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THE MIRROR

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

VOL II. NO 52. OMEMEE, ONT. THURSDAY, DEC 5, 1895. CHAS. W. RICHARDS Publisher & Proprietor

THE SON OF DAVID.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

Love of Home—Industrious Habits—A High Ideal of Life—Respect for the Sabbath—The Christian Religion—A Turning Point.

Washington, Nov. 24.—In his sermon to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage, preaching to the usual crowded audience, took up a subject of universal interest to young men. His text was selected from II. Samuel xviii, 29, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But, notwithstanding all his brilliancy of appearance, he was a bad boy and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to gain the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the palace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how rapidly his heart beat with emotion! Two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After awhile, a servant, standing on the top of the house, looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on top of the house announces the coming of the messenger, and the father watches and waits and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out.

Is it a question in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown my enemies?" Oh, no! There is one question that springs from his heart to the lip and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" when it was told to David, the king, that, though his armies had been victorious, his son had been slain, the father turned his back upon the congratulations of the nation and went up the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and then again pressing them against his temples as though he would press them in, crying: "O Absalom, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee. O Absalom, my son, my son!"

My friends, the question which David the King, asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yes, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded; they see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflicts into which he is going must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised, and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the centre of the earth and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it; then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia, and put on top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the centre of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

Now, what are the safeguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around the word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scrowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man. You never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it, but oh, how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees at fashionable watering places or country seats do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by a porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other. She, gone fifteen years ago into glory! That scene coming back to you to-day as you swept backward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That also is sacred forever. There you established the first family altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is "home."

Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the clubroom, in the literary society, in the art salon than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred, young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Did unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habit. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town. He is seated in his room at a rent of $2,000 a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy plates of other merchant's signatures. Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their ox teams draw him logs, and with their hard hands will help him to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch. It is everyday life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sickness and pour into his cup a bitter draft that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace and to make his life a shame. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were tumbled into a dishonorable grave, and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

Oh, young man, you must have industry of head or hand or foot or perish! Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is geniuses—men with large self conceit and nothing else. The man who proposes to make his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox, plain and plodding and useful, than to be an eagle, high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Even in the garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines they would not have been sauntering under the tree, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity! Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise, which having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion, and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and type and hammer and adze and saw and pickax and yardstick and the weapon of honest toil. Work, work or die.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low, and it is very often that the captain, going in to conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind every Corinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A poet thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhythms. And yet there are a great many men who start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathedral, and begin to write out the intricate poem of their life without knowing whether it is to be a Homer's "Odyssey" or a rhymester's botch. Out of 1000 999 have no life plot. Booted and spurred and caparisoned, they hasten along, and I run out and say: "Hallo, man! Whither away?" "Nowhere!" they say. O young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. O young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of the strong arm, and of the strong heart, and of the bounding step, I marshal you today for a great achievement.

Another safeguard is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul?

Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his experience: He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business, but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me $30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sabbath, and he cultured the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said, "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up, and a great darkness, and the lightnings of heaven struck the barn and away went his Sunday crop.

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield, you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and literature, you may have a pen of unequaled polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say, "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." O, young man, cheer up. I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not honorable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed spirit passes through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh! thrust it not back. Mercy presents it—bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your soul—do not do that. There comes a turning in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you came from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a-tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business, and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve him has grown upon me all these years, until now we go is unto me if I preach not the gospel."

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of a hundred young men in this house. God help us. I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman, who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theatre to see that vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theatre. One of the young men stopped and started for home, but returned and came up to the door, but had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position; he lost his morals; he lost his soul; he died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said the minister, "to thank God that for 20 years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one went back, the other went on! The great roaring world of business life will soon break in upon you, young men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart, and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

Homeopathic.

Mowler—I see some philosopher says that the way to cure yourself of a love affair is to run away. Do you believe it?

Cynicus—Certainly, if you run away with the girl.

A Dampener.

Auctioneer (pot-boiler sale)—Going! Going! Gone! Here, sir, it's yours. Great bargain, sir. The frame alone is worth the price.

Connisseur (ripping out the picture)—The frame was what I wanted.

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.

Two women were smothered in a fire at St. Hyacinthe, Que.

The People's Heat & Light Company is organizing an extensive plant in Halifax.

Mrs. Roger of Montreal, died with symptoms of poisoning after a supper of canned salmon.

The Ottawa Field Battery is the winner of the Governor-General's cup for general efficiency.

Mr. C. H. Kitchen of Copetown was thrown out of his waggon at Hamilton and very seriously injured.

The Ohio tug Telephone, seized in Lake Erie by the Canadian authorities for poaching, will be sold.

The question of a public library will in all probability be submitted to the citizens of Ottawa at the municipal elections.

A three-year-old daughter of Mr. George F. Gibson of London fell into a pail of hot water and was scalded to death.

Miss Maggie Symington of Napanee has been made an L.R.C.P. Edin. This is the first time this degree has been conferred on a woman.

A young man named McTaggart, living in London South, knocked his eyeball out with a whip that he was striking a horse with.

Miss Sarah Sleeth, a well-connected young woman of St. John, N. B., committed suicide by shooting herself through the heart.

A company is being formed by the citizens of Leamington to establish a beet sugar factory, with a capacity of 1,000 tons of beets per day.

The city of Toronto has contracted for the winter coal supply with a Buffalo firm at a much lower rate than that tendered by the local dealers.

Max Bachmann of Montreal has been arrested on a charge of burning two or three houses for the sake of the insurance money on his furniture.

The judgment disqualifying ex-Mayor Aubry of Hull from public office for life and fining him $891 has been confirmed by the Court of Appeal in Montreal.

Mr. Samuel Davis, founder of the great cigar-manufacturing firm of S. Davis & Sons, of Montreal, died in that city on Saturday afternoon, in his sixty-first year.

Mr. Andrew Gregory Hill, Police Magistrate of the Counties of Welland and Lincoln, died at his home in Niagara Falls, Ont., on Saturday night, aged sixty-one.

It is understood that the Donaldson line will put on a steamer between St. John, N.B., and Glasgow, and will make runs during the winter as frequently as traffic demands.

William Smith, a carpenter, aged 50, fell from the roof of a two-storey frame house at Niagara Falls, Ont., twenty feet to the ground. He fell on his head, and was instantly killed.

Joseph Cressman, tailor, of Lethbridge, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for burning his store, and Miss Rubie Clifton, his accomplice, received a three-year sentence.

A son of Mr. Napoleon Belanger of the Public Works Department at Ottawa was drowned while skating, while the boy's brother and a companion were rescued by aid arriving promptly.

Shortis, who is in the Beauharnois gaol under sentence of death for the Valleyfield murder, is as indifferent as ever. He eats and sleeps well, and never says a word to the gards about his fate.

A delegation, representing the Ottawa and Georgian Bay Canal, waited on the Government of Quebec to ask aid for the scheme. Premier Taillon promised to give it early consideration.

The directors of the Ottawa and Gatineau railway want to lease every unclaimed lake between Wakefield and Desert, some forty in number, and to make the Gatineau district a sportsman's resort.

A report on the inspection of foods, drugs, and fertilizers during the past fiscal year has been presented to the Controller of Inland Revenue by Commissioner Miall, and will shortly be issued to the public.

A penniless tramp named Maurice Barker, who slept in a Hamilton police station on Sunday night, Monday morning received a draft for fifteen hundred sterling from England, being his share of his father's estate.

James H. Ford, alias Wood, of Winnipeg was sentenced to 23 months in jail at Montreal for forging a C. P. R. passenger ticket. Ford deserted his wife and family at St. Phillippe and eloped with a young woman.

A convict in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary has notified the warden that he knows the man who killed Madame Demers, at St. Henri, last June, for which crime Napoleon Demers, the woman's husband, will shortly be tried.

A deputation from the Chamber of Commerce of Montreal asked the Government to send a delegation of business men to France to ascertain upon what basis trade could be encouraged and developed. Mr. Ives promised to consider the request.

The wife of Mr. Frederick Griffith, moulder, of London, Ont., gave birth to triplets on Thursday, two boys and a girl. All are healthy and well formed. The couple have been married fifteen years, and have had eleven children. On the first occasion Mrs. Griffith presented her husband with twins.

The estimates of the hundred or more agents of the Bankers' Association, stationed throughout Manitoba, regarding this year's crop, which are absolutely reliable, are as follows:—Wheat, total acreage, 1,140,276; total yield, 33,843,392 bushels. Barley—Acreage, 153,839; total yield, 5,993,547 bushels. Oats—Acreage, 482,658; total yield, 25,855,989 bushels.

Azarie Gauthier, the murderer of Celina Consigny, confined in jail at Montreal, has been handcuffed for the last two days, except at meals, and then two guards have to watch him. He is a terror to all the inmates in the infimary. He made a deliberate attempt to kill a guard, and would likely have succeeded had it not been for the watchfulness of the other patients.

Capt. A. E. Cuthbert, of the Canadian mounted police, who is at present in San Francisco, in an interview on the Alaskan boundary, said that Canada is not establishing posts on the frontier in connection with the dispute, but simply to maintain order. The imaginary forts are simply barracks for the accommodation of the small detachments of mounted police sent to the frontier.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Blondin, the rope walker, was married at London.

Sir Charles Dilke is opposed to the division of Turkey.

The Duke of Westminster owns London property worth more than $60,000,000.

Third-class dining cars are to be tried on the Great Northern railway between London and Leeds.

There is prospect of a settlement of the Belfast and Clyde shipbuilders' trouble by arbitration.

The marriage of Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Karl of Sweden will, it is understood, take place in London in June next.

A London society paper says that the Duchess of York is a very dutiful wife, and always consults her husband on matters of dress.

A purse was presented to Dr. Barnardo in London on Tuesday last, in recognition of his good work in founding homes for destitute children in London and Canada.

Arthur Arnold, the well-known English traveller and writer, is dead. He led an extremely active life, both as a politician and author. He was sixty-two years of age.

Mails by the steamer Fuerst Bismarck landed at Plymouth were delivered in London six hours earlier than mails from the same boat landed at Southampton.

It is announced in London that instructions have been sent to the British Minister at Rio Janeiro to invite Brazil to submit the question of the ownership of the Island of Trinidad to arbitration.

Social London is very gay this season. The drawing-rooms of the West end were rarely as well filled as they are now, and the public places of amusement are so many gold mines to the happy managers who preside.

In receiving a Wesleyan deputation, Lord Salisbury said that he did not care to conceal his strong animus in favor of the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches in the matter of secular education. This has given much offence to the dissenting element.

Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, has issued a pastoral letter censuring the British Ambassador to Italy for having raised the British flag over the Embassy in Rome during the recent national celebrations, which act the Cardinal regards as an insult to the head of the Church.

UNITED STATES.

A case of leprosy has been discovered in New York.

A sale of 10,000 tons of English steel rails has been made in New York.

Bishop Alexander W. Wayman of the African M. E. Church dropped dead at Baltimore.

New York police commissioners have decided to try the experiment of mounting patrolmen on bicycles.

Mayor Swift presented a black picture of Chicago's municipal debts and difficulties at a reform meeting held in that city.

The Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe, who was educated at Toronto University, was consecrated in New York, on Saturday, Bishop of Alaska.

Mr. E. C. Benedict, a close friend of President Cleveland, says that he believes Mr. Cleveland does not want the nomination for a third term.

James F. Eagan, the Irish political prisoner, was welcomed on arriving in New York by a large crowd of his fellow-countrymen.

Virginia, negroes own $11,000,000 of the $303,000,000 worth of real estate and improvements in the State reported by the assessor for the year.

"Baltimore White," a burglar, who is wanted in many towns along the Intercolonial railway for burglary, has been captured in Bangor, and will be held awaiting extradition proceedings.

H. H. Holmes was sentenced to death at Philadelphia for the murder of Benj. Pietzel, the application for a new trial being refused. The date of the execution will be fixed by the Governor, and it is probable that the case will be appealed.

Prof. Marcus Baker, in a scientific lecture in Washington on Saturday evening referring to the Alaskan boundary dispute, said the only arbitration admissible was the arbitration of battle if the British claim should be insisted on.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, on Thanksgiving day, preached a sermon on lawlessness in New York. He said that the Rome boy train-wreckers should be tried and convicted within a week, and hanged within a month. He also referred scathingly to the evil wrought by sensational newspaper reports of crime.

The Rev. Dr. Johnson, Baptist clergyman, of Jefferson City, Mo., who has returned from a three months' tour of Turkey and the Holy Land, says that United States Minister Terrell should be hanged. He declares that he has joined the Mohammedan Church, and is aiding in the persecution and killing of Christians, instead of protecting them.

Reports of business in the United States this week are not entirely satisfactory; general dulness is experienced, prices are shrinking, stocks are usually large and the demand weak, while distribution is delayed by unfavorable weather. The movement of crops is only fair, and wheat and cotton are being held back in the hope of higher prices. Hides have again declined, as a rule manufacturers are doing little, and no change for the better is probable until the New Year. Of course the holiday in the States has had a depressing effect, which mild and stormy weather has intensified. The fact that buyers never care to increase stocks near the close of the year also helps to explain the general slackness.

GENERAL.

Recent storms and floods in Russia drowned 500 persons.

The discovery of an effectual cure for leprosy is reported from Bogota.

Forty-six Armenian villages have been destroyed by the Hamidieh cavalry.

Two English missionaries were recently murdered in Madagascar during a riot.

The recent illness of the Pope was due to the lack of vitality, which condition is increasing.

It is reported from Havana that the Cuban insurgents are using dynamite in blowing up railway trains.

Sir Herbert Murray, the new Governor of Newfoundland, has arrived, and received an enthusiastic welcome.

The death is announced at Honiton of General Colborne, who first saw service in the Canadian rebellion of 1838.

The name of Emperor William has been suggested as an arbitrator of the British-Venezuelan boundary dispute.

The "on-man-one-vote" and women's suffrage measures passed a second reading in the Victoria Legislature.

Count von Taafe, the Austrian statesman, died yesterday morning at Ellishan, Bohemia. He was sixty-two years of age.

Dr. Forester, of Berlin, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for lese majeste for the publication of an article in his paper.

Word has been received in Berlin of the death of Otto Ehlers, the explorer, and personal friend of Emperor William in British Guinea.

Over seventy men and women were killed by a boiler explosion on the Island of Majorca, some of the bodies being blown into atoms.

The British Admiralty is said to have obtained complete soundings from British merchant vessels which have repeatedly passed the Dardanelles.

It is reported that six thousand Spaniards residing in Algeria have volunteered their services to the Government for active duty with the troops in Cuba.

From Turin eighty-nine brothers of the Order of St. Francis de Sales, and twenty sisters, were sent out in October as missionaries to South America.

Jules Barthelemy-Saint-Hilaire, the well-known French classic scholar, was found dead in his study in Paris on Sunday evening he was ninety years of age.

Costaki Anthoponlos Effendi, formerly Governor of the Island of Crete, has been appointed Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, in succession to the late Rustem Pasha.

The Berlin Tageblatt asserts that Germany, Russia, and France have concluded an alliance committing them to common action upon all questions concerning Turkey.

A history of the Armenian massacres published lately shows that 13,150 lives were sacrificed, and most of the survivors, whose property was looted, are in a starving condition.

Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador to Turkey, has backed down in his demand for permission for a gunboat to pass through the Bosphorus, and the Turkish palace party is very triumphant.

A special despatch from Shanghai says that the French mission at Luithsiang has been destroyed by the natives of the vicinity during the absence of the French gunboat that is usually stationed in those waters.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies Signor Sonnino, in presenting the budget, announced that the surplus would be 1,270,000 lire this year, and that he expected a surplus next year of 3,020,000 lire, without a new loan.

A despatch from Shanghai says it is reported there that no railway concessions have been granted to foreigners in China, and that the Chinese Government intends henceforth to keep railway building in its own hands.

A despatch from Beyrout confirms the report of the grave situation of affairs existing in Syria and Palestine, which places are flooded with Turkish soldiers, bearing the significant green flag of the Prophet, instead of the Turkish flag.

The Berlin police the other morning raided the houses of the Socialist members of the Reichstag and other leaders of the Socialist party, and all their letters and papers were impounded and taken to the office of the Chief of Police.

THE SULTAN YIELDS.

Extra Ships Admitted Through the Dardanelles.

A despatch from Constantinople says:—The Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs, Tewfik Pasha, called upon Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, on Tuesday, and announced that the Porte had decided to issue the firmans providing for the passage through the Dardanelles of the extra guardships demanded by Great Britain, Russia, Italy, and Austria as additional protection needed for the safety of the foreign population here. This puts an end to a very dangerous situation, for there is no doubt that the powers would have insisted upon having the extra gunboats here, even if it had been necessary to force the passage of the Dardanelles in order to get them here.

Railway Earnings in the United States.

A despatch from Washington, D.C., says:—The Inter-State Commerce Commissioner has just issued a preliminary report on the income and expenditures of railways in the United States, for the year ended June 30th, 1895, prepared by the statistician. The report includes the returns from 650 roads whose reports were filed on or before November 9th, 1895, and covers the operations of 164,529 miles of line, or 92 per cent. of the total mileage in the United States. The gross earnings were $1,603,022,853, of which $293,165,792 were from passenger service, $683,022,988 from freight service, and $826,217,595 were other earnings from operation, covering earnings from telegraph, car mileage balances, switching charges, etc. The operating expenses were $677,667,635, leaving net earnings of $325,355,218, as compared with net earnings of $320,137,670 for the same roads in 1894.

Danger in Biting Thread.

A medical journal declares that the common habit among women of biting off the thread with which they are sewing is prolific of sore throat and blood poisoning.

JURY SAY NOT GUILTY.

END OF THE GREAT HYAMS TRIAL AT TORONTO.

Verdict in Half an Hour—Judge Ferguson Rules Strongly in Their Favor—The Prisoners Re-arrested—A Charge of Conspiracy Now Preferred.

After 23 days of tedious consideration of the Hyams murder case at Toronto the prisoners were found not guilty on Saturday afternoon, and on the capital charge were discharged from custody. They had scarcely stepped out of the dock before they were re-arrested by Detective Cuddy on charges of attempting to defraud the insurance companies and of conspiring to murder Mrs. Harry P. Hyams. In addition to these charges against both, Harry Hyams stands under the accusation of forgery. The unfortunate twins accepted the warrants presented to them with smiling faces, evidently feeling that after their escape from the dreadful fate which so long had been a possibility any other misfortune which could happen them would be of no account in comparison. They were taken over to the central police station, and from there were removed to their old apartments in the jail.

CLOSING SCENES.

The proceedings at the trial on Saturday afternoon were in some respects the most remarkable which have ever been seen in a court of justice in this country. An audience unusually large and select had filled the court room in the morning with the intention of hearing the remainder of Mr. B. B. Osler's address and the charge to the jury of Mr. Justice Ferguson. The attendance of ladies was especially remarkable, and the Grand Jury box, the gallery and many of the seats in the body of the room were occupied by them. Mr. Osler's address was, perhaps, the most vigorous one which has ever been heard in a court of justice in Canada. He did not leave a point untouched in all the mass of evidence submitted, and the way in which he connected and presented it to the jury was fair, forcible and convincing. His address did not occupy in point of duration more than half the time taken up by either of the counsel for the defence. It was stripped of all unnecessary language, everything he said had a direct bearing on the point under consideration, and in the mind of the large portion of his audience he clinched absolutely each department of his case as he terminated it.

THE CHARGE.

He concluded at 12.20, and his Lordship Mr. Justice Ferguson immediately began his charge to the jury. In his charge the learned Judge did not take up the specific points of the evidence, but rather dealt with the broad general outlines of the case. The general trend of his charge was decidedly in favor of the prisoners, and he spoke frequently of the unsupported suspicions which seemed by the charge of the prosecution to be directed against the accused. He scarcely touched at all upon the evidence elicited by the Crown's examination in chief, but frequently brought into clear relief the points which were obtained by the counsel for the defence in their cross-examination of the witnesses. The testimony of the defence, too, was given much credence by his Lordship. The charge was a very strong and clear one, admirably delivered, and was listened to with profound respect not only by the jury but the thronged court room. Toward the close of his charge his Lordship was especially impressive, and when before dismissing the jury, after a very strong charge to them in favor of the prisoners, he pointed out to them that the true spirit of British justice leaned toward the escape of many guilty persons rather than the mistaken conviction of one innocent one, the auditors in the court room felt that the scales of justice were held by a strong and steady hand.

JURY NOT LONG OUT.

The jury were not long in coming to a decision after what they had listened to from his Lordship. Their retirement from the box was, in fact, little more than a formal ceremony, for 35 minutes after they had filed into their room of consultation they filed out again and unanimously declared the prisoners "not guilty" of the charge of having in cold blood hammered the life out of Willie Wells with an elevator weight on the morning of January 16, 1893. The little withered up prisoners accepted the verdict without a sigh of relief. Their appearance when brought up to hear the words which were to consign them to the gallows or give them liberty (temporary liberty at least) was such which indicated a sure belief in a full acquittal, and the words of the foreman was a formal pronouncement of what they were already quite confident of hearing. There was some little applause in the audience when the verdict was given, which was promptly stamped out by the dignified indignation of the Sheriff and the remonstrances of the 22 constables who have assisted him in guarding the prisoners and keeping order in the court during this trial. The same improper manifestation of approval was attempted when the prisoners at the command of his Lordship stepped out of the dock, but the display of those misguided enthusiasts was even more summarily put down than on the former occasion, and when the little twins were re-arrested and marched out under guard of Detective Cuddy and two strong and reliable constables they departed amid dead silence.

Tramps Fight Fiercely.

A despatch from South Bend, Ind., says:—A fatal fight among tramps occurred on Monday night in the western suburbs of the city. One of the participants, an unknown tramp, was pushed in front of a passing Lake Shore passenger train and was terribly injured. He died next morning. The tramp who committed the murder boarded the train in an endeavor to escape. He was locked in a coach and brought to this city, where a fierce battle ensued. He defied a coach full of passengers and fought desperately for liberty but was finally clubbed into insensibility by the officers and train crew and placed under arrest. He may die.