

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The North-West rising is now a matter of history; the last shot has been fired and the victorious volunteers are on their way to their respective homes. To their relatives and friends this will be the most welcome news of the campaign. To some homes those who departed from their midst at the outbreak of this cruel war will never return, but the families will be consoled by the thought that their dear ones died bravely in the service of their country. Now that the rebellion itself has been put down, justice, and speedy justice, is to be meted out to all those who were either directly or indirectly instrumental in bringing about the sad course of events that have taken place within the last few months. The trial of the leading conspirator, Riel, is to take place at Regina on the 20th instant. A long indictment has been drawn up against the prisoner, charging him with unlawfully and maliciously levying war against Her Majesty at Duck Lake, Fish Creek, and Batoche. The trial will likely be one of the most important ever held in Canada. There will be thirty-seven witnesses for the Crown, the principal being General Middleton, Col. Irvine, Capt. Crozier, J. C. Astley, H. Ross, J. Kerr, G. Kerr, J. A. Jackson and the Indian agent Mr. Lash. It is also stated to be the intention of Riel's Counsel to summon Sir David MacPherson, Minister of the Interior, Hon. Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, and Sir John Macdonald, to give evidence and produce papers of importance. The panel of jurors for the trial has already been selected; it consists of thirty-six persons, of whom not a single one is a half-breed, so that there is not likely to be any feeling of very great sympathy among the jurors. In the meantime Riel seems to take the preparations very coolly. He is getting better looking in appearance every day, and is even ready to talk with the guards and frequently asks about public opinion. Since his imprisonment he has written a long document, which dwells upon his connection with the rising, Big Bear and the other prisoners captured with him, will also be sent for trial to Regina with other ringleaders of the rebellion. Now that peace has been restored the troops are moving eastward. The gallant boys who have worked so nobly for their country are not to be forgotten by a grateful public. They will be given a grand reception at Winnipeg, where Major General Middleton will hold a general review and a reception. The various cities throughout the Dominion are also making active preparations to welcome back their citizen soldiery. Parliament has not been forgetful in its acknowledgement, and an order-in-Council has been passed granting pensions to officers and men who have been killed or wounded during the campaign. It is also the intention to make a grant of land to the officers, soldiers, and volunteers, and in addition, a formal vote of thanks will be passed by Parliament. The men deserve all the honors that can be given them and if the North-

west rising has done nothing else, it has at least shown that the citizen soldiery of Canada can be depended upon in time of need and that the men deserve well of their country.

A GREAT CITY'S SIN.

England, and in fact the whole civilized world, has been startled this week by revelations made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* regarding abominable crimes practised in London. It is an undisputed fact that in all great centres of population practices such as those referred to are carried on under the very light of civilization with more or less impunity. In the great drift of busy surging every day life, they may pass unnoticed but their deadening and sickening influences remain all the same, and it only needs the bold voice of some individual or institution to bring them into the light of day and expose their abominable hideous-

ness to the gaze of the world. Such a course has been taken by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. There are, of course, strong differences of opinion about the propriety of its action but there can be no doubt that however painful it may be to make these disclosures the ultimate effect will be beneficial. The newspaper's action has been approved by some of the leading churchmen and thinkers of England and it has shown the sincerity of its course by daring prosecution. The disclosures made in the columns of the newspaper are of the most loathsome description and would seem almost incredible if they were not vouched for by unimpeachable authority. The *Gazette* opened the *expose* on Monday afternoon when it devoted five pages of its space to show that the trade in young girls for immoral purposes has increased alarmingly of late years, and that the growth in the traffic was due to the utter worthlessness of the law in relation to the matter. The article gave revolting details of the business showing how young and innocent children were lured from their homes by the agents of the great and wealthy, to be used for vile purposes and the names of a number of wealthy men, holding prominent positions in society were mentioned in connection with the business. The publication of the article created a profound sensation throughout England. The book stalls refused to sell the papers, but the street sales were enormous, and a number of news vendors were arrested for selling the papers

the Criminal Law Amendment Bill to punish such offenders was quickly ordered to a third reading, which practically insures its passage. A full enquiry is to be made into the conduct of the London police who are charged with connivance in the crimes. Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preached a powerful sermon on Sunday on the patrician iniquity of London, as exposed by the *Gazette*. There was a judgment, he said, for sin in the world both for men and nations and London would not be more favored than Rome. It was necessary for the church to warn men of what would happen if such sin was continued and every preacher should cry aloud and spare not.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The real leader of the North-West rebellion was not Louis Riel—the head only in name—but Gabriel Dumont, whose portrait appears on another page. The one, vacillating, timid, fearful, and only upheld by a religious craze, is insignificant by the side of Dumont, the brave, fearless, resolute though ignorant half-breed, who, in company with his compatriots, had real grievances to complain of and who, not knowing better, led his comrades into battle against the overwhelming power of the authorities. In this despairing contest Dumont displayed extraordinary power as an organizer. He alone it was that drilled the raw and crude material around him into a force that was able to successfully resist the Dominion troops day after day; the rifle pits at Fish Creek and Batoche which more than anything else stopped the onward march of the troops were the products of his engineering skill, and behind them in person he urged his small but well-disciplined forces to a gallant resistance. It was only when he saw that all was lost that he resolved not to be taken alive and succeeded in reaching the other side of the boundary line. Of Dumont's personal history but little is known, as he led a quiet and peaceable life previous to the rising which suddenly called him into prominence. He was born near Edmonton in the North-West Territory, his father being in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. He became closely identified with the Indians in their hunts and tribal wars and subsequently he settled on the Saskatchewan river, established a ferry, now known as Gabriel's Crossing, and opened a store. Dumont was the possessor of a large amount of land. His portrait is that of a man of great intelligence, decision of character and strength of purpose. He was the head and front of the recent rebellion which, but for him, would, in all probability, have been a short-lived one. In the neighboring Republic he is assured of freedom, and when years have passed away and the grievances of the half-breeds have become things of the past, it is not improbable that he will return to his native land and witness the fruits of the unfortunate rising of which he was the guiding star.

LOUIS KOSSUTH, the Hungarian patriot, is in a very precarious state of health, and his death is daily expected.



GABRIEL DUMONT.

The *Gazette*, however received, the approval of many leading men for its conduct and published a number of letters written in commendation by peers, bishops and members of the House of Commons. The investigation, it was announced, into the abominations, was commenced, on May 24th, by a commission composed of members of the *Gazette* staff. The commission applied to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Cardinal Manning for advice and they all supported the object. The result has been to bring the matter before the House of Commons, and, as a consequence,

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COMPETITIVE WORKMEN.

BY FAYE HUNTINGTON.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Meantime, how fared our friends elsewhere? At the Centre, Janet Fleming and Ernie Holmes were earnest in good works, in Sunday-school and church. Mr. Coles, the pastor, found them among his most efficient helpers. In the temperance work they were leaders. They realized that the victory which had been won did not ensure rest from further effort; they had no idea of giving the enemy a chance to gather up forces for a fresh onset.

"The sentiment of our town is strong for prohibition now," said Janet, "and we must not let it decrease; the way to do is to keep the subject before the people, and to educate the children so that they will grow up with right ideas upon the question."

And accordingly the children were invited to come together from week to week to listen to talks upon temperance. It was soon discovered that Janet had unusual talent in the direction of conducting these meetings, and talking to the children. The movement became popular, and not to be a member of the band was to be quite outside the circle of popular society.

"What can she find to talk about?" asked some one, of one of the children of the neighborhood. "I've heard a good many temperance lectures, but they were all about the same thing, right over. I don't see what a girl can get up that's new."

"Why, it's all new!" replied the child. "She tells us all about alcohol, how it is made, and what effect it has on the body, and how a little even does harm, and—oh, we are all just as strong for temperance!"

"Little danger that the coming generation of voters in Milford will vote for a renewal of the traffic in their midst!"

Janet Fleming had not forgotten Philip Stuart. How could she forget the one who had opened for her the door that led into the wide field of knowledge! He had roused her slumbering intellect and had given her a taste for intellectual pleasures; and thirsting for more she had continued to drink, taking in deeper and fuller draughts, until now she stood in her beautiful womanhood with a cultured mind, possessing a command of language in which to clothe her thoughts, a readiness of illustration, and a flow of fancy and imagery which made her a pleasing and helpful teacher; and in the enjoyment of her powers, remembering who had helped her forward, could she ever think of Mr. Stuart otherwise than in loving remembrance? Alas, that the memory of her friend should be so full of pain! There was one battle she had fought over and over in her soul. When Philip Stuart took her answer that summer evening as they walked home together for the last time, when she so resolutely put aside the love that would have been to her a shade of joy, the conflict had but just begun. Not that she ever regretted her decision—but her weak woman's heart cried out for the lost happiness; her reason, her better judgment, her conscience, her Christian womanhood all told her that she was right in her course; still the old love would sometimes assert itself and refuse to be set aside. When she thought the conflict was ended and that she had settled the longing of her heart forever, when she fancied that the love was dead, some chance word, some well-remembered look, or walk, or perhaps only a flower, or line of a poem, would bring a rush of memories, and again she would realize only too painfully that it was not yet a dead and hidden love, and then the battle must be all fought over again. But so deep was all this buried in Janet's heart that no one suspected the truth. Those who watched her development and wondered at it, knew not whereof was born the beauty and power and dignity of character that seemed to place her above other young ladies. Ernie Holmes, herself growing in womanly graces and finding new beauty in books and pictures, could not keep pace with Janet, and was learning to look upon her as above common mortals. If she ever suspected the truth she never hinted it to Janet. Mr. Stuart seemed to have dropped out of their lives; they never heard from him directly. Now and then an item in a newspaper or a stray rumor, told of his prosperity and rising fortunes. That was all. It was but natural that his name should often be heard in a neighborhood where he had done such good work, helping forward so many commendable enterprises, and it was always spoken with re-

spect, but afterwards Ernie remembered that Janet never of her own accord spoke of Philip Stuart.

Between Ernie and Janet's brother Fred there had existed from childhood a boy and girl friendship; it was Ernie Holmes who rode off first on Fred Fleming's sled, Ernie who received the prettiest valentines and the first bunch of spring flowers; and as they grew older no one was surprised when a marriage engagement was announced. Then there were plans for a new house under discussion. Mr. Holmes insisted that there was plenty of room in the great house for them all; but Fred as strenuously insisted upon a home of their own; and Mr. Holmes yielded and entered earnestly into the planning of the young people, being exceedingly liberal both with money and advice.

However, Mr. Holmes had one rare quality. Having bestowed his gifts, whether of the one commodity mentioned or the other, he left it to the discretion of the recipients as to the disposal of said gifts. The new house was built, and Robert came home from delivering his graduation speech to attend the wedding. There was just one bit of friction unknown to the world outside. I have already mentioned that Mr. Holmes lived in the largest and handsomest house in the neighborhood, probably the finest in the township, perhaps in the county. Naturally he was somewhat proud and fond of entertaining friends. They entertained generously at all times, and now that the only daughter of the family was to be married, there was to be an unusual display. And it was in discussing the arrangements that the slight difference of opinion between Ernie and her father arose.

"No wine at the wedding!"

Mr. Holmes' tone and look were more expressive than his words.

"No wine at the wedding! Who ever heard of such a thing as a wedding pretending to be got up in any style without wine?"

"I have attended several weddings where there was no wine," said Ernie.

"O yes! Such people as the Browns and Smiths; of course they would not be expected to have it."

"There was no wine served at Judge Baker's, at Louise's wedding."

"Judge Baker is a fanatic! Now, I am a temperance man, as you know. I have always helped you and Janet along in your work with the children, and you know too how hard I worked at the polls for no license; but I can't see the sense of having no wine at your wedding. Why, Ernie, it will look stingy."

Ernie laughed at this argument. "Why, father, I guess you will be able to spend money enough before you get through with it all, to satisfy people that you are not stingy. I'll put a dozen more yards of lace on my dress, and that will count up somewhere near the price of the wine. If not, I'll get more expensive lace!"

Mr. Holmes smiled; his darling might buy as expensive lace as she pleased, and she was sure, too, to have her way in this other thing; only it did seem so foolish and absurd to him.

"That young school-teacher was a capital fellow," he said, "and helped things along wonderfully here; but, like all the rest of his class, he went to extremes. Now, I'd like to know what possible objection there can be to having wine at your wedding? Wine seems to belong to a wedding as much as white satin and orange flowers; and I can't see why you should be so opposed to it."

"So as to be consistent, father," said Ernie. "The position which I hold in Sunday-school and in the temperance band makes it expedient that I should be very careful how I act. And, besides, I do not want to be the one who gives my brother his first glass."

Mr. Holmes was silent. He remembered other boys, and he remembered, too, a time when he had been exceedingly anxious about this boy of his, and he had always believed that it was Mr. Stuart who saved his Jack; and it was from Mr. Stuart that Ernie had learned her notions. Ernie continued:

"And, besides, among those who will be our guests, there are two or three at least to whom I should not dare offer wine, for fear they would be led back to their old habits of drinking."

"But, Ernie, if you undertake to watch over all the reformed drunkards, you will have more than you can attend to. A glass of wine is an innocent thing, and every one must stand or fall for himself."

"Oh, I don't propose to watch over them all, but I might take charge of a few," said Ernie, laughing a little, then adding soberly, "but, father, I don't quite agree to that standing or falling for one's self. You know it says we ought to support the weak, and to bear one another's burdens, and if meat maketh our brother to offend we ought to eat no meat, and a great deal more in the same direction. No, father, I think we will have no wine at the wedding. I don't want to be responsible for Jack Holmes, nor for old Peter Sleight, who will come in for his share of the feast."

And Mr. Holmes yielded the point reluctantly. You would not call Mr. Holmes a sentimental man, but he had some sentimental ideas about weddings, as associated with white dresses, wine, and other traditional customs; and had all his ideas been carried out, Ernie's wedding would have been a strange mingling of the old and the modern styles.

Among the guests was a brother of Mr. Wilson. For nearly a year he had been staying at the Wilson's, having become, from a few years experience of city life, almost ruined in health, and character as well. His brother had prevailed upon him to come out into the country for a few months, hoping that, away from temptation, he might be able to overcome the habits that had caused his ruin. And during those months he had been gaining in strength of body and mind. Not once had he touched a glass of liquor. Indeed, where would he get it? Sometimes he spoke of getting back to work, but always with a shudder. "I cannot trust myself yet!" he would say. And so he stayed on, struggling to put away the burning thirst for alcohol which would sometimes come upon him with power.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were speaking of the wedding; Mrs. Wilson said:

"I am almost afraid of this gathering."

"Afraid! What do you mean?"

"Only, if they should have wine!"

"Wine! wine at Ernie's wedding! Not a bit of it," said Mr. Wilson. "Don't you know her better than to suppose that?"

"Oh, I know Ernie would not approve, but Mr. Holmes will want to have everything on the most elegant scale, and as dignified as possible."

You see, Mrs. Wilson knew Mr. Holmes too!

"Very likely he will," returned her husband, "but Ernie will have a word to say about that matter. And you will see; there will be no wine!"

Albert Wilson had thought of the same thing, and he afterwards confessed that he would have stayed at home from dread of the temptation which might assail him, if he could have framed an excuse; and as the hour for serving refreshments drew near, he actually trembled with apprehension of danger; and when he found that no liquors were to be served, there was such a great reaction that great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead; and months afterwards, when he had grown stronger and learned where to look for strength, he said:

"I had never in my life been to a large party where wine or other liquors were not served, and I had scarcely deemed it possible that temptation would not meet me there; and if it had I should have been a lost man, and a drunkard's curse would have followed Ernie Fleming the rest of her life! But she saved me. For the first time in my life I believed that God cared for me. That night was the turning point, and I owe the strength and vigor and renewed hope I enjoy to-day to the firmness of Ernie Holmes!"

CHAPTER XIX.

There came into the western town where Philip Stuart had established himself, a stranger. He had been invited by the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to deliver a course of lectures. These proved to be something more than temperance lectures; they were sermons, and they reached the hearts of the people as well as the intellects. Evening after evening, for weeks together, the people came in crowds to listen to the words of the eloquent teacher, and hundreds sought and found the way of life. At first Mr. Stuart, as full of zeal as he had been a few years before at the Centre, entered into the work with enthusiasm. He was as eager as ever to lift up the fallen, but he knew not himself of any other strength than man's, and could not direct fallen humanity to a stronghold. And when the work began to take on more and more a religious aspect, when the res-

cueed began to look to the Lord for help to keep their resolutions, when a genuine revival of religion grew out of the lectures, Philip Stuart could no longer follow the leader; he had gone beyond his depth. He began to stay away from the meetings; then he dropped in to see how things were progressing, and went away with a sneer on his handsome face. He said:

"Such a pity! The work was becoming very remarkable as a temperance movement, but the gatherings are degenerating into revival meetings!"

However, in spite of his scorn and determination to stand aloof, he went again and again. He was always a good listener; indeed, he had that rare quality of knowing how to listen always, to everybody, and I am not sure that this was not half the secret of his popularity. He would listen to his landlady's complaints of the inefficiency of her servants, and the impertinence of the grocer's boy, or the dishonesty of the lawyer, with the same complacency and air of interest with which he would attend to the exegesis of a brother professor; or he would give attention to the droppings of the old apple woman at the corner as patiently and sympathetically as to the entertaining talk of some friend just returned from a foreign tour. And thus with his accustomed manner he listened to the plain truths of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ as set forth by one of his faithful servants. Now and then some one of his favorite beliefs or articles would be attacked, and, as he was sometimes forced to confess, utterly demolished. Though he would as often set at work to restore from the heap of ruins something like his old place of rest, it would not be just the same. After being thus reconstructed it would be but a tottering structure at best, some of his foundation stones gone beyond re-laying. And still some power which was irresistible drew him evening after evening to hear the old truths of the Bible reiterated. As of old, he would have scorned being led by the Spirit of God, yet it could have been none else. He grew more and more dissatisfied with his position upon religious questions. And the inquiry which Janet Fleming had put to him upon that last evening they spent together, came to him with startling force. She had asked:

"Is it an impossibility for you to be mistaken?" And now he began to wonder if, after all, he might not have blundered! He did what he ought to have had sense enough to have done long before, he began the study of the Bible. Does it not seem a strange thing that so many of those who deny the truths of the Bible should be so ignorant concerning it! The rankest infidel must acknowledge that it is a remarkable book, since it has such an influence, controlling the lives of millions! One would imagine that the spirit of investigation would lead a man to at least examine to find out wherein lies the wonderful strength of the book. With all his education and literary culture, Philip Stuart was woefully ignorant concerning the book of books. And as he was led to look into its truths he began to wonder at its beauty—a wonderful light seemed to illumine its pages as he read.

"Why! I never saw this so before!" he would say to himself; "can it be that these things are so?"

At length he went one evening to an inquiry meeting, and during the service he arose and said:

"I do not know that I can say that I desire to become a Christian; but I do desire to know the truth concerning him whom you call the Lord Jesus Christ. I have reached the point where I am willing to be taught, and have come into this inquiry meeting for that purpose. I find Christ the central figure in the New Testament, and the central thought of all the preaching and teaching I have heard in these meetings. I have been studying his life of late, and find it very wonderful; but my view of him and that of those whom I hear speaking of him as their friend seems to be different. I should like to know him as you know him."

The leader of the meeting smiled at the inconsistency of Mr. Stuart's first and his closing remarks, as he responded:

"As many as are led by the spirit of God, they are the sons of God. My brother, I shall be glad if I can clear away any of your difficulties. But the Holy Spirit is your best teacher, and I believe that He is leading you. May He bring you speedily into a close relationship with our Lord Jesus Christ."

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It was a wonderful thought, to Philip Stuart, that of being led by the spirit of God! Yielding to the sweet and blessed influences, he that night for the first time since he left off his childhood's prayer, knelt to pray.

It was perhaps a month later that he wrote to Janet Fleming:

"MY DEAR JANET—I know not how better to tell you what I desire to communicate than by using the words of a New Testament convert. "And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. "And I also would employ these words of Paul: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

"Yours, as ever, PHILIP STUART."

He received this reply: "MY DEAR FRIEND—In the words of inspiration, "I thank my God, making mention of the always in my prayers; hearing of the love and faith, which thou hast towards the Lord Jesus."

"YOUR LITTLE JANET."

I have little more to tell. The lives of these people are still going on. There was a wedding at the old church the other day. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Fleming. Professor Stuart was the bridegroom, and Janet the bride. Flavius St. John was there, having been brought up out of the depths of degradation through the efforts of Fritz; and the language of his heart to-day is, "The Lord is the strength of my life." He has learned through a bitter experience the weakness of the human will. Professor Stuart, shaking him warmly by the hand, said:

"St. John, forgive me the wrong I did you! But I knew no better myself."

"Do not blame yourself, Professor Stuart. It was all a mistake. God led me by devious ways, perhaps, to show me how to help others."

Then more sadly, "Have you seen Josephine?"

"Yes, she is greatly changed with these years."

"Yes, indeed; Josephine has had a terrible experience. I suppose you know that she, in the bitter disappointment of her marriage, became addicted to the use of stimulants to such an extent that she was finally separated from her husband. Fritz, acting as city missionary, found her out and brought her home. To us, who know all she passed through, to see her as she is now is a comfort. She is gaining strength, and will, I think, take up missionary work after a while, and may yet become a useful woman."

"Well," said Philip Stuart, speaking with feeling, "I thank God that Fritz Hettinger has been permitted to undo some of my work."

THE END.

THE DEACON'S CIDER.

BY MRS. J. K. BARNET, OF THE RHODE ISLAND W. C. T. U.

I stood at the counter in a bookstore looking over the Christmas cards. They were attractive and beautiful with their bright flowers, birds and glad wishes; and such a variety! I made my selection and turned to go from the store. "Pardon me," said a scantily-dressed, pale faced woman, "but might I speak with you; I overheard your conversation just now and I know of you very well, and I should like to show you a place where there is need of some words other than a merry Christmas. Can you spare an hour? You will, I am sure, for you seem heaven-sent to me." We took a horse car and rode almost to the city limits and then walked through back streets and alleys until we came to a tumble-down old rookery. Going down some steps we entered a place where the air seemed damp and fetid.

On some shavings and rags crouched the wreck of a man, and sitting near by was another man, considerably younger but almost equally wretched in appearance. "Dana," said the woman, speaking to the latter, "you see I have found you out again. I learned only this morning where you were but I had not courage to come alone, and while I was praying in my heart I was directed to this lady, whom I am sure you have heard of and will be glad to know." She whispered a few words to the man she called "Dana," then hastily grasping my hands said, as the tears literally poured down her cheeks, "O God help you! God

help you!" and before I could collect myself she ran up the steps and was gone.

After a little preliminary talk I said, "I guess I can spell it all out with three letters, R-u-m." "No," said the man, with tones into which he put all the force he could command, it's a longer, meaner, more devilish word—Cider!" He screamed it over several times, then added, "there's hell in it, every time." During our talk and in the interviews since, I learned his story. He was an orphan boy. His father went down to a drunkard's hopeless grave and his mother died of grief and shame. His childhood was spent in an almshouse. At the age of ten years he went to live with Deacon—

"The deacon was a good sort of man, had prayers Sunday mornings, there was no time for them on other days; everybody had all the cider they wanted, for the deacon wasn't stingy about that, and I had to go to meeting Sunday nights, 'cause he said he was responsible for his household. I stayed there eight years, but he never spoke to me about my soul, and I never heard him pray for me but once—then I got drunk one spring on cider and the next morning he asked God 'to show me the folly of making a beast of myself.' I went away soon after and was gone some years. For most three of them I drank constantly; then I reformed, and after a while became a Christian, I thought. I earned good wages and wasn't a bad looking fellow; and it seemed to me I'd like to go back to the old town and go to my mother's grave."

"I called at the deacon's and he made me stay over Sunday. Saturday evening the deacon's cider was brought out, but I refused it, the next day 'twas communion and when the deacon passed the cup to me, true as you live, I saw the devil—right between us. It was only an instant, but in that time I had taken the cup and swallowed the liquid fire. The fumes, the taste, thrilled me through and through. That night I drank glass after glass of the deacon's cider, without a single remonstrance from him, though I had told him I belonged to a reform club."

The next day I stayed round and drank cider until I was drunk as a fool. When he came in to dinner he gave me a good scolding and said, he 'never had much confidence in me, and bade me begone from his house and not disgrace it. That was three years ago, and you see me now, I needn't say much more. Just after I came to Providence, I came across the woman who brought you here. She is the deacon's daughter, and she says her father's cider has ruined her husband and both of her sons. 'Any are all straight just now, but she would sooner bury them, than see them so up to the eyes to visit her folks. It will kill her some time, for her boys have got the real drunkard's craving for strong drink, and they'll go under yet. She is interested in me because she knows her father is to blame and if I could be saved, I'd work to help her, though I do hate her father so awfully."

"Who is this man here, did you ask,—oh, he is most dead, killed by rum. He pulled me off the railway track once when I was drunk; he used to be a Methodist class-leader, but he lived in the country and drank cider, and it was too much for him, religion and all. When he came down here he was all right for whiskey. Oh, mv, won't there be some queer stories told at the judgment! You know they say the hairs of your head are numbered—do you suppose the Almighty has kept account of the gallons of cider Deacon—has drunk! If he is going to Heaven, hocked right through then the Bible is a lie, and God isn't just. You say 'perhaps he doesn't understand,' for God's sake don't excuse him, his conscience may be deadened by the long use of cider, but I tell you, that man knows better, but he wouldn't give up his cider to save his daughter's family and all the young men of the place."

"That man's influence and example will send more than a dozen souls to hell. 'Don't speak so;' well it's the truth. If I could be a Christian again, a thousand times better than I ever was before, I could never forgive that man."

"I have given his words, some of them, for I could not seem to put the story in words of my own choosing. How I wish I had something good to tell at the close. On the last day of the old year the poor man who had been a class-leader, breathed his last. He never rallied enough to pray or to know he was prayed for. The other has had no really sober day since, and the only

chance of saving him would seem to be that if he should be arrested and sentenced, he might be kept sober long enough to "come to himself." The poor woman, who still cares for him as best she can, says pleadingly, "Oh, don't give him up, my father will have enough to answer for without his blood." As we talked in her own poor home one day she told me of her physical suffering, and I could see that the shadow of death seemed before her. Looking into my face, with her great wistful eyes, she said, "when I die I don't want to be carried up to the old home; I don't want my children linked in any way to it. How I hate it, and all because of the cider."

MAJOR HALL'S CONVERSION.

BY REV. E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

(In one of his addresses in Liverpool, Mr. Hammond related the following remarkable case of conversion.)

In the year 1876, at the invitation of ministers in Washington, District of Columbia, I held a series of Gospel-meetings which lasted twelve weeks. Washington is called "the city of magnificent distances," and churches as well as individuals are much isolated. It was but slowly that the people in answer to many prayers, however, the Holy Spirit came down on the great evangelistic gatherings with mighty power, and many remarkable conversions resulted.

Among those converted was the well-known Major Hall. He was a popular man among his companions. He had frequently held offices of trust under the government of the city, and was a member of a fashionable club. He was confessedly addicted to the vices common among men of the world. One day, walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, he met his old friend General Crittenden, who said to him: "Major, I have been converted; if you come to Dr. Rankin's church to-night you will hear me relate my experience." The Major at first thought his friend spoke in ridicule, but he soon discovered that General Crittenden was in dead earnest. After no small persuasion he consented to be present at the evening meeting.

General Crittenden related his spiritual experiences on that occasion in a manner which moved many hearts. He had been a leader in the Northern Army during the Civil War, and was a man of much ability. At the time of his conversion he was practising as a lawyer, and with his Christian wife attended Dr. Sutherland's church. He told how his son's conversion in the meetings had attracted him to them, and how, at last, his proud heart had yielded to Christ. As he spoke, not a few were moved to tears. Major Hall, however, instead of being softened seemed to be greatly incensed. When the inquiry-meeting was announced, and his wife urged him to stay, he said, "No." The General has made a fool of himself. I will have nothing to do with such meetings." He went from the church straight to a place of fashionable resort, where he gambled all night. Next morning, instead of going home he went to a hotel to breakfast, and afterwards slept there till late in the afternoon. Then he returned to his evil associates.

Meantime his wife had set apart that day for fasting and prayer for the conversion of her husband. In her agony of prayer she cried out, "O Lord, if need be, take from us by death our darling and only daughter, if so my husband may be led to Christ." No assurance of an answer seemed to be vouchsafed, and she continued to plead: "O Lord, take from us our firstborn and only son, who, with his sister, has given his heart to Jesus in the meetings, if that is needed to lead my dear husband to thyself." Still no answer seemed to be given. Almost in an agony of despair, she cried out, "O God, lay my dead body across his pathway, if need be, to keep him from stumbling into hell. Thou didst give thy Son to die for him; if the sacrifice of my life is also needed I freely give it." No sooner had these words fallen from her lips than she felt, like Daniel of old, that while she was yet speaking, God had heard and answered her prayer. She rose from her knees filled with joy, and ran across the street to the house of a Christian neighbor, to whom she said, "My husband is going to be converted, and he will join Dr. Black's Church on such and such a day." They said to her, "Why, you are beside yourself; where is your husband?" "I do not know," she replied; "but I know he is

going to be converted; God has answered my prayer."

That same night Major Hall was among his companions, and had gambled till day-break, when suddenly he threw down his cards, and saying, "I have played my last card," he turned upon his heel and went to his office, under terrible conviction of sin. He hunted up a Bible, but he knew more of Blackstone than about God's law and Gospel, and he could find no comfort in turning over the leaves of the sacred book. He remained in his office, however, till five o'clock in the afternoon, having been there from daybreak, trembling all the time at the foot of Mount Sinai. At last he went to a friend's house, and told him of his distress. He at once brought Dr. Black, the pastor, who pointed him to Christ, explaining to him the Saviour's finished work, and urging him to pray God for mercy and forgiveness. He did so. His prayer was heard and answered; peace and joy filled his soul.

Major Hall came to the meeting that night. Some one said to me, "There is Major Hall, do you know he has been converted?" "Indeed," I replied, I left the platform and said, "Major, I hear you have become a Christian; is it true?" "Yes, it is." "You are well known in Washington; if you would stand on that platform, and relate your experience to the great assemblage of people here to-night, it would do more good than any sermon I could preach." He said: "I am so weak, I can scarcely stand upon my feet. I have eaten nothing since yesterday at three o'clock, and I have been in terrible soul distress most of the time." "Well, if you will come up, and after I have spoken, say a word or two, I am sure the Lord will help you, and it will do great good." I placed my arm in his and led him on to the platform. His utterances were broken, what he said was so indistinct that very few heard. But the tears fell from his eyes, and many in that great audience who knew him well as a man of pleasure, and could guess what a terrible struggle he had passed through, were deeply moved by his testimony. His wife, scarcely realizing what she was doing, sprang to her feet, and in a clear voice that rang through the building, exclaimed: "I am the happiest woman in Washington to-night!"

One week from that date Major Hall stood at my side on the steps of the Capitol, where for many years the American Presidents had been inaugurated, and in a clear, stentorian voice, in the presence of from 10,000 to 15,000 persons, related the story of his conversion. It had not been announced that he was to speak, but vast numbers were in the habit of gathering there Sabbath after Sabbath, to hear Gospel addresses.

These events occurred nine years ago, and Major Hall, from that day to this, has lived a consistent and earnest Christian life. Every year the church he attends, and whose membership he joined on the very day mentioned by his wife, celebrates the anniversary of his remarkable conversion. The building is decorated and great rejoicing is expressed that God has saved their friend and brother as one who was indeed "a brand plucked from the burning." I have received numerous letters from him, which always cheer my heart and lead me to thank God for his sovereign grace. Would that every Christian who reads this narrative might have his faith strengthened to pray for those who may seem to be far gone in sin. Would that every sinner might realize that Christ is indeed able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, "seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—The Christian.

GO AND DO IT.—Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once and finish it up squarely and cleanly. Then do the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours those prompt people contrive to make in a day. It is as if they picked up the moments that the drawers lost. And, if you find yourself where you have so many things pressing, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest to fall into file and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers. A man was once asked how he accomplished so much in his life. "My father told me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, to go and do it." There is the secret.—Exchange.

THE WEEK.

A GALLANT SOLDIER'S DEATH.

Among the heroes who lost their lives in the North-West during the unfortunate rising that has just closed the name of Lieut.-Col. Arthur Williams, M. P., Commander of the Midland Battalion, will occupy a prominent place of honor in the future history of the campaign. It is true that, unlike many others, he did not fall on the actual field of battle, surrounded by the din and smoke of the affray, but none the less was his death met in the service of his country. After taking an active part in the decisive fight at Batoche in which his gallantry under fire was remarkably displayed, Col. Williams was on his way home, when he was suddenly struck down at Fort Pitt by typhoid and brain fever, doubtless contracted during his arduous services on the field of battle. He became insensible and after lingering a few days death put an end to his brilliant career. Col. Williams, who was born in Port Hope in 1837, was the son of J. T. Williams R. N., who represented the county of Durham in the old Canadian Parliament. Col. Williams was educated at the Upper Canada College and Edinburgh University, and ever since he attained manhood has been closely identified with the militia force of the Dominion. He saw active service during the Fenian troubles of 1864-65 and in the latter year was appointed to the command of the 46th Midland Battalion, which he has since retained. In 1880 he was selected to command the Canadian team at Wimbledon, which he did with great success. He was the first militia officer in Canada to volunteer to the Imperial Government for service in the Sudan, and proposed to raise a Canadian regiment of infantry for that service. The breaking out of the North-West rebellion, however, called him to duties nearer home and in a few days he had raised a battalion of nearly 400 men from the Midland district, which was sent to the front and did such gallant service under its distinguished officer. Col. Williams represented the county of Durham in the House of Commons for a number of years and was one of the Government whips. The deceased officer is to be buried at Port Hope with military honors. His death has caused a profound feeling of regret throughout the entire Dominion which mourns the loss of one of its most gallant officers.

FRANCE IN TROUBLE.

The French troubles in Annam have broken out anew, and serious difficulties are feared in the near future. Gen. Courcy had no sooner arrived at Hue, whither he had been sent by the French Government, than the Annamite garrison of that place suddenly attacked his force, but were repulsed. The French lost sixty and the Annamites, fifteen hundred during the engagement. After the battle Gen. Courcy took up his quarters in the citadel of Hue, which contains one thousand guns. The Annamites, who numbered over thirty thousand, prepared to make a fresh attack on the French forces. They were again routed, however, by the French, who took the regent Thuang prisoner. The King and Queen mother fled on the approach of the troops. Their palace, which is full of artistic treasures of great value, was not touched by the French. General Courcy followed up his victory by issuing a manifesto to the people in which he denounced the Annamite Ministry as guilty of an odious outrage and invited the King and Queen to return to the palace. The greater portion of the city was burned, but to the credit

of the troops, they succeeded in guarding intact, the royal palace which contained, besides its treasures, great wealth, comprising 500,000 francs in bar silver. The French are masters of the position at the latest report, and the Annamites are fleeing in all directions. The Government has authorized Gen. Courcy to depose the king if he refuses to submit to French authority, and to place on the throne the head of another branch of the royal family. It is also believed that the Government will annex Annam. The news from Madagascar is also of the most serious nature. The French, for want of more troops, are obliged to act strictly on the defensive. The Ministry has asked for a credit of over two million dollars in order to send out four thousand men who will be dispatched at once. It looks as if France will have all she can do within the next few months to get her eastern affairs into order.

LEGISLATION IN ENGLAND.

With the advent of the Conservative Ministry to power the English political horizon wears a clearer aspect, though how long this will continue is a doubtful question. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues appear to be making the best out of a bad position until the new elections shall either confirm them in power or send them over to the cool shades of Opposition. Their policy is one of careful waiting. The negotiations with Russia have not made much progress as yet. Lord Salisbury, in his opening speech to the House of Lords, explained that as a whole the condition of affairs in Central Asia was very uncertain and unsatisfactory, but whatever promises had been made by the former Government would be kept. He holds that it is the duty of England to devise and vigorously carry out measures for the defence of the Indian frontier, and to stretch out beyond, so that when the tide of war comes it will not come near its doors. Another momentous issue, the English Premier thinks, is the defence of the frontier of Egypt by the Egyptians, assisted in some measure by England, against the tide of fanaticism and barbarism. He was strongly against abandoning Egypt to its fate in its present depleted financial position, as he considered such a course would cover England with shame. In addition to the Premier's announcement of his future policy the session of the Imperial Parliament this week has been marked by the introduction of the Budget by the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. It was wanting in any new features, containing all of the former Ministry's proposals which were not affected by the recent votes. The new Chancellor, however, announced that the Government proposed to issue £4,000,000 in Treasury bills to cover the deficit of the past and present year. The House has agreed to this latter proposition, which will be immediately carried into effect. As regards domestic legislation the Government are proceeding slowly, and it is not likely that many measures will be submitted before the elections. Irish affairs seem to have obtained a temporary lull. Mr. Parnell, it would appear, is extremely unfortunate in his attempts to force an alliance with either of the great parties. The Government, after much meditation, has decided that it cannot support Mr. Parnell's motion to enquire into certain conduct of the officials, a decision that will probably result in the Parnellites withdrawing the support they have hitherto given to the present Government. Such a course is not likely to seriously inconvenience the Ministry in the interval to the elections which Lord Salisbury announces will be held on November 27th.

AFFAIRS IN AFGHANISTAN.

The latest reports from India tend to throw a new light upon the position of affairs in the territory of the Ameer. It is believed that the Ameer attaches little value to the friendship of either England or Russia. In his opinion Lord Dufferin, the present Viceroy of India, is stingy. The Ameer was expecting from the English representatives much larger subsidies of money and arms than have been given. It is further reported that the Ameer in giving arms and food to his subjects first obtains a promise that they will fight if called upon either against the English or the Russians. Much dissatisfaction exists among the officials at his rule, and it would not be surprising if an outbreak were shortly to take place. A number of the native rulers were already in negotiation with Russia and the tribes north of the Hindoo Koosh have declared their willingness to support Russia against the present Ameer. This intelligence if true would give rise to a series of complications which might in the long run prove serious.

SOME OF HIS RAVINGS.

A diary kept by Louis Riel during the North-West rebellion has been found among his papers, and is altogether a curious production. It is proof positive that Riel is either a clever hypocrite, or, which is more likely, that he is suffering from that most peculiar of diseases, a religious madness. For instance the following is a selection from his diary: "The Spirit of God has spoken to me of the police. My God has condescended to say to me: 'If you miss them by this road (His Holiness pointed out to me the road which passes before the Church of St. Antoine and ascends), you will have time to take them. It would only remain for you to take them on the hill. (The Spirit of God pointed out to me the hill, which is above Batoche.)' He speaks of Gabriel Dumont in this manner: 'I have seen Gabriel Dumont. He was afflicted and ashamed. He did not look at me. He looked at his table stripped of everything. But Gabriel Dumont is blessed. His faith will not fail. He is firm by the grace of God. His hope and confidence in God will be justified. He will come out of the conflict loaded with the spoils of his enemies Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary will enable him to recover his happiness. My ideas are just. They are well balanced. They are level and clear. There is no sorrow in my thought. My gun is true, and it is ready. It is the invisible power of God which keeps my gun true and prepared for action.'

HE TRIES AGAIN.

The British House of Commons has its bugbear in the person of Mr. Chas. Bradlaugh, the freethinker, who has evidently made up his mind to worry the House into admitting him into its membership. On the re-assembling of the Imperial Parliament Mr. Bradlaugh, escorted by Mr. La-bouchere and Mr. Burt, advanced with the purpose of taking the oath. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, leader of the Government, objected and moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be refused permission to swear, and that the sergeant-at-arms be directed to exclude him from the precincts of the House unless he promised not to disturb the proceedings. Mr. Hopwood, an advanced Liberal, moved an amendment in favor of speedy legislation regarding oaths of office. Mr. Gladstone supported the amendment and said he had the strongest views on the question of principle, believing that the House had acted unconstitutionally and illegally. He considered that the present Parliament had

grievously wronged the electorate of Northampton, and it was the first duty of the House to redress that wrong. The Government's motion, however, was carried by a vote of 263 to 219. After the vote had been taken, Mr. Bradlaugh advanced to the table and said he would obey the speaker and withdraw. He appealed to the various constituencies against the unjust edict, bowed, and withdrew from the House.

STILL HOLDS THE FORT.

The "Hero of the Potomac" is still struggling at Mount McGregor against his terrible disease. General Grant's condition was marked during the earlier part of the week by great weakness and exhaustion. A sudden change for the better however has taken place within the last few days and the General appears to be much more cheerful. A report from Mount McGregor, on Monday, says that the disease of cancer, has seldom developed a change so remarkable as that which marks the closing hours of General Grant's first month on the mountain. On Saturday he was sadly depressed in spirits and to-day he said he felt bright and anxious to work. On Saturday his voice was a husky rattling whisper and to-day he conversed orally with a clear voice with his physicians and friends. On Saturday his pulse was feeble, irregular and rapid while to-day, before and after having written an hour, the pulse was full, strong and regular at seventy-two beats to the minute. This sudden change apparently for the better has caused earnest comments and laymen are jumping to the conclusion that Gen. Grant will recover. The doctors, however, say that this sudden change from shadow to light in so brief a space of time is one of those changes that in themselves are evidences of cancer and yet the record of the last few days has not been made without some surprise to the physicians in attendance. The medical summary of the situation as the patient closes his first month on Mount McGregor is not on the whole disheartening. The fifth week on the mountain is begun with an apparent improvement of all the symptoms as against those that existed at the time of his leaving New York. The present remarkable change in Gen. Grant's condition is pronounced by Dr. Douglas, his attending physician, as one of those strange phases of temporary improvement which mark a cancerous disease, but how long it will continue, neither he nor anyone can tell. On Sunday an impressive service was held at Mount McGregor, which was attended by large numbers. Rev. Dr. Newman, Gen. Grant's intimate friend, preached from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." The preacher referred to Gen. Grant's qualities that had made him a hero in sickness. "Oh, illustrious sufferer in yonder cottage," said the preacher, "what lessons thou art teaching to the rulers and statesmen of the world, and to the youth of that country which thou hast saved! Thy silent and heroic suffering commands the admiration of mankind and fills the hearts of angels with delight."

LEGISLATION on the Scott Act, so far as the present session of the House of Commons is concerned, is at an end. In the House on Monday, in answer to an inquiry whether it was the intention of the Government to ask Parliament to legislate during the present session so as to provide for the proper enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act of 1878 by furnishing the necessary funds for the prosecution of persons violating the provisions of the Act, Sir John A. Macdonald replied that it would be impossible this session to legislate on the subject.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

The weather continues showery and warm and almost all crops are growing rapidly except where the land is too wet or too weedy. The harvesting of fall wheat is nearly completed in the United States, and there is still a great deal of difference in the estimate made as to the quantity produced, but the "wheat-bears" seem to have the best of it at present. All other cereal and grass crops are doing remarkably well, but cyclones, floods and hailstones continue to do more than an average amount of injury to the crops, fences and buildings. Some of the hailstones which fell lately in Columbia County, N. Y., measured from four inches in diameter, and many persons were knocked down, and animals badly lacerated.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the Battle of the Boyne did not pass off in Ireland without its usual complement of a row. At Waterford the celebration caused a large increase in the number of drunken men on the streets. Among them were many of the soldiers belonging to the Welsh Regiment doing garrison duty in the city. A number of the citizens got into a drunken row with the soldiers during which the latter bayoneted to death one of the citizens. The civilians then became furious and fell upon the soldiers who were obliged to beat a hasty retreat to their barracks. The mob smashed the windows of the barracks with stones and the rage of the populace was so great that the Welsh Regiment had to be transferred from the city. An inquiry is to be made into the outrage as it is generally believed that the soldiers began the row.

A DECISION has been rendered by an arbitrator appointed by the Spanish Government that will aid greatly in the security of American vessels at Spanish ports. The U. S. steamship "Masonic" was bound from New York to Japan with petroleum. She was driven into Manila, a Spanish port, by an accident which forced the re-shipment of the cargo and there she was seized, fined and sold for alleged smuggling. The Manila courts decided that the seizure and sale were illegal, but Spain refused to repay the owners. The case was finally referred to Baron Blanc, the Italian Minister, who has now awarded Capt. Blanchard of the "Masonic," \$51,000 as compensation.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE happened near San Antonio, Texas, on July 5th. The engineer of an advancing train suddenly saw an immense water spout approaching, bounding along like an India rubber ball and uprooting everything in its way. When opposite the train the spout burst deluging the vicinity. The engineer, fireman and brakeman abandoned the train and took refuge in the tree-tops. The locomotive and fourteen cars were raised and carried nearly two hundred feet. The wave was fully eight feet high and a hundred feet in breadth.

THE HEARTS of connoisseurs will delight in an auction that is to take place in London on August 1st where there will be offered for sale the autograph manuscript of Lord Beaconsfield's "Islander," also the first part of the same writer's "Ixion in Heaven"; Lord Byron's original penning of "The Siege of Corinth," the same author's, "Prometheus" and twelve of Dickens' letters written in the famous novelist's own handwriting.

AYOUB KHAN is still confined in the Citadel at Teheran, but receives visits daily from the Persian Ministers. He says that war is inevitable between England, and Russia within five years.

THE SOUTH WESTERN Indian troubles in the United States are becoming more serious. General Sheridan, the commander in chief of the U. S. troops, has left for Indian Territory as he desires to be on the scene of the conflict. The authorities say that the rising must be put down even if the Cheyennes are wiped out of existence.

MEXICO is at present in a state of ferment over the settlement of the English debt and war is feared. The students and newspapers are bold in their attacks on the Government and arrests are frequent. The streets are patrolled at night by troops and persons making outrages against the authorities are quickly arrested. A civil war is feared if the present trouble continues.

A MARKED DECREASE in the cholera epidemic is reported from Spain. The medical authorities declare that the health of Madrid is excellent, and that no fears need be felt. The death of the Countess Romerali, which occurred during the week, is the first case in Madrid among people of means and position and living in a good neighborhood.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Presbyterian Church in the United States has taken the right stand in issuing a circular recommending the entire extinction of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It rejoices in the fact that at least fourteen States in the Union have enacted laws requiring physiology and hygiene, with special reference to the influence of liquor upon the human system, to be taught in the State schools and recommends the general adoption of this system.

A STRANGE INCIDENT is reported from Charlestown P. E. I. The Grand Jury of that place has found a true bill against Alex. Gillis for the murder of an old cemetery-keeper named Callaghan, on the ground that the prisoner was heard talking in his sleep during which he admitted having murdered Callaghan and said he must hang. Some of Callaghan's money was found on Gillis against whom it is believed there will be a very strong case.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER of Deputies has voted an appropriation of 800,000 francs to be expended by the State in maintaining and educating every seventh child born in French families. The arrangement applies to either sex and is confined to children of the parents in needy circumstances.

THE RENOWNED Madhi, against whom Gordon was sent, is reported to be dead. The news was contained in a letter received by Gen. Brackenbury from a merchant at Handaka, who says that since the prophet's death his followers have commenced fighting among themselves. A refugee Egyptian soldier also states that an Arab told him, on July 1st, that the Mahdi was dead. The report has not yet been officially confirmed.

THE GREAT street car strike in Chicago was brought to a close this week by the dissatisfied workmen going back to their duties.

AN INTERESTING SCENE took place in England the other day when Lord Rothschild, the first Hebrew peer ever created, appeared at the Bar of the House of Lords and took the oath on a Hebrew copy of the Pentateuch. Lord Rothschild was escorted by the Earl of Rosebery who is married to a Rothschild, and Lord Carrington whose father was one of the most bitter opponents to Lord Rothschild's father being admitted to the House of Commons. The first Hebrew Lord took his seat amid cheers from the front Opposition Bench.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT intend taking action to recover 19,000,000 francs from railway companies for overcharges for the transportation of troops during the Franco-German war.

THE ATTEMPT of the Duke of Cumberland to secure the throne of the Duchy of Brunswick has made Prince Bismarck prepare a bill to provide for the exclusion of foreign born princes to the right of succession to German thrones.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON, on arriving in Dublin to formally assume the duties of Lord Lieutenant, was received with great enthusiasm and cheered by crowds along the whole route to the castle. The Mayor and Nationalist members of the Council were absent.

A CAPTAIN SCHAAP of the Salvation Army has been arrested and fined in Zurich for breaking the law which stops meetings of the Salvation Army and the hawking of books by Salvationists. At other places where the Army attempted to hold meetings, it was dispersed by the police.

THE BELGIAN authorities recently received news of an extensive Anarchist plot to assassinate a number of members of the Government for activity in suppressing Anarchist organizations. A large number of Anarchists have been arrested.

IN THE UNITED STATES Circuit Court at Baltimore, this week, a decision of the District Court was affirmed awarding three colored women damages to the amount of \$1,000 each, for having been excluded from first-class sleeping apartments on a steamer after they had purchased first class tickets.

THE JURY for the Inspection of cereals at the Antwerp Universal Exposition, have announced that the awards bear the highest testimony to the beauty and high quality of the cereals exhibited by Canada, which are superior to those shown by any other country.

AT A BANQUET given at Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, on July 4th, Hon. Mr. Dalley, Acting Colonial-Secretary, advocated a Universal Federation of the English speaking people of the world as the best means for the world's peace and freedom. The Colonial Treasurer, Mr. Dibbs, suggested that Queen Victoria and President Cleveland should exchange visits as the first step in the movement. The suggestions were enthusiastically received by the Americans present.

THE DETECTIVE SERVICE in the Imperial Parliament Buildings has been dispensed with and the protection is now only of the normal character.

RECENT ACTIONS on the part of Russia have given rise to a suspicion in Shanghai that that Government intends to interfere with the integrity of Corea. The Chinese Government have become alarmed and is making preparations to defend Corea and defeat any movement which Russia may make against it.

THE MUNICIPAL authorities of Paris have decided to remove the cross from the front of the Pantheon and to put in its place a symbol of glory or immortality to be made by French sculptors. It is a bad sign for France when it virtually declares itself irreligious.

MRS. BAYARD, wife of the United States Secretary of State, is lying at her home in Wilmington, Del., in a dying condition and no hopes are held for her recovery. Messages of sympathy and expressions of hope for her recovery pour into the home as Mrs. Bayard is a favorite all over the Union.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

(All persons wishing to send questions to our Question and Answer column, must put their names to them, and address to the Editor of Weekly Messenger, Montreal, Canada. Unless questions are useful to explain the replies they will not be printed.)

A subscriber from Pheasant Forks Assiniboia N. W. T., sends the following:—"As you answer questions in the Weekly Messenger I would like to know how Riel's name is pronounced. Also the address of a French newspaper published in Montreal.

A.—The proper pronunciation of Louis Riel's name is Re-elle. A good French Protestant newspaper, published in Montreal, is *L'Aurore* published at No. 321 St. James street, Montreal. The principal Liberal paper is *La Patrie*, and the Clerical and Conservative papers are *Le Monde*, *La Presse* and *La Minerve*.

THE ENGLISH CABINET intend to appoint a Royal Commissioner to enquire into the depression in trade.

AT A RECENT MEETING of the Dublin Municipal Council the Lord Mayor ruled out of order a motion to present an address of welcome to the new Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of Carnarvon. The Conservative members then withdrew from the Chamber.

IT IS MENTIONED as a noteworthy fact, as showing, the benefits of the Crimes Act, that the Summer assizes in Ireland have opened with a remarkable decrease in the number of cases to be tried. The death penalty is only likely to be pronounced in one case.

AT A FAMILY DINNER in Scott county Iowa, last week, which was attended by a dozen relatives of the Baker family, wine was served from a bottle which had recently contained liniment. A few moments after partaking of the wine the entire party were seized with a terrible illness, their eyeballs swelled to an immense degree, great drops of froth issued from their mouths and the sick persons scratched themselves and tore off their clothing. One of the party died from the effects but the others were relieved after great difficulty.

SINCE Secretary Manning assumed control of the United States Treasury Department 60 vacancies of clerkships, with salaries ranging from \$900 to \$2,100 a year, and all under civil service rules, have occurred. The Secretary has decided that the service does not require these vacancies to be filled. This decision effects a saving of \$63,000 per annum.

THE CANADIAN CLUB that has been formed by Canadians resident in New York, is meeting with great success. Mr. T. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art, Mr. Arthur Fox, Mr. Martin and other well-known artists have offered to contribute paintings to the Club.

THE WORK of revising Webster's dictionary is now in progress in New Haven. The revisers are President Porter, of Yale College, Prof. R. O. Williams, Mr. Dorsey Gardner, Mr. F. S. Allen and Mr. L. W. Fitch, of Yale. The work is being carried on in strict secrecy and none of the gentlemen connected with it will say what they are doing. The need of a new dictionary is much more felt than it was a few years ago. The many words from the German and French being constantly used as English words makes it necessary that they should find a place in every English dictionary. The greatest need, however, is felt in consequence of the greater familiarity of the people with philosophic and technical knowledge.



War Notes.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING of Scott Act workers was held at Toronto recently at which blank petitions were given out to intending canvassers and active work will be at once commenced.

HASTINGS.—The County of Hastings has rejected the Scott Act, it is announced, by 12 majority instead of 125 as was at first claimed by the foes of temperance. It will win the day next time.

IN THE YEAR 1876, under license, Prince Edward Island consumed 17.8 gallons of spirits, wine and beer, per head of its population. In 1884, under the Scott Act the consumption was a little over 1.2 gallons per head.

HALDIMAND.—The Haldimand Scott Act Alliance has adapted a thorough scheme of county organization, which is already well under way and in the hands of most efficient men. The voting in this county takes place on the 16th inst.

ST. CATHARINES has been aroused by a series of outrages perpetrated recently by the Anti-Scotts. A bonfire having been built on the City Square by some prominent citizens, a murderous assault was made upon them by a gang of ruffians. The ringleaders were a liquor-seller and brewery employees. The temperance people are taking legal proceedings.

THE SCOTT ACT has been defeated in Hastings, but the narrow majority of 12 by which it was gained, can hardly be called a defeat. Hastings is one of the few counties of the Dominion that has a distillery in active operation and the friends of temperance are to be congratulated upon their bold attempt to rid the county of its curse. They will win next time.

THE DAVIS MALTING AND BREWING COMPANY of Toronto having endeavored to manufacture a beer which would escape the operation of the Scott Act, a case was made at Goderich, where, after a good deal of evidence, the magistrate, Mr. H. Horton, ex-M.P., struck a blow at such attempts, by fining the man who sold it. It is said an appeal will be taken against this decision.

HERON.—At a meeting of the people of this county held in Goderich recently, a resolution was passed against medical practitioners giving certificates for the purchase of liquor for other than medicinal purposes; it was decided to discourage the employment of such practitioners and to report the names, with the facts, of any doctors thus guilty, to the Medical Council and the Ontario Government.

HALTON.—The Halton Temperance Association, owing to the refusal of the Government, has decided to provide the funds necessary for putting into effect the Government's own Act. The Association will appoint and maintain its own magistrate, inspector and prosecuting officer and will do its utmost to have the Act stringently observed. For this purpose, a fund of \$1,000 is now being raised.

ONTARIO.—The campaign in this county is likely to be short, sharp and decisive. The friends of the movement have secured the services of Mr. Wm. G. Fee, as county organizer, and that gentleman has organized for Scott Act fights in sixteen constituencies, of these losing only the city of Kingston and that by a narrow majority. Active work is now being carried on under his direction in every municipality.

WIMCOE.—A gentleman writing about the striking of the Scott Act in this county says, "I have seen a reformation exceeding all expectation. I have seen but one drunken man for every fifty that were staggering around before the enforcement of the Act. The reformation in this county is wonderful. True it is that we have not prohibition. Quite true it is some liquor is sold, but what violation there is, is performed privately, and I am happy to note the officials are even stealing into the closets and bringing out the secret before the judges.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Morrisburg, Ont., of the operation of the Scott Act in that place says: "After very careful observation it may be said without fear of successful contradiction that the Scott Act is a complete success in this town and the vicinity. The streets are quiet at night and there is an absence of drunken brawls and fighting. An improvement can be noticed in the moral tone of the place and business has not been injured in the slightest particular. There has been one conviction for violating the Act. The promoters of the Act in this place are determined that the law shall not be a dead letter."

ORMSTOWN.—A noteworthy celebration took place at Ormstown, Que., on Monday evening, it being the forty-third anniversary of the inauguration of the temperance reform in that place. The beautiful grounds of Mr. McNaughton, on Temperance Square, which were adorned with evergreens and Chinese lanterns, were thrown open to the public and the Bethel Division Sons of Temperance provided refreshments. Several addresses were delivered. The only survivor of the band of temperance workers present was Mr. McNaughton who stated, however, that Lieut. Col. McEachran and Mr. W. E. Lighthall, N. P. of Montreal, were members of it. Mr. McNaughton told the gathering that he believed he could not have attained the measure of prosperity which he has if he had not been a total abstainer, and that the thing which kept him to the cause when others fell away, was the fact that he continued to work for its advancement.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The centennial anniversary of the temperance movement is to be celebrated throughout the United States in September and the indications are that the proceedings will be most enthusiastic and successful. A Centennial Temperance Conference is to be held in the city of Philadelphia on the 23rd and 24th of September, which will be addressed by distinguished temperance workers from all over the country. The addresses will be published at the close of the Conference. A great international prohibition demonstration is also to be held at Niagara Falls on the 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th of July under the auspices of the Royal Templars Order, in which leading workers both from Canada and the United States, will participate. These gatherings promise to be startling indications of how much the cause of temperance has gained within the century.

TEMPERANCE PHYSIOLOGY.

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND BANDS OF HOPE. (Published by A. S. Barnes, New York, under the direction of the National W. C. T. U.) CHAPTER IX.—ARE NARCOTICS FOODS?—IS ALCOHOL FOOD?

A perfect food, as we have seen in the case of milk, contains water, tissue making, and heat-making materials.

Alcohol is not a food, for it can not build up any part of the body. It contains no mineral substance, and will not make healthy fat.

Materials in the blood which should make muscles, bone, etc., as well as those which should be sent out of the body, are sometimes changed into useless fat by the action of alcohol. The heat of the body is lessened by alcohol, instead of being increased.

IS BEER FOOD?

Beer is made from water, malt, hops and yeast. Water can be obtained better and cheaper elsewhere. The starch of the grain, you remember, was changed into sugar by mashing, and the sugar turned into alcohol by fermentation, thus losing its food nature.

The gummy substance left after the starch turned to sugar and then to alcohol, and the hops may contain a slight amount of material that the body can use. But the amount of food in beer is so very small, as scarcely to be worth taking into account in speaking of its effects.

"As much flour as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian beer." (Liebig.)

In lager beer, a man gets one glass of pure alcohol in every twenty glasses of

lager beer, that he drinks; in the stronger beer one glass of alcohol to thirteen of beer.

There is no truth, you see, in the claim that beer makes one stronger. There is no food worth mentioning in it, and its alcohol does a vast amount of harm.

IS WINE FOOD?

A few raisins contain more nourishment than much wine. Sugar in fruit-juice becomes alcohol by fermentation; it is the alcohol, which is not food, that the wine-drinker wants. Often more alcohol is added to the wine made from pure fruit juice to satisfy the craving for a stronger drink.

The more sugar there is in a liquid undergoing vinous fermentation, the more alcohol will it produce. Sweet apples and sweet grapes make strong cider and strong wine. Currant, gooseberry, elderberry, and other home-made wines, sometimes contain even more alcohol than the wines of commerce, because sugar is added to the fermenting juices.

Cider and these home-made wines contain the merest trifle of food-material, and are no more "innocent drinks" than port or champagne. The poison, alcohol, is there, ready to do its deadly work.

People not only become intoxicated by drinking these wines; but, by their use, a craving is too often created for stronger drinks—that is, those which contain more alcohol.

By drinking a larger quantity of the weaker liquors, the user gets the alcohol his increasing appetite demands. This is especially true of beer drinkers.

IS CIDER FOOD?

Cider is a fermented drink made from the juice of apples. In the open air, at summer heat, apple juice begins to ferment in about six hours after it is drawn off from the pulp, and sometimes sooner.

A little juice often remains in the cider-mill after a previous grinding. If this ferments and is allowed to remain, it will act as yeast, hastening fermentation in the juice of the next lot ground.

When little bubbles begin to pass through the liquid and break at the top, as the froth gathers, we may know that the sugar is turning to alcohol. The bubbles are the escaping carbonic acid gas.

If the apples are fairly sweet, alcohol will form until in ten cups of hard cider, there will be one cup of pure alcohol. Thus the barrel of cider that may possibly have been sweet when it was put into the cellar, gains in alcohol every day, until it begins to turn to vinegar.

Cider is mainly water and alcohol. As the latter is a poison, the old custom of considering the barrel of cider as important a part of the family food as the barrel of flour had no truth for its foundation.

There is great danger that the cider-drinker will learn to crave a stronger drink, because alcohol makes those who drink it thirsty for more. Many of those who die as drunkards in this country, began their course at the cider barrel.

If the people who drink cider for its acid taste and effect, would take lemon or lime-juice instead, they would get the acid without the poison of alcohol.

STIMULANTS.

The term stimulants,* when used with reference to the human body, means some-

* Alcohol has been falsely called a stimulant, because it sometimes makes the person who takes it feel stronger, and seem more quick-witted and talkative, for a short time. But a reaction follows, just in proportion to the amount of excitement there has been, and the person is more or less weak and depressed.

Whipping a horse causes him to move faster for a while; yet it gives no fresh strength to the animal, but rather uses up that which he already possessed, so that he overworks and is more tired as the result. Spurring to increased action without giving any food which the body can use to balance the extra "wear and tear," is not the action of a true stimulant, but is a misuse of the term.

Suppose, for instance, you measure your muscular strength with a health-life, and then take some of the drink which you think will give you power. When you feel strong, measure your strength again. The drink has fooled you, that is all. You felt that you were stronger than natural; you find that the narcotic has been true to its paralyzing nature and that you are weaker.

Then, after a time, when the drug has spent itself and you feel weak and prostrated, measure your strength once more. Fooled again; the stuff has fooled you twice. When you felt your self strong, you are weak; and now, when you feel yourself weak, you find yourself really stronger, for your natural strength is returning. —Adapted from Dr. A. J. Saxe.

thing which adds to its strength. A true food does this.

People have called alcohol a stimulant, because they were ignorant of its real nature. It gives the body no added strength; its only effect on pain and fatigue is the deadening of the nerves, so that one does not realize the disordered, exhausted condition of his body.*

The apparent increase of energy which alcohol gives is due to the partial paralysis of a certain class of nerves in the body which acts as its "brakes." Alcohol therefore, is not a stimulant in the proper sense of that word.

ALCOHOL AND WORK.

A vessel coming from Australia sprang a leak soon after starting, and the men had to work the pumps all the way home.

At first, regular rations of liquor were given; but the sailors soon began to grow weak and tired. Then the captain stopped the use of liquor, giving an extra supply of food, instead. At once, the men began to sleep well and to waken strong and rested.

In spite of the hard work at the pumps, the crew were in good health when they reached England. The liquor deadened—narcotized—the nerves which control muscular action, and the men lost strength thereby; the food furnished building material for their bodies and so increased their working power.

The following statement was made by Sir William Fairbairn an eminent engineer of Manchester, England, when at the head of a firm employing between one and two thousand workmen:

"I strictly prohibit on my works the use of beer or fermented liquors of any sort, or of tobacco. I enforce the prohibition of alcoholic drinks so strongly, that if I found any man transgressing the rule in that respect, I would instantly discharge him."

"The reasons for these measures are thus stated:

"In those foundries in which there is drinking throughout the works all day long, it is observed of the men employed as workmen, that they do not work so well; their perceptions are clouded, and they are stupefied and heavy.

"I have provided water for the use of the men in every department of the works. In summer-time, the men engaged in the strongest work, such as strikers to the heavy forges, drink water very copiously."

"I am convinced that workmen who drink water are really more active and do more work, and are more healthy than those who drink alcoholic liquors."

"This is the testimony of all accurate observers."—Dr. A. B. Palmer.

Observation of the effects of alcohol shows us—

- 1st.—That the healthy action of the muscles is hindered by the useless fat formed through the influence of alcohol.
2nd.—That the nerves are deadened.
3rd.—That the blood is poisoned and disease caused throughout the body.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

- 1. What does a perfect food contain?
2. Can alcohol do the work of any of the three classes of food?
3. How does it act to make one fleshy?
4. How does it affect the heat of the body?
5. Compare the food-materials in beer and bread.
6. How much alcohol is there in lager beer?
7. How much in the stronger beers?
8. What harm may this do to the drinker?
9. How is wine made?
10. Do "home-made wines" contain alcohol?
11. Are they nourishing?
12. How is cider made?
13. How much alcohol is there in hard cider?
14. Is cider food?
15. Why do cider-drinkers often become drunkards?
16. What acids are more healthful than cider?
17. What is the true meaning of the word stimulant?
18. What is its false meaning?
19. What is the only real stimulant?
20. Why is alcohol not a true stimulant?
21. Does alcohol give strength for work? Illustrate.
22. Give Sir William Fairbairn's statements in regard to the use of alcohol and tobacco by the men in his workshops.

CHAPTER VII.

- 1. What kind of meat are the muscles called?
2. Show how the size of the muscles affects one's strength.
3. What is the effect of disease upon a muscle?
4. How does variety of exercise affect the muscles?
5. What are the best times to exercise the muscles?
6. How does an increase of fat sometimes affect the heart?

AN HOUR WITH MISS STREATOR.

By Fanny author of "Christie's Christmas."

Half a dozen voices in half a dozen different portions of the room each commenced a different tune. These were the children who prided themselves on their musical powers, who had heard themselves spoken of at home as "real little musical geniuses." One, more daring than the rest, sang out loud and strong, two lines of a leading political ditty, of which the streets were full. He was the bad boy of the class; there always used to be a bad boy in the infant class. Decidedly, there was one in Miss Streator's. She thought, to-day, that there were twenty! As many as that number joined on the second line; some of the little girls looked shocked, but some of them laughed; there used to be girls who would always laugh at what boys did! The kicking heels kept time to the leading song. What did Miss Streator! Just what you have had to do many a time, dear primary teacher; she waited, with trembling heart. She had brought with her two objects to help her in teaching the hymn; that was another of her oddities. She would bring things to show to the children. She had a bowl of something. She took out a handful, and let it trickle through her fingers saying not a word. The singing grew fainter, then ceased.

"What is this?" asked Miss Streator. "It is pudding," said the bad boy; and the boy who always imitated the bad boy said, "Oh, ho! we're going to have puddin' and milk for a lesson! Ain't I glad!"

"Taint puddin'," said a third. "It's paste."

"Then it's to paste your mouth up, 'cause it's always open when it ought to be shut," said the bad boy.

"Please, ma'am," said a wise-eyed little girl, "it is scouring sand, to make things clean."

Then all the boys, and some of the girls laughed; and Johnnie Lewis said, "So it was, and it was to scour Jimmie's Burns' hands; they were dirtier than the ground." Whereupon Jimmie Burns held up his hands and gravely examined them, and they were so exceedingly dirty that, if the teacher had not been grieved and troubled, she, too, might have laughed; most of the visitors did. Visitors to infant classes used to laugh, sometimes, at the smart sayings of the children.

Said the teacher, "Little Annie Smith is right; it is sand." In spite of themselves, some of the children had to twist their heads around and look with a degree of respect at little Annie Smith.

"And this," said the teacher, taking up a large bottle, and beginning to drop drops into a large bowl, "and this is water. How long will it take me to put it into this bowl, drop by drop?"

"Oh, my!" said many voices; the bad boy whistled, the imitation bad boy did the same, kicked his heels, and said, "We won't go home till morning, if she's going to do that." And the musical genius immediately sang a line of that old and classic song, "We won't go home till morning."

"This is dreadful!" said the minister. Miss Streator thought it was! She continued dropping her drops of water into the bowl, but tried another method of questioning. "How many of these boys and girls ever saw the ocean?"

Up went half a dozen hands, and one eager, small voice went into details. "I rode on it, Miss Streator, days and days! And I was awful sick, and so was mamma, and the baby." A general laugh, in which the visitors again join, and the bad boy proceeds to a carefully illustrated description of the peculiar effect which sea-sickness has on the human body. Miss Streator, meantime, dashes into a vehement description of the ocean; its size, its power, its depth, its eternal wash of waves, the waste of sand lying for miles, and miles and miles, along its coast. No random description is this, but one carefully studied, carefully prepared. Most of the scholars actually laughed. To be sure the bad boy and his special imitator proceeded to roar in a sort of sullen monotone, "Just as the waves of the sea do," so he says, and a score of smaller imitators take up the sound, until there is a pent-up Atlantic roaring through the room, but even in the midst of this they hear, and the description, though vivid, is brief. Then Miss Streator, still dropping the water into the bowl, says, "What if I were to ring to pour out an ocean as big as the Atlantic in drops!"

"The bowl wouldn't hold it," shouts a boy; and the scholars and the visitors laugh, and the teacher says quietly, "No, I couldn't do it, but the ocean is made of drops, only think of it! God can do it—take little drops of water as small as these, and make enough of them for an ocean! Our new hymn for to-day made me think of it. This is the first line, listen:

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand—"

"Think of 'Little Drops of Water' being a new hymn to anybody! But the time was, when such was the case. These little children heard it for the first time. They remembered the first line, yes, and the second because of its connection with the first. Then they sang it; the roar continued, waxed louder and louder, keeping time, it is true, and actually sounding, when the tune was caught and the voices rang out, not so very sadly out of place. Miss Streator spoiled half the importance of it by saying pleasantly, to the bad boy, "Johnnie, if you did not make your undertone so loud, it would imitate the roar of the ocean quite nicely." You will observe that his name was Johnnie; it is a curious fact; that a great many of the bad boys in infant classes used to be named Johnnie. This one was a good deal astonished; what he had meant as a particularly daring thing to do, something to shock the minister and all the visitors, the teacher had almost commended. He was bewildered, and sat still for two minutes to think it over. During that two minutes, Miss Streator led her children in prayer. This was the prayer: "Our Father in heaven, oh, send out Thy light and Thy truth, for Jesus' sake! Amen!" She gave the prayer two or three words at a time, and the children repeated it.

"I think our friend must be ritualistic in her tendencies," whispered the minister to the officer of the church, who nodded and smiled. This was while the children were praying!

At the close of that prayer they sang the new hymn again, Johnnie leading the roar more creditably, and wondering in his own mind whether it was really wicked enough to be worth doing at all. He concluded to talk instead. "Humph!" he said, "A world all made of sand and water wouldn't be much of a thing. I can make a better world than that. I'll make one out of gum, here it is," and he rolled a great piece of gum into the supposed shape. "There, that's better than sand and water; 'cause you can eat it, and you can't eat sand and water! Want some?" and he divided it liberally. Soon all the boys in his vicinity were chewing vigorously. This set a little girl across from him to wondering what she could do to entertain her friends; producing a paper of sugar caramels, she gave yellow and pink and purple specks of them right and left; a general cheering followed. The bad boy, meantime, called attention to the teacher by saying, "Sure as I live, we're going to have an illumination! She's made a mistake! I say, teacher, it ain't the Fourth of July to-morrow, it's Christmas."

Miss Streator had arranged on the table before her a large candle, and two smaller ones. The larger candle was lighted. The minister looked annoyed—I might almost say—disgusted. "That is regular Catholicism!" he whispered to the officer of the church, and the latter nodded. There used frequently to be an officer in the church, who would not assent to all criticisms on all its other works.

But the teacher actually held the attention of that entire class, for a few seconds, while she talked with them about lights. She let them give her the names of all the different lights they could think of, and for what special purpose they were used. Then, suddenly, she asked them what day to-morrow would be, and every voice of the ninety-six shouted "Christmas!"

(To be continued.)

JANIE'S WAY.

BY MARY JEWETT TELFORD.

"I love Him, mother; you know I love Him, oh, so much! But I never can say anything about it."

Mother tied the quilted hood snugly under Janie's chin and looked into her little girl's gray eyes. "Are you sure of it, Janie?" "Yes, mother, I tried only in other days. And a great chunk came up in my throat; I couldn't say a word. It was only to Bell Woodford, too."

"Well, go on, darling. It's twenty minutes of school-time. God will give you a

way to do something to show your love. Our ways to serve him can't all be alike. Our very faces aren't. Good-bye."

Janie trudged along towards school, choosing to make her own path in the snow as she went. For half a mile her way lay alone and she thought it all over—thought how her very knees knocked together when she told the minister she meant to be God's child, though she wasn't a bit afraid of the minister; and how the blood rushed to her cheeks when she had heard the girls at school whispering that Janie rose with the others at meeting, though she certainly wasn't ashamed of it. She wondered as she stopped a moment to see whether a snow-bird found any seeds in a dried weed-stalk, why it was that she "enjoyed her religion," as old Mr. Westfield called it, only when she was shut tight in her mother's closet talking with God all alone—bashful child that she was.

A group of scholars came down over the hill and met her at the forks of the road. The keen air and brisk walk, with the companionship of her friends, sent Janie into the old country school-house as happy as any of them, and the morning passed pleasantly.

But trouble began at noon. Over the doughnuts and apple-pies that came out of sunny baskets the scholars began to talk of the "meetings," and more than one sneer from grown-up pupils showed the child how differently they felt from her parents and friends at home towards her dear Lord.

She hoped they would talk of something else, but Kate Pease got out her knitting-work and went right on about the meetings while Janie's friend, Bell Woodford, acted as if she believed every word.

Was there no one to say a word for the blessed Christ? The teacher seemed to be busy at his desk off in the corner, and the young people gathered round the rusty box-stove, laughed loudly at Kate's witty sallies. Some of them scowled, and would gladly have turned the laugh upon her, but she was not at all careful whose feelings she hurt and they hardly dared.

Outside, the cold winter rain began to fall in a continuous drizzle. The chill went to the bones. The snow was going from the coasting-place; ice in the reed-bordered pond was too treacherous to be trusted. Janie looked out through the dingy window-glass and thought the noon-hour never would be over. The teacher had taken his umbrella and gone across the twenty-five acre field for his warm lunch, and Kate, much emboldened by the fact that no one had anything to say against her, clicked her knitting-needles together, and in a squeaking voice began to recount Father Westfield's experience as that old man had so often publicly done for himself.

It seemed to Janie more than she could bear. But her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth. Then she forgot herself as her face went closer and closer to the window-pane. To listen to these taunts against all that her own home-life had shown her was sacred; to hear Christ's sweet love made a mockery by one of the very girls he died for! The tears fell of her cheeks, tear after tear, and her young heart ached that Kate should not know any better.

She had gone inside her own grieving spirit and was putting up a prayer for Kate and the group around the stove, so that she did not hear what was said, and was only made conscious of it by the hush that followed.

"However you can take comfort, Kate Pease, in making Janie cry, I don't see."

It was Horton, the "backguard" of the whole school that was speaking. And he went whistling out into the bleak, plaster-less entry, followed by the boys who made it a point not to be far from his heels. The girls broke up into groups of twos and threes, and looked first ashamed, and then sorry.

"I never thought you'd have cared, Janie," Kate Pease said softly, as the teacher took the ferule and rapped on the window-frame to call the scholars to order. "It's queer you do."

"He's so good—and He's my best friend—and yours, Kate," was all Janie's whisper could answer. And she slipped behind the unpainted desk and took up Sander's Fourth Reader with a sense of perfect peace.

Janie has felt God's love for many years since then, but perhaps nothing in her life has shown it any better than those tears which fell close inside the window in the old country school-house thirty years ago.—*Illus. Chris Weekly.*

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Palouet's Select Notes.)

July 26.—1 Kings 17: 1-15.

We need to review the last lesson so far as to obtain a vivid picture of the sin and danger of the kingdom of Israel under Ahab. I. Elijah (ver. 1). Describe his appearance, character, etc. Mark the hint we obtain from Jas. 5: 17 that the prophet brooded and prayed over the wickedness and danger of his country, and that he was sent in answer to his prayer.

II. The famine (ver. 1). A calamity brought upon the people for their sins. So God had threatened for such sins as they were committing (Deut. 28: 15, 23, 24). The only hope of the people was that they repent and return to God. The famine long continued, at the word of God's prophet, would compel them to think, and lead them back to God.

III. Elijah at the Brook Cherith (vers. 2-7). The reasons and advantages of his retirement here (see 1 Kings 18: 10). So Christ retired to the desert. So Moses was forty years preparing for his work.

Illustration. A curious anecdote of ravens was given in the *Saturday Magazine*. It occurred many years ago at the Red Lion Inn, Hungerford, England. "Coming into the inn yard," says a gentleman who resided there, "my chaise ran over and bruised the leg of a favorite Newfoundland dog, and while we were examining the injury, Ralph, the raven, looked on also. The minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horse, Ralph not only visited him, but brought him bones, and attended him with particular marks of kindness. I observed this to the hostler, who told me that the bird had been brought up with the dog, and that the affection between them was mutual, and all the neighborhood had been witnesses of the many acts of kindness performed by the one to the other. Ralph's friend, the dog, in course of time had the misfortune to break his leg, and during the long period of his confinement the raven waited on him constantly, carried him his provisions, and scarcely ever left him alone. One night, by accident, the stable door had been shut, and Ralph had been deprived of his friend's company all night; but the hostler found, in the morning, the door so pecked away that, had it not been opened, in another hour Ralph would have made his own entrance."—*Bp. Stanley's History of Birds.*

APPLICATION.

Nor is it a singular case; The wonder is often renewed; And many can say, to his praise, He sends them by ravens their food; Thus wondrous things ravens indeed, Though greasy and scoldish their mind, If God has a servant to feed Against their own wills can be kind.

Thus Satan, that raven unclean, Who crows in the ears of the saints, Compelled by a power unseen, Administers oft to their wants; God teaches them how to find food From all the temptations they feel; This raven, who thirsts for my blood, Has helped me to many a meal.—*John Newton.*

IV. Elijah at Zarephath (ver. 8-16).

Illustration. St. George of England is fabled to have fought the famous dragon at Zarephath, and his fame still lingers there. We see here a double trial of faith and a double reward. In every way it was a trial to Elijah, to go to a strange family, in extreme poverty, and in his enemies' country, like Daniel in the lion's den, and to do nothing for two years. But it fitted him for his work, and sustained him to do it. The widow woman's faith was tried also, and she bore the trial, trusted the Lord, and gave all her living to his hungry prophet. And her reward was great and blessed.

Illustration. The unfailing oil and meal was no stranger, though a miracle, than God's daily care of his people by the operations of nature. All nature, every garden and field and tree, is an unfailing course, renewed year by year, and far more wonderful than what was done for the widow of Zarephath.

"Tis weary watching wave by wave, And yet the tide rolls onward; We climb, like corals, grave by grave, But pave a path that's sunward; We're beaten back in many a fray, But newer strength we borrow, And where the vanguard camps to-day The rear shall rest to-morrow."

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—JULY 30. ELLIJAH THE TISHBEI.—1 KINGS 17:1-18. COMMIT VERSES 5-9. GOLDEN TEXT.

So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord.—1 Kings 17:3

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God cares for his own children amid national calamities.

DAILY READINGS.

- M. 1 Kings 17:1-18. W. 1 Kings 17:20-40. Tu. Ps 111:7-12. We. Ps 41:1-13. Sa. Prov. 3:1-10. Su. Luke 9:27-38.

TIME.—Elijah appeared to Ahab probably about B.C. 900, in the tenth year of Ahab's reign.

PLACE.—(1) Samaria. (2) The brook of Cherith, a gorge opening into the Jordan, but whether on the west, near Jericho, or on the east, in Gilead, is unknown. (3) Zarephath, a town on the Mediterranean, between Tyre and Sidon.

RULERS.—Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, 914-889; Ahab, king of Israel, 910-885; Meshah, king of Moab; Edibah, king of Edom.

THE KINGDOM OF JUDAH was enjoying great prosperity and happiness under a good king, who favored religion and education.

THE KINGDOM OF ISRAEL was in a sad state of literal and idolatry, corrupt in morals, persecuting the servants of Jehovah, so that only seven thousand remained true to God and his worship.

ELLIJAH'S OVER HARD PLACES.

1. ELLIJAH.—His name means "Jehovah, my God." (2) He was a native of Tishbe, a town in Gilead a wild, mountainous country east of the Jordan. (3) His dress was a garb of skin, and a mantle of cape of sheep-skin. NOT BE DREW NOR RAIN.—the fertility of Palestine was greatly dependent on the heavy dews. BUT ACCORDING TO MY WORD.—when God should tell him to call for it. The famine lasted three years (1 Kings 18:1), or three and a half years (James 5:17). If we count in the dry season previous to Elijah's prediction. 3. BROOK CHERITH.—see under Place. 7. AFTER A WHILE.—probably about a year. Elijah was thus hidden (1) to preserve his life, (2) to avoid the impurity of the people, (3) to be prepared by silent communion with God for his greater work. 12. AS THE LORD LIVETH.—showing she was not a heathen. TWO STICKS.—i.e., a few. DRESS IT.—prepare it for eating, cook it. 13. MAKE ME A LITTLE CAKE.—Elijah's request to try her faith.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was king of Israel at this time? His character? The state of his kingdom? (1 Kings 16:1-10.) Contrast it with the kingdom of Judah.

SUBJECT: TRIALS, AND GODS OVER-RULING CARE.

I. ELLIJAH (V. 1).—Give some account of Elijah, his name, native country, dress, character. Why does God send such men at such times as these?

II. THE FAMINE.—A PUNISHMENT FOR SIN (V. 1).—What did Elijah say to Ahab? What qualities in the prophet does this show? Why did he refer to the God of Israel? Are dews of special value in Palestine? Why was this famine sent? (Lev. 26:18, 23, 24.) How would it tend to bring the people back to the worship of God? Do you suppose that Elijah had long been thinking and praying over the decision of Israel? James 5:17. How long did the famine last? (1 Kings 18:1; James 5:17.) How do you reconcile these two statements?

III. ALONE BY THE BROOK CHERITH (V. 2-7).—Where was Elijah sent? Where was Cherith? What reasons can you give why Elijah was sent there? How was he fed? Was this a miracle? How long did he remain? What lessons can you learn from these verses?

IV. IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY (V. 8-10).—Why did Elijah leave Cherith? Where was he sent? What relation was the king of this country to Ahab? What did Ahab seek to do to Elijah? (1 Kings 18:8-10.) Would it be a trial of Elijah's faith to go into this country? With whom did Elijah stay? Was the famine here? How was the woman's faith tested? How was it rewarded? What lesson as to giving do we learn from this? (Prov. 3:9, 10; Ps. 41:13; Luke 6:18.) What other lessons can you learn from this incident? How long did Elijah remain at Zarephath?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- I. Preachers and teachers need courage, faith, faithfulness and the Word of God. II. National calamities follow national sins. III. There are to lead us to God, and fit us for better service. IV. God leads us step by step. V. We need times of retirement and meditation. VI. God has infinite and wonderful ways of caring for his people. VII. God's blessing abides on those who so trust him as to give to his poor and for his gospel at the cost of self-interest. VIII. God's grace and love in the heart are sustaining.

FLOODS IN AUSTRIA continue to cause great damage. The loss by a water spout which recently deluged Pesh was estimated at \$250,000. Dozens of villages and tens of thousands of acres of crops are under water.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, July 15, 1885.

The British grain markets are somewhat weaker. Red winter wheat is quoted at 6s 10d to 7s 1d; Canadian Peas at 5s. sd.

The local grain market remains very quiet. We quote.—Canada Red Winter, 95c to 96c; Canada White, 94c to 95c; Canada Spring, 95c to 97c; Peas, 75c to 79c; Oats, 35c to 36c; Rye, 72c to 74c; Barley, 50c to 60c; Corn, 60c to 64c.

FLOUR.—The market is very quiet, with no business reported on 'Change to-day. Values are lower. We quote:—Patents, \$4.50 to \$4.80; Superior Extra, \$4.25 to \$4.30; Extra Superfine, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Fancy, \$3.95 to \$4.00; Spring Extra, \$3.95 to \$4.00; Superfine, \$3.60 to \$3.65; Strong Bakers' (Manitola), \$4.60; Strong Bakers' (Canadian), \$4.15 to \$4.35; Strong Bakers' (American), \$4.50 to \$4.75; Fine, \$3.40 to \$3.50; Middlings, \$3.20 to \$3.30; Pollards, \$3.00 to \$3.05; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.00 to \$2.05; do., Spring Extra, \$1.90 to \$1.95; do., Superfine, \$1.75 to \$1.80; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.25 to \$2.30.

MEALS.—Oatmeal, \$4.25 to \$4.40 per lb. DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter shows but little change and the market continues without interest. We quote.—Creamery, 17c to 19c; Eastern Townships, 16c to 16c; Morrisburg and Brockville, 13c to 15c; Western 12c to 14c; Cheese is even firmer than at this time last week at 7c to 8c for fine to fancy. The public cable is now at 41s, an advance of a shilling during the week. Last week's exports consisted of 2,350 packages of butter, and 63,059 boxes of cheese.

Eggs are a cent to a cent and a half lower this week at 12c to 12c per dozen, in cases. HOG PRODUCTS are quiet and unchanged. We quote.—Western Mess Pork, \$13.50; do., Short Cut, \$13.50 to \$14.00; Canada Short Cut, \$13.50 to \$14.00; Mess Beef, \$15.50; India Mess Beef, \$25.00; Hams, cured, 11c to 11c; do., canvassed, 12c to 12c; Lard, in pails, Western, 9c to 10c; do., Canadian, 9c; Bacon, 11c; Shoulders, 9c to 10c; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 7c.

ASHES.—Pots are unchanged at \$3.65 to \$3.70 per 100 lbs.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The cattle market is almost entirely supplied with grass-fed cattle, some of which are in pretty good condition for so early in the season, but they must have been in fair order when put on the grass. Prices of this kind range from 4c to 4c per lb., while leanish beasts bring from 3c to 4c do. Grass hoppers and small hard-looking bulls, of which there are plenty, sell at from 2c to 2c per lb. The supply of sheep and lambs has been very large of late and prices are declining all round, except for good large sheep for shipment to Britain which still bring 4c per lb. Lambs sell at from \$1.50 to \$3.50 each, and in some cases, culls have been sold for one dollar per head. The hog market is dull with prices ranging from 4c to 4c per lb. The supply of milch cows continues much in excess of the demand and prices are still declining. Pretty good cows sell at from \$35 to \$40 each, or about 80c less than they would bring six weeks ago. The horse market is very dull and no shipments of horses have been made from here to the United States since June 30.

FARMERS' MARKET.

There has been a fair attendance of farmers at the markets of late with ample supplies of seasonable produce which sell at about former rates. There are no changes in the prices of grain; new potatoes continue to increase in quantity and quality, with a corresponding decrease in the price, culls selling as low as 25c per bushel, while good large potatoes bring from 50c to 60c do. Old potatoes are also plentiful and cheap. The prices of dressed hogs and poultry are declining. There are no changes in the prices of butter and eggs. The fruit market is glutted with strawberries which sell at from 5c to 10c the box; currants, gooseberries, raspberries and blueberries are all getting plentiful and lower in price, and the same may be said of new apples. The supply of hay has been pretty large of late, several loads of new hay having come to market. Prices are declining. Oats are 80c to 95c per bag; peas, 80c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.25 to \$1.50 do; potatoes 25c to 60c per bushel; butter, 15c to 30c per lb.; eggs 14c to 22c per dozen;

apples \$4.00 to \$5.50 per barrel; dressed hogs 6c to 6c per lb.; turkeys \$1.50 to \$2.00 the pair; fowls 60c to 80c do.; ducks 50c to 95c do.; spring chickens 25c to 60c do.; hay \$11.00 to \$13.00 per 100 bundles. NEW YORK, July 14, 1885.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 90c July; \$1.00; August; \$1.02; September; \$1.04; bid October; \$1.06 nom. November; \$1.07; nom. Dec. Corn, 52c July; 53c August; 53c September; 54c October. Oats, 36c bid July; 33c August; 32c nom. September.

FLOUR shows but little change this week. We quote:—Spring Wheat, No. 2, \$2.50 to \$2.75; do., Superfine, \$2.90 to \$3.00; Low Extra, \$3.20 to \$3.75; Clear, \$3.55 to \$4.40; Straight, \$4.40 to \$5.00; Patent, \$4.95 to \$5.05. Winter Wheat—No. 2, \$2.70 to \$3.40; Superfine, \$3.60 to \$3.90; Low Extra, \$3.40 to \$3.75; Clear (R. and A.), \$4.00 to \$4.50; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.10 to \$5.25; Patent, \$4.80 to \$5.75; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.60 to \$5.25; Low Extra (City Mills), \$3.55 to \$3.75; West India, sacks, \$3.80 to \$4.05; West India, barrels, \$4.90 to \$5.10; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.80; South America, \$5.00 to \$5.80; Patent \$5.00 to \$5.80. Southern Flour—Extra, \$4.00 to \$5.25; Family, \$4.60 to \$5.60; Patent, \$5.25 to \$5.75; Rye Flour—Patent to Superfine, \$2.90 to \$4.50.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$1.50 to \$3.35 in brls. FEED.—100 lbs. or sharps, \$19 to \$20; 100 lbs. or No. 1 middlings, \$17 to \$18; 80 lbs. or No. 2 middlings, \$15 to \$16; 60 lbs. or No. 1 feed, \$14.50 to \$15.00; 50 lbs. or medium feed, \$14.50 to \$15.00; 40 lbs. or No. 2 feed, \$14.50 to \$15.00. Rye feed, \$16.00 to \$17.00.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—Creamery, ordinary to fancy, 13c to 20c; State half firkins, ordinary to fancy 11c to 17c; Western dairy, ordinary to choice imitation creamery, 8c to 15c; Western factory, ordinary to choice, 6c to 12c. Cheese—State factory, night skims to fancy, 5c to 8c; Ohio Flat, fair to prime, 4c to 6c. EGGS.—State and Pennsylvania, in brls. 14c; Canadian, fine, 14c to 14c; Western fair to fancy, 12c to 14c.

A NEW STORY.

The next number of the Messenger will contain the first of a new story, "The Four McNichols," an interesting tale of sailor-life by William Black, the celebrated author of such well-known tales as "McLeod of Daro" the "Princess of Thule," etc. The story is one of great interest, and will prove good reading for both old and young.

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