SERMON

By Rev. Chas. Wagner.

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If any will not work, neither let him eat.—II. Thes. iii., 10.

For we are God's fellow-workers.—I. Cor. iii., 9.

We find today, in the case of a great number of men, particularly young men, a certain lamentable disposition of mind; they work without faith in work. Exempt from vain ambitions or base desire for gain, they yet display a feverish activity; but they have no aim. There is no sense to their life, why should there be to their work? All is vanity! These workers sometimes say, with a sorry smile, that, after all, as between the toilers and the idlers, it is difficult to say which have chosen the better part. It is not astonishing that this aimless labor becomes, in the end, wearisome to both body and mind, and brings lowered vitality and vacillation. The will becomes powerless, without a higher conception of life, and faith in human progress. Yet this assurance, which is the spring of man's tireless energy, does not always present itself in the guise of formulated belief; often it is unconscious, appearing as a vocation as irresistible as it is impossible to explain. But under one form or another, man must have the sense of the permanent value of his work, and, to get an idea of the intensity of life which labor thus understood communicates to the laborer, nothing is so good as to stop sometimes to contemplate the lives of great workers.

It is about the year 1660. In a poor room, a man is at work polishing lenses for microscopes and telescopes. He might be a common workman, from his simplicity. But wait a little. From time to time he stops to jot down in a book some thought which seems to possess him. His face, pale in spite of its youth, and strangely grave, bears the stamp of genius. Nothing in his surroundings seems to exist for him. His attitude and his abstraction have the fixity of things immutable. Who is he? One of the best men and best thinkers of all the ages; he is Spinoza, happy man! but not happy as the world sees it; for he is poor, and very likely cold and hungry. A dreadful malady, too, is sapping his health, anathema has fallen on his head, and an early death awaits him. But when his thought takes flight among worlds, sounds the depths, scales the heights; when he launches his hardy bark on the shoreless sea whose every billow bears to him the name of God, he is so great, so rich, so penetrated with deathlessness, that all the things which men admire and covet have disappeared from his vision.

Paris, at the end of the eighteenth century. A schoolmaster, and a philosopher no less, distressed by the unhappy fate of the blind, resolves to study them, and seek for some means of teaching them and giving them back their manhood. But his aim is hard of attainment. Besides the obstacle of the infirmity he has to deal with, he encounters that opacity of another sort called prejudice; and every day proves to him afresh that none are so blind as those who will not see. Well, so be it! that does not alter his side of the case. Valentine Hauy has a vocation. He buckles to, follows out his ideas, even pays his pupils for taking his lessons, to compensate them for the alms they lose! And patiently and wisely he develops the sense of touch, atones for lost eyes by the hand, that eye of the blind. That is, he succeeds, accomplishes his aim, and the disappointments, the ingratitude and the opposition are forgotten. He is repaid for his struggle by the work itself, by the pleasure of doing good, and the joy of those whom he has restored to the dignity of men and the life of the soul.

Every Frenchman knows the story of Oberlin and Felix Neff, those two splendid workers for God, twice over the shepherds of their poor and needy flocks in the Alpine villages; men who labored in the pulpit Sundays, and on the highways and in the fields and mountains during the week, and were never more eloquent than with pick-axe in hand. The sacred fire burned within them. Like Christ in poverty, like Paul the craftsman, they transformed the humblest labors by heartily entering into them, so that they inspire us—so powerful is example!—not only to admire them, but also to imitate them.

My thought turns to the dogged labors of certain of the fathers of modern science, to the long and difficult research of a Claude Bernard, pursuing, in a damp and ill-lighted cellar, studies that were to honor his country and his race. What a life! how we feel, as we consider these men, that they form a veritable priesthood! When they bend to their task, their whole being is aflame; they follow their idea as the hunter tracks the chamois; passing time, besetting cares, privations—all these things are forgotten. Their daily bread is their work, and in their work they implicitly believe. At the bottom of every true vocation is this certitude, conscious or unconscious, of the far-reaching significance of human labor, and the greatest workers are the men of greatest faith. Without naming the name of God, without professing the religion of Christ, he who toils for justice's sake, for humanity, for truth, is inevitably a fellow-worker with God. Of all tests of the truth, none equals that intimate communion with the realities whose secret lies in work. The sublimity and sanctity of life never really appear to us, until we have made them the sacrifice of our activities.

We come now to a sort of labor in which more than in any other the need is felt for an aim, and faith in that aim—I mean the labor that is brutalizing and debasing, the work of a beast of burden, which, nevertheless, is imposed upon an immense number of our fellows. How shall a man think when he is degraded to the service of a machine? How shall he throw his soul into labor which he can successfully accomplish only by transforming himself into an automatic tool? Can one love such drudgery as this? Work should make a man alive, but such work as this slays him! What is the Christian to think of labor under such conditions?

He is to think it an evil, and an evil which should diminish, and finally disappear, through the efforts of those who consider other things as well as their own interests. Men of a positivist turn of mind are not of this opinion. They are ready to prove to us, by figures and statistics, that such an undertaking would be no less chimerical than sentimental. But minds of this stamp have always seen the impossibility of anything new under the sun, and every good and courageous thing accomplished, even in the scientific field, which is their freehold, is accomplished in spite of them. It appears, since we have them among us, that the existence of these sages is necessary in the general scheme of things; but one could wish they might remember that among the very positive advantages which they enjoy, exceeding few have not been procured for them by those whom they call fools. In the name of what Saint Paul called the foolishness of the cross, the Christian has this principle to guide him: When there exists anywhere a state of suffering, a wrong, a condition of affairs that men of feeling deplore and that troubles the conscience of the upright, to become resigned to it is wicked. Although the evil flaunts itself before our eyes, and no remedy is in sight, we must go seek a remedy. In the creation of the God of Justice, evil can be but a transitory state, the result of ignorance and error. Then here is our first duty,—to use all possible means for arriving at a diminution of the sum of these inhuman labors, and the number of their victims.

Another duty faces us: Why should those bowed down under such burdens be treated with contempt? They are so treated, and it is the worst part of their martyrdom. I ask you to give them honor! You decorate the soldier scarred and maimed in battle; honor also these vanquished in the battle of life, victims of the fate of a slave. In olden times there were professions which ennobled those who follow them; make room in your hearts, make room in men's ideas, for this particular kind of nobility, not characterized by beauty of person or superiority of mind, but by the piteous stigma branded on the lowering brow and the enfeebled intellect by the crushing weight of a labor of the damned!

Society is a great body whose members are perforce knit together in firm union; no one of them can live for himself, but all their life is interdependent. Every useful work done in society is done for all, and he who accomplishes it takes, in so far, the place of the others. Let us face the conclusion of this fact. The social life in which we all share is a consumer of activities and of lives. Any good from it that comes our way may have been wrought out through tears, unspeakable sufferings, and the immolation of souls. Almost all our social advantages, if we learn their history, have in them some teaching for us, some appeal to our pity and our gratitude. Are you a Christian? ponder these truths; they are big with the future. It is by the leadings of the heart that we must search for the paths of tomorrow. Suffer with the sufferings of your brothers, learn to love them, and ways of deliverance for them will be revealed to you that the egoist could never find.

Antiquity often shows us the cultivation of the body in happy combination with that of the mind. It is full, too, of illustrious men who joined manual training with the knowledge or administration of affairs. Such an education is not simply happy in its effects upon mental equilibrium, and that sanity of the whole man which results from a normal development of all his aptitudes; it has also its social consequences. This is a very important matter, that should be sifted to the bottom.

We have arrived at an almost infinitesimal division of labor. Our specialization is such that even in contingent spheres of labor we no longer understand one another, while in those more widely separated the trouble is of course greater still. We have become somewhat like those watchmakers who do not know what a watch is, because they have spent their lives in making special parts of the mechanism, whose place in the whole they do not even know. It is a sad matter for those who collaborate, and much study and numerous discoveries and surprises await the intrepid explorers of fields neighboring on their own. The most useful and fruitful experience a man of some leisure can have is to go out of his own sphere of activity, and learn to perform and comprehend other men's labor; and he who pushes his ardor to the point of changing his social class, will as surely discover a new world as did Christopher Columbus. To leave for a time our familiar surroundings, conventions and ties, and the influences of them all and plunge into a life unfamiliar to us, become obscure among the obscure, share their toil and bondage, and undergo their hardships and sufferings; to see the under side of social questions, after viewing them from above; to feel their weight, after skimming along their surface—never a diver who has gone to the bottom of the sea has brought back more astonishing information than shall the new race of explorers among these experiences. Down in this neglected world, where men toil and die, are the weak who will never find the way to the light, unless some stronger and more clear-sighted brother goes down even where they are and lifts them up.

I would that these truths had a place in the education of our children; it needs strengthening by a closer contract with sane and healthful toil. I would that our children were oftener told to honor all toilers, and to show most respect to the most unfortunate among them. I would they knew that to do nothing is disgraceful. We too often seek for our children a path of joyous ease and unearned happiness, but we should change all that—we who are Christians; our Master follows our paths. Do you wish your boys to become in reality men? then let them arrive at a competence only through obedience and discipline. Whatever spheres of activity they choose, let them begin at the bottom of the ladder, with their hands in the grime and their necks under the yoke. It is well for a man to fratnerize for a while with those to whom he will give orders later on. The employer should be a workman of yesterday, if he is to be mindful of the interests of the workman of today. The want of good understanding here, comes from our over-specialization, and also from the fact that too many of us—and those whose views are law—have created artificial distinctions between occupations more or less desirable. All useful work is equally honorable, but if any is privileged let it be the humblest and that least recompensed in the eyes of men. We are all fellow-workers with one another, bound together by our common beginning and end; we are all fellow-workers with God; and to become penetrated with these facts is to have the religious conception of work. When this conception becomes general, the commercial valuation of work will no longer be the standard; and as the doom of inhuman and antisocial labor is lightened, the shameful trade of idlers will become less and less possible.

A question takes possession of me as I close. What of the infirm, the wrecks of life; what of the wearied hands and the trembling knees? In this humanity where all is activity and exertion, what place is there for them? The nobler and the more sacred work appears to be, the sadder becomes their lot. To feel yourself useless—what an affliction. But be comforted, poor outcasts from life's workshop, crushed under the burden of idle days; you, too, have a part to play; you are of the greatest help to the rest of us, for in every sphere of society it is you who most of all keep us mindful of the brotherhod of man. You suffer! let your love go out to other sufferers. If you belong to the class called fortune-favored, plead for your brothers in misfortune. Suffering brings wondrous revelations with it: teach us what it has taught you of humanity, and you may become the beacon-lights of the race. The strong and intrepid are quickly stirred to strife and contention, and led on to injustice; the turmoil they must enter, and the dust of combat cloud their view. Do you, in the solitude of enlightening pain, contrive for us a refuge of peace, an oasis of justice! Lead toward the Father your brothers who are estranged from each other and refuse each other's aid, and you shall become the most powerful of all workers. Your trembling hands shall remove mountains that the arms of the strong cannot lift. The strength of God shall dwell in your weakness, and in you shall this great truth be best shown forth: Work may become, through the efforts of men, the realization of the Kingdom of God.

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TWO KILLED IN RAILWAY WRECK

PITTSBURG, Aug. 6.—The Cincinnati and New York limited on the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railroad was wrecked while entering this city about 11 o'clock tonight. Two persons were killed.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 8.—Two persons were killed in a wreck on the Pan Handle road two miles outside this city late tonight. The train was No. 16 on the P. C. C. and St. L. railroad, the Cincinnati and New York limited eastbound.

The wreck occurred at a switch, but until an investigation is made it cannot be learned whether the switch was opened or there was some obstruction on the track. The train was made up of one sleeper, two chair cars, a diner and baggage car.

The engine jumped the track and fell against a high bluff at one side. The engineer and men in the baggage car escaped, but the two firemen were caught and killed by the baggage car as it fell over.

The dead men are O. D. Cunningham and James Austant.

FOOD, FOOD, EVERYWHERE.

It seemed a monstrously impossible thing for us two to starve, yet starve we must, and that right presently, unless relief should come. We were even now on our last bootleg. Of the supplies we had laid in, nothing remained but a tin of nutmegs.

"Of course we can't eat nutmegs," I muttered, half delirious.

Suddenly Paoli leaped to his feet.

"Bring me those nutmegs," he cried, in a tense voice.

I brought him the tin. He glanced at the names on the label and a wild burst of exultation burst from his lips.

"They are! They are Connecticut goods. The buckaw! Quick!" he shrieked and trembled like a leaf with excitement.

I began to see. In feverish haste I brought the buckshaw.

It was soon over. In less than ten minutes we sat each with his dish of breakfast food before him, and ate, and laughed, and wept hysterically.

IN THE WRONG POCKETS.

Mark Twain had finished his speech at a recent dinner party, and, on his seating himself, a lawyer rose, shoved his hands deep into his trouser pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present at the society dinner:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?"

When the laughter that greated this sally had subsided Mark Twain drawled out:—

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"

MIRACULOUS MULTIPICATION.

A lady who recently bought a dinner service consisting of fifty-four pieces for £1 3s. was informed by her housemaid the next day that the bargain had become still more wonderful, for it now consisted of 1,125 pieces.—Punch.

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For Infants and Children.

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SERGT. CAMPBELL GUILTY; WILL APPEAL HIS CASE.

Yesterday in the police court Magistrate R. J. Ritchie found Sergt. James Campbell of the police force guilty of assaulting Peter LeClair, a ship laborer. The case has been pending in the court for a couple of weeks, and arose from a complaint made by LeClair some time ago, that while he was on the I. C. R. wharf looking for work Campbell laid hands on him, pushed him away, and thus hindered him from obtaining employment.

The police sergeant claimed he asked LeClair to please move up the wharf and not get in the way of workmen employed discharging a fruit steamer, that LeClair who was not employed refused to move and was pushed gently aside.

J. B. M. Baxter appeared for the prosecution and Dr. A. W. Macrae for the defence.

There was a large number of spectaeors in the court room yesterday when in delivering judgment in the case the magistrate gave a lengthy oration on how he contended the law meant for the police force should be handled and on the duties of the policemen.

His honor said that in the LeClair vs. Campbell case the circumstances were not many. The police officer in the case was at the time working under the pay of the fruit importers. When an officer requests a citizen to move it is not always becoming for a citizen to say that he will not move. The officer in the case admits that he laid hands on LeClair, and was he justified in doing so, and it is a question that if a person can employ a police officer, and when that officer is employed for a private concern can he do just as an officer can do on his regular duty? The man who hired Campbell was not a taxpayer, and even if he was, it is a question if the policeman can be hired.

The magistrate sad that when he first came into office he used to take up the bye-laws and thoroughly explain them to the policemen. "You take a man from St. Martins, the Washdemoak or some other place and make a policeman of him and he is supposed to know the law. After I explain the law to this policeman he goes down stairs to the police station and there a man says 'that is not right, take the law from us here,' and the result is that I have now stopped telling the policemen like I used to. Now when a policeman gets in trouble it is up to me to decide, and it is decided according to law. The safety board of somebody interested in clear, solid discipline of the police force want men who understand their duty, and if they don't understand their duty they can come to the court and find out. The clerk, Mr. Henderson and myself and always ready to give advice but I believe that the policemen are almost forbidden to come here. Mr. Henderson and I were not blacksmiths or millmen, but we are lawyers and if the police want to know the law they should come to people who know the law. The police are paid from the taxes, and as the majority of violators of the law are taxpayers the police have to go and arrest the prisoners who furnish the wages. My request has always been not so much as to get the offenders as to try and deter the offences. A policeman to do his duty is to do it without fear or favor. If he sees a man going along with his dinner can and he is drunk and in no other way breaking the law it is better that the unfortunate man should be helped home, just as I would be if I was found under the influence of liquor.

"The very day I told the police to do this they were told by others not to do so, but to get all the prisoners they could. No policeman ought to go out and make arrests so that he will have a great list of arrests to his credit. The officer who makes the least arrests is the best man, he may not get the dollars for working at the Opera House, ball games or other extras, or he might not get the stripes, but he is the best man.

"There is no officer on the force who can truthfully say that for the seventeen years I have been here that he has not got assistance. 'As far as the policemen themselves are concerned they are all right.'

"Take Sergeant Baxter, for instance, in a crowd. He is a big policeman, he uses good judgment, he is not offensive and does not rush at a crowd in anything but a pleasing manner and a kind request and he does more with them than the man who is showing his authority in another way.

"We take this case up. We go to the wharf. We don't find a crowd of Italians, Poles, Russians or other foreigners assembled. We find our own citizens and taxpayers. Some had been hired to go to work. Why did they not go to work? Because they were offended that the policeman had pushed their comrade away. Common sense has got to be used in these cases.

"Another point is when Campbell was being paid by the fruit people was he justified in laying hands on LeClair? The weight of evidence is with the complainant. If a doctor, an eminent lawyer or a merchant of high standing had been handled like LeClair was we would think it was an outrage, but we must remember that although LeClair is a laborer, as long as he is within the law, he is entitled to the same respect as any one else and Campbell should not have done what he did. He was not there working for the city. This may be a guide for the police in the future to understand their duties and know just how far they can go.

"It is much better to warn people before they become offenders than to await for an offence to be committed. If an officer sees a dry goods merchant with a box on the sidewalk he should tell him when it is near time to have it removed, not to take the time and when the man knows nothing about the affair come to the court and report him.

"The weight of evidence is against Campbell and he will be found guilty. Continuing the magistrate said it was in his power to place a penalty on Campbell, but as this case has been given a good airing he thought that he would just find him guilty and let the matter rest.

Mr. Baxter asked the court that if a man or three men were standing on the sidewalk should the officer not report them to the court, or could he push them away? The court ruled that people were committing an offence by standing on the walks or crossings, but they must be requested to move and not shoved.

Police Sergeant Campbell is not satisfied with being found guilty and says that he is not through with the case

NEWS FROM UPPER CANADA

TORONTO, Aug. 8.—Charges that certain fishermen carrying on their trade illegally have made serious threats against informers and others seeking to carry out the law were made at a meeting of the Toronto branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association last night. These threats, it was alleged, include the projected burning of informers' property and even murder in some cases. Fishermen who violate laws, it is claimed, operate with gasoline launches, which enable them to go where ordinary government cruisers dare not enter. The meeting declared in favor of the operations of small government gasoline cruisers, so that men using illegal trap nets could be forced to cease business.

MOOSOMIN, Alta., Aug. 8.—A clerk, a youth convicted of horse stealing at Whitewood, has been sentenced to three years in Alberta penitentiary, and is the first prisoner to be committed to the institution.

PORT ARTHUR, Ont., Aug. 8.—As a result of an order for his arrest issued at the instance of James Walsh of Welland, M. A. Myers of Mount Clemens, who has been here opening up silver mines, has put up $12,000 bail as a guarantee for his appearance. Myers purchased a mine at Atikokan from Walsh for $40,000, paying $5,000 for the option. Walsh, he claims, was never able to give him a clear title. Finaly the property was taken over by other debtors and Walsh now wishes to recover.

ST. CATHERINES, Ont., Aug. 8.—Physicians have discovered that St. Catherines city water has disease in it, and citizens consequently have been advised to use water sparingly until the danger passes.

LONDON, Ont., Aug. 8.—A crowd of Indians from Muncey reserve surround the offices of the Dominion bank, where the red men are being paid the money awarded them by the United States supreme court for lands in New York expropriated nearly a century ago. As is well known the Indians were deported to this province and recently they found there was money due them in the deal. The sum going to the Muncey reserve Indians is in round figures a million dollars.

ST. CATHERINES, Ont., Aug. 8.—A wealthy American couple arrived in St. Catherines on Friday, had dinner at Welland House and then went over to Niagara Falls. Next morning the lady found she had carelessly left a two thousand dollar string of pearls in the Welland House ladies' washroom. The telephone was soon working and the lady was made happy by being informed that an honest guest had found them and handed the pearls in to the office.

GREAT BOSTON JAIL DELIVERY

District Attorney Moran Lets 72 Prisoners Out to Make Room for Others

BOSTON, Aug. 7.—One of the most unusual court proceedings ever witnessed in Suffolk county, involving the biggest "jail delivery" in years, was engineered yesterday by District Attorney Moran in the superior court, when seventy-two prisoners, five of them women, were placed on probation in order to relieve the congestion at the Charles street jail, which has not been so crowded since the civil war.

All of the sixty-seven men placed on probation were charged with drunkenness, as were three of the women, the other two being alleged night walkers. They represented the accumulation of appeals taken by defendants sentenced in the municipal and various district courts since July 1.

Last week Sheriff Seavey reported to the county prosecutor that there were nearly 400 prisoners in the jail and that accommodations were overtaxed. Some thing had to be done to make room for the additional squad of prisoners which would arrive this month.

District Attorney Moran lost no time in taking steps to diminish Sheriff Seavey's "big family."

A DOCTOR AT $300 A DAY

Dr. Banes Says W. T. Rainey Retained Him—Sues Estate for $33,070.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—Dr. Samuel Thompson Banes, a surgeon and physician in Philadelphia, has begun a suit in the supreme court here against the estate of William T. Rainey to recover $33,070 for medical attendance and incidental expenses during the six years preceding Rainey's death. Rainey, who died in August, 1904, was a wealthy resident of Philadelphia but had moved to New York shortly before his death. His executor, Roy A. Rainey, is the defendant in the present suit.

Dr. Banes says in his complaint that in 1898, when Rainey first became an invalid, an arrangement was made by which Rainey agreed to pay Dr. Banes $300 a day for every day of actual attendance, and in addition the physician was to be reimbursed for all travelling and other expenses he might incur. In return Dr. Banes agreed to give Rainey his exclusive and entire time, to be ready at the sick man's beck and call, to go anywhere and do anything in the nature of treatment.

The doctor says that he performed all the requirements of the agreement, but that Rainey failed to pay him or remember him in his will.

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

OFFERS TO SPEND LIFE WITH LEPER.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The New York Herald says:

Charles Cosman, a nurse at the Montefiore Home for Chronic Invalids, was interviewed by a Herald reporter yesterday afternoon in connection with the present isolation of George Rossett, the Syrian leper, in the mountains of West Virginia. Cosman has had a great deal of experience in nursing, and he spoke in bitter terms yesterday about what he called the inhumanity of American civilization. He is a Hollander, and speaks several languages with fluency. He said:

"What is this 'civilization that we speak of that allows a man to live like a snake in the brush? That allows him perhaps to die of madness from isolation? Has the government, having allowed this Syrian to enter the country four years ago, the right to permit this man to be segregated like a human viper, because, through no fault of his own, he has contracted a contagious disease? Do you think it is just? Is this what has been accomplished by civilization, when a human being is goaded into the naked mountains to sleep in the grass like a toad?

"There is another feature to the case also. What about the mountain streams at which this man drinks and washes? Does not this same stream supply the water for perhaps a settlement further down the current? Maybe the man will take off a worn out shoe or a hat, or any other garment, and leave it by the roadside. Suppose, then, that some traveller in some manner comes in contact with this apparel. Suppose that the traveller even lies down and touches the spot where the leper has been, will he not carry the disease into the settlement? Do these 'civilized people think that by scourging the man into the wilderness they have rid themselves of the possibilities of contagion? Hardly.

"I am now willing to do this, if I can find some one to guarantee all my expenses. I am tired of the existence of everyday routine, and stand ready to go at any moment and care for the unfortunate man until the end. In order to do this I will myself be segregated from all the world. My friends will receive no word from me. I will simply live in the forest with this leper, taking care of him after the manner of a professional nurse, wearing rubber gloves, devoting my life to him until his death occurs. Then I will return to what you call civilization. All I ask is that my expenses during the time be guaranteed.

FOILS GHOUL'S PLOT FOR WESSON'S BODY

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 5.— Exactly the same precautions which were taken to guard the body of Russell Sage from ghouls and grave robbers will be issued at the interment of Daniel B. Wesson, the millionaire revolver manufacturer, who died yesterday. When the burial casket containing the body is placed in the grave at Oak Grove cemetery Tuesday afternoon it will be lowered into a heavy steel outer casket, or vault, absolutely burglar-proof.

The cover of the steel casket locks automatically when it is put on, and it can be opened only from the inside. It was learned tonight for the first time that Mr. Wesson's wife, who died July 18, was buried in a similar steel casket, and that it was Mr. Wesson's wish that his body should have the same protection.

The funeral services will be held in the mansion on Maple street Tuesday afternoon, and will be private, only the members of the family attending. The Rev. Dr. Frank L. Goodspeed, pastor of the First Congregational church, will conduct the services, which will be of the simplest character. From 12 until 1 o'clock the body will be on view to the employes of the Smith & Wesson revolver factory and other friends. The factory will be closed all day.

BRITISH GUNNERS MAKE NEW RECORD

LONDON, Aug. 4.—Some remarkable scoring has been made in this year's firing exercises in the Mediterranean fleet. The destroyer Bruizer from her 6-pounder guns made forty-six hits out of sixty-four rounds, and from her 12-pounder guns six hits out of ten rounds.

The average for the 6-pounder guns is 10.36 hits a gun, which constitutes a record for this class of gun. The Bruizer's scores are better than those made by the destroyer Dragon, which was recently complimented by Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford on her performance.

The cruiser Barham, in the heavy gun layers' test made forty-two hits out of fifty-eight rounds, the best gun's scores being eleven rounds and eleven hits from a 4.7-inch gun. The next best score was ten rounds and ten hits.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—It is being suggested that a small party of American colored preachers who have been advocating the Ethiopian propaganda of "Africa for the Africans" should be deported from South Africa. The government has not yet taken any action and it is a question whether it will. The agitation against the preachers has been revived by the recent trouble at Capetown for which they are held by certain London papers to be partially responsible. They have made no secret of their mission to South Africa advising the natives to use their efforts to secure black supremacy in that part of the world.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—The judicial committee of the privy council today recommended the dismissal of the appeal of Dunsmuir v. Dunsmuir and Hopper v. Dunsmuir.

This appeal resulted from the suit of Edna Wallace Hopper to break the will of the late Alexander Dunsmuir. James Dunsmuir, formerly premier of British Columbia, was the principal legatee.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—Dorothy Buhlmann is a pupil at the Sandgate National School, and for eleven years she has neither been absent from nor late at her studies. She is fourteen years of age, and has made 4,500 attendances since she first went to the school. The Countess of Chichester has presented her with a book in recognition of her record. Two boys in this school have similar records.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—At the thirty-seventh Lincolnshire agricultural show, which opened at Gainsborough yesterday, the champion ram was Derby Champion, for which the record price of 1,450 guineas was given at a public auction last Thursday, and which is shortly to be sent to Buenos Ayres. The champion bull was of enormous proportions and weighed no less than one ton and one hundredweight.

KIDNEY DISEASE—GRAVEL

"I was afflicted with kidney disease and gravel in its most severe form, having often a stoppage of water accompanied by the most dreadful agony. By using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the disease was eradicated from my system in less than six months. I have gained in weight, sleep well, and feel better than I have for twenty years."—Mr. W. Smith, Port Dalhousie, Ont.

YARMOUTH, Aug. 7.—Henry C. Mildram, a Boston man in charge of a trained nurse, committed suicide this morning by jumping overboard from steamer Prince George, as the steamer was coming up the harbor. The body has not been recovered. The nurse will not talk until he hears from the drowned man's friends.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 8.—The warship Dominion leaves Saturday for Charlottetown and thence to Bay de Chaleur, the captain having an engagement at the latter place with Governor Snowball, of New Brunswick. An effort was made to keep the vessel here until the meeting of the Canadian municipalities but the original programme is to be carried out. The cup, the gift of Halifax, will be presented at Quebec.