

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger.

IMPORTANT JUDICIAL DECISION.

A famous lawsuit from Ontario has just been decided by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the highest court in the British Empire. The decision has a bearing upon the dispute regarding Provincial rights between the present Dominion Government and the present Ontario Government. One McLaren had property on a stream bearing the pretentious name of the "Father of Waters"—the Mississippi. One Caldwell had timber land farther up the stream, but when he wanted to float down his timber the man below said he could not without paying him just what he chose to charge him. The man above applied to the law to compel the man below to let his timber pass. A statute of 1859, of Upper Canada, said that if a riparian owner, or the owner of a river lot, builds a dam across a stream "down which timber is usually brought," he must construct an "apron" or "slide" big enough to let logs pass down the stream. It also provided that "all persons may float saw-logs and other timber, rafts and craft down all streams in Upper Canada during the spring, summer and autumn freshets." In the case in question the point was what sort of a stream was meant in the statute. It must have been what is known in law as a "floatable stream." In both the United States and Canada the practice had always been to regard a stream as floatable which in times of freshet and with artificial improvements would carry timber. A decision in Upper Canada in 1863, however, disturbed this view of the question by setting forth, to the advantage of a slide owner, that "all streams" in the statute meant "only such streams as in their natural state will, without improvements, during freshets, permit logs to be floated down them." With faith in that decision McLaren, the down-stream man, obtained an injunction from the Provincial Court of Chancery to restrain Caldwell, the up-stream man, from using the improvements on the Mississippi in its course through the former's territory. Appeal was taken by the up-stream man to the Supreme Court of Ontario, which reversed the Chancery judgment. Then the down-stream man appealed to the Supreme Court of the Dominion, which upheld his claim. At last the up-stream man went to the fountain-head of British justice, and has just obtained a decision in his favor carrying costs from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. This decision affirms the public's right to the use of all streams definable as "floatable" under the broadest possible construction. It is incidentally, also, a victory for Provincial rights as opposed to certain Federal claims. With the Caldwell-McLaren trouble in view the Ontario Government had a law passed called the "Streams Act," designed to regulate charges that riparian owners might make for improvements on streams, and to enable them to collect the tolls so established. This measure was disallowed by the Do-

minion Government as being an unconstitutional interference with private rights. But under the decision of the Privy Council owners of riparian improvements must suffer yet greater injury in the absence of any law to enable them to obtain any compensation for improvements. Therefore it is not likely that the Dominion Government will continue the struggle against the Provincial Government in this matter, more especially as only recently federal claims of exclusive authority in the matter of liquor licensing were overthrown by a decision of the Privy Council.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

The bill respecting the Central Ontario Railway passed after a protracted discussion.

Salaries of official reporters of the House debates were raised to \$2,000, and they are to be considered employed all the year round as well as during the session.

By a return brought down it appears the enormous quantity of 5,720 bottles, or 10½ barrels of sixty gallons each, of liquor was dispensed as "medicine," by "doctors' orders," in Halton county, where the Scott Act is in force, last year. We have no doubt the respectable portion of the inhabitants of Halton will take steps to prevent this species of evasion of the law by the connivance of dishonorable doctors and druggists.

An amendment to the weights and measures bill was passed, to compel persons packing meat, fruit or other articles of food to stamp on each package the weight of contents.

During the voting of supplies Sir Charles Tupper said a provisional arrangement had been made so that the contract for Pullman car service on the Intercolonial Railway should end in August, 1885. Mr. Mills complained of too many officials looking after the Indians in the North-West while the Indians were said to be dying of starvation.

Different labor organizations have been petitioning in favor of preventing Chinese immigration into Canada.

Mr. Macpherson moved the Senate into committee on the amendment to the Canada Temperance Act to provide against the obstruction to its working in counties that have adopted it in the Lower Provinces. The Act provided that it should be brought into force a certain time after the expiry of existing licenses in any constituency that adopted it. In none of the Nova Scotia counties, nor a number of the New Brunswick ones, had any licenses existed for years. On that account it was held that the Act could not as it stood be brought into force in those counties, and the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in a recent decision sustained this view. During the debate in the Senate Messrs. Dickey, Almon and Kaulbach, of Nova Scotia, distinguished themselves by bitter attacks upon the Act which has not failed to be carried by overwhelming majorities in every county in their Province where it has been submitted. Mr. Carvell, too, of Prince Edward Island, went against

the known sentiment of the respectable people of his Province by declaring that the state of things existing there since the introduction of the Scott Act was lamentably worse than ever before. He knows well enough, but it does not suit him to say, that there were ample reasons outside of the Act for its poor working in his Province up to a recent period. It cannot, either, be unknown to him that, notwithstanding the Act was not half enforced it yet had the result of reducing the consumption of liquor over the whole Island, as proved by Government returns, by one-third. Mr. Dickey tried to murder the Act by moving on a amendment that three-fifths instead of a majority of the votes polled, should be required to give effect to the Act. This was lost by a vote of 25 to 27. Then Mr. Almon moved in amendment that the dealing in ale, porter, lager beer, cider and light wines, containing not over 12 percent of alcohol, be exempt from the operations of the Act. This was a still more foul attempt upon the measure, and it met with a slightly heavier defeat, being rejected by a vote of 28 to 31. The main motion was then carried.

By the report of the Minister of Inland Revenue, out of 1,243 samples of food and drugs officially analyzed during the year, 303, or about 24 percent, were adulterated or doubtful. The largest adulteration was in spices, being 64 percent. Sugars were all found pure. The most dangerous adulteration was drugs, milk and liquor.

\$30,000 was voted to investigate the navigation of Hudson's Bay.

In the public accounts committee a lively discussion occurred over an item of \$65,000 paid during the year for labor about the grounds of the Parliament buildings. It is said that two thousand dollars would almost cover all the visible improvements made under the expenditure of the above large sum.

THE EGYPTIAN BUSINESS.

There is no recent fighting to report from the Soudan, but trouble seems to be storing up for the defenders of Khartoum. It was said a few days ago that the Government had advised General Gordon to evacuate Khartoum. The Haddendowa tribe, reinforced by survivors of Osman Digna's army, were investing Kassala a week ago from date, and later the rebels were reported to be massing at Shendy. Kassala is about midway between Khartoum and Massowah, the latter being on the Red Sea. A straight line east and west would run through the three cities. Khartoum is a little under, and Massowah a little over 200 miles from the central point, Kassala. Shendy is about a hundred miles in a straight line running north-east from Khartoum and a quarter of that distance more by the course of the Nile. Berber, along the same line and by the almost straight course of the Nile, is about a hundred miles below Shendy, which is therefore about midway between Khartoum and Berber. It will be seen by this that General Gordon is threatened from the north and the east by

more or less organized hostile forces. At last accounts there was telegraphic communication between Cairo, the Egyptian capital, and Berber, but no message could pass between the latter place and Shendy. It is said that Zobeir Pasha, who lately refused an offer of the Governorship of the Soudan, has offered to remain a hostage at Suakim for General Gordon and will send his son to extricate General Gordon if the Government restores to himself the property plundered from him. A report of the same date was to the effect that there was peace at Kassala and communication between it and the interior. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, organ of aristocratic Liberal sentiment in England, says Egyptian affairs are fast drifting into anarchy and through anarchy into annexation or war, or both. "England must undertake the administration of Egypt," it says, and, "It will be a terrific burden, but the country must shoulder it manfully." It urges the Government to assist General Gordon to establish at Khartoum an independent state under his sovereignty, and to tell him that "England no longer considers the Soudan a part of the Ottoman Empire." In the House of Lords Lord Granville said the Government was not prepared to send a military expedition for the relief of General Gordon, and that the latest advices from him were reassuring. In the Commons Lord Hartington said it was not advisable to state the measures contemplated by the Government for the defence of the Nile Provinces. Mr. Gladstone, although ill, won another great oratorical triumph in Parliament on Thursday of last week. Upon the Government taking up the franchise reform bill, the Conservatives brought forward a demand for more information about the Egyptian situation. Mr. Gladstone retorted in one of his most tremendous efforts, turning the defence of the Government into an attack upon the Opposition, which he charged with deliberate obstruction to public business by means of frivolous requests for explanations of the foreign policy. So great was the effect of the speech that arrangements planned by the Conservatives for a prolonged discussion of Egyptian affairs suddenly broke down, the debate collapsed and the reform measure was quietly proceeded with.

THIS PAPER

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THE POLICE MAGISTRATE of Toronto has committed for trial, on the charge of conspiracy to overthrow the Ontario Government, Wilkinson, Meek, Kirkland and Bunting. Kirkland fainted and was carried out of court.

TO THE LITTLE PENITENT.

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Dry thy tears, little one,
 Jesus is near thee,
 If thou wilt only call,
 He'll surely hear thee.

Art thou so grieved for sin?
 Jesus will pardon;
 Do not delay, my child,
 Lest thy heart harden.

Come to thy Saviour now,
 With humble spirit;
 Pleading no good in thee,
 Plead but his merit.

To him thy many sins
 Freely confessing,
 From his own hand receive
 Pardon and blessing.

Strive then to sin no more,
 On Christ depending
 For strength and comfort too,
 Till thy life's ending.

Then shalt thou surely know
 What peace he giveth
 Unto each little child
 Who for him liveth.

Now quickly dry thy tears,
 Since ever near thee
 Jesus, thy risen Lord,
 Waiteth to hear thee.

—Child's Paper.

MRS. EVERTS' GUESTS.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Miss Huldah Parsons sat bolt upright in a great red satin chair in her cousin's front parlor. She had just arrived and asserted herself, as it were. That is, the smart maid who opened the front-door, to find this sallow spinster in a clean gingham dress, lisle thread gloves, and a hand bag—the maid promptly informed her that “the lady of the house” was “engaged.”

“Very likely, but all the same she will see her own cousin, I imagine. You just run up stairs and tell her it is Huldah Parsons, and not the woman with a patent clothespin that you took me for,” and so saying, the newcomer had marched into the parlor to take down a pink fan that hung on the wall, and turn it from an ornamental to a useful purpose.

“I suppose how that girl thinks I am some poor relation come spicing. Nothing short of a gros-grain silk dress impresses such creatures.” “Well, Maria, how have you been this long spell?” she exclaimed aloud, rising to shake hands with an elegant little lady who glided in and greeted her warmly.

“I told our folks yesterday,” continued Huldah, “that I knew you’d get the ‘hyppo’ if you were staying here alone this summer, and that I must come and stir you up a little.”

Mrs. Everts sank into a great chair, folded her white hands over her soft black satin dress, and sighed. “I always like to see you Huldah! You are like a breeze from the salt water.”

“Thank you. Well, what is the news with you? How fine your grounds look. I declare, this is a splendid old mansion, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is too big. I wander about the great silent rooms, and sit down and cry from loneliness,” returned the lady, with a plaintive sort of fretfulness, and adding, “I would go away, but I am so tired of every place I have ever seen, and I have not the ambition to try anything new, my health is so delicate.”

“Got a good housekeeper?”

“Yes, a tiresomely perfect one.”

“What seems to all you?”

Leaning languidly back in her chair, Mrs. Everts who was very pretty in a faded way, began her long tale of “nervous prostration,” of “lassitude,” of “palpitations,” of “little appetite.” It was all told so elegantly, with such attention to details, that the narration suggested frequent repetitions.

Huldah Parsons listened calmly, but her secret comment was, “You would be a hearty, happy woman, Maria, if you had something to do and not much to do it with; a shiftless husband, say, and eight or

ten cantankerous children, would cure your ‘lassitude.’ You eat rich food and do no work, take no exercise, and think of yourself from dawn until dark. Ever since your old miserly tyrant of a husband left you this great fortune you have been cultivating misery. You have not got brains enough to strike out and amuse yourself. You are too old to lead the fashion. You are warm-hearted enough to be lonely. You are an object of pity, and I don’t envy you one bit. I get more happiness out of my six hundred a year than you out of your thousands. One thing I am glad of, you are pretty amiable, so I propose to take you in hand.”

This was what Huldah thought; what she said was this: “Cousin Maria, I only came to spend the day with you this time, but I am going to ask you a blunt question, and you must answer me sincerely. Do you want me to come and spend the summer with you, or to spend it here in this house? You can go away just the same and leave me.”

“I would like it ever so much, Huldah. Come this very week. I have often urged you to do it, you know,” said her cousin warmly. She enjoyed this energetic woman, who stirred ripples of pleasant excitement in any circle where she dropped.

“You say you have good servants?”

“Yes, too many of them; there is not work enough to go around.”

“Well,” said Huldah, with a peculiar smile, “I will come, and—well, the facts I want to entertain a few friends this summer, all quiet sort of people. Could they come here, if they never annoyed you? It would only make a little difference to the servants.”

Mrs. Everts looked surprised, perhaps just a trifle chagrined, but Huldah did not or would not notice it, and lunch was just then announced.

The dainty repast seemed wonderfully enjoyable to Huldah; she lingered admiringly over the pretty china, the fresh fruit, the luxury and comfort everywhere abounding. So new seemed her interest in matters that after that Mrs. Everts took her through the house, showing her cool, spacious chambers, lingering in cosy nooks at the end of wide halls where doors opened on balconies with lovely outlooks, or where, in quiet recesses, were books, pictures, and cabinets of curiosities. Then they wandered down and out into the garden, old-fashioned enough in plan to be delightful, with summer-houses, rows of white lilies, strawberry-beds, and rustic seats. Mrs. Everts put a gentle question or two about these “guests” of Huldah’s, but learned very little, only when the latter started for her home in the town forty miles away she said, “I shall come again in about a week.”

It was, however, two weeks before Mrs. Everts saw her cousin. One warm afternoon as the lady was peevishly reflecting that her horses ought to be driven, yet she did not want to ride, who should arrive but Cousin Huldah and such a quaint little old couple—French at that. The man had a pale, refined face, a tired droop to his shoulders when he was not talking with them after the manner of his race. Not a speck of dust adhered to his worn coat, and the air with which he led in his sweet, gray-haired little wife was worthy of a court presentation. This soft hair of hers was tucked under an ancient bonnet of well cleaned lace, her dress was very old and simple, but Mrs. Everts liked her manner, half timid, half excited.

When Huldah had them ensconced in one of the cool upper rooms to rest, she returned to her cousin, saying,

“He is really a learned man, and she is the gentlest little body you ever knew. He teaches everything that any pupil ever wants to learn, but it don’t pay; so she keeps house on nothing. About all they eat is potato flavored with some sort of green mint, or an egg when they get hungry enough to be reckless. I suppose they have shrivelled their poor foreign stomachs up so they can stand it, but when they were telling me they had not seen the country since they left France seventeen years ago, I felt so sorry. They won’t bore you. She sings and embroiders, and is happy as a bird if you give her a kind word. They are Christians—Huguenots.”

“Poor things, we will feast them,” said Mrs. Everts with ready sympathy, hurrying out in what was for her a remarkable way to assure herself that the supper would be abundant and very tempting. In the warm even-

ing they strolled about the perfumed garden and sat there until sunset, Mrs. Everts getting much interested in the Frenchman’s stories of his former life and his wife’s innocent comments. Next day the horses were well exercised in taking the little party around the beautiful country.

Huldah had invited the couple for a week, but two passed before Mrs. Everts had accomplished certain new purposes. First, she wanted delicately to transfer to the poorer lady a number of her garments, all good but laid aside; then she engaged her to do some silk embroidery at a price that seemed wonderfully large. Last of all, she drove out alone one day and secured ten new scholars for the teacher. Each would pay well for two French lessons a week.

“And you see, Huldah,” she explained, “his car fare here will not be much. I shall insist on his coming here to dinner, because I mean to go on with my own French. In this way I can often send his wife fruit and delicacies.”

Huldah clasped her hands in delight. She heard no more of Mrs. Everts’ “nervous prostration” in these days. For a little while they were alone. Then there arrived one morning a lively boy about eight years old and a blind young man. The older was a pupil in the asylum, friendless and poor, who had been ill with pneumonia. Huldah said he needed a “change,” so she nursed and petted him like a mother. He was a musical genius and brought rare tunes out of the grand piano always before shut and silent. The smaller boy had been asked for a special purpose disclosed by Huldah after this fashion:

“Tom is a bright boy, my brother’s youngest. There is plenty of good in him. I mean he shall remember almost every bit of this visit as delightful, but—I think likely I shall thrash him soundly before I get through with him.”

Seeing Mrs. Everts’ surprise, she explained,

“There are children who positively suffer for one well-conducted whipping when warning, reproof, and exhortation are to them like water on a duck’s back. Tom is affected in that way. Before he has been here a week he will richly deserve what he will receive.”

Very kind and very patient was Huldah with Master Tom, and that through the caper, until a certain day. Then he waxed so exceeding rebellious and impudent that even in amiable Mrs. Everts’ opinion he needed Huldah’s attentions. The result was entirely satisfactory. For the scuffling, red-faced, blatant chap, that had to be propelled up stairs, kicking all the way with apparently as many legs as a centipede (if a centipede ever kicks), this boy came down polite and meek, so that the coachman told the cook he seemed to have been converted. Tom departed in time with his blind mate, of whom he took excellent care.

A fortnight later, a little English girl with silky white hair and soft blue eyes, appeared among them like some sweet flower that had blossomed over night, and she made no more trouble than a flower. Every day Huldah dressed her in a dainty frock, and Mrs. Everts fancied she was the pet of well-to-do parents. Before she had been in the house a week everybody was won by her pretty ways. She pattered after the servants, telling them funny bits of news about the dog or the cat. She picked roach-bands to dock Mrs. Everts’ hair, and tickled her with soft kisses in her neck. Greatly surprised was the lady to learn that Mrs. Molly was motherless and homeless, cared for by charity until she should be old enough to “bind out.”

“She came off a good stock,” sighed Huldah; “I knew her family well—poor thing!”

“Well, you had better keep the child here as long as you stay yourself,” returned Huldah’s cousin. “She costs no more than a canary bird.”

So Molly stayed, and filled the house with the silvery echo of her childish voice.

“I suppose, Cousin Maria, it is not very modest in me,” said the spinster a while after that conversation, “but there is a person I would like to invite here, only you will not approve of her, as you have approved of the others, perhaps.”

“Well, I must say, Huldah, that you have chosen all your guests, so far, more for the good they could get, than the pleasure they would give you, but I am satisfied if you are. Who is next?”

“A shop-girl from Grierson’s Bazaar.

She may come dressed in the extreme of the fashion, as far as she can attain to it on five dollars a week after paying her board. She will wear ‘dollar-store’ jewellery and giggle a good deal, but I want a chance for long talks with her,” continued Huldah, her face glowing earnest. “She is a good girl, affectionate and sensible as young girls go, but I have been watching, and I fear she will get demoralized. She is only one of the great army of pretty-faced, pure-minded young things that get pushed out early to earn their own living. She stands all day in the foul air of that bazaar, has no healthy exercise, no proper food, learns nothing to make her better or more useful as a woman. There are other good girls there, doubtless, but there are more bad ones, unless their painted faces belie their character. So I am sure the moral atmosphere can not be pure. Jenny has been in my Sunday-school class and she likes me. If I had her in this quiet place I could make her see some things clearly, make her think for the future.”

“But when she went back how would she be bettered?”

“I want her never to go back. If she would overcome her vanity, throw away her cheap finery, buy stout calico dresses, and go into some nice farmer’s family to do housework, she could have wholesome food, sweet, clean surroundings, helpful friends, and more real gain of wages in the long run.”

“Have her come to you by all means,” said the lady decidedly.

Jennie came, and appeared modest and attractive, in spite of her earrings, bangles and jet fringes. Huldah devoted herself to this guest persistently, and Mrs. Everts heard them often in earnest debate.

One evening all the cheap jewellery had disappeared; Jenny’s eyes looked a little tearful, yet she was unusually tender towards Huldah. The latter when alone with her cousin said,

“It has been a hard struggle, for she had more force of character than I supposed, but she has promised never to go back to that kind of work. When she told me of her temptations and her companions in the shop, I wonder she is still the innocent girl she is. Now what can I do for her, I wonder?”

“I know, Huldah!” exclaimed Mrs. Everts. “I have a farm seven miles from here, on the river, a lovely, quiet place.”

“I know it, Maria,” said Huldah brightly. “Well, my tenant’s wife, a good motherly soul, told me only last month that she would be glad to get an American girl to help her. Irish Catholics will not go so far from their church, and the farmers about there are all able to support their own daughters. She would teach Jenny everything good, and give her a real home.”

To say Huldah was happy would faintly express it, and she awoke in Jenny a new impulse towards sensible living. The calico dresses were bought and made, then Jenny entered on her career. As we must leave her now, let it only be added that she stayed on the farm five years, made a capable and comely woman, at the end of that time she married a young farmer and had a home of her own.

Huldah had one or two more guests before the season ended, a poor city missionary’s wife and boy, who was working his way through college; then the summer was gone.

“Cousin Huldah,” laughed Mrs. Everts, “you are a manager! You have turned my house into a hotel, or a Home for the Friendless.”

“And I am not a bit ashamed, Maria, though I have done it all at your expense.”

“You are more than welcome. I have enjoyed every one of your queer guests. It has been the most cheerful summer I have had in years.”

“Well, now it is over, and little Molly and I will depart.”

“No! At least not little Molly. I don’t say I adopt her, Huldah, but she can stay with me and grow. When she is older I will do well by her in some way. If she has any talent, I will have it cultivated. In the meantime she will be cared for, and the house will be more cheerful. I am better a good deal in health, for some reason, than I was in the spring.”

“I see you are,” said Huldah, well satisfied with the summer’s work, in which she had intended to include Cousin Maria, although the latter never thought of that.—

Illustrated Christian Weekly.

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THE PEDLER ON LONDON BRIDGE.

It was a bright May morning early in the present century. London Bridge was densely crowded and almost impassable, as it was wont to be in those times, for it was not the stately structure of Rennie with which we have to deal, but the old, narrow, many arched bridge which for centuries had formed the only link between the city and the adjoining borough of Southwark.

The carts and carriages toiled along, every now and then coming to a deadlock, which generally provoked an angry and protracted wrangle; for there were no police to enforce order or overawe violence. The foot-passengers made their way like men swimming against a rapid current, thankful if they accomplished the passage, after half an hour's exertion, without damage to limb or pocket.

In the embrasures formed by the projecting pier small traders had established themselves, and offered their wares to the passers-by, the slow pace to which the latter were restrained giving them a better opportunity than ordinary of descending on the merits of the articles offered for sale. In one sheltered nook stood an old woman with her basket of oranges and cakes, and at her side a flower girl, with her nosegays of primrose or violet. In another, a hardware man offered his scissors and thimbles and many-bladed pen-knives, or cheap rings and brooches and pinchbeck jewellery.

In one of the abutments, near the city side, on the day referred to, a man was very busy advertising sovereigns for sale. "Here you are, gentlemen," he vociferated; "real golden sovereigns one penny a piece. Only a penny apiece—real sovereigns, fresh from his Majesty's mint! Here's an opportunity that will never happen again—only a penny for a real golden sovereign, twenty shillings' value, two hundred and forty pence—all for one penny! Don't let the chance slip, gentlemen; it will never come again! Buy a hundred sovereigns for a hundred pence!"

The crowd surged by, taking little notice of him, or when any one did make any response to his invitation it was to express surprise at his folly in believing that the public could be so taken in. "You've brightened up those farthings of yours pretty smartly," said one. "If you'd sell 'em four for a penny, you might do some business." "Best mind what you are at my lad," growled an old city clerk; "if you attempt to pass off those Brummagem buttons as sovereigns you may have the constables after you."

The pedler listened to these remarks with the utmost composure. He did not appear to be in any way disturbed though he had stood for nearly three quarters of an hour without receiving a single bid for his wares; nor did his eye ever turn aside from the track which was slung by a band round his neck, except to glance at a man occupying the same niche in the bridge as himself, who was leaning carelessly against the parapet, referring every now and then to the watch which he drew from his pocket.

Presently it seemed as though a customer had come at last. "O papa," said a little boy, "those are the things mother is always wanting. Look here; I've got fourteen which she gave me for bringing a good character home from school. I'll buy four of the sovereigns and take them home to her if I may."

"You're a good boy, Dicky," said the father, "but I am afraid your mother wouldn't get much good out of them. They're only pretence, my lad. In this world no one ever parts with anything under its value. You may give good money and get what is worth very little for it. Come along, and buy your bulls' eyes."

The pair passed on, and presently another man stopped and looked wistfully at the tray.

"If they were only real," he muttered. "Twenty of them would keep me out of gaol, and I might come all right again. There's many a man now to whom twenty real sovereigns are of no more consequence than that chap's medals would be. Ah, but though he doesn't want them himself, he won't give them to me."

He, too, resumed his way, and was succeeded by a very different personage from the last—a buck, in fact, of the first water. His three-cornered hat set jauntily on his head, his green coat, with large brass buttons, his buckskin breeches, showy waistcoat, and the mass of neckcloth round

his throat, were all in the height of the fashion. He paused a moment in front of the pedler, and narrowly scrutinized the contents of his drawer.

"A good imitation that," he muttered, with a fashionable oath; "I wonder whether they would pass at Crocky's. If I could venture fifty of them at the board of green cloth, at a cost of only four and two pence, that would be a deal better bargain than I shall get out of Moses. But no, it wouldn't do. The croupier's eyes are too sharp for that. I should be kicked down stairs and never allowed to come again; and that would be all I should get by it. But it's a pity—upon my life it's a pity!" and so saying, he sauntered on to the money-lender's.

"What is the time now?" asked the pedler of the longer beside him.

"Just a quarter to twelve" was the answer. "You have exactly fifteen minutes to stay, and that is all. Halloa," he added under his breath, "here is a customer at last, I do believe."

As he replaced his watch, a man having the appearance of a decent mechanic, carrying a small bundle, stopped for a moment or two, eyeing with curiosity the contents of the pedler's tray. Then he took up one of the coins and turned it over.

"Well, it's a clever sham," he said, "and it will please my little boy. I've just got a penny left after paying for the tea and sugar, and I'll take one of these home to him."

He laid down his penny accordingly, received one of the coins, and went on his way. He could not put it inside his bundle very well, and he had a hole in his pocket, so he was obliged to keep it in his hand. As he passed on into Gracechurch Street, under the window of the large jeweller's shop a crowd which had gathered round a fallen horse, forced him into the doorway, and he took the opportunity of examining his purchase again.

"Well, it is uncommon like, that I must say," he exclaimed. "I haven't fingered too many of these, to be sure; but all I have seen are as like this as one pea is to another. There can't be any chance of its being a real one, I suppose, that would be too good a joke; and yet there is no harm in asking, and this chap will tell me what it is in a minute."

He stepped up to the jeweller's counter accordingly, and laying his coin on it, inquired of the man "what that might be."

"That?" said the jeweller, taking it carefully up and weighing it on his finger. "Why, what should it be, my good man, but a sovereign?"

"A sovereign, a real sovereign!" exclaimed the other; "you don't mean it, to be sure. Just look again, sir, if you please, and make certain."

"There's no need to look again," said the shopman rather sharply; "I should know gold by this time when I see it. It's as good a sovereign as ever came from the Mint, and is quite new into the bargain. I'll give you twenty shillings for it, if you want to change it."

The journeyman stared once more in the jeweller's face, and then turning short round, he made for the door, elbowing his way without ceremony through the crowd outside, and paying no heed to the angry remonstrances addressed to him on all sides. Two or three minutes sufficed to clear his way through the crowd gathered in Gracechurch Street, and then turning down one of the narrow alleys which in those days intervened between the broad thoroughfare and the river, he hurried on with all the speed he could command. Presently he emerged near the entrance to the bridge, and, still fighting his way vigorously, reached the embrasure where he had left the dealer in sovereigns. Alas, he was gone, and his place was occupied by a vendor of gingerbread nuts, who was commencing his articles with an earnestness which far exceeded that of his predecessor.

"Where is the man who was selling the sovereigns?" exclaimed the journeyman breathlessly.

"Man with the sovereigns!" repeated the person addressed. "I don't know of any such. There was a chap here with a tray about five minutes ago, just as I come up, but he shut up business and walked off with his friend just as twelve o'clock struck."

Not improbably the reader has heard the explanation of this strange occurrence all ready—how two fashionable loungers at the

West End had made a wager as to what would be the consequence if one hundred sovereigns were offered for sale, at one penny apiece, for an hour on London Bridge, during the most busy period of the day. The one party had contended that they would all be bought up the moment they were exposed to view, the other that the public would totally disregard them. The experiment was tried, and with the result which has been related: of the hundred sovereigns only one was sold, and that to a man who had no belief in the value of his purchase.

It may seem strange to us that men should have shown so little discernment. Yet what is it but the very same thing that is going on every day on the bridge which leads from this world to the next! The servant of his Lord stands by the wayside and offers to all the pure gold of everlasting life in his Master's name, and bids them buy it without money and without price. But they pass by it and heed it not, thinking that that which is so freely offered must needs be worthless. Few or none make purchase of it; and they only find out its true value when it comes to be tested by time. Here also the precious prize is offered only during the brief hour of human life. The angel witnesses stand by and mark the throng as it heedlessly passes by, and when the hour is ended the offer is withdrawn. Vain will it be then to strive and haste to redeem the past. There is no repentance in the grave.—Sunday at Home.

"I CAN BEAR ANYTHING NOW."

Going into one of our large West-end-shops early one Monday morning, I observed that the young woman who served me appeared to be suffering from cold. She remarked that the shop was always cold on Monday mornings. I suggested that as customers increased she would not feel the cold so much. I was greatly surprised by her quick reply: "Yes; but I have such a bright prospect before me, I don't mind all these little trials now as I used to." I imagined she might be anticipating a holiday, or possibly marriage, and expressed sympathy in her anticipated pleasures. I said I hoped she might fully realise all she looked for. Her prompt reply was: "Yes, I am sure I shall. I am looking to be with Jesus. He has saved me, and I can bear anything now that I have that prospect."

She went on to tell me that a year and a half ago she entered on this blessed life, and with a glowing smile, remarked: "I have been so happy ever since!" I inquired what she was doing for Him, who had done everything for her, and had given her such a fortune in his love. She replied: "I have a class on Sundays, and I do love it so. I am always looking out for opportunities of speaking a word for Jesus."—The Christian.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

Bishop Chase, of Ohio, on his return from a visit to Washington, stopped at the house of Mr. Beck, in Philadelphia; and while staying there a letter reached him bearing several postmarks. It was written in England by Dr. Ward, Bishop of Sodor and Man, in behalf of an aged person in his diocese, who was needy, but who claimed to be lawful heir to certain property in America. Names were given, and application was made to Bishop Chase for information in the matter, if he could communicate any. He certainly could not. Naturally enough, he read the letter to his friend; but before he had finished Mr. Beck started up in amazement.

"Bishop Chase," he exclaimed, "I am the only man in the world that can give you the information that letter asks for! I have the deeds in my possession, and have had them for forty-three years, not knowing what to do with them, or where any heirs were to be found!"

It was impossible not to see the divine shaping of circumstances in the opening of that letter, so nicely and wonderfully timed. The letter had reached the Bishop's address in Ohio; had followed him to Washington, and followed him again to Philadelphia, till he received it in presence of the only man who could answer it.—Selected.

ADDISON says that the actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

A very useful article,—
Long, short, and broad and thin;
I am not made of iron,
Nor copper, brass, nor tin.
At hotels I am always found,
As you can all attest,
A company of good wise men,
You choose the very best,
When sailing on the ocean,
In steamer, brig or bark,
You're on my whole most surely;
I hear the answer, hark!

GOSLET.

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Read across: A small wax candle; a test; mother of pearl; a manufacturer; the beard of grasses; a vowel; a unit; a jester. Central: Hero of one of Dickens' novels.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

Behead and curtail to powder and leave a pronoun.
Behead and curtail a celestial body and leave a narrow road.
Behead and curtail almost and leave a title.
Behead and curtail a bird and leave affection.
Behead and curtail a pitcher and leave a pronoun.

JANET FORREST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

My first is a city in England.
My second is a cape in North America.
My third is a volcano on an island.
My fourth is a sea in Asia.
My fifth is a city in Prussia.
My sixth is a chain of islands in the Pacific ocean.

My last is a county in England.

The initials reading downward is a group of West Indian islands. And the initials reading upward show to whom they belong.

JAMES ALLAN CLARK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

CHARADE.—Patchwork.
RIMLESS WHEEL AND HUB PUZZLE.

N O B L A
U E
O T C H A M R A
H I M A R I
O R I O N O L I T T A P
A T T I R I
E R A M I R O

Perimeter of wheel—NAPOLEON.
Perimeter of hub—HAMILTON.
ENIGMA.—Benjamin Franklin.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND CONSTRUCTIONS.—1, Fowl; 2, dog; 3, wolf; 4, cat; 5, pig; 6, horse; 7, man; 8, month; 9, wolf; 10, month, so-called because the people of England were in more danger from wolves at that season than at any other time of the year.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Katie R. Nicolson, Howard Buck, and Katie Kirkwood.

"MY BABY always wakes up peevish or crying, and always has," a mother said a few days ago. Her baby is now three years old, and has never once waked up in that happy mood which causes many a well-regulated child to lie and play with hands or feet, attracting his mother's attention by that wonderful accomplishment which we call "pat-a-cake." A mother may be sure that there is something wrong about her baby or its environment when it wakes up with discontent manifesting itself so plainly. Sometimes it is because its food is not digested, and often because the air in the sleeping room is impure, and if baby could speak he would tell of a dull troubled head and disturbed stomach. The cause ought to be diligently sought for by every mother, and be remedied, so that the poor baby be no longer defrauded and kept from his legitimate rest and pleasure.

A HOLY life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT.

CONSTITUENCIES WHICH HAVE ADOPTED IT.

<i>Nova Scotia.</i>	
Annapolis,	Inverness,
Cape Breton,	King's,
Colchester,	Pictou,
Cumberland,	Queen's,
Digby,	Shelburne,
Hants,	Yarmouth,
<i>New Brunswick.</i>	
Albert,	Northumberland,
Carleton,	Queen's,
Charlotte,	Sunbury,
Fredericton (city),	Westmoreland,
King's,	York.
<i>P. E. Island.</i>	
Charlottetown (city),	Prince,
Kings,	Queen's,
<i>Manitoba.</i>	
Lisgar,	Marquette,
<i>Ontario.</i>	
Halton,	Oxford.
<i>CAMPAIGNS PROPOSED.</i>	
<i>Quebec.</i>	
Arthabaska,	Stanstead.
Missisquoi,	Shefford.
<i>Ontario.</i>	

At the Annual Convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance it was decided to have the Act submitted simultaneously in groups of counties as follows. In some of them the campaign is already well advanced, as the news we are giving shows.—**FIRST.**—Peel, Simcoe, York, Ontario, Durham and Northumberland. **SECOND.**—Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Renfrew, Lanark, Carleton, Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry, Lennox, and Elgin; Kent, Brant and Essex; **THIRD.**—Middlesex, Lambton, Norfolk, Elgin, Kent, Brant and Essex; **FOURTH.**—Grey, Bruce, Huron and Perth.

SUMMARY.

Nova Scotia has eighteen counties and one city, of which twelve counties have adopted the Act. New Brunswick has fourteen counties and three cities, of which nine counties and one city have adopted the Act. Manitoba has five counties and one city, of which two counties have adopted the Act. Prince Edward Island has three counties and one city, all of which have adopted the Act. Ontario has forty-eight counties and seven cities, of which two counties has adopted the Act and in nearly all an agitation has been started in its favor. Quebec has fifty-six counties and four cities, none of which has adopted the Act. British Columbia has five parliamentary constituencies, none of which have adopted the Act. Friends in counties not heard from are requested to send us accounts of the movement in their counties. If there is none, they are requested to act at once by calling a county conference. Forms of circular can be had from the provincial secretaries of the Alliance.

A GRAND VICTORY PROMISED.—The Waterford Appeal predicts a still more signal victory in Norfolk than has been achieved in Oxford, saying that if the canvass continues to the end as successfully as it has been doing, the names of a large majority of the voters will be signed to the petitions.

A HUMILIATING SHOWING.

THE UNITED STATES PAYS FOR

Drink.....	\$900,000,000
Bread.....	505,000,000
Meat.....	303,000,000
Iron and Steel.....	290,000,000
Woollen Goods.....	237,000,000
Sawed Lumber.....	233,000,000
Cotton Goods.....	210,000,000
Boots and Shoes.....	196,000,000
Sugar and Molasses.....	155,000,000
Public Education.....	85,000,000
Christian Missions Home and Foreign.....	5,500,000

GREAT BRITAIN PAYS FOR

Drink.....	\$650,000,000
Bread.....	350,000,000
Woollen Goods.....	230,000,000
Butter and Cheese.....	175,000,000
Milk.....	150,000,000
Tea, Coffee, etc.....	100,000,000
Cotton Goods.....	70,000,000
Education.....	55,000,000
Christian Missions.....	5,250,000

CANADA PAYS FOR

Drink.....	\$27,628,000
Iron and Steel.....	27,000,000
Meat.....	22,475,000
Bread.....	21,675,000
Woollen Goods.....	21,100,000
Sawed Lumber (consumed).....	19,797,000
Boots and Shoes.....	18,000,000
Cotton Goods.....	13,803,000
Sugar and Molasses.....	9,767,000
Schools.....	8,000,000
Christian Missions.....	400,000

Recent American and British papers give diagrams illustrating to the eye by means of lines of different lengths the amounts paid in the United States and in Great Britain for drink, articles of necessity and common use, public education and Christian missions. It is not necessary for us to repeat the figures given above, but attention may be drawn to the one striking fact that in each country one hundred and twenty times as much is spent in the injurious indulgence of strong drink as is expended upon Christian missions! The Toronto Globe gives a like diagram for the Dominion of Canada, from which we obtain the figures given above for this country. Although the amount spent upon intoxicating liquor in Canada is not so enormous in proportion to other expenditures of the people, yet it is appalling enough. As the Globe in the "conclusions" of its explanations of the diagram, says: "The figures given show that the Canadian people spend more for whiskey and other intoxicating drinks than for any other class of manufactures; five million more for liquor than for meat; six million more for liquor than for either bread or woollen goods. They spend more for destroying drinks than for all the lumber they annually use for building houses, and barns, and fences, and making furniture; one-third more on the stuff that puts snakes in their boots than on the boots themselves; twice as much for alcohol as for cotton; nearly three times as much as for sugar; and while they spend eight million for clearing their heads by education, they spend three and a half times as much for muddling them. A single year of this beneficial expenditure costs as much as would buy out the farms and stock of either of the wealthy counties of Hastings or Elgin. One month would buy up all the townships of the great county of Wellington. Thirty-two years of this annual drink bill would purchase the farms, stock and implements of the whole Province of Ontario. Liquor costs the Dominion as much as a respectable war, and kills more than such a war generally does. The indirect cost for the maintenance of prisons and asylums, and in the loss of labor, is

another item in the drink bill of the country, which would swell the total financial loss caused by the liquor traffic to an even more enormous sum. And the financial loss, after all, is the smallest evil of the whole business."

BANDS OF HOPE.

The New York *Witness* advocates the formation of Bands of Hope in every town and country district capable of supporting one. After referring to the great work being done by the women, it asks, "With the women and the children on the side of temperance how long would legislatures treat temperance petitions with scorn and coddle the liquor traffic?" To form a juvenile temperance society is much easier in most places than to keep it going. One of the most essential elements of its success is its self-sustaining character. The children should not be brought together to be submitted to the punishment of having to listen to long and dry speeches from grown persons. They must be taught to conduct all the routine business themselves and to provide the greater part of the literary entertainment, both, of course, under the oversight of a competent superintendent. One of the rarest persons to be found is, however, that "competent superintendent"—a lady or gentleman capable of controlling and guiding young people—who has leisure to devote to the work as well as enthusiastic interest in the cause. Probably school teachers as a class are the most generally available for the work. In many cases, however, teachers are already doing more for the community than it can justly demand of them, and when they undertake this work their services should not go unrequited. For the educative influence of a self-governing juvenile temperance society, apart from strictly temperance matters, it is well worth doing much to sustain in a community. Its members will learn how to conduct meetings and how to behave in them. They will gain excellent ideas of the principles of popular free government, learning, among other useful lessons, to appeal with patience to time to vindicate their views against those of a majority, and not to allow any minor differences to separate them from the pursuit of the main objects of the society. The following is the plan given by the New York *Witness* for starting a Band of Hope:—

Let us suppose there is at least one earnest Christian temperance man or woman (if more, the more the better) in a neighborhood in city or country. Let that person make it known in the school or schools of the vicinity that a Band of Hope is to be formed on, say, the next Saturday afternoon, at such a house or school-room or hall, to which all children are invited. Then let a supply of tiny bits of blue ribbon be prepared, to be pinned to the vesture of those who join the band, and two or three speakers be ready to tell little temperance stories briefly and lead the singing of well-known hymns. At this meeting of the well-known purpose of a Band of Hope should be briefly explained, and as many as chose to join it would have their names taken down. Then they could elect their president and secretary, and ask the lady or gentleman who had called them together to be their superintendent. They could then get the blue ribbon to wear, and be told that when the fine weather came there would probably be a picnic in some grove, and when winter came a soiree or two. On public festivals also they would walk in procession, with banners and mottoes and, if possible, a band. If that could not be had, they could sing while marching. The hymns should be marching, cheerful melodies with stirring choruses. These and other pleasant plans would endear the temperance cause to the young, and produce a strong impression on the public mind, which could not but highly approve of the object of such training.

CRIME AND INTEMPERANCE.

Dr. Alexander M. Ross, Montreal, furnishes the Toronto *Mail* with some valuable official information on the subject of crime and its cause. He says, in a short introduction, "The evidence is absolutely reliable and furnishes indisputable proof that more than three-fourths of the convicts in our prisons and penitentiaries attribute their crimes to the use of intoxicating liquors." Here is some of the evidence condensed from Dr. Ross's letter:—"The warden of the Rhode Island penitentiary believes that "intoxicating liquors cause more paupers, more insanity and more crime than all other influences together." In the opinion of the keeper of the prison in Atlanta, Georgia, "nine-tenths of the crime committed is attributable to the use of intoxicating liquors, either directly or indirectly." Of 962 convicts in the Auburn, New York, prison, 630 attribute their imprisonment to the influence or use of intoxicating liquors. Twelve year's investigation by the chaplain of the Joliet, Illinois, prison convinced him that "one-third of the prisoners received can trace their downfall directly to the use of intoxicating liquors, and one-third more indirectly to the same cause. The proportion of State prisoners led into trouble through the use or influence of intoxicating liquors is reported, by officials, in Oregon, as seven-eighths; Connecticut, seventy-five percent; Ohio, at Columbus, 849 out of 1,331; Minnesota, 160 out of 254; Montana, 44 out of 57; California, at Folsom, 90 percent; Louisiana, nine out of ten; Texas, 1,300 out of 2,170; Vermont at least three-fourths; Northern Indiana three-fourths; Kingston, Ontario, three-fourths of the male convicts. The warden of the Nebraska penitentiary says, "It is an incontrovertible fact that liquor is the chief cause of the majority of crimes." "With over twenty years' experience in prison, gaol and almshouse," the warden of the penitentiary at Concord, New Hampshire, is "forced to believe that three-fourths of the crime and seven-eighths of the pauperism" of that State "can be traced directly to the use of intoxicating liquors." The Dominion Parliament professes to believe that a majority of the people of Canada do not want to do away with this chief agent of crime. What have the people themselves to say about it? We believe the answer that will be given in the general polling on the Scott Act next fall will startle many trimming politicians in Parliament.

AN APPALLING SHIPWRECK occurred on the Nova Scotia coast, at the entrance to Halifax harbor, on the morning of the third of April. The steamship "Daniel Steinhilber," of the White Cross Line, from Antwerp, Belgium, for Halifax and New York, ran upon the Sambro rocks. While, under orders from Captain Schoonhaver, the women and children were being placed in the boats, a formidable sea broke over the vessel, sweeping off every passenger, woman and child, who stood on the deck. Immediately afterward the ship went down like a flash; and only three of the passengers and six of the crew were saved. A hundred and twenty-three persons were drowned—ninety passengers and thirty-three of the crew. An official investigation is being held before a Government official, which may ascertain and apportion whatever blame may rest anywhere for the fearful sacrifice of life. The victims were chiefly German emigrants.

\$100 AND COSTS.—John Trainor was fined \$100 and costs at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on the 28th March for a breach of the Canada Temperance Act.

LANARSHIRE TOWN COUNCIL has passed a resolution to send a deputation to the Home Office to demand that the Home Office should strike the names of the counties of Lanarshire from the list of counties advanced that Lanarshire is a county in its own right.

KENT TOWN COUNCIL has passed a resolution to send a deputation to the Home Office to demand that the Home Office should strike the names of the counties of Kent from the list of counties advanced that Kent is a county in its own right.

THE E. H. HOLDER has been elected to the office of Mayor of the City of Toronto for the year 1891. He was elected by a large majority of the voters of the city.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

LANARK.—A correspondent in Perth, the shire town of Lanark, tells of the extraordinary success of a Division of Sons of Temperance there. Organized only three months, it has a membership of 110 and increasing weekly. The writer says, "I wish some of your live temperance workers were here for a night or two to push the movement ahead while the boom is on." We would reply that you are doing very well, only strike while the iron is hot. Some of the counties in your group (see list) are well advanced in the Scott Act Campaign. See that Lanark will be up to the mark on polling day. If you have not already—organize, organize, organize!

KENT COUNTY.—Kent, Ontario, is now thoroughly organized for the campaign. First, there is the County Association, with president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and a committee of five. Auxiliary to that is the Township Association in every township of the county. Lastly, there is the Local Association in every polling division. The conditions of membership are signing the constitution and taking a pledge of abstinence from intoxicating drinks. At each meeting the best speakers available are got to agitate the cause, and temperance literature is circulated. The Local meets every two weeks, the Township monthly and the County quarterly. "At our last meeting," writes a correspondent, "we passed a resolution to submit the Act as early a date as possible, and we have every confidence to believe we shall pass the Act by a sweeping majority." Circulars used in connection with the organization show it to be of the most complete and effective kind imaginable.

THE ENEMY ASTIR.—The Cornwall *Freeholder* reports "a large and enthusiastic meeting of the hotel-keepers and licensed grocers of the united counties of Stormont, Dundas and Glengarry," held recently in that town. Mr. A. G. Hodge, the Secretary of that highly philanthropic organization, the Ontario Trades Benevolent Association, addressed the assembly at some length, urging the necessity of thorough organization. He referred to the recent Scott Act campaigns in Oxford and Halton, and "warned the licensed dealers of these counties not to be over-confident." To advise them not to give way to utter despair in view of the Oxford defeat would probably have been a more precise way of expressing the view of the situation held by the managers of the Trades Benevolent Association but to put it that way would have caused what it was meant to cure. Mr. Hodge also reported interviews he had with the Dominion and the Ontario Premiers, and closed by urging his beloved brethren to appoint local men everywhere to hold up the standard of the traffic, and when the proper time came the Association would supply foreign talent to aid in defeating the passage of the Act. When the proper time comes the Association will require a very large supply of "foreign talent" to meet the demand. Mr. McGannon advocated the publishing of two columns of anti-Scott Act articles in the newspapers of the counties. Mr. George McDonnell favored the procuring of speakers to "stamp" the counties in behalf of the liquor dealers and the raising of a fund among the dealers to carry on the campaign. After organizing an Anti-Scott Act Association, it was decided that each hotel-keeper and licensed grocer be assessed \$25 to be paid to the treasurer in five equal instalments. "Put a little more water in the keg, Joe: we cannot carry on this war without funds."

1,215 MAJORITY.—The *Appeal*, a vigorous campaign sheet published in Norfolk county says the latest returns show that the Scott Act passed in Oxford by a majority of 1,215.

SIMCOE.—A convention for Simcoe county is to be held on Tuesday next, 15th April, in the Y.M.C.A. hall at Barrie. A circular from the Rev. W. L. Scott, Stroud, and Mr. A. B. Spencer, Collingwood, urges every church and temperance organization to be represented at the convention. They point out—what is important for workers in other counties to remember—that, to carry out the intention of simultaneous polling next fall, no time is to be lost in getting out the petitions. For the group in question—Peel, Simcoe, York, Ontario, Durham and Northumberland—the petitions must be in by the first of July. The circular closes with the right ring: "All along the line there is the sound of coming victory; let us be united and success is ours."

WILES OF THE ENEMY.—A determined effort is being made in Norfolk county to prejudice the farmers against the Scott Act upon the grounds of its provisions regarding cider. The *Appeal* gives an elaborate demonstration, endorsed by legal authority and by Mr. Foster, M.P., of the fact that the Scott Act has only to do with the sale of intoxicating liquors, and does not touch the manufacture or consumption of alcoholic cider nor the sale of non-alcoholic or sweet cider.

WELL DONE, ARTHABASKA!—Official notice is given to the people of the county of Arthabaska Quebec, by advertisement in the *Arthabaskaville Alpha*, that the Scott Act petition, duly signed, would be deposited in the Registrar's office on the tenth of April. The promptness and quietness with which the workers in Arthabaska have advanced the campaign to this satisfactory stage is in the highest degree commendable and exemplary. Such beaver-like industry and unassuming devotion must result in triumph at the polls. Arthabaska is making herself a noble example to other constituencies.

PROHIBITION NEWS.

THE MAINE LAW.—Petroleum V. Nasby, the well-known journalist, has been investigating the Maine Law on his own behalf. Writing from Portland, he gives it as his opinion that prohibition does prohibit—not that it altogether prevents people from obtaining liquor, but the process robs the drinking customs of all fascination, except to the hardened soaker who drinks to satisfy his craving. Customers drop in one by one, take their drink in solemn silence and so depart. There are no crowds of men about a bar, talking and laughing over their cups and inviting each other to have "just one more."

THE SCHOOL HOUSE LAW UPHOLD.—Massachusetts has had a law in force for a few years which prohibits liquor saloons within four hundred feet of a school house. Some time ago we heard of a disgraceful action on the part of Boston authorities in connection with this law. They were reported to have closed a school in a certain locality that the liquor sellers were anxious to have preserved to themselves. However, where the law has been faithfully enforced it has proved a wholesome restriction, and the respectable portion of the people will stand by it until a more extended prohibition can be obtained. At all events the legislature has maintained it by almost three to one. In the Assembly, a few days ago, Mr. Parker,

of Essex, advocated his bill to repeal the law in the face of an adverse report of the committee on liquor law. The bill was opposed by Messrs. Randall, of Middlesex, Root, of Worcester, and Thomas, of Norfolk, and was rejected by a vote of 7 yeas to 20 nays.

BOSTON SENTIMENT.—A high license advocate having cited the veteran lecturer, Mr. John B. Gough, on that side, a newspaper correspondent in contradiction quotes from the report of one of the Rev. Joseph Cook's "preludes" in Boston as follows:—"So help me Heaven, I will never vote to license any dramshop (applause), large or small, at a high price or at a low. (Applause). Nay, I say with John Gough, that I had rather be the most corrupt liquor seller that ever stood on the pavement than the man to grant him a license!" (Applause). The correspondent adds:—"From 2,000 to 3,000 of Boston's best were in Tremont Temple at the time. A resolution was offered concerning the advisability of submitting the question of Prohibition to the Commonwealth. When the affirmative was asked for, the whole audience, to all appearance, came to its feet, from the floor to the top of the second balcony. When the negative was called there was no response."

CALIFORNIA.—The Prohibitionists of California evidently are a live party. At the meeting of their convention in Sacramento, recently, the chairman of the central committee, in calling the meeting to order, said that prohibition was a new departure and, like all pioneer movements, it was sustained by the bravest and most honorable men in the community. They must proclaim a declaration of independence. They would no longer respond to the call of the party lash, but would declare themselves freemen and bid defiance to king alcohol. He said, "You have come here to nominate a new and independent ticket for municipal officers. You have the majority of the community with you, and if you advocate the cause of prohibition you must surely win." A noticeable feature of the convention was its opening with prayer by a clergyman. From the platform as finally adopted we make the following extracts:—"We demand the absolute prohibition of the manufacture, supply, sale or traffic in intoxicating beverages, under the heaviest penalties of the law. We protest against the sanction or permission of gambling by our city authorities, in defiance of State law, and we demand its suppression. We declare in favor of the prohibition of all taxation, regulation or legal sanction, in any form, of the saloon business. We demand of the Mayor and all proper city officials the employment of all legitimate means to carry out the above principles. The clauses omitted pertain to other municipal subjects."

"NO NEW BRUNSWICK FOOLERY" IN KANSAS.—A gentleman who recently removed from Sackville, New Brunswick, writes from Kansas that prohibition is carried out to the letter in that State—"no New Brunswick foolery here."

THE DUNKIN ACT STILL POPULAR.—The Chatham, Ontario, *Banner* says: "After all the talk of how much the Dunkin Act was to be condemned it appears that a public meeting called in Essex Centre to consider the advisability of repealing it decided overwhelmingly against such a course. It is a stock saying by opponents of prohibition that it is 'bad for towns and villages,' but this would not seem to justify such an opinion."

HOW THE ACT IS WORKING.

Last October the Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Georgetown, Halton county, called on fifteen of the leading business men, merchants, manufacturers, etc., of Georgetown, with these questions: 1st, "What effect has the Act had on your business?" With one exception they all said business was equally good. The majority said it was better. Question 2nd, "What is your opinion of the moral effect of the Act on the town?" Answer, "Decidedly to the advantage of the town." The chief of police said, "Not a single case sent down for drunkenness since the Act came into force; previously of frequent occurrence." Question 3rd, "Your opinion as to the quantity of liquors used now in comparison with period before Act came into force?" All but one said, "Less now than before." The majority said, "Drinking has been reduced to a minimum." Mr. Robertson told me that property had not decreased in value, that rents were high, that the population had increased over one hundred. Mr. Creelman, manufacturer, Georgetown, told me that "The moral effect of the Act upon young men was very good. Scarcely ever see a drunken man now; frequent occurrence before." The idea of the Scott Act limiting business is thoroughly exploded in Halton county.—*Letter from the Rev. C. R. Morrow.*

THE EAST-BOUND EXPRESS on the Grand Trunk Railway left the rails on Friday morning of last week, near Wales, a station 77 miles west of Montreal. The disaster was on a large scale. The locomotive was thrown upside down in a swamp, burying the engineer three feet under it in the soft soil. Of course he was dead when he was dug out, and the fireman, who was pinned down with only his head above the surface of a pool of muddy water, was burned and scalded so terribly that he died in a few hours. Thomas Donahoe was the engineer's name and Charles King the fireman's. Their funerals took place at the same hour from their late homes in the railway suburbs of Montreal on Sunday. The express, baggage, mail and second-class cars were hurled off the track and, taking fire, were burned. Many of the second-class passengers and officials of the train had narrow escapes and a few were severely but not dangerously hurt. Accounts indicate that the road was in a very unsafe condition at the spot. The conductor of the last train passing before the accident said he felt the ground shaking, and he was just going to telegraph a caution to drivers following to be careful when a messenger appeared with tidings of the disaster. A large number of first-class passengers were on the train, but the worst they suffered was a bad shaking.

A SEA CAPTAIN'S VIEWS.—Captain Mylius, well known in Canadian ports, lately spoke at a blue ribbon gospel temperance meeting, at Portugal Cove, Newfoundland. He stated that the temperance—or rather total abstinence—question was an old question with a new name, referring to the vow of the Nazirites to abstain from wine and all strong drink, by way of proof and illustration. Captain Mylius said he had no faith in any society founded on principles other than those of the gospel. In closing he made some pointed and scathing remarks on the use of tobacco—the injuries and disadvantages inflicted by the noxious weed upon those who contaminate themselves with it.

THREE BOYS.

MAN'S EXTREMITY — GOD'S OPPORTUNITY. By Tary E. C. W'geth.

"Wint is having a rough time of it, trying to climb up Zion's hill. He'd better backslide and be done with it. He'll find it more comfortable!"

"You see he's trying an impossibility. How is it the Bible has it? 'To serve two masters.' Yes, and it says likewise, it can't be done. All the same, poor old Wint is trying hard to—"

"Serve one and get the credit of serving the other," said Joe, finishing Bert's speech. "Pshaw! I'm sorry."

The two lads lay in the shadow of a haystack, this fair vacation-day, cooling off after their chase of a fleet hare. Wint had been with them in the start, but as they turned a fence-corner, all in a bunch, Joe's and Wint's heads had come into violent collision, and Wint, becoming very angry, said some coarse, bad words and refused to run with his companions any farther. Dot, the dog, had caught the hare, the boys had skinned and dressed it and carried it to the house, and having refreshed themselves with a drink of buttermilk, had gone out into the rickyard to loll and chat for a bit before the noonday meal. Wint was nowhere to be seen. They whistled, but no answering whistle came.

"He's mad yet. Let him go," said Bert, as he threw himself lightly on the loose hay at the foot of a fragrant stack. "He's got a mean temper."

"Seems to me he uses a lot of bad words for a professor," Joe had answered.

And then Bert had made the declaration recorded in our first sentence.

"I believe you," said Bert, in answer to Joe's "I'm sorry." "So am I sorry. I used to think that Wint was in earnest, and meant to practise what he professed, but I've about changed my opinion. I don't pretend to be a Christian and let my light shine, and all that, but I'd be ashamed to do some things that Wint does—get mad as fury at nothings, and then be too foolish to own that I was in the wrong when I was convinced of my mistake. And—well—it's mean to be cutting up a fellow behind his back. Don't let's say any more."

"No," said Joe, slowly, "we won't. Only I'm sorry Wint has pestered out so. He had an opportunity—and he's missed it. You see when Wint stood up there and gave in his experience, and talked so nice in that prayer-meeting, you remember, he talked just the way I felt, precisely, only I couldn't have got it off in that slick fashion. And I said to myself, 'Now, old Joe, if Wint stands up to all that, and makes a good fight, and comes out ahead, why, you'll start in, that's all.'"

"Why didn't you go in then, if you felt that way?" asked Bert, turning his astonished eyes on his companion. "You act enough more like a Christian than Wint does."

Joe shook his head. "I was afraid I wouldn't hold out. Wint is smarter than either you or me. I thought it was well enough to let him try first. If he held out—then—"

"Yes," said Bert, "he'd have been a help to us, I know. I thought of it too at the time. But it looked to me as if there ought to be some change in a fellow when he professed to be converted and born again, and starting in a new life, and I did look for Wint to let up on those bad words—but pshaw!" "He'd better do as I said, backslide and be done with it. Then he won't be hypocrite, and that's what he is now, or I'm—but there, we said we wouldn't backbite, and here I am at it again. Come on, let's run down to the pond and take a paddle. Dinner won't be ready for an half-hour."

Dinner-time came, and Joe and Bert, fresh from their bath in the mill-pond, came too. They had quite forgotten the slight collision of the hare-hunt, and wondered that Wint was not on hand, especially as he knew there was to be a peach-pudding for desert. Joe called, Bert whistled, and Phillips blew the tin horn, but no Wint responded to either familiar summons.

"He must have gone up to the apple-picking at Sykes'," said Joe's uncle. "The Sykes boys were over here about eleven o'clock, and I saw Wint coming across the barnyard just as they came in the big gate."

After dinner Joe and Bert went into town to do some errands for Joe's uncle, on whose farm the three lads were visiting. They did not return till late.

"What sent Wint off in such a hurry?" asked Uncle Joe, as they sat down to the supper that was waiting them. "No bad news, eh?"

"Wint? Is he gone?" the lads asked in one voice of surprise. "Packed his traps and left on the three o'clock train. Looked mighty down in the mouth, but said you boys would understand."

The boys did not understand, however, until they went to their room at night.

"I do wonder what happened to Wint?" was Joe's first word on entering their snug-chamber.

"Perhaps this will tell," said Bert, as his eyes fell on a note addressed in Wint's bold hand to "Bert and Joe."

"Read it, Joe."

And Joe read:

"Dear Fellows: Forgive me. I'm going home; I'm not fit company for you; I've done you all the harm I am willing to do. I ask your forgiveness, and I beg you not to think that there is nothing worth having in religion because I have disgraced my profession. I was on the other side of the haystack, where—you would believe me, but it is true—I was kneeling and praying for help to conquer my hateful temper and to control my wicked tongue, when you came there. I heard all you said. If you are right, Bert, and I am only a hypocrite, then, may God be merciful to me a sinner. There is no other prayer that I can pray. But if, as I humbly trust, in spite of all my wicked disloyalty, I am a disciple of Christ, then too I must pray, "God be merciful to me," and I forgive me that I have so dishonored my Saviour. O fellows, can't you help me? I know that I ought to have been a help to you, and I've only been a hindrance. But I did want to live so as to win you both to Christ. I have missed my opportunity, as you say, Joe. And what can I do now but pray that you may not miss yours, and that my extremity may prove to be God's opportunity? Oh, pray for me. I am very wretched. Of course, after the way I have lived, and the dead failure I have made in the Christian life, nothing that I can say will be likely to influence you, yet I will say, that if I never tried before to "climb up Zion's hill," I mean, by God's help, to try now. O fellows, I love you both, and I ask your pardon for all the harm I have done you. If you love me, forgive me, and pray for your penitent WINT."

Joe's voice had trembled as he read. As he concluded, he raised his eyes to Bert's and saw them filled with tears.

"I declare, Joe, I wouldn't have hurt the old fellow's feelings so for anything," said Bert, gulping down a sob.

"I don't know," said Joe; "maybe it was best. Wint does not lie. It cost him dear to ask our pardon so humble. I believe in him, after all. And I ain't so sure he has altogether missed his opportunity. I think we might do worse than to pray for him and for ourselves too."

"So do I," said Bert, turning away.

After a few moments he came over to the table beside which Joe yet stood, re-reading Wint's confession and appeal.

"I say, Joe," he began, in a low voice, "shall we write to Wint and promise him that we will?"

"Pray for him and for ourselves? Yes. Only it will be more comfort to him to hear that we had prayed. I was horrid mean this morning, answering him so."

"And I was mean, saying he'd better backslide, and all that," added Bert. "I ought to ask his pardon."

"Bert," said Joe, seriously, "let's join in, and help one another. You know the Bible says, 'A threefold cord is not quickly broken.'"

"Well," said Bert, "I will."

The boys fell on their knees, and Joe prayed aloud. "Lord, Jesus, we have come. Help us to stand fast in the truth, and keep us by thy grace unto the end. Oh, save and bless Wint, and help each one of us that we may help one another. Forgive us that we have held off so long, and forgive Wint, and help him, and give him the victory. Lord, we can't do anything in our own strength, but thou canst do all things. Do thy will in us boys, and may we never be ashamed of our King and Saviour, who gave himself for us. Amen."

Bert joined in the Amen with earnest voice. They rose from their knees and clasped hands in a token of a new and sacred fellowship.

A few days later Wint read a letter signed by Joe and Bert, telling of their new resolve their prayer for him, and their fellowship with him. And when he had read it he laid his head upon his arms and cried for joy. For he received it as a word of forgiveness and assurance from the Saviour whom he had so wronged, and to whom he had so earnestly cried that for His own mercy's sake he would not suffer his disloyalty to destroy the souls or hinder the conversion of the friends whom he loved, and whom he had sincerely hoped to benefit.

From that hour Wint was a loyal soldier of the cross. And daily he thanks God that his extremity was so signally made God's opportunity for the salvation of the souls of Bert and Joe.

And the threefold cord still holds.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

HOW A DUMB CHILD PREACHED.

In the State of Maryland there lived a very wicked man who was the father of a son who was dumb. The father never attended church, and lived entirely regardless of the sanctity of the Sabbath. He often spent the holy day in manual labor on his farm. He had for a neighbor a godly man, who had often expostulated with him on account of his heaven-daring wickedness; but the ungodly father seemed to be as hard and unimpressionable as a rock.

One Sabbath morning he went out in his field to dig potatoes. While in the act of doing so, he saw the godly neighbor, who had so often reproved him on account of his Sabbath desecration, coming up the road on his way to church. Not wishing to be detected and made the subject of another lecture, he made signs to his dumb son, whom he forced to aid him in his Sunday work, to run and hide in some tall weeds near by, he intended to do likewise. But instead of the poor mute running, he stood still and erect, looking pitifully right into his father's face. The father again made signs to his son to hide, threatening him that if he did not obey he would whip him.

The poor child, casting another look of piteous sadness on his father, stood still, and raised his hand pointing to heaven, thus saying with silent eloquence, "Father, God sees us; we cannot hide from his eye."

The wicked father dropped his hoe, and went back to his house under the deepest conviction as a wretched sinner against God. He said that at every step from the field to his home it seemed to him that the very jaws of hell were opening to receive him. When he got home he went down on his knees pleading for mercy. His prayer was at length heard, the burden of his guilt was removed, and he received pardon of his sins. He has lived for years a consistent and earnest member of the church.—American Messenger.

"IT MADE A NEW MAN OF ME."

In front of the Medical Mission and Coffee Room, Saiford, Eng., a woman stood one summer afternoon looking the narrow street, "Garden Lane," leading up to "Paradise" at the end—a poor, sad "paradise," beginning with a haunting corner beer-house and backed by courts of woe and wretchedness and misery.

A man came round the corner; he glanced at the mission as he passed, and to her extreme surprise, he raised his hat and bent his head. "Whatever do you do that for, master?" cried she. "Have you ever been here, do you know about this mission?"

"Ay, that I do, missus, and I say you's a blessed place." "Ah, then, I suppose they cured you here when you was ill; is that what you mean?" "No, that's not it; they did a deal of good to my body, to be sure, but it was my soul as I was speaking of." "And what did they do to your soul?" "If they did you hear, was it the old doctor or the young doctor?" "It wasn't neither th' old doctor nor the young doctor; it was n't nothing as I heered, but summat as I seed, it were one of them texts on the walls; I sat there a-waiting while they were getting my medicine ready, and I looked at it and looked at it, till I couldn't stand it! It made a new man o' me." "Will you tell me what text it was?" said the woman. "Well, cum along and I'll show you. I knows th' way." He walked in before her, went past the coffee room, along a sort of passage-way, into the large waiting room. Up to the end he led her, and stopped before a board on which in plain letters was

written: "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed."—1 Peter ii: 24. "Now just see that," said he, "His own self, bare our sins in His own body—no, I couldn't stand that. I wonder any one as knows it can stand it; it taught me what a sinner I were; it did make a change of me! Bless His Holy name, and I do say bless this place too. His own self, just think of that! That's what I meant, Miss. Good day."—Word of Life.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

April 20.—1 Cor. I: 17-31.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Fears for Christianity. In the "Light of Asia," King Suddhodana dreamed troublesome dreams, and seven great and terrible fears came before him in vision. The flag of Indra was rent by a rushing wind ten huge elephants shook the earth with their tread, a mighty drum pealed like a thunderstorm; his son sat on a tower scattering gems, as if it rained jayants and rubies, and all the world seized on these treasures. Every one was to take a great fear. But a wise counsellor showed him that every one of his fears was in reality a great joy. The rent flag was but the beginning of the new. The ten elephants were the ten great gifts of wisdom; the tower was the growing of the true religion, and of the gems were the truths his son would give to the world; and the drum was the thunder of the preached word. So it is with men's fears for the progress of the Gospel. Every fear is in reality the note of a great joy. Take one instance, the fear of science. Not only is science the very handmaid of religion, but it was stated that of the two thousand members of the great International Association for the Advancement of Science, in this country, seven-eighths are connected in some way with Christian churches.—P.

II. Weak things conquering the mighty. All the greatest forces in the world seem weak at a first view. The rays of the sun are the source of most of the power in the world. They move our factories, they lift up all the waters of the great rivers to the sky and carry them to their source; and yet the smallest insect moves unharmed in those rays. A child plays in the waters of the infinite ocean. What is gentler than the force of gravitation? what of more common use than the powers of chemical action? But what powers are greater than these? The power of ideas and feelings in changing the world is another example.—P.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

The subject of the lesson to-day is the same as the subject of Paul's preaching,—Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God. I. We should point out how Christ is the power of God (vers. 17, 18, 24.) II. Christ is the wisdom of God (vers. 19-27.) The whole plan of salvation being one of unequalled wisdom in its aim and in its means. III. This great truth is proved by the success of the Gospel (vers. 28-31.) (1) In renovating and improving the world (2) In saving and sanctifying and blessing individuals.

PORTER HOUSE STEAK.—Wipe the steak being careful not to cut or bruise it; place it on a gridiron the bars of which have been slightly greased, and put it over a clear fire (a handful of salt will help to clear the fire.) Turn it often (without putting the fork into the juicy part of the steak,) that both sides may be seared and the juices retained. When the steak is cooked to suit the family—some liking it much rarer than others—it should be put on a hot platter and seasoned. Forbid your cook to put a particle of salt or pepper on the steak before it is cooked. A maître d'hotel butter may be poured over it, and garnished with slices of lemon or cress. The butter is prepared by mixing a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice and a little salt and pepper. Then eat it immediately. Your cook must prepare it just at the right moment, and you must be ready for it.

A com day is th board of a over at practice w in former of corno officer of The bird nest wh trained, a movemen rarely a When tak are gener wire mas collar abo their utli own bene is one of sights to on the can land str pccially neighbor Ningpo. the lake t congrega propelled single c with thr cormoran ingeithe rail or a made for pose. Sc ly are th that they slightest the mas when he order ove and with able spee search water, s fish, risi surface a ing the the owne actly like a large f tured, th gent bir each oth ance, an combine bring i master which th paid by t satiate gl Other no ant fishi the towr Shangha near For ant are t persons cormora the fishe est of th ated, or probably miles fro and Ch method owner g to the Medhur British

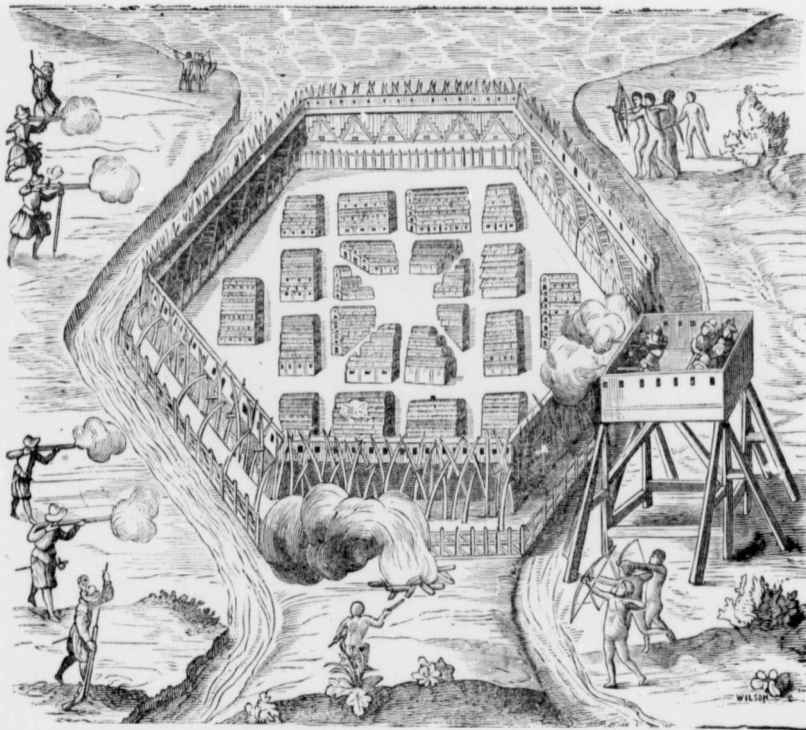
THE INTELLIGENT CORMORANT.

A common sight in China to-day is the fisherman with his boat of cormorants, ready to go over at the owner's word. This practice was followed in England in former times, and the master of cormorants was a prominent officer of the royal household. The birds are taken from the nest when young and easily trained, and so rapid are their movements under water that rarely a fish escapes them. When taken out in a boat they are generally kept hooded by a wire mask, having also a leather collar about the neck to prevent their utilizing the catch for their own benefit. In China this bird is one of the daily sights to be seen on the canal or inland streams, especially in the neighborhood of Ningpo. Here on the lake the boats congregate, each propelled by a single Chinaman, with three or four cormorants, roosting either on the rail or a platform made for the purpose. So perfectly are they trained that they obey the slightest word of the master; and when he gives the order over they go, and with remarkable speed begin a search under water, seizing the fish, rising to the surface and bringing the victim to the owner just exactly like a dog. If a large fish is captured, these intelligent birds go to each other's assistance, and with a combined effort bring it to their master, after which they are repaid by the entrails—to them, insatiate gluttons, the choicest parts. Other noted localities for cormorant fishing are the waters between the towns of Hang-chow-foo and Shanghai; also on the Mia River near Foo-chow-foo. So important are these fisheries that many persons are engaged in raising cormorants and training them for the fishermen. One of the largest of these bird-schools is situated, or was a few years ago, and probably is there yet, about forty miles from Shanghai, between it and Chapoo. Concerning the method of training them the owner gave the following reply to the questions asked by Mr. Medhurst, interpreter of the British Consulate at Shanghai:

"The fish-catching birds eat small fish, yellow eels and pulse jelly. At 5 p m every day each bird will eat six tael (eight ounces) of eels or fish and a catty of pulse jelly. They lay eggs after three years, and in the fourth and fifth month. Hens are used to incubate the eggs. When about to lay, their faces turn red, and then a good hen must be prepared. The date must be clearly written upon the shells of the eggs laid and they will hatch in less than twenty-five days. When hatched, they take the young and put them upon cotton spread upon water, and feed them with eels' blood for five days. After that they can be fed upon eels' flesh chopped fine, and great care must be taken in watching them. When

AN ANCIENT VILLAGE OF THE ONONDAGAS.

This village was in the present town of Fenner, some miles north-east of the Onondaga Valley, New York. It was situated upon the edge of a small lake, and covered about six acres of land. It was enclosed with strong quadruple palisades of large timber, 30 feet high, interlocked the one with the other, with galleries in the form of parapets. This village was attacked by Champlain in 1615 with a considerable force of French and Indians. And although the French had fire-arms, then for the first time heard by the Onondagas, and the help of a tower overlooking the place, they were unable to capture it.—Presbyterian Home Missionary.



ONONDAGA VILLAGE, N. Y., A. D., 1610.

fishing, a straw tie must be put upon their necks to prevent them from swallowing the fish when they catch them. In the eighth or ninth month of the year, they will daily descend into the water at 11 o'clock in the morning, and catch until five in the afternoon, when they will come on shore. They will continue to go on in this way until the third month, after which time they cannot fish until the eighth month comes around again. The male is easily known from the female, it being generally a larger bird, and in having a darker and more glossy feather, but more particularly in the size of the head, the head of the male being large and that of the female small."—N. Y. Post.

AUKS' EGGS.

No wonder the eggs of the *Alca impennis* are such costly treasures. No wonder either that Icelanders, hunting for auks' eggs, have a custom of uniting in singing psalms, and with bared heads reverently commending themselves to God in silent prayer just before entering upon the perilous task.

Emphatically is the great auk a ledge-dweller during the arctic summer; enticingly pleasant is it to them along ice-rimmed shelves; and happy couples, many thousands of them, settle themselves contentedly, exchanging the snowy garb of winter for a summer suit of glossy black.

As soon as the one birding of the family appears, both parents address themselves to tenderest nursing, sharing mutually all responsibilities.

Very often, however, these happy household plans are seriously interfered with. Early in the season brave-hearted hunters go in search of the much-prized eggs—rare dainties they as table luxuries, and commanding fabulous prices; but what fearful risks the intrepid egg-hunters run! Comrades lower them by ropes from dizzy heights, sometimes many hundred feet. Slowly, slowly they go down, realizing, as only such can, that only the strength of a hempen cord and the power of two human hands are between them and sure death.

The eggs of the great auk are about five inches long and three in breadth, and very curiously marked are they. Upon a silvery-tinted ground are characters resembling those upon Oriental wares. Outlined in green, purple, blue, and brown are these quaint traceries, with occasional interrupting patches in which various shades are blended. Sometimes one finds black lines irregularly crossing each other.

Should an egg of yellowish tint come to the hunter's hand, it may be called a "red-letter day" in his calender, since such are esteemed of "royal lineage" in auk-land regions—as rare as gold itself. Upon this faint amber-tinted ground the wonderful hieroglyphics stand out in strangely beautiful relief.

Forty years ago only about thirty auks and forty eggs were recorded belonging to public and private collections. At one time fifty dollars were paid for two auks and two eggs; a little later half that sum for one egg; and not very long since we read that five hundred dollars were given for one egg.

By the time a child enters his "teens," his habits of life are formed. By force of will or of circumstances they may be modified, but they cannot be wholly swept away.—*Examiner*.

If YOUR path is smooth;— watch and pray.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, April 9, 1884.

Chicago has been very irregular this week and the drop in prices has on some days been almost unprecedented. On Friday May dropped from 8 1/2c to 8 1/8c and at close of board stood 8 1/4c. Prices to day are for May 5c lower, for June 4 1/2c lower, and for July 3c. Quotations are—8 1/4c May, 8 1/4c June, and 8 1/2c July, 8 1/2c August. Corn is much lower at 50 1/2c May, and 5 1/2c June. Liverpool in unison with Chicago has dropped a penny, Spring wheat being quoted at 78 1/2c to 75 1/2c and Red Winter 78 1/2c to 82c. The local market has gone all to pieces, the nominal prices of the winter dropping 15c to 17c. We quote as follows:—Canada Red Winter, \$1.03 to \$1.05; Canada White, \$1.00 to \$1.13; Canada Spring, \$1.02 to \$1.04; Corn, 56c to 58c in bond; Peas, 92c to 93c; Barley, 55c to 65c; Rye 63c.

FLOUR.—The market is dull with lower prices. We quote:—Superior Extra, \$5.40 to \$5.45; Extra Superfine, \$5.15 to \$5.20; Fancy, nominal; Spring Extra, \$4.80 to \$4.85; Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Strong Patens, Can., \$5.25 to \$5.50; do., American, \$5.45 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.60 to \$3.75; Middlings, \$3.50 to \$3.60; Pollards, \$3.25 to \$3.35; Ontario bags, (medium), 1 1/2c included, \$2.40 to \$2.50; do., Spring Extra, \$2.20 to \$2.25; do., Superfine, \$2.10 to \$2.15; City Bags, delivered, \$2.55 to \$2.95.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.20 to \$3.40; oatmeal, ordinary, \$4.40 to \$4.60; granulated, \$4.80 to \$6.00.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—The market continues dull but firm for old. Some new is coming in. Butter.—The following are the quotations:—Eastern Townships, 19c to 21c, Morrisburg and Brockville, 19c to 20c; Western, summer makes, 16c to 17c. Add to the above prices a couple of cents per lb. for selections for the jobbing trade. Cheese—Earlier makes, 11c to 13c as to quality; fall makes, 13 1/2c to 14c. Eggs that are fresh are bringing from 20c.

HOG PRODUCTS.—Are very dull. We quote as follows:—Western Mess Pork, \$20.00 to \$20.50; Canada Short Cut, \$21.50; Hams, city cured, 13 1/2c to 14c; Bacon, 13c to 14c; Lard, in pairs, Western, 12 1/2c to 13 1/2c; do., Canadian, 12c to 12 1/2c; Tallow refined 7c to 9c as to quality. Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$8.75 to \$9.25.

SYRUP AND SUGAR.—Maple Syrup is quoted at 80c to 90c, and Sugar at 10c to 11c.

ASHES are quiet at \$4.20 to \$4.25 for Pots.

FARMERS' MARKET.

Only those farmers living near the city can attend the markets owing to the almost impassable condition of most of the country roads. There is a fair supply of produce furnished by traders and market gardeners, but prices of grain, potatoes and hay are decidedly higher. Very little fresh meat or poultry are being offered and prices are unchanged; the prices of eggs have again declined and are about the same as were paid here two weeks ago. Very little hay is being brought to market by farmers, but pressed hay is plentiful. Oats are \$1.05 to \$1.15 per bush; peas, \$1.00 to \$1.10 per bush; potatoes, 70c to 80c per bag; Swedish turnips, 60c to 70c do.; dressed hogs are \$9.00 to \$9.50 per 100 lbs; turkeys, 11c to 16c per lb; geese, 9c to 12c do.; fowls, 10c to 15c do.; ducks, 12c to 15c do. Tub butter, 18c to 22c per lb; eggs, 20c to 25c per dozen. Apples, \$2.00 to \$5.50 per barrel; Hay, \$5.50 to \$9.50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The usual large supply of extra fat cattle for Easter are being bought by city butchers at decidedly higher rates. There were over 1,200 head of beef cattle at Point St. Charles on Monday morning, nearly half of which were sold before night. Choice butchers' cattle sold from 6c to 6 1/2c per lb, and extra animals at 7c to 7 1/2c do; while a few of the best were sold at even higher rates. Common beef cattle sold at 4 1/2c to 5 1/2c per lb, but there was not much demand for this kind of beef. Calves were rather scarce and good veals brought pretty high rates, while extra ones brought fancy prices, ranging from \$15 to \$30 each. Common

to good calves sold at from \$3 to \$12 each. Sheep were scarce and sold at 6c per lb. for pretty good animals. Spring lambs were not of good quality and sold at from \$3.50 to \$6.00 each. Live hogs were in good supply at from 6 1/2c to 7c per lb.

NEW YORK, April 1, 1884.

GRAIN.—The following are the closing prices for future delivery to-day:—Wheat, 93c May; \$1.00 June; \$1.00 July. Corn, 55 1/2c April; 56 7/8c May; 57 1/2c June. Oats, 34 May; 35 1/2c June. Peas, Canada field 90c to 95c; green peas, \$1.38 to \$1.40. Rye, Western, 60c, Canada 7 1/4c, Barley No. 2 State, 81c, Canada No 1, 77 1/2c.

FLOUR.—Quotations are: Spring Wheat Superfine, \$2.50 to \$2.80; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.35; Clear, \$4.50 to \$5.10; Straight (full stock), \$5.00 to \$5.75; Patent, \$5.25 to \$6.70. Winter Wheat, Superfine, \$2.60 to \$3.25; Low Extra, \$3.05 to \$3.55; Clear (R. and A.), \$4.10 to \$5.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.75 to \$6.00; Patent, \$5.20 to \$6.40; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.45 to \$5.70; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.60 to \$4.10; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$4.85; barrels, West India, sacks, \$5.05 to \$5.15; Patent, \$5.20 to \$6.00; South America, \$4.90 to \$5.20; Patent, \$5.05 to \$6.00. Southern Flour—Extra, \$3.50 to \$3.75; Family, \$3.20 to \$3.35; Rye Flour, Fine to superfine, \$2.50 to \$3.65.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, Western fine, \$5.00 to \$5.50; Coarse, \$5.50 to \$6.25 per lb. Cornmeal, Branly wine, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Western Yellow, \$3.00 to \$3.15; Bag meal, Coarse City \$1.10 to \$1.15; Fine white, \$1.20 to \$1.40; Fine yellow, \$1.40 per 100 lbs. Corn flour, \$2.75 to \$3.75; Hominy, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per barrel.

FEED.—100 lbs. or sharp, at \$21.00 to \$22; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, at \$19.00 to \$20.00; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, at \$17. to \$18.; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed \$16.00 to \$17.00; 50 lbs or medium feed, \$16.00 to \$17.05; 40 lbs or No. 2 feed, \$16.00 to \$17.00. Rye feed at \$18.00 to \$19.00 per ton.

SEEDS.—Clover seed, 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c for ordinary to extra choice—sales mainly at 9 1/2c to 10c; timothy, retail prices \$1.55 to \$1.70; round lots \$1.50 to \$1.60; domestic flaxseed nominal, \$1.55 to \$1.65; Calcutta linseed, \$1.90 to \$1.95.

BUTTER.—Prices are a trifle weaker for fine grades but really fine are scarce, and the bottom of the market is thought to be about reached. The quotations are:—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 24c to 34c. State dairies, fair to fine, 16c to 22c; State firkins, fair to best, 16c to 25c; State Welsh tubs, fair to choice, 25c to 28c; Western imitation creamery, 18c to 26c; Western dairy, ordinary to best, 10c to 16c; Western factory, ordinary to best made, 10c to 20c.

CHEESE.—A steady market. We quote:—State factory skims to select, 7c to 16c; Pennsylvania skims good to prime, 3c to 6 1/2c; Ohio flats ordinary, 5c to 7c.

BEEF.—We quote:—Extra mess, \$12.00 to \$12.50; Extra India mess \$21.00 to \$23.00; Packet, \$13.00 to \$13.50 in lbs.

BEEF HAMS.—Sellers were firm at \$26.00 to \$27.00 spot lots, but only small lots sold.

PORK.—We quote:—\$17. to \$17.75 for old brands mess; \$17.50 to \$17.75 for new mess; \$16.00 for extra prime; \$18.50 to \$19.50 for clear back and \$18.60 to \$19.50 for family.

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

CUTMEATS.—Picked bellies, 12c lb. average, 7 1/2c to 7c; pickled shoulders, 22c; pickled hams, 11 1/2c to 12c; smoked shoulders, 9 1/2c; smoked hams, 13c to 13 1/2c.

LARD.—Prices are much lower. City lard bringing 8.50c. Western 8.75c.

STEARINE.—Lard stearine is at 9 1/2c to 10c for choice city. Oleomargarine, weak at 8 1/2c.

TALLOW.—Demand more active at 7 1/2c to 7 3/4c for prime city.

LIBERTY BETTER THAN CASH.—A Scott Act convict in the Shediac, Westmoreland county, New Brunswick, gaol only tasted of durance vile for three days when, preferring to settle in cash rather than serve out the balance of the term of sixty days at Dorchester, he paid the fine and was let out.

CAMPAIGN TRACTS.

PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE DOMINION ALLIANCE.

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

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

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Price, 25 Cents a Hundred.

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

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

- 1. An miscellaneous series of 24 tracts, from two to five pages, by some of the best writers of the country, suitable for all classes of people, and adapted to every phase of the work—\$1.30.
2. A sixteen-page illustrated tract—10c.
3. Teachers' series prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; especially adapted for teachers—5c.

- 4. One-page handbill tracts, 70 kinds, 20c.
5. Children's Illustrated Tracts, 4 pages, 122 kinds—20c.

- 6. Twenty-nine Temperance Leaflets or Envelopes Tracts, neatly printed on tinted paper—50c.

- 7. Union Leaflets, especially adapted to woman's work. Prepared by a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 77 numbers—30c.

- 8. Young People's Leaflets, by the same, especially adapted for young people—10c.

- 9. Penny Papers—a series of 12 page Tracts, prepared by the same—10c.

- 10. Union Handbills—Cider series, 40 numbers—10c.

- 11. Beer series, 57 numbers—15c.

If any money is forwarded for assorted supplies, we shall send the best assortment we can to the extent that it pays for.

Money must invariably be in our hands in advance, as there is not even a margin to pay for answering letters.

THE LICENSE MUDDE.—A correspondent of the Waterloo Advertiser complains that the unlicensed sale of intoxicating liquor in Knowlton, Brome county, Quebec, cannot be punished, although a violation of three distinct laws—the Dunkin Act, the Quebec Act of 1878 and the Dominion Act of 1883. "If an action is instituted under any one of the existing tri of Acts," the writer says, "the exception is that it should have been brought under some other, and it is consequently dismissed." A little organization and vigor on the part of the friends of law and order should, we think, be all that is required to have the offenders punished either under the Dunkin or the Quebec Act. Both are certainly good laws, and no honest magistrate can refuse to enforce them. As for the Dominion Act, Parliament has expressly enacted that the penalties shall not be enforced until it be ascertained if the law is sound.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.

April 23, 1884. [1 Cor. 1: 17-31.]

PAUL'S PREACHING.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 17-19.

17. For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to preach the gospel; not with wisdom of words, lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect.

18. For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.

19. For if it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.

20. Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the wisdom of the world?

21. For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.

22. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom:

23. But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness;

24. But unto them which are called both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

25. Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men.

26. For ye see your calling brethren, how that many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called:

27. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

28. And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are:

29. That no flesh shall glory in his presence.

30. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

31. That, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness.—1 Cor. 1: 23.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Cor. 1: 17-31. Paul's Preaching. T. Acts 9: 19-31. His Early Ministry. W. 1 Cor. 3: 1-23. Laborers together with God.

Th. Rom. 1: 1-7. The Power of God. F. Gal. 1: 21. The Gospel not of Man.

S. 2 Tim. 4: 1-22. Parting Charge to Timothy. S. Rev. 11: 1-7. An Angel Preacheth to the Gospel.

LESSON PLAN.

1. Foolishness to the World. 2. Salvation to Believers. 3. Glory to God.

Time.—A. D. 57 (spring). Place.—Written from Ephesus during the third year of Paul's residence in that city.

INTRODUCTORY.

The First Epistle to the Corinthians was written during Paul's residence at Ephesus, about five years after his ministry in Corinth, of which we had an account in Lesson X. It was called out by discussions of his organization in the Corinthian church. Having approved their divisions, Paul proceeds in our lesson passage to speak in defence of his manner of preaching, and shows that the simple preaching of the cross of Christ, though regarded as foolishness by the world, brings glory to God in the salvation of sinners.

LESSON NOTES.

I.—V. 17. TO PREACH—As the leading purpose of his ministry. NOT WITH WISDOM—not with the techniques of human wisdom. V. 18. THE PREACHING OF THE CROSS—the doctrine of salvation through the crucifixion of Christ. THE POWER OF GOD—the means by which God exerts his power in the salvation of sinners. V. 19. FOR IT IS WRITTEN—in Isa. 29: 13 nearly the same words are used, but we are not to take this as the citation of any one passage. V. 20. WHERE IS THE WISE—a challenge to the wise to disprove what he had said.

II.—V. 21. AFTER THAT—"seeing that," because. IS THE WISDOM OF GOD—in the midst of evidence of the divine wisdom in creation and providence. BY WISDOM KNEW NOT GOD—failed to gain any knowledge of God. BY THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING—by the preaching of the cross, which was regarded by the world as foolish and absurd. V. 22. A SIGN—a miracle, external evidence. Mark 16: 17. Mark 8: 11; John 6: 30. WISDOM—rational evidence. V. 23. WE PREACH CHRIST CRUCIFIED—while Jews seek miracles and Greeks seek wisdom, we glory only in the crucified Lord. V. 24. WHICH ARE CALLED—God's chosen and saved ones see in Christ the highest possible manifestation both of God's power and wisdom.

III.—V. 25. THE FOOLISHNESS OF GOD—the gospel, though regarded as absurd, has more power and wisdom than any plan that man can invent. V. 26. WHILE AFTER THE FLESH—the converts to Christianity were not in general from among the highly educated of the great. V. 27. THE FOOLISH THINGS—things esteemed foolish among men. TO CONFOUND—to put to shame by showing the little value of the things on which they prized their lives. V. 28. OF HIM—of God as the cause. IN CHRIST JESUS—united to him. 1 Cor. 15: 22; John 14: 17; Rom. 8: 1. WISDOM—all true religious knowledge comes from Christ. RIGHTEOUSNESS—justification. 2 Cor. 5: 21. SANCTIFICATION—holiness of heart. REDEMPTION—deliverance from sin and all its effects. V. 31. AS IT IS WRITTEN—Jer. 9: 23, 24.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That the minister's great work is to preach Christ crucified.
2. That he must do this with plainness, earnestness and simplicity.
3. That God has made this preaching of the cross the great means of salvation.
4. That we can be pardoned and saved only by the merits of Him who died on the cross.
5. That this way of salvation humbles the pride of man and gives all the glory to God.

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