THE THREE CROSSES OF CALVARY

Rev. Dr. Talmage Invites the World to Look to the Central One and Find Salvation.

Washington Report.—The famous paintings in the picture galleries of Munich seem to have suggested the topic of this discourse, which Dr. Talmage sends from the quaint Bavarian town, but the theme which inspired the painters awakens in the great preacher thoughts of the redemption [illegible] which was the scene of [illegible] text is Lu[illegible] crucified one on th[illegible] on the lef[illegible]

Just out[illegible] of ground [illegible] ascending [illegible] tion. W[illegible] Some for[illegible] malefactor[illegible] they will [illegible] be execut[illegible]

Three [illegible] right plac[illegible] one on [illegible] hands a[illegible] middle. [illegible] Three tre[illegible] fruit—the [illegible] poison, a[illegible] aloes, th[illegible] of love. [illegible] orange a[illegible] make so[illegible] orchard [illegible] a look at [illegible]

Just lo[illegible] Its victi[illegible] than his [illegible] and hat[illegible] cross. [illegible] around [illegible] one in [illegible] could ge[illegible] within [illegible] middle [illegible] him wit[illegible] he wis[illegible] ground [illegible] envies [illegible] nails b[illegible] the sett[illegible] the cras[illegible] out the [illegible] wretch[illegible] tor! Y[illegible] and yet [illegible] you!" [illegible] that Ve[illegible] cause [illegible] his bed[illegible] and cr[illegible] What h[illegible] arouse [illegible] Nothing [illegible] tural [illegible] world [illegible] philant[illegible] who co[illegible] their s[illegible] right h[illegible] the unt[illegible] "Back [illegible] will no[illegible] will d[illegible] for me [illegible] war b[illegible] and th[illegible] there [illegible] the fig[illegible] dying [illegible] lessnes[illegible] that t[illegible] have [illegible] for all [illegible]

Look [illegible] tenanc[illegible] a gha[illegible] 'Behold[illegible] pitiful[illegible] hour. [illegible] partu[illegible] ness! [illegible] on the [illegible] world [illegible] "Here [illegible] a wi[illegible] Three [illegible] fall, [illegible] after [illegible] prepa[illegible] mast[illegible] give [illegible] Sir [illegible] the b[illegible] am. [illegible] brea[illegible] Oh, [illegible] that [illegible] year[illegible] and [illegible] Oh, [illegible] disco[illegible] can [illegible] ever [illegible]

Th[illegible] bear[illegible] is p[illegible] Whe[illegible] spiri[illegible] dow[illegible] shall [illegible] cros[illegible] fact[illegible] all [illegible] spir[illegible] this [illegible] and [illegible] hell [illegible] the [illegible] aire[illegible] thes[illegible] hea[illegible] "I [illegible] the[illegible] tho[illegible] run[illegible] me, [illegible] ove[illegible] Tel[illegible] die. [illegible] wh[illegible]

pillow my head upon its consolations—Jesus the God.

Here from the right hand cross I go to the left hand cross. Pass clear to the other side. That victim also twists himself upon the nails to look at the center cross, yet not to scoff. It is to worship. He, too, would like to get his hard loose not to smite, but to

face thy vell of darkness. Tell me, ye lepers who were cleansed, ye dead who were raised, is he the Son of God? Aye, aye, responds the universe. The flowers breathe it; the stars chime it; the redeemed celebrate it; the angels rise on their thrones to announce it. And yet on that miserable malefactor's "if" how many shall be wrecked for all eternity! That little "if" has enough venom in its sting to cause the death of the soul. No "if" about it. I know it. Ecce Deus! I feel it thoroughly—through every muscle of the body, and through every faculty of my mind, and through every energy of my soul. Living, I will preach it; dying, I will

ed cross. The crosses were only two or three yards apart. It did not take long for Christ to hear. Christ might have turned away and said: "How darest thou speak to me? I am the Lord of heaven and earth. I have seen your violence. When you struck down that man in the darkness, I saw you. You are getting a just reward. Die in darkness—die forever." But Jesus said not so, but rather, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise," as much as to say: "I see you there. Do not worry. I will not only bear my cross, but help you with yours."

Forthwith the left hand cross becomes the abode of contentment. The pillow of the malefactor, soaked in blood, becomes like the crimson upholstery of a king's couch. When the body became still and the surgeons feeling the pulse said one to another, "He is dead," the last mark of pain had gone from his face. Peace had smoothed his forehead. Peace closed his eyes. Peace closed his lips. Now you see why there were two transverse pieces on the cross, for it has become a ladder into the skies. That dying head is easy which has under it the promise, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

I have shown you the right hand cross and the left hand cross; now come to the middle cross. We stood at the one and found it yielded poison; we stood at the other and found it yielded bitter aloes. Come now to the middle cross and shake down apples of love. Uncover your head. You never saw so tender a scene as

forth and [illegible] Jesus.

First Known to the Chinese.

One of the greatest Chinese discoveries was a kind of iron ore which attracts iron—the magnet. Then they found that a bar of magnetic iron set free always points to the north. That is the mariner's compass, without which travel at sea would be almost impossible. They were the first people to dig canals and so find a cheaper way of carrying goods than even our railways. In building they discovered the greatest of all inventions—the arch.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON NO. XIV SEPTEMBER 30, 1900.

Review.—Matt. 16; 21-26; John 10; 7-11.

Summary—Lesson I. Topic: Prayer and faith. Place: On the sea of Galilee. The five thousand had just been fed; Jesus sent the disciples across the sea towards Capernaum; sent the multitude away; went alone to pray; between three and six o'clock in the morning he came to the disciples walking on the sea; Peter walks on the water; begins to sink; calls for help; Jesus caught him; rebukes him for doubting; Christ is worshipped.

II. Topic: The true bread. Place: Capernaum. The multitudes seek for Jesus; he again heals their sick; many follow Him for the "loaves and fishes," we should labor for meat which endureth.

[illegible]

Lord's ministry on earth was restricted, principally, to the Jews. In order to leave them without excuse, salvation was offered to them first. Occasionally He reached out beyond, in order, gradually, to break up the old exclusiveness, and to show that His gospel was for the whole earth. 2. A woman's request. It was an humble, earnest, direct, comprehensive request, made in great faith and with a spirit of perseverance. It was for another, and thus it brought two to Christ instead of one.

IV. The Great Confession. "Thou art the Christ." We are to confess Christ before men as "the ground of salvation, and as the evidence of salvation." "Our confession of Him here means identification with Him in humility and suffering. The Sure Foundation Christ is the foundation of His church. Upon "this Rock" we can ground our faith. He is able to make His promises good and to defeat the powers of death and hell.

V. Christ Praying. Seclusion is [illegible]ed for true devotion. Jesus and [illegible] disciples went into the mount[illegible] to pray. Communion with God [illegible] imprint a glory on the very [illegible]tenance. Christ Transfigured. [illegible] veil, that is to say, his flesh," [illegible]me partly transparent for a [illegible]ent, and revealed a gleam of [illegible]r, like a sunbeam through a [illegible] in a clouded sky. So could He al[illegible]s have walked among men; and [illegible] brief flash shows us His contin[illegible] voluntary humiliation.

[illegible] Christ's Kingdom. Illustrated [illegible] little child in the midst. The [illegible]ance is by conversion—a thor[illegible] and radical change of heart [illegible] life. Promotion depends upon the [illegible]ility of the subject. Christ's care [illegible] His little ones. Angels who dwell [illegible] he immediate presence of God [illegible]rd them. The one who causes [illegible]n to stumble shall be severely [illegible]shed. Christ demands separation [illegible] a cherished sins. The hand, foot, [illegible] refer to the pleasing sin, the [illegible] we love. It must be renounced. [illegible]I. Peter's question. The rabbis [illegible]ght the people never to forgive [illegible]e than three times. Peter was [illegible]ttle nearer the gospel idea when [illegible] asked if He should forgive until [illegible]en times. Christ's answer. The [illegible]e spirit of the gospel is quickly [illegible]olded when Jesus says, "Until [illegible]enty times seven." There is to be [illegible] limit to our forgiving. Our duty [illegible]strated. We have the parable of [illegible] unjust servant.

[illegible]III. A blind man. Palestine was [illegible]ed with them. The world is full of [illegible]se morally blind. They have eyes, [illegible] they see not. A discussion. The [illegible]ciples seem to be in error about [illegible] blindness being the result of [illegible]ne particular sin.

[illegible]X. 1. The parable. Strictly speak[illegible]; this is not a parable, but more [illegible]perly an allegory. 2. The destroy[illegible]; enemy. The false prophets and [illegible]rupt leaders were strangers — [illegible]elings who were robbing the peo[illegible] and allowing the wolf to catch [illegible]d scatter them. 3. Christ the [illegible]or. Christ is the way to God. 4. [illegible]rist the Good Shepherd. He knows, [illegible]lls, leads, cares for, gives his life [illegible] his sheep.

[illegible]X. 1. The Seventy appointed. The [illegible]enty were Christ's forerunners. [illegible]sus was making a final effort to [illegible]ach and save the common people. 2. [illegible]eir commission given. They were (1) [illegible] carry peace, (2) heal the sick, (3) [illegible]each the gospel of the kingdom, and [illegible] warn those who rejected them and [illegible]eir message. 3. Their joy on return[illegible]g. They had cause for rejoicing. They [illegible]ere, however, warned against rejoic[illegible]g in what they had done.

[illegible]XI. The way to gain life—By getting [illegible] heart filled with love (Rom. v. 5) and [illegible] loving God and our neighbors. 2. A [illegible]rable. Those who should have been [illegible]eighbors to the one in distress passed [illegible] and left the suffering man to die [illegible]one, but the hated Samaritan cared [illegible]r him. 3. The law of love. Go, and [illegible] thou likewise. The gospel law is a [illegible]niversal law of love.

[illegible]XII. A warning. Jesus warns against [illegible]vetousness. Let us take heed. 2. A [illegible]arable. Shows the folly of trusting to [illegible]he things of this world. 3. An applica[illegible]ion. In our extreme anxiety to gain [illegible]his world's goods we may lose heaven.

[illegible]XIII 1. The duty of watchfulness. [illegible]esus says, "Watch and pray, that ye [illegible]nter not into temptation."

MARKET REPORTS —OF— The Week,

Leading Wheat Markets.

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

	Cash.	Dec.
New York...	$0 00	$0 85 5-8
Milwaukee...	0 81	0 00
St. Louis.....	0 00	0 79 5-8
Toledo	0 82	0 84 5-8
Detroit, red...	0 80 3-4	0 83 3-4
Detroit, white ...	0 78 3-4	
Duluth, No. 1 Northern...	0 83 5-8	0 82 7-8
Duluth, No. 1 hard...	0 85 5-8	
Minneapolis, No. 1 Northern...	0 81 1-8	0 80 1-8
Minneapolis, No. 1 hard	0 83 1-8	

Toronto Farmers' Market.

Wheat—500 bushels of white fall wheat sold ½c higher at 69c to 70c; two loads of spring ½c to 1½c higher at 68½c to 69½c, and two loads of goose steady at 67c.

Barley—2,500 bushels sold at ½ higher at 44½c to 47c.

Oats—1,200 bushels sold unchanged at 29½c to 30c for new.

Rye—300 bushels sold steady at 53c to 53½c.

Hay and Straw—Fifteen loads of hay sold steady at $13 to $14, and one load of straw at $11.

Wheat—900 bushels sold as follows: White, 500 bushels at 70 1-2c; red, 200 bushels at 70c to 70 1-2c; goose, 200 bushels at 69c.

Barley—2,500 bushels sold at 46c to 48 1-2c.

Oats—700 bushels sold at 29c to 29 1-2c.

Rye—200 bushels sold at 53 1-2c.

Hay—25 loads sold at $11 to $13 per ton.

Toronto Live Stock Market.

Export cattle, choice, per cwt.	$4 85	to	$5 00
Export cattle, light, per cwt...	4 25	to	4 50
Export bulls, heavy, per cwt..	4 12½	to	4 25
Export bulls, light, per cwt....	3 12½	to	3 35
Loads good butchers and exporters, mixed.....	4 25	to	4 37½
Butchers' cattle, picked.....	4 55	to	4 70
Butchers' cattle, good.....	4 30	to	4 50
Butchers' medium, mixed.....	3 95	to	4 10
Butchers' common, per cwt....	3 12½	to	3 25
Butchers' inferior	2 75	to	2 85
Feeders, short-keep	3 75	to	4 15
Feeders, light.....	3 25	to	3 35
Stockers	2 25	to	3 10
Milch cows, each.....	30 00	to	50 00
Calves, per head.....	3 00	to	10 00
Sheep, export ewes, per cwt...	3 50	to	3 75
do. bucks	2 75	to	3 00
Lambs, each	2 75	to	3 35
Sheep, butchers', each.....	2 50	to	3 50
Hogs, choice, per cwt.....	6 25	to	0 00
Hogs, heavy, fat, per cwt.....	5 50	to	0 00
Hogs, light, per cwt.....	5 50	to	0 00
Hogs, corn fed	5 37½	to	0 00
Hogs, corn fed	3 75	to	0 00
Sows.....	2 00	to	0 00
Stags.....			

Toronto Fruit Market.

Receipts of fruit at the market, Esplanade and Scott streets, to-day were larger and demand fair. There was a slight drag to the market, but stocks were fairly well cleared out. Prices were steady. We quote: Pears, 10c to 20c per basket, barrel $1 to $2; tomatoes, 10c to 15c per basket; apples, 10c to 20c per basket; apples, choice, per barrel, 50c to $1; green corn, 3c to 7c per dozen; potatoes, 30c to 35c per bushel; peaches, 20c to 40c per basket; Crawford peaches, 50c to 75c per basket; plums, 25c to 60c; muskmelons, 12½c to 15c per basket, and 75c to $1 a barrel; celery, 20c to 40c per dozen; huckleberries, 70c to 90c per basket; grapes, small basket, 12½c to 20c; Moore's early, 12½c to 20c; Niagaras, 12½c to 20c; red grapes, 15c to 25c; bananas, $1.25 to $2 per bunch; egg plant, basket, 20c to 25c; sweet potatoes, barrel, $4 to $4.50; basket, 50c.

Foreign Wheat Crops.

Regarding the French wheat crop, Beerbohm says: "We remain of the opinion that with a crop of 300,000,000 bushels, and with stocks of old wheat amounting to 48,000,000 to 80,000,000 bushels, France will not import any foreign wheat worth mentioning. This view is certainly the one taken by the markets in France, the price of home-grown wheat being much below an importing level."

The Russian wheat crop promises to be an average one of 360,000,000 bushels, as against last year's estimated crop of 450,000,000. This last is generally discredited by most authorities, who place it at about 375,000,000 bushels.

The world's wheat crop harvested is now placed at quite a full average one, but from 80,000,000 to 125,000,000 bushels less than last year's crop of 2,600,000,000 bushels.

Liverpool Apple Market.

Messrs. Woodall & Co., of Liverpool, say: The market is showing an improvement for red fruit. Gravensteins, 12s 6d to 16s 6d.

In a recent letter Woodall & Co. write: "Our country is full of damsons and other stone fruit, and Covent Garden people are declining to receive it in its enormous quantities, as it is not realizing freight and sale expenses. This also applies to our apples, although in a less degree, but all this will adversely affect Canadian and American apples for a while."

As stated, this, of course, is only temporary, and I have no doubt that as our standard varieties are a good sample by the time they begin to arrive out freely, they will meet with a good reception.

Bradstreet's on Trade.

The more seasonable autumn weather brought in numerous sorting orders to the Montreal wholesale trade this week. The grocery trade is a little more active. Hardware is quiet. Dairy products are still high and firm.

There was less activity in wholesale trade circles in Toronto this week. The sorting trade has been showing some improvement. More activity is expected later in the month. Values continue firm. Already large lots of damaged fruit are being forced on the markets. Money is steady.

Business at London this past week has been fair. There is more inquiries from the retailers in the country. Jobbers are busy filling orders, and the outlook for fall business is bright.

Trade at Winnipeg has been quiet this week; the jobbers find the demand for general goods very light. The millinery openings at Winnipeg were a great success. The movement in cattle is large. Hogs are becoming scarce. Large numbers of hogs are now used in Manitoba by packers. Payments are slow and credits are being closely scrutinized.

Supplement to Durham REVIEW

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ON A HOLIDAY JAUNT.

ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER FROM REV. JAS. FARQUHARSON.

In the Valley of the Dee—On Historic Ground—A Strange Burial Place.

Auchallater, Braemar, July 30th, 1900.—One day, starting from Ballater in company with two cousins who could tell us the name of every farm and every hill on the way, and something of the history of the people who have dwelt there, we went around the shoulder of Cragendarroch, up the valley of the Dee for nearly two miles, crossed Gavin's murmuring stream and started upwards into narrow Glenairn. A row of small farms, growing ever smaller as we ascended, skirted the Galvin on either side, while high hills covered in the lower stretches with beautiful birch trees. But higher up all vegetation gave place to a little grass and much heather rose from the upper end of the fields and enclosed the valley. A real highland glen is Glenairn. About eight miles from our starting point we stopped. Thence we looked across the small, winding river and up the brae to the house in which Mrs. Farquharson's father was born, but it was not of him or his forefathers I thought as I looked upon the house. Once before I had seen the house, once before my feet had trod the narrow glen. In yonder house I had looked upon the dead—from yonder door I had gone with the slow and solemn funeral procession in which not hearse nor carriage, nor waggon, carried the dead, but men. The road, indeed, was scarcely fit for wheeled conveyances. Silently the procession passed along through the glen's stern wintry moot, save that now and again the man who walked ahead looked around and called out "Change!" Then four men stepped out of the procession and relieved the four who carried the dead, these falling back to the rear of the procession, to again work their way gradually towards the front, once more to take their turn as bearers of the dead. A grand-aunt, the last of her family, was that day laid to rest by the murmuring Gairn, near where its waters join with, and swell, those of the Dee.

But we turned our steps toward Aineten, once the home of MacDonalds, ancestors of Mrs. Farquharson. Through the house in which they had lived we were permitted, through the kindness of its present occupant's wife, to look. But the graveyard in which the dead MacDonalds lie had even more attraction for me than the house which had been the family home. The graveyard is surrounded by a stone dyke through which no gate, no fence gap, offers entrance. He who would see within this enclosure must climb up some other way. Does the wall without gate declare to every passer-by that this spot is reserved for the dust of those who already lie there? We climbed the dyke and read the epitaphs, but, with our little knowledge of those laid to rest within, the epitaphs conveyed little information to us. It is the strangest burying place I have ever seen but it joins with all the crowded graveyards of this old land, with all the monuments of the past in declaring that all men are mortal, that in the case of every man very soon shall "earth" be returned "to earth and dust to dust."

On Sabbath, 22nd inst., after service at Ballater, we started with another cousin who had come to the church, for his home in Glen Clunie. For sixteen miles our course was westward along the valley of the Dee. Here we were upon wider, freer space than in Glenairn, yet it is narrow enough. The hills on either side of the river rise to a height of from 1,600 to 2,050 feet above the sea level. In the stretch of lowland between flows the River Dee. Its clear waters, through which, at the deepest pond, you can see the stony, gravelly bed, ever flow murmuringly among the great stones in their course. Beautiful farm houses are ever in sight, and often dwellings more pretentious than ever sheltered farmers' households delight the passerby. Abergeldie Castle soon appears to the south of the Dee. Here the Duchess of Kent, the mother of the Queen, spent the summer for many a year. More recently it was the Highland home of the Prince of Wales. A little further west are passed the Parish Church of Crathie, in which Her Majesty worships, a church recently built, to no small extent through the Queen's liberality, and the Free Church of the parish, erected at first on the other side of the river near Abergeldie Castle. A little further on, through openings in beautiful woods which are, in places, so thick that not a glimpse of what is beyond ever steals through, Balmoral Castle is seen. Its almost white granite walls rise up clean as the day they were built, as if the hard granite bade defiance to the ravages of time. Beautiful is the situation of the Castle. In its front winds the Dee, with its banks covered with dark fir and silvery birch. Away out further are the steep hills which raise their heather-covered sides and crest to shut in the valley on the north. Right behind the Castle are the foothills of Byron's "Dark Lochnagar," the summit of which rises upwards of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. These hills speak of strength greater than that of kings—the strength of Him who, at first, made the hills and still claims them as his own. These regions do speak of man's deeds, of his strength—aye, and more of his weakness, for it is so often the ruins of his fortresses that tell the traveller his story. But still more do man's story, as handed down in legend form, as written in books, and these magnificent hills, declare the everlasting glory of our Lord who bears, not from human story, from everlasting hills, the enduring message, "The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth?"

Everywhere on the roads one treads on historic ground. On them the Highland slogan has often been heard. Over them Highland clans have often marched to war. Sometimes, let us hope, the sword was justly drawn; sometimes clansmen donned the tartan and marched to the pipers' strains with bosoms heaving with patriotic fervour. But alas often the clan was gathered and the sword drawn that a neighbor's cattle might be plundered, or the cattle of the lowlander seized. Westward of Balmoral stands Cairn na Quheen, the Cairn of remembrance, the rallying point of the Farquharsons. As they went forth into battle every clansman laid a stone beside the Cairn; every man who returned took away a stone, and the remaining stones, representing those who fell in battle, were built into the Cairn. Cairn na Quheen, Slavonica, thus became the battle cry of the clan—the Cairn of remembrance and the blessed moor.

A little further and Invercauld House, the residence of the chief of the Farquharsons, is seen, beautiful in itself and beautiful for situation is this house. Then Braemar Castle and Braemar itself were reached and passed. Two miles further, at Anchallater, we found a most hearty welcome. There we have been for a week. With kind remembrances for all,

I am, etc.,

JAMES FARQUHARSON.

NOTES OF A TRIP THROUGH GREY.

Intended for last week.

Our rambles bring us at last to the "County Town," situated at the head of Owen's "Sound," using the word in its geographical sense, now completely obscured for we speak of Owen Sound "Bay." And Mr. Owen, good gentleman, whose name lives in the compound word, is almost as completely forgotten as Mr. Moncky whose inventive genius gave us the movable wrench, known everywhere as the "Monkey wrench" by an unfortunate similiarity of name.

The bay, for "sound" can not be correctly applied to it, is 12 to 15 miles long and ends up in the finely sheltered, though narrow harbor, into which flows the insignificant stream, the Sydenham river.

On the banks of this stream and on the sides of the harbor is built the town of Owen Sound which by its expansion is fast filling up the flat land between the harbor and the cliffs on each side. It is never likely to climb the cliffs, except for residential purposes, so its growth must take place along the bay on both sides, and in the days not far distant when it ranks as acity, a magnificent street car line may be expected to ply between its extremities.

Much of the marshy land is already reclaimed and large elevators and industrial establishments thereon give evidence of the commercial importance of this largest of Canadian towns on the Upper Lakes. Its business establishments, its hostelries, its fine streets, &c. show that it is also the centre of a large country trade, while its large schools and churches give evidence that the intellectual and religious life of its citizens are not neglected.

A few miles out on the Sarawak side of the bay is "Balmy Beach", a pleasant summer resort created by the enterprise of John H. McLaughlan. By judicious advertising it has become a rendesvous for parties of all kinds and being reached by steamer Mazeppa, owned by the said John H., is proving a "going concern." Bought over a year ago for $375 the C. P. R. it is reported offer $30,000 for the whole outfit, and purpose, if secured building a big tourist's hotel.

The county town has not a few of old Durhamites in its bounds and all seem prospering. A drive through the residential part shows excellent taste (and a full purse) in many of the mansions, and though a few of its streets would not delight the heart of Good Roads Campbell, the most of them are excellent.

We close our rambling remarks by a short quotation from a writer in "Toronto Saturday Night" in its issue of Sep. 15. He is describing "The Georgian Bay, its History, Character and Romances" and says among many good things: "Fortunate is the person whose home is by the waters of the great bay, and fortunate also is that one who can spend his summer vacation among its islands, or, by means of canoe, sail-boat or house-boat, is able to explore its lovely channels, bays and out-of-the-way nooks."

Balsam Valley.

Intended for last week.

We have very fine weather this fall and everybody is crying for rain, all the wells are nearly dry in this vicinity and a water famine is expected soon.

The ham of threshers are on both sides of the Valley. The McLean Bro. are busy scouring out the South Line, Glenelg, while Vint Hill and Eccles are busy burning cordwood around Bootbville and piling the straw up in great style.

Bush fires are doing a series of damage around here, and if the dry weather continues the soil will be burned for miles around.

Mr Calder has been drilling a well for Mr. Frook, he got water at a depth of 60 feet. This is an expensive well but in a dry season will soon pay for itself.

Mr. C. Lamont is completing his barn at present and will have a good commodious barn when done, they say that harrow tooth was in the road.

James McDonald has built an addition to his house and Pete is going to have a claim on that apartment.

Mr. Malcolm McGillvary of Toronto, was visiting at J. McDonald's and other families last week.

The McDonald family accompanied by Mr and Mrs D. McIntyre, visited Melbourne Hall last week.

Elders of the Latter Day Saints church visited the Valley and no doubt will hold a series of revivals before long.

Mr D. McIntyre is getting some better but is not able to work yet. He is taking in the Great Northern Exhibition Collingwood this week and will remain a while to regain his strength.

Mr Richardson, Conservative Candidate for the Commons, was around here roping in some of the Conservative Patrons of this district.

A couple of lads from this part are particularly interested round Dromore church and are often seen primed up fit to kill around that district.

Mr Dan McKechnie is spending a few days at home and is complaining of a few broken ribs and a cut foot, watch yourhead next time Dan.

What we know and hear? That Charlie has the stone house all to himself now.

WAS HIS OWN SURGEON.

Mangled Brakeman's First Aid Knowledge Useful.

BOUND UP SEVERED LEG.

Port Jarvis, N. Y. Report.—To his remarkable pluck, coupled with his knowledge of what is necessary to be done in rendering first aid to the injured, William L. Eaton, a brakeman on the New York division of the Erie Railroad, probably owes his life.

Easton, who lives in Matamoras, Pa., opposite Port Jervis, on the Delaware River, was employed on an eastbound extra freight train Monday night. When near Ramsey's he fell from a box car to the track, and the car wheels, passing over his leg, cut it off just above the ankle.

Realizing his position, Eaton lay quietly until the last car had passed. Then by a supreme effort he crawled from the track to the bank, out of danger from other trains. The severed leg was bleeding freely, and he knew that unless the flow were promptly stopped he would die before assistance could reach him.

In his pocket was a large red handkerchief. Tearing this into strips was the work of a moment, and he bound them around the stump. With a jackknife he twisted the bandage until it became so tight that the bleeding was checked.

As the thermometer was below 50, he built a fire, and then prepared to flag the next eastbound train. This was fast freight No. 81. By signalling with blazing sticks he attracted the attention of C. S. Duryea, the fireman. Duryea spoke to the engine driver, who brought the train to a stop. Eaton was placed in the caboose, where Cassidy, the conductor, made him as comfortable as possible until the train reached Paterson, where his leg was amputated. He may live.

Preparing for Emergencies.

"Very well," concluded the lady of the house, "I will engage you."

"Yes, ma'am," said the pretty chambermaid, "and I think I'd better tell you, ma'am, that I've got a steady beau that I'm very fond of."

"Oh, that's all right."

"Yes, ma'am. So if you catch your husband tryin' to kiss me you'll know it ain't my doin's."—Philadelphia Press.

—The people were [illegible] who take upon themselves the forms for the benefits they received. Those of religion with a view to their temporal betterment rather than out of love to Christ and His truth are sadly degrading the spiritual life for selfish ends. Such persons have no reason to expect the confidence of good people. All whom the Father draws by His Spirit (v. 44) are given to Christ, for He has purchased them, and He will lose nothing committed to Him, but at the last day will raise them up to inhabit mansions which He himself has prepared.

III. 1. In heathen borders. Our

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO