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# MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, DEC. 27, 1894.

## Week's Commercial Summary.

The President of the United States has issued an order placing the entire internal revenue service under the provisions of the civil service law.

General trade in Toronto has been dull the past week. The mild and unseasonable weather has militated against the movement in merchandise, and the next six weeks are not likely to see any improvement in wholesale departments. Many of the merchants are now engaged in stock taking. The season's trade has not been prolific in large profits, although many houses express themselves as satisfied with results. Leather dealers have not succeeded in putting up prices in accordance with their wishes. There is apparently too much competition between dealers, many of whom are only too anxious to reduce stocks. At current prices of hides, however, it is difficult to see where the profits are in leather. The cheap money offering on choice collateral accounts for the strength of securities dealt in on the stock exchange. There is said to be a good deal of British money offering on choice properties, and the outlook is favorable for a continuance of the low rates. Although small it is pleasant to report the increase in earnings of the two railway systems of the Dominion for the first week of December. This increase in traffic is a favorable feature, as indicating some improvement in domestic business. While the earnings of the Canadian Pacific increased $2,000, those of the Grand Trunk are augmented by $7,000 for the first seven days of the current month. In the United States the earnings of the larger railway system still continue to report heavy decreases. The financial and business crisis in New Foundland came unexpectedly, although the c in a position to know had been expecting trouble in the Commercial Bank for some time past. The bank's resources were freely used by its directors, who were all engaged in heavy business and speculative transactions. The enormous depreciation in values of property and general merchandise, and the carrying of too much sail, with comparatively small specie reserves, are the reasons for its collapse. While Canadian banks are prone to sound the praises of their system and escape from disaster, it would be well for those that carry comparatively small immobilized available reserves to look the lessons themselves and for their specie reserves. At this season of the year the trade of Canada with that Newfoundland is comparatively small, and the climax in that colony has not disturbed business circles here to any extent. On other causes to that country our dairy and provisions, but of late the flour trade has been monopolized by Western States millers.

## HERE AND THERE.

Nothing is sweet it is cracked up to be except pie.

Always bid your boys good-by before they go to play football.

The Knights of Labor have barred all members of the bar both lawyers and bartenders.

Sleep has a keen nose for business. It always seems to scent a formidable rival of Seven Falls as a diverting center.

Train bandits are still doing business in the far southwest, but it does not seem to be quite as lucrative as formerly.

Frenchman has invented a paper which cannot be destroyed by fire. Is his object to boom business in the divorce courts?

Ex-Queen Liliuokalani considers Queen Victoria a stuck-up old thing. Everybody can guess what Queen Victoria thinks of Lili.

## OUR MARKET REPORT.

The usual result of a rapid and well-established rise of the market is that those who have no faith in its permanency rush to realize and a weakness sets in, then a falling off, and so netimes as a direct result of this lack of faith a market will go right back to the place from whence it came. The wheat movement in the Northwest continues to be quite brisk, but is not nearly so great in volume as at our last writing, and is made up largely of shipments from local elevators, while the farmers have not been so free in offering their produce. There is, however, some talk of the mills which have been running at their utmost capacity, reducing their output on account of the excessively high freight rates. Manitoba No. 1 hard is in good demand at the top of the market, and a large quantity has already gone for export by way of Buffalo as the rate of transportation by the American route is cheaper than our own. The quantity which has gone by this route so far is estimated at no less than 5,000,000 bushels. It is said on good authority that as much as 61-1-2 cents has been bid in Winnipeg for hard wheat afloat at Fort William for export February delivery. The English markets have shown a weakening tendency all week, or under pressure, no doubt of the largely increased offerings of wheat on passage.

The English markets have been sagging all week, but at the close the feeling was decidedly stronger. The closing quotations on the Liverpool market in currency was as follows: Local markets did not seem to feel the drop to any serious extent, and the demand was very strong for red and white wheat at 60 to 62 cents straight.

Barley has been fairly active during the week, but the deliveries have not been as heavy as might have been expected, but this factor is all in favor of the farmer. The local authorities quote it dull here with less demand and the prices at 40 to 45 cents, according to quality.

Deliveries of oats outside have been pretty heavy, and the tendency of the market is certainly not upwards, but there has not yet appeared any symptoms of a break. The quotations outside are from 27 cents for mixed and 28 cents for white.

Corn has not yet begun to move to any great extent, but the week's market reports are very encouraging.

Peas have been quite firm on the English and continental markets this week, and at the close the Liverpool quotation are a half-penny better than the close as week ago.

The very best butter is in very good demand at from 23 to 25 cents for creamery rolls, and at from 19 to 22 for creamtubs. Creamery rolls were worth from 16 to 17 cents on the New York market on Saturday last. The poorer grades were not in good demand, and some of them would not bring more than 10 to 11 cents.

Good demand and better prices for strictly fresh eggs for breakfast use. Others are in fair demand and at unchanged prices.

Potatoes are still in pretty good demand, and there is not any apparent falling off in the supply.

Pork is if anything weaker than at our last, with few offerings and very little business being done. The feeling both on the New York and Chicago markets was weak and the quotations for lard were materially lower. Prices have ranged from $5 to $5.20.

Live stock in Chicago was lower, and the supply is far in excess of the immediate requirements. Montreal was dull and there were no shipping stock for sale. The butchers took the best at 3½ cents, and some stock sold as low as 2½. The home market cannot be said to be any better, as there is any amount offering at almost what it will bring and there is practically no competition.

# NEWSY CANADIAN ITEMS.

## THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS.

### Interesting Items and Incidents, Important and Instructive, Gathered from the Various Provinces.

Brockville has an anti-police club.

Rothsay wants a doctor and a butcher.

Real estate in Aylmer is "looking up."

Vancouver has a Ratepayers' Association.

London has several juvenile dancing clubs.

The Y. M. C. A. rooms in Orillia have been closed.

Knox church, Hamilton, has 1,027 communicants.

A small pocket of gas has been struck at Leamington.

There is a demand for dwelling houses in Owen Sound.

The Windsor Patent Brush Company may move to Berlin.

Collingwood is likely to have another foundry running.

George Hoover, a notorious bandit, has been jailed at Brockville.

A gold-bearing vein has been discovered near Swansea Station.

An apple tree planted near Doon in 1800 still bears good fruit.

The Galt C.P.R. freight office has been broken open nine times.

Several horses have been poisoned by Paris green at Fawkham.

Kingston has a new weekly journal, The Young People's Paper.

Many Indians coming into Manitowaning, Manitoulin, get drunk.

St. Paul's Industrial School laundry, Winnipeg, has been burned.

Brantford taxes auctioneers $25 a day for selling bankrupt stocks.

An electric railway between Collingwood and Nottawa is talked of.

Farmers are ploughing every day in the neighborhood of Belleville.

New buildings have been erected on Manitoba farms during the year.

The Brantford School Board wants $35,000 for new school buildings.

Windsor will soon vote on a $25,000 by-law for its waterworks system.

Orillia has organized a hockey club, and Coldwater is trying to get one.

Over 200 tons of smelts were taken in one day from the Shediac River, N.S.

At Ingersoll the other evening the cheese salesmen banqueted the cheese buyers.

Jonas Knechtel, a prominent architect of Berlin, Ont., is dead from typhoid fever.

The seventy-first anniversary of the First Methodist church, Hamilton, has just been held.

Large quantities of turkeys are shipped from Ingersoll to the States and to Europe.

A car ferry company will give a service between Gananoque and Clayton next season.

Mr. Geo. Lowes, of Preston, has been appointed secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at St. Thomas.

A cable despatch says argument in the Manitoba school case was concluded and judgment reserved.

Mrs. Alex. Coulter, of Tyendinaga, has been fined $82 for stuffing iron, stones, etc., into fowls.

C. P. R. authorities estimate that there are 3,000,000 bushels of wheat remaining in the hands of Manitoba farmers.

The steamer Victoria, which arrived from Yokohama, brought a cargo worth over a million dollars, mostly silks.

The building permits in Hamilton during November amounted to $25,030, being $11,915 less than the same month last year.

Chadwick, who was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for assaulting a little girl, has been flogged in Winnipeg jail yard.

Thomas Armstrong, a night mail clerk at Hamilton, was run over in the Grand Trunk yard there and had both legs taken off.

James Shane, a farmer living near Mitchell, has been arrested for sheep stealing, Mr. John Whyte, of Mitchell, being the sufferer.

Miss Maud Fairbank, formerly a teacher in the Guelph Public Schools, has been united in marriage to W. P. Knight, at Shanghai, China.

Deveaux College at Niagara Falls, is said to have been closed owing to an outbreak of typhoid fever in the institution, and over one hundred students sent home.

Capt. John Craig, North Dresden, possesses a cow that gave birth to twin heifer calves about three years ago, and not long ago the two heifers gave birth—one to twin heifers and the other to a pair of bull calves.

It is said that the trustees of one of the Mornington, Perth county, schools have engaged a male teacher for 1895 at the modest salary of $150. In addition to performing the duties of teacher he has agreed to light the fires, etc.

Lieut. Casgrain, nephew of Senator Casgrain, Windsor, has just passed an examination in the Russian language, getting 135 points out of 150 and winning a $10,000 prize. He will be official interpreter for the British army.

The will of the late George John Romanes, London, England, has been entered for probate at the Surrogate office in Hamilton. Deceased left property in Wentworth valued at $151,474.69. The legatees all live in the old country.

Moses Hallman, fisherman, of Reid Bay, Saugeen Peninsula, while fishing in the late storm, upset his boat. He climbed on the upturned boat, and in that state drifted four miles to shore, and then crept seven miles on his hands and knees to Stoke's Bay.

The committee on the national testimonial to Lady Thompson consists of Hon. Messrs. Bowell, Ives and Angers. Mr. Foster is treasurer. Mr. Bowell received a letter from a Montreal gentleman subscribing $1,000 to the fund.

The following telegram has been received by Hon. Mr. Bowell: "The Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company will be pleased to transmit free all telegrams in connection with the proposed national subscription. (Signed) C. R. Hosmer."

Mr. J. H. Ashdowne, chairman of the Board of Trade Committee on Freight Rates, gave evidence before the Freight Rates Commission at Winnipeg to show that the C.P.R. imposed a much higher rate on that section of country than elsewhere on its line.

At a meeting of the Windsor School Board, after a long debate and a lively exchange of personalities, it was decided that corporal punishment is essential to the maintenance of discipline. The decision is founded upon the punishment of Carry Johnson by Superintendent Wherry.

Mr. John Torrance, Canadian director of the Dominion Line Steamship Company received a cablegram stating that at the annual meeting of the company it was unanimously decided to reorganize, and that the reported selling out simply meant reorganization. The company's business will be carried on as usual.

Miss Sterling has a model farm at Aylesford, N.S., to which she brings destitute children from Scotland and educates them to trades. She has a grist mill, saw mill and various workshops on the place, and generally has about 100 little waifs in training for useful lives.

The Wentworth County Council has instructed the county treasurer to make out his accounts against the City of Hamilton on the basis laid down by the county's special committee at the last June session, except in regard to the registry office, the accounts of which are to be made out according to the statute, the city to be charged with arrears also.

A Sarnia barber was summoned last week for working Saturday after midnight. He contended that the Almighty fixed the time and no local authority had any say in the matter. In support of his plea he cited the case of the London hotel men, who run their bars by solar time, as the court held they had a right to do. The magistrate was not prepared for this and reserved decision.

A peculiar business is carried on by a man down in the county of Norfolk. It is the killing of horses which owners could no longer afford to keep. Last winter, it is said, the man killed 200 or 300 old horses. He does not shoot them, but knocks them down and cuts their throats. The skin is then removed. The carcass of the animal is then buried a few inches below the ground and the following year the bones are exhumed, when they are worth as much as the hide, perhaps $2 in all.

### The Horrors of Noise.

To primitive men noise meant danger. Therefore when the savage heard a noise, whether it was the loud roar of the tempest, the sweep of the avalanche, or the soft approach of the foe at night he put himself on guard. Noise awakened all his energies; it had a quality of terror in it, and it still has this quality—for me. In the Chinese army the troops used to shout at the top of their lungs when they attacked, in order to terrify their enemies; and when both sides yelled together the effect of the din has been described by Europeans as appalling. It is true that civilized man is no longer so acutely affected by noise; but it still acts as a deterrant, and the time will come when its deleterious effect will be recognized. Even in children—and children are supposed to enjoy noise of the most maddening kinds—I can see the growing appreciation of silence. A few months ago, when we escaped for a while from the din of the town to the quiet hamlet where I yearly recruit my noise-shattered nerves, my little girl of seven said on our first evening in the country, "Isn't it nice to listen to the silence?" The advance of the savage towards civilization is marked by the abatement of noise. The more savage the tribe the more noise it requires. One of the great clock manufacturers of this country said to me a certain cheap clock with a particularly loud and aggressive tick, for export to the South Sea Islands; the natives will have no other kind—the louder the tick the better the clock. We are beyond that—some of us—but we do sanction an amount of noise that Paris or London would sternly suppress. From time to time there is a protest. I reverence Webster for his rebuke to a gabbling barber who asked him how he would like to be shaved: "In silence," said the great man. But as a nation we tolerate an amount of senseless, aggravating din that we should have outgrown a century ago. Our idea of a popular rejoicing and celebration is still the Chinese one—lots of noise. Our Dominion Day is made hideous by Chinese firecrackers and other exploding devices. Sensitive and sensible people shudder, and as becomes the most long suffering nation on earth, we allow it to go on year after year, those who can getting away from civilization, so called, on that glorious day. Again, our fashion of ushering in the new year is to ring all bells of the town for half an hour, let all the steam whistles screech till steam runs low in the boilers, and fire off why guns or pistols that may be handy.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when attainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gaged by the opinions of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Chronic derangement of the stomach, liver and blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. These pills act specifically on the digestive organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.

The death rate among little children in New York City, which had been steadily increasing, has shown a decrease of more than 10 per cent. since the inauguration by Nathan Strauss of his sterilized milk charity.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principals or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

### It's all Nonsense

For people to say there is no cure for consumption. Sufferers from that dread disease and kindred ailments are being saved every day by Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. Do not die without giving it a fair trial. If it will cure others it will cure you. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it creates new blood in the system, thus enabling sufferers from lung troubles to overcome the destructive forces at work to waste the tissues of the body. Miller's Emulsion is the great nerve strengthener and blood maker, and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, scrofula and all lung affections. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at all drug stores.

The Barnum & Bailey show earned nearly $200,000 last season, which was equally divided between James A. Bailey and the heirs of P. T. Barnum.

Rev. J. B. Huff, Florence, writes: "I have great pleasure in testifying to the good effects which I have experienced from the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for dyspepsia. For several years nearly all kinds of food fermented on my stomach, so that after eating I had very distressing sensations, but from the time I commenced the use of the Vegetable Discovery I obtained relief."

TAR RUNNING.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, with the ordinary nnguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and stringent. This oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

Consular reports indicate a revival of commerce with European and South American countries as a result of the new tariff law.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad Company will shortly cut 10 per cent. off all salaries over 1,000.

# "THE CITY OF BLOOD."

## REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE CAWNPORE HORRORS.

### A Graphic Story of the Terrible Massacre—The Harrowing Process of Sin—The Climax of Diabolism—A Ghastly Well—Food for Vultures.

Dr. Talmage to-day delivered through the press the second of his "Round-the-World" series of sermons, the subject being, "The City of Blood," and the text selected being, "Psalms 141:7, "Our bones are scattered at the grave's mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth. But mine eyes are unto thee, O God the Lord."

Though you may read this text from the Bible, I read it as cut by chisel into the pedestal of a cross beneath which lie many of the massacred at Cawnpore, India. To show you what Hindoolsm and Mohammedanism really are, where they have full swing, and not as their representations themselves in a "Parliament of Religions," and to demonstrate to what extent of cruelty and abomination human nature may go when fully let loose, and to illustrate the hardening process of sin, and to remind you how our glorious Christianity may utter its triumph over death and the grave, I preach this my second sermon in the "Round-the-World" series, and I shall speak of the City of Blood," or Cawnpore, India.

Two hours and ten minutes after the occurrence Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire Regiment of Foot, rode in upon the Cawnpore massacre. He was the first man I met at Cawnpore. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been here in 1857, and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Modoc and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he, Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpore, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately, there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America, and familiar to us all, are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to them: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with fraud. The attorney came and so skilfully managed the case of his client that his client paid him enormous fees for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After a while the mutiny in India broke out, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him and an interview someone on Indian affairs who had recently been in India. Among others the journalists called upon this lawyer, lately returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client; the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture in the journals as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved among human records. I said to our escort: "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was: "Nothing very peculiar. He was small, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing, and wanted to continue on the same scale of do nothing." From what Mr. Lee told me, and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicated the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of $100,000. When the father died the English Government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him $80,000 in gold ornaments, $500,000 in jewels, $800,000 in bonds and other resources amounting to at least $1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpore massacre was his revenge. Gen. Wheeler, the Englishman who had command of this city, although often warned, could not see that the Sepoys were planning for his destruction, and that of all of his regiments and all the Europeans in Cawnpore.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story, and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation from Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had the light of day. I give only an extract:

"As by the kindness of God, and the good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who went at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara and other places, and even those 5,000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and, were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops, who have turn to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present Government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell and Cawnpore has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners and Government servants should be as obedient to the present Government as they have been to the former one; that it is the incumbent duty of all the peasants and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the Government, and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach to the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted by an embankment. "Here," he said, "is the entrenchment where the Christians of Cawnpore took refuge. It is the remains of a wall which at the time of the mutiny was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 130 degrees, 450 men and 500 women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and spilt peas was the daily ration, and only two wells near by, the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in the earth, and the other well the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played, so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand yelling Hindoos outside this frail wall and 1,000 suffering dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems, an invisible army of sickness swooped down upon them. Some went raving mad under exposure; others dropped under apoplexy. A starving, mutilated, fevered, sun-struck, ghastly group waiting to die. Why did not the heathens dash down those mud walls and the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1,000. It was because they seemed supernaturally defended.

Nana Sahib resolved to celebrate an anniversary? The 23rd of June, 1857, would be one hundred years since the battle of Plassy, when under Lord Olive, India surrendered to England. That day the last European in Cawnpore was to be slaughtered. Other anniversaries have been celebrated with wine; this was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been adorned with garlands; this with drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs; this with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay; this with the dance of death. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib made on that day one grand assault, but the few guns of the English and Scotch put to flight these Hindoo tigers. The courage of the fiends broke against that mud wall, as the waves of the sea against a lighthouse. The cavalry horses returned full—run without their riders. The Lord looked out from the heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to His people.

Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the entrenchment of the English was a native Christian woman, Jacobee by name, holding high up in her hand a letter. It was evidently a communication from the enemy, and Gen. Wheeler ordered the woman brought in. She handed him a proposed treaty. If General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety; they could march out unmolested, the men, women and children; they could go down to morrow to the Ganges, where they would find boats to take them in peace to Allahabad.

There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him he could trust the natives, and so he signed the treaty. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink, and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the intrenchment would escape the wild beasts in human form. On the morrow, true to the promise, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

"Get in the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started for this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was opened for General Wheeler's intrenchment, the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden, and one at the centre from which inscription I to-day read my text. Riding on, we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen at Cawnpore. The walls are covered with tablets and epitaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions: "These are they who come out of great tribulation;" also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible;" also, "In the world you shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" also, "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away;" also, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges, and got out at a Hindoo temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to which General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and the men, women and children under his care. They stood on one side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were getting into the boats, Nana Sahib objected that only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women and children, and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy twelve years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple one of the banks two flags, a Hindoo and a Mohammedan flag, at which signal the boatmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam for the shore; and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. These who struggled out nearby were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boat. These were marched away under the guard of the Sepoys.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the climax of desperation and diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer-house, called the Assembly Rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms each 29x10, and some windowless closets, and here were imprisoned 200 helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of these Sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place, on the promise they should be brought back to the Summer Garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was taken and did not return. She afterwards married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some Sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the Summer House. All the doors closed and the Sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children waited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness, and flies, and stench, and starvation.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the Sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the Summer House, or Assembly Rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hindoo to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then 100 men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go at work. Five of them with hatchets and swords and knives began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, the binding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corses, the piled-up dead—only God and those who were inside the Summer House can ever know. The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed. But when they were again opened, three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or a European were left in Cawnpore. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the Summer House and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well, the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter-house. An eye-witness says that, as he walked in, the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a card with the inscription, "Ned's hair, with love;" a few leaves of an Episcopal prayerbook; also a book entitled, "Preparation for Death;" a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair"—both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented departed forever.

I said: "Mr. Lee, I have heard that indelicate things were found written on the wall." He answered: "No; but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the stories of the brutalities they had suffered."

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene their wrath was so great that Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of the place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood.

When Sir Henry Havelock came upon the scene he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were for many hours engaged in covering the dead.

It was about 5 o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpore. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some seventy mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked the soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me—the red typical of the carnage there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended.

But, of course, the most absorbing interest concentrated at the well into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble encloses this well. The wall is about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it, and found it fifty-seven paces around. In the centre of this inclosure, and immediately above the well of the dead, is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face, and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the Last Day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the Sepoys; they shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all atremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this place by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath on the 15th day of July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum are cut the words: "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that place of a sepulchre, and bethought myself, "No Emperor, unless it was Napoleon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust, and no Queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reason for her grander cenotaph than crowns the resting-place of the martyrs at Cawnpore. But where rest the bones of the Herod of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? No one can tell. Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler track Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness, and they were told that for awhile after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little pomp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohammedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighbors had, while they lived in the rain and mud. Nana Sahib, with one servant carrying an umbrella, would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason after awhile he forsook even that small attention, and disappeared among the ravines of the Himalayan mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life-preserver. He wore it on his bosom. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a trace or treasure on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of swords, and rubies in the lip of the tankards, and rubies in the crown declared that which Nana Sahib did not find out in time: "Wisdom is better than rubies." When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization the lost ruby of this Cawnpore monster may be picked up and be brought back again to blaze among the world's jewels. But who shall reclaim for decent sepulchre the remains of Nana Sahib? Ask the vultures! Ask the reptiles! Ask the jackals! Ask the midnight Himalayas!

Much criticism has been made of Sir Henry Havelock, and Sir Colin Campbell because of the exterminating work they did with these Sepoys. Indeed, it was awful. My escort, Mr. Lee, has told me that he saw the Sepoys fastened to the mouths of cannons and then the guns would fire, and for a few seconds there would be nothing but smoke, and as the smoke began to lift fragments of flesh would be found flying through the air. You may do your criticism. I here express no opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that that mode of finally treating the Sepoys broke the back of the mutiny. The Hindoos found that the Europeans could play at the same game which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans and Americans in India. Underlets knives and bludgeons American Presbyterianism lost its glorious missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. MacMullin, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman. The week of slaughter had been begun in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commander of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way to stop it. A mild and gentle war with the Sepoys was an impossibility. The natives of India never and anon have demonstrated their cruelty. I stood on the very spot in Calcutta where the natives of India in 1756 enacted that scene which no other people on earth could have enacted. The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement (20 x 20) feet indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows and was intended for two or three prisoners. Those natives of India crowded into that one room of 20x20 feet, 146 Europeans. The midsummer heat, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the groaning and shrieking and begging and praying of all, are matters of history. The Sepoys that night held lights to the windows and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and 123 corpses were taken out. Only 23 people of the 146 were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by the Indian Nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner for six years. Lucknow, in 1857, was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been speaking, natives who had been in the service of Europeans and well treated by them, and with no cause of offence, would at the call of the mutineers and without any compunction stab to death the fathers and mothers of the household and dash out the brains of the children. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance and they will re-enact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British Government was too lenient and put in places of trust, and in command of forts, too many of the natives. I call upon England to stop the present attempt to palliate the natives by allowing them to hold positions of trust. I am no alarmist but the only way that these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power, and I say Bonared or the Lucknow and Cawnpore and Delhi martyrdoms over which the hemispheres have wept will be eclipsed by the Lucknow and Cawnpore, and Delhi martyrdoms yet to be enacted. I speak of what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman, and Scotchman, and Irishman, and American whom I met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself. But I do say that the moment the native population of India think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelties, for the time suppressed, which if let loose would submerged with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay, and from the Himlayas to Carmandel.

Now, my friends, go home, after what I have said, to see the beauties of the Mohammedanism and Hindoism, which many think it will be well to have introduced into America; and to dwell upon what natural evolution will do where it has had its unhindered way for thousands of years. And to think upon the wonders of martyrdom for Christ's sake, and to pray more earnest prayers for the missionaries, and to contribute more largely for the world's evangelization, and to be more assured than ever that the overthrow of the idolatries of nations is such a stupendous work, that nothing but an Omnipotent God through the Gospel of Jesus Christ can ever achieve it. Amen!

## MANITOBA PRODUCTS.

### The Wheat Shipments for the Season of 1894—Why Northwest Grain Goes by Way of Buffalo.

Shipments of wheat from Manitoba this year were larger than ever before in its history. As nearly as can be figured the exports of wheat via Port Arthur and Fort William were 8,400,000 bushels, of wheat ground into flour, 2,500,000 of wheat via Duluth, 1,000,000, equal to a total of 12,000,000 bushels of the crop exported during the season of its growth. Could the Hudson Bay Railway, if built, do this?

It is a significant fact that about 90 per cent. of the crop found its way to market via United States routes, the bulk of it being transhipped at Buffalo. Some vessel men claim this would not do, so if the St. Lawrence combine were "busted." It levies an arbitrary tax of 2-1-2 cents per bushel, no matter how hard times are or how lake freights may happen to be. There were cases this year where the St. Lawrence charges for 200 miles of transportation, from Kingston to Montreal, were equal to the lake from Duluth or Port Arthur to Kingston, 1,000 miles. That is no doubt a strong reason why Canada is unable to get her carrying trade, and the cry goes forth about the decadence of Canada's lake marine.

Fifteen hundred cars of stock have passed Port Arthur since January 1st, and 1,375 of these were cattle worth $75,000, besides the freight, nearly $20,000 more. The other 125 cars were horses, pigs and sheep.

### The Fashionable Corsage.

The corsage becomes more and more a work of art, and the labor lavished upon it would formerly have made a whole gown. Yet, in the most success