Gentle Reminder.

"Uncle" Peter Bates was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Randolph, Vt, in the old staging days.

He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas.

One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart without paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up to him and blandly said:

"Mister, if you should lose your pocket-book between here and Montpelier, remember you didn't take it out here."

Useless Forebodings.

"What a vast proportion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future—either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in Him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh! when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our children teach us—we, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and He who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving? Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His every day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home.—Phillips Brooks.

Finer Than Silk.

When a man is thoroughly contented with himself and is able to take all the [illegible] out of life that there may be in it, and wishes to impress people with the fact, he is apt to convey his impressions most effectively by an apt comparison. So when a man who has for the [illegible] years of his life been an abject slave to the appetite for whiskey tells his friends that he feels "finer than silk," you may be certain that something wonderful and little short of miraculous has happened to that man. Yet that is what a resident of Belleville [illegible] Toronto Office: [illegible] Bank of Commerce Building.

Stylish [illegible] capes just covering the shoulders have stole fronts nearly reaching the foot.

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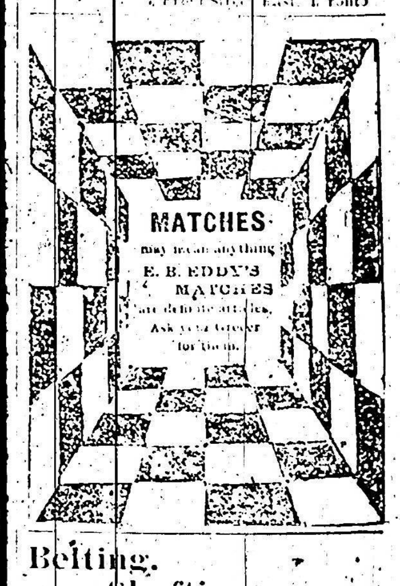

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THE Very Best EDUCATION for a young man or woman for the active duties of life, is obtained at The Northern Business College. Only common school education required to enter. Students admitted any time. C. A. Fleming, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont.

LIFTED BY LOVE;

Or, How the Wharf Waif Became a Princess.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

The closing of Baxter's wharf was a sad blow to him, but a worse came soon after, for being of a too active disposition he took to smuggling tobacco and rum from incoming ships, and being discovered by the excise was sent to prison, and the Joy lost its license. The brewers obtained a fresh license to sell beer and put Putty in to manage the house. When he came, the spring tides had flooded the cellar, and seeing it was of no use he had the trap screwed down to save the expense of putting new hinges on it. Since then, as I have said, no one had ever gone down into the cellar.

With these recollections crowding my mind and the means they suggested of delivering Taras filling my heart with a wild delight, I hurried down Ferryboat alley, and after looking about carefully to make sure that no one was observing me I wedged myself through the ventilating hole and dropped into the wharf cellar. I knew exactly where the opening existed, having taken part myself in some of the old marauding expeditions, and dropping down upon my hands and knees I brushed the dirt away from the stone that covered the hole. There was not enough light to see it, but I could trace the outline plainly enough with my fingers.

But how was I to raise the heavy flag? There was no ring or anything to catch hold of, and I knew that, if I worked away the rubbish sufficiently to get my hands underneath I should still be unable to lift it. I must have something to pry it up with. A bar of iron would do. It struck me that I might find what I needed among the old iron in Johnson's yard. If I had thought of that beforehand, I might have brought it in with me, but I was too impatient of delay, too eager to begin, to waste time in regrets.

Clambering up to the ventilator, I looked out. Some boys were playing on the shore and I dared not show myself while they were there. It seemed to me that they would never weary of throwing stones into the water, but at length they gave it up and went away. Then I slipped out, and pretending to be looking for odds and ends on the shore made my way up to Johnson's yard and got in through a gap in the paling. It didn't take long to find what I wanted. A broken stoking iron looked to me just the thing. Asking myself if there was anything else I should need, it occurred to me that a candle would be necessary, the cellar of the Joy being far darker than the wharf cellar. The gates of the yard opened into Sweet Apple lane, and as they closed imperfectly I was just able to squeeze through—thanks to being a kipper.

When I had bought a halfpenny candle and a box of matches out of the money given me by Putty, the trembling of my knees and a feeling of faintness reminded me that I had eaten nothing all day, so I bought a small loaf and some cold fish, and treated myself to a cup of coffee with my last halfpenny. The hot coffee set me up wonderfully, and with revived energy I returned to the yard and, hiding the bar under my dress, sneaked back to the stairs. Then after further cautious look around, finding the coast clear, I slipped the bar in, went in through the ventilator and followed it almost as swiftly.

It was a harder job than I expected to move the flagstone and get it out of the way. But I stuck to it, with the perspiration running down my face, until the sensation of sickness seizing me again I had to give over for a time till I had eaten my loaf and regained strength. At length, having worked the stone aside about a foot out of its place, I knelt down to feel if the opening was large enough for me to pass through. I dared not lit the candle to do this work, and then to my dismay I discovered that the too careful watchman had filled the hole with rubbish. Sinking on the ground, I could have cried with the mingled feelings of rage and disappointment, but thinking of Taras desperation overcame these sentiments and springing up on my knees I tore at the rubbish with my hands vehemently like a dog in a warren; determined to reach Taras, though I had to dig my way to him through the solid earth.

Happily the rubbish was loose and yielded readily to my hands, and still more happily there was not above four or five feet of it, or I might never have got down to the tub run with all my determination. An empty box thrown down had got jammed in the hole about a third of the way down, and below that the space was empty. Nevertheless it took me many hours to get the rubbish out, having nothing to dig with but my hands and nothing but my apron to carry it up in when I got down a certain distance and then the box, which at first sight seemed to have been set there by the hand of Providence, appeared after awhile to have been wedged in by my worst enemy, for it defied all my efforts to loosen it, until my patience and strength were well nigh exhausted, and then I had to get to the top and drag it out, which was even more difficult. Ten o'clock struck before this task was accomplished.

I had been compelled to light the candle to get the box out, and there was now not more than an inch left.

I blew out the light and put the end in my pocket. I could feel my way along the tub run, and the light would be needful when I got into the cellar of the Joy. There were iron staples in the side of the shaft placed at intervals to serve as steps. The descent was easy enough, but at the bottom a fresh obstacle presented itself. I was standing in water. If the tide was up, it would be impossible to get through the run, the part of the shore being completely under water at the flood.

Dropping on my knees, I crawled forward, entering the first cask. The thick ooze was high over my wrists, but still if they were all fairly on the same level the passage was yet sufficiently open. The ooze might simply be the earth that had silted through in the course of years left in its present condition by a receding tide. But what if it was with the rising tide? This question made me pause despite my impatient desire to go on. If the tide rose before I could get Taras out of the cellar, all escape would be impossible, and hemmed in we should both be at the mercy of Drigo and Putty. On the other hand, if I waited until the tide had risen and fallen again, it might be too late to save Taras.

I backed out of the run, clambered into the cellar and raising myself into the casement of the ventilator, looked out. The water was certainly high, but whether it was rising or falling I could not tell. As I looked out a clock chimed the half hour past 10. At 11 the Joy would be closed. Then anything might happen to Taras. One thing was tolerably evident—the two men would go down into the cellar, if only to see if Taras was still alive. But they might have, and probably had, made arrangements with the other man to take him away from the Joy, in which case, if I waited till the tide had risen and fallen, I should find the cellar empty when I reached it.

This reflection and a belief that the tide was yet some distance below high water mark decided me to make the attempt at once and run the risk of being imprisoned by the tide. "At any rate," I said to myself, "I shall be a prisoner with him."

Without another moment's hesitation I dropped down into the run, put my matches and candle end in a part of my dress where they were least likely to get wetted, and then crawled along the run through the slush, which, to my satisfaction, I found came nowhere above my elbows. When I reached the farther end, I rose to my feet, and finding the irons in the wall mounted up by them until my head struck the flagstone above, and here, knowing that I should need all my strength, I paused for a minute to get breath. Then, bending my head, I rose another step, and setting my shoulders against the flag strained every muscle to straighten my body and push up the stone.

For some time it resisted all my efforts, but at length the matted earth above giving way it yielded slowly, and I pushed it up sufficiently far to get my head and shoulders through the opening. But being now stretched to my full length, and finding no iron to set my foot on and get fresh purchase, I could go no farther and stopped there, unable to get either up or down, the heavy flagstone pressing cruelly upon my shoulders, scarcely able to breathe and feeling as if my poor chest bones would be crushed in.

I dared not cry for help, lest my voice should be heard by the men above, and I could only hang there gasping for breath and despairing of release. Indeed I think I must soon have fainted under the dreadful pressure, but that Taras, having listened to these inexplicable sounds in the ground in passive perplexity for some time, hearing the faint moan that escaped me when I felt that it was all over with me, groped forward, and finding the opening set his foot under the stone and thrust it right back with one strong effort.

My sense of relief was indescribable. In a moment I had scrambled onto the floor of the cellar. I struck a match, and raising it my eager eyes fell upon the great figure and noble face of Taras. He did not recognize me at first, and the look of astonishment in his countenance was curious to see. And no wonder. From head to foot I was drabbled and daubed with black ooze and dirt. I could have looked like nothing human rising out of the earth and thus disfigured. But he knew me by the time I had lit the candle. He murmured some unintelligible words of gratitude, and his eyes were suffused with tears that sprang from his sensitive heart.

"No time for jawin about that," said I, interrupting him. "We've got to get out of this afore Putty comes down and the tide comes up."

He turned round and showed me that his hands were tied behind him. The hemp was black with the dried blood from his wrists. The sight of it filled me with rage against the villains who had used him so barbarously.

"There's a knife in my waistcoat pocket," he said.

I found it and cut the knotted rope, but it was some time before he could use his numbed hands. At length life returned to them. And all the time we stood there I knew that the water might be rising in the run to prevent our escape, yet I was unconscious of alarm or fear or even of impatience. I was with him.

"I am ready now. Are we to go down there?" he asked.

I nodded assent and led the way by dropping to the bottom of the shaft. I stood aside, and he dropped down also. Then I dived into the run, holding the light up to the top that he might see. The ooze was no higher, and we got through just as the candle end gave out, but he had to squeeze to get his broad shoulders through the ends of the casks. I sprang up the hole by the irons and at the top struck matches while he mounted.

We were safe, but to guard against pursuit I dropped the box down and Taras replaced the stone, moving it as if it were no more than a piece of board.

Then I led him by the arm to the casement, and striking another match showed him the hole by which we were to get out, telling him he must pull out the remaining bars.

"Dear little friend," said he, passing his hand round the casement with a laugh. "I doubt if I could get my big head through there."

This was true, and the unforseen difficulty dismayed me for a time. All the doors opening on to Sweet Apple lane and the river were padlocked on the outside. We were prisoners. Suddenly the means of escape came into my mind, and again taking his arm I led him up through the empty storerooms into the one at the very top where I lodged. The door there was only bolted on the inside. I opened it, still holding his arm, for if in the dark he had taken a step forward it would have been his last.

"What is in there?" he asked, looking into the obscurity as I pushed the door back.

"Nothing is out there 'cept the open air and the river down below."

"Do you expect me to dive from here?" he asked in a tone of amusement.

"No. Do you think I want you to kill yourself? I ain't a fool. Wait a bit," said I, striking my last match. I held it up when it flamed and showed him the crane fitted in the doorway, the windlass inside and the chain hooked against the wall, telling him how I had seen great bales raised from below by this apparatus.

"If you can hold onto the chain, I'll lower you down," said I. "You can put you feet on them hook things."

"But how will you get out?" he asked.

"By the hole in the cellar. It ain't too narrer for me."

He agreed to this, saying he would wait for me below, and then, as noiselessly as we could, we pushed out the crane, got the chain down and made arrangements for the descent, his eyes becoming used to the darkness, which at first was impenetrable to them. I could see still more clearly, being used to the place and its darkness, and his silhouette stood out distinctly against the gray sky as I held tight on to the winch. I could see him quite plainly when he said, "Now, little friend," and swung himself out from the loft door on the chain.

I was more careful than if my own life had depended on the descent, and I turned the handle steadily and yet as quickly as I dared. I felt at ease until his head and shoulders disappeared, but then a horrible dread that he might slip from the chain possessed me as I thought of him swinging out of sight a hundred feet and more above the stone quay below, and fervent gratitude filled my heart when there ceased to be any pressure on the handle and a low whistle from below reached my ears.

And now, not waiting to wind up the chain or even to close the loft door, I sped down to the cellar that I might rejoin him.

At the foot of the cellar steps my foot struck against something, which, by the sound it made, I knew to be the box I had thrown down the shaft before we went up to the loft.

CHAPTER V.

A BITTER REVENGE.

At the sound I instinctively crouched down as one does in expectation of a blow, and stretching out my hand I felt the rough splintered edge of the box. The significance of its being there was plain enough—the escape of Taras had been discovered, the men had followed us through the run and upheaving the box and stone had come up into the wharf cellar. Nor was I left for a moment in doubt, for as I dropped on my knees Putty cried out:

"Look out, mate! We've got him. The beggar's just tumbled over that bloomin box."

Then the guttural voice of Drigo from the farther end replied in broken English:

"Knife him! Dead or alive, I'll give a hundred pounds for him."

I strained my eyes in vain to penetrate the darkness. I could see nothing. Not a ray of light entered the cellar by the hole under the stairs. To cross the cellar and escape by the casement was out of the question. I dared not attempt it. I could not clamber into the opening without some noise which would betray my whereabouts to the villains, and before I could squeeze through the knife would be driven into me. I was not in a condition to reason that I might escape death by declaring at once that I was not Taras. I expected to be murdered for helping him to escape.

I dared not move, for I could not tell whether my enemies were before or behind me—to the left or to the right, but I held myself in readiness to spring away at the first touch, at a breath, which might warn me of their approach.

Those moments of silence as the men waited for some fresh sounds to guide them were terrible. Could that foreigner see in the dark better than I? Was he stealthily drawing upon me to wreak his vengeance? Anything was possible to a foreigner, I fancied at that time. Not the death that followed, but the actual horror of having a knife thrust into my body froze my blood.

Suddenly a flickering, luminous streak appeared in the black distance as Putty tried to strike a match. It was wet. He tried another, producing another blue streak.

"We must get a light somehow or we shall get a stickin one another," he muttered. "Ain't you got 'ere a dry match, mate? Mine's all wet."

To my increasing terror, Drigo made no reply, supporting my belief that he saw me and was preparing to cut me down. But after a few moments of terrible suspense another streak appeared in the darkness at some distance from the others. Drigo had found a match and was trying it. He was more successful. A green spark fell, and the sulphur began to bubble up into violent flame. It already threw a livid light on his hideous face and a gleam on the knife in his hand. In another moment I should be seen.

How could I escape? The casement was beyond them.

The steps were behind me, but I dared not turn my back on that knife. The box in front of me suggested a better means, and as Drigo raised the burning match, making the way clear, I shot across the intervening space and dropped down the shaft into the run. The light was so dim and my movement so rapid that I was not recognized by the men. They saw only a figure dash past and drop down the hole, and under the impression that it was Taras, as I knew by their cries, they gave chase in an instant, one—Drigo, I believe—dropping down before I had passed through the second tub, but I was out of arm's reach and made good use of my start.

The water had risen considerably. It was up to my throat in one part. My sodden petticoat clung to my legs and weighed me down as I rose to my feet. Nevertheless I scrambled up into the cellar of the Joy while the men below were groping for the foot irons, swearing furiously. A lamp stood on the ground where they had left it beside the flagstone which Taras had thrust aside with his foot. One edge of the stone lay square with the side of the hole. Seized by a savage impulse, I caught hold of the stone by the farther edge and raised it into a perpendicular position. Then, as Drigo's head appeared, with vindictive deviltry in his upraised face, I pushed and let it fall. It struck his head, and he fell with a howl on his comrade below.

It was easy enough to escape now. A glimmering light in the bar showed me that the flat was open; against the wall rested the steps by which they had descended. But the blow I had dealt Drigo filled me with a fiendish joy and whetted my thirst for vengeance. All the evil passions of my nature were animated with a craving for retaliation as I thought of the evil those men would have done to Taras and me. The only wish of my heart was to inflict some terrible punishment upon them. I dragged up the stone and poised it in the hope that Putty might come up and that I might serve him as I had served Drigo. But he was wise enough to profit by the experience of the other and preferred to stay below and vent his fury in curses.

While I was waiting the stone slipped, and in moving to keep it in position my foot struck the lamp and overturned it. It was a large benzine lamp, and as the oil ran out it took fire, sending up licking tongues of flame. The pool spread, and the blazing liquid running over the edge of the shaft ran down in a fiery stream and dropped in gouts of flame. The men below shrieked aloud in terror.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GRATEFUL FARMER.

HE SPEAKS VOLUMES OF GOOD SENSE IN A FEW WORDS.

The Symptoms of Kidney Disease—The Medicine That Always Cures—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A grateful old farmer who had been cured at a hopeless stage of diabetes said: "People ought to buy Dodd's Kidney Pills the same as groceries, and never be without them in the house."

The moment any of the symptoms of kidney disorders are felt, such as chills, fevers, creeping sensations, backaches, headaches, etc., then you ought to take a few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They are so much like the stitch in time.

It is wonderful how like a "shoulder to the wheel" they are for tired kidneys.

Except sitting in a draught, over-eating and over drinking has more to do with poor kidney work than any other cause.

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills affect us like forgiving our trespasses.

What is the cause of sallow, sickly skin, nervousness, depression, lack of ambition, hysteria, sleeplessness, Bright's disease, diabetes, paralysis, female troubles?

The plain unvarnished truth is, the kidneys are failing or have failed to do blood filtering work. They want the help, the cleansing that only one medicine in the world can give, that is, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rachel on Beauty.

"You who are telling me about my beauty, you have no conception how ugly I was in the beginning," said Rachel one night at a dinner at Morny's. "I, who had to play tragedy, had an absolutely comic face. It would have made you roar with laughter to see my square forehead, crooked nose, ferrety eyes and grinning mouth. I leave you to imagine the rest. My father took me to the Louvre one day. I was not greatly impressed with the pictures, not even with the tragic scenes of David, to which he drew my attention over and over again. But the moment I got among the statues I became an altered being. I thought it was very beautiful to be beautiful. I came away feeling several inches taller, and with a kind of fictitious dignity I managed to transform gradually into a natural gracefulness. Next morning I looked through a book of engravings after the antique; no lesson at the Conservatoire ever proved so useful. My success in appealing to men's eyes by my attitudes and expressions is entirely due to the fact that the masterpieces of antiquity had appealed to my eyes. I ought to tell you that if I have managed to become handsome it is because I studied every hour of my life to be ugly no longer."—Saturday Review.

An Agricultural Peer.

The Earl of Winchilsea is best known to the English public by the great interest he takes in matters agricultural. His interest in birds has led him to make many expeditions, some of which have extended as far as Egypt, and to risk his life at the end of a rope many scores of times on the west coast of Scotland. He has the finest collection of eagles' eggs in England. The earl is also keenly interested in pet animals of various kinds, and he used to walk about the park at his ancestral Haverholme accompanied by a lioness.

The Reason.

Helen—One doesn't see so many little kittens roaming at large now as a month or two ago.

Hills—No; the terrapin season is on, and terrapin are frightfully scarce this year, they say.

OVER ALL FOREVER.

THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST AND HIS WITNESSES.

Dr. Talmage Points Out That There Is No Intelligent Explanation of the Gospels Save to Accept Them as Literal Truth—Wild Attempts at Invasion.

Washington, Feb. 16.—In his sermon to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage discoursed to a large audience, who listened with rapt attention to a powerful discourse on the supremacy of Christ, choosing for his text Romans, ix. 5, "Christ came, who is over all."

For 4,000 years the world had been waiting for a deliverer—waiting while empires rose and fell. Conquerors came and made the world worse instead of making it better; till the centuries watched and waited. They looked for him on thrones, looked for him in palaces, looked for him in imperial robes, looked for him at the head of armies. At last they found him in a barn. The cattle stood nearer to him than the angels, for the former were in the adjoining stall while the latter were in the clouds. A parentage of peasantry. No room for him in the inn, because there was no one to pay the hotel expense. Let the pointing star and the angelic cantata showed that heaven made up in appreciation of his worth what the world lacked. "Christ came who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen."

But who is this Christ who came? As to the difference between different denominations of evangelical Christians I have no concern. If I could, by the turning over of my hand, decide whether all the world shall at last be Baptist or Methodist or Congregational or Episcopalian or Presbyterian, I would not turn my hand. But there are doctrines which are vital to the soul. If Christ be not a God, we are idolators. To this Christological question I devote myself this morning and pray God that we may think aright and do aright in regard to a question in which mistake is infinite.

I suppose that the majority of those here to day assembled believe the bible. It requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It is faith in a different direction. The Christian has faith in the teachings of Matthew, Luke, John, Paul, Isaiah, Moses. The infidel has faith in the free thinkers. We have faith in one class of men. They have faith in another class of men. But as the majority of those—perhaps all of those here assembled—are willing to take the bible for a standard in morals and in faith I make this book my starting point.

I suppose you are aware that the two generals who have marshaled the great armies against the deity of Jesus Christ are Strauss and Renan. The number of their slain will not be counted until the trumpet of the archangel sounds the roll call of the resurrection. Those men and their sympathizers saw that if they could destroy the fortress of the miracles they could destroy Christianity, and they were right. Surrender the miracles and you surrender Christianity. The great German exegete says that all the miracles were myths. The great French exegete says that all the miracles were legends. They propose to take everything supernatural from the life of Christ and everything supernatural from the bible. They prefer the miracles of human nonsense to the glorious miracles of Jesus Christ.

They say there was no miraculous birth in Bethlehem, but that it is all a fanciful story, just like the story of Romulus said to have been born of Rhea Silvia and the god Mars. They say no star pointed to the manger; it was only the flash of a passing lantern. They say there was no miraculous making of bread, but that it is the corruption of the story that Elisha gave twenty loaves of bread to a hundred men. They say the water never turned into wine, but that it is a corruption of the story that the Egyptian plague turned the water into blood. They say it is no wonder that Christ sweat great drops of blood; he had been out in the night air and was taken suddenly ill. They say there were no tongues of fire on the heads of the disciples at the Pentecost; that there was only a great thunder storm, and the air was full of electricity which snapped and flew all around about the heads of the disciples.

They say that Mary and Martha and Christ felt it important to get up an excitement for the forwarding of their religion; and so they dramatized a funeral, and Lazarus played the corpse, and Mary and Martha played the weepers, and Christ was the tragedian. I put it in my own words, but this is the exact meaning of their statements. They say the bible is a spurious book, written by superstitious or lying men, backed up by men who died for that which they did not believe.

Now, I take back the limited statement which I made a few moments ago, when I said it requires as much faith to be an infidel as to be a Christian. It requires a thousandfold more faith to be an infidel than to be a Christian, for if Christianity demand that the whale swallowed Jonah, then skepticism demands that Jonah swallowed the whale! I can prove to you that Christ was God not only by the supernatural appearances on that Christmas night, but by what inspired men said of him, by what he says of himself and by his wonderful achievements. "Christ came, who is over all." Ah, does not that prove too much? Not over the Cæsars, not over Frederick, not over Alexander the Great, not over the Henrys, not over the Louis? Yes. Pile all the thrones of all the ages together, and my text overspans them as easily as a rainbow overspans a mountain top. "Christ came, who is over all." Then he must be God.

The bible says that all things were made by him. Does not that prove too much. Could it be that he made the Mediterranean, that he made the Black sea, that he made the Atlantic, the Pacific, that he made Mount Lebanon, that he made the Alps, the Sierra Nevadas, that he made the hemispheres, that he made the universe? Yes. The bible says so, and lest we be too stupid to understand John winds up with a magnificent reiteration and says, "Without him was not anything made that was made." Then he was a God.

The bible says at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. All heaven must come down on its knees. Martyrs on their knees, apostles on their knees, confessors on their knees, the archangel on his knees. Before whom—a man? No. He is a God! The bible says every tongue shall confess—Bornesian, Malayan, Mexican, Italian, Spanish, Persian, English. Every tongue shall confess. To whom? To God. The bible says Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Is that characteristic of humanity? Do we not change? Does not the body entirely change in seven years? Does not the mind change? Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He must be a God.

Philosophers say that the law of gravitation decides everything, and that the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the world from clashing and from demolition. But Paul says that Christ's arm is the axle on which everything turns, and that Christ's hand is the socket in which everything is set. Mark the words, "Upholding—upholding all things by the word of his power." Then he must be a God.

Then look at what Christ says of himself. Now, certainly every one must understand himself better than any one else can understand him. If I ask you where you were born, and you tell me, "I was born in Chester, England," or "I was born in Glasgow, Scotland," or "I was born in Dublin, Ireland," or "I was born in New Orleans, the United States," you being a man of integrity, I should believe you. If I asked you how many pounds you could lift and you should say you could lift 100 pounds or 200 pounds or 300 pounds, I should believe you. It is a matter personal to yourself. You know better than anyone else can tell you.

If I ask how much estate you are worth and you say $10,000 or $100,000 or $500,000, I believe what you say. You know better than any one else. Now, Christ must know better than any one else who he is and what he is. When I ask him how old he is, he says, "Before Abraham was, I am." Abraham had been dead 2,028 years. Was Christ 2,028 years old? Yes, he says he is older than that. "Before Abraham was, I am." Then Christ says, "I am the Alpha." Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet, and Christ in that utterance declared, "I am the A of the alphabet of the centuries." Then he must be a God.

Can a man be in a thousand places at once? Christ says he is in a thousand places at once. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This everywhereativeness, is it characteristic of a man or of a God? And lest we might think this everywhereativeness would cease he goes on and he intimates that he will be in Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America the day before the world burns up. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Why, then, he must be a God.

Besides that he takes divine honors. He declares himself Lord of men, angels and devils. Is he? If he is, he is a God. If he is not, he is an imposter. A man comes in to your store to-morrow morning. He says: "I am the great shipbuilder of Liverpool. I have built hundreds of ships." He goes on to give his experience. You defer to him as a man of large experience and great possessions. But the next day you find out that he is not the great shipbuilder of Liverpool; that he never built a ship; that he never built anything. What is he then? An impostor. Christ says he built this world; he built all things. Did he build them? If he did, he is a God. If he did not, he is an impostor.

A man comes into your place of business, with a Jewish countenance and a German accent, and says: "I am Rothschild, the banker of London. I have the wealth of nations in my pocket. I loaned that large amount to Italy and Austria in their perplexity." But after awhile you find that he has never loaned any money to Italy or Austria; that he never had a large estate; that he is no banker at all; that he owns nothing. What is he? An impostor. Christ says he owns the cattle on a thousand hills; he owns this world; he owns the next world; he owns the universe; he is the banker of all nations. Is he? If he is, he is a God. Is he not? Then he is an impostor.

A man enters the White House at Washington. He says: "I am Emperor William of Germany. I am traveling incognito. I have come over here for recreation and pleasure. I own castles in Dresden and Berlin." But the President finds out next day that he is not Emperor William; that he owns no castles at Berlin or Dresden; that he has no authority. What is he? An impostor. Christ says he is the king over all, the king immortal, invisible. If he is, he is a God. If he is not, he is an impostor.

Strauss saw that alternative, and he tries to get out of it by saying that Christ was sinful in accepting adoration and worship. Renan tries to get out of it by saying that Christ—not through any fault of his own, but through the fault of others—lost his purity of conscience, and he slyly intimates that dishonorable women had damaged his soul. Anything but believe that Christ is God. Now, you believe the bible to be true. If you do not, you would hardly have appeared in this church. You would have gone over and joined the famous Infidel Club, or you would go to Boston and kiss the foot of the statue of Thomas Pain. You would hardly come into this church, where the most of us are the deluded souls who believe in a whole bible and take it all down as easily as you swallow a ripe strawberry.

I have shown you what inspired men said of Christ. I have shown you what Christ said of himself. Now, if you believe the bible, let us go out and see his wonderful achievements—surgical, alimentary, marine, mortuary. Surgical achievements! Where is the medical journal that gives any account of such exploits as Christ wrought? He used no knife. He carried no splints. He employed no compress. He made no patient squirm under cauterization. He tied no artery. Yet behold him! With a word he stuck fast Malchus' amputated ear. He stirred a little dust and spittle into a salve, and with it caused a man who was born blind and without optic nerve or cornea or crystalline lens to open his eyes on the sunlight. He beat music on the drum of the deaf ear. He straightened a woman who through contraction of muscle had been bent almost double for well nigh two decades. He made a man who had no use of his limbs for 38 years shoulder his mattress and walk off.

Sir Astley Cooper, Abernethy, Valentine Mott stood powerless before a withered arm; but this doctor of omnipotent surgery comes in and he sees the paralytic arm useless and lifeless at the man's side, and Christ says to him, "Stretch forth thine hand," and he stretched it forth whole as the other. He was a God.

Alimentary achievements! He found a lad who had come out of the wilderness with five loaves of bread for a speculation. Perhaps the lad had paid five pennies for the five loaves and expected to sell them for ten pennies, and so he would double his money. Christ took those loaves of bread and performed a miracle by which he fed 7,000 famishing people, and I warrant you the lad lost nothing, for there were twelve baskets of fragments taken up, and if the boy had five loaves at the start I warrant you he had at least ten at the close.

The Saviour's mother goes into a neighbor's house to help get up a wedding party. By calculation she finds out that the amount of wine is not sufficient for the guests. She calls in Christ to help, and Christ, not by the slow decay of fermentation, but by a word, makes 130 gallons of pure wine.

Marine achievements! He turns a whole school of fish into the net of men who were mourning over their poor luck until the boat is so full they have to halloo to other boats, and the other boats come up, and they are laden to the water's edge with the game, so that the sailors have to be cautious in going from larboard to starboard lest they upset the ship.

Then there comes a squall down through the mountain gorge, and Gennesaret, with long looks of white foam, rises up to battle it, and the boat drops into a trough and ships a sea, and the loosened sails crack in the tornado, and Christ rises from the back part of the boat and comes walking across the staggering ship until he comes to the prow, and there he wipes the spray from his brow and hushes the crying storm on the knee of his omnipotence. Who wrestled down that euroclydon? Whose feet trampled the rough Galilee into a smooth floor?

Let philosophers and anatomists go to Westminster Abbey and try to wake up Queen Elizabeth or Henry VIII. No human power ever awoke the dead. There is a dead girl in Capernaum. What does Christ do? Alas, that she should have died so young and when the world was so fair! Only 12 years of age. Feel her cold brow and cold hands. Dead, dead! The house is full of weeping. Christ comes, and he takes hold of the hand of the dead girl, and instantly her eyes open, her heart starts. The white lily of death blushes into the rose of life and health. She rushes into the arms of her rejoicing kindred. Who woke up that death? Who restored her to life? A man? Tell that to the lunatics in any of your asylums. It was Christ the God.

But there comes a test which more than anything else will show whether he was God or man. You remember that great passage which says, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ." The earth will be stunned by a blow that will make it stagger in mid-heaven, the stars will circle like dry leaves in an equinox, the earth will unroll the bodies, and the sky will unroll the spirits, and soul and flesh will come into incorruptible conjunction. Day of smoke and fire and darkness and triumph. On one side, piled up in galleries of light, the one hundred and forty four thousand—yes, the quintillions—of the saved. On the other side, piled up in galleries of darkness, the frowning, the glaring multitude of those who rejected God.

Between these two piled up galleries a throne, a high throne standing on two burnished pillars—justice, mercy—a throne so bright you had better hide your eyes lest it be extinguished with excess of vision. But it is an empty throne. Who will come up and take it? Will you?

"Ah, no!" you say, "I am but a child of dust. I would not dare to climb that throne." Would Gabriel climb it? He dare not. Who will ascend it? Here comes one. His back is to us. He goes up step above step, height above height, until he reaches the apex. Then he turns around and faces all nations, and we all see who it is. It is Christ the God, and all earth, and all heaven, and all hell kneel crying: "It is a God! It is a God!" We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ.

Oh, I am so glad that it is a divine being who comes to pardon all our sins, to comfort all our sorrows. Sometimes our griefs are so great they are beyond any human sympathy, and we want Almighty sympathy. Oh, ye who cried all last night because of bereavement or loneliness, I want to tell you it is an omnipotent Christ who is come.

When the children are in the house and the mother is dead, the father has to be more gentle in the home, and he has to take the office of father and mother, and it seems to me Christ looks out upon your helplessness, and he proposes to be father and mother to your soul. He comes in the strength of the one, in the tenderness of the other. He says with one breath, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," and then with the next breath he says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Do you not feel the hush of the divine lullaby?

Oh, put your tired head down on the heaving bosom of divine compassion while he puts his arms around you and says: "O widowed soul, I will be thy God. O orphaned soul, I will be thy protector. Do not cry." Then he touches your eyelids with his fingers and sweeps his fingers down your cheeks and wipes away all the tears of loneliness and bereavement. Oh, what a tender and sympathetic God has come for us! I do not ask you to lay hold of him. Perhaps you are not strong enough for that. I do not ask you to pray. Perhaps you are too bewildered for that. I only ask you to let go and fall back into the arms of everlasting love.

Soon you and I will hear the click of the latch door of the sepulcher. Strong men will take us in their arms and carry us down and lay us in the dust, and they cannot bring us back again. I should be scared with infinite fright if I thought I must stay in the grave. But Christ will come with glorious iconoclasm and split and grind up the rocks and let us all come forth. The Christ of the manger is the Christ of the throne.

A New Swindle.

An elderly, emaciated-looking man tottered out of a doorway at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street just as a well-dressed and prosperous-looking man was about to pass. The thin man, when in front of the younger, stooped down and picked up a crust of bread from the sidewalk. He began apparently to eat the crust, while the well-dressed man stopped to watch him. The older man said to him:

"This is the first morsel of food that I have eaten in two days."

"Well, that's pretty tough," said the man addressed, as he put his hand in his pocket.

"I wouldn't give that fellow any money if I were you," said a third man, who had stepped out of a near-by store.

"Well, he looks hungry, and certainly must be, or he would not have eaten that crust of bread."

"That's an old game of his, and that's the way he makes a living," said the other man, who was Agent Jerome, of the Charity Organization Society. He placed the beggar under arrest and took him to Jefferson Market Court. When he was searched several crusts of dry bread were found in his pockets.

The fake beggar drops a crust on the sidewalk as a well-dressed man or woman approaches, and picks it up and begins to eat it. In this way he excites the sympathy of the passer-by, who, thinking him hungry, gives him money with which to buy food.—New York Sun.

QUEER BRIDAL CUSTOMS.

In Quebec the Bridegroom Must Pay Ransom.

A singular marriage custom prevails among the French Canadians in Quebec. After the morning marriage service in the church the bridal party, in caleche or cabriolet, make a tour of calls upon relatives and friends during the day, and then return again to the church for vespers.

Before the evening dance at the bride's new home comes the supper. When the company rise from the table, the bride keeps her seat, and some one asks with great dignity: "Why does madame wait? Is she so soon in bad grace?"

She replies: "Some one has stolen my slipper; I cannot walk."

Then they carry her, chair and all, into the middle of the room, where a loud knocking announces a grotesque ragged vender of boots and shoes of every variety and size until at last he finds her missing shoe.

The groom redeems it for a good price, which is spent in treating the company. If the groom is not watchful they steal her hat and cloak, which he redeems in the same way; and they have been known to steal the bride, for which there must be liberal pay. The church forbids round dances. The event of the evening is a jig, in which the guest volunteers to outdance the bride. If successful, the visitor demands a prize from the groom.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Bulwer Lytton not so Slow.

The dramatic incident of a judge sentencing his own son to death, which, I understand, occurs in Stevenson's last book, "Weir of Hermiston," is by no means a new one in English fiction, says a London writer. Readers of Bulwer Lytton will recall how, in that romantic tale of highway robbery (for the writing of which the talented author received much censure), "Paul Clifford," the attractive hero is not only sentenced to death by his own father, Judge Brandon, but the effect of the tragedy is heightened by the fact that the judge has only just been informed (while on the bench) that the prisoner is his long-lost child, and that that child has upbraided him, ignorant of the relationship, with having been instrumental in launching him on his career of crime. It is the fashion to sneer at Bulwer Lytton; but the sneerers might some of them take a lesson in graphic force from the trial scene in question.

Likeness of English and Americans.

As respects character, the British and American publics are strikingly at one. The tone of popular sentiment is much the same. The attitude toward questions of general human interest is often identical. Political ideals are, at bottom, not so unlike as superficial observers fancy. Party spirit manifests itself in very similar fashion. Both are sensitive, though in slightly varying degrees, to the same appeals. The same national spirit animates both, showing itself in quite characteristic fashion when the jealousy of one is aroused against the other. Indeed, it is in their mutual rivalries and jealousies that their spiritual kinship is often most manifest. Their diversity is superficial and provincial; their unity fundamental and racial. The American who can divest himself of provincialism in England, and the Englishman who can lay aside his insularity in America, each finds himself at home.—("The Palmerston Ideal in Diplomacy," by Edward M. Chapman, in the February Century.

The Season's Depression.

"This weather is very trying for everybody," said the physician.

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton. "I don't see how my wife is going to bear up under it. When the sun doesn't shine it gives her the blues and when it does she says it's fading the carpet."—Washington Star.

Everything of use. Some one avers that crow quills enable a person to do very minute writing.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

THE LIBERALS ASSURED OF VICTORY AT THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION.

Sir Charles' Entry—The Liberals Cheer—His Reverie Is Disturbed—Louis Davies' Ire—The Baronet Replies—A Weak Defence—At Last the Bill—Twenty to Bolt—A Character Sketch—Aberdeen in a Quandary—Rumored Obstruction.

Pæans of joy have gone up from Ottawa and have been echoed by Conservatives from Canso to Victoria. Tupper, the Deliverer, has come. No longer does disintegration threaten the Cabinet of Canada. The strong man, the master mind has come. Upon Sir Charles Tupper, the Elder, the Conservative party rests all its hopes. An astute politician, he has the firmness and the diplomacy that Mackenzie Bowell lacks. From him great things are expected by his followers. The Liberals, truth to tell, seem to be little troubled by the new Richmond that is in the field. The men of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition have become firmly convinced that they will be the victors in the next general election. They have no hesitation in saying so to an outsider. They belittle Tupper, and say that this seventy-seven year old man is too decrepit and too nebulous a shadow of his former self to make a success of the leadership. The Opposition will go into the coming fight full of confidence. They will have for antagonists men who have all the prestige that power gives; men led by the sole survivor of the school led by Macdonald.

Sir Charles' Entry.

Crowded galleries and a crowded House welcomed Sir Charles on Tuesday last. The word had gone forth to the Conservatives that the formal introduction was to be made. Every man who could get there was in his place. The Liberals, too, had arranged a demonstration, and they, too, were present in force. When the Minister of Finance and Hector McDougall, the latter senior member for Cape Breton, walked into the chamber arm-in-arm with Sir Charles such a cheer went up as bid fair to crack the glass roof that gives light to the legislators. The introduction, made in formal terms, provoked more cheering. Then Sir Charles walked straight to the seat of the leader of the House and sat down. Here was a silent announcement that George Eulas Foster had given up the chief place in the Commons, and that the chief of the Ministers was to be the well-groomed old gentleman who had just entered the House.

The Liberals Cheer.

Scarcely had the Conservative cheers died down before a tremendous clamor came from the desks to the left of the Speaker. The Liberals were cheering like mad. In the tumult that had ended Wilfrid Laurier and Choquette had entered the House. Arm-in-arm with them was Charles Angers, the Liberal who carried Charlevoix two weeks ago. His introduction had been delayed so that the Liberals might have a counter demonstration. They were no less vigorous than their political enemies in the enthusiasm of their welcome to the new recruit. Sir Charles gazed wonderingly at the desk-pounding then across the gangway. Then he turned to Foster and asked what it meant. That was not the only time that Sir Charles gazed at the Liberal benches. His wandering glance saw Wilfrid Laurier in the place that formerly was Edward Blake's. In the seat that for years was Alexander Mackenzie's, the keen visaged Louis Davies, of Prince Edward Island s... Felix Geoffrion, who was a member of Mackenzie's Cabinet, had gone to the far country. And beside Sir Charles were half a dozen men who, when he left this parliament, were no nearer the Treasury benches than the back row of Conservative seats.

His Reverie Is Disturbed.

But the old Baronet was not long to indulge in meditative reminiscence. For him the Liberals had prepared a reception that was the outcome of their determination to show the newcomer that they were ready to join battle. At Montreal and at the civic reception in Ottawa the Secretary of State had said that the Liberals had spent twenty-five thousand dollars in Cape Breton. "I was the lion in their path," he had said, "and they were prepared to do anything to eat the seat from under me."

Louis Davies' Ire.

Louis Davies had read his statement. He became filled with wrath. Had not the Liberal party in Nova Scotia always claimed to be the representative of all the virtues? It was too much. Mr. Davies arose, and addressed the House. He plunged into the middle of his subject. "From personal knowledge," said Mr. Davies, "I give that statement an unqualified denial. I beg to tell the House that he has been entirely misinformed. The statement made by him is ludicrously inaccurate and absurd. It is without any foundation whatever. I am in a position to know that attempts were made on the part of those who believed that it was in the public interest to defeat the member for Cape Breton; attempts were made to assist Mr. Murray to pay these legitimate expenses which everybody expects to have to be made in an election of that kind. I thought myself that the expense would range somewhere from $1,000 to $1,500. I make no scruple in saying, that I attempted myself to assist Mr. Murray in that regard. I tell the honorable gentleman that his statement that $25,000, or the one tenth part of it, was sent, is absurd and is untrue; and to my knowledge, a sum ludicrously insufficient to pay even the travelling expenses of Mr. Murray and his associates, was sent to Cape Breton."

The Baronet Replies.

And so the fat was in the fire. Sir Charles sat, making a note now and then, while Davies went on to demand the appointment of a committee of investigation. When the Liberal lieutenant had finished, the baronet arose. Again the hurricane of Conservative cheers burst forth. Young members of the House, who never had seen the old man before, bent forward to hear what this much heralded Moses might say. The speech of Sir Charles was not strong; it was not convincing. True, he had to defend himself against charges that were general, and that were made more with a view to their effect than with the object of proving him in the wrong. Mr. Murray, he said, had stated over his own signature that there was a great emergency. Also, the Liberal candidate had given vent to the opinion that in Cape Breton the members of his party would make the fight of their lives. "I think that was a tolerably good ground for supposing that Mr. Murray was not to be left unaided in fighting this battle," said Sir Charles. His other reasons for making the statement that he had made were that Liberal members of parliament had campaigned in the county; that Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, had made a hurried trip from Cape Breton to Halifax and back; and that half a dozen young Liberals from Halifax had entered the riding on the Saturday before the election. The inference in the latter count of the charge was that these gentlemen had brought the money wherewith to buy the hardy Islanders of Cape Breton.

A Weak Defence.

That this was a strong defence I do not assert. The Liberals made merry over it. The Conservatives pointed out, and pointed out very justly, that the whole case resolved itself into a matter of opinion, that Sir Charles believed that the money had been sent into the county, while Mr. Davies was as strong in his conviction that it had not been sent. Hector McDougall, who with Sir Charles, represents the county, went to the aid of his chief. He told how he had heard that "Haul Down the Flag Jones," as Alexander Mackenzie's Minister of Militia was in later years dubbed by the Conservatives, had told a man that $100,000 would be spent in the election by the Liberals. McDougall had not heard Jones say so, but he had heard so "on the best authority." Sir Richard, who had been lying in wait for the Secretary of State, averred that Sir Charles had followed the tactics of the first Sir John. "The habit of Sir John Macdonald," said Sir Richard, "when he had done any particularly haughty thing, was to turn around and charge the Opposition with having done that thing." Speaking a second time, Sir Charles said that he had made the statement concerning the twenty-five thousand dollars in the presence of Mr. Longley. "I made it, not once, but three times," said the Secretary of State, "and he never denied it." And then the discussion ended. The Government refused to appoint a committee of investigation, telling the Liberals, if they desired an inquiry, to go to the courts for redress.

At Last the Bill.

Since last week the terms of the Remedial bill have been published to the country. It is a portentous document, embracing no less than one hundred and twelve clauses. On Tuesday last, at the Conservative caucus, the measure was read to the Ministerialists. Sir Charles Tupper, glowing with the warmth of his reception, made a speech in support of the measure. He told how Sir William Dawson, the president of McGill University and a Presbyterian of eminence, had pronounced in favor of the principle of remedial legislation. John Haggart, who once was said to be an implacable opponent of interference with Manitoba, came out as the bill's earnest advocate. Clarke Wallace, now cordially detested by his former friends, spoke manfully against the bill. In that room, crowded with the supporters of the Government, he found but half a score, who were with him in his antagonism to what he described as coercion. Cockburn, Maclean, Marshall, Sproule and two or three others opposed the bill. They were emphatic in their declarations of loyalty to the Conservative party, but, they said, local considerations would make it impossible for them to support the measure. Last July there were thirty-two Ministerialists who were determined to oppose remedial legislation. Not two-thirds of that number will record their votes against the Government on the present bill.

Twenty to Bolt.

Meanwhile the Liberals lie low. They hope for a serious split in the Government's ranks on the Remedial bill. Conservatives are not backward in hinting that the followers of Wilfrid Laurier are having trouble on account of the measure. It is certain that Beausoleil, Bechard, McIsaac and Geoffrion, all of whom ordinarily vote with the Liberals, will stand up with the "yeas" when the second reading of the Remedial bill is moved. Other Liberals may go over to the enemy. The party whip is being cracked with vim on both sides, but, amongst Conservatives and Liberals personal considerations will outweigh party allegiance and party exigencies. Few men now believe that the bill will not pass. George Taylor, the chief Conservative whip, has reported to his leader that the majority will be at least twenty. The Conservatives outnumber the Liberals by forty-four. So it is evident that Mr. Taylor expects twenty Government supporters to bolt on this question.

A Character Sketch.

The ceremony of introducing the bill was not marked by any great excitement. Had Sir John Thompson been still at the head of the Government, and had it been his task to explain the measure, he would have made a complete exegesis of the measure. Arthur Rupert Dickey, the new Minister of Justice, cannot be said to be a lawyer of eminence. He is a mild-mannered and cool-headed gentleman. His life's handicap has been a consciousness that his father is a millionaire. Mr. Dickey has been fortune's favorite all his days. With the twenty-five thousand dollars that his father gave him on his thirtieth birthday he embarked in speculation in Nova Scotia coal mines. He made several extraordinarily successful deals, and now is worth a quarter of a million. The worship of the veiled goddess never has taken up much of his time. When Charles Hibbert Tupper resigned the portfolio of Justice the post went to Mr. Dickey. His only possible rival was Thomas Mayne Daly, who has the more important portfolio of Minister of the Interior. Daly did not want the position and it went to Dickey. When the bill is wrangled over in the Commons Dickey will have a chance of showing that he possesses ability. Against him he will have Dalton McCarthy; easily the foremost lawyer in the House. With McCarthy will be joined David Mills, the Sage of Bothwell, than whom no Canadian has a more profound knowledge of constitutional law. From these two men we may expect the two most important speeches on the question.

Aberdeen in a Quandary.

Here in Ottawa we hear little and see less of Lord Aberdeen. The Governor-General is a nervous and well-meaning nobleman, whose chief characteristic is a deep vein of philanthropy. For His Excellency, evil days are in store. It may be remembered that on his own responsibility and without the advice of his Ministers, Lord Aberdeen pardoned Valentine Shortis, the murderer of Valleyfield. The Cabinet had been unable to come to any decision in respect of the Shortis case. The Government asked Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary for the Colonies, what he should do. Mr. Chamberlain cabled back word that His Excellency must use his own judgment. Lord Aberdeen took his advice and commuted Shortis' sentence to imprisonment for life. In so doing the Governor-General was violating his instructions from the Crown. Since 1878, the Governor-General has been bound to take the advice of his Ministers. In this case the Ministers gave no advice. Therefore the law should have been allowed to take its course. In view of this the country has to support for his lifetime the perpetrator of a hideous murder. The Liberals in the House are determined to make the case one of importance. In response to a request from them the papers in the case have been brought down. Their publication has revealed the state of things of which I have spoken. Lord Aberdeen is in a quandary regarding the case, and has been in constant communication with the Imperial authorities. The whole truth of the matter is that the Governor-General was not fully acquainted with the powers and limitations of his office. Had he been familiar with them, he would not have made such a lamentable error.

Rumored Obstruction.

By virtue of a clause of the British North America Act, this parliament dies on the 24th April. The Liberals assert that this session was called for the purpose of bringing in a Remedial bill. They point out that at the last session the supplies until June 30 of this year were voted. The Government, they say, has no right to ask the House to vote supplies to pay the country's bills until Dominion Day, '97. "The Government will be defeated at the next election," say the Liberals, "why should they ask us to do the work, that the new Administration should perform? If Mackenzie Bowell thinks he will be returned to power, why doesn't he pass his Remedial bill and go to the country? If the Administration is supported, it will be easy to call a session, before July 1 and pass the estimates for 1896." The rumor goes that the Liberals will not allow a single item of the estimates to pass. If they make up their minds to do so, they can easily obstruct the passage of the estimates until, on the twenty-fourth day of April, the midnight bell clangs out and the House of Commons of Canada is dissolved by effluxion of time.

Not Alone the Culprit.

"Jedge, yoh honah," said the defendant, "I ain't got much ter say foh mahse'f."

"It doesn't look as if you could have."

"I done had de tuhkey an' I didn't buy 'im, but I has 'stenuatin' cuchumstances ter offah in de consideration ob dis here case."

"What are they?"

"De fack dat dis here tuhkey didn't know no bettah dan ter be peramb'latin' 'roun' right undah mah nose jes' between Thanksgivin' an' Christmas. Ef I wus obercome, Jedge, by de 'citement ob de moment, I's willin' ter b'ah de consequences. But hit do seem ter me dat sumin' oroter be did 'mout de criminal neglect on de paht ob de tuhkey."—Washington Star.