Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE FIELD OF SPORT.

All-Comers Defeat the Local Bankers at Cricket.

Result of the C. A. A. O. Regatta at Lachine — Trotting at Toronto — A Variety of Sporting Events.

CRICKET.

The record of the Australians in England up to date is 5 won, 7 lost and 4 drawn.

An All-American team, made up of the pick of the native cricketers, will visit England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales next year. The money for the expences of the proposed tour has already been raised. There is not the slightest doubt but that the scheme will be successfully consummated, while the season of 1891 will be a red letter season in the annals of American cricket. The tour will last from the beginning of May until the middle of September, which will allow the Americans to meet all the crack teams of England.

DETROIT, Aug. 11.—The Toronto club took the D. C. into camp handily Saturday, defeating them by 34 runs. Toronto, first inning, 99; Detroit, first inning, 91; second inning, 35.

CAL MATCHES.

The Windsor cricket eleven, which is on a tour, plays London Cricket Club today, an all-day match game commencing at 11 o'clock. The following team represents London: Hogan, Cooper, Sayers, Robin, Wood, Y. E. Holmes, Blackburn, Jarvis, Watson, Chapman.

On Monday Chatham will play the London Cricket Club, and as they are sure to bring a strong eleven London will have to keep their level best. Owing to the anything having matches on both these dates the Londoners are not as strong as might be wished. Everyone cordially invited.

THE BANKERS DEFEATED.

A very interesting and close game of cricket was played on the grounds of the London Cricket Club Saturday afternoon, between the bankers and all comers. The score stood as follows:

BANKERS.

Watson, b Cooper	1
Shirreff, c and b Blackburn	5
Wood, b Blackburn	19
Robin, run out	11
Gordon, hit wickets	0
Lefroy, c Sayers, b Blackburn	16
Stevenson, b Cooper	0
Dealey, b Cooper	7
Harris, c Cooper, b Sayers	19
Whelan, not out	3
Extras	11
Total	92

ALL COMERS.

Cooper, c Whelan, b Robin	0
Drealey, b Lefroy	11
Blackburn, b Lefroy	0
E. Sayers, c Shirreff, b Robin	9
G. Sayers, c Dealey, b Robin	4
Gibson, b Wood	13
Bazan, b Robin	29
Farnan, b Watson	32
Burwell, b Robin	4
Ferguson, not out	0
Extras	14
Total	116

BASEBALL.

ALERTS VS. RIVERSIDES.

The baseball match at Tecumseh Park on Saturday afternoon between the Alerts and Riversides was one of the most exciting contests that has been witnessed in the city since the formation of the amateur league. A purse of $50, which was to be the property of the winners, no doubt lent encouragement to the players and added to the interest of the spectators. The Riversides, although a much heavier team than their opponents, put up a excellent game, and, with the exception of the third inning, none of their errors were costly. In this inning, however, they had two chances to retire the side, both of which were unaccepted, and as a result three more runs were added to the Alert's score. Haddon, the Riverside's center fielder, particularly distinguished himself with good work in the field. The following is the score by innings:

		R.	H.	E.
Alerts	0 1 1 0 0 0 0 1 *	6	4	0
Riversides	2 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 0	5	10	4

SATURDAY'S GAMES.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At New York—New York, 0, 5, 3; Brooklyn, 5, 10, 1. Batteries—Rusie, Clark and Buckley, Terry and Daly. Umpire—Powers.

At Philadelphia—Philadelphia, 6, 11, 7; Boston, 9, 14, 4. Batteries—Getzien and Bennett, Gleason and Clements. Umpire—Lynch.

At Pittsburg—Pittsburg, 4, 9, 2; Chicago, 6, 9, 1. Batteries—Gumbert and Wilson, Luby and Nagle. Umpire—Stein.

At Cleveland—Cleveland, 5, 10, 4; Cincinnati, 4, 8, 3. Batteries—Rhines and Harrington, Young and Zimmer. Umpire—Strief.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Columbus—Columbus, 10, 9, 3; Rochester, 3, 9, 7. Batteries—Knauss and Doyle, Barr and McGuire. Umpire—Doescher.

At Toledo—Toledo, 3, 7, 2; Athletics, 7, 11, 2. Batteries—Cushman and Sage, McMahon and Baldwin. Umpire—Peoples.

At Louisville—Louisville, 11, 14, 0; Syracuse, 2, 6, 3. Batteries—Casey and Burke, Stratton and Bligh. Umpire—Emslie.

At St. Louis—St. Louis, 3, 6, 4; Brooklyn, 4, 4, 1. Batteries—Stivetts, Wells and Munyan, Murphy and Pitz. Umpire—Curry.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

At Boston—Boston, 2, 6, 11; Brooklyn, 6, 9, 6. Batteries—Daily and Swett; Weyhing and Kinslow. Umpires—Holbert and Ferguson.

At New York—New York, 3, 8, 6; Philadelphia, 7, 7, 4. Batteries—Keefe and Ewing; Sanders and Milligan. Umpires—Gaffney and Sheridan.

At Cleveland—Cleveland, 6, 9, 1; Pittsburg, 1, 5, 3. Batteries—Bakely and Sutcliffe; Staley and Quinn. Umpires, Knight and Jones.

At Chicago—Chicago, 10, 13, 3; Buffalo, 7, 9, 6. Batteries—King and Farrell; Keefe and Mack. Umpires—Snyder and Pearce.

FLYS.

The Louisville correspondent of the Sporting Life says: "Ed Bligh and Mickey Jones are favorites with the enthusiasts."

His full name is Louis Bierbauer. He is called Bauer because baseball reporters don't like to associate him with a bier. Louis never touches a drop except it be a "ball."—[Boston Globe.

Rusie hurt his hand in trying to open a window coming down on a Fall River boat on Tuesday night, and Manager Mutrie said yesterday that the young Hoosier would probably not be able to pitch for a week or so.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

Knauss is a powerful, muscular young fellow of terrific speed, and for a pitcher ranks away up as a hitter. He is master of all the deliveries, quick and clean in his movements, and is especially effective when men are on bases. He is the only left-handed pitcher in the corps of the Columbus club, and his accession "fills a long-felt want."—[Sporting Life.

The chief topic in baseball circles during the last week was the proposed amalgamation of the Players' League and American Association, the ball for which was started rolling last week. Everywhere but in League circles, of coarse, the scheme is regarded with more or less favor, and either amalgamation of, or at least an alliance between, the two organizations is generally conceded to be entirely practicable and calculated to simplify the situation.

Pitcher Mike Morrison, late of the Stars, has brought action against Manager Frazer for the $75 deducted from his pay. Manager Frazer says that Morrison was fined $50 for pitching a poor game against Columbus, and that he was subsequently laid off for four days. Morrison claims that he was never notified of the fine or the "lay off." Ex-Manager Fessenden has made affidavit that Morrison was not notified of a fine.—[Syracuse Standard.

It appears that Fessenden threw up the management of the Syracuse Stars because the directorate would not back him up in his endeavors to introduce new blood into the team. The Sporting life says: "Fessenden had the talk with President Frazer on Saturday, and Frazer, it, seems, would not give him the money or authority to go and hire some new players, but did give him his release, as he did not get along with the team, which lost nearly all of its games since Fessenden took charge. Frazer laughed at the idea of men from the Atlantic Association taking the place of such players as McQuery, Wright, Ely, McLaughlin and O'Rourke. Frazer is going to manage the team himself for the rest of the season."

THE OAR.

The eleventh annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held at Lachine on Saturday. It was unsatisfactory owing to the delay in starting the events and inadequate transportation facilities. The senior single scull race was won by a length by J. J. Ryan, of Toronto; M. Shea, of the Don Amateur Club, Toronto, second. Time, 9:42. G. O. Nettleton, of the Minnesota Club, St. Paul, also started, but before he had gone 100 yards he fouled a spar buoy, and henceforward was not in the race. A. P. Burnett, of Toronto, won the junior singles; T. Kenney, of the Don Amateurs, Toronto, second. The senior four-oared race was won by the Don Amateurs, of Toronto, in 9:57. The boats of the Ottawas and Argonauts filled with water, and the crews were picked up by the umpire's boat. When the race was concluded it was 7 o'clock, too late for further events.

A sculling race took place at Oyster Bay, L. I., Saturday afternoon between George W. Lee, of Newark, N. J., and John Largan, of Manchester, Eng., ex-champion of England, for $500. The course was about 1¾ miles, with a turn. The water was choppy. Lee won easily by two lengths in 12:30.

THE TURF.

The entries to the Grand Circuit racing at Poughkeepsie have closed, and there are 113 horses named, 18 in the 2:20 class and 13 in the 2:18 class. In the free-for-all pacing are Argyle, Hal Pointer, Gossip, jun.; Jewitt and Gray Harry. In the free-for-all trotting are Harry Wilkes, Rosalind Wilkes, Leopold Rose, Kit Curry and Susie S. During the meeting Mr. C. J. Hamlin, who is over 70 years old, will drive the team Belle Hamlin and Justiana to beat 2:15¾ and Belle Hamlin will be driven alone to beat 2:12¾.

TROTTING AT TORONTO.

TORONTO, Aug. 11.—About 2,000 people were at Dufferin Park on Saturday afternoon to witness the final day's trotting. There were two events on the card, and, the track being in splendid condition, the fastest time of the meeting was made. Summary:

2:37 class—Trotting; purse $350; divided into 60, 25 and 15 per cent.:

J. M. G., g. g., J. B. Petit, Port Huron	1	1	1
John Doddridge, g. g. Ed Harper, Toronto	2	2	3
Clara W., b. m., T. O'Connell, Toronto	3	5	2
Billy Go Easy, b. g., H. Crozier, Orangeville	4	3	5
Minnie Moore, b.m., J. Dixon, Toronto	4	3	4
Minnie B., b. m., J. Gillispie, Ottawa	5	4	4

Time—2:35, 2:36¼, 2:37¼. 3dr.

Free for all; purse, $550, divided into 60, 25 and 15 per cent:

Hattie Hawthorne, b.m., E. Rooney, Prescott	3	2	2	1	1
Hurricane, gr.s., R. Stewart, Aylmer, Que	1	1	3	4	4
Crown Imperial, br.s., H. Crozier, Orangeville	2	4	1	2	2
Minnie Moore, b.m., J. Dixon, Toronto	4	3	4	3	3dr.

Time—2:31¼, 2:32¼, 2:31¼, 2:31, 2:33¼, 2:36.

TROTTING AT BUFFALO.

BUFFALO, Aug. 11.—At the Buffalo Circuit races on Saturday the favorites in each class were beaten. The free-for-all was not concluded and will be finished this morning. Wardwell reduced his record in the 2:17 pacing class from 2:27 to 2:16¼, but did not take the race, which was won by Emma. Summaries:

2:22 class, trotting. Purse, $2,000:

Mambrino Maid	7	1	1	5	1
Voucher	6	2	2	1	3
McDouel	1	7	5	3	2
Golden Rod	2	6	3	6	4
Yorktown Belle	3	5	7	2	5
Wonder	5	3	6	7	7
Frank B	4	4	4	4	6

Time—2:20¼, 2:19¼, 2:21¼, 2:21¼, 2:21¾.

2:17 class, pacing. Purse, $2,000:

Emma	4	2	1	1	3	3	1
Scioto Girl	1	4	4	3	2	1	2
Wayne Wilkes	2	3	3	2	1	2	4
Wardwell	3	1	2	4	5	1	3
Ed. Annan	5	5	5	5	4	r.o.	

Time—2:23, 2:16¼, 2:17¼, 2:18¼, 2:19¼, 2:22¼, 2:25¼.

Free-for-all class, trotting. Purse, $2,000 (unfinished):

Palo Alto	3	2	1	1
Rosalind Wilkes	1	1	2	2
Jack	2	3	3	3
Susie S.	4	4	4	4

Time—2:18, 2:16¼, 2:16¼, 2:16.

CHESS.

The New York State Chess Association has issued a programme for a grand mid-summer handicap tournament at White Sulphur Springs Hotel, Chittenango, N. Y., from Aug. 26 to 29. All of the clubs are expected to send representatives.

QUOITING.

A quoiting tournament is to be held on the Galt grounds Aug. 18 and 19, when the following prizes will be given: First class—First $15, second $10, third $5. Intermediate, for losers of first and second draws—First $10, second $6, third $3. Consolation—First $5, second $3, third $2.

"WASN'T IT JOLLY?"

The Proverbial Character of "Advertiser" Picnics Sustained.

A Glorious Day at the Port—Good Music Galore — Spirited Sports — Delightful Dancing—Fun in Profusion, Pleasure ad Libitum, and No Mishaps.

Bright weather on Saturday afternoon, coupled with the first-class nature of the attraction, induced ten car loads of people to patronize the eighth annual ADVERTISER picnic—an event which is annually looked forward to by many of London's citizens besides the employes of the office and their friends. A lively marching air from the band of "D" Company, I. S. C., was given in front of the ADVERTISER office and continued on the route to the station. The ever needful lunch baskets were stowed in the baggage cars and the trip to Port passed pleasantly. At St. Thomas the band took up its position on the platform and played a selection or two for the edification of the good people of that city who happened to be in the neighborhood of the station. Arriving at the grounds the party dispersed to the various nooks and places of attraction the majority following the lead of the band to the well known Fraser Heights, where the sports and games were to take place. Lake Erie's surface had a heavy swell, induced by the southwesterly wind, but the refreshing breeze, coupled with the roar of the surf, more than atoned for the lack of boating on the lake.

THE BASEBALL MATCH.

The first event of the day was the baseball match on the flats between teams representing the married and single men of the establishment, and it proved sufficiently attractive to hold the attention of quite a large crowd. There was some grand base-stealing plenty of fine pitching and one triple play from Woonton to Wilkins to Begg which would have done credit to any amateurs. The married men only lacked one thing—a pitcher. Their old reliables were knocked out one by one, and had nine innings been played every man on the nine would have had a chance at twirling, as a change was constantly found necessary. Chambers' work was more effective. Mr. J. W. Symonds acted as umpire, protecting his complexion from the sun's rays with a lady's parasol borrowed for the occasion. The score follows:

MARRIED.	R.	H.	E.	SINGLE.	R.	H.	E.
Taliaferro, c	2	0	0	Woonton, c	3	4	0
Neil, p & 1b	1	0	1	Rattray, c.f.	4	2	1
Joanes, 1b & p	1	1	2	Hawthorne, 1b	4	3	2
Adams, s.s. & p.	1	1	0	Claypole, s.s.	3	2	0
McPherson, 2b	1	1	0	Black, r.f.	2	2	0
Dalton, 3b	1	2	0	Begg, 2b	2	4	0
Allen, l. f. & p.	1	0	0	Chambers, p	0	1	0
Elliott, c.f.	1	0	1	Wilkins, 3b	1	1	2
Melbourne, r.f.	1	0	0	Wonnacott, l.f.	1	1	0
Totals	10	5	4	Totals	19	17	5

Married	0	0	2	3	5	—	—	—	10
Single	8	3	6	2	*	—	—	—	19

THE RACING.

Immediately after the ball game the programme of racing events was taken up and carried through with a rush, all of the contests with but a single exception having a large number of starters. Mr. Charles H. Fewings, chairman of the committee, reigned supreme in this arena, with Mr. C. Frank Adams as starter and Messrs. John Cameron, Atwell Fleming and Cameron Brown as judges at the finish. The first event called was the married men's race, the awards for merit being glory, flavored respectively with 75, 50 and 25 cents. Upwards of a dozen benedicts entered the lists, two or three of whom would have been more at home in a fat man's race. A good start was made, and in a few minutes the heavy weights were to be seen laboring in the rear without hope of success. W. H. Taliferro finished first, with W. Joanes and Frank Plant second and third respectively.

The single men's race had a large batch of starters, who, not being fettered with matrimonial cares, were prepared to show their less fortunate brethren the way running should be done. When the signal was given nearly all got away together and made a good race to the finish, William Hunter reaching the goal first, George Brown and Robt. Renwick getting there in the order named.

The next event called was a jockey race, run in pairs, one of the pair carrying his partner for the first 25 yards, when a change in the mount was made and the race continued to the finish. About five teams entered and made a close race for the first 25 yards, when most of the party experienced some difficulty in remounting. Rattray and Wonnacott secured the first, while the second fell to the lot of Renwick and Chambers.

The sack race proved to be the most amusing feature of the programme. A starter was found for every sack provided, and they presented a ludicrous sight as they jostled each other for a few inches start, each hanging on to the top of his sack to prevent it tripping him. With the exception of three, all proceeded to amble along when Starter Adams said "Go"; but before the distance was traversed the most of them had left their feet and were rolling around the track in a helpless condition. J. Rattray was the first to propel himself to the handkerchief at the finish, while James Begg and Edward Hayden respectively secured second and third money.

A three-legged race was the next event as per programme. Six pairs entered in the race, but all were distanced by Rattray and Begg, Renwick and Hunter finishing second.

The carrier boys' race brought out a dozen likely-looking little fellows, whose sprinting abilities had been acquired in delivering the ADVERTISER to its thousands of readers. The prizes were won by H. McDougall, H. Chapman and Fred. Pendergast.

The race for apprentices over 16 years was contested by about eight typographical students. The pace was a hot one, the finish being made in the following order: James Begg, John Rattray and Fred. Chambers.

A similar race for apprentices under 16 years had but three starters for three prizes. They were Joseph Cheesbrough, Grant Murray and William McKenna, and finished in the order given.

The wheelbarrow race was then announced, and about seven couples made their appearance at the scratch. The wheelbarrow was formed by one of the pair getting down on his hands while his colleague took hold of his lower extremities and shoved him along. The course was 40 yards for this race, and when the signal was given the contestants moved off slowly with wheelbarrow Plant in advance, but unfortunately at the middle of the course some thoughtless driver stepped on that luckless wheelbarrow's fingers and with a howl the animated barrow rolled over to examine his injured propeller and lost the race, Billy Hunter shoving his accomplice, Renwick, over the line first, with Brown and Hayden a good second. Wheelbarrow Renwick smiled grimly as he clawed his way to victory.

A baker's dozen of juvenile sprinters started in the boy's race for those under 10 years, Freddie Reid got first, with Willie Hyer and Geo. Fixter second and third.

The race for girls under 10 years was won by Jessie McClellan, Stella Cushion and Bessie Blount getting second and third.

The candle race was the most difficult one to run owing to the high wind that was blowing. Each time the candle went out the contestant had to return to the starting point, have the candle relit and begin the race anew. While the majority of the competitors were extinguishing each others lights and with the shouting, Fred. Chambers walked around the course and won the race. His example was followed by Albert Edward White, who secured second, and about ten minutes afterwards Frank Plant was let into the secret and came in third with his candle burning nicely.

"Hippo-elephant" was the title of the next contest, in which each runner carried a rider on his back, whose duty it was to pull down every one that tried to pass him. About half-way down the track all of the contestants were together, and several were thrown down, which put them out of the race. Rattray and Hawthorne got the first prize and Black and Cheesbrough the second.

The news boys' race was won by A. McDougall, F. Pendergast and Harry Chapman getting second third.

The race for girls over 10 years was won by Mary Rattray, Ella Portwood coming in second, with Jessie McLellan third.

The consolation race for those who failed to take a prize in any of the other contests, brought the list to a close, and was won by Alex. Woonton, with W. Neil second and John Birmingham third.

THE DANCING.

Dancing was commenced in the pavilion about 6 o'clock and was continued until the hour of departure of the excursion train to the city. Dayton's orchestra supplied the music, and all who took a fancy to tripping the light fantastic had three hours' solid enjoyment. The weather was just sufficiently cool to make the exercise comfortable, and the many who participated enjoyed themselves heartily. Two intermissions were allowed, and Mr. John Rattray, of the ADVERTISER newsroom, gave exhibitions of Highland dancing and the sailor's hornpipe in a manner which elicited profuse and well-merited plaudits. The dancing programme was as follows:

1. "ADVERTISER" Grand March.
2. "Slug one" Waltz.
3. "End even" Lancers.
4. "2-em brace" Polka.
5. "Blacksmiths" Quadrille.
6. "Double dagger" Schottische.
7. "Em quad." Lancers.
8. "Phat take" Ripple.
9. "36-point" Waltz Quadrille.
10. "Italic" Rush Polka.
11. "Double leaded" Lancers.
12. "Pi" Glide.
13. "Price and a half" Quadrille.
14. "Double Paragon" Waltz.
15. "8 to pica" Cotillion.
16. "Distribution" Polka.

PICNIC NOTES.

The best yet.

Excellent surf bathing.

Come again next year, everybody.

A little rough for the majority of those who bathe.

The attendance was larger than at any previous ADVERTISER picnic.

The lunch baskets were liberally patronized after the games were over.

Three crowded cars brought down the second contingent from the city.

The Grand Trunk officials handled the crowd carefully and comfortably.

"Little Annie Rooney," played by the band set everybody humming and whistling the tune.

Four of the men who were single last year are not that way now. That's why the married men lost.

Arrangements had been made for gratuitous trips on the lake in the "Ruby," but the heavy surf prevented that part of the programme being carried out.

Three typographical veterans were present in the persons of Messrs. Robert Chapman and John Hooper, sen., of the ADVERTISER, and Mr. A. J. Bremner, of the Free Press.

Dr. Oronhyatekha, of Toronto, was one of the guests. He had not visited Port Stanley in five years, but found the breeze quite as delightful and the hillside fully as steep as of old.

Everything passed off in perfect harmony, not a dissenting voice being raised against a decision of the judges, while the spectators took some collisions with the sprinters with the utmost good grace.

Superintendent H. T. Smith, of the Street Railway Company, had a good string of cars in waiting at the Grand Trunk station on the arrival of the excursionists from Port—a provision that was much appreciated.

On the return journey one car load of people enlivened themselves by singing a number of popular songs. "God Save the Queen" and three cheers brought the impromptu programme to a close when the train reached London.

The extremely energetic committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Chas. H. Fewings (chairman), J. M. Symonds (secretary), Atwell Fleming (treasurer), W. A. Hunter, Wm. H. Taliaferro, J. T. Archer, A. E. White, Frank Plant, Thos. Bland and Cameron Brown.

The "D" Company, I.S.C., band made hosts of friends by their willingness and ability to toot. After serenading the ADVERTISER Office they played a march to the G. T. R. depot where they formed in the miniature park and gave a lively selection. At St. Thomas they also rendered a number in good style, played on the march to Fraser Heights and again to the train, in addition to their afternoon and evening programme.

DELAWARE, Aug. 9, 1890.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of check No. 703 for $2,000, being benefit claim of my late husband, payable to myself and children, who belonged to Lambeth Lodge, No. 217, A. O. U. W. Thanking the officers and noble order for their past kindness and may they always prosper in doing such noble work, I am very truly yours, MRS. SAMUEL EICHENBERGER. b

Angostura Bitters is a household word all over the world. For over 50 years it has advertised itself by its merits. It is now advertised to warn the public against counterfeits. The genuine article is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

I consider WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY the most reliable preparation in the market for the cure of coughs, colds and diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. I have sold thousands of bottles, and, so far as I know, it has always given satisfaction. I. N. THORN, Brattleboro, Vt.

"I do my best work at night," said the newspaper man. "So do I," remarked the burglar, who overheard.

Only a Sister.

"My sister and I each tried a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters with great success for bilious headache. We recommend it to all as a specific for headache."

"MISS CARRIE SCHERER, Baden, Ont."

HEAVENLY FOOD.

The Gospel Provision for Ordinary and Extraordinary Needs.

Corn in Place of Manna—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 10.—Dr. Talmage, who is staying here, discourses this week on the Gospel provision for ordinary and extraordinary needs. His text is Joshua v., 12: "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land." Only those who have something to do with the commissariat of any army know what a job it is to feed and clothe 500,000 or 600,000 men. Well, there is such a host as that marching across the desert. They are cut off from all army supplies. There are no rail trains bringing down food or blankets. Shall they all perish? No. The Lord comes from heaven to the rescue, and he touches the shoes and the coats which in a year or two would have been worn to rags and tatters, and they become storm-proof and time-proof, so that, after 40 years of wearing, the coats and the shoes are as good as new. Besides that, every morning there is a shower of bread, not sour and soggy, for the rising of that bread is made in heaven, and celestial fingers have mixed it, and rolled it into balls, light and flaky, and sweet, as though they were the crumbs thrown out from a heavenly banquet. Two batches of bread made every day in the upper mansion—one for those who sit at the table with the King, and the other for the marching Israelities in the wilderness.

I do not very much pity the Israelites for the fact that they had only manna to eat. It was, I suppose, the best food ever provided. I know that the ravens brought food to the hungry Elijah; but I should not so well have liked those black waiters. rather would I have the fare that came down every morning in buckets of dew—clean, sweet, God-provided edibles. But now the Israelites have taken their last bit of it in their fingers, and put the last delicate morsel to their lips. They look out and there is no manna. Why this cessation of heavenly supply? It was because the Israelites had arrived in Canaan, and they smelled the breath of the harvest fields, and the crowded barns of the country were thrown open to them. All the inhabitants had fled, and in the name of the Lord of Hosts the Israelites took possession of everything. Well, the threshing floor is cleared, the corn is scattered over it, the oxen are brought around in lazy and perpetual circuit until the corn is trampled loose; then it is winnowed with a fan, and it is ground and it is baked, and, lo! there is bread enough for all the worn-out host. "And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

From among the mummies of Egypt, and Canaan have been brought grains of corn, exactly like our Indian corn, and recently planted, they have produced the same kind of corn with which we are familiar. So I am not sure which kind of grain my text refers to, but all the same is the meaning. The bisection of this subject leads me, first, to speak of especial relief for especial emergency; and, secondly, of the old corn of the Gospel for ordinary circumstances.

If these Israelites crossing the wilderness had not received bread from the heavenly bakeries, there would, first, have been a long line of dead children half buried in the sand; then, there would have been a long line of dead women waiting for the jackals; then, there would have been a long line of dead men unburied, because there would have been no one to bury them. What they wanted was something to eat right there, where there was not so much as a grass-blade, an especial supply for an especial emergency. That is what some of you want.

There are those who feel that they must have an omnipotent and immediate supply, and you shall have it. Is it pain and physical distress through which you must go? Does not Jesus know all about pain? Is it approaching sorrow? Is it long, shadowing bereavement that you know is coming, because the breath is short and the voice is faint, and the cheek is pale? Oh, worried soul, you will wake up amidst all your troubles, and find around about you the sweet consolation of the Gospel as thickly strewed as was the manna around about the Israelitish encampment! Especial solace for especial distress. Or is it a trouble past, yet present? A silent nursery? A vacant chair opposite you at the table? A musing upon a broken family circle never again to be reunited? A choking sense of loneliness? A blot of grief so large that it extinguishes the light of sun, and puts out bloom of flower, and makes you reckless as to whether you live or die? Oh, try a little of this wilderness manna: "I will never leave thee. I will never forsake thee. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. Can a woman forget her suckling child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

Or is it the grief of a dissipated companion? You have not whispered it perhaps, to your most intimate friend; but you see your home going away gradually from you, and unless things change soon it will be entirely destroyed. At a woman's meeting in Ohio, where a lady was presiding her intoxicated husband staggered up to the platform, to her overwhelming mortification and the disturbance of the audience, and she pulled a protruding bottle from her husband's pocket and held it up before the audience, and cried out, "There is the cause of my woe! There are the tears and the life-blood of a drunkard's wife!" And then, looking up to heaven, she said, "How long, O Lord! how long? and then, looking down to the audience, cried, "Do you wonder I feel strongly on this subject? Sisters, will you help me?" And hundreds of voices responded, "Yes, yes, we will help you." You stand, some of you, in such a tragedy to-day. You cannot even ask him to stop drinking. It makes him cross, and he tells you to mind your own business. Is there any relief in such a case? Yes, there is a relief that drops in manna from throne of God. Oh, lift up your lacerated soul in prayer, and you will get omnipotent comfort! I know that for especial grief there is especial deliverance. I give you two or three passages; try them; take that which best fits your soul: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "All things work together for good to those who love God." "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." There are some people who always bring you the same stale sentiment about the usefulness of trial. Instead of bringing up a new plaster for a new wound, and fresh manna for fresh hunger, they rummage their haversack to find some crumb of old consolation, when from horizon to horizon the ground is white with the new-fallen manna of God's help not five minutes old!

But after 14,600 consecutive days of falling manna — Sundays excepted — the manna ceased. Now the fare is changed. Those people in that army under 40 years of age had never seen a corn-field, and now, when they hear the leaves rustling and see the tassels waving and the billows of green floating over the plain as the wind touched them, it must have been a new and lively sensation. "Corn!" cried the old man, as he opened an ear. "Corn!" cried the children, as they counted the shining grains. "Corn!" shouted the vanguard of the host, as they burst open the granaries of the affrighted population, the granaries that had been left in the possession of the victorious Israelites. Then the fire was kindled, and the ears of corn were thrust into it, and, fresh and crisp and tender, were devoured of the hungry victors. "And the manna closed on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land."

Blessed be God, we stand in just such a field to-tay, the luxuriant grain coming above the girdle, the air full of the odors of the ripe old corn of the Gospel Canaan. We soon get tired of a fanciful diet. We soon weary of the sirups and custards and the whipped foam of fanciful religionists, and we cry, "Give us plain bread made out of the old corn of the Gospel Canaan." This is the only food that can quell the the soul's hunger. The infidel scientists of this day are offering us a different kind of soul food; but they are, of all men, the most miserable. They are trying to live on telescopes and crucibles and protoplasms, and they charge us with cant, not realizing that there is no such intolerable cant in all the world as this perpetual talk we are hearing about "positive philosophy," and "the absolute," and "the great to be," and "the everlasting no," and "the higher unity," and "the latent potentialities," and "the cathedral of the immensities." I have been translating what these men have been writing, and I have been translating what they have been doing, and I will tell you what it all means—it means that they want to kill God! And my only wonder is that God has not killed them. I have tasted of their confections, and I tell you to-day that there is no nutriment or life or health in anything but the bread made out of the old corn of the Gospel. Christ is the bread of life, and taking him you live and live forever.

This Gospel corn has been threshed and ground and baked. When on Calvary all the hoofs of human scorn came down on the heart of Christ, and all the flails of Satanic fury beat him long and fast, was not the corn threshed? When the mills of God's indignation caught Christ between the upper and nether rollers, was not the corn ground? When Jesus descended into hell and the flames of the lost world wrapped him all about, was not the corn baked? Oh, yes, Christ is ready. His pardon all ready; his peace all ready; everything ready in Christ. Are you ready for him?

It is a simple Gospel. In its simplicity is its power. Oh, soul sick with sin, invalid in your transgressions, this Gospel will agree with you! I think if you cannot take anything else, you can take this. Lost — found! Sunken — raised! Condemned—pardoned! Cast out—invited in! That is the old corn of the Gospel.

Another characteristic about bread is, you never get tired of it. And that is a characteristic of the Gospel. Old Christian man, are you tired of Jesus? If so, let us take his name out of our Bible, and let us with pen and ink erase that name wherever we see it. Let us cast it out of our hymnology, and let "There is a Fountain" and "Rock of Ages" go into forgetfulness. Let us tear down the Communion-table where we celebrate his love. Let us dash down the baptismal bowl where we were consecrated to him. Let us hurl Jesus from our heart, and ask some other hero to come in. Let us say, "Go away Jesus; I want another companion, another friend, than thou art." Could you do it? The years of your past life, aged man, would utter a protest against it, and the graves of your Christian dead would charge you with being an ingrate, and your little grandchildren would say, "Grandfather, don't do that. Jesus is the one to whom we say our prayers at night, and who is to open heaven when we die. Grandfather, don't do that." Tired of Jesus? As well get weary of the spring morning, and the quiet of your own home, and the gladness of your own children. Jesus is bread, and the appetite for that is never obliterated.

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