

## BAD BOOKS ARE NUMEROUS

The Importance of a Wise Selection.

Dr. Talmage Delivers a Practical Sermon Upon Current Literature.

Washington, Aug. 1.—Dr. Talmage, who has been spending a few days in St. Petersburg, sends the following report of a discourse which will be helpful to those who have an appetite for literature and would like some rules to guide them in the selection of books and newspapers. Text, Acts xix, 19: "Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver."

Paul had been stirring up Ephesus with some lively sermons about the sins of that place. Among the more important results was the fact that the citizens brought out their bad books and in a public place made a bonfire of them. I see the people coming out with their arms full of Ephesian literature, and tossing it into the flames. I hear an economist, who is standing by, saying, "Stop this waste." "No," said the people, "if these books are not good for us, they are not good for anybody else, and we shall stand and watch until the last leaf has burned to ashes. They have done us a world of harm, and they shall never do others harm." Hear the flames crackle and roar!

**DESTRUCTION OF BAD BOOKS.**  
Well, my friends, one of the wants of the cities is a great bonfire of bad books and newspapers. We have enough fuel to make a bonfire 200 feet high. Many of the publishing houses would do well to throw into the blaze their entire stock of goods.

The printing press is the mightiest agency on earth for good and for evil. The minister of the gospel standing at a pulpit, has a responsible position, but I do not think it is as responsible as an editor or a publisher.

What is to be the issue of all this? I believe the Lord intends the printing press to be the chief means for the world's rescue and evangelization, and I think that the great last battle of the world will not be fought with swords and guns, but with types and presses—a purified and Gospel literature triumphing over, trampling down, and crushing out forever that which is depraved. The only way to overcome unclean literature is by scattering abroad that which is healthful.

I have to tell you that the greatest blessing that ever came to the nations is that of an elevated literature, and the greatest scourge has been the unclean literature. This last has its victims in all occupations and departments. It has helped to fill insane asylums, and penitentiaries, and almshouses, and dens of shame.

**WHAT SHOULD BE READ.**  
Now it is amid such circumstances that I put a question of overmastering importance to you and your families. What books and newspapers shall we read? You see I group the question. A newspaper is only a book in a swift and more portable shape, and the same rules which will apply to book reading will apply to newspaper reading. What shall we read?

Standing, as we do, chin-deep in fictitious literature, the question that young people are asking is, "Shall we read novels?" I reply, There are novels that are pure, good, Christian, elevating to the heart and ennobling to the life. But I have still further to say that I believe that 75 out of the 100 novels in this day are baleful and destructive to the last degree. A pure work of fiction is history and poetry combined. The world can never pay the debt which it owes to such writers of fiction as Hawthorne and Melville, and Turgenev and Hummel and others, whose names are familiar to all. The follies of high life were never better exposed than by Miss Edgeworth. The memories of the past were never more faithfully embalmed than in the writings of Walter Scott. Cooper's heroes are healthfully redolent with the breath of the sea and the air of the American forest. Charles Kingsley has smitten the morbidity of the world, and led a great many to appreciate the poetry of sound health, strong muscles, and fresh air. Thackeray did a grand work in caricaturing the pretensions to gentility and high blood. Dickens has built his own monument in his books.

**FLOOD OF LITERARY FILTH.**  
Now, I say, books like these, read at night times, and read in right proportion with other books, cannot help but be ennobling and purifying. They are for the healthy and improve literature that has come in the shape of novels, like a freshet overflowing all the banks of decency and common sense. They are coming from some of the most cultivated publishing houses. They are coming with recommendation of some of our religious newspapers. They lie on your center-table to curse your children, and blast with their infernal fires generations unborn. You find yet, if you depended on much of the literature of the day you would get the idea that life, instead of being something earnest, something practical, is a titful and fantastic and extravagant thing.

**NAME OF BAD READING.**  
A man who gives himself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be nervous, insane and a nuisance. He will be fit neither for the store nor the shop nor the field. A woman who gives herself up to the indiscriminate reading of novels will be unfitted for the duties of wife, mother, sister, daughter. Again, abstain from all those books which, while they have some good things, have also an admixture of evil. You have read books that had two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stuck to you? The bad! The heart of most people is like a sieve, which lets the small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great diamonds. Once in a while there is a mild leadstone which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the

steel and repels the brass, but it is generally exactly the opposite. Again, I charge you to stand off from all those books which corrupt the imagination and inflame the passions. I do not refer now to that kind of book which the villain has under his coat waiting for the school to get out, and then looking both ways to see that there is no policeman around the block, offers the book to your son on the way home. I do not speak of that kind of literature, but that which evades the law, and comes out in polished style, and with acute plot sounds the tocsin that rouses up all the baser passions of the soul. Today, under the nostrils of the people, there is a fetid, rank, unwashed literature, enough to poison all the fountains of public virtue, and smite your sons and daughters as with the wing of a destroying angel, and it is time that the ministers of the Gospel blow the trumpets that rallied the righteousness of all armies to this great battle against a depraved literature.

**SOME EXCUSE CRIME.**  
Again, abstain from those books which are apologetic of crime. It is a sad thing that some of the best and most beautiful bookbinding, and some of the finest rhetoric, have been brought to make sin attractive.

Much of the impure pictorial literature is most tremendous for ruin. There is no one who can like good pictures better than I do. The quickest and most condensed way of impressing the public mind is by pictures. What the painter does by his brush for a few minutes, the engraver does by his knife for the million. What the artist accomplishes by 50 pages, the artist does by a flash. The best part of a painting that costs \$10,000 you may buy for 10 cents. Fine paintings belong to the aristocracy of art. Engravings belong to the democracy of art. You would like to gather good pictures in your homes.

Go home today and look through your library, and then, having looked through your library, look at the stand where you keep your pictorials and newspapers, and apply the Christian principles I have laid down this hour. If there is anything in your home that you do not stand the test, do not give it away, or it might spoil an immortal soul; do not sell it, for the money you get would be the price of blood; but rather kindle a fire on your kitchen hearth, or in your back yard, and then drop of poison in it, and the bonfire in your city shall be as consuming as that one in Ephesus.

**Officiated at  
5,000 Weddings.**

For a great many years Jeffersonville, Ind., has been the Grétna Green for eloping couples from across the Ohio River, and from many other places. The principal duty of the justice of the peace there is to officiate at weddings. Squire House has been by far the widest reputation, and has married couples from all parts of the world. During his life as a magistrate Squire House has united for better or for worse more than 5,000 persons. These include representatives of every scale of social life, from the humble mountaineer of Kentucky to the sons and daughters of millionaires. Congressmen, senators, governors, ministers and celebrities.

Many of these ceremonies have been performed under unusual and romantic circumstances. As an instance, a couple recently visited him and requested that they be married at midnight, and under the shadows of the great bridge that spans the Ohio from Jeffersonville to Louisville; another couple wanted to be married in a carriage that was standing in front of the magistrate's door, and others were married on the ferryboat. The magistrate has always been accommodating, and has complied with the requests of his patrons, no matter how absurd they have been. There have been the usual amusing incidents in regard to the payment of the wedding fee. One that is told with much enjoyment by Squire House concerns a couple from Kentucky. The usual preliminaries were gone through, and the ceremony performed. The bridegroom embraced his wife, and then, turning to the magistrate, asked if he was through. The justice replied that nothing was lacking, and the bridegroom asked if it was not customary for the justice to kiss the bride. Nothing loth, this was complied with, and the couple started out, the bridegroom failing to say anything about the fee. As the couple were leaving the door, Squire House politely called him and asked him if he had not forgotten the fee. With a surprised look on his face, the happy man replied: "Did you not kiss the bride?" Squire House admitted that he had with pleasure. "Well," replied the bridegroom, "it seems to me that this should more than recompense you. Accepting the situation as gracefully as possible, the magistrate made haste to apologize, assuring the young man that the fee was perfectly satisfactory. Since that time Squire House made it a custom to always have the fee in his pocket before he performed the ceremony.

An instance that shows to what extent the fame of Squire House has spread occurred a few weeks ago. The morning mail brought to him an official-looking document from Berlin. It was from a titled personage, properly signed and indorsed by high officials of the court, and asked whether he had knowledge of some American girl whose father was able and willing to arrange a suitable settlement in order to give his daughter a wedding. A title and he was able to back in the brilliancy of an imposing international ceremony. The magistrate was assured that if he were able to bring about one or more of such matches he would be rewarded to such an extent as to make him independent for life.

Another marrying magistrate is Squire James Prewitt, a veteran of the late war, and the only Republican squire in Jeffersonville. He does quite a large business in a quiet way, and his picture adorns the wall of many a mountain cabin in Kentucky. Justice Nixon, who succeeded to the business of the late Justice Ephraim Keigwin, originated the practice of giving away his photograph as a souvenir to all the couples he married. Attached with a ribbon to his photograph is a smaller photograph of the interior of his marriage parlor, which is handsomely furnished. Justice Luther Warder, formerly mayor of Jeffersonville, is another magistrate who does an excellent business, though he is comparatively a new man in this line.—Chicago American.

**A Record in Blood.**  
The record of Hood's Sarsaparilla is literally written in the blood of millions of people to whom it has given good health. It is all the time curing diseases of the stomach, nerves, kidneys and blood, and it is doing good every day to thousands who are taking it for poor appetite, tired feeling and general debility. It is the best blood-purifier and blood-cleanser. Hood's Pills are non-irritating. Price 25 cents.

It is not power, but the balance of power, that wins.

## GORDON'S PROPHECY

Forecast Twenty Years Ago of Current Events in China.

There was probably no European more qualified to express an opinion of the Chinese than Col. Gordon, more commonly called Chinese Gordon, whose strange career closed at Khartoum, in January, 1885. His military association with them during the two years from 1863 to 1865, when he commanded the Ever Victorious Army, as it was styled, gave him a unique experience of the Chinese and an insight into their somewhat complex character.

With the crudest of material and in spite of the strongest opposition, a position that would have been fatal but for the loyal support he received throughout his short term of service under the Emperor of China from Li-Hung-Chang, he organized a force that under European officers of nearly equal nationality, including some Americans, suppressed the Taiping rebellion threatening the existence of China and the dynasty. The opinions he expressed therefore have at the present moment exceptional value. It was more than a century ago that a friend of mine in 1880 when he was just on the point of leaving India, when he had accepted the post of Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Ripon, is just now of particular interest. Speaking of the Taiping rebellion, and of the courage of the Chinese troops, he denied that they were cowards in one sense. He held that they did not fear death, though he had seen them stand up bravely sometimes and then flee like sheep at others. But what Europeans would have to consider was, he said, the awful consequences of a general movement, when least expected, in the vast inert mass of hundreds of millions of men to overwhelm the foreign devils whom they hate like poison.

The danger of such an outburst, Gordon said, became greater every year on account of the way the Chinese were being continually harassed by the European States with demands for compensations, in some cases just in others quite frivolous. When they saw that their only means of meeting the aggressions was to organize an army with improved weapons, then they would buy guns and rifles and ships, and with the aid of Europeans, who would always be found ready to drill and organize them, they would create a formidable army.

Of one thing Gordon felt quite sure. The days when Europeans could march up to Chinese troops in a position, or in defense of a position, and sweep them away like flies, would soon be over. There would be no more military promenades by a few hundred British and French troops through the country, driving thousands of Chinese before them.

Speaking of the authorities, Gordon said a mandarin was never to be trusted, and he was only too glad when he left the country. The English, in his opinion, made the mistake of thinking they were welcome wherever they went, but in fifteen or twenty years they would find proof to the contrary. With all their superiorities, their rifles, and their ignorance, the Chinese were in a position to estimate far too good to be ruled by the class that governed them. The governments of France, Russia and England, he emphatically declared, had for the 40 years before the time he spoke underestimated the Chinese most scandalously.

Current events are proving how accurately Chinese Gordon judged the situation, and the regret is that certain defects of character and temperament should have caused him to abandon a position in which he could have rendered great service to China and civilization. In the light of what is passing in China today, Gordon's words of twenty years ago have a prophetic ring.—New York Sun.

## GUESTLESS HOTEL

A Drummer's Mystification Over a Longheaded Landlord's Device.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

"I was at the Ponce de Leon directly after it opened, when it had only sixteen guests and 300 servants," said a Chicago drummer; "but that wasn't anything to an experience I had once at a summer resort in the country. I had wandered into the region looking for a fellow who had beaten out firm out of a big account, and somebody told me about this hotel. A branch road connected it with the main line, 30 miles away, but early in the season the landlady and the railroad president had had a row, and they stopped the train service. That killed business as dead as Caesar, for the place was buried in the heart of the wilderness, and as I walked up the fine, shady driveway I could see that everything was in apple-pie order. When I entered the office, a boy in buttons seized my grip, and the clerk got up from behind the counter, rubbing his eyes and looking a bit dazed. The register was perfectly blank, and while there was a full office force on duty there was not a guest in sight. 'Business is a little light, eh?' I asked, after waiting my name. The clerk grinned. 'You're the first soul I've seen in six weeks,' he replied.

"I thought at first he was joking," continued the drummer, "but it was the gospel truth. I was the only guest in the house, yet as far as I could see it was being run exactly as a first-class hotel. The first floor was full of people, it gave me a strange sensation, and, upon my word, I could actually feel the emptiness as I walked down the big, wide corridor to my room. I supposed, of course, that I would find all this really a bluff, and everything pared down to the lowest notch, but it wasn't the case. There was a full corps of help, from kitchen to check room, and the chambermaids used to turn to the unoccupied beds just to get exercise. The table was tip-top, although most of the stuff was evidently canned; but to walk into that huge dining-room with a row of waiters standing motionless at each side, and eat in solitary state was a trial to the nerves. The proprietor kept almost entirely to his private office. He was a very quiet, bald-headed man, and naturally I entertained doubts as to his sanity. At the outset the strangeness of the situation interested me, but after four days of lonely grandeur it began to give me the horrors, and I packed up and left. I used to often think about it afterward and wonder what the reason could possibly be. The bald-headed boniface to throw away good money in that kind of fashion, but it was more than two years before I found out. One day I was sauntering along Clark street in Chicago, when I met my friend and heard coming out of a store. He remembered me, shook

## What do You Drink in Hot Weather?

When you are warm, tired and thirsty, spirits make you feel worse, and iced drinks furnish only temporary relief.

A teaspoonful of

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

in a glass of ordinary cool drinking water is the most refreshing and cooling drink obtainable. It not only quenches the thirst, but lowers the temperature of the blood.

It is better and cheaper than any mineral water or so-called summer drink.

A pamphlet explaining the many uses of this scientific preparation will be mailed free on application to The Abbey Effervescent Salt Company, Limited, Montreal.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c and 60c a bottle.

hands cordially, and finally accepted an invitation to lunch. 'I expect you thought I was crazy, out there in the spruce woods,' he said, over the black coffee, 'but there was method in my madness. That infernal railroad had a contract with me to haul a certain quantity of fresh vegetables every day. They had forgotten all about it, but when they threw me down on the train service I saw that my cargo was to keep open at full blast and sock it to them for damages at the end of the season. My lawyer claimed that the lack of fresh vegetables kept away guests. Of course the jury understood it was just a peg to hang a damage suit on, but any stick is good enough to beat a dog and they gave me a whopping good verdict. I soaked them for enough to pull out \$5,000 ahead of the game.'

**The Colonial.**

When the old blood thinned in the aging line,  
And the mother was spent and grey,  
O who were the sons of the failing house  
Sent one by one away?  
When the cry that rose from the crowded board  
Was more than a cry for bread,  
Who then were the sons went sadly forth  
Where the outland roadways led?  
'Twas the harder son, that, heavy of heart,  
Rose up from the mother's knees,  
And followed the trail of the luring West,  
And fathomed the lonely seas.  
'Twas the best of her blood she gladly gave,  
And few were the words she said;  
But she felt in her heart he would soon forget,  
And she mourned him as her dead.  
Where his axe and his camp-fire startled the night,  
Afar from the beaten track,  
By prairie and bushland, river and veiled,  
The desert he shouldered back.  
In his pride he carried the old proud name  
From the palm to the northland pine,  
And if he old ways, in the wilds, forgot,  
He forgot not once the Line.  
Thru' his dreams he could hear the English bark,  
And the nightingale sing again;  
And winding by ivied hall and lawn,  
He could see an English lane.  
Where the valleys lay purple and green and sad,  
'Twas the peat-smoke rose once more,  
And the shamrock stood by the cottage wall,  
And the children round the door.  
He beheld the deer by a Highland burn,  
The mist on the mountain side,  
And the heather purpled the homelands moors,  
Were the lonely curlews cried.  
But the green mound left at the lone portage,  
And the grave by the trekking wain,  
Were strewn in the path of his frontier fires,  
Where his dead were sown, as grain.  
And the night was starred with his glimmering homes,  
And his prairie with wheat was gold;  
And it fell in time, as it ever was,  
That the New became the Old.  
Its blood was the blood of the home-land,  
And its strength, and life, was theirs,  
But the old home turns to its yesterday,  
(While the new to the morrow fares.  
Yet the child shall age as the mother aged,  
And her best, in her time, shall give;  
By her outward-bound shall the old house stand,  
By her lost shall the old home live!  
—Arthur Stringer, in the Canadian Magazine.

**DON'T LEAVE ARTICLES ON STAIRS.**

One of the most common pieces of carelessness in housekeeping is the leaving of articles on the stairs. A person is sweeping and going to another part of the house; she leaves her dustpan and brush on the stairway, and the next one coming downstairs naturally tumbles over it. Several years ago a young woman going on work for the Young Women's Christian Association, received entertainment in the house of some kind unknown friends. Her room had several doors. After changing her dress and freshening herself from the dust of her journey, she turned in the dusk of a late afternoon to answer the summons, to tea. Opening the door which led into the hall, she stepped clear down a flight of twelve steps into the darkness of the cellar, where she was afterwards picked up unconscious. A long illness ensued. This incident points to another form of carelessness. Lock doors against unsuspected stairways.

Tommy (who has just received a severe scolding)—"Am I really so bad, mamma?"

Mamma—"Yes, Tommy, you are a very bad boy."

Tommy (reflectively)—"Well, anyway, mamma, I think you ought to be real darn glad I ain't twins!"

One of the nicest things for breakfast this hot weather is a rasher of

**Bow Park BACON**

Made for the best trade in Canada by Canadians from Canadian-bred animals raised and specially fed at the Bow Park Farm.

Easy to cook—Requires very little fire.

JOHN L. BLAINE ESQ. PRES. E. W. RATHBUN ESQ. VICE PRES.

**BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA**

CONSULTING ENGINEERS

G. C. ROBB CHIEF ENGINEER A. FRASER SEC. TRES. HEAD OFFICE TORONTO

G. M. GUNN & SON, AGENTS, Telephone 321. 414 Richmond Street, London

**PAUL KRUGER AFTER RHODES**

Says He Talks as Though He Had Put the Quartz in the Earth.

[Allen Sangree in Hinslee's.]

"Mr. Kruger," I asked, "do you hold Mr. Rhodes responsible for this war?"

"Yes," he replied, "I see the shadow of one large head and then two smaller ones near by. I find no traces of Rhodes where Milner and Chamberlain are not. They will not be content until they see all Africa under the British flag."

"This brought up a most interesting feature of the South African question, namely, foreign capitalism and the gold mines contention. The world has been told through various sources that the Boer legislators and managers have clogged the progress of this industry, and it has been pointed out that for English capital the Transvaal wealth would never have been developed."

"This is what Mr. Kruger has to say: 'My country has been a godsend to promoters like Rhodes and Barnato. Both of them came out here poverty-stricken and without influence. Now they talk as though they had put the quartz into the earth, and vaunt about their money developing the Rand. But what did they do? Why, persuaded the public in England and Europe to invest so generously that not only these adventurers, but many others, became wealthy, while those who supplied the funds were frequently victimized. And now I will tell you something. Since this war began my government has worked several of the richest mines, and we find that they have all along been paying a profit of 60 per cent. On this we placed a tax of 5 per cent. That is, for every sixty pounds they extracted we asked but three pounds. Is this not generous? Do you think that the English government would be equally kind? I say no. If God wills that we shall lose our country, then the stockholders will find that their profits will be greatly decreased, for England will tax them to pay for this war.'

"But," I asked, "will you not have to resort to the same measure in case you win Mr. Kruger?"

"No," replied his honor, "for our expenses are very small. No country on earth can maintain a war so cheaply. 'What has been the cost so far?' I ventured.

"Mr. Kruger hesitated at this, but after consulting hurriedly with several advisers, replied: 'About four million pounds.'

"At that rate, then, you can keep up the conflict indefinitely."

"Yes, with the help of the Almighty. We are getting one million pounds out of the mines every month. With this we can buy all our foodstuffs, and for ammunition, that we can make

right here, everything from a Mauser bullet to a Long Tom shell. Fortunately, the English were kind enough to give us supplies at Glencoe to feed our army six months. You see we grow everything here except sugar and coffee, and they come through Delagoa Bay."

**To Replace Rubber.**

An Italian residing in Mexico has recently devised a new composition intended as a substitute for caoutchouc in the manufacture of rubber goods. While residing in Mexico he observed a shrub growing in central Mexico and known to the Indians by a variety of names, of which yule is one. The shrub grows wild on the rolling land, and attains the average height of three feet. An examination of the shrub led him to experiment with the same with reference to ascertaining what use might be made of it, since it grows abundantly, may be easily cultivated, roots readily from cuttings, and may be cut two or three times a year and immediately begins to grow and shoots up again to form new wood.

It does not belong to the plants which yield milky juices, being a comparatively hard wood, and growing as a small, scrubby bush, but there is found within its bark and wood a large amount of gummy matter, and upon cutting it finely, grinding or pounding and macerating it with a hydrocarbon ether of petroleum, oil of turpentine or the like, this gum is softened and extracted from the wood, and when extracted does not harden to crystalline, but remains as a viscous, sticky mass that fulfills all of the physical conditions of crude rubber.

It may be vulcanized perfectly, and is superior to most India rubber, since it is free from all mechanical impurities, and needs no preliminary cracking, grinding or washing, as does the ordinary crude rubber. The botanical name of this shrub is Syntherisma Mexicana, and it furnishes in gum the remarkable yield of 40 per cent of its own weight. It is abundant, cheap and may be treated either in a green state or in a dry state so that it may be cut and baled and stored for any length of time, and shipped without affecting its yield of gum.—Scientific American.

Kind Woman—Poor fellow! You look famished. How would a chop suit you?

Tramp (suspiciously)—Mutton or wood-shed, lady?

**APIOL & STEEL**

**APOLADIES PILLS**

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES Superinducing Little Apple, H. C. Cochran, Penny royal, etc.

Order at all chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from Evans & Sons, Limited, Montreal, Que. Toronto, Ont., and Victoria, B.C., or MARTIN, Chemist, Southampton, Eng.