THE MIRROR

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US."

VOL III. NO 40 — OMEMEE, ONT. THURSDAY, SEPT. 17, 1896 — CHAS. W. RICHARDS Publisher & Proprietor

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The last number of the London weekly, Industries and Iron, contains some remarkable statistics, showing the increase of the British export and import trade during the twelve months ending on the last day of July, 1896. It was in July, 1895, that the first unmistakable symptoms of a decided improvement in British trade was observed. By way of measuring the exact extent of that improvement, the first seven months of last year are compared with the corresponding part of 1896. It appears that for the seven months up to and including July of 1896 the exports from the United Kingdom amounted in round numbers to $633,385,000. For the same period of this year the exports exhibit a total value of $701,685,000, which attests an increase of not less than $68,300,000. Such an expansion, distributed over so short a span of time, is not improperly described by Industries and Iron as a colossal leap in the direction of prosperity. The proof of improvement is the more decisive because the value of the re-exports of foreign and colonial produce during the present year is actually less than it was during the corresponding part of 1895. It follows that the vast accession to the outpour of manufactures from British ports had its only source in the United Kingdom. If we look now at imports into Great Britain, we find here, too, a notable, though not quite so large an increase in the period in question. During the seven months ending July 31, 1895, the United Kingdom bought from foreign and colonial lands commodities valued at $1,193,925,000, as against $1,254,175,000 in the similar period of the present year; the gain is obviously over sixty million dollars. What other country can display for the same period returns which relatively are so favorable?

To the transactions with what countries is this signal increase in the trade of Great Britain mainly due? The official figures indicate that the expansion of exports is chiefly attributable to the despatch of railroad material to China, Japan and the Argentine Confederation. So far as the first of these countries is concerned, the demand for the supplies mentioned is likely to be immensely augmented in the near future. That the Middle Kingdom will long neglect the opportunity of increasing vastly her industrial and fiscal resources through the creation of a great system of railway communication is inconceivable and the United Kingdom, which, already commands four-fifths of China's foreign trade, may not unreasonably expect to furnish a large part of the railway material required.

From the Japanese market not much is expected for Englishmen by Industries and Iron. English manufacturers are warned not to confound the Japanese with the Chinese from the viewpoint of commercial integrity. Honesty is said to be a tradition among the great Chinese mercantile houses, whereas, according to Industries and Iron, the Japanese, considered as a manufacturing nation, are the most expert and unscrupulous pirates in the world. This grave accusation is founded, first, upon the fact that Japan has no patent law, and, secondly, upon the allegation that when British manufacturers are invited to forward to Japanese merchants the fullest plans, photographs, and details of their wares, these things are not asked for with a view to the purchase of British commodities, but for the purpose of copying the manufacturers' specialties in Japan with the help of cheap native labor. According to Industries and Iron you can now buy skilfully counterfeited machinery in Japan for two-thirds of the price for which it could be made in England. Although, however, no considerable increase of British trade is looked for in Japan, there is no doubt that, taken as a whole, the foreign commerce of the United Kingdom is now undergoing a surprising expansion.

DISTURBED HER NAP.

How a Scotch Minister Rudely Called His Wife to an Accounting.

A minister named Pettigrew who, on asking why his flock were so regardless of his exhortation to them to remain awake during the sermons, was told that his own wife sat the example, but as she sat below the pulpit she was out of the minister's sight. On this it was arranged that on the following Sunday the informant should hold up his finger when Mrs. Pettigrew succombed to Morpheus.

The preacher bent forward and saw his consort enjoying a snug nap. With a tremendous blow on the pulpit he aroused her from her slumber, and as the lady, who, according to the legend, was destitute of both fortune and beauty, looked up, he addressed her in accents of wrath: "Sit ye up there, Jean Pettigrew! Ye are na bonnie; I gat nae tocher wi' ye, and gin ye hae na heavenly grace about ye I hae gotten an unca bad bargain o' ye!"

ARTIFICIAL SILK.

Artificial silk is soon to be manufactured at Rheims and Fismes, the latter a neighboring town situated nineteen miles west of the metropolis of the northeastern part of France. The erection of buildings for this new industry has actually been commenced.

POWER OF KINDNESS.

KIND WORDS AS A MEANS OF DEFENCE AND USEFULNESS.

Talmage Decries Acerbity and Sarcasm and Acrimony, and Recommends to All "The Soft Tongue That Breaketh the Bone."

Washington, Sept. 6.—In these days when satire and retort and bitterness fill the air, the gospel carol of this sermon will do good to all who read and practice it. The text is Proverbs xxv., 15, "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

When Solomon said this, he drove a whole volume into one phrase. You, of course, will not be so silly as to take the words of the text in a literal sense. They simply mean to set forth the fact that there is a tremendous power in a kind word. Although it may seem to be very insignificant, its force is indescribable and illimitable. Pungent and all conquering utterance, "A soft tongue breaketh the bone."

If I had time, I would show you kindness as a means of defence, as a means of usefulness, kindness as a means of domestic harmony, kindness as best employed by governments for the taming and curing of criminals and kindness as best adapted for the settling and adjusting of international quarrel, but I shall call your attention only to two of these thoughts.

And, first, I speak to you of kindness as a means of defence. Almost every man, in the course of his life, is set upon and assaulted.

The first impulse of the natural heart says: "Strike back. Give as much as he sent. Trip him into the ditch which he dug for your feet. Gash him with as severe a wound as that which he inflicted on your soul. Shot for shot. Sarcasm for sarcasm. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth." But the better spirit in the man's soul rises up and says, "You ought to consider that matter." You look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Master, how ought I to act under these difficult circumstances?" And Christ instantly answers, "Bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Then the old nature rises up again and says: "You had better not forgive him until first you have chastised him. You will never get him in so tight a corner again. You will never have such an opportunity of inflicting the right kind of punishment upon him again. First chastise him and then let him go." "No," says the better nature, "hush, thou foul heart. Try the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." Have you ever in all your life known acerbity and acrimonious dispute to settle a quarrel? Did they not always make matters worse and worse and worse? About 55 years ago there was a great quarrel in the Presbyterian family. Ministers of Christ were thought orthodox in propertion as they had measured lances with other clergymen of the same denomination. The most outrageous personalities were abroad. As, in the autumn, a hunter comes home with a string of game, partridges and wild ducks, slung over his shoulder, so there were many ministers who came back from the ecclesiastical courts with long strings of doctors of divinity whom they had shot with their own rifle. The division became wider, the animosity greater, until after awhile some good men resolved upon another tack. They began to explain away the difficulties, they began to forgive each other's faults, and, lo! the great church quarrel was settled, and the new school Presbyterian church and the old school Presbyterian church became one. The different parts of the Presbyterian order, welded by a hammer, a little hammer, a Christian hammer, that the Scripture calls "a soft tongue."

You have a dispute with your neighbor. You say to him, "I despise you." He replies, "I can't bear the sight of you." You say to him, "Never enter my house again." He says, "If you come on my door sill, I'll kick you off." You say to him, "I'll put you down." He says to you, "You are mistaken. I'll put you down." And so the contest rages, and year after year you act the unchristian part, and he acts the unchristian part. After awhile the better spirit seizes you, and one day you go over to the neighbor and say: "Give me your hand. We have fought long enough. Time is so short, and eternity is so near, that we cannot afford any longer to quarrel. I feel you have wronged me very much, but let us settle all now in one good hand shaking and be good friends for all the rest of our lives." You have risen to a higher platform than that on which before you stood. You win his admiration, and you get his apology. But if you have not conquered him in that way at any rate you have won the applause of your own conscience, the high estimation of good men and the honor of your Lord who died for his armed enemies.

"But," you say, "what are we to do when slanders assault us, and there come acrimonious sayings all around about us, and we are abused and spit upon?" My reply is: "Do not go and attempt to chase down the slanders. Lies are prolific, and while you are killing one, fifty are born. All your demonstrations of indignation only exhaust yourself. You might as well on some summer night, when the swarms of insects are coming up from the meadows and disturbing you and disturbing your family, bring up some great "swamp angel," like that which thundered over Charleston, and try to shoot them down. The game is too small for the gun. But what, then are you to do with the abuses that come upon you in life? You are to live them down! I saw a farmer go out to get back a swarm of bees that had wandered off from the hive. As he moved amid them they buzzed around his head and buzzed around his hands and buzzed around his feet. If he had killed one of them, they would have stung him to death. But he moved in their midst in perfect placidity until he had captured the swarm of wandering bees.

And so I have seen men moving amid the annoyances, and the vexations, and the assaults of life in such calm, Christian deliberation that all the buzzing around about their soul amounted to nothing. They conquered them, and above all, they conquered themselves. "Oh," you say, "that's a very good theory to preach on a hot day, but it won't work." It will work. It has worked. I believe it is the last Christian grace we win. You know there are fruits which we gather in June, and others in July, and others in August, and others in September, and still others in October, and I have to admit that this grace of Christian forgiveness is about the last fruit of the Christian soul. We hear a great deal about the bitter tongue, and the sarcastic tongue, and the quick tongue, and the stinging tongue, but we know very little about "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone." We read Hudibras and Sterne and Dean Swift, and the other apostles of acrimony, but give little time to studying the example of Him who was reviled, and yet reviled not again. Oh, that the Lord, by His Spirit, would endow us all with "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

I pass now to the other thought that I desire to present, and that is kindness as a means of usefulness. In all communities you find skeptical men. Through early education, or through the maltreatment of professed Christian people, or through prying curiosity about the future world, there are a great many people who become skeptical in religious things. How shall you capture them for God? Sharp argument and sarcastic retort never won a single soul from skepticism to the Christian religion. While powerful books on the evidences of Christianity have their mission in confirming Christian people in the faith they have already adopted, I have noticed, that when skeptical people are brought into the kingdom of Christ it is through the charm of some genial soul, and not by argument at all. Men are not saved through the head; they are saved through the heart. A storm comes out of its hiding place. It says "Now we'll just rouse up all this sea," and it makes a great bluster, but it does not succeed.

Part of the sea is roused up—perhaps one-half of it or one-fourth of it. After awhile the calm moon, placid and beautiful looks down, and the ocean begins to rise. It comes up to high water mark. It embraces the great headlands. It submerges the beach of all the continents. It is the heart throb of one word against the heart throb of another world. And I have to tell you that while all your storms of ridicule and storms of sarcasm may rouse up the passion of an immortal nature, nothing less than the attractive power of Christian kindness can ever raise the deathless spirit to happiness and to God. I have more faith in the prayer of a child 5 years old in the way of bringing an infidel back to Christ and to heaven than I have in all the hissing thunderbolts of ecclesiastical controversy. You cannot overcome men with religious argumentation. If you come at a skeptical man with an argument on behalf of the Christian religion, you put the man on his mettle. He says: "I see that man has a carbine. I'll use my carbine. I'll answer his argument with my argument." But if you come to that man, persuading him that you desire his happiness on earth and his eternal welfare in the world to come, he cannot answer it.

What I have said is just as true in the reclamation of the openly vicious. Did you ever know a drunkard to be saved through the caricature of a drunkard? Your mimicry of the staggering step, and the thick tongue and the disgusting hiccough, only worse maddens his brain. But if you come to him in kindness and sympathy, if you show him that you appreciate the awful grip of a depraved appetite, if you persuade him of the fact that thousands who had the grappling hooks of evil inclination clutched in their soul as firmly as they now are in his have been rescued, then a ray of light will flash across his vision, and it will seem as if a supernatural hand were steadying his staggering gait. A good many years ago there lay in the streets of Richmond a man dead drunk, his face exposed to the blistering noonday sun. A Christian woman passed along, looked at him and said, "Poor fellow!" She took her handkerchief and spread it over his face and passed on. The man roused himself up from his debauch and began to look at the handkercheif, and, lo! on it was the name of a highly respectable Christian woman of the city of Richmond. He went to her, he thanked her for her kindness, and that one little deed saved him for this life, and saved him for the life that is to come. He was afterward attorney-general of the United States; but, higher than all, he became the consecrated disciple of Jesus Christ.

Kind words are so cheap it is a wonder we do not use them oftener. There are tens of thousands of people in these cities who are dying for the lack of one kind word. There is a business man who has fought against trouble until he is perfectly exhausted. He has been thinking about forgery, about robbery, about suicide. Go to that business man. Tell him that better times are coming, and tell him that you yourself were in a tight business pus, and the Lord delivered you. Tell him to put his trust in God. Tell him that Jesus Christ stands beside every business man in his perplexities. Tell him of the sweet promises of God's comforting grace. That man is dying for the lack of just one kind word. Go to-morrow and utter that one, saving, omnipotent, kind word. Here is a soul that has been swamped in sin. He wants to find the light of the gospel. He feels like a shipwrecked mariner looking out over the beach, watching for a sail against the sky. Oh, bear down on him! Tell him that the Lord waits to be gracious to him; that, though he has been a great sinner there is a great Saviour provided. Tell him that though his sins are as scarlet they shall be as snow; though they are red like crimson, they shall be as wool. That, man is dying forever for the lack of one kind word. There used to be sung at a great many of the pianos all through the country a song that has almost died out. I wish somebody would start it again in our social circles. There may not have been very exquisite art in the music, but there was a grand and glorious sentiment.

Kind words never die, never die,
Cherished and blessed.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honeysuckles than fretfulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian grace. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law unless at the same time you preach to them the gospel. The world is dying for lack of kindness.

These young people want it just as much as the old. The old people sometimes seem to think they have a monopoly of the rheumatisms, and the neuralgias, and the headaches, and the physical disorders of the world; but I tell you there are no worse heartaches than are felt by some of these young people. Do you know that much of the work is done by the young? Raphael died 37, Richelieu at 31, Gustavus Adolphus died at 38, Innocent III. came to his mightiest influence at 37, Cortes conquered Mexico at 30, Don John won Lepanto at 25, Grotius was attorney-general at 24, and I have noticed amid all classes of men that some of the severest battles and the toughest work came before 30. Therefore we must have our sermons and our exhortations in prayer meeting all sympathetic with the young. And so with these people further on in life. What do these doctors and lawyers and merchants and mechanics care about the abstractions of religion? What they want is help to bear the whimsicalities of patients, the browbeating of legal opponents, the unfairness of customers, who have plenty of fault finding for every imperfection of handiwork, but no praise dor 20 excellencies. What does that brain racked, hand blistered man care for Zwingli's "Doctrine of Original Sin," or Augustin's "Anthropology?" You might as well go to a man who has the pleurisy and put on his side a plaster made out of Dr. Parr's "Treatise on Medical Jurisprudence."

In all our sermons there must be help for everyone somewhere. You go into an apothecary store. We see others being waited on. We do not complain because we do not immediately get the medicine. We know our turn will come after awhile. And so while all parts of a sermon may not be appropriate to our case, if we wait prayerfully before the sermon is through we shall have the divine prescription. I say to these young men who are going to preach the gospel, these theological students, I say to them. We want in our sermons not more metaphysics, nor more imagination, nor more logic, nor more profundity.

What we want in our sermons and Christian exhortations is more sympathy. When Father Taylor preached in the Sailors' Bethel, at Boston, the jack tars felt they had help for their duties among the ratlines and the forecastles. When Richard Weaver preached to the operatives in Oldham, England, all the workingmen felt they had more grace for the spindles. When Dr. South preached to kings and princes and princesses, all the mighty men and women who heard him felt preparation for their high station.

Do you not know that this simple story of a Saviour's kindness is to redeem all nations? The hard heart of the world's obduracy is to be broken before that story. There is in Antwerp, Belgium, one of the most remarkable pictures I ever saw. It is "The Descent of Christ from the Cross." It is one of Rubens' pictures. No man can stand and look at that "Descent From the Cross," as Rubens pictured it without his eye flooding with tears, if he have any sensibility at all. It is an overmastering picture—one that stuns you and staggers you and haunts your dreams. One afternoon a man stood in that cathedral looking at Rubens' "Descent From the Cross." He was all absorbed in that scene of a Saviour's sufferings. when the janitor came in and said: "It is time to close up the cathedral for the night. I wish you would depart." The pilgrim, looking at that "Descent From the Cross," turned around to the janitor and said: "No; no: not yet. Wait until they get him down." Oh; it is the story of a Saviour's suffering kindness that is to capture the world. When the bones of that great behemoth of iniquity which has trampled all nations shall be broken and shattered, it will be found out that the work was not done by the hammer of the iconoclast, or by the sword of the conqueror, or by the torch of persecution, but by the plain, simple, overwhelming force of "the soft tongue that breaketh the bone."

Kindness! We all need more of it in our hearts, our words and our behavior. The chief characteristic of our Lord was kindness. A gentleman in England died leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that staid at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after awhile returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an imposter. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English courtroom and for 20 years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that that injustice was about to be practiced. He somehow got impaneled as one of the jurors. The bribes came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the briber gave him only five pieces of gold. A verdict was brought in rejecting the right of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold, my lord!" said the miller. "Hold! We are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery, and I have received only five. "Who are you? Where do you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westminster hall. My name is Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of the king's bench. Off of that place, thou villian!" And so the injustice was balked, and so the young man got his inheritance.

It was all for another that Sir Matthew Hale took off his robe and put on the garb of a miller. And so Christ took off His robe of royalty and put on the attire of our humanity, and in that disguise he won our eternal portion. Now are we the sons of God—joint heirs. We went off from home sure enough, but we got back in time to receive our eternal inheritance. And if Christ was so kind to us, surely we can afford to be kind to each other.

Mrs. Weary (reading)—"The body of a book agent was found on Blank street this morning. He had evidently been murdered." Mr. Weary (meditatively)—"Um—er—really, now, I think that was going most too far."

THE FARM.

GRAIN WHILE AT PASTURE.

"Notwithstanding the low prices of horses, and for that matter of all kinds of stock at the present time, if they are to be kept at all, it is far better to keep them in good condition than to allow them at any time to become run down and very thin," says the Horse Breeder. "It is sometimes stated that it is cheaper to keep horses fat than it is to keep them poor, and there is some reason in such a claim, as the fat horse has something in reserve for any unusual drain, which the poor one does not have, but whether it is actually cheaper keeping horses in good condition or not it is certainly more profitable in several ways to do so, particularly if they are raised for the market, as almost any horse looks and sells much better if in quite good flesh than if thin.

"Along with the general low prices horsemen have one consolation, in that oats and most other kinds of grain now cost less than for many years. For the past twelve months, so very low have been the prices of oats, it has been the general impression they could be purchased cheaper than they could possibly be raised on our average eastern farms, and but for the value of the straw, considerable of which is used in every stable, this is probably the case. With farm productions it is often the case that extremely low prices in any given commodity are followed by a very decided advance, with more or less tendency to go to the other extreme. This, however, is not yet the case with grain, as the prices for a year to come bid fair to be, if anything, even a trifle lower than those of the past year.

"In and near our large cities a ton of first quality of hay now costs just about the same as that weight of the best white oats, hence, as far as nutrition is concerned, the oats are certainly lower in price and much more economical to feed, to at least a reasonable extent, than the hay, though neither can entirely take the place of the other. On most of our stock farms it is customary during the winter to give extra feed and attention to such brood mares and young stock as are then thin, but with the present prices of grain, if the pastures are so situated that grain can be conveniently fed during the summer, every animal can be brought up to and kept in first-class condition at a comparatively small expense while running out to pasture. Horses for all purposes are then much more salable, and when in shape to sell to the best advantage, are necessarily in good condition to put to work or to keep for breeding or any other purposes, while there is indefinitely more satisfaction to the owner to see his stock all looking sleek and fat than if they are run down and thin.

"There are good judges who consider themselves capable of recognizing the good points in a horse, regardless of condition, still, there is no one to whom a horse that is very poor actually looks well, no matter how handsome or well proportioned the animal may have been when in good condition, and there is no one who would for a moment think of paying so high a price for any animal when thin. Horses differ from other kinds of stock, in that there is no particular season when one can count with any degree or certainty on finding a good market, the time to sell a horse being, as a rule, any time when a purchaser is at hand, and as there is no telling when this may be, it is far better to have all that are for sale kept constantly in good sale condition.

"As regards the expense, a peck of oats a day would be a very liberal feed for even mature horses that were out to pasture, and there are plenty of our trotting-bred stock that if given all the oats they would eat would not consume any more than that quantity; still, the extra expense of this would be only about $2 a month, and but very few months of such feeding would be required to materially improve the condition of any animal in fairly good health, while it ought to take but a short time to get even the poorest, with any such feed, in good condition. Late in the season, when the pastures are dried up and the flies so troublesome that the horses are found to be losing flesh, a certain amount of green fodder corn, or something of the sort, raised for that particular purpose, can also be very advantageously fed. Still, for all seasons of the year, the writer would regard oats, at the present prices, as the most advantageous feed, particularly for our light harness horses.

"Turning out to grass is regarded by many as a panacea for a great variety of ailments. It is true that grass is a very natural feed, and that where sufficiently luxuriant, young stock in particular apparently thrive better on it than on almost any other feed, while if the shoes are taken off with the rest, and the run under the most natural condition, nature is often given a chance to materially remedy the effect of bad shoeing. Under such conditions nature does also cure many an injury, still, there are plenty of horses, and particularly those that have long been kept up and quite heavily grained, that would nearly or quite starve if obliged to pick up their own living in a very large proportion of the poorest pastures.

"Years ago it was the boast of almost every farmer that his colts had never eaten a spoonful of grain, and in far too many cases they certainly looked it. Now it is almost the exception that horses of any age or breed are kept for any considerable length of time safely on hay, and in many instances grain given while at pasture proves quite as advantageous, and in some cases is scarcely less needful than with the hay when in the stable."

DAIRY NOTES.

There is money in the milk-pail if it is kept clean.

The separator ought to be in use in every dairy. It will pay.

Good butter is a choice article of diet. Poor butter is an abomination.

At present prices for grain, the cow ought to have grain rations right along.

It is not only cruel, but unbusiness-like to deprive cows of plenty of good water in summer.

The question of shade in the pasture is an important one, too important to be neglected.

Have you stopped selling butter at the country store? You must, if you are to make a success of the dairy.

Some of the butterine manufacturers are getting tired and quitting the business. The cow may get her rights yet.

There is a good deal said about washing the udder of the cow, but not enough said about washing the hands of the milker.

Curb the spirits, the legs and the voice of the boy who drives the cows. That is a place where you can afford to have a slow boy.

A dog well trained to drive cows and one that the cows know, is a valuable aid on the farm. A dog that is not thus trained is usually a nuisance about the herd.

HURRICANE AT PARIS.

Roof of the Opera Comique Blown In—People Blown Into the River and Trees Uprooted.

A despatch from Paris, says:—Traffic in the streets was stopped for two hours by a severe wind and rain storm that passed over this city on Thursday afternoon. The wind blew with hurricane force and the downpour of rain was torrential. Much damage was done and several persons were injured by being struck by flying debris. Two hours before the storm broke the atmosphere gave indications of its coming. It was dark and sultry and the clouds had a peculiar lowering appearance. Among the buildings that stood in the pathway of the cyclone was the Opera Comique, the roof of which was blown in. Most of the persons injured were cab drivers. A reporter of The Temps, who witnessed the cyclone from the top of an omnibus, says that it did not last for more than a minute. He suddenly saw what appeared to be a tall pillar of smoke advancing and imagined that there was a large fire. But almost immediately he saw the branches of trees snapped off and countless chimney pots hurled to the ground. Then the storm immediately passed away. Those on the omnibus were untouched. The west end of the city wholly escaped the fury of the storm, but eastward along the river way much destruction was caused. Between the Pont St. Michael and Pont Neuf 40 large trees were torn out of the ground and blown into the Seine. Many persons who were passing across the bridge or along the river front were caught up by the wind and thrown into the river, but so far as known all of these were rescued.

THE TWO O'CLOCK TRAIN.

How the Traveller was Called in Time for His Train.

It was a very small western town, and the only train out of it that night left at two o'clock. The traveling man had impressed upon the night porter of the hotel the importance of calling him in time for the train. Promptly at 1:30 a prodigious knock aroused the sleeper.

"Say! be yez the man what wants the two o'clock train?"

"Yes," was the sleepy reply from within.

"Well, yez can shlape an hour longer, fer she's so much late."

The heavy feet shuffled off down the hall, and silence ensued. Another hour had passed, when Pat again knocked.

"Say! be yez the felly what said he wanted to ketch the two o'clock thrain?"

"Yes!" and there was a sound of the man hastily springing from his bed.

"Well," drawled Pat, "yez can go back to bed again, fer she's another hour late."

A forcible remark or two proceeded from the traveling man's room, and were audible to his awakened neighbors, as was the departure of Pat; but soon all was quiet again, and the few occupants of the hotel were left for some time to undisturbed repose. Just as the first faint streaks of dawn were tinging the sky Pat once more made his presence known, and, in tones giving unmistakable evidence of recent and heavy slumber, remarked:

"Say, if yez was the felly what wanted to ketch the two o'clock thrain, yez can shlape till mornin', fer bedad, the blame thing's gone!"

A LAUGHING DISEASE.

From Austria comes a curious account of a man suffering from a nervous disease that manifested itself in paroxysms of laughter. The patient, whose case was described before the Psychiatric and Neurological Society, of Vienna, was 30 years of age, and had been subject for three years to fits of laughter, which occurred at first every two or three months, gradually increasing in frequency to a dozen or more a day. The attacks occurred especially between 9 in the evening and 6.30 in the morning, and in greatest frequency between 5 and 6.30. Some occurred also during the day, however the patient happened to be occupied. In the intervals between the attacks, and immediately before and afterward, the man was perfectly well. The attacks set in with a tickling sensation arising from the toes of the left foot, and the patient would fall to the ground unless he could reach some place to lie down. When this feeling reached the level of the left nipple the patient lost consciousness for a few seconds. Often the patient lay upon his face. The mouth and eyes were closed spasmodically, the eyeballs turned upward; the pupils were dilated and unresponsive to light. At the height of the attacks the patient at first smiled, and then laughed aloud without other sign of merriment. The entire attack occupied about two minutes. On two occasions there was protracted loss of consciousness.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Assorted for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

The rate of taxation in Chatham this year will be over 21 mills.

During the past four weeks 22,133 barrels of apples were shipped from Montreal for England.

Thomas Smith, of Hamilton drank a cupful of Paris green, but was taken to the hospital and is recovering.

The shipment of wheat at Montreal for Europe this season is more than twice that of the season of 1895.

Constable Cruickshanks, of the North-West Mounted Police, stationed at Duck Lake, shot and killed himself there on Wednesday.

Dominion letters patent have been issued incorporating the Montreal Construction Company and the Canadian Whiskey Exporting Company.

Bishop Sullivan, of Algoma, has received a check for £500, given anonymously by some friend of the diocese in England for the mission fund.

British Board of Trade returns for August show a decrease of $10,500,000 in imports and a decrease of $940,000 in exports, as compared with August last year.

A cablegram from London says a company has been formed with a capital of £500,000 to build a marine railway and carry on a shipbuilding yard in Vancouver.

The arrangements for the new service between Belgium and Canada, which have been completed between the Belgian Steamship Company and the Canadian Government, contemplate a direct service between Canada and Antwerp, via Boulogne.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British battleships Devastation and Redoubtable have been ordered to Crete.

Mrs. Delia L. S. Parnell, the mother of the late Charles Stewart Parnell, is seriously ill in Dublin.

Official returns of the British national debt show a decrease of $620,000,000 in 20 years.

The correct title conferred on Li-Hung-Chang by the Queen is Grand Commander of the Victorian Order.

Sir Joseph Archer Crowe, the Commercial Attache of Great Britain at Great Britain at Paris, is dead. He was fifty-six years of age.

Mrs. Maybrick, under life sentence in Woking prison for poisoning her husband is now reported to be dying.

According to returns received at London, emigration to the U. S. during August decreased 10,000 and to Canada 1,000.

Meetings of Armenian sympathizers are being called in all the great cities of England and at several of the capitals of Europe.

Sir Matthew White Ridley, Home Secretary, replied to the criticisms of the Government for the release of the Irish dynamiters by saying that the action of the Government was based solely on medical reports submitted to him.

UNITED STATES.

Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Minn., has issued a letter announcing that hereafter in the Catholic parochial schools no tuition fees will be charged.

Dr. Gallagher, the released Irish dynamiter, became so violent in New York that he had to be put in a straight waistcoat and taken to a private lunatic asylum.

Police had to use clubs to quell a riot between the warring factions of the Polish Catholic church at Scranton, Pa., on Sunday, in which the men used fence pickets and the women prayer books and umbrellas.

GENERAL.

Emperor William has appointed the Czar an Admiral of the German navy.

This year's Egyptian cotton crop promises to be the largest ever known.

Eighty thousand men, 7,000 horses and over 400 guns were in action in the German military manoeuvres at Goerlitz.

The Spanish Cortes, before adjourning, gave the Government unlimited power to borrow money to prosecute the Cuban campaign.

Herr Krupp has discharged all the foreigners in his employ, on the ground that they divulge secrets to foreign Governments.

Two Egyptian editors in Cairo, charged with insulting the Queen, have been fined thirty pounds and sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

Practically every department of the Cambria iron works, in Johnstown, Pa., has shut down for an indefinite period, throwing three thousand men out of employment.

A number of officers in the Greek army who deserted from their commands and joined the insurgents in the Island of Crete recently returned to Athens and gave themselves up. Decrees have been signed condemning sixteen of them to death.

The Novoe Vremya, of St. Petersburg, made the important statement yesterday that the Czar's tour shows that Berlin and Vienna, as well as Paris and St. Petersburg, are conscious of the necessity of common action by the powers to defeat the political designs of Great Britain, which, it added, are clearly displayed in recent events in Turkey.

VALUABLE BOOTS.

A fresh example of legal acumen comes from a French police court.

You say you have been robbed of a pair of boots, said the magistrate. How much were they worth?

Well, said the complainant, they cost me originally twelve francs. But I have had them resoled four times at an expense of three francs each time; so that makes altogether twenty-four francs.

Clerk, said the judge, write: One pair of boots worth twenty-four francs.