

Echoes and Etchings

DID NOT SAY SO.

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon was asked not long before his death by an American preacher, the Rev. Dr. William Wright, if it was true that he once said: "Resist the devil and he will fly at you." The great preacher answered that the sentence was older than his grandfather, and so would not have originated with him, and that he never had any experience which would have justified him in repeating it.

DANCING.

The ancients regarded dancing as a necessary accomplishment. Socrates learned it in his old age, while Plato, in his "Symposium," advocated the establishment of dancing schools. The Romans celebrated their victories and pastoral festivities by elaborate dances. They excelled in pantomime dance, from which the ballet was evolved. The Emperor Domitian forbade the senators to dance, and for so doing removed several members from the Senate. Grave statesmen and politicians of high degree have excelled in the oldest of the arts.

MALARIA.

A few physicians in the United States now distinguish between malaria and typhoid fever in the early stages of each by what is esteemed an absolutely certain diagnosis. The blood from a pin prick upon the patient's body is smeared on a glass plate and placed under a microscope. If the characteristic bacillus of malaria is discovered the proof is taken as conclusive. This method of diagnosis will be employed more than ever this fall, as city folks are already returning from the country laden with disease germs, and the knowledge of the method is spreading among physicians.

GLASS-MAKING.

The art of glass manufacture is probably nearly as old as the world itself. Specimens of glass work of a superior sort have been found in the ruins of the most ancient Egyptian cities, and representations of glassblowers abound in the oldest sculptures. In ancient Rome glassware was highly prized, and was cultivated. In the middle ages the great glass center of the world for many years was Venice. The city long kept the glass-making art a secret, but finally it was discovered, and then Venice had to suffer bitter competition from England, France and Bohemia. The latter was for a long time Venice's strongest rival, and up to the time of English flint or lead glass, the Bohemian glass was the finest in the world, according to the American Importer.

SOME QUAIN EPITAPHS.

The following in Penrhyn Churchyard is refreshing in these days of deceit on account of its candor:
"Here lies the man Richard and Mary his wife.
Their surname was Pritchard, and they lived without strife.
The reason was plain—they abounded in riches.
They had no care nor pain, and the wife wore the breeches.
The owner of this inscription, now resting in Hebburn Churchyard, was probably a democrat and had some little opinion of himself:

"This humble monument will show,
How lies an honest man;
You kings, whose heads are now as low,
Are higher than I if you can.
John Dale was a courageous man. This is the epitaph over his remains in Bakers Churchyard, Derbyshire:
"Know posterity that on the 8th of April, in the year of grace 1671, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 8th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.
Here all three lie lovingly.
Here all three lie lovingly.
One epitaph in Lifford Churchyard shows faith:

"Weep not for me, my friends so dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
My debt is paid, my grave is free,
And in due course you'll come to me.
Not far from this we have an example of quiet self-glification:
"Here lies a kind and loving wife,
A tender nursing mother—
A neighbor free from brawl and strife,
A pattern for all others.
Evidently marriage was not a failure in this case.

What follows was formerly on a tombstone in St. Thomas' Churchyard, Salisbury:
"Here lies three babes dead as nits,
God took them off in a trice;
They were too good to live wif, we,
So be took 'em off to live wif, we.
Who dares utter the foul slander that it requires a surgical operation to get a joke into the head of a Scotchman? Let him or her cast an eye over the following and then sit silent forever. It is on a gravestone in Stonehenge Churchyard:
"The place where Betty Cooper lies
Is here or here about;
The place where Betty Cooper lies
There's none can find it out;
The place where Betty Cooper lies
There's none can find it out;
Till at the resurrection day,
When Betty tells her tale."

—[London Funeral Directors' Journal.]

ROMANCE IN THE DIAMOND FIELD.

That truth is stranger than fiction is witnessed by the almost incredible diversities of fortune actually experienced in real life that would be regarded as too fanciful to be embodied in a romance. The career of Sir Cecil John Rhodes, who, an instance illustrating this axiom more in a striking fashion, the more noticeable because of the high position he creditably fills in one of England's most progressive colonies. Twenty years ago Sir Cecil John Rhodes, ex-Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and the richest man in Africa.

What are the causes and conditions that have behind results so diverse? There must be some capital element in the history of such a case, but just where the abides can hardly be discerned with absolute certainty. Here are three young men, probably of the same race and breeding and near enough alike in natural gifts and acquired abilities to join in a common enterprise in a new country where neither would be necessarily hampered or helped by existing surroundings more than the others, and yet one achieves the highest possible success while the others fall and fall into the extremity of disaster. What was there to favor the one and to crush the life out of the others? Why was it that the two with the same start in life should go down to destruction instead of gaining a strong foothold in the world as their companion did? They could not be, as he is, severely the richest man in Africa or severally Prime Minister of Cape Town Colony, but they might have

made respectable positions for themselves and have gained at least an honest living. What lacked they that they should go the wrong way persistently, the one to a disgraceful death and the other to a hardly less disgraceful life of ignominy? The answer of wisdom and experience will be that they lacked character.

THE HUMAN BODY.

Our bodies are at all times like the fire which was shown to the haze of the Pillory's Progress in the Interpreter's house, which had water poured on it on one side of the wall against which it blazed and oil on the other. Here one tissue is burning like fuel, and there another is becoming the depository of combustible matter. We have, as it were, millions of microscopic wind-furnaces converting into carbonic acid, water-vapor and other products of combustion, all the combustible elements of the body, and millions of blast-furnaces, reducing the starch and sugar of the food, and the sulphates and phosphates of the body, into inflammable oils and other fuels, which are finally transferred to the wind-furnaces and burned there. Burning, and what we must call in contradistinction, burning, thus proceed together; the flame of life, like a blow-pipe flame, exhibiting an oxidizing and a reducing action, at points not far distant from each other. Such is the human body—ever changing, ever abiding—a temple always complete, and yet always under repair; a mansion which quite contents its possessor, and yet has its glass and its materials altered each moment; a machine which never stops working, and yet is taken to pieces in the twinkling of an eye and put together in the other; a cloth of gold, to which the needle is ever adding on one side of a line, and from which the scissors are ever cutting away on the other. Yes, life, like Penelope's old, is ever weaving and unweaving the same web, whilst her grim suitors, Disease and Death, watch for her halting, only for her is no Ulysses who will one day in triumph return.—[Dr. George Wilson.]

WITH THE POETS.

BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you.
And this is the word, "Be true!"
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.
"List, little maid, I've a word for you,
The very same, 'Be true, be true!'
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night;
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right."
—Selected.

REVISITED.

Poor little home, I am come back again!
Poor little home the mother made so gay!
Ahl! what wild hopes were whirling in my brain.
How rich my day dreams when I went away!
Poor little home, I am come back again!

While is the cover of my baby-bed,
And dawning crocuses wave a lullaby;
Some heavenly memory of the April day,
Whispering in their soft, sprays continually,
White is the cover of my baby-bed.

And in my heart a slender hope is born,
Responsive to those memories of yore;
A touch of higher faith and fiercer scorn,
Curse the mute lips I thought would smile no more.

And in my heart a slender hope is born,
So, mother, in the stillness, close by thee,
I drop my head, and feel the old caress;
And as I were a child upon thy knee,
My overmastering troubles I confide.

Here, mother, in the stillness, close by thee,
"And let us part no more at all," I cry.
Sole comfort of my sorrowful twenty years;
For while I cling to thee, thou knowest why
The ache subsides, the terror disappears,
"And let us part no more at all," I cry.

The air about us draws a sigh of peace,
Making the stars throb in the firmament;
And all the sick creation falls on ease,
The petals close, the noisy winds are spent,
The air about us draws a sigh of peace.

—[Ada Negri.]

WET WEATHER TALK.

It isn't no use to grumble and complain:
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.
Ben never try to tell me—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Put most their trust in Providence
And takes things as they come—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With some, of course, it's different—
I've seen the young men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball.
But all the same, the rain, some way,
Rained just as hard on picnic day;
Er, when they really wanted it,
It may be wouldn't rain a bit.

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skiff of clouds'll shed
The sun of now and then.
And maybe, while you're wundering
Who you've fool-like lent your umbrella to
And you'll be glad you hadn't got none.

It aggravates the farmers, too—
They're too much wet, or too much sun.
Er work, er waitin' round to do
Before the plowin' done.
And maybe, like as not, the wheat,
Just as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will rot the storm—and just about
The time the corn's a-juntin' out.

These here cyclones a-follin' round—
And back-lash crops!—and wind and rain—
And yet the corn that's waitin' down
May blow up again!
They hain't no sense, as I can see,
Fer mortals, such as us, to be,
A faintin' horns with Providence,
And lookin' horns with Providence.

It hain't no use to grumble and complain:
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice,
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the
preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa
which is absolutely
pure and soluble.
It has more than 300 times
the strength of Cocoa mixed
with Sugar, and is far more
economical, giving less than one cent a cup.
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY
DIESTEN.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO. Dorchester, Mass.

WITH THE FAIR SEX.

HOW TO RESTORE WASHED-OUT COLORS.

Colors taken out of linens by careless washing or otherwise may be restored by lustering the articles in a solution of one part acetic acid to twelve parts water. This is authoritative and worth remembering.

MISS YONGE.

Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, the novelist, recently passed her 70th birthday. She has given largely of the income derived from her more than 30 novels to church objects; thus £2,000, the profits of her "Daisy Chain," went to the building of a mission church in Auckland, New Zealand, and a great part of the proceeds of "The Heir of Redclyffe" was devoted to the fitting out of the missionary schooner Southern Cross for the use of the late Bishop Selwyn.

WOMEN COLONELS.

In the German army there are eight women colonels. They are the Empress of Germany; the dowager Empress, wife of the late Frederick III.; the Princess Frederic Charles of Prussia; the Queen Regent Sophia, and the Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands; the Duchess of Connaught; the Duchess of Edinburgh, sister of the Emperor of Russia; and Queen Victoria of England. The duties of these ladies are confined to drawing a handsome salary and wearing of a uniform upon state occasions.

CAPTURED BY A COACHMAN.

The mania among some wealthy young women for eloping with coachmen has spread to Russia. The only daughter of Prince Kermatoff, of Moscow, has furnished the latest instance of the craze. She has fled from the parental roof with the young man who drove the family coach, and in order to provide against poverty during the honeymoon she took 100,000 of the Prince's rubles with her. No one can account for the infatuation, but it can be seen at a glance why she should be anxious to change her name.

HOW SHE REDUCED HER WEIGHT.

A young English girl afflicted with an undesirable amount of adipose tissue has succeeded in reducing herself of a large weight, without injuring her health, by following the regimen given below. She began by getting up at 6 o'clock every morning and taking a three-mile walk before breakfast, without considering the weather. At 9 o'clock she has a large cup of coffee, with very little sugar, and a slice of dry bread. Then she occupied herself as she liked until 2 o'clock, when more bread and some vegetables composed her meal. At 4:30 she was off for another long walk, followed by a cup of tea and a few biscuits. Ninety days of this regimen reduced her weight from 185 to 145 pounds.

HONOR TO THE OLD WOMEN.

The old woman has advantages that are denied to the young. In one sense she receives the privilege of childhood, while she receives the honor and deference due to an elder. If known to be discreet, she is the recipient of many confidences, and her advice is freely sought on the most important affairs of life. If a matron, she has the pleasure of watching the progress of her children, and the joys of motherhood are renewed in solitude over her grandchildren. It does not follow, if a splinter, the existence of the old woman is either wretched or miserable. Who has not met aged spinsters whose nature seemed

to be all the mellow and sweeter or account of ripening years, and what man has not a tender recollection of some aged aunt or other relative who helped to add to the happiness and ease the trials of boyhood? Therefore, we repeat all honor to the old women, whether in palace or cabin, whose old age is the crown of a well-spent, womanly life.

A RIGHTEOUS VERDICT.

Professor Koch, of Berlin, the great and only discoverer of the so-called consumption cure, has been for some time enamored of a young, comic actress in one of the suburbs of the city, and though married to a very fine woman, this has not hindered his traveling about during the past year in company with this young creature. Within a few months he has secured a divorce from his wife, and within a few weeks he has married the actress, telling his friends that if they want his society in future it must always include that of the present "Frau Koch," being quite accustomed to this method of procedure, but in the little Harz mountain village of Clandath, where Professor Koch was born and where he has been regarded as the man who sheds the greatest glory on the place, his conduct has raised considerable commotion. Within a few weeks five hundred women of that village, women of the mass, as they are called, many of them miners' wives—went to the place in a body, where a tablet had for some years marked the birth spot of this illustrious citizen, and with their own hands tore it down and put it away saying, "they would have no man honored in Clandath who had so dishonored his own wife." Yet would that more women would go and do likewise.—[Union Signal.]

LOOK AT THE BLUE SKY.

One of the wisest and wisest women I ever knew once went to make her wedding call at a new suburban home, all in its bridal freshness. When the visitor rose to go, her hostess came with her to the door, and out upon the pleasant broad piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners. "Oh dear," said the youthful housekeeper, anxious to vindicate herself from any possible charge of carelessness, "how provoking servants are! I told Mary to sweep this piazza thoroughly, and now look at it!" "Grace," said the older woman, looking into the distressed young face with kindly, humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said: 'How blue the sky is!' Then they would look at that as I spoke, and so get safely down the steps and out of sight."

The little story holds more than the immediate value. How many people habitually look at the sky every morning, actually feeling the free uplift of soul, as they glance for a moment at the broad clear arch of blue, and the slowly-sailing soft white clouds. But too many are wondering whether they shall catch the 8:14 train, or have to wait till the 8:34. Too many, even then wearied and over-taxed, are planning how to get through with the labors of the hours to come.

I remember once getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning for some necessary and trying work. I forgot the discomfort in the sight of the sky. The whole broad heavens were filled with a wonderful pure, glowing, and serene, glowing toward sunrise, and as I looked I realized for the first time the meaning of "the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—[Woman's Journal, Boston.]

COTTOLENE



It's the new shortening taking the place of lard or cooking butter, or both. Costs less, goes farther, and is easily digested by anyone.

AT ALL GROCERS.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared medicines, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years in people with entire success. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. They cure without drugging, purging or robbing the system, and in fact do the very best for the patient.

- | | |
|---|----|
| 1—Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, etc. | 25 |
| 2—Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic, etc. | 25 |
| 3—Teething, Cough, Crying, Stomachache, etc. | 25 |
| 4—Diarrhea, of Children or Adults, etc. | 25 |
| 5—Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, etc. | 25 |
| 6—Nervous, Tremulous, Faintness, etc. | 25 |
| 7—Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo, etc. | 25 |
| 8—Suppressed or Painful Periods, etc. | 25 |
| 9—Whites, Too Profuse Periods, etc. | 25 |
| 10—Cramp, Laryngitis, Hoarseness, etc. | 25 |
| 11—Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions, etc. | 25 |
| 12—Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pain, etc. | 25 |
| 13—Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head, etc. | 25 |
| 14—Whooping Cough, etc. | 25 |
| 15—Kidney Disease, Gravel, etc. | 25 |
| 16—Nervous Debility, etc. | 25 |
| 17—Primary Weakness, etc. | 25 |
| 18—Hemorrhoids, Piles, etc. | 25 |
| 19—The Pile Ointment, etc. | 25 |

SPECIFICS.

THE PEOPLE'S

Building & Loan Ass'n. of London, Ont.
(Incorporated Under Act, 189, Revised Statutes of Ontario.)
Authorized Capital, \$5,000,000.

Head Office, Molsons Bank Buildings.

This association offers to both large and small investors the highest rate of interest on their deposits, and every dollar is secured by first mortgages on real estate, and that under a system which reduces the borrowers' indebtedness monthly.

THINK IT OVER.
\$3 deposited monthly for 7 years will yield \$900. \$5 will increase to \$1,000 in the same time.

WHY PAY RENT?
Illustrations show how a person without any capital can own his home, worth \$1,000, in 7 years. He subscribes for ten shares and pays as follows:

Membership dues, \$10
\$2 monthly dues for 48 months, \$96
He then buys a home worth \$1,000 and the association advances the purchase price to pay for it. He then pays \$10 per month for 48 months, amounting to \$480.

Total amount paid in, \$586.
From the foregoing illustration it will be observed that a \$1,000 home has been paid for in 7 years by investing only \$225, and in addition the shareholder has had house rent free for 37 years.

These extremely advantageous terms can only be secured under the building and loan plan, and get it explained to you.

W. M. SPENCER, president; LIEUT. COL. W. M. GAITHER, vice-president; W. M. SPENCER, secretary-treasurer.

A. A. CAMPBELL, managing director.
Office open Saturday evenings from 7:30 to 8:30.

TO BUILDERS & THE TRADE

An opportunity is solicited to quote you prices for all kinds of iron and steel work of every description. Turning of any design done in the neatest manner. Bookcases, desks, and all kinds of iron and steel work done in all styles. Prices right. Respectfully yours,

J. C. DODD & SON,
Cor. Wellington & Bathurst Sts., City
TELEPHONE NO. 371.

THE Ertel Victor Hay Press

We are sole manufacturers of above press. Send for circulars and prices.

EDTEL & CO. LONDON, ONT.

GRIGG HOUSE

The Commercial Hotel of London
Remodeled and refurnished, and is now the leading house of Western Canada.
Rates, \$1.50 and \$2.
E. H. BROWN, proprietor.

BULLS HEAD

HOTEL
Corner Niagara and Wellington avenues,
Toronto.
Headquarters for all cattlemen and butchers.
JOHN BEE, PROPRIETOR.
Rates—\$1 to \$1.50 per day.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, TORONTO.

First-class in all its appointments. Combined in its home comfort, perfect quiet, excellent servants, and the peculiar excellence of its cuisine, and has been patronized by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and Prince Louis, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord and Lady Stanley, and Lady Stanley, and the best families. It is most delightfully situated near the bay on Front Street, and is the largest and most comfortable hotel in the Dominion of Canada.
McGAW & WINNETT, Proprietors.

JAS. PERKIN

BUTCHER,
239 Dundas Street.
A CALL SOLICITED.

Stevens & Burns,

LONDON, ONT.

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.
SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY
WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

CASTOR OIL in Car Lots,

CASTOR OIL in less than Car Lots,

CASTOR OIL in Cases,

CASTOR OIL in Tins.

ALL THE ABOVE AT LOW PRICES.

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY

WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

JAS. PERKIN

BUTCHER,
239 Dundas Street.
A CALL SOLICITED.

Stevens & Burns,

LONDON, ONT.

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.
SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY
WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

CASTOR OIL in Car Lots,

CASTOR OIL in less than Car Lots,

CASTOR OIL in Cases,

CASTOR OIL in Tins.

ALL THE ABOVE AT LOW PRICES.

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY

WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

JAS. PERKIN

BUTCHER,
239 Dundas Street.
A CALL SOLICITED.

Stevens & Burns,

LONDON, ONT.

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.
SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY
WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

CASTOR OIL in Car Lots,

CASTOR OIL in less than Car Lots,

CASTOR OIL in Cases,

CASTOR OIL in Tins.

ALL THE ABOVE AT LOW PRICES.

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.

SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY

WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

JAS. PERKIN

BUTCHER,
239 Dundas Street.
A CALL SOLICITED.

Stevens & Burns,

LONDON, ONT.

BOWMAN, KENNEDY & CO.

WHOLESALE IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
General Shelf Hardware, Cutlery, Silverware, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, etc.
SPORTING GOODS OF ALL KINDS A SPECIALTY
WAREHOUSES: 140 TO 182 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO

Hobbs Hardware Company

LONDON, ONTARIO.

CASTOR OIL in Car Lots,