# W. C. T.

#### Notes and Incidents.

In Paris the demand for small dogs met by rearing pups from an aldiet, which retards their

Good Templary in England was 27 years old in September. It has 4,000 societies and 200,000 members in the United Kingdom. There are in the world 12,000 branches, in 100 countries, with over 500,000 members.

The National Tube Works Company will hereafter require a pledge total abstinence from its employes at the McKeesport, Pa., plant. company found that drunken employes frequently inconvenienced the work of the whole establishment.

Waldeck a little German principality, has lately decreed that a license to marry will not be granted to any Individual who has the habit of getting drunk; and if one who has been a drunkard applies for such license he must produce sufficient proof of reformation to warant his receiving it.

The latest "model village" is located South Africa, on the Great Brak River. It is the property of Searle & Sons, has a feather manufactory and a saddlery and boot factory, and employing 100 hands, all total abstainers. Among the social attractions are a church, a school, a cricket team, and a trass band. This model village has no saloons, and needs no policemen.

A "Gothenburg saloon" has been opened by the municipality of Birmingham, England, to test the Norwegian method of liquor selling on English soil. The liquor is bought by the city and sold by a salaried manager. A customer can drink one quart of beer in the morning, and two quarts in the evening, but must not remain on the premises after he has consumed his al-

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, who presided over the great National Temperance Congress at Chester, is one of the most popular of London physicians, and has probably done more for the dissemination of hygienic knowledge than any other living man. While by original research he has helped largely to advance surgery and physics, he believes in the prevention rather than the cure of disease.

The people of Denmark have an ingenious means of curtailing "sprees." Every drunken man found in the streets is carried in a wagon to the police station and locked up until sober, and then taken home under strict escort, so that he may not begin over again. The saloon/keeper who sold the drunken man his last drink is compelled to pay the cost of transporting and caring for the prisoner. Two of-fences of this kind are, it is said, sufficient for closing up the place of the saloon keeper.

An Edinburgh firm of spirit merchants have just published an up to date distillery map of Scotland. It shows in past few weeks.-Woodstock Sentinelall 140 distilleries, divided pretty equally between the Highlands and the Forth and Clyde district. olis is Campbelltown, in Argyleshire, where there are 22 distilleries. There are 9 more in the Island of Islay, so that as a distilling center Argyleshire is easily first; its total number of distilleries is 35. The other counties with the largest numbers are Banffshire, with 17, Moray with 12, Aberdeenshire with 9, and Perthshire and Ross-shire with

It appears that Lady Henry Somerset's benevolent efforts for the reclamation of the notorious Jane Cakebread have been repulsed with contempt. She refused point blank to enter the home for inebriates in Surrey, and a few cays ago she was apprehended at Sambridgeworth for being drunk and disorderly, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment in Cambridge jall. This makes her 290th conviction. It is absurd to treat a person with these ungovernable proclivities as sane; she should be placed under permanent restraint like any other victim of mental dis-

# Woman Suffrage Successful.

The cry that women do not want the franchise, and that it is shown in practice that they will not vote even when registered, is not supported by the returns from Massachusetts, where the five years' record is as fol-

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lows	3:	
	Registered.	Voted.
1890	14,723	10,477
1891		8,714
	18,158	14,191
893	24,159	18,638
894		20,146

# Sermons From the Backwoods.

So he paid the fare thereof. Jonah, 1:3. When Jonah stepped up to the captain's desk and took ticket by the great Joppa. Tarshish and Mediterranean route, he thought he had covered the cost of his excursion and about acomplished his purpose. He imagined that in the short run to Tarshish he would give the Lord the slip, but he reckoned wrong and learned a lesson that he never forgot. He was told to go to Nineveh, and to escape the Nineveh frying-pan he jumped into the Tarshish fire. If you prefer it I will say that to escape a thunderstorm he encountered a deluge, since his experience was of a watery character. I will not go into details, much less will I hint, as certain other commentators have done before me that Jonah got whaled. You may call the whole story a myth if you choose, but to cast out Jonah has become a fixed proverb in our language, and while some of the fish stories which you relate to my patient ear, my brethren, do not pass muster with me, I heartily believe the

tale of Jonah and the whale. So he paid the fare thereof. In the market of experience we buy dear, and there are other kinds of coin besides dollars and cents. Jonah paid the fare in remorse and sorrow, in agony amid the billows, in suffering and distress generally, until an interior berth on board a monster of the deep was a refuge and consolation. Once there our prophet learned wisdom fast, and when after three days and three nights he was graduated from this unique school of discipline, he had also learned obedience by the things which he suffered. It cost him dear, but when a man dances, he must expect to re-

munerate the band. So he paid the fare thereof. The Yonahs of to day pay the fare, too, in their little excursions into the wilderness of sin and transgression. leglected duty brings its own reward now and then. It is just as far to Tarshish as it ever was, and the man who attempts to flee from the pres-ence of the Lord may go to Gehenna to do it, but when he registers his name for a bed in the Hotel Hades he has but to turn his head round to see the Lord looking over his shoulder. At least, that's what David said, and

path of obedience you had better take along a broad letter of credit, for you will have to pay the fare thereof. George Herbert says: "A lion's skin is never cheap." Sing with solemnity, if you please, as followeth:

Who plays the fool must foot the bill; That's true today and always will Be true as Bible, yes, until You go down grade to get up hill.

When sinners do excursions make Upon forbidden ground, and take To evil ways and God forsake, Stern law e'er follows in his wake,

The man who says he wants to see some place where God will never be. While he to please himself is free, That man's a fool, twixt you and me.

#### -Peter Peculiar in New York Observer. Feculiar Fairness.

The Sentinel-Review's suggestion that the Templar would have commended itself as a profoundly independent journal by giving both sides of the Mills-McKay controversy has thrown our contemporary into a pretty temper. It flings at our devoted head almost as much vehemence as it has been expending on the Hon. David Mills. Here is a specimen of what it says. It declares that: Sentinel-Review published

"The

abuse of Dr. McKay with flaming headlines, and proclaimed the Liberal philosopher a conquering hero before he secured a point, but on the other hand belittled and unfairly treated its fellow-townsman in the controversy.' Our readers, prohibitionists and others, may form their estimate of the truthfulness and fairness of a journal that will make such a statement. They all know that both sides in this controversy have been treated by the Sentinel-Review in exactly the same way, and if flaring headlines were given to the letters of Mr. Mills they were also given to the letters of Mr. McKay. Here is the Templar's excuse for the course it has pursued.

It carries its own comment: The Templar did not publish the columns of abuse which the Hon. David Mills hurled at the Revs. Drs. McKay and Ross; first, because these gentlemen were not on trial, and second because our journal is not published as a vehicle of personal vilification for friend or foe.

It would be superfluous to add anything to such a journalistic defense of the Templar's policy in publishing all of the letters of Drs. McKay and Ross and none of Mr. Mills', although it has made and is making the most violent and unfair and abusive attacks on the latter.

In conclusion it would be interesting to know how the Templar expects to promote the cause of prohibition by assailing the public men and their olitical followers by whom alone prohibition can ever be carried in this ountry. Prohibitionists who read the Templar have probably been asking themssives this question during the Review.

### Magisterial Humor.

A short time ago a long haired young man, who looked as if he were serry for what he had done, was charged before a magistrate with being drunk and very disorderly.

"Drunk and very disorderly, eh?" remarked the magistrate, turning to the prisoner. "What are you?"

"I'm a struggling poet, your worship," replied the prisoner, with a certain amount of pathetic emphasis on the "struggling," probably with the probably with the tope of softening the magisterial heart.

"Well," said the magistrate, "there is not the slightest objection to your being a poet, but when you become a struggling poet in the hands of the police (such conduct is without rhyme or reason, and not poetical at all), you must pay 10 shillings or go to prison for seven days."

# The Criminal Holmes and His

Creed. When a church member is discovered to be guilty of crime, the facts, and generally some fancies too, are published in the daily papers with flaming headlines. Is this because of the strangeness of the occurrence, or because of the pleasure found and given in publishing something which may to some extent reflect on the church? But very little is said of the beliefs of the criminal Holmes, guilty, as seems evident, of many atrocous murders. His confession of faith is made in his words to a reporter, "I am a believer in the teachings of Paine and Ingersoll." As there is nothing inconsistent between his creed and his crime there are no startling head lines to announce his views. A disbelief in God, absence of fear of future punishment, a contempt of all spiritual and eternal interests, and a denial of any ruling power, will not tend to restrain one, covetous and cruel, from crime. \* \* \* The confession of faith from the Philadelphia iail is a sublime triumph for Col. Ingersoll and his school of philosophy.— The Midland, Chicago.

# Doubtful Commendation.

When the late Rev.Dr.Andrew Thomson was one of the ministers of Perth, Dr. Robert Gordon was minister of Kinfauns. On a sacramental occasion both were engaged during the fast day in the neighboring church of St. Martin's. Dr. Thomson used to relate that on walking up the incline between the church and the manse they overheard two old women before them discussing their several merits thus: "Who was you quiet lad we had i' the mornin'?"

"Oh, woman, d'ye no ken? Yon's Mr. Gordon, o' Kinfauns, who used to be a schulemaister i' the Perth Acawdemy—he's a fine, fine lad."

"And wha's you ither burlle chiel?" "Wumman, I wunner to hear ye speir. Yon's An'ra Thamson; he's a great scholar and a fine man as weel." "Dear me, Janet, ye astonish me! Is yon An'ra? Weel, I'll say this for him, he's a grand roarer."

A Steeplejack's Terrible Death.

The Drogheda correspondent of the Irish Times reports that a steeplejack named Patrick Farrelty, of Belfast, met with a terrible death at Drogheda recently. The man was repairing the top of a chimney 100 feet high, at Ternan's flour mills. He appeared to be under the influence of drink and was perature within the greenhouse is convery reckless. A crowd watching his movements saw him walk around the top of the chimney several times, and suddenly fall head downwards into it. The people were horror-stricken, but a rush was made to the chimney, and above our heads, and the atmosphere the Lord looking over his shoulder. a rush was made to the chimney, and a number of men set to work to make a think he tried the experiment once. When the body was found the head the greenhouse. The air lets the suntry that orb of incomparable splendor

The Little Empty Arm Chair. Nobody sits in the little arm chair; It stands in a corner dim; But a white-haired mother gazing

there And yearningly thinking of him Sees through the dust of the long ago The bloom of her boy's sweet face, As he rocks merrily to and fro, With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his Sometimes his little school slate, And the lesson is hard to understand And the figures hard to mate. But she sees the nod of his father's

So proud of the little son, And she hears the words so often said, "No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear, sweet days, When a child with sunny hair Was hers to scold, to kiss and to praise At her knee in the little chair. She lost him back in the busy years, When the great world caught the

man. And he strode away past hopes and fears

To his place in the battle's van. But now and then in a wistful dream, Like a picture out of date.

She sees a head with a golden gleam

But over a pencil and slate.

And she lives again the happy day, The day of her youth's life spring, When the small arm chair stood just in the way, The center of everything.

#### Errors in Bibles.

Printer's errors have, curiously enough, added to the value of Bible literature. There are a number of Bibles that are held as great curiosities on account of a mistake in a word when the printing was done. The Vinegar Bible was so called from the headline of the 20th of St. Luke, which reads as "the parable of the vineyard," being rendered "The parable of the vinegar." This error was made in 1717.

The Breeches Bible was in use in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and was so called from the rendition of the seventh verse in Genesis ifi., where ing themselves breeches out of fig leaves.

The Bug Bible received its name from the curious translation of Psalm xci., 5th verse-"Afraid of bugs by night." It reads "terror by night." The Treacle Bible owes its name to a mistake in the well-known passage from Jeremiah, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" which was rendered, there no treacle in Gilead?" This Bible was printed in 1533. The Placemakers Bible was the ve-

sult of a typographical error making a bachelor still."

makers" into "Blessed are the placemakers," giving the verse a political cast instead of a religious one. The "He and She" Bible gained its name from the book of Ruth, where, instead of "she went into the city" the printer made it read "he went into

A culmination of printers' errors occurred in the Printers' Bible, published in 1702, when David in the 119th Psalm is pathetically made to say "printers persecuted him without cause," instead of "princes." The Murderers' Bible was the mis-

take of the present century. In the 16th chapter of St. Jude, "murmurers' is changed into "murderers." The Wicked Bible cost the printer a large sum of money—the negative

being left out of one of the commandments. This Bible was printed in 1631. These Bibles are all held as great uriosities, a very few copies of them being in existence.

The Thirteenth Tribe of Israel. At an inquest held yesterday at Wood Green Town Hall, a gentleman summoned as a juryman said he claimed

exemption. The Coroner-On what grounds? The Gentleman-I belong to the tribe

of Cohen. The Coroner-Well, what of that? The Gentleman-All Cohens are exlook at a dead body.

The Coroner-That may be your religion, but that is no just reason for exemption. The Gentleman-Oh, it is. It has been held so in law.

The Coroner-I never heard of such case. The Coroner's Officer-We have had many Cohens before, sir, but I never heard them object.

The Gentleman-Well, I object. It is against my faith, and you surely do not wish me to do that which I am forbidden to do. The Coroner-No, certainly not; but I

cannot hold that it is a valid excuse. The Gentleman—If a relative were to die in my house, I must not see the body, though I live in the house with it.

The Coroner-Well as we have enough jurymen without you, I will excuse because you are entitled to be excused, but simply because I have Adam and Eve are spoken of as mak- | no wish for you to break through your tribe's doctrine.

#### Dr. Chaillu's Chance.

"You are still a bachelor?" I asked. "I am," he said, with a hearty laugh; but I have had more offers than most men. Once, in Africa, the king of a tribe who loved me dearly offered me a choice of 853 women. 'Sire,' said I, 'to take one would leave 852 jealous women on the earth.' His solution was immediate. 'Take 'em all,' said he. But I am

# The Sun's Heat.

Remarkable Statements of a Famous Astronomer—The Stupendous Size of the Orb—Its Lavish Waste of Heat—How the Heat Reaches the Earth-Future of the Great Ball.

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(By Sir Robert Ball, Lowdean Profes- | you pass through a large part of the sor of Astronomer and Geometry at Cambridge, England, for-

merly Astronomer Royal of Ireland.) There is a story told of a well-intentioned missionary who tried to induce a Persian fire worshipper to abandon the creed of his ancestors. "Is it not," urged the Christian minister, "a sad and a deplorable superstition for an intelligent person like you to worship an inanimate object like the sun?" "My friend," said the old Persian, "you come from England; now tell me, have was a just one, for the fact is that those of us whose lot requires them to live beneath the clouds and in the gloom, which so frequently brood over our northern latitudes, have but little conception of the surpassing glory of the great orb of day as it appears to those who know it in the clear eastern skies. The Persian recognizes in the sun is not only the source of light and of warmth, but even of life itself. Indeed the advances of modern science ever tend to bring before us with more and more significance the surpassing glory with which Milton tells us the sun is crowned. I shall endeavor to give in this article a brief sketch of what has recently been learned as to the actual warmth which the sun possesses and of the prodigality with which it pours forth

its radiant treasures. I number among my acquaintances an intelligent gardener, who is fond of speculating about things in the heavens as well as about things on the earth. One day he told me that he felt certain it was quite a mistake to believe, as most of us do believe, that the sun up there is a hot, glowing body. "No," he said, "the sun cannot be a source of heat, and I will prove it. If the sun were a source of heat, said the rural philosopher, "then the closer you approach the sun the warmer you would find yourself. But this is not the case, for when you are climbing up a mountain, you are approaching nearer to the sun all the time, but, as everybody knows, "instead of feeling hotter and hotter as you ascend, you are becoming steadily colder and colder. In fact, when you reach a certain height, you will ind yourself surrounded by perpetual ice and snow, and you may not improbably be frozen to death when you have got as near to the slun as you can; therefore," concluded my friend, triumphantly, "it is all nonsense to tell me the sun is a scorch-

ing hot fire.' I thought the best way to explain the little delusion under which the worthy gardener labored was to refer him to what takes place in his own domain. I asked him wherein hes the advantage of putting his tender plants into his greenhouse in November. How does that preserve them through the winter? How is it that even without artificial heat the mere shelter of the glass will often protect plants from frost? I explained to him that the glass acts as a veritable trap for the sunbeams; its lets them pass in, but it will not let them escape. The temsequently raised, and thus the necessary warmth is maintained. The dwellers on this earth live on what is equivalent, in this respect, to a greenhouse. There is a copious atmosphere

air. This is the reason why you feel warmer on the surface of the earth than you do on the top of a high mountain. If, however, it were possible to go very much closer to the sun; if, for example, the earth were to approach within half of its present distance, it is certain that the heat would be so intense that all life would be

immediately scorched away. It will be remembered that when Nebuchadnezzar condemned the happy Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego to be cast into the burning flery furnace he commanded in his fury that the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be you ever seen the sun?" The retort | heated. Let us think of the hottest furnace which the minions of Nebuchadnezzar could ever have kindled with all the resources of Babylon; let us think indeed of one of the most perfect of modern furnaces, in which even a substance so refractory as steel, having first attained a dazzling brilliance, can be melted so as to run like water; let us imagine the heat dispensing power of that glittering liquid to be multiplied sevenfold; let us go beyond Nebuchadnezzar's frenzied command, and imagine the efficiency of our furnace to be ten or twelve times as great as that which he commanded, we shall then obtain a notion of a heat-giving power corresponding to that which would be found in the wonderful celestial furnace, the great

sun in heaven. Ponder also upon the stupendous size of that orb, which glows at every point of its surface with the astonishing fervor I have indicated. The earth on which we stand is no doubt a nighty globe, measuring as it does 3,000 miles in diameter; yet what are its dimensions in comparison with those of the sun. If the earth be represented by a grain of mustard seed, then on the same scale the sun should be represented by a cocoanut. Perhaps, however, a more impressive conception of the dimensions of the great orb of day may be obtained in this Think of the moon, the queen of the night, which circles monthly around our heavens, pursuing, as she does, a majestic track at a distance of 240,000 miles from the earth. Yet the sun is so vast that if it were a hollow ball, and if the earth were placed at the center of that ball, the moon could revolve in the orbit which it now follows and still be entirely enclosed within the sun's interior.

For every acre on the surface of our globe there are more than 10,000 acres on the surface of the great luminary. Every portion of this illimitable desert of flame is pouring forth tor-rents of heat. It has indeed been estimated that if the heat which is incessantly flowing through any single square foot of the sun's exterior could be collected and applied beneath the boilers of an Atlantic liner it would suffice to produce steam enough to sustain in continuous movement those engines of 20,000-horse power which enable a superb ship to break the record between Ireland and America.

The solar heat is shot forth in space in every direction, with a prodigality which seems well-nigh inexhaustible. No doubt the earth does intercept a fair supply of sunbeams for conversion to our many needs; but the share of sun heat that the dwelling place of mankind is able to capture and em-ploy forms only an infinitesimal fraction of what the sun actually pours forth. It would seem, indeed, very presumptuous for us to assume that I think he tried the experiment once, it is a the bottom of the shart.

I do not know, and no mortal man ever did know, the cost of one sin, but was crushed in like an eggshell, and when any route offers to take you arms, legs and ribs broken. Death must have been instantaneous.—Westminster from the presence of the Lord, or suggests a way more pleasant than the bottom of the shart. When the bottom of the shart was does to the plants in the presence. The air lets the sunbeams through to the earth's surface and then keeps their heat down here to make us comfortable. When you climb to the top of a high mountain warmed and lighted, more than two ity, The heat and light daily lavished to make us comfortable. When you climb to the top of a high mountain warmed and lighted, more than two

as the earth. If it had indeed been the scheme of nature to call into existence the solar arrangements on their present scale for the solitary purpose of cherishing this immediate world of ours, then all we can say is

nature carries on its business in a most outrageously wasteful manner. What should we think of the prudence of a man who, having been endowed with a splendid fortune, of not less than \$20,000,000, spent one cent of that vast sum usefully and dissipated every other cent and every other dollar of his gigantic wealth in mere aimless extravagance? This would, however, appear to be the way in which the sun manages its affairs, if we are to suppose that all the solar heat is wasted save that minute fraction which is received by the earth. Out of every twenty million dollars' worth of heat issuing from the glorious orb of day, we on this earth barely secure the value of one single cent, and all but that insignificant trifle seems to be utterly squandered. We may say it certainly is squandered so far as humanity is concerned. No doubt there are certain other planets besides the earth, and they will receive quantities of heat to the extent of a few cents more. It must, however, be said that the stupendous volume of solar radiation passes off substantially untaxed into space, and what may there become of it sicence is unable to tell.

And now for the great question as to how the supply of heat is sustainempt and always have been. We never ed so as to permit the orb of day to continue in its career with such unparalleled prodigality. Every child knows that the fire on the domestic hearth will go out unless the necessary supplies of wood or coal can be duly provided. The workman knows that the devouring blast furnace requires to be stoked incessantly with fresh fuel. How, then, comes it that a furnace so much more stupendous than any terrestrial furnace can continue to pour forth in perennial abundance its amazing stores of heat without being nourished by continual supplies of some kind? Prof. Langley, who has done so much to extend our knowledge of the great orb of heaven, has suggested a method of illustrating the quantity of fuel which would be required, if indeed it were by successive additions of fuel that the sun's heat had to be sustained. Suppose that all the coal seams which underlie America were made to yield up their stores. Suppose that the coal fields of England and Scotland, Australia, China, and elsewhere were compelled to contribute every combustible particle they contained. Suppose, in fact, that we extracted from this earth every ton of coal it possesses, in every island and in every continent. Suppose that this vast store of fuel, which is adequate to supply the wants of this earth for centuries, were to be accumulated in one stupendous pile. Suppose that an army of stokers, arrayed in numbers which we need not now pause to calculate, were employed to throw this coal into the great solar furnace. How long, think you, would so gigantic a mass of fuel maintain the sun's expenditure at its present rate? I am but uttering a deliberate scientific fact when I say that a conflagration which destroyed every particle of coal contained in this earth would not generate so much heat as the sun lavishes abroad to ungrateful space in the tenth part of every single second. During the few minutes that the reader has been occupied over these lines a quantity of heat which is many thousands of times as great as the heat which could be produced by the ignition of all the coal in every coal pit in the globe has been dispersed and totally

lost to the sun. But we have still one further conception to introduce before we shall have grasped fully the significance of the sun's extravagance in the matter of heat. As the sun shines today on this earth, so it shone yesterday, so it shone a hundred years ago, a thousand years ago; so it shone in the earliest dawn of history; so it shone during those still remoter periods when great animals flourished which have new vanished forever: so it shone dur ing that remarkable period in earth's history when the great coal forests flourished; so it shone in those remote ages many millions of years ago when life began to dawn on an earth which was still young. There is every reason to believe that throughout these illimitable periods which the imagination strives in vain to realize, the sun has dispensed its radiant treasures of light and warmth with just the same prodigality as that which now char-

acterizes it. We all know the consequences of wanton extravagance. We know that it spells bankruptcy and ruin. The expenditure of heat by the sun is the most magnificent extravagance of which human knowledge gives us any conception. How have the consequences of such awful prodigality been hitherto averted? How is it that the sun is still able to draw on its heat reserves from second to second, from century to century, from aeon to aeon, ever squandering two thousand million times as much heat as that which genially warms our temperate regions, as that which draws forth the exuberant vegetation of the tropics, or which rages in the Desert of Sahara? This is indeed a problem.

It was Helmholtz who discovered that the continual maintenance of the sun's temperature is due to the fact that the sun is neither solid nor liquid, but is to a great extent gaseous. His theory of the subject has gained universal acceptance. Those who have taken the trouble to become acquainted with it are compelled to admit that the doctrine set forth by this philosopher embodies a profound truth. Even the great sun cannot escape

the application of a certain law which affects every terrestrial object, whose province is wide as the universe itself. Nature has not one law for the rich and another for the poor. The sun is shedding forth heat, and, therefore, affirms this law, that the sun must be shrinking in size. We have learned the rate at which this contraction proceeds, for among the many triumphs which mathematicians have accomplished must be reckoned that of having put a pair of callipers on the sun so as to measure its diameter. We thus find that the width of the great luminary is ten inches smaller today than it was yesterday. Year in and year out the glorious orb of heaven is steadily diminishing at the same rate. For hundreds of years, aye, for hundreds of thousands of years, this incessant shrinking has gone on at about the same rate as it goes on at present. For hundreds of years, ave. for hundreds of thousands of years, the shringing still will go on. As a sponge exudes moisture by continuous squeezing, so the sun pours forth heat by continuous shrinking. So long as the sun remains practically gaseous,

the phrase "Blessed are the peace- | thousand million globes each as large | so long will the great luminary continue to shrink, and thus continue its gracious beneficence. Hence it is that, for incalculable ages to come, the sun will pour forth its unspeakable benefits: and thence it is that for a period. compared with which the time of man upon this earth is but a day, summer and winter, heat and cold, seedtime and harvest, in their due succession. will never be wanting in this earth.

#### The New Woman's Way.

While the exploited "New Woman" is largely a myth, the woman of today is trying new ways of dealing with serious problems. The New Republic, of Lincoln, Neb., relates the following:

The "New Woman" does things in a

new way. Miss Summers graduated

from an eastern college in 1881 and went to a western city as teacher in public schools. She soon won her way to a principalship of a sixteen-room building. In time she married a young merchant and moved still farther west. There was nothing hid. He knew her cranky notions about the use of liquor. She reluctantly consented to his smoking even in her own presence. They had not been married a year before she discovered the taint of liquor on his breath, although he tried hard to cover it up by chewing coffee, cinnamon and other condiments. No break was made till the first baby was a year old, then for the first time he came home drunk. She made him a cup of coffee, but before it was ready he vomited all over her nice Smyrna rug. He was soon sound asleep and she in the agony of despair. What could she do was the question. Not a wink did she sleep, and before morning she had resolved what to do. He was to leave home at 2 o'clock the next afternoon to be gone over night. She prepared a good breakfast and dinner in one, and waited for his appearance. It was nearly noon before he made any audible sign of life. She then went to him and assisted him in making his toilet. Cheerful on her part, but he with shame face was cast down. She maintained her cheerfulness till the meal was through. It was then an hour to train time and the depot only two blocks away. 'George.' she said, "I have something to say to You came home drunk you. night and abused me as no human being ever did before. You never can come into my presence intoxicated or with tainted breath but once more as my husband. I will not bear children to a drunkard, to become drunkards themselves. My baby boy shall not grow up with a drunken father if I can help it. I will give you one more trial, and that is more than you would give me. If I had done as you did last night you never would have lived with me another day. On your return tomorrow tell what I can depend upon you. My little earnings are not all gone yet, and I can go back to teaching as when you found me."

There has been no drunken husband or tainted breath in that home since, and it has already been over a year. George swears he loves her as he did before would not be healthy for you to ridicule the new woman in his hearing.

Other Stories.

\_\_BY\_\_ Edward William Thompson.

CLOTH, \$1.

CONTENTS-Old Man Savarin-The Privilege of the Limits-McGrath's Bad Night-Great Godfrey's Lament-The Red-Headed Windego-The Shining Cross of Rigaud-Little Baptiste-The Ride by Night-Drafted-A Turkey Apiece-Grandpapa's Wolf Story-The Waterloo Veteran-John Bedell-Ver-

#### bitzsky's Stratagem. PRESS OPINIONS.

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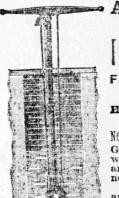
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