

MASTER OF THE GOSPEL

DR. TALMAGE, PREACHES ON HIS ADVANTAGES.

Heard Out of Every Thousand of Men Have Just Cause for Thankfulness—Some of the Joys of the Christian Ministry—Dr. Talmage Preaches on His Advantages.

Despatch from Washington says: Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"My brethren dearly loved and longed for, my joy and crown."—Philippians iv. 1.

That is what Paul said, expressing love for his confidence in the people to whom he ministered. But the words are just appropriate to-night for use, in this my parting address, as I am "My brethren dearly loved and longed for, my joy and crown."

The great joy in all denominations of Christians to-day is for more ministers. There are many brilliant young men, having earnest hearts, now entering upon life; but for the most part they float past the ministry into the counting-room, the law-office, and the medical chair. So much has been written and said about the hardships of the ministry, that our young men are afraid to run the gauntlet of so much neglect, abuse and starvation. I have to say that the majority of the books written on this subject are exaggerations of the sorrows of the minister's life, and for the most part give only one side of that life. I have to tell you that I believe the office of the minister of Christ has fewer trials, larger spiritual emoluments and rewards, brighter inducements, higher development, grander joys, than any other occupation in all the earth.

Admitting, so plainly that no man will misinterpret what I say, that there are now many ministers undergoing persecutions, and hardships, and straits that amount to positive martyrdom, I contend that these are the exceptions; and that, gathering an audience of a thousand ministers of Christ,

NINE HUNDRED of them have many advantages,—good books, refined associations, sons and daughters well fed, well clad, well educated, opportunities innumerable,—while all around there is the evidence that their services are being appreciated. Gather a thousand merchants together, and I will show you that nine hundred of them have had harder knocks, greater privations, have come more frequently to the study of severe economy, have harder work to pay their rent, and many have been subject to annoyances which a minister of Christ never experiences.

We are to remember the fact that a vast majority of men in worldly occupations do not succeed; that it is an authentic statistic, that out of a hundred merchants all fall except two; that there are tens of thousands of clerks living on insufficient salaries; that it is a rare thing when a mechanic earns more than a plain livelihood. We are to take, I say, these things into consideration, and remember that if the ministry sometimes has its hardships, commerce and mechanism have their hardships.

We are to remember that the minister of the Gospel, so far as worldly support is concerned, has the advantage over the doctor, the lawyer, and most every other profession at the altar; for although a man in these professions may after a while come to influence, we all know that his first years are a hard struggle, and a livelihood is not won; while the minister of the Gospel steps right out of the theological school into a settled position, where from the first day he is supported. Show me one minister of Christ who has fared hard, and I will show you ten merchants and mechanics who have been fretted and exasperated, and tossed about, and moved from a large house into a smaller one, and ragged, and dunned, and abused, and set upon, and trampled under foot, until all courage is gone out of you.

But you say, see how old ministers are neglected, and their families after me. I admit it. Shame on the Christian Church that it is so. But remember, also, that there are thousands of old merchants, who, with their families, have come down to abject poverty and that every day there are mechanics moving out of their plain houses because they

CANNOT PAY THEIR RENT. What company of men is it sends a teacher to Europe because he is a bronchitis? What company of well-to-do men meet together and pass resolutions of sympathy when a carter is sick? I admit that in the ministry we have our annoyances, but I wish it understood, at the same time, they are no more, I think they are less, than in other occupations.

For a particular and specific purpose to-night, I want to say to young men who hear me, that if you enter the holy office with the right spirit, loving God and desiring usefulness, you will find this Christian work of the ministry always a satisfaction, often a joy, and sometimes a rapture. Of course, I exclude from these consolations those men who enter the ministry with half a heart, and who at the first opportunity escape through Wall Street, or through the fortune of a rich wife. I also exclude from these consolations those ministers who smoke themselves to death, as hundreds of them do. I exclude also from these consolations those ministers who pass their lives in complaining about the signs of the world, instead of putting both hands forth to make that world better. This joy of which I speak comes to those

who feel called to the work of the Christian ministry, and are glad of it.

You have heard sermons on the hardships of the ministry, on the sorrows of the ministry. I have thought, in this my parting address, I would talk to you a little while about the joys of the Christian ministry, hoping that before I get through I may induce some of these young men to buckle on the armor of the Lord, Almighty.

In the first place, there is the joy of interesting work. The minister of Christ in this day must toil thoroughly and continuously. If he would be able to instruct the people, he must have something decided to say, and be able to say it in such a way that the people will understand. There are in this day so many pamphlets, so many books, so many newspapers, so many lecturing platforms, that the great mass of people are accustomed to discuss questions of literature, and morals, and religion; and I care not how fine the voice may be, how elaborate the rhetoric, or how high-sounding the phrase, unless the minister of Christ has something to say, all the people know it, and

THEY KNOW IT RIGHT AWAY.

Hence he must be busy not only with the books in his library, but with that book of every-day Christian experience, and of worldly observation. He must not only know what were the scepticisms of Hume, and Gibbon, and Voltaire, but be acquainted with the modern infidelities that swarm in the street and drawing-room. Besides that, his heart and hand must ever be open for Christian sympathy and help. There are the bereaved to be comforted. There are the dead to be buried. There are the fallen to be led up with great encouragement. There are young men coming to town who need Christian counsel. Plenty of work for voice, for hand, for pen. Besides that, there are a thousand charities of the world and of the Church to which he must in the name of Christ, put forth his hands.

Now, I say that a man entering the ministry with the right spirit will find perpetual exhilaration and joy in the work. To stand before a company of immoral men and women importuning them to such belief and behavior as shall lead them to high happiness on earth and open for them the grandeur of eternity; to enter the harvest-field where the grain is ripe, and the sheaves are coming toward the garner—that is life for the body, that is inspiration for the mind, that is rapture for the soul; and if there is in all the world an occupation or profession that yields such mighty satisfaction, I have never heard of it. Some have expressed it as a matter of surprise that our life-insurance men have stated that ministers of the Gospel, as a class, live longer than any other class of people. It is no surprise to me. The joy of their work is the reason of their longevity.

I remark again: there is the joy of elevated associations for a minister. If a man be tolerably sane and sane, he will seek the refinements of society open before him. He is invited into the conclave of poets and artists; he is surrounded by kindly influences; society breathes upon him its most

ELEVATING ADVANTAGES. Men in other occupations must depend on their wealth and achievements to obtain such position. By reason of the respect of men for the Christian minister, all these spheres open before him. In addition to that, and more than that, his constant associates are the princes of God and the heirs of heaven.

Then comes the joy of seeing souls converted. "Go into all the world and preach my Gospel," said Christ; and that is to be the great means of bringing the world back to God. To go from the house of God some Sabbath and feel that the sermon has fallen dead, and to be told the next day by some man, "That sermon was the redemption of my soul." It has been the history of almost all the sermons about which I have heard and they are a constant reminder to see men turning their backs on the world to follow Christ, and to hear them saying, "Where thou goest I go; thy people shall be my people, thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and where thou art buried, I will be buried." Oh! this is the joy of the heavens.

"Pleased with the news, the saints below In songs their tongues employ; Beyond the skies the tidings go, And heaven is filled with joy." There is the joy of comfort-bearing. It does not take a very long ministry before you look over an audience and see that there is not a single family that has escaped sickness, losses of property, bereavements of the household. "Oh! if we were obliged to stand in the pulpits without this balm of heaven; what should we do?"

TO SEE THE WOUNDS HEALING;

to see some one kneeling down beside the coffin of a loved one, and hear her saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord"—I feel as if I could trust Him; and see Christ come to the proof of the vessel, and silence the Euclid; and see a soul rise up strengthened and comforted; to look over an audience, one-half of them in the habiliments of mourning, and yet feel that there is power in that Gospel to silence every grief and soothe every wound of the soul—ah! to tell the broken-hearted people of the congregation that God pities, that God sympathizes—that is the joy of the Christian ministry.

There is joy in a church's sympathy. It is a sad thing that many of the best people in affliction do not get sympathy; they are all alone in their sorrow; the world yields them no condolence at all. If the minister of Christ has been at all faithful in his work, he knows that there are those who are willing to sympathize in his every sorrow and in every success. He knows that he has those who pray for his wishes. If he be sick, he knows they are praying for his recovery. If dark shadows hover over his household, he knows there are those who are praying that

those shadows may be lifted. Multitudes of those to whom he has brought the comforts of the Gospel in hours of tribulation come to him in hours of disaster.

"Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe; Their ardent prayers together rise Like mingling flames in sacrifice."

Together oft they seek the place Where God reveals his smiling face; At length they meet in realms above, A heaven of joy, because of love."

I have felt, my brethren and sisters in Christ, constrained in this moment of parting for an absence of some weeks, to tell you of the deep, high, protracted joy of the Christian ministry. I do not believe there is any congregation on earth that has been more sympathetic with the work of a pastor than you have been with me. And I have felt that before I go away from you now must offer my thanks, first to God, and next to you. For I can say, in the words of the apostle in the text, "My brethren dearly beloved, my joy and crown."

For these three years I have received kindness at the hands of this people. I have dwelt among you with imperfections, not so well known to you as to myself. And in looking back these three years, I have but one fault to find, and that is, that

YOU HAVE BEEN TOO KIND.

With my temperament, I know that I must in that time have said a good many things that I ought never to have said, and must have done a good many things that I ought never to have done. And so now, in this closing hour, I ask the forgiveness of God and the forgiveness of this people for all the shortcomings of my ministry. I know, my friends, you will not begrudge me this vacation. It has been a very busy year to me—God only knows how busy. I have tried to do as well as I could to look after the spiritual welfare of hundreds of families. While I have been angry discussions in the newspapers about how many hours a man ought to work, some saying he ought to work eight, and some saying eight hours were too much, I have this year worked fifteen hours per day as a regular thing, and still stand before you in perfect health, although this vacation is not very acceptable. You will be glad that I have this opportunity to rest.

I want, to-night, to build on this platform a monument to the goodness of God and to your faithfulness to me as pastor. I would like to say over that monument, as was said over one that was raised in the wilderness, "Mileph: The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another!"

To the God of the mountains, and the God of the valleys, and the God of the ocean, and the God of the great town, I commend you and your families. Let us all make league with him. The time will soon come when I shall preach my last sermon, and I will have had your last opportunity of salvation. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after that the judgment." And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.

In this dark world of sin and pain We only meet to pass again; But when we reach the heavenly shore, We there shall meet to part no more; The hope that we shall see that day Should chase our present griefs away."

DELICIOUS RED TAPE.

Wonderful Circumlocution in Getting Down a Kite.

At Gleiwitz, in Upper Silesia, a youngster's kite got caught on the electric wire of a fire alarm. A policeman noticed the accident, and in order to get the kite removed made a written report, which, after having been perused by the "Polizei-kommissar," was forwarded in succession to the "Polizei-Inspektor," the magistrate and the "Feuerlöschgeratkommission." The last-named authority engaged an engineer to remove the offending kite, and recommended the magistrate to reward the zealous policeman with a premium of 25 pfennigs. The engineer handed in a written report to the effect that the kite had been removed. The municipal treasury paid the policeman the sum of 25 pfennigs and received in return a duly signed acknowledgment. The master of the school which the unlucky kite flyer attended, fourteen days had been spent in tracing him, received instructions to severely warn his pupils against flying their kites against electric wires, and after complying with the instructions reported accordingly.

But the "Feuerlöschgeratkommission" determined that the matter should not rest there. They sent a deputation to the local school board to ask that all school inspectors in the district should be instructed to see that all the children in the local schools received a similar warning. The head-masters of the schools were accordingly supplied with written instructions as to the way in which the necessary warning should be conveyed. Circulars were distributed among the juvenile population. The head school inspector was informed of the steps that had been taken. He informed the school-board and the board of the burgo-master. Finally the written documents relating to the affair were collected, and, after being furnished with a formidable register number, were laid to rest in an official pigeonhole. Four months passed from the loss of the kite to the final subsidence of documents and reports concerning it.

WORK OF RATS.

Rats are playing havoc with the underground telephone and telegraph cables in St. Louis. They have discovered that the wires are covered with paraffined paper, and they like the taste. To satisfy their appetites they must gnaw through the lead casing around the wires. It has happened in a number of cases that the rats in gnawing through the lead cables to get at the greased paper have laid the copper wires bare, so that they touch each other and cross in such a manner as to make it impossible to establish communication over them.

WONDERS OF LIQUID AIR.

PROPERTIES AND CAPABILITIES OF THE NEW AGENT.

Can Melt Iron in Ice—Boat, Butter, and Eggs May be Frozen, and Pounded to Powder—Uses in Surgery.

The latest scientific marvel is the discovery of Mr. C. E. Tripler of the liquefaction of air, and the wonderful uses to which it can be put. In an interesting paper in Pearson's Weekly, Mr. Tripler describes the uses to which the new agent can be put, and outlines the probabilities of the application.

"Liquid air," it seems, is obtained by a process of great pressure, wherein eight hundred cubic feet of ordinary air becomes one cubic foot of liquid, and it is in this great concentration that its potency lies. Its temperature is actually about 312 degrees below zero.

FROZEN AND PULVERISED.

In its expansion as it returns to its gaseous state lies a power of the highest efficiency, easy to control, ready to be harnessed and utilized. If a tumbler be filled with the liquid it boils vigorously, absorbing a portion of the heat around it, and at the end of half an hour has completely disappeared, indistinguishably mingled with the air above it, from which it differs only in its greater purity. The tumbler, meanwhile, has become thickly coated with frost. It has the appearance of pure water, except that it shows a pale bluish tint, which intensifies as the evaporation proceeds. There is no difficulty or danger in handling it, provided reasonable precaution is used, and the gases are not confined. It can be ladled up with a tin cup, and poured into almost any sort of dish, like so much water. If you chance to drop the cup, however, it will shatter like thin glassware. An oyster dipped for a moment in a bowl of the liquid becomes as cold as if it had remained in a refrigerator for hours. Raw beef-steak may be frozen until it rings, when struck, like a piece of bell-metal. While in this condition it may be broken in fragments with a hammer, and pounded into powder. Butter, similarly treated, may be reduced to a fine, dry dust; fruit and eggs may be pulverised in the same manner. Wool, under ordinary circumstances, will not burn; it merely scorches and crisps, and gives off unpleasant odours. But when saturated in liquid oxygen, and the touch of a match, it flashes up like so much gunpowder, and is gone in a moment. A mass of felt treated in the same manner burns more like dampened gunpowder, with a series of spluttering flashes, but it also is completely consumed.

IRON MELTED IN ICE.

Mr. Tripler describes an experiment giving a contrast of extremes of cold and heat which is without precedent. Pouring some of the liquid into a smooth glass tumbler, he says, I dip the bottom into a vessel of water. A thin casing of ice immediately forms about it, but at once begins to crack with the intense cold. By repeated immersion, however, adding cold after cold, I presently get a sort of ice-cup, thick enough to bear handling. I place the tumbler upon which it has been moulded, as a fuse, with a brilliant effusion of sparks, so that the chilly crystal about it glows like a lamp. On inspecting the cup after this display of fireworks is ended you will find that the sizing metal has covered the bottom with beads and pellets of steel. We have actually melted iron into a crucible of ice! It remains to show the explosive power of this mysterious liquid. I saturate in the azure-tinted liquid a wad of oily cotton waste, and place it in a steel tube of great strength, open at both ends. When a spark is applied—which must be done from a safe distance—the tube is rent in fragments. If the wad were first wet with turpentine, the explosive force would exceed that of gun cotton. This compound is well suited for use in shells or torpedoes, and might easily be made a destructive agent of terrible efficiency in war. No thickness of armour-plate could resist its ruthless energy. Moreover, there would be no risk in the handling, as it is not exploded by concussion. It can be discharged only by contact with a spark; the whole effect is produced by practically instantaneous combustion.

ITS USES IN SURGERY.

Liquid air is no mere curiosity of the laboratory and the lecture-room; its possible uses are manifold and some of them are of incalculable importance. Doubtless the most obvious application is for purposes of refrigeration. Nothing can be imagined better adapted for such use, since liquid air furnishes a clear, dry, cold, easily delivered at any temperature required. With its aid, the transportation of fresh meats, fruits, and the like, to any distance, on either steamships or by rail, becomes a simple matter. In hotels and other large establishments, the same motive power, which is used for running the lifts and driving the dynamos might be turned to account for all kinds of refrigeration; in the heat of summer it would be no more difficult to cool the air of our apartments than we now find it to warm them in winter—nor would there be any deleterious gases produced, as by combustion, requiring to be carried off through pipes and flues. On the contrary, the incidental product would be like the purest and most bracing mountain air, and the possibilities in medical uses are numerous. By means of this air, it is absolutely free from germs, and is furnished in any amount; and if the stimulating effect of an excess of oxygen were desired,

it could be had without trouble, quite free from the impurities which now often make this gas objectionable. The temperature of hospital wards, even in the tropics, could readily be cooled to any degree prescribed by the physicians in charge; and by keeping the patient about yellow fever patients down to the frost point, the nurses will be perfectly protected against contagion and the recovery of the patients themselves facilitated. Again, the cauterising cold which liquid air is capable of producing might be used in cases of cancer with great advantage, since, while it absolutely destroys the flesh to which it is applied, its action is perfectly under control, and can be stopped in an instant.

HIGH EXPLOSIVE AND MOTIVE FORCE.

Its possible use as a high explosive in war has already been adverted to. Further, military authorities are already making enquiries as to its application to the cooling of guns when in action and there is no obvious reason why it should not prove highly efficacious, and of great value in their way. Still more important, however, will be its service as a motive force on warships—or, indeed, on any ships. It can be handled with perfect safety in an ordinary engine, in the same manner as steam, but without requiring oppressive heat. Freed from the necessity of carrying an immense weight of coal, yet furnished with a motor capable of producing any amount of power needed, vessels would be able to make voyages of any length at a speed equalling that of the swiftest torpedo boats, running at the rate of forty to forty-five miles an hour. And in submarine boats, the motor itself would supply all the air required for breathing, abundant, cool, and pure, instead of generating overpowering heat and stifling gases, as is the case at present. It is also worth while considering its application in connection with the difficult problem of aerial navigation, which it will probably be solved, since all that is now wanted, practically, is a motor sufficiently light and strong and safe. With liquid air no fire would be needed—the heat of the surrounding atmosphere would be entirely adequate and for this reason, and because there would be no moisture to effect them, the boilers could be made of paper. Aluminium scarcely heavier than paper, yet nearly equal in strength, would probably be used for the coils and other necessary parts of the mechanism.

HONOR ABOVE GOLD.

An Incident Which Illustrates the French Character.

Speaking of French politics, I heard a most extraordinary story of another strange secret of contemporary life, writes a correspondent. Some years ago one might see in a restaurant at night, playing dominoes quietly or conversing in tranquil tones, a gentleman named Levy. He was a man who knew more of the secret history of the courts of Europe than any man of his time. To get a full account of his personality and history you must spend an evening with "Joe" Lyons, the owner of the Trocadero and a score of other restaurants, one of the most brilliant rascals as well as one of the best fellows in all London. Mr. Levy was a private detective, employed whenever a task of extreme delicacy and enormous importance was on hand. He was retained by the Bank of England, among other institutions, and I have heard that his services were esteemed so valuable that he got the magnificent salary of £10,000 a year from that institution.

Well, after the downfall of the Commune, Mr. Levy was intrusted with one of the most delicate and, I might say, terrible missions in his life. There were several Communist refuges in London. Levy tracked them out. A man of the world, without enthusiasm, acquainted with all the seamy side of life, and of man, he yet had a broad, sympathetic imagination; and he was astounded by the picture he found in the miserable den—if I remember rightly it was a stable—in which he discovered the objects of his search. These men, who but a few years before had the government and the revenues of the great city of Paris at their command, were engaged in making a wretched bowl of soup, which was to be the one meal—and the one meal of them all—for twenty-four hours. Nine pennies had stuck to their palms of the millions that were at their mercy! "These men may be madmen," he said to a friend, to whom he told the story, "but, according to their lights, they are patriots!"

His wonder grew as they refused scornfully to surrender some papers which had fallen into their possession, in spite of dazzling offers of gold, and as agent of the French government he was authorized to offer them. They knew the horror and the terrible and appalling importance of the domestic secret in the life of a great man of which they held proofs, but they decided to keep the proofs until they thought it right or wrong to publish the story to the world. And, though they refused the gold, they nevertheless told the secret, and France and Europe were saved one of the most cruel and devastating scandals of our times.

ONLY AN OFFICER.

Mr. Arnold Foster tells, in an article in the English National Review on military red tape, a good story of the Admiralty:

"At one time the Admiralty was afflicted in the same way as the War Office, and there is a story of a post captain whose claim for a cab fare from the dockyard gates to Portsmouth Railway Station was refused on the ground that there was no evidence of his having made the journey. The officer is reputed to have replied that, in the first place, he was a post captain in Her Majesty's navy, and, in fact, taken the cab, but if evidence were required, he could produce the testimony of a beggar and a street walker, who were on the spot at the time, and who could doubtless satisfy their lordships."

WINTER HEALTH HINTS.

How to Keep Well During the Indoor Season.

Open Fires.—Before houses were kept so warm people were much healthier. We are great sinners in this respect. If you must have a raging fire as soon as the temperature falls a trifle, have it in an open grate. The constant current up the chimney carries off impure air, which is replaced by air from without.

Diphtheria.—There is no reason why diphtheria should be worse in cold weather than in warm. Good ventilation will usually keep it away. Tonsillitis and sore throat, should be carefully looked after, as either may develop into diphtheria. When a child has sore throat, it should be examined frequently. If there is a yellow substance on the lining close to the tonsils a doctor should be called at once, as this is a diphtheritic symptom.

Malaria.—Malaria may become common in any region where there is much tearing up of the streets. Plenty of sunlight and perfect drainage are the best specifics in city or country. Malaria and yellow fever are pretty nearly akin, the former being, of course, a much milder type.

Deadly Dust.—Street dust contains not only ordinary filth of animal litter, but the specific germs of many diseases, like consumption, diphtheria and pneumonia.

Drawn Fowls.—Fowls should always be "drawn" before they are exposed for sale. The common practice of leaving the intestines in chickens and turkeys, sometimes for days, for no reason but to make them weigh more, poisons the meat.

The Teeth.—A noted physician suggests that there should be free dental institutes for the poor where teeth can be filled as well as merely drawn when far decayed as at present. Decaying teeth are bad for the general health. In the German Army there are staff dentists as well as surgeons, and all soldiers' teeth are treated free of charge.

A TOSPY TURVY LAND.

The Curious Way the Japanese Have of Doing Things.

The law of the Japanese is that of inversion—at least it seems so to us. Viewing things from an Oriental standpoint, we would probably think our present way of life the topsy turvy way and pity ourselves for shortsightedness and foolishness, as they do now.

In Japan white is mourning both for men and women, while women indicate their age by their costume. The Japanese has no foundation to his house, but instead the roof is ballasted, that being considered a better safeguard against the violent storms. After dinner speeches are made before dinner, and probably no custom shows the innate good breeding of the Japanese more than this last. Think of the belated guests if such a custom were ours! Think of the speeches thrown to the air!

Some of the Japanese symbols are interesting and deserve recognition, so popular are their work of art in our homes. Look closely at Japanese screen, panel, kimono, fan, and you will find the inevitable cherry blossom, the national flower; the plum, which signifies sweetness of heart; the pine, the strength of vigorous old age; a woman under a roof, charming symbol of content.

The obliqueness of the Japanese eyelid, which comes before one's eyes in speaking of anything Japanese, is, it is said, a protection of nature accorded, too, to many animals.

MISSIONARY WAS MURDERED.

The Chinese Kill Rev. Mr. Fleming and a Native Evangelist.

A despatch to the London Daily Telegraph from Shanghai says that Rev. Mr. Fleming, a missionary and native evangelist were murdered in the recent attack by the rebels on the town of Kwei-Fu in the Upper Yangtze-Kiang valley, when the Catholic mission there was burned.

NEW STEAMSHIP LINE.

Will Save Two Days Between England and Canada.

A despatch from London says:—The Canadian Steamship Company's first sailing on the line from Milford Haven to Faspheac is announced for December 7th.

A service of fourteen-knot vessels is promised until April, after which seventeen-knot vessels will be put on. The company expects to establish a mail service saving two days in the time of carriage between London and Canada.

RISE IN SWAT VALLEY.

"Mad Fakir," With 600 Men, Ready for an Attack.

A despatch from Simla, British India, says:—Trouble is brewing in the Upper Swat valley, whose notorious "mad Fakir," at the head of 600 men, is preparing to attack the Nawab of Dir and create a rising against British rule.

HER FRUITLESS SEARCH.

Mrs. Slimditt—You are not eating your meat, Mr. Hallroom.

New Board.—Er—the fact is, Mrs. Slimditt, my—er—teeth are not very good, and this meat seems a trifle tough to me.

Mrs. S.—Well, that's too bad. Such a time as I do have getting good meat. I have tried every place I can think of.

Mr. H.—Have you tried any of the places near the loins?

—Mutual Principle.

—Fund

—n.

—EHOOLD BUILDING

October 14th, 1898.

o announce that in

death claims in the

will be made by check

into; or the Molsone

making the Mutual

company.

J. McMURTRY,

Manager for Ontario.

ng Claims

in near Trail, B.C.,

ter.

al syndicate. Veins

on; assays very high,

at my office.

rk, promoters' shares

co, lots of \$5,000

made in good ventures

is small. Reliable

C. O. LEARN,

Agent for Aylmer.

E HORSE

STABLE

EQUIPPED LIVERY

ONTARIO.

Turn Out

ED ON THE SHORTEST

D AT THE

Prices

vn Hall.

Pierce & Son,

Proprietor

Saving Co.

al...\$625 000

... 228 000

... 19 000

... 400 000

O LOAN

Rates.

posits Received

Interest Com-

fy-Yearly

RECTORS.

PRESIDENT: JOHN

IDENT: DIRECTORS,

M. D. K. McKENZIE,

GEO. WEGG, Esq.,