

REV. DR. DOUGLASS DISCUSSES THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

To the Editor of The Watchman.

DEAR SIR,—May I ask you kindly to copy into THE WATCHMAN the following address of the Rev. Dr. Douglass, delivered last Friday before the Quebec branch of the Dominion Alliance in the city of Montreal. I think every Christian citizen will feel it is timely:
Yours Respectfully,
T. M. CAMPBELL.

MONTREAL, Feb. 28.—Rev. Dr. Douglass, principal of the Wesleyan Methodist College, at a public meeting held on Friday evening under the auspices of the Quebec branch of the Dominion Alliance, made a remarkable speech on the political situation. Dr. Douglass strongly condemned the leaders of both parties, and called upon the country to make a sweeping reform in the course of his remarks he said:—

In the light of the great reform which is the mission of this Dominion Alliance, nothing is more alarming in our outlook than the steady intellectual and moral decadence of our public men. As I contrast the ethical and mental status of our leaders in the past with those of the present, that contrast is sufficient to fill every citizen with blank dismay. Take, for instance, Robert Baldwin, whose serene elevation of character and political aptitude made him the idol of great Ontario, and contrast him with Sir John Thompson, whose unfortunate traditions and regretted principles forever unfit him for winning the confidence of the people of the Dominion, principles which, says Gladstone, are at war with impartial administration. Never did a statesman utter a more unworthy speech than that gentleman's Almonte address when he condoned dishonesties by charging on the British Administration a deeper corruption, since he must have known that one of the greatest lawyers of his age, when convicted of nepotism and fraud, was frowned out of society, and died self-exiled in a foreign land. Would that we could frown out of this Dominion all men of kindred criminalities. We would not be unjust even to Sir John Thompson. That gentleman introduced a bill for the protection of sweet Canadian girlhood and carried it against the ghouls and vampires on the floor of the Parliament who laboured for its defeat.

We place Nova Scotia's greatest statesman, Senator Howe, whose speeches are the classics in our political literature, against the juvenile and dubious utterances of a Tupper, who as the country knows, is held in place by the foster influence of his father.

We take Sir Alexander Gait, who was the rival of Gladstone in the brilliance of his budget speeches, and the exalted honour of Sir Leonard Tilley, and place them against the viceregal discredited Foster, who, when lifted from the platform of the temperance advocate to Ministerial office, practically turns his back upon the reform he formerly advocated by engineering a policy of indefinite delay. I ask the Hon. Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, was the sincere when he brought in his preposterous bill for a commission to investigate the evils of the liquor traffic, knowing, as he did, that the land was moist with its tears and blood? If sincere, will he explain why the commission was never organized, and that, too when this week has seen the assembling of Parliament? We brand his motion as an insincere act, to kill the aspirations and hopes of two millions of this Dominion. But let him pass.

We take Chief Justice Lafontaine, the man of Napoleonic presence and untainted political life, and place him against Chapleau. As a citizen of Montreal I know the last named, and have failed to discover one pulsation of sympathy with high virtue or moral advance, and whose departmental incompetence has been made manifest to all.

I take that great commoner, George Brown, whose monument adorns the Queen's park, Toronto, as I trust it will for centuries, and place it beside that of John Haggart, whose introduction into the Cabinet was a shock to the country, whose advance to the leadership of Ontario is an insult to that great province, and generates suspicion as to the sagacity of a Premier whose vast legal attainments and general impartiality we have accused to admire.

We take Sir A. A. Dorian, who carried the white lily of a stainless life to the sepulchre, and contrast him with whom?—with the immitable Mercier, who like the amphibia crept out of the slimy waters of Quebec boodlesism, ascended the highlands of religious sanctity, and with the dire witchery of pretence took from the hand of unsullied and exalted purity in Rome honours which, says the True Witness, were never claimed by a Bohemond of Tarentum, or Richard Cœur de Lion, returning to the slimy dets of boodlesism again. This is the man who rose to power by the arts of a demagogue and with unblushing front and insolent audacity in seeking to array the nationalities of this country in hostile camps, that he, by appealing to their baser passions, may regain a power which he had abused to his own aggrandizement. This is the man who forged the gigantic instrument of spoliation by which he sought to command the clergy, the Jesuits, and the Laval forces to his side, tainting even Protestant honour—the instrument by which his opponent, Sir John Thompson, was made his glad defender, and by which the one hundred and eighty-seven of our Federal Parliament fell upon their knees before him and ratified the stupendous dishonesty, thus breaking down the integrity of the national conscience. This is the man who influenced a corrupt majority in Parliament to vote an additional ten millions, with the bonds of which, to the dishonour of Canada, he went peddling around Europe, knocking at the door of money-lenders like an impoverished spendthrift, coming back with a few millions to squander in Pacaud style and divide amid

a band of plunderers, hastening the financial and inevitable ruin of our province, which already staggers to a fall beneath the weight of thirty millions. Never in the memory of living man has our city suffered in its financial and moral interests as at the hands of this man Mercier. This man with the majority has let loose the curse of gambling upon us, when the Supreme Court of the United States has outlawed the lottery and the New Orleans infamy has come to an end. Mr. Mercier has given the blessing of lotteries to his dear countrymen to corrupt the youth, to fire the cupidity and entrap the unwary, and spread financial ruin through thousands of families, misled by the greed of ill-gotten gain. This man while felicitating his people with the idea that he was a patron of learning by opening a few feeble night schools, has, for the sake of money to waste on his political immoralities, let loose the fiery floods of liquid damnation to burn up his dear countrymen. I take this from the lips of a French-Canadian, one of the best in this city. This man, after meeting temperance delegations with a hypocritical smile and the blandishment of insincere promises, turned around and gave away to the Hogans, the Dawes, and saloon-keeping crowd almost everything they desired. It was asked that the corporation might have the right to limit the license. Mr. Mercier refused the request, for would he not lose money? It was asked that the right of private prosecution might be continued. Mr. Mercier refused, for would it not disturb the Sunday liquor sellers? He would uniform his police that the liquor men might not be taken unawares. This political brigand, relentless and merciless, to please his liquor-trading friends, has smitten every family in the province by so dextrously altering the law that the liquor sellers cannot be convicted at any court for selling to minors; even tender girlhood may go in and carry out liquor to their parents. Nay, more he has practically increased the difficulty at every turn in arresting the multiplication of liquor hells in this city; especially when Commissioner Dugas is allowed to insult, as he did, the secretary of this Alliance in his endeavours to stem the destroying tide of ruin. Around the name of Dugas we fling the fragrance of special regard. It is not over the wretched and ruined families begging their bread because of liquor that Mr. Mercier throws the shield of his fostering protection but over the Durochers and Riendeaus convicted of Sabbath desecration; it is for them that judgement is arrested, that they may ply their work with impunity. Deep is our sorrow thus to speak of any man under heaven, but when I think of the malign career of this man, I think of him corrupt as a Marlborough, desperate in his dodgings as a Halifax the Trimmer, and replete with arts of devilry as Titus Oates, the incomparable of his age. Never was there a more righteous act than this dismissal, and never was there greater demand for Royal Commission than for that which let in light on the astounding villainies which have made the country infamous for a generation. But, in the name of eternal justice, if a Royal Commission is right in Quebec, should not the cold steel of a like commission have been driven into the corruption of Ottawa? There is not an honest citizen but has asked the question: Why was this commission not granted? Why were Foster and Thompson allowed to burk investigation by their petty legal technicalities? Why did an oppressive majority in these committees restrain search when it was clear to the country that the heads of departments escaped as by the skin of their teeth? I say to-night that if the misfortune should come, which God forbid, that Mercier should return to power, the sin lies at the door of Foster and Thompson, and the men who have failed to redeem our national Government from the suspicions of a corruption which is a hider, but must be unveiled before the confidence of the county is again given to hundreds of worth men, like a Bourinot, a Bowles, a LeSueur, and others in the service.

STEAMERS LOST IN THE ATLANTIC Modern Safety on These Vessels.

From 1838, the time when trans-Atlantic steamship traffic was established, till 1879 there were one hundred and forty-four steamers of all classes lost. Of these twenty-four never reached the ports for which they sailed, their fates being unknown, ten were burned at sea, eight were sunk in collisions, three were sunk by ice, and the others were stranded or lost from various causes. Many of these were small, but some were of considerable size, and their loss caused much public feeling. The first which disappeared was the President, which was never heard of after she sailed in 1841. A Cunard steamer, the Columbia, was wrecked by running ashore in 1843; but it is somewhat remarkable that this was the only Atlantic steamer lost in thirteen years after the disappearance of the President, a fact which speaks volumes for the quality of the workmanship of the ship-builders and engineers, and the skill and care of the navigators. In 1854 the City of Glasgow, with four hundred and eighty souls on board, was never seen or heard of after she sailed; and in the same year the Arctic, of the Collins' line, was sunk by a collision, and five hundred and sixty-two persons perished, and two years later another steamer of the same line disappeared with one hundred and eighty-six persons on board. The Austria, of the Hamburg-American line, was burned at sea, in 1858, with a loss of four hundred and seventy-one lives. Some of the most striking losses in the following years were the City of Boston, of the Inman line, which disappeared in 1870 with upwards of two hundred persons on board; the Atlantic, of the White Star line, which ran ashore in 1873, causing the loss of five hundred and sixty lives; the Ville du Havre, of the French line, which was sunk by collision in the English Channel, and two hundred and thirty persons drowned; the State of Florida, sunk by collision with a sailing ship; and the Cunard liner Oregon by the same cause with a coal schooner.

Statistics show a great decrease in the number of accidents and losses during what may be called the modern period of the steamship as compared with the earlier, and especially with the transition period from sailing vessels to steamships, and no doubt may be accounted for by the fact that the officers in charge were more thoroughly acquainted with their duties, and the ships and engines more efficiently constructed. The record for the year 1890 was of the most satisfactory kind, for, notwithstanding all the risks involved, we find that there were nearly 2000 trips made from New York alone to various European ports, and that about 200,000 cabin passengers were carried in addition to 372,000 emigrants, all without any accident. It is an interesting fact to note that in the large lines of steamers the average safety of the sailor's life is high. The late Mr. Thomas Gray stated, for instance, that in the Union line to the Cape he found that only one passenger had died in three years. In the P. & O. only one seaman had died in one year in the forty vessels of the line, and during three years not a single passenger has been lost; the Inland liners had lost no passengers out of a million, and only eleven seamen had died in three years; and the Cunard liners had no passengers lost in three years, and only nine seamen died.—Prof. Henry Dyer.

On the eve of an Irish election. English visitor:—"Well, Patsy, who do you think will win to-morrow?" Patsy—"Begorra, sor, the survivor!"

The following characteristic anecdote of Carlyle has never been published till now. During a visit to Aberdeen, a walk at night-fall brought him to the poorer quarters of the city. At length he reached a dark lane with a beam of light from an underground dwelling thrown across it. The philosopher had just gained the confines of the radiance when he heard, in the house, a voice, raucous and angry, exclaim:—"Ye'er an eternal leaver, I tell ye." His comment was Carlyle to a degree—"I like't to hear that," he said, "for I thoct it might weel be true."

Latter Day Israelites.

DETROIT, March 2.—Joseph T. Richardson, a resident of Detroit, is the latest person claiming to be a victim of the wily machinations of Michael, the Prince, the leader of the colony of Latter Day Israelites on Hamlin avenue. Accompanied by his attorney, Mr. Richardson appeared before Judge Gartner this morning with a petition for a writ of habeas corpus to secure possession of his ten-year-old daughter Ella. Richardson stated he had lived happily with his wife for fifteen years. Two years ago, however, she came into contact with Prince Michael and his sect. Since then everything had changed. At that time Michael the Prince was employed at the Free Press as a printer, under the name of Michael Mills. Shortly afterward he left that paper because he was required to work on the Sabbath, and commenced preaching his religion in the houses of the neighbourhood in which the Richardsons lived. "He preached at the residence," said Richardson, "after convincing my wife that he was not a pretender. After that he spent much of his time at my house, and on many occasions I found him in the company of my wife upon my return from work. He managed to enthrall her with his doctrines, and she soon devoted all her time to reading the 'Flying Roll,' and when Michael the Prince returned from a missionary trip to England in 1890 she joined his sect, and my house then became a rendezvous of the Israelites. When I went home on Feb. 19th last the house was deserted. My wife had gone, taking our ten-year-old child. I traced them to Mrs. Daily's, a member of the colony, at 39 Hamlin avenue. My wife refused to either come home or give up the little one, declaring that all outside of the chosen would be destroyed. The child cried to get away, but they would not liberate her." A writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Gartner.

POT-POURRI.

"Reciprocity and protection are no more alike than water and oil."
"But water and oil can be made to mingle by addition of a little lye."

At an evening party in the South of France, Victor Hugo was introduced to a lady with the words, "This is the gentleman to whom we are indebted for 'Notre Dame de Paris.'"
Greatly astonished, she exclaimed, "What! is that ancient architect still living?"—*Evening.*

At the mountains, Paterfamilias: "Come girls, we must start for home right away. Jack Frost arrived last night."
Girls: "Why, pa, how can you think of such a thing? After waiting all summer, why should we run away at the first male arrival?"

Two old friends meet after a separation of many years:
"Time flies," says one, "but after all you are not so bald as I expected to find you."
"Bald! I should say not. Look in the glass yourself. I've more hair than you have."
"More hair than I have? That absurd, perfectly absurd! Let's count 'em!"—*Epoch.*

Customer—"You said these woollen shirts wouldn't shrink. But just look at this will you."
Dealer—"Well, I had good reason for my statement. I bought a big stock of them three months ago, and it hasn't shrunk a particle yet; that is to say, it hadn't up to the time you bought that pair yesterday."

Professor Whackem. "Who helped you to do those stunts?"
John Fizzletop. "Nobody, sir."
"What! nobody? Now don't lie. Didn't your brother help you?"
"No, he didn't help me; he did them all by himself."—*Texas Siftings.*

There is a time to keep silence, but it evidently was not the right time in the case of a boy mentioned, who lives in an Ontario town. He got a sliver in his foot and, in spite of his protestations, his mother decided to poultice over his wound. The boy vigorously resisted.
"I won't have no poultice," he declared, stoutly.
"Yes you will, Eddie," declared both mother and grandmother, firmly; and, the majority being two to one, at bedtime the poultice was ready.

If the poultice was ready the boy was not, and he proved so refractory that a switch was brought into requisition. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice, while the mother was to stand with the uplifted switch at the bedside. The boy was told that if he "opened his mouth" he would receive that which would keep him quiet. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot he opened his mouth.
"You—" he began.
"Keep still," said his mother, shaking her stick, while the grandmother busily applied the poultice.

Once more the little fellow opened his mouth.
"I—" he began.
But the uplifted switch awed him into silence.
In a minute more the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tucked in bed.
"There, now," said his mother, "the old sliver will be drawn out and Eddie's foot will be all well."
As the mother and grandmother moved triumphantly away a shrill, small voice came from under the bedclothes—
"You've got it on the wrong foot!"—*Rehoboth Sunday Herald.*

If the threatened strike of English miners to prevent a reduction of wages takes place it is calculated that over a million of employees will be idle.
Some months ago about 500 persons left Yorkshire for Brazil, but owing to hardships and the unfavourable climate more than 300 of the number perished. A special cable announces that Mr. Waller, a merchant of Bradford, has arranged to defray the entire expenses of bringing home the remainder of the band, some 150 persons.

The Churches.

METHODIST, Cambridge St.—Rev. T. M. Campbell, Pastor. Services at 11 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A.M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, every Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST, Queen Street.—Rev. Newton Hill, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A.M. Sabbath School at 11.30 P. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.—All seats free.

St. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian). William Street. Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P. M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15.

St. PAUL'S (Church of England) Russell Street.—Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

St. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russel Street.—Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Pastor. Rev. Father Nolan, Curate. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.30 P. M.

Y. M. C. A., Rooms Cor. Kent and Cambridge sts. Open daily from 9.00 A.M. to 10.00 P. M. Prayer Praise meeting Saturday at 8 P. M. Young men's meeting Sunday at 1.15 P. M. Short addresses. Good singing. Young men always welcome. Dr. W. H. Clarke, President; C. K. Calhoun Gen. Secretary.

Search the Happy Homes of the County and You will find our Furniture.

It's a well recognized fact that daily surroundings have much to do moulding of character. If the home be neatly furnished the chances are that the good man will come home early o' nights and that the children will grow up refined and gentle.

YOUR HOMES CAN BE FURNISHED CHEAPLY nowadays compared with the outlay that would have been necessary a few years ago. Well-made Furniture was never cheaper in price than it is to-day—with us at least.

WE WILL GIVE YOU A Handsome Parlor Suite for \$30, A Bed-room Suite for \$11,

A Sideboard for \$4.50. a Bureau for \$4, a Bedstead for \$2, or a Mattress and Springs for \$5. Common Chairs, Hall Furniture, etc., very low. We are making a special drive in Mattresses.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Furniture Dealers and Manufacturers, near the Market.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

Art in the household and beauty in the ordinary surroundings in life was the gospel propounded by the late Professor Ruskin and other elevators of the human mind, and to realize what progress has been made in this direction it is well worth while paying a visit to the magnificent show rooms of the old established furniture house of Messrs.

OWEN McGARVEY & Son. 1849-1853 Notre Dame Street.

MONTREAL. A walk through those spacious show rooms is a revelation; in fact they really amount in themselves to a Montreal Industrial exhibition in their line. Such must necessarily be the reflections of anyone who pays a visit to this firm's prominent establishment and makes a tour of inspection through their attractive warehouses.

Everything in the furniture line is to be found there, from a twenty-five cent chair to a fifteen hundred dollar bedroom set, and prices to suit everyone.

No one need despair; the millionaire can furnish his house from top to bottom with the finest and most costly, and his junior clerk can fill his little tenement with useful and pretty articles at prices to suit his more limited means.

On entering the well-known and extensive warehouses on Notre Dame street, the visitor is struck by the excellent display of Sideboards, Dining Tables, Hall Stands, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Library Tables, Writing Desks, and Easy and Combination Chairs of all descriptions.

On reaching the second floor a beautiful assortment of PARLOR FURNITURE

meets the eye, such as 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 piece parlor suites. Odd piece suites, gilt chairs, corner chairs, ottomans, divans, tete-a-tetes, piano and foot-stools in plushes, brocatelles and silk damasks of all the newest and latest shades; also a full line of fancy centre, card and work-tables, statuette-stands, ladies writing desks, music stands and easels.

On the third floor a fine selection of Rocking, Easy and Reclining Chairs claims particular attention. The celebrated bent wood furniture imported from Vienna, Austria, and of which the Messrs. McGarvey make a specialty, also occupies a prominent position on this floor.

On the fourth floor bedroom sets in profusion are to be found from the cheap ash wood to the elegantly carved set valued at fifteen hundred dollars. Brass and iron furniture, of which they have just received a very large consignment from Birmingham, England, is an especially noticeable feature; handsome solid brass bedsteads and pretty cots for children from \$30 up to \$125—there they are of the newest designs: neat iron bedsteads as low as \$5, and rising to much higher figures, can also be found here. A great advantage in this house is that the price of every piece of furniture and article is marked in plain figures, but owing to the widening of Notre Dame street west, which will necessitate their removal next spring, they are now offering special inducements in the way of Discounts off the marked prices. The entire establishment is a model one, neatness and order prevailing everywhere; all available space is taken up to accommodate the enormous stock which they carry, and from which purchasers can select at their liberty. Their new passenger elevator will be found not only a great convenience, but also a luxury in its way to carry their customers to any of their six flats of show rooms.

The firmly established reputation of this well-known house is sufficient guarantee that outside show is only the last thing aimed at, and that stability and good value for money are to be found in the old established firm of Messrs.

Owen McGarvey & Son. 1849 and 1853 Notre Dame Street, corner of McGill street.

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