

Weekly Messenger

AND TEMPERANCE WORKER.

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The Weekly Messenger

A POLITICAL BOMBHELL.

British politics have been much agitated this week by a bombshell that has fallen in their midst. While the Liberals were declaring that they would not yield one inch to the Lords, but would compel them to submit to the will of the people by passing the Franchise Bill before seeing the Redistribution Bill,—suddenly a Conservative newspaper published what it said was the very Redistribution Bill itself. At first, nobody believed it to be genuine. But it was soon found that the bill was genuine enough, having been stolen by a workman in the Government printing office, and given by him to the *Standard*. The thief has been arrested, but the cat is out of the bag and cannot be got in again. However, it is said that the bill is only one of several plans to be considered by the Government.

The published bill would give England 110 and Scotland 10 more members in the House of Commons than at present, and would leave Ireland's number unchanged, while several small boroughs in that country would lose their members, and several counties get more than they have at present. The change would certainly benefit the Parnellites, but their gain would be counterbalanced by the large increase of members from England and Scotland. It is said that the Conservative leaders have decided to reject this redistribution scheme, if it is offered to them, and will still try to force a dissolution of Parliament. If the Lords again refuse to pass the Franchise Bill at this session, it will most likely be sent up to them a third time next spring—and in the meantime their Lordships' Christmas will be as hot as July!

While the Parnell party in Parliament, representing the Irish tenant farmers, are preparing to oppose the Government, the Irish laborers have come out strongly against the Parnellites and farmers, and in favor of the Franchise Bill, which will put political power in their hands. "United Ireland" is as much a dream as ever, and is likely to remain so while professional agitators are stirring up a perpetual cloud of bitterness.

THE TROUBLES OF EGYPT.

The report that a steamer had been wrecked in the Nile, and the crew murdered, turns out to be quite true, and it is feared that Col. Stewart, Mr. Power, correspondent of the *London Times*, Mr. Herbin, French Consul, and Mr. Nicola, a Greek Consul, have lost their lives. The Arab Sheikhs are said to have offered hospitality to the shipwrecked men, invited them into their houses, and then massacred all but four black slaves. It is still hoped, however, that Col. Stewart and Mr. Power were not on that steamboat, and so may have escaped.

The rescuing army continues to move southward, and now the town of Dongola, from which it was difficult a few months ago to get any trustworthy news, is occupied by

600 British and 1,000 black Egyptian troops. The climate is good, the health of the city is excellent, and the Mahdi's influence is decreasing as the pale faces come nearer. Lord Wolsley—who, by the way, complains a great deal of the failure of the commissariat and transport services,—has ordered twelve hundred camels to be mustered at Dongola. It is thought he intends to march from there to Khartoum across the desert. Lord Wolsley has had a review at Wady Halfa, and the mounted infantry managed their unaccustomed steeds, the camels, perfectly.

The Canadian voyageurs have arrived at Wady Halfa. They aroused great admiration for their skill and pluck. They traverse the rapids as if it were child's play. General Lord Wolsley says he is charmed with their achievements. Eight captains have now been engaged in Canada to take charge of the light stern-wheel steamboats on the Nile, and they are each to receive \$150 a month and all expenses paid till they come home.

Of other news from Egypt, the most interesting is that the Government has officially prohibited the sale of slaves.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

Except in a few localities where the summer's drought still refuses to relax its hold on the water supply, showers and warm spells have been pretty general over the greater portion of the continent for two or three weeks past, and the pastures, the fall wheat, and the root crops have been making remarkably rapid growth for October weather. In many cases early cabbages and onions have been damaged by the second-growth, induced by the spring like weather, making them unfit for human food. In many sections the late potatoes have started to rot, but as the crop is over an average and most of it has already been saved in good condition, there is no danger of scarcity or high price prevailing anywhere on this continent. Turnips and carrots have been improving with the favorable season, and will yield much more than was expected three or four weeks ago. The rapid growth of grass is telling favorably on the herds and flocks, and will add considerably to the income of dairymen and stock-feeders. The cattle also will be better prepared for the winter weather when it comes. Prices of fat cattle, sheep and hogs, have all a decidedly weaker feeling, and though there has been a considerable decline in values they do not yet seem to have touched bottom. On the other hand, dairy products are in better request and the prices of cheese and butter of good quality are likely to be pretty high throughout the winter. The yield of fall apples has been unusually heavy, and prices have declined to a point at which there is little profit left for the grower.

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed to examine the question of making the land round Niagara Falls public property have recommended the State to take over \$1,433,429 worth of land.

EUROPEAN ECHOES.

While we in America are finding plenty of scope for our pugnacious energies in elections, whether for Scott Acts or for Presidencies, it is impossible for us not to look with interest and anxiety at the many and mixed quarrels going on in the countries from which we or our forefathers came:—that gunpowder magazine called Europe. The powder-barrels have been lying wide open for some time, ready to explode with a very small spark. Moreover, the sparks have been plenty, and it must be with great thankfulness that the world hears of the danger decreasing. The French newspapers and public men are becoming more conciliatory in their language to Britain; and the British, who have quietly listened and kept their temper, are perfectly ready to forgive their neighbors' little outbursts.

The German Government has issued invitations to the other powers for a conference to be held at Berlin on the 6th of November, to discuss the Congo question. France and Germany have agreed upon a preliminary arrangement, to be submitted to the conference, and it is expected that the powers will decide to make commerce on the Niger and in the Congo country free to all nations. Lord Granville, the British Foreign Secretary, is going to attend the conference himself, and a representative of the United States will also be present.

Prince Bismarck has sent a very friendly message to the British Government, giving an assurance of Germany's good will and co-operation in the settlement of Egyptian affairs.

THE FRENCH ABROAD.

A battle took place last week in which the Chinese, attacking the French, were driven back with a loss of a thousand men. The invaders also captured all the ammunition, with mules and horses. The French General, however,—General Negrier,—was wounded.

Since then the French have had a serious defeat. The city of Tamsui was bombarded by the fleet, under Admiral Lespes, and the houses of European residents were riddled with shells, though the inhabitants did not suffer. The harbor was defended by a number of torpedoes, so that approach was dangerous. Six hundred of the French troops were landed to reconnoitre the positions from which the torpedoes were fired; but the Chinese hid in bushes, sprang out upon their assailants, and drove them back to their boats. Seventy French soldiers were killed in the course of five hours hard fighting, and one of their guns was captured. The Chinese—who had themselves lost 200 men—cut off the heads of 23 French corpses, and only stopped when the British Consul protested. More French troops are now to be sent to China.

The strong feeling against all foreigners, provoked by the French invasion, has shown itself in a riot at Oenchow, where the missionaries' houses were burnt. No lives were lost.

The only news from Madagascar is that

the natives are preparing to offer a desperate resistance if the French attempt to advance into the interior.

BOERS, BEWARE!

The British, and Christians generally, have always had a strong sympathy for the Bechuanas, among whom the great missionary Moffat labored for so many years. Most people are therefore glad to hear that the Boers are not to be allowed to persecute these unhappy natives any longer. The Transvaal Government has taken fright and withdrawn the proclamation annexing Bechuanaland; but as the Boer invaders continue to hold the lands taken by them in that country, the position of affairs is not much altered. The British Government calls upon the Transvaal to put down the filibustering of its subjects and to observe the treaty. The demand will probably be enforced by the arrival of several thousand British troops in South Africa. An English newspaper says that the Canadian Government has offered men and money to help the Cape Colonists, which is, to say the least, very unlikely.

JOHN B. GOUGH the great temperance orator, speaking of the coming Presidential election, says: "I do not believe in compromises of any sort, nor have I believed in them at any time in my career. I have fought the drink traffic right straight through, and I want Prohibitionists to show an uncompromising front to that traffic. We are fighting a tremendous evil, and we must make sacrifices if they become necessary. But there must be no compromise with the enemy. You must stand to your principles. They talk about protection, but we temperance people have no protection whatever. We want protection from the liquor traffic for the widow and the orphan and the children. That is why I changed my politics, and if I live until the first Tuesday in November I shall give my vote for a Prohibitory candidate."

OF EIGHT SCHOLARSHIPS founded recently in connection with Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., four have just been won by ladies. McGill University, Montreal, now gives the same lectures to women as to men. Eleven ladies entered for the full course to begin with, and the male students assembled at the door and gave them a hearty cheer as they entered. The ladies have not yet decided whether they will wear the college cap and gown.

THERE IS A DISCUSSION as to whether or not Lord Dufferin is an Irishman. That he was born in Ireland there is no doubt. But the Saxon inhabitants of Ireland are usually denounced by their Celtic countrymen as intruders, and not Irishmen at all. When, as in the case of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Dufferin, these Saxon Irishmen become distinguished, the fact of their being "intruders" seems to be once forgotten and buried!

SOME OF THE KURDS have revolted against Persia, and two thousand men have been sent from Bagdad to put them down.

THE LITTLE BOY'S PLEA.

I'm only a little boy,
As every one may see;
But still I'm old enough to know
That drink's not good for me.

I've joined the Band of Hope,
And hope that you will too;
And if you'll come and help us
We'll find you work to do.

Most doctors in the land
Now with us all agree;
They're helping us both heart and hand
To set our country free.

Think what the Bible says
Against this cursed drink;
It says that wine a mocker is.
Oh! pause—oh! stay and think.

Think of the many deaths
Caused by the drink alone;
And think that every one must stand
Before the Almighty throne.

Perhaps you don't get drunk,
Perhaps you never will;
But while you "take a little"
You're going down the hill.

See yonder drunken man
Go reeling down the street;
He once "just took a little,"
But now can't keep his feet.

I'm but a little boy,
But I can do my part;
And what I do, I'm very sure
I'll do with all my heart.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

BY PANSY.

(A utter of "Mrs. Solomon Smith Locking On.")

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

It was a splendid dinner that they at last sat down to; the potatoes were done to a nicety, and the cold chicken, and pie, and cheese, and butter, were a little better than any they had ever tasted before.

"I declare, we ought to have Miss Hunter in, to get some of these good things!" the mother said.

But Beth explained that she was up in mother Perkin's room, making her some tea and toast: she saw her go.

Then commenced Reuben: "O, mother, do you suppose Miss Hunter will move with us? She could get ever so much more work there, and better wages, a good deal better; Mr. Barrows told me to tell her so, and to urge her to come. He said now was her time to get in with some of the best."

Beth looked up, sickly at her mother, to see how she took this matter-of-course way of speaking of moving, and turned to the man of the house with her startling bit of news:

"O, Reuben, don't you think they have raised the rent of this house one whole dollar a month?"

"Raised the rent!" said Reuben in great contempt; "I hope they will get it, or at least I hope they won't. Anyhow, I know they won't from us. But I do wish Miss Hunter would go with us: there is a room in the house that would be just right for her."

"Reuben," said Beth, the color coming and going on her face, "do you really and truly mean you think we are going to move?"

"Why, of course, we are going to move. Haven't I been at work all the week getting things ready? Mother could you go this week, do you think? There's lots of work there waiting; and Mr. Barrows needs me; and if they've raised the house rent here, the sooner we get out the better."

Mrs. Stone looked bewildered; she looked as though she didn't know the least what to say to her eager-faced boy and waiting girl. She glanced from one side to the other's moment in a puzzled way; then she laugh'd. It was more than a week since Beth had seen her laugh.

"Reuben," she said, "I believe you are forty instead of ten. Do you really suppose we could get work right along if we were to move, and get a place to live in, and manage to pay the rent, and all that?"

"Why, mother, I know we could," he said, his bright eyes sparkling. "And I've seen the house we are to live in; fact is, I've rented it, and had it cleaned and all;

and there is work waiting for all of us. The queerest little machines, Beth, you ever saw in your life! Brass, you know, with rows of tiny teeth for you to put your needle through!"

"Put a needle through brass!" said bewildered Beth; and then Reuben laughed, and he couldn't explain, but she would see for herself, in a few days. And then he began at his mother again about moving, and with advice for her to leave the stove behind. Mr. Barrows advised it.

"Horrid old thing!" said Beth, bestowing glances of hatred on it; "I should be too happy to go away and leave it behind. Reuben, you can't think how hateful it has acted since you've been gone; twice as hateful as it does with you."

"I'll fix it to-morrow morning," said Reuben, nodding his head at it; "but, mother, don't you think it would be best to sell it for old iron? That is what Mr. Barrows advised; and, well, to tell you the truth—I was going to keep that for a surprise—he gave me a stove to use in the place of it; one that goes better than that?"

"He gave you a stove?" said bewildered Mrs. Stone.

"Yes, he did," said Reuben, his eyes dancing; he concluded that there were surprises enough left without that one.

To tell you all the talk, and all the plans that there were made in the Stone family during the rest of that day, would make a book. Before three o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Stone was saying to herself, "If we should move, we ought to let the agent of this house know;" and by evening she said: "We ought to let Mrs. Bemis know about this house; I guess she would like to rent it."

Then Beth and Reuben looked at each other and laughed; that showed them that their mother was decided to move. I must tell you, though, of one thing.

"I don't know how we would ever get money enough together to buy what will have to be bought, and get ourselves ready!" This was one of Mrs. Stone's objections. It made Reuben whisk out his pocket-book, over which Beth exclaimed in delight.

"I've got some moving money here," he explained. "It isn't a present, mother; Mr. Barrows said so; he said it was rightly mine, because I had saved him a good deal. I don't know how much there is; he sealed it up, and told me I had better not open it on the cars. But he said I would need it to move my family."

Then he broke the seal. Out came the bills, four of them. Reuben's breath began to come quick, and the flush on his face grew brighter. One bill was a five. What if some of the others should be!

"If there should be as much as fifteen dollars, here," he said, stopping and looking at his mother, "what would you say?"

"I'd say that you must have worked most uncommon fast for a boy of ten," she answered, and her tone was not altogether one of pleasure. She did not fancy folks taking pity on them and giving them money.

Reuben laughed, and looked down at his money; he had a story to tell that he fancied would satisfy his mother, even if there should be fifteen dollars. But then he began to act very strangely. He gave such a sudden jump in his chair that Beth held to the side of the rickety table. Then he leaned his head on the table and actually burst into tears.

"Why, Reuben Watson Stone!" said Beth, "what on earth is the matter?"

"My dear boy!" said his mother; and she felt almost frightened, it was such a strange thing to see Reuben cry.

He came around to his mother and buried his head in her lap; but not until he had dropped the four bills on the table before her, and she saw that there were two fives and two twenties. Fifty dollars!

"I'm sure I wouldn't like to try to describe to you the commotion there was in that family for a little while.

Mrs. Stone was perfectly bewildered; to give a boy ten, or even fifteen dollars for a week's work, because a rich man felt sorry for him and thought he had a great burden to carry, would be unusual enough; but to give fifty dollars! She thought for a few moments that there was some wicked plot to ruin her boy, and almost expected to see a policeman appear and arrest him on a charge of stealing.

But Reuben's tears did not last long. He had been taken by surprise, and following

hard on so much excitement, had forgotten his dignity, and cried it out with his head in his mother's lap.

Now he brushed back his hair from his hot forehead, wiped away all traces of tears, and told his remarkable story, beginning with the ride behind Samson, and the paper worth a thousand dollars that tried to blow away and didn't, and ending with the story of the locked kitchen door and the two boys who were prisoners. It was a long story, and very well told. The mother who, when it began, was all ready to resent the fifty dollars almost as an insult offered their honest poverty, by the time it was finished declared that she didn't know as fifty dollars was any too much to show his gratitude. As for Beth she laughed and cried half a dozen of times during the account, and half smothered Reuben with kisses when it was finished. This is the way in which the matter of expense of moving was settled, and by night the Stone family were actually packing! There was only one drawback. It didn't seem as though they could make up their minds to go and leave Miss Hunter behind. She had heard the whole story told over by Beth, and enjoyed it quite as much as that small lady thought she ought; and she had heard with pleasure about the room that would just suit her, and the chance for plenty of work at good prices. Then she had grown thoughtful, and finally had owned that she couldn't see her way clear to leaving poor old mother Perkin's alone. To be sure she hadn't known her but a week, but the nice old lady was getting used to her, and liked to have her come in, and liked her toast, and relished an egg dropped in water, and was getting pretty feeble, and the long and short of it was, she didn't believe she ought to go and leave her.

"It is your duty to go, of course," she said to Mrs. Stone; "you've got Beth and Reuben to think of, or, anyhow, he has you to plan for, and he's done it like a man, I'm sure—a first-class man at that—and of course it is your duty to go along with him; like enough I'll come trotting behind after a little while, there is nothing in life hinders me but the poor old lady. But I can't make up my mind to leave her, and that is fact."

So Reuben and Beth felt doleful all one evening because Miss Hunter couldn't see her way clear to leaving mother Perkins. But they need not have wasted a sigh over that.

The fact was, their Father in Heaven saw the way clear all the time. He meant to have Miss Hunter go with them, and he knew exactly what to do for mother Perkins so that she should not miss the loving care of her new friend. I'll tell you what he did: that night in the silence and the darkness he sent his unseen angels, and they came without sound of footfall or rattling of keys; passed swiftly and silently through the door that Reuben himself had locked but two hours before, and when they passed out again they had mother Perkins with them.

In the morning Miss Hunter found her still body and her wrinkled old face lying just where she had left it the night before; but she came and called Mrs. Stone and Reuben and Beth.

"Look here," she said, her voice grave and yet sweet, "come up here, something has happened; something that we don't have a chance to see very often. Look at her face; did she ever smile like that when she lived here? I'm glad I kissed her last night when I tucked her up. The Lord must have touched her in a very little while after that. He left a little gleam of the glory right here on her face, so we could feel sure of what had happened. Well, Reuben, there's nothing to hinder my moving along with you now. Since the Lord wants her in the palace, of course she doesn't need me to look after her any more."

So they all waited one day, and the funeral of mother Perkins was held in the sunny south room. Miss Hunter put a rose on the coffin that she bought of a small boy who passed by, and Reuben bought a flower that he saw in a greenhouse window.

"It looked so kind of sweet," he said, "I couldn't help it; it only cost three cents. Will it do to put with the rose?"

"Why, it's a bit of live forever!" declared Miss Hunter, "and seeing she's gone up there to live forever, it is the very thing." So there were flowers and tears at mother Perkins' funeral.

And the very next day the man of the house moved his family to the country.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHOW YOUR COLORS.

Reuben's telegram was sent; you may be sure of that. A boy like Reuben Watson Stone is not likely to forget his first telegram. So when the stage drove up with a flourish at the little house, Reuben saw with delight the smoke issuing from the chimney. Then, oh, what fun he had taking his mother and Beth and Miss Hunter through the pretty rooms—hearing their exclamations of surprise and delight; seeing Beth try to hug the stove, though it was so hot she couldn't, and declare that she would like to kiss the tea-kettle which didn't leak; hearing his mother question in a bewildered way as to how he came to have this, and who thought of that! When that busy, happy evening was done, and Reuben was fairly settled in his new bed, it seemed to him that he had never been so happy in his life.

The excitement kept at white heat all the next day. Reuben had a holiday from the shop in order to help his mother get settled, though, truth to tell, the settling had been so thoroughly done for her before she arrived, and she had so few possessions, that the work was not hard. But there was the box-shop in all its departments to take the wondering Beth through—explaining to her in detail with the confidence of one who had been familiar with the business for years—and the glove factory, in which she saw the wonderful little machine with brass teeth, and discovered that she was to put her needle between them, instead of through them. He had also to introduce his mother and Miss Hunter to the glove factory, where they hoped to get work; and, to crown the eventful day, Mrs. Barrows came with Grace to get acquainted with his mother, and was as friendly as though she had known her for years. The next day they all went to work in earnest.

The first Sabbath in the new home was one to which Reuben always looked back with a special feeling of interest. A great many things happened for him to remember. In the first place they all went to church together, and sat in a pew which Mr. Barrows told Reuben they had better keep for their own if they liked it; and when he with blushing cheeks asked how much it would cost a year, he took a new lesson in church work on being told that pews in this church were not rented, that people selected their seats as I paid what they could for the support of the church. He told his mother before they were fairly out of the building, and she had answered heartily: "That is something like. We can pay a little something ourselves; I've always sat in the gallery and felt like a pauper; if they've found a way of making poor people at home in their churches, I'm glad to hear it." Then Reuben had taken Beth to Sabbath-school, and put her in Grace Barrows' care; and in her new blue merino which Miss Hunter had at last contrived an excuse for giving her, and her fur cape and hood, she looked as well in his eyes as the best of them. In fact, he told his mother that their Beth was certainly the prettiest girl in the class. In his own class there had been much to think about and remember. Almost the first question the teacher asked was, whether he had remembered his promise of the Sabbath before, and when he, with eyes that drooped a little in embarrassment, had still answered firmly that he had remembered, and also that he had decided the question, he never forgot the glow in her eyes as she held out her hand to him and said: "I'm very glad. Now, my boy, remember this: Show your colors everywhere." He thought about this sentence a great deal during the lesson. What chance was there for him to show his colors, he wondered. He was not quite sure what she meant; he thought he would like to know, and he waited a little for Beth, and also in the hope that she would speak to him again after the school was closed. Sure enough she turned to him with that bright, glad smile and asked him one of those direct questions.

"Are you going to do it?"

"Do what, ma'am?"

"Why, show your colors everywhere and always."

Reuben looked down at his plain gray clothes; very little color about them, and that little rather dingy; he had not even a bright neck-tie, like some of the boys.

"How'll I show them if I haven't got 'em?" he asked at last, a glimmer of a smile on his face. He knew that Miss Mason did

not mean that sort of color; but he was puzzled all the same to know what she did mean.

"Reuben, you know something about soldiers?"

"Yes'm," and Reuben's thoughts went back in a twinkling to the story of his great grandfather and his brave fighting, and his hat shaped like George Washington's; his mother had entertained him and Beth's childhood with stories that she had heard while sitting on her grandfather's knee.

"Well don't you know they wear their country's colors? A uniform, we call it; and when we see them, we are never at a loss to know which side they are on, because their colors tell us instantly. Now the Lord Jesus Christ has called you to be a soldier, and you have accepted the call, and I say to you, be sure you wear his colors always. Let nobody doubt on which side you are."

A bright, pleased look came into Reuben's eyes. This was a new thought to him, that he was really a soldier like his great grandfather, of whom his mother had told him dozens of times he had reason to be proud. It was nice to think he wore the colors of his Captain. He understood almost in a flash what Miss Mason meant.

"Yes'm," he said, his voice showing his gladness; "I'll try for it."

She saw that he understood her, and was turning away with a smile; but she turned back. "And, Reuben, one thing more; remember your Captain has had your orders written out for you in a book, and he expects you always to look for direction as to what he wants done. You can talk with him, to be sure, at any time; but, after all, you can hardly expect him to repeat to you directions that you might find by looking for them in your order-book."

"That's the Bible!" said Reuben, and his eyes flashed. "I never thought of it; thank you, I'll remember."

Did he walk with a sort of martial tread as he went down the aisle to meet the waiting Beth? He understood for the first time that he was a soldier.

They sat together, he and Beth, that evening, in the pretty little parlor. It was so funny for the Stones to have a parlor! This little speck of a room was the most delightful spot that Reuben and Beth knew anything about. It chanced to be a mild day, and the door leading into the neat kitchen had been thrown open all day; besides, the sun had shone in at the east window all the morning, so there was a pleasant warmth in the room, and here sat Beth and Reuben together reading their Sabbath-school books. At least Beth was reading. Reuben had closed his book and was deep in thought. The story had been about a Christian girl who had prayed for, and talked with, and worked for, her brother, and led him at last to give his heart to Jesus. It made Reuben think of his sister. Ought he to talk to her? He had prayed for her all the week. Indeed, it was the first thing he thought of that Monday morning when he prayed; how much he would like to have Beth understand about this new sweet feeling that had come into his heart. Ever since her name had come into his prayer as naturally as his own. Still all this week he had not said a word to her on the subject. This astonished him a little; he always told Beth everything; she had heard about the boys in the shop, and the spoiled pasteboards out of which he meant to make his fortune, and the two tickets to see the pictures, and—well, everything that had had to do with the eventful days during which he had been separated from her; everything, but this one experience: his talk with his teacher, his promise to her, the thought he had given to it all that Sabbath afternoon, the kneeling down in the solemn midnight, and the strange new feeling with which he arose, and that had been with him ever since. In regard to all these things he had been entirely silent. He was surprised to find that he shrank from telling Beth anything about it. Why should he? Reuben did not know then so well as he afterwards learned, about the enemy who longed for nothing so much as to keep him from showing this new spirit to Beth and enlisting her at once as a soldier in the same army. To-night as he sat staring into the twilight, thinking of the book he had been reading, of Miss Mason's words about showing his colors, of his promise to try for it, there came suddenly to his heart this question:

"Are you showing them to Beth? Does

she know anything about this new Captain of yours? Suppose you had never mentioned Mr. Barrow's name to her during all these days, would you think of yourself?"

"Oh, but Mr. Barrows has done so many things for me; I had to mention him." And then did Reuben's cheeks glow for very shame! Did he really mean that this new Captain had done nothing for him? Oh, no, no! He could never mean that; for Reuben had thought about it a great deal during this week, and he felt very sure that it was this great Captain of his who had been leading him in these strange new ways. All his life, perhaps, but certainly on that night in which he took that awful ride with Spunk and Spunk's master, and felt himself directed where to go, and what to do, and the weeks that had followed had been no less wonderful! Oh, yes, Reuben was very sure that a great deal had been done for him. Then why didn't he tell Beth about it?

He resolved that he would.

"Beth," he commended, "it is too dark to see to read any longer, let's talk."

"Well," said Beth, closing her book promptly, "talk." But all that Reuben did was to sit and stare out of the window.

"Why don't you talk?" said Beth; "lots of things must have happened to you since we had a long talk last."

"There have; great big things. I'm trying to think where to begin."

"Begin at the biggest thing of them all and come on down, and tell me all about it."

"The biggest thing that ever happened to me in my life," said Reuben, speaking slowly and gravely, "is that I've got to be a soldier, and have got to be a Captain, and wear his colors, and am bound to obey him, just exactly, every time."

"Reuben, what in the world are you talking about?" said Beth, and she dropped her book on the floor and came and sat on the edge of the chair that was in front of Reuben's own, and stared at him, astonishment in her voice, and astonishment in her face.

"Why," said Reuben, forgetting a little, "that's it, you see; I don't know how to tell you. It's a long story, that is, it's long to think it, but when you come to tell it there doesn't seem to be much that a fellow can tell. Look here, Beth, suppose you were walking down this road"—and Reuben arose and took careful steps on the pretty flowers in the carpet, toward the west window—"and you should meet somebody who said to you, 'I want you to turn right square around and go the other way,' and you should make up your mind to do it, don't you see how different everything would be right away?" Whereupon Reuben turned and walked briskly toward the east window. Beth watched him wonderingly.

"I should want to be pretty sure who was talking to me, and what he wanted me to turn around, and what good it would do, anyway, before I should make up my mind to do any such thing," she said at last, seeing that Reuben seemed to be waiting for her to speak.

"Exactly," he said, coming back to his chair. "Well, the fact is, I found out that the One who met me wanted to do the best thing for me all the while, and knew what was the best, and made me, in the first place, and had a right to direct me which way to go; and I just turned around and made up my mind to follow him the rest of my life."

"It must be you mean you are a Christian!"

Reuben always remembered the great astonishment in Beth's voice as she spoke those words.

"I suppose I am," he said gravely—"he had not put it into his words before—if a Christian means one who has made up his mind to follow the Lord Jesus Christ, take him for Captain, you know, why, I'm one, sure."

"That is what it means," said Beth, nodding her head. "Miss Hunter told me so; she told me a good deal about it; she wanted me to go that same way, but I didn't think I wanted to do that; I wanted to leave you behind; I wanted to keep right along with you and not go anywhere at all that you didn't; and now you've gone and left me!" and Beth dropped her head on her arm and began to cry softly.

"O, Beth, I haven't!" he declared

eagerly; "I've come back for you, don't you see? That's what I am trying to tell you. I want you along. I couldn't be a soldier without you; we've always been together. Girls can be soldiers in this army just as well as boys; it's different from any other army. 'I say, Beth, won't you come right along? That's the very reason I wanted to tell you about it to-night.'"

Beth had already dried her tears and was listening.

"What did you mean about hearing somebody speak to you, and ask you to turn around, and all that? I don't understand what you mean."

So Reuben began at the story of that midnight ride, part of which she already knew, and told her about the terror, and the horror, and the prayer, and the quiet that came to him, and the sense of somebody leading him, and he following just where the Somebody led; and from that he jumped to the experiences of but the Sabbath day before; the lesson, and the teacher's question, and her talk with him, and his promise, and what hard work he had to keep it, and how Grace Barrows helped him along without knowing it, and how, finally, after midnight, he knelt down and settled it, and how he had been sure ever since of the presence and help of his Leader. Then he told how Miss Mason had reminded him that very day to be sure and show his colors. "I wanted to show you, Beth, the first thing, and ask you to put them on."

It had been quite a long story; the twilight faded out entirely while he talked and left the room dark but for the glow of the firelight. Beth had listened in silence, but with the utmost attention. She drew a long sigh when he closed, and if Reuben could have seen her face it would have told him that she felt herself left behind.

"You've been converted," she said at last.

"Have I?" said Reuben; "I don't know. I don't even know what the word means."

"I do, Miss Hunter told me; she said there were two sides to it; God had one side, and folks the other. God called to people, asked them to belong, you know, just as you heard him ask you—that is his side. Then they said either 'I will,' or 'I won't,' and that's their side; and she said even God couldn't do anything for them so long as they said 'I won't,' because he had promised himself, when he made them, that they should have the right to decide things for themselves, and that was their side. Then she said just as soon as they made up their minds to say 'I will,' he put new feelings into their hearts, so that they wanted to do right, where before they hadn't cared, or hadn't thought anything about it; and all at once they knew that the thing they wanted most was to follow the Lord Jesus, and please him, and she said that new feeling in their hearts was called being converted and there wasn't anybody else who could do it only just God; and I know you have been converted."

"Well," said Reuben after a very thoughtful silence, "I never heard it explained before, but it sounds like Miss Mason's talk, fits right in, and I guess it is all true. I've often wondered what it felt like to be converted; I'm glad I know. I'll tell you what it is, Beth, you do your part, right away, won't you, so he can do his, and then we'll go on together."

"Does mother know?" asked Beth.

"No, she doesn't. I wanted to tell you first. Fact is, I don't know how to tell such things. Do you suppose mother will understand what I mean?"

"I guess so," said Beth; "she will have to be told, anyhow; for things will have to be different now, you know."

"How different?"

"Why, every way. We'll have to have evening in the Bible every night and morning, and kneel down and pray, and say a prayer at the table every time we eat."

"How do you know?" asked Reuben very much startled. "Who could read in the Bible and pray? People don't always do that."

"Oh, they do," said Beth, confidently; "Miss Hunter told me about it; she told me about a bad man who was converted, and he began the next day to read in the Bible and pray, and they all knelt down, and everything was different; and you know, Reuben, you are the man of our house."

(To be Continued.)

Truthfulness is a corner stone in character.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Oct. 26.—1 Kings 6: 1-14.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

The quarry for the Temple. This world is the quarry where the living stones of God's beautiful temple in the heavens, the completed and perfected church, are being shaped and polished for their places in the building. Few places are more rough, more lacking in every element of beauty, than a stone quarry. I began my ministry among the quarries of Cape Ann, which have since been multiplying over its granite surface. Were I to take the owners of some of the newer quarries and walk with them over the familiar places, I could say to them,—"I remember when I used to walk here among stately trees, or sit under the shadow of a great rock and feast on the surrounding beauties; but now you have blasted the rocks, you have cut down the trees, you have littered the fields with broken fragments. What does it all mean?" Then they could take me to some noble buildings in various cities, and say,—"Do you see those stately buildings, beautiful cornices, graceful arches, lofty columns? Well, there is the meaning of the quarry." So the heavenly temple is the solution of the mysteries of Providence in this world. The cares, burdens, sorrows, joys, work of this life are fitting us for our place in that temple where no sound of the tools shall be heard while it is in building.

PRACTICAL.

I. There is not a single Christian living who has not a task like that of Solomon to fulfil. Every Christian ought to say, "I purpose to build an house to the name of the Lord." (1) He must first become himself a living stone of the spiritual temple (2 Pet. 2: 51) (2) His body must be the temple of the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. 6: 16), his whole being a sanctuary (1 Cor. 3) (3) His house should be a house of prayer (Josh. 24: 15.) (4) Are not these human temples themselves the stones erect, precious, to be used by-and-by in that great heavenly temple which the Lord shall build and not man? (2 Cor. 5: 1)—E. de Pressensac.

LITTLE AFRICANS' PLAYTHINGS.

It takes but little to please children,—and many of us, like Eliza Cook, have wished ourselves back to the days,—

"When sticks of peppermint possessed
A sceptre's power to sway the breast,
And heaven was round us while we fed
On rich, ambrosial gingerbread."

As for playthings, the fancy of the little folks is everywhere pretty much the same, and about equally simple. "Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw." A missionary writing to the *Methodist Recorder*, speaks of the toys with which the children in Africa amuse themselves.

The girls in Africa, as elsewhere, are fond of dolls; but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. Some of them "play baby" with little pigs. The boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the "white man's gun."

Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is made of a tuft of loose cotton. In one African tribe, the boys have spears made of reeds, shields, and bows and arrows with which they imitate their fathers' doings; and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters "jump the rope." Besides, the African children, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves "making believe." They imitate the life around them, not playing "keep house," "go visiting," or "give a party," because they see none of these things in their homes; but they pretend building a hut, making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat.

THERE is something radically wrong in the domestic administration when boys of twelve or fifteen years, and even those only eight or ten years old, are out night after night till a late hour without even arousing parental suspicion. The judge in the Quincey case took the right ground when he declared that it is the fathers and mothers—not the boys—who are to blame when such youngsters come to grief.—*Brooklyn Union*.

The Temperance Worker

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18.

THE WAR OF THE CROSS.

The prohibition crusade in our Dominion goes bravely on. We have two more glorious victories to report this week. The County of Stanstead, where the Scott Act was defeated four years ago by a majority of 180, last Thursday adopted the Act by a majority of 247. In spite of the most unlimited misrepresentations and lies, both as to the effect of prohibition and as to the Act itself, the people looked the question straight in the face—"Is the liquor traffic good or is it evil?"—and came to the only possible honest conclusion. Compton will probably soon take the same position, and the campaign is being unexpectedly successful in Missisquoi. Drummond is being most effectively aroused, and, with Arthabaska and Richmond, will make a solid block of three no-license counties in the heart of Quebec Province.

The other battle was in Simcoe, including a large part of Muskoka, and has resulted in a victory for the Scott Act by a majority of more than eleven hundred! Nearly every voting district, towns included, gave majorities against the curse-breeding liquor traffic. The wholesale rum-sellers in Toronto are thoroughly cast into the dumps, and think of giving up the fight altogether, letting the whole Dominion go in for prohibition if it likes. Though they are perfectly sincere in regarding the prospect as a very gloomy one for their trade, what they chiefly want is to make the temperance people over-confident, and so defeat them. Remember—"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety." The victories in Halton, Simcoe and Stanstead have been secured, first, by the blessing of God upon an energetic agitation and exposition of the whole matter, in canvassing and in public meetings; and then by PERFECT ORGANIZATION, by which no supporter of the temperance cause was allowed to remain at home on voting day. Go and do likewise!

The united counties of Dundas, Stormont and Glangarry are voting on this present Thursday, the 16th. Charlottetown, P.E.I., votes at the same time. Other polling dates fixed are:

Peel, Ont., 23rd October.
Bruce, Ont., 30th October.
Prince Edward, Ont., 30th October.
Huron, Ont., 30th October.
Dufferin, Ont., 30th October.

York, N.B., (on question of repeal) 30th October.

Renfrew, Ont., 7th November.

A large part of the Northumberland and Durham Scott Act petition has been stolen from the Sheriff's office; but it is hoped this will not necessitate a new canvass. Lanark's petition has already been deposited with the sheriff. The cities of Kingston and Belleville, Ont., and St. John, N.B., are all preparing for contests. The outlook is getting brighter and brighter in Toronto, but it is as well to leave most of the large cities alone till the counties are won. The Middlesex petitions already contain 700 more signatures than are necessary to bring on a vote. The success met with in Manitoba is more than was expected; the liquor curse should never have been introduced to defile our North-West, and the deeper the curse is allowed to thrust its roots, the harder it will be to pull them out.

At a meeting of Methodist ministers in Montreal, the following resolution was passed:—"That this meeting has heard with unmingled satisfaction of the result of voting on the Scott Act in the counties of Stanstead and Simcoe, and also desires to express its sympathy with this movement, and devoutly prays that the contest now going on in other counties may result in a similar victory for the friends of temperance."

The Rev. Dr. Potts, of Montreal, in an interview, said that he believed within ten years the whole of Canada would be under prohibition. He looked upon the result as obtained through a long course of education and agitation, both in the pulpit, on the platform, and in such papers of the public press as the *Witness*. He regarded everyone of the counties of Canada as at present ripe for action in this matter; the cities were not so ripe, because in them the concentrated power of the liquor interest existed. When the counties were won, however, the citadel of the liquor traffic could be stormed and taken.

THE HON. NEAL DOW, writing to the *Voice*, says: "Now that the Prohibitory Amendment has been adopted, we have another work to accomplish, not for ourselves only, but for the entire country; that is, to annihilate the remnant of the liquor traffic which lingers here on a small scale with more or less secrecy. To accomplish this, we must have some additions to the penalties and the processes of our law, for which we will go to the next Legislature. The fact that the Maine law has not yet accomplished this, is to-day the greatest hindrance to the adoption of the policy of Prohibition speedily throughout the Union. We earnestly desire and strive to remove that obstacle, which we can easily do with such additions to our law as we have already blocked out. The temperance men and women of Maine are fully aware of the fact that their State holds the key of the field on which the battle of the homes against the grog-shops is now being fought. They understand something of the responsibility which rests upon them and mean to be true to their duty."

AT THE W. C. T. U. Convention of Vermont, at Middlebury, Mrs. Middleton, president of the Province of Quebec, made the meetings memorable with her presence, and the grand womanhood she represented by her silvered hair and devoted purpose, and will live long in our memories. "We mourned with you when Lincoln fell, we watched and prayed those weeks while Garfield fought for his life; our flags went down half-mast when the struggle was over, and now we stand with you in your war against this greatest foe of mankind." This she said as illustrative of the unity of purpose moving all nations alike, to strike down their common foe.—*Union Signal*.

"THE FOUNDATION OF DEATH."—A troopship from Queenstown to Portsmouth was recently delayed at starting owing to the death of an able seaman from falling over the quay when drunk. His own life was lost, and interruption to the public service occurred, by an extra drop. The verdict was one of accidental death. What a farce! When will juries distinguish between formal and actual causes? "Died for want of the Maine law"—a verdict once given in America—would have been much nearer the truth. The jury exculpated these in authority on shipboard, but how about those licensed to sell alcoholic poison on land?—*Alliance News, England*.

THE WEEK.

BLOODY ELECTION RIOTS are taking place in Germany, the Socialist mob in one place tearing up the pavement and attacking the police with stones.

THE HAMILTON GUNPOWDER MILLS have been blown up,—for the fourth time,—and four men have been killed by the explosion.

SEAMEN always reckon their position from some one meridian or line of longitude, but different nations use different meridians. A conference has just been held at Washington to decide on one system for the whole world. As far more ships use the meridian of Greenwich—the British standard—than any other, it has been decided to adopt that meridian. There was much discussion, and the proposal was strongly opposed by the representative of France.

IT IS REPORTED in London that the Canadian Premier, who is over there just now, is arranging for the admission of the West Indies to the confederation. In an interview—it is said—Lord Derby, the Colonial Secretary, declared that the Imperial Government would agree to that proposal.

AN AUDACIOUS MAIL ROBBERY at Ismail, Turkey, after a desperate fight in which three of the mail men were killed by the brigands, has resulted in a loss of \$300,000 to the British Government, and \$10,000 to other parties. Troops are out after the robbers.

LEUTENANT GORDON has arrived in Newfoundland, having landed all the parties who are to take observations at Hudson's Bay during the winter. All were well except one, who returned.

IT IS SAID that Sir John Macdonald has gone to England because of some difference between him as Prime Minister, and the Governor-General, about the Canadian Pacific Railway.

MR. GEORGE ERRINGTON, the Irish member of Parliament who has several times gained the aid of the Pope for the cause of law and order in Ireland, has now gone over to the Papal satellites.

TWO DYNAMITE EXPLOSIONS took place, one after the other, last Saturday, in the new Parliament Buildings at Quebec. Fortunately, the outrage was perpetrated in a part of the building not yet roofed over, but the damage will probably be about \$25,000. The shock was felt all over the city, and many windows were broken in other buildings. It is not thought at all likely that Irish Nationalists are concerned, but there seems to be as yet no clue. One theory is that some of the laborers on the building did the deed to spite the contractor, with whom they had a quarrel. Others think that it is a political dodge, to prevent parliament meeting as early as intended, so as to put off certain promised investigations into past management of the provincial property. The Government has offered \$4,000 for the arrest of the offenders, and the contractor offers an extra \$500.

MRS. HUNTINGTON, formerly Mrs. Shumway, of Cincinnati, has just died and left \$300,000 to establish a "Shumway Hall," for the education of boys and for the help of students at a theological college.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE has granted \$10,000 to help the unemployed workmen at Lyons.

THE IMPORTS INTO BRITAIN last month were \$290,000 less than in September of last year. The exports have increased by \$52,500.

TWO BELGIAN EDITORS have been settling a political quarrel by a duel; neither was hurt.

THE PAPER MAKERS are said to be badly off because of the stoppage of importation of rags. A meeting is to be held in Cleveland, and probably prices of paper will be put up.

CANADIAN bankers and merchants in New York are moving to send help to the starving inhabitants of Labrador.

A SHANTY on a pier in Lake Michigan, opposite Chicago, was blown over into the water by a storm; sixteen men were there, and eleven were drowned.

KIEFF UNIVERSITY has been closed and 168 students accused of Nihilism.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who is not only Commander-in-Chief of the British forces but also a cousin of the Queen, has been inspecting the fortifications of Ireland, and has been very well received.

THE AMERICAN BOARD of Commissioners of Foreign Missions has been holding its meetings in Columbus, Ohio. This great society, during the year, has twenty million dollars entrusted to its care, and not a dollar has ever been lost by faults of the money management.

AN ESTIMATE is being made by the Canadian Government of the cost of making the Welland Canal fourteen feet deep, so as to accommodate American and Canadian vessels from the Upper Lakes.

A BARREL OF WHISKEY in a saloon at Canton, Massachusetts, exploded of its own accord. Dangerous stuff, whiskey! But it has done far less harm by going off all at once than if it had gone off by glassfuls.

A MASSACHUSETTS whale ship, the "Sun," has been wrecked at Cape Frio, in South Africa; two of the crew were drowned, and all suffered terribly.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT wants a vote of \$120,000 for fortifications on the Spanish frontier.

FORTY TINS of opium that were being smuggled into Cuba as lard have been seized. Let us hope the time will come when not only opium but its kindred poison, alcohol, will not be allowed into any country that cares for its own welfare.

A FRENCH NEWSPAPER published in Alexandria has been suspended for three months, for advocating the restoration of Ismail as Khedive of Egypt.

A FRENCH PRIEST, Abbe Lemesle, of Havre, has left his order and married a banker's daughter.

TWENTY LIVES were destroyed by an explosion of fire-damp in a Moravian mine.

A RUSSIAN who threw vitriol over a nobleman has been sentenced to 13 years in Siberia. It is to be hoped he would have got the same punishment for a similar outrage on a crossing-sweeper.

FOUR THOUSAND UNEMPLOYED men at Glasgow are asking the magistrates for assistance.

A VIOLENT GALE in the Adriatic Sea has wrecked large numbers of fishing boats in the Gulf of Trieste.

A NEW YORK physician, Dr. Spann, has got a jury to give him a verdict for \$3,253, for professional services rendered to Mr. G. G. Sickles. The doctor claimed \$6,000.

AN OFFICIAL ENQUIRY into the recent railway accident at Pickering is being held by the Grand Trunk authorities. The cause of the "accident" seems to be rather mysterious.

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THE PROTESTANT TEACHERS of the Province of Quebec have been holding their annual convention at Cowansville, the Hon. W. W. Lynch presiding. He called attention to the fact that male teachers had decreased from 608 in 1867 to 497 in 1883, while female teachers had increased from 2,969 to 4,448. In those fifteen years, the number of school houses had gone up from 2,969 to 4,864, while the ratepayers contributed \$2,809,739 for education last year, against only \$1,313,149 in 1867. Sir William Dawson, who also spoke, referred to the many high educational positions now held by women in the Old Country. He said that he had not changed his opinion against educating women together with men, and, at any rate in early years, the two sexes at the McGill University would be taught in separate classes.

AN ELECTION in Beauce County for the House of Commons will be held on the 31st. Mr. Taschereau, a follower of Mr. Chapleau, is the Conservative candidate, and Mr. Poirer is the Liberal.

THE HON. H. MERCIER, as leader of the Liberals in the Province of Quebec, has been presented by his constituents with a check for \$1,000.

AT THE CONVENTION of the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, held at Stanstead, it was reported that there are now about 40 such unions in the Province of Quebec, with 2,750 members. These have held 593 meetings, obtained 2,780 signatures to the teetotal pledge, and organized 31 Bands of Hope.

DURING THE PAST YEAR, 27,500,000 acres of public land in the States were sold, bringing in \$13,000,000. The commissioner says in his report: "The time is near at hand when there will be no public lands to invite settlement or afford the citizens of the country an opportunity to secure cheap homes. Meanwhile, vast stretches of uncultivated land are everywhere observable, the title to which has been acquired by evasions of the law, the numerous methods of disposal now existing and the laxity of the precautionary provisions against misappropriations resulting in a waste of the public domain. The time has fully arrived when wastefulness should cease, and the portion still remaining be economized for the use of actual settlers only."

CHARLES W. BUTLER, son of a wealthy physician, has been executed at Columbia City, Indiana, for the murder of his wife.

THE REPUBLICANS accuse the Democratic party managers of promising to get Utah admitted to the Union as a State, with two Mormon Senators, if the Mormons will this year give one tenth of their tithes toward the Democratic election fund.

AN ODDFELLOW at Oshawa has been awarded \$500 damages in a lawsuit against the lodge into which he was initiated. He was blindfolded and chained and knocked over, receiving severe injuries. It was claimed that this was not part of the regular ceremony of initiation.

NEGOTIATIONS are going on, it is said, for a treaty by which Britain will guarantee to defend the independence of Holland.

SIX Officers in the Russian army have been condemned by a secret court to a secret death for political offences.

THE SOLDIERS in Cuba have not received their pay for six months, and some of them are taking food by force. The next thing will be that the soldiers will join the rebels. If Spain wants to keep Cuba, she will have to pay soldiers to keep it for her.

TELEGRAMS FROM EUROPE say that the backbone of the cholera epidemic is now broken. Italy still suffers most, and in twenty-four hours in the beginning of the week there were 137 deaths in that country. The disease is not entirely confined to the poor, for Signor Gerrati, President of the Naples Tribunal of Commerce, has fallen a victim. A panic was created among the upper classes at Barcelona by the death of the son of an aide-de-camp of the king, but the illness may not have been cholera; in fact, Spain is now almost quite free from the scourge. Deaths caused by cholera in Italy have averaged nearly 1000 a week for ten weeks, and 375 a week in France for sixteen weeks.

THE PRINCIPAL of a seminary in Madison, Indiana, has been knocked down and horsewhipped by a man whose daughter he had punished for whispering in class.

THE CITY OF VALPARAISO is going to be fortified in the most modern style. Valparaiso is the most important commercial city in Chili,—Santiago being the capital.

THE EPISCOPAL CONGRESS, at Detroit, has discussed the question, "Is our civilization just to the workingman?" Mr. Henry George and the Rev. R. Heber Newton were the principal speakers. The sentiment seemed to be that workmen do not receive a just reward for their labor.

A LETTER from Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of the British Empire, appears in a German newspaper, saying that Germany's colonial policy is not opposed by the majority of Englishmen, but rather the reverse.

MEN BET on everything nowadays. People used to disapprove of horse-racing and gambling because of the gambling generally connected with the one and often with the other. But now they would have just as much reason to condemn races of any kind, lacrosse or football matches and all the most harmless and healthful recreations. The gamblers are doing their best to bring good sports into disrepute. Indeed, one of the latest developments of the gambling lunacy is in connection with ocean steamships. Not only are the vessels themselves made intolerable with brandy and betting and blasphemy, but people on shore stake heavy amounts on the chances of one steamer getting into port before another. A "respectable" better has been sent to gaol in Toronto, and if the authorities of all countries would enforce their own laws, people who make their own money by honest work might be rid of the greater part of the gambling nuisance.

SNOW fell in the centre of England last Friday.

MR. JOY, the President of the Wabash Railway, has been over to ask the British shareholders to "rescue the road." He met with a warm reception at a meeting called by him. The meeting was uproarious, and the managers were declared to be robbers.

A JEW AND A CHRISTIAN, and the Jew's wife, have been sentenced to death in Austria for murdering a Christian girl. It was claimed that the prosecution was simply got up as a part of the persecutions to which the Jews have long been subject, and wealthy Hebrews paid the expenses of the defence.

A COLLISION between two steamers at Greenock on Saturday resulted in one of them sinking. The captain, chief engineer and four sailors were drowned.

A GREAT CYCLONE in Sicily has done enormous damage, blotting out vineyards and olive gardens and destroying 3,000 dwelling houses.

A COMMITTEE of Scotch farmers has recommended an act for Scotland like the Irish Land Act.

IF AMERICANS had—before this month—taken hold of the scheme for cutting a canal across Central America in Nicaragua, they could have had a monopoly. They did not, and the President of that republic announces that the field is open to the world.

ELEVEN PUPILS of the School of Agriculture at Bordeaux have died from the effects of eating mushrooms gathered in the woods near the school. The agricultural lecturers had evidently not taught the budding farmers to tell a crop of toadstools from a crop of mushrooms.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has now decided to establish a "protectorate" over the south coast of the eastern half of New Guinea. The western half has already been annexed by Holland. The decision to set up some strong authority in that region was come to because of an increase in the slave trade. The natives have been seized by ships sent to get laborers for Queensland plantations, and in one instance thirty-one natives were shot. The men who carry on this diabolical trade are blacker in heart than their victims are in skin, and we are glad to hear that a British gunboat has captured a schooner laden with slaves, and has sent the crew for trial.

THE RUMSELLERS of QUEBEC, who have got fines amounting to \$10,000 recorded against them for selling liquor on Sundays in defiance of the city's by-law, are down on their knees petitioning to be let off. Honest citizens are petitioning to have no compromise with the criminals.

MR. THOMAS BURT, one of the two working-men in the British Parliament, has published an article about his recent visit to America. He says that the American working men are, on the whole, better paid than the English, but their chief advantage—the amount of land—is being destroyed as the land is being taken up.

THE STRIKE of MINERS in the Hocking Valley continues, and one Pittsburg agent, John Dornier, has a contract to send in enough Hungarians and Italians to prevent any inconvenience. He is sending hundreds every day.

FOUR MEN have met a horrible death in Tennessee. A smelting furnace was opened too soon, and the men were engulfed in molten iron.

PRINCE BISMARCK wants all the local German governments to sell their railways to the Imperial government, so as to make one grand railway system. Bavaria and Saxony and Wurtemberg are said to object,—but it is of no use objecting to Bismarck.

"ONE DOWN, T'OTHER COME ON!"

Pennsylvania has at least one hunter who knows how to tell a good story. Read this from the *Chartier's Valley Tribune*: "Dr. Parker went hunting some time since, and, seeing a squirrel poke his head out of a hole in the tree, he fired, but not seeing the squirrel drop, he came to the conclusion that he had missed it. Almost instantly he saw what he supposed was the head of the same animal, and again fired. Still the squirrel head appeared at the same place. He fired thirty-four shots, and, as he did not see the game drop, he came to the conclusion that it was useless to continue the bombardment, and started to go further into the grove. Lo, and behold, when he had passed the tree on which he had seen the one squirrel, he saw thirty-four lying in a heap upon the ground. He had killed one at every shot!"

A TERRIBLE ESCAPE.

Three Frenchmen, who were supposed to be escaped convicts from New Caledonia, arrived at Bloomfield, Australia, on the 1st of September. The party, it seems, originally numbered four, but their sufferings were so severe during the period they were escaping that one of them died. The men were taken charge of by the Queensland authorities, and for having escaped were sentenced to three months imprisonment. According to their own statement the men left the convict-island of New Caledonia in a boat. They had provisions to last them eight days, but they were fifteen days in reaching the Daintree river, Queensland, so that for the previous seven days they had practically nothing to eat. All of them were in an exhausted state, but the three reached Bloomfield Plantation, where they received some nourishment. They then went back to seek their comrade, whom, through excessive exhaustion, they had left behind them, and found the lifeless body of the man. It was then in a perfectly nude state, as the native blacks of the place had stripped the body of all the clothes.

A CONNECTICUT CAT STORY.

"Mrs. W." sends to the *Hartford Times* this extraordinary cat story: "One night last summer, after midnight, when all the family were asleep, Taffy ran from the door of one bedroom to another, crying and mewling violently; evidently something was the matter. My mother opened her door, and I opened mine, to wonder what was wrong. As soon as the cat saw us, she ran a few steps forward and then back, as if urging us to follow her. She guided us first down the stairs, and then through the kitchen to the door at the head of the stairs leading to the cellar. Upon our opening it we discovered to our great surprise that the outside cellar door at the foot of the steps had been carelessly left wide open by the servants, thus allowing free ingress, if any evil-disposed person chose to avail himself of it. I quietly closed the door and locked it, whereupon Taffy quietly returned to her bed and slept peacefully the rest of the night."

ALCOHOL IN MEDICINE.—Dr. Higginbottom, of Nottingham, England, says:—"I was educated in the opinion that alcohol was absolutely necessary in the treatment of disease, and for the first twenty years of my practice I gave it to my patients, but for the last forty I have discontinued it altogether, not having once prescribed it as medicine. The result of my non-alcoholic treatment is, that acute disease is much more readily cured, and chronic disease more manageable. I have not known of any patients having been injured by my disuse of alcohol. It is equally successful in surgical as in medical practice. No person can form any idea of the superiority of the practice of medicine and surgery when alcohol is removed from it. It is the complete emancipation from the slavery of alcohol, and the practitioner has a freedom hitherto before experienced."

A TEMPERANCE FABLE.—Some rats once assembled in a large cellar to devise some method of safely getting the bait from a steel trap, which lay near, having seen numbers of their friends and relatives crushed from them by its merciless jaws. After many long speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect, said, "It is my opinion that if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other." All the rats present loudly squealed assent. Just then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat, with only three legs (the other leg having been cut off in the trap), limping into the ring, stood up to speak: "My friends I have tried the method all of you proposed, and you see the result: I have lost one of my legs. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap: let it alone."

INK STAINS.—Ink stains on mahogany or black walnut furniture may be removed by touching the stains with a feather wet in a solution of nitre and water—eight drops to a spoonful of water. As soon as the spots disappear, rub the place at once with a cloth wet in cold water. If the ink stains then remain, repeat, making the solution stronger.

FRANK'S SECURITY.

"BOY WANTED." That was what was written on a little slip of paper and pasted up in the window of Mr. Robinson's grocery and dry-goods store.

The little sign hung there undisturbed for several days; not because there were no applicants for the position, for half the boys in the place were anxious to get it, but because Mr. Robinson was such a hard man to suit.

He required the most unexceptionable references, as well as ample security for the boy's honesty, and so, though a great many boys went in his store to inquire about the situation, none of them were able to satisfy all the requirements.

Frank Birch saw the little slip of paper one bright Saturday morning when he had come into town to do some errands for his mother, and his heart gave a great bound of delight when he saw the words on it. Perhaps he could get the place, and what a grand thing that would be! Everybody knew that a boy was very fortunate who got a position in Mr. Robinson's store, for although there was plenty of hard work, yet the wages were very good and Mr. Robinson was not a hard master.

Frank had been wanting to earn some money so much. If he could only get this place, what a help it would be to his mother. He felt quite sure that she would let him give up school, for he could study in the evenings after his day's work was done, and then she need not work so hard day after day if he could earn some money.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Robinson, laying his paper down on his knee and looking over his spectacles at Frank as he entered the store.

"I saw in the window that you wanted a boy, and please sir, wouldn't I do?"

"I want an honest boy, one that can be trusted to do what he is told, whether any one is watching him or not, and that will be as faithful to my interests as he would be to his own. Are you that sort of a boy?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"I hope I am," answered Frank modestly.

"Well, I hope you are too, for then we shall suit each other very well," answered Mr. Robinson.

Frank's heart was very light, for now he felt sure of a trial at least; but Mr. Robinson's next words dispelled his hopes.

"Now, what references and security can you give me?"

"Security?" said Frank, not

quite understanding what Mr. Robinson meant.

"Yes; what friend have you who will place in my hands a certain sum of money as security for your honesty. I will return it at the end of a year, for by that time I shall know pretty well whether you are honest or not."

Frank's face clouded over with disappointment. "I am afraid I couldn't give any security," he said sadly. "How much would you want, sir?"

Mr. Robinson named the sum.

Frank shook his head. "Couldn't you take me without it, sir," he asked.

a favor from. So the little sign still hung in the window, and people noticed it and wondered how it was that Mr. Robinson couldn't get a boy when boys wanting work were so plenty and good places so few.

Mr. Robinson was in no hurry, however. "The right boy will come along after a while," he would say to himself cheerfully as he helped the clerk take down the shutters and open the store every morning.

The next Friday afternoon Frank was busily disentangling his fishing-lines and preparing for a grand fishing excursion on the

then he answered cheerfully. "All right, mother, I suppose I'll have to pick them, as the old lady is in such a bad way about them. I may as well get about it at once or I won't be through before dark;" and he began to put away his fishing-lines.

"That's a good boy," said his mother approvingly, as Frank started off whistling as merrily as if he had not just given up a long anticipated pleasure. The poor old woman's joy and gratitude when she found that her cherries would go to market the next day nearly repaid him for his self-denial. The tree was a large one, and though he worked as fast as he could, he did not have time to strip it of its contents before dark. He finished picking the cherries early the next morning, and was soon on his way to town with the fruit, which was put in panniers or large baskets.

It was a beautiful morning, and Frank could not help thinking of his intended excursion. He wondered how far the boys had gone on their way, and what sport they would have.

He did not regret his kind act, however, but walked along whistling cheerily, and now and then giving Dick, the little donkey that a kind-hearted neighbor had loaned for the day, an encouraging pat or word.

"Halloa, Frank! Where are you bound for now?" asked a voice, and Frank, looking around for the speaker, saw a boy sitting under the hedge examining the contents of a bird's nest which he had just taken from the tree beside him.

"I'm going in to town," answered Frank, recognizing the boy as Bob Morris, one of the worst boys in the neighborhood, a boy whom the good shunned and even the ill-disposed feared.

"What have you got in those baskets?" asked Bob, tossing the bird's nest to one side and walking towards Frank. "Oh, you've got cherries," he exclaimed, as he caught a glimpse of the fruit showing through the cover of the basket.

"I'm glad you came along this way, for I'm awfully dry, and some of those cherries will just fix me up," and he extended his hand towards the basket.

"You can't have any of those; they are not mine to give you," said Frank firmly, standing in front of his charge.

"Well, I don't care whether they're yours or not," answered Bob roughly. "I'm going to have some of them any way, so just stand aside."



"YOU SHAN'T LAY A FINGER ON THESE CHERRIES."

"No," answered Mr. Robinson decidedly, taking up his paper again. "I used to lose a good deal by taking boys just on references. People will often give a boy a good reference and say he is honest when they know very little about his character; but when they are willing to go security for him, then I feel pretty sure that the boy is honest and that I am safe in taking him."

Frank went slowly out of the store. He knew that there was no hope of getting the position now, for his mother had no money, and he had no friends that he could venture to ask such

next day, when his mother entered the room.

"Frank," she said, "would you mind giving up your excursion to-morrow?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" exclaimed Frank. "Why mother, what is there for me to do?"

"Old Mrs. Wilson's grandson is sick, and he promised to gather her cherries this afternoon for her and take them to market to-morrow. They are to ripe to put off picking them, and she is in great trouble about them. I told her I thought you would be willing to do it for her."

Frank hesitated for a moment;

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"I won't do it," answered Frank. "They are old Mrs. Wilson's cherries, and I don't mean to let you touch them."

"Well, she won't know if I do," answered Bob, "and if she does who cares? She can't hurt anybody. Now, if you know what's good for yourself, you will just get out of the way."

"I won't do it," returned Frank. "These cherries are in my care, and no one shall touch a single one of them if I can help it. I should think you would be ashamed to steal a poor old woman's cherries!"

"Now, look here," said Bob roughly, "if you don't get out of my way, I'll break every bone in your body. I won't stand any more fooling from you. Will you get out of the way, or won't you?"

"I won't," answered Frank.

"I only want a handful, and if you let me have those I'll let you alone, and if you don't I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life and I'll throw all your cherries in the road."

Frank knew that the bully would carry out his threat, but he did not falter for an instant in his determination to guard the property committed to his trust. Bob was a good deal older and stronger than he was, and was used to fighting, but Frank resolved to do his best.

"You shan't lay a finger on these cherries," he said doubling his fists as Bob approached him with a threatening gesture.

"We'll see about that," said Bob, and he began to carry out his threat of giving Frank a thrashing.

Frank resisted with all his might, but he was not so great an adept at fighting as Bob was, and he was soon forced down into the dusty road on his back, while Bob held him down.

"Now I've got you," he exclaimed triumphantly. "Maybe you'll let me have those cherries now."

"No," answered Frank.

"Then I'll pound your face till your own mother won't know you," threatened Bob.

"You look nice now, with your black eye and cut lip, but I'll give you more than that if you don't behave yourself. Now I'll count three, and if you don't give in before I get through, I'll fix you. One—two—"

Before he could count three, a sharp voice called,

"Here, young man, I've got something to say to that," and Mr. Robinson sprang over the hedge.

Bob did not wait for another word, but springing up, dashed down the road as fast as he could, glancing over his shoulder every now and then to see if he was not pursued.

"I won't chase him, for I'm not as young as I once was, and I couldn't catch him," said Mr. Robinson, helping Frank to brush the dust from his jacket. "It's a good thing for you that I happened to be around," he went on.

"Indeed, it was fortunate," said Frank. "I'm very much obliged to you, sir, for I'm afraid he would have taken the cherries in spite of me."

"I had to come out here to this farm to see about some butter that they ought to have sent in this morning, and as I was in a hurry to get back to the store, I just came through the field instead of

can be trusted. You may come Monday morning and begin work."

"Thank you sir," said Frank, his face radiant with delight.

"Now you had better hurry along with your cherries" said Mr. Robinson. "I don't think Bob will trouble you again. Good-bye. I shall expect you Monday."

"I shall be there, sir. Good-bye," responded Frank, so happy over his good fortune that he did not feel the pain of his fast-swelling eye and lip. It did not take him long to reach town and dispose of the cherries, and then he

much," and Frank proved himself as worthy of the greater trusts committed to his care when he grew older as he did when he protected the widow's cherries at the expense of his own safety.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A CLEVER DOG.

When the English steamer "Eira" got nipped in polar ice in 1881, the crew of twenty-two men made their way over the ice to a point of land where they knew they would find drift-wood for fuel. There they built a hut, but were short of meat. There were only bears for game and in the three-months' night of the Arctic winter the bear and ice were so much the same shade of white that the hunters could see him only a short distance away, and the bear stood the better chance to catch the hunters. Famine stared them in the face, and the men sat down and talked of what was to be done.

One that listened and seemed as deeply concerned as any, was a dog. His name was Oscar. Presently he started up and made them open the door of the hut and let him out. He went till he met a bear, barked at the beast and made it run after him, stopping now and then to bark and so keep the bear following, till they came close to the hut. The men came out and shot the bear.

Oscar kept on leading up the bears, who thought they were going to make a meal of him; and he thought the men would make a meal of them; and he and the ice-bound crew had plenty of meat all winter.

In the spring Capt. Gray of the "Eclipse," was appointed to go in search of the missing "Eira," Capt. Gray had been to the Arctic regions before, and will most likely go again. The two vessels met and came home together. And Oscar's owner made a present of the dog to the other captain, hoping if he got into any difficulty, Oscar would render him as good service. Captain Gray owns the dog and prizes him highly.

A LITTLE GIRL'S REPLY.

A Scotch minister at family worship asked a bright little girl whether she had a soul.

"No, minister," she said, in broad Scotch accent.

The good man thought the child did not understand, and began to explain, when the little maid quietly answered, "Weel, sir, I have nae got a soul noo, for I gave myself to Jesus just a month ago, an' He keeps me all the time."



ROBIN AND CHERRIES.

(Outline Drawing Lesson for the Young.)

going round by the road. I have been watching you both for some time. I wanted to see if you would give in and sacrifice your trust to save yourself. I am glad to see that you are thoroughly trustworthy. I believe you called on me last week about working for me."

"Yes, sir," answered Frank. "Do you still want the place?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank eagerly.

"Then, in your case, I will do without any security, as I have had pretty good proof that you

hastened homeward, eager to tell his mother the good news.

"Why, Frank," she exclaimed, as he entered the house and she saw his bruised face, "what is the matter with you?"

"Oh, that's my security, mother," answered Frank, and he told her all about the morning's occurrences.

Mr. Robinson found that he had not made a mistake in engaging Frank. He soon gained his master's entire confidence, and rose rapidly in his esteem. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book)

LESSON IV.

Oct. 26, 1884 [1 Kings 6:1-14] THE TEMPLE BUILT.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 11-13.

1. And it came to pass in the four hundred and eightieth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel, in the month of Zib, which is the second month, that he began to build the house of the Lord.

2. And the house which King Solomon built for the Lord, the length thereof was three score cubits, and the breadth thereof twenty cubits, and the height thereof thirty cubits.

3. And the porch before the temple of the house, twenty cubits was the length thereof, according to the breadth of the house; and ten cubits was the breadth thereof before the house.

4. And for the house he made windows of narrow lights.

5. And against the wall of the house he built chambers round about, against the walls of the house round about, both of the temple and of the oracle; and he made chambers round about.

6. The network moreover was five cubits broad, and the middle was six cubits broad, and the third was seven cubits broad; for without in the wall of the house he made narrow rails round about, that beams should not be fastened in the walls of the house.

7. And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building.

8. The door for the middle chamber was in the right side of the house; and they went up with winding stairs into the middle chamber, and out of the middle into the third.

9. So he built the house and finished it; and covered the house with beams and boards of cedar.

10. And then he built chambers against all the house five cubits high; and they rested on the house with timber of cedar.

11. And the word of the Lord came to Solomon, saying,

12. Concerning this house which thou art in building, if thou wilt walk in my statutes, and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments to walk in them; then will I perform my word with thee, which I spake unto David thy father:

13. And I will dwell among the children of Israel, and will not forsake my people Israel.

14. So Solomon built the house, and finished it.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Mine house shall be called an house of prayer.—Isa 56:7.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ex 25:1-37. The Tabernacle. T. 1 Kings 6:1-18. Solomon and Hiram. W. 1 Kings 6:1-14. The Temple begun. Th. 1 Kings 6:15-28. The Temple finished. F. Heb 9:1-28. A More Perfect Tabernacle. Sa. Ps 81:1-142. Lamenting For God's House. S. Rev. 21:10-27. The New Jerusalem.

LESSON PLAN.

1. The Building. 2. God's promise. Time.—v. c. 102. Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON NOTES.

1.—V. 1. ZIB—corresponding to our April and May. V. 2. THRESCORE CUBITS—sixty cubits. The different parts of the building were the house (v. 2), the porch (v. 3), and the chambers (v. 4) and about (v. 5) the temple proper, to which the other parts were attached. V. 3. THE PORCH—at the eastern end. Vs. 5, 6. CHAMBERS AROUND THE HOUSE—the side-chambers of the porch standing free. These chambers were in three stories, each story being wider than the one below it. V. 7. NEITHER HAMMER NOR AXE—there is a substratum quarry under Jerusalem where the temple-stones were probably hewn. The door—the side-chambers had but one door, on the right or south side. From the lower story there was a winding staircase leading to the middle and upper stories. V. 10. FIVE CHUBS—this was the height of each of the stories. RESTED ON THE HOUSE—thus making it a complete whole.

11.—V. 11. CARE TO SOLOMON—probably by a prophet. V. 12. WALK IN MY STATUTES—Solomon and his people must, on their part, fulfil the condition of the covenant. V. 13. I WILL DWELL AMONG THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL—giving them visible tokens of my presence and of my care over them as my people. V. 14. SO SOLOMON BUILT THE HOUSE—the rest of the chapter describes the interior of the house and its ornaments.

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

- 1. That offerings to the Lord should be in proportion to what he has given us. 2. That the house of the Lord should not be inferior to the dwellings of his people. 3. That God's house is to him the place where he will give rather than receive. 4. That the glory of God's house is his presence in it. 5. That we should be like temple, pure and fitted for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, \$3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, \$1.00 a year, post-paid. WEEKLY MESSENGER, 50 cents; 5 copies to one address, \$2.00. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL, Oct. 14, 1884.

Prices as yet are unchanged, but there is even less business doing, as freights are being increased by sixpence a ton, and this rise obliterates whatever visionary margin that may be between Liverpool and Montreal markets. The approaching close of navigation will undoubtedly bring about a fall in prices, as the Chicago east bound pool has become reunited, and there is nothing to prevent the usual increase of rates. Peas are not moving as the farmers refuse to take the low prices, and our surplus stock will have to be held over until next season. In fact there is very little coarse grain moving at all.

Chicago wheat is from two to three cents a bushel lower, and although there are now quotations for October corn, November and year are at somewhat more rational prices. The quotations are as follows: wheat; 76½ Nov.; 77c Dec.; and 78½ Jan. Corn 52½ Nov.; 43½ year.

There is absolutely nothing to say about the local grain market. We quote:—Canada Red Winter, 86c to 88c; White, 80c to 87c; Peas, 73c to 75c. Oats, 31c. Barley, 55c to 65c. Corn, to 69c.

FLOUR.—Buyers appear to have a decided advantage still, although prices have not gone down appreciably this week. We quote as follows:—Superior Extra, \$4.10 to \$4.15; Extra Superfine, \$3.95 to \$4.00; Fancy \$4.00; Spring Extra, \$3.90 to \$4.00; Superfine, \$3.25 to \$3.40; Strong Bakers' (Can.), \$4.50 to \$4.85; Strong Bakers' (American), \$5.00 to \$5.50; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.10; Middling, \$2.85 to \$2.90; Pollards, \$2.65 to \$2.75; Ontario bags, (bags included) Medium, \$2.00 to \$2.10; Spring Extra, \$1.90 to \$1.95; Superfine, \$1.60 to \$1.70; City Bags, (delivered), \$2.70.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Cheese is unchanged, with a brisk market, and is quoted as follows:—Sept. 11½ to 12c; August 9½ to 10½. Butter is still dull. We quote:—Creamery, 24c to 25½; Eastern Townships, 18c to 21½; Western, 14½ to 17½.

Eggs, fresh, are selling at 19c to 20c as to quality.

HOG PRODUCTS are unchanged. We quote:—Western Mess Pork \$19.50 to \$20. Hams, city cured, 15c to 16c; Bacon, 13½ to 14c; Lard, western in pails, 11c to 11½; do., Canadian, 10½; Tallow, common refined, 7c to 8c.

ASHES are quoted at \$4.20 to \$4.40, for Pots.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1884.

GRAIN.—Wheat, 84½ October; 87½ Nov.; 89½ Dec.; 91½ Jan.; 93½ May. Corn, 62½ October; 60½ Nov.; 53½ Dec.; 49½ Jan. Rye, quiet, 63½. Oats in fair demand, 32½ Oct., 32½ Nov., 34 Dec. Barley, Canada No. 2, 76c. Pease nominal.

FLOUR.—The quotations are as follows: Superfine, \$2.40 to \$2.65; Low Extra, \$2.96 to \$3.50; Clears, \$3.70 to \$4.50; Straight (full stock), \$5.30 to \$5.75; Patent, \$4.60 to \$6.15. Winter Wheat—Superfine, \$2.60 to \$2.85; Low Extra, \$2.60 to \$2.55; Clears (R. and A.), \$3.95 to \$5.00; Straight (R. and A.), \$4.15 to \$5.45; Patent, \$4.65 to \$5.65; Straight (White Wheat), \$4.25 to \$5.30; Low Extra (City Mill), \$3.15 to \$3.55; West India, sacks, \$3.75 to \$4.10; barrels, West India, \$4.95; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.50; South America, \$4.50 to \$4.65; Patent, \$5.00 to \$5.60; Southern Flour—Extra \$3.25 to \$4.50; Family, \$4.75 to \$5.25; Patent, \$5.35 to \$5.90. Rye Flour—Fine to superfine, \$3.60 to \$3.80.

MEALS.—Cornmeal, \$3.40 to \$3.50 in bbls; oatmeal, \$5.00 to \$5.90 per bbl.

SEEDS.—dull. Clover 8½ to 9½; Timothy, \$1.65 to \$1.75; Linseed \$1.00 to \$1.42½.

DAIRY PRODUCE.—Butter—we quote creamery, ordinary to select 19c to 31c. Half Erkins, ordinary to best 16c to 28c; Welsh tubs 18c to 25c; Western ordinary factory, to choice imitation creamery 6c to 24c. Cheese, state factory, ordinary to fall cream, 4c to 12½. Ohio flats, fair to choice, 6c to 11c; Skims ½ to 3c.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

The market for beef cattle has been almost glutted this week, the arrivals being unusually large, while there was very little demand for shipment to Britain. Prices are generally easier all round, only very choice steers and heifers bringing over 4½ per lb., and comparatively few sell at over 4c per lb. Good fat cows and fair conditioned steers

sell at from \$35 to \$42 each, or 3½ to 4c per lb. Ordinary steers and dry cows sell at \$25 to \$32 each, or about 3c per lb., and small stock sell at from \$10 to \$20 each, according to condition. Good veal calves are in demand at pretty high rates, several having been sold here lately at from \$20 to \$25 each, or from 4½ to 5c per lb. Sheep and lambs are plentiful at both former rates, or \$1.50 to \$4.00 each for lambs and \$3 to \$5.50 each for sheep. Live hogs are plentiful and continue to decline in value; prices are from rather less than 6c to 5½ per lb. Only a few really good milk cows are being brought to market, but there seems to be not much demand for them. Small cows and strippers are very difficult of sale. There is a little more doing in the local horse-market, but nothing of any account for the American market.

FARMERS' MARKET.

The farmers' market continues to be well supplied with nearly all kinds of seasonal produce, meeting with a good demand at rather lower prices. Grain has been much more abundant of late than has been the case for several years past at the same date, and, although prices have declined considerably of late, yet they do not seem to have touched bottom. Potatoes, onions and cabbages are very plentiful and low priced. The fruit market is glutted with common and inferior apples, which sell at low rates; tomatoes are still plentiful and cheap. Dressed hogs and dead poultry are brought to market in increasing quantities, and prices are generally lower; but choice turkeys, geese and ducks are held at firm rates, for much the larger portion of the offerings are of indifferent quality. The supply of hay is increasing and prices are somewhat lower. Oats are 80c to 90c per bag; peas, 85c to 90c per bushel; beans \$1.50 to \$1.80 do; potatoes 40c to 50c per bag; turnips, carrots, beets and onions 30c to 50c per bushel; cabbages 10c to 30c per dozen heads; butter 15c to 35c per lb; eggs 20c to 35c per dozen; apples \$1.00 to \$2.50 per barrel; pears \$8.00 to \$10.00 do; tomatoes 20c to 40c per bushel; young turkeys \$1.00 to \$1.75 the pair; dead geese \$1.40 to \$2.00 do; fowls 60c to 85c do; spring chickens 40c to 70c do; ducks 60c to \$1.00 do; hay \$6.00 to \$8.50 per 100 bundles.

SCRIPTURE TEXTS.

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