

MIGHTY HUNTERS. been touched. As a sportsman throws up his head and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this Gospel after a while catch this

Sermon by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ.

Give it full swing, and it will pardon Washington, D. C., June 28, 1896 .- Ail every sin, heal every wound, cure people who are trying to do good will every trouble, emancipate every slave, and ransom every nation. Ye Christian find this discourse of Dr. Talmage in- men and women who go out this afspiring as well as unique. His text was Genesis 10:9:—"He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." the spiring stations, and the peniten-tiaries, and the asylums, I want you

In our day, hunting is a sport; but to feel that you bear in your hand a n the lands and the times infested weapon, compared with which the in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of have no heft, and the thunderbolts of lightning has no speed, and avalanches life or death with the people. It was heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent Gospel. Take care-very different from going out on a ful aim. Full the arrow clear back sunshiny afternoon with a patent until the head strikes the bow! Then ful aim. Pull the arrow clear back breech-loader, to shoot reed-birds on let it fly! And may the slain of the the flats, when Pollux and Achilles Lord be many!

and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and tigers and bears. unfrequented and secluded places. My text sets forth Nimrod as a hero Why does the hunter go three or four when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy append and days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of shoulders and shaggy apparel and the Adirondacks? It is the only way sun-browned face, and arm bunched with muscle—"a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the how the Lord." I think he used the bow you go over the plains, here and there, and the arrows with great success a cayote trotting along, almost within range of the gun-sometimes quite I have thought if it is such a grand that; it is worthless. The good game within range of it. No one cares for

Again, it you want to be skilful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in

practising archery. thing and such a brave thing to clear is hidden and secluded. Every hunter

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"It is a strange thing," Philip said, "but it must be a mistake. In has own, heart, being somewhat of a worlding, he did not think it was any mistake at all. He thought it highly prob-able that the late Lord Penlyn had, when here, a hady travelling with him who was registered as his wife, but who, in actual fact, was not his wife at all. After a few moments spent in thought, Gervase turned to his friend and said, "The landlord, the man who stared so hard at me yesterday when we came in," was an elderly penson. He may have had this hotel in "54 might even remember this mysterious namesake of mine. I think I will ask him to come up." "I shouldn't," Philip said. "He isn't at all likely to remember anything about it." In his mind he thought it very prob-able that the man might, even at that distance of time, remember something of Gervase's father, specially if he had made a long stay at the house, and would, per-haps, be able to give some reminiscences of his whilom guest that might by no means make his son feel comfortable. But his remonstrance was unheeded, and the other rang the bell. It was an-swered by a tidy waitress, wearing the can neculiar to the district, to whom Ger-

and the other rang the ben. It was an swered by a tidy waitress, wearing the cap peculiar to the district, to whom Ger-vase-who was an excellent linguist-said in very good French: "If the landlord is in, will you be good"

THE SILENT SHORE. By John Bloundelle - Burton. And then followed the conversation with which this story opens. "It is a strange thing," Philip said, "but it must be a mistake. In has own, heart, being somewhat of a worlding, he did not think it was any mistake at all. He thought it highly prob

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them away. It was strange, he thought, that Milor did not remember anything about that period; but it was true, he was but a little child! Then, he continued, in the following summer they returned again, and again spent some months there—and then, he never saw nor heard of them more. But, so well did he remember Mr. Occleve's face, even after all these years, that, ever since Lord Penlyn had been in the house, he had been puzzling his brains to think where he had seen him before. He cer-tainly should not, he said, have remember-ed the child he had played with so often, but that his likeness to his father was more than striking. To Madame, his mother, he saw no resemblance at all. "But I did not tell him." he said to himself afterwards, as he sat in his par-lor below and sipped a little red wine meditatively, "I did not tell him that on the second summer a gloom had fallen over them, and that I often saw her in tears, and heard him speak harshly to her. Why should I? A quoi bon to dis-turb the poor young man's meditations on his dead father and mother!" And the good landlord went out and served a chopine of petit bleu to one cus-tomer, and a tasse of absinthe gommee to another, and entertained them with an account of how there was upstairs an English Milor who had been there thirty years ago with his father; the Milor who

thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those evils of so-ciety that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have won-dered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by whch those who Gospel archery, by which those who any church, the Gospel arrow has not have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The tributor and city missionary some-Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art times catch a glimpse of them, as a of angling for an illustration when he hunter through the trees gets a mosaid:-"I will make you fishers of mentary sight of a partridge or a roe-men." And so I think I have author- buck. The trouble is, we are waiting ity for using hunting as an illustra- for the game to come to us. We are tion of Gospel truth; and I pray God not good hunters. We are standing in that there may be many a man to-day some street or highway expecting that who will begin to study Gospel ar- the timid antelope will come up and chery, of whom it may, after a while, eat out of our hands. We are expect-

be said: "He was a mighty hunter be- ing that the prairie fowl will light on ore the Lord." How much awkward Christian work habit. If the church should wait ten fore the Lord." there is done in the world! How many millions of years for the world to good people there are who drive souls come in and be saved, it will wait in away from Christ instead of bringing vain. The world will not come. What them to him! All their fingers are the church wants now is to lift its thumbs-religious blunderers who up-set more than they right. Their gun feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pul-pit on wheels. The church wants not has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it so much cushions as it wants saddlegoes off. They are like a clumsy combags and arrows. We have got to put rade who goes along with skilful hunaside the gown and the kid gloves, and ters; at the very moment when he put on the hunting shirt. We have ought to be most quiet, he is cracking been fishing so long in the brooks that an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few that the fish know us, that they avoid run under the shadow of the church with them. 147 sold this season so far. Christian people have ever learned the the hook, and escape as soon as we lesson of which I read at the begin- come to the bank. while yonder OIL STOVES. English Milor who had been there thirty ning of this service, how that the Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, Lord Jesus Christ at the well went where the first swing of the Gospel from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God Jesus in the wilderness was breaking backwoods? It is a tent. The huntbread to the people I think it was ers have made a clearing and camped good bread; it was very light bread, out. What do they care if they have and the yeast had done its work wet feet, or if they have nothing but ENAMELLED PRESERVING KETTLES. 34 thoroughly. Christ after he had brok- a pine branch for a pillow, or for the en the bread, said to the people: "Be-ware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of darkness steps into the lake to drink, the Pharisees." So natural a transition they hear it right away. If a loon it was; and how easily they all under- cry in the moonlight, they hear it. So 10 stood him! But how few Christian in the service of God we have exposed 影 Tin Preserving Kettles, 15c to 30c. people there are who understand how work. We have got to camp out and to fasten the truths of God and re- rough it. We are putting all our care Screen Doors, Screen Windows, Screen Wire, gion to the souls of men. The archers of olden times studied on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the ligion to the souls of men. ALC: NOT their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave spe-cial directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer Ranges. -MILITIA GENERAL ORDERS. Ottawa, June 29.—The Depart.nent of Militia has made a change in the method of 'issuing militia general (r-ders. Hereafter the orders will be first issued to the commanding officers and then inserted in the Gazette. Am-ong the orders which were issued to-day are the following,— 22nd Battalion "Oxford Rifles"—No. 8 Company—To be captain, Second Lieutenant Allan David Muir. 25th "Elgin" Battalion of Infantry— Lieutenant Allan David Muir. 25th "Elgin" Battalion of Infantry-To be paymaster, with the honorary rank of captain, Jonathan Johnston Teetzel. 27th "Lembtor" Pottolion of Infantry-trank of captain, Jonathan Johnston Teetzel. 27th "Lembtor" Pottolion of Infantry-and care we exercise: How often out arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there arrows and cities of our land. 27th "Lembtor" Pottolion of Infantry-trank of captain, Jonathan Johnston Teetzel. Print Blouses from ing good-studying spiritual archery, and Corinth and Laodicea, because of and known as "mighty hunters before their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christian-In the first place, if you want to be ity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart effectual in doing good, you must be wide-awake, missionary church, that very sure of your weapon. There was can take the full meaning of that comsomething very fascinating about the mand, "Go into all the world, and archery of olden times. Perhaps you preach the Gospel to every creature." do not know what they could do with I remark, further, if you want to the bow and arrow. Why, the chief succeed in spiritual archery you must battles fought by the English Planta- have courage. If the hunter stand geant Arthur Hay McMullen. No. 6 genets were with the long-bow. They with trembling hand or shoulder that would take the arrow of polished wood. flinches with fear, instead of his takant Williamson Sproule Watson is and feather it with the plume of a ing the catamount, the catamount bird, and then it would fly from the takes him. What would become of the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad Greenlander if, when out hunting for fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss. the bear, he should stand shivering Grasette. No. 7 Company—To be sec-ond lieutenant, provisionally, Sergt. John W. Townsend. Artillery Reserve—To be lieutenant-colonel, Thomas Turnbull. Infantry Reserve—To be lieutenant-i arrow; it is straight arrow; i Infantry Reserve—To be lieutenant-colonels, Charles Edward Herley Fish-er, George Dudley Dawson, Frederick Toller George Guy To be neared for the down and it has squatted for the fearful God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million Devil a Paul know how to bring the souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-only need more heart, but more backstring, and its whirr was heard bone. What is the Church of God, that Washington, D. C. June 28.-Much through the Corinthian theatres, and it should fear to look in the eye of any enthusiasm is mani-ested here over through the court room, until the transgression? There is the Bengal the arrangements for the international knees of Felix knocked together. It tiger of drunkenness that prowls Christian Endeavor convention now was that arrow that stuck in Luther's around, instead of attacking it, how nearing completion. The work of floral decoration will be very artistic, and will make the many parks of the city additionally attractive. Three man in the head, it kills his scepti-is so much invested in it we are afraid additionally attractive. Three mam- cism; if it strike a man in the heel, to assault it; millions of dollars in moth tents are about to be erected on it will turn his step; if it strike him in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkchased ice-coolers, and in the strych- souls, not only bring them down unthe White lot, and the seating capa- the heart, he throws up his hands, as screws, in gin palaces with marble city of five large churches immediate- did the Emperor Julian of old when floors and Italian-top tables, and wounded in the battle, crying, "O, STILL IN HIS PRIME. In the armory of the Earl of Pemon the the utmost by the addition of folding used to go through the breastplate, North Hastings' Oldest Inhabitant Hale and Hearty. said to myself:-"That is nothing-Josias Moore, of Bancroft, Ont., one of the American vat holds two million five Simple Precautions Insure Comer than a two-edged sword, piercing the singing at the meetings. Over forty-five hundred members of the oldest and best-known residents of Hastings hundred thousand barrels of strong drinks, and we keep two hundred thousand men with nothing to do but County, can boast of wonderful health and local societies have been regularly re-hearsing every week for the past two vigor for his age. to see that it is filled." Oh! to at-"Although I am over 84 years of age," he tack this great monster of intemper- A Child Can Use Diamond Dyes a hundred souls to Jesus-perhaps five says, "I feel as young as ever I did.' ance, and the kindred monsters of Successfully. hundred. Just in proportion as this Mr. Moore, however, had a narrow escape fraud and uncleanness, requires you age seems to believe less and less in from death about a year ago. "I was so bad to rally all your Christian courage. it. I believe more and more in it. New York, June 28.—The Irish Na- What are men about that they will with indigestion," he writes, "that the doctors through the platform, you must as-

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enough to say that Lord Penlyn would be slad to speak to him?" The girl withdrew, and in a few minutes the landlord tapped at the door. When he had received an invitation to enter, came into the room and bowed respect he came into the room and bowed respect-fully, but, as he did so, Lord Penlyn again noticed that his eyes were fixed upon him with a wondering stare, a stare exactly the same as he had received on the pre-vious day when thy entered the hotel. There was nothing rude nor offensive in the look; it partook more of the nature of an incredulous gaze than anything else.

"Milord has expressed a wish to see me," he said, as he entered. "He has, I trest, found everything to his wish in my house

"Perfectly." Gervase answered: "but I want to ask you a question. Will you be seated?" And then when the landlord had taken a chair-still looking intently at

him-he went on:-"We found these Livres des Etrangers in your cupboard, and, for want of any-thing else to read, we took them down, and have been amusing ourselves with them. I hope we did not take a liberty." "Mais, Milord!" the landlord said, with a shrug of his shoulders and a twitch of his eyebrows, that were meant to express his satisfaction at his guests being able to

his satisfaction at his guests being able to ind anything to distract them. "Thank you," Gervase said. "Well! in going through this book—the one of 1851—

the name of Gervase Occleve,

me, the name of Gervase Occleve, that—" But before he could finish his sentence the landlord had jumped up from his chair, and was speaking rapidly, while he gesticulated in a thorough French fashion. "C'est ca, mon Dieu, mais oui!" he hegan. "Occleve—of course! That is the face. Sir, Milor! I salute you! When you entered my house yesterday. I said to myself, 'But where, mon Dieu, but where have I seen him? 'Or is it but the snirit of some dead one looking at me out of his eyes?' And now that you mention to me the name of Occleve, then in a moment he comes back to me, and I see him once again. Ah! ma foi, Milor! but when I regard you, then in verity he re-turns to me, and I recall him as he used to sit in this very room—parblem! in that very chair in which you now sit." The young men had both stared at him with some amazement as he spoke hur-riedly and excitedly, repeating himself in his earnestand you to say, then, that I bear such a likeness to this man, whose name is inscribed here, as to recall him 'vidly to you?" "Mais, sams doute! you are his son! It as the so. There is only one thing that do not comprehend. You bear a differ-ent name." "He became Lord Penlyn later in life, and at his death that title came to me."

"He became Lord Penlyn later in life, and at his death that title came to me." "Bien compris! And so he is dead! He can scarcely have lived the full space of man's years. And madame your mother? She is well?"

For a moment the young man hesitated. Then he said:

Then he said: "She is dead, too." "Pauvre dame," the landlord said, and as he spoke it seemed as though he was talking to himself. "She was bright and happy in those days so far off, bright and happy once: and she, too, is gone. And I, who was older than either of them, am left! But, Lord Penlyn," he said, read-dressing himself to his guest. "you look younger than your years. It is thirty years since you used to run about those sands outside and play; I have carried you to them often...................." "You carried me to those sands thirty

"You carried me to those sands thirty years ago! Why I was not..." "Step!" Philip Smerdon said to him in English, and speaking in a low tone. "Do you not see it all? Say no more." "Yes," Gervase answered. "Yes, I see it all."

Later on, when the landlord had left

Later on, when the landlord had left the room, after insisting upon shaking hand of "the child he had known thirty years a 20." Gervase said: "So he who was so stern and self-con-tained, who seemed to be above the or-dinary weaknesses of other men was after a!!, worse than the majority of them. I suppose he flung this noor woman off when he married my mother. I suppose he left the boy, for whom this man takes me, to starve or to become a thief, preying on his fellow men. It is not bleasant to think that I have an elder brother who may be an outcast, perhaps a felon!"

a felon!" "I should not take quite such a pessi-mist view of things as that." Philip said. "For aught you know, the lady he had with him here may have died between 1854 and 1858 and, for the matter of that, so may the boy; or he may have made a good allowance to both when he narted with them. For anything you know to the contrary he might have seen the hoy frequently until his death, and have taken care to place him comfortably in the world."

years ago with his father; the Milor who was the owner of the yacht now in port. On the next day the storm was over, there was almost a due south wind, and the Electra was skimming over the waves and leaving the dreary French coast far behind it.

behind it. "It hasn't been a pleasant visit." Lord Penlyn said to Philip, as they leaned over the bows smoking their pipes, and watching Le Vocq fade gradually into a speck. "I would give comething never to have heard that story."

to have heard that story?" "It is the story of thirty years ago," his friend answered. "And it is not you who did the wrong. Why let it worry

"I cannot help it! And—I daresay you will think me a fool!—but I cannot also help wondering on which of my father's children—upon that other nameless and inknown one, or upon me-his sins will be visited!

To be continued.

27th "Lambton" Battalion of In-

fantry-No. 5 Company-To be lieutenant. Lieutenant John Fitzgerald the Lord!" O'Neil, from No. 2 Company. 28th "Perth" Battalion of Infantry

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nine, and the logwood, and the tar- der the arrow of the Gospel, but bring taric acid, and the nux vomica, that them into the Church of God, the engo to make up our "pure" American campment we have pitched this side drinks. I looked with wondering eyes of the skies. Fetch them in; do not "Heidelberg tun." It is the let them lie out in the open field. They great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogs-heads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years it has been filled. for the Lord, not only bring down the But, as I stood and looked at it, I game, but bring it in.

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