

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

THE SOUDAN WAR.

Some hopeful people still believe that Gordon is alive,—but Lord Wolsley has received what he considers undeniable evidence that the Hero of the Soudan fell almost as soon as the rebels entered Khar-toum. He was coming out of Government House with some faithful followers, when a volley from a party of rebels destroyed the most grandly heroic life of this century.

The event of the past week was the capture of Birti, on the Nile, by the "Black Watch." The rebels were found in a very strongly fortified position on the top of a hill; but the brave Highlanders sustained the reputation of the regiment. Inspired by the notes of the bagpipes, they dashed up the slopes, stormed the earth works and captured the positions one after another by sheer force of arms. General Earle fell dead as he was leading the 49th in this great charge. Two companies of the South Staffordshire regiment at the same time attacked and stormed another strong post, and the victory was complete. The latter regiment also lost its commander, Lieut. Col. Eyre, during the charge.

The late Gen. Earle, whose portrait we give, was the second son of Sir Hardman Earle, of Cheshire. He entered the army in 1851 and served with his regiment all through the Crimean war. He was in Montreal from 1862 to 1864, and returned to Canada in 1867 as military secretary to the Commander of the Forces.

The Mahdi, whose picture also appears, on our page this week, is the son of a Soudanese carpenter, and was apprenticed to his uncle, a ship-builder. Running away, and entering a monastery at Khartoum, he became celebrated for his piety though not for any great powers of reading or writing. Enriched by the offerings of the faithful, he took a large number of wives, and is now giving himself out for a Messiah.

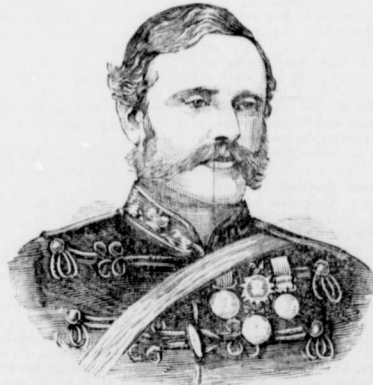
THE NEW SLAVE TRADE.

The need of laborers on plantations in Queensland and the islands of the Pacific has led, ever since then, to atrocities almost equalling those committed by Arab slave-dealers in Africa. Natives have been kidnapped from their island homes by ships especially engaged in the business, on a feeble pretence that these men "have contracted" to labor where they are wanted. The following account taken from the *Australasian*, shows to what a depth of brutality the men carrying on this trade can descend:

"The case of murder committed in the course of the South Sea labor traffic, of which Neil M'Neil, second mate of the labor schooner *Hopeful*, has lately been convicted at Brisbane, is one of a cowardly, brutal, and wanton character. The case was that when the vessel was off Harris Island, in the d'Entrecasteaux group, several canoes came to the vessel to trade yams and coconuts. After they had done so and were

leaving, the prisoner armed himself with a rifle, and said, 'Let's go and round them up.' He had a boat lowered, and went into it with some men, and pulled up to one of the canoes. One of the sailors then, as directed by the prisoner, caught hold of the canoe, when one of the natives struck him with a paddle over the wrist, on which prisoner deliberately shot the native who had struck the blow. All the other occupants of the canoe, with the exception of a child, jumped into the water, and the canoe was left to drift with the dead body and child. The prisoner then called out for another boat to be lowered, and the two boats then went off in pursuit of the surviving natives, who were picked up and taken to the ship. Such is the case stated against the prisoner, and supported by the statements of a number of witnesses, and though there was a good deal of conflicting evidence, the jury considered it made out. M'Neil was accordingly convicted and sentenced to death. The signifi-

glass in Westminster Hall, but it will probably be less than \$25,000. On the whole \$100,000 represents the outside damage done by the three carefully planned explosions about which all the world has been talking. No one was killed, about a score men, women and children were slightly injured, two policemen have lost their hearing, and that is all. A wretched twopenny halfpenny affair it is to be sure, and one which ought to be most reassuring and even comforting to all those who have watched the progress of the struggle between society and the demons of dynamite. For what does it prove? This huge London of ours, in which are the nerve centres of the empire, the rulers of our world-encompassing realm, crowded as it is with vast and incalculable treasures of every kind, has been exposed for two years and more to the attack of conspirators who have the whole armory of science at the disposal of agents absolutely free from scruple or remorse.



MAJOR-GENERAL EARLE.

cant character of the crime seems to us to lie in its being utterly unprovoked. It seems to have been done in a spirit of utmost levity, as a commonplace and ordinary incident of a 'recruiting' exploit. There have been many acts more extensive in their consequences, in which several lives have been sacrificed, but we can remember none which seemed to testify more strongly to the hopelessly demoralising and brutalising influence of the labor trade than the cold-blooded murder of which the man M'Neil has just been convicted."

WHAT HAVE THEY ACCOMPLISHED?

It is estimated, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that \$5,000 will cover the damage done by the explosion in the Tower. The explosion in the House of Commons did more injury to the upholstery, but even there it is estimated that everything can be restored for less than \$50,000. We have not yet heard how much it will cost to repair the broken

Never was so vast, so vulnerable a target exposed to the malice and ingenuity of the soldiers of despair. And now, after two years' campaigning, in the course of which they have made nearly a dozen different attempts, what have they done? Altogether they have not done more damage than \$500,000 would easily make good. They have not killed a creature, blocked a railway, destroyed a building or in any way checked for a moment the even flow of English life.

CRIME HERE IS CRIME THERE.

The proposed new extradition treaty between Britain and the United States has been submitted to and approved by the Canadian Government. It will be a great advance on the present scandalous system, by which an embezzler in Canada can live at his ease in the United States,—and vice versa,—and will probably go beyond even the existing treaty between Britain and Belgium, which provides for ex-

tradition of criminals in the following cases:—1, murder (including assassination, parricide, infanticide and poisoning) or attempt to murder; 2, manslaughter; 3, counterfeiting or altering money or uttering counterfeit or altered money; 4, forgery, counterfeiting or altering, or uttering what is forged or counterfeited or altered; 5, embezzlement or larceny; 6, obtaining money or goods by false pretences; 7, crimes by bankrupts against the bankruptcy law; 8, fraud by a bailee, banker, agent, factor, trustee, or director, or member or public officer of any company made criminal by any law for the time being in force; 9, rape; 10, abduction; 11, child stealing; 12, burglary or house-breaking; 13, arson; 14, robbery with violence, including intimidation; 15, threats by letter or otherwise with intent to extort; 16, piracy by law of nations; 17, sinking or destroying a vessel at sea or attempting or conspiring to do so; 18, assaults on board a ship on the high seas with intent to destroy life or to do grievous bodily harm; 19, revolt or conspiracy to revolt by two or more persons on board a ship on the high seas against the authority of the master.

"THE THIRTEEN CLUB."

There is a club in New York whose members have united simply to show their contempt for common superstitions. To begin with they always sit down "thirteen at a table." Last Friday, says the *Herald*, being the thirteenth day of the month, the club known as the Original Thirteen Club at thirteen minutes past eight o'clock in the evening sat down to their thirty-seventh regular dinner. Because the thirteenth happened upon Friday there was a general outpouring of members, who stretched their legs under the mahogany in Morelli's quaint dining-rooms in Twenty-eighth street. David McAdam, Chief Justice of the City Court, the newly elected chief ruler of the club, presided at the feast. The ladder with its thirteen rounds was passed under by each one of the diners to demonstrate their disbelief in the old superstition in that respect. The menu was printed on a coffin-shaped card. Letters of regret were read from several distinguished members of the club, including President Arthur, President-elect Cleveland, Congressman Cox and ex-Senator Roscoe Conkling. The festivities were kept up until a late hour.

AN ASYLUM HORROR.

A terrible fire took place in the insane department of the county almshouse at West Philadelphia on Thursday night. There were 676 inmates, and when the fire was discovered the attendants did their utmost to save them, but the time was too short even to release all the lunatics from their cells, and it is feared that twenty-eight inmates perished. These were the more dangerous inmates, confined in cells on the third story. Attendant Schroeder describes the cries of the burning prisoners as heart-rending. The fire is believed to have begun in some old clothing.

WHAT KATE DEVINS DID!

The girl had come from Quebec on the Government steamer; but she was a Massachusetts girl, who had said she would stay the remainder of her vacation on the Island of Anticosti, simply because everybody told her she could not possibly do it.

"What is the reason I can't?" she asked her mother. "Uncle and aunt stay on the island all the time and so does Benny."

"I advise you not to go," said the mother.

"But why?"

"Because you will be lonely and homesick."

"Is that the only reason?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall go."

"Very well. If you do, you will be obliged to stay two months."

"Oh, of course, I know that."

"So it came about that Kate Devins stepped from the Government light-supply boat to the shore of Anticosti Island one day in early summer."

She was alone. She had her satchel in her hand, and as she walked along the shore her slight, gray-clad figure stood out strange and solitary on the waste against the blue sky. As the sound of the oars of the sailors in the departing boat grew fainter and fainter, a sensation something like fear came over her. In a moment however, she was herself again. About her was silence and desolation, that harmonized well with the belief the Acadians have that God gave up this island to gloom and despair and bestowed it as a heritage upon Cain. Stretches of marsh land or acres of rock lie barren beneath the summer sun and the winter clouds.

Seldom is there any communication with the island from the mainland, which, for hundreds of miles, is nearly as desolate as the island itself. Once or twice in the summer a sailing boat may call. No pleasure-seeker ever comes a second time. The capricious currents, the fogs, the shoals, call for lighthouses here and there on the coast, and here many heroic deeds are done which are never sung or told; and here was done one heroic deed about which I will now tell you.

A small white house on the slight rise of land, a dozen rods from the water, had at one corner of it a tower running up many feet, on the top of which was the light-chamber, or lantern, of the lighthouse. There was no other habitation in sight.

Kate, ashamed of her sudden feeling of terror and homesickness, now walked quickly toward the little house. A door was thrown open, and the stooped and worn form of a woman appeared in the opening. She looked at the girl a moment or two with an expression of wonder. Had some brilliant bird of the tropics lighted there, she would have been less surprised.

"The land sake!" she cried. "Who be ye? Did ye come on the Gov'ment steamer?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Kate. "Don't you know me?"

The woman's poor, faded face still had something in it that reminded Kate of her mother and warmed her heart at the same time that it made her eyes dim. She put out her hand.

"I'm your sister Mary's child," she said.

"So you be! So you be! And I ain't seen you since you was fifteen months old. You'd lost yer father then. Come in! Now ain't this a treat? But you never can stand it here in this lonely place; ye've got to mortal can stand it! Come!"

The woman kissed Kate on both cheeks and drew her into the small room, which was evidently kitchen, dining and sitting-room. She then bustled about, putting on the tea-kettle and blowing up the fire in the old stove.

"Did ye come from Quebec? Be ye goin' back in the steamer?"

"No, I'm not going back in the steamer," answered Kate. "The men will bring my trunk here before dark. Mayn't I stay?"

"Stay!" The woman stood an instant and looked at her visitor.

"I shall be wonderful glad to have ye, but ye never can stand it. Sister Mary never could. How is she?"

"Mother is well. She said I couldn't possibly be contented here, and perhaps that is the reason I determined I would."

"But ye can't," earnestly.

"Ye do, aunt."

"It's my home and I must stay here. You are dearly welcome, anyway."

Later, Kate watched the Government steamer gliding away on what seemed a sea of glass. It would be at least two months before she would come again. Kate was standing on the beach looking at the vessel, when a loud scream sounded close behind her. She jumped, angry and startled, and turning, saw, a rod or two away, a boy of eight or nine years, who was dressed in a checked blue shirt, with trousers of the same, held up by knotted cord that was used as a suspender. On his head was a round glazed cap, with no rim or visor.

He had shrewd gray eyes and no front teeth except one, that was just showing itself, and looked like an infant tusk. The two figures stood and gazed at each other in silence. At last Kate asked, severely,—"Why do you yell in such a horrid way as that?"

"Cause I wanted to see if you could move. I've been watchin' of ye for a long spell. Who be ye, anyway?"

"Kate Devins."

"Come on Gov'ment steamer?"

"Yes, I came on that steamer. Who are you?"

"Oh, I'm Benny Shafto."

"I'm your cousin, come to make you a visit." She extended a hand, and received a grimy hand in it.

"You never can stand it here, cousin Kate Devins," he said, and after looking at her in silence a moment, they started to walk back to the house.

Kate saw that he was shrewd and bright beyond his years. But she thought his father and mother rather simple people. She lay that night in her bit of a room under the roof, watching for the glint of the lamps in the lighthouse when it turned so that its light shone on the water, which was visible from her pillow.

The next day her aunt complained of a severe headache and feverish pains in her back. Kate, if a trifle headstrong, was really a good sort of a girl, as you will see. She at once insisted that Mrs. Shafto should lie in bed, while she "did the work." This was not the first time she had done housework, for she had often shared with her mother the work of their cosy little home. But here it was very different, she found. There were so few utensils, and no one to give any directions. So when she sat down by her aunt's bedside, late in the afternoon, she was very tired.

Even her ignorant eyes saw that Mrs. Shafto was no better. In a few minutes Mr. Shafto came in, looking so tired and worried that his wife gazed at him anxiously. He sat down heavily in the wooden chair near the bed-room door, and leaned his head on his hands.

"David, what is it?" asked Mrs. Shafto, feebly.

"The revolvin' apparatus is broke," he said, in such a leaden way that Kate gazed at him in surprise.

She knew partially what his word meant, but did not comprehend why they should cause the sick woman to start up in bed, and then sink back with a groan.

"And the steamer gone yesterday!" she cried out. "What shall you do?"

"The worst of it is," the man said, "unless it flashes, the craft will think it's the stationary light on the west side, and I'm sure there'll be terrible loss of life."

Mrs. Shafto now sat upright in bed, in spite of her severe headache.

"And there's no way by which to send word to the Marine Department!" she said, despairingly.

Her husband shook his head. "There ain't no way, as ye know. I can't let 'em know till the next steamer comes, and then it'll be a long time before they can get back with the machinery. But how be ye now?" getting up and approaching the bed.

"I only want a little rest," she replied hastily; and added, "O David! what shall you do 'bout the light? I can't sleep if the sailors are goin' to be decoyed by it. Think of their vessels crashing on the rocks because of that light!"

Kate, sensitive and weary, shuddered as she heard her words.

"Now, Catharine," said Mr. Shafto, "don't you go and worry. I shall stay up there. I think I can turn the light by hand. But it's goin' to be a tedious business. You needn't think I shall let the ships be deceived. You get a good sleep. That's all you've got to do." Then, turning to Kate, he said, "when you can leave

yer aunt, come up into the tower and see the light."

Soon Mrs. Shafto was sleeping uneasily. Benny had come in, and was eating bread and molasses with audible gusto at the kitchen table.

"If your mother wants anything, you wait upon her," she said, as she passed through the room on her way to the light. Benny nodded, and Kate entered the cool, gloomy and narrow stairway that wound up through the tower. As she emerged into the small room where the great lamps were, she was greatly startled by her uncle on his knees, with his arms out on the single chair the place contained, and by hearing him say, in a low, strained voice,—

"O Lord, help us! The remaining steps, her face pale with excitement, and fear of she knew not what."

"Uncle David!" she exclaimed; "what is the matter? Surely you and I can manage to turn the light! I'm strong and well, and I've been brought up to work. I can do almost anything if you'll teach me."

There was courage and conviction in the clear, pleasant voice, and the man was a trifle cheered. He rose to his feet and turned toward her. His face was haggard, and his eyes looked dull and heavy.

"Tain't turnin' for a night; it's for weeks," he said solemnly. "And the question is, can we hold out? We are responsible for men's lives. I wanted to see ye and tell ye how to do it, because my head has such a feeling in it, and my back, and I think I may be taken down. What my mind is clear I want to make sure, you know. Somehow, you have a look as if ye could be trusted. Benny's too young, I'm afraid."

"Now you jest watch. I'm goin' through the whole operation of fillin' and trimmin', and then turnin'."

Kate did not answer. It was not necessary. The man saw she was as eager as he could desire. When he had poured the oil, trimmed the wicks and polished the reflectors, he took out his watch and sat down. Kate bent over him.

"It must flash every minute and a half," he said, "and this is the way. It ain't very easy, nor very hard, just for a time or two, set down here and lay the watch there."

Kate did as he bade her.

"Now turn."

She bent forward, turned the wheels, and had the satisfaction of seeing the set of lights slowly revolve.

"There, ye see they stop now," he said, "do it again."

He was satisfied.

"You must light up at seven at night, and put 'em out at seven in the morning."

"But can't you send for some one?" she asked.

"There ain't nobody within miles an' miles," was the answer; "and when ye do come to somebody, he couldn't leave, for he's a light-keeper too. You don't know this island. I must git down stairs now. I wish I could siddy myself on your shoulder. There are bad stairs for a head like mine."

Kate went one step ahead of him down the stairway, and he leaned his hand heavily upon her. When they reached the living-room, the man, whose force of will had kept him up, sank in a faint upon the floor.

Mrs. Shafto was greatly alarmed, but she was able to give directions to Kate, and in half an hour, with Benny's help, Kate had brought down her own bed and bedstead from the little chamber, and Mr. Shafto had recovered consciousness enough to rise and die down upon it, where it was placed at one side of the kitchen. As his head touched the pillow, he caught the girl's hand and said,—

"It's my opinion we've both got typhoid. We'll see to ourselves. You tend to the light—tend to the light!" he repeated with pathetic emphasis.

He did not speak a coherent sentence after that for many days.

"You may trust me," said Kate; but he did not hear her.

Now was a time to prove of what stuff Kate was made. She passed the next hour in making her two patients as comfortable as she could, and then it was six o'clock. Then she made a basin of gruel, and ate some bread and molasses with Benny. After supper she took the boy out of doors.

"Benny," she said, "your father and mother may be ill many days. Can I depend on you?"

He leaned his back against the house, looked at her a moment and then said with emphasis,—

"Yes, sir!"

"I want you to wrap yourself in a comforter and sleep on the kitchen-floor to-night, and every night. If they want anything you must get it for them. To-morrow I shall try to give them a sweat. That's all I can do. Oh, it's horrible! It is horrible to be here alone at such a time!" The girl trembled for an instant, but directly had herself well in hand again.

"I've got to be up in the tower until morning," she went on. "Something about the machinery is broken, and I must turn the light."

"Broken! Got to turn the light!" interrupted Benny. Then his face lengthened, and he stood as if utterly confounded.

"Yes," hurriedly said Kate, "you see how much we have to do, and how we must help each other. You'll have to take care of your father and mother while I'm in the lantern."

"I'll do my best," he said earnestly.

She went up into the tower at a quarter to seven, and by the time her uncle's watch pointed to the hour, the lamps were lighted, although at this time of the year it was still daylight. She glanced out of the window, and saw Benny struggling to plant his fish-rod close to the water. From its top waved three long streamers. This was in accordance with an agreement the two had made just before she left him for the night.

"Who will think it means anything?" she asked herself. Still, the sight of it gave a bit of comfort.

Then began her work. For the first few times she fancied it would be quite easy to turn the machine. But in half an hour she began to tire and soon every muscle ached, and a binding glare was in her brain; for, unconsciously, she had kept her eyes fixed on the flames of the lamps.

Then she grew anxious. "Oh, cannot I hold out even one night?" she thought.

She hurried to the window and put her head into the cool air. But she was nervously afraid the time would pass, and she should miss her duty.

The night then grew cloudy and very dark. When it was ten she thought it was after midnight. There was no cessation, no rest. It was like the drop of water falling regularly on the head, the old, dreadful torture.

By twelve the girl thought she would have given countless treasures to be able to throw herself on the floor, and stay there half an hour. Once when she thrust her head out of the window she saw a beautiful burst of purple and green wild duck suddenly dart into the glow of the light, coming straight toward her. In the next breath he had dashed his head against the close wire screen. He curled over and fell dead on the ground. The sight of this poor creature's fate turned her cold. It was like a premonition.

"If I give up for one minute, I shall be hysterical!" she said to herself, and she turned resolutely back to the lantern. In half a minute she revolved the light. So the night went on, until it was half past two.

Then there was a little sound behind her. She looked and saw Benny's head just above the threshold of the door. He was standing on the stairs, and had a cup and saucer in his hand.

"Mother's awake," he said. "She told me how to make some tea. She thought you'd need it."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" cried the girl, and she drank the tea eagerly.

"How does it go here?" he asked.

"It has gone somehow. I suppose it will come morning sometime! How are your mother and father?"

"I think mother's better. But father's bad." And he hurried away.

The tea was strong, and stimulated her for three hours. It was daylight then, but there was a fog. All at once the watcher was so sleepy that her eyelids would drop as she turned at her work. Then she would grow frightened at herself, and for five minutes thereafter she would be wide awake, and thinking of the sailors who might be watching for the flash of the light.

The moments now were terrible. Should she live to see the hand of that watch point to seven? Was it only one night that she had passed, and there were so many, many more to come. "Can I endure it?" she thought.

At seven o'clock she mechanically extinguished the lights. "I will sit down one moment," she muttered.

Half an hour later Benny peeped in, and saw poor heroic, tired Kate sitting on the floor, her back against the wall, "dead with sleep," as he told his mother.

Mrs. Shafto sent him back with a blanket, which he threw over her. At ten o'clock she was awakened by the sun shining in her face. She ran down stairs to find Mr. Shafto tossing with fever; but her aunt looked brighter.

"It's a kind of slow fever that's got me," said Mrs. Shafto. "I've had it before. It's tedious, but it ain't dangerous. I shall be able most of the time to direct Benny. Eat your breakfast, Kate. Then I'll tell you what to do. One thing, sure, you've got to sleep a few hours every day."

How did the next week pass, and the week after, and still another?

David Shafto's fever raged fiercely, but Mrs. Shafto's illness only kept her weak and dizzy. Once the woman tried to mount the tower stairs, and was found by Benny, lying at the foot of them.

"Kate will die! She looks like a ghost!" cried Mrs. Shafto.

And Kate felt like a ghost. Only ghosts should not know such mortal weakness of flesh and blood. When green tea ceased to have power, she said that would be the end of her. About two o'clock every night Benny brought her the tea, and she worked on the stimulus that gave her for the remaining hours. She did what she could in the day, but her aunt made her go to her attic to sleep for several hours. For many days she would fall asleep the instant she lay down.

But in the third week she found when she tried to sleep that her brain was on fire, and every nerve seemed alive. She could not keep still. "So much the better," she said with a laugh. But she little knew the sad and fearful significance of this.

"As long as I live, the sailors shall see that light," she said one evening, on that last third week. "That is my duty, and I shall stick to it. Oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden, heart-breaking cry. "I wish I could see my mother! I wish I could see my mother!"

On the last day of the third week, at about eleven in the forenoon, Kate had just finished filling and cleaning the lamps, when she heard the sound of laughing, and the voices of men and women.

She ran out on the tiny balcony, and leaned over. A boat had just landed near Benny's signal. Three men and two women walked up toward the house. Kate's eyes burned and ached. Round and round went her brain. Then something snapped in her head, and she thought a blinding, ineffable flood of light poured upon her.

"Oh, there is mother!" she shrieked, "there is mother!" She reached out her arms over the balcony and laughed so loud and so strangely that Mrs. Devins cried out in terror.

"Mother! mother!" screamed Kate, "I will jump down to you! Oh, let me come to you!" and she began to scramble up on the railing.

"Stop! stop!" cried Mrs. Devins, and she ran swiftly toward the door of the tower.

Some one clutched at Kate's skirts. "I'll hold her!" shouted Benny, behind, struggling with her. "She don't know what she's doing."

Panting, half dead, the mother reached the turret. Kate was laughing and crying hysterically, and for the time had lost all control of herself.

"I stuck to the light," she kept saying, and would sometimes add, "There's no need of sleeping. No there's no need of sleeping."

The girl did not have a fever; but the forces of spirit and flesh had been so drained that her mind was not quite right for months, and it was more than a year before she was really like herself again.

Now permanent help was had. By the end of the summer the light-keeper and his family were well, and the revolving apparatus had arrived.

When her friends consoled with Mrs. Devins, and regretted that Kate had done as she had, the mother replied,—

"It was a sad thing that she should have had such an experience. But being where she was, she only did her duty."

And I am afraid that is more than

many of my readers can sincerely say that they do, in the circumstances in which they are placed.—*Maria Louise Pool in Youth's Companion.*

A DEFORMED CHEST.

Why a female should seek a deformed chest, seeking to change it from its normal form—which is relatively larger than that of the male, one of the same weight and dimensions—making it to resemble the hour glass, or the wasp, is very strange. And yet this is true, at least in civilized life so-called. We have but to compare the chests of male and female twins, or any ordinary young man and young lady of twenty years, of similar form and size—in other respects—to see a marked difference in the form of that part of the body between the arm-pits and the abdomen, that of the lady diminishing as we approach the pit of the stomach, while in the male it increases, though that of the female, at birth, was relatively larger. This is not an accident, while it must prove unfavorable, when the duties of maternity are considered.

These changes are the result of unnatural pressure, a statement which no one can reasonably doubt. This is often commended in infancy by the unnatural and unnecessary "swathes"—no infant ever needing any change of form, as it came from the hands of the Creator,—only sufficient clothing to promote comfort. To this deforming effect when the bones are very impressionable, yielding to very slight pressure, the tight dresses, belts, aprons, and last, though not least, the cruel corset—worn tightly or otherwise, are sufficient to account for all of the deformity.

I prefer to allow a woman to describe the effect, as Mrs. Shepherd does in her admirable and valuable book, called, "For Girls," published by Fowler & Wells, New York. That all may judge of these deformed chests, I will give the following facts in regard to the relations of the body: A woman's waist should be two-fifths of her height, that is a law which will be found true when the body has not been "tampered with," or deformed by the tricks of civilized society. A woman who is five feet and a fourth high should have a waist of twenty-five and a fifth inches, one two inches higher should have a waist twenty-six inches. Of the results of lacing Mrs. S. says:

"If in addition to this weight is added tight lacing, what can we expect? Just what we repeatedly see around us—nervous, ailing, puny, inefficient, unhappy, shifty girls, bustled and padded, to make us think they possess in form what they do not. With such bodies as these, diseased and dragged down, how is it possible to obtain or manifest, if it should be obtained, mental development and equisite? It is simply impossible.

"I have said that men admire personal beauty in women. A man whose admiration would be worth anything to a pure-minded and intellectual woman; a man whose purity and intellect is equal to her own—if it is not, she does not care for his admiration—admires physical beauty in a woman because it is an indication of mental beauty. It ought to be, at least; it is natural for him to look for it there. It is not always there, I am aware. We often meet women who have fine forms and are simpletons. Such a man finding a simpleton will cease to admire the form. A man finding a sound mind in a sound body will admire both, as we rejoice in harmony and completeness anywhere.—*Golden Rule.*

MORE THAN ANYTHING.

There are often wells of thought and feeling in childhood, of whose depths parents little dream. We are so accustomed to think of our children's tastes, desires, and will, as being reflections of our own, that we too often forget to study their natures, recognize their individuality and treat them as sentient beings. With such reflections I listened to the relation of the following touching incident:

A little girl about ten years of age, was visiting her aunt in the country. They were discussing a certain book, and the aunt remarked:

"Your birthday is near; perhaps your mamma will buy it for you for a birthday present."

A tinge of sadness rested on the sweet young face as she quickly answered:

"She could give me something else I would

rather have, something I would rather have than anything else in the world."

"Well, I'm sure," said her aunt, "your mamma will get it for you, if it does not cost too much."

"It will not cost money," replied the child, "it will not cost anything."

But she could not then be persuaded to tell what it was. After a long time the shrinking little spirit said:

"Auntie, I will tell you part, it is something she gave me before little brother came. It is just not to do something for that one day, now don't you know?"

The discerning auntie drew the little one to her and asked:

"Is it that mamma should not scold you on your birthday?"

A trembling "Yes," and long the dear head rested in silence on the bosom of that loving, patient aunt.

When I heard this little incident related by that aunt herself my heart wept, and I quickly asked myself, "Am I not that mother? Have not the cares of a growing family caused me to be often less patient with my first-born, my darling Edith? Have not I, in the multiplicity of duties, been unresponsive to the heart longing for a mother's tender caress and loving recognition of little services rendered?"

May the reading of these little paragraphs do other mothers good as the writing of them has done me good. That mother is a pious woman. I know she loves her little daughter as tenderly as I do mine. She just didn't think how each impatient word was wearing a sore in that sensitive little heart. She didn't think she was robbing her child's future of the sweet memories of a beautiful childhood. She didn't think how she was cramping the powers of a lovely spirit that needed a continual sunshine for their development. Mothers, pause and reflect.—*Exchange.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Colubel's Select Notes.*)

March 1, 23, 12 24.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Contrast Paul sleeping restfully in prison and in chains, because God was with him, and his promises shone like the sun's rays into the prison, and into his heart,—while his enemies were wearying the night hours in concocting a plan for his destruction, which after all utterly failed.

The subject of the lesson is God's overruling providence, so using even the wickedness of men as to favor his cause and his children.

I. The Conspiracy (vers. 12-15) Here is the evil to be overruled. The plan was plausible, and success seemed easy.

II. The conspiracy overruled by being discovered (vers. 16-22.) The main practical thoughts here are (1) the overruling Providence by which Paul's nephew learned of the plot, and thus frustrated it. (2) The union of the divine and human agency in fulfilling the promises of God. God had promised Paul that he should be safe, and should go to Rome and preach the Gospel. And yet Paul took every precaution he could for his safety. He knew that true faith in God's promises would lead him to use every means God put in his power.

Applications. (1) To using the means for our salvation; believe the promises, and act. (2) To times of sickness or trouble. (3) To our plans and hopes for success in life.

Illustrations (1) Paul's action in the shipwreck some two years after this, when the whole ship's crew were promised their lives for Paul's sake, and yet they must and did use the means (see Acts 27: 24, and 31, 43, 44.) (2) Our lives are like the cloth in a loom,—made up of the warp of God's endowments and circumstances, and the woof of our own free wills.

III. The conspiracy made to further God's plans. God had promised that Paul should preach the Gospel in Rome. This conspiracy was one part of the means by which that plan was carried out, and Paul enabled to realize his hopes and desires. It was the way to Rome, though he, at the time, could not see how.

Illustration. During the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth

where the cannon shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops, who were stationed in that vicinity, an abundant supply of pure cold water. Thus the missile of death from an enemy, under the direction of an overruling Providence, proved an almoner to the parched and weary soldiery of the allies.—*Congregationalist.* So often the efforts of men against God's kingdom have been overruled to its furtherance. Every great attack upon the Bible has opened a new fountain of its truth to supply the wants of God's people.

Illustration. An old Persian fable reads thus: God created the earth a vast, level, barren plain, with not a green thing on it to be seen—not a flower, not a bush, not a tree on it. He came forth to view his new creation, and determined to adorn it with beauty; and he sent his angel to sow a seed-cast over the world the choicest seeds. In one place they dropped the magnolia; in another the orange; all over the world they scattered the seed that should spring up in beauty. Satan, on his dark, black wing followed, and saw the unbursed seed lying all over the earth, and he said, "This is the work of the Almighty, and I will destroy it." So he went to work, and every seed that could be found he buried out of sight in the soil, and as if to make his work complete he summoned the rains of heaven, and they fell upon the earth and saturated it that the seed might rot away. Then, with his arms folded, and a malignant smile of satisfied pride, he looked to see the chagrin of the Almighty when he should behold his work destroyed. But as he gazed the seed germinated; it broke through the shock, shot through the ground, and came up in forms of beauty everywhere; and the apparent ruin had become an Eden of loveliness, of beauty.—*Dr. Eddy.*

BREAD PUDDING.—One pint of stale bread, one quart of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of salt, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, and two eggs. Soak the bread and milk together two hours, then mash fine with the back of a spoon, beat eggs, sugar and salt together and add to the bread and milk, turn into the pudding dish, and bake in a slow oven forty-five minutes. Run a knife or the handle of a spoon down the centre of the pudding. If it does not look milky it is done. Cover the top of the pudding with meringue.

Question Corner.—No. 4.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What rebel had his head cut off and thrown over the wall of the city to the king's army?
2. What two men hid in a well from their enemies?
3. Where was Paul when the vision of the man of Macedonia appeared to him?
4. In what place was there an uproar among the silversmiths because Paul had spoiled their trade?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

I bore my Lord asleep; and, when He woke, I hushed to silence at the word He spoke. The church whose love was neither hot nor cold?

A Hebrew tempted by a wedge of gold? A Levite proud who dared a censor take? And half five hundred perished for his sake? An aged priest who loved the ark of God? The hill where last the feet of Jesus trod? A judge who trembled at his prisoner's words?

A land that Pharaoh gave for Israel's herds? The first who paid the debt of Adam's fall? The man who, in his tomb, heard Jesus call? Merchants who bought a little Hebrew lad? A holy tribe in priestly garments clad? A garden planted by the hand of God? The land that suffered plagues 'neath Moses' rod?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN No. 2.

1. Balaam. Num. 21: 15-19.
2. Paul. Acts 22: 19, 20.
3. Job 42: 9.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. Half. Luke 9: 8.
2. Olive. Gen 8: 11.
3. Persia. 2 Chron. 36: 22, 23.
4. Ear. John 18: 10.

HOPE—FEAR.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse Frensen, Lena Scott, David Y. Forrest, and Jennie E. Hall.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

Sir Henry Dashwood, Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, England, is a man who keeps abreast of his time. At a recent meeting he said:—I am sure if the beneficial influence of total abstinence were more generally known it would be practised by many more than at the present. The chief reason for drinking seems to be the momentary pleasure and excitement produced on the spirits, and it is also supposed to promote good fellowship and conviviality. But no pleasurable feeling produced by drinking can be equal to the elasticity of spirit produced by the perfect health of total abstinence. I believe there can be no better or more real fellowship than that which exists among total abstainers. They feel happy themselves and have a desire to extend that happiness to others. One object we have in meeting to-night is to induce the young to join our society and to avoid acquiring a liking for strong drink. People have for many years cherished the idea that by taking beer, wine and other stimulants they are ensuring a measure of health and strength that increased the power of working and promoted good fellowship. Careful experiment and observation have proved this to be contrary to the truth, and that the effect of taking stimulants is to take away strength for continued exertion and really to hinder work. Employers of labor are finding out that when continued exertion and careful work is required strong drink should be carefully avoided. Only a few days ago an account was given in the newspapers that the connecting portion of the Underground Railway near the Mansion House, London, was finished, 2,000 men having been employed, and no intoxicating liquors allowed on the works, with most satisfactory results. Therefore masters find their work progresses better without it, and men also find they work better and earn more money.

THE FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER, Dr. John Rae, lecturing the other day on "The Great North-West of Canada" before the London Institution, said that with regard to the alleged traffic in spirits with the Indians, he believed that in the interior not a drop of spirits had been admitted for the last 40 or 50 years. The officers of the company voluntarily gave up the allowance of wine and brandy to which they were entitled for their own use so that it might not be said by the Indians that the officers reserved for themselves what they were unwilling to give to them. As one of the officers of the company, he did not think he would be speaking vainly if he said that such another instance of self-denial was not to be found in the world.

THE CORRUPTION OF BOSTON.—Mr. Amos A. Lawrence, one of the most benevolent men in Boston, and also an earnest temperance worker, appeared the other day before the Legislative Committee on Metropolitan Police, and in the course of his testimony gave his city the following character: "If there is any place in the world that represents Sodom and Gomorrah, it is Boston to-night. If there is any place in the next life where the punishment is more severe than any other, it must be for those who, for the sake of money, corrupt our youth and destroy their bodies and souls. You cannot conceive of the depravity until you see it." Mr. Lawrence says that he is a member of

twenty-seven charitable societies, and their work is made necessary largely by the liquor trade.

A MEMBER of the Minnesota Legislature has introduced a bill to compel every citizen who wants to drink to take out a five dollar license. Before getting the document, he would have to prove (to village trustees, town supervisors or city aldermen) that he was only a moderate drinker, and that his family would not suffer. Anyone who drinks in a public place without having a permit will be fined. The trouble is that trustees and supervisors and aldermen, however virtuous and capable they are in their respective offices, are scarcely able to judge whether a man is a moderate drinker or whether his indulgence will have an injurious effect on his family. Why, the *Lancet* itself, in discussing the very doubtful question "What is a moderate drinker?"—concludes that it is certainly not a man who drinks in public houses!

NOW IS THE TIME, whether you are working for prohibition or have already got it, to establish and re-establish and strengthen in every possible way your Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, your temperance societies, your Good Templar and Sons of Temperance Lodges, and especially your Bands of Hope. To sustain prohibitory legislation, you must have the intelligence of the people on your side. The grand and encouraging sight of the State of Maine voting for prohibition time after time, with ever increasing majorities, has largely been furnished by the untiring educational work done by the temperance organizations. Place all the most recent and reliable scientific facts on the alcohol question in the hands of the voters and their wives; and, above all things, teach the children. In their little hands lies the future of our country. Let them grow up fortified by knowledge of the nature and uses of alcohol, and there will never be a successful attempt to defeat or to repeal the prohibitory law which we intend, please God, to place on the statute books of this Dominion.

A DRAMA IN THE ICE.

A despatch from Portland, Oregon, says that a tremendous flood is reported on the upper Snake river, caused by the sudden yielding of an immense ice jam just below town at Riparia, Wash. A large gorge has been accumulating since Dec. 15. The recent rise in the river caused it to suddenly give way to-day. The flood, bearing huge masses of ice, came sweeping down, carrying everything before it. At Grange, five miles below Riparia, the water rose thirty feet in less than a minute. Three large wharf boats belonging to the Oregon Railway and Navigation company at Grange, were torn from secure moorings, carried away and ground to splinters. The boats contained only a small quantity of freight at the time. Several men were on the wharf boats, but hearing the flood coming they fled, barely escaping with their lives. Five men however, were unable to escape, and were swept away on the boats. They managed to get on masses of floating ice and finally escaped to the shore. The damage to the company is heavy. The company had four large steamers moored just above the jam, which thus escaped total destruction. The flood, in its irresistible course, cast vast masses of ice along the shore for miles. No lives were lost, so far as known. It is expected that other heavy damages will be reported, as the flood is known to have swept down the Snake river over forty miles. The gorge, while moving, presented an appalling scene.

The roaring of the flood and crashing ice made a noise like deafening peals of thunder and the sound was heard for miles.

THE STORY OF A GRAVE.

Referring to the story about a tomb broken by a tree, a recent number of the *Weekly Messenger*, a reader sends the following interesting tradition of a tomb which he has himself seen in England:

Near to the village of Tewin, in Hertfordshire, there once lived a very rich but wicked family of the name of Grimstone. It is said that the son had his neck broken by being thrown from his horse while hunting on Sunday; that his sister, Lady Jane, died from mortification of the finger, which she pricked while darning her pocket-handkerchief on Sunday morning; and that Lady Ann said on her death bed, that if there was a God or devil, Heaven or Hell, seven ash trees and three yew-trees should grow out of her grave.

As a fact, in the churchyard of that village there is a tomb with the trees growing out of it under the tombstone, and they have so broken up the stone that they are plainly seen to have grown out of the grave and not round it.

AN AVALANCHE IN UTAH.

The following account comes by telegraph from Little Cottonwood, Utah, dated 14th February:—Snow has been falling for a week, and is now twelve feet deep on a level with the storm still raging. Last night, soon after eight o'clock, a tremendous volume of snow swept down over the Emma mine works, doing no damage there, except taking the smoke stack along. It then struck the town, crushing about three-fourths of it. But fortunately many of the houses were deserted for the winter. The place is built at the foot of converging gulches, and the slides had a fair mark, Tucker's boarding-house was swept away and his hotel crushed. The Valtejo works, including buildings and tramways, were crushed. Two men at this mine happened to be in the drift and escaped. Strickley's, Tucker's and Walker's stores were injured slightly. Power's butcher-shop and Simson's drug store were the only buildings that escaped entirely. A large number of victims were in the boarding-house and hotel. Twenty-eight in all were buried. Twelve were dug out alive this morning, the rest are undoubtedly dead. Men from City of Rocks and Evergreen mines formed a digging force to get out bodies. Three have been taken out. At last accounts the rescuers were battling with a heavy storm and a low temperature. Timothy Madden died soon after he was dug out. James Watson and Mrs. John Ford were dead. The following is a list of those not yet recovered:—Andrew S. White, Barney Gibson, Fred Colinson, Mattie Hickey, Charley Volk and Big Jim (both Chinese), Jerry Ryan, David P. Evans, a child of Mrs. Ford, four children of Ed. Ballou. A rescuing party starts from here in the morning and it is possible some of the above may be saved, as on a former occasion some people were found alive after having been buried three days. The loss to property aggregates \$45,000.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

Revel reigns in Chinatown to-day. The fun began last night and it will last another day. Washtubs and ironing boards are deserted. This is the Chinese New Year's Day—the eleventh anniversary of the inauguration of the present ruler of the Flowery Kingdom. Every Mongolian will to-day

eat a square meal. To the majority this is an occurrence that only happens once a year.

The preparations began yesterday. Mott street was full of Chinamen shivering with bundles under their arms. Every one was laying in supplies of poultry, sweets and liquors, and the wonderful compounds that will result would make a sanitarian tremble. Brilliantly colored paper flowers and bunting were in demand also.

There is just one unpleasant feature to the day, however—John must pay up all debts, or Joss will be offended to such a degree that no amount of burned red paper will pacify him.—*New York Herald*, Feb. 14.

THE WEEK.

THE REV. TIMOTHY O'CONNELL, assistant Minister of Holy Trinity (Episcopal) church, London, Ontario, has been deprived of his license by the bishop.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC nearly two years ago forbade Catholics to publish the fact of any other Catholic being a Freemason. He has now withdrawn the prohibition, but tells people to be very careful how they charge others with Freemasonry, lest they be mistaken and fail in Christian charity.

HEAVY FLOODS at Mazatlan, Mexico, have caused much loss of life and property.

SENATOR BLAIR, by request, has introduced into the United States Senate a bill to grant lands to "aid in the establishment of an endowment for savings to promote thrift and to assist people to preserve themselves from sinking into or remaining in a dangerous or degraded hand-to-mouth condition of absolute and direct dependence upon current wages."

IRISH LABORERS in London and other cities are being thrown out of work by the hundred; their companions refuse to work with men whom they look on as in some way connected with the dynamites.

MR. PARNELL says he cannot spare any members of his party to go to America; they are all wanted in parliament. But he wants America to keep sending on the cash.

MR. EVARTS, in a speech at New York, has declared his conviction that the Republican party will regain its lost position in 1888, and will then stay until there is no more suppression of suffrage in the South.

SOME EXCITEMENT has been created in commercial and financial circles in England by the receipt of a despatch from Berlin announcing that Russia has ordered 2,000 Krupp guns for the purpose of strengthening her position in Central Asia. The guns are to be of the largest pattern, and are evidently intended for service in a fortress.

SOME OF THE BOERS are very warlike, and say that if a single shot is fired by the British troops now on their way to protect Bechuanaland, the colony of Natal will be annexed to the Transvaal. This is somewhat easier said than done. British citizens are not in the habit of allowing themselves to be "annexed" against their will.

TWO STEAMERS, the "Westernland" and "Holmhurst," have been in collision on the Atlantic. The "Holmhurst" was sunk, and four of her crew were drowned.

FRANCE is said to have obtained the Shan States and the Moguning ruby mines from Burmah, in return for a guarantee that that country will be guaranteed against British aggression. Britain has already got about all that she wants of Burmese territory.

COLONEL BURNABY, the gallant officer who fell at the recent battle of Abu Klea Wells, is thus described by a journalist who knew him: A thorough soldier at heart, and with a real love for his profession, no man ever stepped out of Knightsbridge or Albany street barracks looking less like an officer of the Blues than Fred Burnaby. His appearance was much more that of an Italian baritone singer than of an English guardsman—a pale, beardless face, with a slight black moustache—and he had a sweet smile and very pleasant manner; he was always extraordinarily ill-dressed, frequently in black, with a huge muffler round his throat. He was an awkward horseman, though he is said to have gone well to hounds, and though a wondrous athlete in his youth, of late years cared but little for feats of strength or field sports of any kind. He was as brave as a lion and as tender as a lamb, but he read books and learned languages, and did not spend all his spare time in 'shootin', or huntin', or going racin', and so he was hated and despised by some of his brother officers, who cabalised and intrigued against him with all the persistent meanness of which such noble creatures alone are capable.

A WELL-KNOWN LAWYER in New York is reported assaying:—"Why, I could have elected Blaine myself with \$5,000. In the afternoon of election day in New York I took a carriage and went around through some of the downtown wards. I saw plenty of men who were willing to sell their votes for \$2 and did not ask to be paid until they had deposited their ballots. I am sure that 2,000 votes could have been obtained without any trouble. You will find," said he, "in future elections, that the fate of a Presidential campaign will more than once be hung in the balance by this detestable class of political pirates in New York and King's counties. They have no loyalty to the party and are ready to part with their franchise for barely enough money to enable them to go upon a drunken spree." Which is the worst pirate,—the man who accepts \$2 for his vote or the man who gives him the money?

TELEGRAMS FROM NEW ZEALAND say that Germany has annexed the Samoan Islands. These mountainous islands of the Pacific, nine in number, have altogether an area of 2,650 square miles and a population of over 50,000. Their trade, in tropical fruits and other produce, is chiefly with New South Wales, and English and American missionaries have had considerable success among the islanders. It is believed in England that the annexation was not authorized by the German government, and will be repudiated by it.

THE POPE is instructing his followers in England not to receive education at the English Universities. It is also announced that he will make two new "Saints" of the English martyrs, Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher.

THE DYNAMITERS threaten to blow up St. Paul's Cathedral and the Bank of England. Policemen Cole and Cox, who were so seriously injured by the explosion at Westminster, have each been presented with \$250 from the Royal Bounty Fund, besides still larger sums from the Home Secretary, members of Parliament and private individuals. Very strict rules have now been made to regulate the admission of strangers to the House of Parliament.

HOLLAND wants the United States to reduce the duty on Dutch sugar.

QUEEN VICTORIA suffered severely from a bad cold last week, in the Isle of Wight.

FATHER O'NEIL, of St. Patrick's Church, Indianapolis, has been removed because he presented a cane to Mr. J. G. Blaine during the recent presidential election. The cane had been voted, at a church fair, to the most popular candidate, and the reverend father says he would have presented it to Mr. Cleveland if he had won.

NANCY CASS WILMORE, who died in Wilmington, Illinois, last week, was 116 years old. She is said to have related the history of her life on her death-bed.

A LARGE POWDER MAGAZINE at Gibraltar, belonging to the government, exploded on Monday, and seventeen lives were lost.

PHELAN has left New York for Kansas City, and is not expected to appear again against Short, the man who stabbed him in Ross's office.



THE MAHDI.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the American Iron and Steel Association has issued an address in which any prolonged continuance of the present depression is considered impossible.

MR. KASSON, the United States delegate to the Congo Conference, refuses to sign the agreement made by that body. Unless the agreement is unanimously signed, it will not have the force of a treaty.

A DESPATCH from Vienna says that according to St. Petersburg advices there are continual discoveries of treasonable talk and practices among the Russian troops. The spirit of Nihilism appears to pervade the garrisons at Cronstadt. Several artillery and naval officers have been sent there from St. Petersburg to take the places of suspected officers who are ordered to report at the capital for trial.

THE OREGON SENATE has passed Mr. Keady's Local Option bill, which had previously been passed by the Lower House. It provides that a license can be issued only on a petition of a majority of the voters in the precinct where the saloon is situated. The license fee is fixed at \$1.50 a year.

THE BODY of Cardinal McCabe, the famous Irish prelate who died a few days ago, was lying in state in Dublin Cathedral, on Sunday, and was viewed by 20,000 visitors. On the same day, a letter by the late cardinal, denouncing the dynamiters, was read in all the Catholic Churches of the city.

THE POLICE of the Swiss Capital report 2,000 Anarchists, chiefly foreigners, now residing in that republic. A great many secret police, employed by foreign governments, are now in Switzerland keeping watch over the proceedings of the revolutionists.

MISS EVA MACKAY, daughter of the American millionaire, has been married in Paris to the Prince of Colonna.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, till recently Governor General of Canada, is returning to political life in England and will be a candidate for election to the House of Commons.

BY AN EXPLOSION at the Vale Colliery, Nova Scotia, seven wives have been made widows and thirty-three children orphans.

THE HON. MR. ROSS, Treasurer of Ontario, announces a deficit of \$300,000 for 1884,—partly owing to decreased revenues, partly to unavoidable extra expenditures. He declares that the Federal Government should repay Ontario \$6,000,000 expended on railways for the general good of the Dominion, and as the other provinces were seeking an increased subsidy on the ground of increased population, Ontario should do the same in self-defence.

THE SCOTT ACT was carried in Carleton county by a vote of 2,440 to 1,747: majority, 693. Petitions are being circulated in Bellechasse county, Quebec, for the submission of the Act.

THE FRENCH captured Langson, in Tonquin, on the 13th. A good deal of hot fighting is reported to have taken place. Several ships are leaving England and Germany with war material for China, though the French Admiral has been ordered to stop and search them if he can catch them.

ALL THE SALOON-KEEPERS in Galesburgh, Illinois, and several in neighboring towns have been indicted for selling liquor to drunkards and to persons under age. A noble crew in a noble craft! Sink the ship, and let her crew find a more honest calling!

PANAMA is in a state of uproar and upheaval. The official accounts say that the government has everywhere conquered the revolutionists, but these things are not altogether believed.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS are expected to be voted by Congress to fight the cholera if it appears in New York.

IT IS ESTIMATED that 75,000 men and women are out of work in New York city.

"FUN" WITH A BEAR.—One day last week says the Lexington (Virginia) News, Hyman, Wilson, a boy ten or twelve years old, son of Alexander Wilson, Esq., of Rockbridge Baths, was playing with two or three other boys in the neighborhood, and they concluded to go hunting. They took a dog and strolled out into the woods in the direction of Laurel Run. The dog took a trail and followed it to a hole under a big cliff. The boys, supposing a rabbit or fox had taken refuge there, got some poles and undertook to punch him out, when, to their surprise, out came three large bears. The boys, having no means of capturing such large game and so much of it, ran as quickly as they could to Mr. Wilson's house, about a mile and a half distant, and got Mr. Harry Wilson to take a gun and go with them to the spot. Arriving there they found the faithful dog with one of the bears still at bay. A well-aimed shot killed the bear, and as Bruin rolled over in the leaves the boys raised a yell and declared they had lots of fun.

A CEROYMAN in a rural parish in Fifeshire was recently discoursing to a drowsy congregation, and seeing their listlessness, he remonstrated with them, threatening to close the book and stop his discourse if they were not more attentive. Two of the parishioners discussing the matter afterward, one of them observed—"Man, if he had said he wad gie them a' ower again, he wad hae roosed them quicker."

WHAT IS LIFE.

To live is to do
What must be done;
To work and be true,
For work is soon done.
'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping your brothers,
And trusting in God.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

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

CHAPTER I.—ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is a colorless liquid with a stinging taste; it burns without soot, gives little light, but great heat. It is lighter than water and cannot be frozen.

It is used to dissolve gums, resins, and oils, to make smokeless flames; to take from leaves, roots, barks, and seeds, materials for making perfumes and medicines, and to keep dead bodies from decaying.

People do not usually drink clear alcohol. Rum, whiskey, wine, cider, gin, brandy, beer, etc., are water and alcohol with different flavors. Many million gallons of alcohol in these liquors are drunk every year by the people of this country.

ORIGIN OF ALCOHOL.

Water forms the larger part of the juice of the grape, apple, and other plants. The solid part of green fruits is mainly starch. Under the ripening action of the sun, this starch turns to sugar; this sugar gives us our sweet-tasting fruits and plants, and from such juices, boiled down, we get the sugar used for food.

If this fruit or plant juice is drawn off from its pulp, and then exposed to the open air at summer heat, the sweet part changes, it is no longer sugar, because it has separated into a liquid called alcohol and a gas named carbonic acid. Much of this gas goes off into the air, the alcohol remains in the liquid, changing a wholesome food into a dangerous drink.

ALCOHOL A POISON.*

A poison is any substance whose nature it is, when taken into the body either in small or large quantities, to injure health or destroy life.

Proper food is wrought into our bodies; but poisons* are thrown out of them, if possible, because unfit to be used in making any of their parts.

In large doses, its pure state, or when diluted, as in brandy, whiskey, rum, or gin, alcohol is often fatal to life. Deaths of men, women and children from poisonous doses of this drug are common.

In smaller quantities, or in the lighter liquors—beer, wine, and cider—when used as a beverage, it injures the health in proportion to the amount taken.

WHAT IS A NARCOTIC?

Any substance that deadens the brain and nerves is called a narcotic; for example, ether and chloroform, which are given by the dentist, that he may extract teeth without pain. Alcohol is taken for similar purposes, and is a powerful narcotic.

ALCOHOL AND WATER.

Into a bottle, half full of water, pour alcohol to the top, then shake it well, being very careful not to spill any of the liquid. Now, the bottle is not full. The alcohol has mixed with the water, and it does this wherever it has a chance.

Oil and water will not unite, alcohol and water will always unite.

In our study of the human body, which is

"Dr. A. B. Palmer of Michigan University says: "Medical writers admit that by far the most disastrous and frequent cause of poisoning in all our communities is the use of alcohol."

Dr. James Edmond of England, says: "The effects of no other common poison are more direct and certain than those of alcohol."

Dr. W. J. Youmans writes: "Alcohol . . . a brain poison."

Dr. Alden of Massachusetts, tells us: "On every organ they touch alcoholic drinks act as a poison. There is no such thing as their temperate use. They are always an enemy to the human body. They produce weakness, not strength; sickness not, health; death, not life."

"Intoxicated means poisoned. The barbarians poisoned their arrows; hence, from the Latin *in* into—and *toxicum*, a poison into which arrows were dipped, we get the word which describes the condition of a person under the influence of alcohol.

seven parts out of eight water, we shall see how alcohol, beginning at the lips, unites with the water in every part of the drinker's body which it reaches, thus robbing it of the needed liquid.

ALCOHOLIC APPETITE.

Like all narcotic poisons, alcohol has the fatal power of creating an increasing appetite for itself, that demands not only more frequent, but stronger and larger doses. The greater its work of ruin, the larger and almost impossible to overcome will be its demand.

The appetite does not gain with equal rapidity upon all; but no one can tell how long he will be satisfied with a little. This craving, so easily formed, and so hard to overcome, clings to its victims. Sometimes after slumbering through years of abstinence it is awakened by the first taste.

"The custom of putting wine and other alcoholic liquors into cooked foods, is a dangerous one, often causing the formation or return of a fearful appetite. The narcotic or deadening effect of alcohol upon the nerves, unites the drinker to realize his peril, to refuse its use, even in small quantities, is a dangerous venture to the user.

In the United States over 60,000 persons every year die as drunkards, that is, are killed by alcohol. None of them expected to become drunkards when they began to drink liquor, but they were ignorant, or careless, of the power of a little alcohol to create an appetite for more.

"I took one of the remains of the human body which have been preserved some thousands of years, and which is called an Egyptian mummy.

It was probably the body of one who had been a great priest or ruler; for it had been embalmed or preserved in the most expensive form of embalming and had been enclosed in a tomb which must have cost a small fortune.

I measured the mummy—its length, its girth, and the relative size of its head and limbs and trunk. From these measurements I was able to estimate what would have been the weight of the body when its owner was moving on the earth in the midst of life and health. The weight of the body at that time, I reckoned, would have been 128 pounds.

In the condition of a mummy, in which it was now before me, nothing remained but the dried skeleton or bony framework, and the muscles and other organs completely dried. The body, in fact, had, in the course of ages, lost all its water. In this state it weighed just sixteen pounds, and, as eight times sixteen are one hundred and twenty-eight, it is clear that seven parts out of eight of the whole body, or one hundred and twenty pounds, had passed away as water. In the remaining weight was included that of the skeleton, which contains but ten percent of water, and some mere remnants of canvas and petty substances, which had been used by the embalmers, and which, like the skeleton, still continued perfect.

The soft parts of this human body, by which all its active life, its moving and thinking functions, had been carried on, were, in fact, nearly all removed by the drying process, or loss of water, to which they had been subjected. They had not been destroyed by passing into new forms of matter, as occurs when a dead substance is allowed to decay in the open air, but they had completely lost the water which once gave them size, flexibility, shape, and capacity for motion.

—Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

- 1. What is alcohol?—Name some of its qualities.
- 2. What are the uses of alcohol?
- 3. From what is alcohol made?
- 4. How can you prove that alcohol is a poison?
- 5. How many persons every year die as drunkards?

(To be Continued.)

NEW SHOES.

"I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?"

Little Tim sat on the ground close beside a very ugly dark-colored stone jug. He eyed it sharply, but finding it quite impossible to see through its sides, pulled out the cork and peered anxiously in.

"Can't see nothin', but it's so dark in there I couldn't see if there was anything I've a great mind to break the hateful old thing."

He sat for a while thinking how badly he wanted a pair of shoes to wear to the Sunday-school picnic. His mother had promised to wash and mend his clothes so that he might go looking very neat indeed, but the old shoes were far past all mending, and how could he go barefoot?

Then he began counting the chances of his father being very angry when he should find his bottle broken. He did not like the idea of getting a whipping for it, as was very likely, but how could he resist the temptation of making sure about those shoes? The more he thought of them the more he couldn't. He sprang up and hunted around until he found a good sized brickbat

which he flung with such vigorous hand and correct aim that the next moment the old bottle lay in pieces before his eyes.

How eagerly he bent over them in the hope of finding not only what he was so longing for, but, perhaps, other treasures. But his poor little heart sank as he turned over the fragments with trembling fingers. Nothing could be found among the broken bits wet on the inside with a bad smelling liquid.

Tim sat down again and sobbed as he had never sobbed before; so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said: "Well, what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father who always slept late in the morning and was very seldom awake so early as this.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim catching his breath half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound quite so terrible as

he had expected. The truth was his father had been touched at sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was lookin' for a pair of new shoes. I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic. All the other little chaps wears shoes."

"How come you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?"

"Why, mamma said so. I asked her for some new shoes and she said they had gone into that black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things—and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it—and mamma never said what wasn't so before—and I thought 'twould be so—sure."

And Tim hardly able to sob out the words feeling how keenly his trust in mother's word had added to his great disappointment, sat down again and cried harder than ever.

His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked timidly up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him.

Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes, new shoes," he shouted.

"Oh, father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right all the time—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter, so I'm going to keep them out after this."—N. Y. Observer.

HEART BEATS.

Dr. N. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praise of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be kind enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said, "Count it carefully; what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay down on the lounge and said: "Will you take it again?"

He replied, "We get, it is only sixty four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night that is the way nature gives you heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes, different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night."

"When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog, you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."—*Scientific American*.

THE BAD KNEE.

In the Midland counties there is a large boarding-school for boys. We have seen sixty or seventy of them at their desks, and fine, merry, strong, clean lads they were. No intoxicating drinks whatever are placed on the table, and yet several brewers and wine-merchants send their sons there for education. This proves that even dealers in strong drink do not regard it as essential to their intellectual activity and physical health. Well, one of the young gentlemen had a white swelling on his knee, and was sent home for medical treatment. When the family doctor arrived and examined the limb he evidently thought it a serious case and said—

"What sort of a school are you at?"

"Oh, a jolly school."

"What kind of a master have you?"

"Oh, a jolly master."

"But what sort of a table does he keep?"

"Oh, a jolly table."

"Yes, yes; but what does he give you to drink?"

"Oh, the governor's a teetotaler, he puts nothing but water on the table."

"Then," said the doctor to the patient's anxious mother, "we can save his limb. Do not fear, he will soon get better." And he did so, and he went back to his desk, his games, and his "jolly table"—not less jolly to him now that he knew water-drinking had been so good for him.—*Rev. George W. McCoy in Union Signal*.

THE ROYAL BRETROTHAL.

The Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodora, who is betrothed to Prince Battenberg, is the youngest child of the Queen. She was born on April 14th, 1857, and is consequently in her twenty-eighth year. She is of a studious, retiring disposition, and has great literary and artistic tastes. Her mother has always reposed in her the utmost confidence, and she appears to have been a source of much comfort to the Queen for many years. It is said that she will take up her residence near her royal mother, which will be an exceedingly pleasant thing for them both, attached as they are to each other.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, an officer in the British navy, who is married to the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse; and another of his brothers is Prince Alexander, who has been appointed ruler of Bulgaria. Prince Henry is cousin to the reigning Grand Duke of Hesse. He was born on October 5th, 1858, and is thus a year and a half younger than Princess Beatrice, who was born on April 14, 1857. The Princes of Battenberg take their title

ently good health has a rough, sallow skin, we may at once conclude that there is a sufficient cause not far away. It may be in the diet, in the bathing, or lack of it, but whatever it may be, it will soon affect the health, as it has the complexion, and it should be sought out and removed as soon as possible.

A muddy skin may often be traced to impaired digestion, than which nothing is more common. Indeed, I think a perfect digestion has become a somewhat difficult thing to discover. It is often ruined in childhood by over-indulgence in sweets and pastry, allowed by falsely kind and mistaken elders, who do not stop to reckon the far-reaching consequences of such a course. I have seen children who seem to live entirely on cake, pie, candy, pickles, puddings, etc., with, perhaps, a bit of bread and meat, now and then—a meagre diet it would seem, if one were to judge by their sallow, pasty faces and gaunt limbs. There is little nutrition in such food. The meat, though nutritious, is not suitable for very young children. A child fed on oatmeal, eggs, fresh milk, brown bread, fruit, etc., with cake and candy allowed only as an occasional treat, seldom fails of being round, rosy,

the shock caused to the system by the cold bath being too great a drain upon it. When, as sometimes happens, this reaction does not take place, chills issue, often followed by serious illness.

Tepid or warm water is probably best for most people. For a weak person the bath should be about the temperature of the body—that is, just as it will feel most comfortable to the body, and cause no shock, either from heat or cold, to the abnormally sensitive system. The sponge bath is probably safest for the invalid. A healthy glow and feeling of refreshment should pervade body and mind afterward.

Those who find that the bath leaves them exhausted and depressed, should bathe only a part of the body at one time, even if two or three days pass before the whole is gone over. Borax used occasionally in the water is cleansing and beautifying. A little glycerine in the water will make the skin soft and smooth. Better than this is vaseline or olive oil, rubbed over the body after the bath. Used regularly, it is said to give nourishment to the skin and develop the body. Either of these rubbed on the joints after a long walk will afford rest and relief, and in most cases, prevent lameness.

Another actual case, embodying the same lesson against the lazy and shiftless habit of "letting things go," is related by the French political economist, M. Say.

Once, at a farm in the country, there was a gate, enclosing the cattle and poultry, which was constantly swinging open for want of a proper latch. The expenditure of a penny or two, and a few minute's time, would have made all right. It was on the swing every time a person went out, and not being in a state to shut readily, many of the poultry were from time to time lost.

One day a fine young porker made his escape, and the whole family, with the gardener, cook and milk-maid, turned out in quest of the fugitive. The gardener was the first to discover the pig, and in leaping a ditch to cut his escape, he got a sprain that laid him up for a fortnight.

The cook, on returning to the farm-house, found the linen burned that she had hung up before the fire to dry; and the milk-maid, having forgotten in her haste to tie up the cattle in the cow-house, found that one of the loose cows had broken the leg of a colt, that happened to be kept in the same shed.

The linen burned and the gardener's work



PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS BEATRICE.

from a town of that name, containing about a thousand population, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt. Prince Henry is a favorite member of Berlin Court society, and has been for the last two years Lieutenant in the Guards corps, the crack Russian cavalry regiment, to which his elder brother, the Prince of Bulgaria, is still attached as Major-General.

CARE OF THE COMPLEXION.

BY HELEN HERBERT.

A really beautiful complexion is a somewhat rare possession—rarer, indeed, than it should be. In infancy the skin is clear and fair, and it is only in later years that, succumbing to the attacks of its numerous and remorseless enemies, it takes on the sallow, burned or spotted appearance we so often see, and regret to see. Proper care, undertaken in time, would usually prevent much, if not all, of this deterioration.

The beauty of the complexion depends much on the physical condition. We cannot expect a clear skin without health, we may expect it with health, and usually find it, but not always. When a person in appar-

happy and healthy, with bright eyes, and a clear skin most pleasant to look upon.

Therefore, if you wish to possess a good complexion, the first and most important consideration is to keep the digestion in order. Frequent and judicious bathing should, perhaps, be placed next in order. I say "judicious" bathing, because it is a matter which requires the exercise of much judgment, though, alas, too frequently this requirement is by no means met.

It is not safe to follow blindly any other person's method of bathing, no matter how much that person may have benefited by it. This is a matter in which every person must be a law to himself.

But baths, when properly taken, have been called the true fountain of youth, and it is certain that no one thing can be more directly conducive to health and beauty. Cold baths should be indulged in only by the most vigorous. "Bathing in cold water every day," as is so often advised, may possibly be safe for one person in a hundred, but I have known great harm to come of it when made a rule for a weak person. Even when no injury is immediately perceived, the vitality is gradually sapped, the reaction after

There are some who object to washing the face often, especially with soap, thinking this an injury to the complexion. But those who have made a speciality of skin diseases say no part of the body needs soap so much; that the face being constantly exposed to dust, collects so much it is not enough to wash it in clear water. They say if soap makes the face shiny, as so many claim, it only shows that it is the more needed, and that the work of drying after the bath has not been properly performed. The face, however, should not be wet immediately before or after going out.—Household

FOR WANT OF A LATCH.

An old step-ladder lesson, setting forth the sad imports of little neglects, is worth a thousand repetitions:

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost;
For want of a shoe the horse was lost;
And all for the want of a horse-shoe nail."

This is said to be originally taken from actual history—of a certain aid-de-camp whose horse fell lame on a retreat and delayed him until the enemy overtook and killed him.

lost, were worth full a hundred francs, and the colt was worth nearly double that money; so that here was a loss of a large sum, purely for want of a little latch which might have been supplied for a few half-pence.—Selected.

Are you shining for Jesus, darlings? you have given your hearts to Him; But is the light strong within them, or is it but pale and dim? Can everybody see it—that Jesus is all to you? That your love to Him is burning with radiance warm and true? Is the seal upon your forehead, so that it must be known That you are "all for Jesus," that your hearts are all His own? Frances Ridley Havergal.

EVERY TEACHER should be gradually collecting and mastering a choice library. The volumes may not be enormous, but they should be of the highest excellence, and well studied.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Books)

LESSON IX—MARCH I.

PAUL SENT TO FELIX—ACTS 23: 12-21
COMMIT VERSES 20-22

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, -1 Pet. 4:16

CENTRAL TRUTH

God makes all things to work together for good to those who love Him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 23: 12-21
T. Acts 23: 22-35
W. Ps. 7: 1-17
Th. Ps. 7: 1-17
F. 1 Pet. 4: 1-16
Sa. Dan. 3: 1-9
Su. Dan. 3: 1-9

CHURCH SERVICES.—Paul had been rescued from the impending perils in the Sanhedrin and sent back to his prison in the Castra Antonia. There, in the night, Jesus appeared unto him in a vision, with a message and encouragement. At the same time the Jews were plotting in private to kill Paul, and by morning had matured their plan.

HILLS OVER HARD PLACES.

12. WHEN IT WAS DAY—after the night of the impending perils in the Sanhedrin and sent back to his prison in the Castra Antonia. There, in the night, Jesus appeared unto him in a vision, with a message and encouragement. At the same time the Jews were plotting in private to kill Paul, and by morning had matured their plan.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was Paul doing in our last lesson? Where did he spend the night? What vision came to him in the night? Give the time and place of this lesson.

SUBJECT: GODS' OVERTHROWING PROVIDENCE.

I. THE CONSPIRACY OF THE JEWS.—SOMETHING TO BE OBTAINED (vs. 12-14)—How Paul had the Jews formed in the night? Who joined in this conspiracy? How were they bound under a curse? What did they ask the consul to do to further their plans? From what place was Paul to be brought down to what place? What was to be done on the way? What favors naturally grant their request? Of what sins or crimes were the Jews guilty in this conspiracy?

II. THE CONSPIRACY OVERTHROWN.—BY DISCOVERY (vs. 15-22)—What relative of Paul notified the consul? What did he do about it? What did Paul do? What promise had been made to Paul? (vs. 23: 11). Why did he need to do anything? How did he proceed? How should he act? Give another example from the life of Paul. (Acts 27: 24, 31, 43, 44). Has God given us any lessons to prevent us from doing our part, or are they a lesson for doing it? Show if in this incident what good a young person can do.

III. THE CONSPIRACY MADE TO FURTHER PAUL'S WORK (vs. 23: 29)—What measures did Paul take to prevent the Jews from carrying out their plot? Why so many soldiers? When did they start? How far did they go that night? (vs. 31) Who then returned? Who went on to Caesarea? Why was Paul taken to Caesarea? Who was governor there? What message did Lydas send to him? What was Paul's desire and God's plan for Paul's future work? (Acts 23: 11; Rom. 1: 11). Will God always overrule man's works for the good of his cause and people?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- I. We should be more earnest for good than these men were for evil.
- II. We should never make a promise to do wrong.
- III. But if we have done it, it is better broken than kept. Two wrongs do not make one right.
- IV. God's promises do not take on us the duty of making our part.
- V. The divine promises strengthen us to go on with every means for their accomplishment.
- VI. God overrules the plots and plans of men for the good of his people and his kingdom.

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COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 17, 1885.

There is a general and wide spread lack of business, or of incident in the Produce Market. Nothing is being done even locally in this market, and shipments from all parts are very small. The English wheat market is weaker; buyers are holding back for concessions, and stocks in sight are decreasing. Cheese is weaker, again a shilling a hundred pounds lower this week, and lower grades of butter are also declining.

Chicago is about steady. We quote:—Wheat at 77½c Feb. 78½c March, 84½c May. Corn is quoted at 37c Feb. and 40½c May.

The local wheat market is steady and stagnant. We quote Canada Red Winter, 86c to 88c; White, 84c to 85c; Spring 84c to 85c; Peas, 70c to 71c; Oats, 31c. Barley, 50c to 60c. Corn 56c.

FLOUR.—There is very little doing in change. The quotations are:—Superior Extra, \$4.15 to \$4.20; Extra Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.05; Fancy \$3.85; Spring Extra \$3.75; Superfine, \$3.50 to \$3.55; Strong Bakers' (Canadian), \$4.00 to \$4.25; Strong Bakers, (American), \$4.50 to \$5.00; Fine, \$3.25 to \$3.30; Middlings, \$3.75; Follards, \$2.80 to \$2.90; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Spring Extra, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.25.

MEALS unchanged.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Both butter and cheese are quiet and unchanged. We quote as follows:—Creamery, 20c to 23c; Eastern Townships, 10c to 13c; Western, 11c to 15c. Cheese is unchanged at 11c to 14c for September and October, and 8c to 11½c for other makes.

Eggs, held stock are selling at 19c to 20c, and 16½c to 17c for timed.

HOG PRODUCTS are very quiet. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$15.50 to \$15.75; Hams, city cured, 12½c to 13½c; Bacon, 12c to 13c; Lard, western, in pails, 10½c to 10½c; do., Canadian, 10½c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are very weak, Pots selling at \$3.55 to \$3.60 as to tares.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers' market has been plentifully supplied for several days past, but the storm and drifts of Monday night and Tuesday morning have again blocked the roads and cut off most of the supplies from the country. Prices, which have been declining of late, are again looking up. Oats are 75c to 85c per bag; peas, 75c to 85c per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do.; potatoes 35c to 45c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 40c to 70c per bushel; cabbages 60c to \$1.00 per barrel; butter 14c to 50c per lb; eggs 12c to 40c per dozen; apples \$2.50 to \$3.25 per barrel; dressed hogs 6½c to 7½c per lb.; mutton carcasses 6½c to 7½c do.; young turkeys 9c to 14c per lb.; geese 7c to 10c do.; fowls 8c to 12c do.; ducks 12c to 15c do.; hay \$6.00 to \$9.00 per 100 bundles.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The prices of live stock continue to advance owing to light supplies and an improved though temporary demand for shipment to Britain. Good butchers' cattle brought 5c per lb this week, or nearly half a cent more than the prices paid a short time ago. Rough and leanish animals have also advanced in price, and the milkmen have been able to sell their strippers to better advantage than they anticipated a short time ago. Rough steers and fat cows sold at 4½c to 4½c and leanish stock at 3½c to 4c per lb; good sheep are in better demand, at higher rates, and live hogs are also sold at better prices, or from 5c to 5½c per lb. Calves are much more plentiful and prices are declining. Common and inferior milk cows are more plentiful, and are dull of sale, but good milkers are still in demand at pretty high rates.

New York, Feb. 16, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 89½c Feb.; 90½c Mar.; 91½c April; 93½c May; 94½c June. Corn, 51½c Feb.; 49½c March; 49½c April; 48½c May; 48½c June. Rye, quiet, 63½c. Oats, dull 36½c Feb. 36c March, 36c May. Peas nominal.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Wheat—Superfine, \$2.70 to \$2.75; Low Extra, \$2.95 to \$3.20; Clears, \$3.80 to \$4.75; Straight \$4.00 to \$5.00; Pa-

lent, \$4.65 to \$5.75. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.75 to \$2.90; Low Extra, \$3.00 to \$3.15; Clears (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.70; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.35 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.10 to \$3.25; West India, sacks, \$3.50 to \$3.70; barrels, West India, \$4.75; Patent, \$4.70 to \$5.75; South America, \$4.85 to \$5.00; Patent \$4.75 to \$5.40. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.50 to \$4.60; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.40; Patent, \$4.75 to \$5.65. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$2.40 to \$3.60.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.10 to \$3.25 in bags; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per brl.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter unchanged. Creamery, ordinary to select 15c to 36c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 16c to 26c; Welsh tubs 19c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery, 9c to 26c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 3½c to 12½c. Ohio flats, fair to choice 6c to 11½c; Skims 1c to 3c.

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