"There's the rub." (Hamlet.) The "rub" in one hand, and the effect of it in the other. Good design for a soap "ad."-isn't it? Question of health, if nothing else, ought to make you give up this wearing washboard rubbing with soap, and take up the sensible way of washing with Pearline—soaking,

boiling, rinsing. The washboard rubbing, done in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam is harmful to any woman. If you think it isn't, you'd better think again. 570 Killions Rearline

Jephtha's Daughter

Protest Against Parental Heedlessness and Worldly ambition by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

were better broken than kept. But do

not take on pretentious airs and say,

"I could not have done as Jephthah

did." If in former days you had been

Jephthah's daughter was a type of the

physical, mental and spiritual sacri-

fice of ten thousand children in this

without shame, looks upon the stupen-

In the first place, much of the sys-

tem of education in our day is a sys-tem of sacrifice. When children spend

six or seven hours in school, and then

you tell me how much time they will

have for sunshine and fresh air? This

herding of great multitudes of children

in ill-ventilated schoolrooms, and poor-

ly equipped halls of instruction is

making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust.

There are many schools in the country

today which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women

for the future; so that in many places, by the time the child's education is

finished, the child is finished!

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming sys-

brain compelled to tasks that might

appall a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of

books half as high as themselves. Tens of thousands of children educated

and cram, and stuff, and jam, until the

on earth an old-mannish boy or an old-

womanish girl. Girls ten years of age

studying algebra! Boys ten years of

age racking their brains over trigo-

nometry! Children unacquainted with

their mother tongue crying over their

Latin, French and German lessons! All

the vivacity of their nature beaten out

of them by the heavy beetle of a

Greek lexicon! And you doctor them

for this, and you give them a little

medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will

tell you what is the matter with them.

I hear a great deal about black man's

rights, and Chinaman's rights, and In-

dian's rights, and women's rights.

Would God that somebody would rise

Again: there are many parents who

are sacrificing their children with

wrong systems of discipline-too great

rigor or too great leniency. There are

children in families who rule the

the infant sits is the throne, and the

children make up the parliament where

father and mother have no vote! Such

children come up to be miscreants.

There is no chance in this world for a

child that has never learned to mind.

to learn to obey divine authority. Chil-

authority they do not respect. Eli hav-

ing heard that his sons had died in

their wickedness, fell over backward,

There must be harmony between the

father's government and the mother's.

There comes in the history of every

child an hour when it is tested wheth-

er the parents shall rule or the child

shall rule. That is the crucial hour.

If the child triumphs in that hour

then he will some day make you

old age, shivering with terror in the

presence of a son who cursed her gray

hairs, and mocked her wrinkled face, and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth

But on the other hand, too great

rigor must be avoided. It is a sad

thing when domestic government be-comes cold military despotism. Trap-

pers on the prairie fight fire with fire,

but you cannot successfully fight your

child's bad temper with your own bad

temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect

our children to be perfect. We must

not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we

ought not to be too rough when we

discover that our children have as

many. You cannot scold or pound

your children into nobility of charac-

ter. The bloom of a child's heart can

never be seen under a cold drizzle.

Above all, avoid fretting and scolding

in the household. Better than ten years

of fretting at your children is one

good, round, old-fashioned application of the slipper! The arithmetics cannot

calculate how many thousands of chil-

dren have been ruined forever either

To have a thankless child.

crouch. It is a horrible scene: have witnessed it; a mother come

dren will not respect parents

sons are debauched?

it is.

They are finishing their education!

to plead for children's rights.

Washington, D. C., April 17.-In his vision was made in the law for such Bermon yesterday Dr. Talmage lodged a contingency, and Jephthah might have redeemed his daughter by the lessness and worldly ambition which payment of thirty shekels of silver. But is threatening the sacrifice of many before you hurl your denunciations at before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in American children. Text, Judges xi., olden times, when vows were made, men thought they must be executed 36: "My father, if thou has opened thy mouth unto the Lords, do to me acwhether wicked or good. There were cording to that which hath proceeded two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it

out of thy mouth." Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out of a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men, and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never returned his natural temperament. The verses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthh, asking him to day. There are parents all unwittingly become their commander-in-chief. He bringing to bear upon their children takes command, sends messengers to influences which will as surely ruin the Ammonites to tell them to vacate them as knife and torch destroyed the country, and, getting no favorable Jephthah's daughter. While I speak. response, marshals his troops for battle. Before going out to war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow, that if the dous sacrifice. Lord will give him the victory, then,

on his return home, whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skirmishing on must spend two or three hours in prethe edges of danger, no unlimbering of partion for school the next day, will batteries two miles away, but the hurl-ing of men on the point of swords and spears until the ground could not more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death-stare to death-stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out. Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the national honor is

vindicated. Jephthah, seated on a l advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he had his anxious look upon the door. Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out of the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast, and pushing the locks back from his fair brow, and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with chocked utterance he says, "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home,

life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!" The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollowhearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a roseleaf trembles in the sough of the south household. The high chair in which wind; there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain-drop shook from rattle is the sceptre, and the other the anther of a water-lily; but with a self-sacrifice that man may not reach, and only woman's heart can compass, surrenders herself to fire and to death. She ories out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou had open- Such people become the botheration of me whatsoever hath proceeded from the world. Children that do not mean thy mouth." ed thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto the Church of God and the pest of

She bows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek, smokes in the fires of the burnt offering. There is no need that we know The garlands that Mizpeh and broke his neck, and died. Well he twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, have might. What is life to a father whose gone into the dust; but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord, especially as a pro-

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Physical waste makes vital want, and you can't escape the penalty. Excesses, whether from ignorance or intention, will decrease brain power and nerve strength. The result is depleted manhood and the humiliating consciousness of

being an unmanly man. But can you be cured? Yes, most certainly. And how? By writing to us for our treatment "on trial and approval," and faithfully following our able specialists' directions. With the treatment goes a wonderful appliance for toning and enlarging shrunken portions. No pay in advance, no C.O.D. scheme. An onest trial to any honest man, and, if not enefited, return to us, WITHOUT COST. No little, inemcient pill treatment of 2 or 3 days. We never disappoint. Send for par-ticulars and priceless information, FRFE, Erie Medical Co., Buffelo, N. Y. We pay Casedian daty. He delay, management

through too great rigor or too great

Agan: there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldiness. Someone asked a mother whose children had turned out very well, what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life and the said. for the Christian life, and she said:
"This was the secret: When in the
morning I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the
fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garments I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school I prayed that their path might be as the shining light, brighter and brighter to the perfect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's cross?" be enfolded in the Saviour's arms."
"Oh," you say, "that was very old-fashioned." It was quite old-fashioned. But do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

ed out bad?
In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than an all-encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts that it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a ten-cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a ten-cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vulgar fractions. It seems to be their chief attainment that ten cents make a dime, and ten dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equalled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with

such perverted sentiments?
Further on, thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to worldiness. They erica are sacrificed to worldiness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are inducted into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50 cent stories of adventurous love are delicious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly min-Florence Nightingale in heavenly ministries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse,

their eternity a demolition.

At thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage; it is a massacre. Affianced to someone who is only waiting until his fether dies so he can get the property. father dies, so he can get the property, then a little while they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles; then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelihood, the twain sink into some corner of society, the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah! spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head, and expend them all on this wholesale modern martyrdom.

I look out of my window on a Sabbath and I see a group of children, unwashed, uncombed, unchristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one kind word? Who today will go forth and bring them into schools and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags, and wretchedness, and filth. Put

underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more faggots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifference, crime, and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

Boys and Girls. tem of the common schools and many of the academies; children of delicate

The Inquisitive Sparrow. [By F. A. Cranston.]

The sparrows are naughty as naughty

into imbecility. It is push, and crowd, can be; They fight on the ground and scold in child's intellect is bewildered, and the the tree. memory is ruined, and the health is One was caught in the window, the It is one of the saddest sights

other day, Of a neighbor's house across the way: He was so curious he wanted to see What the pretty things in the window could be; when he was in he couldn't get

out, And you should have seen the sparrows about. One put his head in, and said: "Is it

you?" Down came another, then there were two; Soon a whole flock, who cried: "What is the matter?"

And scolded and fretted and made a great clatter. Till the lady came to the window to

What all the fuss and trouble could be. She took the poor sparrow into her hand. And sent him flying to his own happy band.

I think he was glad, and never will To get in that window as he passes by, For his poor little heart was throbbing with fear. And his pretty black eye dim with a

tear. When he reached home Mother Sparrow did sav: "I see you have been into mischief to-

Will you remember that children like vou Cannot have everything that is in

A wise little lesson you all may well heed: Doing wrong will bring sorrow and trouble indeed.

> Little Miss Argiope. [By A. W. McClelland.]

It was upon a sunny morning in June that Miss Argiope crept from the eggtuft that had hung all through the winter upon a dried fern-leaf, and discovered herself to be a bit of happy life. She took a long look at herself in a dew-drop, and was delighted with what

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Which Increase the Deficient Blood Sup-

Energy to the Body.

of medical treatment.

ply, Make New Flesh, Bone and Mus-

cle, and Give Strength, Vigor and

There are thousands of children at-

tending our schools, who, to judge by

their pale faces, thin bodies, and gen-

eral puny appearance, would be far

better at home undergoing a course

not strong enough to bear the worries and troubles of the school room. Their

bodies are not properly nourished. Their blood is deficient in quantity,

The fault lies in the digestive or-

gans—particularly the stomach. The food the child eats is not digested quickly enough. This impedes the

and thin and weak in quality.

Many of these little unfortunates are

Many a Lover Has

turned with disgust from an otherwise lov-able girl with an offensive breath.

Nothing so easily disturbs the delicate bal-ance of love. A refined girl turns away from a young man with a disgusting breath. I

endure than a bad breath in another. est fact about it is that the per-son who has it is not Foul breath is caused by bad diges-

you who suffer from indi gestion, just realize what your condition is. Your food ferments and decays,

food ferments and decays, filling you up with impurities and noxious gases, which hasten forcognizes your condition by your dull eyes, with their yellowed whites, your muddy skin and pimples, unwholesome lips and fetid breath. Try Karl's Clover Root Tea, and see if you will not feel new life surging in your veins! Your eyes will brighten, the whites clearing up and the iris sparkling; your headache and your pimples disappear—and why? Because you are all clean within!

Messrs. S. C. Wells & Co., 52 Colburn St., Toronto, Ont. Gentlemen: I used three packages of Karl's Clover Root Tea with eminent success. My face was covered with red pimples, my complexion was yellow and skin oily, caused, I believe, by long chronic constipation. I entirely recovered, and now have a clear, brilliant complexion.

Mrs. Marguerite Matthews, Providence, R. L. We guarantee results, for we refund money if you are not satisfied. Sold throughout the United States and

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she saw there. She was charmed with her velvety gown of black and yellow, her eight strong legs, her many sparkling eyes, but most of all with her spinnerets.

"Ah," said she, with a happy sigh, "I certainly am a pretty spider. I hope I shall prove to be as good as I am beautiful." Being an industrious little thing, she

decided to make herself a home, and she began at once to look for a suitable situation. Now the fern-leaf hung out over a little brook that babbled joyously through a pleasant meadow, and upon the opposite bank of which bloomed a large bunch of red clover.

"That is the very place I should like," thought Miss Argiope. "It is sunny and high, and looks as if it would be a good hunting-ground. If I only had a bridge!" Then, after a moment, she added bravely, "I guess I'll try building one."

Then what did she do but mount to the very tiptop of the fern-leaf, turn her spinnerets towards the clover, and begin spinning a delicate gossamer thread; and the kindly breeze caught it and carried it out, out, over the brook, and wafted it to and fro until it gently touched the clover.

"There, that is done," said she, as she drew it taut and fastened it firmly to the fern. Then, without any hesitation, she stepped out upon the filmy tightrope, and in a moment more she was safely landed upon the clover.

But now her work was just begun, for she was growing hungry and she must build her house and set her trap for game before she could dine.

So, fastening a firm thread, she started for grass below, trailing the little line behind her, only pausing here and there to secure it to a leaf or grassblade. Aimlessly she seemed to travel back and forth, yet soon she had a network of regular lines laid over quite a large space; this finished, she began touching the spinnerets to each of the fountain threads, until a gauzy, upright wheel of lace glistened in the sunshine. And, lo! her home was finished.

For a long time she lived very happily among the clovers. There was always much to be done, the web to be kept neat and nicely mended, game to catch and her sisters to visit; a good many of them had just come across the brook to live. But by and bye she grew tired of it all, and said to her

youngest sister: "I really am tired of this view, and the perfume of these clovers. I was talking to a grasshopper this morning, and he said I ought to travel; one is apt to grow old and poky never seeing anything of the world. He told me there is a lovely road just across the meadow, where there are many things to be seen, and that there are plenty of desirable weaving sites; so I think I shall move."

At first the little sister clasped her front pair of claws in horror at the idea of leaving their pleasant very webs, but as she dearly loved her sister, she said she would never let her go alone. If she were determined to do anything so rash, she should insist upon accompanying her. It would be a long walk, but-

'Walk, you silly child!" interrupted Miss Argiope, gleefully, "who is thinking of walking? Come, this is a lovely day-what is to hinder us from starting this very moment? Follow me, my dear, and do as I bid you, and we shall be there in a trice.'

So saying, she led the way to the top of a tall ragweed that grew near. "Now," said she, "begin spinning, but do not twist your threads as for a and, sure enough, as her sister had told web; just let them all fly loose, and keep on spinning until I tell you to

And what do you think! Out of the spinnerets of each little spider floated a stream of filmy, glistening floss, more delicate than the silk of the dandelion!

"Stop spinning; that is enough," ordered the older sister, when each beautiful banner was almost a yard in length. "Now gather that up under

SAVE THE LIVES OF THE LITTLE ONES.

proper and prompt working of the

bowels, makes the blood thin and

weak, and insufficient in quantity to

nourish the various organs, and re-

pair the waste that is constantly go-

child an easy victim to diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, grippe, or

any other disease that may attack it, and when these ailments are escaped,

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on new flesh every day.

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strength and energy, and the puny child grows strong and robust. New bone

and muscle are formed and the pallid

hue of ill-health, gives place to the ruddy glow of strength and vigor.

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you feet, and twist it into a sort of little basket. That's right. Now begin spinning again." And out waved another banner. "There, isn't that a beautiful little

balloon?" cried Miss Argiope, excitedly. "Now, little sister, take a firm hold with all eight feet, and let the breeze lift you; but remember, when you see me signal to gather your streamer into a ball up under your jaw, and you will land as lightly as a fairy." Then away, away they sailed, float-

ing out over the sunny meadow as gracefully as a bit of thistledown. When the little sister saw the signal, she remembered to take in her banner, her, she sank gently down until she landed lightly beside her upon an aster in full bloom.

"Oh! ah!" gasped the little sister. "How beautiful, and what a view!" "Of course, my dear," replied Miss Argiope, kindly. "Didn't I tell you the world was worth seeing? But we have no time to spare; let us set to work and weave our new homes, and then there will be plenty of time for sight-

seeing. And there, by the roadside, I saw them both this very morning, guardcarefully their precious which they carry about with them in a little silken pocket, for safe-keeping. They were sunning themselves in the loveliest gauzy wheels, that were spangled with dew-drops and that

sparkled like a queen's diadem. They looked very happy and contented, and not a bit homesick.-The Outlook.

AUTHORS WHEN GIRLS.

Nearly all the women who are prominent today in literature began to write original compositions of some kind or another as soon as they could hold a pen. Mrs. Meade has produced over 100 works of fiction, and is still a lady in her prime. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett began her literary career in earnest at the early age of 15. Reverses had come to her family by reason of the cotton famine, and she was anxious to help the family funds.

Edna Lyall began to write stories when she was about 9 years old. She wrote, as she says, "for the joy of writ-ing," and because she could not resist the craving to describe the beloved heroes and heroines who filled her imagination.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

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tusiness and who has hesitated to order from us, fearing that the size of his order would prevent its receiving our attention, wronged us and himself too. No order is too small for us-we WANT the trade of the smaller grocer, and we cater for it with the 25pound Jute packages that we now put up our Split Peas, Pot Barley, Wheatlets and Wheat Farina in. Each package is neatly stamped. We should like to hear from ALL the

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