THE LAKE OF DIVINE SOLACE

Talmage Recommends All Those Pursued of Trouble and Pain and Annoyance and Bereavement to Plunge in Its Cooling Waters.

Washington, D.C., Oct. 22.—The gospel as a great refreshment is here set forth by Dr. Talmage under a figure which will be found particularly graphic by those who have gone out as hunters to find game in the mountains. Text, Psalm xlii., 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks."

David, who must some time have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal, called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers hung from shrubs and grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's track," will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals. The dews, and showers, the light washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the bounding and quick jump of the stag, saying: "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter, who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, saying: "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after!" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognise, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers.

David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David, "that hunted deer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation, escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Some of you have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on you. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the scores. Once while there I took a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusions, and as I heard the dogs in full cry on the track of a deer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for Racquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar-shell boat or stand by the 'runway' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle, and his cheek glow, and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bowstrings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horns, used as a restorative, its name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness, as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns a coronal branching into every possible curve and after it seems done, ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eyes lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle and bone and color and attitude and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a flying bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or pawing for the last fall under the buckshot of the trapper.

It is a splendid appearance, that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge, to drink among the lily-pads, and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides, and lolling tongue, and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realise how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in anywise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know, at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you and you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who have failed to effect a cure, or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuralgia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay, instead of running to the water of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst, and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of barriers.

Some time ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters: "What is the matter with the dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him," and I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers; you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill-health, you might hurt them as much as they hurt you; but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, but have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God, and came up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably 25 years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a Godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear, when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horns.

There are whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks and from one height you can see thirty lakes; and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they stand so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures." "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on the enemy, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting the world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly consolation, make you stop and turn round and lower your head, and it is simply another against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You want to be as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns, and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune, to go and find where the deer shed his horns. "My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers; be as wise as next spring will be the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns!"

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it were asked that all who had been badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could, and tried to be useful, and why we become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer, and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Has the roebuck a ragged fur, and broken hoofs, and an obliterated eye, and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the banks of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their necks in the rapids. So, if there were no noble stuff in your make-up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore sarcasm draws on you its "finest beard"; therefore the world goes gunning for you with its best Winchester breech-loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be assailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest Being the world ever saw had set after Him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped His blood after the Calvarean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble, four spikes and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world.

But what is a relief for all those pursued of trouble and annoyance and pain and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a charm, if you would triumph, or a throne, if you want to be crowned, or a lake, if you would slake your thirst. Yes, a chain of three lakes—G-o-d, the One for whom David longed, and the One by whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after his sixth mile of running for the compass, passed through thicket and copse, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Schroon lake, and try to cool its protruding and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high, and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort, why, it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage; His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future, and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. V
OCT. 29, 1899.

Psalms of Deliverance.—Psalms 85 and 126.

Time.—Following Ezra's return, after B. C. 458. Place.—Canaan.

Persons.—Israel.

Commentary. — Interpreters are generally of the opinion that Psalm 85 was penned after the return of the Jews from Babylon, when they still remained under some tokens of God's pleasure, for the removal of which they pray.

1. Thou hast been favorable—Thou hast dealt graciously.—Bib Mus. It was by the favor of God that Israel got and kept possession of Canaan, and if He had not continued very favorable to them they would have been ruined many times. The bringing back of their captivity was then an instance of God's favor to them, when it was accompanied with the pardon of their iniquity.—Com. Com. The captivity of Jacob—This is naturally applied to the return from Babylon; but it suits recovery from any calamity.—Bib. Mus.

2. Covered all their sins—As Thou hast freely forgiven sin, its offensiveness and abominable nature no longer appear. The whole is put out of sight; and as we are restored from our captivity the consequences no longer appear.—Clarke.

3. Taken away all Thy wrath—Thou hast collected all Thy wrath and carried it away with all our iniquities. Clarke. Fierceness of Thine anger—The captives might well rejoice that the wrath of God had been limited, and so they had not been wholly destroyed.—Bib. Mus.

4. Turn us—Thou hast turned our captivity; now convert our souls. The Israelites were not restored from their captivity all at once; 50,000 returned under the leadership of Zerubbabel, B. C. 536; others, numbering about 7,000, went with Ezra, B. C. 458; others with Nehemiah, B. C. 445; but a great number still remained in Babylonia, Media, Assyria, Egypt and other parts.

5. Wilt Thou be angry with us forever—Continuously? Delivered from Babylon the exiles hoped for rest; but, instead, found increasing distress and anxiety, which to them indicated God's continued anger.

6. Wilt Thou not revive us again?—We have long had the sentence of death in ourselves, and have feared an utter extinction. Shall not our nation yet live before Thee? Shall we not become once more numerous, glorious and powerful?—Clarke. May rejoice in Thee—Give us life, that we may have joy in Thee; so Thou wilt have the glory of it. If God be the Fountain of all our mercies He must be the centre of all our joys.—Com. Com.

7. Show us Thy mercy—The cry for mercy always recognizes that judgment is deserved.—Bib. Mus.

8. I will hear—Wait and listen with expectancy.—Bib. Mus. The Psalmist goes as a prophet to consult the Lord, and having made his request waits an answer from the spirit of prophecy.

9. Salvation is nigh—Ready to be granted as soon as there is readiness to receive.—Bib. Mus. That complete salvation and deliverance, even the redemption of Israel by the Messiah. That glory may dwell in our land—That we may once again see glorious days in our land; may recover our ancient glory, the tokens of God's presence with us, the most eminent of which we have now utterly lost.—Benson. God gives grace and glory. Israel when fully pardoned enjoyed peace with God; for where He dwells He manifests His glorious power.

10. Mercy and truth are met together—And therefore appear as united and co-operating harmoniously in consequence of God's glory or majesty again dwelling in the land when the people should become converted to his fear.—Lange.

11. Truth—Responsive to God's great mercy, there shall be man's fruits of good works.—Bib. Mus. Righteousness shall look down—When a people return and adhere to God in duty He will return to and abide with them in mercy.—Com. Com.

12. The Lord shall give—When the glory of the Gospel dwells in our land then it shall yield its increase; for soul-prosperity will either bring outward prosperity with it, or sweeten the want of it. See Psa. lxxvii. 6.—Com. Com.

13. Righteousness shall go before Him. Christ, the son of Righteousness, shall bring us to God and put us in the way that leads to him. Righteousness is a sure guide, both in meeting God and in following Him.—Com. Com.

1. The Lord turned again the captivity of Zion—The writer here recalls the rejoicing which filled the hearts and mouths of the Israelites on their return from captivity, in the midst of the acknowledgment by Gentiles and Jews that this deliverance was a wonderful and mighty deed of Jehovah.—Lange.

2. Filled with laughter—A laughter of joy in God, not scorn of their enemies. The heathen had observed their calamity and had triumphed in it. Jer. xxlv. 8-9; Psa. cxxvii. 7. Now they could not but observe their deliverance and admire that.—Com. Com.

3. We are glad—The heathen were but spectators, but the people of God spake of it as shares in what God wrought.

4. As the streams in the south—The torrents and the brooks in the southern deserts run off and dry up in the summer months; but after the watch-care and dwell in His love periodical rains they return again, and the channels are filled for the refreshment of the thirsty traveler.—Scott.

5. They that sow in tears—Israel was in captivity for the punishment of their degeneracy. God sent them into captivity just as gold is put into the fire to be refined.

6. Goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed—There are tears which are themselves the seed that we must sow; tears of sorrow for sin—our own and others; tears of sympathy and tenderness.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Great mercies were extended to Israel. God gave to His people a land "with every blessing blessed." He promised His presence to His people and His blessing in temporal and spiritual interests. The only condition was obedience. His hatred for sin made Him jealous for His people, lest they should in any way be separated from Him through the deceitfulness of sin. As long as they would remain under His streams of blessing should flow unto them, and they should be His peculiar treasure and receive from Him their abundant supply of every good.

Expressions of joy spring from the redeemed ones. So far beyond every expectation is the experience which God gives, that it seems too good to be true. So changed is the prospect that the full heart finds comfort in laughter and song. There is "beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning; and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Love for souls springs up when we are brought into fellowship with God. The remnant of Israel yearned for the scattered of their nation who remained in the land of their captivity. Though they had been filled with joy unspeakable, they were the more affected for their brethren. They besought God to deal with those in the land of captivity as He had with them. In comparison to the number who were still far from home they were but as the small proportion of grain which the farmer sows, and from which he expects many fold more in the harvest. God had brought them back, and this remnant should be the example, the few to draw the many. They were the first to return to their own land because they were the first to repeat and accept the offer of God, under King Cyrus, to return to Jerusalem to rebuild the temple. In many tears they would prevail with God for their brethren until they should see the answer to their pleadings, and with joy see their brethren return.

SUSPENDED RULE.

Congestion of Grain Elevators to be Promptly Relieved.

The unprecedented accumulation of wheat at Fort William has compelled the Government to temporarily suspend the sections of the coasting law preventing the carriage of freight between Canadian ports by American vessels. The general opinion of shippers is decidedly in favor of the action which the Government has taken. The grain merchants generally consider the movement wise, but some of the ship-owners are naturally not so well pleased. They are inclined to think that the action will permit of the surplus being exported from eastern American ports. The grain merchants, on the other hand, are correspondingly pleased, because they think that the suspension of the coasting law will bring the shippers to time and break up a corner which, it is claimed, they have had upon western transportation.

The Largest Ships Afloat.

The Oceanic is easily first in the list with a gross register tonnage of 17,000, and her nearest rival is the German steamship Deutschland, 13,500 tons, followed by the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, 13,349 tons, and the Patricia, 13,000 tons, all flying the German flag. Next come in the Lucania and the Campania, of 12,952 and 12,950 tons respectively. The Germans again come in with the Pennsylvania, 12,891 tons; the Graf Waldersee, 12,830 tons, and the Pretoria, 12,800 tons register. The next largest boats are the Cymric, 12,552 tons; the Medic, 11,850, and the Afric, 11,816; whilst the Germans can place against them the Grosser Kurfurst, 12,500; the Kaiser Friedrich, 12,480, and the Belgia, 11,100 tons. Under the British flag there are only nine steamers of over 10,000 tons register, against nineteen similar German steamers. The Americans own four steamers of over 10,000 tons (the St. Louis and St. Paul, 11,629 tons each; the Paris, 10,669 and the New York, 10,674). No other nation possesses a single ship of over 10,000 tons register.

When children are pale, peevish, and restless at night, they require a dose or two of Miller's Worm Powders.

To Stew Kidney.

As soon as the kidney is brought home prepare it, and do not let it remain over night before giving it its first cooking. Cook it slowly for several hours. After it has had all the veins and fat removed, the first and second waters should be drained off and thrown away. The third water can be retained for the gravy. When adding the third water, place in it a few drops of onion juice, and after the kidney is sufficiently cooked cut it up into small pieces. Rub together a teaspoonful of browned flour and a piece of butter the size of a walnut. Thicken the gravy with it and add two tablespoonfuls of fine sherry wine or Madeira. Boil two eggs hard, and when cold chop them fine and sprinkle them over the top.

The Twentieth Century

Enters upon the heritage of a remedy that is sure, safe and painless. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, never causes pain nor the slightest discomfort.

A Sufficient Proof.

A Chicago minister who is very popular among marrying folk recently met a man for whom he had performed the marriage ceremony several years before.

"Do you remember marrying me?" the smiling man asked him.

"Certainly I do," responded the minister.

"Well, now, doctor; I know it's a delicate question, but did you ever receive any remuneration for that service?"

The reverend gentleman hesitated, cleared his throat and then blurted out:

"Not a red cent."

Then his questioner smote his palm with the other, and exclaimed:

"I feared as much. Do you know, we have had good reason to suspect

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

Market Reports —OF— The Week.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Oct. 21.—The receipts of farm produce to-day were the largest of the season, 8,000 bushels of grain, 30 loads of hay, one of straw, 500 dressed hogs, with a plenteous supply of fruit, vegetables, poultry, butter and eggs.

Wheat—Unchanged; 700 bushels sold as follows: White and red, at 70c to 71c; goose, 500 bushels at 74c.

Barley—Easier; 6,000 bushels sold at 46c to 48½c.

Oats—Easier; at 31c to 31½c for 1,200 bushels.

Rye—Steady; 100 bushels sold at 55c.

Hay—Easier; at $11 to $12.50 per ton for 30 loads.

Straw—Firmer and scarce; one load sold at $9 per ton.

Dressed Hogs—The market was overstocked, over 500 hogs being bought by Mr. Harris alone. Farmers did wrong to kill during the warm weather. It seemed as if every farmer had got the same notion, and had killed hogs. Prices declined, ranging from $5.40 to $5.60 per cwt., with a few choice at $5.75.

Potatoes—Plentiful and easier, at 45c to 55c per bag.

Butter—Easier; at 18c to 20c per lb.

Eggs—Strictly new-laid sold at 20c to 22c per dozen.

TORONTO LIVE STOCK.

Saturday, Oct. 21.—Export cattle, choice, $4.65 to $4.80; export cattle, light, $4.12 1-2 to $4.40; butchers' cattle, picked lots, $4.12 1-2 to $4.35; butchers' medium, mixed, $3.35 to $3.40; butchers', good, $3.65 to $3.80; butchers', common, $2.75 to $3; butchers', inferior, $2.60 to $2.80; milch cows, each $28 to $51; bulls, heavy, export, good quality, $4.12 1-2 to $4.40; bulls, medium, export, $3.40 to $3.65; loads good butchers' and exporters, mixed, $4 to $4.12 1-2; stockers, $2 to $3; feeders, heavy, $3.40 to $3.80; feeders, light, $3.25 to $3.40; calves, each, $4 to $10; sheep, per cwt., $3.25 to $3.40; sheep, bucks, per cwt., $2.50 to $2.75; lambs, bucks, per cwt., $3.50 to $3.75; hogs, 160 to 200 lbs. each, $4.37 1-2; hogs, light fats, $4; hogs, heavy fats, $4; hogs, corn fed, $4 to $4.12 1-2; hogs, sows, $3; hogs stags, $2.

Weekly Review of Toronto Trade

Toronto report: Trade in wholesale circles continues very satisfactory and values in nearly all staple goods are strong. Hides and skins are dearer this week owing to scarcity and an active demand. There is a good demand for general groceries and provisions, with values well maintained. More inquiry from the United States for Canada fleece wool is reported, with buyers and sellers apart, and the wool is held with greater confidence. The sorting trade in dry goods continues active, notwithstanding the mild, unseasonable weather. The grain markets are dull, as the scarcity of ocean freight is interfering with exports and values are lower. Country remittances are satisfactory. The local money market is steady to firm.

Grain on passage to Europe:

On the curb in Chicago at the close to-day December wheat was quoted at 70 3-4c bid; puts on December wheat, 70 1-2c bid, calls 71 1-8c asked; puts on May wheat 74 1-8c bid, calls 74 5-8c; puts on December corn 30 3-8c, calls 30 3-8c; puts on May corn 31 5-8c to 31 3-4c, calls 31 3-4c.

Grain engagements at Chicago to-day: Corn, 200,000 bushels. Freight rate on corn, 3 1-2c.

The receipts of wheat at Liverpool during the past three days were 311,000 centals, including 237,000 centals of American wheat. Receipts of corn, 137,100 centals of American.

The estimated receipts of hogs in Chicago to-day were 22,000; official yesterday, 37,624; estimated receipts for to-morrow, 27,000. Cattle receipts, 4,500, including 2,500 Texans and westerns; market steady.

Bradstreet's on Trade.

Montreal wholesale trade circles are actively engaged in the fall trade which is much larger than in former years. There is a big demand for all lines of staple goods, and the recent advances have largely contributed to the activity, as the retail trade fear there will be a further rise in values and are anxious to get in stocks at current prices. Accounts with the country trade are very satisfactory now and remittances are prompt.

An active business at the Coast cities continue to characterize trade there. The demand for staple goods is growing. Building operations are still active and as a great deal of labor is being employed and a good deal of money is circulated, as a result retail business is better than for some years.

In Manitoba business continues to expand. The demand from the dairy centres is increasing owing to the greater wants of the people through being augmented by new settlers. The lumber business is active and millmen are taxed to their utmost to keep up with the demand. Travellers for clothing and dry goods houses are meeting with pronounced success. Larger orders are being placed this season and advances are paid cheerfully. Trade in hardware and metals, leather and boots and shoes is active and higher prices are generally being obtained. Remittances from country points are fair.

Business was never as active in some lines at Toronto, during the first half of October than it has been so far this month. The higher prices for many lines of staple goods have stimulated the demand. There have been advances of 5 to 7 1-2 per cent. this week in bleached and unbleached cottons and other lines of cottons and a number of lines of woven cotton goods have been advanced. Most lines of wholesale goods are active and values are generally firm and well maintained. Remittances are satisfactory. The local money market is no easier and rates are unchanged.

Business at Hamilton is more active than for some years at this season. The wholesale sales are large and there appears to be a disposition on the part of retailers to have ample stocks of well assorted goods to meet the increased demand. The activity in the grocery trade is undiminished, the shipments to the Northwest being large. The canned goods situation continues strong, the pack of many factories having fallen below requirements. There is continued activity among manufacturers and labor is well employed.

The more liberal deliveries of grain have caused greater activity in wholesale and retail business at London this week.

WHEN ARMIES MEET.

Something About the Tactics of Real War.

Most people have wondered at some time or other exactly how a battle is fought. When squads or scouting parties meet each other they either fight in an irregular fashion or run away. With a systematic battle it is different. Before a systematic battle one army selects some place at which to resist the advance of the other. The advancing army usually cannot leave the other aside and go on by another route to the capital city, which it wants to reach, because if it did the army left aside would quickly destroy the advancing army's "communications," and cut off supplies of food and ammunition.

The army which takes the defensive selects some point that can be most easily defended—some point where a river or a creek, or a line of hills, serves to give it the advantage in a fight. The enemy must either attack that army here, or drive it out of its position, or must "flank" it out if it is itself to go forward.

When one army has planted itself in a position of its choice, and the other advances to attack it, the army that is standing still throws out lines of pickets to watch for the enemy's advance. The enemy, as he advances, also throws out a cloud of skirmishers to "feel" the positions and avoid traps and ambushes.

In the same way the general who is awaiting attack tries to discover through his skirmishers what his enemy's plan of battle is, and what points he most needs to concentrate his own men.

While awaiting this information he posts his men where he thinks they will be most useful, and also stations men at points a little in rear of the line of battle, from which he can order them to any point where strength may be needed.

When the skirmishers of the advancing army meets the skirmishers of the resisting army there is apt to be hot fighting for a time, but this is a mere preliminary to the actual battle.

The army standing on the defensive holds its lines in position—every battery placed where it will do the most good, and every infantryman lying down and taking the utmost advantage of every tree, stump, dog, or inequality of the ground, to protect himself as much as possible.

While the skirmishers are doing their work the heaviest strain of war falls on the nerves of the men in line of battle. They have nothing to do but wait. Then comes the uproar of battle—the dust, the blood, the advance, the retreat, the shock of arms, the murderous volleys of the infantry, the thunder storm of artillery; in short the final desperate conflict of determined men for the mastery, all of them directed by cool-headed commanders, sitting on their horses at points of vantage. The concentration, the withdrawal of men here, the hurrying of artillery to one point, and one set of cavalry to another, and at a critical moment an up-and-at-them charge with the bayonets.

Wherever there is advantage on either side the general commanding that side throws troops forward in as heavy masses as possible to make the most of it. If one line or the other be broken, every conceivable effort is made to convert the breach into victory. And if victory comes the cavalry thunder forward in pursuit and in an endeavor to convert the enemy's defeat into rout.—London Herald.

The Black Peril in Africa.

The fear of a native uprising has been referred to as making for peace between Great Britain and the Transvaal. It is a genuine and a great fear, coming alike upon both parties to the present controversy. How real it is may be seen from the fact that already, on the strength of mere rumors of war, the tribes in the northern part of the Transvaal have become restless, while the Matabeles are quitting work and endeavoring to get arms. It will be remembered that the little Jameson raid, with its withdrawal of police from Matabeleland, was the opportunity and incitement of the last Matabele war. Beyond doubt, an armed conflict between Great Britain and the Transvaal would be regarded by myriads of blacks as affording an opportunity for a general rising throughout South Africa. In some cases the rising would be against the Dutch, and in some it would be against all white men.

Censuses in South Africa are not as accurate as in some other parts of the world, but the latest figures are probably within a measurable distance of the truth. They show that in Cape Colony the population is 376,812 white and 1,148,426 colored; in Natal, 44,415 white and 159,988 colored; in Rhodesia, 11,000 white and 500,000 colored; in Bechuanaland, 5,254 white and 7,071 colored; in Basutoland, 578 white and 218,326 colored; in the Transvaal, 300,000 white and 649,560 colored; in Swaziland, no white and 60,000 colored, and in the Orange State, 77,716 white and 129,787 colored. Thus there are nearly four times as many blacks as whites in South Africa as a whole.

How do these subjugated natives regard the ruling races? In a word, they hate the Dutch and fear the British. Few of them have any real affection or loyalty toward their rulers. Nearly all of them cherish the ambition of expelling or destroying the white men and re-establishing their native sovereignties. They hate the Dutch, because the latter have treated them much as the Children of Israel treated the native tribes of Palestine. They would long ago probably have swept the Dutch communities to ruin had it not been for the power of the British—a power partly tangible and partly imagined in vague immensity.—New York Tribune.

If all flesh is grass, it is not to be wondered at that some men become seedy.

Tommy—Pop, a cashier is a man who counts money, isn't he?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son.

Tommy—Then is a lady cashier a Countess?

A man can get ready for a journey in five minutes, but a woman is never really prepared for it, even after she has started on it.

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