# HEAVEN AND EARTH CONTRASTED

**In the Former Everything Is Settled—In the Latter Uncertainty and Changes Are the Chief Characteristics—"Everlasting Hills" Is a Misnomer.**

Washington, Nov. 19.—The idea that things in this world are at loose ends, and going at haphazard, is in this discourse combatted by Dr. Talmage. The text is Psalms cxix., 89: "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven."

This world has been in process of change ever since it was created. Mountains born, mountains dying, and they have both cradle and grave. Once this planet was all fluid, and no being, such as you or I, have ever seen, could have lived on it a minute. Our hemisphere turns its face to the sun, and then turns its back. The axis of the earth's revolution has shifted. The earth's center of gravity is changed. Once flowers grew in the Arctic and there was snow in the Tropic. There has been a redistribution of land and sea, the land crumbling into the sea, the sea swallowing the land. Ice and fire have fought for the possession of this planet. The chemical composition of it is different now from what it once was. Volcanoes once terribly alive are dead, not one throb of fiery pulse, not one breath of vapor. The ocean changing in amount of saline qualities. The internal fires of the earth are gradually eating their way to the surfaces. Upheaval and subsidence of vast realms of continent.

Moravians in Greenland have removed their boat poles because the advancing sea submerged them. Linneaus records that in 87 years a great stone was 100 feet nearer the water than when he wrote. Forests have been buried by the sea, and land that was cultivated by farmer's hoe can be touched only by sailor's anchor. Loch Nevis of Scotland and Dingle Bay of Ireland and the fjords of Norway, where pleasure boats now float, were once valleys and glens. Many of the islands of the sea are the tops of sunken mountains. Six thousand miles of the Pacific ocean are sinking. The diameter of the earth, according to scientific announcement, is 189 miles less than it was. The entire configuration of the earth is altered. Hills are denuded of their forests. The frosts and the waters and the air bombard the earth till it surrenders to the assault. The socalled "everlasting hills" do not last. Many railroad companies cease to build iron bridges because the iron has a life of its own, not a vegetable life, or an animal life, but a metallic life, and when that life dies the bridge goes down. Oxidation of minerals is only another term for describing their death. Mosses and sea weeds help to destroy the rocks they decorate.

The changes of the inanimate earth only symbolise the moral changes. Society ever becomes different for better or worse. Boundary lines between nations are settled until the next war unsettles them. Uncertainty strikes through laws and customs and legislation. The characteristic of this world is that nothing in it is settled. At a time when we hoped that the arbitration planned last summer at The Hague, Holland, would forever sheath the sword and spike the gun and dismantle the fortress, the world has on hand two wars which are digging graves for the flower of English and American soldiery. From the presence of such geological and social and national and international unrest, we turn with thanksgiving and exultation to my text, and find that there are things forever settled, but in higher latitudes than we have ever trod. "Forever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven."

High up in the palace of the sun at least five things are settled—that nations which are continuously and persistently wrong, perish; that happiness is the result of spiritual condition and not of earthly environment; that this world is a schoolhouse for splendid or disgraceful graduation; that with or without us the world is to be made over into a scene of arborescence and purity, that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off.

Do you doubt my first proposition, that nations which go wrong perish? We have in this American nation all the elements of permanence and destruction. We need not borrow from others any trowels for upbuilding or torches for demolition. Elements of ruin: Nihilism, infidelity, agnosticism, extravagance, fraud. They are all here. Elements of safety: God-worshiping men and women by the scores of millions, honesty, benevolence, truthfulness, self-sacrifice, industry, sobriety, and more religion than has characterised any nation that has ever existed. They are all here. The only question is as to which of the forces will gain dominancy. The one class ascendant, and this United States government, I think, will continue as long as the world exists. The other class ascendant, and the United States goes into such small pieces that other governments would hardly think them worth picking up.

Have you ever noticed the size of the Cemetery of Dead Nations, the vast Greenwood and Pere le Chaise, where mighty kingdoms were buried? Open the gate and walk through this cemetery and read the epitaphs. Here lies Carthage, born 100 years before Rome, great commercial metropolis on the Bay of Tunis, a part of an empire that gave the alphabet to the Greeks and their great language to the Hebrews; her arms the terror of nations, commanding at one time 16,000 miles of coast; her Hamilcar leading forth thirty myriads, or 300,000 troops; her Hannibal crying out in manhood the oath he had taken in boyhood to preserve eternal enmity to Rome, leaving costly and imposing monuments at Agrigentum a ghastly heap of ruins. Carthage! Her colonies on every coast, her ships plowing every sea. Carthage! Where are her splendors now? All extinguished. Where are her swords? The last one broken. Where are her towers and long ranges of magnificent architecture? Buried under the sands of the Bagradas. As ballast of foreign ships much of her radiant marble has been carried away to build the walls of trans-Mediterranean cathedrals, while other blocks have been blasted in modern times by the makers of the Tunis railway. And all of that great and mighty city and kingdom that the tourist finds to-day is here and there a broken arch of what was once a 50-mile aqueduct. Our talented and genial friend, Henry M. Field, in one of his matchless books of travel, labors hard to prove that the slight ruins of that city are really worth visiting. Carthage buried in the Cemetery of Dead Nations. Not one altar to the true God did she rear. Not one of the Ten Comamndments but she conspicuously violated. Her doom was settled in heaven when it was decided far back in the eternities that the nation and kingdom that will not serve God shall perish.

Walk on in the Cemetery of Nations and see the long lines of tombs: Thebes and Tyre and Egypt and Babylon and Medo Persian and Macedonian and Roman and Saxon heptarchy—great nations, small nations, nations that lived a year, and nations that lived five hundred years.

Another thing decided in the same high place is that happiness is the result of spiritual condition, and not of earthly environment. If we who may sometimes have a thousand dollars to invest find it such a perplexity to know what to do with it, and soon after find that we invested it where principal and interest have gone down through roguery or panic, what must be the worriment of those having millions to invest, and whose losses correspond in magnitude with their resources! People who have their three or four dollars a day wages are just as happy as those who have an income of five hundred thousand a year. Sometimes happiness is seated on a footstool, and sometimes misery on the throne. All the gold of earth in one chunk cannot purchase five minutes of complete satisfaction. Worldly success is an atmosphere that breeds the maggots of envy and jealousy and hate. There are those who will never forgive you if you have more emoluments or honor or ease than they have. To take you down is the dominant wish of most of those who are not as high as you are. They will spend hours and days and years to entrap you. They will hover around newspaper offices to get one mean line printed depreciating you. Your heaven is their hell.

Another thing decided in heaven is that this world is a school house or college for splendid or disgraceful graduation. We begin in the freshman class of good or evil, and then pass into the sophomore, and then into the junior, and then into the senior, and from that we graduate angels or devils. In many colleges there is an "elective course," where the student selects what he will study—mathematics, or the languages, or chemistry, or philosophy; and it is an elective course we all take in the school house or university of this world.

We may study sin until we are saturated with it, or righteousnes until we are exemplifications of it. Graduates we all must be, but we decide for ourselves the style of graduation. It is an elective course. We can study generosity until our every word and every act and every contribution of money or time will make the world better, or we may study meanness until our soul shall shrink up to a smallness unimaginable. We may, under God, educate ourselves into a self-control that nothing can anger, or into an irascibility that will ever and anon keep our face flushed with wrath and every nerve quiver. Great old school house of a world, in which we are all being educated for glory or perdition!

Some have wondered why graduation day in college is called "commencement day," when it is the last day of college exercises, but graduation days are properly called commencement days. To all the graduated it is the commencement of active life, and our graduation day from earth will be to us commencement of our chief life, our larger life, our more tremendous life, our eternal life. But what a day commencement day on earth is! The student never sees any days like it, at any rate, I never did. Old Niblo's theater in New York comes back to me. The gowned and tassel-hatted professors behind us, and our kindred and friends before us and above us, and the air redolent with garlands to be thrown us. What a commencement day it was for all of us about to graduate. But mightier day will it be when we graduate from this world. Will it be hisses of condemnation or handclapping of approval? Will there be flung to us nettles or wreaths? Will it be a resounding "Come," or a reverberating "Depart?"

Another thing decided in the high places of the universe is that this world, with or without us, will be made over into a scent of arborescence and purity. Do not think that such a consummation depends upon your personal fidelity. It will be done anyhow. God's cause does not go a-begging. If all the soldiers of Jesus Christ now living should become deserters and go over to the enemy, that would not defeat the cause. A large part of the Bible is taken up with telling us what the world will be. There is a large army, human and angelic, now in the field, but God's reserve forces are more numerous and more mighty than those now at the front. And if he could in Gideon's time rout the Midianites with a crash of crockery, and if he could in Shamgar's time overcome a host with an ox goad, and if in Samson's time he could defeat an army with a bleached jawbone, and if the walls of Jericho went down under a blast of perforated ram's horn, and if in Christ's day blind eyes were cured by ointment of spittle, then God can do anything He says He will do.

I suppose the greatest tidal wave that ever rolled the seas was that which in 1868 was started by the Peruvian earthquake. At Arica, Peru, the wave was 50 feet high, and swung warships a mile forward on the land. At San Pedro, Cal., the wave was 60 feet high. It moved on to the Sandwich Islands and submerged some of them, and beat against the shores of New Zealand, and rolled up the beach of Japan, and stopped not until it had encircled the entire globe. Oh, what a wave! But the earthquake that shook the mountain where our Lord died started a higher and swifter and mightier tidal wave that will roll round and round the earth until all its rebellions and abominations have gone under.

That was an exciting scene after the battle of Bosworth, which was fought between Richard III and the Earl of Richmond, the king falling and the earl triumphing, when Lord Stanley brought the crown and handed it to the earl, seated on horseback, while the dying and the dead of the battle were lying all around. But it is a more thrilling spectacle as we look through the centuries and see the last armed and imperial iniquity of the world slain and the crown of universal victory put upon the conqueror on the white horse of the apocalypse, and all nations "hail the power of Jesus' name." That the whole earth will be redeemed is one of the things long ago settled in heaven.

Another thing decided in that high place is that all who are adjoined to the unparalleled One of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Golgotha will be the subjects of a supernal felicity without any taking off. The old adage says that "Beggars must not be choosers," and the human race in its depleted state had better not be critical of the mode by which God would empalace all of us. I could easily think of a plan more complimentary to our fallen humanity than that which is called the "plan of salvation." If God had allowed us to do part of the work of recovery, and he do the rest; if we could do three-quarters of it and he do the last quarter; if we could accomplish most of it and he just put on the finishing touches, many could look with more complacency upon the projected reinstatement of the human family. No, no! We must have our pride subjugated, our stubborn will made flexible, and a supernatural power demonstrated in us at every step. A pretty plan of salvation that would be of human draughting and manufacturing! It would be a doxology sung to ourselves. God must have all the glory. Not one step of our heavenly throne made by earthly carpentry. Not one string could we twist of the harp of our eternal rejoicing. Accept all as an unmerited donation from the skies, or we will never have it at all.

"Now," says some one, "if Christ is the only way, what about the heathen, who have never heard of him?" But you are not heathen, and why divert us from the question of our personal salvation? Satan is always introducing something irrelevant. He wants to take it out of a personality into an abstraction. Get our own salvation settled, and then we will discuss the salvation of other people. "But," says some one, "what percentage of the human race will be saved? What will be the comparative number saved and lost?" There Satan thrusts in the mathematics of redemption. He suggests that you find out the mathematical proportion of the redeemed. But be not deceived. I am now discussing the eternal welfare of only two persons yourself and myself. Get ourselves right before we bother ourselves about getting others right. O, Christ, come hither and master our case! Here are our sins—pardon them; our wounds—heal them; our burdens—lift them; our sorrows—comfort them. We want the Christ of Bartimeus to open our blind eyes, the Christ of Martha to help us in our domestic cares, the Christ of Olivet to help us preach our sermons, the Christ of Lake Galilee to still our tempests, the Christ of Lazarus to raise our dead. Not too tired is He to come, though He has on His whipped shoulders so long carried the world's woe, and on His lacerated feet walked this way to accept our salutation.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL

**INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. IX.**

**NOV. 26, 1899.**

Woes of Intemperance.—Prov. 23: 29-35

Time.—B. C. 1000. Place.—Jerusalem.

Person.—The Drunkard.

Commentary.—29. Who—A divine commission to every man to investigate the prevailing cause of woe and sorrow and strife, and thus be deterred from taking the wrong course in life.—Smith. Robinson calls this lesson the drunkard's looking-glass, set before those whose face is toward the drunkard's habits, so that they may see what they will be if they go on. Hath woe—What space would be needed to record the names of all who could truthfully say "I" to this question for a sin committed, and a certain awful condition of suffering. Who hath sorrow—The Hebrew word means, first, poverty and then misery. The drunkard has sorrow of his own making.—M. The cup contains more than one woe; a single sorrow is not all. These are so numerous as to call forth a constant and long-continued cry of anguish.—Grady. Who hath contentions—Those who responded to the first two questions will also respond to this. Nine-tenths of all the brawls and fights, quarrels and misunderstandings are traceable to drink.—Pentecost. Strong drink first maddens, and then unchains the tiger. Contentions may mean the conflict between desire and conscience. Who hath babbling—This refers to the tendency of strong drink to foolish and incessant talking, revealing secrets, vile conversation and noisy demonstrations, which are common in different stages of drunkenness. The word is now commonly regarded as meaning sorrowful complaint. Wounds without cause—Wounds received in wholly unprofitable disputes, such as come of the brawls of drunken men. —Lange. Drinkers are especially exposed to accidents and diseases which temperance would have prevented.—Peloubet. Redness of eyes—Bloodshot, blurred, or bleared eyes. Gen. 49. 12.—Whedon. Alcohol induces a paralysis of the nerves controlling the minute blood-vessels, the capillaries, which results in a dilation that speedily shows itself in the eye.

30. They that tarry long at the wine—This answers the above questions. He who begins to drink continues to drink, tarrying often a whole night, and from that to day and night. They that go—To places or among people where intoxicating drinks are made or stored or used. —Beecher. Mixed wine—Spiced, drugged, medicated wine, the intoxicating power of which is increased by the infusion of drugs and spices.

31. Look not thou upon the wine—This prohibits moderate drinking. Do not put yourself in the way of temptation. He who goes freely into temptation is already more than half fallen. When it giveth its color in the cup—Literally, its eye, the clear brightness, or the beaded bubbles, on which the wine-drinker looks with pleasure.—Plumptre. When it goeth down smoothly —This verse pictures the attractive side of wine, when it seems perfectly harmless to sip a little, when it is bright and inspiring, thrilling the nerves with delight, promising all joy and freedom.

32. At last it biteth—The pleasure will be attended at last with intolerable pains, when it works so much poison in thy veins and casts thee into diseases as hard to cure as the biting of a serpent.

33. Thine eyes shall behold strange women—The loving wife will be forgotten and her goodness despised, and evil desires spring up to fill her place with others, or to go from her with others who have fallen into the same pit of drunkenness as yourself. Homes are broken up as the result of strong drink. The tears and pleadings of the devoted wife are spurned, and the dance-hall sought, where women are dressed, to suit the eyes of wicked men, and where natural affection is overthrown, and cruel lust rules. Thine heart shall utter forward things—When men or women indulge in the use of strong drink they let down the bars to every sin that follows in the train. The heart is the centre of life, and from it spring all evil desires. In a state of drunkenness men utter things out of reason and contrary to decency.

34. As he that lieth down in the midst of the sea—To make one's bed on the waves of the sea would be to be swallowed up in death. So is the drunken man. Or as a pilot who has gone to sleep when his ship was in the troughs of the sea, allowing the tiller to slip out of his hand, and his ship to be swamped with the waves which he might have outridden.

35. They have stricken me ... ... ... and I was not hurt—With consciences seared and self-respect gone, the drunkard boasts of the things which should make him blush with shame. Because he did not feel the hurt of his wounds he cares not for the scars. He thinks himself fortunate to be saved from the sense of pain, never feeling any alarm for his unfeeling soul, that has no thought of God's great mercy in sparing his life in his helpless moments. They have beaten me ... ... I felt it not—Angry companions have done their worst to end my life, says he, but their blows did not affect me. When shall I awake? I will seek it again—Rather when I shall awake I will seek it again.—Cook. Self-control is all gone. The drunkard is a slave to appetite. He is as insensible to the pleadings and warnings of those who seek his salvation as he is to the beatings of his comrades when he is delirious.

Teachings.—The miseries of this life are gifts of Satan. We are known by the company we keep, by our conduct among men, by our habits. The way to keep out of sin is to resist temptation. Sin has a sting. When men are abandoned to evil they look through the devil's glasses. Drunkenness is Satan's choice snare for young and old.

Illustration.—Boys wanted. A saloonkeeper was dealt with for enticing boys into his saloon, and this was his reply: "Oh, it is beezness, beezness. The old drinkers will all soon be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?" A regular saloon customer does not last over ten years on the average.

PRACTICAL SURVEY.

Possessions. In this lesson are enumerated the possessions, all of which are often given to a single individual. He who deals out such bounties never instalment call for another. They are like links in a chain. When once he gives the first link there is no danger, but he may delight himself in giving all the rest. Vast numbers would answer to the roll call to-day if an estimate should be made to discover who held these possessions. Eager as each one has been in piling up these possessions, not one has desired even to possess the first, and would gladly rid himself of these acquirements were he able so to do. But the bitter comes in knowing he is controlled by what he possesses and is a most pitiable slave.

Possessors. How men come to be in possession of the above miseries is made known. There is a cause for every effect. Results are the development of some former act. So here the woes of the drunkard are mentioned, and we learn how men become drunkards, how they take into their own lives the miseries summed up in the six possessions. We may trace the steps that lead to this awful estate. "They that tarry long at the wine." Then wine is an enemy. It cannot be trifled with. When once men test its power they find it has influence.

Prospects. There is something to which the drunkard may look forward. "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." He gets his portion. He must live with snakes and scorpions. Home, family, friends, business, reputation and prosperity were flung aside at the entrance into this way. Loud appeals were made to him as he pursued his journey, but these were spurned. On he went. He laughed at the man who portrayed his future, and declared he was no child, to be frightened at bugbears. But he reaches the land of strange delusions. He cannot control his whirling brain. He cannot bring himself to enjoy home and family. He seeks strange women. He knows nothing, any more, of child-like sleep and happy dreams. He is unconscious of the way others make a fool of him. He is a walking advertisement for saloons, and does not know it. He knows just enough to find the way to the grog-shop, and he puts no protection against his life. He is at home as much at one place as at another. He thinks not of personal appearance. He is not in search of life, but hurriedly running toward death.

## CAST-IRON INDUSTRY.

**A Canadian Company Organized With a Million Dollars.**

Toronto will shortly have another important manufacturing industry added to its already large list. Application has been made for a charter of incorporation for the Canada Foundry Company, with a capital of $1,000,000, and as soon as the necessary formalities have been observed and the charter issued operations will be commenced. The personnel of the company is composed of Messrs. E. B. Ogler, M. P., W. R. Brock, W. D. Matthews, Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton; Fred. Nichols, T. W. Horn and W. H. Winslow, of the Chicago firm of Winslow Bros., the largest architectural iron workers on the continent.

Mr. Winslow will be the practical man of the company, and will superintend operations. It is the intention to establish a foundry in Toronto, and later on another in the west, probably at Vancouver. All kinds of cast-iron work, including every branch of architectural work, will be turned out. In the development of Canada the iron industry has not kept pace with the other lines, and large consumers like the Canadian Pacific Railway, who use a considerable quantity of casting, have been compelled to go outside in order to get their work done. The Canada Foundry Company propose by having an establishment up to date in every respect, constructed and equipped under Mr. Winslow's supervision, to be able to cater to all the requirements of Canadian consumers. When fairly in operation a large number of hands will be employed.

### Hickory Nut Cake.

Beat half a cup of butter and one and a half cups of sugar to a cream. Add to this three-quarters of a cup of water and an even pint of flour. Beat until light the whites of four eggs and add half of them to the batter; then add half a pint of the hickory nut kernels and the rest of the whites; then one teaspoonful of baking powder. Line a baking pan with buttered paper and pour in the batter. Bake for three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

Open for an engagement—a war ship's port-holes.

# Market Reports —OF— The Week.

LEADING WHEAT MARKETS.

Following are the closing prices at important wheat centres to-day:

| | Cash. | May. |
|---|---|---|
| Chicago..... ... ... ... | $0 00 | $0 71 1-8 |
| New York... ... ... ... | 0 00 | 0 75 3-4 |
| Milwaukee ... ... ... | 0 67 1-2 | |
| St. Louis... ... ... ... | 0 70 | 0 73 |
| Toledo ... ... ... ... ... | 0 68 3-4 | 0 74 1-4 |
| Detroit, red... ... .... | 0 69 3-4 | 0 74 1-2 |
| Duluth No. 1 N... .... | 0 66 5-8 | 0 69 1-8 |
| Duluth No. 1 hard | 0 67 1-8 | |
| Minneapolis ... ... .. | 0 64 5-8 | 0 67 1-2 |

TORONTO FARMERS' MARKET.

Oct. 18.—Grain receipts on the market here to-day were fairly large, prices were about the same.

Wheat—Five hundred bushels of fall wheat sold the same at 68c to 70c and 700 bushels of goose at 68c.

Oats—Two hundred bushels sold 1c higher at 30 to 31c.

Barley—Two thousand bushels sold the same at 42 to 44c.

Butter—Small receipts and fair demand, at 20c for choice pound rolls.

Eggs—New laid eggs are in moderate demand at 19 to 20c.

Poultry—Receipts not so large today; demand a trifle stronger. Chickens were quoted at 25 to 30c; ducks 30 to 50c, geese 5 1-2c and turkeys 7c.

Dressed Hogs—Market was weaker to-day, wagon lots selling from $5 to $5.25 per cwt.

Potatoes—None offered to-day. Demand not strong.

Hay and Straw—Thirty loads of hay sold at $10.50 to $13, and four loads of straw at $8 to $9.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Milch cows, each, $25 to $50; export cattle, choice, per cwt., $4.25 to $4.65; export cattle, light, per cwt., $4 to $4.25; butchers' cattle, choice, $4 to $4.12 1-2; butchers' cattle, good, $3.25 to $3.50; butchers' medium, mixed, per cwt., $3 to $3.25; butchers' common, per cwt., $2.25 to $2.75; bulls, export, heavy, per cwt., $4 to $4.25; bulls, export, light, per cwt., $3.50 to $3.75; feeders, heavy, per cwt., $3.40 to $3.75; stockers, per cwt., $2.20 to $3; feeders, light, per cwt., $3 to $3.25; feeding bulls, per cwt., $2.50 to $3; light bulls, for Buffalo, per cwt., $1.75 to $2; light stock bulls, per cwt., $2; sheep, export ewes, per cwt., $3.25 to $3.50; do. bucks, $2.25 to $2.75; sheep, butcher, each, $2.50 to $3; lambs, per cwt., $3.25 to $3.50; lambs, picked lots, $3.50 to $3.65; lambs, each, $2.50 to $3; bucks, per cwt., $2 to $2.50; calves, per head, $4 to $10; hogs, choice, per cwt., $4; hogs, light fat, per cwt., $3.62 1-2; hogs, heavy fat, per cwt., $3.62 1-2; hogs, corn fed, $3.75; sows, $3; stags, $2.

CHEESE MARKETS.

Brantford, Nov. 17.—At the cheese market to-day 2,930 boxes of cheese were offered, of which 2,500 were sold, namely, 2,015 at 11c, and 575 at 11 1-8c. Market adjourned for the season.

Iroquois, Nov. 17.—At the Cheese Board to-day 677 cheese were offered, all colored. None was sold on the board. On the street all were disposed of at 10 1-8 to 10 3-8c.

BRITISH BUTTER MARKET.

The market went to pieces yesterday, and quotations are quite nominal. Australian is pressed for sale, and has pushed Danish out of the London market, giving us more here than we want. We quote the market as under: Choicest Danish and Swedish, 110s to 120s; Choicest Irish, 104s to 112s; Choicest Canadian, 104s to 108s; choicest Australian, 100s to 104s.

MARKET NOTES.

The corn crop of the world is estimated at 2,474,000,000 bushels, against 2,419,000,000 bushels in 1898 and 2,249,000,000 bushels in 1897. The crop outside of the United States was 414,000,000 bushels this year, 495,000,000 bushels in 1898, and 347,000,000 bushels in 1897.

The aggregate grain crops of the world, as estimated by the Liverpool Corn Trade News, are as follows: 1899, 9,864,000,000 bushels; 1898, 10,000,000,000 bushels; 1897, 8,656,000,000 bushels; 1896, 9,520,000,000 bushels; 1895, 9,624,000,000 bushels.

**Bradstreet's on Trade**

Trade at Montreal is active for this season of the year. The wholesale trade report increasing purchases of spring goods, the effect of the advancing tendency of all domestic, staple and other goods as well as imported lines having the effect as it had on the fall business, of stimulating the demand. The condition of business throughout the country, according to reports coming forward to the wholesale firms, is on an exceptionally sound basis, and the outlook for the early winter and holiday business was never more encouraging.

Business at the Coast continues fair. This is not often a very active month owing to the breaking up of mining prospecting camps for the winter, and as there is now no demand for goods to be shipped north, the movement in wholesale circles is less than it was a month ago. The building operations at the leading centres of business continue brisk. The outlook for business is good.

At Winnipeg business is very active in most departments of wholesale trade. With colder weather it is thought business in many lines of heavy winter wear will show increased activity. The grain movement in the interior is heavy now. There is every indication of a good trade being done during the ensuing two months.

The activity of manufacturers has during the past two months greatly contributed to the increase of business at Hamilton. Labor is well employed, and there is a good demand from wholesalers for supplies of various kinds in Hamilton, as well as from the surrounding country.

The fine weather has kept farmers in the vicinity of London at work on their farms, and the deliveries of grain have not been as large as they otherwise would have been, consequently retail sale have been normal.

Business at Toronto continues fairly active. The sorting business in fall and winter dry goods is still occupying the attention of the trade, but spring business continues to expand. Values continue firm. Yarns and warps were advanced this week. Hides, leather, wool, and hardware and metals are showing marked strength. Refined sugars have been reduced 10 cents per 100 pounds. Payments are satisfactory. There is a good demand for funds for mercantile purposes and rates are firm.

# THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

## War's Tragedy Brought to British Homes.

### WHAT JOHN BRIGHT SAID.

[London Correspondence of Montreal Gazette.

Just before the House of Commons rose, Mr. Wyndham, the very able young Under Secretary for War, who has played so distinguished a part during the past week, had to announce the death of the gallant Gen. Symous. The news caused a thrill to run through the House such as had not been so keenly felt since this unhappy conflict began. It brought home to men's minds the remorseless cruelty, the brutal tragedy of war. The sensation it created recalled the scene in a past generation, when the House was listening to an eloquent condemnation of the Crimean war by John Bright, who paused in his argument to refer to the death of a distinguished officer, who was also a well-known member of Parliament—and when amid solemn and painful silence, the great orator exclaimed "the angel of death is abroad in the land—we can almost hear the beating of his wings." We have our morning papers and our evening papers hour by hour full of war news, and we sup full of horrors. And, while we are reading of the bravery and devotion of our gallant soldiers, we are eagerly questioning with one another: "Is this sacrifice of gallant lives, this heaping of suffering and misery upon so many stricken fellow creatures not out of all proportion to the cause of quarrel with the Boers? Here the sympathy and admiration for our army is unstinted, and so to is the pride and satisfaction with which we see the loyal devotion of our brothers in Greater Britain—but very many here are looking on with that sickening despair with which a crowd watches a fire, as a cruel and destructive thing which ought to have been avoided. The spirited action of our soldiers, and the defeat of the Boers would seem to point to a speedy end of this fearful business, and already the newspapers in London are discussing the probable settlement—after the war is ended. And there is the irony of it—the war itself settles nothing which was not known before—and the position of the Outlanders and the position of the Transvaal Republic must be considered all over again, when "the angel of death" has done his worst. Some are expressing the opinion that as the Boers were hostile to us from the very beginning, there is nothing for it but to cripple them now, and deprive them of all power or independence. The Standard argued thus yesterday. "The design of Dutch politicians," it says, "must be rendered forever incapable of realization." To treat our enemies as traitors and conspirators, and deserving of punishment, would be a dangerous policy surely—the thought of it is incompatible with the reconciliation and the fusion of the races, which alone can make for the peace and prosperity of South Africa. It is to be feared that as the war advances the spirit of jingoism is becoming more and more active, to protest against it—to hint that arbitration would have been more becoming to the civilization of Britain than an unequal war is to risk being accused of lack of patriotism. We are dangerously near the same state of mind as poor France whom we despised in the days of the Dreyfus agitation. This feeling was met by an eloquent protest from Lord Crewe in yesterday's Times. Lord Crewe says boldly what most of us needed to hear—that it ought not to be assumed that all criticism of the recent conduct of affairs in South Africa implies a want of Imperial spirit—any more than a condemnation of anti-Dreyfusard methods implied an attack on the army, or on the country itself. While the war in South Africa goes on, Englishmen are disputing as to the rights or wrongs of it—and it is to be regretted that many loyal Conservatives like Sir Edward Clarke, M. P., are being denounced as "pro Boers," because they think the negotiations for peace ought to have been successful—and that war at this juncture was not justifiable, and can be no remedy in any case.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 15.—The above despatch supplies the missing cue to the story reported on Friday, which told of an attempt made here by a man styling himself "G. H. Paton, of New York," to pass a draft for $12,500 on the Imperial Copper Company, of this city. In the Toronto case, as in the other the draft was one from the Lawrence National Bank of Kansas, on the First National Bank of New York, and the sharper played a clever game, under the pretence of making a purchase of stock, to secure an advance upon the bogus paper. His request, however, was refused by the gentlemen interested in the company, and he left the city suddenly, throwing his hotel key from the car window as his train passed Port Credit. The name of G. H. Paton does not appear in the list of those given above, but the man who tried to operate here is without doubt one of those now under arrest.

The second man, who was in Toronto with Paton, also left here suddenly, and without achieving success. His plan of operation was by negotiating for the purchase of a well-known down-town hotel, which he pretended, he was willing to buy.

**Words of Wisdom.**

The busy have no time for tears.—Byron.

The public is wiser than the wisest critic.—Bancroft.

Cut men's throats with whisperings.—Ben Jonson.

Countries are well cultivated, not as they are fertile, but as they are free.—Montesquieu.

The rays of happenings, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.—Longfellow.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.—H. More.

Better were it to be unborn than to be ill-bred.—Sir W. Raleigh.

Either I will find a way or I will make one.—Sir P. Sidney.

To know how to dissemble is the knowledge of kings.—Richelieu.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—D. G. Mitchell.

Nothing is useless to the man of sense; he turns everything to account.—La Fontaine.

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