PRIZE SHORT STORIES.

Some months ago the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., announced a literary competition in which they offered $300 in prizes for the best five short stories by Canadian writers. The amount was divided into five prizes of $100, $75, $50, $40 and $25, and the interest which the competition created may be judged by the fact that more than seven hundred manuscripts were received from story writers in all parts of the Dominion. These stories were placed in the hands of thoroughly competent judges, who after much labor and earnest consideration, handed in to the Company the names of the five stories which they considered best worthy of the prizes. These stories have just been issued in the form of a handsome pamphlet called "Prize Short Stories," and a very interesting and readable little book it is. In the preface to the work it is announced that the ultimate decision as to the merit of the stories is left to the readers of the pamphlet, and a voting paper is given upon which they are asked to express their preferences. A copy of this pamphlet will be mailed, post paid, to any of our readers who send their address plainly written to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nothing to Say.

[illegible] I'm afraid, Mr. Smarty, [illegible] your work. Here [illegible] statement that Mr. [illegible] had nothing to say. How do [illegible] this way. When I ar[illegible] he had just died.

Of No Use to Him.

[illegible] of a silver cup to a [illegible] a western editor says: [illegible] He can drink from [illegible] contains liquor, whether [illegible] a bottle the mouth of a [illegible] of a keg or the bung [illegible]

[illegible] church have their [illegible] their pastor's sincerity [illegible] woman belonging to [illegible]

[illegible] Vegetable Pills contain [illegible] Dandelion, they cure [illegible] complaints with unerr[illegible]. They also contain roots [illegible] have specific virtues [illegible] in their action on the [illegible] Mr. E. A. Cairn[illegible] consider [illegible] an excellent remedy for [illegible] of the liver [illegible] for some time."

Little Johnny.

[illegible] has been naughty, and [illegible] from the table without [illegible] for an hour he has [illegible] the corner of the room [illegible] he looks at his time to [illegible] have done crying, [illegible] says Johnny, in a [illegible]

[illegible] to Europe, but it [illegible] several places in [illegible] the purpose of preparing [illegible]

Perhaps.

[illegible] seem to be getting [illegible] they want to go [illegible]

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NEW FIELD OF WORK.

DR. TALMAGE'S FIRST SERMON AS A WASHINGTON PASTOR.

Preached Before a Vast Multitude—An Eloquent and Picturesque Discourse on "All Heaven Looking On"—Paul Standing in the Amphitheater.

Washington, Oct. 27.—Those who know that no church in this or foreign countries has been able to hold the audiences that have assembled when it was announced that Dr. Talmage would preach will not be surprised that vast multitudes attempted in vain to hear his first sermon as pastor in Washington. The subject of his opening sermon at the national capital was "All heaven looking on," the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii, 1, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

In this my opening sermon in the national capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers besides Dr. Sutherland, but I do not know of any man except himself with enough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly 43 years in this conspicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same gospel that he has preached, and to join you in all kinds of work for making this world better, and I hope to see you all in your homes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once, and without preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do. I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that a heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes examining one of the grandest ruins of the whole world—the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count 40 elevations, or galleries, as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had "fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena creak open. Out plunges the half starved lion, his tongue thirsts for blood, and, with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrible roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs up as an appeal that the vanquished be spared, and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor through Christ. Courage, brother. Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul.

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it 20 years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon. With one terrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen, reach up and get it from God's armory—the sword of the spirit. With that thou mayest drive him back and conquer.

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for I—an I have offended. If you have not fought the lion it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think when they contend against an evil habit that they have to fight it all alone. No. They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Before I get through, I will show you that you fight in an arena, around which circle in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude that no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our king, one Jesus. On his head are many crowns. The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our king hath come to his place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our king's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescension! I see him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down his voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of my power!"

They gave to the men in the arena, in the olden time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the scene. But our king has no pleasure in our wounds, for we are bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood.

In all the anguish of our heart,
The Man of Sorrows bore a part.

Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said, "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the king, in this case, is our brother, and he will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The king is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are—the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God and from which I look away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation. All these are messengers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of 185,000 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These at creation stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the new born world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 chariots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels.

I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim until all the lower orders of heaven hear the command and go forth on the high behest.

Now, bring on your lions. Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of God and leap on their fallen carcasses. Oh, bending throng of bright, angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot, I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon. They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheater, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza, huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out, "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" That throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep still. They make the welkin ring with shouting and hallelujahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the martyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure enough! He would not apologize for the truth preached, and so he died, the night before singing from the bedpost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6,666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array—884,000—who perished for Christ in the persecutions of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group Felicitas of Rome and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns; another was flung from a rock; another was beheaded. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together—a family group in heaven! Yonder is John Bradford, who said, in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed, as he died, "If I had ten heads, they should all fall off for Christ." The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats; horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by redhot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight, all the world over, bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyr's gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all-absorbing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the arena."

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry: "Hail, sons and daughters of the fire!"

I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in the companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy. Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him. Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius. Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries—David Abeell, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saved, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence. All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigues? They fainted, with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas.

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varied:

A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky!

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew. Oh, how familiar their faces. They sat at our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And these children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay, I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying, "Father, do not fret; mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay, I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the king to call us, saying, "Come up higher." Between the hot struggles in the arena I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices come ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall have a crown."

But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and joy of the scene. Gallery of the king! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe? Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorified kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us! No, ye prophets and apostles, whose warnings startle us! No, ye loved ones, whose arms are outstretched to receive us! No, we will never surrender!

Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Be faithful to my Lord,
And bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies
The glory shall be thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh, I heard the roll call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name." I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry, "Here! Here!"

Surprised to Hear It.

A certain minister is the father of a very bright youngster who has the bicycle fever. The minister had occasion to leave the city a few days ago on a short trip, and the first night after his departure the little fellow was saying his prayers as usual, and wound up without making any reference to his father. His mother softly stroked his curly head and asked: "You are not through, are you?" "Why, yes," answered the youngster; "what else must I pray for?" "For your papa's safety," replied the mother. The youngster sprang from his knees in surprise and cried: "Why, mamma, I didn't know papa had a safety!"

POWERS OF THE QUEEN.

Some of the Things She Could Do if She Chose to.

It is generally believed in this country that the English sovereigns are entirely without power. An English authority, however, says: "As a matter of fact, our sovereigns have rarely taken any active part in politics since George III's time; but they could still do some very astonishing things if they chose. The Queen could dismiss every Tommy Atkins in our army, from the Commander-in-Chief to the youngest drummer-boy. She could disband the navy in the same way, and sell all our ships, stores, and arsenals to the first customer that came along. Acting entirely on her own responsibility, she could declare war against any foreign country, or make a present to any foreign power of any part of the Empire. She could make every man, woman and child in the country a peer of the realm with the right, in the case of males who are of age, to a seat in the House of Lords. With a single word she could dismiss any Government that happened to be in power, and could, it is believed, pardon and liberate all the criminals in our jails. These are a few of the things the Queen could do if she liked; but it is not necessary to say that Her Majesty never acts in matters of state except on the advice of the Government for the time being.

Birch Bark Decorations.

To appreciate fully the beauty of birch bark, when used for decorative purposes, it should be seen in its native fastnesses among the mountains of New Hampshire, Maine or any locality where it abounds.

Even here it is useless for the summer tourist, with only his pocket knife, and his abounding ardor and untiring energy, to attempt to possess himself of any quantity of it, for the end will be a broken knife, to say nothing of scratched hands and torn garments. He can, however, pick it up in the vicinity of any lumber mill, or he can buy it of the Indians who come over the border in summer and do a thriving business by selling fancy straw and birch bark novelties to the souvenir-loving tourist.

Get the bark as you may, but be sure to to get plenty of it, for its uses are many. The thick outer bark is not only most beautifully tinted and marked, but it is more or less covered with the most exquisite mosses and lichens of many varieties, in many tones of gray, green and brown.

This bark makes the most artistic frames, which are very appropriate for etchings or photographs of mountain scenery. Unless you are handy with tools it will pay you to employ a skilled workman. The foundation is an ordinary mitred frame, not necessarily even of plain boards, on which the bark is nailed with brads, or, if the frame be a small one, it is glued on so that the joinings do not show. The large frames have narrow strips of bar glued on the edges, while the smaller ones are edged with a sort of rope made of twisted strands of "sweet grass," which is also sold by the Indians. The bark, which assumes a circular shape when peeled from the tree, must have boiling water poured over it to make it flexible.

It makes a charming dado and frieze for a den, which should be papered between with either a gray green or warm red cartridge paper. This room should have a fireplace of dull red bricks with great iron fire dogs. The bookcases should have the edges of the shelves and the outer mouldings covered with the mossy bark and all pictures should be framed in like manner.

After the outer bark has been removed there are other layers, sometimes half a dozen in number. These are as thin as paper and of varying shades of cream, silvery gray, tan and light pinkish terra cotta. They can be used for postal card, mouchoir, glove and necktie cases, and lend themselves readily to decoration with pen or pencil. Lined with bright silks the contrast is very pleasing and effective.

For workboxes and fancy boxes of any kind, either the mossy, outer bark alone is used, or the thinner layers are glued or sewn to wooden or pasteboard foundations and the boxes are then lined with silk.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

DISCLOSES THE STAND TAKEN BY THE GOVERNMENT ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

The Government's Mind Made Up—R. S. White's Resignation—Laurier Potently Impotent—The Prohibition Question—Vacant Seats Galore—The Premier Back in the Commons—General Election.

With the coming of autumn's chill winds and falling leaves there has arisen a new, or rather a revived interest in the politics of this Dominion. Laurier, the Frenchman, has journeyed up and down Ontario, denouncing corruption; inveighing against the manifold wickednesses and transgressions of the Administration, and promising better things for that long-deferred future when he shall guide the government of our country. With deftness the Liberal leader has said much and pledged himself to little. Once more has he had recourse to the threadbare remark of Palmerston that when he is called in he will advise. "Let the Conservatives extricate themselves from the evil plight into which they have fallen," says he. "It is not my part to advise them how they shall escape the consequences of their misdeeds."

The Government's Mind Made Up.

So saying, Laurier has made no definite utterance on the question of the schools. Neither have the Conservatives. But from information that I gathered this week, I am able to tell my readers that the Government's mind is made up. At the session that shall commence early in January the Administration will bring down a bill that will have for its object the granting of relief to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba. The question has been fought out in Council. Bowell, Tupper, Costigan and the French Ministers have gained the victory. Haggart, Montague, Daly and the other English and anti-remedial bill men have been vanquished. They have capitulated, and will vote with and argue on behalf of their conquerors. Ontario Conservative leaders are aghast. They profess to see an imminent defeat. The Premier, they say, has been misled by men who have convinced him that Ontario cares little about the school question. He fears the French, whom he does not know nor understand, more than he does the English. It is Sir Mackenzie's conviction that he has the English vote in the hollow of his hand. In English Canada, he argues, are situated nine-tenths of the manufacturing establishments of the country. The people therein employed will choose between Protection and revenue tariff. And he esteems the Conservative cause safe. Mackenzie's Bowell's awakening may be a rude one. It is certain that the people of Ontario feel deeply on this question. The fact that the Liberals would be tolerably certain to give the Catholics of Manitoba a measure of relief at least as far-reaching as that awarded by the Conservatives may keep loyal many Government votes. But that is not the way the Grits argue. They assert and believe that the electors will remember what has been done, and will not gaze into the future. What can be, will be, done to convince the people that the Government have bowed the knee to the hierarchy. Upon these lines the next campaign will be fought, and the next political battle won.

R. S. White's Resignation.

The Administration has been running the full gamut of misfortune as far as the opening of constituencies is concerned. The seat for Cardwell is vacant; the press of Canada is full of rumor and speculation as to the cause of R. S. White's resignation. In 1888, when Thomas White, then Minister of the Interior, died, young Bob White, his son, was nominated and elected to succeed his father. Thomas White lived in Montreal, where he published the Gazette, the Conservative organ. Bob White had put in many years in the press gallery of parliament as correspondent for his father's newspaper. The party managers decided that he would make a strong candidate, and he was placed in his father's seat. There was not at the time entire unanimity amongst the Tories of the riding. Some of them asserted that the time had arrived when a local man should have the honor and the salary that attaches to a legislative office. The influence of the party managers prevailed. In 1891, at the Conservative nomination, the opposition to Mr. White was renewed. Cardwell is a hotbed of Orangeism, and the brethren wanted to know what their member would do if Sir John Macdonald brought in a bill to restore Separate schools in Manitoba. This was very shortly after the legislature of Manitoba had passed the Abolition bill and the whole country was canvassing the question. It was the report that Macdonald would disallow the bill. The stalwart Conservatives of Cardwell asked White what he would do in the event of either disallowance or remedial legislation. He answered that he would oppose both or either—His constituents were satisfied and he retained the seat.

One day last week the member for Cardwell came to Ottawa. He had several interviews with members of the Government. Then he left the Parliament Buildings and came down town. He was spoken to by a newspaper correspondent, whom he almost stupefied by informing him that he had resigned. The news travelled apace, and by the following morning all Canada—or that part of it that is interested in politics—was talking of the matter. It was known that Mr. White had been an aspirant to the position of Collector of Customs in Montreal, and it was surmised that he had resigned in a fit of anger at being thwarted in his desire. But all was speculation until, on the following day, the ex-Minister granted an interview to the newspaper reporters. His statement shed a side-light on the whole matter. The Government, he said, had promised the Collectorship to him, and he did not think that it would be warrantable for him to sit in parliament when he had the promise of a Government position in his pocket.

At this able editors renewed their comments. The pledge that Mr. White gave his constituents at the Cardwell nomination was remembered and immediately these writers on the Grit press decided that Mr. White's explanation was nothing but a subterfuge. They hinted that the real cause of his resignation was a determination not to break faith with his constituents. They might have gone farther. They might have pointed out that the seat would assuredly be lost to the Government if Mr. White had voted for remedial legislation. With him out of the House, a local Conservative would have to choose between displeasing his leaders at Ottawa and his electors at home. Taking this view of the case, it is not certain that the Government will be materially injured by Mr. White's withdrawal.

D'Alton McCarthy would not agree with this argument. In Cardwell the man from North Simcoe has many a supporter. Also he has a gentleman who will contest the riding in his interest. The name of this gentleman is Stubbs, and he is a thorough McCarthyite. In days gone by the symphoniously named Stubbs was a Conservative, but he left the party when Sir John Macdonald declined to disallow the Jesuits Estates Act. Since then he has been one of the McCarthyite lieutenants. He campaigned in Haldimand in last spring's by-election and mourned with his leader when Dr. Montague snowed under Jeff. McCarthy, the Equal Rights candidate. Men who know Cardwell say that Stubbs would have a good chance of defeating anybody but Bob White. If a remedial bill be passed, say these authorities, Stubbs will go to certain victory. A remedial bill will be passed, but Stubbs may be disappointed. The men in power at Ottawa have many a card up their sleeves, and they will play them all before they will consent to lose Cardwell. The tour of Laurier, Tarte and the other Grit leaders has given us the pleasant spectacle of brethren dwelling together in harmony. Sir Richard Cartwright and his leader have bridged the bloody chasm. They have united in an apotheosis of good-feeling. Each has told admiring audiences how much he admires the other, and Israel Tarte, in the background, waves the olive branch. All that is necessary to make the picture complete is the presence of Dr. Montague with his venerable quotation about the arch of peace.

Laurier Potently Impotent.

Potently impotent is Wilfrid Laurier. He cannot be asked to announce his policy on the school question before the Ministers promulgate theirs. Therein lies the whole strength of the Liberals in so far as this important question is concerned. But, when the debate on the remedial bill opens at Ottawa, the conditions will change. Then Liberals and Conservatives will be on the same footing, and no longer will Mr. Laurier be able to substitute word-painting for policy, and generalities for outspoken avowals. In using reticence now he is only availing himself of one of the prerogatives of an Opposition under our form of government. When the time comes he will be found to have his own ideas on the action of the Government. And these ideas will be more in the nature of a condemnation of the procrastination of the Administration than a denouncement of remedial legislation.

The Prohibition Question.

One of the favorite questions of the men who heckled Mr. Laurier during his Ontario tour, had reference to the standpoint of the Liberals on the question of Prohibition. The leader's answer was always the same. If the Liberals are returned to power they will take a plebiscite on the question, and "will be governed by the people's wish." But does not Mr. Laurier know that all of the provinces excepting Quebec and British Columbia have had plebiscites? Does he not know that in every instance the vote has been overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition? Why, then, should there be any hesitation in stating that the Liberal Government that is to be will take means to stamp out the drink traffic? If a Prohibition plebiscite were taken in the province of Quebec not ten per cent. of the votes would be cast in favor of the proposition. But Quebec's vote could not sway the Government in this as it does in other questions.

Vacant Seats Galore.

The resignation of Robert White leaves vacant five seats in the House of Commons. West Huron, Jacques Cartier, Montreal Centre, Cardwell and North Ontario are all without a member. Sir Mackenzie Bowell has said that the Government has no fear for the result of the by-elections that will come off shortly. The Premier's confidence cannot be shared by those of his advisers who know the feeling that exists in Montreal over the appointment of Judge Curran. Politics has nothing to do with this agitation. The English Protestants, who are strong in the constituency, are enraged because one of their number was not given the judicial position. If they cast off their allegiance to the Government and decide to vote Grit they will have the pleasure of marking their ballots for Hon. James McShane, an Irish Catholic who was Mercier's bosom friend and a member of the Cabinet of that political brigand.

In the Senate there are no less than eleven vacant seats. Senators do not resign, for there is attaching to their position a salary of one thousand dollars a year for life. They do die, though, and of late the grim horseman has made many ravages in their ranks. Word comes from Toronto that the Government has decided upon two appointments to the Upper Chamber. Hart A. Massey, the agricultural implement manufacturer, and George Gooderham, who makes whisky, are said to be the gentlemen who are to be exalted. Both of them are rich, and both have made money because of Protection. Therefore, they may be depended upon to contribute to their party's campaign fund. That is why they will be appointed. If they do not write cheques for good round sums their popularity will fade, diminish and totally evanesce. They owe something to the Government; why should they decline to pay their debt?

The Premier Back in the Commons.

Before the new year comes we may see Sir Mackenzie Bowell back in the Commons. The Premier is known to have a desire to return to the popular chamber. He knows that the First Minister should be with his colleagues at all times. During last session he found it to be vastly inconvenient to be barred out of the lower house. I hear that the Prime Minister may succeed Sir John Macdonald as the second Premier who has sat for Kingston. James Metcalf, the present member, has an eye on a Government appointment. He thinks the position of warden of the penitentiary would suit him to a nicety, and he has offered to resign if Sir Mackenzie will grant his desire. The First Minister has not yet given an answer, but I hear from the Limestone City that the local Conservatives are in favor of the project.

General Election in April or May.

With a session commencing in the earliest days of next year, the Government should be ready to go to the country in April or May. Beyond the remedial bill there will be little to take up the time of parliament. The plans of the Administration are all made, and every Minister is pledged to vote with the Government in support of the measure that will start the conflagration in Ontario. Sir Mackenzie has hearkened to the voice of Ouimet and Caron. These Frenchmen have convinced him that without Quebec's aid the Government will be defeated. The Prime Minister has yielded, and his capitulation has not been unwilling. When he was a private member, he was the strongest of the advocates of provincial autonomy. Now that advancement has come to him he looks at all questions judicially. The main chance is what he gazes upon, and, in this case he thinks the best policy is to make moderate concessions to the hierarchy. Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, who has done his best to exacerbate the feeling between Protestants and Catholics in Manitoba, has little to boast of. It is to the French Ministers and not to their religious head that the Manitoba Catholics shall give praise. Ouimet and Caron are inspired not by a high regard for the welfare of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba, nor by a desire to abide by the constitution. Political exigency sways their judgment, and, were they certain that the Government could retain power without passing a remedial bill, their pleadings would be all on the other side. They may be reckoning from false premises, and it is because of a hope that they are so doing that D'Alton McCarthy is full of hope.

D'Alton McCarthy Speaks.

The member for North Simcoe was in Ottawa the other day, and I had a few minutes chat with him. It was after Bob White's resignation had been announced. "I do not know what else he could have done," said Mr McCarthy. "The Government have treated him as they have treated every man and every issue that has come before them. They will do anything to gain time. Girouard would have had to be content with promises if he had not forced the fighting. I have no doubt that he would have resigned had he not been given his Supreme Court judgeship."

"And as to your own future plans?"

"I think I shall have twelve or fourteen men with me in the next House. We will be heard from. The Patrons are sure to have about the same number of representatives, and whatever Government shall hold power, it will have to reckon with these two divisions. I am going to stick to my fiscal policy. I do not think the country would be injured by a reduction in duties. At any rate, we could not expect, under a reduced system of customs imports, to have a larger deficit than that which stares us in the face. Mr. Foster may use all the sophistry of which he is so apt a master. He may prove to his own satisfaction that the deficit exists because the taxes are too low. But the men who have to pay these taxes know to the contrary, and they are waiting for the day when they can show the Administration that they have not the confidence of Canada's people."

The Government's Prospects.

With Mr. McCarthy in so pugnacious a mood; with the Patrons arming for the struggle; with Wilfrid Laurier in a glow after his undeniably successful tour, the gentlemen of the Ministry have hard times before them. They rest their hope of success on just one consideration: "A majority of the people of Canada are Conservatives and Protectionists," they say." And, because this majority is expected to remain stable the men who sit on Parliament hill offer a bold front to the adverse forces who soon shall swoop down upon them and make the most violent assaults that have been made on a Conservative government since the almost forgotten days of the Pacific Scandal.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

A Claim That It Has Been Unusually Rapid of Late Years.

In no vocation has there been a more rapid advance than in medicine, during the last half century, and it is significant that the major part of this advance has been due, not to the observation and experience of the routine practitioner, but to the researches of scientific men who have been sneered at as theorists, and who have brought to bear on their professional work the results of scholastic training entirely foreign to the scope of instruction in medical schools a generation ago.

What, for example, could seem farther removed from the domain of practical surgery than the investigation of little moving plants that are found in decomposing animal and vegetable matter? Yet the study of the habits of growth of these microscopic weeds, of the soils on which they thrive, and the poisons which prevent their development, has revolutionized surgery, and has almost banished from the operating room the fear of suppuration, of gangrene, of erysipelas and other forms of blood-poisoning. The recognition of the role of vegetable germs in the production of these untoward results of surgical interference, and the development of antiseptic methods of surgery have rendered it possible to operate on the brain, spinal cord, stomach, intestines and other abdominal and pelvic viscera, and even the heart.

Fourteen years ago the best medical and surgical skill of the country could not save the lamented Garfield from death by blood-poisoning. To day the most unpretending surgeon, treating the poorest laborer, would be severely condemned, if not actually accounted guilty of malpractice, if he used the same methods. Thousands of women who have been doomed to chronic invalidism a generation ago are now restored to health by operations attended by an average mortality of about 2 per cent., where as the same operations undertaken without antiseptic precautions would result in the death of nine-tenths of the victims. Thanks to the enforcement of rules of health based on the same study of bacteriology, we no longer witness the devastation of such epidemics as were common even ten years ago, while for the first time in medical history cholera has been checked in its onward march to the West.

A very gratifying tendency has marked the development of the medical profession in the last generation. The slough of mannerisms, the formal dress, the stylelike solemnity have been thrown off, and the physician, by his own choice, is being judged more by his actual attainments than by external appearances. Thirty years ago a bald head, a white beard and a long frock coat were as much a part of the physician's equipment as his diploma. Now, on the other hand, it is no unfrequent occurrence for an elderly man of real ability, and modern in his methods of practice, to lose a patient through the fear that he may not be fully abreast of the times. What can be further from the old traditions than a leading surgeon lounging about in an outing shirt and blue belt, or a distinguished physician playing pool? Yet these amusements are simply a relaxation from the tension of professional study. One of the best indications that people are learning to judge their medical advisers by their merits is the fact that the advertising physicians are being driven to the wall, despite the most specious extrinsic evidences of success that the shrewdest business methods can produce.

WEANING CALVES.

Judging from the general practice among farmers and ranchers in this section, weaning calves from sucking to drinking, must be a difficult and disagreeable operation. The common practice is to allow the calves until four months old to suck their dams, for a few minutes at each milking.

It is a great annoyance to have a hungry calf bunting while you are trying to milk, and when you drive the calf away, it must be beaten quite severely before it will leave its mother. In every way the practice certainly is objectionable, and can have no excuse but that of laziness—and then the milker wastes much more time and does harder work, as is usual with those who try to do things improperly.

When properly done, almost any calf can be weaned in from two to six trials. The mistake made is in allowing the calves to suck the fingers too long and then they must be weaned from that habit. I remember distinctly, when a boy, having a large bull calf that would not take milk without my fingers in his mouth even when he was five or six months old. He would go to a creek and drink water, but would not swallow the milk without sucking. At that time I supposed it was necessary to let the calf suck my fingers for several days or perhaps a week; and paid very dearly—in annoyance and extra work—for my ignorance.

The only secret in weaning is to remove the fingers from the calf's mouth as soon as it begins to suck. As is often advised, the most convenient way to manage the calf is to back him into a corner, straddle his back, wet your fingers in the milk and put them into his mouth. If he will not suck, wet the fingers again, and move them back and forth over the calf's tongue, that he may get a taste of the milk. If the calf has been allowed to suck the cow a number of days, it will be necessary at first to let him hold his head up in the position of sucking the teat. When he will suck your fingers readily, gently push his nose down to the pail, which should be shallow and wide. An eight-quart pressed pail is the most convenient one I ever used. It is well to have a boy to hold the pail, for if the calf is stubborn, one hand will be needed in his mouth, and the other to hold his head down to the pail. Do not at once require the calf to lower his head to the ground, as that is so much unlike the position he naturally assumes. The calf's nose being in the milk, as soon as he gets a taste of it by sucking, gently remove your hand from his mouth, but keep your hand on his nose. He will probably suck a few times and raise his head. This time put his nose in the milk, without your fingers in his mouth, and if he does not soon drink, let him have the fingers again. Only remember to remove the fingers as soon as he begins to suck. Unless the calf has been allowed to suck a long time, or is stubborn, he will drink part of the first meal alone, and will be little trouble after.

The time of weaning with me depends upon circumstances. I allow the calf to stay with the cow for two or three days, then take it away, allowing it to suck three times a day for a few days, then only twice, but letting it suck until the cow's udder is relieved of the fulness common at calving. This may be regarded as laziness, but it is good practice in many cases. I have weaned calves at all ages, from three days to three weeks, and in very few cases have any trouble because of the age. Last week we weaned twins—full-blood Jerseys—22 days old. One sucked my fingers, the other would not, but each drank about two quarts the first meal, and since then need only to have the bucket brought to their noses.

For a few days after being taken from the cow the calf should have new milk until he becomes accustomed to the change. Then where there is skimmed milk, it may gradually be substituted, mixed with meal of any suitable kind—oats, bran, middlings or oilcake—the quantity to be increased daily as long as the calf remains thrifty, but reduced upon any appearance of scours. After the calves are a week old, give them two or three times daily, a bunch of fresh grass or hay, increasing the quantity as they grow, but being careful to give all they will eat.—Country Gentleman.

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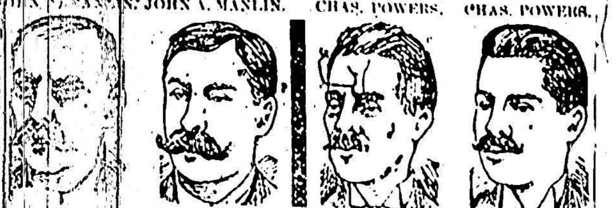
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