

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

HALTON STANDS FIRM.

AN EXCITING CONTEST.

The County of Halton, Ontario, three years ago adopted the Scott Act, prohibiting the sale of liquor. On a petition got up by the drink sellers to repeal the Act, a poll was granted and was held on Tuesday, 9th of September. Those who will be soon asked to vote for or against the Scott Act in many other countries have been asking—"What will Halton do?"

This was not a fair test election, as the liquor men of the whole country poured their money and influence in to defeat the temperance workers of a single small county.

Still, it is with great joy that every well-wisher of his country will learn that Halton has voted to continue the Scott Act in force. Up to the hour of going to press we had not received the figures, but it is believed the Act has been sustained by a handsome majority.

CANADA, BRITAIN, AND THE UNITED STATES.

A recent proposal by statesmen in England to take steps for the federation of the British Empire having started much discussion with regard to the future of Canada, of the Empire, and of the Anglo-Saxon race, a number of leading public men were invited by the editor of the *Montreal Daily Witness* to contribute an article each for its columns during the sittings of the British Association. Among those who responded were Sir Francis Hincks, G.C.M.G., C.B., formerly Governor of the Windward Isles and Finance Minister of Canada; the Rev. Joseph Cook, the eloquent Boston divine, the Rev. G. M. Grant, D.D., principal of Queen's University, Kingston; Benjamin Sulte, Esq., author of the "Histoire des Canadiens-Français" and other works; the Hon. Lucius S. Huntington, late Postmaster-General of Canada; William Houston, Esq., parliamentary librarian of Ontario; and Henri Beaugrand, Esq., editor of the *Montreal Patrie*, the most outspoken Liberal French Journal in the Province of Quebec. The position taken by the various writers may be summed up as follows:

Sir Francis Hincks thinks federation of the British Empire impracticable, however desirable. He does not think independence means anything less than annexation to the United States, or that it could be accomplished without war. He, therefore, looks to the continuance of Canada's present relations to the empire, but points out some important internal constitutional changes which he thinks desirable, such as placing the provincial legislatures on the same footing as municipalities, that there be only single branches which should elect the lieutenant-governors, that their power should be strictly defined by law and they should be completely independent of the Dominion Government and Parliament, the interven-

tion of the Supreme Court being available to any party claiming it.

The Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, after expatiating upon the marvellous spread of knowledge among the nations and the fact that owing to steam and the telegraph there can be no "hermit nation," concludes that in this: "possible but not in the probable future there lies at a distance of not more than two centuries an alliance, (not a union) of Great Britain, the United States, Australasia, India, belting the globe and possessed of power to strike a universal peace through half the continents and all the seas."

Principal Grant comments upon the fact that all the communities of the English speaking race, no matter what bit of the globe they occupy, (the people of the United States alone, excepted) are bound together by a common citizenship. Had it not been for the secession of the American colonies a century ago the whole English speaking race would to-day have a common citizenship, and with this preserved the race could have been organized under flexible forms in this or that direction, as necessities or requirements arose. With a hundred millions of English speaking men thus bound, peace would have been secured so far as they were concerned; no nation or combination of nations would have dared to attack them. To bring about this citizenship we should do our utmost to close up the cleavage that was made in the race more than a century ago,—not by casting off our present citizenship, but by welcoming every closer connection that is proposed. The more free is trade, especially over this continent, the better, always provided that it is not bought at the price of a Chinese wall excluding us from the rest of the world. Principal Grant thinks that views in the United States are mellowing, and things will come right by-and-by.

"Let well-enough alone" is the gist of Mr. B. Sulte's article. A union of the empire, and the centralization which he believes would ensue, would result in the interests of the colonies being sacrificed.

Mr. Huntington takes the position that, even if separation were to take place suddenly between Canada and the Empire, annexation to the United States need not be considered a certain result. Even if annexation follow an unsuccessful attempt to sustain our national existence, we should lose nothing.

Mr. William Houston endeavors, without expressing his own views, to describe a change of opinion which is going on around him, and the annexationist tendencies he discerns therein. One of the causes at work is the desire of a large number of Canadians for free commercial intercourse with the United States. The intensification of sectionalism by the increasing demand for local subsidies, taken in connection with other forms of inter-provincial conflict and the friction inseparable from the working of a new federal constitution, has caused many who were once hopeful of the political future of the Dominion to despair. They profess to see no increase of solidarity as the result of seventeen years of union, but rather the reverse. And, again, there are to be found in both Canada and the United

States those who believe that the union of the two countries would be in the interest of the greater Anglo-Saxon union of which they dream. The English and German elements of both countries are related, and time will bring homogeneity.

Mr. Beaugrand sees nothing to be gained by an imperial confederation. Canadians wish to become an independent nation, when the time comes for separation from the mother country. Mr. Beaugrand says "our country is large enough, prosperous enough, to aspire to conduct her own business in her own way, without the interference of any power, whether on this or on the other side of the water."

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.

The annual Dominion Exhibition of Canada for this year is now being held at Montreal. "Rusticus" contributes to the *Weekly Messenger* the following notice of the live stock department:—

Though the numbers in this department of the Dominion Exhibition are not so large as on some former occasions, yet in several classes there is a decided improvement in the quality of the animals shown. Especially is this the case with heavy draught and carriage horses, and with milch cows. Among the heavy draught horses, the Percherons are on exhibition for the first time here and they certainly seem to be coming into favor, though the ponderous Clydesdales, both imported and home-bred, continue to show considerable improvement. In coaching stallions, a remarkably fine horse is shown by Mr. John Anderson, of Dominionville, Ont., which has already taken fifteen first prizes and four diplomas at the principal shows in Ontario.

There is a considerable falling off in the number of Ayrshire cattle shown, but the Jerseys show a decided improvement, both in numbers and quality, Mr. W. A. Reburn, of St. Ann's, taking the lead in this part of the exhibition. The Holsteins are on exhibition here for the first time; Messrs. Lord, Cook & Co., of Aultsville, Ont., and Mr. George Pierce, of Stanstead, have each superior herds of these cattle.

The sheep and pigs shown are of superior quality, and show considerable improvement since former exhibitions.

PEOPLE VERSUS LORDS.

With the sounds of actual war coming from China, with the sickening statistics of cholera coming from the south of Europe, with most disquieting reports of national bad temper coming from both France and Germany, and with nothing less than tropical heat from the sun itself, the attention of the British people seems not to be in the least diverted from the great question of domestic politics. The people want a reform bill, and the Lords stand in the way: the people are therefore engaged in proving to their Lordships, in the clearest possible way, that the longer the obstruction remains the worse it will be for the obstructors. As Professor Donaldson, of Aberdeen University, has just said, the majority in the House of Lords is like the cow that

stood in the way of George Stephenson's locomotive. The engineer has several times got down and shoved the animal off; but if the cow stands on the track any longer it must take the natural consequences.

Scotland is roused, to its centre. Aberdeen, a town of 100,000 inhabitants, has been the scene of an immense reform open air demonstration in which no less than 60,000 persons took part. A still vaster gathering took place last Saturday in Glasgow, when the procession alone contained 60,000 men, and was ten miles long. Four hundred survivors of the first reform bill agitators, of 1832, rode together. On the same day, 12,000 persons met for the same purpose at Carlisle, and 17,000 at Swansea.

All these crowds are extremely good-natured,—knowing as they do that the people in Britain rule in reality as well as in name, and that they only need to show their will and not to exercise their force. They can thus afford to treat their opponents with ridicule and they do so to their hearts' content. They are profoundly in earnest, however, and it is significant that the Glasgow stone masons carried in the procession a tombstone, with this inscription:—"To the memory of the House of Lords."

The National poet, Robert Burns, with his intense spirit of independence, is always brought in to provide inscriptions for reform banners. Here is one of them:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

Here is another.

It's comin' yet, for a' that,
When man to man, the world o'er,
Shall britners be, and a' that.

A third inscription declares,
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings.

THE LATE SECRETARY FOLGER.

Mr. Folger, Secretary of the United States Treasury, is dead. The event took place at a quarter to five on Thursday afternoon, 4th of September, and was so sudden that neither of his children could be summoned to his bedside.

Mr. Folger had lived where he died, in Geneva, N.Y., for 54 years, but he was born in Nantucket, Massachusetts, on the 16th of April, 1818. After studying for the law and practising his profession for some time, at the age of 26 he was made a judge in the Court of Common Pleas. Seven years later, in 1851, he became a county judge. He was at first a Democrat, but when the present Republican party was formed, Mr. Folger was one of its members. In 1861, he was elected a State Senator, and held that position till 1869, when he was made Assistant U. S. Treasurer at New York. In the following year he returned to the bench as judge in the State Court of Appeals, and after a further ten years became chief justice of the same court. This office, however, he only held for one year: in 1881, on the death of President Garfield, President Arthur made him secretary of the treasury. Mr. Folger was the Republican candidate for the governorship of New York two years ago, when Mr. Cleveland defeated him by an enormous majority.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(Author of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.")

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Would you like to learn the trade?" Mr. Barrows asked him, as they went down the stairs, after he had watched in silence, for half an hour, the movements of a boy who was feeding a machine for trimming the edges of the pasteboards.

"Yes, sir," said Reuben promptly. "I would."

Whereupon, Mr. Barrows said it was about time they went to look after the little house. This recalled Reuben to a sense of his responsibility as "the man of the house," and he followed, with eager steps, across the street, behind a great snow-drift, to a trim little house, set in a yard, with a great tree before the door, whose huge branches were leafless now and snow-covered, but which Reuben could seem to see dressed in green, with a bird building her nest right in front of his mother's window.

Oh, those cunning little rooms! I don't suppose you can imagine how delightful they seemed to the boy who had spent most of his life in the "north chamber." "This is the parlor," said Mr. Barrows, opening a door that led from the bit of a hall into the pleasant room, small, square, papered with a light colored pretty figured pattern, a mantle at one end, and a south window into which the sun even then was shining.

Reuben, as he gazed about him, chuckled inwardly at the idea of their having a parlor! What would Beth think of that? Besides the parlor, there was what Mr. Barrows called a dining room, and kitchen, a nice pantry, well supplied with shelves, and up stairs, three beautiful rooms, each with a clothes press.

"They are rather small, all of them," said Mr. Barrows; "but then for a small family, I should think they would do very well."

And then Reuben gazed on him in astonishment, almost in indignation. What did he mean by calling those lovely rooms small!

One—a south room—made him think of Miss Hunter, and he sighed a little. It was the one bit that he did not like about this wonderful prospect of moving, and living in a whole house, instead of one room and a clothespress—this leaving Miss Hunter, the new friend, who seemed so much like an old one.

That south room, with the bit of a bed room off, that Mr. Barrows did not count as a room at all, would be just the thing for Miss Hunter. What a wonderful thing it would be if she should take a fancy to move, too, and make gloves instead of vests! Then they might almost hope to pay the rent of this grand house! Especially as there was actually a garden and a place to keep hens, and an apple and pear tree, in the back yard! "There is a woman lives on the south side of our hall," he said, speaking some of his thoughts aloud, "she is one of the best women who ever lived; she sews on vests and things, for the tailors. If she should move here too, could she find work to do, do you think?"

"Plenty of work at making gloves and mittens. There isn't much call for women tailors in this direction; but she can make better wages at gloves than she can at tailoring. This is a good time to come here and get started. Fact is, some of the hands, a large number of them, right in the busiest season before last fall, struck for higher wages, they were getting pretty good wages too, but they thought they would like more, so they struck; and the manufacturers made up their minds that, as soon as the new year opened they would hire new hands, and get ready for the next hurrying season before it came. So they are all advertising for workers: that is what people get who aren't willing to let well enough alone."

"What is the rent of this house?" It was a quiet little question, but it took Reuben nearly ten minutes to get courage to ask it; he so fully expected to have his hopes dashed to the ground by the answer.

"Well said Mr. Barrows, meditatively, "that would depend a little on who rented it. If your mother wants it, I think I could get it for her for a hundred dollars a year."

"That's only a little over eight dollars a month," said Reuben, and his cheeks were crimson, and his eyes very bright. It actually was but a trifle more than they had

to pay every month for the north room, and the clothes press! Now, if he could but manage to earn enough to make up the difference, and have a little left to go for coal, they might try the new home!

"What could I earn in a week, do you suppose?" and Mr. Barrows could hardly help smiling over the boy's eagerness.

"Well now, my man, that would depend entirely on yourself. Some boys don't earn the salt that they eat with their potatoes; I wouldn't promise to furnish it, for all they do. Then again there are boys who earn good wages, and help their mothers right straight through. I had a boy last year who earned his three dollars a week, all through the year."

"In the box business?"

"In the box business."

"How old was he?"

"About your age; a trifle older perhaps, but what he did, he could have done just as well if he had been a year younger."

"Was he a very smart boy; smarter than I could be?" Mr. Barrows laughed. "How can I tell? No, if you mean was he a remarkable boy; he wasn't. He was just a good, faithful fellow, doing his best."

"If I should do my best, could I earn as much as that?"

"For how many months in the year?"

Mr. Barrows laughed. "You will make a good business man, I think," he said pleasantly. "You remember to look closely into things. Well, the season, that is the busy season, lasts for about nine months in the year. If I were you I would plan to work hard for those nine months, and go to school the other three,—and do odd jobs out of school-hours to earn your board. For nine months I think you could earn from two to three dollars a week at the box business, without any trouble, and I would give you your board for what you could do after school, during the other three months."

"I think mother will come," said Reuben, with shining eyes; and I shall tell Miss Hunter what you said about the glove business."

"All right," said Mr. Barrows. "I advertised for hands for my brother-in-law; he is a manufacturer, and he runs those little machines I was telling you about. If you say so, we will go now and see them."

So they passed out, Reuben locking the door of the neat little house, wondering much whether it could possibly be for him to lock it many times in the future. He felt in such a hurry to go and tell his mother all about it, that he was almost sorry that the last plan had been for him to spend the night at Mr. Barrows and go home by the morning train. Still, if they were really going to move, there were ever so many things that he was man enough to know needed looking after. The little machines, one of which Mr. Barrows seemed to think Beth might manage, seemed to be the next things in order.

"The queerest looking creatures he ever saw in his life!" This was the way Reuben would have described them had he been talking to his mother or Beth. They seemed too small to be called machines. A round board about the size of a barrel head, a shaft of wood about three feet long, standing upright from the centre of the barrel head, finished at the top by a brass mouth about four inches long. This mouth had rows of tiny teeth on either side, matching exactly. It opened its jaws whenever the spring at the bottom was touched, and seized, and held firmly whatever was placed in right side. Reuben watched while a pretty girl of fourteen, took a kid glove of about the size for his mother, folded it carefully across the back, made the little creature open its brass mouth and take it in, then with a fine needle and a silk thread, she went rapidly down the length of the brass mouth, putting the needle between each tooth, making a little click, clicking noise with her thumb against the brass, and doing it all so rapidly that Reuben was lost in astonishment.

When the jaws opened, and the glove was drawn out, he leaned forward eagerly to discover a long, smooth row of the daintiest stitches, somewhat like those that his mother took in shirt bosoms!

"It is beautiful!" he said, admiringly; "and how fast she did it!"

"How would the sister at home like that sort of work?" asked Mr. Barrows; and Reuben, who had not fancied the idea of setting Beth at work, for the first time began to think that perhaps such work as this might do for even Beth.

When he heard that very industrious, little girls actually earned sometimes a dollar a day, and that his mother would have no trouble in earning that sum, he said emphatically, "I know mother will move."

At last the exciting day was done. Reuben had accomplished a great deal of business. He had been to the freight depot, and learned the price of freight, and the exact way of marking it, he had learned the price of butter, and meat, and flour, and milk, and wood. In short, he had done everything that he could think of, which it seemed likely to him that a man, with a family to provide for, would have done. Mr. Barrows looked on, sometimes amused, and sometimes touched almost to tears by the small boy's thoughtful planning for mother and sister. Where he needed help he got it, but for the most of the work, Mr. Barrows left him to himself, curious to see how he would carry out his plans. "The boy has the wisest head set on his young shoulders that I ever saw in my life!" he said to his wife that evening, after Reuben had gone to bed. "He hasn't done anything wonderful either. I don't know that he is any smarter than most boys of his age; he simply has used the brains that fellows like Andrew Porter spend in mischief, to help him in supporting his family. The notion he has that he is the man of the house, and must look after the comfort of his folks, like any other man, is worth a fortune to him. I believe the boy will be a rich man, while he is a young one."

"You have taken one of your tremendous likings to him," Mrs. Barrows said, laughing. "I don't wonder. I fancy him myself; and as for Grace, she wants to teach him music and drawing right away. I hope the rest of the family are half as nice. Do you believe they will come?"

"I do if Reuben can bring it to pass; and I think he can; I put the rent of the little house at a hundred dollars. I'd have made it lower, if the boy's bright eyes hadn't been fixed on me. I knew he would suspect something; he isn't after charity. I hope I shall not be disappointed in him. If he doesn't grow up a smart, business man, as well as a good man, I shall wonder at it."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE BOX FACTORY.

Reuben Watson Stone sat on the side of his bed and gazed about him. There was plenty to gaze at. He had never seen a prettier room in his life. The carpet was soft and bright, the sunlight making the flowers on it glow so that it seemed to the boy as though he might stoop and pick them. He thought of his sister Beth, and wished she could see the pretty carpet and pretty furniture, and the pretty curtains and everything.

"I suppose this is me," he said to himself. "It doesn't seem as though it could be. This is just the queerest kind of a world. Just think of the things that are happening to me! Ever so many of them come into one week. I lived most ten years without any happenings, and then they all came and tumbled themselves into a week! I wonder how we'll get money to move! Mother will surely move here, when she hears of how much money I can earn, and how nice it will be for Beth. We can both go to school some. It is a splendid chance. Isn't it a queer thing now, that all these chances came because I wouldn't go to that St. Mark's saloon to sell liquor?" Mr. Barrows said he never would have thought of such a thing as bringing me home with him, if he hadn't heard about that."

There were so many wonderful things to think about, that Reuben was in danger of not getting to bed at all.

He did not feel sleepy; in fact, he told himself that he didn't believe he could sleep a wink that night.

At last, however, he heard the clock around the corner strike ten, and very much astonished at the lateness of the hour, he hurried into bed. No sooner was the gas turned out, so that all the pretty things were lost to sight, than he went to dream-land. The next morning began a new life for Reuben Watson Stone. He was to begin on that day to support his family.

Directly after breakfast—and a lovely breakfast it was!—he learned for the great box factory, eager to start all that could be learned about that wonderful business.

On the way, while Mr. Barrows talked

with a gentleman who had joined them, Reuben talked with himself:

"Here I am," he told himself, "going to begin business at last! I've been for most two years hunting something to do, and now I've got it. Not a thing that I ever hunted for, or thought of, or even heard of; but something new and beautiful. Think of learning how to make boxes! I'll make a lot of them for mother some day, if I learn how real nice. Beth would like some bright, red-trimmed ones, such as I saw yesterday. Won't it be fun to show her how to do things?"

You can see that Reuben Watson Stone thought a great deal about his mother and Beth. It was well that he felt so full of business; for if he had had time, he might have been a little out of homesick. It isn't an easy thing for a boy to be away from his mother for the first time.

In the pasting-room there were only boys at work; five or six of them, a little older than Reuben. They were covering great sheets of pasteboard with wet paper. Reuben was anxious to try his skill, and very soon had a chance.

He had dreamed in the night that he could do wonderful things in the box business. Alas for dreams! Never had he undertaken anything so dreadful. Mr. Barrows was left him in charge of a boy named Wesley, with directions that he teach young Stone just what to do. So Wesley began a series of orders about what must, and must not be done; all so rapidly given that poor Reuben was utterly bewildered.

"Won't you please go slower?" he asked at last. "I'm getting all mixed up." Then all the boys laughed loud and long, as if getting mixed up were a good joke.

"Very well," said Wesley. "I'll go as slow as a snail. First you spread a sheet of paper on the pasteboard—not on the floor, nor on the wall, but on the pasteboard. Do you understand that? Are you sure I'm not going too fast? Well, then you take the brush in your right hand, mind I say right hand, because if you take the left, it's all up with you, and you dip it in the paste. Is that plain? Sure you understand? Dip it way in, the more paste you get on the better; in fact, if you don't spread the paste on thick the first time, you spoil the whole thing; if you should take the whole tub full and pour over it afterwards, it would do no good. Well, dash in your brush, and dab on the paste, half an inch thick or less; wet every inch of the paper, then dip in your brush again and go all over it once more."

"Yesterday, when I watched you, you didn't dip it in but ones," said Reuben gravely, sure that he was being made sport of, but not knowing enough about the business to be sure how far the sport went, and where the things that he must do began.

"Oh well, I was at work at a different quality of paper; that makes all the difference in the world," said Wesley. "You mustn't judge by your eyes; if you let them rove around to look at other folks, you'll never learn how in the world. Mind what I say to you, and go ahead! When you get your paper real wet, which it over; the quicker you can do it the better, and then with this big brush smooth it down; you have to bear on with all your might, or the thing goes and wrinkles; it is a ticklish job, I can tell you."

In much fear and trembling, Reuben went to work. He could see his fellow workers giggling and nudging each other, and acting as much like wretches as they could, while Wesley stood at his elbow, talking all the time and contradicting his own directions. It was worse than driving Spunk. He thought wistfully if Mr. Barrows had only let him go in a room by himself—after watching the others for awhile—and try it, he might have done something. But there was no help for it now. He dipped the brush into the bed of paste.

"Dip lower, man," said Wesley. "What are you afraid of?"

So he dipped lower, and, though it made him shiver, brought the dripping brush to the delicate white paper. Splash, splash, splash, over the smooth surface; it reminded him of stepping with wet and muddy feet on a bank of fair morning snow. The paste lay in thick ridges all over sheet. Then he took hold of the two corners carefully, at the same time remembering his direction to be "as quick as a wink." Alas! it would not turn at all. It seemed to wilt in his hands into a soft and pulpy mass, and lie in

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a discouraged heap in the middle of the wet board.

"I looked up in utter dismay, while the boys shouted with laughter.

"It is ruined!" he gasped. "I should think it was!" laughed Wesley. "Isn't enough of it left to make a dishcloth. Awful expensive paper, too; you'll ruin the old chap, if you keep on long in this style. Try again!"

And Reuben tried again, and again, and again, his face red and pale by turns, his eyes now bright with hope, now heavy with despair. Once his instructor kindly offered to show him how, and turned the dripping mass with a fing that Reuben tried in vain to catch; then he tried his skill with the rubbing-down brush, remembering Wesley's repeated caution to bear on hard; the consequence was that the wet mass parted in the middle, half of it staying on the board, and half of it rolling itself in a sticky ball, and following the line of the brush. With the fifth trial, which was worse than the all others, Reuben quietly laid down both brushes and walked out of the room.

"Beaten, as sure as I'm alive!" shouted Wesley, doubling himself up with laughter, and rolling over and over on a pile of pasteboards that stood near. "I didn't think it would be so easy done; something in his face made me think he wasn't so chicken-hearted as you would suppose from his size."

"Too bad on the little fellow," said one boy who had laughed less than the others. "He's away from home, and homesick, maybe. What was the use?"

"Oh, now don't you go to getting spooney!" said Wesley. "Serves him just right; what business had he to come slipping in here among us; there's lots of fellows in town who want the place. Barrows needn't think we are going to have any little rag-bag from the city poked in among us."

While they talked it over, Reuben went straight to the room marked "Office," and knocked at the door. Mr. Barrow's voice told him to come in. That gentleman was seated at his desk, looking over a pile of letters; he seemed grave and busy. Reuben stood for fully five minutes before getting any attention. At last Mr. Barrows looked up and said "Well!" not in a very encouraging tone, but as though he did not care to be interrupted.

"I don't think I'll suit, sir," Reuben said. He tried to keep his voice from trembling, but it was hard work, and his face was very pale.

"Sick of it already, eh?"

In spite of his disappointment and bitter sense of failure, Reuben could not help a wan smile from creeping into his face as he answered:

"No, sir; but it is sick of me. They tear just awfully! I've torn up and spoiled five of those great big beautiful sheets of paper; and I did my best."

"You have!" said Mr. Barrows, and Reuben could not decide whether his voice had anger in it, or only surprise and dismay; but he stood his ground manfully.

"Yes, sir, I have; and I'm awful sorry. I thought I could do, and I tried; but it got worse and worse; and now if there was something that you were sure I could do, to give me till I earned enough to pay for that paper, I'd work nights and all."

"Just so," said Mr. Barrows; "I'll think about it. You may sit down on that stool until I write a letter, then we'll attend to it."

So Reuben perched himself on a stool, with folded arms and sad heart, and was motionless until the rapid pen had dashed a dozen or more lines on the paper. At last the writer looked up again.

"Now, my boy, the paper tore, did it?"

"All to pieces," said Reuben, mournfully; "went all to squish! it isn't good for anything."

"And how did the other boys take it?"

"Well, sir, they laughed all the time."

"How did you like Wesley?"

Reuben looked down on the floor. What had that to do with the torn paper, and his failure in business.

But Mr. Barrows waited, and at last he stammered that he didn't think he liked him very well.

"Did the directions that he gave you about the work seem like common sense?"

"No, sir!" that answer was prompt enough.

"What was the matter with them?"

"Why, he said dip the brush way in, and

put on lots of paste; and I didn't see how the paper could help tearing."

Mr. Barrows turned over some papers on his desk, and seemed to be thinking about them for a few minutes, then he said:

"Suppose you had a present of fifty sheets of pasteboard, and fifty sheets of that best white paper, and nobody had any right to ask you what became of them, what would you do?"

"I'd earn some paste, somehow, and find a place to work in, and I'd learn how to put the papers on, if it took me all winter."

"Very well!" said Mr. Barrows; "I'll present you with fifty sheets of paper and pasteboard to spoil, if you have to, with the understanding that if they come out in good shape they are to be mine; and if they are spoiled, they are yours to make your fortune out of. I'll even lend you the paste (a curious smile lighting up his face as he said this), and a place to work in; you can pay me when you make your fortune; and now the sooner you get to work, the less time you will lose."

"Thank you," said Reuben, getting down from his perch, his eyes shining. "I'll go right at it."

Back he went with rapid feet on the workroom, and appeared before the boys whose shouts of laughter were still echoing through the house. They stopped in astonishment at sight of him.

"Dear me!" said Wesley. "You here! I thought you ran home to tell your mother. Poor little fellow! he looks pale, boys; I believe he fainted on the way; we shall have to put some paste in his face to revive him."

But the fun was cut short by the arrival of Mr. Barrows; in an instant every boy who had left his post to help in the joke at Reuben's expense, was back at work.

"These doors are very thin, boys," was the only hint that gentleman gave that he had heard every word. Then he called Wesley to him, and told him to stand by his side, and give the few general directions that were important in learning to spread the paper.

"Much paste or little, Wesley?"

"As little as possible, sir."

"You may tell Stone so, then."

And Wesley, with a very red face, repeated to Reuben, "About the brush, Wesley, Should the touch with it be light or heavy?"

"Very light, sir."

This, too, he had to repeat to Reuben. Then he gave strict orders that no boy in the room should speak to, or in any way interfere with the new comer's ways of doing things.

"Whether he does a new way or an old one, right or wrong, I forbid any boy to interfere; he is going to experiment, and is to be let alone. Remember, boys!"—in a significant tone—"I forbid it."

Then he went away, and Reuben had peace. The boys giggled, to be sure, and made funny speeches at his expense, at some of which he won their hearts by laughing; for Reuben was such a good-natured fellow that he could not help laughing at a joke, even when he was the victim. But his work was not meddled with, and after one or two failures, he began to catch the secret. When, two hours afterwards, Mr. Barrows looked in to see how the experiment was working, Reuben told him proudly that only seven of the pasteboards were his; he didn't see but the others were as good as anybody's.

"All right!" the gentleman said with a satisfied smile. "Keep track of these seven boards, and make your fortune with them." Instantly there flashed over Reuben a new idea. What if he should begin to make his fortune out of those seven pasteboards! What if he should!

(To be Continued.)

At a RECENT meeting of the Reform Club, of Topeka, Kansas, a reformed man who had stood unshaken in his total abstinence principles for ten years, made this confession: "I was in Topeka last week in attendance upon the G. A. R. meeting, and in an evil hour I forgot God. My old appetite for drink came upon me with such force that had I been able to find a place where liquor could have been gotten, I should have fallen. I would have given my right arm almost for a drink." Praise God that the saloons in Topeka are closed, and that this tried and tempted man was thus saved to himself and his family.—*Union Signal*.

GEORGE STEPHENSON, THE INVENTOR.

We often wonder when we hear of some new invention—sewing machines, telegraphs, electric lights—and they are multiplying very fast these latter days. Did it ever occur to you that the temperance movement may have something to do with that? Certainly a man needs his wits about him; he needs the very best use of his brains, when he devises witty or wise inventions; and he cannot have the best use of his brains when they are steeped in alcohol. Until the temperance movement commenced almost everybody drank, and a great many, especially of the workmen, cared more about the drink than about their work. It takes a man who loves his work to make any improvements in it or in the manner of doing it.

George Stephenson was an engineer, and loved his work. He did not care for the drink, and he soon found that it did not help him about his work. He saw, too, that it led men into idleness. At an age when most boys go in for pure play and a holiday whenever they can get it, George, who was then fireman for an engine in the coal mines, found himself with fellow-workmen who took a holiday for drinking and dog-fighting once a fortnight. Their stopping work stopped his engine, so that he could earn no wages that day (so the idle often injure the industrious), but he took the spare time to take his engine to pieces and see how it was made, or try experiments with it. The result was that he learned all about engines as they were made at that time, over eighty years ago. Engines had not then been made to draw cars nor run steamboats, though experiments had been made in both directions. George Stephenson, a poor lad, a fireman to an engine in a coal-pit, on less than five dollars a week, had little idea of all this, nor of the wonderful inventions he should yet "find out"; but he loved his work and he kept himself pure from the drink, and so he did not blur his own path to success, as many another young lad had done.

One of the uses to which engines had been put was pumping water out of the coal mines, and at Killingworth, where George removed, he found an engine that had been at work for months trying in vain to pump out the water. George said he could improve the engine and make it draw out the water, so that the men could go to the bottom of the pit. He did it, and in less than five days the water was pumped out. This he could not have done but for the studies he had made while his companions were drinking and dog-fighting, nor if he had muddled his brains with alcohol. He got \$50 for the job, and won the esteem of his employers so much that they made him engine-wright at \$500 a year.

But do not imagine for a minute that people praised him for his temperance, for that reform had not then commenced. Probably he got many a slight and sneer from his companions who preferred drinking and dog-fighting, and even his employers might have thought him "queer," if not pretentious. Mr. Dodd, the superintendent of this very colliery at Killingworth, invited him into a public house one day to take a drink. This was intended as a compliment to the young workman, and George might easily have reasoned that it would be good policy for him not to refuse. But, instead, he modestly replied: "No, sir, you must excuse me. I have made a resolution to drink no more at this time of day." We know how to do still better than that now, but at that date people had not even heard of a total abstinence pledge. Perhaps it was religious principle that kept him; or one Sunday, when Mr. Dodd went to see him on some business, he found him dressed in his best, and on his way to the Methodist chapel.

About this time there were many experiments in the way of engines to draw carriages, but the inventors met with great difficulties. George Stephenson set himself to make an engine for this purpose, and on the 14th of July, 1814, it was completed and placed on the Killingworth Railway. It succeeded in drawing eight carriages of thirty tons weight at four miles an hour. This was a great triumph for Stephenson, and he determined to make railways popular and common, though he was yet only an engine-wright in a colliery. But he succeeded grandly, working with and for others but carrying out his own ideas mostly. His first great undertaking was a railway be-

tween London and Manchester. When a bill for it was first proposed in Parliament, with the proposition to have an engine to go twelve miles an hour, it was contemptuously thrown out with exclamation, "As well trust yourself on the back of a Congreve rocket." But the road was completed at last (in 1825), and the first train ran thirty-five miles an hour, drawn by Stephenson's locomotive, which he wittily named the "Rocket." After this Stephenson had all he could do in the line of building railways, both at home and abroad, and even kings sent for him to consult with him. He died in 1848.

His eldest son, Robert, to whom he gave a fine education, honored his father greatly and worked with him in many of his enterprises, and at last became a member of Parliament. When the latter died he was buried in Westminster Abbey.—*Julia Colman in Leaflets for Young People.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CUR- RENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes.*)

Sept. 21.—Ps. 103: 1-22.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Praise. Infidelity has no songs, for it has nothing to sing about. No hymns of joy rise from the hearts of those who walk in the murky shadows of sin and unbelief. One day, after having alluded to this fact in a public assembly, a septic came and promised to produce "an infidel hymn-book" in the afternoon. He brought it, a book compiled by an apostate minister, having nothing infidel in its title and very little in its composition. It was made up of such infidel hymns as "Hail Columbia," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and various other secular songs, with now and then a parody upon some well known hymn, a word left out here and another a line there, giving the compiler about as much right to claim the authorship of the hymns as borrowing a pair of boots and cutting the straps off would give him to be considered a shoemaker. And this was the boasted "infidel hymn-book" which was to confute the assertions we had made. We exhibited the book and reiterated our statements. Infidelity is songless because it is joyless, lifeless, hopeless. What theme is there for song in a life full of trouble and a death which is an eternal sleep!—*Hastings.*

II. God's forgiving love. There is a legend that God commanded an angel to destroy an iceberg. The angel summoned an army with pickaxes and shovels, called for tempests and rain and snow, but in vain, the iceberg was as great as ever. At last God bade the sun to shine and the south wind to breathe upon it, and soon it was melted. Such is the power of love.—*Hurbutt.*

III. His kingdom ruleth over all. When Melancthon was extremely solicitous about the affairs of the church in his days, Luther would have him admonished in these terms, Let not Philip make himself any longer governor of the world.—*David Clarkson.*

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

This Psalm naturally leads to dwell upon God's mercies, and the duty of praising Him for them. Dwell upon the beauty, the usefulness, the happiness of a praising spirit. Show what it is, and what it is not. Especially distinguish between joy in God's gifts and gratitude to the Giver. Show the various ways of praising God, and give hints as to joining in the praise portion of the services of church and Sabbath-school. In applying to ourselves the reasons for gratitude and praise we can follow the natural divisions of the Psalm as given in the notes above.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—For every egg allow two tablespoonfuls of milk. Warm milk in skillet, add a little butter, salt and pepper; when nearly to a boiling point, drop in the eggs; with a spoon or knife gently cut the eggs, and scrape the mixture up from the bottom of the dish as it cooks. If it begins to cook dry and fat at the bottom, move the dish back, for success depends on cooking gently and evenly. Take from stove before it has quite all thickened, and continue turning it up from bottom of dish a moment longer. Have the dish in which you serve it already heated. If properly cooked, it should be in large flakes of mingled white and yellow, making a very delicate as well as palatable dish.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13.

DO YOU WANT TO LIVE?

Mr. Nelson, an English Insurance man, from the results and for the purposes of his business has prepared some figures which show in a very striking manner the difference between the life-values of total abstainers and moderate drinkers. His conclusions are as follows:

Between the ages of 15 and 20, where 10 total abstainers die, 18 moderate drinkers die.

Between the ages of 20 and 30, where 10 total abstainers die, 31 moderate drinkers die.

Between the ages of 30 and 40, where 10 total abstainers die, 40 moderate drinkers die.

Or, expressing the fact in another form, he says:

A total abstainer 20 years old has the chance of living 44 years longer, or until 64 years old.

A moderate drinker 20 years old has the chance of living 15½ years longer, or until 35½ years old.

A total abstainer 30 years old has the chance of living 36½ years longer, or until 66½ years old.

A moderate drinker 30 years old has the chance of living 13½ years longer, or until 43½ years old.

A total abstainer 40 years old has the chance of living 28½ years longer, or until 68½ years old.

A moderate drinker 40 years old has the chance of living 11½ years longer, or until 51½ years old.

PROHIBITION in Iowa is a plant of young growth as yet,—a mere sapling,—and it would not be surprising if its fruits were still small or even invisible. But the new law is evidently of case-hardened steel, and the liquor men are already discovering that the people of Iowa, having the will to crush the liquor traffic, have also found the way. Some brewers have therefore taken to the manufacture of "Mum," "Reform," "Good-luck," and other beverages which they pretend are not intoxicating. A temperance man, however, having bought and tasted some "Good Luck" in a Marion saloon, took the rest of the glassful away with him, and had it tested. It was proved that the liquors named were alcoholic and that men had been intoxicated by them. They were condemned, seized, and destroyed.

THE PRESIDENT of the Connecticut Mutual, one of the largest insurance companies in the States, thus gives his business experience of "moderate beer-drinkers." He says: "The deaths among them were astounding. Their history was almost invariable. Robust, apparent health, full muscles a fair outside, increasing weight, florid faces, then a touch of disease and quick death. It was as if the system had been kept fair outside, while within it was eaten to a shell, and at the first touch of disease was utter collapse; every fibre was poisoned and weak. And this, in its main features, varying of course in degree, has been my observation in beer drinking everywhere. It is peculiarly deceptive at first; it is thoroughly destructive at last."

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE Unions of California are engaging in a campaign to have a prohibitory amendment placed on the constitution of the State; they will first endeavor to get a legislature elected which will support this movement.

THE EUROPEAN CLOUD.

A very thick fog seems to have clouded the intelligences of some European nations. At present nothing is heard but wild denunciations of Britain by both France and Germany. In the first case, the reason is almost too frivolous to be called a reason at all. When England interfered by arms in the affairs of Egypt, she offered France an equal share in the enterprise. France refused, and has never regretted anything more than she now regrets that refusal. So jealous was she of the influence gained by England in Egypt, that France was seized with a longing to distinguish herself in some other foreign parts. She has accordingly created quarrels in Madagascar and China, and the disapproval of the British only makes the French more persistent and ill-tempered. As to Germany, it is harder to explain her outcry against England, except on the ground of jealousy of her colonial supremacy. There is one story, indeed, that Prince Bismarck wants to get rid of the Liberal Government in Britain, as he fears that if anything happens to the House of Lords, the Germans will have an additional incitement to want a democratic government themselves. It is natural that Germany should like to have colonies, as at present German emigrants all go to British or American soil. But the French do not emigrate or colonize, and the population of France herself is almost stationary.

There is no confirmation of the report that German officers had pulled down a British flag on the south-west coast of Africa. But the latest news is that Germany has annexed the whole coast from latitude 18° to latitude 26°—over 550 miles in length—except a part called Walfisch Bay, which was annexed a few weeks ago by the British of Cape Colony.

As to the war in China, the French are pushing on their operations, and bringing out more ships and soldiers. Admiral Courbet bombarded Keelung, to get possession of some coal mines there, but the Chinese had flooded and destroyed the mines. It is said that large Chinese armies are preparing to defend Peking and to invade Tonquin.

During the bombardment of Foo-Choo, an ignorant Chinese officer, not knowing the difference between the flags, fired on the British war-ship "Zephyr," and wounded two men. The Chinese authorities sincerely apologized and offered an indemnity to the wounded sailors, and the apology was accepted.

The German Governor of Alsace, the conquered province, has just issued such a stringent order to prevent the increase of French families there, that the French are beginning to have their eyes opened. They begin to see how completely they have played Bismarck's game by quarrelling with England and sending their fleet and army to the other end of the earth.

THE HON. J. A. CHAPLEAU, Canadian Secretary of State, has returned from British Columbia, where he has been investigating the Chinese question. It is probable that some law will be proposed to restrict the immigration of the Celestials, but not to stop it altogether.

ON MONDAY, the 8th of September, the people of Maine voted on the proposal to make prohibition of liquor a part of the State's constitution. Exact figures are not in as we go to press, but the prohibition majority is estimated at over 50,000.

AN OUTBREAK of typhoid fever has occurred in some counties of South Carolina.

THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE has declared that, if a majority of the members sent to Parliament by Scotland at the next general election are in favor of disestablishing the Scottish Church, the government will carry out the will of the people.

A CHEERING incident has just occurred at Newport. On President Arthur visiting the British man-of-war "Northampton," now visiting that port, the American flag was run up to the mast head and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired; that being the greatest honor ever paid to a king or emperor.

"THE MAN OF THE HOUSE?" Accidents will happen, in the best regulated papers. Last week, as we were going to press, part of one story was left out and part of another was put in its place. The piece that should not have got in, but did so, began with the last fifteen lines in the third column of page 2, and ended about half way down the first column of page 3. So that our readers shall have chapter XIII of "The Man of the House" complete, we begin to-day a little before the place where the mistake occurred.

THE NEGOTIATIONS between the Pope and the Prussian Government have not yet resulted in any agreement. Prussia has offered final terms, and if the Pope does not fall in with them, the Prussian ambassador will be withdrawn from the Vatican.

THERE IS TOO LARGE a quantity of woolen knit goods now being produced in the States, and the manufacturers are having a congress at Saratoga to form a plan to cut down production.

AN INTERNATIONAL electrical exhibition has been opened at Philadelphia and is being attended by large numbers of sight-seers.

IT IS PROPOSED, by an American company, to lay a submarine telegraph cable from Queensland, in the North-East of Australia, to San Francisco. It is to touch at the Hawaiian Islands, and the island government is expected to give a subsidy of \$100,000.

QUEEN VICTORIA has pretty well recovered from the accident to her knee, which took place a year or two ago, but being without her usual exercise for so long has not had a good effect on her general health.

THE JEWS having presented an address to the Emperor of Austria, he replied: "Every loyal patriotic citizen, of whatever religion, may always rely upon my favor and the protection of my government."

THE NEW YORK ALDERMEN have called down upon themselves the indignation of the citizens by giving away the franchise of a street railway on Broadway.

THE CZAR of Russia has at last ventured to visit Warsaw. As we have chronicled from time to time, the preparations for his coming to the capital of Poland have been very extensive. They have not, however, been of the sort that go before a visit, for instance of a member of the British royal family. In their case the preparations consist of adorning the place with flags and flowers.

In the case of the Czar, the people prepared for him with plots and underground tunnels and dynamite bombs, while the police prepared for him by arresting hundreds of the people. While Alexander continues his miserable stay in Warsaw, a police officer is appointed to watch every five houses in the city!

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, founder of the English colony at Rugby, Tennessee, has just arrived there again, and is going to establish a college.

THE RESIDENCE of the Bishop of Natal has been burned, and the library of the late Bishop Colenso has been destroyed.

A DEMONSTRATION of crofters has been held at Dingwall, in the North of Scotland, when resolutions were passed in favor of the Reform Bill, and demanding that the land laws should be so changed that the Highlanders should get the right to live on their native soil under equitable conditions.

IT WAS REPORTED that Mr. Nelson, brother-in-law of the late George Brown, had sold his interest in the Toronto Globe, and that that paper, formerly such a fearless denouncer of monopolies, had come under the control of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The Globe declares that Mr. Nelson still holds his stock.

A MICHIGAN man who tried to shoot melon thieves the other night was himself killed by them.

A NEW ZEALAND telegram says that a large emigrant ship, the "Lavingham," bound for that country, has been wrecked, and all on board drowned except fourteen sailors.

A GREAT FIRE took place on the Flats, at Cleveland, Ohio, on Sunday night. The lumber and other property destroyed amounted to over \$2,000,000.

LORD CARLINGFORD, one of the least known members of the British Cabinet, is likely to resign soon on account of ill health. It is thought probable that Lord Rosebery or Mr. Trevelyan will take his place.

ALL THE COTTON FACTORIES at Petersburg, Virginia, are closed, and great distress is felt by those who are thus thrown out of work.

THE REBELLION OF ARABS in El Hedjaz, Arabia, is said to be spreading, and great alarm is felt there.

CASEY, an Irish convict, is said to declare that he and five others really committed a murder for which another man has been hanged.

THE COLONIAL GOVERNMENT at New South Wales has prohibited the importation of dynamite and nitro-glycerine for six months.

EARL SPENCER, in a speech at Kilkenny, said that concessions enough had already been made to the Irish. Mr. Healy, M.P., has replied by saying that Parliament would not take the trouble to enquire into Ireland's grievances until the rattle of bullets was heard on the roadside.

CASHIER HILL, of the New Brunswick National Bank, New Jersey, is a defaulter to an enormous amount. An examination of the bank's books shows a deficit of at least \$1,000,000. President Runyon, who feared arrest, has cut his throat.

THE CLERICALS, who at the recent general election got a majority in the Belgian assembly, had a great procession in Brussels on Sunday. A serious riot took place, the clericals being attacked by the mob.

IT IS STATED that two British gunboats have been sent to protect the British fishing fleet in the North Sea.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE is now having its sessions at Copenhagen, and among delegates from all parts of the world assembled at the Danish capital there are 200 Americans.

THE STORY TELLER.

HAD VERY HOT FEET.

"Mamma, what's that on my hand?" inquired a little boy of his mother on a train running through one of the swamps of southern Michigan.

"It's a mosquito, child, brush it off, quick." The youngster brushed, but not until after the insect had got in its work. As the fond mamma inspected the purple welt which soon appeared on her offspring's hand, she exclaimed: "Don't cry, Johnny; it's too bad—it's a burning shame my little boy has to be bit up so."

"Did you say it was a burning shame, mamma," inquired the six-year-old.

"Yes, Johnny, indeed it is."

"That's what I thought, mamma, when it stepped on me. His feet were awful hot."

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Boy—"I want a quart of milk."
Shopkeeper—"Fresh country milk!"
Boy—"No, cow's milk."—*Grip.*

BRIDES seem to be very weak this year. He has read, at least 4,000 times, that "the bride entered leaning on somebody's arm. The bridegroom who flatters himself that this is going to last, however, will find himself sold."

A CONTINUUM FIEND asks—"What is the difference between Italy and a boy who has a penchant for 'shinin' up trees?" As if we didn't know that one is a sunny clime and the other a climb-y son.

A LADY was reproaching William Warren, the comedian, at a recent reception for going into society so little. "You ought to let us lionize you a little," she said. "I never heard of but one man," replied the veteran, "who was not spoiled by being lionized." And who was he? "Daniel."—*Boston Advertiser.*

IN AN ACTION for breach of promise the other day in England the defendant's counsel asked the fair plaintiff: "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?" "Well, not exactly," she replied, "but he courted me a good deal and told my sister he intended to marry into our family."—*Boston Journal.*

A COAL DEALER asked some law students what legal authority was the favorite of his trade? One answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too!" said the questioner. Then a little man piped out "Littleton." Whereupon the coal dealer sat down.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THERE is a town in Illinois so rigidly temperate that they object to storms brewing in the neighborhood.—*The Eye.*

A BRITISH and Yankee skipper were sailing side by side and in the mutual chief the English captain hoisted the Union Jack and cried out: "There's a lee of naution for you." The Yankee unfurled the Stars and stripes and shouted back: "And there is the gridiron which broiled it!"—*Boston Journal.*

GOING TO EUROPE to get married is the latest. It is thought that if the love can stand the test of sea sickness it will last for ever.

"YOU LOOK as if you had been kissed by a breeze from Northland," said a poetic young lady to a pretty fr. A, whose cheeks were glowing with color. "Oh, no!" was the laughing reply: "It was only a soft hair from Baltimore!"—*Burlington Press.*

AUSTERE PEDAGOGUE to small boy—"Boy, you speak very indistinctly. Don't your friends ever tell you so?" Small boy—"No, sir, they're not so rude."

IN LONDON there is a school in which monkeys are taught the English language from blocks on which the letters are printed. Next thing we know an effort will be made to impart instruction to the American dude.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE KEEPER of a grocery in New York happened one day to break one of his tumblers. He stood for a moment looking at the fragments, reflecting on his loss; and then, turning to his assistant, he cried out, "Tom put a quart of water in that old cognac."

"DOCTOR," said a man who expected to get medical advice gratis from a physician whom he met on the street. "My son has had the nose bleed for several days. What would you recommend us to do?" "I would recommend you to call a physician," answered the doctor, as he walked away.

A CONNECTICUT patent medicine firm has offered the Government a large sum of money, if it be allowed to advertise its medicines on the back of the postage-stamps. This, they think, would be a good way to get it "in every one's mouth."

A CONTEMPORARY mentions a case beyond the ordinary oculist. It is that of a young lady who, instead of a pupil, has a professor in her eye.

NEWS FROM INDIA says that there has been so little rain in the interior that the crops are an almost total failure. It is said that so great is the distress that mothers are committing suicide because they are unable to give food to their children.

THIRTY MINERS have been killed by a fire in a sulphur mine near Nicosia, in Sicily.

BRIGANDS IN MACEDONIA are reported to have this year killed no less than forty-five persons whom they had captured, and whose friends had not come forward with the necessary ransom.

THE GERMANS have begun to import coal oil from Russia in special tank-cars, and the American oil is likely to be undersold by the Russian.

WHEN THE SHORT TELEGRAM arrived saying that Hanlan had been beaten in a race in Australia, people on this continent would hardly believe the news. Fuller reports say that Beach won the race by sheer superiority of rowing.

FREQUENT FIGHTS between Orangemen and Catholics are reported from Chateau and Huntley Harbor, on that part of the Labrador coast belonging to Newfoundland. Many people have been wounded and it is said that some lives have been lost.

FROM EGYPT there is little to report this week. As the news spreads that a British army is coming up the Nile, some of the rebellious tribes seem to think discretion the better part of valor, and are moving out of the way. Osman Digna, the Mahdi's right-hand man, is said to have now only 2,000 followers. A powerful attack of the rebels upon Kassala has been defeated, with heavy loss. A British fleet has arrived at Alexandria. An unpleasant case of treachery has now been discovered. The Governor of Berber, when that town was captured by the rebels, took General Gordon's money and gave it to the Mahdi. Lord Northbrooke and General Lord Wolseley arrived in Alexandria on Tuesday, and were enthusiastically received.

A PRUSSIAN who was found taking sketches of fortifications at Nice has been arrested by the French as a spy.

BY THE COLLAPSE of a stair and part of a gallery in a Russian circus, many persons were killed and wounded.

FRIDAY, 5TH OF SEPTEMBER, was the 14th anniversary of the establishment of the French Republic.

THE BRITISH SCIENTISTS.

We give this week excellent portraits of four most distinguished members of the British Association, who have just finished their meetings in Montreal. Lord Rayleigh, the President, though a member of the House of Lords is a man of powerful intellect and a thorough worker in the sciences of mathematics and physics. He is professor of experimental physics in Cambridge University. The Right Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair, a Scotchman born in India, is an authority on practical chemistry. He is a prominent member of the Liberal party. Dr. Robert Stawell Ball is the Astronomer Royal for Ireland. He delighted a Montreal audience by his lecture on comets. It was on the suggestion of Captain Bedford Pim, a big, jolly naval officer, that the British Association determined to forsake precedent and hold their 1884 meeting on this side of the Atlantic. Lord Rayleigh's age is 41 years; Sir Lyon Playfair is 65; Dr. Ball is 44, and Capt. Pim is 68.

The portraits are given by arrangement with *Harper's Weekly*, New York.

THE CHOLERA is still raging in parts of Italy and Spain. At Naples especially many deaths have occurred, the town being in a very unhealthy condition. Cabinet ministers and the King of Italy himself have visited Naples, distributing relief, and the Queen has expressed a wish to go there also. The people of many parts of Italy have become madly panic-stricken, forbidding travellers to enter their villages, and even destroying railway tracks. The government, however, is going to put a stop to that sort of nonsense. Some of the people in Spain seem to be infected with the same mad fear. An American clergyman, travelling in that country with his two daughters, died of heart disease. A Spanish doctor certified that that was the cause of death, but the local officials took possession of the

MORE CANNIBALISM.—A ship just arrived in England has brought with her the captain and two sailors of a yacht, the "Mignonette," which had sunk on her way from Southampton to Sydney. There was also a boy on board at the time, named Parker, but after being seven days in an open boat without food, and five days without water, Captain Dudley killed young Parker by opening his jugular vein. The three then drank the murdered boy's blood and ate his flesh. By this means they survived till rescued; nevertheless, having been 17 days afloat, the men looked like skeletons. They had talked of drawing lots to determine which should be killed to save the others, but could not agree, and it was resolved to kill the boy because he suffered most from thirst, and was not married. The men



SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., F.R.S., Member of Parliament for Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities.



LORD RAYLEIGH, President of the British Association.



DR. R. S. BALL, F.R.S., Astronomer Royal of Ireland.



CAPT. BEDFORD PIM, of the British Navy.

body as that of a cholera patient and buried all the clergyman's property, including his books and papers. The daughters have appealed to the government.

SOME PAUPER EMIGRANTS who arrived in New York recently and were sent right back to Hamburg are said to have been again shipped for America, having been sent by the Roumanian Jewish Benevolent Society. The officers at all the United States ports have been ordered to keep them out. Perhaps the unhappy Roumanians will spend their time going backwards and forwards across the Atlantic, till the stanches and bad air of the steerage will end their lives.

AN AMERICAN exhibition is to be held in London, England, in 1886.

have been arrested and charged with murder.

HARTMANN, a notorious Socialist, being warned to leave France, has gone to England, and a meeting of revolutionary socialists will be held in London next month. Among the latest items of news of the destroyers, we hear that in the house of an ironworker, just arrested in Pesh, there was found the model of a dynamite box, which would explode on being opened.

THE RED CROSS CONGRESS has just opened at Geneva, in Switzerland. This is a congress of all interested in caring for the wounded during war, and is composed of philanthropists of all nations. On this occasion there were 36 Germans and 4 Frenchmen among the delegates.

WHY IT WAS BROKEN.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

Miss Lydia Darrow was not at all fond of travelling, and she had a comfortable, pleasant home and plenty to occupy her time; but she made a point of paying her sister, Mrs. Edgeworth, a visit of two weeks every fall.

"I don't want the children to forget the only aunt they have," she would say, as she packed her trunk for her annual pilgrimage.

Mr. Edgeworth was a wealthy man, and lived in a large and flourishing town, where his wife was considered one of the leaders of society. There were two children, a son and a daughter, the latter Miss Lydia's favorite. It was therefore with much concern that the aunt heard, just before starting on her journey one autumn, that her only niece was engaged to be married. She could think of little else as the cars bore her toward her sister's home, and she felt very glad that she was so soon to see the one on whom Mildred's choice had fallen. She was drawing a mental picture of her niece's betrothed, imagining him all a man ought to be, when her reverie was disturbed by two gentlemen who took the seat directly in front of her. Their conversation, which was carried on in a very loud key, was at first of no interest at all to Miss Lydia, being merely an interchange of expressions of surprise that they should have met so far from home, and she paid no attention to it.

But presently the sound of a familiar name fell on her ears.

"I hear Edgeworth's daughter is to be married," said the elder of the two men.

"Yes, to young Hilton," said his companion. "Well, it's a good match for her."

"I suppose so. Hilton's a first rate fellow, but rather fond of his glass."

"Oh, yes; but that never has any weight with a girl."

"Perhaps she don't know of it." He makes no secret of his love of liquor. But she would marry him if he drank a gallon a day, I suppose. A girl always imagines she will act the part of a guardian angel to her husband, and the more people try to convince her to the contrary, the closer she will cling to the fellow. A warning has no effect except to make her more determined to have her own way. Women are all alike in that respect," and the speaker laughed.

Her first thought was that she would tell Mildred what she had heard. But the longer she considered this plan, the stronger grew the feeling that this would not be wise. The girl would probably tell her lover of the conversation, and he would find it easy to convince her that it amounted to nothing. And she, loving him, would be only too anxious to believe his assertions that he was in no danger and was "quite able to take care of himself in that respect."

And Miss Lydia knew that an appeal to Mr. Edgeworth to save his daughter from a marriage with a man of Mr. Hilton's principles would be worse than useless, for her brother-in-law was a man who considered an occasional glass of wine almost a necessity to existence, and he had often laughed at Miss Lydia for the strictness of her views in this respect.

So the wise aunt controlled her desire to utter a warning, and listened very quietly to Mildred's praises of her betrothed.

"I am considered very fortunate by the girls of my set," said the girl, with a gay laugh, "and am the object of a great deal of envy, Aunt Lydia. In appearance, wealth and position Howard is the superior of every other gentleman of my acquaintance."

"And what about his principles, my dear? I hope they are good; for your happiness will depend more on them than on the color of his eyes or the state of his bank account."

"That sounds just like you, aunty," laughed Mildred. "But I am glad to say that Howard is a perfect gentleman, kind, generous and amiable."

"Is he strictly temperate, my dear?"

"The color rushed into Mildred's face. "No, I believe not," she answered, "but of course he never drinks more than is good for him. You know we don't think quite so highly of the virtues of temperance as you do, aunty."

"I know that, my dear," sighed Miss Lydia.

"And I feel sure Howard will never give me any cause for uneasiness," continued Mildred. "I can trust him, I know."

"I am very glad you feel so," said Miss Lydia, "and sincerely hope your trust is well founded."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Edgeworth, and was not renewed at any future time. But Miss Lydia was as earnest as ever in her desire to save her niece from a marriage with Mr. Hilton, and had laid a plan by which she hoped to succeed. When about to return home she asked as a special favor that Mildred should accompany her for a stay of a few weeks.

"You have never paid me a visit, you know," she said to the girl, "and I would like to have you all to myself for a little while before you are married."

Mildred was not proof against such persuasion, and so, a few days later, she found herself in the pleasant, old-fashioned house which had been the home of her aunt for nearly fifty years.

"I want you to go with me to make some calls, Mildred," said Miss Lydia, the morning after her return. "I have received notice that an Irish family in my district is in need of help."

Mildred, full of health and happiness, was ready for anything.

"I will go out with you every day," she said. "I will even assist you in the distribution of temperance tracts, and attend meetings of the Band of Hope."

Miss Lydia smiled.

"You will see and hear a great deal that will make you think very seriously on the subject of temperance," she said. "You can depend on that."

The house occupied by the Irish family was a dilapidated, weather-beaten structure, situated in a low quarter of the town, and the woman who answered Miss Lydia's knock was in keeping with her home. She was arrayed in a torn and dirty gown, and her hair looked as if it had never been combed.

"Your name was sent to me last night as that of a person needing assistance," said Miss Lydia, as she entered the house and seated herself upon a broken wooden chair, "and I have called to see what I can do for you."

"It's everything I want, sure," said the woman, beginning to cry at once, "an' yesterday Mike made this on me head wid a chair," pushing the hair from her temple to disclose a ragged wound. "It was mad wid the drink he was."

"And you have seven children?"

"Yes 'em, there they be in the garden, bless 'em," and she nodded toward the rear of the house.

"How long has your husband been addicted to drink?" asked Miss Lydia.

"These fofve years, ma'am. He used to be a good sort of a man, was Mike, but he got to takin' a glass o' beer, an' then a glass o' whiskey, an' now it's drunk he is every day in the week."

At this moment the door in the rear was pushed open, and a little boy of about ten years of age came in on crutches.

"Here's a pace o' Mike's work, too," said the mother. "Pat was as strong a little lad as ever walked till one night his ffather knocked him over wid a slat o' the bed. He's been like that iver since."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Mildred, to whose tender heart the white, wan face of the child had appealed strongly. "Can't you induce your husband to stop drinking, Mrs. Ryan? Why don't you talk to him?"

"More'n me has talked to him, Mis," answered the woman. "But he won't stop for nobody, now he's got a taste for the stuff."

"I will see what can be done for your relief," said Miss Lydia, rising. "I think some of my friends can find work for you by the day. Meanwhile, make use of this to give your children something to eat," and she took a two dollar bill from her purse.

The next house at which Miss Lydia stopped was large and handsome. It stood some distance back from the street, and was surrounded by shrubbery and flowers.

"This is certainly a happy home," thought Mildred, as she followed her aunt into an elegantly furnished parlor. "What a contrast to Mrs. Ryan's."

Two ladies rose at their entrance, who were introduced to Mildred as Mrs. Yost and Mrs. Ferris, mother and daughter. The conversation turned on the subject of temperance almost immediately, and Mildred became deeply interested in the account Mrs. Yost gave of her experience in establishing a coffee-house in the lower part of the town, where a great many sailors and boat-

men lived. Mrs. Ferris was very quiet, and made only one or two remarks; but Mildred saw that she listened intently to all that her mother said.

"We are going to start out this afternoon to raise money to keep the establishment up," said Mrs. Yost, as the visitors rose to go. "Mary will take one part of the town and I another. It isn't pleasant work to beg, but I think we will wake people up to take an interest in the coffee-house."

"Let me give my subscription now," said Mildred, taking a five-dollar bill from her purse, "and I hope you will let me go with you sometime when you visit the coffee-house. I should like very much to see how it works."

"It will give me great pleasure to have you go with us at any time," said Mrs. Yost. "We have three good workers down there—reason to take an interest in the cause. But my daughter and I go down to advise and direct two or three times a week. All we need to make the thing a perfect success is money. How I wish the rich men, who give so much to colleges already liberally endowed, would turn their attention to temperance, and see how greatly it is in need of pecuniary assistance. But we must be patient, I suppose."

"Mrs. Ferris is one of the prettiest women I have ever seen," said Mildred to Miss Lydia as they left the house, "but what a sad face!"

"It is little wonder to those who know her history that her face is sad," said Miss Lydia.

"Has she been unhappy?" How is it possible, in such a beautiful home as that?"

"She left that beautiful home ten years ago to become the wife of a young lawyer who was rather fond of his glass," Mildred said. "She thought her influence over him was so great that he would never do evil so long as she was near; but she soon saw her mistake. He drank more deeply every year, in spite of her prayers and entreaties. He grew to love whiskey better than wife or child; his practice decreased, and he finally shot himself while laboring under an attack of delirium tremens. It was a blessed release for poor Mary, and she came home at once to live with her mother. She never mentions the name of her husband, but she has never recovered from the shock of his terrible death."

"But her child? That must be a great comfort to her, Aunt Lydia."

Miss Lydia was silent a moment, then said in a low voice:

"Her child is in an asylum—a hopeless idiot. His father in a moment of drunken rage struck him a terrible blow on the head. He was ill for many weeks, and when he grew strong again it was found that his reason had fled."

Mildred was too much shocked to speak, but her white, pained face showed how deeply she was affected. She was very grave during the rest of the day, and she seemed to be absorbed in thought. Miss Lydia made no remark upon her niece's mood, for she felt sure that already the medicine she was administering was taking effect, and that the result would be all that she could wish. Mrs. Yost was as good as her word, and called a day or two later to take Mildred to the coffee-house. And after spending several hours there, Mildred came home full of joy of the new project. She could talk of nothing else.

"I had no idea temperance was so interesting, Aunt Lydia," she said, "or that there was so much work about it. I think, if you care to have me, I will stay four weeks instead of two. I want to help Mrs. Ferris a little."

"My dear, you certainly know how glad I would be to have you stay any length of time," said Miss Lydia, "and it gratifies me very much to have you take so deep an interest in the cause which lies so close to my heart. I felt sure that your indifference rose from a want of knowledge only." "That evening a young lady called on Miss Lydia; a Mrs. Laughton, to whom Mildred took an immediate fancy, and with whom she became very intimate.

Ada Laughton was not happy in her marriage, and seldom referred to her husband; but she was too proud to lay her heart bare to even her best friend, and Mildred was of far too delicate a mind to ever ask the cause of her occasional melancholy. She did not learn in what the skeleton of Ada Laughton's house consisted until the day previous to that on which she had decided to return home, when she went to bid her friend good-

bye. The front door of Mrs. Laughton's house was ajar, and the servant was cleaning the steps.

"I suppose I may go in?" said Mildred. "Yes, I think Mrs. Laughton is at home," said the girl. "She is sitting up-stairs in her own room, I believe."

Taking the privilege of an intimate friend Mildred ran up to Ada's room and knocked. There was no answer and she pushed open the door and looked in. She started back with an exclamation of horror. There on the floor lay Herbert Laughton drunk. His red face, heavy breathing and the foul fumes of whiskey which filled the room told the terrible story only too plainly. Mildred had seen him frequently when calling at the house, and had been very much pleased with his appearance and manner, never having had the faintest suspicion that he was ever intoxicated. This revelation was therefore both surprising and terrible.

Ada sat by the window gazing out on the street, her face wearing a look of stony despair. Mildred approached her and touched her on the shoulder. She turned with a wild start.

"Mildred!" she exclaimed. "Oh, why did you come?" and then throwing her arms about her friend she burst into tears, the most agonizing sobs tearing their way from her overcharged breast.

"You have seen my skeleton at last," she said, when at length she grew calmer. "I hoped you never would. There lies the man who promised at God's altar only three years ago to love, cherish, and protect me; who said that I should never know a sorrow that he could ward off; that no sacrifice he could make would be too great to secure my happiness. I believed him and I left my home to become his wife. Oh, what have I not suffered in these three terrible years! I have shielded him; never let even my mother know of my misery and despair. I have tried to appear gay that the world might not guess at the heaviness of my heart. And I have prayed with him, entreated him by the love he once bore me, by the memory of other days, to give up this demon which is destroying his body and soul. It has been in vain—all in vain. He cannot give it up, he says. And my life is blasted. My every illusion dispelled. The peace of the grave would be sweet to me! And yet I am so young, so very young! what have I ever done, what sin committed that I must suffer such punishment as this!"

"But have you no influence? is there no way?" began Mildred; but Ada interrupted her.

"Influence!" she said, with a bitter laugh. "Show me the wife who can influence a husband who drinks! Marry a man who is fond of his glass, and see for yourself."

Mildred did not appear when the supper bell rang, and her aunt went to her room to inquire if she was ill, for she had been heard to enter the house some time before. Mildred was lying on the bed with her face buried in her hands. As her aunt entered she sprang up and tried to smile. But instead, she burst into tears.

"Aunt Lydia, I am so wretched, so much in need of comfort," she said. "I believe I really love Mr. Hilton, but—I dare not marry him," and then she told of her visit to Ada.

Miss Lydia thought the time had come to repeat the conversation she had heard in the cars nearly two months before. And she did so, watching Mildred earnestly to see the effect the story would have upon her. The girl was very pale as her aunt concluded.

"Won't you leave me now, aunty?" she said. "I want to be alone and think it all out."

Miss Lydia kissed her niece tenderly and went away, feeling sure that the marriage of which she so much disapproved would never take place.

She was right. On coming down to breakfast the next morning, Mildred handed her two letters, asking if the servant would post them at once.

"One is to Mr. Hilton," she said, "and the other to mother. I have broken off my engagement, Aunt Lydia, and I want you to let me stay here a week or two longer until every one at home has gotten over the first surprise."

Several years later Mildred married one whom she loved as she had never dreamed of loving Howard Hilton and this time Miss Lydia was well satisfied with the match.—*The Standard.*

MARGARET WILSON.

THE MARTYR MAIDEN OF GALLOWAY.

"The bonny lassie" as her neighbors called her, was brought up in a pretty farmhouse at the head of a green glen, embosomed amid the purple hills of Galloway, where Gilbert Wilson, her anxious father, would fain have shielded his wife and bairns—two gentle girls and a brave-hearted boy—from the persecutions that were beginning to scatter the families of the faithful and make their hearthstones desolate. There was a lovely prospect from the little homestead: the glen stretched itself away, in field and meadow bare and hollow, while the glittering burn gleamed forth here and there in the bright sunshine. Behind the farmhouse and around the glen stood the purple hills, looking as if they would fain shut out all evil from the dwellers in the valley, so whose hearts they brought home the strengthening word, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people... for ever." Yea, truly, and in love!

But the teachings of nature and grace were alike unheeded by the fanatical and brutalized soldiery, who, as the historian tells us, sought out the wretched fugitives in their rocky hiding-places. If a conventicle was held in a house, the preacher was liable to be put to death. If it was held in the open air, both minister and people incurred the same fate. The Presbyterians were hunted like criminals over the mountains. Their ears were torn from the roots. They were branded with hot irons, their fingers wrenched asunder by the thumb-screws, the bones of their legs shattered in the boot, and women were scourged publicly through the streets.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that many apostatized from the faith of their fathers, and among these was Gilbert Wilson. So it came about, that while the hearth was desolate in many neighboring dwellings, the blue smoke still wreathed about the chimneys of the farm-house at Glenvernoch, where Gilbert and his wife sat mournfully by their silent fireside. They had, in happier days, brought up their children to count all things but loss for Christ's sake; and now both Margaret and little Agnes, with their steadfast brother, allowed themselves to be driven out homeless, to take refuge among the rocks and caves from the furious soldiers, rather than renounce their cherished convictions.

Seven weary months of homelessness passed by, and the two girls were at length captured, sheltering for the night in the cottage of another Covenanter, an aged widow named Margaret McLauchlan. Oh the wailing that went up from the farmhouse at Glenvernoch when it was known to the Wilsons that their girls were taken prisoners! Both Margaret and Agnes stood firm at their hasty trial. Wilson succeeded in raising money to ransom his younger daughter, on the score of her extreme youth, for she was only thirteen; but the most exorbitant ransom would not avail to rescue Margaret, who had attained the age of sixteen years, unless she would abjure her faith. "I cannot," said Margaret; "I am one of Christ's children." During her imprisonment she wrote a long letter to her friends, full of the deep sense she had of the love of Christ to her soul, and of her ardent attachment to His cross and crown, and to Scotland's Covenant.

When the day of execution dawned, the stakes were driven deep into the sand in the Bay of Bladnoch, almost within sight of her home. Crowds of people gathered round the edge of the Bay, and far up among the sheltering rocks and hills the saints of God were kneeling on the heather in earnest prayer. From their dwelling of rocks they could see a company of soldiers, commanded by Major Windram—black Wind-

ram he was called—lead two women to the fatal spot. One was the aged widow, Margaret McLauchlan, the other was Margaret Wilson, in all the beautiful promise of her youth. They could see the elder martyr fastened to the stake nearest the cruelly advancing tide, and Margaret Wilson so placed that her sufferings might be sufficiently prolonged to awe her to submission. They watched the tide advancing, and saw the aged widow bow her head in the waters and die, just as the first wave broke about Margaret's feet.

"What think ye of yon sight?" said a heartless soldier to her, as he pointed to the dying martyr.

"I think I see Christ yonder, wrestling in one of His members," was her answer.

"Think ye it is we who are the sufferers? He sends none to the warfare on his own

piercing was his cry that Windram's heart relented, and he ordered her to be released as the waves were breaking over her head.

Two young men, who were strong swimmers, reached the stake and disengaged her apparently lifeless form. The cold waves had blanched her cheek, and matted her chestnut hair, but as consciousness was restored her eyes re-opened with a calm light "in them of faith and hope and love, that showed there had been no bitterness, in the death that she had tasted; and she came back to life with the name of her Saviour on her lips.

At this moment the watchers on the hills heard the valley ring with such a shout from the multitude on the shore as showed the tension of their pent-up feelings. But 'their joy was short-lived. When urged to abjure her principles, and take the test,

tion, in a corner of Wigton churchyard.

It is not easy to decipher so much as her name to-day on her crumbling tombstone, all moss-grown and lichen-stained as it is; but it is written on the hearts and memories of young and old in her native land. A lady, not long since, searching for her grave in the old kirkyard at Wigton, had almost given it up in despair, when a sunburnt, barefoot boy led her to the spot, and said as he looked up, with mingled love and awe, "See, she was but a lassie, yet she died for the Covenant!" and then he helped her to make out the following lines, half hidden by the protecting heather—
"Let earth and stone still witness beare,
There lies a virgin martyr here,
Murder'd for owning Christ supreme.
Within the sea lay'd to a stake,
She suffered for Christ Jesus' sake."
—Family Friend.

HEROISM.

"Oh, dear!" said Willy Gray, as he sat down on the saw horse, and looked at the kindling-wood which he ought to have been splitting up for his mother. "I do wish I could do something for the world. Some great action that every one could admire, and that would make the country and the whole world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero, or a famous missionary, but I cannot do anything, not be anything."

"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin, John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to hear this soliloquy.

"Oh!" said Willy, coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him, and praises him after he is dead."

"That is the idea, is it?" said John. "You want to be a hero, for the sake of being talked about?"

Willy did not exactly like this way of putting it.

"Not only that, but I want to be good to people, convert the heathen—or save a sinking ship or save the country, or something like that."

"That sounds better, but believe me, Willy, the greatest heroes have been men who have thought the least about themselves and the most about their work. And so far as I can recollect now, the greatest—I mean according to Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty, however small;" and here John took up the axe, and began to split the kindling-wood.

Willy jumped off the saw-horse and began to pick up the sticks without a word, but though he said nothing, he thought the more.

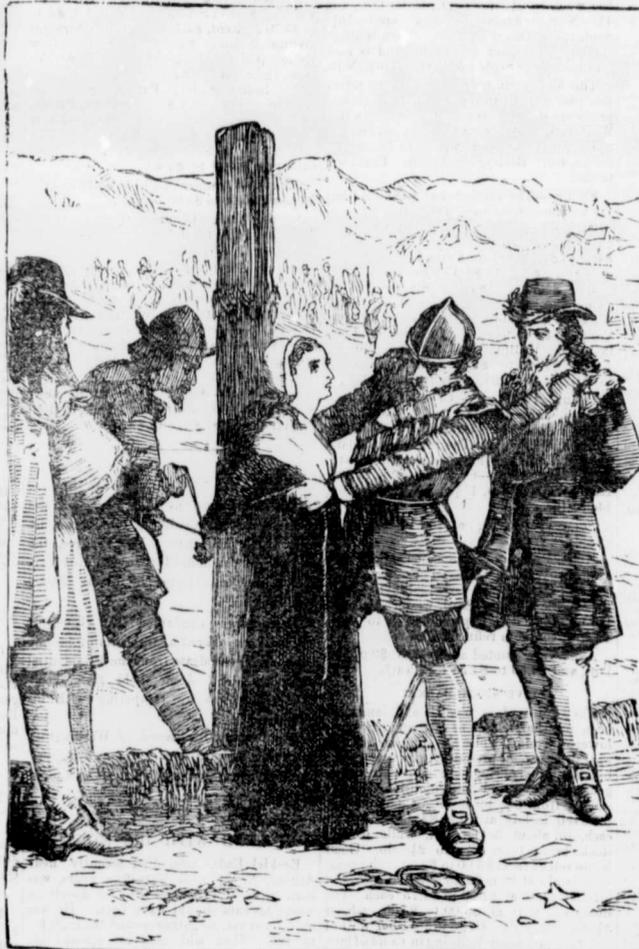
"I have wasted a lot of time in thinking what great things I might do if I only had the chance," he thought, "and I have neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made a lot of trouble for mother. I guess I had better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."

Will any boy adopt Willy's resolution, and carry it out in his daily life?—S. S. Messenger.

A BIG WEST INDIAN SPIDER.

This insect is as large as the palm of a man's hand. Its size makes a monster of it; but its colors being varied and beautiful makes one willing to look at it. It has ten legs, and four joints, and claws at the end. Its mouth is covered with hairs of a greyish hue, and some red ones. It has a crooked tooth on each side of polished black. When it is old, it becomes covered with down looking like brown or black velvet. Its net is large and strong, and extends from tree to tree, being strong enough to ensnare a bird as large as a thrush.

A DRAM SHOP reduces "loafing" to a fine art. It is a convenient place to "drop into." Some of the "boys" are always on hand. There is constantly something to hear or see. Games for the idle hour are ever ready. Drinks are forthcoming at any moment, and stories and songs fill in the intervals. All are invited and welcome to stay. And thus the dram shop is continually turning the active and industrious into the idle and shiftless. Thus it is a standing peril to the children in its neighborhood.—Prof. Foster.



MARTYDOM OF MARGARET WILSON.

charges. "Then, as the tide advanced, slowly but surely, from knee to waist, the watchers on the heights could hear her voice in song. From waist to breast, from chin to hip, the waters slowly rose, while she sang with clear voice the well-known Psalm:—

"Let not the errors of my youth,
Nor sins remembered be;
In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,
Dear Lord, remember me!
"Oh, do Thou keep my soul, my God,
Do Thou deliver me;
Let me not be ashamed, since I
Do put my trust in Thee."

The breathless crowd gazed in silence at the scene—a silence that was at last broken by the agonized father, who cast himself at Windram's feet, crying, "My child! my child! Save my child!" So

Margaret replied, "I may not, I cannot, I will not! I am Christ's; let me go."

"Margaret, Margaret!" cried her father; "say, 'God save the king!'"

"Yea, God save him," she replied, "for his salvation I desire."

"She has said it," cried Wilson, "she has said it! My precious bairn!"

Windram would have spared her on this expression of loyalty; but his comrade, Grier of Lagg, crueler than "Black Windram," insisted on the oath, which her conscience forbade. The brave girl was thrust rudely back into the sea with the words of her dying Saviour on her lips, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Her body was found sadly changed when the tide went back, and was committed to rest, in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrec-

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON XII. [Ps. 101: 1-22] Sept. 21, 1884.

A SONG OF PRAISE. COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 15.

- 1. Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. 2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. 3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thine diseases; 4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; 5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. 6. The Lord executeth righteousness: a judgment for all that are oppressed. 7. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel. 8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. 9. He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever. 10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. 11. For as heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. 12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. 13. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. 14. For he knoweth our frame: he remembereth that we are dust. 15. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. 16. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more. 17. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children. 18. To such as keep his covenant, and to them that remember his commandments to do them. 19. The Lord hath prepared his throne in heaven, and his kingdom ruleth over all. 20. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, harkening unto the voice of his word. 21. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure. 22. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

GOLDEN TEXT.

- "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." HOME READINGS. M. Ps. 103: 1-22. A Song of Praise. T. Ps. 104: 1-33. Perpetual Praise. W. Ps. 145: 1-21. Greatly to be Praised. The Lord's Power. Mary's Song. Luke 1: 46-55. Zachariah's Song. Isa. Rev. 7: 1-11. The New Song. Rev. 7: 12-17. The Song of Saints and Angels.

LESSON PLAN.

- 1. Remembering God's Benefits. 2. Recounting God's goodness. 3. Calling to Praise. Time and Place, uncertain. Written by David on his recovery from dangerous sickness.

LESSON NOTES.

L-V. 1. ALL THAT IS WITHIN ME—all my powers and affections. Deut. 10: 17. BLESS—God cured the sickness of his body and forgave his spiritual diseases, his sins, and helped him to overcome them. V. 4. REDEMETH—delivereth. CROWNETH—adorneth. Ps. 65: 11. V. 5. GREATLY TO BE PRAISED. His bounty feedeth us through that even in old age thou growest young again and soonest like an eagle. This far, his reasons for praise are drawn from personal experiences. With thine, as all our grateful exercises must begin. V. 6. From private causes of thanksgiving he now turns to more general views of God's providence. He is not only merciful to me, but to all his people. V. 7. HIS WAYS—his modes of dealing with his people. (See Ex. 33: 13. Compare Ps. 114: 6, 12.) 11. V. 8. MERCIFUL—compare Ex. 34: 6. V. 9. WILL NOT ALWAYS CHIDE—AS SUCH as the sinner repents God will pardon. V. 12. REMOVED—put far from us, as no longer having anything to do with us. V. 13. LIKE AS A FATHER—always ready to receive us, writing soul-like in 11: 4. V. 14. OUR TRANSGRESSIONS—our guilt. WE ARE DUST—made of it and tending to it. Gen. 2: 7. Ps. 90: 3. V. 15. He so short and frail is life that a breath may destroy it. V. 17. A marked contrast with man's frailty is God's everlasting mercy. Ps. 90: 10, 27. 28. HIS RIGHTeousNESS—his faithfulness to his covenant of mercy. V. 18. To the children of love that fear him the covenant promises shall beholding unless they are faithful to the covenant and obey his laws. V. 19. PREPARED—established. OVER ALL—8: 4; 3. 11. V. 20. The Psalmist now calls upon all God's creatures to render him praise. HARKEN—listening intently for the faintest intimation of his will. Ps. 137: 2. HIS HOSTS—his armies. It doubtless in power and multitude. MINISTERS—Heb. 1: 14. V. 22. ALL HIS WORKS—all that he has made; creatures of every sort over white. BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL—he thus returns to himself, and ends as he began.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That God is the giver of all my mercies and blessings. 2. That God's goodness calls upon me for gratitude and praise. 3. That God is ever ready to pardon the penitent sinner. 4. That his love for his children exceeds that of the most tender and loving father. 5. That he will crown with everlasting glory all who fear him and keep his covenant, and do his commandments. "BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Sept. 9, 1884.

There has been no great change in the volume of business nor in local prices, but Chicago and Western prices generally have tumbled badly, and are now some three or four cents under those of last week. Corn has become the favorite grain for speculative purposes and this has led to the market, being manipulated by a "ring" causing much fluctuation in the price. The Canadian grain business can not be said to be in a very satisfactory state. All summer there has been but little movement of produce, and business is not now brisk, nor does it promise to be brisk enough to counterbalance the stagnation that lasted so long.

The Chicago prices are lower now than last week by 3/4c for Sept., 4c for Oct., and 4 1/2c Nov. Quotations now are—76 1/2c Sept.; 77 1/2c Oct.; 79c Nov. Corn is about three cents higher all round and is now quoted at 55 1/2c Sept.; 54 1/2c Oct.; 46 1/2c Nov.

The local grain trade is not more active this past week than it was a month ago, and prices are steady. We quote—Canada Red Spring, 90c; White 89c to 90c; and old Canada Spring, 90c to 95c. Peas, 88c to 78c. Oats, 38c to 40c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn, 65c to 69c.

LOUR.—The market has weakened but the volume of business has increased somewhat. We quote: Superior Extra, \$4.35 to \$4.45; Extra Superfine, \$4.25 to \$4.35; Fancy \$4.10 to \$4.15; Spring Extra \$4.10 to \$4.15; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.20; Middlings, \$2.85 to \$3.00; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.15 to \$2.20; Spring Extra, \$2.00 to \$2.10; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.75.

DAIRY PRODUCE—Cheese, which was slightly depressed last week, is a little stronger this, and is quoted 9c to 9 1/2c July, August 9 1/2c to 10c. The price in England is 51 shillings per hundred. Butter is still dull. We quote—Creamery, 21c to 23c; Eastern Townships, 17c to 19c; Western, 14c to 16c.

Eggs are selling at 15c to 17c as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are unchanged. We quote—Western Mess Pork \$20.00 to \$20.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14 1/2c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, western in pairs, 11c to 11 1/2c; do, Canadian, 10c to 10 1/2c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are quoted at \$3.80 to \$3.90 for Pots, and \$4.50 to \$4.55 for Pearls.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The supply of both cattle and lambs has been unusually large of late and prices are lower all round, while the shippers are not operating here at present. Only very choice butchers' steers bring over 4c per lb., while good fat cows and fair conditioned steers sell at from 3 1/2c to 4c do. Common dry cows sell in lots at from \$25.00 to \$32.00 each, or about 3c per lb., while leanish stock bring from 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c do. Good lambs sell at from \$3.00 to \$3.50 each; common lambs at from \$2.25 to \$2.60 each, and inferior ones at \$1.50 to \$1.75 each. Old sheep sell at from \$3.00 to \$5.00 each, or 3 1/2c to 4c per lb. Hogs are rather dull of sale and have been declining in value of late, the price at present being about 6c per lb. There is an active demand for milk cows, and prices are looking up.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers are coming to market in large numbers and nearly all kinds of seasonal produce are abundantly supplied at pretty low rates. The supplies of oats are much larger than for several months past and prices are declining. Potatoes and other roots and vegetables are abundant at former rates. The prices of fruit have been advancing of late, except tomatoes, which are still a drug on the market. Poultry have been rather scarce and pretty high priced of late. Eggs are in larger supply, but the quality is not above suspicion. There are no changes in the prices of tub butter, but superior prints have advanced to 36c per lb. The supply of hay is about equal to the demand and prices are unchanged. Oats are 90c to \$1.00 per bag; potatoes 50c to 55c do; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 35c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 12c

to 35c per dozen heads; butter 17c to 35c per lb; eggs 17c to 30c per dozen; apples \$2.00 to \$3.00 per barrel; tomatoes 20c to 30c per bushel; nutmeg melons \$2 to \$5 per dozen; hay \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat 88 1/2c Sept; 90 1/2c Oct; 92 1/2c Nov; 94c Dec; 95 1/2c Jan; 97 1/2c Feb. Corn, 65c Sept and 63 1/2c Oct; 61 1/2c Nov; 58 Dec; 53 1/2c Jan. Rye, quiet, 66c to 72c. Oats in fair demand, 33 1/2c Sept., 32 1/2c Oct., 33 1/2c Nov. Barley, nominal. Fescue nominal.

LOUR.—The quotations are as follows:—Spring Wheat No. 1, \$2.10 to \$2.75; Superfine, \$2.50 to \$2.80; Low Extra, \$3.00 to \$3.40; Clears, \$3.75 to \$4.75; Straight (full stock), \$4.45 to \$5.90; Patent, \$4.75 to \$6.15. Winter Wheat—No. 2, \$2.45 to \$2.75; Superfine, \$2.75 to \$3.10; Low Extra, \$3.10 to \$3.50; Clears (R and A.), \$4.00 to \$5.15; Straight (R and A.), \$4.40 to \$5.70; Patent, \$4.75 to \$6.00; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.00 to \$5.40; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.40 to \$3.75; West India, sacks, \$4.10 to \$4.20; barrels, \$5.70; South America, \$4.70 to \$4.85; Patent, \$5.15 to \$5.75. Southern Flour—Extra \$3.75 to \$5.00; Family, \$5.00 to \$5.75; Patent \$5.50 to \$5.85. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$3.00 to \$4.40.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.10 to \$3.50 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS, dull. Clover 9c to 10c; Timothy, \$1.55 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.60 to \$1.90.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—we quote creamery, ordinary to select 17c to 22c. Half firkins, ordinary to best 15c to 25c. Welsh tubs 16c to 21c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery 9c to 20c. Cheese state factory ordinary to fall cream, 4c to 10c. Ohio flats fair to choice 4 1/2c to 8 1/2c; Skins 1c to 1 1/2c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.00 to \$18.00; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$11.50 to \$12.00. Lard \$7.70 to \$7.87.

UNITED STATES POLITICS.

The Maine elections have resulted in the return of Governor Robie, Republican, by over 12,000 majority. Mr. Pingree, the Republican candidate for Governor of Vermont, has been elected by about 20,000 majority.

The report is confirmed that Governor St. John was offered a large sum of money if he would withdraw from the Presidential candidacy. St. John held fast, however; there was no tampering with his honor.

Miss Bella A. Lockwood, of Washington, has come forward as a "woman's rights" candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

HEARING WITH HIS MOUTH.

Ezekiel Eads, who died recently near Athens, N. Y., aged sixty-five years, was born without ears, and had no apertures where his ears should have been. He was able, however, to gather sound through his mouth. When addressed he opened his mouth, and could hear conversation that was carried on in an ordinary tone. His hair was black at birth, but was interspersed with oddly shaped gray spots, some of them resembling diminutive human hands and ears. These singular markings never changed, and his black hair never became gray. Eads left fourteen living children. The eldest, forty-five years old, has hair as black as jet, and not a gray hair in his head. The youngest, aged thirteen, is as gray as a man of seventy.

A VALUABLE BOOK.

A singular and unique volume is likely to be put up to auction in England soon, it is a book called "The Passion of Christ," which is neither printed, written, engraved, nor lithographed. It is indeed, much too ancient for its production to have been due to any of the modern methods of book-making. Every letter has been cut with a pen-knife, and the page has then been backed with blue paper, so that the text is quite

easily read. The delicate nature of the operation can only be realized by those who have seen the minuteness of the letters. It is said that so long ago as 1640 this book was sold for 11,000 ducats.

CAMPAIGN TRACTS.

PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE DOMINION ALLIANCE.

- No. 2. Sir Alexander Galt's great speech at Sherbrooke, on Prohibition viewed from the standpoint of a political economist. No. 3. A Synopsis of the Scott Act, showing the steps necessary in inaugurating a contest. No. 4. The Rev. Mr. Brethour's striking speech at Ottawa, on the remarkable success of the Scott Law in the county of Halton. No. 5. A Sermon, by the Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. John, N. B., on the duty of Christian citizens. No. 6. The Barley Question: Facts and Figures for the Farmer, by a Toronto Grain Merchant. Price, 25 Cents a Hundred. No parcels will be sold of less than a Hundred Copies, and 5 Cents extra for Postage on single Parcels, and 3 Cents for each additional hundred, must accompany orders.

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

- 1. A miscellaneous series of 24 tracts, from two to twelve pages, by some of the best writers of the country, suitable for all classes of people, and adapted to every phase of the work—\$1.10. 2. Seventeen four-page illustrated tracts—10c. 3. Teachers' series prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; especially adapted for teachers—5c. 4. One-page handbill tracts, 75 kinds, 20c. 5. Children's Illustrated Tracts, 4 pages, 122 kinds—30c. 6. Twenty-nine Temperance Leaflets or Envelope Tracts, neatly printed on tinted paper—30c. 7. Union Leaflets, especially adapted to women's work. Prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 77 numbers—30c. 8. Young People's Leaflets, by the same, especially adapted for young people—10c. 9. Penny Papers—a series of 12 page Tracts, prepared by the same—10c. 10. Union Handbills—Cider series, 40 numbers—10c. 11. Beer series, 57 numbers—10c. If any money is forwarded for assorted supplies, we shall send the best assortment we can to the extent that it pays for. Money must invariably be in our hands in advance, as there is not even a margin to pay for answering letters.

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