"I SHALL GO TO HIM."

The Future Recognition of Friends in Heaven

Eloquently Discussed by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage.

WASECA, Minn., July 13.—Dr. Talmage preached to an enormous outdoor gathering to-day. His subject was, "Meeting Our Friends in Heaven." The eminent clergyman took for his text II. Samuel, xii., 23, "I shall go to him." There is a very sick child in the abode of David the king. Disease, which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts its smothering hand on the lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and, bending over the pillows, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Alas! for David the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outcry of woe. What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surroundings when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. Then in that great house, two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet, one heart still. David hears the ominous whisperings of his servants and he looks up and says to them, "Is the child dead?" "Yes, he is dead." David rouses himself up, washes himself, puts on new apparel and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat and exclaims, "I shall go to him."

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth shall we meet again in the next world? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a granitic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead.

The object of this sermon is to take this theory out of the region of surmise and speculation into the region of positive certainty. People say, "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were true. I hope it may be true. Perhaps it is true. I wish it were true." But I believe that I can bring an accumulation of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulchre.

The doctrine of future recognition is not so often positively stated in the Word of God as implied, and you know, my friends that that is, after all, the strongest mode of affirmation. Your friend travels in foreign lands. He comes home. He does not begin by arguing with you to prove that there are such places as London and Stockholm and Paris and Dresden and Berlin, but his conversation implies it. And so this Bible does not so positively state this theory as, all up and down its chapters, take it for granted. What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this anticipation for the inspection of all ages if it were a groundless anticipation? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course it means that. It cannot mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doctrine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the glories of the celestial. Christ's garment's glow and his face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on that mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth recognized these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only 5, 10, 20, 30 years ago.

The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other; and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recognition, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in his conversation with Mary and Martha, when he said, "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say, "Don't cry. Don't wear yourselves out with this trouble. You will see him again. Thy brother shall rise again." The Bible describes heaven as a great home circle. Well, now, that would be a very queer home circle where the members did not know each other. The Bible describes death as a sleep. If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal better then than now; "For now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons why I accept this theory. In the first place, because the rejection of it implies the entire obliteration of our memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives, "Son, remember," If the exiled and lost remember, will not the enthroned remember? Heavens is not a contraction, it is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him, "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?" He turned to her and said, "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again: I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received. What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation, universally planted, must have been God-implanted, it is rightfully implanted. The Norwegian believes it. The Swiss believes it. The Turk believes it. Under every sky, by every river, in every zone, the theory is adopted; and so I say a principle universally implanted must be God-implanted, and hence a right belief. The argument is irresistible.

Again: I adopt this theory because there are features of moral temperament and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense; and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I can understand how in sickness a man will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy, that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are.

One more reason why I am disposed to accept this doctrine of the future recognition is that so many in their last hour on earth have confirmed this theory—persons who died in calmness and placidity, and who were not naturally superstitious. Often the glories of heaven have struck the dying pillow, and the departing man has said he saw and heard those who had gone away from him.

Oh, have you never sat by such a death-bed? In that dark hour you hear the departing soul cry, "Hark! look!" You hearkened and you looked. A little child pining away because of the death of its mother, getting weaker and weaker every day, was taken into the room where hung the picture of her mother. She seemed to enjoy looking at it, and then she was taken away, and after awhile died. In the last moment that wan and wasted little one lifted her hands, while her face lighted up with the glory of the next world, and cried out, "Mother!" You tell me she did not see her mother? She did. So in my first settlement at Belleville a plain man said to me: "What do you think I heard last night? I was in the room where one of my neighbors was dying. He was a good man, and he said he heard the angels of God singing before the throne. I haven't much poetry about me, but I listened and I heard them too." Said I, "I have no doubt of it."

Now I bring you this glorious consolation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. To-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrection victory.

Oh, ye whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion! Oh! How much you will have to tell them when once you meet them! How much you have been through since you saw them last! On the shining shore you will talk it all over. The heartaches. The loneliness. The sleepless nights. The weeping until you had no more power to weep, because the heart was withered and dried up. Story of vacant chair, and empty cradle, and little shoe only half worn out, never to be worn again, just the shape of the foot that once pressed it. And dreams when you thought the departed had come back again, and the room seemed bright with their faces, and you started up to greet them, and in the effort the dream broke and you found yourself standing amid room in the midnight—alone. Talking it all over, and then, hand in hand, walking up and down in the light. No sorrow, no tears, no death. Oh, heaven! beautiful heaven! Heaven where our friends are. Heaven where we expect to be.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Trouble Caused by a Photographic Resemblance.

TORONTO, July 13.—A peculiar case of mistaken identity, not as regards a living person, but in respect to a photograph, has just come to light. It appears that some two years ago Mrs. Alexander Cameron brought her daughter by her first husband, Miss Ward, now the Princess de Caraman-Chimay, to the studio of Mr. P. H. Dufresne, Yonge street arcade, and had her picture taken. Previous to the time of Miss Ward's sitting, Mr. Dufresne had taken the picture of a Miss Linge, of Toronto. Miss Linge sat twice, one of the negatives not having pleased Mr. Dufresne. Miss Linge received her pictures in the usual way, but some time afterwards saw the large photograph of Miss Ward, and imagined that it was her own. She insisted that it was made from the other negative which had not been used in printing the pictures she received. Mr. Dufresne argued the matter and tried to demonstrate the difference, but Miss Linge was not satisfied. Finally, after she had paid several visits, fruitlessly, her mother demanded the picture, but Mr. Dufresne would not sell it. Then the Linges removed to Montreal and wrote several letters, but as Mr. Dufresne saw that nothing could be gained by correspondence in ridding them of the delusion, he allowed the letters to remain unanswered. The other day, however, a gentleman called and asked to see a large picture of Miss Linge, which he said the photographer had made. When inspecting the picture on the wall his eye caught that of the enlarged photo of the Princess de Caraman-Chimay, and he exclaimed: "There she is. Yes, that is she. Yes, I could swear that is my daughter." He then wanted to purchase the picture, and when refused went away threatening legal proceedings. It is said that Miss Linge does bear a strong resemblance to the Princess, so much so that all her friends are positive the picture is hers. On the other hand those who knew Miss Ward when she resided in Toronto are equally certain that it is her features which are reproduced in the coveted picture.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—[Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labeled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

A close question—Can't you drive with one hand?

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

Men and women go to extremes; the troubles that do not arise from the hot heads of men arise from the cold feet of women.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

One of the healthiest occupations in the world is that of signing wills. Expectant heirs will readily confirm this statement.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. W. T. Strong, 184 Dundas street, London.

LATE OLD WORLD NEWS.

Gossip from Many Places in England, Ireland and Scotland.

SCOTLAND.

Kirkaldy Town Council has resolved to purchase Robbies Park for a public park at the price of £150 per acre.

Mr. William McEwen, M.P., has given £5,000 to purchase pictures for the Scottish National Gallery in Edinburgh.

A bird's nest, with two eggs, was recently found in a hole in one of the buffers of a brake van attached to a mineral train which arrived at Port Glasgow.

Over 200 Canadian cattle were sold in Aberdeen on June 20. The total sum realized exceeded £2,590, and the average price per head was about £11 11s 3d.

Rev. John Campbell, of Buccleuch Church, Edinburgh, recently declared that politics were from God just as much as religion, and the State as much an ordinance of heaven as the Church.

Sir James Gowans, Lord Dean of Guild of Edinburgh, who was so prominently associated with the Exhibition there in 1886, died on June 26, aged 70 years. He was an architect and contractor.

The auld Brig o' Ayr, immortalized by Burns, has been undergoing great improvements of late, the Town Council having hornized the roadway. About 7,000 people pass over it daily. It is 538 years old.

Mr. Bennett, of the National Telephone Company, Glasgow, thinks David anticipated the telephone when he said in the 119th Psalm, "And their lines shall extend over all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

Cox Brothers, manufacturers, have purchased a field, comprising 25 acres, lying between Balgay Hill and Lochee, Dundee, for the purpose of presenting it to the inhabitants of Lochee for use as a public park. The gift will cost about £16,000.

Lochore estate, in Fifeshire, was offered for sale at Edinburgh the other day, the reserve price being £50,000, but it did not change hands. The eldest son of Sir Walter Scott married the heiress of Lochore, but the property passed out of the family.

There lives in Torryburn, near Dumfermline, a lady who has just completed her 100th year. Mrs. Balfour—the name of the centenarian—is the daughter of Sergeant Williamson, a native of Dunfermline, who saw service in Egypt. Mrs. Balfour's grandmother lived over 100 years.

At Forfar the sheriff has refused to grant the interdict craved by Mr. Dalgetty, draper, to exclude Mr. Booth, tailor, from a pew in the parish church. "No court in the land," said the sheriff, "would interdict a parishioner from entering an unoccupied pew after the bells had ceased to ring."

Lord Magheramorne, better known as Sir James M'Garel-Hogg, died on the 27th ult. at his residence in London. The deceased nobleman was chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works from 1870 to 1889—the date of its abolition—and was raised to the peerage on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee.

At the observance of the Lord's Supper in the church at Fearn, Rev. D. Matheson, of Tarbat, in fencing the tables, is said to have debarred all those who believed in the views of Professors Dods and Bruce from coming to the table; and an Inverness minister, giving an account in Gaelic to his congregation of the proceedings at the Assembly, described the two professors and their supporters as "unregenerate and wicked men, striving to destroy the Bible."

The Inland Revenue, it is said, is about to mulct the Duke of Hamilton of a nice round sum. It may be recollected that some years ago the Hamilton Palace collection of books, pictures and works of art realized some £600,000. It appears that on the death of the late Duke, inventory duty was not paid on the treasures, as they were "heirlooms." The "heirlooms" having been brought to the hammer, the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are about to request his Grace to hand over 3 per cent. on the value of the property he has sold.

An amusing incident, which happened to escape the notice of all but a few, occurred at Ferryhill while the royal train was waiting for the completion of the preparations necessary for its dispatch to the South. The Earl of Aberdeen, as lord-lieutenant of the county, paid his respects to royalty, and during the stoppage of the train had an interview with her Majesty. The Queen, as usual on such occasions, spoke to his Lordship from the carriage window. Her Majesty very kindly inquired as to the health of the Countess, and had expressed her delight at the favorable report which his Lordship was able to give of her ladyship's health, and the illustrious talkers were proceeding to more general subjects when all at once the conversation was brought to a sudden stop. What do you think was the cause? A big yellow honey-laden "bumbee" (Scottice). Tempted, no doubt, from his nectarine haunts in neighboring Duthie Park by the glory of the afternoon, this adventurous insect had strayed on to Deeside line, and, making his way to Ferryhill Junction just at the critical moment in the royal conversation, impudently buzzed right up to the royal nose. Now, "a cat may look at a Queen," and perhaps royalty would not resent the liberty; but the proximity of a big fiery-looking "stinger" is an uncomfortable ordeal at which the line must be drawn. You know what ordinary people do in such circumstances. They close their eyes, shake their head, raise their shoulders and retreat a step. The Queen adopted the plebeian practice. The Lord of Haddo, all ignorant of the cause, presumed that Victoria Reg. meant to terminate the interview, and withdrew with all the grace of a courtier. Of course her Majesty had not intended to put the closure on so suddenly, and when the winged, rash intruder had passed (by the way, he found refuge in the royal saloon itself), she made to resume the conversation, but by that time the Earl had fallen back amongst the other gentlemen in attendance. The "bumbee" left with the train.—[Aberdeen Express.

ENGLAND.

Last year 1,356 persons died of delirium tremens in England.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will make Bagshot Park their principal residence.

The late General the Hon. A. C. Legge, of Caynton, Salop, uncle of the Earl of Dartmouth, died worth £29,474.

The Admiralty have selected Vice-Admiral Curme to succeed Vice-Admiral Lethbridge as commander-in-chief at the Nore.

The death of Mr. H. S. Worsfold, Customs Department, renders vacant one of the surveyor-generalship, worth £800 a year.

Mr. Robert Henry Soden Smith, keeper of the art library of the South Kensington Museum, London, is dead, in his 69th year.

Sir Edward Green, M.P., has given £1,000 towards the Bishop of Wakefield's proposed fund of £50,000 for the extension of church work in his diocese.

The news has been received in Spalding of the sudden death of Mr. W. H. Stubbs, of Manchester, chief engineer on the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway.

A man laboring under the impression that he was Moses ascended the pulpit at Westminster Abbey on Saturday, and, Bible in hand, began to preach. In the afternoon he was sent to a lunatic asylum.

The marriage of Capt. H. Gore Brown, 60th Rifles, and Lady Muriel Murray, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dunmore, will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, this week.

An English Engineer proposes making double-shelled boilers, maintaining a pressure between them. By these means he calculates that a much higher pressure can be carried than is possible even with the coil boilers already in use.

The Queen, through Sir Henry Ponsonby, has forwarded a check for £3 to Mrs. A. E. Lloyd, of Dundas street, West Hartlepool, the wife of a workingman, who recently gave birth to triplets—boys—all of whom are doing well.

Henry Harding, described as an astrologer, was fined £20 at Birkenhead recently for professing to tell fortunes by the stars. He had obtained money from hundreds of young women who asked him questions concerning their future husbands.

IRELAND.

The Earl of Dufferin celebrated his 66th birthday on June 21.

During the year 1889 the Irish language was taught in 51 national schools in Ireland.

It is claimed for the late Rev. John Edgar, D.D., of Belfast, that he was the first to propose a temperance society. This he did in 1829.

On June 17 Wm. Furlong, of Kildavin, well-known in South Wexford as a horse-trainer, was engaged "ringing" a horse, when he fell to the ground and expired.

Grafton street, Dublin presented a remarkable spectacle on the 21st ult. Almost all the shops had a half holiday, so that only five remained open, and the street was absolutely deserted.

New ice cream and lunch parlors just opened. Everything new and fresh. MRS. J. B. LAWSON, 195 Dundas street.

They Have Arrived.—Another shipment of those $10 bedroom suites at TRAFFORD'S, 91 King street, west of market.

Florida cabbages, cucumbers and tomatoes. Havana pineapples. A. MOUNTJOY, City Hall.

Money is saved by buying parlor suites, mattresses, easy chairs, lounges, feather pillows, and all kinds of furniture; get your furniture repaired at W. J. BRYANTON'S, 123 King street. Telephone 479.

Smokers

Insist upon having the Kicker brand of cigras. zxt

Teeth extracted without pain. Consciousness retained during the entire operation. Parents should pay strict attention to children's teeth from the age of three years. O. H. ZIEGLER, Dentist, 192 Dundas street. ywt

Dried beef, sausages, bolognas, black pudding, smoked hams, bacon and lard. New stock, new store. M. A. ANDREWS, pork butcher, Richmond street, near Dundas.

CHAPMAN'S

FIRE AND CLEARING SALE.

Special Sale This Week

—OF—

DRESS GOODS,

Prints and Sateens.

DO YOU WANT A BARGAIN? NOW IS YOUR TIME.

One Dollar's Worth of Goods for 50c

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT NOW.

John H. Chapman & Co.

HYMEN'S LOTTERY!

A Prize! For Every Maid or Widow!

There is a MATRIMONAL PRIZE, ranging in value from ONE THOUSAND to TEN MILLION DOLLARS, for every maid or widow using Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers. No mere MAN since the fall can stand the pressure of BRIGHT eyes, IVORY skin and ROSY lips. He makes a bee-line for a MARRIAGE LICENSE, and receives the congratulations of his friends (many of whom, however, are envious) over the "happy event," begun, vigorously prosecuted and happily consummated, all within a few weeks. Why need we say more?

Let others laud the Muses nine,
And praise the triple Graces.
This theme of mine is more divine
I sing—fair ladies' faces!—
But NOT the ones with blooms and paints,
Laid on with puffs and brushes,
But those who melt the hearts of SAINTS,
With 'NATURES' glowing BLUSHES.

BEAUTY of this superlative order, when not conferred by Nature, can be developed ONLY by the use of Dr. Campbell's "Life-Renewing" Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers. Dr. Campbell leaves so-called "bleaching preparations" to Ah Jee, the Chinese laundryman. Dr. C. does not believe in the "skin-'em-alive" process, not even for eels. All bleaches, balms, blooms, creams, powders, etc., etc., produce "bogus" beauty from WITHOUT; CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers develop "Natural" BEAUTY from WITHIN.

A WORD TO LOVERS MASCULINE!

"You'll never meet a joy so sweet
In all your noon of fame"—

as your heart's best girl with her model complexion and all the inherent sweetness acquired from a steady use of

DR. CAMPBELL'S "LIFE-REWING" SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS!

A SKIN!

LIKE EXQUISITE, DELICATELY TINTED

LIVING IVORY!

With an "AIR" HIGH-BRED as an

IDEAL PRINCESS!

Is imparted to every WOMAN or budding MAIDEN FAITHFULLY using Dr. CAMPBELL'S (none other) "LIFE-RENEWING" SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS!

AN EYE OPENER!

Love cuddled close his curly head
Upon his mother's knees;
"I'd just as lief," he sighed, "be dead,
"If blind I aye must be."

But Beauty kissed his ponting lips,
And stilled his piteous sighs;
Then with her rosy finger tips
She opened both his eyes.

And ever since that joyous hour,
It happens in this wise—
All men acknowledge Beauty's power
To open Lovers' eyes.

ALL are not born beautiful, but nearly all can be made so by the use of Dr. CAMPBELL'S Wafers, the universal magnet. We say "magnet," for we have known beauty, induced by CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, draw an "eligible" ten miles through a mid-winter blizzard.

P.S.—BEWARE of bogus or IMITATION Wafers, as well as "detrimental" young men.

ARSENIC in the form of CAMPBELL'S Wafers will induce in man, woman or maiden BEAUTY, HEALTH and LONGEVITY. It is as certainly FALSE that the use of CAMPBELL'S Wafers would result in a morbid "habit" and endanger life if discontinued. Applied to these Wafers there is NO SUCH THING as an "Arsenic habit." As well talk of a "beafsteak habit." The "Arsenic habit" exists only in the untamed imagination of the penny "thrill" novelist and the crazy rigmarole of the goody-goody press.

A Faultless Complexion.

From a Distinguished New York Society Lady

I have used Dr. Campbell's "Life-Renewing" Arsenic Complexion Wafers for more than one year with most perfect success, and find them INDISPENSABLE, not only keeping the skin in a most charming condition, but the HEALTH also, as my present condition proves, for I have used NO OTHER remedies during the past year, and have gained much in health and STRENGTH during that time. When I began the use of these "world-renowned" Arsenic Wafers I was completly RUN DOWN from MALARIA, and in a very weakened condition, but I am now ENTIRELY CURED and a living example of HEALTH; have gained back my old time FORM, STRENGTH and VIGOR with good, substantial flesh and a complexion which my friends pronounce simply faultless!

I take great pleasure in sending this as a proof of my Thorough Belief in Arsenic when prepared as Dr. Campbell alone prepares it. I am most sincerely,

MRS. ——
No. — Madison avenue.

PRICE PER BOX, $1.

DR. CAMPBELL'S

The supreme palliative in organic cardiac affections, and radical specific in all functional Heart Derangement. Price, $2 per Bottle.

A Treatise on Heart Disease together with hundreds of testimonials from those who for the past 20 years have made DR. CAMPBELL'S HEART REGULATOR their main early reliance for LIFE, will be sent FREE by mail to any name and address.

The trade supplied by C. McCallum, London. ay