

The Dead Czar.

Some Interesting Anecdotes of Alexander III.

Alexander III is said to have died thanking God for the privilege of breathing his last on Russian soil. He might have been equally thankful for being permitted to die a natural and not a violent death. The fear of assassination which incessantly haunted him during the earlier part of his reign was easy to understand, in view of the shocking way in which his father was taken off. Evidence of his extreme apprehension was found in his killing Count de Reutern, in 1886. The count, who was connected with the Imperial family through a left-handed marriage contracted by one of the Grand Dukes, had been made an aide-de-camp and given the freedom of the Czar's apartments with few restrictions. Visiting the winter palace one evening, with a message for the Czar, he was informed the latter had gone out, and that he would have to wait his return in the ante-room. Waiting, with nothing to do, was tiresome, so, as there was nobody about to object, Reutern lighted a cigar. As he was in the midst of his smoke, a door suddenly opened and the Czar appeared. Knowing how punctilious Alexander was about matters of official etiquette, the count tried to get rid of his cigar by throwing it into a porcelain jar near by. Alexander's sharp eye caught the motion and the spark of fire: there was the suggestion in it of the hurling of a bomb with a burning fuse; this was what he had been watching for every day for years, not daring to place implicit trust in the loyalty even of those who stood nearest his person! Quicker than thought, he had drawn his revolver and sent a bullet into the young man's breast. The victim did not die till he had had a chance to exculpate himself and to plunge the Czar into an agony of remorse.

After he succeeded to the crown, he continued a habit acquired during his youth of working in his study late at night. He preferred candles to a lamp on account of the softness of their light. One evening, while the Czar was quietly going over a heap of papers on his desk, the prefect of police suddenly rushed in, blew out all the candles without waiting to apologize, and called to the servants to bring lamps instead. The Czar naturally looked amazed, thinking the prefect had gone mad, but the cause of the officer's strange conduct was soon explained. The candles were conveyed to the police laboratory, where they were examined, and half a dozen of them were found to contain concealed poisonous and explosive matter. The prefect had got wind of this Nihilist plot to destroy the Czar, and by his promptness just averted the catastrophe.

Another bold attempt upon Alexander's life was made when a railway train conveying himself and family was wrecked in the winter of 1888. Curiously enough, although the train was completely smashed, none of its distinguished occupants was badly injured. At the moment the cars left the rails the Czar was taking a cup of tea from a salver offered him by a servant, and a pet dog was dozing at his feet. Both the servant and the dog were killed instantly, but the Czar was unscathed.

The same miraculous power seemed to be protecting the rest of the family. They were all seated about a dining-table. The floor of the carriage suddenly dropped out and the four walls collapsed almost simultaneously. The unsupported roof gave way, and was prevented from falling on the heads of the Czarina and her children only by the powerful arms of the Czar, who for several minutes supported it alone. The little Grand Duchess Olga was thrown a distance of several feet down an embankment, and the little Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch was buried under the ruined carriage so deep that he could hardly be discovered, and was then dug out and rescued with greatest difficulty; yet both children were left unhurt. The Grand Duke George was squeezed between two seats, and at the same moment a heavy iron bar descended toward his head; but just a second earlier, a brass frame falling upon the seats dovetailed into them, leaving a recess just large enough to contain and protect the youth's body; meanwhile Count Sheremetief arrested the iron bar in its fall, though it crushed and almost tore three fingers off his hand. Little Olga, when the crash came, was in the arms of her English nurse, and the two went down the bank together. The nurse let go of the child, who jumped up and ran wildly toward the first opening that offered itself, screaming: "Don't kill me, good God! Don't kill me, good God!" The nurse's shouts brought her back, and then, when she saw her papa and mamma, her brothers and sisters, all safe, she threw her little arms round the nurse's neck, crying: "How I should like to throw my arms round God's neck and kiss him for saving us all!"—[Kate Field's Washington.

Like a man, and you will judge him with more or less fairness; dislike him, fairly or unfairly, and you cannot fail to judge him unjustly.—[George MacDonald.

Hard and soft corns cannot with stand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle and be happy.

Drinking and Death Rates.

There has been a pretty thorough expose through the press of the fraud perpetrated of publishing, as a cablegram of recent news, that six years old, and as many years refuted, table reports of the British Medical Association to the effect that the average longevity of total abstainers is considerably less than any class of drinkers, not even excluding the immoderate class. Mr. J. S. Robertson, president of the Toronto Temperance League, has published letters in both the Empire and Mail, in which these bogus cablegrams appeared. Mr. F. W. Daly, secretary of the Western Ontario Prohibition Union, has also supplied the Mail with a valuable letter setting forth the real facts of the case. We have no doubt, however, that table will bob up serenely, time and again, for the next six weeks to come, if not in the form of a yesterday's telegram from England, in some other form, as often as it is deemed of advantage to help prop up the licensed drink traffic.

Surely it is pretty late in the day to attempt to convince the people that the use of alcoholic liquors is of value to promote health and long life. Forty years ago, when the temperance movement first began, such contentions were common and they had to be met with all seriousness. But now when some Rip Van Winkle wakes up and raises the old-time cry, even school boys are amused at his stupidity. The best scientific authorities of today on both sides of the Atlantic are writing their testimony that in health total abstinence is always best and safest, and that even in sickness it is almost invariably so. Clear-headed business men have come to that practical conclusion without any such scientific demonstration. The leading life insurance companies, basing their conclusions on their own practical experience, now all prefer total abstainers as good risks, while scarcely one is left that would take a risk on an immoderate drinker at anything like ordinary rates, if at all.

We have been asked to explain again how any such tables ever came to be prepared and published. In answer we may say that during the years 1884 and 1885 inquiries were sent out to some 4,000 English medical practitioners, asking for information in regard to deaths in their practice among men ranging between the ages of 25 and 60, their habits, and a number of other things. Several classes were designated in the columns of these returns, including moderate drinkers, immoderate drinkers, total abstainers and some others. The ages at which men died were averaged according to their respective classes, and these published tables then give figures which indicated that the deaths among the abstinent class occurred at the average age of 51 years and 80 days; the moderate drinkers at 62 years and 50 days, and the "decidedly intemperate" at 52 years and 14 days.

As soon as these figures were published anti-temperance people began to use them pretty freely—some of them, no doubt, honestly, not understanding their actual purport—and they have been made to do service in some form ever since, even to the latest dodge of palming them off through several Canadian dailies as late received cablegrams from England. Dr. Ismael Owen, the author of that report, published a letter at once to correct any honest misapprehension. He went on to explain that the actual conclusions of that report were to the effect "that the habitual indulgence in alcoholic liquors, beyond the most moderate amounts, has a distinct tendency to shorten life." Of course that explanation is not now cablegrammed among the latest English news. He also stated "That of men who have passed the age of 25, the strictly temperate, on the average, live ten years longer than those who have become decidedly intemperate," which has not been telegraphed recently, either.

The bewildering facts about the figures of years comes about in this way. Each class was averaged by itself. Of the total abstainers the movement was but young, especially in England, at that time, and the class of abstainers was very largely among young men, as it was elsewhere. Averaging up the deaths in that way gave the mistake figures. On the other hand, very few, in England especially, were classed as "decidedly intemperate" until they were up in years—45 years or so, and starting from that point with that class the average would run apparently high.

Even these figures were merely of those who had died in a given time, and not of those who were surviving. Had all the immoderate drinkers died at 60 years of age the average in that particular table would have been large. Had two-thirds of the total abstainers been still living at that age that fact would not have been taken into consideration in connection with a table of deaths only. Surely a cause must be very hard pressed for sustaining facts when such means are resorted to in order to make a show at them.

T. W. CASEY.

—To repress drunkenness, the Governor of St. Petersburg has just ordered that the names and addresses of all persons found intoxicated in the streets, regardless of rank or sex, shall be posted in certain public places in the city, and also printed in the official Gazette. Fifty years ago they were compelled to sweep the streets, under the eye of the police, for a number of hours.

BILLY.

The clerk at the general delivery window of a city postoffice is usually a pretty busy individual, but on rare occasions he has his moments of leisure. It was at such a time, one summer afternoon, when active business seemed entirely suspended, that the young man who presided over the general delivery was startled out of a comfortable doze by the sound of a piping voice issuing from some invisible quarter.

"Say, mister," said a voice, "is der a letter for me?"

The clerk stared out across his little corner, but failed to see the owner of the voice. Then he poked his head half-way out of the narrow window, and, glancing down, saw a little mite of a ragged fellow with a bootblack's kit swung around his shoulder.

"A letter for you?" he echoed, with a smile. "Don't know. What's your name?"

"Billy,"

"Bill —, what else?"

The little fellow shifted from one foot to the other, but the clear blue eyes looked steadily at the clerk.

"Not in' else," he said, "Jes' Billy."

"I guess not," the clerk replied. "Were you expecting a letter?"

"Yes, sir."

There was an expression of faith in his errand in the little fellow's face, and the clerk racked his brain for a simple explanation to offer him.

"Mebbe," said the boy, "if I told yer why I was a-looking for a letter, yo' cud find it for me."

"Perhaps I could," said the clerk. "It won't do any harm to try, anyway."

The little fellow set his bootblack's kit down on the floor.

"It was like dis," he said, "Last Sunday mornin' I was at d' mission Sunday-school up town, an' on my way back I walked wid Miss Rogers. You know her?"

"No," replied the clerk, still smiling.

"You orter, She's d' teacher of our class. She wuz a-tellin' me erbout d' lesson, an' when I left her by her house I jes' knowed it all. Well, I walked on down d' street, an' pretty soon I seen an old gentleman in front of me dropped a pocketbook, when I tuk it up an' tuk it over t' the alley where I live. I seen it was full of money but I never touched none uv it. Long erbout night time I begun t' think of the Sunday-school lesson an' the more I thought uv it the more I got worried. D' nex' mornin' I put on my good clothes ag'in, an' I wuz a-goin' t' take d' pocketbook up t' Miss Rogers. I know'd she'd feel bad's I did, an' so I thought I'd send the money back on my own accord. D' wuz some cards 'n' things in it, tellin' d' name o' d' man what dropped it, and I writ a letter to him 'splainin' how I was sorry I'd kept it, and signed my name—jes' Billy. Den I wrapped it up and sent it to him by mail."

The clerk had ceased smiling by this time, and he looked into the boy's sober face as he asked:

"Did you tell the man where to reply to your letter?"

"Nusser; but I said I'd come here an' ask to see if I'd pocketbook got to him, da's all."

"I see," replied the clerk. "If you'll wait a minute, I'll see if I can find anything."

Without any hope of success he went over to the "B" box, and ran quickly over the letters it contained.

In the center of the pack he found one addressed:

"BILLY.

To be called for."

With a bright face he hurried back to the window, and handed the missive to the bootblack.

"Here it is," he said, "this must be for you."

Billy took the letter, turned it over once or twice, and then handed it back:

"Read it for me," he said, "I ain't much on makin' out writin'."

The clerk opened the envelope and extracted the contents. In a business hand was written a kindly letter to "My honest little Billy," and the writer asked that the boy call to see him at an address which he gave. The letter closed with the familiar words that "honesty was the best policy, always; but I feel that in this case a reward of another sort is called for. The letter referred to a neatly folded greenback that was enclosed.

The clerk read the letter to Billy, and then handed it to him with the enclosure.

"Go to Miss Rogers," he said, "and tell her the whole story. She will advise you what to do."

Little Billy's eyes sparkled as he thanked the clerk. Then he swung his kit over his shoulder again, and promising to return to explain the rest of the adventure, he trudged into the street.

It was a week later when he came back to see the clerk. His clothes were new and fitted him somewhat better than his old ones, and the bootblack kit was not visible. He reached up and shook hands with his friend as he said, "I ain't shinin' shoes no more. D' gentleman dat writ me dat letter hez give me a place in his office, an' I'm a going to night school now."

He said more than this, and the two had a chat during the first lull in business. But we have told enough of little Billy's story to show how true—always true—is that story about honesty is the best policy. And even if there had been no letter for Billy the policy would have been the same.

Bible Abstinence.

(By Joseph Malins, G. C. T. of England.)

OLD TESTAMENT EXAMPLE.—Solomon seems to refer to the boiling-like movement of grape-juice by fermentation, during which the wine gets colored from the skins, and the poisonous alcohol is produced, for this wise king says: "Look not upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The mother of Lemuel says: "It is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink, lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted." (Proverbs xxxi., 4.)

The king Pharaoh, who honored Joseph, seems to have only drunk wine freshly squeezed out of the grapes, and, therefore, unf fermented and unpoisoning; for the king's butler, in describing his duties, which he had dreamed he was again performing, said: "I pressed the grapes into Pharaoh's cup, and gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand." This was about 1,700 years before the birth of Christ.

The priests and Nazirites were required to abstain. During the exodus (about 1,500 years before Christ), God commanded the priests, on pain of death, to abstain from strong drink during their ministrations. During the exodus, too, God ordained the formation of an Order of Nazirites to "separate themselves unto the Lord," by a vow to abstain from wine and even from the products of the vine. When the angel told Manoah's wife that she should have a son, he also told her that the Lord required her to abstain from wine, and to bring up her son as a strict Nazirite from birth; and accordingly Samson, the strongest man that ever lived, was born and reared as an abstainer. Daniel, too, was admitted to be fairer and fatter for his abstinence.

The Rechabites' abstinence was contrasted by command of the Lord with the wicked indulgence of the people of Judah, and while God allowed the children of Judah to be sent into captivity, he blessed the Rechabites for obeying their forefathers' precepts, and said they "shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." The eminent eastern traveler, Dr. Wolff, reports how, as late as the year 1836, in Arabia, he found the multiplied descendants of Rechab still prizing and practicing the abstinence precepts of their forefathers.

NEW TESTAMENT EXAMPLES.—John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, was a Nazirite from his birth by angelic command. It is highly probable that the Essenes, who were numerous at this time, and led a very pure and devout life, were also abstainers. Christ was not a Nazirite, but there is no evidence that he made, or used, intoxicating wine; and in the Lord's Supper he blessed "the fruit of the vine"—which alcohol is not. Tradition speaks of St. Peter, St. Matthew, and St. James, the Lord's brother, as abstainers. Timothy, we know, was so; and St. Paul, who recommended him a "little wine," did so for a medicinal purpose; nor is there any evidence that the nature of the wine, if taken, was alcoholic. St. Paul himself commended abstinence from wine for the sake of preventing a brother's stumbling. In the first centuries the Encratites (or Temperates) were abstainers, as were the Cathari (or Pure Ones), and the Therapeutae (or Healers). Indeed, abstinence from wine as a counsel of perfection was frequently practiced in the Christian Church, and was recommended by St. Clement of Alexandria, who lived in the second century after Christ, said: "I admire those who have chosen an austere life, and desire no other beverage than water—the medicine of a wise temperance—avoiding wine as they would fire."

The Analogy of Zaccheus.

It is said to have been a custom of the late Mr. Spurgeon to send the theological students under his care into the pulpit with sealed envelopes containing texts which they were required to expound at sight, or themes upon which they should discourse.

On one of these occasions the student, on opening the paper, found this subject and direction given him: "Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry." And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way: "My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you today is a comparison between Zaccheus and myself. Well, the first thing we read about Zaccheus is that he was small in stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up a tree, which is very much my position now. And, thirdly, we read that Zaccheus made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

About People.

Mr. Edison says he is an abstainer from intoxicants because he has "a better use for his head."

Mr. Gladstone has not differed materially in weight during the last ten years. Eleven stone continues to be his weight.

"Never get tired of journalism," said Sir Edwin Arnold the other day to a pressman, "for it is the cleanest profession of all." During the last 30 years Sir Edwin has written more than 10,000 leading articles.

Captain Alexander McDougall, of Duluth, Minn., is generally regarded as the inventor of the whaleback steamers which have come into such favor on the Great Lakes. Captain McDougall says the idea came to him in a dream.

Mrs. L. A. Starkweather, of Kansas City, one of the first women solicitors of life insurance, says she finds no difficulty in inducing women to insure. It is much easier than to insure men. Last month she wrote \$211,000 on the lives of women.

Dr. Holmes' death leaves only four survivors of the famous Harvard class of 1829. They are the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," of Newton, Mass.; the Rev. Samuel May, of Leicester, Mass. (the class secretary); Mr. Charles S. Starrow, of Boston; and Dr. Edward L. Cunningham, of Newport.

The Hon. George Turner, who has succeeded Sir James Patterson as Prime Minister of Victoria, is a striking example of the quick rise of politicians in Australia. His ministerial experience is limited to a short period as Commissioner of Customs; and it was only at the far end of the Legislature's last session that he even led the Opposition.

Mrs. Josephine Butler greatly dislikes such books as the "Heavenly Twins." "That book," she says in a recent letter, "has just missed being a great and useful book, owing to the animus which is so apparent throughout, arising from the writer's low opinion of men. There is a vein of bitterness in it which prevents it being quite true as a picture of human life."

General V. Wahl, the chief of the St. Petersburg police, is a sworn enemy of intemperance. He has lately adopted a novel means to put drunkards to shame. A list of all persons found in the streets in a state of intoxication is published in the newspapers. The lists contain the names of prominent men, and are at times very long, a total of 243 names having been reached in one day.

Some time ago Gen. Booth called upon Dr. Parker in order to discuss the social scheme for the elevation of the "Submerged Tenth." At the close of the conversation the general knelt in prayer, as is his custom, ending with the Scriptural words, "And all the people said, 'Amen.'" As Dr. and Mrs. Parker, who were a little new to the method, did not join in the "Amen," the general added, sotto voce, "only nobody heard them!"

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, during his stay in Wiltshire this summer, met little Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's granddaughter, and being very fond of children took her about the grounds and told her stories. After a time Mrs. Drew, fearing that Mr. Kipling must have had enough of the child's society, called her and said, "Now, Dorothy, I hope you have been a good child and have not been wearying Mr. Kipling." "Oh, not a bit, mother," replied the little celebrity, "but you've no idea how Mr. Kipling has been wearying me."

ANALYSTS.

O. S. JAMES, GRADUATE, S.P.S., AN ALYTIICAL chemist, room D, 19 and 21 Richmond street east, Toronto. Residence, 101 Howard street. Phone 1,767. G 1414

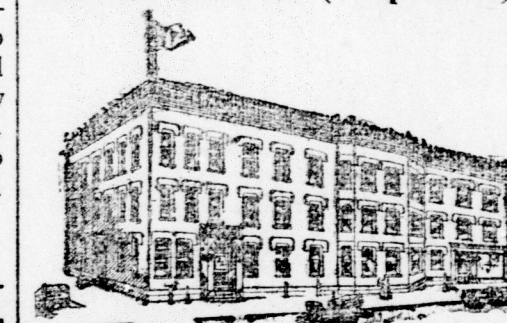
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