me a fool,

But I'm not quite so simple as that;  
The poor calf never knows what she's at."

Just that moment the calf, who was always  
the laugh

And the jest of the yard, came in sight.

"Did you shut my barn-door?" asked the  
farmer once more,

"I did, sir, I closed it last night,"

Said the calf; "and I thought that was  
right."

Then each one shook his head. "She will  
catch it," they said;

"Serve her right for her meddlesome  
way!"

Said the farmer, "Come here, little bossy,  
my dear;

You have done what I cannot repay,  
And your fortune is made from to-day.

"For a wonder last night I forgot the door  
quite,

And if you had not shut it so neat  
All my coats had slipped in, and gone right  
to the bin,

And got what they ought not to eat—  
They'd have foundered themselves upon  
wheat."

Then each hoof of them all began loudly to  
bawl;

"The very mule smiled; the cock crowd.

"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite  
here,"

They cried, "We all said it was you;  
We were so glad to give you your due!"

And the calf answered knowingly, "Boo!"  
—*Thos. Cary.*

## ALICE MEDFORD.

"How long I have watched! It seems  
as though they never would come." Pale  
little Alice, weary with an hour's waiting,  
put down the soft folds of the lace curtains  
and returned to her couch.

"They surely will," answered her mother;  
then in a softer tone she added, "unless  
Providence prevents. Even then God would  
grant something that would be better for  
us than the coming of your brother and  
sister. He is always better to us than our  
dearest wishes."

"But, mother," exclaimed Alice; "nothing  
could be better for us than to have James  
and Lucy at home once more."

"It is true, Alice, that to us, with our  
narrow vision, nothing short of a visit from  
them would seem a blessing. Yet God  
knows better than we can. Let us trust,  
remembering, that our Heavenly Parent  
never forgets our highest welfare."  
—*Rev. J. H.*

"But, mother, I have so longed for these  
holidays. I have thought of James and Lucy  
all the day, and when I could sleep I have  
dreamed of them. I couldn't bear a disap-  
pointment now."

"I trust you will not need to hear one,  
indeed that none of us will need to hear  
one. It was with a fear of what might take  
place, and knowing that all the thoughts of  
my suffering little Alice were centred upon  
the coming of her brother and sister, that I  
was led to remind you that it is sometimes  
best that God's ways should not be as our  
ways," answered Mrs. Medford tenderly.

The room where Alice reclined, and  
where her mother sewed and waited, was  
the family sitting room. It was tasteful and  
luxurious, warm and bright. Without, over  
all the woods and hills, the snow lay white  
and frosty, sparkling beneath the golden  
glow of a December sunset.

This home, quiet and lovely, was only  
half a mile from the noisy, bustling town of  
B—. Here James and Lucy Medford had  
grown to strong and beautiful young man-  
hood and womanhood, and from here they  
had gone—one to college, the other to Mrs.  
L—'s school for young ladies. For two  
years they had not been home save for the  
holidays the previous winter, and little  
Alice, who of late was never well, and who  
for the last few months had grown thinner  
and paler, had looked forward to their next  
coming as to the heaven of her existence.  
She was not doomed to bear the disappoint-  
ment she began to fear. When at length  
Mr. Medford returned from the station he  
was not alone.

Alice was too happy to eat supper, too  
happy for words, and neither her father nor  
mother could keep back the tears as they saw  
the glow of happiness on her white face, and  
noticed how silently she nestled between her  
brother and sister all through the evening  
that followed.

In health Alice had been wont to clasp  
her hands and shout when joy or merriment  
came; now she clasped her hands in silent  
content.

What a week of brightness was the one  
that followed! James, who was to be a  
doctor, declared that Alice was kept much  
too close, and every pleasant afternoon he  
would have her well wrapped in furs, and  
take her out to ride. Such long, delicious  
sleigh-rides as these were! Sometimes  
they went far out over the glistening hills  
of the country, again they rode through the  
gay and busy streets of the town. Lucy  
was sometimes with her, James always, and  
O, how happy she was! It is true she  
would come home so tired that it was with  
difficulty she went to her couch, still she did  
not mind it, for was not her own beautiful  
brother by her side?

To James Medford there was no other so  
dear as his suffering little sister. Being  
much younger than he Alice had from her  
baby-hood been his pet—his pride. Now  
he felt that there was something of heaven  
in her presence. He knew, too, that she  
trusted him as no other could, for even his  
mother knew his faults, and Alice did not.

She did know that three or four evenings  
during the week James had gone to  
town soon after she retired. In the morn-  
ings following he did not come down to  
breakfast until nearly noon, and when she  
pleaded with him for a cause for this  
she had answered evasively "he had a  
headache," or "was tired," and she  
pitied him. She did not know, how could  
she have believed that her noble, beautiful  
brother had fallen into evil habits? She  
never even dreamed that he loved wine.  
The knowledge of this was carefully kept  
from her for fear of the effect it might have  
on her delicate, sensitive nature. Alice  
noticed with wonder that her father's face  
seemed shadowed by sorrow, and several  
times she thought she saw a tear on her  
mother's face, and fancied that Lucy was  
less gay than usual, but the real cause of all  
this she never guessed.

At length the holidays were over, and  
loving, tearful good-byes were spoken when  
James returned to college.

"I shall come back to you in a year, to  
be always near you, Alice, my Alice," he had  
said as he held her in his arms, and kissed  
her quivering lips.

With his sister's kiss still warm on his  
brow, the young man formed many good  
resolutions, resolutions which he did not  
break with the first or second temptation.  
Would they be finally overcome and for-  
gotten? We shall see.

The next day after her brother's depart-  
ure Alice and her dearest girl-friend, Ger-  
trude Mannerly, were together in the  
library at Mr. Medford's, enjoying a long  
talk.

"I believe there never was a happier

girl than I am," said Alice. "Lucy is to  
stay at home another week, and next  
summer, if I am well enough, I am to  
spend some time with her. Then in just  
a year James will be home to stay near  
us, and you know he is just the best of  
brothers."

Gertrude did know, she had always known  
James Medford, and always wished she had  
a brother just like him; but now she was  
silent and a shade of sadness was on her  
pretty rosy face.

Alice saw this and hastened to inquire  
the cause. "What is it Gerty?" she pleaded;  
and as Gertrude still hesitated she continued,  
"I know something makes you feel sad,  
and I thought we never kept anything from  
each other."

"It is nothing I can keep from you  
Alice," Gertrude replied. "Of course you  
know already, but I was just thinking how  
very sad it was that one so good and gener-  
ous as James is, should drink to excess, and  
even get drunk, as he did at the reunion  
New Year's eve."

"Not our James?" gasped Alice.

"Why, didn't you know it? Everyone  
is talking about it. Oh Alice, Alice, what  
have I done! Don't look so. Forgive me!"  
cried Gertrude, now frightened and grieved  
beyond expression, as Alice, white and rigid  
like one who is dying, sank back on the sofa  
and vainly sought to give utterance to the  
sorrow which seemed to be binding and  
oppressing her whole being. "It's all my  
fault," sobbed Gertrude, as she called Mrs.  
Medford and Lucy, but they knew the young  
girl too well to think her guilty of intenal  
wrong.

There were low voices, soft footsteps, sad  
tears and heavy hearts in that luxurious  
home, and then the words, "Alice is dying."  
—Come!—were flashed over the wires to  
James Medford.

He came on an evening train. Looking  
anxiously through the chill, frosty moon-  
light, and not seeing his father, he felt that  
the dear one must be beyond hope. With  
a quick, nervous step he left the station,  
and was greatly surprised when his hands  
were grasped by delicate, trembling fingers,  
and a voice which spoke through tears,  
whispered, "We're so glad you've come,  
Mr. James," while the sad, sad face of Ger-  
trude Mannerly was lifted towards his with  
eager, questioning gaze.

"Am I too late?" he asked as he held the  
hands of the little girl, and walked with her  
up the smoothly trod snow-path.

"We hoped not, but oh, Mr. James. Alice  
will die! The doctor says so, and I am all  
the one that's to blame! Oh, I never can  
be happy if I've killed her!" and poor  
Gertrude sobbed as though her heart were  
broken.

"Why, little Gertrude," he said kindly,  
"you could not have made her sick. What  
did you do?"

"Oh, I thought she knew it, but she  
didn't, and I told her about you that night  
at the reunion, and that is what is killing  
her."

"O my God! can this be so?" was the  
solemn exclamation that broke from the  
lips of the conscience-stricken young man.

"Don't cry, Gerty," he said, bending over  
the little girl, while his own tears fell fast.

"It is not you. It is I that have killed our  
darling Alice, and I can never be forgiven."

Not another word was spoken until they  
stood by the bed of suffering. In mourn-  
ful silence the home-greetings were given  
and received.

Upon his knees, with one hand on Alice's  
head, and in words scarcely audible for his  
emotion, James Medford made a sacred vow  
to God that if her life could be spared he  
would never take another draught of in-  
toxicating liquor.

Father, mother and sister then knelt by  
the side of the repentant son and brother,  
while from the lips of the pastor, and from  
the hearts of all present, went up to God a  
prayer for the restoration of Alice, and for  
the salvation and preservation of her brother.

"And the Lord hearkened and heard, and a  
book of remembrance was written."

To the sick girl the vow—the prayer was  
as a healing balm. In her heart she thought  
young though she was, "My brother saved  
me. Better than any other happiness for  
me. Mother was right after all. God  
knew better than I." From that hour, she  
began to amend.

When it's next Christmas time came it  
found Alice comparatively well, her brother  
a saved man, with the force of his former  
temptations held in check by his trust in a

higher power, and his father's dwelling  
once more a home where happiness reigned.

Then, too, Gertrude Mannerly, feeling  
that even her own thoughtless words had  
been overruled for good, was heard to sing  
in tones of joyful gladness,

"He leadeth me. He leadeth me,  
By His own hand He leadeth me."  
—*Morning Star.*

## TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.

How happy I should be if each of you  
boys was a little Christian! You, your  
mamas, your papas, and your friends  
would all be happier. Why would you be  
happier?

1. Because you would have obeyed Christ,  
and would be called Christ's brothers.  
"Whoever shall do the will of God, the  
same is my brother, and my sister, and  
mother." (Mark iii. 35).

The Saviour says his yoke is easy and his  
burden light. (Matt. xi. 28, 30.) He also  
says, "He that believeth on the Son hath  
everlasting life, and he that believeth not  
the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of  
God abideth on him." (John iii. 36) He  
also says, "He that believeth and is bap-  
tized shall be saved; he that believeth not  
shall be damned." (Mark xvi. 16). He  
also says, "Blessed is he that readeth, and  
they that hear the words of this prophecy  
and keep those things which are written  
therein." (Rev. i. 3) also "Blessed are they  
that do his commandments, that they may  
have right to the tree of life, and may enter  
through the gates into the city." (Rev.  
xxii. 14).

Read about this "city," in Rev. xxi. 10-22  
and xxii. 1-7.

2. You should obey Christ, because God,  
your Creator, says for us all to do so.  
"This is my beloved Son in whom I am  
well pleased. Hear ye him." (Matt. xvii.  
5). This "not to be ministered unto, but  
minister, and to give his life a ransom for  
many." (Mark ix. 28). You all know of  
his sufferings and death on the cross, that we  
might be saved.

You may every one come, for Christ, the  
Lord of all, says, "Suffer the little children  
to come unto me, and forbid them not, for  
of such is the kingdom of heaven." (Matt.  
xix. 14).

Then, how many of you are going to obey  
Christ in this, that you may have life  
everlasting—*Christian Evangelist.*

## DRINK WATER.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

"Of course I will drink water," says  
George. "The horse and the ox drink it,  
and how strong they are! The trees drink  
it, and how tall they grow! My dog Tray  
drinks it, and how wise he is! I'll drink  
it, too, for I would like to be strong and  
grow tall and be wise."

"I'll drink water, too," says Claire.  
"The birds drink it, and how sweetly they  
sing! The flowers drink it, and how bright  
they look! My petal drink it, and they are  
gay and loving and happy. So if I wish  
to sing sweetly and look bright, and be gay  
and loving and happy, I will drink water.  
And I will try to get all my friends to drink  
it too; for I see that in the houses where  
they drink beer and gin and rum they are  
not so good and happy as they are in the  
houses where they drink water."

And what says the man who has grown up  
to years and seen much of the world? He  
says those men do the best work who do  
not use alcoholic drinks. The coalman can  
carry more coal in a day when he drinks  
water than when he drinks beer. The men  
who work in the heat and blow glass  
and make up iron can do more  
work if they take no strong drink. Men  
who work in the fields can work more hours  
if they drink only water, or water with a  
little oatmeal or fruit-juice in it.

Men who work in banks and on railways  
can be trusted more safely if they do not  
drink even wine or beer. Men who have  
money of their own take better care of it if  
they do not drink. Men who drink die off  
three times as fast as men who do not drink.  
Three-fourths of the men in prison would  
not be there if they had drunk only water.  
So the good man who has seen much of the  
world says water is the best drink, and we  
will drink water.—*Youth's Temperance  
Banner.*

ON THE KEYS OF HONDURAS.

(By James Payn, in Harper's Handy Series.)

Ashton's first task was to range the island. It proved to be thirty miles or so in length, but its only inhabitants were birds and beasts; it was well watered, and full of hills and deep valleys.

In the latter were many fruit trees, and also vines and currant bushes. There was one tree which bore a fruit larger than an orange, oval-shaped, and brown without and red within. This he dared not touch until he saw the wild dogs eating it, lest it should be poisonous. Fruit was his only food. He had no weapon to kill any animal, or the means of cooking it when killed. One often reads of producing fire by friction, but unless one has flint and steel this is very difficult. Some savages only know the secret of it, and it is doubtful whether any white man has ever succeeded in the feat. In Philip Ashton's island there were no matches.

He found tortoise eggs in the sand, which he dug up with a stick, "sometimes a hundred and fifty of them at a time." These he ate, or strung on a strip of palmetto and hung them in the sun. They were very hard and tough, but he was glad to get them. Enormous serpents, twelve and fourteen feet long, were numerous. When they were lying at full length he often took them for "old trunks of trees covered with short moss," and was much astonished when they opened their mouths and hissed at him.

What annoyed him much more, however, were the "small black flies," which harassed him in myriads. To escape them he longed to swim over to a small "key," which, being without trees, and exposed to the wind, was probably free from those pests. He was, however, a very indifferent swimmer, and had no canoe nor the means of making one.

At last he hit on the idea of putting a piece of bamboo, which is as hollow as a reed and as light as a cork, under his chest and arms, and so trusted himself to the sea.

Once the bamboo slipped from under him, and he was nearly drowned. At another time a shovel-nosed shark struck him on the thigh, and but for the shallowness of the water, "which prevented its mouth getting round" at him, he would have perished miserably. Practice, however, soon made him a good swimmer, and in spite of the sharks he swam over to the little island daily to escape the flies.

He had built a hut, if it could be called such, by taking fallen branches and fastening them by means of split palmetto leaves to the hanging boughs. This sheltered him from the noonday sun and the heavy night dews. The entrance of this hut "was made to look toward the sea," in hopes of rescue.

"I had had the approbation of my father and mother," he piously reflects, "in going to sea, and I trusted it would please God in His own time and manner to provide for my return to my father's house."

But in the meantime he endured frightful sufferings. His feet became very sore from walking on "the hot beach, with its sharp broken shells," and sometimes, "though treading with all possible caution," a shell on the beach or a stick in the woods would open an old wound, inflicting such agony that he would fall down suddenly as if he had been shot. Rather than risk any more such misery, he would sometimes sit for a whole day, with his back against a tree, looking with fearful eyes for the vessel that never came.

Once, when faint from such injuries, a wild boar ran at him. He could not stand, but caught at the bough of the tree above

him, and hung suspended while the beast made his charge. "He tore away a portion of my ragged trousers, and then went on his way, which I considered to have been a very great deliverance."

These hardships, and the living almost entirely on fruit, brought him to great extremities. He "often fell to the ground insensible," and thought every night would be his last. He lost count of the days of the week, and then of the month. The rainy season came on, and he grew worse.

At one time—as he judged, in November—he saw a sight which, had he been himself, would have filled him with joy. He held a small canoe approaching the shore, with a single man in it. The spectacle excited little emotion. "I kept my seat on the beach, thinking that I could not expect a friend, and being in no condition to resist an enemy."

The stranger called out to him in English, and Ashton replied that he might safely land, for that he was the only inhabitant of the island, and as good as dead.

The whole incident is most curious, but the strangest fact of all is the unenthusiastic terms in which our hero describes the matter.

It is clear he must have been almost at death's door. This stranger proved to be "a native of North Britain"; Scotchmen were then so called. "He was well advanced in years, and of a spare and vener-

able aspect, and of a reserved temper. . . . He informed me he had lived two-and-twenty years with the Spaniards, who now threatened to burn him, for what crime I did not know. He had fled to the 'key' as an asylum, bringing with him his dog, gun, ammunition, and also a small quantity of pork." Ashton goes on to say that the stranger showed him much kindness, and gave him "some of his pork."

On the third day after his arrival, the new-comer prepared to make an excursion in his canoe to some of the neighboring islands for the purpose of killing deer. Our hero, though much cheered by his society, and especially by the fire, the means of kindling which the other had brought with him, and by eating cooked food, was too weak, and sore-footed to accompany him. The sky was cloudless, and the man had already come six-and-thirty miles in safety, so that their parting seemed only a "good-day."

But it was fatal. A storm arose within the hour, in which his visitor doubtless perished.

What is very singular, Ashton never had the curiosity to ask him his name; and though our hero found himself so suddenly deprived of his companion, and reduced to his former lonely state, he consoled himself with the reflection that he was in far better circumstances than before. He had "pork, a knife, a bottle of gunpowder, tobacco,

tongs, and a flint." He could now cut up a turtle and boil it.

Three months afterward another canoe came on shore, but without a tenant. The possession of this vessel was a somewhat doubtful boon to him. He rowed in it to another "key" miles away, where, having landed, he lay down to sleep, with his face to the sea, as usual, and his back to a tree.

"I was awakened by a noise of firing, and starting up beheld nine piraguas [large canoes] full of men, all firing at me. I ran among the bushes as fast as my sore feet would allow, while they called after me, 'Surrender yourself, O Englishman, and we will give you good quarter.'" By their firing at an inoffensive man Ashton knew that they were Spaniards and guessed what was their idea of "good quarter." After hiding in the woods for that night he returned to his little island the next day, and to the hut of boughs, "which now seemed a royal palace to me."

After nineteen months' residence alone on this spot, save for that three days' visit from the stranger, Ashton was joined by seventeen Englishmen, fugitives from Spanish cruelty. They were accustomed to hardships and miseries, but "they started back in horror at the sight of so wild, ragged, and wretched an object."

A spoonful of rum which they administered to him almost took away his life, owing to his long disuse of strong liquors.

They clothed and fed him, and were very good to him, though "in their common conversation," as he naively remarks, "there was very little difference between them and pirates."

Considering what he had gone through, one is inclined to wonder how Mr. Philip Ashton could have been so very particular. He seems, however, to have been an honest man, and did not forget to express his earnest gratitude to Providence when rescued at last by a British sloop driven near his "key" by stress of weather. He arrived home at Salem in March, 1725, having spent eight months on board a pirate ship, and nineteen on the "key." "That same evening," he says, "I went to my father's house, where I was received as one risen from the dead."

THE END.

TOWERS OF SILENCE.

A strange race once lived in Persia called the Parsees. They trace themselves back to Abraham. We have authentic accounts of them B.C., 550 years when the founder of their religion flourished and they were very numerous.

They became scattered and dwindled to a small remnant through persecution and war, finally finding a resting-place along the western coast of India, the largest portion locating at Bombay, and are now living under British rule. They excel their fellow European subjects in their high character

of honesty, industry, intelligence and benevolence.

Their religion, founded by Zoroaster, is the purest of all idolatry, similar in many respects to the Jehovistic faith. They believe in a Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, and in an Evil One who tempts to sin.

They believe in a general resurrection and final judgment, and worship the sun and fire as emblems of God, which surely they are.

They marry only in their own caste and creed; never eat anything cooked by a person of another religion.

The Parsee gentleman is noticed at once on the streets of Bombay, his dress is so different from all other citizens. He wears a long white coat of silk or muslin, buttoned to the waist and flowing from there to the knees. His hat looks like a section of stove-pipe; he carries his handkerchief in a hole in the top. But it is of the very singular manner of disposing of their dead that I wish to tell my readers.

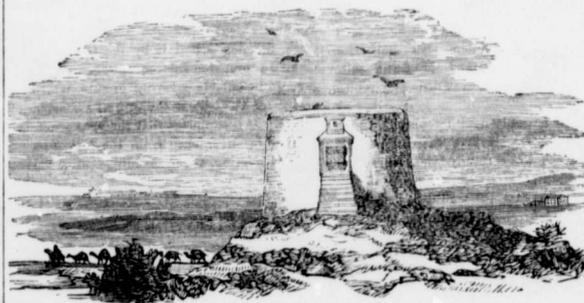
The highest ground in the suburbs of Bombay is called Malabar Hill; here is the Parsees curious cemetery. About three acres are inclosed by a stone wall thirty feet high, and for two hundred years none but Parsees entered the gate, until through the influence of the Prince of Wales, strangers may obtain passes from the authorities.

Within the wall are five Towers of Silence, thirty feet high, and from thirty to sixty feet in diameter, and cost one hundred thousand dollars apiece. The oldest is two hundred years old and has been a long time closed. These circular structures are hollow and have but one opening, an iron door, a few feet from the ground, from which a circular stairway leads to the top; none but priests enter.

Priests meet the funeral procession at the gate, and carry the bodies into temples to disrobe and anoint with oil. Then they take them to the tower, up the dark stairway, to the top, where grooves are prepared for them. Here they are left to the hungry vultures and buzzards that scream and quarrel as they pounce upon their prey the instant the priests leave the tower, and in a very short time not a shred of flesh remains. The bones are left in the sun and wind until thoroughly dry, when they are visited by the priests and carefully picked up, put in a bag, and let down into the common pit.

The ride from Bombay to Malabar Hill is very beautiful. The road winds up the hill through palm groves and past beautiful bungalows and villas, and the ceremony of disposing of the dead would not be so horrid if it were not for the glutinous birds, often scenting a funeral afar off, and winging their slow flight to meet them, so numerous sometimes as to darken the sun like a cloud. They are very large, measuring often four feet from tip to tip of wings. They perch on the palms like ugly black sentinels; or those already gorged sit sluggish upon the walls of the cemetery digesting their human meal.

The Parsees will not burn their dead because they consider a dead body impure, and fire would be polluted by coming in contact with it; they do not bury in the ground because the earth is thought to be the mother of mankind, and would thus be defiled. We look with more charity upon the Towers of Silence than Baby Towers in China, where unwelcome children are thrown alive to death and scream until they starve to death. Carts pass daily through the streets of densely populated streets in cities of China, to pick up the dead and unwelcome children, and they are thrown together into the towers built for the purpose.—The Parasy.



THE TOWER OF SILENCE.

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## STORIES FROM SAN FRANCISCO PAPERS.

The following very tough story is given "for what it is worth" by the San Francisco Post:—

"It is related that a Mr. S. M. was sitting in his backyard talking to some friends, when his attention was called to a hen with a brood of young chickens and a large rat that had emerged from its hole and was quietly regarding the young chickens with the prospect of a meal in view. As the rat came from its hole the house cat awoke from her afternoon nap and caught sight of the rat. Crouching low, she waited developments, and stood prepared to spring upon his ratship. At the appearance of his ancient enemy, the cat, a Scotch terrier, which had been sunning itself in the woodshed, pricked up its ears and quietly made for the place where the cat stood. At this moment a boy came upon the scene. The chickens were not cognizant of being watched by the rat, nor did the rat see the cat, nor the feline the dog, who had not noticed the coming of the boy.

A little chick wandered too nigh, and he was seized by the rat, which was in turn pounced upon by the cat, and the cat was caught in the mouth by the dog. The rat would not cease his hold on the chicken, and the cat, in spite of the shaking she was getting from the dog, did not let go the rat. It was fun for the boy, and in high glee he watched the contest and the struggle of each of the victims. It seemed to him that the rat was about to escape after a time, and getting a stone he hurled it at the rodent. The aim was not good, and the stone struck the dog right between the eyes. The terrier released its grip on the cat and fell over dead. It had breathed its last before the cat in turn let go the rat, and turned over and died. The rat did not long survive the enemy, and beside the already dead chicken he laid himself down and gave up the ghost. The owner of the dog was so angry at his death that he is said to have come near making the story complete by killing the boy that killed the dog that shook the cat that caught the rat that bit the chicken in the yard on — street.

The San Francisco *Alta* has this marvelous account of a New Zealand bird: "The bird which kills the sheep in New Zealand is the 'keas,' or a mountain parrot, and it has carried its depredations to such an extent in some parts, particularly in Canterbury, in the South Island, that when I was there, two years ago, men were engaged solely in hunting them, for which they were receiving from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per head from the farmers. These men attempt to shoot one bird without killing it, and when wounded it utters a cry which attracts all the 'keas' in the neighborhood, and they are easily shot. I believe that there are also recent cases where these birds have attacked and killed cattle. The birds are not much larger than a thrush.

Some people are positive that they are very good at seeing a joke, but when they have to repeat one they miss the point entirely. An instance is given of this in the following tale from the San Francisco *Chronicle*:—

Sam Ward was once seated opposite a well known senator at a dinner at Washington. This senator was very bald, and the light shining on the breadth of scalp attracted Ward's attention.

"Can you tell me," he asked his neighbor, "why the senator's head is like Alaska?"

"Because it is a great white bear place."

The neighbor was immensely tickled, and he hailed the senator across the table:

"Say, senator, Ward's just got off a very smart thing about you."

"What is it?"

"Do you know why your head is like Alaska?"

"No."

"Because it is a great place for white bears."

We are not told how the matter ended, but it would be interesting to know.

## MARRIAGE AMONG FRENCH CANADIANS.

Among the *habitants* the great occasion for festivities is a wedding. Dancing is permitted by the priest and quite unusual expenses are incurred. The following incidents are illustrative of peculiarities of the French Canadian peasants, but few French Canadian young ladies would be as obliging as the one mentioned as having given up her lover to her sister.

A widower recently went to spend an evening with a neighbor who had a sister—a spinster whom no one had thought of marrying. When the visitor left the house the brother accompanied him, and suggested that he marry the spinster. They returned to the house, and went to the bedside of the lady, who was asleep. When she had been awakened, the visitor said to her,—

"Mademoiselle G—, take a good look at me; I am rather worse than I look by candle-light, and I've nine small children, and not much land. Will you marry me?"

The elderly maiden, still half-asleep rubbed her eyes, looked the frank suitor over for a moment, yawned, and replied, "Yes."

"Then be ready next Tuesday."

And that was all there was of that courtship, which was certainly brief, simple, and to the point.

In another case, the would-be bridegroom found his betrothed crying after the bans had been published.

"Whatever is the matter, Marie?" he asked.

"Well, Baptiste," she replied, "my sister Louise wants very much to marry, because she is older than I, and it is her turn first. And it makes me sad to see her disappointed. Now, if you would only marry her! Everything is ready, and it would be such a relief!"

"Well, well," cheerily replied the young man, "don't cry about a little thing like that. Louise will do; go and tell her to get ready."

## LUCK OR PLUCK.

A great deal of what is called luck in this world is only the result of patient industry. A rich merchant at Liverpool, Sir Joseph Walmsley, began life as a clerk on about a hundred dollars a year. His employers were grain merchants, and the young man determined to learn all there was to know about grain. The man who had charge of the warehouse, 'Old Peter,' as he was called, saw that the boy was anxious to learn; so twice a week, in the morning before breakfast, the two would go together to the stores and ships, examining the different kinds of grain. Old Peter would take a handful of all sorts, English, Irish, Scotch, American, European, and spreading them on a table, would ask the boy to tell the characteristics of each sample. The pupil was bewildered at first, but he became an expert in the business. Very likely the people who knew nothing of those early morning lessons called the youth lucky as he began to amass wealth, but it is a kind of luck within the reach of every young person who is willing to work for it.

## MID-OCEAN LIGHT STATIONS.

Mr. F. A. Cloudman of Rondout, N. Y., has revived in a new form an idea proposed some years ago for a series of lightships extending across the Atlantic Ocean from America to Great Britain connected by telegraph cables and lighted by electricity. Mr. Cloudman's suggestion is that these ships, powerful circular vessels with a strong convex roof and an iron framework to sustain the light, should be moored at intervals, say, of 200 miles. They would enable faring craft to know their exact latitude and longitude, would be points of communication and refuge in cases of disaster, and by their aid the movements of vessels at sea, the appearance of icebergs, etc., could be readily communicated to those interested. As an engineering project the thing is possible, but the enterprise would be so costly that it would scarcely be undertaken by any one nation. It is very possible that some such scheme may be tried, but for many years it is likely to remain a dream unrealized.

## DOG AND SNAKE.

The ablest snake story of the season comes from Henderson, Houston county, Ga. It was a race between a fleet-footed dog and a black snake. The dog chased the snake three quarters of a mile down a lane. "It's a long lane that never turns," and the snake appeared in good spirits. Just at the end of the lane the snake made a sudden turn and found its hole under the bottom rail. The snake went down the hole head first, when the dog seized it by the tail. The snake was prepared for the emergency, and gave up its outside covering or skin, which peeled off as easily as the skin of a roasted potato. It is supposed that the snake suffered no inconvenience from the loss of its outside covering, as the shedding season had arrived.

## REELATIO—GIRANARA.

Let our young friends try and see if they can put the letters contained in these two groups of letters in such an order as will make words out of them. The following sentence will be a help:—The giranara population of a certain district in Pennsylvania were much astonished the other day by the falling of a large R e e l a t i o .

## POOR LITTLE FELLOW.

Arabella: "The poor little fellow is dreadfully sick. It makes my heart ache to watch him."

Josephine: "Does he grit his teeth and start in his sleep?"

"I haven't noticed. I am afraid it's some kind of fever, and it almost drives me to distraction. His eyes have a wild gleam in them—"

"Give him some sweet spirits of nitre."

"And yesterday I noticed he wagged his tail—"

"Good gracious, Arabella! what are you talking about?"

"About my poodle, of course."

"Oh! I thought you meant your baby."

## HEALTHY GIRLS.

Nothing, says Dio Lewis, is so terrible as severe neuralgia; and beyond a doubt, girls acquire it often enough by the conditions of school life. Headache in a school girl usually means exhausted nerve power through overwork, over-excitement, over-anxiety, or bad air. Rest, a good laugh, a country walk, will usually cure it readily enough to begin with. But to become subject to headaches is a very serious matter; and all such

nervous diseases have a nasty tendency to recur, to become periodic, to be set up by the same causes, to become an organic habit of the body. For any woman to become liable to neuralgia is a most terrible thing. It means that while it lasts life is not worth having. It paralyzes the power to work, it deprives her of the power to enjoy anything it tends toward irritability of temper, it tempts to the use of narcotics and stimulants. So says Dr. Nelson, and so say I. A girl who finds herself subject to neuralgia should at once change her habits, if but to grow strong in body. Of what use is education with ill health? A happy girl must be a healthy one. The Greeks educated their girls physically; we educate ours mentally. The Greek mother bore the finest children the world ever produced. The Greek education of girls developed beautiful women, and their beauty lasted till old age. The beautiful Helen was as handsome at fifty as at "sweet sixteen."—*Every Other Saturday.*

## CURIOSITIES.

Probably the strongest man in Georgia is Blacksmith Beasee, at Maxeys. He is about six feet ten inches tall, and raises and holds out straight with one hand for a minute a 120-pound anvil; he also holds out horizontally by one spoke a large cartwheel.

Bismarck's nerves feel the wear and tear of his multifarious duties. Recently a delegation of Lubek citizens, invited by him to a conference and subsequent dinner, were received by Princess Bismarck, who, after vainly waiting an entire hour for the appearance of her liege lord, entered his study on tip-toe, and found him fast asleep at his writing desk.

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