CHILL OF THE FROSTS

FOLLOWED BY BLESSINGS AND CON-SEQUENT GLADNESS

Bev. Dr. Talmage Draws Inspiration From the Corn Field -Vivid Pen Picture of the Husking Bee-Death L Really the Blessing of Blessings.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached on Sun-ay morning from the text Job v, 26, As a shock of corn cometh in in his

Going at a rate of 40 miles the hour Going at a rate of 40 miles the hour a few days ago, I caught the sermon. If you have recently been in the fields of Pennsylvania, or New Jersey, or New York, or New England, or any of the country districts, you know that the corn is nearly all cut. The sharp knife struck through the stalks and left them all along the fields until a man came with a bundle of straw and twisted a with a bundle of straw and twisted a few of these wisps of straw into a band, and then gathering up as much of the corn as he could compass with his arms he bound it with his wisp of straw, and then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

then stood it in the field in what is called a shock.

It is estimated that there are now several billion bushels of corn standing in the shock, waiting to be husked. Some time during the latter part of next month the farmers will gather, one day on one farm, another day on another farm, and they will put on their rough husking apron, and will take the husking peg, which is a piece of iron with a leather loop fastened to the hand, and with it unsheath the corn from the husk and toss it into the golden heap. Then the wagons will come along and take it to the corncrib.

wagons will come along and take it to the cornerib.

How vividly to all those of us who were born in the country comes the remembrance of husking time! We waited for it as for a gala day of the year. It was called a frolic. The trees having for the most part shed their foliage, the farmers waded through the fallen leaves, and came through the keen morning air to the gleeful country. The frosts, which had silvered everything during the night, began to melt off of the top of the corn shocks. While the farmers were waiting for others, they stood blowing their breath through their fingers or thrashing their arms around their bodies to keep up warmth of circulation.

culation.

Roaring mirth greeted the late farmer as he crawled over the fence. Joke and repartee and rustic salutation abounded. All ready, now! The men take hold the shock of corn and hurl it prostrate, while the moles and mice which have secreted themselves there for warmth attempt escape. The withe of straw is unwound from the corn shock, and the stalks, heavy with the wealth of grain, are rolled into two bundles, between which the huskers sitdown. The husking peg is thrust in until it strikes the corn, and then the fingers rip off the sheathing of the ear and here is a crack at the root of the corn is snapped off from the husk, and the grain, disimprisoned, is hurled up into the sunlight.

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and

The air is so tonic, the work is so very exhilarating, the company is so blithe, that some laugh, and some shout, and some sing, and some banter, and some tease a neighbor for a romantic ride along the edge of the woods in an eventide, in a carriage that holds but two, and some prophesy as to the number of bushels to the field, and others go into competition as to which shall rife the most corn shocks before sundown.

After awhile the dinner horn sounds from the farmhouse, and the table is surrounded by a group of jolly and hungry men. From all the pantries and the cellars and the perches of fowl on the place the richest dainties come, and

the place the richest dainties come, and there are carnival and neighborhood reunion, and a scene which fills our memory, part with smiles, but more with tears, as we remember that the tarm belongs now to other owners, and other hands gather in the fields, and many of those who mingled in that merry husking scene have themselves been reaped "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

"like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

There is a difference of opinion as to whether the orientals knew anything about the corn as it stands in our fields, but recent discoveries have found out that the Hebrew knew all about Indian maize, for there have been grains of the corn picked up out of ancient crypts and exhumed from hiding places where they were put down many centuries ago, and they have been planted in our time and have come up just such Indian maize as we raise in New York and Ohio. So I am right when I say that my text may refer to a shock of corn just as you and I bound it, just as you and I threw it, just as you and I husked it. There may come some practical and useful and comforting lessons to all our souls while we think of coming in at last "like a shock of corn coming in in his season."

It is high time that the king of terrors were thrown out of the Christian yo-cabulary. A vast multitude of people talk of death as though it were the disaster of disasters instead of being to a good man the blessing of blessings. It is moving out of a cold vestibule into a warm temple. It is migrating into a warm temple. It is a change of manacles for garlands. It is the transmuting of the iron handcuffs of early incarceration into the diamonded wristlets of a bridal party, or, to use the suggestion of my text, it is only husking time. It is the tearing off of the rough sheaf of the body that the bright and the and the beautiful soul may go free. Coming in "like a shock of corn cometh in in his season." Christ broke up a funeral procession at the gate of Nain by making a resurrection day for a young man and his mother. And I would that I could break up your sadress and halt the long funeral procession of the world's grief by some cheering and cheerful view of the last transition.

We all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the ground

we all know that husking time was a time of frost. Frost on the ground. Frost on the fence. Frost on the bare branches of the trees. Frost in the air. Frost on the hands of the huskers. You remember we used to hide behind the corn shocks so as to keep off the wind, but still you remember how shivering was the body and how painful was the cheek and how benumbed were the hands. But after awhile the sun went high up and all the frosts went out of the air, and hilarities awakened the echoes and joy from one corn shock went up, "Aha, aha," and was answered by joy from another corn shock. "Aha, aha!"

So we all realize that the death of our friends is the nipping of many expectations, the freezing, the chilling, the frosting of many of our hopes. It is far from being a south wind. It comes from the frigid north, and when they go hway from us we stand benumbed in body and benumbed in mind and benumbed in soul. We stand among our dead neighbors, our dead families, and we say, "Will we ever get over it?" Yes, we will get over it amid the shoutings of heavenly runion, and we will look back to all these distresses of bereavement only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure

back to all these distresses of bereave-ment only as the temporary distresses of husking time. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morn-ing?" "Light, and but for a moment," said the apostle as he clapped his hands, "light and but for a moment." The chill of the frosts followed by the gladness

that cometh in "like as a snock of corn cometh in in his season."

Of course the husking time made rough work with the ear of corn. The husking peg had to be thrust in and the hard thumb of the husker had to come down on the swathing of the ear, and then ther was a pull and a ruthless tearing and then a complete snapping off before the corn was free, and if the husk could have spoken it would have said: "Why do you lacerate me? Why do you wrench me?" Ah, my friends, that is the way God has arranged that the ear and the husk shall part, and that is the way he has arranged that the body and soul shall separate. You can afford to have your physical distresses when you know that they are only forwarding the soul's liberation. Every rheumatic pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is only a twist had the said in the husker.

pain is only a plunge of the husking peg. Every neuralgic twinge is only a twist by the husker. There is gold in you that must come out. Some way the shackel must be broken. Some way the shackel must be launched for heavenly voyage. You must let the heavenly Husbandman husk off the mortality from the immortality.

There ought to be great consolation in this for all who have chronic ailments, since the Lord is gradually and more mildly taking away from you that which hinders your soul's liberation, doing gradually for you what for many of us in robust health perhaps He will do in one fell blow at the last. At the close of every illness, at the close of every illness, at the close of every panoxysm, you ought to say: "Thank

of every illness, at the close of every paroxysm, you ought to say: "Thank God that is all past now. Thank God, I will never have to suffer that again. Thank God I am so much nearer the hour of liberation." You will never surfer the same pain twice. You may have a new pain in an old place, but never the same pain twice. The pain does its work and then it dies. Just so many plunges of the crowbar to free the quarry stone for the building. Just so many strokes of the chisel to complete the statue. Just so many pangs to separate the soul form the body. You who have chronic allments and disorders are only paying in installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we installments that which some of us will have to pay in one payment when we pay the debt of nature. Thank God, therefore, ye who have chronic disorders, that you have so much less suffering at the last. Thank God that you will have so much less to feel in the way of pain at the hands of the heavenly Husbandman when "the shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Perhaps now this may be an answer to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer. Why is it that so many really good people have

to a question which I asked one Sabbath morning, but did not answer. Why is it that so many really good people have so dreadfully to suffer? You often find a good man with enough pains and aches and distresses, you would think, to discipline a whole colony, while you find a man who is perfectly useless going around with easy digestion and steady nerves and shining health and his exit from the world is comparatively painless. How do you explain that? Well, I noticed in the husking time that the husking peg was thinst into the corn and then there must be a stout pull before the swathing was taken off of the ear and the full, round, healthy, luxuriant corn was developed, while on the other hand there was corn that hardly seemed worth husking. We threw that into a place all by itself, and we called it "nubbins."

Some of it was mildewed and some of Some of it was middewed and some of it was mice nibbled and some of it was great promise and no fulfillment. All cobs and no corn. Nubbins! After the good corn had been driven up to the barn we came around with the corn basket and we picked up these nubbins. They were worth saving, but not worth much. So all around us there are people who amount to nothing. They develop into no kind of usefulness. They are nibbled on one side by the world and nibbled on the other side by the devil and mildewed all over. Great promise and no fulfillment. All cob and recorn. Nubbins!

They are worth saving. I suppose many of them will get to heaven, but they are not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with those who went through great tribulation into the kingdom of God. Who would not rather have the pains of this life, the misfortunes of this life, who would not rather be torn, and wounded, and lacerated, and wrenched, and hisked, and at last go in amid the very best grain of the granary, than to be pronounced not worth husking at all. Nubbins! In other words, I want to say to you people who have distress of body and distress in business and distress of all sorts, the Lord has not any grudge against you. It is not derogatory: it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is

is not derogatory; it is complimentary. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and it is proof positive that there is something valuable in you, or the Lord would not have husked you.

You remember also that in the time of husking it was a neighboring reunion. By the great fireplace in the winter, the fires roaring around the glorified backlogs on an old-fashioned hearth, of which the modern stoves and registers are only the degenerate descendants, the farmers used to gather and spend the evening, and there would be much sociality, but it was not anything like the joy of the husking time, for then all the farmers came, and they came in the very best humor, and they came from beyond the brook, and they came from regions two and three miles around. Good spirit reigned sup.eme, and there was carnival, and there was the recital of the brightest experiences in all their lives, and there was a neighborhood reunion the memory of which makes all the nerves of my body tremble with emotion as the strings of a harp when the fingers of a player have swept the chords.

The husking time was the time of neighborhood reunion, and so heaven will be just that. There they come up! They reclived amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parterres or a city cemeery. There they come up! They went down

They slept in the old village churchyard. There they come up. They reclined amid the fountains and the sculpture and the parteeres or a city cemetery. There they come up! They went down when the ship foundered off Cape Hatters. They come up from all sides—from potter's field and out of the solid masonry of Westmingter Abbey. They come up! They come up! All the hindrances to their better nature husked off. All their physical aliments husked off. All their spiritual despondencies husked off. Spicuous. Some of them on earth were such disagreeable Christians you could hardly stand it in their presence. Now in heaven they are so radiant you hardly know them. The fact is all their imperfections have been husked off. They did not mean on earth to be disagreeable. They meant well enough, but they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how many hard things they had heard about you, and they told you how often they had to stand up for you in some battles until you wished almost that they had been slain in some of the battles. Good, pious, consecrated, well meaning disagreeables.

Now, in heaven all their offensiveness has been husked off. Each one is as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Every one he meets as happy as he can be. Heaven one great neighborhood reunion. All kings and queens, all songsters, all millionaires, all banqueters, God, the father, with his children all around Him. No "goodby" in all the air. No grave cut in

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ing, and the lacerating, and the husking time of earth into the wide open door of the King's granary, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Yes, heaven, a great sociable, with joy like the joy of the husking time. No one there feeling so big he declines to speak to some one who is not so large. Archangel willing to listen to small st cherub. No bolting of the door of caste at one heavenly mansion to keep out the citizens of a smaller mansion. No clique in one corner whispering about a clique in one corner whispering about a clique in one halt until he passes because he made the sun and moon halt. Paul making no assumptions over the most ordining no assumptions over the most ordin-ary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more hon-

ary preacher of righteousness. Naaman, captain of the Syrian host, no more honored than the captive maid who told him where he could get a good doctor. O, my soul, what a country! The humblest man a king. The poorest woman a queen. The meanest house a palace. The shortest lifetime eternity. And what is more strange about it all is, we may all get there. "Not I," says some one standing back under the galleries. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has not been in church in 15 years before. Yes, you. "Not I," says some one who has been for 50 years filling up his life with all kinds of wickedness. Yes, you. There are monopolies on earth, monopolistic railroads, monopolistic grain dealers, but no monopoly in religion. All who want to be saved may be saved, "without money and without price." Salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ for all the people. Of course, use common sense in this matter. You cannot expect to get to heaven by going in an opposite direction. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the race may go in. "But," says some one, "do you really

tion. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved. Through that one gate of pardon and peace all the cace may go in.

"But," says some one, "do you really think I would be at home in that supernal society if I should preach it?" I think you would. I know you would. I remember that in the husking time there was a great equality of feeling among the neighbors. There at one corn shock a farmer would be at work who owned 200 acres of ground. The man whom he was talking with at the next corn shock owned but 30 acres of ground, and perhaps all covered by a mortgage. That evening, at the close of husking day, one man drove home a roan span so frisky, so full of life, they got their feet over the traces. The other man walked home. Great difference in education, great difference in worldly means, but I noticed at the husking time they all seemed to enjoy each other's society. They did not ask any man how much property he owned or what his education had been. They all seemed to be happy together in those good times.

And so it will be in heaven. Our Father will gather His children around Him and the neighbors will come in, and the past will be rehearsed. And some one will tell of victory and we will all celebrate it. And some one will tell of great struggle, and we will all praise the grace that fetched him out of it. And some one will say: "Here is my old father that I put away with heartbreak. Just look at him, he is as young as any of us!" And some one will say: "Here is my darling child that I buried in Greenwood, and all the after years of my life were shadowed with desolation. Just look at her! She doesn't seem as if she had been sick a minute." Great sociality. Great neighborhood kindness.

What though John Howard sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on one side and John Howard sit down on the other side. No embarrassment. A monarch yeurself, why be embarrassed amind glorified songsters? Go in and dine.

All the shocks coming in in their season. Oh, yes, in their season. Not one of you having

you having died too soon, too late, or having died at haphazard. Planted at just the right time. Plowed just at the right time. Husked at just the right time. Garnered at just the right time.

time. Garnered at just the right time. Coming in in your season.

Oh, I wish that the billions of bushels of corn now in the fields or on the way to the seaboard might be a type of the grand yield of honor and glory and immortality, when all the shocks come in.

I do not know how you are constituted, but I am so constituted that there is nothing that so awakens reminiscences in me as the odors of a cornfield when I cross it at this time of year after the corn has been cut and it stands in shocks. And so I have thought it might be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence. be practically useful for us to-day to cross the cornfield, and I have thought perhaps there might be some reminiscence roused in our soul that might be salutary and might be saving. In Sweden, a prima donna, while her house in the city was being repaired, took a house in the country for temporary residence, and she brought out her great array of jewels to show a friend who wished to see them. One night after displaying these jewels and leaving them on the table, and all her friends had gone, and the servants had gone—one summer night—she sat thinking and looking into a mirror just in front of her chair, when she saw in that mirror the face of a robber looking in at the window behind her and gazing at those jewels. She was in great fright, but sat still, and hardly knowing why she did so she began to sing an old nursery song, her fears making the pathos of the song more telling.

Suddenly she noticed while looking at the mirror that the robber's face had gone from the window and it did not come back. A few days after the prima donna received a letter from the robber, saying, "I heard that the jewels were to be out that night and I came to take them at whatever hazard, but when I heard you sing that nursery song with which my mother so often sang me to sleep, I could not stand it and I fied, and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life."

and I have resolved upon a new and an honest life."

Oh, my friends, there are jewels in peril richer than those which lay upon the table that night. They are jewels of the immortal soul. Would God that some song rolling up out of the deserted nursery of your childhood or some song rolling up out of the cornfields, the song of the huskers 20 or 40 years ago, might turn all our feet out of the paths of sin into the paths of righteousness. Would God that those memories wafted in on odor or song might start us this moment with swift feet toward that bless ed place where so many of our loved ones have already preceded us, "as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Now that the Edelweiss is protected in Switzerland, the thrifty Swiss have invented a new industry. They imit tate the flowers in gray cloth, often using old Austrian army coats. The stuff is cut into little strips, resembling the upper part of the Edelweiss, fastened to some false plant and flattened, when it is ready for the tourist's buttonhole or the young and incautious botanist's herbarium.

A snake does not climb a tree or bush by coiling around it, but by holding on with the points of its scales. A snake on a pane of glass is almost help-

The Boot on the Other Foot, We often boast that we are never bored; but we are so conceited that we others. Rochefoucauld. Latest news in THE WEEKLY SUN. ANECDOTE OF SIR J. THOMPSON.

Curious Experience Related by Faith Fenton.

How the Conservative Premier Was Inter viewed by a Young Man Who Brought Spiritualistic Messages from Sir John A. Macdonald.

Sir John Thompson was never given to much speaking. He lacked the small coin of gossip and light badinage in a marked degree, His words were few and thoughtful. His attitude was that of the onlooker rather than the participator. Yet when time for speech arrived he was always ready. This was noticeable in the house When one of those breezes of disagreement so common in parliamentary debate sprang up between memper and member, or party and party, Sir John-who usually sat in that atmosphere of absolute quietism which eemed in itself a strength to his followers—waited until the matter had gone far enough or threatened the dignity of the house, then he arose and spoke the few wise, judicial words that made instantly for peace.

In debate it was the same. His was always the final utterance upon any

sition, but because his few words ummed up the entire matter. He was judicial always, and his impartial attitude won recognition and favor upon both sides of the house. In private life he was much the same, speaking little but always a kindly observer; and nothing was more attractive to those privileged to meet him socially than his attitude of

subject; not because of his official po-

readiness to be interested and pleased. "I know I am not a talker; but I am pleased to hear you talk, and ready to listen," his quiet look and bearing said to all who approached him. And because of these abiding qualities of trong sympathy, and a thoughtfulness that was not secretive, wrapped in an atmosphere of quiettism, Sir John vas a prince of listeners.

Yet he enjoyed fun, as most quiet people do, and when in the privacy of a friendly circle the merry talk went round, he the usually silent listener-would frequently arouse himself to contribute something—an opin-ion, mayhap, or an incident out of his high official experience—that was well worth the hearing.

It was on such an only a few months before his death, that he related in the presence of the writer one of those curious experiences that doubtless occur to all men of high official position, who become naturally a mark for cranks and fad-

That it relates very closely to the That it relates very closely to all old chieftain, and has hitherto been known only to some three or four of Sir John's associaties, will render it of interest to Canadians everywhere:

"It was an August afternoon of that

rippled its way across the waters of Lake Rosseau. The premier had been silent, as was his wont, lying back in his chair with closed eyes, with only an occasional smile, showing that he neard the conversation carried on about him.

"Presently the talk turned upon hypnotism. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who was an adept at the art in his young days, related certain stirring experiences of his personal explorations into the misty land of psychology; and urged on by the joking scepticism of Senator Sanford, offered to give practical illustration of his power on the spot.

"Sir John roused suddenly into a decisive veto against the helf-jesting proposal.

"The thing is all nonsense, of course, but we mustn't have anyone tampered with,' he said; and as the conversation drifted on naturally to the subject of clairvoyance and dreams, he related the following incident:

"I had been premier something less than a year, and Sir John Macdonald had been dead, as you will remember, years, when one morning my private secretary came into my office and said that a young man wanted to see me, but would give neither his name nor his business.

"As on enquiry he appeared to be respectable and well-mannered, I gave orders that he should be admitted."

"On finding himself alone with me, he told me frankly that he was afraid I would be surprised at his errand. 'What do you want?' I said.

"I have a message for you from Sir John Macdonald, he answered. "I looked him over keenly; but he was evidently in earnest, and more-over seemd conscious of his position. "I enquired quietly what the message was, and in what manner he received it,
"Sir John Macdonald had appeared

to him distinctly on several recent occasions, he said, urging him to brine a certain message directly to me; and so strong was the influence exerted that he felt impelled to relieve himself of responsibility in the matter by complying with what he believed to be a request from a departed spirit. "The message related to certain private funds that belonged to Miss Mary Macdonald, and which her father -so the young man asserted-desired to be transferred and otherwise invested.

"After the young man departed made a few enquiries concerning him. He came from Nova Scotia, and was engaged in temporary work at Ottawa in the buildings. He belonged to a thoroughly respectable family, and up to the present bore no reputation for erraticism of any kind.

"I mentioned the matter to the law ver entrusted with the Earnscliffe inerests, and he confessed himself at a oss to understand how the private affairs involved in the 'message' could have come to the young man's knowledge, since they were known only to himself. But he admitted that the course indicated concerning the funds in question might be sound business

advice.
"The matter had almost passed from

my memory, when one day, several aths later, the young man presentmonths later, the young man present-ed himself again with a second 'mes-sage' from the same source, this time for myself. Sir John Macdonald was

changes should be made in the cabi-"I took the young fellow in hand and questioned him closely. As far as I could discover he was honest, and apparently an unwilling beares

of these peremptory messages.
"Why they were given to him, he said, he did not know; but after they were given he had no peace from the nightly appearance of Sir John Macdonald refterating his commands until they were fulfilled."

desirous that certain

Sir John Thompson's quiet face broke into a smile of amused remembrance at this point in his story. "You would need to understand Sir John's well known penchant for planning cabinet changes," he said, "in order to appreciate the effect of this last 'message' upon my colleagues, whom I took into confidence in the matter.

"They listened in silence; but it was Sir Adolphe Caron who voiced their thought in one expressive sen-"'Good Lord!' he exclaimed, "is the

old man at it again?"

"What were the proposed changes, Sir John?' queried one of his listeners when the laugh subsided.
"Ah, that is another story, he said, miling. "But again the curious fact is that they were excellent suggestions, and just such changes as I should like to have made myself had it been practicable. Yet this young

AN UNTENABLE POSITION.

FAITH FENTON.

man knew nothing of politics—much

less of the inner workings of the cabi-

'I should be as much ashamed to be l as I should be of an act of immorality or of meanness."

These words were spoken to a little company of people, of whom the writer was one, by a bright, educated and progressive woman at a dinner not long ago. She had adopted, she aid, a thoroughly scientific mode of living, and of taking care of herself, and had suffered no disease or ailment since. She looked healthy and hearty nough that day, to be sure, and so did most of us then and there present. Yet we thought her language rather "advanced" and radical even for an age marked by so many wild and reckless declarations.

No doubt there are plenty of cases of illness as there are of injury, that are fairly attributable to distinct and culpable acts of ignorance or carelessness. In such instances the resulting liness, when suffered by the responsible person himself, may have color of wrong-doing; as when he needlessly contracts an infectious or contagious disease and transmits it

But the great mass of cases of MLness cannot be traced to cases of that kind. The irresistible pressure of life's duties and incidents continually illness in spite of our knowledge or even our precaution. And under those efreumstances we naturally decline to mount to wickedness. No: far from

Some little time since a lady, Mrs. Ann Hall of 4 Conway street, Skelmersdale, near Ormskirk, wrote to say that in the autumn of 1892 she found herself low and weak-without ambition, life or energy. Any exer-tion was a burden to her, There was a disagreeable taste in her mouth, she was constantly belching up wind or gas, and after eating had pain and fulness at the chest and around the body. Quite often she was eased only by throwing up all she had taken. Her sleep was imperfect and broken and she rose in the morning very poorly prepared for the day's labors and cares. She was not laid up, but got about work in a dull, listless ion, yet ift was, poor woman, the best she was capable of. The numerous medicines she used did her no good until she tried Mother Selgel's Syrup, having first read about it in one of those little books that are scattered over the country in hopes that they may fell into the hands of those who need them.

The result may be stated in her own words: "After I had taken the Syrup a few days," she says, "I felt much better. My food agreed with me, and my spirits were lighter. I kept on with this medicine, and in a few weeks the pain and distress were all gone. Since then I have been in good health and done my work as easily as before I was taken ill."

"For several years," writes another. 'I suffered from a bad stomach and weakness. I felt out of sorts and run down My appetite was poor, and after eating the food lay heavy on my stomach, causing me much pain. I was constantly troubled with wind rising into my throat and giving me a sensation of choking. My legs ached and trembled, and it was with difficulty I got about.

"In the summer of last year (1896) became very bad, and nothing releved me. It was then I fortunately read in a book about Mother Seigel's. Syrup, and began taking it. In a few days I felt great benefit. I could eat well, the food agreed with me, and I soon felt strong and well. I have re-commended this remedy to many, and you may publish this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Mary Lees, 126 Alexander Place, Dundyvan Road, Coatbridge, near Glasgow, July 1st, Both these women were victims of

dyspepsia, and if there is a disea more subtle and sly than a prowling cat, and more silent and light-fingered than a thief in the night, dyspepsis is that disease. To provide against it is practically impossible. Dieting, exercise or truvel are in vain. Overeating and drinking are not the only things that provoke it. It may attack you any day through worry or mental shock. The course you adopt to avoid it may bring it on. It has mfore disguises than a professional mfore disguises than a professional comedian, and creates more distress and pain than almost any dozen other complaints acting together. It is not a thing to be ashamed of, but one to be commiserated and cured. And, thank mercy! Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it.

Among the recent excavations in the motropolis of the Pharaohs, Der el Bahari, quen Hatshepu's glorious temple, has been throughly cleared out and placed in a good state of repair. The same has also been done to the temple of Luxor. Three hundred men are employed in removing the debris from Karnak, the largest and Liost magnificent ruin in the world.—"Antiquarian Gassio." thank mercy! Mother Seigel's Syrup

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

By the Women's Christian Temperance Union of St. John.

Trust the people—the wise and the ignor-ant, the good and the bad—with the gravest questions, and in the end you educate the race.

WORLD'S CONVENTION NOTES. The president, Miss Willard, kept the chair during the election of officers, and was re-elected by a vote of

The chair ruled that when a discrepancy occurred between the number of votes cast and the report of the committee on credentials, that if the result of the elecion was not affected the vote should remain as stated. The president mominated the vice-

president-at-large. She also claimed

the right to speak on a motion from

the chair without consent of the meet-There were eleven tellers appointed.

At the dominion convention the officers elected were: Mrs. Rutherford president; Mrs. Amelia Yeomans, vicepresident-at-large; Mrs. Emma Atkinson, corresponding secretary; Mrs. McLasidan, recording secretary, and Mrs. Tilton, treasurer.

It was resolved that the Dominion W. C. T. U. in future meet biennially instead of annually.

The annual meeting for election of officers for the County W. C. T. U. will be held in the Orange hall, Germain street, on Tuesday, Dec. 14th, at 2.30. The meeting will be for business, and will be an afternoon session only. As there are important matters to decide a full attendance is earnestly re-

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Northumberland Co.-The third anqual convention of Northumberland Co. W. C. T. U. met in the Mission hall, Newcastle, Sept. 21st, at 10 a. m. After devotional exercises and reading minutes, the officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mrs. S. McLeod. president; Dr. Anna L. Brown, vicepresident; Mrs. J. Troy, corresponding secretary; Miss Falconer, recording secretary; Mrs. Park, treasurer. Mrs. G. N. Clark read an essay entitled Keep the Home Pure. Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. McLeod made very interesting and practical remarks on the subject. The noon-tide prayer service was conducted by Mrs. G. Harrison.

Afternoon session opened at 2 p. m. Mrs. Lawson led in the devotional exercises and gave an interesting talk from Rev., 21st chap., 27th verse. Strong resolutions were passed on total abstinence, the plebiscite, against the sale of intoxicating liquors in connection with military schools, and the use of alcohol by physicians, in favor of a white life for two, parlor, public and temperance meetings. An interesting paper on Why Should Women Join the W. C. T. U.? pre-

pared by Miss Bessie Whitney, was read by Mrs. McLeod. Dr. Anna T. Brown of Chatham read committee was appointed to prepare a programme for the use of local unions. Rev. J. A. Clark was introduced to convention and made a short address, expressing interest in the work. Representatives from Chatham and Derby, also a number of visitors, attended convention during the day. Closed by singing God Be With You Till We Meet Again.

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—Miss Frances E. Willard, as president of the World's W. C. T. U., has accepted the resignation of Mrs. Josephine Buttler as superintendent of the purity department. Leaders of the movement say that after the clear and explicit statements made in the recent resolution at Toronto, and in the president's annual address, it would be useless to endeavor to express with clearness the opposition of white riboon women everywhere to any form of license involving social vice.

WHAT A FOG IS LIKE.

The people who live at some points on the Atlantic coast of North Am-erica may think that they know something about fog, but to get a fair idea of the genuine article we turn to the London Mail's account of one day's events: November 23 was a rather foggy day in England. The South-Eastern Railway Company found it necessary to discontinue some of their trains, and the south-western service was disorganized. Cabmen lost their way, and fares were taken a long way from their destination. Trains went off the track at the points at Birmingham, and the fog was responsible for the killing of a train hand at Small Heath. Mr. Austin Chamberlain, who was to have addressed his constituents at Hay Mills, found it impossible to drive on the highway, and gave up the meeting. Three inquests were held in one half near London on bodies of people who valked into the water in the fog. At Dudley a young woman, going to the factory to work, walked into the canal and was drowned. A man was run over and killed. At Crossley one woman, and at Great Barr three men walked into a canal, all three deaths being reported due to the fog.

THE FISHERMEN ARE HAPPY.

It is estimated that the catch of herring in the county this fall has been between 30,000 and 40,000 barrels. About seventy-five per cent. of the eatch has ben sold at prices ranging from \$3 to \$3.25 per barrel. The balance of the fish have been kept for obster balt. It will be seen that the big run means a big pile of money in the pockets of our fishermen. North East Harbor alone it is said the catch was over 800 barrels.-Shelturne, N. S., Budget.

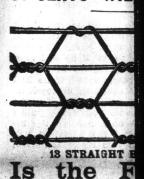
RENOVATING ANTIQUITY.

SENSIBLE, U.

Captivating New Handkerchiefs, Al varied colors—Gl Watches, American better. Prices are

FRASER, FI

60 CENTS WIL



WIRE FEN A. J. MACHUM, Manag

TELEGRAPHI

QUEBE MONTREAL, Dec. who has been appoin engineer of governm turned to the city afte principal docomotive in the country. His select a locomotive for the Intercolonial. He chine built by the B which is now here. M the Intersolonial stock a high plane of excelle

miles an hour between Halifax. MONTREAL, Dec. 8.-through service negotia has been bought for Fort Wrangle service. great provision merch large shipments, and depot at Vancouver

be able to maintain a

Whether due to the Canadian purchases in largely increasing. The J British exports to all ed only six pe

Canada for eleven m seven per cent. The to all countries decre cent. On the other h making great strides produce markets, havi cent more in Novemb cent more in eleven r imports from all cour three per cent only fo Wheat increased in N 000, wheat and flour £

ber £88,000. J. H. Hardwell, who clerk under E. Tiffin, cific freight agent at been appointed division of the Intercolonial, ters at Montreal. Mr. take charge on January sion will extend from St. Flavie. He will als of the agency at Toron

district.
MONTREAL, Dec. London cable says: It biased circles in the ci Dobell, now on his wa ada, carries a report ment from Mr. Peters not succeeded in the fa tions. Mr. Petersen is ing, but it is believed obtaining the service i MONTE

Hon. Mr. Blair and arrived in the city this the east. They spent alt Levis yesterday loo government road's facil point. Today, in comp Harriss, traffic manage down to Hochelaga a at the model of the purchased from the Brive works. The offici over a number of mat to the approaching con rangements for the run tercolonial trains into afternoon the two off Ottawa with Hon. Mr. conference will take portant matters of with the road will be sideration.

MONTREAL, Dec. 10 deavor unions here h take a hand in the co elections. ONTARIO

TORONTO, Dec. 8.-Blake will said for Irel inst. on the Teutonic TORONTO, Dec. 8. Telegram's London o dominion governme Crandall, who has study of fruit shipm will make an exhaust subject. He sails for

TORONTO, Dec. 10 estimates were brough The amount asked about the same as la The evening Teleg cable says there is co cism there over the Mr. Blake's speech in that after confederation lied on Canada to def is said there is no tru A deputation of Ont waited on the govern