ANGELS OF THE GRASS.

The Eloquent Pulpit Orator's Discourse on the Easter Season,

He Draws Inspiration From the Fields--Lessons Which the Flowers Bring to the Anxious, the Dispirited and the Bereaved.

Washington, April 2.—In this Easter sermon Dr. Talmage interprets the message which the flowers bring to the anxious, the dispirited and the bereaved; text, Luke xii, 28, "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned. In the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Cæsar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option—it is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology—but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says, "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the graceful ness of their poise. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies are the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant lily of Nepaul, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the flower of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the oleanders." With deferential and grateful and intelligent and wonkhful and loving attention. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with sophomoric vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

Voices of the Flowers.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak they thunder, when the whirlwinds speak them scream, when the cataracts speak they roar; but when the flowers speak they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject, What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water, but God slakes our thirst with the dew, and God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appareled us with more than Solomonic regality. We are profoundest of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you! How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman Emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightingales' tongues—but he has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities, not the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther was fond of a flower on his writing desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Picciola. Mungo Park, the great traveller and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die; but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and travelled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangels of the sky.

If you ask me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers Always Appropriate.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticise and pronounce it an inaptitude and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better, but the God who sees the 20, 40, 50 years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers in almost all cases are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

There has been many an aged widowed soul who had a carefully locked bureau, and in the bureau a box, and in the box a folded paper, and in the folded paper a half blown rose, slightly fragrant, discolored, carefully pressed. She put it there 40 or 50 years ago. On the anniversary day of her wedding she will go to the bureau, she will lift the box, she will unfold the paper, and to her eyes will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the author, and it rounds out, and it is full of life, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises, "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salve of joy at the departing crowd, but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the obsequies. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone adant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the vaves of roseate bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. Is is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want old Mortality with his chisel to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old Mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

Mission of Wild Flowers.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth, and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted goldenrod and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the childrens' mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed, to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of China asters.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arboreseence. The Bible says, "In the midst of the garden there was a sepulcher." I wish that every sepulcher might be in the midst of a garden.

Symbols of Religion.

If you asked me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I answer, "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the highest human life, you will quote from Job, "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist, "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah, "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle, "As the flower of the grass, so he passeth away." What graphic Bible symbolism! All the cut flowers will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the baptism will not be to them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cuts them. They are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changeth not, abide with me!

Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compared himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when he said, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, humble like the other. Likeboth, appropriate for the sad who wants sympathizers and for the rejoicing who want banquetera. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell or folded like a chalet on the pulseless heart of the dead. O Christ, let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into a garden and the earth turn into one great bud of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

Flowers at Easter.

But, my friends, flowers have no grander use than when on Easter morning we celebrate the reanimation of Christ from the catacombs. The flowers spell resurrection. There is not a nook or corner in all the building but is touched with the incense. The women carried spices to the tomb of Christ, and they dropped spices all around about the tomb, and from those spices have come all the flowers of Easter morn. The two white orbed angels that hurled the stone away from the door of the tomb hurled it with such violence down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulcher, and millions of dead shall come forth.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however cosily the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother, they must come out. Husband and wife, they must come out. Brothers and sisters, they must come out. Our darling children, they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers we closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be retuned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues. It must come up. Oh, how long it seems for some of you! Waiting, waiting for the resurrection! How long, how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were 80 trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and, when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these 80 trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what 80 trumpeters could not do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer!

Typical of the Resurrection.

Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! some coming forth from the family vault, some from the city cemetery, some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies, and then reclothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads, and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

And so I twist all the festal flowers of the chapels and cathedrals of all Christendom into one great chain, and with that chain I bind the Easter morning of 1899 with the closing Easter of the world's history—resurrection! May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of sheep, through the blood of the covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will.

Some Curious Horseshoes.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes, which, in their cases, are tied around the ankle with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so as to form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a halfpenny a pair. Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horn. In the valley of the Upper Oxus the antlers of the mountain deer are used for the same purpose, the shoes being fastened with horn pins. In the Soudan the horses are shod with socks made of camel's skin. In Australia horseshoes are made of cowhide. A German not long ago invented a horseshoe of paper prepared by saturating with oil, turpentine and other ingredients. Thin layers of such paper are glued to the hoof till the requisite thickness is attained, and the shoes thus made are durable and impenetrable by moisture.

Newfoundland Caribou.

The caribou, or reindeer, of Newfoundland roam over an area of some 26,000 miles of unbroken wilderness. They are magnificent creatures, some of the larger stags weighing from 500 to 600 pounds. As might be expected, venison is pretty plentiful in St. John's market and has been sold for as little as five cents a pound.

Excessive Politeness.

Customer—I haven't any change with me til is morning; will you trust me for a postage stamp until to-morrow?

Drug Clerk—Certainly, Mr. Jones.

Customer—But suppose I should get killed, or—

Drug Clerk—Pray don't speak of it, Mr. Jones. The loss would be but a trifle.

Hard Work.

Boys, do not shun hard work. Go at it, rejoice in it. It is a blessing to you. And understand us. By real hard work we do not mean stooping, or sticking closely to keeping books, keeping store or teaching school, or any of the professional pursuits. These are all honorable and when followed closely exhaust the nervous energy and make men tired too. But by hard work we mean work that requires a great deal of muscular force, such as chopping, rolling logs, quarrying rock, doing carpenter work, laying brick, carving the wood, and working in the forges, furnaces, rolling mills, mines and car shops. This kind of work develops muscular strength, the power of physical endurance, grit, courage and good health.

Said an old man, now up in the eighties, to me a year ago, "When I was fifteen years old I was a weak, spindly kind of a boy, and went into a blacksmith shop to learn the trade, worked at it eighteen years, and forged out a constitution worth a million dollars." He has ever since been a healthy, vigorous man, and old as he is, still walks the streets, sees pretty well and straight as an Indian's arrow.

Hard work is good medicine for boys, and especially for young men.

Rich Pearl Fields Discovered.

New pearl fields of great richness have been discovered off the coast of New Caledonia, and the first consignment sent to United States Consul Wolf, at Noumea. He says that one shell contained the fabulous number of 256 pearls. Up to this time the water has not been sounded to a greater depth than six feet seven inches, but the fisheries are to be further exploited by French and Austrian syndicates. Mr. Wolf says that the quality of the pearl shells is remarkably fine, and he urges that Americans profit by the discovery.

Jet Black Roses.

The Novosti of St. Petersburg gives a description of roses that are jet black in color, and which are the results of ten years' toil and thought by a florist named Fetisoff, in Woronoesch, Russia. This man has produced some remarkable effects in the garden world.

His latest success with the black roses has stirred up quite a sensation among the lovers of flowers in Russia. Some specimens were sent to the Czar by Fetisoff, and in the imperial collection of them has been sent to London to be exhibited at the coming annual flower show.

At the End of the Year.

We all like to put aside a surplus of profit at the end of a term of labor. That means we are gaining. But if we make a fair living and meet our expenses, with nothing at the end of the year for surplus, we can hardly say that times are hard. We have had our supplies—all that we needed—and only when we fail in them and really suffer can we say with reason that times are hard. But we hope, nevertheless, that every one of our folks will be secure in a nice surplus at the end of the year.—Farm Journal.

The True Heaven.

We carry about with us something by which we measure men and things. You have a desire, a hope, an ideal, and you go about to find the thing in man to fill bodies, and then reclothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

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AN ARAB SLAVE HUNT

DESCRIPTION OF A RAID ON AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

The Surprise, the Flight of the Braves and the Capture of the Women and Children—The Ransom, and How it Was Extorted and Paid.

Perhaps the simplest method of describing the raiding system as practiced by the Arab bands in the forest region between the Aruimi and the Kongo wood be in the form of a brief narrative of events based upon personal observation. The caravan whose adventures we an about to follow was under the command of Osmani, a middle aged Arab who had penetrated the continent from Zanzibar more than 20 years before. For two weary weeks the wretched party had traveled through an uninhabited portion of the great forest, trudging each day through densely matted undergrowth beneath the impenetrable canopy of primeval trees, and sleeping each night, hungry and weary, upon the sodden ground in the vitiated atmosphere of decaying vegetation.

One afternoon, however, the party was almost in a condition of despair, one of the Manyema followers sustained a deep flesh wound from a hard wood spear which had been carefully concealed in the bushes beside a well worn elephant track as a trap for the natives of the forest are well skilled in woodcraft. Upon discovering this evidence of man's existence in the vicinity the caravan halted and scouts were sent to survey the surrounding country. In a short time it was reported that within an hour's march a large native village had been sighted. Osmani's instructions were brief "Two hours before the dawn we march upon that village. Tonight no fires no noise. Sikia!

The night air grew gradually colder. A fierce storm swept over the forest, and the rain, filtering through the thick foliage overhead, trickled in continuous streams upon the naked bodies of the raiders. It was still dark and raining when the hoarse whisper, "Tendeko—tendeko upesi" (March—march quickly) passed from one to another. The party set forth in single file. No word was spoken, and the only sound that betokened their progress was a slight swishing of leaves and the muffled trend of naked feet upon the spongy ground. Upon nearing the village clearing each man buckled his ammunition belt more tightly around his waist and wound a strip of dirty white cotton cloth about his head to serve as a distinguishing mark in the coming attack upon the naked natives.

With a shrill "Hae yah!" the raiders fired their first volley directly toward the huts where the natives were sleeping. "Liah—ia—ihu!" roared the Manyema as they crashed through the bushes into the midst of a multitude of panic stricken savages, chasing the black figures hither and thither. Women and children shrieked, with fear cackling toward the woods, men's deep voices shouting incoherently, but the loud rifle reports and shouts of the relentless Manyema drowned all other sounds. Soon the village became enveloped in a dense white fog of sulphurous smoke and dust, in the obscurity of which the raiders' guns flashed forth tongues of fire.

Gradually the tumult ceased. The cool morning breeze dispelled the heavy cloud of mist and smoke, revealing the victorious raiders swaggering through the deserted village, driving scores of miserable women and children secured together in couples by means of lashings around the wrists. Soon the early morning sun shone in all its radiance, its bright beams glinting through the distant trees in sad contrast to the desolation of dead bodies and smoldering huts. Some of the raiders had established themselves in the former homes of the natives, a rough zeriba of brushwood was formed around the outside to serve as a precaution against any sudden attack, and the terrified captives were placed in the center under a watchful guard.

A few days after the attack upon the village the Arab chief Osmani gave instructions for two of the oldest of the captive women to be liberated. Two feeble creatures were brought forth and stood in abject terror before the marauding chief. "Go to your people," said the Arab, "in the forest," said the Arab. "Tell them their women are alive, and tell them that we will set them free when they bring us elephant tusks. Tell them that one of an elephant we will give back one woman. If within five days from now they do not come to us with ivory, we will take the women with us to another country and sell them to people who will kill and eat them. Go! Tell our words truly!" When the poor women realized they were free to depart, they darted forward with extraordinary agility into the woods.

On the morning of the fifth day the Arab camp was hailed by a voice from the forest, "Is it true that our women are still alive?" "Is it true. It is indeed true," replied a Manyema in the native dialect. "I bring tusks of elephants. But first let me hear their voices that I may know you speak truly." The women were soon produced and were made to shout a reply to the native chief, who was all this time concealed from sight among the trees. After much delay, during which the Manyema in turns coaxed and threatened the timid and suspicious native, the young chief at length mustered sufficient courage to step forth. Depositing his burden of ivory in the open, he glanced meaningly in the direction of the Arab's camp. Instantly several women were liberated, and they rushing into the woods. In this fashion, during several subsequent days, the Arab chief was gradually relieved of his prisoners, and in their place he became enriched by a substantial stock of ivory.—Cassell's Magazine.

The Agricultural View.

Uncle Joe (reading)—The De Beers diamond mines yielded over 2,000,000 carats last year.

Aunt Hetty—Law sakes! Mrs. De Beers ought to be a splendid butter maker with such cow feed.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The musical scale is said to have been invented by Guido Aretino, a monk of Arezzo, about 1025. His scale, with material differences in naming some of the notes, was substantially the same as is now in use.

THE LEGISLATURE

Prorogation of the Ontario Assembly on Saturday.

MERELY FORMAL CEREMONY.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor Appeared to Have Recovered His Health and Spirits—One Hundred and Twenty-One Bills Receive the Royal Assent—A Last Piece of Business.

Toronto, April 3.—The Ontario Legislature was prorogued on Saturday afternoon by Sir Oliver Mowat. The proceedings were of a very formal character, and were witnessed only by a comparatively small number of persons. His Honor, clad in his gubernatorial uniform, arrived with characteristic punctuality, attended by his private secretary, Commander Law, and his A.D.C., Lieut. Elmsley of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Sir Oliver Mowat appeared to have almost recovered from his recent spell of sickness, but supported himself as he walked in and out of the chamber upon a stout walking stick. His Honor was received at the main entrance to the Parliament Buildings by a guard of honor composed of 100 men from the 48th Highlanders, under the command of Capt. Michie.

Ontario and Rainy River Railway.

The Attorney-General wished an alteration in the resolution re aids to railways.

Mr. Hardy wished the grant made on the previous day to the Ontario & Rainy River Railway transferred to that portion of the railway extending from its junction with the Port Arthur, Duluth & Western Railway, for a distance of 35 miles in a westerly direction, and that the time for complying with the conditions on which the grant was made be extended for three years.

The leader of the Opposition heartily approved of the suggestion.

Then the bill in its various stages, with the concurrent resolution, was law in a few minutes.

A few minutes afterwards, Sir Oliver Mowat, in state uniform of gold braid and with the blue and red sash of K.C.M.G., with the usual formalities took his seat upon the throne.

Assist Clerk Sydere then read the titles of the 121 bills which the House had passed. To these bills the royal assent was announced by Col. Clarke, clerk of the Legislative Assembly.

The Speaker addressed His Honor, told of the House having come to the close of its labors, expressed sentiments of unfaigned loyalty and gratitude to Her Majesty's person and Government and presented the formal bill granting to Her Majesty money to defray the expenses of civil government for the year 1899 and for other purposes.

To this bill the royal assent was announced by the clerk of the House.

The Prorogation Speech.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor then, in a clear voice, read the following speech:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

In dismissing you from the arduous labors of the session, I have to thank you for the attention given to the public duties imposed upon you and for the valuable legislation which I have just sanctioned.

I cordially approve of the measures adopted for supplementing the revenues of the province. By the act of last year, which required the manufacture of sawlogs in Canada, it was inevitable that the receipts from the Crown Lands Department would be impaired, and, when to the probable loss of revenue be added the expenditure arising from the increase of population and the growing needs of the people, the public interests required that provision should be made for all necessary expenditure and for the maintenance of the financial standing of the province. I am glad that you have been able to effect this by a moderate tax upon the accumulation of capital and by a reasonable increase in the duties upon distilleries, brewers' and liquor licenses. It is gratifying to believe that the taxes imposed will not be burdensome to any of the classes affected.

I assent with much pleasure to the act respecting aid to certain railways. Since Confederation the energies of the Assembly have been directed towards the development of the resources of the province, and as a result of a wise and prudent expenditure of public moneys nearly all the outlying portions of the older settlements have been placed within easy reach of the markets of the world by the improved transportation facilities thus afforded. In order, however, that the agricultural resources of the northerly and westerly parts of Ontario may be opened up for further settlement and that the valuable mineral deposits now generally believed to exist in great abundance in the same districts may be brought within the possession of development and that the timber and other resources of those districts may be made available the further extension of our railway systems to those sections become necessary. I am pleased therefore to think that within two or three years access will probably be obtained by railway to agricultural lands in the Rainy River district and the mineral and timber lands lying between Rainy Lake and Fort Arthur. I am also pleased to notice that through part of the railroad systems projected it is intended to place the capital of the province in direct communication with the tide waters of Hudson Bay, thus opening a new region to the energies of our own people and establishing a new highway between our own province by way of Hudson Bay and the northern territories of the Dominion.

The amendments which you have made to the Statute Laws of the province, and to the Municipal and Assessment Acts for the purpose of facilitating the administration of justice and rendering more effective the government of municipal corporations and for other purposes will, I am confident, be of material advantage to all classes of the community.

The acts respecting public schools, the amendments to the election laws, the further improvement of our mining industries, for the protection of our fisheries, and for the better administration of the game laws meet with my hearty approval.

I have with much satisfaction assented to an act for facilitating and lessening the costs of procedure by which workingmen who suffer injuries in the course of their employment may obtain such compensation as I am confident it is the desire of the Assembly they should receive. I have no doubt this act will greatly aid in securing to workmen and render less onerous upon employers the cost of recovering compensation in the event of such accidents as are incident to many of the industries of the province.

I notice that the private legislation this session has been unprecedentedly large, a fact which marks the ever increasing wants of an active population. These measures, some of which are of a very important character, bear evidence of having received careful consideration.

I thank you for the liberal appropriations which you have made for the public service. The supplies which you have granted will be expended with prudence and in the public interest.

The Provincial Secretary then said:

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

It is His Honor's will and pleasure that this Legislative Assembly is accordingly prorogued.

PERHAPS MARR WAS MURDERED.

A Man Arrested on Suspicion—He Denies the Alleged Crime at Flint, Michigan.

Flint, Mich., April 3.—On March 21, Alexander Marr, an old man of parsimonious habits, living on his farm at Clio, Michigan, was found dead in bed. The local doctor said, as he viewed the body, "Heart failure." But the undertaker, Mr. Abe Goodfellow, who is also a mixer of drugs, said, "Foul play." He had found a bottle labelled chloroform on the floor of the house. The bottle he identified as one he had sold previously to one William Spears, who was a journeyman paperhanger, with headquarters at Clio.

The coroner held an inquest. The vital organs were sent to Flint for analysis. The enquiry brought out the facts that the night Spears bought the chloroform he hired a livery rig that was later seen in front of Marr's house.

This was Tuesday. On Friday Spears left Clio. At Birch Run he was arrested and lodged in jail. Marr is said to have once lived at Norfolk, Ont., where his wife and daughter reside. It is alleged that Marr had a separation from his wife. This document and $40 are missing from Marr's house. It is stated that Spears knew Marr in Norfolk, and one theory for the supposed crime is that Spears chloroformed Marr to get the papers of separation, but overcalculated the dose. Spears was another hero, but denied all knowledge of the crime. The police declare that they have evidence that Spears was in Marr's house the night the rig was seen before it, and that a piece of the label of the bottle was found in Spears' pockets and identified by the druggist.

Spears is said to have been formerly a resident of Georgetown, Ont., and was well known in Halton County.

GREAT BRITAIN KINDLY.

A Canadian Official Says the U. S. Will Get Undisputed Control of the Nicaragua Canal.

New York, April 3.—A despatch to The World from London says: A definite agreement has been arrived at between the United States and the British Government by which the United States will have complete and undisputed control over the Nicaragua Canal.

A statement to this effect was made to The World correspondent by a prominent official of the Canadian Government.

Shortly after the reassembling of Parliament a statement confirming this information was made by Lord Salisbury.

KILLED HIS SWEETHEART.

A Young French-Canadian Stabbed an Indian Girl to Death.

Toledo, Ohio, April 3.—A romantic and tragic story comes from Point Pelee, Ont. James Lablanche, a young French-Canadian, killed his sweetheart, an Indian girl named Olgo Postanl. The Frenchman lived on the mainland and had not seen the girl during the winter. When he went to her home he learned that she had given her love to another, an American. He begged the young woman to take a walk with him. When they arrived at "Lovers' Rock," a spot made famous because an Indian chief had there murdered his young girl who refused to marry him, Lablanche is said to have stabbed Miss Postanl. He threw the body into the lake and then drove the knife with which he had killed the girl he loved into his own heart, falling dead into the water after her.

HICKS-BEACH IS LUCKY.

His Revenue Exceeded His Estimate by £1,250,000.

New York, April 3.—The London correspondent of The Tribune says:

"The financial year which ended yesterday closed better than was expected. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has again been lucky. The revenue receipts during the year have exceeded his budget estimate by nearly £1,250,000. The abounding wealth of the propertied classes is again demonstrated by substantial increases in the yield from the income tax and estates' duties, and there is an expansion in the returns from excise and the postoffice.

DEATH OF MR. INGLIS

Head of the Toronto Engine Firm Suddenly Called.

TORONTO ELEVATOR BOY KILLED

Detroit Authorizes the Purchase of Her Street Railways and the Common Council Appoints a Commission for That Purpose—Ottawa's Customs Duties Increasing—Donovoga to Replace Castilian.

Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, jr., of New York, and Miss Virginia Fair will be married on Tuesday.

A cable received at Montreal states that the Allans have chartered for five months the Donovoga, a fine 18-knot ship, to replace the Castilian.

Willis Jones of Broadbent, McKellar Township, Muskoka, killed a fine lynx last week. The animal measured about seven feet in length.

The annual meeting of the South Norfolk Conservative Association elected officers on Saturday, and pledged confidence and unbounded support to the leaders.

Nine persons were severely injured, and it is feared that two were drowned, in a collision between an ocean-going tug and the Brooklyn ferryboat Pierpont on Saturday night.

The Minneapolis City Council has passed a curfew ordinance. After this children under 16 who are found on the street after 9 o'clock at night will find themselves in trouble.

The customs duties collected at the port of Ottawa for the month of March amounts to $49,496.75. The duty collected in March, 1898, was $47,361.62, and in 1897, $41,047.76.

W. Y. Emery, collector of customs for St. Thomas, dropped dead suddenly at his residence there on Sunday. Mr. Emery was in the act of washing when he fell back and expired.

Mrs. Rightmeyer, relict of the late Mr. Levi Rightmeyer, for many years a salt manufacturer of Kincardine and at one time president of the Salt Association of Canada, is dead at Detroit.

The King of Siam has issued a decree to the effect that no children who are entirely naked will be henceforth allowed to play in the streets of Bangkok, and that every person over the age of 10 must be clothed from the knee to the neck.

William Gordineer, employed at the Wallbridge Hematite Mine near Madoc, was pulled into the shaft, falling a distance of 30 feet, on to the first landing. He had a thigh broken, wrist badly sprained, and was otherwise severely bruised.

The Detroit, Mich., Common Council on Saturday evening, by a vote of 21 to 11, appointed a commission, headed by Governor Pingree, to negotiate, purchase and operate all the street railways of Detroit, under municipal ownership.

Joseph Nixon, a 16-year-old elevator boy employed by the Toronto Jewel Case Co., lost his balance on Saturday and fell down the shaft from the second floor to the basement. His injuries mangled him terribly and he died in the afternoon.

Two hundred and fifty new companies have been incorporated at Trenton, N.J., during the month of March, and the total capital of those authorized to issue stock and bonds of over $1,000,000 each amounts to $1,111,750,000. The incorporation fees amounted to $126,000.

At Beauport, Que., a Mrs. Carlepy was in the act of peeling potatoes when her 3-year-old child, unnoticed by the mother, seized a small potato and tried to swallow it. The potato stuck in the child's throat, and before medical aid could be obtained the little victim expired.

It has been definitely decided that the Quebec district camp will be held at Levis from June 27 to July 8, and will consist of 3,400 men. There will be three batteries of artillery and ten rural battalions of infantry in camp. Two city battalions, in addition, will be attached for two days.

The complete morgue record of the Windsor Hotel, New York, victims up to Saturday night was as follows: Killed during the fire and died subsequently of injuries received during the fire, 11. Bodies taken from the ruins and identified, 2. Unidentified bodies taken from the ruins, 32. Total known dead, 45.

John J. Schmitt, a Williamsburg, N. Y., tailor, 35 years old, while in a fit of jealous rage on Saturday night, shot his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wild, who was instantly killed; his wife, his sister-in-law and his brother-in-law, and ended by firing a bullet at his 1-year-old infant. Mrs. Schmitt was shot in the arm and thigh; Nicholas Wild, a brother-in-law of Schmitt, attempted to interfere and received a bullet in the head; a sister-in-law, Pauline Wild, was shot in the arm, and Schmitt then fired a shot at his 1-year-old infant. Schmitt was arrested.

Mr. John Inglis, head of the firm of Inglis & Sons, engine builders, Toronto, died suddenly about 4 o'clock Sunday morning, the direct cause of death being heart failure. For some months past the deceased has been suffering from sciatica, but otherwise his health was good, and in consequence his sudden death came as a shock to his family. The deceased was born 76 years ago in Hawick, County Roxburgh, Scotland, and came to Canada about 47 years ago, settling first in Dundas, and afterwards removing to Guelph, where his body will be buried. He has lived in Toronto 18 years.

A cheap and reliable egg pickle is made by dissolving one pint of fresh slaked stone lime and a pint of salt in three gallons of water by boiling. Drain off and put eggs in carefully while fresh. Keep in a firkin where the temperature is cool and even.

Have you tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea yet?

NATIONAL
Powdered Phosphate
THE BEST FERTILIZER KNOWN

RESUSCITATES worn out Lands, IMPROVES Good Lands and makes the Best Lands BETTER. IMPROVES the QUALITY or the Crop and increases the QUANTITY.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY DISTRICT IN CANADA.

NATIONAL FARMERS CO'Y, TORONTO, ONT.

Bramble—The play was wonderfully pathetic.

Thorne—Not a dry eye in the house, I suppose.

Bramble—Not one. Even the seats were in tears.—New York Journal.

Chip of the Old Block.

Mr. Miggs—Why, but isn't the baby restless at night? He's bound to use my head for a pillow.

Mrs. Miggs—Of course. He wants something soft, I suppose.—Chicago News.

Machine That Climbs a Fence.

A bill-posting machine which sticks bills on walls as high as 50 feet, without the use of ladder or paste pot, is doing successful work in Paris. Theatrical people are delighted with it.

Miller's Worm Powders make the children healthy.

Silk From Spider Webs.

In spite of the fact that the manufacturers of Great Britain have for years offered $10,000 to anyone who could devise a means of using spiders webs for weaving silk, no one could solve the difficulty till M. Cachot, a Frenchman, stepped into the arena. He has discovered the process by which a silk finer and softer than any we have dreamed of may be made from the web of the common spider. He designed a machine with diminutive bobbins kept constantly revolving. The end of the web is caught when a spider begins to weave and attached to the bobbin. As the spider pulls to get away the web is wound on the bobbin. Then the spider is paralyzed and fed until it is ready to weave another web. M. Cachot has advertised for spiders and says he will buy all supplied. Naturally, women will be hard to find who will work in his factory.

A Suicide Machine.

Had the gentle art of advertising flourished in India during the early sixties, the dead walls and fences of that country would have undoubtedly borne the legend: "Decapitation made easy; or, every man his own headsman," for it is said that a machine existed then, constructed solely for the use of would-be suicides, whereby they could cut off their own heads. It was in the shape of a half moon, with a sharp edge, and was fastened at the back of the neck, chains being attached to the ends. The man who donned this instrument of death put his feet in the chains, gave a sharp jerk downward, and thus severed his head from his body.

Practical Philanthropy.

A young Philadelphian went to a millionaire friend and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business. "Do you drink?" asked the millionaire. "Once in a while." "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again. "Do you smoke?" asked the successful man. "Now and then." "Stop it! Stop