PRINKING SHORTENS LIFE JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S -LIFE INSURANCE COM-PANIES REFUSE TO IN-SURE HEAVY DRINKERS.

A man's life must be in peril When insurance companies refuse to accept his application. The drinker who is cutting short his own career is thus also making it impossible for him to provide for the future of his wife and little ones. No good company will insure an inebriate. The Medical Handbook of Life Insurance, a standard authority prepared by the president of the Association of Life Insurance Medical Directors of the United States says: "Intemperance is perhaps the most formidable enemy to the safe insurance of lives. It ranks before consumption in its deadly effects on the human system. Not only is it often inherited, but organic ailments are by it originated and organic weakness crystalized into disease. The degenerations of age are inticipated and precipitated by alcohol, and the dramdrinker is sure to have a shortened life."

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There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the pen; and in end the former is always conquerby the latter.-Napoleon.

# REMINISCENCES

A Host of Famous People Whom He Has Met.

Vivid Pen Pictures of Horace Greeley, Brigham Young and George

Justin McCarthy, since his advent in London in 1852, has met and known a great host of famous and interesting men; he has caught their peculiarities of habit, character or appearance with an unfailing eye, and he has a power scarcely/shared by anyone living of picturing people in well-chosen words. He is not a man to be compared in any way with Carlyle, either in style or habit of thought, yet he is the greatest describer of people since Carlyleand he needs no more words for the task than did Carlyle. His "Reminiscences" (Harpers) is in reality an oldfashloned photograph album, and it contains nearly all the prominent men who have appeared on both sides of the Atlantic for the past forty years. And as in a photograph taken by a master, the reader catches not only an unforgettable glimpse of some characteristic pose in each instance, but also a hint of the real man as he livel and The list is most inclusive, too acted. -politicians, journalists, authors, actors, lecturers, preachers-in fact, from all the higher ranks of life. One feature of these characterizations that prominent in one country with those of another, as, for instance, when he like years are considered to the sermon of the sermon prominent in one country with those

"Greeley was in every way one of the most remarkable and also one of the oddest men I ever knew. He was a kind of modern and eccentric Benjamin Franklin. \* \* He had a great, shiny, broad forehead, his eyes adorned by a pair of vast spectacles, a large, almost entirely bald head, a cleanshaven, fleshy face-a face that, including baldness, spectacles, good-natured smile, and keen, shrewd humor of expression, reminded me in an odd sort of way of Count Cavour, the famous Italian statesman. Greeley was a much worse dressed man than even Count Cavour. Cavour was quite aware of his own unconquerable indifference as to dress, and had therefore provided that his tailor must furnish him at stated intervals with a new suit of the system up to overcome the clothes made exactly after the same pattern as the old suit. But Horace Greeley disdained any such prudent precautions; he simply ordered a new garment when the old one was falling to pieces, and took no further trouble about the matter."

Mr. McCarthy's list of American acquaintances was extremely diversified, and included such uncongenial elements as Longfellow, Jim Fiske, O. Holmes and Brigham Young. Geniality is the dominating note in all that he says. There is scarcely anyone mentioned in the book whose redecming trait or traits Mr. McCarthy has not

discovered. These reminiscences are valuable because they contain keen observations on important personages who have not been elsewhere so well recorded. Brig-With its cure it brings restored ham Young is one of the most interesting characters in the history of Ameriae; he was the would-be Mohammed of America, and his failure to overrun cannot be safely appealed to in the over 500 new additions to the church.

Anglo-Saxon race as a leading factor, But when I do present this gospel I Anglo-Saxon race as a leading factor, This picture of Brigham Young will be fit the conditions of the nifeteenth turned to more than once in the future: oddest, most whimsical figure I had ever seen off the boards of an English country theater stood in the room; and love. He made the birds sing it, and in a moment we were presented formally to Brigham Young. There must blaze it, and the stars twinkle it, and have been something of impressiveness the waves sing it. And it is a very and dignity about the man, for, odd as grave question whether most of the were his appearance and make-up, one felt no inclination to laugh. But such cidents of that day woven into his a figure! Brigham Young wore a longa figure! Brigham Young wore a longtailed, high-collared coat; the swallowtails nearly touched the ground; the collar was about his ears. \* \* \* But there was decidedly a quality of composure and even of dignity about Brigham Young which soon made one forget the mere ludicrousness of the patriarch's external appearance. Young was a handsome man-much handsomer than his portrait on the wall would show him. Close upon 70 years of age, he had as clear an eye and as bright a complexion as if he were a hale English farmer of 55. But there was something fox-like and cunning lurking under the superficial good nature and kindliness of the face. He seemed when he spoke to you most effusively and plausibly to be quietly studying your expression to see whether he was really talking you over or not. The expression of his face, especially of his eyes, strangely and provokingly reminded me of Kossuth. \*

Brigham decidedly did not impress me as a man of great ability, but rather as a man of great plausibil-I could at once understand how ity. such a man, with such an eye and tongue, could easily exert an immense influence over women. Beyond doubt he was a man of genius. \* \* We took leave of Brigham Young and came away a little puzzled as to whether we had been conferring with an impostor or a fanatic, a Peter the Hermit or a Tartuffe. One thing, however, is clear to me. I do not say that Brigham Young was a Tartuffe; but I know now how Tartuffe ought to be played so as to render the part more effective and more apparently natural and lifelike than I have ever seen it on

French or English stage." Mr. McCarthy has not only known very distinguished people, but he has met them socially, and as an intimate and frequenter of their houses. we meet in these pages Richard Cobden, John Bright, Walt Witman, George Eliot, Charles Reade, George Meredith, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, Browning, Prince Plon Plon, Parnell, Gladstone, the Kingsleys, Cardinal others and many other less fame. less

haps the chapter that will interest the greatest number of readers is the one devoted to George Eliot, whose receptions the author often attended, and of whom he has the most vivid and kindly recollections. At her Sunday afternoon receptions were wont to gather together all the most distinguished literary men and women in England, besides such scientific lights as Huxley. Tyndall and their compeers. Eliot's face is described as ccording with the popular impression derived from her portraits; long, pale, colorless, with its cleanly cut lines-a face not beautiful, indeed, but full of that intellectual expressiveness which appeals to every mind and heart. She had a sweet, sympathetic voice, and seems to have been a hostess of rare seems to have been a nostess of rare tact and skill. Mr. McCarthy does his best to correct the impression given vogue by some writers that she was a disagreeable or overbearing woman, although he admits that she did not like to have people talk to her about her books or to pay her gushing com-

pliments. On this point he compares her with Disraeli, and cites an incident as corroborative. An acquaintance of Mr. McCarthy stopped Disraeli in one of the lobbies of the House of Commons during a critical division and said to him: "Mr. Disraeli, my wife and my daughters are great admirers of your novels." Disraeli blandly replied: "Sir, that is indeed fame."

If George Eliot were in the habit of If George Eliot were in the habit of squelching well-meaning, but tactless admirers in this shrewd fashion one can easily understand how she gained her reputation for being disagreeable.
Mr. McCarthy claims, however, that
she was a most pleasant and charming conversationalist, and adds that he has even heard her discuss her own work. On one occasion, we are pleased to note, she told the writer's little daughter that she liked "Silas Marner" best of all her novels.

#### PROBLEMS OF MODERN PREACHING

How I Fill My Pews Sunday Night, [By the Rev. Frank Dewitt Talmage,

son of T. Dewitt Talmage.] This is not the article of an egotist. Some few days ago I received a letter from the office of The Interior stating that they intended to publish a series of articles by practical men on the problems of preaching, and asked me if I would write upon the above title. So I am only one of many answering to the call of "Fall in!" And as my Sunday night audiences have always been as large, if not larger than my morning audiences, perhaps my experiadds to their value and interest is the ence may be helpful to someone else. How do I fill my pew Sunday nights?

of another, as, for instance, when he likens Horace Greeley to Count Ca-ought to be the chief magnet in drawvour. We quote at some length from the pages on the founder of the New York Tribune:

Output

Output world may call the modern sermon foolishness, there is something in the flash of a minister's eye, in the nervous gesture of the hand, in the anxious tone of the voice, in the earnestness of the prayer, which does what no other pleading can do.

Some years ago, when I was a seminary student, I was invited to preach at Asbury Park, and there, though only a boy-like a medical student criticising Dr. Senn, or an office boy Joseph Choate-I spent an hour in trying to show up ministerial follies. I have a little more sense now, and instead of studying other people's follies I am trying to correct my own. And yet, brethren, we as ministers are apt to go to the extremes. Either we try to become a sensationalist—I use the word in the bad sense of notoriety seeking-by preaching upon some irreverent subject that has no more to do with the salvation of a man's soul than has a minstrel joke to a text in the Bible, or we go clear to the other extreme, and say no theme is religious unless it has been wrapped in mummy-clothes of Joseph's Pharaoh,

at least 3,000 years old. Both errors, and both wrong. Now I never go into the pulpit of a Sunday night but I say to myself, Here is a great audience of hundreds upon hundreds of people. Perhaps some of them have not been in church for ten years. Perhaps some of them may never come back again. And so my first thought is to preach the most powerful evangelistic sermon that my brain can pen. And then after I have presented Jesus in the most earnest way which my prayer and love can do, then I hold an after-meeting, and draw the net right away. I hold the aftermeeting in the side room, and as a rethe continent proves that sensuality sult in a little over a year we have had

incentive in any great movement. always try to make my applications century. For when Jesus wanted to "Presently a door opened, and the dest, most whimsical figure I had essay—but his was a living, pleading, uplifting, vitalizing personality-his the flowers perfume it, and the sunset blaze it, and the stars twinkle it, and parables of Jesus Christ were not infell among the thieves on the road to Jericho was not then the horror of Jerusalem and the subject of common talk, just the same as the Luetgert trial was that of Chicago a few months ago. Brethren, if we can help men to live better in the store, in the home, in the study, by practical applications to everyday life, they will come to the evening service. If we do not help them in some way they will not

Second, How do I fill my pews Sunday nights? By having plenty of light. I hate darkness almost as much as I hate sin. When I think of the place of future punishment I think of a place so black that you cannot see your hand before the face. And yet it is amazing to me that though light is absolutely essential for vegetable life, that though God has detailed one sun alone to illumine this planet, and this old earth hovers around that sun to keep warm, as a moth miller hovers about the flames of the candle, and though God was so anxious for the sunbeams to help him in his work of creation that on one of the first days he called from the heavens "Let there be light, let there be light!" yet with all these facts it is amazing to see gloomy and repulsive some churches are.

Some time ago I preached a couple of Sundays in a neighboring church. The officers of that church were wondering why the Sunday night audiences were so small. The wonder of wonders is those audiences were even as large as they are. Two or three little lights tried to do the work of one hundred and fifty. Nearly every church is making the awful mistake of economizing on gas. My church in Pittsburg before I went there did it. My church in Chicago made the mistake. Brethren, never have the lights turned down during the sermon. A bright sermon, like the flowers kissed of the sunrise, must live in the sunlight. Religious gloom always means

religious stupidity. Third and last, How do I fill my pews Sunday nights? By having nerve pews Sunday lights.

and backbone enough to grapple with and solve the music question. church goes to pieces invariably the squall is started around the music committee. Every ecclesiastical ship sooner or later bumps against the rocks in the organ loft. And generally two or three prominent elders or trustees, or moneyed men, have wives or their daughters in the front seats just behind the leader, and there the mischief is done. It is absolutely essential, in order to have a live, strong, evangelistic audience Sunday night, to have the right kind of music. I would upheave my church from roof to cellar, and from cellar back again to the roof, but I would have it. If necessary I would ask half of my members to leave, but I would have it. And furthermore, brethren, remember this, a dissatisfied member is better out of the church than in it. But if you will only take a brave, honest, manly course, these dissatisfied members will not leave. You could not make them leave. If my testimony will de any good !

will tell the way I have done in the past, although every man and every place is a law unto themselves, and would not in all probability do this way in the future. Although I felt then and feel now it was the best way in my case, and the cause justified the means. I simply called all the officers of my church together, elders and deacons and trustees and demanded that they make me a committee of one to run the music for a year. One of them asked me what I was going to do. I answered I would not tell him. But I wanted the absolute control over that choir loft for one year. No one to ask any questions. I to turn over the carpets and buy new tacks if I wished. My request was immediately granted. Then I went and hired a choir leader, first this man and then that man, until after awhile I found a musical genius, Mr. Robert Stevens, and as a result Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church, of which I am pastor, has congregational singing worth going miles to hear. Although we have great audiences every Sun-day night I have always felt that the people come not so much to hear me preach as to hear my people sing.

My brethren, though we are Presby. terians let us learn from John and Charles Wesley that the Methodists can sing more people into the king-dem of God than they can ever preach And just as when David in Psalm cxlviii. led the great chorus of the universe, and he first called to the galleries of the skies, "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights." And then another part of the chorus took up the refrain of the chorus took up the refrain:
"Praise ye him sun and moon, praise him all ye stars of light, praise the Lord from the earth ye dragons and all deeps. Beasts and all cattle, creep-ing things and flying fowl. Both young men and maidens, old men and children." And then David goes on and on and on until suddenly he lifts his baton and there is a pause for silence just before all the voices unite in one grand finale. "Praise ye the Lord." So do not let us in our church singing allow three or four voices in the choir loft to monopolize the church music, but in the galleries and on the main floor and in the pulpit have one grand doxology to open the service and one grand triumphant battle shout with which to close—and our singing roll up to the throne of

> way I fill my pews Sunday evenings. 000000000000000000 The Poets.

heaven as the sound of many waters,

"Praise ye the Lord." And this is the

Two Points of View. No maiden sees aright the faults Or merits of her lover; No sick man guesses if 't were best To die or to recover.

Whether a present grief ye weep, Or yet untasted blisses, Look for the balm that comes with tears, The bane that lurks in kisses

We may reap dear delight from Regret from things most pleasant; Foes may confess us when we're gone, And friends deny us present.

And that high suffering which we dread A higher joy discloses; Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow, But angels saw the roses. -Julia Ward Howe.

Grace for Light. When we were little children we had a queer wee house, Away up in the heather by the head

o' Brabla' burn; hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the crowin' grouse. An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the wall. An' the lave of us could sit aroun' just anywhere we might; Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all. "God be thanked!" she would

say-"now we have a light." Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor, ' think on One who called us to come an' be forgiven; Himself 'ud put his pipe down, a the good words "May the Lamb o' God lead us ali to

the Light o' Heaven!" There's a wheen things that used to be an' now has had their day, The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight;

But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way, Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace for light. -Moira O'Neill.

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## **EDUCATING**

Mrs. Van Rensselaer on Manual Training In the July number of the Review, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer takes up the argu-

ment of Mrs. Davis on the "Curse of Edu cation," contending that the "curse complained of, if curse there be, is vastly outweighed by the many blessings which our free schools confer on the people, and showing, by special reference to the reforms and improvements which have been effected in the educational arrangements of New York City, that the defects in our system are rapidly being removed. Mrs. Van Rensselaer emphasizes the value of manual

To train the hand means to train the powers of the eye and to bring the muscular and nervous systems into working accord. Some kinds of manual training give the whole body useful exercise. All kinds rest the brain and relieve the body after purely intellectual work, while cultivating them in another fashion and developing the creative instinct. And they teach directness of purpose, concentration of effort, accuracy of observation and also mental and moral precision of honesty. The teacher, and even the pupil himself, may think that a book lesson has been learned when it has not been, or that an idea has been mastered when it has been only half grasped, or wholly misunderstood, but this cannot happen with manual work. A tangible thing is done, and rightly done, or it is not. A stitched seam is straight, a leaf is correctly drawn, a carpenter's joint is true, or it is

not. Neither deception nor self-deception is possible in the workshop, and the spirit of accuracy, system, conscientiousness, selfrespect and helpful co-operation that it develops is carried over into the other class rooms. Moreover, the workshop may cultivate taste as well as skill; and, although it does not teach trades, it celebrates the dignity of manual labor and often develops individual liking and aptitudes for it. The same is the case with the lessons in "domestie science" given to girls. They are not

taught to be "professed" cooks or dress-makers, but their fingers, eyes and palates are trained; the importance of cleanliness, THE YOUNG are trained; the importance of cleanliness, neatness, order and exactness is impressed upon them; respect for household work and interest in it is awakened; and these great benefits are augmented by such instruction in hygienic and alimentary laws as could hardly be made to seem practical and im-portant without the help of the cooking

### A QUEER MANIA

Who Attended 6,000 Funerals.

[Letter from Reading, Pa., in New

York Sun.] Miss Sophia Christian, who was taken into custody by the strain her from going to runerals, has applied to friends to employ counsel o appeal to the courts in her behalf. She says that there is no law against going to public funerals; that she always behaved herself, conducted herseir property and that she never did an improper act at any funeral; that she is a regular church member; earns her own living, dresses properly and becomingly, and that to commit her or restrain her from her liberty, simply to prevent her from going to funerals, is unwarranted and that the courts

will not sanction it. Her record of 6,000 attended funerals is probably correct. She has had the funeral mania for 30 years. No matter what steps were taken to prevent Miss Christian from attending, she found some way of getting into the house of mourning. It was not long ago that she entered a cab at a leading funeral. The undertaker obeyed instructions, made no objections, quietly closed the cab door and nodded to the driver and the cab drove off. Instead of taking its place in line the driver drove for the stables. She became indignant when she saw the cab had stopped at the stables in a back street. For the past few years undertakers had special instructions not to permit Miss Christian to enter houses of mourning. When so informed she very quickly went to the rear entrance secured admission in that way. She denies the story that at one time she scaled a fence to get there. She

never wore mourning.

People generally knew her, but never encouraged her by much communication, especially at funerals. She took a deep interest in the dead, inspected the shrouds and floral offerings, and if permitted invariably touched the face of the dead with her ungloved hand. She was never known to weep at a funeral. Many thought that she had become so used to burials and scenes of woe that she had become too

hard-hearted to weep. Miss Christian lived alone in two rooms and worked in the early and late hours, in order to have time to attend funerals. She did housework. She had a book in which she made entries of funerals she intended going to, selecting those nearest her home from the advertisements in the daily papers, giving preference, of course, to those she knew. She invariably went alone. Hundreds knew and had a kind word for her in passing.

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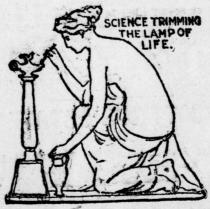
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