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The Weekly Messenger.

THE LORDS AGAINST THE PEOPLE.

Egypt is no longer the most interesting of the many great questions occupying the busy British brain. Mr. Gladstone's great Reform Bill, to give householders in the country the same right to vote as is now possessed by their brothers in towns, passed its last reading in the House of Commons by a unanimous vote; the Tories, probably not wanting another of the crushing defeats inflicted on them on this question. Nevertheless, the House of Lords has thrown out the bill, because it was not accompanied by a scheme for the redistribution of parliamentary seats. The people are thoroughly roused, and public meetings will be held all over the country to tell the Lords at least to mind their own business and let the Commons mind theirs. In fact, the House of Lords is really in danger, having gone against not only the Radicals but all the Liberals and the moderate Conservatives. A few Conservative lords, to prevent an agitation which might endanger the very existence of their law-making powers, proposed a compromise; they suggested that the Reform Bill might be now passed, and the Queen be petitioned to call another session in the Autumn, when a Redistribution scheme might be dealt with, Lord Salisbury and most of his party, however, refused to give way. The Government has promised to pass the Redistribution Bill at a special session in October if the Lords pass the Reform Bill now; but still the Lords hold out.

WEATHER AND CROP REVIEW.

Cool showery weather has prevailed for some time past throughout the greater part of the United States and Canada, and growing crops are doing remarkably well, but the broken weather has proved rather unpleasant for haying, and harvest. Haying operations are completed in all but the more northern districts, and a large percentage of it has been more or less damaged by the rains. The harvesting of fall wheat has been progressing rather slowly owing to the frequent showers, but in most cases scarcely any damage has been done to the grain, which is yielding a better quality of flour than last season's crop. The pasturage is very good and the dairy products correspondingly large, but prices have reached a lower point than for several years past. Fattening cattle are doing well in nearly every quarter, except some portions of Texas, which are suffering from severe drought. Although very large numbers of butchers' cattle are being fed for the market, yet prices are pretty well maintained as considerable numbers are being shipped to Britain, both alive and dead. These shipments are likely to increase considerably as the season advances, owing to the short supply in Britain; in that country there has been a very cold spring, followed by an unusually long period of drought,

causing bare pastures, light crops of hay and straw, and a great failure in the turnip crop, so that during the next twelve months Britain will require a greatly increased supply of American cattle.

THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

The twelfth of July, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, was celebrated by the Orangemen with great demonstrations in many parts of the world. In various cities of this continent there were grand processions, picnics and excursions, and no serious trouble is reported from any place. In the Old Country there was a great deal of anxiety as to the result of the day's proceedings. The Orangemen in Ireland were so indignant at not being allowed recently to meet at Newry at the same time as the Nationalists, that they fixed on Newry as the scene of a particularly large demonstration last Saturday. A large number came from England, some even travelling all the way from London, to take part. The meeting was attended by thirty thousand persons, and among those who walked in the procession wearing their Orange decorations were Lord Arthur Hill, Lord Castlereagh, Col. King-Harman, M. P. and Sir T. Bateson, M. P. Several Orangemen carried arms openly. In the afternoon some of the Nationalists began to stone a party of Orangemen, who replied by firing at their assailants. There might have been a serious fight, but the police stopped the affray at once while only a few had been wounded. There had been some disturbances in the streets the night before, but they also were promptly stopped. Several hundred police were kept constantly marching up and down the streets, and twelve hundred extra militia had been brought into the town. At Belfast, a Catholic was shot by an Orangeman, who was arrested by the police but rescued by his friends. Fighting then broke out. At Whitehaven an Orange procession was attacked by Nationalists, and serious fighting took place, during which a telegraph boy was killed and several persons injured. Revolvers, swords and stones were used and windows were smashed. The police dispersed the rioters. The Belfast Orangemen who had been helping in the celebration at Newry, on returning to their own city found a party of Catholics destroying the triumphal arches and other decorations in honor of the day. They attacked the Catholics and a terrible fight began. Pistols and clubs, as well as stones and other missiles, caused great damage; more than thirty wounded persons were removed to hospital, and many others were taken to their own homes. The police did their best to stop the rioting, and charged into the crowd again and again, but were driven back and many of them injured. Many buildings were wrecked. On Sunday evening the riot began again; after a hot struggle against volleys of stones from the rioters, the police got the upper hand, and then handled the mob pretty roughly. A large number of Nationalists and Orangemen were arrested, and on Monday ninety of them were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

THE FRENCH WAR MANIA.

The trouble between France and China, caused by Chinese soldiers firing on the French after a treaty had been signed, is still unsettled. Towards the end of last week, the word came both from France and China that war would certainly break out. According to one correspondent, writing from Shanghai, the British officers in the Chinese fleet have left the ships, and the coast is really undefended. A French fleet could therefore do much as it liked, so far as the Chinese coast is concerned. Still, the officials are said to be concealing these facts from their government. Admiral Courbet has already taken possession of a Chinese town, but latest telegrams give hope that war will even yet be prevented. It is said that the French Premier and the Chinese ambassador are discussing the question—Who fired the first shot? The settlement depends on what is the true answer to that question. The French Ministry are willing to take less compensation than was at first claimed from China.

There is no definite news of importance from Madagascar; but a French paper says that five hundred more troops will start for that country in the end of July. The news from Madagascar itself is that the Hovas are actively preparing to resist a French invasion, and that serious fighting is likely to happen soon. However, the French are not likely to venture into the interior. They will probably take possession of some of the principal seaports only.

FOUR STEAMSHIPS WRECKED.

Shipping accidents this week have not been few. The three-masted steamship "Warwick," of 1,648 tons, with a cargo of iron, went ashore on the coast of Gaspe during a fog on Sunday evening. She is not badly damaged, and at last accounts she was likely to be got off when the weather grows calmer and the cargo is put overboard. The "Warwick" was bound for Quebec, and had fourteen steerage passengers on board. She lies on the rocks, and has two small holes in her bow, but she is built in water-tight compartments. She is only two years old. Some of the passengers and crew landed, but the rest waited for calmer weather.

The "River Ettrick," a new steamer, bringing coals from Cape Breton to Montreal, also went ashore on Sunday. In the fog she struck the eastern end of Green Island, about a hundred miles below Quebec. She got off safely, but at once backed on to a rock, which ripped off the propeller and sank the ship. It is likely that she will be a total loss.

The "State of Maine," belonging to the International Steamship Company of Portland, has come to grief by running on the rocks at Point Lepreaux, twenty miles from St. John, New Brunswick, in a fog. There were about three hundred passengers on board, and they were safely and speedily landed. She seems to have been going at full speed, in spite of the fog. The "State of Maine" was a fine wooden steamer, of 1410 tons, valued at \$250,000; she is not

yet two years old. The passengers' baggage and the ship's furniture have been brought off, and perhaps the machinery will be saved, but there is no hope of the vessel herself.

The fourth disaster, and the only one in which life was lost, took place farther from home. A Spanish ironclad warship, the "Gravina," was wrecked during a terrific hurricane in the Philippine Islands; two officers and seven sailors were drowned.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

At the third ballot taken by the National Democratic Convention at Chicago, Governor Cleveland, of New York, was chosen as the party's candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Hendricks was unanimously selected for Vice-President. Most of the Independent Republicans, including such influential journals as the *New York Herald* and *Times*, support the Democratic Candidates. The "platform" chosen by the Democrats, however, is unworthy of the men nominated. The platforms of both parties are well described by the *London Times* as "distinguished by the absence of clear convictions, by evasions and trimmings, by servile rivalry in flattering the masses and in pandering to popular prejudices, modern demagogues and social quacks."

Stephen Grover Cleveland, the son of a New Jersey minter, was born on March 18th, 1837. After serving as a clerk in several stores, he became a lawyer, and occupied several public positions in Erie County, New York. In 1881 he was made Mayor of Buffalo, and in 1882 was elected Governor of the State by an enormous majority. He is unmarried.

MONDAY, JULY FOURTEENTH, was the anniversary of the day on which the French revolutionists destroyed the Bastille, the prison where royal tyrants imprisoned the victims of their whims and dislikes. The day is now kept every year as the French national holiday. This year, it was proposed to do without the celebration in Paris, for fear that the cholera should be brought in from the infected districts by some of the thousands of visitors to the capital. The doctors gave warning that the risk was very great, but the City Council determined to go on with the celebration, no matter what should happen. Accordingly, vast crowds poured into Paris, and there was no attempt at disinfecting or fumigating any arrivals except those who came in by the railways leading directly from the south-west. The day was marked by one event which has dangerously increased the bad feeling between France and Germany. A German named Aherloe—who says that he was drunk at the time—shouted "Down with France," and at the same time tore down and spat upon a French flag. He was set upon, but managed to escape, and the mob took vengeance by tearing down the German flags on the Continental Hotel. The French Prime Minister has had to apologize to the German ambassador for the insult. Aherloe has been arrested.

MOTH-EATEN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGLER.

I had a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves
In a napkin fine and fair.
"It's far too costly a robe,
"For one like me to wear."

So never at morn or evening,
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself under clasp and key
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broderie hidden,
Till many a day had gone.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And, clad in soberest raiment,
I bore them company;
I knew I owned the beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them tenderest pity,
But I had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

At last, on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its snifting colors fine,
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

So out of the dusk I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the shining light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

Who seeks for the fadeless beauty,
Must seek for the useless seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that us reveals,
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

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

CHAPTER I.—HIS HOME.

It was a little bit of a room, dingy and dreary. I can't remember that there was a single bright thing in it. The sun only got a chance to look in for about five minutes, just before it went to bed at night; the rest of the time it was around on the other side of the house, where there wasn't a window, nor a chink that it could peep through. You want to know who lived in this house and stayed in this sunless room? Why Reuben Stone's mother and sister Beth. The sister's name was Elizabeth, but she was a little creature, and nobody ever spoke her full name. As for Reuben, being the man of the house, he was apt to be on the street from morning till night, trying to pick up odd jobs. School! Bless you! no, he didn't go to school; his jackets were out at the elbows, and his pants were out at the knees, and his shoes were out at the toes, and in very cold weather, he had nothing extra to wear around him except an old red and green plaid shawl of his mother's; he didn't like to wear that because the boys shouted after him and called him "Dutchy." So in very cold weather, he was apt to plan to do all his errands in the evening when the boys wouldn't notice the shawl. Neither did Beth go to school, for much the same reasons that kept Reuben at home. Besides, she could help; her mother sat, all day long, in that one low chair by that one window, and sewed as fast as she could on boy's shirts for one of the wholesale stores in the city; and Beth could overhaul some of the seams, and hem the edges, and make many stitches in the course of the day to help her mother; so as soon as their bit of housework was done, and you would have been astonished to see what a little time it took to do the housework,—Beth would draw her chair as close to her mother's as she could get it, and they two would sew.

It was getting dark in the room; the sun had looked in, and said good night to them, as if it were in too much of a hurry to stay even as long as usual, and the shadow of

the big barn next to them was creeping further and further over the house. The fire was getting down, too; in fact, they always shut the dampers about the time the sun was expected, so as to save all the coal they could. Beth shivered, and drew her chair away from the window. "Mother," she said, "shan't I open the damper, and let the fire roar, just a minute! It's awful cold here; my hands are blue." Mrs. Stone looked up from her seam with a sigh. "Yes," she said; "of course, it won't do to get cold; the best thing would be a doctor's bill. But we must be as careful as we can, for Reuben said this morning he didn't believe the coal would last until Saturday." Beth opened the dampers, and poked the dull coals a very little, then stooped down before the stove, warming her hands. "I wish we could have something warm for supper, to-night," she said. "Mother, do you remember it is Reuben's birthday?" "Yes, I do," the mother said, shutting her lips tight; "I thought, last week, we would have something warm for his birthday. I meant to have roast potatoes and a little bit of cake; but I couldn't get these shirts done, you know, and so that plan had to be given up." Beth drew a little sigh. "I wish we weren't so awful poor!" she said drearily; "just think! we can't even have baked potatoes for a treat once in a while! Isn't that horrid?"

"We have them for dinner quite often, you know," her mother reminded her. "Oh, yes; I know. But I'd like, now and then, to have something for supper. Just bread and milk! Sometimes I'm ugly enough to be most sorry that Reuben gets a quart of milk a day for taking care of that cow. If he didn't, we'd have to have something else, now and then."

"I don't believe I'd take the trouble to quarrel with the only luxury we have," Mrs. Stone said, gravely; and Beth laughed, and began to clear off the little table, and put three plates and three cups on it. "If you could have a cup of tea once in a while, I don't believe I'd mind about the rest so much," she said, after bustling about in silence for a few minutes.

"Oh, well, I do once in a while, you know. We had tea on thanksgiving day, and again on Christmas. What are you talking about?"

Beth tried to laugh again, but the mention of Christmas made her remember that the first day of the year was very near. "Just think!" she said, to-morrow will be New Year's eve! I don't believe there is another family in this town who are not planning to go somewhere, or have company, or do something nice on New Year's. Mother, I can't help it; I think it is just awful to be so poor! Mrs. Stone had no answer to this; sometimes it seemed hard to her, not to know what her children would have next to eat, or whether they would have anything; but she had lived long enough to know that it would do no good to fret about it. Beth went about the room in silence after that, until the little table was set with its loaf of bread and pail of milk, then she found new cause for trouble. Mother, what do you suppose can keep Reuben so? It is ever so much later than he generally comes.

CHAPTER II.

REUBEN'S QUARTER.

What kept Reuben was this: It had been what he called one of his "unlucky" days. The errand boys, and news boys, and all other boys who had regular positions had been on hand, and nobody seemed to want anything carried anywhere, though the streets were full of people, with their arms full of bundles. It was getting near sunset, the time when he generally went home to get orders about the errands for the night, and he had but five cents in his pocket. He knew just how much, or rather how little flour, and coal, and potatoes, there were in the house, and he knew that his mother had no money. He had hoped to have a grand day for business, and bring home at least twenty cents, and here it was, even worse than usual. Reuben Stone was ten years old, and rather a tall boy for his age; but he rubbed his worn-out jacket sleeve across his eyes, and made up his mind that this was a pretty hard world to live in. Generally, he managed to keep cheerful enough to whistle most of the time, but to-night, he kept his lips shut tight, and trudged along with his head down.

"Halloo!" shouted a man from across the street. Reuben looked up. A man with a horse and sleigh standing in front of

of Parker's grocery was beckoning to him. He clipped over the snowy road in haste. "Do you know enough to hold a horse, my boy?" the gentleman asked him; a young gentleman with a pleasant face, and a wicked-looking horse he was trying to hold.

"I rather think I do, sir," Reuben said, cheerily.

"Well, then, attend to this one; he is hungry and cold, and determined to go home, before I am ready to have him."

Reuben took hold of the bridle, and the young man went into the store. What a hurry that horse was in, to be sure! He stepped forward a little, and finding himself held, tried going backward; then he stood on his hind feet for a change; then he made plunges forward as though he were going to jump over Reuben and a carriage in front of him, and vanish. Reuben tugged at the bridle, and danced backward or forward according to the motions of the horse, but held on firmly, all the while giving the horse good bits of advice. "Come now, you don't get along any faster to pay for all that. Might as well stand still, and look about you, and take comfort. You will get home just as soon as you will to prance around in this way like an idiot. Oh, you can't go! You may jerk as hard as you like, and I shan't let go; not if I know myself; but you are a spunky fellow now, as I ever saw. My! ain't it getting cold, though! I don't wonder you dance; good way to keep warm. I guess that master of yours is going to buy out the grocery and set up in business. Here he comes; good for him! I'm glad, and I guess you are."

"Well," said the young man, "I made quite a stay of it, didn't I? And you and Spunk had lively times, I'll venture. Isn't that a good name for this troublesome fellow? Here's a quarter, my boy. It'll pay you well for your trouble. Go ahead, Spunk."

A quarter of a dollar for holding a horse a few minutes! Reuben considered that good pay. In fact he believed himself to be rich. "It certainly wasn't often he earned twenty-five cents in five or ten minutes!"

His eyes sparkled, and he rubbed his blue hands together in glee, as he slipped the quarter into his dearest pocket. "If I were sure mother would like it," he said, talking to a curb-stone, "I'd have a regular treat to-night; I'd get a quarter of a pound of tea and some sugar, and may be a bit of butter. That would make Beth open her eyes. But I don't know as I'd better, seeing we are most out of coal, and well, everything else, and that plaguey rent has got to be paid again so soon. When I'm a man there is one thing I won't do. I won't pay a cent of rent to anybody. People shall pay me rent, then. Won't that be jolly? Well, come on, trotties, you and I better run home. We're rich, we are! we've done well, to-day, and needn't work any more." Whom do you suppose he was talking to, then? Nothing of less importance than his two feet! I don't know but almost as soon as he was born, certainly as soon as he could begin to talk, Reuben had let people know that he wanted a pony. There was nothing in life that he so much longed for, to this day. When he was a little bit of a fellow, just running alone, he played that his feet were a pair of ponies, that he was the owner and driver; and that they trotted with him, wherever he ordered them. This notion went with him all through his ten years of life; he didn't talk much about the ponies before people, now-a-days, unless occasionally to mother and Beth. But the fancy pleased him all the same, made him feel less lonely, and the distance he had to travel seemed less long. So he was in the habit of talking to them a great deal, and ordering them in a very horseman-like manner. "Come, Trotties, we are half a mile from home, and behind time; you must step up briskly. Let's take another look at the quarter, to be sure it is safe, and then we'll be off. If there should be a hole in that pocket!" He dived his hand down, felt carefully among the strings and bits of treasures, brought up the piece of money, and stepped under the glare of a street lamp that had just been lighted, stared hard at the money, rubbed his eyes, said "What under the sun, moon, and stars does this mean?" looked again, turning it round and round, and over and over; then he said slowly, drawing a long breath before he spoke, "As sure as my name is Reuben Watson Stone, that fellow made a mistake, and this is a ten-dollar gold piece!"

CHAPTER III.

A RACE WITH "SPUNK."

For as much as two minutes, Reuben stood staring at that ten-dollar gold piece uncertain what to do. Not that he had the slightest temptation to keep the gold piece, provided he could find the owner. It is true he thought, "How jolly this would be to spend, all for ourselves!" but then he had no more idea of spending it than he had of trying to fly. Reuben wasn't one of those boys who are honest simply because they have no temptation to steal. He would as soon have thought of going into the grocery and taking money from the drawer, as he would have thought of putting that gold piece in his pocket without trying to find the owner. "We are honest, if we are poor," he had heard his mother say, many a time, and he knew that he was honest. So, though he stood in doubt, it was all about how to find the owner of the gold piece. "I might as well try to find a needle in a hay-stack!" he muttered, as he turned the shining thing over. He knew almost nothing about hay-stacks, and I don't know that he ever hunted for a needle in his life, but he had often heard his mother use that expression when she was having a hopeless search for something, so it came to mind now.

"That Spunk went like the wind. Where does he live, and how far is it? that is the question. He went vent up North, street I know that much. Well, there is nothing for it but to try a race after him. So turn about, Trotties; too bad! you want to go home, don't you? So do I, but there is no help for us; race along now, and see if we haven't got spunk enough to overtake that spunky little pony; maybe he has had to stop half a dozen times."

Away they went, Reuben and the Trotties, speeding up North street; Reuben's eyes turning to the right and left as he ran, hoping to see the little brown horse, standing before another store or house. Nothing of him to be seen. The Trotties slackened their speed after a little, and their owner began to have a hopeless feeling that he was having his race away from home for nothing. There were so many corners that the brown horse might have turned, or, if he had sped on his way, he was far beyond reach, resting comely in some barn perhaps, this very minute.

"We may as well go home, first as last," said Reuben, coming at last to a stand-still. "What a stupid thing it was not to find out where that brown horse lived! He looked knowing enough to tell me, if I had asked him. How I wish I could find him. I hate to have ten dollars in the house, that don't belong there, and not know where to take it. I don't believe I can ever find him, and it will be about a dozen years before mother will let me spend it. Well, Trotties, shall we turn about and trot home? You don't know where the brown horse is, do you? Halloo! there he is this minute, just turning away from Dunlap's. Hold on there, mister, I say! Can't you wait?" and he was off in pursuit. But the brown horse was ahead and meant to keep so; though the Trotties did their best, he was, in a very few minutes, lost among a snarl of horses, and wagons, and street cars, and Reuben stood in front of Dunlap's store, rubbing his cold hands together, no wiser than he was before. A sudden thought came to him and he dashed into the store to inquire the name of the man with the brown horse, describing him as well as he could.

"Don't know him," said the busy clerk, "stranger I guess. How many pounds did you say?" This question was for the man he was waiting on, so Reuben turned and went out. Now he might surely go home with a clear conscience. He had done his best and failed.

"If he is a stranger," he told himself, "it's no ways likely that I'll ever find him, and mother might as well use the money first as last. If I could only make her think so, I'd go and pay that rent a whole quarter at a time. I'd like to know what the agent would think of that! I've a great mind to go pay him, and get his old receipt, and say nothing to mother about it, then I'd give it to her New Year's morning for a present. I wonder if there would be anything so very bad about that! I've half a mind to do it. I could tell her all about it, afterwards. But I guess I won't; she don't like to be told about things afterwards, she likes beforehand better. Trotties are you afraid you will freeze while I

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stand here planning! I don't know but you will, and your master too. Well, come on, let's go home. Hallo! Say, mister! Stop a minute!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, for the brown horse had been turned around and was speeding past him in the other direction. For a wonder, the young man heard the shout mid the din of other noises, and with some trouble checked Spunk's impatient feet.

"You made a mistake sir," said Reuben, pressing close to the sleigh and speaking with difficulty, for Spunk was determined to step on him, or toss him in the air, or bite him, at least. "This is a shiner you gave me, instead of a quarter."

"A what?"

"A shiner, sir, a ten-dollar gold-piece."

"Is it possible I was so careless as that!" and he reached forth his hand, and Reuben dropped the shining thing into it.

"Well I declare. What a careless fellow I am getting to be! Good for you, my boy. If it had fallen into some hands, I should never have seen it again. Spunk what is the matter with you to-night! You are worse than usual! Do go then, if you are in such a hurry." And Spunk went, leaving Reuben standing, staring at him. He stood perfectly still for a minute or more gazing after the flying horse. Then once more he spoke to the Trotties.

"Well, there is one thing I would like to know, and that is, who is going to pay us for standing out there in the snow and holding that horse for ten whole minutes?"

Nobody answered him, and he turned and walked gravely, and somewhat slowly towards home.

CHAPTER IV.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

Beth flattened her nose against the window pane, and watched for Reuben until it grew so dark that she could not tell one person from another; then she wandered around the room, occasionally opening the door and peering out, letting in a great rush of cold air, and saying every few minutes, "Mother what do you suppose has become of Reuben?" Mother had but little to say, but was almost as glad as Beth was, when at last they heard his step.

"Why, where in the world!" began Beth; but her mother interrupted her.

"Why, Reuben, my boy, how cold and tired you look! Where have you been?"

"I've been to the end of the world, or the end of the city, or most to the end of North street, anyhow," and he sat down wearily in a chair, and put "Trotties" on the stove-heap.

"Those fellows are tired, you better believe," he said, looking kindly down to them; then, with Beth fluttering around him, and Mrs. Stone taking last stitches in the shirt she was trying to finish before supper, he told his story.

"Well I never,—no, never in all my life!" said Beth, in great indignation, when he stopped for breath; "and so you had all that tramp and didn't get a cent!"

"Not a cent," said Reuben, dolefully; he was too tired to be cheerful.

"Never mind," said the patient mother, "I dare say he was so astonished that he forgot it."

"Forgot it?" repeated Beth; "more like he wanted to save his money. I think he is just the meanest man I ever heard of. I hope I'll meet him and his old brown horse some day, and I'll stop him to tell him so."

"He looked like a nice man," said Reuben, who couldn't quite make up his mind to keep still and let Spunk's master be abused; "and I don't believe it was because he was mean, or else he wouldn't have given me a quarter in the first place; I never knew a boy to get more than a dime for holding a horse, and most ways it is only five cents; that makes me think, I got five cents for taking care of Mr. Anson's horse while this morning; and he dived his hand into his pockets, brought out the lonesome five-cent piece, and with a queer little smile handed it to his mother."

"It is every cent that the man of the house has earned to-day," he said, sadly.

"S'posin' he had spent that for a cigar, instead of bringing it to his mother!" said Mrs. Stone, soothingly. "I know boys who never bring their mothers even five cents."

"Humph!" said Beth; but whether it was at the thought of the cigar, or Spunk's master, or what, she didn't say. Then they sat down to supper. "There's one comfort," Beth said, "it hasn't gone and

got cold, while we were waiting." And at this, mother and Reuben had to laugh; so little by little, they grew more cheerful.

"Well Trotties," said Reuben, as soon as his bread and milk were gone, "you and I must trot out and tend to Dorcas; we aren't often so late. I don't know what she'll say to us." "Dorcas was the cow that furnished them with a quart of milk a day, and she lived in the stable that backed up against their one window. Reuben was very faithful to her, and was usually on hand to milk and take care of her, almost an hour earlier than it was to-night. So he hurried away, but much sooner than a cow can be milked, he came hurrying back.

"Mother, they've sold Dorcas!" he exclaimed, as soon as the door opened. "Oh dear!" said Mrs. Stone, and she sat down the big pan of water she was carrying, on a chair, and stood and looked at him. "When did they do that?"

"Just now, a man took her away less than an hour ago. Mr. Baker said it was a kind of nuisance to keep a cow in the city, anyhow, and she didn't give as much milk as she ought to, and boys were always bothering him about being late,—wasn't that mean, mother? I haven't been late but twice since I took care of her, and the long and short of it is she's gone!"

"Oh dear!" said Mrs. Stone, again; and she lost of that quart of milk a day, was a great deal to her; she didn't see how they were going to get along without it. As for Beth, she felt almost guilty; hadn't she, that very afternoon, almost wished that they hadn't a quart of milk a day? Well, she had her wish for once. Reuben presently came over to where the pan of water sat.

"What do you want to do with this, mother?" he asked, and on being told, he went to the back door and pitched it out into the darkness. It was natural for him to save his mother's steps. I think he was more careful about that than Beth was. The work was all done, now, and they got around the little stand,—this little family,—much graver than usual. Reuben brought his book and slate, and tried to interest himself in an example in arithmetic. His mother encouraged him to try and keep on with his lessons, in the hope that some day he could go to school, but the world looked very dark to him to-night. The old year was almost gone and the coal was almost gone, and Dorcas was quite gone.

"Come, children," Mrs. Stone said, after the ciphering and studying had gone on for some time in silence, "the fire is real low; it is time we were in bed. I'll just step in and see if Mother Perkins is comfortable for the night, and then we'll go." "Mother Perkins" was an old and feeble woman, who lived all alone in one room of the house, and sometimes was unable to leave her bed for days together, and had to wait for chance callers to give her something to eat. Mrs. Stone had taken her under her special care for the last few days, and went every night to see that she was made as comfortable as the dreary room would admit.

Reuben and Beth, thus left to themselves, stared at the dying coals in silence for a few minutes, then Beth said,—

"What would you have bought with that quarter, s'posin' it had been a quarter, and had belonged to you?"

"Well," said Reuben, meditatively, "I had more than two dozen plans. I guess if I'd done half with that I thought about, it would have been just a wonderful quarter. You see, in the first place, I wanted to get some coal, a whole bushel at once; we are dreadfully low on coal, I don't know I am going to rake and scrape enough together to do till Saturday; then I wanted to get a quarter of a pound of real good tea for mother. 'It is regular hay stuff that she drinks now; I know by the way the clerk sneers at it as he does it up, and it is cheaper by pretty near a dollar on the pound than the real tea. Joe Bradley bought a pound of the real tea for a Christmas present for his mother, and he paid ninety cents a pound! What do you think of that?"

"My!" said Beth, impressively. She knew how much a pound her mother's tea was.

"Well, then there was two or three things I kind o' wanted to get for you; I shan't tell you what they were, cause its no ways likely I shall get around to them now, till I'm of age." Reuben had always believed that when he was of age, something wonderful would happen by which he could do for Beth some of the many things that he knew she would like. Just how he was going to

get the money for all these things, he had not yet planned to his satisfaction; but when a fellow was of age, he argued, of course he could get money.

"Oh, I don't care," said Beth, quickly; "not about myself, you know. I'm sorry, about the coal, and I should like first rate to have had mother had some real tea. I know hers that she has once in awhile, is of no account, by the way it smells; I smell the tea every once in awhile, when I go to Redwood to take the milk you know. My! how it smells."

"You won't smell it any more," said Reuben, shaking his head sorrowfully. "How he could go and sell that cow is more than I can think." "The folks at Redwood will be sorry, too," said Beth; "they liked that milk so much. The silver cup used to be out in the kitchen with his silver cup waiting for me to come, and he would just wait when he saw me."

"It won't make very much difference to them," Reuben said, shaking his head; "folks that've got as much money as they have, it don't matter when a man sells his cow, they can just go to another man and take out their pocket-books and say, 'Here I want some milk of you every day; how much is to pay?' Or, if it comes to that, they can up and buy a cow,—two of them if they want to,—just as easy as they can turn their hand over. I tell you what it is, Beth, when I'm of age, money is one of the things I'm going to have!"

"How are you going to get it?" asked practical Beth.

"Yes, that's the question; that part of it isn't decided yet; but then, you know, I've got a good while to think it over." And, with a gleam of fun in his bright dark eyes, Reuben arose, walked to the mantel and proceeded to light the end of a candle which showed him the way to his "suite of rooms." This is what he always called them when he felt gay, in imitation of a lady for whom his mother sewed, and who was fond of describing to her sewing woman her grand house in the country. Reuben's "suite of rooms" had, evidently been once a large old-fashioned parlor, in two compartments, with a sliding door between. The house was an old-fashioned one, looking small enough now by the side of many larger ones that had sprung up around it; still it had once been thought of good size, and several families lived in it now! But they were all families who could afford but one room apiece, or, at the very utmost, two. As Reuben lighted his candle, Beth, watching the process, was suddenly reminded of a bit of news that she had treasured up for Reuben.

"The south room is rented, Reuben."

"Is it?" the boy asked, turning around with an interested face; the pleasantest room in the house, with two large windows in it; standing vacant now for several weeks, because no one came that way who could afford to pay for the sunshine that streamed in at those two south windows. You would be surprised to know how much difference that made in the rent. Reuben and Beth did not believe that sunshine was free; they had good reasons for knowing the contrary.

"Who's taken it?"

"A woman; kind of old, and not so very old either. She's got grey hair, and she is tall and straight, and her face looks sort of nice; not pretty, and not exactly pleasant as I know of, but the kind of face one likes. Anyhow, I like her chair; I just wish you could have seen it! The nicest chair, covered all over with bright queer-looking stuff; it couldn't have been calico; I never saw any calico like that—and it was so pretty. Reuben, it would be so nice if we could get mother a chair like that for a Christmas present."

"So it would be to get her a house, and a barn and a cow," said Reuben, good humoredly. "And about as easy, for all I see. Well, Beth, I must put the trotties to for the night." And he took his bit of lighted candle, and went off to his clothes-press.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING TO DECIDE.

She wasn't home-sick, at least not exactly, though it was her first day at school, but she was thinking. It was almost bed-time, and she dreaded it. For the first time in her life she must get herself ready for bed in a room with three other girls, strangers to her, and two of them laughed and chat-

ted so much that they made her nervous. If she could only slip away to her room before the others, and have a few minutes of quiet! But there was no use in trying for that; the moment the bell rang they were all expected to troop to their rooms. If the truth must be told, Sophie Baker felt a little bit like a coward. She did not mind brushing out her lovely hair before the girls, nor getting out her pretty dressing case, and using her ivory-handled tooth-brush, nor even putting on her dainty night-dress with its delicate lace trimmings; the thing that she did not want to do was to kneel down before those girls to pray. She knew that these were girls who never did this; she heard Mollie Andrews only a few days before she left home laughing about a girl in school who kept up her "baby" habits, and always "said her prayers" before she went to bed. Mollie Andrews had been at boarding-school for two years, and knew how things went. What was to be done? Sophie was the youngest of all the girls, and could not bear to be laughed at, and she "most knew," she said to herself, that none of those girls prayed. Yet she had never in her life gone to sleep without praying, and it shocked her to think of doing so. Of course she wouldn't; but couldn't she slip into bed, cover her head closely, and pray as well as she could on her knees? This is what she asked herself with a beating heart, while the girls buzzed around her, busy with a last glance at their next day's lessons. Sophie had been very carefully taught; she knew if she were sick and could not kneel down, God would be as well pleased with her prayer in bed, as he would on her knees. But how about creeping into bed and praying because she was ashamed to have others see her?—It made her cheeks glow to think of it. "I'll never do it," she said at last, decidedly, "I shall kneel down and pray as usual, even if they all laugh and poke fun at me." After that she felt happier, it was so comfortable to know just what she was going to do.

It took her longer to brush her hair than usual that evening, and the merry voices around her did not quiet the beating of her heart, but at last she dropped on her knees and buried her face in a pillow, and tried to pray. It was very still all about; the girls might be planning some fun, but they did it quietly. A sweet sense of being with Jesus stole into Sophie's heart, and when she arose the loud beating, which it had almost seemed to her the rest could hear, was still.

But why were the others so quiet? She looked around her, every girl was on her knees. One by one they arose quietly, with no air about them of having done anything strange or unusual; they kissed one another good-night, their voices just as happy as before, but a little quieter, and very soon the light was out, and they were all resting on their pillows. "I have much people in this city," it was part of a verse Sophie had learned not long before, and it kept floating in her mind as she went to sleep.

Perhaps the Lord Jesus had "Much people" in that school where she had foolishly imagined herself the only one who prayed. She did not feel lonely any more, and it seemed to her very silly to have been afraid to pray. What if she jumped into bed without it, and all the others had knelt? How ashamed she would have felt!—*Pansy in S. S. Messenger.*

ENGLISH MUFFINS.—One quart of flour; one tea-spoonful of salt; one-third of a cake of compressed yeast; one-third of a cupful of liquid yeast; one cupful and a half of water. Have the water blood-warm. Dissolve the yeast in one-third of a cupful of cold water. Add it and the salt to the warm water, and gradually stir it into the flour. Beat the dough thoroughly; cover, and let it rise in a warm place until it is spongy (about five hours). Sprinkle the bread-board with flour. Shape the dough into balls about twice the size of an egg, and drop them on the floured board. When all the dough has been shaped, roll the balls into cakes about one-third of an inch thick. Lay these on a warm griddle, which has been lightly greased, and put the griddle on the back of the stove, where there is not much heat. When the cakes have risen a little, draw the griddle forward and cook them slowly, turning often to keep the flat shape. It will take about twenty minutes for them to rise on the griddle, and fifteen to cook. Tear them apart butter them and serve.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, JULY 19.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance has been in session at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The annual reports adopted show a net increase of membership last year of 10,707, and for the last three years an increase of 19,152. Ontario is among the gains with 1,224, and Quebec 130. The largest gain was in Nova Scotia, of 4,329; the largest loss in Michigan, of 997, and Ohio 572. The financial statement shows receipts for the year of \$6,904,82, and expenses equal, with assets of \$31,208,25, including cash on hand, \$1,683,21. The total membership of the order on December 31st last was 66,570, including 2,688 lady visitors, with receipts during the year of \$92,291,59, of which \$12,207,33 was paid in benefits. The amount of cash on hand and invested belonging to the order on December 31st was \$146,293,89. The next annual meeting will be held at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, in July 1885.

AT A BANQUET given at Belfast to the team of American lacrosse players now in England, the chairman Mr. McCance, referred to their various successes, and to their narrow escape from a beating on that day. He said: "Since the American team left American soil, he understood, they had all been total abstainers—(hear, hear)—and if he might, as a total abstainer himself, express his feelings on the subject, he thought perhaps they were more nearly vanquished that day than before because they met a team, ten of whom were total abstainers. He might add that perhaps if the other two had been total abstainers the Americans might have been beaten."

SPEAKING AT A GATHERING of Surrey farmers two weeks ago the Earl of Onslow said he was one of the largest employers of agricultural labor in the county, and he believed that in the end the men would be willing to give a fair day's work for a fair day's pay. One great evil of the present day was the evil of intemperance among the peasantry, and recognizing that to be so, he had been induced to give his men something else in place of beer when working in the harvest field. He had tried it, and it had met with success, and he hoped he should not be thought presumptuous in expressing a hope that the example might be followed.

THE GRAND LODGE OF CANADA, A.F. and A.M., in annual session at Toronto, has passed a resolution against placing intoxicating drinks on lodge tables. Let us hope that all Freemasons will act on this very good hint.

THE CHOLERA is still at its deadly work. Toulon is nearly emptied of all who can leave it, but twenty-two deaths took place in one night. At Marseilles, there were sixty-five deaths from cholera in twenty-four hours. The victims include the wife of an Admiral, a Municipal Councillor, and a Lady Superiress of Sisters of Charity. The sanitary condition of Paris is said to be good and where that is the case the disease is only likely to come in a mild form. The European and American governments are taking great precautions to prevent an invasion of the terrible disease. The poor people of Toulon and Marseilles are becoming very excited, and trouble is feared.

THE WEEK.

THE NEWS WAS SPREAD that a man named Albert was drowned in the Niagara Whirlpool Rapids recently, but it is now thought that the death never took place, the false report being spread so as to cheat the Travellers' Insurance Company out of \$3,000.

A HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY TON GUN, being cast at Boston, burst through the mould. The gun was ruined.

THE SUPERIOR COURT at Quebec has decided that a \$60 tax levied on commercial travellers doing business in that city is illegal. The city is condemned to pay \$150 damages to a commercial traveller who was arrested for doing business without paying the tax.

THE SOLDIERS of the French army have been forbidden to eat pork.

A SECRET MEETING of workmen at Vienna was surprised by the Austrian police, and twenty-six were arrested on the charge of Anarchism. They were found to have been corresponding with America.

THE SUPREME COURT of Hesse has formally decreed a separation between the Grand Duke and Madame de Kalamine.

THE NEW BELGIAN GOVERNMENT has decided to send a permanent ambassador to the Pope, as before the Liberal government came into office.

TWO GOOD-SIZED ALLIGATORS from Alabama have arrived in Canada; they belong to Mr. Dobell, of Quebec.

THE YACHT of the Prince of Monaco has been wrecked in Sweden; the crew were drowned. The Prince's eldest son was on board, and was saved. Just now, however, it seems doubtful whether he will ever occupy his father's position. The Prince of that little independent State draws his whole revenue from a great gambling establishment; and that is such a nuisance that France is likely soon to take possession of Monaco and crush out the gambling business.

THE IMPORTS INTO BRITAIN last month were \$38,000,000 less than in June of 1883; the exports were \$7,000,000 less.

THE POPE had one or two fainting fits on Wednesday of last week, caused by the great heat.

THE IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE has passed a resolution thanking Mr. O'Brien for his stand against Mr. Cornwall. Mr. Cornwall, although his action for libel was dismissed, still declares himself innocent of the charges made against him. He has, however, been arrested, with several others, and sent for trial.

A WHITE TRADER in British Columbia, named Yeomans, has been murdered by an Indian, because he refused to give enough compensation for the life of the Indian's son, who was drowned while in Yeomans' employ. More trouble was feared at last accounts, and the whites are fleeing to the seashore.

VISCOUNT BOYLE, son of the Earl of Shannon, is said to have purchased a valuable cattle rancho, forty miles west of Fort Macleod, in the Canadian North-West.

A GREAT FIRE at West Winchester, Ontario, last Saturday destroyed Beach's Mills and several other buildings, valued at some \$200,000.

A LARGE NUMBER OF COLTS have died in Grey county, Ontario; the cause is thought to be the over-feeding of mares with oats.

SOME TIME AGO the Canada Shipping Co. brought an action for libel against the Ottawa Free Press, for publishing a very severe article about the treatment of steerage passengers on board the steamship "Lake Nepigon." The jury brought in a verdict for the newspaper. The steamship company are now to be allowed to have the case tried over again, in September, as the various parts of the verdict contradicted each other. A new trial is also granted in an action brought by a father against the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company for the loss of his son's life. The jury gave a verdict against the company.

THE "SARNIA," a magnificent steamship of the Dominion Line, has been ashore on the North Coast of Ireland, but has got safely off and arrived at Liverpool.

THERE WAS A REPORT that a reciprocity treaty had been negotiated between Canada and the United States; this is denied by Secretary Frelinghuysen.

THE ONTARIO AND QUEBEC RAILWAY, it is now said, will be open for regular passenger traffic on July 21st.

HUNDREDS of Swedish and Hungarian miners have been brought into the Hocking valley to take the place of those now on strike. The strikers are very indignant, and serious riots are feared.

WILBUR F. STOREY, the well-known editor and proprietor of the Chicago Times, is unbalanced in his mind.

AN INVESTIGATION is to be held in the United States Post Office department. It is stated that some employees have been systematically stealing large quantities of stamps, in sheets, and selling them to outsiders.

THOUSANDS OF ACRES have been laid waste in Westphalia, a province in the West of Germany, by forest fires.

AN OFFER OF \$25,000 was made to the famous German University of Heidelberg, on condition that women should be allowed to study there. The authorities would not accept the condition, and have had to go without the money.

AT A GRAND BANQUET in Paris, attended by many of the Senators and Deputies belonging to the Bonapartist party, Prince Victor was introduced as the claimant for the imperial throne of France.

AS THE STEAMSHIP "ALBERTA" was going into the Neeshib rapids, on her way up from Lake Huron to Lake Superior, she had collision with the steam-barge "Pacific." Both vessels were badly damaged, but happily there was no life lost. The "Alberta," which belongs to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, had 200 passengers on board.

THURSDAY, JULY 10th, was kept as a fast day by the orthodox Jews. They say that on that day, the 11th of the month Tamuz, about 3200 years ago, the first two Tables of Stone were broken; and on the same day, in later times, the scrolls were burned and an idol set up on the altar of the temple.

A VERY SAD ACCIDENT took place last week at Valois. Two young ladies, one the daughter and the other the niece of Mr. P. S. Ross, a well-known citizen of Montreal, were drowned while bathing within 150 yards of their home.

SHOOTING THEIR FRIENDS.—Several men recently offered to fight against Agüero, the revolutionary leader in Cuba. The only reward they got was to be taken into custody, and three of them were shot by order of a cavalry commander. It is supposed he was jealous of them.

THE NATIONAL ARTILLERY Association of Great Britain has decided to send out a team of three officers and twenty-two men, to compete with the Canadian gunners at Quebec in September. This will be the first team of British Volunteers to visit Canada.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY is living with the greatest economy since the death of her husband, Prince Leopold.

SOME COWARDLY RUFFIANS, concealed behind a hedge or wall, fired into a carriage at Lurgan, in the North of Ireland. The carriage contained Mr. Liddell, a magistrate, and his wife; the magistrate was unhurt, but the lady was shot in the face.

AN UNUSUALLY LARGE CROP of cotton is expected in Egypt this year, because the system of watering has been improved.

THERE IS A REPORT that the French in Western Africa have had a conflict with Stanley's men.

THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT is going to set to work to destroy the rocks at the Iron Gate, on the Danube. "Iron Gate" is the name long since given to the terrible rapids which so block the navigation of that great river, and to remove the obstacles will take six years, and will cost five million dollars.

FORTY PERSONS have been injured in a railway collision at Bayeux, France.

THE STEAMER "OROGON," which sailed from Liverpool last Saturday for New York, has three famous passengers on board,—famous in very different ways, however. There is the President of the Republic of San Salvador; there is Mr. Moody, the evangelist; and there is Mr. Dion Boucicault, a well-known play writer.

THE KING OF ABYSSINIA, to show his friendship for England, has sent an elephant to Queen Victoria. As the Queen does not keep a menagerie, perhaps the new arrival will take the place of Jumbo at the Zoological gardens.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON, the queen of singers, has just returned to England from America. A large crowd of friends and admirers met her on the quay at Liverpool.

ABOUT TEN MILLION POUNDS of canned salmon are annually produced by British Columbia and the trade is growing fast.

A NEGRO who killed two young boys by giving them poisoned water to drink has been lynched, by being hanged on a tree. The negroes were more anxious to lynch him than were the whites.

A BAD CHARACTER in Wilmington, Delaware, has been trying to get at a Catholic priest, to murder him for marrying his son to a half-bred girl. The girl to whom her father-in-law objects is really a pretty "brunette," and belongs to a respectable family.

MRS. CATHERINE STUART, who has just died in Scotland at the age of ninety years, was one of the last survivors of the ancient Royal Family, that was finally driven from the British throne in 1688. This royal personage was the wife of an inn-keeper at Kincairdine.

PRINCESS LOUISE still suffers from neuralgic headaches, which were begun when she was thrown out of her sleigh in Canada some years ago. The Princess is going to Marienbad, Germany, to take the waters.

THE STATE GOVERNMENT of New Hampshire pays a certain amount to anyone who kills woodchucks. It is now announced that nothing will be allowed for animals killed on Sundays.

KARL RICHTER, an Egyptian of seventy-one.

DETECTIVE in Chicago, his private series of stories, will purpose.

DR. CERVANTES, Panama, his place on.

IN SOUTH America, you headway to pass a bill to smoke, the fine woodpounds, with imprisonment.

MAYOR ILLINOIS, returned to majority of.

THE "DUMMIES" children of the use bar, West Dumbarton number of.

THE BRITISH has been United States with her production British collect the.

THE EMERALD, the other mistook the in order to engineer fort stopped in.

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THE RIVER war ships. What ene attack Ru difficult to.

WAGES the mills and weav work.

A RIOT a crowd to the Pop front of stopped by.

THE CHURCH good this.

KARL RICHARD LEPSIUS, a German famous for his investigations into the ancient Egyptian civilization, has just died, aged seventy-one.

DETECTIVE PINKERTON, who died recently in Chicago, in his will expressed a wish that his private records should be used for a series of stories. His daughter, Mrs. Chalmers, will probably use the papers for that purpose.

DR CERVERA, the refractory President of Panama, has at last consented to retire from the official residence. General Diaz takes his place on the 30th of December.

IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA, tobacco-smoking among young lads has already made such headway that the local parliament is asked to pass a bill forbidding anyone under 18 to smoke. For disobeying this law, the fine will be from five shillings to five pounds, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment.

MAYOR LANGELIER, of Quebec, the Liberal candidate for Megantic county, has been returned to the Dominion Parliament by a majority of 31.

THE "DAVID WILLIAMSON," a new mission steamer, built by subscriptions of the children of the United Presbyterian Church for the use of the missionaries of Old Calabar, West Africa, has been launched at Dumblarton, Scotland. This increases the number of the mission fleet to eleven.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR at Washington has been instructed to ask that, if the United States makes any favorable arrangement with Cuba, in the way of admitting her products at reduced customs duties, the British colonies in the West Indies should receive the same treatment.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA was travelling, the other day, by railway. The Anarchists mistook the train, and pulled up the rails in order to wreck the next one. The engineer fortunately saw what was ahead, and stopped in time to avoid an accident.

FOR SOME YEARS a Royal Commission has been investigating the affairs of certain very rich "Guilds" or Trade Companies in the city of London, England. These companies were established long centuries ago to protect their various trades. Most of them now have nothing whatever to do with trade, but they have grown very rich,—the city lands which they obtained hundreds of years ago being now immensely increased in value. The income of these companies amounts to nearly four million dollars a year, and they spend something like \$500,000 of this every year on banquets and entertainments. The Commissioners recommended that the companies be compelled to spend their money for educational and scientific objects and general public purposes, as their founders certainly intended that they should.

THE RUSSIANS propose to have a fleet of war ships permanently in the White Sea. What enemy would be foolish enough to attack Russia from that icy quarter, it is difficult to imagine.

WAGES HAVE BEEN REDUCED in some of the mills at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and weavers and loom-fixers have struck work.

A RIOT OCCURRED in Rome on Sunday; a crowd made a demonstration of hostility to the Pope, and tried to cross the square in front of St. Peter's Cathedral, but were stopped by the police.

THE CROPS in PRUSSIA are unusually good this year.

THERE IS MUCH JEALOUSY between the Allan Line steamer "Sardinian" and the Dominion Liner "Vancouver." They left Quebec for Liverpool last Saturday within ten minutes of each other, and it is suspected that they are racing across the Atlantic.

A CIRCUS TENT at Barmen, in Germany, has been struck by lightning; four persons were killed, seven severely injured and many others slightly.

THE NUMBER OF SCIDES in the German Army has so largely increased that the Emperor has appointed a military commission to enquire into the cause.

A GREAT FLOOD at Julfa, a district in the centre of Persia, has destroyed the cotton crop and devastated the country.

A TERRIBLE COLLISION took place last Sunday night on the Mississippi, near St. Louis, between the steamers "Charles Morgan" and "Central City." The first of these had five hundred German excursionists on board; fortunately, it was the other steamer that sank, and all on board were rescued.

TWO HUNDRED and twenty-five dozen eggs were shipped from Cape Breton to Boston in fresh-cut grass a few days ago, and the grass "heated" and cooked the eggs; they were all condemned by the Inspector of Provisions upon arrival.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL in England has given judgment for Mr. McLaren in his action against the Canada Central Railway. Mr. McLaren is the well-known lumber merchant of Ontario, and he claimed \$100,000 for damage by fire, the fire being started by sparks from a Canada Central locomotive.

MAJOR-GENERAL MIDDLETON has arrived in Canada to be chief in command of the volunteer forces of the Dominion.

A VERY INTERESTING BOOK will soon be published by the United States Government. It consists of reports from the American consuls in all parts of the world, showing the condition of labor and laborers in the various countries. The leading trade organizations had petitioned the government to have these facts collected.

THE CORONER'S INQUEST upon the bodies of fifty-three persons killed in the Cincinnati riots is now ended. Captain Despard is found to have been killed by some unknown persons in the mob; one man accidentally shot himself; one was unlawfully shot by the militia on Sunday afternoon; and the other fifty were justly killed, as they did not obey the sheriff when he ordered them to disperse.

TWO AMERICAN LADIES have just climbed to the top of Popocatepetl, "the Smoking Mountain," in Mexico. This famous volcano is 17,540 feet high. It still smokes, but it has not been in eruption since 1540. The crater is three miles round, and a thousand feet deep.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND dollars worth of property, on the quays of Smyrna, Asia Minor, has been destroyed by fire.

EVERY YEAR the Swiss mountains produce a crop of fatal accidents. A few days ago a party of English tourists were climbing that King of the Alps, Mont Blanc, when an avalanche of snow came down the mountain side upon them, and one of their number was killed.

ADMIRAL EWART, who has just died in England, was an officer who received the thanks of the United States government for having twice helped Federal warships during the civil war in 1862.

THE POPE has issued a decree that the bishops need not denounce the secret societies for a year yet, so that the members will have time to resign their connection.

QUEEN VICTORIA has another great-grand son. Princess William, daughter-in-law of the Crown Prince of Prussia and of the Princess Royal of England, has presented her husband with a son.

DAVID YOUNG, a very successful counterfeiter of Canadian money, has been arrested at Brantford.

THE COD FISHERIES in the lower St. Lawrence have been very unsuccessful so far this year.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH annual shooting competition of the British volunteers has just opened at Wimbledon. Last year there were 2,450 competitors, but this year there are 3,000. The Martini-Henry rifle is the only one used. The prizes, without counting the value of the challenge cups, amount to \$46,000.

YELLOW FEVER is severe on the Pacific coast of Mexico.

THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE appointed last session to try the four men charged with attempting to bribe members of the Ontario legislature, has begun its work at Toronto.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is not going for a sail, as he intended. He will first visit General Sharp, and then spend some time among the Catskill Mountains.

A TELEGRAM from Albany says that six hundred workmen employed on the Capitol building have had to be discharged, because not enough money was voted for their wages.

A MAN NAMED JAMES WALKER, supposed to be a dynamiter, has been arrested at Glasgow. He tried to shoot and stab the police who made the arrest, and when overpowered he was found to have an American revolver and cartridges, besides papers giving the names of other supposed dynamiters.

THE AUTHORITIES of the Industrial Exhibition at Toronto are offering two valuable prizes for two pictures of the most beautiful living women in Canada. The names will only be placed on the winning portraits.

THE CUT-WORM has done much damage to the corn crop in Essex and Kent, Ont.

THE COMMISSIONERS who have been investigating a collision on the Rochester and Niagara Falls branch of the New York Central Railway, declare that the officials were guilty of a grave fault, in hiring a young boy as telegraph operator at Murray.

ANOTHER OF NEW YORK'S "fire-traps,"—commonly called tenement houses,—was burnt on Sunday morning. The flames burst out in the basement, and soon spread to all the four stories, filling the place with smoke. The house was crowded, and there was a terrible scene as the inhabitants, mothers, fathers and children, jumped or threw each other out of the windows. A number landed on an awning, but several were badly maimed. There is great indignation at the proprietor for not having provided fire escapes.

FATHER MARTINEAU, a French-Canadian priest, is becoming quite an apostle of temperance. He devotes ten months of the year to the work in Montreal, preaching in the various churches. During July and August he travels through the country on both sides of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Quebec. He is enthusiastically welcomed wherever he goes.

SOUNDS OF BATTLE.

FROM ALL OVER THE FIELD.

WELLINGTON AND GUELPH ENTERING THE LISTS—AN UNSUCCESSFUL INVASION OF GLENAGHRY—COUNCILS OF WAR—THAT FAMOUS PETITION—HOW BREWERS OBLIVIOUS "EXPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC OPINION."

ENTERING THE LISTS.—The most important piece of news in this week's *War Notes* is that a county convention at Fergus has unanimously resolved, by a standing vote, after hearing reports from all sections, to enter on a Scott Act campaign in Wellington and Guelph. A central organization was formed, and the agitation is to be at once begun. The hotel-keepers showed themselves in their true colors, by refusing to accommodate delegates to the convention. Taxes were not allowed to suffer, however, being hesitatingly cared for by the good people of Fergus. The Guelph Christian Temperance Club, after conferring, has expressed the opinion that the people of the city are prepared to adopt the Scott Act.

MR. MCGANNON and MR. LEE,—the one a liquor seller, the other a paid employee of the liquor sellers,—have been attempting Glenagarry in the interests of the trade; nominally, of course, in the interests of "temperance." The result has been most cheering—to everybody but Messrs. McGannon and Lee and their friends. Their own meetings went against them, and sometimes they could not even get a chairman. The Rev. Neil McKay, of Prince Edward Island, has spoken or preached twelve times here, giving facts about the working of the Scott Act. The anti-Scott Act leaders admit that Glenagarry will give more than five hundred majority for the Act, and Glenagarry means to poll every vote and get a majority of a thousand!

COUNTY CONVENTIONS at Carleton Place, for Lanark, and at Paris, for Brant, have unanimously pledged themselves in support of the Scott Act in those counties.

HALTON.—The petition for a new vote on the Scott Act in this county, which has been going round for signatures ever since the Act was first brought in, has at last come to light. About twenty percent of the signatures are valid; names are repeated over and over again; names are on it of men who have been dead, or out of the country, nearly two years; the same names are on the lists of two or three different municipalities; names of municipal voters are also on it; and of those who remain, there are many who will now vote against repeal. And this, the Halton *News* exclaims, is the precious petition the people of Canada have heard so much about, that indicates a change of sentiment in this county upon the Scott Act!

IN LAMBTON, one of the largest and most harmonious conventions ever held there has decided to submit the Scott Act to a vote in that county about the 15th of February next. The petition for the Scott Act in Peel is to-day deposited in the Sheriff's office. Peel, Dufferin and Elgin are expected all to vote about the same time.

VOTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Mr. King Dadds was the chief speaker at a Catholic picnic at Pickering, and got a vote against the Scott Act of 750 to 50. This has caused some surprise. It now turns out that every ten cents contributed gave the donor the right to one vote, and of the 750 votes against the Scott Act 600 were cast by a single purse of \$50, subscribed by four or five brewers and liquor merchants who accompanied Mr. King Dadds from Toronto!

"WAR NOTES," the most effective campaign weapon, a fighting newspaper, is published at Montreal every week for circulation over the whole Dominion. Send one dollar, and you will have twenty copies sent you every week for six months.

BATTLE WON, BUT NOT OVER.—At a grand temperance picnic near Woodstock, Oxford county, the chairman announced that he had received a letter from Bishop Baldwin, of Huron, expressing profound sympathy with the cause of temperance and prohibition. A message from the Rev. G. L. McKay, D. D., our great Canadian missionary in the island of Formosa, China, was also read. It was this: "Grand for dear old Oxford! What a victory! Shout it, swell it, roll it, until my native land will break the chains that bind her, and stand free!" Oxford people thoroughly recognize that their work has only begun with the adoption of the Scott Act, and they are thoroughly determined to make the Act work. The Scott Act came into force in Yorkmouth county, Nova Scotia, on June 23.

PESH.—The next Scott Act Convention will be held in Stratford on the 15th July at 10 a.m. The secretaries of the various municipalities are requested to forward their petitions with a voters' list to the county secretary, Rev. A. F. Tully, Mitchell, Ont.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, speaking at a meeting in London in favor of emigration, said—"town workers are not required; country workers are." That gives the whole situation in a few words.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY, an eloquent American who has for some years been trying to make Englishmen turn against all their old forms of religious belief, is going to return to America.

THE STORY OF COLUMBUS.

We are never tired of reading or hearing the stories of great men who have faithfully served their generation. It matters not how far distant may be the age in which they lived, or how different from our own the manners of the people amongst whom they grew up, there is a perpetual beauty, freshness, and pathos about their lives of which we never weary.

Such are our feelings as we turn to the story of Christopher Columbus. We know but little of the early life of the great navigator who added the knowledge of a new hemisphere to our globe; but that little is extremely interesting. He is supposed to have been born at Genoa about the year 1436. The discoverer of America, and the most illustrious example perhaps on record of what may be achieved by a settled purpose in life, could not boast of wealthy parentage. Like many other men of genius he was born poor, and grew up in straitened circumstances. He received but a few educational advantages from his father, who was a woolcomber, working hard for his daily bread. At an early age, however, Christopher revealed proofs that he had been endowed with mental gifts of no common order. He could very soon read and write, and while quite a child showed considerable skill in drawing, painting, and arithmetic. As he grew up and attended the great school of learning in Pavia, his love for these studies increased, and he also took a decided interest in geometry and astronomy.

When he had learnt all that he could in the school at Pavia, Christopher had to look around him and answer the questions, "What are you going to be? By what means do you intend to earn your bread?" He made answer by going to sea when he was little more than fourteen years of age.

We cannot follow him as he sailed from port to port in the Mediterranean, in a craft in which no man in his senses would now like to venture. We have hints that his early life was passed in the midst of dangers and difficulties which would not be without their compensating brightness and pleasure to a youth of daring spirit. But we are told that he was not overcome by circumstances, and that he contended successfully against being degraded and drawn down by the brutish, and vitiated superstitious, mariners of the fifteenth century.

At Lisbon, in 1470, we find Christopher Columbus settled and married, and constructing maps and charts to support his family. Here he seems first to have conceived the notion, which soon became one of the firmest of convictions, that there was land to the westward. This idea he was destined, after long years of disheartening effort, to establish as a fact. He was now in the prime of life, tall, muscular, and of commanding aspect. We first find Columbus propounding his settled and cherished conviction before the Court of the King of Portugal. He gave the leading grounds of his belief in the existence of an undiscovered country in the Western Ocean, and asked for the means of ascertaining the truth of it. King John referred the scheme to a number of nautical and scientific men, who all decided against it. The monarch, however, believing perhaps that there was something in it, secretly despatched a vessel to examine the route detailed by Columbus, and to report thereon. The pilots sent out were too timid to diverge far from the accustomed track, and they soon returned to Lisbon only to throw ridicule on the whole project.

Had Columbus been a half-hearted man he would have been overwhelmed by the contempt which now assailed his idea; he was not, however, to be daunted, and he determined to try to get support elsewhere. Taking with him his motherless little boy, Diego, he secretly left Lisbon and made his way to his native state, Genoa. But with

no greater success! He explained his scheme as he had done before the Court of Portugal, stating it as his firm conviction that there was land to the westward and priceless riches for all who would be bold enough to discover this land. In reply the public laughed at him, and treated his idea as the silly project of a visionary brain. Disappointed, but nothing daunted, he next went to the Venetians, and from them he received similar treatment.

And now indeed it seemed as if it were no longer any use to persevere, and that it would be better to relinquish the idea of planting his foot upon those shores, which as yet appeared to exist but in his own imagination. He was inspired, however, to

seven years of hope deferred, during which Columbus had applied to other courts, but with no better success. At length, in 1492, under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella, after these seven years of waiting, he was permitted to make trial of his frequently proposed scheme. Three small vessels, only one of which was decked, were placed under his command; with these, and one hundred and twenty men, he set out on his voyage of discovery when he was nearly fifty-six years old.

He had no sooner set sail than he discovered that he was the only man who had any faith in the enterprise. The sailors were sceptical and timid, and, as they sailed over unknown seas, soon began to give vent to

varied instrument and a branch of a tree filled with red berries. Soon after the grey arose, "Land! Land!" There was land indeed; Columbus had been no dreamer, and, in the course of two or three days, he landed on the island St. Salvador, in the Bahamas!

We cannot pause to tell of his triumphant feelings, or to follow him as he proceeded on his voyage of discovery. After discovering several other of the West India Islands, he set sail again for Spain. It was in the month of April, 1493, we are told, and a fine spring morning, that Columbus entered Barcelona. On the city walls and house-tops waved clouds of banners and ensigns, and every ship in harbor was dressed with flags from stem to stern. Columbus marched through the street surrounded by more than royal pomp. The procession at last arrived at the palace, where Ferdinand and Isabella awaited the triumphant voyager. Surrounded by a brilliant crowd of Spanish knights, the grey-haired Columbus entered. The sovereigns rose up to receive him, and a murmur of applause burst from the crowd. Columbus bent the knee before the throne, but Isabella bade him rise, and having kissed the hands of their highnesses, he took his seat among the nobles. He then gave an account of the most important events of his voyage, exhibited his maps, with the gold, the spices, and other productions of the countries he had discovered, and declared that all this was but the harbinger of still greater marvels.

After having been thus triumphantly received by Court and people, Columbus in the autumn of the same year again set sail on a second expedition, and during this voyage he discovered the Caribbe Islands and Jamaica. During a third voyage he discovered Trinidad and landed at Paris, on the coast of South America.

One would like, after thus recounting the splendid services which Columbus had rendered, to see him spending a calm, green old age. This, however, was not to be, and the old man's last days were embittered by treachery and injustice. He died in poverty at Valladolid, May 20th, 1506. Biography, it has been well said, furnishes no parallel to the life of Columbus. Great men there have been who have met with disappointment and injustice; but there is perhaps no other instance of a great man whom disappointment and injustice did not dishearten and disgust; who had his greatness recognized and in his lifetime, and yet was robbed of the emolument it entitled him to, and who, after his death, had the honor he had so hardly won conferred upon another. His life, nevertheless, is one eloquent commentary upon the success which crowns singleness of purpose.—*Family Friend.*

WE ALL PAY.—Eli Perkins shows how even the very best temperance men are financial sufferers, if nothing more, by the existence of the drink traffic. He says: "I paid \$425 taxes on my New York house last year. What was this tax used for? It was to govern a city where three-fourths of the arrests were made on account of drunkenness. I can govern myself, but I have to pay \$425 a year to be protected from the criminal classes, made criminal through rum."

CURRIED SARDINES.—Take a box of sardines and drain off all the oil into a frying-pan. Add to this a dessert-spoonful of curry powder, previously mixed with cold water. Thicken the oil with a little arrow-root, previously mixed with water. As soon as the curry and oil make a sauce about as thick as good melted butter, the sauce is ready. Pour this over the sardines and place them in the oven long enough for them to get heated through. When quite hot, serve with slices of toast.



COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA.
(After a Drawing by Sir John Gilbert.)

make yet one effort more before relinquishing his hope, and this time he turned his steps towards Spain.

Columbus first appeared before the Minister Mendoza, and shortly after was introduced to the far-famed Ferdinand and Isabella. Ferdinand, while he appreciated the character of Columbus, would not immediately commit himself to his scheme. It seemed so visionary; there might be something in it; if, were so, a council of astronomers and geographers would be the most fitting to decide.

The council met at Salamanca, but did not entertain his notion, rather throwing ridicule upon it.

Seven long, weary years passed away,

their fears, and, when these were unavailing, to threaten mutiny. Columbus did his best to quell the discontent of his crew, but to little purpose. At length, after a voyage of sixty days, the sailors began to look at each other with wonder, and to look at Columbus with mysterious dread! For strange birds began to settle on the rigging of the ships, and every now and then plants and pieces of driftwood were seen floating on the sea. These things all betokened that they were nearing a country of some kind, and that the dream of Columbus' life was perhaps about to be fulfilled! At last when every heart was beating with excitement, a sailor who was leaning over the side of the vessel fished up a curiously-car-

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WHAT'S THE GOOD OF IT?

Jack Thornbury was lying in one of the beds of a hospital ward, and he had been there for seven weeks. He was taken to it with a broken leg, an injured rib, and a badly-cut face, and on becoming aware of his condition had the vexation of knowing that these injuries were not met with in the fulfillment of his duty, nor brought about by any useful deed or generous effort to help himself or any one else, but were simply owing to a fall over a doorstep and an iron scraper as he was walking home with very uncertain steps after a "jolly" evening at "The Black Lion."

He was getting well now, and was allowed visitors, and by the side of his bed was sitting Henry Graham, a man employed in the same warehouse as Thornbury, but a very quiet fellow, who kept himself to himself more than was liked by the men in general. He was not popular with them, as a consequence, although they could but respect what they knew of his character, and it was evident that their employer put considerable confidence in him. He had never been more with Thornbury than their work in the same warehouse made necessary, but he had come to see him in the hospital several times, much to Thornbury's surprise, and showed more kindly feeling and geniality than Jack thought was in him, for he seemed a reserved, silent sort of individual.

"You'll soon be out and about again now," he told Jack, cheerily.

"I hope so," said Thornbury; "I'm pretty well tired of being here, I can tell you; and it is worse a great deal for the wife than for me. I haven't been much good to her, though she's been the best of wives to me. I couldn't keep myself from thinking about it while I've been here, and I've seen sometimes the look that used to be on her face when I came home of a night. I didn't think of it then, didn't notice it particularly, and she never said much. But that sort of thing won't go on any more."

"That's right; I'm glad to hear you say so," said Graham; "and I can't help saying, for you won't take it ill, I know, Thornbury, there's one matter would help you mightily; sign the pledge, man, and cut the old shop altogether."

"That's it, Graham; I've done it already."

"Done it!"

"Yes; I've seen it all clearer since I've been away from the public and forced to lie still all day, and I got the doctor—that young chap, Dr. Page, he's one of the right sort, he is—to bring me a pledge card; I've got it here beside me. And I said to myself, 'If, please God, I put on my jacket again'—for I was pretty bad then—there shall be a bit of blue on it, and on it that bit of blue shall stop."

Graham took his hand.

"You're a regular good chap," he said, heartily; "I'll do all I can to help you, for maybe it'll be a bit of a wrench at first. Perhaps the blue may help you too."

Thornbury smiled rather grimly.

"I've had pretty sharp teaching, Graham; I shan't forget it for a good while. No, I don't put on the ribbon for myself altogether, though I know it will be a reminder; but, besides that, there may be a few other fellows want a hand. You don't know who they are and you can't say anything, but you can show a bit of color that's like telling, 'I'm trying it on too; come along with me.'"

Graham made no reply.

"Look here, Graham," Thornbury went on, "This here's the truth. You don't know much about me, but you know very well I haven't always gone on as straight as I ought to have, and sometimes I've felt it and I've thought if I could break it off all at once like with some other chap, I'd do it; but to stand out when a pot of beer was in the way seemed like setting oneself up, or else like saying one daren't touch a drop for fear of taking too much."

"You could have done it easy enough if you'd once set your mind on it."

"Maybe, but I don't know; one doesn't like not to do as the rest do. If two or three more had joined me, just for company, and to have jogged one another on, well and good. But I couldn't begin; they'd have only grinned and said 'I was joking, and laughed me out of it, for you see I wasn't such a quiet, steady-going chap as you.'"

"Well," said Graham, "why didn't you

join in with me? I'm a teetotaler, you know."

"You don't mean that, never!"

"What, didn't you know? I've been one these three years!"

"Didn't I know? Man alive, how was I to know! You kept so silent and apart-like, and didn't seem to belong to us; never said nothing, and never gave us a chance of knowing anything about you. You never drank in the warehouse, that's true, but I thought that might be to get on with the governor, and we couldn't tell what you did at home or of evenings."

Graham winced slightly.

"I'm not a man for talking, you see, Thornbury. I didn't want to interfere with anybody else; it didn't seem as if I could do any good by it; I'm no speaker."

"But look here, said Jack, "if you've taken the pledge, why don't you wear the blue ribbon?"

"Well, I don't care to make a fuss, or, as you were saying, set myself up."

"Yourself! No; but you needn't have been ashamed of setting up your pledge."

"Nobody can say I'm ashamed of my pledge," said Graham, rather ruffled. "If anybody asks me, I tell him I'm a teetotaler, and I'm proud of the fact; but there's no good in a scrap of blue ribbon. What's the use of it?"

"There's this good in it," answered Thornbury, "and you'll see the sense of it, quicker than what I did: that if you had worn it I shouldn't have been here to-day. If I'd seen your bit of blue every day there'd have been a bit on me long ago; it would have said to me what you never said yourself."

"How could I tell?" began Graham.

"Of course you couldn't tell. You thought I was a bad lot; but I'd have known, and that bit of blue would have found me out. You've done a good thing for yourself, I daresay, by being an abstainer."

"I know that," said Graham.

"But I can't help looking at my side," said Thornbury; "I shouldn't have had a broken leg, and I shouldn't have lost seven weeks' wage, and a good deal besides that I can't reckon up, if you had been wearing the blue ribbon."

"My wife shall put it on for me this very day," answered Graham.

She did, and he wears the blue to this day, and so does Jack; but if you go to Messrs. Parkins and Morgan's warehouse you won't find them by their blue ribbons, for there are half a dozen other bits of blue there now.—*British Workman.*

TWO WAYS OF DOING.

One of the heroic tract distributors we sometimes meet in the cars shuffles his tracts, glances around at his fellow-travellers, and at last hands a certain tract to one individual, a second to another, and a third to still another. Each recipient looks at the title, and at once begins to inquire, "Why did that man give this particular tract to me? Does he think I need a sermon on that topic? There is no appropriateness about it. What a nuisance these tracts are!" And the man throws it down or thrusts it into his pocket with a feeling of antagonism. He may get good from it yet, but he will be much more likely to do so if we do not first make it repulsive to him.

Suppose, instead of this, a man meets a group of his neighbors, and says: "There is so much profane swearing in this community that I am actually afraid for my boys, and I have been studying up what can be done about it. How do you think it would do to give out this tract to everybody? It will rouse the Christians to notice the prevalence of the sin, and perhaps set them to work to reprove it. It will help make habitual swearers think when they utter an oath, it will make Sunday school teachers talk to their classes about it, and it will rouse up the conscience of the entire community if it is thoroughly distributed. Just look it over, and tell me what you think of its appropriateness; for it seems to me something ought to be done."

So he begins his distributing then and there, and perhaps gains their co-operation, and goes on with equal common sense through the rest of it, talks about it in the papers, prays about it, perhaps secures a sermon on the subject, and so makes tract distribution successful, not for its own sake, but as a help in driving out sin and wickedness.—*Christian Advocate.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From *Peloubet's Select Notes*)
July 27.—2 Sam. 9: 1-13.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. "Cast thy bread upon the waters." Some years ago the scholars in a Philadelphia Sunday school contributed for the support and education of a girl in a mission school in Syria. This is just the kind of work that the scoffers—especially the stingy scoffers—are in the habit of making sport of; this asking children to give their pennies for some far-off, vague, and possibly useless missionary enterprise. But, the money was faithfully applied,—as money is more likely to be through a missionary society than through a bank,—and the Syrian girl was educated. She married a Syrian Christian, and the young couple went on missionary service up the Nile. When the recent uprising in Egypt came, these Christian workers, with many others, were hurried down the Nile and over to Malta. While huddled there with the seething mass of refugees, those homeless Christians asked themselves to whom they could turn for help or sympathy. The strongest tie of earth was to them the blood-tie of Christianity. Their nearest friends in that hour of need were those far-off Philadelphia Christians with whom they were one in Christ. So uninvited and unadvised they started over the sea to England, and thence over the ocean to America. Utter strangers in this land, they here patiently sought out their way to the superintendent of that Sunday school, and when they found him they said they were sure he had not lost his interest in them, and now they were ready to take his counsel as to their better course of future action. The next Sunday the two Syrians were in the Philadelphia Sunday-school; and one who had been a scholar there said he had never before so realized the truth of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*S. S. Times.*

II. The need of friends.

The man who has a thousand friends
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has one enemy
Will meet him every where.—*R. W. Emerson.*

PRACTICAL.

1. The true spirit of friendship seeks out occasions for kind offices.
2. It is good sometimes to bethink ourselves whether there be any promises or engagements that we have neglected to make good.—*Henry.*
3. Treat orphans as a father, and thou shalt be the son of the Most High (Eccles. 4: 10).
4. Children may reap where their parents have sown.
5. He that watereth shall be watered also himself (Prov. 11: 25).
6. "For Jonathan's sake" illustrates for us the meaning of the words "For Christ's sake," and "In His name."

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.

This favorite tea-cake is made out of layers of short cake, made in the usual manner, and sweetened with strawberries. The short-cakes, are baked in pie-plates, and should be about half an inch thick when done. As soon as they are taken from the oven they should be split, and buttered generously while hot. The strawberries should have been previously hulled, mashed smooth with a silver fork, and made very sweet, a little cream mixed with them being a great improvement. For seven or eight persons the following proportions would answer:

Short-Cake.—One quart of sifted flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one even teaspoonful of soda, or two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a quarter of a pound of butter and lard, and a half-pint of milk.

Layers of Strawberries.—One quart of fresh, ripe strawberries, one teaspoonful of white sugar, and one gill of cream.

Arrange the layers thus: First on a large dish or plate put the split half of a short-cake, the buttered side up, then cover it completely with a layer of the prepared strawberries, then another cake, buttered side up, until the pile is complete, when the crust side should be on top, dotted over with fresh whole berries, sprinkled thickly with fine granulated sugar. A small glass of rich milk completes the feast.

NOBLE PRENTISS AND THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

BY REV. E. FAYSON HAMMOND.

In Lawrence, Kan., Mr. Noble Prentiss attended the union meetings for the purpose of reporting them for a paper of which he was one of the editors. He listened attentively to the sermons, and wrote excellent reports of the meetings, but was entirely unmoved himself.

One day as he was passing out of the church during the inquiry meeting, a beautiful little crippled child, with large black eyes, lifted up her finger, as she stood exactly in front of him, and said, "Mr. Prentiss, won't you come to Jesus and be a Christian?" He tried to evade her question and pass on. But still she hedged up his way and with tearful eyes pressed him with questions still more pointed. At last he was also forced to promise her that he would be a Christian. That promise was faithfully kept. Mr. Prentiss not only became a Christian, but a most active one. He was a man of fine ability, well known in the region, able at once to command the attention of any audience, but he was sadly addicted to strong drink. After this great change, he went from town to town and city to city, addressing large numbers. I have no doubt that many, by his earnest words, were led to Christ. God grant that this fact may be the means of leading some to realize the great influence which converted children may exercise in winning souls to Christ. And may this truth, brought home by the Spirit of God, act as a stimulus to labor more earnestly in the Sabbath-school, by the fireside, and everywhere, for immediate salvation of the children.

Question Corner.—No. 14.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BIBLE SCENE.

Lo, a multitude rejoices,
And the sound of happy voices
Rings through all the startled air,
While in solemn, slow progression
Winds along a grand procession,
Cymbals clash and trumpets blare.
Who is this with flowing drapery
Like the far clouds, white and vapory?
Who is this that leads the band?
In his earnest gaze upturning
Light of sacred joy is burning,
As he dances, harp in hand,
Thus with sounds of sacred pleasure,
Bringing home a priceless treasure,
Comes the goodly company,
One in heart, Jehovah praising,
Loud thanksgivings to him raising,
For his mercies large and free.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. O prophet, vexed about so small a thing!
2. This prophet did of Edom's future sing.
3. Fifth book in Scripture—last of Pentateuch.
4. *Unrighteous man*, O hear the strange rebuke!
5. Who, in the place of *this*, a scorpion gives!
6. Rescued by Christ to praise Him while *she* lives.
7. Now Israel's deliverer is *he*.
8. *This* do thou in the Lord; wait patiently.
9. The Spirit and the Bride say *one sweet word*.
10. A patriarch's best name given by the Lord.
11. Lo, in the midst of *this*, I see four men.
12. Through thy quick death, the king hath sinned again.
13. *This royal beast* obeyed God's stern behest,
Slaying the man, though not by hunger prest.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 12.

1. Egypt. They stayed there until the death of Herod. Matt. 1: 18, 19.
 2. Of John the Baptist. Matt. 3: 3.
 3. Behold I send my messenger and he shall prepare the way before me. Malachi 3: 1.
 4. Isaiah 63: 31.
- BIBLE RIDDLE.—Elijah. He was taken up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. 1 Kings 17: 1, 24.
- CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
- Correct answers have been sent by Jennie E. Hall, Wm. Traquair, A. E. Dodge, Hugh Patton, Janet Patton, Amanda E. Campbell and Bella F. Christie.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON IV.

July 27, 1884. (2 Sam. 9: 1-13) KINDNESS TO JONATHAN'S SON.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 6, 7.

1. And David said, Is there yet any that is left of the house of Saul, that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake? ... 2. And there was of the house of Saul a servant whose name was Ziba. And when it was called him unto David, the king said unto him, Art thou Ziba? And he said, Thy servant is he.

3. And the king said, Is there not yet any of the house of Saul, that I may show the kindness of God unto him? And Ziba said unto the king, Jonathan hath yet a son, which is lame on his feet.

4. And the king said unto him, Where is he? And Ziba said unto the king, Behold, he is in the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel, in Lodbar.

5. Then King David sent, and fetched him out of the house of Machir, the son of Ammiel, from Lodbar.

6. Now when Mephibosheth, the son of Jonathan, the son of Saul, was come unto David, he fell on his face, and did reverence. And David said, Mephibosheth. And he answered, Behold thy servant!

7. And David said unto him, Fear not: for I will surely shew thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake, and will restore thee all the land of Saul thy father: and thou shalt eat bread at my table continually.

8. And he bowed himself, and said, What is thy servant, that I should look upon such a dead dog as I am?

9. Then the king called to Ziba, Saul's servant, and said unto him, I have given unto thy master's son, all that pertaineth to Saul and to all his house.

10. Then therefore, and thy sons, and thy servants shall till the land for him, and thou shalt bring in the fruits of the land; and Jonathan's son shall eat bread at my table: for Jonathan thy master's son shall eat bread always at my table. Now Ziba had fifteen sons and twenty servants.

11. Then said Ziba unto the king, According to all that my lord the king hath commanded his servant, so shall thy servant do. As for Mephibosheth, said the king, he shall eat at my table, as one of the king's sons.

12. And Mephibosheth had a young son, whose name was Micaiah. And all that dwell in the house of Ziba were servants unto Mephibosheth.

13. So Mephibosheth dwelt in Jerusalem: for he did eat continually at the king's table; and was lame on both his feet.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."—Prov. 7: 10.

HOME READINGS.

- M. 2 Sam. 9: 1-13. Kindness to Jonathan's Son.
P. Prov. 27: 1-12. "Forsake Not."
W. 1 Sam. 18: 1-17. David and Jonathan.
Th. 1 Sam. 20: 1-17. Jonathan's Love for David.
F. 2 Sam. 1: 17-27. David's Lament for Jonathan.
Sa. Prov. 17: 1-17. Born for Adversity.
S. John 15: 1-16. His Life for His Friends.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Jonathan's Friendship Remembered. 2. His Son Honored for his sake.—Jerusalem. Time.—B.C. 1040. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

1.-V. 1. FOR JONATHAN'S SAKE—his love for David as his king. V. 2. FEAR NOT—David remembers. Jonathan had been dead not less than fifteen years when David made this inquiry. ... THE KINDNESS OF GOD—such as God shows. (See 1 Sam. 20: 1-17.) MACHIR—afterward a useful friend to David. 2 Sam. 17: 27. LODBAR—a town in Gilead not far from Mahabaneh.

11.-V. 6. FELL ON HIS FACE—in reverence to David as his king. V. 7. FEAR NOT—David relieves his fear by promising him kindness and the restoration of the landed property of his grandfather. THOU SHALT EAT BREAD—he takes his friend's son into his family, adopts him as his own. V. 8. A DEAD DOG—contemptible worthless. V. 9. ZIBA—he probably lived on the land now restored to Mephibosheth, and David commissioned him to cultivate it for him. V. 10. FOOD—means to support his family. V. 13. DWELT IN JERUSALEM—in honor as one of David's household. LAME—see 2 Sam. 4: 4.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That we should search out opportunities of doing good.
2. That we should perform all the duties of friendship.
3. That we should not forget the children of those whom we have loved.
4. That we should show our love by our deeds.
5. That our kindness to others should be ordered according to God's kindness to us.

THE DUKE OF NASSAU, whom the Germans want to get on the throne of Holland when the present King dies, is sixty-seven years old. However, he has just undergone a serious operation. For several years he has been almost blind; Professor Horner, of Switzerland, has operated on his eyes so that the Duke says he can see as well as when he was a young man.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, July 16, 1884.

Notwithstanding the fact that crop prospects of the world over have improved during the week, since our last report the grain markets of Great Britain show some improvement, being rather more active at a very slight advance in price. This is owing no doubt to the large and rapid decrease in the quantity of grain in sight, which on this continent alone is over three million bushels less than last week and nearly four millions of bushels less than at the same time last year. It is to be expected therefore that the improvement will only prove temporary, and that with the plentitude caused by a large new crop in case prospects are fulfilled, there will be a more than corresponding decline in price.

The Chicago market, where grain for future delivery is largely dealt in, the course of values shows clearly the temporary character of the improvement, as the advance confined only to July and August options, September, October and year being slightly lower than last week. The quotations for new wheat in Chicago to-day were 81c July, 82c August, 83c September and 84c October. Corn is quoted at 51c Aug, 51c September and 50c October.

The local grain market remains dull and stagnant, and no change can be reported either in business or in prices. Our quotations are slightly lower than last week for some of the lower grades. The following are the quotations:—White Winter Wheat \$1.08 to \$1.15; Red do, \$1.14 to \$1.17; Canada Spring, \$1.14 to \$1.16; Peas, 91c per 66 lbs.; Oats, 40c per 33 lbs.; Barley, and Rye nominal.

FLOUR.—There has been little change in the market since this day last week. The city and export trade continues dull and stagnant.

The demand from the country has improved somewhat but is still very limited, being confined mostly to Superior Extras and to Extra Superfine. Superiors are not held in large quantities, but the demand is so small that a scarcity in spite of small stocks cannot be said to exist. The quotations are:—(Strong Bakers,) \$6.25 to \$6.65; Superior Extra, \$5.35; to \$5.45 Extra Superfine, \$4.90; to \$5.00; Fancy, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Spring Extra \$4.20 to \$4.35; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.45; Strong Bakers', Can., \$4.75 to \$5.00; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.25 to \$5.60; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.10; Middlings, \$2.90 to \$3.00; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (included) Medium, \$2.25 to \$2.35; Spring Extra, \$2.15 to \$2.20; Superfine, \$1.65 to \$1.75; City Bags, (delivered,) \$2.80.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter. The market continues extremely dull and apathetic and prices are more or less nominal. We quote:—Creamery, 18c to 19c; Eastern Townships, 15c to 16c; Western, 12c to 14c. Cheese.—The sudden advance of half-crown in Liverpool last Friday sent cheese up here, and it has been selling as high as 9c. Though the cable advanced another sixpence to-day to 49c 6d the excitement seems to have subsided and prices now range between 8c to 9c as to quality. Last week's exports were Butter—1,022 pkgs; Cheese, 37,212 boxes.

HOG PRODUCTS.—A fair local demand prevails at rather lower prices. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$18.00 to \$19.25; Canada Short Cut, \$12.50; Hams, city cured, 14c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pails, western, 11c to 11c 1/2 do., Canadian, 10c to 10c; Tallow, refined, 6c to 7c as to quality.

ASHES.—This market is very unsettled. Quotations for pots are \$4.00 to \$4.10, as to tars. Pearls are \$5.15 to \$5.20 nom.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

The supply of butchers' cattle, sheep and lambs, is pretty large this week, but the quality is not so good as it might be, and prices are lower all round. The supply of stall fed heaves seems to be about exhausted and very few grassers are yet worth 5c per lb.; the average price of fair conditioned steers, oxen and fat cows, being about 4c per lb., while the leaner animals sell at from 3c to 3c 1/2 do. A number of small lean two-year-olds were recently sold on this market to farmers at from \$10 to \$12 per head, to be taken out to grass for two or three months more. The quality of the

sheep and lambs brought to market lately is not so good as in some former seasons, consequently superior lambs bring pretty high figures, although common and inferior mutton critters are pretty cheap. Sheep sell at from \$3.50 to \$6.50 each, and lambs at from \$2.00 to \$4.50 each. Live hogs sell at about 6c per lb., small lots of superior hogs bring 6 1/2 c do. The supply of milch cows is in excess of the demand and prices are declining. There is almost nothing being done in the horse market at present, owing to the absence of suitable horses offering.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Very few farmers are coming from any distance to the city, as they are busy at home saving their hay, but the farmers living near the city, and the market gardeners, are bringing large quantities of roots, green vegetables and cucumbers, which sell at pretty low rates. The supply of oats is small and prices are pretty high; new potatoes are abundant of good quality and very cheap for so early in the season, and the same may be said of green peas, green beans green onions and cabbages. There is a pretty large supply of poultry, especially fowls and spring chickens. The fruit market is well supplied with apples and tomatoes from the southern States and with home grown strawberries, and raspberries, currants and blueberries. The supply of butter is pretty large but prices seem to have touched bottom and have an upward tendency, and the same may be said of eggs. The supply of hay is rather small, and the prices are higher. Oats are \$1.05 per bag; peas \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bushel; new potatoes 50c to 80c do.; but butter 15c to 19c per lb.; eggs 16c to 25c per dozen; apples \$5 to \$7 per barrel; raspberries 90c per pail; currants 75c do.; strawberries 13c to 15c per quart box; hay \$6 to \$8 per 100 bundles.

NEW YORK, July 8, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat moderately active, 97c July; 97 1/2 August; 97 1/2 Sept; Corn, quiet; 60c July; 60 1/2 August; 60 1/2 September; and 60 1/2 Oct. Rye, slow, 70c to 70 1/2c. Oats more active, 35c July; 33c August and Oct. Barley nominal. Pease nominal.

FLOUR in moderate demand at firm prices. We quote:—Low Extras, \$3.20 to \$3.75; Spring wheat extra low shipping to choice clear \$3.20 to \$3.75; Winter wheat extra, inferior shipping to choice Family, \$5.50 to \$5.60. Family Extras, \$3.25 to \$5.60.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.35 to \$3.45 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS, unchanged. Clover 10c to 10 1/2c; Timothy, \$1.50 to \$1.70; Flaxseed \$1.60 to \$1.70.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Cheese is in fair demand, 8c to 9c; Butter in small demand at 18c to 22c.

EGGS, steady, 18c to 19c per dozen.

PROVISIONS.—Pork, Mess, old to new, \$15.50 to \$17.50; Beef, Extra, Mess, \$12.00; Lard \$7.70 to \$8.00.

EGYPTIAN AFFAIRS have been quiet this week, so far as we can hear. One despatch says there is no doubt that the Governor of Dongola has turned traitor; another despatch again contradicts the report. By his treaty with England, the King of Abyssinia is sending fifty thousand men against the rebels in the Soudan, and their first act will be to re-capture Kassala. The Emperor of Morocco, it is said, has sent an ambassador to the Madhi to have General Gordon rescued. If this is true, it probably means that the Sultan of Morocco wants to bribe England to defend his territory from covetous France. No decision has yet been reached by the conference sitting at London.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT took place on Wednesday at Penitence Junction, on the Manchester and Sheffield railway in England. An express train going at thirty-five miles an hour, ran into a freight car that had not been properly shunted, and was wrecked. Twenty persons were killed and forty wounded. Full details have not yet arrived.

A SON OF O'DONOVAN ROSSA has just landed in Ireland; he was searched, but nothing was found upon him. If the old wolf himself were to venture across the Atlantic, the people would not stop to search his pockets or baggage. They would know that his head was packed full of cowardly blood-thirstiness, and would probably knock a hole in his skull to let it out. The British are generally believed to hate the barbarous "Yankee notion" of Lynch Law. But there is a limit even to the patience of long-suffering John Bull, and the dynamite-chiefs would stand a poor chance of facing any court but that of Judge Lynch.

A SON OF the late Lord Lyttelton, a former Secretary of State for the Colonies, has married a daughter of Mr. Santley, the famous English singer.

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