President.

the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the Presidency, the wheels of Government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill might tie the hands of any President.

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. It is a gate made

out of empty flour barrels, and cold

fire grates, and worn out apparel, and

cheerless homes, and unmedicated

sickness, and ghastliness, and horror.

It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want. A gate of disappointment. A red gate, or what

Isaiah would have called a gate of

Now, as I have already suggested,

as these are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we con-

sent to have our life a struggle. I do

not know any one to whom it is not

a struggle. Louis the fourteenth thought he had everything fixed just

right and fixed to stay, and so he had

the great clock at Bordeaux made.

The hours of that clock were struck

by figures in bronze representing the

kings of Europe, and at a certain time of day, William the Third of England and other kings were made

to come out and bow to Louis the

order one day and just the opposite

of what was expected occurred, as the

clock struck a certain hour Louis the

Fourteenth was thrown to the feet

of William the Third. And so the

disaster most regal conditions tumble. In all styles of life there come disappointment and struggle. God has for

ome good reason arranged it so. If

it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it

is not one thing, it is another. Do not

get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. If our life were not

a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would

want to stay here, and so block up the

have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate

any other grace. Let that grace be

strengthened in the royal gymnasium

of obstacle and opposition and by the

help of God, having overcome our own

hindrances and worriments, let us go

forth to help others whose struggles

Mark well and underscore with

heavy dashes of the pen the order of

the gates. Gate of carbuncle before

gate of pearl. Isaiah the Prince saw

the one gate centuries before St. John

are greater than our own.

way of the advancing generations. We

Fourteenth. But the clock got out of



It confronts us all. Maybe you are for gold; maybe for silver. We want both, and we are therefore anxious to exchange our Wall Papers, Window Shades, Picture Frames, Artists' Materials, etc., for your gold and silver, and we'll guarantee to give you the best of the bargain. Every cash customer buying one dollar's worth or more of goods presented with a nicture.

N. HUNT

"That I believe not. In the cold win-

one would have said of these flow-

'They come no more.' But the r goes away, and then, here they Richard has been in the dead —der schaduwe des deeds (in the of death.) Sometimes I thought come back to me no more. But m sure I shall see him again. urned sadly away. That night not speak again. But he had sistence which is usually assowith slow natures. He could espair. He felt that he must go ly on, trying to move Katherine what he really believed was her est interest. And he permitted thing to discourage him for very long. Dominie Van Linden was also a prudent man. He had no intentior in his wooing to make haste and lose speed. As to Katherine's love troubles he had not been left in ignorance of them. A great many people had given him such information as would enable him to keep his own heart from the wiles of the siren. He had, also, a wide knowledge of books and life; and in the light of this knowledge he thought he could understand her. But the conclusion that he deliberately came to was, that Katherine had cared neither for Hyde nor Semple, and that the unpleasant termination of their courtship had made her shv of all lover-like attentions. He believed that if he advanced cautiously to her he might have the felicity of surprising and capturing her virgin affection And just about so far does any amount of wisdom and experience help a man in a love perplexity, because every mortal woman is a different woman,

precisely the same way. Amid all these different elementspolitical, social and domestic-Nature kept her own even, unvarying course. The gardens grew every day fairer, the air more soft and balmy, the sunshine warmer and more cherishing Katherine was not unhappy. As Hyde grew stronger, he spent his hour in writing long letters to his wife. He told her every trivial event, he commented on all she told him. And her letters revealed to him a soul so pure, so true, so loving, that he vowed "he fell in love with her afresh every day

and no two can be wooed and won in

of his life.' Katherine's communications reached her husband readily by the ordinary post; Hyde's had to be sent through Mrs. Gordon. But it was evident from the first that Katherine could not call there for them. Col. Gordon would soon have objected to being made an clandestine correspondence, and Joris would have decidedly interfered with visits sure to cause unpleasant remarks about his daughter. The medium was found in the mantua maker, Miss Pitts. Mrs. Gordon was her most profitable customer, and Katherine went there for needles and threads and such small wares as are constantly needed in a household. And whenever she did so, Miss Pitts was sure to

remark, in an after-thought kind of way, "Oh, I had nearly forgotten, miss. Here is a small parcel that Mrs. Gordon desired me to present to you. One exquisite morning in May, Katherine stood at an open window looking across the garden and the river and the green hills and meadows across the stream. Her heart was full of hope. Richard's recovery was so far advanced that he had taken several drives in the middle of the day. Always he had passed the Van Heemskirk's house, and always Katherine had been waiting to rain down upon his lifted face the influence of her most bewitching beauty and her tenderest smiles. She was thinking of the last of those events; of Richard's rapid exhibition of a long folded paper, and the singular and emphatic waves which he gave it towards the river. His whole air and attitude had ex-pressed delight and hope—could he really mean that she was to meet him again at their old trysting-place?

As thus she happily mused, someon called her mother from the front hall. On fine mornings it was customary to leave the door standing open, and the visitor advanced to the foot of the own troop had been on the deck to see stairs and called once more: "Lysbet him sail. His departure was beyond Van Heemskirk! Is there naebody in dispute. to bid me welcome?" Then Katherine knew it was Madame Semple, and she ran to her mother's room and begged

Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy Caller Herrin'. They're bonny fish and halsome fairin'; Wha'll buy Herrin' New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows Dream'd ye ought o' our poor fellows Darkling as they faced the billows A' to fill the woven willows?

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Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermo From an Obscure Text.

suffering and loss of time and prestige, and she found it hard to forgive also

her positive rejection of his suit. For her sake she herself had been made

to suffer mortification and disappointment. She had lost her friends in a way which deprived her of all the fruits of her kindness. The Gordons

thought Neil had transgressed all the laws of hospitality. The Semples had a similar charge to make. And it pro-

Katherine. Everyone else blamed

Katherine altogether in the matter; Mrs. Gordon had defied the use and

wont of society on such occasions, and

thrown the whole blame on Neil.

Somehow, in her secret heart, she even blamed Lysbet a little. "Ever since I

with coolness by Joris and Lysbet. "It

was the soldier, or the dominie, either

o' them, before our Neil"; and though

there was no apparent diminution of

friendship, Semple and his wife fre-

quently had a little private grumble

at their own firesides.

And towards Neil, Joris had also a

someone else wanted her. It was uni-

versally conceded that he had been the

first to draw his sword, and thus in-

dulge his own temper at the expense of their child's good name and happi-

ness. Taking these faults as rudi-

mentary ones, Lysbet could enlarge on

them indefinitely, and Joris had un-doubtedly been influenced by his wife's

opinions. So, below the smiles and kind

words of a long friendship, there was bitterness. If there had not been,

Janet Semple would hardly have paid

that morning visit; for before Lysbet

was half-way down the stairs, Kath-

"Here's a bonnie come of! But it is

what a' folks expect. The Dauntless

sailed the morn, and Capt. Earle wi' a

contingent for the West Indies station.

has a furlough in his pocket for a

So much Katherine had heard; then

once entertained, she remembered sev-

It was then 10 o'clock. She thought

erine heard her call out:

chair like one wounded.

to be!'

What the Gate of Carbuncles Typifies -Obstructions in the Paths of Christians to be Pushed Aside.

voked Madame Semple that Mrs. Gor-don continued her friendship with Washington, D. C., Sept. 28.-From a neglected text, and one to most people unknown, Rev. Dr. Talmage yesterday morning produced a sermon appropriate to individual and national circumstances. The subject was: "Gates of Carbuncle," the text being fold her there was an earldom in the family, she's been daft to push her daughter into it," was her frequent remark to the Elder; and he also reflected that the proposed alliance of Neil and Katherine had been received

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and offtimes fatal character is named after it, the done justice to that intense and allsuggestive precious stone, the car-

This precious stone is found in the East Indies, in color is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. secret feeling of resentment. He had The poet puts it into rhythm as he taken no pains to woo Katherine until

> "Like to the burning coal whence comies its name: Among the Greeks as Anthrax known

to fame." God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. As if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone he ordered it ... 'n the first row of the high priest's breastplate in olden time, and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court, the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggest-ed by the Bible sentence, "Thou hast And who wi' him, guess you, but Capt. Hyde, and no less. They say he walked up and down in twelvemonth; more like it's a clean, total dismissal. The gude ken it ought the stones of fire." But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a her mother shut to the door of the sitting-room. A great fear made her turn faint and sick. Were her father's precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the door that you might stand and study words true? Was this the meaning of the mysterious wave of the folded pafor its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and per towards the ocean? The suspicion astounded vision, aye! two gates of eral little things which strengthened it, aye! many gates of it: it. Her heart failed her; she uttered make thy gates of carbuncles." What a low cry of pain, and tottered to a gates? Gates of the church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncle No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle. through agonies we get into anything

throttle of the locomotive and the

other on the brake. Aye! there are

hundreds here today suffering for others. You know and God knows

that it is vicarious sacrifice. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful

women into glorious pardon and high

hope and external exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of

opened arteries, swung back the gate,

and, behold, it is a red gate, a gate

of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle. What is true in spirituals is true in

older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid contro-

bimetallic quarrel, that it will bo

come easy to make a living. That time will never come. Unless they

got it by inheritance, you cannot men-

tion twenty men who have come to

honorable fortune that did not fight

their way inch by inch, and against

most destroyed them. For some good

reason God has arranged it for all the

centuries that the only way for most

people to get a livelihood for them-

selves and their families is with both

hands and all their allied forces of

body, mind, and soul to push back

and push open the red gate, the gate

What is true of individuals is true

of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the Pilgrim Fathers

landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was a cold

December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hud-

son or the Potomac River. Scalping-

knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only welcome the Indian war-whoop. Red men on the

beach. Red men in the forest. Red

men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men,

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was bet-

ter off than before it entered it, and now we are at another crisis. During

have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I speak

into a political stump. All the political

harangues from pulpits from now un-til the 3rd of November will not in all the United States change one vote.

but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives. God

says distinctly in the Bible: "The silver and the gold are mine," and he will settle the controversy between those two metals. If ever this country needed the Divine rescue it needs

it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. There is not a day that we do not

hear the crash of some great commer-

cial establishment, and as a conse-quence many people are thrown out

of employment. There are millions of

people who do not want charity, but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth," and

last six presidential elections I

Gates of carbuncles!

fearful odds, that again and again al-

temporals. There are young men and

versy between silver and gold, or the

the noon hour would never come. Eagerly she watched for Bram and her father; for any certainty would be better than such cruel fear and suspense And if Richard had really gone, the fact would be known to them. Bram came first. For once she felt impaworth getting into. Heaven's gates may tient of his political enthusiasm. How could she care about liberty, poles, well be made of pearl, a bright, peland impressed fishermen with such a lucid, cheerful crystallization, because real terror at her heart? But Bram all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but rap-tures and cantata and triumphal prosaid nothing-only, as he went out, she caught him looking at her with such pitiful eyes. "What did he mean?" cession and everlasting holiday She turned coward then, and could kiss of reunion, and so the twelve gates are twelve pearls, and could be not voice the question. Joris was ten-derly explicit. He said to her at once: nothing else than pearls, But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in his own blood, and the marks of eight "The Dauntless sailed this morning. Oh, my little one, sorry I am for thee."
"Is he gone?" Very low and slow
were the words, and Joris only anfingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as he lifted the gate it leaned against his forehead and took swered, "Yes." Without any further question or remark, she went away. They were amazed at her caimness. And for some lisaish was right when he spoke of

those gates as gates of carbuncle. What an odd thing it is, think minutes after she had locked the door of her room she stood still in the midsome, this idea of vicarious suffering dle of the floor, more like one that has or suffering for others. Not at all. forgotten something, and is trying to remember, than a woman who has re-The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ ceived a blow upon her heart. came and demonstrated it on a scale tears came to her eyes. She did not that eclipsed all that went before and think of weeping, or reproaching, or all that shall come after. When this lamenting. The only questions she asked herself were: "How am I to get life over? Will such suffering kill me summer the two trains crashed into each other near At-lantic City, among the forty-seven who lost their lives, the engineer was very soon?" Joris and Lysbet talked it over tofound dead with one hand on the

gether. "Cohen told me," said Joris, "that Capt. Hyde called to bid him He said: 'He is a very honorable young man, a very grateful young man, and I rejoice that I was helpful in saving his life.' Then I asked him in what ship he was to sail, and he said the Dauntless. She left her moorings between 9 and 10. She carries troops to Kingston; Capt. Earle in command; and I hear that Capt. Hyde has a year's furlough.'

Lysbet drew her lips tight and said nothing. The last shadow of her own dream had departed also. But it was of her child she thought. At that hour she hated Hyde, and after Joris had gone she said in low, angry tones, over and over, as she folded the freshlyironed linen: "I wish that Neil had killed him!" About 2 o'clock she went to Katherine. The girl opened the door at once to her. There was nothing to be said, no hope to offer. had seen Hyde embark; he had heard Mrs. Gordon and and the colonel bid him farewell. Several of his brother officers, also, and the privates of his own troop had been on the deck to see

(To be Continued.)

THE FALL FAIRS.

١	
ŀ	Northern Fair, Ailsa Craig Sept. 20-
ı	Forest Union, Forest Sept. 29-
ı	Bruce Center, Paisleyept. 29-
ı	Dereham, TilsonburgSept. 29-
ı	Mitchell, MitchellSept. 29-
ı	Mosa and Ekfrid, Glencoe Se at. 29-
ı	Peninsular, Chatham Sept. 29-Oct.
ı	Westminster, LambethOct
ı	Embro Embro Oct.
ı	East Kent Agricultural Society Oct. 1
I	W. Elgin, WallacetownOct. 1
ł	N. Perth. StratfordOct. 1
۱	North DorchesterOct.
l	S. Norwich. OttervilleOct. 2
ı	East Nissouri, ThamesfordOct
ł	N. Brant, ParisOct. 6
۱	St. Marys. St. MarysOct. 6
I	Parkhill and West WilliamsOct.
۱	E. Algoma, Sault Ste. MarieOot.
ł	Brooke and Alvinston, Alvinston Oct.
۱	W. Nissouri, ThorndaleOct.
I	Blanshard, KirktonOct.
۱	N. Norwich, NorwichOct.
۱	Drumbo, DrumboOct. 9 Ashfield and West WawanoshOct, 9
١	GrantonOct. 12
١	Norfolk, Simcoe Oct. 12
ı	Delaware Oct.
ı	Muncey, Tecumseh Agr. Ex Oct 14, 15,
Ĭ	HighgateOct. 15
ı	Burfolk, BurfordOct. 15
ŝ	Moraviantown Oct. 19
ı	W. York, WoodbridgeOct. 20
B	This list will be added to as the dates
i	
j	other shows are received from secretaries.

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en for all who get through, but the best heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the

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eight months old who has never had any artificial food except MELLIN'S FOOD. He is a perfect picture of health and is cutting teeth without any trouble. MELLIN'S FOOD agrees with him splendidly. I can change from one milk to the other without bad results. My sister drinks MELLIN'S FOOD in hot water and milk for dyspepsia and finds it very nourishing and that it agrees with her better than anything she eats." .

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SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES

Wife at Hagersville. Hagersville, Ont., Sept. 20. - There is much excitement among the people where Robert Carpenter lives, on the edge of the Indian reservation, about two miles from Hagersville. Coroner Heath, of Brantford, with a jury, is holding an inquest on the body of Carpenter's wife, who was found dead on Thursday morning, amid circum-stances which look suspicious. Carpenter is livin on a rented farm on Indian land. He was mar-ried last month to a Hagers-ville girl, named Lilla Winkworth, who was about 22 years of age. They did not seem to get along well to-gether. He is said to have a violent temper and a bad tongue. Witnesse swear that they heard them quarreling on Wednesday, in the morning and at noon. About 3 in the aftermoon Carpenter drove to Hagersville to the house of his cousin. Mrs. Giles, where he remained for some time, Mrs. Giles accompanying him. On arrival they found Mrs. Carpenter dead in bed. Carpenter called in Dr. Mc-Donald, of Hagersville, who believes that the woman had been dead some hours before his arrival. Next day (Thursday) Carpenter decided to have the burial, and asked Mr. J. H. Scott at the registry office for a burial per-This was refused, unless Dr. clock of destiny brings many sur-prises and those go down that you expected to stand, and at the foot of McDonald would give his certificate. Carpenter went away, but returned saying that he had obtained verbal consent of the doctor to the burial and the registrar then granted the permit. He, however, learned, afterwards from Dr. McDonald that Carpenter's statement was untrue; that the doctor is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with held that the circumstances looked suspicious, and that he could not give some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it the burial certificate. The registrar withdrew the burial permit, and telegraphed Coroner Heath, of Brantford, who ordered an inquest, which is not yet finished. The post mortem was held by Dr. Jones, of Hagersville. He reports that there was no organic disease, and believes death may have resulted from the wounds found in several places on the head and body, mentioning the particularly extensive bruises on the right and left Guns Repaired temples, and a severe indentation above the crest of the ileum of an inch and a half, which must have

been caused by a kick. Mrs. Carpenter

was buried in Springvale Cemetery on

Saturday. It is reported that Carpen-

Carpenter has been arrested.

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prefer." And I hear the newly-arrived soul saying, "Oh, my! What a good thing it is to rest. I was so tired. I was tired for 40 years. Angel, tell me, is this an unbroken rest? Can it be that there are no sick children to the third th



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