PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

REV. DR. TALMAGE WORD PICTURES THE MEETING.

He Describes Paul as Prematurely Old at Sixty—Felix Did not Want to Give up His Sins—He Could Not Give up the Honours of the World—Dangerous Thing to Defer Religion.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"Felix trembled, and answered, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."—Acts xxiv. 25.

A city of marble was Cesarea—wharves of marble, houses of marble, temples of marble. This being the ordinary architecture of the place, you may imagine some of the splendor of Governor Felix's residence. In a room of that palace, floor tesselated, windows curtained, ceilings fretted, the whole scene affluent with Tyrian purple, and statues and pictures, and carvings, sat a very dark-complexioned man by the name of Felix, and beside him a woman of extraordinary beauty, whom he had stolen by breaking up another domestic circle. She was only eighteen years of age, a princess by birth, and unwittingly waiting for her doom—that of being buried alive in the ashes and scoria of Mount Vesuvius, which in sudden eruption, one day, put an end to her abominations. Well, one afternoon, Drusilla, seated in the palace, weary with the magnificent stupidities of the place, says to Felix: "You have a very distinguished prisoner, I believe, by the name of Paul. Do you know he is one of my countrymen? I should very much like to see him, and I should very much like to hear him speak, for I have heard so much about his eloquence. Besides the other day, when he was being tried in another room of this palace, and the windows were open, I heard the applause that greeted the speech of Lawyer Tertullus, as he denounced Paul. Now, I very much wish I could hear Paul speak. Won't you let me hear Paul speak?" "Yes," said Felix "I will. I will order him up now from the guard-room.' Clank, clank, comes a chain up the marble stairway, and there is a shuffle at the door, and in comes Paul, a little old man, prematurely old through exposure—only sixty years of age, but looking as though he were eighty. He bows very courteously before the Governor and the beautiful woman by his side. They say: "Paul, we have heard a great deal about your speaking; give us now a specimen of your eloquence." Oh! if there ever was a chance for a man to show off, Paul had a chance there. He might have harangued them about Grecian art, about the wonderful water-works he had seen at Corinth, about the Acropolis by moonlight, about prison life in Philippi, about "what I saw in Thessalonica," about the old mythologies; but: "No!" Paul said to himself: "I am now on the way to martyrdom, and this man and woman will soon be dead, and this is my only opportunity to talk to them about the things of eternity." And just there and then, there broke in upon the scene a peal of thunder. It was the voice of a judgment-day speaking through the words of the decrepit apostle. As that grand old missionary proceeded with his remarks, the stoop begins to go out of his shoulders, and he rises up, and his countenance is illumined with the glories of a future life, and his shackles fattle and grind as he lifts his fettered arm, and with it hurls upon his abashed auditors the bolts of God's indignation. Felix grew very white about the lips. His heart beat unevenly. He put his hand to his brow, as though to stop the quickness and violence of his thoughts. He drew his robe tighter about him, as under a sudden chill. His eyes glare and his knees shake, and, as he clutches the side of his chair in a very paroxysm of terror, he orders the sheriff to take Paul back to the guard-room. "Felix trembled, and said, Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." A young man came one night to our services, with pencil in hand, to caricature the whole scene, and make mirth of those who should express any anxiety about their souls; but I met him at the door, his face very white, tears running down his cheek, as he said, "Do you think there is any chance for me?" Felix trembled, and so may God grant it may be here to-night!

I propose to give you two or three reasons why I think Felix sent Paul back to the guard-room, and adjourned this whole subject of religion. The first reason was, he did not want to give up his sins. He looked around; there was Drusilla. He knew that when he became a Christian, he must send her back to Azizus, her lawful husband, and he said to himself, "I will risk the destruction of my immortal soul, sooner than I will do that." How many there are now who can not get to be Christians, because they will not abandon their sins! In vain all their prayers and all their church-going. You cannot keep these darling sins and win heaven; and to-night some of you will have to decide between the wine-cup, and unlawful amusements, and lascivious gratification on the one hand, and eternal salvation on the other. Delilah sheared the locks of Samson; Salome danced Herod into the pit; Drusilla blocked up the way to heaven for Felix; and unless some of you repent, you shall likewise perish. Yet when I present the subject to-night, I fear that some of you will say: "Not quite yet. Don't be so precipitate in your demands. I have a few tickets yet that I have to use. I have a few engagements that I must keep. I want to stay a little longer in the whirl of conviviality—a few more guffaws of unclean laughter, a few more steps on the road to death, and then, sir, I will listen to what you say. "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.'" Do you know that your boat is on the edge of the maelstrom, and that the foam on the wave is the frothing lip of the destroyed; and that the gleam in the water is the glaring eyeballs of the banished; and that the roar of the wave is the groan of the damned? Oh, I know it is a great deal easier, when you are in a boat, to pull ahead the same way you are going; but if to-night you see that you are within a few yards of the vortex, and that this may be your last hour—aye, your last moment, you had better clutch with both the handles of the oars, as with a death grip, and, putting the blades down into the black waters, pull for your eternal life, crying, "Lord, save me, I perish!" Can you not offer such a prayer to-night, oh man! long wandering away from your God? Who is that I see running up and down in the prison-house of the lost, now trying to break through this gate, and failing, turning around and rushing to the other gate, and beating against it, and in despair crying, "Let me get out?" Who is it? Some soul to-night that will not give up his indulgences; some soul to-night that is bound hand and foot by the powers of darkness; some soul here that has a darling sin that he will not sacrifice, and who says to me, when I present the great themes of God and eternity to his soul, "Not yet; go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Another reason why Felix sent Paul back to the guardroom and adjourned this subject was, he was so very busy. In ordinary times he found the affairs of state absorbing, but those were extraordinary times. The whole land was ripe for insurrection. The Sicarii, a band of assassins, were already prowling around the palace, and I suppose he thought, "I can't attend to religion while I am so pressed by affairs of state." It was business among other things, that ruined his soul and I suppose there are three thousand people in this house to-night who are not children of God because they have so much business. It is business in the store — losses, gain, unfaithful employes. It is business in your law office, subpoenas, writs you have to write out, papers you have to file, arguments you have to make. It is your medical profession, with its broken nights and the exhausting anxieties of life hanging upon your treatment. It is your real estate office, your business with landlords and tenants, and the failure of men to meet their obligations with you. Ay, with some of those who are here, it is the annoyance of the kitchen and the sitting-room, and the parlour—the wearing economy of trying to meet large expenses with a small income. Ten thousand voices of "business, business, business," drown the voice of the Eternal Spirit, silencing the voice of the advancing eternity; and they can not hear, they can not listen. They say, "Go thy way for this time." Some of you look upon your goods, you look upon your profession, you look upon your memorandum-books, and you see the demands that are made this very week upon your time and your patience and your money, and while I am entreating you about your soul and the danger of procrastination, you say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." Oh, Felix, why be bothered about the affairs of this world so much more than about the affairs of glory or perdition? Do you not know that when death comes you will have to stop business, though it be in the most exacting period of it—between the payment of the money and the taking of the receipt. The moment he comes you will have to go. Death waits for no man, however high, however low. Will you put your office, will you put your shop in competition with the affairs of an eternal world? affairs that involve thrones, palaces, dominions eternal. Will you put two hundred acres of ground against immensity? Will you put forty or fifty years of your life against millions of ages? Oh Felix, you might better postpone everything else! for you do not know that the upholstering of Tyrian purple in your palace will fade, and the marble blocks of Cesarea will crumble, and the breakwater at the beach, made of great blocks of stone sixty feet long, must give way before the perpetual wash of the sea; but the redemption that Paul offers you will be for ever and yet, and yet, and yet you wave him back to the guard-room, saying, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

Again, Felix adjourned this subject of religion and put off Paul's argument, because he could not give up the honours of the world. He was afraid how he would be compromised himself in this matter. Remarks he made afterward showed himself intensely ambitious. Oh how he hugs the favour of men!

And now my subject takes a deeper tone, and it shows what a dangerous thing is this deferring of religion. When Paul's chain rattled down the marble steps of Felix, that was Felix's last chance for heaven. Judging from his character afterward, he was reprobate and abandoned.

It is eighteen centuries now since Felix lost his soul; it is lost yet. I suppose that Drusilla went to the same place. One day in Southern Italy there was a trembling of the earth, and the air got black with smoke intershot with liquid rocks, and Vesuvius rained upon her and upon her son a horrible tempest of ashes and fire. They did not reject religion; they only put it off. They did not understand that that day, that that hour when Paul stood before them, was the pivotal hour upon which everything was poised, and that it tipped the wrong way. Their convenient season came when Paul and his guardsman entered the palace; it went away when Paul and his guardsman left. Have you never seen men waiting for a convenient season? There is such a great fascination about it, that though you may have come in here to-night, and may sit or stand with great respect to the truth of Christ, yet somehow there is in your soul the thought, "Not quite yet. It is not time for me to become a Christian," I say to a boy, "Seek Christ." He says, "No, wait until I get to be a young man." I say to the young man, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I come to mid-life." I meet the same person in mid-life, and say, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I get old." I meet the same person in old age and say to him, "Seek Christ." He says, "Wait until I am on my dying bed." I am called to his dying couch. His last moments have come. I bend over the couch and listen for his last words. I have partially to guess what they are by the motion of his lips, he is so feeble; but rallying himself, he whispers until I can hear him "I—am—waiting—for—a more—convenient—season—say," and he is gone!

I can tell you when your convenient season will come. I can tell you the year—it will be 1897. I can tell you the month—it will be the month of December. I can tell you what kind of a day it will be—it will be the sabbath day. I can tell you what hour it will be—it will be between eight and ten o'clock. In other words, it is now—a word of three letters; but on each an anthem, or a jubilee, or a coronation, or a dungeon, or a groan! Do you ask me how I know this is your convenient season? I know it because you are here, and because the Holy Spirit is here, and because the elect sons and daughters of God in this church are praying for your redemption, and because the women of the church, last Thursday afternoon, especially implored the blessing of God upon the morning and evening services of to-day. I know it because this matter was up on Friday evening at the prayer-meeting, and in the preceding prayer-meeting, this evening. We prayed that God would come by his Holy Spirit and save your souls, and so I know this is your convenient season. I know it also from the fact that two great national funeral bells, one from the East and the other from the West, are tolling through all the valleys, and over all the mountains of the land—tolling, tolling, "Put not your trust in princes, neither in the son of man, in whom there is no help; their breath goeth forth in that very day their thoughts perish." Ay, I know it is your convenient season because some of you, like Felix, tremble as all your past life comes upon you with its sins, and all the future life comes upon you with its terror. This night air is aglare with torches to show you up or to show you down. It is rustling with wings to lift you up into light, or smite you into despair, and there is a rushing to and fro, and a shouting, and a wailing, and a leaping, and a falling, and a beating against the door of your soul as with a great thunder of emphasis, telling you, "Now, now, is the best time, as it may be the only time."

My friends, be quick. You have no time to waste. Be quick, the days of your life are going. Be quick, the hour of your death is coming. Be quick, the time of grace has almost closed with some of you; perhaps it may be closed with some of you to-night. Be quick, lest some paralysis seize upon you as upon our venerable ex-president, marshalled out, or you have no more time than the illustrious senator who fell this week—only time to say as he did, putting his hand upon his heart, Oh! Oh! and you be gone.

May God Almighty forbid that any of you, my brethren or sisters, act the part of Felix and Drusilla, and put away this great subject. If you are going to be saved ever, why not begin to-night? Throw down your sins, and take the Lord's pardon. Christ has been tramping after you many a day.

An Indian and a white man became Christians. The Indian, almost as soon as he heard the Gospel, believed and was saved; but the white man struggled on in darkness a long while before he found light. After their peace in Christ, the white man said to the Indian, "Why was it that I was kept so long in the darkness, and you immediately found peace?" The Indian replied, "I will tell you. A prince comes along, and he offers you a coat. You look at your coat, and say, 'My coat in good enough, and you refuse his offer; but the prince comes along and offers me the coat, and I look at my old blanket and I throw that away, and take his offer. You, sir,' continued the Indian, "are clinging to your own righteousness, you think you are good enough, and you keep your own righteousness; but I have nothing, and when Jesus offers me pardon and peace, I simply take it." My hearer, why not now throw away the worn out blanket of your sin and take the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—a robe so white, so fair, so lustrous, that no fuller on earth can whiten it? Oh, Shepherd, to-night bring home the lost sheep! Oh, Father, to-night give a welcoming kiss to the wan prodigal! Oh, friend of Lazarus, to-night break down the door of the sepulchre, and say to all these dead souls as by irresistible fiat, "Live! Live?"

BABIES BURNED TO DEATH.

Child Left Alone in the House Plays With Fire—Pulled the Lamp Over and Was Fatally Injured.

A despatch from Montreal, says:—A couple of fatal accidents by burning were reported to the coroner on Monday. The three-year-old daughter of Mrs. Delphine Dignault, who resides at Outremont, was burned to death on Friday afternoon. The facts of the case as they were reported to the coroner were that while the mother was out of the house getting a pail of water the little one amused herself playing with the fire in the kitchen stove. In some way nevertheless caught fire, and before the mother returned the little girl was so badly burned that death resulted on Sunday. After investigating the facts, the coroner returned a verdict of accidental death, without calling a jury.

The second case was that of a four-year-old child of Adolphe Rochon, joiner, who was burned to death by upsetting a coal oil lamp. It seems the little fellow was playing in the room where his father and mother were sitting. He accidently pulled the lamp from the table, and the burning oil saturated his clothing. Before the parents could extinguish the flames the little fellow was so badly burned that he died from his injuries on Sunday. Coroner McMahon investigated the case.

A TRANS-AFRICAN HIGHWAY.

Major McDonald's Exploring Party in East Africa.

A despatch from London, says: — News has come via Zanzibar from Major McDonald, who is head of a British exploring party in East Africa. The party started in 1897. His reports give England further cause for congratulation in her plan to civilize Africa and build a British highway from Cairo to Cape Town. Major McDonald states he established posts from the Uganda region, just south of Lake Nyanza, to the north-east Lake Rudolf, and is now going down the River Sobat to Fashoda.

This establishes claims to enormous territories in Eastern Africa. As soon as the expedition sent out by Cecil Rhodes to establish stations and telegraph service from Cape Town to the middle lake region has accomplished its work, it will be an easy link on Major McDonald's chain of posts northward, and British plans for a trans-African highway will have culminated.

Major Marchand and his party evacuated Fashoda during the morning of December 11th, when the French flag was lowered and the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted. The French detachment started for the Sobat river.

WATCHED HIM BURN.

A Lineman Slowly Burned to Death While the Crowd Looked on.

A despatch from Chicago says:—Among a network of wires twenty feet above the ground, Roderick Chisholm, an electrician, was slowly burned to death on Tuesday night in sight of several hundred spectators at the corner of Fifty-fifth and State streets. For nearly ten minutes, the horror-stricken crowd watched the workmen in their frantic efforts to release their comrade from among the wires.

Chisholm was employed by the Commonwealth Electric Company, and with a number of other men was stringing electric wires along State street. While at the top of one of the poles, it is supposed he grasped a live wire. He was seen to fall back among the wires apparently lifeless.

Ladders were secured, and after considerable difficulty, and not a little danger to the rescuers Chisholm's body was gotten to the street.

THE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL.

THE VERY LATEST FROM ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Interesting Items About Our Own Country, Great Britain, the United States, and All Parts of the Globe, Condensed and Arranged for Easy Reading.

CANADA.

Kingston is flooded with Straits Settlement coin.

Owensound has purchased electric fire alarm.

A handsome new theater, known as the Avoy, has been opened at Vancouver, B. C.

Hiram Maxim, the great gunmaker, is talking of building a great pulp mill at Ottawa.

The American Shoe Company, of Montreal, is seeking from Kingston a bonus of $355,000 to locate there.

The union carpenters of Winnipeg have failed to demand thirty cents an hour and a nine-hour day after May 1 next.

Scarlet fever has broken out at Medicine Hat, N.W.T., and the schools have been closed to prevent it spreading.

The Department of Customs have at present 11 vessels under seizure on the Atlantic coast and in the Gulf for smuggling.

The rail rate on wheat from Fort William to St. John, N.B., is now reduced by the Canadian Pacific from 28 to 25 cents per hundred pounds.

Ethel Curry, or Gosselin, formerly of Quebec, poisoned herself at Vancouver, B. C. A lovers' quarrel is said to have been the cause of the suicide.

The London Street Railway Company threatens to sue the city for $20,000 damages for breach of duty during the recent trouble with the street railway employees.

During eleven months in 1898, 4,622 homesteads were entered in Manitoba and the Territories, as compared with 2,383 in 1897. This year Winnipeg real estate men report largely increased sales of land to settlers.

Mr. Charles M. Hays, General Manager of the Grand Trunk, has been presented with a beautifully illuminated address by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in acknowledgment of courtesies received at his hands.

The Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway Company is asking the City of Hamilton for a 50 per cent. decrease in its taxes and water rates, in consideration of its constructing a line to serve the factories and other industries in the northeast section of the city.

The directors of the Hamilton, Chedoke & Ancaster Railway will apply for an amended charter to build a line to Brantford, to change the name to the Hamilton, Ancaster & Brantford Electric Railway Company, and to increase the capital stock from $100,000 to $200,000.

There seems to be a good chance of an influx of Armenian settlers to Canada at an early date. Rev. Father Jiron, an Armenian priest, is on his way to Manitoba, with a view of discovering whether the country is suitable for the establishment of a settlement of his fellow-countrymen.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The London Daily Mail credits the report that Australia will join with Canada in defraying the cost of a Pacific cable.

It is said that a combination is being formed in the English bleaching trade. The trust has been started in North Lancashire.

A Liverpool the Marquis of Anglesey has been fined £20 for bringing a French bulldog from the United States to England without the necessary order from the Board of Agriculture.

Mr. William Watson, the poet, who enjoyed a small Government pension conferred by Lord Rosebery, has just received through the death of his uncle a legacy considerable enough to assure him ample competence.

Mr. Chamberlain has sent a despatch to Sir Herbert Murray, Governor of Newfoundland, declining to disallow the Bond railway contract, declaring that he cannot interfere with the legislative acts of a self-governing colony.

Dr. Sanley Kent of London has discovered a vaccine germ. This discovery is of the greatest importance, as its use in pure cultures removes the impure lymph, which has been the cause of the widespread objection in vaccination.

Lord Curzon, before leaving London, completed a book on "The Indian Frontier," and arranged for its publication with the Harpers. The Queen pointed out the impropriety of a book about India by the Viceroy appearing during the Viceroy's term of office. Therefore the book has been withdrawn.

UNITED STATES.

A "Municipal Ownership League" has been formed at Chicago.

A report at Seattle, Wash., says six persons have been killed by a slide in the Chilkoot Pass.

The Shamrock, the Irish challenger for the America's Cup, will be built by the Thornycrofts at Popular.

Four girl students at Kimball Female Seminary, Meriden, Conn., have been expelled for smoking cigarets.

The New York Board of Health has declared grip to be a contagious disease, and patients must be isolated.

Carl Herbst aged 18, of New York, not being able to make enough money to suit his father, drank carbolic acid and died.

Hon. E. A. Hitchcock, United States Ambassador to Russia will succeed Mr. Bliss as Secretary of the Interior. The latter retires in February.

It is said at San Francisco that the North German Lloyd Steamship Co. have arranged to run a Pacific line from San Francisco to Seattle.

Dr. J. G. Campbell, of Elmer, N.J., lived too fast for his income, and when the officers of the law got after him for forgery he shot himself.

The Carneges have received an order for 40,000 tons of steel rails for the Cape, at 15 shillings per ton, under the English tenders.

Michael Rollenger, a cook, is under arrest in Chicago, on a charge of having murdered his wife in order to get possession of her property.

The Schenectady, New York, Locomotive Works, has received an order from the Midland Railroad of England for ten mogul freight locomotives.

Joseph W. Pearson, who last week hurled missiles through the door and windows of the British Embassy at Washington, has been sent to an asylum.

The House at Washington is considering a bill to establish a cable with a capacity of fifteen words a minute, between the United States and Hawaii, the Philippines, Japan and China.

Two girls have died and the remainder of a family of eight, at Hillsboro, Ohio, are suffering and are expected to die from trichinosis, contracted by eating pork the family had killed.

James S. McIndoo, the Minnesota boy giant, is dead. He was 17 years of age, was 7 feet 2 inches in height wore No. 24 shoes and No. 9 hat, and weighed 308 lbs.

In a suit against the Standard Oil Co., at Cleveland, it is stated that the company burned their books to evade an order of the United States Supreme Court for their production.

The United States House Committee on naval affairs has decided to favourably report a bill providing for the increase of the enlisted men of the navy to 20,000 men 2,500 boys and apprentices.

William Sims, a soldier, for murdering Robert Hortas, at Town Creek, Ala., was dragged from the jail by a gang led by the murdered man's brother, hanged to a tree and riddled with bullets.

Colonel J. G. Randle, of Dallas, Texas, a notorious Texan, was shot dead in a saloon by H. P. Evans of Forney, who has served a term for forgery. Evans gave himself up to the police. Evans put five shots into his victim before the body reached the ground.

The acquiring of the shipyard at Newport News, Virginia, by Vickers, Sons & Maxim, is a condition to their fulfilling the contract with the United States Government for torpedoes, which would have been given to the Schwartzkopfs but for the anti-German feeling in the United States.

Thirty-two prominent cattlemen of South Dakota, who were indicted by a grand jury in Fall River County, South Dakota, for manslaughter, have been tried at Hot Springs. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty after deliberating 15 minutes. The case was the outcome of the murder of John Hartman, a well known sheep man, who was killed last September by a band of cattlemen, while moving his sheep into South Dakota.

At Chillicothe, Ohio, two mere boys, Elmer and George Butler, aged respectively 20 and 13, were found guilty of manslaughter and will serve a term in the penitentiary for the murder of Daisy Browser, a young girl. The crime was a heinous one, and in the trial it was proven the girl had been shot down from ambush for no cause whatever. The defence made an attempt to prove that insanity ran in the Butler family, but the jury could not be convinced.

GENERAL.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is ill at Venice.

The Berlin Royal Orchestra will give concerts in Paris, after 30 years' absence.

Scurvy is said to be raging among seamen on Russian vessels at Port Arthur.

The Lower House of the Japanese Diet has passed a bill increasing the land tax.

The Russian Government has ordered ten new destroyers for the Pacific squadron to be completed within two years.

The Russian railroad to Afghanistan has been completed to within 95 miles of Herat, the capital.

Grippe is epidemic in New York, thousands of cases being reported. It is said to be due to the filthy condition of the streets.

Theodore Heine, the artist of Simplicissimus, who caricatured Emperor William's trip to the Holy Land, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for so doing.

The Russian Minister of War, Lieut.-General Keuropatkin, will be dismissed for countermanding an order given by the Grand Duke Vladimir, who is commander of the St. Petersburg military district.

Lord Kitchener is organizing a campaign for the recovery for Egypt of the Soudan province still held by the Mahdists. Soudanese levies will form a large part of the army of conquest.

Admiral Baron Von Lenden-Bibran, chief of the German Emperor's Naval Cabinet, has been banished for four months to Egypt for giving away the Emperor's secret plans for increasing the navy.

The Rome correspondent of a London paper says that the Pope, in response to another appeal from the Queen Regent of Spain, has confidentially written to Don Carlos asking him to stop the Carlist agitations.

Major Marchand and his party evacuated Fashoda during the morning of December 11, when the French flag was lowered and the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted. The French detachment started for the Sobat River.

In Queen Charlotte Sound, a large herd of walruses attacked six boatloads of men from the steamer New England, and would have torn the boats to pieces and drowned the men had the steamer not rammed her way through the herd and rescued the sailors.

The Prussian Government has granted the Rhine Province permission to hold a lottery, the proceeds of which are to be used to rescue the valley of the Rhine from scenic destruction at the hands of manufacturers, who are industriously planting factories all along the mountains skirting the Rhine.

PRINCELY GIFTS.

Baron Iveagh Gives a Million and a Quarter to the Jenner Institute.

A despatch from London says:—Baron Iveagh, Edward Cecil Guinness, who was formerly the head of a brewing firm in Dublin, has presented $1,250,000 to the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine, a body which includes the leading men of medicine and the allied sciences in Great Britain. The purpose of the gift is to promote the highest research in bacteriology and other forms of biology as bearing on the causes, nature, prevention, and treatment of disease.

Baron Lister, the distinguished surgeon, and Sir Henry Roscoe, a well-known chemist, in announcing the gift on behalf of the institute, declare that it will enable the institution to compare favourably with any similar establishment in the world, and will remove from the British Isles the reproach that their opportunities for research directed toward the prevention of disease are not equal to those of other nations.

The particulars are also announced of a philanthropic scheme of Lord Iveagh, who contemplates a great improvement in Dublin. He proposes to purchase an area of about three acres between Bull alley and Bride's alley, in that city, which has been condemned as insanitary, and to give portions of it to the corporation for street improvements. He will erect on the remainder workmen's dwellings and recreative buildings, including a concert hall, reading-rooms, baths, and a gymnasium. It is expected that this will cost $1,250,000.

The control of the property will be eventually confided to the Guinness trustees.

The scheme requires the sanction of Parliament. A bill giving the desired permission to purchase the property has already been drawn up.

BIG FIRE IN MONTREAL.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS WORTH GONE UP IN SMOKE.

Greenshield Block, on Victoria Square, Totally Destroyed, Together With the McIntyre Co's. Premises—Firemen Narrowly Escape Death.

A despatch from Montreal says: — One of the biggest fires that has taken place in Montreal for a long time broke out shortly before midnight on Tuesday night, in what is known as the Greenshields block, on Victoria Square. The block is a five-story one, extends from Craig St. to Fortification lane, and is occupied by the premises of Greenshields, Sons Co., the large dry goods firm, and McIntyre, Son & Co., wholesale importers. The fire started in the Greenshields premises, on the corner of Victoria square, which were heavily stocked with dry goods, and must have been burning inside for some time, for five minutes after the firemen had reached the scene the flames were bursting from every window in the establishment. The whole brigade was called to the scene, and streams were soon playing on the burning building, but with little effect.

Owing to the inflammable nature of the stocks in both buildings the fire burned with great fury, and the building was a regular cauldron of flames. It was practically useless to fight the fire, as it had made too much headway.

Within an hour after the fire had started there was little left standing of the Greenshields building but the walls, and the latter fell with a terrible crash, scattering the spectators before a cloud of sparks and debris.

The flames then attacked the McIntyre building, and it was soon enveloped. The fire ate through the fire-wall between the two buildings, and it fell about 12.45. Dense clouds of sparks were carried to the big warehouses in the vicinity, and had it not been for the snow they would soon have been ablaze. The scene when the fire was at its height was an exciting one, and was witnessed by thousands of spectators. The loss will be very heavy, as both firms carried very large and valuable stocks. It is impossible to say what the loss will actually be, but it will be at least a million dollars, if not over that figure.

The site of the fire has been a very unlucky one. It was a number of years ago occupied by the St. Patrick's hall, which was completely destroyed by fire, and about ten years ago Wm. Clenddineng's premises, which occupied the site, were destroyed.

Many firemen had miraculous escapes from death. Several of them were on the roof of the McIntyre building just before the fire-wall fell in, but they managed to get down in time. The wall fell on the water tower, which was playing in the building, completely wrecking it.

MUST BE RETURNED.

Authorities at Washington Claim Peg-Leg Brown Was Kidnapped.

A despatch from London, Ont., says: Peg-leg brown, accused of the murder of policeman Toohey, may have to be taken back to the State of Washington and formally extradited. Through what was thought to be a clever scheme, he was got across the border without the preliminary of extradition and his counsel lodged a protest with the Attorney-General of the United States. On Wednesday Mr. McPhillips, who is defending Brown, was notified by the Attorney-General that the State Department at Washington had sent a demand to the Dominion authorities that Brown be returned to the United States until regular extradition proceedings had taken place. As Brown is a citizen of the United States, it is more than likely that the Minister of Justice will have to accede to the demand of the United States authorities.

KILLS HIMSELF WITH DYNAMITE.

Boy Falls Out With his Father and Blows Himself Up.

A despatch from Joliet, Ill., says: — Because he and his father could not agree, David Brown, a young farmer lad who lived near Mazon, just over the line in Grundy county, placed a stick of dynamite under himself and touched it off. The lad had been using dynamite in blowing out stumps on his father's farm during last week. He came up from the field on Saturday it is said, and engaged his father in an altercation. The difference was not adjusted satisfactorily, and after the dinner the boy went back to his work. He selected a large stick of dynamite, and, having carefully adjusted it under him, lit the fuse. His remains were picked up in different parts of the lot.

OPIUM SHIPPED IN COFFINS

A Female Sleuth Says Amherstburg Is Rendezvous for Smugglers.

A despatch from Toledo, O., says: Mrs. Eva McNeal, who has been working for some time on a case in this city for a New York firm, on Thursday informed the United States marshal that she had solved the puzzle of the opium smugglers. She stated that the contraband was brought over to Monroe from Amherstburg in fishing smacks, and then shipped to this city in coffins and other receptacles. She claims that it will take but a short time to locate all the members of the gang, and that she is already in possession of the names of some of them.

PLAGUE OF RATS.

Troops to Assist in Exterminating the Rodents.

A despatch from Brussels says:—An extraordinary plague of rats has broken out in eastern Belgium. The rodents are destroying the granaries and have caused stampedes among the live stock. In several instances children have been attacked. The Government has ordered the troops to assist the farmers in a war of extermination.

HELPING HIM OUT.

Too bad about Henderson.
What's wrong with him?
He has suddenly gone blind.
That is tough—but stay! I owe him $50. I'll give him a sight draft for it.

HE MURDERS A COMPANION.

THIEVES QUARREL AT PARIS AND ONE IS SHOT DEAD.

The Victim's Identity is Unknown—The Two Men Quarrelled, One Struck the Other, and was Deliberately Killed.

A despatch from Paris, Ont., says: —Daniel Stevens, a tramp, is under arrest, charged with the murder of a fellow-tramp, whose identity is unknown. Stevens shot his companion in the mouth in the station yard about 2.30 Tuesday afternoon. A quartette of tramps were hanging around the depot awaiting an outgoing freight, when a dispute arose, and the man now dead struck Stevens. The latter whipped out a revolver and fired, the ball passing through the victim's head. The murderer ran, and threw his weapon down the water closet, but the others remained with the wounded man and assisted in carrying him into the baggage-room, where he died in ten minutes. Stevens gives his age as 24, describes himself as "a tramp, with no abode," and is apparently totally unconcerned at his arrest. James Walker, a third member of the party, is also held by the police as a material witness.

STORY OF THE CRIME.

The story of the crime was told by one of the two eye-witnesses of the tragedy, Norman Lamb, a bright intelligent boy of 12. He said:—"Ernest Stewart and I saw the shooting. We had been in the waiting room, where a curly-headed tramp was making fun for us with a nickel. The curly-headed man went out, and the tall man, who was shot, came rushing in cursing and swearing. He went up to the curly-headed fellow and asked him something. I did not hear what. The answer was, 'I did not see him.' Just then a man in a velvet cap came walking up the track and the tall man ran to meet him. When they came together he struck at him. The man in the cap had one hand in his coat pocket, and as the other struck him he pulled out a revolver and fired. The tall man fell and the other ran up the track. I saw Mr. Hume, the station agent, arrest him, and I told Mr. Hume he had the man who did the shooting."

Station Agent Hume corroborates the boy's story. He had put the murdered man out of the station, on account of his profane language. He declared he had been robbed of his money and he was going to get even. The shooting took place a few minutes subsequently.

SHOT IN THE MOUTH.

The bullet entered the mouth, knocking out two teeth and was found embedded behind the ear. The revolver is a short-barrelled British bulldog, 32 calibre, and was recovered by the police had two chambers loaded and one containing an empty shell. Walker, the alleged companion of Stevens, denies all knowledge of the murder, but the police state that four tramps came up from Brantford the evening previous and slept in a barn near the station after robbing the barroom of Milton's hotel. Tuesday morning all four got drunk on the three bottles of whiskey stolen, and the murder was evidently the outcome of a quarrel. The police are searching for the curly-headed tramp, as he is wanted for burglary in Brantford. Word was received that he had been put off the mail train at St. George, and his arrest is looked for.

INDIANS FIND RICH CLAIMS.

Paid Location Fees in Gold Nuggets Taken From Claims.

A despatch from Vancouver says:—Seven interior Indians, headed by Taku Jack, and accompanied by a Chilian named Richard Palacio, arrived at Lake Bennett two weeks ago, and recorded all manner of claims on two creeks, which they called Sheep and Moose. They paid the location fees in gold, which they claimed had been taken from the claims. They had with them nuggets of considerable weight and value. They left Lake Bennett immediately, and came over the White Pass trail to Skaguay, arriving there Monday a week ago. They said nothing, but spent money. The Indians have been missing from their usual camp all summer, and their friends say they have been prospecting for gold. "Chilian Dick," as Palacio is known, has also been away from the established camp for some time. It is believed that the Indians intend to lead a big party of their friends to the new creeks and keep out the white men.

THE MAN WHO NEVER SLEPT.

Went to Theatres and Billiard-Halls to Get Out Naps.

A despatch from Kenosha, Wis., says:—Millionaire Edward Bain, president of the Bain Waggon Company, whose death was announced on Tuesday, was familiarly known as "the man who never slept." For the last 16 years he did no sleep an hour in his bed. Constant devotion to business was the cause of his sleeplessness. He was known to remain in his factory up to 10 years ago as late as 4 and 5 o'clock in the morning, and when he would seek rest he found it impossible to sleep. At that time he practically relieved himself of business cares.

For the greater part of the last ten years it was his custom to take daily trips to Chicago to pass the time away in street car riding. At night he was always to be found either at a theatre or billiard hall, which were the only places where he was able to get a short nap, the music at the theatres and the clicking of the billiard balls alone lulling him to sleep.

NEW PULP MILLS.

Hiram Maxim to Erect Mills on the Gatineau.

A despatch from Ottawa, says: Hiram S. Maxim, of London, England, inventor of the famous Maxim gun, is here in connection with the proposed establishment of pulp and paper mills on the Gatineau. Mr. Maxim represents British capitalists who have plenty of capital to develop the pulpwood resources of the Gatineau districts, and who have faith in the resources. Mills will be erected larger than any near Ottawa.

SLIDE ON CHILKOOT PASS.

Six People Killed En Route Home From Klondike.

A despatch from Seattle, Wash., says:—News has just been received of a slide on the Chilkoot pass, in which six people were killed. Five bodies have been recovered as follows:—Mrs. Darling and two sons of Lake Lindermann; Bert Johns, Juneau; Harry Shaw, of Skagway. The slide occurred December 9th.