EVE'S FATAL SOWING.

WHICH HUMANITY HAS BEEN REAPING EVER SINCE.

The Calamity in Paradise — Fruit That Does Not Belong to Us Must Be Held Sacred—Rev. Dr. Talmage's Picturesque Sermon on Fatal Charms.

On Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from Genesis, iii. 6: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and give also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds. In his first lesson in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos and that the fish swim the water in twos and that the lions walk the fields in twos and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber, and as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. O, the mother of all the living, I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight and ponds that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon and orange groves from the tropics and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters! Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, th Gihop and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stones! What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scenes of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said: "Bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve sauntering out one day alone, looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit and wonders if it is sweet and wonders if it is sour and standing there says: I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit. It will do no damage to the tree. I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said: "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and thez wind sigh on the bosom of the hills, and earn, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-tending howl, "The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw and sting and teeth and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass; blasting on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their backs and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see in the first place the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but 6000 years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature, illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulcher there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheatre. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord. Planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassooed with replendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polyp and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under a firefly's wing, and the terrible eye glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalculae that made up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations of galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor until forces that were hidden for ages come to wheels, and levers and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air, or gwim the sea, or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings and crackles and booms with strange mechanism and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying glasses, with which to storm the barrel castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison, but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day, inspired by unhealthful inquisitiveness, who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries —mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection—and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruins without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage, but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not!

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye stare and mouth gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear of falsehood, build it another story high and two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs they are overanxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of tittle tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Squire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandle, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them, men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of mortal algebra—good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity equals minding your own affairs!

Then, how many young men through curiosity go through the whole realm of French novels to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them. They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look and fall into remediless ruin, or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly on the rock, gibbering with curses or or groaning ineffectual prayer. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness; by all means discourage ill regulated curiosity.

This subject also impresses me with the fact that fruits that are sweet to the taste may afterward produce great agony. Forbidden fruit for Eve was so peasant she invited her husband also to take of it. But her banishment from paradise and 6000 years of sorrow and wretchedness and war and woe paid for that luxury. Sin may be very sweet at the start, and it may induce great wretchedness afterward. The cup of sin is sparkling at the top, but there is death at the bottom. Intoxication has great exhilaration for awhile, and it fillips the blood, and it makes a man see five stars where others can see only one star,, and it makes the poor man rich, and turns checks which are white red as roses. But what about the dreams that come after when he seems falling from great heights or is prostrated by other fancied disasters and the perspiration stands on the forehead—the night dew of everlasting darkness—and he is ground under the horrible hoof of nightmares shrieking with lips that crackle with all-consuming torture? "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth. But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment!" Sweet at the start, horrible at the last. Go into hall of revelry, where ungodly mirth staggers and blasphemes. Listen to the senseless gabble. See the last trace of intelligence dashed out from faces made in God's own image. "Aha, aha!" says the boistering inebriate. "This is joy for you. Fill high your cups, my boys. I drink to my wife's misery, and my children's rags, and my God's defiance." And he knows not that a fiend stirs the goblet in his hand and that adders uncoil from the dregs and thrust their forked tongues hissing through the froth on the rim. The Philistines jeered and laughed and shouted at Samson. Oh, they wanted him to make sport for them, and he made sport for them! How bright and gay was the scene for a little while! After awhile the giant puts one hand against this pillar and the other hand against that pillar and bows himself, and 3000 merry-makers are mashed like grapes in a wine press. Sin rapturous at the start, awful at last.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all the insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchers and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air and the shipwrecks upon the temptest, and fastened, like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you my brother. You pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are loud-voiced, and the overcoming clouds are all awrithe and agleam with terror. You are past the Narrows, and almost outside the Hook, and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back, row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers. One heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the waatery pavement, shouting until He hears thee, "Lord save me or I perish!" Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the wall.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness in the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no lustre to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crime, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-waiting.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinement of social life! The accomplishments of Mary, Queen of Scots, make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia only set forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth and her wonderful qualifications for a queen made the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven high is not apology for vice hell deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I hav eno sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon women from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing, they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Saviour; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover, or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those, who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city, and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that leads father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our home! And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place may we all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones of whom we must say in the words of transporting Charles Wesley—

One family, we dwell in Him;
Our church above, beneath,
Though now divided by a stream—
The narrow stream of death—
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow,
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
Part are crossing now.

GOLD IS EVERYWHERE.

Found In Small Quantities in all Parts of the World.

Gold exists in larger or small quantities in every portion of the world It has been found in almost every state of the United States; in Devonshire, Cornwall, Wales and Scotland, in Great Britain; on the sands of the Rhine, the Reuss, the Rhone and the Aar; at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, and at Zell; in the valleys of Toppa, Sesia, and Novard, in Piedmont; at Percheria in Lombardy; on the Tagus, in Spain; in the rivers of Provence; in southern and eastern Siberia; in fourteen of the nineteen provinces of China; in the island of Yesso, in Japan; in odd spots in India; Thibet, and the islands of Ceylon and Borneo; in Abyssinia, Kordofan, and the Soudan generally, in North Africa, and the region watered by the Zambesi and Limpopo, in South Africa; in Australia, New Zealand and Canada. But as a general rule the precious metal is found in such small quantities that it will not pay to work the mines or placers. It is only now and then that it is found in isolated localities in abundance.

THEY FOUND IT DULL.

Miss Onwee, at summer resort,—Goodness! I wonder why people come here.

Cleverton—Simply because other people come.

More than 2,000 people mysteriously disappear from London every year, and are never heard of again.

BARBARITY IN CANADA.

AN INCIDENT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THIS COUNTRY.

Terrible Fate of a Young Man Convicted of Inciting to Rebellion—A Page from the Book of Long Ago.

Mr. Thomas O'Leary, assistant librarian, Chateau de Ramazay, contributes an interesting article to the Quebec Telegraph, from which we make the following extracts:

Towards the close of the last century, and the early years of the present, the citizens of Quebec had on many occasions to witness the execution of those upon whom the death sentence had been pronounced. Hanging was of frequent occurrence, as also military executions. On one occasion no less than seven soldiers were shot, side by side, on the Plains of Abraham, for desertion.

But tuere was one execution that produced a profound impression on the minds of the inhabitants, it being the solitary instance of carrying out, even in semblance, of the hanging, drawing, and quartering in America. The following account is from an old magazine published many years ago, and will be found interesting, now that a hundred years have passed away, and also that the extension of Richelieu street passes through the very spot where the execution took place, and where McLane's remains were interred.

ADET'S PROCLAMATION.

The breaking out of the French revolution found the public mind in the United States divided; the rising party of Democrats, stimulating by ideas of liberty, by hatred of England, and gratitude to France, eager to throw the whole weight of the influence of the rising republic of America into the scale in favour of the French republic, the French Ambassadors in the United States, Genet, Fauchet and Adet, intrigued with the leaders of this party, and set the laws at defiance. In 1796 Adet issued a proclamation, addressed to the French-Canadians, in which he announced that the French Republic having defeated Spain, Austria and Italy, was now on the point of attacking England, beginning with her colonies ,and he invited the Canadians to rally to his standard. Public men of the United States were led away with the idea ,and Monroe, in his correspondence from Paris ,spoke of the easy conquest of Canada and while Frenchmen hoped to reconquer it for France, Americans hoped no less sanguinely, to add it to the domain of their own republic. To inaugurate a revolution in Canada, Adet employed David McLane, a citizen of the United States, or perhaps led him by genial words and vague promises to the mad attempt which cost him his life. After all, there is no definite proof of connection of Adet with it, McLane having been hung on the evidence simply of his own statements.

A YANKEE SPECULATOR.

He was a native of Attleboro, Massachusetts, and came to Canada in 1796, but seeing himself regarded with suspicion, he returned to New York, intending to start for France; then, as trouble had begun, he returned to Canada in 1797, in hopes of succeeding by speculating in lumber and horses, and that he passed under an assumed name to escape arrest by his creditors. He met one Butterfield on Lake Champlain, who recommended him to a man named Frichette, at St. Johns, with whom he had some conversation, among other things, as to the likelihood of a general rising among the Canadians on account of the imprisonment of several for their opposition to the Road Act. By Frichette he was introduced to John Black, a shipbuilder at Quebec, who seems at this time to have been a desperate politician, having just by intrigue succeeded in securing a seat in the Provincial Parliament. Black, as unscrupulous as to the means of acquiring wealth, eagerly grasped at the occasion of reaping honour and profit, by becoming an informer; and between eleven and twelve o'clock at night on the 20th of May, he proceeded to the Governor's secretary, and made an affidavit, on which McLane, who was then at Black's house, was arrested in his bed on a charge of high treason. He wa sbrought to trial on the 7th of He was brought to trial on the 7th of July, under an indictment for conspiring the death of the King, and aiding and abetting the King's enemies, and containing allegations of fourteen overt acts. The Attorney-General, Mr. Sewell, in opening the case, charged that McLane was an agent of Adet, under whom he held the commission of Major-General, and that his visits to Canada were expressly to prepare for a revolt of the French-Canadians against the English Government, to be effected by aid from the United States, and a military to introduce lumbermen from the force from France. That his plan was States by way of Sorel, who were to form the nucleus of his force, and when the garrison of the Castle St. Louis and Quebec had been drugged with liquor and laudanum these men were to rush on the place and carry it. That he imparted this scheme to Frichette, who agreed to join him, and to Black.

THE TERRIBLE SENTENCE.

The witnesses for the Crown in their testimony fully sustained this. William Barnard declared that McLane had on both visits talked to him of his plan of revolutionizing Canada, and endeavored to enlist him. Elmer Cushing testified to his declaration that he was an envoy of Adet. Francois Chandonet also testified to having been solicited to join the plot, and Thomas Butterfield and Chas. Frichette were both arrested as fellow-conspirators with McLane, and admitted that they had joined him in his plot to revolutionize Canada. McLane defended himself in person, assisted by Messrs. Pyke and Franklin, but the case was apparently so clear, that the jury, all, however, of English, not French, origin, after retiring a few moments, brought in a verdict of guilty.

The Chief Justice then addressed him, and sentenced him to be hanged, to be taken down while still alive, cut open, disembowelled, have his entrails burnt before his eyes, his head cut off, and his body divided into four parts.

Pursuing its plan the Government sought to invest his death with all terrors possible.

On Friday, July 21, 1797, he was taken from the prison on a hurdle, or rather country. McLane was attended by the sheriff and a military guard. The axe and block were carried with him. A little after ten o'clock they reached the gallows erected outside St. John's Gate, at the foot of the glacis, an elevated spot visible to the surrounding country. McLane was attended yb Rev. Mr. Mountain and Mr. Sparks, and after a few words addressed to the people was cast off the ladder.

After hanging about twenty-five minutes he was taken down, his head cut off and held up by the executioner, crying, "behold the head of a traitor." A part of the entrails was then taken out and burnt and the limbs cut, but not cut off. "Never," says the historian Garneau, "never had such a spectacle been seen in Canada."

A DECENT BURIAL.

McLane had the sympathy of the French-Canadians. At personal risk they had bestowed care and consolation on him before and during his trial; their charity prompted them to give his remains the rites of burial.

Towards evening Messrs. Chaloup, Gauvreau, Laliberte and Barbeau, dug a grave on the place of execution, on what is now the east corner of Richelieu street, near the Glacis and near the north angle of the Sisters' new building, which replaced the Brothers' school, and there interred decently the mutilated remains of the unfortunate stranger. The courage of these men, belonging to an oppressed and suspected race, thus showing their sympathy for one just executed as the leader of a plot to free them from English power, is justly deserving of being recorded.

Black, who lured McLane to his house to betray him, as well as the other informers, received grants of land, and also a considerable reward. But the execration of the public followed him. He lost popularity, office, business and means, and in a few years, according to Garneau, became a loathsome beggar in the streets of Quebec.

PASTIMES AND DRESS.

New amusements and forms of recreation, especially those of the outdoor variety, are revolutionizing dress at a rapid pace. Since golf crossed the water, society people in the East have relaxed their views on the subject of evening costume. They now gather at club houses and hotels in the evening in golfing suits, which for the men consist of knickers, a loose coat, golf stockings and heavy shoes, and for the women of an ankle skirt, knickers, loose waist and heavy shoes. The dress is cool and comfortable, and the red coats of the men give a pleasing touch of color to the scene. At a fashionable ball, the golfing costume was worn by request, and it was also adopted at a recent wedding. At 5 o'clock teas, and for morning and evening calls, the golfers, in their field habit are considered presentable.

On the bicycle the knee breeches of the men may be regarded as a necessity, and so is a special dress of some kind for women, to avoid entanglement in the crank and chain. No one can claim that the golf stocking is particularly handsome, but it has the merit of being comfortable and requiring no support. Knickerbockers also have their merits. One thing is certain. The old conservatism or timidity in regard to dress for pastime has been broken down among both men and women, and the wearing of a golfing or cycling costume, unless outre, has ceased to attract notice. The garments best adapted to recreation, within the bounds of respectability, are recognized as the proper ones to wear, and if a clergyman puts on the stockings, cap and coat of a golfer, no one considers that he has disregarded any of the rules of decorum.

That woman will ever discard long skirts altogether is quite unlikely. They have advantages of their own, though clearly not adapted to bad weather. Now will the trousers of men be replaced by knee breeches for general purposes. They came later than knee breeches, and may be regarded, on the whole, as an improvement. Apollo himself would become tiresome parading around in knee breeches, and the reverse of an Apollo is entitled to the privilege of minimizing his physical peculiarities. Men require for summer a garment they have not yet attained, that is a thin, unstarched dress skirt. Perhaps the sensible and comely feminine shirt waist is the forerunner. Then women need a rainy-day dress. No doubt all will come in good time. Striking changes in dress are more apt to be first adopted for pleasure than for business, and it is therefore to the pastimes of the day that dress reformers can look with especial interest for liberation from the fetters of mistaken fashions and customs.

THE CZAR'S ARMY.

Russia Can Place a Mighty Military Force in the Field.

The army of the czar is composed of twenty-one corps d'arme divided up into fourteen conscriptions. The strength of each corp is about 45,000 men. The infantry comprises about 165 regiments of the line, twenty regiments of chasseurs, sixteen regiments of grenadiers and twelve regiments of the guard. This is a very fine army, well organized, of great resisting power and prodigious tenacity. It is armed with a repeating rifle very much like the French Lebel, and which is highly esteemed by the Russian generals. The artillery is composed of ninety-six siege batteries, 194 field batteries, fifteen mountain batteries, forty-three batteries, a cheval and three mortar regiments — altogether nearly 5,000 light pieces, and 1,500 siege guns.

Besides this there are brigades of engineers, military train, railroad electricians, torpedoists, velocipedists, police, etc. As to the imperial cavalry, it is well known to be one of the finest and by far the most considerable in Europe. It is composed of regulars and regiments, like Cossacks, for example, who enjoy a certain degree of independence, and some privileges, and who yet submit to the usual discipline. This cavalry is divided into 671 squadrons, of which 352 are regular cavalry, cuirassiers, dragoons, uhlans, and hussars and 319 Cossacks.

HEALTH.

SUNSTROKE.

Sunstroke, or better heatstroke, is the result of exposure to intense heat for a considerable period. It makes little difference what the source of the heat is, whether it is the sun or a blast furnace, so long as the heat is intense and long-continued. Practically it is the sun's heat which most of us, who are not stokers, bakers, or puddlers, have to fear.

But it is a mistake to suppose that it is only the direct rays of the sun that are injurious, for heatstrokes frequently occur after sundown or in the early morning after an excessively close night. Not all people are equally liable to suffer from the effects of heat, but chiefly the debilitated, the aged, those who are living under unhygienic conditions, the ill-fed, the unwashed, and especially the intemperate.

Several different conditions are grouped together under the one head, headstroke, but they are all reducible to the two states of exhaustion and fever, one being often only the incipient stage of the other, into which it will pass if the exposure to heat is continued. The condition present in all cases of any severity is, as we might suppose, an overheating of the blood—in other words, an artificial fever, and the treatment by ice and by heart stimulants is based on that fact.

This treatment is a matter for the physician, and the sooner he is called the better for the patient. But meanwhile the sufferer should be placed in the shade, if possible in a breeze, and should be fanned constantly, while cold water or ice should be applied to his head and spine. The clothing should be loosened, and above all, there must be no crowd of curious lookers-on surrounding the patient, and shutting off the air.

Here as elsewhere, however, prevention is better than cure; and fortunately it is within the power of nearly every one. In hot, muggy weather, clothing should be light, both in weight and color. The hat, especially should be of straw or light-colored felt, never black, and inside of it should be placed wet clothes or green leaves. The sleeping apartments should be well ventilated. If one is obliged to be out under the midday sun an umbrella should be carried.

Cool water and acidulated beverages may be freely used, but ice-water should be avoided immediately after exercising or exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and above all, alcholic drinks should be shunned.

HICCOUGHS.

Generally this troublesome little disturbance is a matter of no moment beyond the annoyance it may cause the sufferer. It is brought about by a momentary contraction of the diaphragm, by which air is drawn into the chest, and may be excited by a variety of causes. It may even be a symptom of a grave disease, usually of the nervous system, but most frequently it results from trivial causes, such as laughing or crying.

A very common cause of hiccoughs is eating or drinking too much or too fast, especially drinking. This is so well known that the funny paragraphs in the papers always sprinkle the remarks of an alleged drunken man with plenty of hics. It may also be started, just as it may be arrested, by a sudden fright.

It can often be cured by fixing the attention closely upon something else, as upon the attempt to bring the little finger of each hand as near its mate as possible, without allowing them to touch each other. Other simple means of arresting hiccough, which usually ceases of itself without any treatment, are the swallowing of little lumps of ice or a glass of very cold water or acidulated water, vigorous rubbing with the hand over the pit of the stomach or the back of the neck, dashing ice-cold water on the spine, etc.

If such devices fail, a more effectual measure consists in making firm and persistent pressure upward, with the fingers passed under the edge of the ribs on each side, near the breast-bone. This causes pressure on the diaphragm and, as it were distracts it so that it forgets to contract spasmodically. The taking of eight or ten deep and slow inspirations acts in much the same way. Powerful cases of hiccoughs, lasting for days and days, and sometimes ceasing only with death. There are occasionally such cases, which baffle the skill of physicians, but when they occur there is some other serious malady present, which and not the hiccough is the actual cause of death. These grave cases are not under consideration here. They do not come within the domain of household remedies, but call for professional intervention.

DANGEROUS INKS.

The London Lancet calls attention to the serious injuries which sometimes result from an apparently trifling scratch or puncture made with the pen. The chemical constituents of the ink which is introduced by the pen into the wound are not capable of producing septicemia, but microscopic examination proves that the ill effects are due to the liability of ink to contain pathogenic bacteria. Dr. Marpmann, of Leipsic, has recently published the results of the microscopic examination of sixty-seven samples of ink used in schools. Most of them were made with gall nuts, containing saprophytes, bacteria and micrococci. Nigrosin ink, taken from a freshly opened bottle, was found to contain both saprophytes and bacteria. Red and blue ink also yielded numerous bacteria. In two instances Dr. Marpmann succeeded in cultivating from nigrosin ink a bacillus which proved fatal to mice within four days. This ink had stood in an open bottle for three months, and the inference to be drawn from the inquiry is that ink used in schools should always be kept covered when not in use. The practice of moistening the pen with the tongue is likewise a dangerous one.

IN THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Mr. Richfellow, with an admiring gaze at the beauty of the evening, Miss Psyche.—Have you noticed, Miss D'Avnoo, what a delicate, ethereal, spirituelle beauty, Miss Psyche has!

Miss D'Avnoo, rival belle.—Yes. She reminds me of a very dear friend of mine I knew at school. How I loved that girl! Poor darling! she died of consumption, cancer, and scrofula.

A Clinching Statement.

A Cure That Was Permanent.

The Medicine Used Was Paine's Celery Compound.

Day after day home and foreign cures are heralded as the result of using this or that medicine. It is safe to assert that many of the published letters are bogus, and others will hardly bear the light of investigation.

The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound, and noted in the press of the country, have all the ring of genuineness and honesty about them, and the original letters can be seen at any time by an interested public.

It has also been proven in numberless instances that the cures made by Paine's Celery Compound are permanent. Another letter has just been received, this time from Mr. P. J. Kilbride, Postmaster, Inverness, P. E. I., testifying to the permanency of his cure. His case was one of the most serious and critical ever given to the public, and his complete cure astonished his many friends and the residents of his town.

Mr. Kilbride says: "Over three years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had cured me.

"To-day I am in splendid condition, and have not been sick a single day since I used the famous Paine's Celery Compound.

"I certainly owe my present health and strength to your medicine, and I am fully convinced it saved me from a condition bordering on insanity. I can now sleep and eat well, and I thank God for Paine's Celery Compound and the great change.

"I have received and answered 250 letters since my testimonial was published. These letters came from all parts of Canada and the United States. It has been a pleasure answering these letters from sufferers, and I trust my recommendation of Paine's Celery Compound will help suffering humanity."

"Why does every one watch a newly-married couple?" "Single people watch them because they expect to see some love-making, and married people because they expect to see a quarrel."

A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a trouble-some affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troub es of this nature. Hereafter, however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

Preacher—The meek shall inherit the earth. Scoffer—Yes, the graveyards are full of them.

Surgeon's Knives

FAILED TO REMOVE THE DISEASE FROM HEZIKIAH VAUGHAN'S SYSTEM—DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, WHICH HAVE NEVER YET FAILED, CURED HIM IN SHORT ORDER.

Sandwich, Sept. 13—Hezikiah Vaughan, of the township of Gosfield, has lately gone through a severe surgical operation at Harper's hospital, Detroit, for what different doctors diagnosed as liver complaint, kidney trouble and bladder complaint. Four surgeons cut away at him for 4½ hours, but when they got through none of them could tell what was wrong and the patient was left as bad as ever. The benefits derived by a neighbor from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, induced Mr. Vaughan to try them. From the first he began to improve. His bowels soon became regular and the pains that afflicted him disappeared. Six boxes restored to his former vigor a man who had abandoned all hope of regaining sound health.

She—What is the difference between a trust and a ring? He—Miss—dear Mabel, if you can only trust me, I will get the ring to-morrow morning.

B. Lane, 519 Yonge St., Toronto, says: "Am using Miller's Compound Iron Pills and find them excellent for the nervous system." Sold by J. E. Richards.

"What's the matter between Blims and his typewriter?" "He thought when he hired her that he was going to dictate her, but he has discovered his mistake."

Mrs. Fitch, 143 Terauley St., says: "To E. Miller & Co., Dresden, Ont." "I have much pleasure in recommending your Compound Iron Pills. I was suffering from neuralgia and soon got relief from their use. I would gladly recommend them to all who suffer from the same complaint." Sold by J. E. Richards.

Languid mamma—Calestine, who was that ill-bred child with you and the baby on the walk this morning? The maid—Your eldest, madame.

Cure that Cough with Shiloh's Cure. The best Cough Cure. Relieves Croup promptly. One million bottles sold last year. 40 doses for 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

"I wish," said Adam, savagely, as Eve timidly drew his attention to a patent medicine advertisement, "that you would not always nudge me in the rib! I never in my life knew a women that didn't insist on reminding her husband every half hour of the time he first met her!"