Ask your friends what they think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Jea.

An Old Man's Musing

Retrospective View of One's Vicissitudes in Life-Rev. Dr. Talmage's Memories.

mage yesterday preached from the text, Psalms xxxix., 3: "While I was musing the fire burned." He said: Here is David, the psalmist, with the

forefinger of his right hand against his temple, and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the me posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate. In a small island off the coast

Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude; for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day In laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lift-I. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sab-bath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore,

the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased. Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence, and I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged

there were ten thousand memories, and

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old

picture may shine out again.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surpris-ed to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. That old house in the city may have been demolibed or changed into gives and molished or changed into stores, and It seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite man-sion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved ones sat by the plain lamp-light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute. Oh, those were good days! The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood

Perhaps you were brought up in the bountry. You stand now today in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe because you couldn't wait any longer. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt-sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn, and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched You go for the cows at night and and them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass or in the ragcarpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of newmown hay or the blossom of buck-

The father who used to come in sun-



Washington, May 8.-Rev. Dr. Tal- | burned from the field and sit down on the door-sill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thank-ed God for it? Have you renearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian

> Then the day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling and it got darker and darker; but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly-created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure placed. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter, you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission. Have you kept that vow? Have you ne-glected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill-requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God, have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart: you heard the voice of God's love, and you came into God's house. You remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs, in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and that communion Sabbath is resurrec'ted today. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven.

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. When you started life your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. You went on and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from heaven said. "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush; but death walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You went to your room and you said, "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure! But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness - thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering dark-

But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips, God said. "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. God puts his left arm under your head, and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation. and you looked at the empty cradle, and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so

it seemeth good in thy sight." Ah. it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night,

mamma. Meet me in heaven." But I must come to your latest sor-row. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed vou. Through the long, weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers on the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! But you are better, or per-quickly cures nervousness, sleepless-haps even well. Have you thanked ness, melancholy, headache, backache, God that today you can come out in fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle-

Lord, who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction! Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you forgotten that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your

heart and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul? Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in child-hood was your refuge, your parental heart, has suddenly become silent for-ever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. But cheer up, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could, and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus Blessed the importunate cry

that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand

of Jesus wipes away the tear!

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by 'interval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are over-flowed water, and the water leaves rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest than I know of elsewhere." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church, and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone." Bless God that your soul is interval land!

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the same island, twenty years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—"Tete d'armee"—"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying rem-iniscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and awoke amid the songs of angels. dying reminiscence of Augustus Ceasar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." God grant that our dying pillow may be the clos-You found one day you were in the ing of a useful life and the opening of a

LEGAL DECISIONS

In Several London and Western Ontario Cases Heard at Osgoode Hall.

Toronto, May 10.-The following judgments were handed out at Osgoode Hall yesterday:

The application of the G. T. R. to appeal from the judgment of the division court giving Mr. Jones, a piano backslider? God help you. This day agent, of Woodstock, damages for injuries sustained by being run down by a train at St. Marys, was refused. The court held that the defendants, having taken their chances in the divisional court ought not to be assisted

to carry the case further. Kennedy vs. Bowman-Judgment on appeal by defendant Bowman from order dismissing appeal from report of master at London in a partnership action and from judgment on further directions, directing payment of moneys in accordance with the report. The master found that the defendant Bowman was liable for a sum of \$12,-507 withdrawn from the partnership assets, but was accountable therefore only to the plaintiff and T. S. Hobbs, the other members of the firm being barred by laches and acquiescence. There was only an appeal by plaintiff from the order and judgment in so far as they affirmed the finding of the that the plaintiff was barred. Plaintiff's appeal allowed, with costs. Defendant Bowman's appeal dismissed with costs.

Township of Raleigh vs. Township of Harwich-Judgment on appeal by plaintiffs from judgment of drainage referee, dismissing with costs an appeal by the appellants from the re-port of W. G. McGeorge, in reference to the repair and improvement of the Lock and Gregory Creek drains in the townships of Harwich and Raleigh.

Appeal allowed, with costs.

McDougall vs. Water Commissioners of Windsor-Appeal allowed, with costs, but action not to be dismissed, and plaintiffs to have a reference, if they desire it, to establish the amount available for their claim in the hands of the Corporation of the City of Windsor, who are in that event to be added as defendants.
At Osgoode Hall today, re Shaw

and the City of St. Thomas, W. R. Riddell, for the Corporation of the City of St. Thomas, appealed from order of Rose, J., quashing a bylaw of the city granting aid to the Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway Company upon the ground that the bylaw did not recite the debenture debt of the municipality. Judgment was reserved.

Story of a Slave. To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases the fresh air: that you are in your place working medicine is a godsend to weak, to hear God's name and to sing God's sickly, run down people. Every bottle praise, and to implore God's help, and guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by to ask God's forgiveness? Bless, the W. T. Strong & Co.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Concerts at First Congregational and St. Matthew's Churches-Recital at the Conservatory.

"It was a splendid entertainment." That is what about 300 people said of the concert given at the First Congregational last night in aid of the Sunday school. Rev. J. W. Pedley presided, and introduced the lengthy and varied programme with a few humorous remarks: It was as follows: Orchestral selection, Messrs. Cottam, Corbin, Gardiner, Depotie, Ellis and Stevenson, Misses Dickson, Martindale and Fisher; reading, Mr. Jos. Wright; solo, Miss Winnett; song and march, "Tommy Atkins," by a company of ten boys; selection, Euphonic Banjo and Guitar Club; solo, Master Eugene Lock-hart; reading, Mr. Thos. Alexander; "Festival of the Months," quartet, Messrs. Anundson, Wrighton, Dixon and Stevenson; selection, orchestra; solo, Miss Williams; instrumental quartet, Messrs. Moule, Effner, Ham and Platt; dialogue, Messrs. W. and J. Johnston, Moule and Robertson; reci-tation, Mr. J. A. Cottam; solo, Eugene Lockhart; reading, Miss Boone; trio, Messrs. Stevenson, Dixon and Anundson: selection. Euphonic Banjo and Guitar Club. Mr. W. H. Bleuthner acted as accompanist. Messrs. C. B. Chapman, J. L. Dixon and H. Moule, and Misses Wrighton, McNaughton and Stoneman composed the manageand ment committee.

CONCERT AT ST. MATTHEW'S. A concert under the auspices of the choir was given last night in the school room of St. Matthew's Church, East London, which was largely attended and proved a success financially as well as otherwise. Among those taking part were: The Imperial Male Quartet, Messrs. Galpin, Fitzgerald, Dalton and Riddle: Miss M. Cripps, Mr. A. B. Cox, Mr. A. E. Galpin, Miss Colquhoun, Mr. J. T. Daiton, Mr. Charles Percy, Miss T. Wright, Mr. Frank Murphy, Miss L. Phoenix, Mr. A. Riddle, Miss D. Rumball, Miss D. Couke.

VOCAL RECITAL.

Miss Edythe Lynette Johnson, A.L. C.M., one of London's leading sopranos, assisted by Miss Lotta Francis, A.L.C. M., and Mr. Frank Ashplant, gave a very enjoyable vocal recital at the Conservatory of Music last evening, when the following programme was render-

Miss Francis. (a) I Can Not, Dare Not, Believe

The Erl King Schubert Miss Johnson. Dedication Schumann Mr. Ashplant.

Etude—Tremolo Gottschalk
Miss Francis. Duet-The Swallows (Mignon) .. Thomas Miss Johnson and Mr. Ashplant.
These latter two are pupils of Miss

Katherine Moore. The patients and nurses at St. Joseph's Hospital were treated to a delightful concert last night, given under the auspices of the Woman's Morning

Everywhere.

Doan's Kidney Pills Triumph!

There's Proof of This in London, Ont.

Step by step onward! Day by day confidence increases. Success merits reward. London people appreciate a good thing.

They praise it when they find it.

No praise too great for Doan's Kidney Pills. The bad-back wonder-workers. Backs that ache—ache no more. Strength to weak backs has been re-

stored. It's just the same if they are lamethe lameness goes because it cannot

stay. Bad backs are but bad kidneys-That's why Doan's Kidney Pills cure

Easy to prove that this is so. Here are two London ladies who want to say something for Doan and his pills. One is Mrs. Jane Reding, 435 Grey street. She says:

"I highly recommend Doan's Kid-ney Pills. I have had a weak and a painful back for a long time, and until I took this reliable kidney medicine was unable to secure relief. They acted like magic, removing all my troubles and restoring me to health. The other is Mrs. Taylor, 755 York

street. She says: "For years I have been afflicted with kidney troubles, but am now pleased to say that Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got in Strong's drug store, February last, cured me, removing the pain from my back and restoring my kidneys to

regular natural action.' Doan's Kidney Pills, 50 cents a box, or three for \$1 25, at all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Company, Toronto,

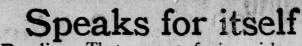
Ask for Doan's and refuse all others. The Chinese legation at Washington

has made a strong protest to the state department against the extension of the Chinese exclusion act to Cuba. The Beauty That Attracts Men Is not so much in the features as in

a clear, healthy complexion, and a plump body filled with the vigor and vitality of perfect health. Pale, weak, languid women are fully restored to robust health by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, a condensed food which creates rich, pure blood and new nerve tissues.

The largest building is the Coliseum at Rome, 615 feet in greatest diameter, and 120 feet high.

FAGGED OUT .- None but those who have become fagged out know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength has gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there was nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure-one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pille will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandefion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's



-Pearline. That accounts for its quick and large success. A five cent package of Pearline (follow the directions) shows you the ease, comfort and quickness of washing with little or no rub-

bing. You won't see all the wear and tear that it saves, perhaps. But you will later when you find that the clothes Williams Pearline

OF THOS. PETHICK, MUST BE SOLD IN 60 DAYS.

25c Ties-2 for 25c. 25c Black Socks, 2 pairs for 25c \$6 00 Pants to order, \$3 50.

\$15 00 Suits to order, \$12 50. \$20 00 Suits to order, \$15 00.

CLOTHS BY THE YARD AT HALF PRICE.

J. PETHICK.

136 DUNDAS STREET.

Great Artists of the day

have indorsed and eulogized the

Heintzman & Co Piano. "It was a delight for me to play before one of

Ye Old Firm

Heintzman & Co.,

217 Dundas Street. London, Ont.

your concert grand pianos when last in Toronto. This instrument possesses unique musical characteristics that must give it a distinctive place among the great pianos of the world. I shall insist on the use of one of these pianos whenever I visit Canada."-Richard Rurmeister

AMONG THESE MAY BE

NAMED THE FOLLOWING:

HYLLESTED
SCALCHI
TREBELLI
POL PLANCON
EDWARD LLOYD
GIGNOR FOLI
BURMEISTER
ARTURO NUTINI
HAROLD JARVIS

ALBANI PLUNKET GREENE DAN GODFREY HYLLESTED

Every Time, Every Place, HINTON & RUMBALL THE UNDERTAKERS. 360 Richmond Street Private residence, 48 Becher

Railways and Navigation

Telephone-Store 440: House, 482: xxv

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM **Tourist Resorts.**

Midland. North Bay, Orillia, Parry Sound, Sundridge,

Lindsay,

Muskoka Wharf, Novar. Penetang, Powassan, South River, Trout Creek,

Peterboro.

Tickets, rates and all information from E. De la Hooke, C. P. and T. A., London, "Clock" cor-ner, Richmond and Dundas streets. M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

OF CANADA.

On and after Monday, May 1, the trains leaving Union Station, Toronto (via Grand Trunk Railway) at 9 a.m. and 9:30 p.m., make close connection with Maritime Express and Day Express at Union Station (Bonaventure), Montreal, as follows:

Maritime Express. Saturday Excepted.

Depart Montreal	7:05 p.m.
Arrive St. Hyacinthe	
Arrive Levis	12:15 a.m.
Arrive Riviere du Loup	4:05 a.m.
Arrive Little Metis	
Arrive Campbellton	10:15 a.m.
Arrive Moncton	
Arrive St. John	
Arrive Truro	7:50 p.m.
Arrive Halifax	9:55 p.m.
Day Eyne	026

Day Express.

Sunday	Excepted.
Depart Montreal	
Arrive Levis	
Arrive Riviere du Loup	. 6:30 p.m.

Through sleeping and dining cars on Maritime Express. Buffet parlor cars on Day Express.

Tickets for sale at all offices of the Grand Trunk Railway system, Union Station, Toronto, and at office of

WILLIAM ROBINSON. General Traveling Agent, 93 York Street, Rossin House Block, Toronto, where folders, timetables and all other information can be obtained.

A mathematician has computed the movements of a rider's foot while opereting a bicycle, and has demonstrated that it requires less exertion to travel 15 miles on a bicycle than to walk three

Railways and Navigation

MICHIGAN CENTRAL "The Niagara Falls Route."

\$1.75

Detroit and Return **OUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,**

Woodmen of the World Excursion.

CPR+CPR+CPR+CPR+CPR+CPR

CANADIAN PACIFIC

CPR The best Trout and Basestreams are to be found on the line of the CPR Canadian Pacific. CPR Open season for Trout com-CPR mences May 2.

CPR Open season for Bass commen-CPR cos June 16. CPR ces June 16.

CPR For further particulars and CPR CPR copy of "Fishing and Shooting" CPR CPR CPR C. E. McPHERSON, Asst. Gen. CPR CPR Pass. Agent, 1 King street east, CPR CPR Thronto.

CPR THOS. R. PARKER, City Pass. CPR Agent, 161 Dundas street, corner CPR of Richmond. CPR+ CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR + CPR

New York to Liverpool via Queenslown S.S. BRITANNIC, May 10...12 Noon TEUTONIC, May 17.....12 Noon S.S. CYMRIC, May 24......12 Noon S.S. MAJESTIC, May 31.....12 Noon S.S. BRITANNIC, June 7....12 Noon

Rates as low as by any first-class

line. Berths secured by wire. E. De La Hooke,

Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamers. Leaving St. John and Halifax for Liver pool and calling at Moville. Also from Portland direct to Liverpool. Low rates, Quick service. Steamers from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal, also from Lowing and from Glasgow, will leave the more about the 15th of April for Quebec and more about the 15th of April for Quebec and treal. It somewishing to bring out the miends can brain prepaid tickets at low rates. London agentate De la Hooke, T. R. Parker and F. B. Clarke