

Whiskard's 280-232 Dundas St. OUR BARGAINS ARE EVERY DAY. See our special line of American Checked Gingham, with fancy border for aprons, 40 inches wide, only 12 1/2c YARD.

Whiskard's A MOTHER'S MAD ACT. With Her Babe in Her Arms She Flung into the River St. Francis. WINDSOR MILLS, Que., Jan. 14.—Mrs. Hammel Moore left her home near Windsor Mills about 3 o'clock this morning, taking her baby of 18 months with her, walked down to the swift current of the river and plunged in. She left a note on a table for her husband, who slept in another room, saying God had called her. Her mind had become unbalanced.

The Cheapest and Most Economical Important Facts Concerning Prepared Foods. One great objection to the majority of prepared foods for infant use is their cost. Many foods have been given up because of their expensiveness. When such foods are used a burden is imposed upon many families of small means.

Queen Victoria has been petitioned to confer upon the University of Dublin the power to grant degrees to women in all faculties except divinity. A Wonderful Cure.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the dose showed evident signs of healing. By the time the bottle was done I had about 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Don't Forget that when you buy Scott's Emulsion you are not getting a secret mixture containing worthless or harmful drugs. Scott's Emulsion cannot be secret for an analysis reveals all there is in it. Consequently the endorsement of the medical world means something. Scott's Emulsion overcomes Wasting, promotes the making of Solid Flesh, and gives Vital Strength. It has no equal as a cure for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrophulous Anemia, Emaciation, and Wasting Diseases of Children. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists, 50c. & 1.00.

Beautiful Ceylon. "The Pearl-Drop on the Brow of India." Dr. DeWitt Talmage Utilizes His Recent Visit to the East. Seventh Sermon of the "Round-the-World Series."

BROOKLYN, Jan. 13.—In continuing his series of "Round-the-World Sermons," Dr. DeWitt Talmage chose for his subject "Ceylon, the Isle of Palms," the text selected being, "The ships of Tarshish first."—Isaiah, lx, 9. The Tarshish of my text by many commentators is supposed to be the island of Ceylon, which was called by the Romans Taprobane. John Milton called it "Golden Chersonese." Moderns have called Ceylon "The Isle of Palms," "The Isle of Pearls," "The Pearl-Drop on the Brow of India," "The Isle of Jewels," "The Island of Spice," "The Show Place of the Universe," "The Land of Hyacinth and Ruby." In my eyes for scenery it appeared to be a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone Park. All Christian people want to know more of Ceylon, for they have a long while been contributing for its evangelization. As our ship from Australia approached the island, we were met by a dense cloud of black and white superstitions which have hovered here for centuries; but the morning sun was breaking through like the Gospel light which is to scatter the last of these. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. Here are two things I want most to see on this island: a heathen temple with its devotees in idolatrous worship, and an audience of Chinese addressed by a Christian missionary. Many scholars have supposed that this island of Ceylon was the original Garden of Eden, where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there is more than twelve degrees of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit, and all styles of animal life prosper. What luxuriance, and abundance, and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! Why styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto! Here on the roadside and clear out of the heart of the sea stands the coconut tree, saying, "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fibrous cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps. Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print the cordage of your ships. Take my 30,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans, and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrubbing brushes on your floors." Here also stands the palm tree, saying, "I am at your disposal. With these arms I fed your ancestors 150 years ago, and with these same arms I will feed your children 150 years from now. I defy the centuries!" Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying, "I am ready to spice your beverages, and enrich your puddings, and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable." Here also stands the coffee plant, saying, "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning." Here stands the tea plant, saying, "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves, and stimulate the world's conversation, evening by evening." Here stands the cinchona, saying, "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitter is the slaughter of fevers." What miracles of productivity on these islands! Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages; enough bananas to fill all the world's fruit baskets; enough rice to mix all the world's puddings; enough coconut to powder all the world's cakes; enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty. But in the evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate, that, transported on ships, the aroma of the cinnamon is dispelled and if placed on a rival bark, it smells great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees, but they worship what the God who made the trees. wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. Worship something man must, and until he hears of the only Being who is worthy of worship, what is so elevating as a tree? What glory enthroned amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! As the fruit of trees is the gift of God, so the fruit of the tree is the gift of God. The tree is the gift of God, and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree, and all nations honor it, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylonese, worship it! How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree-branches on earth, we may see the "Tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!" Two processions I saw in Ceylon within one hour, the first led by a Hindoo priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his neck encircled with holy lacerations, and his unwashed followers beating as many discarded cords from what are supposed to be musical instruments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The second procession came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return, therefore, the priest sprinkled ashes on the children who came forward, this evident sign of benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again; more noise, more ashes, more genuflection. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession. Meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad. Returning to our carriages we rode on for a few moments, and I came to another of native children all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and health in that regiment of young Cingalese as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindoo procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hinduism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrated on a small scale something which Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of two great processions ever marching across our world; the procession blessed of Gospel light, and the procession of the nations in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations. Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievement in this island. The Episcopal Church was here the National Church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1850 all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing mighty work. The American missionaries in Ceylon

have given special attention to medical instruction, and are doing wonders in driving back the horrors of heathen surgery. In the island are 32 American schools, 210 Girls of England schools, 234 Wesleyan schools, 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah! the schools decide most everything. I will not say which of all the denominations of Christians is doing the most for the evangelization of that island; but know this: Ceylon will be taken for Christ! Sing Bishop Heber's hymn: "What though the spicy breezes, Blow soft o'er Leda's isle! Among the first places I visited was a Buddhist college, about 100 men studying to become priests gathered around the teachers. Nearby is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which before the image of Buddha are offerings of flowers. As night was coming on we came to a Hindoo temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see that was going on in the temple. The worshippers were making obeisance. The tom-toms were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in use. The scene was a most laborious style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim lights, and the jargon, and the noises, and the flitting figures mingled for a moment in a horrible chaos, and I was glad to shake off. All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the toilers of the day had ceased work and had things to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord, or have any power to console or help the worshippers, is! only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we were again saddened when we left the temple, and saw a horrid image in the air, a sad arrival at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the street to a group of natives. I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Standing on an elevation the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention, and silence, and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being proclaimed, and the sentiments of pacification and reinforcement. It was the rose of Sharon after walking among nettles. It was the light of heaven in a dark night. It was the joy of the Hindoos. Ceylon's dead cities were larger and more imposing than are the living ones. Here are ruins more suggestive than any of the world. But we were not to see much of them. Time passed, and we were obliged to take my horse on every block, and more than all, vegetation put its anchors, and pines and wreathes in all the crevices. One square mile, the ruins of one city are "When Lieutenant Skinner in 1832 discovered the site of some of these cities, he found congregated in them a host of the most savage and ferocious races, including the Gallas, the Pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars; prima donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king, restored to his throne, sought refuge in the mountains, but his grandsons reclaimed its sceptre and all is down. What killed those cities? Who slew the New York and London of the year 500 B.C.? Mystery! Finger on lip in monastic silence while the centuries guess and guess in vain. We simply know that genius planned those cities, and immense populations inhabited them. But their ruins have stood for a lifetime? Cities and nations that have lived far longer than our present cities, or nation, have been supplanted. Let all the great municipalities of this and other lands ponder this! Is it a mystery? Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have no such judgment. They are human, they curse, they worship, they blaspheme, they suffer, they are rewarded, they are overthrown. 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