

The World of Sport.

London Loses Another Game at Hamilton

Oying Records Out at Detroit, Providence and London, Eng.

Development of the Wheel in the Past Fifty Years.

Results of Racing at Fort Erie and Windsor-Cricket and Other Sporting Events.

LONDON LOSERS.

(Special to The Advertiser.)

Hamilton, July 12.—The London team played a scrappy game from start to finish today, claiming everything, fighting for what they were not entitled to, and making Empire Paton's life miserable. The umpire held his ground, however, and gave both sides fair treatment. The visitors made a big kick on a two-base hit by Cochran that won the game. The ball struck the chalk-line on the side of first base, and was undoubtedly fair, but six of the London team surrounded Paton and called him all sorts of names. Not one of the six was in a position to see whether the ball was fair or foul. After two men were out on the fourth, Gunther made a three-base hit, and Cockman and "Cannon" got singles, but only one run was made. In the sixth Johnson got first on balls, Reid and Hickey hit safely, and an error by Mallott let in two runs. Score:

HAMILTON.									
	A.	B.	R.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
McDonald, r.f.	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Dean, 2b.	3	2	3	5	3	1	0	3	1
Phillips, s.s.	4	1	1	0	0	4	1	0	0
Lauer, 1b.	4	0	2	11	1	0	0	0	0
Mallott, c.f.	4	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cochran, c.	3	1	2	2	2	2	1	0	0
McAndrews, 3b.	3	1	1	2	2	6	1	0	0
Hoffner, 1f.	2	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	0
Cochran, p.	1	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	32	6	13	26	18	6	6	6	6

LONDON.							
	A.	B.	R.	B. H.	P.	O.	A. E.
Hickey, c.f.	5	0	2	1	0	1	0
Sipp, 2b.	5	0	1	4	4	1	1
Gunther, 1b.	5	1	2	12	1	0	1
Cochman, r.f.	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Keech, 2b.	5	0	1	0	3	0	0
Schrieffer, 1f.	2	1	0	2	0	0	0
Ward, s.s.	2	1	0	0	1	6	0
Johnson, p.	2	1	1	0	2	0	0
Reid, c.	4	1	2	3	2	0	0
Totals	35	4	10	21	13	3	0

Johnson out for interfering.
Hamilton.....0 10 20 0 3—6
London.....0 10 0 12 0 0—0
Earned runs—London 4.
Two-base hits—Dean, Cochran, Hoffner.
Three-base hit—Gunther.
Sacred hits—Lauer, Cochran, Hoffner, 2.
Ward, 2.
Stolen bases—Dean, Lauer, Mallott, Hoffner, Reid.
Base on balls—By Cochran 5, by Johnson 2.
Hits by pitched ball—By Johnson 1.
Left on bases—Hamilton 10, London 11.
Passed balls—Field 2.
Wild pitch—Cochran 1.
Umpire—Paton.
Time of game—1:35.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Pittsburgh 6, Washington 13.
Louisville 10, Philadelphia 7.
St. Louis 5, Detroit 10.
Cincinnati 5, New York 8.
Chicago 13, Brooklyn 9.
Cleveland 2, Boston 8.

EASTERN LEAGUE.

Toronto 22, Wilkes-Barre 4.
Second game—Toronto 11, Wilkes-Barre 4.
Providence 9, Syracuse 2.
Springfield 3, Rochester 1.

DEATH OF KID BALDWIN.

Cincinnati, O., July 13.—Word has been received from Long View insane asylum of the death at that institution of "Kid" Baldwin, the once famous catcher of the Cincinnati baseball club.

SILVER STARS VS. ROSEBUDS.

An interesting game of ball was played between the Silver Stars and the Rosebuds on St. Mary's grounds, resulting in a score of 25 to 26 in favor of the Rosebuds. The score: Rosebuds.....5 1 1 0 6 2 0 0 4—26
Silver Stars.....6 1 5 0 0 2 0 1 0—25

Batteries—For Rosebuds, W. Michael and E. Dicker, G. McLean and J. Michael, for Silver Stars, Russell, Mucker and Rutherford.

FLYS.

The only member of the New Yorks who won the league and world's championships in 1903 was Mike Timmerman, flying in manager of the Cincinnati, Bill Brown and Pat Murphy have sunk into oblivion. Kiefer is umpiring in the Eastern League, Welch is running a saloon in Holyoke, Ed Crane is dead. Timmerman has retired. Kiefer is playing in Fall River, Danny Richardson is in business in Elmira, Ward is practicing law, Whitney is at Lowell, O'Rourke is managing the Bridgeport team, and Gore is living in New York city. Jim Murphy is living quickly on Staten Island.

"That Chicago club is made up of

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

is the most dangerous of all human ailments because its approach is unobtrusive. Its symptoms are common to other diseases, viz., Severe Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Blurred Vision, Dyspepsia, etc. Once let it get a firm hold on the system and it is difficult to dislodge. It is caused by inability of the kidneys to filter the Urea from the blood.

YET IT CAN BE CURED

For over a year I have been troubled with kidney disease, something like Bright's Disease, so the doctors informed me. They failed to cure me, or, in fact, to do me any good whatever, and I made up my mind I was past cure. About two months ago, passing Weatherhead's drug store in Cincinnati, I saw a man giving away sample boxes of Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Kidney Pills. One was handed to me, and I commenced taking them. They found they helped me immediately. After taking three boxes I feel that I am now well. I am past 65, and must say that I feel better than I have for the last twenty years. They are a truly wonderful medicine. WAREEN F. SMITH, 135 Front street, Bellevue, Ky.

HOBBS' Sparagus Kidney Pills.

HOBBS' REMEDY CO., Proprietors, Chicago, Dr. Hobbs Pills for sale in LONDON, ONT., at STRONG'S DRUG STORE, 184 DUNDAS STREET.



Beautiful eyes grow dull and dim as the swift years steal away. Beautiful, Willows forms so slim. Lose fairness with every day. But she still is queen and hath charms to spare Who wears youth's coronal—beautiful hair.

Preserve Your Hair

and you preserve your youth. "A woman is as old as she looks," says the world. No woman looks as old as she is if her hair has preserved its normal beauty. You can keep hair from falling out, restoring its normal color, or restore the normal color to gray or faded hair, by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

bicycle became unanimously popular, and in a very few years gained complete control of the bicycle market. Modifications of this style of machine soon followed, chief among which was the drop frame, or, as it is now known, the ladies' wheel.

LOUHEAD BEATS COOPER.

Port Huron, Mich., July 12.—The matched race for \$500 a side between Tom Cooper, of Detroit, and Fred Louhead, of Sarnia, the Canadian champion, at the Port Huron quarter-mile cement track yesterday, was witnessed by 1,300 spectators. It was won by the Canadian in the surprisingly slow time of 2:22 flat. Cooper was slightly injured in the first heat, which partially accounted for his slowness.

RACING AT TORONTO.

There was a large crowd at Hanlan's Island on Saturday, but the matched race was a failure. In the first heat there were only two starters—Davidson and McCarthy, McLeod getting injured while training, and being unable to ride. Davidson had the pole, and the pair were started he would not take the tandem, but loathed for the first quarter. McCarthy pulled ahead at the three-eighths, and won the heat easily by five lengths, when the official time was 2:07.

MISS LAURA MCINTYRE, WHO HAS BEEN IN THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF J. H. CHAPMAN & CO., LONDON, THIS SEASON, WHOSE HOME IS IN FINGLAI TILL THE FALL SEASON AGAIN OPENS.

Mr. Archibald McLeod died in the Elgin hospital on Saturday morning, after a long illness. He was 69 years of age, and leaves a wife and son.

Reports from the fruit-growing district around Chatham state that the insects which have been so destructive to the fruit have suffered severely from the intense heat of the last few days, and in some cases the crops are literally smothered.

While driving a load of hay to St. Thomas on Thursday J. T. Palmer and son Alex. were thrown off the road while crossing a bridge.

Mr. Palmer had his shoulder dislocated, and his son was badly injured about the eye and head.

A snaffle of one of Malahide, nearly lost his life on Thursday while putting a roof on a new barn for Mr. Macdonald, Murray Anderson cart stable.

He was compelled to jump a distance of 30 feet to the ground below. He was badly injured, but was at work again on Saturday.

Stanley Gilbert, the 6-year-old son of Edgar Gilbert, back street, South-ville, was with a hot iron on Saturday afternoon. He got his left hand caught in the pulley of a hay fork, and the wheel bit into the hand, and it was necessary to amputate the two middle fingers.

While Mr. J. A. Hadley, of the S. Hadley Ironing Company, was superintending the loading of some shingles in the North Chatham yard Saturday, the huge pile of shingles fell on him, and he was killed.

Joseph Coote, who jumped into the river from a Windsor dock on Friday and was drowned, was a stenographer and typewriter at Owen Sound, being out of a situation, went to work on the Carleton Place and was killed.

The marriage of Miss Candace Leam and Mr. P. Osborne, Chicago, took place at the Disciples' Church, Mapleton, on Friday, at 11 a.m. The bride was Miss Candace Leam, daughter of the bride, who also presented her with a Bible. Rev. R. Balch officiated, and the Rev. H. V. Hoag played the wedding march.

Around Delhi fall wheat will be ready for the sickle this week. Most of the wheat is now in the field, and growing with it. In many sections of the country millers have given notice that they will not receive wheat any more. The dry weather is having a bad effect on fruit, plums especially. The fruit will be a good crop, and promise a good crop.

A little son of Mr. Louis Harp, of Brantford, came very near being killed at noon Saturday by a horse's son-in-law. Mr. Montgomery was unharmed, a horse, surrounded by a group of boys, was the animal, and he was darted forward, knocking young Harp off his feet and then trampling upon him. The child was dangerously

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won by a neck, Alice W. 2. Reiff 3. Time, 1:20 1/2. Eisele 11. and Dean Wood also ran.

AT WINDSOR—MONDAY.

First race, 7-16 mile, selling—Bob Walker 1, Gilray 2, Flying Bess 3. Time, 1:59. Madame Gerst, Francisca, Ada Russell, Dazelle, Welmer, Geo. Carson, Musgrave, also ran.
Second race, 7 furlongs—Wanga 1, King Elkwood 2, Susie B. 3. Time, 1:29 1/2. Little Bramble, Judith C. B. F. Fly, Jun., also ran.
Third race, 3/4 mile, selling—Pica 1, Glenbok 2, Rosebery 3. Time, 1:17 1/2. Harry S., Nannie Dann, Belle Lenore, Shiral also ran.

Fourth race, 1-1/16 miles, selling—Elken 1, Barney Adler 2, Walsey 3. Time, 1:24 1/2. Sir Brail, Otho, Miss Frank, Alva, Holsie, H. and Dean Wood also ran.
Fifth race, 7 furlongs, selling—Ashland 1, Spokena 2, Nover 3. Time, 1:23 1/2. Eleanor, Mc. Disturbance III, Swift, Sobriquet also ran.
Sixth race, steeplechase, short course—Brookville 1, Little Bell, Epiphany 2, Time, 2:35. Granda, Martinette, Hickory also ran.

CRICKET.
AMERICANS AT NOTTINGHAM.

Nottingham, July 12.—The cricket match between the Americans and the English against the Nottingham eleven began here yesterday morning. The Americans were the toss and went to bat. When the game was interrupted for luncheon Philadelphia had scored 128 runs for two wickets down.

Western Ontario.

Sudden Death of a Young Farmer Near Arthur.

A Girl Swims the Detroit River From Belle Isle to Walkerville—Father and Son Badly Hurt by Falling From a Load of Hay.

Rev. E. Soffley, Jun., has resigned the parish of Kingsville, diocese of Huron.

The Delhi cannery factory is erecting a large windmill. The factory is now running night and day on peas.

The recent intense heat in Ingersoll caused the silica-baryte sidewalks to crack and rise in parts of the town.

Brownsville, Mich., has been made a money order office, which will prove a great convenience to the residents of that village.

Rev. A. W. Howard, B.A., headmaster of the Rotherham, N. B., church schools, has gone to Watford for the holiday season.

Harry Fowell, of Belleville, brother of John Fowell, Woodstock, died there on Saturday morning, and was buried in Woodstock.

The Amherstburg Council will submit to the people a bylaw for the granting of a \$5,000 bonus to the Windsor, Amherstburg and Lake Erie Railway.

Wm. Stroud died at Norwich on Thursday, after a long illness. Deceased had resided here for 60 years. He was 69 years of age, and leaves a wife and son.

Around Ridgeway wheat is ripening very quickly, and to the south a number of farmers intend cutting this week. The crop promises a good sample and big yield.

Miss Laura McIntyre, who has been in the military department of J. H. Chapman & Co., London, this season, whose home is in Fingal till the fall season again opens.

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EIGHT YEARS AGO.

A London Lady Speaks Strongly in Regard to the New Medicine for Heart Trouble Which is Causing So Much Favorable Comment in This City.

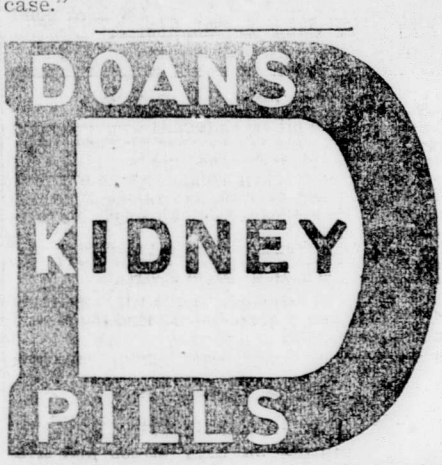
Miss Lizzie Jones, when interviewed by our reporter, spoke as follows: "Eight years ago I had rheumatism, which left me with weak nerves and serious heart trouble. Just at that time when I was discharging my dear mother died, and this threw me into a complete state of nervous prostration, thus aggravating my heart difficulties, which have since been growing serious.

"My blood was so impoverished that I had no color in my face, I lost flesh and became very weak. The condition of my heart frightened me, as I suffered from sharp pains and palpitation. It was impossible for me to get restful sleep at night, and on the account was unable to walk even a short distance, as the slightest exertion made me so short of breath that I could scarcely move.

"I was easily startled and mentally became very despondent, thinking that I was going to die shortly. I had to give up my painting, which was my chief pleasure. Last November I gave treatment with the doctors because their medicines seemed of no effect. I then commenced taking Milburn's Kidney Pills, which I got at Strong's drug store. From the time I commenced their use a radical improvement took place. My nervous system was completely restored to its usual strength and vigor. I have now taken four boxes, and am strong and well. They have restored a healthy blood.

"The color in my face has returned, and I sleep as well as ever I did in the past. I do not suffer now from heart or nerve trouble. I can walk any distance today without inconvenience or weariness. All my friends remark the wonderful change for the better in my case."

Price 50 cents per box, or 6 for \$2.50. At Druggists, or Mailed on Receipt of Price by T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.



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ADVERTISER PRINTING CO., (LIMITED)

LONDON - CANADA.

JOHN CAMERON, President and

Managing Director.

Co's in His Heaven,

All's right with the world.

—Browning.

London, Tuesday, July 13, 1897.

A Reminiscence of How Hon.

Alex. Mackenzie Fared.

Taking up the opposition cries

against Hon. Mr. Tarte, for which no

senator and no member of the House

of Commons has had the courage to

take responsibility, the Toronto Globe

makes the following pertinent com-

ments:

"A word of warning may be neces-

sary to the Liberal party. The Tory

press has a perfect mastery of the art

of circulating slanders about an ad-

versary and of intensifying and reter-

ating the thing until it actually gains cred-

ence for the falsehoods in quarters

where these tactics should be fully

known by now. Liberals surely do not

forget the cries of 'steel rails,' 'Necbing

Hotel,' and 'My friend Moore,' which

were used against Mr. Mackenzie's gov-

ernment and were deemed into the pub-

lic ear until they gained a lodgment

where they should not have obtained a

moment's consideration. The Liberal

party stands for honest politics and

cannot abide the appearance of public

wrong-doing, nor would we endeavor

to change its character in this respect

in the slightest degree. It is fair,

nevertheless, to ask that no man

should be condemned on the mere say-

ing of unscrupulous partisan news-

papers which adopt slander as a policy,

and have unfortunately had some suc-

cess in its employment in the past."

We are impressed by this warning of

our contemporary, as we are impressed

by the fact that the circulators of the

wordy attacks on the minister of pub-

lic works invariably give as their au-

thority some anonymous politician.

The anonymous slanderer is the worst

slanderer of all, but he would find his

trade gone if he were discovered, and

no one willing to listen to him.

Well do we remember the rascally

attacks which were made on Hon.

Alexander Mackenzie by his political

opponents. Not once but a dozen times

did they charge that statesman with

committing the worst of crimes, with

violating his oath of office, with crim-

inal favoritism of his brothers, and so

forth. That was while Mr. Mackenzie

was premier. By and by he went out

of office, and in the course of time he

died. Then his traducers, who mean-

while profited by the results of their

shameful attacks on an upright

statesman as ever held sway in Can-

ada, changed their tune. They be-

trayed the loss to the country which

the death of such a man caused. They

confessed that he was an honest, up-

right and capable man. Then they

looked around for another political

leader to traduce. Today, they are de-

voting their attention to Mr. Tarte. He

is a wicked man, say these opposition

critics, though they have not as yet

made against him so atrocious a charge

as they leveled at Hon. Mr. Macken-

zie. But the present government is

young, and the virulence of its oppo-

sitions increases. Mayhap the accusa-

tions against Mr. Mackenzie will be far

exceeded before this parliament ends.

If, however, Mr. Tarte were to be gar-

thered to his fathers meanwhile, we do

not doubt that the men who at present

misrepresent and abuse him would

make a maudlin display of sympathy

with his relatives, and dub him an

honest man, too. Then they would cast

about for another victim, and history

would repeat itself. For these reasons

we pay little attention to the campaign

of anonymous detraction which is

meanwhile directed against the minis-

ter of public works.

The report comes from Italy that

two young men were frozen to death in

the Tyrol in the last week of June.

That is where the cold was all stored

up, was it?

The Canada Company.

At the half-yearly meeting of the

Canada Company, in London, Eng., Sir

Robert Gillespie, the governor, rejoiced

at the hearts of the shareholders by

stating that the price of the company's

lands sold last year was 64 per cent

better than the rate realized in 1894.

In conclusion, the governor said he

looked for increased prosperity in Can-

ada. He strongly commended the trade

policy of the new government at Ot-

tawa.

In Buffalo, they have passed a city

ordinance prohibiting street nuisances

from playing after 8 p.m. Amateur

pianists, concertists and buskers have

got a respite.

Canada's Trade With Jamaica.

The Jamaica Gleaner says that the

new Canadian tariff, with its preferen-

tial clause, possesses direct interest for

that island. The trade of Jamaica,

with the Dominion is small, and has

been diminishing for years, being at

present only 16 per cent of the total

output, whereas the United States

trade is 57.9. Our contemporary adds:

"Now that a definite arrangement

is held out by Canada for all coun-

tries to accept, there is nothing to

prevent our taking advantage of the

preferential proposal and by allowing

the small number of Canadian prod-

ucts—7.5 per cent of the total imports

—to come in free to obtain a cheaper

market for many of our exports. There

would be a slight loss to revenue, but

there would be compensation. It would

be found that Canadian goods would

make their way direct to Jamaica in-

stead of through New York as at

present, and an increased export trade

to this island would lead to increased

shipping facilities, and so to a return

trade. What has been wanted all along

is some inducement to build up a

trade with Canada."

In this connection, a statement of

the imports and exports of Jamaica

for the last fiscal year, 1895-96:

IMPORTS.

Apparel and cloths \$268,781

Ale and beer 297,120

Boots and shoes 286,498

Butter 147,420

Cattle 184,433

Coal 245,514

Corn 187,678

Cornmeal 81,527

Cotton manufactures 1,359,977

Fish, dried or salted 640,015

Fish, wet 173,000

Flour, wheat 873,688

Hardware 271,448

Iron 192,590

Linen manufactures 32,704

Lumber 306,872

Meat 151,964

Rice 267,526

Soap 190,168

Sugar 257,989

Woolen manufactures 227,989

Total value \$11,139,522

EXPORTS.

Coffee \$1,286,129

Fruit, bananas 1,540,587

Fruit, coconuts 183,829

Fruit, oranges 826,231

Ginger 244,925

Pimento 438,219

Rice 267,526

Sugar 257,989

Wood, logwood 1,748,273

Total value \$9,315,778

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London Advertiser.

FOUNDED BY JOHN CAMERON IN 1856.

The Daily Advertiser.

(TWO EDITIONS.)

Daily, by mail, per year (5 to 10 pages) \$1.00

Daily, by mail, for three months \$0.30

All subscriptions payable in advance

Western Advertiser

(OUR WEEKLY EDITION.)

By mail, per annum \$0.75

Advertising Rates made known on application

at office. Address all communications to

ADVERTISING PRINTING CO. (LIMITED)

LONDON - CANADA

JOHN CAMERON, President and

Man. Dir.

Co's in His Heaven,

All rights with the world.

—Browning.

London, Tuesday, July 13, 1897.

A Reminiscence of How Hon.

Alex. Mackenzie Fared.

Taking up the opposition cries

against Hon. Mr. Tarte, for which no

senator and no member of the House

of Commons has had the courage to

take responsibility, the Toronto Globe

makes the following pertinent com-

ments:

"A word of warning may be neces-

sary to the Liberal party. The Tory

press has a perfect mastery of the art

of circulating slanders about an ad-

versary and iterating and reiterating

the thing until it actually gains cred-

ence for the falsehoods in quarters

where these tactics should be fully

known by now. Liberals surely do not

forget the cries of 'steel rails,' 'Needing

Hotel,' and 'My friend Moore,' which

were used against Mr. Mackenzie's gov-

ernment and were dimmed into the pub-

lic ear until they gained a lodgment

where they should not have obtained a

moment's consideration. The Liberal

party stands for honest politics and

cannot abide the appearance of public

wrong-doing, nor would we endeavor

to change its character in this respect

in the slightest degree. It is fair,

nevertheless, to ask that no man

should be condemned on the mere say-

ing of unscrupulous partisan newsp-

apers which adopt slander as a policy,

and have unfortunately had some suc-

cess in its employment in the past."

We are impressed by this warning of

our contemporary, as we are impressed

by the fact that the circulators of the

wordy attacks on the minister of pub-

lic works invariably give as their au-

thority some anonymous politician.

The anonymous slanderer is the worst

slander of all, but he would find his

trade gone if he were discovered, and

no one willing to listen to him.

Well do we remember the rascally

attacks which were made on Hon.

Alexander Mackenzie by his political

opponents. Not once but a dozen times

did they charge that statesman with

committing the worst of crimes, with

violating his oath of office, with crim-

inal favoritism of his brothers, and so

forth. That was while Mr. Mackenzie

was premier. By and by he went out

of office, and in the course of time he

died. Then his traducers, who mean-

while profited by the results of their

shameful attacks on as upright a

statesman as ever held sway in Can-

ada, changed their tune. They be-

trayed the loss to the country which

the death of such a man caused. They

confessed that he was an honest, up-

right and capable man. Then they

looked around for another political

leader to traduce. Today, they are de-

voting their attention to Mr. Tarte. He

is a wicked man, say these opposition

critics, though they have not as yet

made against him so atrocious a charge

as they leveled at Hon. Mr. Macken-

zie. But the present government is

young, and the virulence of its oppo-

sitions increases. Mayhap the accusa-

tions against Mr. Mackenzie will be far

exceeded before this parliament ends.

If, however, Mr. Tarte were to be gar-

thered to his fathers meanwhile, we do

not doubt that the men who at present

misrepresent and abuse him would

make a maudlin display of sympathy

with his relatives, and dub him an

honest man, too. Then they would cast

about for another victim, and history

would repeat itself. For these reasons

we pay little attention to the campaign

of anonymous detraction which is

meanwhile directed against the minis-

ter of public works.

The report comes from Italy that

two young men were frozen to death in

the Tyrol in the last week of June.

That is where the cold was all stored

up, was it?

The Canada Company.

At the half-yearly meeting of the

Canada Company, in London, Eng., Sir

Robert Gillespie, the governor, rejoiced

the hearts of the shareholders by

stating that the price of the company's

lands sold last year was 64 per cent

better than the rate realized in 1894.

In conclusion, the governor said he

looked for increased prosperity in Can-

ada. He strongly commended the trade

policy of the new government at Ot-

tawa.

In Buffalo, they have passed a city

ordinance prohibiting street musicians

from playing after 8 p.m. Amateur

musicians, concertists and buskers have

got a respite.

Canada's Trade With Jamaica.

The Jamaica Gleaner says that the

new Canadian tariff, with its preferen-

tial clause, possesses direct interest for

that island. The trade of Jamaica,

with the Dominion is small, and has

been diminishing for years, being at

present only 16 per cent of the total

output, whereas the United States

trade is 57.9. Our contemporary adds:

"Now that a definite arrangement

is held out by Canada for all coun-

tries to accept, there is nothing to

prevent our taking advantage of the

preferential proposal and by allowing

the small number of Canadian prod-

ucts—7.5 per cent of the total imports

—to come in free to obtain a cheaper

market for many of our exports. There

would be a slight loss to revenue, but

there would be compensation. It would

be found that Canadian goods would

make their way direct to Jamaica in-

stead of through New York as at

present, and an increased export trade

to this island would lead to increase

of shipping facilities, and so to a return

trade. What has been wanted all al-

ong is some inducement to build up a

trade with Canada."

In this connection, a statement of

the imports and exports of Jamaica

for the last fiscal year, 1895-96:

IMPORTS.

Apparel and cloths \$368,781

Boots and shoes 297,129

Bread 147,629

Butter 194,483

Coal 245,514

Corn, Indian 187,678

Cornmeal 91,527

Cotton manufactures 1,359,477

Fish, dried or salted 640,015

Fish, wet 113,019

Flour, wheat 873,688

Haberdashery 271,448

Hardware 195,889

Linen manufactures 32,794

Lumber 306,373

Rubber, wet, salted 151,064

Rice 207,526

Soap 190,168

Woolen manufactures 227,889

Total value \$11,159,522

EXPORTS.

Coffee \$1,336,129

Fruit, banana 1,549,287

Fruit, coconuts 183,829

Fruit, oranges 826,331

Ginger 244,943

Pimento 438,219

Rum 801,653

Sugar, raw 951,290

Wood, logwood 1,748,273

Total value \$9,115,778

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"Blouette," and he rushed down from

the upper deck to join in with the men

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strains of "The Green Grass Grew"

will now go round the empire, and be

sung, not merely on the banks of the

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and describe the capture of Fort

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General Porter's anecdotal reminis-

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Increased profitable trade for farmers,

manufacturers and exporters. The

general buoyancy existing is well stat-

ed by the Toronto Mail and Empire,

which in a recent issue says the com-

mmercial page of a newspaper is cheerful

reading these days. "Seldom in mid-

summer," adds our contemporary, "are

Liver Pills

Hood's Pills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. Cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with Hood's Karsaparilla.

Commercial.

Butter Makes a Big Advance in the Local Market.

Local Market.
(Reported by A. M. Hamilton & Son.)
London, Tuesday, July 12.
Wheat, white, fall, per bu., 60c to 62c
Wheat, red, fall, per bu., 60c to 62c
Wheat, spring, per bu., 60c to 62c
Oats, per bu., 24c to 25c
Peas, per bu., 35c to 36c
Corn, per bu., 28c to 30c
Barley, per bu., 28c to 30c
Rye, per bu., 28c to 30c
Buckwheat, per bu., 28c to 30c
Beans, per bu., 35c to 40c

Values were steady in most lines today. Butter was the only article which has made a decided change. In this there was a big advance. Sales of crocks were made at 14c to 16c early, and at the close the latter price ruled. Pound rolls sold at 16c to 17c, whole sale.
Raspberries were lower, 10c to 12c being the prices paid.
Strawberries sold at 5c to 7c by the lot.
The vegetable market was well supplied and prices were unchanged.
Meats were steady.
Grain was scarce, and sold at the same prices as yesterday.
Oats were firm, at 75c for good quality.
No change in hay or straw.
Very little business done in live stock, the receipts being small.
General prices were as follows:

GRAIN.		
Wheat, white, fall, per 100 lbs.	110	10
Wheat, red, fall, per 100 lbs.	110	10
Wheat, spring, per 100 lbs.	110	10
Oats, per 100 lbs.	24	10
Peas, per 100 lbs.	35	10
Corn, per 100 lbs.	28	10
Barley, per 100 lbs.	28	10
Rye, per 100 lbs.	28	10
Buckwheat, per 100 lbs.	28	10
PROVISIONS.		
Butter, per lb.	14	15
Eggs, per doz.	10	10
Chicken, per doz.	10	10
Turkey, per doz.	10	10
Ham, per doz.	10	10
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A very large assortment of the latest designs in Mouldings just opened out.

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Mrs. Northrup's Lodger.

Edith heard these things with drooping head and a faint rising flush, but she bravely refused to tell him. Mrs. Northrup on her relations with the Ashleys. Her MS. had been sent some weeks previous to the magazine, and now she was on the anxious seat of the young author, who reads life or death in the editor's pen. She knew she ought to set herself to work, but a strange bodily languor rendered every effort abortive. Her imagination seemed to unstring like her nerves, and would yield nothing coherent. Her attic chamber was stifling in the June dog days, and the railway trains became more and more unendurable, while the engine drivers appeared to take a malicious pleasure in startling her sleep with diabolical shrieks. She began many things—stories, poems, sketches—and then threw them aside, half-finished. In fact, she was subsiding on two little poems taken by a child's magazine, and which she calculated would, with the closest economy, carry her through to September. She had given up meat and tea and confined herself to bread and milk and a little fruit as the cheaper diet. If the story was refused, after all, what was to become of her? Now that her brain seemed atrophied, perhaps somebody's kitchen door would open to her necessities. She dared not think of poor Will. Hope was kept alive in her bosom by old Mrs. Rivers, to whom she had opened her heart. Celestina felt as morally certain that the story would be accepted as she felt that the magazine would soon be coming from England or Switzerland.

Day after day crept by. The heat and drought were distressingly prolonged. Even Mrs. Northrup's nerves and temper had given way, for she had brought herself to the point of spitting and snarling. Every morning the maids on Grove street might have seen the young girl pass on her walk to the postoffice with yearning expectation in her eyes, and come back with baffled, drooping head, and a heart full of disappointment. The editor-in-chief was away fishing in the mountains; but how was she to know that fact? And Mrs. Northrup, who was in Paris, and that, too, was hidden from the mind of poor Celestina, who walked by faith and not by sight.

One morning as Edith emerged from the postoffice empty-handed, and even more despondent than before, she met Harold Ashley face to face. He lifted his hat and colored high. Edith, too, was painfully embarrassed by the unexpected encounter.

"I have been trying to see you this long time, Miss March," he said, "but I have been so busy that I could not find an explanation. The whole Ashley family felt aggrieved and injured by your treatment."

"I am sorry," said Edith, walking fast, as if to get away from him, though with long strides he easily kept by her side. "I can give no explanation except the one I gave your sister—the simple truth."

"Yes, Fanny felt that snub very deeply."

"Don't call it a snub, Mr. Ashley. I had to say it though it cost me a pang. Perhaps the words were rude and blunt; but I am a working girl. I have no time, no right to amuse myself. I should be disloyal to poor Will."

"But there are so many things I have to say to you, Miss March, and you will not listen; you avoid me; you run away whenever I approach."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Ashley," returned Edith coldly. "What can you have to say to me? You ought to be at the scene of this moment with Miss Trevor."

"Mary Trevor? She is my cousin, and a confirmed invalid. I have nothing to do with her. She is a great deal older than I am."

"I don't know," Edith stumbled along in her speech, her face burning crimson—"that is, I understand that she says you are to marry her. Miss Trevor's gaze fixed searching on her face. "Oh, that explains it. You think I ought to have nothing to say to you because I am going to marry Mary Trevor?"

"Well, Mr. March, I desired to let you know that I am going up to Tamarack camp, where your brother is, to visit Stuart. It occurred to me that you might have some message for him."

"For Willie? Oh, how good you are! Do tell him I am perfectly well and in the best of spirits and flourishing generally."

"I shall tell him no such thing, Miss March. For I should be telling a falsehood. The truth is, you look so miserably pale and worn and fagged, and you are slaving your life out to keep him at college."

"Oh, Mr. Ashley!" and she gave a convulsive little gasp. "He knows no thing of it. He thinks we will still

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have your inheritance intact. It would break his heart and mine if he knew." Harold looked severe and relentless. "It will be my duty to tell him, Miss March, that you refuse to have friends, that you are too proud and independent to accept the smallest favor from those who would gladly serve you."

"Think what you will of me," she answered dejectedly, "but don't hurt Willie."

Without another word Harold turned on his heel and was gone, leaving the girl in a state of wonder as to how he had guessed her secret. The dry, warm weather continued a heavy time. Edith felt too weak and listless to do more than drag herself to the postoffice and as she went she thought of the doctor declared that nothing ailed her but debility. A little encouragement, something to give a fillip to her nerves and energies would quickly set the old postman on her feet again. Day after day the two waited, and yet no letter. Edith had but a few remaining dollars in her purse—only enough to pay Mr. Northrup's room rent for a fortnight—and yet she could not shake off the strange benumbing feeling of lassitude. She sat whole hours idle, with her hands folded in her lap, while the cicada filled his tiny song outside the window, and dreamed of being carried to the hospital and laid in the vacant room at her bedside. She seemed to have lost much of her pride about accepting Mrs. Northrup's hospitality, and as she sat at her handiwork, a constant tea table and listened to the stream of neighborhood gossip that came from the front door, she felt that where her old spirit of independence had gone. It must be the dog day weather and the impossibility of sleeping in her room of a room that had worn her nerves to fiddle strings and made her a passive enigma even to herself.

To be Continued.

Exposure Will Come,

If Not in This World, Then in the Next.

God Does Not Forget to Punish Fraud—Characteristic Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Washington, D. C., July 11.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage shows that fraud will come to exposure, if not in this world, then in the next. "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the howling of the oxen which I hear?"

The Amalekites thought they had conquered God, and that he would not carry into execution his threats against them. They had murdered the Israelites in battle and out of battle, and left no outrage untried. For four hundred years this had been going on, and they say: "God either dare not punish them, or he has forgotten to do so." Let us see. Samuel, God's prophet, tells Saul to go down and slay all the Amalekites, not leaving one of them alive; also to destroy all the beasts in their possession—ox, sheep, camel, and ass. I hear the tread of two hundred and ten thousand men with monstrous Saul at their head, and his shield, his shield, his shield, at his side, holding in his hand a spear, at the waving of which the great host marched or halted, or saw the sword cutting against the sky. Now there is a thick cloud of it, and now I see the city rising in a cloud of smoke, behind the city, and the city is a sea of fire. It is Saul that set the city ablaze. The Amalekites and Israelites meet; the trumpets of battle blow; the spears fall; and there is a death-lush. Then there is a signal waved; swords cut and hack; javelins pierce shields; and the heads of the slain roll into the dust. Stacks of dead on all sides, with eyes unshut and yet grinning vengeance. Huzza for the Israelites! Two hundred and ten thousand men wave their plumes and clap their shields, for the Lord God hath given them the victory.

Yet that victorious army of Israel is conquered by sheep and oxen. God, through the prophet Samuel, told Saul to slay all the Amalekites, and to slay all the beasts in their possession. But Saul, thinking that he knows more than God, saves Agag, the Amalekites, and drives away sheep and oxen. He says: "I have done as God told you, and slain all the Amalekites and all the beasts in their possession, but I have spared the bleating of the sheep in mine ear, and the howling of the oxen that I hear. Ah, one would have thought that business would have consumed the cheek of Saul! No, no. He says the army—not himself, of course, but the army—has saved the sheep and oxen for sacrifice; and then they thought it would be too good to kill Agag, the Amalekites, and he takes the skin of his coat, in true oriental style, and rends it in twain, as much as to say: 'You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire, and torn away from your throne.' In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep out of a kingdom."

I learn from this subject that God will expose hypocrisy. Here Saul premeditated by slaying all the beasts belonging to the Amalekites, and yet at the very moment he is telling the story, and practicing the deception, the secret comes out, and the sheep bleat and the oxen howl.

A hypocrite is one who pretends to be what he is not, or to do what he does not. Saul was only a type of a class. The modern hypocrite looks awfully solemn, whines when he prays, and during his public devotion shows a great deal of the white of his eyes. He never laughs, or, if he does laugh, he seems sorry for it afterwards, as though he had committed some great indiscretion. The first time he gets a chance, he prays twenty minutes, and then he takes the skin of his coat, in true oriental style, and rends it in twain, as much as to say: 'You, Saul, just like that, shall be torn away from your empire, and torn away from your throne.' In other words, let all the nations of the earth hear the story that Saul, by disobeying God, won a flock of sheep out of a kingdom."

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in the planks may sink it to the bottom. The church of God is not so much in danger of the cyclones of trouble and persecution that come upon it as of the vermin of hypocrisy that infest it. Wolves are of no danger to the fold of God unless they look like sheep. Arnold was of no danger to the army than Cornwallis and his hosts. On the contrary, he was God with a church certificate! He sees behind the curtain as well as before the curtain, and he sees everything inside out. A man may, through policy, hide his real character, but he cannot hide his heart. He may be a whitened sepulchre and expose the pretension. Sunday faces cannot save him; long prayers cannot save him; but he is branded upon his forehead the word "Hypocrite." He may think he has been successful in the deception, but at the most unfortunate moment, the sheep will bleat and the oxen will howl.

One of the cruel bishops of olden time was going to excommunicate one of the martyrs, and he began in the usual form: "Thou art a heretic, thou art a schismatic, thou art a heretic, thou art a schismatic." Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say in the name of God!" Yet how many churches are excommunicated under the garb of religion and sanctity! When, in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by saying: "Thou art a heretic, thou art a schismatic, thou art a heretic, thou art a schismatic." Stop!" says the martyr, "don't say in the name of God!" Yet how many churches are excommunicated under the garb of religion and sanctity! When, in synods and conferences, ministers of the Gospel are about to say something unbrotherly and unkind about a member, they almost always begin by saying: "Thou art a heretic, thou art a schismatic, thou art a heretic, thou art a schismatic." 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