GOD COMFORTS HIS PEOPLE AS A MOTHER HER CHILDREN.

A Mother's Simplicity of Instruction-A Mother's Favoritism-A Mother's Way With Little Troubles-A Mother's Way of Putting a Child to Sleep.



EV. DR. TAL-MAGE, in this ser-mon, chose an as-pect of the Divine character which is seldom considered. To an unusually large audience he large audience he discoursed on God as "The Mother of All." the text being from Isaiah 66, 13: "As one whom this mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

ing from Isaiah 66, 13: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child, and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may, be fifty or sixty nights of gentle dew in one summer, that will not cause as much remark as one hail-storm of half an hour, there are those who are more struck by those passages of the Bible that announce the indignation of God than by those that announce His affection. There may come to a household twenty or fifty letters of affection during the year, and they will not make as much excitement in that home as one sheriff's writ; and so there are people who are more attentive to those passages which announce the judgments of God, than to those which announce His mercy and His favor. God is a Lion, John says in the Book of Revelation. God is a Breaker, Micah announces in his prophecy. God is a Rock. God is a King, But hear also that God is Love. A father and his child are walking out in the fields on a summer's day, and there comes up a thunder storm, and there is a flash of lightning that startles the child, and the father says, "My dear, that is God's voice." But the clouds go off the aky, and the storm is gone, and light floods the heavens and floods the landscape, and the father forgets to say, "That is God's smile."

The text of the morning bends with

The text of the morning bends with great gentleness and love over all who are prostrate in sin and trouble. It are prostrate in sin and trouble. It lights up with compassion. It melts with tendnerness. It breathes upon us the hush of an eternal lullaby, for it announces that God is our mother. "As one whom his mether comforteth, so will I comfort you."

I remark, in the first place, that God has a mother's simplicity of instruction. A father does not know how to teach a child the A, B, C. Men are not skilful in the primary department; but

teach a child the A, B, C. Men are not skilful in the primary department; but a mother has so much patience that she will tell a child for the hundredth time the difference between F and G, and between I and J. Though we are told a thing a thousand times, and we do not understand it, our heavenly Mother goes on, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. God has been teaching some of us thirty years, and some of us sixty years, one word of one syllable, and we do not know it yet-faith, faith. When we come to that word we stumble, we halt, we lose our place, we pronounce it wrong. Still, God's patience is not exhausted. God, our Mother, puts us in the school of prosperity, and the letters are in sunshine.

perity, and the letters are in sunshine, and we cannot spell them. God puts us in the school of adversity, and the letters are black, and we cannot spell them. If God were merely a king, He would punish us; if He were simply a father, He would whip us; but God is a mother, and so we are borne with and helped all the way through.

God wishes to set forth the fact that in the judgment the good will be divided from the wicked. How is it done? By a picture; by a parable—a fishing scene. A group of hardy menlong-bearded, geared for standing to the waists in water; sleeves rolled up. Long oar, sungilt; boat battered as though it had been a playmate of the storm. A full net, thumping about with the fish, which have just discovered their captivity, the worthless mossbunkers and useful flounders all in the same net. The fisherman puts his hand down amid the squirming fins, takes out the moss-bunkers and throws them into the water, and gathers the good fish into the pail. So says Christ, it shall be at the end of the world. The bad He will cast away and the good He will keep. Another picture, God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the duty of neighborly love, and it is done by a picture. A heap of wounds on the road to Jericho. A traveler has been fighting a robber. The robber stabbed him and knocked him down. Two ministers come along. They look at the poor fellow, but do not help him. A traveler comes along—a Samaritan. He says, 'Whoa!' to the beast he is riding, and dismounts. He examines the wounds; fre takes out some yine, and with it washes the wounds, and then he takes some oil, and puts that in to make the wound stop smarting, and then he takes some oil, and puts that in to make the wounds for two days; take care of him: If it costs anything more charge it to me, and I will pay it." Poture—the Good Samaritan, or Who is Your Neichbor?

Does God, our Mother, want to set forth what a foolish hing it is to go away from the right, and how glad divine mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done? By a picture. A goo

heep and over. Fine house, with hisite wardrobe. Discontented boy. I away. Sharpers fleece him. Feeds. Gets homesick. Starts back. an old man running. It is father! hand, torn of the husks, gets a The foot, inflamed and bleeding, a sandal. The bare shoulder, wing through the tatters, gets a. The stomach, knawing itself hunger, gets a full platter smokwith meat. The father cannot eat looking at the returned adventurer rs running down the face until y come to a smile—the night dew ting into the morning. No work on farm that day; for when a bad recents, and comes back again, mising to do better. God knows t is enough for one day. And they an to be merry. Picture—Prodigal returned from the wilderness. So i, our Mother, teaches us everying by pictures. The sinner is a lost tep. Jesus is the bridegroom, The less man a barren fig free. The spel is a great supper. Satin, a wer of tares. Truth, a mustard seed at which we could not have undered in the abstract statement, God. Mother, presents to us in this deathum of pictures, God engraved not the divine maternity ever thus teching us?

is a boy—strong, well, of high forehead and quick intellect. The father says. "I will take that boy into my firm yet;" or. "I will give him the very best possible education." There are instances, where, for the culture of the one boy. All the others have been robbed. A sad favoritism; but that is not the mother's favorite. I will tell you her favorite. That is a child who at two years of age had a fall. He has never got over it. The scarlet fever muffled his hearing. He is not what he once was. That child hes caused the mother more anxious nights than all the other children. If he coughs in the night, she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to him. The last thing she does when going out of the house is to give a charge in regard to him. The first thing on coming in is to ask in regard to him. Why, the children of the family all know that he is the favorite, and say, "Mother, you let him do just as he pleases, and you give him a great many things which you do not give us. He is your favorite." The mother smiles; she knows it is so. So he ought to be; for if there is anyone in the world that needs sympathy more than another; it is an invalid child, weary on the first mile of life's jour ney; carrying an aching head, a weak side an irritated lung. So the mother than another, it is am invalid child, weary on the first mile of life's journey; carrying an aching head, a weak side an irritated lung. So the mother ought to make him a favorite, God, our Mother, has favorites. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." This is, one whom He especially loves He chastenth. God loves us all; but a there one weak, and sick, and sore, and wounded and suffering and faint? That is the one who lies nearest and more perpetually on the great, loving heart of God. Why it never coughs but our Mother, God, hears it. It never stirs a weary limb in the bed, but our Mother, God, knows of it. There is no such a watcher as God. The best nurse may be overborne by fatigue, and fall asleep in the chair, but God, our Mother, after being up a year of nights with a suffering child, never slumbers or sleeps.

with a suffering child, never similars or sleeps.

When I see God especially busy in troubling and trying a Christian, I know that out of that Christian's character there is to come some especial good. After a while the mantle of affliction will fall off, and his soul will be greeted by the one hundred and forty-four thousand, and the thousands of thousands as more than conqueror. forty-four theusand, and the thousands of thousands, as more than conqueror. Oh, my friends, God, our Mouter, is just as kind in our afflictions as our prosperities. God never touches us but for our good. If a field clean and cultured is better off tham a barren field, and if a stone that has become a statute is better off than the marble in the quarry than thet soul that God. statute is better off than the maroise in the quarry, then that soul that God chastens may be His favorite. Oh, the rocking of the soul is not the rocking of an earthquake, but the rocking of God's cradie. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I have been told that the pearly the result of a more than the result of in an oyster is merely the result of a wound, or a sickness inflicted upon it, and I do not know but that the bright est gems of heaven will be found to have been the wounds of earth kindled into the jeweled brightness of eternal

I remark that God has a mother's capacity for attending to little harts. The father is shocked at the broken bone of the child, or at the sickness. bone of the child. or at the sickness that sets the cradle on fire with fever, but it takes the mother to sympathize with all the little aliments and little bruises of the child. If the child have a splinter in its hand, it wants the mother to take it out, and not the father. The father says: "Oh, that is nothing," but the mother knows it is something, and that a little hurt sometimes is very great. So with God. our Mother; all our annoyances are important enough to look and sympathize with. Nothing with God is something.

There are no cyphers in God's arithmetic. And if we were only good enough. of sight, we could see as much through a microscope as through a telescop. Those things that may be impalpable and infinitesimal to us, may be presented and infinite to God.

I remark further that God has a ther's patience for the erring. If one does wrong first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes on in the wrong way, his business partner casts him off; if he goes on, his best triends cast him off, the goes on, his best triends cast him off, the goes on, his best triends cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge, and forgives the last time as well as the first? Who sits by the murderer's counsel all through the kong trial? Who tarries the longest at the window of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him? It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs, if she be still alive, and bless her graye if she be still alive, and bless her praye if she be still alive, and bless her praye if she be gone. And bless he rocking-chair in which she used to read! So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast a man off. God our Mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case. After all the other doctors have got through, the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much. I have seen the most harsh and bitter treatment on the part of those who professed faith in Christ toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm and billingagate and carteature, and they tried on the wanderer sarcasm and billingagate and carteature, and they tried the tittle-tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was forgiveness. A soldier in England was brought, by a sergeant to the Colonel. "What," says the Colonel. "Bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sergeant, "there is one thing you have more tried. I would like you to try that." "What is that?" said the Colonel. Said the man. "Torriveness." The case had not gone so far believe to the sides, but I am sort hand. It is not a badilit's hand that selzes you to-day. It is not a hand

I want to say, finally, that God has a mother's way of putting a child to sleep. You know there is no cradle song like a mother's. After the excitement of the evening it is almost impossible to get the child to sleep. If the rocking-chair stops a moment, the eyes are wide open; but the mother's patience and the mother's

soothing manner keeps on until, after awhile, the angel of slumber puts his wing over the pillow, Well, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ, the time will come when we will be wanting to be put to sleep. The day of our life will be done, and the shadows of the night of death will be gathering around us. Then we want God to soothe us, to hush us to sleep. Let the music at our going not be the dirge of the organ, or the knell of the church tower, or the drumming of a "dead march," but let it be the hush of a mother's lullaby. Oh! the cradle of the grave will be soft with the pillow of all the promises. When we are being rocked into that last slumber, I want this to be the cradle say: "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which name ever wake to weep.
A Scotchman was dying. His daughter Nellie sat by the bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the church was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying room, thought that he was on the way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river; and as the evening bell struck up, in his dying dream he thought it was the call to church. He said: "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered, and then said, "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river; said, "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river; but we will soon be there. Nellie, we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder he smiled. The good old man had got to ohurch. Not the old country church, but the temple in the skies. Just across the river. How comfortably did God hush that old man to sleep! As one whom his mother comforteth, so God comforteth him.

NANSEN'S DUST.

Important Suggestions Offered by Par-

On one of his expeditions to Greenland, Nansen collected many samples of dust from the surface of the snow on the ice-floes between Iceland and Greenland, and was much interested in the Diatomaceae found in some of these, says Knowledge. The Diatomaceae are minute unicellular plants, each cell being inclosed in a small case, or frustule composed of siliceous case, or frustule, composed of siliceous material. This easing consists of two valves or plates, one overlapping the other, somewhat after the manner of the two parts of a pill box. The surthe two parts of a pill box. The surfaces of these valves often appear beautifully ornamented, due to the presence of depressions, lying in the interspaces of an elevated reticulation. The diameter of the plates is unsually less than one-two-hundredths of an inch, so that they require the highest powers of the miscroscope for their study.

Nansen submitted his specimens to Professor Cleve, of Upsala, who, after

Nansen submitted his specimens to Professor Cleve, of Upsala, who, after identifying sixteen species and varieties, reported on them as follows: "The diatom flora of this dust is quite pesuliar and different from that of all the many thousands of samples which I have examined, with the exception of one, with which it shows the most complete congruity, viz., a sample which was collected by Kjellman (during the Vega expedition) on the floe ice at Cape Wankarema, near Bering Straits, The species and varieties are exactly the same in both samples. It is quite remakable that the diatom flora on ice-floes near Bering Sound and others. It indicates that there is an open communication between the seas east of Greenland and north of Asia." Nansen adds: "All these (referring to his own specimens) were also found at Cape Wankarema, twelve of them being only known from there and from nowhere else in the whole world; and that though the diatom flora of the Kara Sea, Franz Josef Land, Spitzbergen and Greenland has also been partly examined." All through his paper Nansen showed his keen appreciation of little things. The minerals in the dust were also examined, no less than twenty varieties being recognized by Tornbohm, who exclaims: "Can it be possible that the terrestrial portions of the dust originate from Northern Siberia? That it is partly mud carried into the sea by the great Siberian rivers? The great variety of minerals contained in the dust seems to me to indicate that it originates from an extensive land region, and thus it seems most natural to think of Northern Siberia?

New Spring Kerchiefs.

The handkerchiefs for 1897 are daintily exquisite in design and manufacture, and are elaborately embroidered in all the colors of the rainbow. For the decoration of these charming bits of muslin birds and insects seem to be preferred to floral designs. One specimen shows a line of gayly tinted swallows extending diagonally across the center of the handkerchief, with a border of the same birds, whose wings and tails form uneven scallops. Yet another has a cluster of bees in the corner, with a delicately outlined border of the same little insects, upon either side of which is a harrow hem-

trasting shades are considered more correct than the white for debutantes and very young matrons.

Deep purple and white centers, bordered by black duchess lace, are the vogue for showy mourning use, while batiste and cotton foulards are in high favor of novelty mouchoirs. They are all exceedingly delicate, both in texture and color, and those with broad plaited borders are decidedly striking.

Handkerchiefs to match the gown in color are quite the proper thing for evening wear. Many of the prebtiest are filmy bits of mosseline de soie, edged with several ruffles of real lace.

Among the smart combinations for general utility are those of ecru linen, with stripes and checks of layender, old pink and reseda green. Monograms are worked in outline stitch, and are placed in the center for the lovers of eccentric styles, in which event the monogram must be framed by a circle of some correspondingly attactive embroidery.

Washing Flannels.

Flannels require care in their washing to prevent their shrinking and keep them soft. Make a strong suds of pure white soap and water as hot as the hand can bear it, put in the flannels, and let them lie twenty minutes. A flannel should not be rubbed, but drawn through the hands until it seems perfectly clean. Prepare another tub of water, not using quite as much soap, and when the flannels are taken from the first water, drop them into the second water, press through that and put them into a warm water, slightly blued. Carefully wring the flannels out of the last water, shake them well and dry as quickly as possible, taking care not to hang them where they will freeze when drying. When sufficiently dry, fron the flannels and hang them unfolded until rolled up wher dry and laid one side to be froned later.

Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN. Advertise in THE WEEKLY SUN.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The Services in the Various Catholic Churches.

Entertainments in All Sections of the City, Fairville and at Memramcook.

St. Patrick's day was quietly ob erved on the 17th. The day was a very fine one and the shamrock occupied a conspicuous place on the hat or coat of hundreds of citizens.

Solemn high mass was celebrated at the cathedral at ten o'clock. Rev. A. O'Neill was celebrant, with Rev. F. McMurray and Rev. A. Robichaud as assistants. His Lordship Bishop Sweeny was present within the sanctuary in cope Rev. D. Corbett preached, an able sermon on the Life and Times of St. Patrick.

At St. John the Baptist church Very Rev. Monsignor Connolly, V. G., cele-brated mass and also preached the sermon. The collection for the or-

phans amounted to \$21.87.

In St. Peter's church solemn high mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. E. M. Weigel, C. SS. R., the choir singing the Mass of the Holy Angels. Rey. Father Feeney delivered a very interesting sermon on St. Patrick, the glorious apostle of Ireland, whose memory, he said, will last as long as the Irish race. He took as his text several verses found in the Book of Wisdom, and applied them to the character of St. Patrick.

In Holy Trinity church Rev. J. J. Welsh celebrated high mass at 7.30 o'clock, and spoke of St. Patrick and his work. High mass was also celebrated in

High mass was also celebrated in the Church of the Assumption (Rev. J. J. O'Donovan), and St. Rose's church (Rev. C. Collins), and sermons on St. Patrick were delivered.

The entertainments in the various parts of the city and Fairville that night were all largely attended. The variety entertainment provided by the St. Charles Dramatic club was well received by a large audience. The entertainment in St. Patrick's hall, Carleton, was most enjoyable.

The hall was crowded. The entertainment in St. Peter's hall in the afternoon and at night under the auspices of the Young Men's Amateur Dramatic Union, was very largely attended and proved a success from all standpoints. The drama presented was the well known Irish play, The Pride of Killarney, a beautiful piece in four acts. Following is the cast of characters: The entertainment in the Opera

house that evening under the auspices of the dramatic club of the Young Men's Society of St. Joseph, in aid of the Roman Catholic orphans, was very largely attended. From a dramatic standpoint, the performance was a very creditable one, and reflects great-ly upon those instrumental in getting it up. Fellowing is a copy of the cast:

Myies O'Shaughnessy, a warm-hearted
Trishman J. McGrath
Felix Harding, Maurice O'Donnell's
enemy C. A. Conlon Darby Grady, an eccentric Irishman.

M. Kelly
Adolphus Pennyworth, an exquisite.

H. Doody
Mr. O. Driscoll, McDonell's friend. Barney Rafferty, a Killarney boy......M. Kelly

The Sun's Memramcook correspondent telegraphed that night as follows:

A large and appreciative audience were present in the college hall that evening to witness the first production of "Paul, the Cripple, or Love at Last." This drama was written especially fo the occasion, and proved a great

Geo. Ross, as Paul, the Cripple, and Roy H. McGrath as Anthony, his brother, fully sustained their well earned reputation on the stage.

H. Rive and C. McDonald as Knights

of the Woods, also deserve special mention. The former in his specialties called forth repeated applause. F. Giffan as Linus, a servant of Anthony,

Giffan as Linus, a servant of Anthony, afforded much amusement to the audience. Messrs. Coughlan, Doyle, O'-Neill and Hannigan acted in their usual fine style, and showed themselves to be at home behind the footlights. The star of the evening, however, was D. McJunesney in the role of Nicholas, a beggar. Mr. McJunesney made his first appearance on the stage last evening, and it is the opinion of all that in a larger sphere he would prove himself an actor of no small ability.

small ability.

After the play the latest farce, "Daddy's Only Foolin'," was put on, and kept the house in a continual up-

CHAMPION FITZSIMMONS.

(Continued from Page Five.)

was soon over. There was one ex-change of blows, a clinch and a knock-out, Flaherty going down as though he had been shot. It was all over in ne minute and four seconds.

BILLY SMITH BEATEN BY GREEN The fight between "Mysterious" Billy Smith and George Green, welbeen broken in the fourth round. was noticeable that Smith refrained from using his left arm, which had been broken three months ago. The

Round 1—The men clinched immediately and Smith commenced his work on Green's ribs. On the breakaway Green punched Smith in the stomach. There was another clinch and both got in body blows.

Round 2—Smith swung his right ineffectually and clinched. Green jabbed film in the mouth with his left. Another clinch and Green jabbed again with his left, causing Smith's mouth to bleed.

Round 3—Green played alternately with his left for Smith's nose and stomach, landing nearly every time. In a wrestling match Green was thrown and remained down three seconds. As the round ended Green got in two more jabs with his left. Round 4—Smith rushed at Green and a clinch followed. Green got in a left on the stomach and a right swing on the ribs. Smith gave Green a hot one in the ribs.

Round five was like all the rest, clinches and jabs by Green.

Round 6—Smith went to the floor as a result of a left hand punch in the face. The "Mysterious" man seemed very tired and bung to Green as long as he could in the clinches. He landed on Green's law.

Round 7—Smith rushed matters a bit but was ineffectual until the end of the round, when he sent Green's head back with a right swing on the mouth.

Round 8—In a wrestle Smith was thrown. Green then tried for a knockout with his right sut missed.

Round 9—Green played constantly for the stomach, but Smith managed to block him covery time.

cvery time.

Round 10—Green had it nearly all his way, landing a succession of lefts on the head and body that badly demoralized Smith, who appealed to the refere for protection. Round 11—Green wanted to end the affair and rushed Smith against the ropes. Smith got his right twice on Green's neck and was in return jabbed in the stomach. Smith was very tired when the bell rang, and when he had gone to his corner his seconds threw up the sponge and the fight was given to Green.

THE FIGHT IN THIS CITY. "Fitzsimmons wins in the fourteenth round" were the words sent from the telegraph offices yesterday to the hundreds congregated about the foot of King street, and this message of good news to some and bad to others was soon scattered throughout the city. These who won money soon showed it by their smiling faces. It is probable that some three thousand dollars changed hands in this city, the Fitzsimmons men in

in this city, the Fitzsimmons men in nearly every instance getting odds.

It has been a long time since as much interest has been taken in a sporting event. The Opera billiard hall, where the bulletins were received and read, was crowded, and there are hundreds who feel under deep obligation to Mr. Driscoll in securing the information. At the Cafes curing the information. At the Cafes regarding the fight were also re-ceived and announced to the large

San Francisco, March 18.-James J. Corbett remained in his rooms at the St. Nicholas hotel today, and spent most of the time lying down. rose early and had a hearty break-fast, while he incidentally devoured every word printed about the fight in the morning papers. Then he rested and did not rise until a dentist called in to repair the tooth shattered by Fitzsimmons yesterday. Jim shows little outward evidence of his encounter, but he is weak from the effects of the terrible blow, and has intermittent shooting pains in his left side. His physician, however, says he will suffer no permanent injury, although the shock to both nervous and physical system has been severe. Corbett was first annoyed, then amused at the report brought over the wires that he was dead. He said he was the liveliest corpse ever seen, and reiterated his ability and willngness to fight Fitzsimmons or any any day next week.

"I don't want to say anything more about the fight," he said to an Associated Press representative. "Hold on, though, just say this, will you say I was beaten fairly and honestly

say I was beaten fairly and honestly and that I have no kick coming—no complaint to make—and don't represent me as sick or dying or even M. for I am not—only chagrined at my carelessness in the fight."

Carson, Nev., March 18.—Bob Fitz-simmons, the new champion puglist of the world, took things very easy today. He appeared in excellent shape, and the pounding he received yesterday did not show to any extent. His lower lip was cut guite

and kept the bouse in a continual uproser.

The play on the whole reflects much credit on St. Patrick's academy, and especially upon Mr. McNamee, C.S.C., the author of the play, who trained the boys.

The S. J. C. orchestra, under the leadership of Rev. S. J. Arsenault, C. S. C. furnished some choice music during the evening.

The receipts go toward liquidating the debt on the new A. A. Agrounds.

This morning grand high mass was celebrated in the parish church by Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C.S.C. Rev. Fr. Bourgeois, M. A., acted as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Girard, D. D., C.S.C., as subdeacon.

Rev. Ed. Savage of Sussex preached an able and eloquent sermon on the life and labors of St. Patrick.

The Union Jack was flying from the customs house vesterday in honor of St. Patrick's day.

Work on the Coast railway, which will run from Yarmouth, and the rails are down on 20 miles of that stretch. There are on the spot 1,000 tons of rails, which it is estimated will carry the line out some 34 miles, or to Lower East Pubnico. The railway will the the could out show to any extent. His lower lip was cut quite beading and was covered with court that His lower lip was cut quite beading and was covered with court that has a going and was covered with court flash was the only thing about him that gave any indication of the ordeal he had gone through on the preceding day. One thumb was tied up, and Bob explained that he had hur it it on Corbett's head gone through about him that gave any indication of the ordeal he had gone through about him that gave any indication of the ordeal he had gone through about him that gave any indication about him that gave any indication of the ordeal he had gone through about him that gave any indication about him that gave any indication of the ordeal he had gone through about him that gave any indication about him that gave any indication of the ordeal he had gone through about him that gave any indication about him that gave any indication about him that gave any indication about him that gave any ind rails, which it is estimated will carry the line out some 34 miles, or to Lower East Pubnico. The railway will be completed to Lockeport in 1898, when it is understood it will be continued on to Halifax, another 100 miles.

touch Corbett, and that if the fight went over ten rounds it meant that went over ten rounds it meant that I could be a sure winner. I know that I could outlast him and I have shown the world that I could tire him out to Halifax, another 100 miles.

In the early part of the fight I played for his jaw and I must say that he kept it out of the way in mighty good style. I reached it several times, how-ever, and I knew that I would sooner or later get there. He was so clever, however, in guarding his jaw, that it meant too much waste of effort on my part, and besides I couldn't land often enough. I then began playing for his body and in a short time I landed

Regarding his future movements. Fitzsimmons said: "I have not decided just what I will do, but one thing ter-weights, followed immediately after the Hawkins-Flaherty bout. Smith any more for at least two years. It had the worst of it until the end of has been at least three years since the eleventh round, when he gave up Corbett fought anybody for the chamthe fight, saying that his arm had plonship, and I am not going into any finish contest for two years my-Malachy Hogan of Chicago was ref-eree, and he had his hands full. It to fight again and I may not. It all depends upon how I feel. I am getting along in years and two years more on my present age will bring me not far from forty, and that is rather a mature age for any man to engage in a finish contest. " However, I will not say now what I will do. I may fight again and I may not. I simply shall pay no attention to the challenges made by Goddard, Mitchell and Sharkey. They are bluffs, and are not worth my consideration."

> NOW UP AND NOW DOWN. Notice the slender column of mercury in your thermometer. Today it s longer than it was yesterday; tomorrow it may be longer still, or much shorter; you can't tell in advance. So it varies with the amount of heat in the atmosphere. Very good; but we all

> knew that before, you say. Take note of another measuring instrument, then; one that you carry about whithersoever you go. We often hear one person say of another, "His spirits are very mercurial," meaning that they rise or fall under slight influences. But others have protracted periods of depression of spirits, sometimes threatening permanent melancholia. In fact, instances of this kind are getting to be alarmingly common, and any suggestions as to the cause and the remedy must be welcome to society at large.

Speaking of a recent ilness of her own Mrs. Hagar Percival says the doctor pronounced her allment to be "nervous debility." The phrase is familiar and expressive, and the doctor used it in the ordinary accepted sense. After all we seem to need more light. Perhaps we shall get it by turning a leaf backward and finding out how the trouble

"In July, 1890," says the lady, "I felt strangely weak and out of spirits. I could scarcely persuade myself to eat anything, and when I did the food caused me much distress in the stomach and pain in the chest. Neither did get any strength from it, but grew ore weak and nervous. Later on I had frequent attacks of dizziness and fainting fits, which would come upon me in the street, so that I often came near falling to the ground. Sometimes I had two or three such attacks in a single day. The doctor said I had nervous debility, but the medicine he

gave me did no good.

"Better and worse I suffered in this manner for about three years, no treatment availing to relieve me. At Easter of 1892 my mother brought me a bottle cured her of liver complaint. I began using it, and in a short time I could eat beter, andmy food digested without giving me any trouble or discomout giving me any trouble or discomfort. I grew stronger, the fainting fits gradually ceased, and I regained my health. (Signed) Hagar Percival, 25 Lind street, Country Read, Walton. Liverpool, July 19th, 1893."

In a letter dated November 30th, 1892, and writen at his home, 142, Shepherd's

ent states that in the year 1883 he fell into a condition of nervous debility. He took medicines in plenty, but grew worse and worse notwithstand early peculiarities of his case were ex-actly the same as in the case of Mrs.

Percival, above named.

"One day," he declares, "a friend of mine, Mr. Charle Swan of King street, told me of a medicine from the use of benefit under like circumstances. I at once began taking it, and before I had finished one bottle the pain and distress left me, my nerves were steady, and I gained strength. After I had used three bottles I was in as good health as I was before the attack the previous spring. Appreciating the value of a remedy which proved able to do what no other could accomplish, I am perfectly willing to have the fact made public. (Signed) Frank William Dea-

The nervous depression in both these eases, as in most others, was the diect consequence of the circulation of impurities of the blood. The extreme melancholy and distortion of judgment witnessed in hypochondriacs arises from the same cause; and (this point is for a same cause). s for your memory) the case underlying all is indigestion and dyspepsia, which creates these impurities in the

The system.

To have strong nerves we must have pure blood; to have pure blood we must have perfect digestion, and to have that we must do what these two people did, use Mother Selgel's Curative Syrup. They used it as 5001 as they heard of it. Warned by their needless suffering you wil use it the moment you feel the first symptoms of the coming evil.

The men who came out of the woods from Kilburn's camps Saturday say there is as much as three feet of snow in that section of the country. Today's storm will greatly to that.—Gleaner, Monday.

ISAAC



employed in as not proposed in the contract of The Shorthand Instructor (Part I., 50c., and Part II., 75c.), recently published, pres-ent the latest developments of shorthand

Send for them and for Catalogues of our Business and Shorthand Course of Study. S. KERR & SON.

Look Ou And get season so are FR.



Josh Billings

We say it takes a lot to keep a farme happy who wastes time and money on poor fences. Don't take this to yourself if not sit down and

WIRE PE Water S

A. J. M . CHUM. OTTA

Ottawa, March 1 to say anything foriticism of the Un bill, one of the min went to Washington ment was not surpr protectionist feature They were informed Washington, he said, it would not pre

Twenty-five tons from the experimen Peter Mitchell is tendent of fisheries the maritime prov quarters in Ottawa Nominations too day for Wright co Dougall, Q. C., con N. Champagne, lil nated. Mr. Laurier lon, in reply, den ment as corruptly ment as corruptly
clared it struck a
education. Mr. Pat
ier of osutoms, atte
an uproar ensued
broke up in disorde
The gonservatives
today selected Hon.

missioner of public didate for the Quel Judga Tascherea court has returned the West Indies.

Ottawa, March 1 per 1,000 on rough shown by the Units in the support has shown by the Unit is no surprise had anything, are surp \$2 instead of \$1 fro have been from tir from Washington. I en the hands of \$1 who are clamoring on logs, but the go lumbermen here was it is

Ottawa, March cussed the tariff general principles settled now that been made public.

The supreme coument in the election

Argument was h court today on the having left Canada so. The high countario decided in one tion was valid, but in the latter case w. the Attorney Go Wales, in which tee of the privy co provision in New vires, as it was le beyond the territedeputy minister for the attorney support of the va court expres discivered yesterd

Coleman'