# The Scrap Bag.

"A man can offer a weman no greater homage than to choose her from all the world to be his companion, the sharer of his joys and sorrows, his helpmate until 'death do part!' To her he trusts his happiness, home comforts and all else that pertains to the prosperity and success men covet and strive for. Having plighted their troth, becomes to both a fond dream of the life that is to be mutual, the home they are to share, and for this end they plan and hope until on the happy day appointed."

There!-That is enough of that!-

And it is hardly necessary to state

that it was clipped from one of those mawkish, ingustable, ladies magazines, which so arouse the Scrap Bag editor's ire. To begin with, that lie about "choosing her from all the world to be his companion." It's time somebody nailed that one on the head. He doesn't do anything of the sort. He chooses her from a very small assortment of young women, who happen to be in his dancing circle, his Sunday school or his Bible class; also from among his friends' sisters, and his sister's girl friends, together with an odd one now and then whom fate will throw up against him in his narrow walk of life, amounting in round numbers to, say, three hundred, which leaves several millions of women out in the world unaccounted for. And how many women are there who have been chosen even from among a world of three hundred women? Not many young men know that many women intimately. They have not time. They are too much occupied in mastering their trades and professions, and carving a name for themselves in the world. So in reality, many women succeed in securing husbands because they had few or no rivals. It is therefore not at all improbable that half the people who are married to one another today would have been married to someone else if before selection was made they had enjoyed intimacy with at least eight hundred marriageable members of the opposite sex. How many engaged girls are there in London, I wonder, at this precise moment, who would care to see their lovers stand the test of a series of friendship with eight hundred nice girls chosen from different parts of the Dominion! Ah! Who would marry, who, then, I wonder? And yet think what a small number eight hundred is out of a town or county or a province. Out of a whole world, in fact. The truth is, there is really nothing in our relations with men to grow conceited over, if we examine the matter closely, nothing in the world for that matter. Tender encomiums, such as "I chose you out millions of women in the world, but to me there is only one," are mere figures of speech, those pretty gilt sugar plums which are so delightful to look upon, and so eagerly welcome by pretty lips (and plain ones, too). Only in this case it is the foolish virgins who are wise, and the wise Who are foolish. For the first type swallows wholesale everything pretty and sugar-coated, with the wholesome avidity of an unthinking young pullet. While the wise virgin who has a sharper tooth than her foolish sister does not stop till she has reached the wery heart of that delicious bit of pink and white deception, and there she finds semething that makes her more wise than ever-and miserable. She learns that lover-like speeches to the effect "that she is the only woman in the world," etc., really means "You are the nicest girl I know who will marry The lit is not impossible that God! is there not some other this creat world contains women sacrifict that will do? Take my life yourself, and who I should not find at all difficult to marry. not here, and YOU are, so I take you." It was George Meredith who said "the woman in sight is the woman wanted." and it has at last, after careful and serious observation of the actions of men and women, come to be a settled conviction with the present writer thai nearly all marriages are purely a matter of juxtaposition and propinquity, though sometimes (as in the case of those bereaved while still young, but who go through the world alone for the rest of life) it would seem as if there were such a thing as only one woman for one man in this fickle world, but don't you see what that is? Fortune perpetrating one of her little jokes at our expense—the silver sixpence in the Christmas cake that spoils it for the rest of the children.

"Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones,

Ring out the lover's moon! Ring in the little worsted socks! Ring in the bib and spoon!"

"Bread may be the staff of life, but a saddle of mutton makes the journey

Quoth Dunraven, "Nevermore."

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

The promises of man often fail : us when they are most needed, but : the promises of God are sure for-

: BREAKFAST-Grapes. Raspherry and Currant Jelly. Breaded Lamb Chops. Fried Potatoes, Biscuit, Coffee.
DINNER—Veal Birds, Chicken and

Celery Salad. Creamed Potatoes. : Succotash. Browned Parsnips. : White Bread. Graham Wafers. Indian Pudding. LUNCH-Bread and Butter, Fruit.

Baked Apples. Cake. Tea.

INDIAN PUDDING. Two quarts skim milk, scalding hot, 2 mixing spoons Indian meal, : 1 large cup molasses, 1-2 teaspoon salt, a pinch of ginger; stir molasses, meal, salt and ginger together in bottom of earthen baking pot : pour over the boiling milk, stir: briskly,add coffee-cup cold milk and : 1 well beaten egg, stirred together; bake stirring occasionally; when : hot and cooking, cover; bake 3 or 4 : hours in slow oven. Serve with : cream, whipped or plain, or hard

## America's Great Preacher

Draws Some Touching Lessons From Issac's Rescue

And Abraham's Sacrifice - The Analogy Between Isaac and Christ.

New York, Oct. 14 .- In his sermon for Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject Abraham's supreme trial of faith, and the angelic rescue of Isaac from being offered by his father as a sacrifice. The text was Genesis, xxii., 7—"Behold the fire and

the wood, but where is the lamb?" Here are Abraham and Isaac; the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father; the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that his son has been much in the field, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty or twenty-five, or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age; nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times, and the fact that a son is never anything but a boy to a father. The father's heartstrings are all wrapped around that boy, and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son. Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we

are glad that he is soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute, Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No! No! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white, and to stun the patriarch into instant annihila-God said: "Abraham!" The old man answered: "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt-offering." other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on the wood; set fire to the wood, and

let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes. "Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one, "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended! Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to; I have been in dark places before, to; I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly and so a type of Christ, who willingly do as God has told me, although it is came to save the world. If all the armvery dark. I can't see my way, but les of heaven had resolved to force I know God makes no mistakes, and | Christ out from the gate they could not

The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back, and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp, and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for a sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting; there is no victimno pigeon, or heifer, or lamb. Isaac. not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face, and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone: "My father!" The father said: "My son, Isaac, here I am." The son said: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul, shivered in sickening anguish, as he struggled to gain equipoise; for he does and spare his! Pour out my blood, and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward mind; tell it." The father said: son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh."

struggle. The father controls his if they would look at me, but they are feelings, and looks into his son's face and says: "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father, I thought you had something on your you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks, and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness. The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. That cry. "My son! my son!" The answer: "My father! my father!"

There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on one side, and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then, lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death-stroke-his muscles knitting for the work-the hand begins to It falls! Not on the heart descend. of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry: "Abraham! Abraham! lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram, that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood, and could not get loose; and Abraham seizes it gladly, and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on in his place, sets the lamp under the brushwod of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise, the blood rolls down the sides of the altar, and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words: "Behold the Lamb of God, who takes away

the sins of the world." Well, what are you going to get out of this. There is an aged minister of the Gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah, or Abime-lech, or somebody else; but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he says: "Abra-ham!" Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things make you one would come out right. Likewise do Call and see,

so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance, and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. "Jehovah-jireh"—the Lord will provide. A capi-

tal lesson this old minister gives.

Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only Son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary, there was no voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen and tremendous, it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the mid-day sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face, because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac, of Mount Moriah! O Jesus, of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds, than to have sacrificed his only Son. It was not one of ten sons—it was his only Son. If he had not given up him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that he gave his only -"I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have ever-lasting life." Great God! break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice, Isaac the Only, typical of Jesus the

You see Isaac going up the hill and carrying the wood. O, Abraham, why not take the load off the boy? If he is going to die so soon, why not make his last hours easy? Abraham knew that in carrying that wood up Mount Moriah Isaac was to be a symbol of Christ carrying his own cross up Calvary. I do not know how heavy that cross was-whether it was made of oak, or acacia, or Lebanon cedar. I suppose it may have weighed, one, two or three hundred pounds. That was the lightest part of the burden. All the sins and sorrows of the world were around that cross. The heft of one, the heft of two, worlds; earth and hell were on his shoulders. O Isaac, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Moriah. O Jesus, carrying the wood of sacrifice up Mount Calvary, the agonies of earth and hell wrapped around that cross. I shall never see the heavy load on Isaac's back, that I shall not think of the crushing load on Christ's back. For whom that load? For you. For you. For me For me. Would that all the tears that we have ever wept over our sorrows had been saved until this morning, and that we might now pour them out on the lacerated back and heart and feet of the

Son of God. You say: "If that young man was 20 or 30 years of age, why did not he resist? No young man of 25 years of age would submit to have his father fasten him to a pile of wood with intention of to him I commit myself and my dar- have done it. Christ was equal with God. If all the battalions of glory had armed themselves, and resolved to put Christ forth, and make him come out and save this world, they could not have succeeded in it. With one stroke he would have toppled over angelic and

archangelic domination.
But there was one thing that the Omnipotent Christ could not stand. Our sorrows mastered him. He could not bear to see the world die without an pardon and help, and if all heaven had armed itself to keep him back, if the gates of life had been bolted and double-barred. Christ would have flung the everlasting doors from their hinges, and would have sprung forth, scattering the hindering hosts of heaven like chaff before the whirlwind, as he cried: "Lo! I come to suffer. Lo! I come to die." Chnist—a willing sacrifice. Willing to take Bethlehem humiliation, and Sanhedrim outrage, and whipping post maltreatment, and Golgotha butchery. Willing to be bound. Willing to suffer. Willing to die. Will-

How does this affect you? Do not your very best impulses bound out towards this pain-struck Christ? Get down at his feet, O ye people. Put your lips against the wound on his right foot, and help kiss away the pang. Wipe the foam from his dying lip. Get under the cross until you feel the baptism of his rushing tears. Take him into your heart, with warmest love and undying enthusiasm. By your resistances you have abused him long enough. Christ is willing to save you. Are you willing to be saved? It seems to me as if this moment were throbbing with the invitations of an all-compas-I have been told that the cathedral

of St. Mark's stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and regions round about the city fly to the squae and settle down. It came in this wise: A large-hearted woman passing one noonday across the square saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them, and so on, from year to year, until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. beautifully suggestive. Christ comes out to feed thy soul today. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be, the it is. It is noon, and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air filled with the liquid chime! Come!

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

### Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Have that old photo you have copied and enlarged. Mr. C. D. Anderson will make you one for \$3, framed and ail. A FAILURE.

Result of the Recent Experimental Shipment of Fruit From G imsby.

The Canadian Horticulturist contains a report from Liverpool on the result of the shipment of fruit to England last month. The report says the apples were the only part of the slfipment in fair condition on arriving in England. P. Byrne, agent, who had charge of the sales, and the brokers attribute the failure of the shipment to the fact that an insufficient supply of ice had been placed in the cold storage compartment. The fruit was quite warm to the touch. The tomatoes had literally dissolved; grapes were wet and separate from the stems; plums were in a state of decomposttion, and the peaches were simply a mass of black rottenness. Hardly a perfectly sound pear could be found. Very little of the stuff was saleable, and the prices obtained were small. Woodall & Co., brokers, report the vessel's refrigerators absolutely unsuitable for carrying fruit. They also strongly dissuade the shipment of Canadian grapes, as the flavor is not appreciated in England.

#### IN THE TREATY PORTS. Canadian Product Finds Favor in the Land of Confucius.

Vancouver (Special) Oct. 14.—A pasenger by the last vessel from China stated the other day that among other Canadian products which are fast coming into favor in the Chinese treaty ports, is the Canadian specific remedy for kidney diseases of all kinds known as Dodd's Kidney Pills. The medicine was first introduced by Canadians and the increase in its use both by Europeans and natives is attributed first to the accounts of its success in the Canadian and American newspapers many of which are received in Shanghai and other ports, and later to its established efficacy in curing all kinds of kidney diseases which are very prevalent in the country.

The Portuguese began to colonize the African coast in 1420.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS-Moisture; intense itching and stinging; mostly at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Cintment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

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Has removed his office to 180 Dundas street, east of Richmond. ERBERT MATTHEWS—ARCHITECT (formerly with C. C. Haight, New York). Carling Block, Richmond street.

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