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THE SHERIFF CONVERTED.

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 29, 1895.—For the closing discourse of the year Rev. Dr. Talmage chose a subject which appeals to the unconverted everywhere, viz., "The Philippian Jailer." The text selected was:—"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Acts, 16: 30.

Incarcerated in a Philippian penitentiary, a place cold, and dark, and damp, and loathsome, and hideous, unillumined save by the torch of the official who comes to see if they are alive yet, are two ministers of Christ, their feet fast in instruments of torture, their shoulders dripping from the stroke of feathered whips, their mouths hot with inflammation of their heads faint because they may not lie down. In a comfortable room of that same building, and amid pleasant surroundings, is a paid officer of the government, whose business it is to supervise the prison. It is night, and all is still in the corridors of the dungeon save as some murderer struggles with a horrid dream, or a ruffian turns over in his chains, or there is the cough of a dying consumptive amid the dampness; but suddenly, crash! go the walls. The two clergymen pass out free. The jail-keeper, although familiar with the darkness and the horrors hovering around the dungeon, is startled beyond all bounds, and Hambeau in hand he rushes through amid the falling walls, shouting at the top of his voice, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

I shall proceed to characterize the question of the agitated jail-keeper. And first, I characterize the question as courteous. He might have rushed in and said:—"Paul and Silas, you vagabonds, are you tearing down this prison? Aren't you satisfied with disturbing the peace of the city by your infamous doctrines? And are you now going to destroy public property? Back with you to your places, you vagabonds!" He said no such thing. The word of four letters, "Sirs!" equivalent to "lords," recognized the majesty and the honor of their mission. "Sirs!" If a man with a captious spirit tries to find the way to heaven, he will miss it. If a man comes out and pronounces all Christians as hypocrites, and the religion of Jesus Christ as a fraud, and asks irritating questions about the mysterious and the inscrutable, say, g.—"Come, my wise man, explain this and explain that; if this be true how can that be true?"—no such man finds the way to heaven. The question of the text was decent, courteous, gentlemanly, deferential. "Sirs!"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper by saying that it was a practical question. He did not ask why God let sin come into the world, he did not ask how Christ could be God and man in the same person, he did not ask the doctrine of the decrees explained or want to know whom Cain married, or what was the cause of the earthquake. His present and everlasting welfare was involved in the question, and was not that practical? But I know multitudes of people who are bothering themselves about the non-essentials of religion. What would you think of a man who should, while discussing the question of the light and heat of the sun, spend his time down in a coal cellar, when he might come out and see the sun, and feel the other? Yet there are multitudes of men who, in discussing the chemistry of the Gospel, spend their time down in the dungeon of their unbelief, when God all the while stands telling them to come out into the noontide light and warmth of the Sun of Righteousness. The question for you, my brother, to discuss is not whether Calvin or Arminius was right, not whether a handful of water in holy baptism or a baptistery is the better, not whether foreordination and free agency can be harmonized. The practical question for you to discuss, and for me to discuss, is, "Where will I spend eternity?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one personal to himself. I have no doubt he had many friends, and he was interested in their welfare. I have no doubt he found that there were persons in that prison who, if the earthquake had destroyed them, would have found their case desperate. He is not questioning about them. The whole weight of his question turns on the pronoun "I." "What shall I do?" Of course, when a man becomes a Christian he immediately becomes anxious for the salvation of other people, but until that point is reached the most important question is about your own salvation. "What is to be my destiny?" "What are my prospects for the future?" "Where am I going?" "What shall I do?" The trouble is we shuffle the responsibility off upon others. We profess a bad end to that inebriate and terrific exposure to that defaulter, and awful catastrophe to that prodigal. We are so busy in weighing other people we forget ourselves to get into the scales. We are so busy watching the poor garden of other people that we let our own doorway go to weeds. We are so busy sending off other people into the lifeboat we sink in the wave. We cry "fire!" because our neighbor's house is burning down and seem to be uninterested, although our own house is in the conflagration. O wandering thoughts, disappear today. Blot out this entire audience except yourself. You sin, is it pardoned? Your death, is it provided for? Your heaven, is it secured? A mightier earthquake than that which demolished the Philippian penitentiary will rumble about your ears. The foundations of the earth will give way. The earth by one tremor will fling all the American cities into the dust. Cathedrals and palaces and prisons, which have stood for thousands of years, will topple like a child's blockhouse. The surges of the sea will submerge the land, and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, above the Alps and the Andes, clap their hands. What then will become of me? What then will become of you? I do not wonder at the anxiety of this man of my text, for he was not only anxious about the falling of the prison, but the falling of a world.

Again, I remark: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one of incomparable importance. Men are alike, and I suppose he had a score of questions on his mind, but all questions for this world are hushed up, forgotten, annihilated in the one question of the text:—"What must I do to be saved?" And have you, my brother, any question of importance

compared with that question? Is it a question of business? Your common-sense tells you that you will soon cease worldly business. You know very well that you will soon pass out of the partnership. You know that beyond a certain point, of all the millions of dollars' worth of goods sold, you will not handle a yard of cloth, or a pound of sugar, or a penny's worth. After that, if a conflagration should sweep all Washington into ashes it would not touch you, and would not damage you. If every cashier should abscond, and every bank suspend payment, and every insurance company fail, it would not affect you. Oh, how insignificant is business this side the grave with business on the other side the grave!

Oh, what a question, what an important question. Is there any question that compares with it in importance? What is it now to Napoleon III, whether he triumphed or surrendered at Sedan, whether he died at the Tuileries or Chislehurst, whether he was emperor or exile? Because he was laid out in the coffin in the dress of a field marshal, did that give him any better chance for the future than if he had been laid out in a plain shroud? What difference will it soon make to you or to me whether in this world we walked or rode, whether we were bowed to or maltreated, whether we were applauded or hissed at, welcomed in or kicked out? While saying hold of every moment of the future, and burning in every splendor or every grief, and overarching or undergirding all time and all eternity will be the plain starting, initial, stupendous question of the text:—"What must I do to be saved?"

Again, I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as one crushed out by his misfortunes, pressed out by his misfortunes. The falling of the penitentiary, his occupation was gone. Besides that, the flight of a prisoner was ordinarily the death of the jailer. He was held responsible. If all had gone well, if the prison walls had not been shaken of the earthquake, if the prisoners had all stayed quiet in the stocks, if the morning sunlight had calmly dropped on the jailer's pillow, do you think he would have hurried this red-hot question from his soul into the ear of his apostolic prisoners? All you know as well as I do it was the earthquake that roused him up. And it is trouble that starts a great many people to asking the same question. It has been so with a multitude of you. Your apparel is not as bright as it once was. Why have you changed the garb? Do you not like coffee and crimson, and purple as well as once? Yes, but you say:—"While I was prospered and happy those colors were accordant with my feelings; now they would be discord to my soul." And so you have plaited up the shadows into your apparel. The world is a very different place from what it was once for you! Once you said:—"Oh, if I could only have a quiet little while." It is not so now. Some people say that they would not bring back their departed friends from heaven even if they had the opportunity; but if you had the opportunity you would bring back your loved ones, and soon their feet would be sounding in the hall, and soon their voices would be heard in the family, and the old times would come back, just as the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving—days gone forever. Oh, it is the earthquake that started you to asking this question—the earthquake of domestic misfortune. Death is so cruel, so devouring, so relentless, that when it swallows up our loved ones we must have some one to whom we can carry our torn and bleeding hearts. We need a balsam better than anything that ever exuded from earthly tree to heal the pang of the soul. It is pleasant to have our friends gather around us and tell us how sorry they are, and try to break up the loneliness; but nothing but the hand of Jesus Christ can take the bruised soul and put it in his bosom, hushing it with the lullaby of heaven. O, brother! O, sister! the gravestone will never be lifted from your hearts until Christ lifts it. Was it not the loss of your friends, or the persecution of your enemies, or the overthrow of your worldly estate—was it not an earthquake that started you to ask this stupendous question of my text?

But I remark again: I characterize this question of the agitated jail-keeper as besty, urgent and immediate. He put it on the run. By the light of his torch as he goes to look for the apostles, behold his face, see the startled look and see the earnestness. No one can doubt by that look that the man is in earnest. He must have that question answered before the earth stops rocking, or perhaps he will never have it answered at all. Is that the way, my brother, my sister, you are putting this question? Is it on the run? Is it hasty? Is it urgent? Is it immediate? If it is not, it will not be answered. It is the urgent and immediate question of the Gospel Christ answers. A great man; are asking this question, but they draw it out, and there is indifference in their manner, as if they do not mean it. Make it an urgent question, and then you will have it answered before an hour passes, before a minute passes. When a man with all the earnestness of his soul cries out for God, he finds him, and finds him right away.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.
During the coming Dairymen's Convention at Woodstock on January 7th, 8th and 9th, the Grand Trunk have kindly consented to hold the Woodstock and Port Dover train, which is due to leave Stratford at 9 a. m., till the arrival of the regular train from Listowel and the north, at 9.40 a. m. This change will enable delegates to the convention from Listowel and the north, leaving home in the morning to arrive in Woodstock at 10.30 a. m. without being compelled to wait in Stratford till the afternoon train. It is sincerely hoped that the dairymen of the northern counties will show their appreciation of the railway company's kindness by turning out in large numbers to the convention.

FOUND DEAD AT WINDSOR.
Windsor, Ont., Dec. 30.—Dr. D. E. Brooke was found dead this morning in a room adjoining his office, in the Bell Block, Ouellette avenue. He resided at the Manning House, but had not been there during Sunday, and as he did not appear this morning his friends began to suspect something was wrong, and a search was made, with the above result. The cause of death is supposed to have been a rupture of a blood vessel. The doctor was very quiet and unassuming.

For afternoon tea: "Salada" Ceylon Tea.

THE EAST END MEETING.

Municipal Matters Discussed in the Fifth Ward.

Messrs. Dreaney, Ardill, Fitzgerald, Nutkins, Blackwell, Bennet and Wilkey Offering for Aldermen—How the Ward Was Looked After.



UCH interest was manifested in the East End Hall last night, when the different gentlemen nominated made their appearance before the electors, who are to choose from among them. Three of the men nominated retired, viz., Thos. Sargeant, Chas. Depper and Dr. Gardner. Squire Jarvis filled the chair in a most acceptable manner, and urged that next year's Council should see to it that the seating capacity of the Hall was looked after. He spoke of the hard work done by representatives of this Ward, and expressed satisfaction with the improvements in general.

Ald. Dreaney was greeted with applause on rising. He said he had done his best. This year he was on No. 1 Committee. They had a lot to look after. One thing was the street railway, and he thought that No. 5 Ward did not get as good service as they expected. He urged the completion of the Oxford street line, and also the extension of the Hamilton road line. In regard to the car shops, he was more than pleased, and he trusted that no talk would arise, for they were here to stay. By the 300 men employed, it would mean some \$6,500 or \$8,500 to be spent per month. The speaker had tried to keep down the taxes, and he hoped that the time would shortly come when East London would secure lower taxes. He closed by saying that he had done all he could, and that he was in the field again for the people's suffrages.

Ald. John Nutkins had endeavored to serve the city in general, but No. 5 Ward in particular. On No. 2 Committee he had given as many improvements as possible with the money granted them at the beginning of the year. The steam roller had done good work, but this Ward got very little use of it. At this point the speaker enumerated all the improvements which had been made. A great quantity of gravel had been distributed in the Ward—220 cords in all. They had \$3,000 now out of the \$30,000 granted at the outset. Dundas street was known as the dividing line, and some said that the northern part got the better half always, but this year it was different; the southern part got more than its share. As for the car shops he said he had urged the Mayor to see to it that a public bath was put in the shops for the use of the employees.

Ald. Ardill had spent a pleasant year in the Council. He had attended all committee meetings of No. 3, and had only missed one Council meeting in the year. He had tried to steal a light, but did not succeed. He closed by saying that another year would find him in the Council.

Mr. D. W. Blackwell said he had looked after his Ward on the School Board to the best of his ability, and thought the aldermen of the year ought to have done more. No. 6 Ward did not pay as much as did No. 5 Ward, but they got more privileges. There are three bridges over there, and each one of them had an electric railway over it. He thought that the wool had been pulled over the eyes of No. 5 aldermen. The car shops agreement had been passed years ago, and a bonus was granted. He said that if the employees got good wages there would be no occasion for a public bath for the men. The speaker agreed with the grant of \$25,000 to the Fair buildings, but he thought that the Fair had got along pretty well in the past and should in the future.

Mr. Robert Bennett said this was his maiden speech on any platform. He solicited the votes and influence of the people. He thought the Ward ought to have increased more in the past than it had done. If elected he would work in the interest of the Ward all the time.

Mr. F. J. Fitzgerald would work to the best of his ability, if elected. He said the south had been neglected in the car service, and thought a better time would be a good thing. He objected to the way the taxes were collected. It benefited the rich man instead of the poor. Every man ought to pay taxes, and no exemptions should be granted. In regard to Carling's Creek, he said it will have to be closed up.

At this stage Mayor Little entered the hall and was given an enthusiastic reception. He said he did not come here to discuss his stewardship, for he was satisfied with the honor conferred upon him, and for which he thanked the electors of Ward 5. He said that when any motion became a tie in the Council he would always vote it down every time. He was personally opposed to exemptions, and said the Government should prohibit exemptions, and all would then be treated alike. As for taxes, the poor always pay more readily than the rich. In regard to the Western Fair grant he was strongly in favor of it. It was said it was run by a clique. Well, if so, the city would do well to be run by such a clique. The directors have spent large sums of money on the buildings, and the old stables being bad, the stock-breeders would not bring their stock here for fear of being injured. He had no fault to find with the Council of 1895.

Mr. Jesse Welford also made a few remarks, in declining the nomination. Mr. J. Wilkey consented to allow his name to go before the people. He spoke briefly with regard to taxes and the assessment roll. He said he had at heart the interests of the people. Trustee Saunders said in regard to school matters, that he had officiated on the Board for three years, and everything was carefully looked after. He spoke of the complaint of the unfitness of Colborne street school.

Mr. C. H. Armitage was well received. He said in regard to a commercial form, he thought if it was in the interests of people, he would support it. Mr. Geo. Burdick left himself in

the hands of the electors for the position of School Trustee. This closed the meeting.

YOUTHFUL TRAIN WRECKERS.

How Three Mischievous Connecticut Boys "Made the Wheels Jump."

New York, Dec. 30.—A Bridgeport, Conn., special says: that three youthful train wreckers were arrested this morning. They are Fred, Hasback, Willie Naegle and Peter Graham, all 11 years old. Yesterday the boys were playing together a mile north of here. It was cold, and a fire was suggested. Naegle went home and got an axe. Then the three rooked around for firewood, and decided to chow down the sign "Look out for the locomotive while the bell rings." After demolishing the post and starting a fire, one of the boys suggested that the bits of iron which fastened the sign to the post be placed upon the track "to make the wheels jump." Thereupon, a heavy brace was jammed into a switch frog. Along came the 12.15 passenger train. The wheels jammed the iron down between the switch points and passed on. Then the boys piled up one end of the iron, jammed stones under it, and awaited at a safe distance. Along came the New Milford milk train and "the wheels bumped up." The boys were delighted. They enjoyed the scared look on the faces of the train crew. The bouncing overturned many of the milk cans, but strangely enough none of the cars left the track. All the wheels came down upon the rails and the trainload of milk rushed on. The matter was instantly reported to Superintendent Lyons, who sent out Roadmaster Kierocure, and the boys were captured.

DISSENSIONS IN THE CHURCH.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 30.—Mrs. Mary Davidson, who was arrested Saturday night on complaint of Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational Church, on a charge of extortion, has been unable to obtain bail, and is still in prison. Mrs. Davidson taught a class in the Sunday school of the church, which is one of the largest and most fashionable in the city, and her arrest caused great excitement in church circles. She adheres to her original statement with regard to Dr. Brown's offences, and says that although she may be sent to State's prison, she believes her charges against the minister will ultimately be verified. Dr. Brown as steadfastly denies the accusations made against him, and declares that he will exert every effort to send Mrs. Davidson to San Quentin.

A MAMMOTH FERRY.

Milwaukee, Dec. 30.—Supt. Martin of the Flint & Pierre Marquette line, said his company has let a contract for the building of the largest steam car ferry in the world. The new ferry will not be ready until next October, and will ply between Manitowoc and Ludington. The steamer will cost \$300,000, will have three screws, and will carry thirty cars. The length of the steamer between perpendiculars will be 331 feet, and her over-all length 335 feet.

The Glasgow ship-builders have virtually completed their arrangements for resuming operations with non-union men, who will work under Government protection.

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