

TERRIBLE IF TRUE.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, on the Sweating System.

THE PRETTY GIRL'S FATE.

The lot of a negro in the Equatorial forest is not perhaps a very happy one, but it is so very much worse than that of many a pretty orphan girl in our Christian capital. We talk about the brutalities of the Dark Ages and we profess to shudder as we read in books of the shameful exaction of the rights of feudal superior. And yet here, beneath our very eyes, in our theatres, in our restaurants, and in many other places, unspeakable though it be but to name it, the same hideous abuse flourishes unchecked. A young, penniless girl, if she is pretty, is often hunted from pillar to post by her employers, confronted always by the alternative—starve or sin. And when once the poor girl has consented to buy the right to earn her living by the sacrifice of her virtue then she is treated as a slave and an outcast by the very men who have ruined her. Her word becomes unbelievable, her life an ignominy, and she is swept downward, ever downward, into the bottomless perdition of prostitution. But there, even in the lowest depths, excommunicated by humanity and outcast from God, she is far nearer the pitying heart of the one true Saviour than all the men who forced her down, aye, and than all the Pharisees and Scribes who stand silently by while these fiendish wrongs are perpetrated before their eyes.

The blood boils with impotent rage at the sight of these enormities, callously inflicted and silently borne by these miserable victims. Nor is it only women who are the victims, although their fate is the most tragic. Those firms which reduce sweating to a fine art, who systematically and deliberately defraud the workman of his pay, who grind the faces of the poor, and who, for a pretence, make great professions of public spirit and philanthropy, these men nowadays are sent to Parliament to make laws for the people. The old prophets sent them to Hell—but we have changed all that. They send their victims to Hell and are rewarded by all that wealth can do to make their lives comfortable. Read the House of Lords' report on the sweating system, and ask if any African slave system, making due allowance for the superior civilization and therefore sensitivity of the victims, reveals more misery.—General Booth.

A Stroke of Lightning.

So long as women will be foolish men will be deceptive. One day I sat behind a couple on an Ohio and Mississippi train, and it wasn't ten minutes before I discovered that the girl was a village belle who knew nothing of the world, and that her companion was a traveller who saw in her a victim. Several others noticed them as well, but it was hard to see how anything could be done. He professed great admiration for the girl, and she blushingly queried:

"But how do I know you are not a married man?"
"Oh, but I assure you on my honor that I am not."
"Where do you live?"
"In Louisville."

"And you have neither wife nor children?"
"No."

At that instant the conductor came in with a telegram and called out the address. "That's for me," said the man in the seat ahead.

It was handed to him, and he was smiling as he tore it open. Next moment he fell forward in a heap and rolled into the aisle in a dead faint. Half a dozen of us, including the girl, read the dispatch. It was dated at Indianapolis and read:

"Your wife and baby burned up with the house last night. Come at once."

It took us a quarter of an hour to bring him to, and it was half an hour later when he left the train. He had forgotten the girl who shared his seat, and she was crouched down and crying like a baby.—New York Sun.

He Didn't Forget It.

A wife recently gave her husband a sealed letter, begging him not to open it till he got to his place of business, says the Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph. When he did so he read:

"I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but it is my duty to do so. I am determined you shall know, let the result be what it may. I have known for a week that it was coming, but kept it to myself until to-day, when it has reached a crisis, and I cannot keep it any longer. You must not censure me too harshly, for you must reap the result as well as myself. I do hope it won't crush you."

By this time a cold perspiration stood on his forehead with the fear of some terrible unknown calamity. He turned the page, his hair slowly rising, and read:

"The coal is all used up! Please call and ask for some to be sent this afternoon. I thought by this method you would not forget it." He didn't.

He Took the Hint.

Washington Post: "Do you know," she said, "that clock reminds me of you every time I look at it. Do you notice anything peculiar about it?"

"Why—no! I really can't say that I do," he replied, as he drew nearer, "except that it doesn't go."

He got red in the face and in a few moments vanished.

An Exception to the Rule.

Lawrence's American: Prison Warden (to new prisoner)—We always like to assign the prisoners to the trades with which they are most familiar, and shall be happy to do so in your case. What is your trade?

Prisoner—I am a commercial traveller.

The Salvation Army has money and property in the different countries where it is established valued at \$3,213,000. The trade effects, stock, machinery and goods on hand are valued at \$560,000. Some idea of the trade department may be gathered from the fact that they sell 22,000 army bonnets every year to the female soldiers.

Smaller checks are the fashion in Wall street now.

HE DENIED HIS IDENTITY.

On the Verge of the Gallows He Saves His Mother's Feelings.

The recent death in Canada of Mrs. Sterling, mother of Charles M. Sterling, who was executed at Youngstown, O., for the murder of Lizzie Grombacher, has unveiled the facts concerning an incident that occurred shortly before his execution. His mother came here from Maxwell, Canada, and though he had left home when but a lad, with maternal intuitions she recognized him. When brought to his cell, Sterling, without the quiver of a muscle, said:

"You are mistaken, madam; I am not your son."

She implored him to recognize her, but he refused, and she returned home half convinced that she was mistaken. To his counsel Sterling said:

"She is my mother, but I could not break her heart by telling her that her son would be hung. Keep it secret until she dies."

Her death the past week caused his attorney, W. S. Anderson, to break the seal of silence to-day.

"It was the most dramatic scene I ever witnessed," said Mr. Anderson. "I have seen all the tragedians of the past quarter of a century, but none that compared to the scene on that occasion. The mother, every line in her face showing the most intense suffering, and her heart nearly broken, while the son, knowing that the truth would kill her, stood like a statue, his face showing the pallor of death, assuring her that she was mistaken. Such intensity of action was never produced on any stage. It could not be."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Japan's Climate.

Sir Edwin Arnold says of the climate of Japan, in the December "Scribner's": "Really it rains far too frequently in this otherwise charming Japan, and one can indeed scarcely expect any permanent dry weather except in autumn. Every wind seems to bring rain-clouds up from the encircling Pacific to break upon the ever-green peaks of Nippon; while in winter, great is the influence of the neighboring Arctic circle, with its cold currents of air and water, that Christmas in Kiu-Shiu—which lies in the same latitude as the mouth of the Nile—sees the thermometer sometimes below zero. Except for certain delicious periods of the year, one cannot honestly praise the climate of Japan; but it has certainly divine caprices; and when the sunshine does unexpectedly come, during the chilly and and moist months, the light is very splendid, and of a peculiar silvery tone, and the summer days are golden."

The Sarcasm Telephone Girl.

Leviston Journal: A "telephone girl" who knows suggests these rules for people who use the telephone: "If you have a telephone in your office or store ring up 'central' and then go and wait on customer. Always speak in an undertone in order to make 'central' ask what you want. If she does not hear you tell her to 'wake up' or 'take the cotton out of her ears.' Put your 'plug' in before a storm and be sure not to take it out again but go around to the central office and offer to lick the whole telephone company for neglect of duty. Take your time in answering your bell, or what is better, do not answer it at all, but in about half an hour ring up and ask who called you, and get mad if central has forgotten who it was. She has nothing else to do but remember."

A Woman's Easy Time.

Oswego Times: Married women would do well to paste in their scrap books the following statistics relative to woman's work. In one year a woman gets dinner 365 times, washes the dishes 1,095 times, gets the children ready for school twice a day for 180 days, gets the baby to sleep 1,460 times and makes about 300 calls. Who says a woman has nothing to do?

He Got a Job.

Brooklyn Life: "Ah, good morning!" said the early bird to the worm. "Looking for a job?"
"That's what. Anything I can do for you?"
"Yes, you'll about fill the bill, I think."

He Was Cute, She Was Cuter.

As shy as a fox was he, and she as soft as the downy dove, and so he wrote her a bundle of no-tes That spoke of his deathless love. But he wrote them all with a fading ink, and thus she had been deceived. If she hadn't, in fact, photographed them all As fast as they were received.

More Than That.

New York News: "Sharp, what ails you? You look as if you had lost fifty pounds of flesh since I saw you last." "Fifty pounds! Don't mock at a man's misery. I have lost 800 pounds of flesh. I bet a Jersey cow on Scott's."

Had His Choice.

Buffalo News: Mother—Johnny, I see that your little brother has the smaller piece of cake. Did you give him his choice as I told you to do?

Johnny—Yes'm. I told him he could have his choice, the little piece or none, and he took the little piece.

At the recent festivities commemorating the centenary of the foundation of Odessa, a race on velocipedes was on the programme. This gave great offence to a priest named Sawelkoff, who preached a special sermon against this innovation, which he declared to be "the devil's sport."

Recent information gathered by the German forestry commission assigns to the pine tree 500 and 700 years as the maximum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 210 to the aspen, 200 to the birch, 170 to the ash, 145 to the alder, and 130 to the elm.

A large band of armed Indians have crossed the Upper Missouri River and are heading westward to join the Sioux at Turtle Mountains.

The Transcontinental Railway Association has decided to advance all freight rates on Pacific Coast business 10 per cent., commencing Dec. 1st.

One of the greatest problems of the future is thought to be the transformation of carbon energy into light upon the same principle that the glow-worm and fire-fly give their light.

LIFTING UP THE FALLEN.

General Booth proposes to provide work and bread for the poor and unemployed. He sees that the chasing of the people off the farm lands, and crowding them into cities, has intensified poverty, with its resultant increase of wickedness, and he means to remove the victims back to the land.

In his scheme, the farm colony would consist of a settlement of the colonists on an estate in the provinces, in the culture of which they would find employment and obtain support. "As the race from the country to the city has been the cause of much of the distress we have to battle with, we propose to find a substantial part of our remedy by transferring these same people back to the country—that is, back again to 'the Garden.' Here the process of reformation of character would be carried forward by the same industrial, moral and religious methods as have already been commenced in the city, especially including those forms of labor and that knowledge of agriculture which should the colonist not obtain employment in this country, will qualify him for pursuing his fortunes under more favorable circumstances in some other land. From the farm, as from the city, there can be no question that large numbers, reconstituted in health and character, would be restored to friends up and down the country. Some would find employment in their own callings, others would settle in cottages on a small piece of land that we should provide, or on co-operative farms, which we intend to promote; while the great bulk, after trial and training, would be passed on to the foreign settlement, which would constitute our third class—namely, the Over-Sea Colony."

"All who have given attention to the subject are agreed that in our colonies in South Africa, Canada, Western Australia, and elsewhere there are millions of acres of useful land to be obtained almost for the asking, capable of supporting our surplus population in health and comfort were it proposed to secure a tract of land in one of these countries, prepare it for settlement, establish in it authority, govern it by equitable laws, assist in time of necessity, settling it gradually with a prepared people, and so secure a home for these destitute multitudes."

His plan includes workshops and labor yards, where the destitute can earn food and lodging. If any man in England can make a huge colonization scheme a success, General Booth is the man. Emigrants, imbued with a religious idea, made the desert of Utah blossom into a rich garden, and what has been done before can be done again.

The Tar.

MR. WM. HENDRIE MAKES PURCHASES.

At the sale of Mr. W. L. Scott's horses in the Panoram building, New York, on Thursday, the two-year-old chestnut colts Bolero, by Rayon d'Or—All Hands Around by War Dance, was bought by Philip Dwyer for \$35,000, being the highest price ever paid in America for a two-year-old. All the horses sold well, the record standing in this shape: Twelve two and three-year-olds, \$63,050; average, \$5,254. Nineteen yearlings, \$34,100; average, \$1,637. Grand total, \$94,150. Grand average, \$3,037. Mr. Hendrie, of Hamilton, president of the Ontario Jockey Club, bought Versatile, b. c., two years, by Rayon d'Or—Valleria, by Glenelg or Virgil, for \$900 and a yearling bay colt by Zorilla—Underaust, by Brown Bread, for \$675. Charley Boyle bought a couple of yearlings for Toronto parties; Rabelle, ch. f., by Rayon d'Or—Blue Grass Belle, by War Dance, for \$750, and Queen, b. c., by Ulian—Queen T., by Great Tom, for \$400. The highest priced yearlings were: Entre, ch. c., by Rayon d'Or—Ella T., by War Dance, for which A. F. Walcott paid \$5,500, and Bordeaux, b. c., by Algerine—Bordeaux, by Brown Bread, for which J. E. Macdonald paid \$5,150. Two other Rayon d'Or colts, Marine and Coxswain, fetched \$3,500 and \$3,050 respectively.

The tramp question we have always with us, but at this season of the year it forces itself upon the public mind with greater persistence than at any other time of the year. In this city various plans have been tried in dealing with these men, but none seem a satisfactory solution of the problem. The homes provided for them of course give them shelter for the time being, but the police complain that the more kindly they are treated the more of them flock into the city with the result that crime increases and the public suffer in consequence. Canada might learn some lessons from an experiment which was begun in Germany by a benevolent clergyman in 1882 to give relief to vagrants in exchange for work. The stations are styled Labor Colonies, and last year 21 of them admitted 6,231 persons. If a tramp refuses the work provided for him at a colony he is turned over to the civil authorities and disposed of according to law. The system has already reduced vagrancy and mendicancy in the Empire, and has diminished indiscriminate almsgiving. The work supplied at the colonies is farm labor, reclamation of wastes, forestry or trades. They are supported solely by private subscriptions. After 14 days the tramp is paid moderate wages, and from them is deducted the cost of clothing and other articles he may use. Besides the colonies there are a thousand "stations" where wanderers have temporary relief, always in return for work. The promoters of this partial charity hope that a penniless wanderer seeking work shall be enabled to travel from one end of the land to another without begging, and they are not without hope that he will perhaps attain to an appreciation of the advantages of honest and regular labor. It is objected that this system encourages aimless wandering, and produces a class of "Colony rounders and bummers." Certainly, it has not yet suppressed the tramp; but it is steadily working in that direction.

In England and Wales out 26,954 of food samples which were recently analyzed 3,096 were found to be adulterated. This is equal to 11 1/2 per cent., a percentage lower than in any previous year since 1888, when it was under 11.

There are more public holidays in Honolulu than in any other city in the world.

In Victoria, Australia, brick-layers and masons work but seven and one-half hours per day.

SALVATION ARMY FUNERAL.

"Happy Bill" Cooper Buried With Military Honors.

COOPER—Promoted to Glory. Major Cooper, of the Salvation Army, went to Heaven at 3 o'clock a. m.

The Salvation Army are practical, buoyant followers of the missionary apostle who asked with righteous boasting, "O death, where is thy sting?"

They turn a funeral into a triumph, and form a line of battle about the coffin of the fallen soldier.

Wednesday afternoon the Toronto "Army" corps buried with a curious mixture of military honors and hallooing the body of Major Cooper, who was formerly stationed in Hamilton and who was well-known throughout the Province as "Happy Bill." The remains lay in the parlour of his late residence at 86 Vanarsdale street, in a plain black casket covered with funeral flowers. There was a crosier of his wife and children, and pillows from the "Canadian staff" and "Commissioner and Mrs. Adams." All about the house and in it were massed the soldiery of the Army.

The funeral service was conducted out of doors, just opposite the bay window through which the casket was brought by the pallbearers and placed upon a couple of supports. It was now wrapped in the red folds of the Army banner, hiding entirely the sombre black of the coffin. At its side a light platform was put up in an instant and Col. Young sprang upon it and set the party singing with barracks vim:

There's a better world, they say;

Commissioner Adams led in prayer, as did several others, interspersed with singing, after which Capt. Walton spoke of the faithfulness, zeal and Christian courage of the deceased. And all the while through the triumphant music and the brave words, the widow sat at the open window and sobbed.

The procession was formed somewhat slowly in the windy street, the casket being carried to the "gun carriage"—a red cart of simple construction, with neither side nor top shelter. This was drawn by four white horses covered with red housings, on the sides of which were the "arms" of the army, bearing the usual motto, "blood and fire." On the top of the flag-wrapped coffin were the flowers and the red army cap of the deceased.

The procession was led by the advance guard; then followed the colors draped, the staff band, the commissioner and male staff, the female staff, female field officers and female cadets, the gun carriage bearing the casket, beside which walked the pallbearers—Brigadiers Spooner and Philpott, Major Bough, Staff-Capt. Walton, Beatty and Fisher. A second band, Mrs. Cooper and family in a carriage, the soldiers and rear guard of cadets followed. The body was interred in Mount Pleasant Cemetery with the Army service. Staff Officer Southall, of Hamilton, attended the funeral. The officers from this station were present.

Why She Didn't.

Munsey's Weekly: He—I begin to think that you prefer Jack Armstrong to me. She—Oh, you might know that that is impossible? Why, he hasn't a cent to his name.

Too Much.

Wickwire—I hear that you and Mudge had a little difficulty.

Yabyley—So we did. He called me a pig-headed jackass. I'll stand a great deal from a friend, but I want it distinctly understood that I'm no freak.

An attempt at suicide, off the summit of the Aro de Triomphe, Paris, was made on Friday by Louise Fomeyrol, a teacher, and just as she was getting over the parapet she was stopped by the guardian. She said: "You are very cruel. I wish to put an end to my sufferings. I shall do so still." She is the daughter of respectable tradespeople, and is suffering from an incurable malady.

The United States Rolling Stock Company has been placed in the hands of a receiver, Mr. A. Hegawich, president of the company, being selected for that office. The liabilities are given at \$3,816,000 and the assets \$6,053,000. This company is one of the largest, if not the largest, builder of railway cars in the world, and has plants at Hegawich, Ill.; Decatur, Ala.; Anniston, Ala.; and Urbana, O. The plants are all to be kept in operation.

Prof. Holden, of Lick Observatory, is said to have discovered on the moon parallel walls 200 feet thick on top and about 1,200 feet apart. What they could have been for is not surmised, but it may as well be conjectured that they are walls as that the lines on Mars are canals.

Mr. G. A. Reid's painting entitled "Mortgaging the Farm" has been presented to the National Gallery in Ottawa by the Royal Canadian Academy.

The Department of Justice has appealed to the Court of Appeals of Ontario from the judgment of the Chancery Divisional Court in the important constitutional case of The Attorney-General of Canada vs. The Attorney-General of Ontario, which involves the question of the power of pardon, declared by the Chancery judges to rest with the Ontario Government regarding offences over which the legislative authority of the Province extends. The question will ultimately come before the Supreme Court.

Lord Salisbury attended a council at Windsor Saturday, when the Queen signed the Speech from the Throne, which is to be read on the opening of Parliament.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

The Principle Upon Which the Nihilists Slew Soloviev.

The Paris Eclair says a Nihilist committee decided that if Sophia Gensberg, who was arrested at St. Petersburg for having bombs in her possession, was sentenced to death, Gen. Soloviev would be killed as soon hereafter as possible. The woman was sentenced to be hanged last Monday, and the shooting of the general occurred the day after.

The name of the Pole who is suspected of murdering Gen. Soloviev is Padlewsky, not Podlesky. A person resembling Padlewsky crossed the Belgian frontier on Tuesday night.

Dr. Brouardel, in a report on the death of Gen. Soloviev, says that death resulted from the effects of a single bullet wound, that the bullet entered behind the ear, and that the shot was fired at a distance of from six to eight inches. A funeral service for the murdered general will be held to-morrow. The body will afterwards be taken to Russia.

The Value of Silver Coins.

That of 1796 brings \$12.
The dollar of 1804 is worth \$100.
Those of 1802 and 1836 cost \$10 each.
Dollars dated 1839 are valued at \$30.
Those of 1851, 1852 and 1858 cost \$40 each.

Only four of 1804 exist and one is worth \$500.

Those issued in 1836 are rated from \$10 to \$50.

Half-dollars of 1794, 1815, 1851 and 1852 bring \$5 each.

Those of 1797 are worth \$50 to \$75; of 1796, \$75 to \$100.

Silver quarters bring \$7 for 1804, \$10 for 1796 and 1853, \$30 for 1823, \$50 for 1827.

Not Fair on Georgia.

Harvard Lampoon: Little Georgie—Mamma, where is the world's fair going to be held?

Mamma—In Chicago, dear; why?

Little Georgie—Oh, nothing, only while I was hiding under the sofa last night I heard Charlie tell Grace to come over to him and he would show her where the world's fair ought to be held, and I was just going to peep out and see where when the gas went out.

Invulnerable Secrecy.

"I'll tell you something," remarked Miss Blocker, "on the dead quiet."

"Very well," replied Miss Boscon-street, of Boston, "I will remember that it is on the deceased silence."

The Motto Sulted Him.

Young Dolley—I hear, Miss Amy, that you girls have formed a temperance society. Amy—Yes, indeed. Our motto is: "The lips that touch beer shall never touch mine."

Dolley—That lets me in. I drink nothing but whiskey.

In Darkest London.

Boston Journal: In London last year 500 children under 10 years of age were arrested for drunkenness.

The silk manufacturers of Germany have been completely crowded out of the European market by the superior cheapness and excellence of French stuffs. The German wares are now chiefly exported to South America.

DON L. 48. 90.

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