THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. A WORLD OF TROUBLE.

The Cream of the News of Rev. Dr. Talmage on the Petty Seven Lays.

CANADE

Mr. Thomas Elliott is a candidate for the mayoralty in Brantford. Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro, was given an audience by the Pope.

About 9,000 pounds of turkeys were shipped from Brockville to Boston.

R. W. Jameson was elected Mayor of Winnipeg by 639 majority over D. W. Bole.

Hon. David Mills will address a ser-ies of meetings in his constituency before the opening of Parliament.

Rev. John Curry, late of the Orillia Baptist Church, has been called to the pastorate of the Cornwall Church. Dauphin Conservatives have se-lected Mr. Glen Campbell as their can-didate for the Manitoba Legislature.

Track laying on the Tilsonburg, Lake Erie & Pacific Railway is com-pleted from Tilsonburg to Port Burwell.

C. P. R. employees at Montreal have received notice of an increase of 15 per cent. in their salaries, to begin with the new year.

At Sault Ste. Marie Matthew Matt-son and Jules Sauve were each sen-tenced to ten years in penitentiary for manslaughter.

Many Canadian vessels have started out in search of the abandoned Strath-nevis, believed to be floating in the Pachic. She will prove a rich prize to the craft that overhauls her.

to the craft that overhauls her. Mr. Dan. J. McDonald, son of the late Col. James McDonald, formerly of the Glen, Williamstown, Glengarry county, dropped dead from heart fail-ure while returning home from a neighbor's the other day. A four-years-old child of Mr. Syl-vester Alguire, of Cornwall, was choked to death the other day. It was playing with peas, and in swal-lowing them one lodged in the wind-pipe, causing death before a doctor could be summoned. INITED STATES

UNITED STATES.

President Cleveland is reported to be preparing for another issue of gold bonds

Ex-United States Consul-General to Ottawa Thomas W. Hotchkiss died at his home in Northport, L. I., of heart disease.

A girl baby born the other day in Komoko, Ind., is the fourteenth daugh-ter of a fourteenth daughter of a fourteenth daughter—a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

It is reported in Havana that the insurgents have suffered a series of defeats. A seven hours' battle is also reported, in which about 4,000 men were engaged, and only 200 killed.

were engaged, and only 200 killed. W. Hazell Wilson, President of the Belvidere Railroad, a part of the Pennsylvania systew, is probably the oldest railway president in the world in active service. He is 86 years old. An accident occurred at the Mid-valley colliery, at Shamokin, Pa., whereby a number of men were in-jured, four of them fatally. A coupling broke and a train of cars dashed down a steep incline. Prof. E. Otis Kendall has resigned

Prof. E. Otis Kendall has resigned the chair of astronomy at the Uni-versity of Pennsylvania. He served that institution for just forty years, having become its professor of math-ematics in 1855.

Nathan W. Baker, of Lewisburg, Pa., aims to have completely recovered

Annoyances of Life.

The Horpet on Its Mission-Varieties of Insect Annoyances-Necessity for Little Troubles - They are All Blessings in Disguise.

Washington despatch says: Dr. Talmage chose for his sermon a theme that will appeal to most people, namely: "The Petty Annoyances of Life." His text was, "The Lord thy God will send the hornet."—Deut. vii., 20. It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It bombards the grain-fields and the orchard and the vine-

heids and the orchard and the vine-yards. The Colorado beetle, the Ne-braska grasshopper, the New Jersey locust, the universal potato bug seem to carry on the work which was be-gun ages ago when the insects buzzed out of Noah's ark as the door was opened. In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a apecies of wasn swift

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bel-lowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautious-ly looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful cover-ing we were struck with something that sent us shricking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has cap-tains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will pro-duce death. duce

uce death. The Persians attempted to conquer a The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephant and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up and the besieged city was rescued. The burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and charlot of war could not accom-plish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hor-nets.

My friends, when we are assailed by My friends, when we are assailed by great behemoths of trouble, we be-come chivalric, and we assault them. We get on the high mettled steed of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But, alas, for these insectile annoyances of life-these foes too small to shoot-these things without any avoirdupois weight, the grats, and the midges, and the files, and the wasps, and the hornets! In other words, it is the small, sting-ing annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose, God has sent the hornet.

I remark, in the first place, that these small, stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a nervous organi-

zation. ation. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy, but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doc-tors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh, she's only a lit-tle nervous; that's all." The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord of music, a want of harmony between the shawl and the glove on the same person, a curt ans-wer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of 10,000 annoyances opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the vast majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor health he would die, responded, "Doctor, whether I live or die, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I Speak People who are prostrated under

stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me, "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yes-terday?" I said, "Yes." He said: "No use--no use. Man's a failure." The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physicalr trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some oc-casion of mirth or sociality or useful-ness, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appear-ance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it, but just at the time when you want your in-tellect clearest and your disposition brightest you feel a sharp, keen, dis-concerting thrust. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoy-ances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonize. To get good service and to keep it is one of the greatest questions of the country. Sometimes it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers, but, whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances and say. "Oh, these home troubles are very little things!" They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all un-strung when she rushed in, asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pesti-ferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet." Perhaps these small insect annoy-

dying, stung to death by these pesti-ferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet." These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business ir-ritations. There are men here who went through 1837 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill man-ners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lad-ing, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his account, or the un-derselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judg-ment, just to please somebody else. It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics only come once in 10 or 20 years. It is the constant din of these everyday annoyances which is sending so many of our best mer-chants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestif-erous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

erous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet." I have noticed in the history of some that their annoyances are multiplying and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of 20,000 wasps, and it does soom as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The hornet is of no use? 'Oh, yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's econo-my. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere, and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies.

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than some all staggering demand up-on your endurance? But remember that little as well as great annoyances equally require you to trust in Christ for succor and a deliverance from im-patience and irritability. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is staid on thee." In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small crea-tures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him -followed him to the banks of the Weser. Then he blew a blast, and then they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the deapths forever

I wish I could, on the sweet fuite of the gospel, draw forth all the mibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever. How many touches did Mr.Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about 50,000 touches. I hear the can-vas saying: "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No." says Mr. Church, "I know how to make a painting. It will take 50,000 of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these 10,000 annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture. I go into a sculptor's studio and see him shaping a statue. He has a chisel in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke-click click! I say. "Why don't in one hand and a mallet in the other, and he gives a very gentle stroke-click, click, click! I say, "Why don't you strike harder?" "Oh," he replies, "that would shatter the statue. I can't do it that way. I must do it this way." So he works on, and after a while the features come out, and everybody that enters the studio is charmed and fas-cinated. Well, God has your soul under process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal

process of development, and it is the little annoyances and vexations of life that are chiseling out your immortal nature. It is click, click, click! I wonder why some great providence does not come and with one stroke pre-pare you for heaven. Ah, no. God says that is not the way. And so he keeps on by strokes of little vexations until at last you shall be a glad spec-tacle for angels and for men. You know that a large fortune may be spent in small change, and a vast amount of moral character may go away in small depletions. It is the little troubles of life that are having more effect upon you than great ones. A swarm of locusts will kill a grain field sooner than the incursion of three or four cattle. You say, "Since I lost my child, since I lost my property, I have been a different man." But you do not recognize the architecture of lit-tle annoyances that are hewing, dig-ging, cutting, shaping, splitting and interjoining your moral qualities. Rats may sink a ship. One lucifer match may send destruction through a block of storehouses. Catherine de Medici got her death from smelling a poisonous rose. Columbus by stopping and ask-ing for a piece of bread and a drink rose. Columbus by stopping and ask-ing for a piece of bread and a drink of water at a Franciscan convent was led to the discovery of a new world. And there is an intimate connection be-tween trifles and immensities, between orthings and computings

soom as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God I want to show you the other side. The naturalists tell us they are yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's econo-my. They kill spiders, and they clear the atmosphere, and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life dod sends the annoyances of the soul and to clear the atmosphere of our skies. These annoyances are sent to us, I think, to wake us up from our letnar-gy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these an-noyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet, or we may think that the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your opinion. "The Lord sent the hornet." Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel

He was fastened to it. The fagots were placed around him, the fires kin-dled, but history tells us that the flames bent outward like the canvas of a ship in a stout breeze, so that the flames, in-stead of destroying Polycarp, were only a wall between him and his enemies. They had actually to destroy him with the poniard. The flames would not touch him. Well, my hearer, I want you to understand that by God's grace-the flames of trial, instead of consum-ing your soul, are only going to be a wall of defense and a canopy of bless-ing. God is going to fulfil to you the blessing and the promise, as he did to Polycarp, "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." Now you do not understand. You shall know hereafter. In heaven you will bless God even for the hornet.

POCKET IN HER STOCKING.

Where Artful Beauty Now Carries Her Valuables.

BEATS " A FOCKET IN A SHIRT The old lady who insisted that she wanted no safer bank for her money than her own stocking is apparently vindicated by the latest novelty in hosiery. It had just been placed on the counter when a New York World reporter saw it. It was a pair of black stockings. Nothing strange about that. All modern women wear black hosiery. But these black stock-ings were like none others ever made. Right on the outside of each stock-ing near the ten more the tent

Right on the outside of each stock-ing leg near the top was the cutest little pocket woven on to the stock-ing. Now, very few women have pockets in their dresses. Only woing. Now, very few women have pockets in their dresses. Only wo-men with tailor-made gowns and black silk stripes down the outside seams of their skirts, like Ada Lewis, ever have enough pockets. But the minute the woman laid eyes on those stockings with pockets. But the reason why, and all about it. It didn't take a diagram to ex-plain to her that those pockets were made for valuables. One woman promptly explained that they were intended for women to keep stray diamonds in. She asked: "What highwayman would ever think of looking there for money, or what pickpocket, even the most ex-perienced would expect to have to pick a pocket in a stocking?" The colors in which the stockings with pockets are made lend weight to the idea that hereafter women dress-ed for the evening will not go down to dinner and leave their stray rings and jewels lying around upstairs for second-story burgles. But the

and jewels lying around upstairs for second-story burglars, but will sit down to dinner calm in the conscious-ness that their jewels are safe in their stocking nockets

news that their jewels are safe in their stocking pockets. Some of the prettlest of designs are in evening colors—pale pink, cream lavender and blue. The pockets on these are always of a contrasting color and are elaborately embroider-ed with silk in floral and vine designs. Around the neckat is another inch ed with silk in floral and vine designs. Around the pocket is another inch deep row of embroidery. When a woman wears a pair of these and puts on gold garter clasps and fills the two little pockets with rolls of bills she is altogether too valuable to lose a limb in a Brooklyn trolley catastrophe.

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bills she is altogether too valuable to lose a limb in a Brooklyn trolley catastrophe. Naturally the woman who is ac-customed to carrying her wealth hid-den in her stockings will at once take to pockets in her stockings, and the only marvel is that nobody has ever thought of the idea before. Al-though it is too neat an idea to have been born anywhere but in the brain of a Connecticut Yankee, at the same time the stockings are stamped "Made in Germany." but the know-ing saleswomen say: "They are from Paris." There is belief that only elderly women and emigrants are given to secreting ready cash where they can't get at it without retiring to some secluded corner. A woman who has been travelling continually de-elarce that she got over being aston-ished at the number of cultivated women who are never sure their money or bills of exchange are safe except when stuffed down into their stocking. except when stuffed down into their stocking. A very clever business woman, the financial head and manager of a pub-lishing business that clears for its two partners \$10,000 each a year, never thinks of trusting all her trav-eling cash to even the inside pocket in her vest, but makes sure she has a reserve fund pinned inside her stock-ing. a reserve fund pinned inside the ing. In all the women's parlors in rail-road stations and in the large shops, such numbers of women are seen daily taking rolls of bills from their hos-iery hiding places that this pocket on the stocking manifestly fills an an-cient want. lery hiding places that this pocket on the stocking manifestly fills an an-cient want. This pocket comes above and on the outside of the knee. It is just wide emough to hold a good roll of bills or a watch, or any small valuables the wearer may want to protect espe-cially. Some of the pockets are five or six inches in depth, others a little less. The black stockings for street wear have deeper pockets and less elaborate decorations, and would easily hold a few thousand dollars and a couple of moderate sized dia-mond necklaces. The pockets are ornamented with some droll designs. The favorites are a primitive likeness of the man in the moon, a very lean-looking heart pierced with e sky-blue dart, and the third and most catchy is woven in imitation of a watch face, on which the hours are indicated by black num-bers.

from inflammatory rheumatism through the application of a hand-kerchief blessed by Francis Schlatter, the healer, of Denver.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Two large Clyde shipbuilding firms have seceded from the Union of the Ship Building Masters, and announce that they will reopen their yards upon the terms demanded by their employees, who have of late been locked out in pursuance of agreement between the Belfast and Clyde mas-ters, the former of whose employees are on strike.

are on strike. Barney Barnato, the Kaffir King, will leave London for Cripple Creek, in a few days. He will be accompan-ied by Sam Newhouse, the Colorado agent of the Rothschilds. It is un-derstood Uarnato will visit Chicago on his way to the mines. Chicago is the national point for the handling of Cripple Creek stocks, and he will make his arrangements for something of the sort, probably after he has cast his eye over the new Colorado Eldo-rado. rado.

GENERAL.

Rebellion is threatened in Servia. Emperor William visited Prince Bismarck

at Friedrichsruhe. The Cretans are said to have de-feated the Turks in a pitched battle.

M. Adrian Lachenal, who was Vice-President of Switzerland during the last regime, has succeeded to the Pre-sidency by popular vote, and without the death of his chief.

the death of his chief. The latest despatches from Cape Coast Castle, in British West Africa, indicate that King Prempeh is pre-paring to offer a stubborn resistance to the British, and that the Ashantee expedition will not be the walk-over that at one time it was expect-cel to be ed to be.

On the ground that she was hyp-notized, the St. Petersburg Covrt of Appeals has reduced the sentence of death imposed upon a girl to flive years' imprisonment, the evidence showing that she was completely under the control of the man who compelled her to poison her father.

Lord Glasgow, the Governor of New Zealand, recently attended a cattle show at Napler. He particularly ad-mired a certain shorthorn bull. The bull did not admire the Governor, and expressed that fact by unceremon-iously tossing His Lordship over a convenient fence. Then the Governor

"Doctor, whether I nive of the, the wheel must keep going round." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hor-net."

Again, the small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends

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even out of a nettle, and if you have the grace of God in your heart you can get sweetness out of that which would otherwise irritate and annoy. A returned missionary told me that a company of adventurers rowing up the Ganges were stung to death by files that infest that region at certain sea-sons. I have seen the earth strewn with the carcasses of men slain by in-sect annoyances. The only way to get prepared for the great troubles of life is to conquer these small troubles. What would you say of a soldier who refused to load his gun or to go into the con-flict because it was only a skirmish, saying: "I am not going to expend my ammunition on a skirmish. Wait un-til there comes a general engagement, and then you will see how courageous I am and what battling I will do." The general would say to such a man, "If you are not faithful in a skirmish, you would be nothing in a general en-gagement." And I have to tell you, O Christian men, if you cannot apply the principles of Christ's religion on a small scale you will never be able to apply them on a large scale. If I had my way with you, I would have you possess all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you each one a garden, a river flowing through it, geraniums and shrubs on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbow had fallen. I would have you a house, a splendid mansion and the bed should be cover-ed with upholstery dipped in the set-ting sun. I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table and you should have forks of sliver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamonds and amethysts. Then you should each one of you have the finest horrse.

have you live 160 years, and you should have a pain or ache until the last breath.

not have a pain or ache until the last breath. "Not each one of us?" you say. Yes. Each one of you. "Not to your ene-mies?" Yes. The only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their walls and a little extra embroidery on their slippers. But, you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah. I bethink myself He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vesibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, that great gallery of the universe toward which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven. Polycarp was condemned to be burn-ed to death. The stake was planted.

A NEW ANTISEPTIC.

Potassiumorthodinitrocresolate is the name of a new antiseptic discov-ered in Germany, but as it is in-tended to be used generally, it is also called antinounin. One part of the substance in from 1,500 to 2,000 parts of soapsuds is destructive to all the common parasites injurious to plants. Yeast used in brewing tre-mains fresh for a long time when treated with it; it destroys all bac-teria, and yeast can endure a solu-tion as strong as 5 per cent. of the substance. It is odorless and very cheap. Potassiumorthodinitrocresolate is