

Dundas and Carling Streets,

WHISKARD'S

Two Busy Stores.

280-282 Dundas St.

Our Milliners are kept hustling every day, and now we are going to give them a little more work.

Read This!

Special purchase of 255 Ladies' Black Fancy Straw Hats, this spring's style, regular 25c goods, to clear the lot we sell them at

10c Each.

See them in our millinery window.

We are showing a fine imported line of Children's Muslim Bonnets, embroidered, and Children's Muslim Embroidered Hats at

25c Each.

Full line in all widths of double faced Black Satin Ribbon, wide width, good value, only

15c Yard.

In Ladies' and Children's White Underwear, we have received large quantities this season, the best made in Canada, beautiful goods, no shoddy, nor poor paid for work; every seam stitched and felled together with good strong white cotton, and like all other lines we keep,

Our Prices are Right.

A new line of Children's Night Dresses, made of beautiful English Long Cloth, embroidery and insertion, only

40c Each.

In Lace Curtains we have done a rushing business; in fact we never sold as many curtains as we have this season. Our customers know that our Curtains and Prices are right. We have just received a special line of very fine Curtains, 3½ yards long, taped and very wide, only

\$1 Pair.

We still have four different patterns in our special line of 3 yards long Taped Curtains at

50c Pair.

Special purchase of Fancy Printed Canton Flannel, double faced. Just fancy, our price is only

12½c Yard.

These goods used to be sold at 20c and 25c yard.

See our line of Men's Seamless Socks, regular price 10c, we clear them out at

8c Pair.

In Blouse Waists we are doing a large trade this season. We have had several repeats already. Ladies, you should see our

50c Blouse Waists

All Colors.

Whiskard's

The Industrial World.

Echoes From the Busy Mill and the Workshop.

The Product of Labor and Inventive Genius.

News and Happenings of Special Interest in the Various Fields Where Mechanic and Artisan Hold Sway Night and Day.

There are paper neckties. Paris sewers are illuminated. Uncle Sam has 4,767,179 farms. London has a sailors' cooking school. England reports fire-proof celluloid. Africans make beer from bananas. Pure platinum is rarely discovered. India periodicals cover 16 languages. Flowers cost Londoners \$25,000 a day. Valparaiso has women car conductors. America makes 400,000 crutches a year. Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the membranes of the bread fruit tree. The United States produced 353,000,000 pounds of copper last year. The production for 1891 was only 257,000,000. The largest sailing ship afloat is the remodeled Persian Monarch, 3923 tons measurement. Her iron masts are 184 feet high from the deck. The fastest trains on the continent are said to be the expresses of the Northern Railway Company, of France. Their speed is 36 miles an hour. It is now proposed in England to drive tram cars by power derived from huge springs, which can be wound while the whole is in motion or otherwise. Edward Atkinson says 10,800,000,000 eggs are laid in this country in a year. They are worth \$140,000,000, as much as the pig iron and wool crop.

Professor Frank Parsons asserts that in New York it costs a man from \$30 to \$100 a year for the same amount of transportation he gets in Berlin for \$1.50.

A dozen or more structures have recently been planned in New York that will cost more than a million each, and some of which will be twenty-four stories high.

A number of farmers living 10 miles west of Yonkers have established a telephone system, covering eight miles of wire. The expense for the entire system will not exceed \$25.

The highest salaried employee in the United States is supposed to be the president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Henry B. Hyde. He receives annually \$100,000. John A. McCall gets \$75,000 to be president of the New York Life.

Chicago box factories alone should use 125,000,000 feet of lumber annually, and through the country at large the box business consumes more than any other one industry, unless it be the building trades.

The strike of the Paris omnibus drivers has elicited the very fact that French judges and judicial officers are forbidden by the etiquette of their profession to ride in an omnibus. They must take a cab or walk, if they do not own a carriage.

During the most peaceful years the world has 3,700,000 soldiers, who are withdrawn from productive occupations to pose as soldiers. The pay, equipments, food and clothing cost these men cost the world's taxpayers nearly \$8,000,000 a day.

Experts have estimated that the gold production of the Black Hills for 1895 will be \$10,000,000, distributed as follows: Bald Mountain district, \$3,000,000; Lead Terraville and Central, \$5,000,000; Southern Hills, \$1,000,000; all the other districts, \$1,000,000.

The Electrical Age notes the fact that when the cable between Sydney and the Isle of Mull broke recently communication was kept up without a wire by induction. The distance is two miles, and the telegraph line along the island coast was paralleled on the mainland.

Twenty acres of celery in Orange county, Cal., will produce 25 carloads. A carload of celery will sell for \$400 in the Chicago market. At this rate the total product of twenty acres would be \$10,000, or \$500 per acre, less freight charges. The celery is raised on peat lands.

The practice of medicine in Japan has progressed wonderfully in the past few years. The field hospital service during the recent war was admirable. Excellent local hospitals have been opened in many of the Japanese towns, many of them in connection with the Christian missions.

Turbine wheels are being tried instead of screws as the propelling power on small steamers at Dresden. Experiments made with one boat, propelled first with a three-bladed screw, and then with a turbine wheel, showed that a speed of 5 per cent greater could be obtained with 10 per cent less horse-power by using the wheel.

The use of the telephone on the Australian sheep ranches is becoming common. It is employed on the Clark ranch, in Montana, where all the sheep and shepherd are watched and handled telephonically by means of six stations, from which come weather signals, orders, etc.

Mr. Edison said recently that he believed the newspapers of the future would be published by phonographs. His reason for this was that the eyesight of people was becoming poorer, the time of busy people was becoming more and more occupied, and many of the newspapers are now so large that it was impossible for busy people to read them through.

The opium manufacture in British India has been for more than a century a Government monopoly. Half a million acres are under poppy cultivation, and the whole crop is delivered to the Government manufacturing at a fixed contract price. The crop is delivered in the form of juice at two Government agencies, where the juice is dried and the residue packed in chests of 140 pounds capacity. It is sold monthly by auction at Calcutta. The last report obtainable, that for 1893, shows more than 4,800 chests sold for export and nearly 4,200 chests for consumption in India. The Government made a profit of nearly \$4,000,000 on the amount sold for use in India.

A man living in Ionia, Mich., has invented an electric mail car, which he claims will run from Chicago to New York in five hours, that is, at the rate of 200 miles an hour. The car is made entirely of steel and weighs 40 tons. It will be run over an elevated track. The cost of construction, including rolling stock, will be about \$10,000 a mile. This is what the inventor claims and says. He has not given a public demonstration as yet, though he promises one at an early date.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling, or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla for sale everywhere.

SOLDIERS DINE.

A Fitting Climax to the Military Demonstration.

Visiting and Garrison Officers Tendered a Banquet by the Citizens—An Enjoyable Affair.

Yesterday's military demonstration concluded with a grand banquet at the Tumsech House. The dining-room presented a very pretty appearance, the bright scarlet uniforms of the infantry battalion and the white and gold tunics of the Hussars making a pleasing contrast with the more sombre ones of the rifle and cavalry officers and the evening dress of the citizens. After the inner man had been thoroughly satisfied the post prandial programme was introduced by Toast Master W. J. Reid. On Mr. Reid's right sat Lieut.-Col. Hon. J. M. Gibson (A. D. C.), Lieut.-Col. Lindsay (7th), Capt. Hobbs, M.P.P. (Hussars), Major Mackenzie (13th), Major Denison (R. C. I.), and Major Wilkes (8th). On his left were Lieut.-Col. Peters (London Field Battery), Lieut.-Col. Moore (13th), Lieut.-Col. Gathorne (Hussars), Major McLaren (13th), and Major Stoneman (13th).

Others around the festive board were Capt. Zealand (13th), Assistant Surgeon Romie (13th), Capt. Labatt (13th), Capt. Osborne (13th), Lieut. A. B. Magee (7th), Lieut. King (13th), Capt. E. W. Moore (13th), Lieut. John A. Laidlaw (13th), J. M. Allison, Assistant Surgeon (13th), John Blundell (13th), Lieut. W. Leonard, H. E. Bidwell (Montreal), Capt. Kingsmill (7th), Lieut. Graves (7th), T. F. Kingsmill, George A. Somerville, Wm. A. Gunn, Lieut. G. D. Pearson (13th), E. Inglis, F. Hollmuth, H. B. Elliot, Capt. B. Sippl, John Dromgole, Lieut. Ross (13th), Lieut. A. Logie (13th), Ald. O. E. Brener, R. J. Blackwell, Thos. Gillespie, Alex. Stewart, W. H. Skinner, J. W. McIntosh, M. Macurel, T. H. Smallman, Capt. Henning (R. C. I.), Lieut. Carpenter (R. C. I.), M. J. Kent, Lieut. Denison (7th), H. E. Gates, Lieut. Howard (8th), T. H. Carling, Capt. J. S. Hamilton (Parsipaster), Lieut. H. B. Elliot, R. Parker, Lieut. Herring (13th), Chas. E. A. Carr, P. Mulken, W. A. Duffield, J. R. Smallman, Major George Hayes (13th), Capt. Dawson (7th), E. F. Hollmuth, Lieut. Denison (13th), Mitchell Griffin (13th), W. Humphreys, Sam Munro, Lieut. W. R. Marshall (13th), D. J. Cowan, Dr. Cleghorn, Lieut. MacInnes, Lieut. Backer, Harry Bapty, E. S. Jarvis, and many others.

The usual patriotic toast was royally received, and Lieut.-Col. Hon. J. M. Gibson replied to the toast of the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments.

The colonel referred in a pleasing way to the reception tendered the battalion, and on behalf of the Thirteenth thanked Col. Lindsay, the Seventh Fusiliers and the citizens generally for the kindness shown them during the demonstration.

He then invited Col. Lindsay and his battalion to Hamilton at the earliest possible convenient time. All regiments had their periods of prosperity and depression, and if the Seventh had just experienced a little of the latter he was sure it would do them good to rub shoulders again with the Thirteenth.

Major Denison, R. C. I., replied to the toast of the Thirteenth, and said that the Thirteenth had been a great help to the Navy and Major Wilkes in response to "Our Guests."

During the evening the Seventh Band played several airs, and was frequently applauded by the visiting officers.

Wm. H. Skinner, Geo. B. Sippl, J. W. McIntosh and John Dromgole sang, and each in turn was encored.

WILDE FOUND GUILTY.

He and Taylor Sentenced to Two Years at Hard Labor.

London, May 25. The trial of Wilde was continued in the Old Bailey this morning. Sir F. Lockwood continued his address to the jury for the prosecution. He dilated upon the intimacy of Wilde with Taylor, and said that the latter had been brought to court and not to another because of position of one.

Sir Edward Clarke protested against the counsel confusing Taylor's case with Wilde's.

Sir F. Lockwood expressed the hope that the jury would not regard Wilde's letters as "prose poems," but would appreciate them at their proper level, which was rather lower than that of prose. Sir Edward Clarke, on the other hand, objected to the language used by the prosecuting counsel, and a heated argument between the two ensued. After a protracted wrangle the judge interfered, stating that Sir Lockwood should confine himself to the discussion of evidence, and not start out upon any rhetorical denunciation of the prisoner.

Mr. Lockwood finished his address by saying that Wilde's own admissions pointed conclusively to his guilt. He had confessed that his conduct in regard to Lord Alfred Douglas had been judge in summing up said that Wilde was a man of the highest intelligence, and that that defendant had been just the jury, as in the previous trial, to say that there was no ground for charging him with criminality.

Bulletin—Wilde found guilty.

THE VERDICT.

Wilde and Taylor have both been sentenced to two years at hard labor.

NEW WOOLEN AND TAILOR TRIMMING FIRM.

In our columns today will be found the initial announcement of a new factor in the distributing trade of the Dominion. Messrs. John Muldrew & Co. announce to the trade their particular specialties in domestic and imported woollens, tailors' trimmings, tweed dress suits, and a number of other departments.

It is new, its head, Mr. John Muldrew, late of the firm of McMaster & Co., may safely be said to be one of the best known men in the woolen trade in Canada, having served all his departments as salesman, buyer, and managing partner in various leading dry-goods houses in Canada, and by straightforward business methods has won the confidence and respect of all who have been brought in association with him. In these days of keen competition, when goods must be well bought to secure a market, the advantage of so considerable an experience, together with being an expert in the knowledge of values, should put this house at once in a front place in the woolen market, and insure their customers a safe place among competitors for trade. When there are so many rushing to all avenues of trade with only a very limited knowledge of their particular branch, it is a pleasure to notice the advent of this firm, and there is no hesitation in stating that there is room for them as a distributing house, and that their advent will be a decided advantage to the woolen trade. Mr. John Muldrew, deserves the best wishes of the merchants of Canada, who will all unite in wishing him the full measure of success which his perseverance and application have so well merited.

Fine tweed waterproof coats, light and dark colors, extra long capes, sewed seams, from \$5. OAK HALL, 148 and 150 Dundas street, London. In no man can be happy without sharing it with somebody.

"Advertiser" City Agents.

Where the Busy Citizens Can Find the London "Advertiser" on Sale.

In addition to the large regular staff of carriers and the army of street newsboys, who sell and deliver the London "Advertiser," it can be found on sale at any of the following addresses:

SOUTH LONDON.
George Shaw, corner Wortley road and Craig street.
C. Stubbs, corner Wortley road and Craig street.
J. A. Childs, corner Wortley road and Craig street.
Geo. Trebblecock, corner Wortley road and Bruce street.
J. C. Lea, corner Wortley road and Bruce street.
G. O. B. Deacon, 153 Wharncliffe road.

Mrs. Doyle, 122 Wharncliffe road.
S. Watford, 87 Wharncliffe road.
E. R. Newmans, 79 Wharncliffe road.
S. S. Armistage, corner Stanley street and Wharncliffe road.
W. H. Weston, 84 Stanley street.
Richard Parsons, corner Wellington road and High street.
Mrs. Knowles, Wellington road and High street.
Mrs. Thompson, Wellington road, corner Maryboro Place.
Mrs. Chambers, corner Chester and High streets.

EAST LONDON.
G. F. Robertson, book store, 650 Dundas street.
Wm. Moore, book store, 868 Dundas street.
Mrs. W. Allister, book store, 760 Dundas street.
S. Wray & Son, 874 Dundas street.
Mrs. Austin, 964 Dundas street.
A. Matteson, 1,556 Dundas street.
J. A. Tucker, 342 Egerton street.
J. A. Depotte, 282 Egerton street.
T. W. Fisher, 415 Hamilton road.
D. McDonald, 408-410 Hamilton road.
Mrs. Gould, 203 Hamilton road.
Benj. R. Sloan, corner Lorne avenue and Elizabeth street.
G. E. Kingham, 752 York street.
George Stinson, corner Rectory and Campbell streets.
Mrs. Timbrell, corner Adelaide street and Dufferin avenue.
L. Liddcott, 866 Dundas street.
H. W. Healey, corner Adelaide and Elias streets.
A. Cattenach, 672 Adelaide street.
C. A. Wagner, 682 Adelaide street.

LONDON WEST.
R. A. Jones, 58-62 Wharncliffe road.
Mrs. Tillman, 60 Blackfriars street.
James McKee, 48-50 Blackfriars street.
Geo. Finnegan, 46 Blackfriars street.
Mrs. Lawrence, corner Wharncliffe road and Sainsbury street.

CITY PROPER.
Mrs. Clarke, corner Talbot and Horton streets.
D. J. Langdon, corner York and Thames streets.
R. Laid, corner Pall Mall and William streets.
D. O'Donnell, 607 Richmond street.
W. H. Shovelier, 903 Richmond street.
R. W. Sharpe, 721 Richmond street.
E. T. C. Richardson, 723 Richmond street.
George Lovelace, 727 Richmond street.
J. C. Rollison, 729 Richmond street.
Connor Bros., 751 Richmond street.
Edward Shea, corner Oxford and Waterloo streets.
Wm. McKellar, corner Oxford and Waterloo streets.
W. A. Garrett, 774 Waterloo street.
Miss J. Wilson, book store, 282 Dundas street.
John Mills, book store, 404 Richmond street.
E. B. Leach, corner Princess avenue and Colborne street.
M. Shea, corner Cheapside and Colborne streets.
Miss Gude, 443 Horton street.
Mrs. Summers, 157 Richmond street.
W. Bridgman, Tumsech House news stand.
Mrs. Goddard, 298 Ridout street.
Mrs. Fitzgerald, corner Waterloo and Simcoe streets.
H. S. Rollison, corner York and Burwell streets.
Miss Mercer, 619 Richmond street.
Peter Connor, 601 Richmond street.
Mrs. Smith, 565 Richmond street.
Mrs. McEwen, 501 Richmond street.
Thomas Hall, corner Mill and George streets.
Mrs. Porteous, 627 Talbot street.
E. H. Cowan, corner Richmond and Regent streets.
Mrs. Ashworth, Talbot, corner Bathurst street.
A. J. Clarke, Central avenue, corner Maitland street.
Wm. Smith, Clarence, corner Simcoe street.
James Johnston, Clarence, corner Horton street.
Mrs. Miller, Princess avenue, corner Cartwright street.
James Fitzgerald, Dufferin avenue, corner Maitland street.
W. W. Rampling, Adelaide street, corner Princess avenue.
A. Ashwell, Piccadilly, corner William street.
W. D. Thomas, Piccadilly, corner Maitland street.
Mrs. McArthur, Adelaide street, corner Central avenue.
S. S. Casey, St. James, corner Maitland street.
Thomas Tapp, Colborne, corner Pall Mall street.
E. M. Fleming, Pall Mall, corner Maitland street.
Mrs. T. Hammond, Clarence, corner Horton street.
R. H. Cullis, 257 Wellington street.
Miss Hamilton, Wellington, corner Horton street.
Mrs. Rutherford, 203 Wellington street.
Miss Johnston, 111 Wellington street.
Hough Bros., 85 Wellington street.
G. E. Ward, Waterloo, corner Hill street.
John Geary, Waterloo, corner Hill street.
Mrs. Quigley, Grey, corner Maitland street.
T. M. Kay, Hill, corner William street.
T. M. Sanborne, Hill, corner William street.
Mrs. Hobbins, York, corner William street.
L. Ross, Hamilton road, corner William street.
J. Proctor, Wellington, corner Grey street.
James Johnston, Clarence, corner Horton street.
Mrs. J. E. O'Dell, 185 Hamilton road.
G. W. Heard, 261 Wellington street.
Grand Trunk news depot, G. T. R. station.
Walter Powell, Colborne, corner Hill street.

YOU HAVE NO IDEA

How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of the people who feel all tired out or run down from any cause. It seems to oil up the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes a delight. If you are weak, tired, and nervous, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need. Try it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache and indigestion.

Painless extraction of teeth. Gold and porcelain crowning. Dr. ZIEGLER, 152-154 Dundas street. ywt

J. W. STRONG, 393 Simcoe street, does papering and sign painting at very reasonable prices. ywt

SAVED MUCH SUFFERING.

Rev. Father Butler's Interesting Experience.

Suffered From an Abscess in the Side, Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

(Caledonia, N. S., Gold Hunter.) Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subject.

Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows: "I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side, and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I must undergo an operation to cure it, which would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me, and I resolved to take a three months' course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and today I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood." As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On inquiry at the stores of J. C. Cushing and Mr. P. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing, on being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them, replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial, Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just a good."

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidotes to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earache, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

Every man is a book, and every book is not worth reading.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer more or less from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parlee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Hope is the health of the spirit.

Hood's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

CABINET MEETING CALLED.

To Consider the Manitoba School Question.

(Special to the "Advertiser.") Ottawa, Ont., May 25.—a meeting of the Cabinet has been called for this afternoon at four o'clock, when the result of the several interviews between the Governor-General and Premier Greenway will be communicated by his Excellency to his Ministers.

A Dundee, Scotland, man is working on a flying machine built on the bicycle plan.

Brain Workers

pronounce

VIN MARIANI

THE IDEAL TONIC

Unequaled by anything in Fortifying, Strengthening and Refreshing

Body and Brain

Mailed Free.

Descriptive Book with Testimony and Portraits OF NOTED CELEBRITIES.

Beneficial and Agreeable. Every Test Proves Reputation.

Avoid Substitutions. Ask for "Vin Mariani." At Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

Sole Agents for Canada

LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO.,

MONTREAL.

For sale by J. W. Scandrett, London.

To Smokers

To meet the wishes of their customers The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont., have placed upon the market

A Combination Plug of

"T & B"

SMOKING TOBACCO.

This supplies a long-felt want, giving the consumer one 20-cent plug, or a 10-cent piece or a 5-cent piece of the famous "T & B" brand of pure Virginia Tobacco.

The tin tag "T & B" is on every piece.



Are You Going to Ride a Bike?

The BRANTFORD

is like a photograph, it speaks for itself. Have you seen our ladies' wheel? It is a beauty, 22 pounds all on. Stop and see it in our window. AGENCY—212 Dundas St.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. SURGICAL appliances and supports for deformities of all kinds. I have had 25 years' experience and the limb I now make is second to none. All work guaranteed. Write for terms before purchasing elsewhere. JOHN BOYD LUCKNOW, Ont.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

PRIZE COMPETITION

For Bright Children.

A handsomely framed oleograph, one which would be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under 16 years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap. The prize-winning advertisements will become our property, and no others will be returned unless they will have been accompanied by postage stamps for the purpose.

CONDITIONS.—1. That competitors be under 16 years of age. 2. That the wrapper of a Cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement.

3. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement. REMEMBER—One prize is given every week, and if not successful at first, try again.

N. B.—Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address—

E. D. ACCOUNT ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.,

McCord and William Streets, Montreal.

Of Interest to Womankind

Are you a merchant's wife? We can furnish your residence with due regard to elegance and refinement. A mechanic's? We fit up your home completely, tastefully and substantially, and we do it as well and as willingly for one as for the other. Who knows?—the mechanic of today may be the merchant of tomorrow.

Our Stock is Large and Well Assorted.

What's to hinder your getting new furniture now? The PRICES ARE RIGHT, at

John Ferguson & Sons,

180 KING STREET,

We could say much about the why and wherefore of present low prices, but it takes quality to make a convincing argument. When the one merges into the other it's the buyer's opportunity. Once you look, we know you'll buy.

The Advertiser

FOUNDED BY JOHN CAMERON IN 1863.

THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

(EARLY MORNING AND EVENING EDITIONS.)
Daily, by mail, per year (5 to 10 pages).....\$1 00
Daily, by mail, for three months.....1 00
All subscriptions payable in advance
IN LONDON:

Morning Edition, 5s per annum; Evening Edition, 10s per week, delivered.

THE WESTERN ADVERTISER.

(OUR WEEKLY EDITION.)
By mail, per annum.....\$1 00

ADVERTISING RATES
Made known on application at office. Address all communications to

ADVERTISER PRINTING CO.,
LONDON, CANADA.

JOHN CAMERON, Pres't and Managing Director.

God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.
—Browning.

London, Saturday, May 25.

THE TIDE HAS TURNED.

High tax advocates tell us that the majority in support of the high tax proposition of Mr. Foster, Dominion Finance Minister, in the division which will take place when the House reassembles will be from 50 to 60.

That is nothing. The figures do not represent the standing of the two parties if the elections could today be held.

This is the first division in what may be the last session of this Parliament. In the first division of the last session of the Parliament of 1878, the Government had a majority of 63, but in a few short months it was defeated by a large majority, and the popular feeling against the Administration of that day was not nearly so strong as is the current of public opinion against the men now holding power at Ottawa.

Let it not be forgotten that in the bye-elections which have taken place since Sir John Abbott died, during the regimes of Sir John Thompson and of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the high tax advocates have not won a seat from the Liberals. The supporters of a tariff for revenue only, on the other hand, have captured several pivotal constituencies, notably Antigonish, N. S., where Hon. Mr. McIsaac was elected to take the place of the deceased Premier. The tide has turned.

NO FAVORITISM AND SUCCESS.

The late Senator Macdonald was more of a shrewd man of business than a politician. He looked at affairs, when in public life, from the business man's standpoint. When, in 1878, in the last session of the Mackenzie Government, he discussed the dullness in trade and the best means to raise the necessary taxes to conduct the Administration, he strongly rebuked those men who, for selfish reasons, endeavored to hold the Government of the day responsible for the state of affairs. He contended that the tariff for revenue only then in existence afforded abundant protection "for any man who had brains, energy and character." Mr. Macdonald traced the financial troubles of that time to reckless trading, to inflation, and he commended Sir Richard Cartwright for pursuing a wise and patriotic course in refusing to over-tax the people in a time of depression. What the country needs, said this successful business man, is character. "In that land of which we are all proud," he continued, "the men who made England a great country have been great men. But they have not owed their greatness to protection. They themselves were great. They left their impress on their country's history by reason of their greatness, by reason of their indomitable energy, by reason of their perseverance, by reason of their sterling honor. I refer to such men as Sir Titus Salt, to such men as Sir Francis Crossley, to such men as George Moore, the eminent philanthropist. These men left their names as a sacred legacy to their country, and their country accepted that legacy as a sacred trust. Their country points its young men to those names as models upon which successful commercial careers may be framed. I refer to such men as John Bright and John Morley, and those who belong to that class—men of broad views and high honor, who had become great without protection. Several lessons may be learned from the crisis that ought to benefit the young men who are coming forward, and among them is this: that self-reliance is a nobler lesson to teach than dependence. Its results will be more lasting and more satisfactory."

Holding these sound views, one is not surprised to find that the concluding portion of the deceased statesman's speech on this occasion was a complete indorsement of the Liberal policy of that day, and of the Liberal platform as laid down in the resolution now before the House of Commons—a tariff for revenue only, that discriminates in favor of no section of the community.

The country was misled in 1878; it did not listen to men of judgment like Mr. Macdonald; it gave the high tax advocates a chance. They have signally failed. The country is now ready for a return to first principles.

CANADIANS IN CHICAGO.

There are 70,000 Canadians in Chicago. At the importance of the Maple Leaf contingent is not to be measured by numbers alone, it includes a very large

proportion of noteworthy men, and stands for a high average of honesty and capacity. That it does not hold even a higher place in the public esteem is due to the timorous attitude of many of its members, who, fearing the bugbear of alleged anti-British prejudice, become reticent as to their nationality from the moment of their arrival, and quite often claim to be Americans. About 40,000 may be classed as of British descent, while the remainder are French from the historic Province of Quebec. Both nationalities add distinct and very desirable elements to our cosmopolitan make-up.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AT THE CAPITAL.

The Manitoba School Case—No Definite Decision Announced.

(Specially Telegraphed by Our Own Representative.)

Ottawa, May 25.—Premier Greenway and Attorney-General Sifton had another interview with the Governor-General yesterday. Whether it is that his efforts have failed, or that preliminaries have not yet reached that stage when a conference between the two Premiers is advisable, it is true that so far his Excellency has not succeeded in bringing Sir Mackenzie and Premier Greenway together to discuss the school question up to the present time.

There have been three conferences between Lord Aberdeen and the two representatives of the Manitoba Government, but beyond that fact nothing is known. It is an open secret, however, that his Excellency is extremely anxious to have the matter settled between the two Governments without the intervention of the Dominion Parliament.

The Governor-General has undertaken to effect a settlement, and until he has succeeded in bringing the representatives together to discuss the matter between themselves, what progress has been made will remain in doubt. Should we learn tomorrow that such a conference has been arranged, then it may safely be conjectured that a point has been reached where both Sir Mackenzie and Mr. Greenway have intimated to his Excellency their willingness to entertain and discuss the programme looking towards a settlement.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper has returned to the city much improved in health, although still suffering slightly from bronchial affection. He was in his office for awhile today, and in the afternoon attended the lacrosse match.

RELIEF IN SIGHT.

(Toronto Globe.)

"Things are at their worst" is true also in regard to the personnel of the Government. Ever since the death of Sir John Macdonald it has been growing steadily weaker, until now it absolutely fails in the discharge of the most ordinary duties of administration. It contains some clever men, who with some further experience of public business or with good leadership, might do useful work for the country. But at present there is no leadership. There is no leadership, no enthusiasm. The blunder in the issue of the remedial order, the absurd Bowell-Schultz scheme for backing the remedial order with Dr. Bourin's opinion, the enormous expense and futility of the prohibition commission, the shuffling and hesitation over the Hudson Bay project, all point to one conclusion—the Ministers simply have not the knowledge and experience which are requisite for carrying on the public business. There is no one among them who has the general knowledge of public affairs, the tact and capacity of leadership, that mark out Mr. Laurier as the chief figure in Canadian politics; no one with Sir Richard Cartwright's energy and accurate knowledge of finance; no one who knows the constitution of the country as Mr. Mills knows it; no one who understands the business situation, the conditions of the great industries of the country, as they are understood by men like Mr. Patterson and Mr. Charlton.

The contrast between the two sides of the House has now become so deep and so striking that it is impossible any longer to conceal it from thoughtful men with the party ranks. There are signs of weakness on the Treasury benches and of strength on the other side, which cannot be adequately described upon paper; but if by some stroke of genius every elector in Canada were to have the scene exactly reproduced before his eyes, the universal feeling would be one of amazement that the costly machinery of government and legislation should have fallen into such hands. In a more gradual way, through the newspapers and through the reports that casual visitors bring from Ottawa, that impression is gaining ground. Ministers are perhaps abiding in a false sense of security because the people are not holding mass meetings and passing denunciatory resolutions. Popular discontent does not usually take that form here. The feeling produced by a succession of blunders is one of simple weariness and disgust; and when the election comes round, it will be found that the taxpayers will quietly rise and shake the load off their shoulders. A vague apprehension of the coming verdict seems to be at the bottom of the movement for a sixth session. It is just what chance—why make the most of it?—is the argument which would naturally occur to the more sagacious heads in the party. In any event the reprieve can be brief, and the people can afford to bide their time.

Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most is: "Do you really love me?" After the marriage the query becomes: "Is my hat on straight?"

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cured in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removed at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold only W. T. Strong and T. A. Mitchell, druggists.

The man who never forgets anything never forgets to look out to every one he meets.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.—Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itching all eruptions of the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

It is cheaper to owe rent than to move. Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Have you seen Keene Bros.' bedroom sets with bevel plate mirrors for \$9, \$11 and \$12? They are the delight of everyone that sees them. 127 King street, opposite Market House.

The Scrap Bag.

Whenever I hear people talking of manners in children I always recall the story of the poor child at a railway station gazing at a well-dressed girl of 20, beflowered and furbelowed. When the stare became unendurable, this young woman flounced out of the room. "I'll thank you next time not to stare a lady out of countenance." "Oh, ma'am," said the poor starveling, "I only thought you so beautiful!" Then there's that other story of the young woman in the sealskin sash and the tired newsboy, who fell asleep on her shoulder in the car. She only settled herself that he might sleep better, and at the end of 10 blocks softly disengaged herself, propped his head carefully, and as she moved out slipped a coin in his cap pocket. To the credit of the race, he said, hardly one man who saw it passed without dropping a bit of silver beside her own.

The majority of women seem to consider themselves as sent into the world for the sole purpose of displaying dry goods; and it is only when acting the part of an animated milliner's block that they feel they are performing their appropriate mission.

There is a line in the last number of the Chap Book that is worth passing in "Familiar Quotations": "A man is known by the provincialisms he keeps."

Col. William R. Morrison, says the Washington Post, has spent a great part of his career in hotels, and one of his theories has been that the mind can be so trained that a hotel fire ought not to distract the reasoning faculties when presence of an animated milliner's block that they feel they are performing their appropriate mission.

"Now is the time to put into practice what I have always said to you, my dear," said the colonel. "Don't get excited. Put on all your indispensable apparel and take your time. Don't lose your head. Just watch me."

He called Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her the articles necessary to her toilet, put on his collar and cuffs, took his watch from under his pillow and placed it in his vest pocket, put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Morrison out of the burning building into the street.

"Now, my dear," he said when they were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing it is to keep cool and act with a deliberate purpose in an emergency like this? Here we are dressed, and over yonder are several ladies in complete disarray."

Just then Mrs. Morrison for the first time glanced at her husband. "You are right, William," she said, "it is a grand thing to keep cool and act deliberately, but if I had been you I would have stayed in the room long enough to put on my trousers."

"I got in the house of the two old maids on the hill yonder the other day, but one of them caught me." Second Burglar—"What did you do?" "Tried the sympathy dodge. I said: 'Madam, are you a married woman?' 'What did she say?' 'This is so sad, sir!'"

He was a traveler, and he liked the United States—all but one feature. He thought it was an imposition to charge a man arbitrarily \$1 for his breakfast when he only wanted on egg and a cup of coffee.

"It's an outrageous charge," he said, "and for my part I do not submit to it. I invariably order a chop or a steak, which I don't want, but which I eat more from a mere sense of duty, though they always make me beastly ill!"—May Harpers.

Every day garments, particularly those which are not laundered, should be disinfected. Brushing is not sufficient, as it does not remove the unpleasant odors which come from long usage. Some women sprinkle their waists and dresses with scent and use sachet powder to perfume their bonnets and wraps. All this would be admirable if it were availing. Scent needs to be overpowered to conceal the unfragrant emanations from an old garment. Then the bouquet is fulsome and vulgar. Better than scent is soap and potpourri are cloths and an open window. Turn the garments wrong side out and let the air and sunlight disinfect and deodorize them. All night airing is good, but a day of blowing winds and purifying sunshine is better.

Tourist—Dr. Slade, the coroner, seems to be a very enterprising man.

Col. Handy Polk—Enterprising! Tell you what he done last summer when the circus was here. One of the curiosities in the side show was an Egyptian mummy. Slade seized the mummy, rounded up a jury, brought in a verdict of "Dead from unknown causes," and charged the county his regular fee with compound interest from the time of Moses.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow mirth,
But has sorrow enough of its own.

BREAKFAST.—Oranges, Wheatena, Lamb Chops, Browned Potatoes, White Bread, Corn Griddle Cakes, Maple Syrup, Coffee.
DINNER.—Stewed Beef, Potatoes in Cream, Canned String Beans, Lettuce with Egg Garnish, Apple Jelly, White and Graham Bread, Baked Rhubarb, Sponge Cake.
SUPPER.—Shred Tongue, Bread and Butter, Poiled Rice, Quince Marmalade, Cake, Tea.

POTATOES IN CREAM.
Boil potatoes in salted water; shake dry; season with butter; a little of pepper and a cup of milk. Shake a little flour over. Let boil a moment. Serve hot.
CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.
For one cup of milk, take one egg, a teaspoon of flour, salt, half teaspoon of fat, and corn meal for thin batter. Serve three small griddles on each plate.

THE ROAD QUESTION.

Loss Through Bad Roads and Gain Through Good Ones.

It is impossible to refer definitely to the losses occasioned to any community through bad roads. The public treasury suffers owing to the present extravagant system of road maintenance, to which must be added the large amounts paid both in the way of law costs and damages to persons who have suffered loss through accidents caused by non repair and bad condition of the roads. That bad roads make large demands on private funds is admitted. In comparison, the economic benefits of good roads can readily be shown by their cheaper maintenance, greater and easier facilities for traveling, less cost for repairs to vehicles, a proportionate relaxation of strain upon our horses, a consequent saving of time, to say nothing of the comfort to be derived therefrom by those using the roads. The increase in land values will more than pay for the permanent improvement of roads and this increase will be greater if the country system of road improvement is adopted.

Apart from the acknowledged interest in good roads of the builders of wagons, carriages, bicycles, traction engines, and implements, and carriage owners, horse breeders, etc., and that of all merchants and manufacturers, in respect to the cheap and speedy distribution of goods and better collection of raw materials and money returns, there are many great semi-public institutions whose interests are deeply involved.

Railroads, in the equal distribution of their traffic through the seasons, securing constant employment of their force and equipment; telegraph and telephone companies, in the extension of country service; newspapers in the expansion of their circulation through free delivery that will follow good roads; banks and bankers, in the quicker movement of capital in country business; and all philanthropic associations and individuals in the provision of employment sufficient to "abolish poverty," or at least want and starvation, for a generation.

The fertility of tillable land is constant and it is the accessibility to market that fixes its value. Ontario's wealth in agriculture is owing to the facilities for transportation afforded by her network of railways. The resources of our country would be almost useless without such means. The same law by which the railway gives value to real estate also applies when a good road completes the system from the farm to the station. With good roads the owner can come and go when he gets ready; he can sell his produce when the prices are best; he is not compelled to wait the pleasure of sunshine or shower, and go "when the roads are good," nor is he compelled to force his produce upon an unwilling market at whatever price a crowded warehouse, elevator or railroad may dictate. He can profitably employ his teams at all times of the year; time will be saved, business will be regular, hauling can be done when the farm does not require attention, larger loads can be drawn in less time, the price of all products would be that allowed by the law of finance—supply and demand. We would no longer be at the mercy of greedy speculators and glutted markets, and the farmer would take his rightful place in the business world and increase profits by decreasing the cost of production.

The construction at once of a complete and thorough system of county roads for a municipality, or several contiguous municipalities, has many advantages. It brings into the locality, to be paid out for labor, and afterwards used in improving and increasing the value of the taxable property of the county, the amount required for the improvement. As soon as the system is completed there is a large increase in the marketable and taxable value of all the farms, and the people at once come into the enjoyment of the comforts and advantages which are derived from good roads. The work, the large amount of which makes it practicable to adopt a thorough system, can, therefore, be much more economically conducted than when it is carried on in a haphazard and irregular manner, insuring at the same time the almost certainty of better roads. The annual tax now levied for the improvement of roads would be then levied to pay interest on the bonds, and to keep the roads in repair. In some portions of the country it is, of course, more difficult and expensive to construct and maintain good roads than in others. Any enterprise which reduces the cost of transportation and increases the value of land should commend itself to all. It would be difficult to devise a scheme that would contribute so largely to the general prosperity as money judiciously expended in the construction of first class roads.

Comparison of Different Kinds of Paving.
A French engineer has classified the different kinds of pavement used in the large cities of France.

Many favor the use of sandstone, others wood, notwithstanding the objections of the health authorities, still others favor granite and asphalt.

The following table shows the relative advantages of the leading kinds of pavement, arranged in the order of merit as viewed from eight different standpoints:

	1st	2nd	3rd
For health	Asphalt	Granite	Wood
Least noise	Wood	Asphalt	Granite
Safety for horses	Wood	Asphalt	Granite
Cleanliness	Asphalt	Granite	Wood
Lasting qualities	Granite	Asphalt	Wood
Economy	Granite	Asphalt	Wood
Ease of repairs	Asphalt	Wood	Granite
For laying street car rails	Granite	Wood	Asphalt

Annual Loss From Bad Roads.

It is the simplest truth that tariff, silver, income tax, or any other form of national taxation, currency or revenue, is of far less practical importance to the farmer than the condition of his roads. It is a conservative estimate that places the loss to the farming community at \$300,000,000 a year from bad roads. And this is considerably more than the tariff receipts are likely to be for the current year.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Mission of the Bicycle.
The bicycle is likely to prove the most effective agency for bringing about an improved system of roads in America. It should, therefore, for that reason alone, regardless of the other undeniable blessings which it confers, be hailed as a benefactor of the human race.—Jesse Macy, Chair of Political Economy, Iowa College, Grinnell, Ia.

Salt in the Human Body.
Science tells us that the body of every human being weighing 150 pounds contains one pound of salt; that every one of us needs in a year about 15 pounds of salt. If you want your 15 pounds pure, use Windsor Table Salt. It doesn't cake. Try it. Locomotive engineers and others requiring the finest possible time in a watch will find that C. H. Ward, Jeweler, keeps the best. The most complicated watches repaired satisfactorily at 274 Richmond street, opposite Masonic Temple.

SATURDAY NIGHT FAIR.

From 7 to 10 p.m.

Early Closing

We are indebted to the Trades and Labor Council of this city for the information they have given us, that is early closing of drygoods stores. They tell us that 9 o'clock Saturday night is late enough to keep stores open. Very well, but how are you going to get your little wants attended to? The great bulk of the Saturday night trade comes from the working people as a rule. The 8 o'clock bell rings before the trade for the night commences, and from that on to 10 o'clock the stores are thronged with buyers. Now what you want the drygoods clerks to do is to get a great big hustle on (after a hard day's work) and do two hours work in one. Impossible, gentlemen. All very well to pass resolutions, but much better to look into the feasibility of the matter first. Two Saturday nights ago we served 500 customers after 7 o'clock. We have the best staff of clerks and salespeople in the city, not a back number among the whole staff. We also have the largest staff in the city. But, gentlemen, we are not equal to this task, three hours' work crowded into two. Now, we are as much interested in moral reforms as any body of men or women. We also think we are more than a little interested in the welfare of drygoods clerks. Let us see how far your interest goes. We advise the Trades and Labor Council to go one better, and advise all their friends to do their trading during the first five days of the week. Leave nothing in the way of shopping to be done on Saturday. This would be a great boon to clerks, and greatly facilitate the early closing movement. If this were done by those whom the Trades and Labor Council represent, as well as by our citizens in general, there would be no Saturday night trading. Drygoods stores could then close at 7 o'clock. Think of it, 7 o'clock? It's practicable, but quite impracticable to talk about closing at 9 o'clock. At 9 o'clock stores are crowded, and our doors will not be shut in any man's face.

OUR LIST

HOSE—Ladies' Fast Black Cotton Hose, double heel and toe, worth 20c.	Tonight 15c	PANTS—Boys' School Pants, worth 80c.	Tonight 60c
HOSE—Children's Cardinal Cotton Hose, double heel and toe, worth 25c.	Tonight 15c	SUITS TO ORDER—Men's Tweed Suits to order, worth \$14.	Tonight \$10
HOSE—Ladies' Cardinal Cotton Hose, spliced heel and toe, worth 20c.	Tonight 13c	SUITS TO ORDER—Men's Tweed Suits to order, worth \$18.	Tonight \$15
HOSE—Ladies' Italian Silk Hose, spliced, worth 65c.	Tonight 50c	SUITS TO ORDER—Men's Colored Worsteds Suits to order, worth \$22.	Tonight \$17 50
CLOVES—Ladies' Gray Suede Kid Gloves, worth 75c.	Tonight 48c	CREPON—10 pieces All-Wool Crepon, worth 45c.	Tonight 30c
GLOVES—Ladies' Colored and Black Lisle Gloves, worth 15c.	Tonight 10c	SILK—5 pieces China Silk, worth 25c.	Tonight 15c
BIBS—Children's Embroidered Bibs, lace trimmed, worth 10c.	Tonight 6c	SILK—7 pieces Pongee Silk, worth 25c.	Tonight 19c
COLLARS—Children's White Embroidered Collars, worth 15c.	Tonight 10c	CASHMERE—2 pieces Cream Cashmere worth 40c.	Tonight 30c
DRAWERS—Ladies' White Cambric Drawers, lace and insertion trimmed, worth \$1.	Tonight 75c	ALPACA—5 pieces Silk Brocade Alpaca, worth 50c.	Tonight 35c
NIGHTDRESSES—Ladies' White Cambric Nightdresses, worth 50c.	Tonight 39c	NUN'S VEILING—3 pieces 40-inch Black Nun's Veiling, also Cream.	Tonight 25c
CORSET COVERS—Ladies' White Cambric Corset Covers, worth 60c.	Tonight 50c	CURTAINS—3 pairs Special Lace Curtains.	Tonight \$1
SKIRTS—Ladies' White Cambric Skirts, worth \$1 25.	Tonight \$1	SATIN—2 pieces Black Satin Surah, worth 75c.	Tonight 50c
LACE—One Table Cream, White and Beurre Dress Laces, worth 15c.	Tonight 10c	SILK—2 pieces Natural Pongee Silk, worth 40c.	Tonight 25c
CAPS—Men's Bicycle Caps, celluloid peaks, worth 50c.	Tonight 40c	PILLOW COTTON—44 inches-wide, worth 15c.	Tonight 12 1-2c
COLLARS—Men's 4-ply Linen Collars, worth 15c.	Tonight 4 for 25c	CEYLON FLANNEL—Cream Ceylon Flannel, with polka dot, worth 20c.	Tonight 12 1-2c
TIES—Men's Four-in-Hand Wash Ties, worth 15c.	Tonight 3 for 25c	SHEETING—Bleached, very fine, worth 35c.	Tonight 25c
HATS—Men's Felt Hats, new styles, worth 75c.	Tonight 50c	DAMASK—Bleached Table Damask, fine and wide, worth 75c.	Tonight 60c
SOCKS—Men's Seamless Cotton Socks, worth 12 1-2c.	Tonight 3 for 25c	CRETONNE—Satin finished Cretonne worth 20c.	Tonight 12 1-2c
SHIRTS—Men's French Cambric Shirts, worth 75c.	Tonight 62 1-2c	LAWN—Victoria Lawn, wide width, worth 12 1-2c.	Tonight 10c
BRACES—Men's White Braces, worth 25c.	Tonight 17c	CHAMBRAYS—Scotch Chambrays, worth 15c.	Tonight 12 1-2c
TIES—Boys' Windsor Ties, worth 15c.	Tonight 10c	QUILTS—White Quilts, very large size, worth \$1 75.	Tonight \$1 39
SUITS—Men's All Wool Tweed Suits, worth \$9.	Tonight \$7	TABLE COVERS—Silk Embroidered Table Covers, worth \$1 75.	Tonight \$1 25
SUITS—Men's Fine All Wool Tweed Suits, worth \$10.	Tonight at \$3 25.	CLOTHS—Unbleached Damask Table Cloth, worth \$1 50.	Tonight \$1
SUITS—Men's Fine Check Worsteds Suits, worth \$10.	Tonight \$3 75	QUILTS—White Quilts for single beds, worth 75c.	Tonight 50c
PANTS—Men's All Wool Tweed Pants, worth \$2 75.	Tonight \$2	SKIRTS—Ladies' fine Black Cashmere Skirts, lined, worth \$5 50.	Tonight \$3 75
PANTS—Men's Heavy Tweed Pants, worth \$2.	Tonight \$1 50	SUITS—Ladies' Print Suits, with silk vest, worth \$4 50.	Tonight \$3 75
SUITS—Boys' Blue Serge Sailor Suits, worth \$1 75.	Tonight \$1 49	WRAPPERS—Ladies' Print Wrappers, worth \$1 75.	Tonight \$1 40
SUITS—Boys' D. B. Serge Suits, worth \$2.	Tonight \$1	REEFERS—Children's Reefers, worth \$2 50.	Tonight \$2
SUITS—Children's Blouse Suits, gold trimmed, worth \$1 50.	Tonight \$1 25	VESTS—Ladies' Silk Dress Vests, worth \$1.	Tonight 30c
SUITS—Boys' Fine All Wool Tweed Suits, worth \$3.	Tonight \$2 60	WAISTS—Ladies' Black Silk Waists, worth \$5 50.	Tonight \$3 75
		CAPE—Ladies' Capes, worth \$2 75.	Tonight \$2

TERMS CASH.

CHAPMAN'S

126 and 128 Dundas Street.

Rheumatism Cured



Mr. Byron Crandell

While afflicted I was frequently obliged to use crutches. I cannot recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla too highly. BYRON CRANDELL, engineer at Water Works, Toronto Junction, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

Plenty of Sport.

Big Crowds Witness the Local Ball Games.

The Providence Professionals Do Up the Amateur Alerts.

But London Cricketers Punish the Hamilton and Detroit Eleventh—Other Sporting Events.

BASEBALL

PROVIDENCE VS. ALERTS.

Professionals were pitted against amateurs at baseball in London yesterday, and the latter suffered two defeats. Nothing to the discredit of the amateur club can be mentioned. The Providence club are champions of the Eastern League, although not leaving at the present time, and its members include some of the ex-National League players, who have done years of work upon the diamond. Lyons has played with Buffalo and New York. Bassett, although in a minor league for years, served time with Philadelphia, New York and other clubs; Knight's record is well known; Cooney made his last record with Chicago, migrating from there to Washington, Cincinnati, and the Northwestern League; Striker, probably the oldest player on the team, has been with Cleveland, Boston and other clubs, and has been the winning catcher for Brooklyn for several seasons. This array of talent, with the aid of fine team work, explains the excellent showing they made in the games. It was the first important contest for the Alerts, and showed that as yet their field work is not up to the average of other seasons. The outfield did defective work in both games, and the pitchers received poor support, especially in the afternoon game. After securing a good lead in the second game, knocking Rudderham, the Providence star pitcher, out of the box in the fifth, every body looked for victory for the home team. But Hynd's courage failed him completely. His three-base hit in the third seemed to work on his nerves afterwards, and out of five chances he dropped four, his errors causing four of the six runs in the sixth inning. Quinn relieved him in the seventh.

To Carney, for the home team, must the honors of the two games be given. The bad support he got did not rattle him. Speed was his principal feature, but his fielding was above the standard. The hits scored against him were scattered. He had to doff his cap in the eighth, when he fielded the entire side out to first base. The details of the two games will give those who failed to attend an idea of how the Alerts lost.

MORNING GAME.

The Alerts opened by going to bat. Hiscott took first on being hit by a pitched ball. Hind struck out. Captain Burton cracked out a single. Rudderham and Sheere knocked out flies to left and center field, retiring the side with Hiscott and Burton on bases. Nothing of interest happened in the second or third, except Hynd placing the first safe hit past short field in the third innings. The fourth innings, although short, ended in a run being scored. Sheere placed a hit in right field and Murray allowed it to pass to him, the batter going to third on the error. The run was scored on an error of Rogers, who dropped a thrown ball hit by Player. Sheere again managed to reach second base in the sixth on a base on balls and a stolen base. The seventh innings was exciting for the audience, who kept up an incessant cheer at the poor field work of the Providence club. Without a safe hit three runs tallied. Second baseman Striker, after making three costly errors, began to realize that something had to be done. Pulling himself together for a final effort, he allowed the third run to score on failing to make a return throw from second to head off Quinn from scoring. Three runs was the result.

An Example Of Merit

A man came in the other day, asked for a good five cent cigar. Same man came in again, asked for a quarter's worth (six cigars). That man always smokes the same brand, and that is OLD LEAVES. It's the best cigar that can be sold for five cents. Try it once and you will smoke no other.

Hugh : Loveless,
202½ Dundas Street.

Spring Goods

Very Stylish.

COME AND SEE THEM

Harry Lenox,

Cor. Richmond and Carling Sts.

sult without a safe hit. Rogers and little Cooney also contributed to each other on the fumbles. Up to the ninth the Alerts had scored but three safe hits. Quinn opened the innings and went to first on being hit by Eagan. Hiscott drove a long fly to Murray. Hynd and Burton followed with singles scoring Quinn. The next two batters were put out from Striker to Rogers on ground hits.

Has ever Billy Hiscott had such a drubbing in an innings as he received in the opening one? Two singles, two doubles and two triples in rapid succession told how Providence could handle the stick. Half of this batting however, would not have been done if the field had supported him. Sheere dropped two beautiful fly catches. Burton dropped one and Hynd another. To this was added two bases on balls. Eight runs crossed the home plate. The Alerts then settled down. But one base hit in three innings was secured, twelve men only going to bat. A double by Eagan, two singles by Lyons and Cooney, who also stole third and second bases respectively, and an error by Burton contributed the two runs in the sixth. The Alerts fielded sharply in the balance of the game. A double by Hynd in the sixth and seventh innings was liberally applauded.

MORNING GAME.

	A.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hiscott, p.	5	0	2	0	0	1	0
Hynd, c.	5	0	2	12	1	1	1
Burton, 1b.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Hynd, 2b.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Sheere, r.f.	4	1	1	2	1	2	0
Wood, s.s.	4	0	0	1	4	0	0
Hynd, 3b.	4	0	0	1	4	0	0
Tierney, 2b.	3	1	0	1	3	0	0
Quinn, c.	3	2	0	1	1	1	1
Totals.	37	5	6	24	15	5	2

	A.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Dixon, c.	5	0	2	0	0	1	0
Bassett, 3b.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Knight, 1b.	5	1	2	0	0	0	0
Hynd, 2b.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Cooney, s.s.	4	1	1	0	3	1	0
Striker, 2b.	4	0	2	1	3	2	0
Hynd, 3b.	4	0	2	1	3	2	0
McAuley, c.	3	1	0	5	0	1	0
Eagan, p.	3	2	1	0	1	1	1
Totals.	35	10	15	27	8	6	1

PROVIDENCE VS. ALERTS. Professionals were pitted against amateurs at baseball in London yesterday, and the latter suffered two defeats. Nothing to the discredit of the amateur club can be mentioned. The Providence club are champions of the Eastern League, although not leaving at the present time, and its members include some of the ex-National League players, who have done years of work upon the diamond. Lyons has played with Buffalo and New York. Bassett, although in a minor league for years, served time with Philadelphia, New York and other clubs; Knight's record is well known; Cooney made his last record with Chicago, migrating from there to Washington, Cincinnati, and the Northwestern League; Striker, probably the oldest player on the team, has been with Cleveland, Boston and other clubs, and has been the winning catcher for Brooklyn for several seasons. This array of talent, with the aid of fine team work, explains the excellent showing they made in the games. It was the first important contest for the Alerts, and showed that as yet their field work is not up to the average of other seasons. The outfield did defective work in both games, and the pitchers received poor support, especially in the afternoon game. After securing a good lead in the second game, knocking Rudderham, the Providence star pitcher, out of the box in the fifth, every body looked for victory for the home team. But Hynd's courage failed him completely. His three-base hit in the third seemed to work on his nerves afterwards, and out of five chances he dropped four, his errors causing four of the six runs in the sixth inning. Quinn relieved him in the seventh.

The first two innings saw but seven men face Rudderham. Tierney opened the third with a double. Thorpe was out at first. Hiscott fled to Murray. Tierney must have consoling himself on his two-bagger by having the satisfaction of remaining on his bag ready for play. Hynd walked to the plate, and after one strike secured one of his favorite high balls, and away it sailed. The coaches yelled for him to remain at second, but on he kept, and if the ball had been thrown up instead of down he would have easily been put out. One triple was not enough, so Burton sent another out to right center. Then Carney followed with a double, and Player with a single. Eagan followed on five hits, with a total of eleven bases! Rudderham must have imagined his "rudder" was steering badly. His countenance was stern with determination. The stick work was kept up. Two singles by Hiscott and Hynd, with an error by Bassett, contributed a run in the fourth. Striker, their regular second baseman, took the box in the fifth. He commenced with a single, two to first on balls. A single by Ball, double by Thorpe, and a passed ball tallied the three runs. The last run was scored by Carney, who was safe on Cooney's error. Singles by Ball and Wood scored the run. Nothing transpired until the ninth, when Tierney hit for three bases and was left there.

For Providence, many doubted the strength of Carney to fight against such heavy hitters. This seemed to be a realized fact when Lyons hit the second ball pitched out safely. Joe Knight followed with another. Rogers went to first on balls. With one run in, two men out and the bases filled, Murray fled out on a foul to Burton. After two were out in the second, Lyons hit out a double, and Bassett took his base on four bad balls. Knight sent Ball after a three-base hit, and remained on third. Another two runs came across the plate in the fourth on a base on balls to McAuley, doubles by Rudderham and Bassett, and an error by Wood. Providence seemed to be satisfied with two runs at a time, two errors by Tierney and Carney, singles by Dixon, who had replaced Striker at second, and Lyons, any a double by Striker counted the runs. The sixth inning tallied the same number of runs. Tierney dropped a fly catch, and Hynd two. The latter proved the most disastrous, as his two runs had scored on an error of Rogers, who dropped a thrown ball hit by Player. Sheere again managed to reach second base in the sixth on a base on balls and a stolen base. The seventh innings was exciting for the audience, who kept up an incessant cheer at the poor field work of the Providence club. Without a safe hit three runs tallied. Second baseman Striker, after making three costly errors, began to realize that something had to be done. Pulling himself together for a final effort, he allowed the third run to score on failing to make a return throw from second to head off Quinn from scoring. Three runs was the result.

AFTERNOON GAME.

	A.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Hiscott, p.	5	0	1	0	0	0	0
Hynd, c.	5	1	2	10	1	1	1
Burton, 1b.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Hynd, 2b.	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Carney, s.s.	4	3	2	0	4	1	0
Player, 3b.	5	0	2	2	1	0	0
Wood, s.s.	4	1	1	0	4	0	0
Ball, 1b.	4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Tierney, 2b.	5	2	2	3	2	2	0
Thorpe, c.	5	1	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	42	9	15	24	13	9	1

	A.	B.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Lyons, c.	5	0	3	1	0	0	0
Bassett, 3b.	5	1	1	4	2	1	0
Knight, 1b.	5	0	2	1	0	0	0
Rogers, 2b.	5	0	2	1	0	0	0
Cooney, s.s.	5	2	0	2	2	1	0
Striker, 2b & p.	4	2	2	7	3	0	0
Murray, r.f.	5	0	2	1	0	0	0
McAuley, c.	5	2	1	1	0	0	0
Rudderham, p.	2	0	1	0	1	0	0
Dixon, 2b.	3	1	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.	40	14	12	27	11	2	0

PROVIDENCE. A. B. H. P. O. A. E. Lyons, c. 5 0 3 1 0 0 0. Bassett, 3b. 5 1 1 4 2 1 0. Knight, 1b. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. Rogers, 2b. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. Cooney, s.s. 5 2 0 2 2 1 0. Striker, 2b & p. 4 2 2 7 3 0 0. Murray, r.f. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. McAuley, c. 5 2 1 1 0 0 0. Rudderham, p. 2 0 1 0 1 0 0. Dixon, 2b. 3 1 1 0 0 0 0. Totals. 40 14 12 27 11 2.

PROVIDENCE. A. B. H. P. O. A. E. Lyons, c. 5 0 3 1 0 0 0. Bassett, 3b. 5 1 1 4 2 1 0. Knight, 1b. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. Rogers, 2b. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. Cooney, s.s. 5 2 0 2 2 1 0. Striker, 2b & p. 4 2 2 7 3 0 0. Murray, r.f. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. McAuley, c. 5 2 1 1 0 0 0. Rudderham, p. 2 0 1 0 1 0 0. Dixon, 2b. 3 1 1 0 0 0 0. Totals. 40 14 12 27 11 2.

PROVIDENCE. A. B. H. P. O. A. E. Lyons, c. 5 0 3 1 0 0 0. Bassett, 3b. 5 1 1 4 2 1 0. Knight, 1b. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. Rogers, 2b. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. Cooney, s.s. 5 2 0 2 2 1 0. Striker, 2b & p. 4 2 2 7 3 0 0. Murray, r.f. 5 0 2 1 0 0 0. McAuley, c. 5 2 1 1 0 0 0. Rudderham, p. 2 0 1 0 1 0 0. Dixon, 2b. 3 1 1 0 0 0 0. Totals. 40 14 12 27 11 2.

Sheere stole the only base in the two games for the Alerts this morning. Tierney was the only one to strike out in the nine innings for the Alerts. The Providence men are a quiet and gentlemanly team. Joe Knight says he never before, to a finer team in his ball experience.

Knight stated on coming in from left after the cannonading in the third that he wished the Alerts would make some of the other fielders chase the ball. He had enough.

The Alerts infield is all right. If the Alerts had two months' playing the same as their opponents, it is probable they would have captured at least one of the games.

Toronto must be beaten on Tuesday next. Capt. Sippl will probably lose a scalp.

The Alerts management should provide for the possibility of the official scorer and press. Huddled in a crowd with everyone asking "What's the score?" is annoying to the man who scores. Very little expense would be needed to improve the situation. Manager Sheere should see that this is furnished at once.

ALERTS VS. VARSITY. The following are the teams who will face each other on Tecumseh Park at 3:30 this afternoon:

	Varsity.	Alerts.
Pitcher.	McMillan	Sharp.
Catcher.	Fitzgerald	Sharp.
First base.	Somers	Sharp.
Second base.	McMormont	Sharp.
Third base.	Boyle	Sharp.
Shortstop.	Wilson	Sharp.
Left field.	Booth	Sharp.
Center field.	Woodworth	Sharp.
Right field.	Donovan	Sharp.

NATIONAL LEAGUE SCORES—FRIDAY. A. B. H. P. O. A. E. Boston. 5 1 1 4 2 1 0. Pittsburgh. 5 1 0 1 0 0 0. Totals. 10 2 1 4 2 1 0.

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Left field.	Booth	Sharp.
Center field.	Woodworth	Sharp.
Right field.	Donovan	Sharp.

NATIONAL LEAGUE SCORES—FRIDAY. A. B. H. P. O. A. E. Boston. 5 1 1 4 2 1 0. Pittsburgh. 5 1 0 1 0 0 0. Totals. 10 2 1 4 2 1 0.

ages, 3-4 mile—Coquette 1. Running Bird 2. Foam 3. Time, 1:36. Martello, Lord Matley, Runaway, and Ruth S also ran.

Second race, Woodbine nursery stakes for 2-year-olds, 5-8 mile—Roundman 1. Pyramid 2. Effied 3. Time, 1:34. Duchess and McGuire also ran.

Third race, private sweepstakes, 3-4 mile—Totia 1. Kapanga (colt) 2. The Piper 3. Time, 1:17 1-2.

Fourth race, street railway steeplechase handicap, 2-1/2 miles, twice over water jump—Leopanto, (gelding), 1. Idaho 2. Pat Oakley 3. Time, 6:28. Stockton and Merrythought also ran.

Fifth race, Toronto cup for 3-year-olds and upwards, 1-4 mile—Saragossa 1. Copyright 2. Lookout 3. Time, 2:10. Silk Gown and Curious also ran.

Sixth race, hunters' flat handicap, purse \$400, 1-1/2 miles—Royal Bob 1. Everett 2. Ebbs 3. Time, 2:54. The Laddie, George C and Tippo also ran.

Seventh race, Ontario plate, 1-1/2 miles—Confectioner 1. Lochinvar 2. Vlear of Wakefield 3. Time, 2:03. Stepping Stone and Annie Miller also ran.

EIGHTH RACE AT WOODBINE. Toronto, May 24.—Following are results of yesterday's racing:

First race, Don purse, \$400, for all ages, 3-4 mile:

Longbrook (Knapp), 3 to 1. Radiator (Flint), 60 to 1. Wheeler (Snedeker), 8 to 1. Time, 1:17. Victorious, Laurel, Running Bird, Achiever, Two Lips and Merry Duke also ran.

Second race, Maple Leaf stakes, for 3-year-old fillies, 1-1/2 miles:

Waterfow (Brooker), 2 to 1. Stepping Stone (Mitt), 8 to 1. Chickie (Snedeker), 4 to 5. Time, 2:03 1-2. Ella H. also ran.

Third race, halter skelter, purse \$400, short steeplechase course:

Dom Pedro (Brown), 2 to 1. The Rat (Ellison), 10 to 1. Trillion (Dunlop), 5 to 1. Time, 5:00. Burr Oak, Aide de Camp, May Blossom and All Blue also ran.

Fourth race, Waterloo handicap, purse \$750, 1-1/2 miles:

Logan (Snedeker), 3 to 5. Joe Miller (Brooker), 8 to 1. Lord Nelson (Knapp), 4 to 1. Time, 2:41 1-2. Nancy Lee and Royal George also ran.

Fifth race, Woodstock plate, 1-1/2 miles:

Silk Gown (Connolly), 5 to 2. Device (Flint), 15 to 1. Rossie (McMormont), 8 to 1. Time, 2:00. Havoc, Phoebe and Fair Flora also ran.

Sixth race, Hotel plate, \$400, 1-1/2 miles:

Stonemason (Brooker), 3 to 5. Kilkenny (Lendrum), 8 to 5. Gwendoline (Knapp), 10 to 1. Time, 1:59. Lasatta, Noekbarren, Sir Arthur, Lynwood and Sir Rae also ran.

3. & 3.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY

Fine, and warm.

ONLY

75c

The ladies wont miss this chance—they shouldn't, as it wont be repeated after this lot is sold. And how long do you think it will last at 75c a yard? When you see the goods you'll tell us better. A number of pieces of extra fine Ladies' Cloth, in fawn, navy, brown and black. Just the thing for capes. It will pay you to buy it now. In addition, to every lady purchasing sufficient cloth for a cape we will present one of our New Idea Cape Patterns. By the way, these Patterns are the best in the land. A big assertion, perhaps, but they are beautiful in outline, economical in material, elegant in design, perfect in fit, and sell at the uniform price of 12c. Now what other first-class pattern can you buy at 12c? The other kinds cost 20c to 40c each.

Trimmed 85c Sailors

You can buy a stylishly trimmed sailor hat now for 85c, former price \$1 and \$1.25. We have put these in our east window, besides having added several more expensive lines of dress goods. Anything in the west window you can have for \$1.20. The original, the lowest price for any of these was \$1.80. Some were worth \$4.50. The sale of these Dress Goods has been a great success. The people know a good thing when they see it, and our windows are now full of good things. See that you get some of them.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM.

140-151 Dundas St.

INVESTORS. Of late years investment insurance has become quite popular. In that it affords the protection required by way of insurance during a certain term of years, and if the holder of the policy survive the term the result becomes an excellent investment.

The North American Life was the first Canadian company to issue policies on the investment plan, and during the past few years many of these policies have matured, and the results paid to the holders thereof have given entire satisfaction. The following letter recently received by the North American Life is but one of many similar letters received by that company showing that the results paid under its matured investment policies have proved a satisfactory investment:

J. C. Aigue, Registrar, County of Stormont, Cornwall, Ont., March 18th, 1895.

The North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto: Gentlemen,—I have this day received the Cash Value of Policy No. 2,816, which has been in force for the last ten years. I have before me, while I write, the estimate slip which your agent, Dr. Ault, of Montreal, gave me when he recommended this policy to me, and I am pleased to say that the cheque is for an amount in excess of the then estimated cash value

New Woollen and Tailors' Trimmings Firm

John Muldrew,
Late of the firm of
McMaster & Co.,
Under the firm name of

John Muldrew & Co'y

Toronto.

WE expect to occupy our New Warehouse, 22 Front St. West, about 20th June. Temporary Office: ROOM 5, MERCHANTS BUILDING, 50 BAY STREET.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING been actively engaged in the Woollen business in Canada for the past 25 years, I have decided on opening business on my own account, making a specialty of Woollens and Tailors' Trimmings.

As I have served in every branch of the Woollen business from sewing on the bench, head sales-man in the Woollen and Clothing Department of the largest concern of the kind in the country, traveler for a large and exclusively Woollen House, buyer and managing salesman for another large Wholesale Woollen firm, and for the past 5 years partner in the Wholesale Drygoods and Woollen firm of McMaster & Co. in this city, I think I may fairly claim to know the business in its every detail.

I am associating with me in my business my son, Wm. H. Muldrew, who has had a long and careful training both in Retail and Wholesale Woollens, as salesman, traveler and buyer, and is acknowledged by the trade to be thoroughly in touch with both the producing and distributing markets. We therefore ask the confidence of the trade as a thoroughly equipped Woollen firm, feeling that we know both the wants of the consumer and the best sources of supply.

From close observation we are convinced that the only way such an important line as Woollens can be handled successfully is as a specialty, by experts who thoroughly understand the business, and devoting their whole time and attention to its vigorous prosecution and development.

For Our Opening Season

FALL, 1895.

We show an immense range of samples, all NEW, FRESH and UP-TO-DATE goods. NOT AN OLD SAMPLE IN OUR WHOLE COLLECTION. Many of the latest novelties made exclusively for ourselves, and every pattern and cloth selected with the greatest care as to its quality for the consumer and its profit producing value to the merchant.

Temporary Premises==Merchants' Building, 50 Bay St., Toronto.

Our particular specialties for our Opening Season

are

Domestic Woollens (which we believe to be the best intrinsic value for the wearer made in the world.)

In these goods we show some beautiful novelties in shades and effects in SUITINGS made expressly for ourselves, and representing extra late European ideas as to SHADE, FABRIC AND DESIGN.

Also TROUSERINGS; a grand range of tasty patterns. And OVERCOATINGS in the new shades in CURLS, MELTONS and FRIEZES, in endless variety.

Imported Worsteds.

In VENETIANS, TWILLS, WALES and FANCIES. These goods have been selected by us with more than ordinary care from the very best makers in Europe. The range will be found large, and our values worth the attention of every close and critical buyer in Canada.

Tweed Dress Goods and Mantlings.

The demand for these fabrics has deservedly grown to immense proportions, and will, we believe, be larger this season than ever; we are consequently showing a large and most attractive range which will appeal to every tasty buyer, both for designs and values.

In the hurry and pressure incident to getting into shape, it has been impossible for us to reply in the way we should have liked to the very many kind letters of encouragement which we have received from every part of the Dominion since it has become generally known that we proposed opening business on our own account. We now take this opportunity of thanking one and all for the many expressions of confidence which we have had in this way, and it will be our ambition to prove worthy of all the kind and encouraging words we have had.

Our travelers leave for their respective routes in a few days, and we ask every merchant interested in seeing a large range of carefully selected Woollens, without an old pattern in the whole lot, to look through our samples.

Yours faithfully,

John Muldrew & Company.

We Want
Your Trade

'SALADA'
(CEYLON TEA)

Once tried, will not only secure us this, but make you its friend and ally. Sold Only in Lead Packets. By All Grocers.

P. C. LARKIN & CO., 25 Front St. E., Toronto, and 318 St. Paul St., Montreal.

A Lost Gem

Stella did not remember (although she was afterwards told) that she was carried up to her room in Alan's arms; but she had a faint, vague sense, as she came to herself, that some one was holding her closely, kissing her cold face, and murmuring broken, passionate words of love—but when she moved and opened her eyes, she thought that it must have been a dream, for no one was near her but her maid, and Alan had evidently gone downstairs again.

"How did I get here?" she asked feebly, by and by.

"Master carried you upstairs, ma'am, and called me," said the maid. And then, with a furtive glance at her mistress's face, she added: "He was in a great way about you, ma'am—holding your hand and kissing you—"

"Give me the sal volatile, please," said Stella. You can leave me now, Jackson; I am better."

And Jackson had to go.

Stella was unable to rise from her bed, however, for the next day or two. She felt weak and broken, as if she had had a severe illness. As soon as she lifted her head from the pillow she turned dizzy and faint, and the doctor, whom Alan had called, recommended perfect rest and quiet. This could be easily obtained; there was nobody, as she thought to herself, with a great swelling of heart, nobody to visit her, to sit by her and nurse her and console her as if she were ill. Poor Molly was far away; Aunt Jacky lay silent in the grave. Stella had not made many women friends in the neighborhood; and Lady Val, who would have been genuinely kind to her if she had had the opportunity, had taken a house in London.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.,

The Leading Staple and Fancy Grocers.

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FINEST CHOCOLATES

Made in America. Try Them. They Are Delicious.

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FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.

don. Jackson, the English maid, was a kind but solemn person; Bertie, who was just starting for his new tutor's house, came to ask after her once or twice, and then to say good-bye. She saw nobody else. Mr. Moncrieff inquired at the door, and was answered by Jackson, but he refused to come in. Stella was glad of it; she felt too weak and weary and hurt in mind to wish to see his face again.

But on the fifth day, the sun shone brightly into her room and inspired her with a wish to get up. As the doctor had ordered that she should do exactly as she pleased, there was no difficulty about this; and at four o'clock she was seated in a comfortable chair near her dressing-room window, whence she could see the trees and the hills. It was not the most beautiful view to be obtained from the windows of her room, but she felt less liking than usual for the sparkling brilliance of the view of the distant valley, and was glad to look at simple green trees and ordinary grass. She was not able to bear much light, and her eyes soon grew dim and tired; she closed them for a time, and must have fallen into a quiet doze, for when she looked up at last, with a sudden start, she found that she was not alone. Alan had come softly into the room, and stood leaning against the window, watching her as she slept. In the first moment of waking, Stella could almost have thought that she read a new expression in his face—a look of tenderness, a look of sympathy, a look of understanding. But when she started up, the softness of that new expression passed away; his face was once more grave and rather stern, and at the sight of it she felt her heart begin to beat with painful quickness, and her breath to come short and fast with a sensation of fear and distress.

He noticed her change of demeanor, and a look of acute pain passed over his face.

"I came myself to see how you were," he said, coldly, but with an accent of embarrassment. "I hope you are feeling better."

"Yes, thank you," said Stella, not daring to look up. Her color fluctuated sadly.

"I brought you some flowers," Alan went on—the constraint of his manner becoming more and more apparent as he spoke. "You have not been outside the door for so many days that I thought you might care for these."

Stella looked up, not roused to any vivid interest. What did she care just then for flowers—exotics, she supposed, grown in a hot house, and bought with the coin of which he was always so lavish? But when she saw what was in his hand, she uttered an involuntary little cry of surprise and delight.

Violets, blue and white, primroses and anemones, the damp earthy smell still clinging to their stalks and leaves, an orchis or two, such as grow wild in that part of the world, a host of delicate ferns, newly uncurled from their nests in the warm ground—these form-

ed part of the posy that Stella loved. True, they were badly put together; the stalks were uneven, the leaves ragged, the whole as unharmonious as spring flowers ever could be, but the scent of the wild, sweet blossoms was delicious, and the suggestion of spring and sunshine was irresistibly grateful to Stella's senses.

And the giver? Never did donor of a bouquet look more unfitted to grope amongst wet leaves on damp hill-sides in search of spring flowers than Alan Moncrieff, with his grave, proud face and stately presence! And yet he lost no iota of his dignity as he laid his little offering on Stella's knee, with a simple gravity which made the action seem natural and in keeping with his character. Stella looked at him gratefully.

"Thank you—oh, thank you; I like them so much."

He watched the white fingers—they had grown thin of late—as they toyed with the fragrant flowers, and held them to her nostrils, and then, still watching them, he said:

"I have—if you will allow me—a request to make."

"Yes," she breathed, the brightness vanishing hastily from her face.

"I should like to ask you," said Alan, "to promise me—if you will—to take no steps without informing me—I mean concerning the—proposal you made on Monday night. You will not leave Torrens, for instance, without at least telling me first."

"When you are stronger," her husband went on, "we can discuss the matter further, if you like. But you will not do anything without consulting me—you promise?"

"Thank you." It was wonderful to hear with what earnestness he spoke. "Now I shall feel secure."

"But—suppose I break my promise?" some strange influence prompted Stella to say. "You trust no one; do not trust me."

"I would trust you with my life," he answered, in a tone of curious intensity. "My life—my honor—my all."

She shrank a little, and began nervously to rearrange the flowers. After a short pause he spoke in more ordinary tones.

"I had one thing to tell you. I have written to—Molly and Hannington. I have given them the money they wanted. I thought you might like to know."

"And your forgiveness?" said Stella, quickly.

But to this question she got no answer. Jackson entered with a cup of tea, and Mr. Moncrieff, succumbing beneath her disapproving glances, was obliged to quit the room.

(To be Continued.)

COUNT DE DORY.

A Well-Known Danish Nobleman Makes

a Statement Which Will Prove of

Great Interest and Value

to Many.

Under the date of Sept. 1, 1894, Count de Dory writes as follows from Neepawa, Man.: "I have been ailing constantly for six or seven years with severe kidney and bladder trouble. I have doctored during all this time with physicians in different countries without any relief. During my travels I was induced to try South American Kidney Cure, from which remedy I received instant relief. I most heartily endorse this remedy, as I do not think it has an equal." South American Kidney Cure invariably gives relief within six hours after the first dose is taken.

The Importance of a Liver.

Thousands Suffer Because the Liver Is Overworked. South American Kidney Cure is the Great Panacea of the Day for a Disordered Liver and All Stomach Troubles. Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, and General Debility.

When a well-known author wrote his book entitled, "Is Life Worth Living?" Mr. Punch, with shrewd, practical common sense, replied to the query, "That depends on the liver." And undoubtedly it is the case, that when the liver is diseased untold troubles follow. Dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache, nervousness and general debility are all species of stomach trouble that come from this source. The practical question is, "What are you going to do about it?" That great discovery of the century, South American Kidney Cure, with ten thousand voices, says, "I will cure."

We might easily quote the words of well-known Canadian citizen to fill this entire page. Let one or two suffice. Mr. John Boyer, banker of Kincardine, says: "I was very much troubled with indigestion, giving rise to those distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language, but that are so common to the dyspeptic. I tried South American Kidney Cure, and it cured me. I have no hesitation in recommending it to any person affected with any stomach trouble." Mr. J. W. Dinwiddie, of Campbellford, Ont., the large railroad contractor, says: "I keep South American Kidney Cure always in the house, and I do not hesitate to say that it is the very best medicine I have ever taken, and most confidently recommend it to anyone troubled with nervousness of whatever form and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

Mrs. A. V. Galbraith, of Shelburne, Ont., says: "South American Kidney Cure completely cured me of indigestion. I never fail to recommend it to my friends."

It is not an experiment with anyone who has used this great discovery. It has been tested and proven over and over again, with the one result—that it provides a certain cure.

NO MORE TREATING.

Lansing, Mich., May 24.—The bill making it unlawful to treat to spirituous liquors in any saloon or bar room passed the House today.

MR. ANGLIN'S APPOINTMENT.
Toronto, May 24.—The Ontario Cabinet held a meeting on Friday in order to close up all the business possible prior to the departure of Sir Oliver Mowat for England. The appointment of Mr. Timothy W. Anglin to the position of surrogate clerk at Osgoode Hall, vice the late Sir Lukin Robinson, was made. The position is worth \$2,000 per annum.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 520 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. Box 11 25.

Wm. A. Noyes' Listeners Believe Neuralgia.

BEDFORD'S BAD BLAZE.

Bedford, Que., May 24.—A terrible fire broke out here about 2:30 a.m. in a wheelwright's shop kept by A. Dupuis, and spread rapidly on both sides to P. Chausse's tailor shop and dwelling house, thence to Amerault's art studio, Eugene Cyr's carriage house and blacksmith shop, A. Farber's bakery and dwelling house, thence to a barber shop adjoining. All were burned to the ground. Sear's dwelling house, Gough's two houses, Mr. Campbell's, Mr. Conway's and Mr. E. F. Currie's houses all took fire, but were saved from total destruction by prompt help and willing assistance rendered by the citizens. Mr. B. Chausse was insured for \$1,200, Mr. Sears \$1,500, A. Farber \$400, also a small insurance on some of the other buildings. The C. P. R. sent an engine with pump, ladders and men from Farnham to assist, but the fire was under control when they arrived. Had there been any wind the whole of lower Bedford would have been burned to the ground.

Does It Pay to Take the Gold Cure?

The Gold Cure offers a better paying investment to the man that drinks than anything else on the face of the earth. Thousands of men tell us that the Gold Cure is paying them so handsomely that the original investment looks like a trifle, and they feel ashamed to tell how little they paid for so much. If every company or proprietor would set aside a fund with which to procure this benefit for employees, the investment would pay a hundredfold. Under the beneficial power of the Gold Cure, unstable and uncertain employees become responsible men, with renewed ability to labor more zealously to work better, to achieve more satisfactory results, and with a fealty to the interests of their employers, as well as employer, which surpasses all paid service. Under the potent spell of this cure the cashier with never-failing intellect refrains from doing that which the whisky evoked brain impulses, and with clever vision realizes that as a business investment honesty is the best policy.

For particulars apply to the superintendent, Lakehurst Sanitarium, Oakville, George Edwards, 23 Bank of Commerce Chambers, Toronto, or J. A. Tracy, 417 Hill street, London. xt

Every man should carry a big lot of life insurance; after his death it will help his wife in marrying again.

CATARH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At W. T. Strong's and B. A. Mitchell's.

She—No, Mr. Blunderer, I cannot entertain your proposal. The truth is, I am engaged to marry your father. He—Why, the old idiot.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture, intense itching and stinging, mostly at night, worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Worked Wonders.

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics Cure After Skillful Physicians Fail.

Tickled to Death.
"An much interested in HUMPHREY'S SPECIFICS. Hearing of the removal of the FLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM in knee. One bottle of the Specific 'worked wonders' for him. Did more than six weeks' close attention of the best physicians."

Defective Liver and Kidney Action.

The connection between defective Liver and Kidney action and Rheumatism is conceded by the medical profession. The special function of the Kidneys is to throw off the waste which accumulates during the process of digestion, and which reaches the kidneys by means of the blood. If from any cause (and there are many) this waste, such as Urea, Uric Acid and Lactic Acid, etc., is detained in the Kidneys and not swept out of the circulation, or only imperfectly so, then the residue remaining in the blood causes Rheumatism, Gout, etc.

Tickled to Death.
Edgar M. Hoopes, Manager of The Morning News, Wilmington, Del., writes: "I am in receipt of a neat cabinet of HUMPHREY'S SPECIFICS. Mrs. Hoopes is 'tickled to death,' and we shall probably spend the balance of our lives advertising your remedies."

MEDICAL BOOK. Dr. HUMPHREY'S Specific Manual of all diseases mailed free. Sold by druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25c, or five for \$1. HUMPHREY'S MEDICINE COMPANY, corner William and John streets, New York.

ELECTRICITY

MOTORS

1 to 25 horse power.

DYNAMOS

10 light to 200 light.

We are now placing a 5 horse power motor with Messrs. Burns & Lewis to run sewing machines and elevator, making a total of 25 in the city. Specialties—Electrical and general repairs.

London Electric Motor Co.,
90 York St. Phone 1103.
W. BARTON, Manager.

Electric Light.

Get our price for Incandescent Lighting, Electric Bells and Motors, before placing your order.

A. J. GREENAWAY & CO.,

244 DUNDAS ST.,

Telephone 631. London, Ont.

NOTICE.—Just received, the finest lines of Bedroom Sets ever offered in London for the money. They will surprise you. See them at WM. TRAF-FORD'S, 95 and 97 King street.

Dress Doctors!

That's what we are. We cure that old, tired look; that faded, spiritless appearance. Sometimes cleaning will do it, and sometimes it takes dyeing. Either one we do in first-class style and up to date.

R. PARKER & CO.,
Dyers and Cleaners.

217 Dundas Street, London, Ontario.
Telephone 614.
Branches at Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Brantford, Galt, Woodstock.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

DIED.

WESTLAND—On May 23, 1895, at the family residence, South London, Ethelyn May, daughter of William and Caroline Westland, aged 23 years and 4 months.

Funeral to Woodland Cemetery on Saturday, 28th inst., at 3 o'clock. Services at 2:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

BAILLIE—On May 23, 1895, John H. Baillie, beloved son of the late Thomas and Mary Ann Baillie, in his 19th year.

Funeral will leave his mother's residence, 222 King street, on Saturday, at 3:30 o'clock. Service at 3 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

BRETT—On May 24, 1895, of embolism, brought on by heart trouble, Isabella Margaret, beloved daughter of George and Sarah McAdam Brett, 772 Colborne street. Her end was peace.

Funeral will leave the house at 1 o'clock; services at St. John the Evangelist Church at 1:30 on Sunday.

MCKENNA—In this city, on Friday, May 24, 1895, Ida Margery, infant daughter of William and Eliza Jane McKenna, aged 17 months.

Funeral on Monday at 3 p.m.; services at 2:30. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation.



This Brand of Flour
Always makes the
BEST BREAD
OR PASTRY.

USE NO OTHER.

J. D. SAUNBY
227 York Street.
TELEPHONE 118.

The CONFEDERATION LIFE,
Head Office—Toronto.

A Canadian Company.
A Strong Company.
A Progressive Company.

Total Claims paid during past nine years, \$1,253,591.
Premiums received thereon, \$245,000.
Or for every dollar received the association returned \$3.22.

Average time of payment of claims after receipt of proofs, 324 hours.

FRED. H. HEATH, General Agent,
GEO. PRITCHARD, Local Agent.

Rex Brand

Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon.
Sugar Cured Ham.
Kettie Baked Lard.
Cooked Ham, sliced.
Cooked Corned Beef, sliced.
Cooked Pigs' Tongues, sliced.
Fresh Pork Sausage.
Fresh Pork Chops and Roasts.
Summer Sausage.
Bologna Sausage.

Moore & Company,
Market House.
London - - - Ont.

Wall Paper.

We do not hang all the paper that is hung in London, but we do hang the best and at the prices which others ask for the cheaper grades.
If you want any paper or decorating of any description done this spring you should let us give you the benefit of our advice and make an estimate on your work. With the most experienced and the best workmen, the best selected stock, we can please you when others cannot.

R. LEWIS,
434 Richmond Street.

All Kinds of Electric Work Done
by Experienced Men at
Lowest Prices.

A FULL STOCK OF
Electric and Combination Fixtures,
and Electric Bell Supplies.

Special prices to the trade.

ROGERS & DOSS
425 Richmond St.
ywt

W. FAIRBAIRN
MERCHANT TAILOR,
EDGE BLOCK, Up-Stairs

EGGETT & BICKLEY,
Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, 274
Dundas Street.
LAWN HYDRANTS, \$2 50
EACH.

Phone—1085. Orders promptly attended to.
Estimates cheerfully furnished.

R.K. Cowan
Barrister, etc., over Bank of Commerce
London.

Coal—Wood.
Messrs. Bowman & Co. beg to inform
their customers and the public that they
have appointed Frank B. Clarke, 416
Richmond, as their agent. He will con-
tinue to take orders for coal and wood.
Best beech and maple blocks, \$4 50; half
cord, \$2 25; quarter cord, \$1 15. Mr.
Clarke will also continue the ticket and
exchange business at the old stand.

T. C. THORNHILL, optician, jeweler,
watchmaker, engraver, general repair-
ing. Lawn mowers sharpened and re-
pairing. A call solicited. 402 Talbot
street.

Hosiery and Gloves
SPECIAL SALE

Ladies' Black Cotton Hose at.... 8c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose at.... 10c
Ladies' Black Cotton Hose at.... 12c
Ladies' Ribbed Cashmere Hose at.... 15c
Ladies' Hose in Silk Lisle Thread.
Children's Hose in all sizes.
Pure Silk Gloves, special value, at.... 25c
Children's Gauntlet Gloves at.... 12c

Priddis Bros.

158 Dundas Street.
157 Carling Street.
Telephone 324.

FISHING TACKLE.

A large stock of Rods, Reels, Lines,
Hooks to Gut and Gimp, Bamboo Poles, etc.
Full outfit for fishermen. Quality and
prices right.

Wm. GURD & CO.,
185 Dundas St. London - - - Phone 800.

Southcott's
FINE TAILORS

361 Richmond St.
FINE AND WARM

Toronto, May 24—11 p.m.—An area
of high pressure covers the Maritime
Provinces and Lower St. Lawrence Val-
ley, and there is an important depression
just west of the lake region, moving
eastward. The weather today has
been cloudy and cool in the Northwest
Territories, and fine and pleasant in
other parts of the Dominion.

The minimum and maximum tem-
peratures reported for today are:
Edmonton, 36-46; Calgary, 38-42; Qu-
Appelle, 31-46; Winnipeg, 44-60; Parry
Sound, 40-70; Toronto, 53-76; Montreal,
44-62; Quebec, 40-62; Halifax, 42-64;
Chatham, N. B., 38-60.

Toronto, May 25—1 a.m.—Probabili-
ties for the next 24 hours for the lower
lake region (covering the penin-
sula and as far east as Belleville) are:
Generally fine and warm today and first
part of Sunday; then local showers or
thunder storms, followed by a change
to cooler weather.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
Johnson Bros.' Bread
6c per loaf retail

In all parts of the city. Telephone 813.

Here We Are
Again With

Straw Hats
They Lead the Town.

Prices
To Suit
Everybody

Come and see us for your
Straw Hat.

BELTZ'S
144 Dundas Street.

Latest New York Hats

**SOUSA AND THE "GARDE
REPUBLICAINE"**

W. S. B. Matthews, editor of "Music,"
the reliable Chicago musical magazine,
in his January issue thus compares
Sousa's Band with the great French
band of the "Garde Republicaine":

"When I was hearing Sousa's Band
at the Theodore lately I tried to re-
member whether it was better or as
good as the famous French band of the
Garde Republicaine, which played at
the Peace Jubilee in 1872. This was
twenty years ago, and I have heard a
great deal of music since that time. But
to me, as to many others, it seemed as
if Sousa had attained a standard of fin-
ished and sympathetic intelligence such
as I had never before recognized in a
military band. Be that as it may, there
is no musician but will enjoy the play-
ing of this fine body of artists, no mat-
ter what they play."

Are you going to hear Sousa? Is now
the one question on the streets, and in
the store, at the bench and behind the
desk it is re-echoed. Are you going to
hear Sousa? A reply seems unnecessary.
There can only be one answer and that
in the affirmative. It is safe to pre-
dict one of the greatest musical suc-
cesses that London has ever known at
the Sousa concert next Tuesday, and
one of the biggest crowds, too. The
"Advertiser's" advice to every one is,
get seats quick. If you leave it till
Tuesday remember to present the exact
change at the ticket office, as no change
will be given.

**TISDALE'S TORONTO IRON STAB-
LE FITTINGS,** healthful, durable, at-
tractive and cheaper than other fit-
tings. Send for our new catalogue. The
Tisdale Iron Stable Fittings Co. (Ltd.),
No. 6 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.

Artistic Photography.
Frank Cooper's Studio open all day
24th for sittings.

"Uneasy Lies the head
that wears a crown,"
but
Easy is
The Head

That wears one of our hats.
We have them in all sizes,
shapes and colors. If you
have failed to get suited
elsewhere, try us. Our
"Dunlap" and "Trilby"
blocks are the correct
styles. You should ask to
see our Shepherd Handle
Umbrellas.

**MILNE, SPITAL
AND COMPANY**
146 Dundas Street.

London Advertiser.

Telephone Numbers.
107.....Business Office
124.....Editorial Rooms
175.....Job Department

London and Environs

THE EXCURSION SEASON IS NOW
VERY NEAR. IF YOU WANT POST-
ERS, HANGERS, DODGERS, ETC.,
CALL AT THE "ADVERTISER" JOB
DEPARTMENT FOR PRICES. ALL
WORK DONE QUICKLY AND AT
LOW PRICES.

—Dr. Oronhyatekha, head of the I. O. F.,
is seriously ill, and may suffer from con-
gestion of the lungs.

The Highlanders of Toronto passed
through the city on the C. P. R. at 3
o'clock yesterday morning en route to
Windsor, where they spent the holiday.
They return to Toronto on Sunday night,
arriving in London about 7 o'clock.

—John Graham and Frederick Wilson,
two youths of 18 and 17 years respectively,
gave a C. P. R. passenger conductor con-
siderable trouble on Thursday night. They
belonged to Toronto, and after boarding the
train which arrives in London at 11:20 p.m.,
secreted themselves in one of the closets.

The conductor found the door securely
locked when the train reached Woodstock,
and as the youths refused to open it, a
message was sent on asking the police to
meet the train with the patrol wagon.

Attempts to break open the door were un-
successful, and it was necessary to remove
the window of the apartment. Graham
and Wilson spent the night in the cells,
and at yesterday's police court were al-
lowed off on suspended sentence, one con-
dition being that they return to their homes.

—P. C. Patrick Wallace has resumed
duty after spending his annual vaca-
tion.

—The London Hunt Club will have a
run on Saturday morning was postponed.

—Mr. Wm. Black, of the Sun, Bel-
leville, is on a brief visit to his mother,
Mrs. Black, of King street east.

—Mr. John Rattray, of the Hendrie
Company, Hamilton, was among the
Hamiltonians who spent yesterday in
the city. Mr. Rattray is well known
here.

A frame kitchen in the rear of Mrs.
M. Kifer's, 413 Ridout street, caught fire
about 3:30 yesterday afternoon, and the
brigade had a run. The blaze was
quickly extinguished. Damage light.

—Tony Farrell, the noted Irish com-
edian, presented his new play, "Garry
Owen," before two large audiences at
the Grand yesterday. "Garry Owen"
is a very cleverly written piece, and
Farrell and his excellent company pre-
sented it in a first class manner.

The entertainment to be given by
the Boys' Brigade in the Mechanics'
Institute last night was indefinitely
postponed. A large number of tickets
had been sold, but the attendance was
very small. Capt. Imrie, of No. 1 Com-
pany, and Capt. Cordingley, of No. 2,
were unable to be present owing to ill-
ness, and mainly on this account the
postponement was made. Rev. J. G.
Stuart, of South London, was to pre-
side.

—County Constables R. W. Ward, J.
W. Ward and Luke Jeffries arrested
nine tramps in Ontario's slaughter-
house, con. I. Westminster, early yester-
day morning. The party was brought
before Squire R. F. Lacey, where they
registered as follows: Matthew Rose,
Gloversville; Joseph Welch, Halifax;
John Hunt, Hamilton; John Stanton,
Montreal; James Carr, Charlottetown;
and Morris Leonard, Toronto; Frank
Slater, Buffalo, and Edward Maynor,
Wingham. They were remanded for a
week.

—Mr. Wm. Westland, South London,
will receive heartfelt sympathy in the
loss of his daughter, Ethelyn May,
May, on Friday. Miss Westland was
possessed of many amiable qualities,
and for a number of years was con-
nected with the choir of Knox Church,
South London, and was identified with
the society of the congregation. Death
was due to consumption. This is the
second daughter of Mr. Westland to
succumb to that malady in ten months.
The funeral takes place this afternoon
to Woodland Cemetery.

YESTERDAY'S EXCURSIONS.

Although there were numerous events
of interest in the city yesterday, there
were several excursions run to outside
points on the Grand Trunk, which were
well patronized. Court Magnolia's ex-
cursion to Detroit was a great success.
Tickets were good to go on Thursday,
and hundreds took advantage of the
opportunity to have a two days' stay
with American cousins. Yesterday
morning's long train was well filled.
The presence of the Highlanders in
Windsor was doubtless a big boom to
the trip. The Canadian Foresters' trip
to Toronto did not attract such a large
crowd. The Sons of England demon-
stration at Sarnia attracted a good
number of local members of the order.
Three carloads of the Ingersoll breth-
ren, accompanied by the Ingersoll band,
arrived in the city at 8 o'clock and
were added to the London train. "On
our road," said an officer of the Lake
Erie and Detroit River Railway, "we
ran five trains to the Port. Our expec-
tations were more than realized." It
was the opening of the excursion sea-
son to Port Stanley, and Mr. Young,
the manager of the railway, provided

Mr. Leonard Wilson, of St.
Thomas, Says He Is a
New Man.

COMPLETELY CURED OF RHEUMATISM

Dear Sirs,—I can cheerfully recommend
your Royal Crown Remedy to the afflicted,
having been laid up with rheumatism and an
affection of the liver, and after trying your
wonderful medicine I am a new man and con-
sider myself completely cured.

LEONARD WILSON, St. Thomas, Ont.
Williams' Royal Crown Remedy is a perfect
cure for after effects of Grip, Rheumatism,
Neuralgia and all diseases depending upon
humors in the blood, such as Scrofula, Eczema,
etc. Price \$1. Pills 25 cents; 5 bottles of remedy
and 5 boxes of Pills for \$5, sent by express by

ISAAC WILLIAMS CO.,
LONDON, ONT.

Remarks

We Hear

Every Day.

Your Coffee is the best I can
get in the city.

I always get Choice Butter
here.

You keep such a large assort-
ment of Fancy Biscuits!

Your Canned Goods are the
best I ever had!

Your Teas are delicious!

You keep your store so nice
and clean it is a pleasure to
trade here.

GIVE US YOUR OPINION

T. A. Rowat & Co.
228 Dundas Street
Phone—317. ywt

first-class accommodation and a good
train service.

HE HAD A SKELETON KEY.

About 3 o'clock yesterday morning
Samuel Mornington, a clerk in T. B.
Escott & Co.'s wholesale grocery, York
street, was arrested by P. C. Rowland
Johnston and charged with stealing a
caddy of tobacco from his employers.

At the hour named P. C. Johnston was
on duty on York street, and as he ap-
proached Talbot street he saw Mornington
standing under the electric light at the
corner with a parcel under his arm.

Johnston thought nothing of it at first,
but his suspicions were aroused when
the stranger began to move away, after
sighting the brass buttons and blue
coat. The officer resolved to move, too,
and followed Mornington around a
block or two, finally coming into close
quarters near Ridout and King streets.

A foot race was started then, and al-
though Johnston was considerably
handicapped in many ways, he caught
his man at the Ridout street crossing
of the Grand Trunk Railway. Morn-
ington was handcuffed, and, with his
caddy (which he had dropped in the
attempt to escape), was taken to the
police station. The parcel was found to
be a caddy of tobacco, and in Morn-
ington's pocket was a skeleton key,
which fitted the lock on the front en-
trance of the Escott warehouse.

The prisoner was arraigned at the Police
Court yesterday morning, pleaded guilty
and a remand for a week was made.

A MISAPPREHENSION REMOVED.
Our esteemed contemporary, the Free
Press, says of the electric street rail-
way bylaw:

"There is no clause in the bylaw
providing that the railway laborers
shall be city residents. Outside labor
will swarm in, to share in what is go-
ing, and may not depart when the work
is over, nor be easily absorbed in the
mass of population."

The contemporary will perhaps be
relieved to learn that it is laboring un-
der a misapprehension. Clause 23 of
the by-law reads:

"The company, in changing their sys-
tem or performing the other work
provided for by this bylaw, and in main-
taining and operating the railway, will,
so far as is practicable so to do, em-
ploy residents of the city of London."

THE LAMP EXPLODED.

The capers of a lamp which had been
left burning in the kitchen of Rev. Mr.
Johnston's residence on Oxford street, near
Richmond, caused the family considerable
inconvenience and a heavy loss, and gave
the firemen an hour's hard work.

Rev. Mr. Johnston was away Thursday eve-
ning, but Mrs. Johnston and her sister were
at home. The former was ill during the
night, and the latter spent a greater part
of the time waiting upon her. About 2:30
yesterday morning Mrs. Johnston's sister
lay down for a rest. She had slept but a
short time, when she was awakened by the
explosion of the lamp. The neighbors were
immediately alarmed, and while one hur-
ried to the C. P. R. station and telephoned
for the brigade, others assisted to
remove the furniture, etc. The brigade
responded with remarkable promptness, but
when they arrived the blaze had spread to
the front of the house and into the attic.

This was very difficult to reach, and re-
quired the tearing away of a portion of the
roof and gable. All the furniture, ex-
cepting a few articles, was ruined by fire
or water, and the building was badly gut-
ted. Mrs. Johnston's sister and Mr. John-
ston each lost a gold watch, and a purse
containing checks and cash to the extent
of \$100 is missing. The occupants of the
house are being kindly looked after by
Rev. M. P. and Mrs. Talling. Mr. John-
ston's loss will be about \$400 to \$500.
The house was owned by Mr. John Drom-
gole, and is considerably damaged.

CROCKERY & GLASSWARE

A set of 6 very fine Table Tumblers (1 1/2
pints), worth 30c, our price on Bargain Day
only 13c.

Set of 6 Beautiful Preserve Dishes, on
Bargain Day 7c.

Largest size Lamp Chimneys, with
crimped top, 4c.

Medium size Lamp Chimneys, with
crimped top, 3c.

A full Chamber Set of 10 pieces (The
Allied Mekan Company's best English iron
stoneware), worth \$3, on Bargain Day
\$1 43.

Jackets and Capes.

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Special 30-inch White Spot Swiss Dress
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Very fine 30-inch White Spot Dress
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Your choice of 197 Remnants of Dress
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Fine Dress Serges, in Navy Blue and
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Animal Curiosities

Remarkable Battle Between Hogs and Rattlesnakes in California—500 Snakes Killed—Eagle, Bulldog and Cat—An Immense Eel—A Dog That Knew His Master's Property—Lion and Mouse.

RATTLESNAKES FIGHTING HOGS.

A desperate and almost indescribable battle between a horde of rattlesnakes and a bunch of hogs occurred a few days since on John Lake's place, at the foot of San Jacinto Mountain, California, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. This branch of the San Bernardino spur of the coast range has long been noted as the home and rendezvous of thousands of rattlesnakes of the dusky brown species, which have been looked upon with dread by the hunters, from the fact that they have always been exceedingly aggressive and dangerous. For years this mountain has been the terror and dread of the people of the vicinity, and it is seldom that any traveler or hunter has had the temerity heretofore to cross the ridge at or near a certain point, so numerous and deadly have been the poisonous reptiles.

But all that has been changed, owing to the fact that old John Lake has imported from North Carolina a bunch of the long-nosed, long-legged species of hogs, which, from their elongated appearance, have been identified under the title of slug-diggers. Uncle John had been so pestered and annoyed by the army of snakes that infested his cow ranch that he had his wife to work, and finally hit upon the happy plan of importing his lank and bony swine, which have had the reputation of being inveterate enemies of the snake family. He hauled over the mountain 22 big, bony hogs of the species above described and placed them in pens, where he kept them well fed and well treated.

When the old man had concluded that his muscular pets had become sufficiently acclimated and at home he released them from their pens, and early in the morning, while it was yet cool and the snakes were half benumbed by sleep, he went up to the mountain to a spot where he knew the reptiles dwelt by the thousand. All along the pathway he dropped grains of corn until he reached the side of a snake pit, a sunken spot in the side of the mountain, containing about half an acre. Here he threw down a bushel of loose corn, and together with the boys Jim and George took shelter in low trees.

Within a few minutes the satisfied grunts of the porkers were heard as they followed the trail of the corn, until the whole drove of hogs broke into view from the underbrush. They came on until they arrived at the pit, where they stood for a minute or two, until the old boar, an immense fellow, came up, when he took the lead and went grunting down the bank into the pit. All the other members of the family followed until the 22 hogs were all within the small enclosure of a half acre. The hogs quickly picked up the corn, but by the time they had thoroughly cleaned it up the snakes, aroused by the heat of the morning sun and the noise of the porkers, began to appear from the crevices. A dozen, then twenty, and directly several hundred rattlers writhed their lithe bodies from their holes and looked at the porkers with shining eyes and forked tongues.

Two or three hundred snakes in a mass of slimy, surging bodies began to draw themselves toward the hogs, but they had not crawled more than 30 or 40 feet away from the hogs when the old boar, infuriated at the sight of the whole drove of hogs among its enemies.

The scene which followed cannot be put in words. The few spectators could not have missed the sight for a ranch. The hogs charged their enemies, picking them up in their jaws and trampling them under their feet, while the snakes shook their rattles and struck their enemies with their fangs. The fight raged for half an hour, a hog retreating for a moment's rest, and then recharged into the midst of the writhing mass, ripping and tearing the snakes until the ground was literally covered with their writhing bodies. At one time an old boar was literally covered with snakes, but he did not seem to care for their bites or poison, and he kept around, catch one in his jaws, throw it to the ground, and then hold it there with his feet until he tore its body to pieces. This he kept up for half an hour, retreating but once for a breath of air or a brief rest, when back he went at it again.

In less than an hour the hogs had conquered, not one snake being left alive, except a few which had succeeded in regaining the crevices before the hogs had flanked them. Old John Lake and his boys became so sick from the overpowering smell that they were forced to lie down under the trees, but they were perfectly safe so long as the hogs were about.

After vanquishing the army of snakes the porkers lay among the dead bodies of their enemies until they had sufficiently rested, when they again roused themselves, and led by the old boar, began to dot up and turn over the rocks, every now and then exposing a rattler which had hidden his body away from his porcine enemies. When a snake was thus exposed there was a rush, and in a jiffy that rattler was torn into little bits too small to recognize.

In an hour and a half not a living snake could be found, and the hogs were to all appearance as sound and as hearty as ever. Uncle John then picked up his corn sack and made a trail back to the house, but the hogs did not follow, seeming to prefer the flesh of the snakes to the corn. Ever since then the drove of hogs have remained in the mountains, coming home only to get a change of food, and where once no man dared to tread there is not now a rattlesnake to be found. The pigs had cleaned them out. Uncle John says there were not less than 500 rattlesnakes killed in that single fight, and not one hog was hurt.

LION AND MOUSE.

A mouse was put in the cage of a lion to test whether, as the old fables asserted, there was a natural affection between them. The experiment demonstrates that each was so afraid of the other that no affection could exist between them. The lion saw the mouse before he was fairly through the bars, and was after him instantly.

Away went the little fellow, scurrying across the floor and squealing in flight. When he had gone about ten feet the lion sprang again. This was repeated several times, the mouse traversing a shorter distance after each spring of the lion.

Finally the mouse stood still, squealing and trembling. The lion stood over him, studying him with interest. Presently he shot out his big paw and brought it down directly on the mouse, but so gently that the mouse was not injured, at the least, though held fast between the claws.

Then the lion played with him, now lifting his paw and letting the mouse run a few inches, and then stopping him again as before. Suddenly the

mouse changed his tactics, and instead of running when the lion lifted his paw, sprang into the air straight at the lion's head.

The lion, terrified, gave a great leap back, striking the bars with all his weight. Then he opened his jaws and roared and roared again, while the little mouse, still squealing, made his escape. Of the two the lion was the more frightened.

FALSE TEETH FOR A CAT.

A cat that fell from a Baltimore telegraph pole broke its jawbone. Its owner, Henry Ziegler, who thinks the cat is dead of it, is having a set of false teeth made, which will patch pussy up all right.

A GRATEFUL DOG.

Two black-and-tan dogs were taken to the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, the other day by their youthful owners, the one suffering from a dislocated shoulder. The dogs were kindly treated by the medical staff, were bandaged and walked away. Two days afterwards the one with the broken leg walked into the institution alone. In the surgery it lay down while the doctor fastened the splints and redressed the injured limb. After the operation had been performed the dog gratefully licked the doctor's hand and departed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

BROUGHT HOME THE RABBIT.

A correspondent of the London Spectator relates a good story of a dog, a smooth-haired retriever, named Turk.

The correspondent, then a boy, was walking with his father, with Turk at their heels, when they were joined by the dog of the farm.

In the course of the walk Turk discovered the presence of a rabbit concealed in a dry-stone dike, and after the men had removed some of the stones it came out and ran toward the balliff, who put it in his coat pocket. Soon afterwards we separated, the balliff going to his house in one direction, and we to ours in another.

By and by we noticed that Turk was not with us, and spoke of the fact with surprise, as he was always a good follower. When we had been at home for perhaps an hour I saw a strange, puzzling object up the road. It raised a cloud of dust as it moved along, so that it was some time before I could make it out.

It was Turk dragging a man's shooting jacket, which proved to be the rabbit, with the rabbit still in the pocket.

We learned afterward that the dog quickly followed the balliff home, and lay down near him. Pressed by the man took off his coat and threw it on a chair. Instantly Turk pounced upon it, and dashed out of the door with it in his mouth. He was pursued, but in vain, and dragged the coat home, a distance of a mile and three-quarters. The rabbit belonged to his master, he thought, and he set himself to recover the stolen goods.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST BELLS.

The crew of the fishing steamer Annie L. Wilcox, of Mystic, took on board the other day the largest eel that anyone could remember. The middle of the week the crew had hauled out the biggest eel any of them had ever seen.

On Saturday's capture beat the first one. The biggest of the two eels weighed 34 pounds. He was 5 feet 8 inches long and 19 inches in circumference. The dimensions of the other eel were as follows: Weight, 25 pounds; length, 5 feet 3 inches; circumference, 15 inches.

These eels were taken in ponds between Watch Hill and Point Judith, which the steamer visits every day. They were not so lively as the little eels are, in proportion to their size, or they would have made things interesting. But they looked decidedly ugly as they thrashed around in the nets.—New London (Conn.) Day.

EAGLE, BULLDOG AND CAT.

Crosswicks, New Jersey, May 15.—Hiram Sorter's bulldog Mister was out in the front yard basking in the sun. He is a blooded animal, and his owner holds him to be worth a couple of hundred dollars. He has been under the weather nearly all winter, and Sorter thought a little sunshine would do him good, so he spread a rug on the ground and placed Mister on it. The dog curled up and started in to enjoy a nap.

A big eagle happened to sail over the spot where he lay, and swooped down on him. The eagle's talons were on Mister, and he let out a series of yelps that would have brought his master to the scene in double quick time. Sorter happened to be down at the barn, some distance away, and the dog was left to fight his own battle. The eagle was a big bald-headed fellow, and he would probably have had little trouble in getting away with the dog had all the talons reached Mister's flesh. Some of the claws struck the straps of a leather harness the dog wore, and his hold slipped.

Mister showed fight, and when the eagle rushed at him and tried to strike him with his beak he grabbed one of the bird's wings and yanked out a mouthful of feathers. The bird's movement made the eagle mad, and he then jumped on to the dog with both feet, rolling him over and bringing blood. The battle had done Mister good, and he moved with the spirit that had helped him to win a good many hard battles. He was quickly on his feet, and in the twinkling of an eye had one of the eagle's scaly legs between his teeth. The bird was equal to the tactics, and promptly raked half a dozen furrows across the dog's jaw with his feet and picked up a bunch of Mister's skin in his beak. These moves caused the dog to let go of the bird's leg, and the two fighters backed off and faced each other a few seconds. Mister's skin was badly cut, and the exertion he had put forth in the fight tried his wind. The eagle was still fresh and full of fight, but he was wary. Suddenly spreading his wings, the bird rose in the air and circled around several feet above the dog. Mister kept his eyes on his enemy. The eagle kept the dog guessing as to his intentions several minutes, then fell like an arrow, landing squarely on Mister's back. This time the bird's talons made close connection with the dog's flesh, and before he had time to recover from the shock he was lifted off his feet. He struggled to break the hold of the eagle's claws, but they held, and Mister would probably have been carried away and his bones picked had not his old friend Jude come to his rescue.

Jude is a cat. She has been a sort of sister to Mister for three years. She was curled up on the doorstep taking a nap when the eagle attacked the dog.

Mister's yells aroused her. She sat up, and, being disposed to enjoy a scrap, watched the contest. She twitched her tail nervously when the dog was knocked down, and looked as if she was inclined to applaud when Master got the bird's leg between his teeth. The cat refrained from taking part in the affair until she saw her canine friend lifted off the ground. She didn't relish being robbed of her associate and playmate. With tail clubbed and spitting like a wildcat, she came sailing down the lawn toward the eagle. The bird was having a hard time of it trying to get started with his burden. He had been unable to get Mister more than two feet off the ground, but he was rising all the time. Jude leaped in the air and landed plumply on the eagle's back. Under the weight of the two bodies the bird fell to the ground, and in his astonishment he released his hold on the dog. Mister saw his opportunity, and in an instant he was the eagle by the neck. There was a shower of flopping wings, a shower of flying feathers, and the eagle was dead with a broken neck.

Dining at Windsor.

At the Royal Dinner Table Gather Persons of Rank.

Royal Family Invited—But Are Not Allowed to Invite Friends of Their Own to Dinner—Is Served at Half Past Eight.

It is not to be supposed that the Queen should desire to have the doubtful pleasure of entertaining all her many subjects at the royal dinner table, and still less can an ordinary individual hope for the honor of sleeping at Windsor Castle during the Queen's residence there. Although, however, we cannot hope to be personally present on these occasions, yet we can have any cause to feel slighted, for the occasion is represented at the Queen's table by the most worthy of their kind.

When staying at Windsor Castle her Majesty usually sends invitations to foreign ambassadors, to the people's representatives in the House of Commons, to noblemen, to people of rank, and to the leaders of art, literature, and religion. The members of the royal family are, of course, invited, but the household is permitted to entertain friends of their own.

An interesting suite of apartments, which were at one time occupied by the Empress Frederick, and to which she invariably returns when staying at the castle is generally at the service of the most honored guest, and contains some fine tapestry, with which the chairs and walls are covered. A most magnificent view of the Long Walk is obtained from the windows, and the whole is furnished in the most luxurious style.

On arriving at the castle, the guest is met at the visitors' entrance by certain officials, who conduct him straightway to his apartments. Tea is provided, the duties as a courier pointed out, and the visitor is left to himself to dress and prepare for dinner at 8.30 o'clock.

An ancient institution at Windsor Castle is an officer whose sole duty is to keep the rooms at a pleasant and even temperature, and therefore they are always of a comfortable warmth. His used as a dining room, but as a general rule either the oak room or the Queen's dining-room is sufficient; the former when only a small party is to be entertained, and the latter when a large number of guests are assembled.

And so the ordinary one-day visitor will find himself seated in the oak room, her Majesty having preceded the company and entered first. The dining room is a large apartment, exactly opposite to the oak room, and at 8.45 each night, some guests, through the corridor, bows to the assembled company, and passes through the dining-room, a beautifully furnished room, where is a sideboard set out with plate of gold and silver.

The table is round in shape, and so ingeniously constructed that it may be enlarged to three different sizes. The chairs are of oak and covered with red morocco. Her Majesty has many pretty whims, and is very exacting as to the manner in which they are carried out, although, for instance, the chairs are outwardly of the same appearance, it is a fact that night after night she insists that the same one be always placed for her.

Strawberries and grapes are very favorite fruit with the Queen, and at Hampton Court and Cumberland Lodge the magnificent vine is justly famous. Although on the royal table there are many home farms, no cattle are slaughtered to supply the royal and the London butchers sending in all the meat. The poultry and dairy produce, however, is a different matter, and all the milk is supplied "direct from our own cows." At Yuletide this general rule is broken through, and for Christmas fatted calves are slaughtered.

Each dish, when ready, is carried up from the kitchen by hand, and at this meal the Queen supplies her guests with the very best of everything. There is an excellent cellar, and Windsor Castle is renowned for its many little niceties in the way of ices and jellies.

Everyone is put thoroughly at his ease, and the dinner which is invariably concluded by drinking the "Queen's health." The men soon join the ladies in the corridor, and now comes what must be to a good many a rather terrible ordeal, for her Majesty condescends to speak personally with every one of her guests, to tenderly inquire after their healths, and also to make some kind observations as to their work. The length of this conversation has latterly been much curtailed, as the Queen suffers a great deal from rheumatism, and is, therefore, quite unable to stand for any length of time. The guest, however, remains standing until invited to take a chair in the "sitting down circle."

When the Queen retires, as she is wont to do shortly after dinner, the red drawing-room is resorted to, where the latest in Amboyna wood, the latest in mahogany, are performed. The beautiful parquet floor of this apartment was in the exhibition of 1881. Smoking and billiards are also going on, both these rooms having latterly been improved by electric lighting.

Next morning the guests breakfast privately, and depart without again seeing their royal hosts.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JUNE 2.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xvi, 1-8—Memory Verses, 6, 7—Golden Text, Luke xxiv, 34—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

1. "And when the Sabbath was past, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome, had bought sweet spices that they might come and anoint Him." In Lev. xxiii, 10, 11, we have a sheaf of the first fruits of the harvest was to be presented to the Lord and by Him accepted for the people, "on the morrow after the Sabbath." In I Cor. xv, 23, we find that the resurrection of Christ was the fulfillment of that type. The women mentioned in this first verse of our lesson were some of those who followed Him and ministered unto Him. They loved Him devotedly, but they were lacking in faith, for had they believed His words that He would rise again the third day (chapters viii, 31; ix, 8) they would not have thought to anoint His dead body on the third day. Without faith it is impossible to please Him.

2. "And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulcher at the rising of the sun." How sad they must have felt! Who could tell their thoughts? After all His wonderful works and teaching concerning the kingdom, to have it end this way was a disappointment indescribable. Oh, if they had only believed in Him and the words of His own lips, what sorrow and darkness they might have been spared! Mary of Bethany believed His words and anointed Him beforehand, and evidently expecting His resurrection, as He had said, was not found with the others at the tomb. What darkness would be dispelled from sorrowing hearts if those whose friends have died in Christ would only believe (Phil. i, 21, 23; I Thess. iv, 16-18) and what sums of money might be saved for better use which are vainly spent for the dead body!

3. "And they said among themselves, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulcher?' It was a real difficulty from their standpoint, yet they moved on as if it would some way be removed. Love is not hindered from acting by apparent difficulties. When it is a work of faith as well as a labor of love (I Thess. i, 3), then all is well, but faith should be first, lest love perform unnecessary labor, and there can be no faith apart from the word of God (Rom. x, 17).

4. "And when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away, for it was very great." Difficulties vanish as we go forward. How often we have found it so! Math. xxviii, 2, we find that the angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it, for seals and soldiers were nothing to him. The angels who excel in strength, that do his commands, hearkening unto the voice of His word (Ps. cii, 30), know no difficulties, and nothing is hard to them. Read the angel stories in Acts xii and Isa. xxxvii, 36, and rejoice that they are still ministering spirits who minister unto the heirs of salvation (Heb. i, 14).

5. "And entering into the sepulcher they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment, and they were affrighted." If we believed in the ministry of angels, and that they are with us serving unseen and unthought, perhaps we would not be afraid if some day one or more should appear to us. It is true that most of the people in the Bible record to whom they appeared seem to have been afraid, but we do not read that either Abram or Eliza were afraid, and Elijah was not afraid to have them come to him with a carriage that day that he went home. Notice that this angel, who must have been several thousand years old, is called a young man—oh, the joys of eternal youth! If spared to the day on which this lesson shall be taught, I will be 51 years old, but I am sure I feel much like 15 and 51, and I am perfectly sure that I shall feel younger still 100 years hence.

6. "And He saith unto them! Be not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him." The angels always say, Fear not (Gen. xxi, 17; Luke i, 13, 30; ii, 10), and so does the Lord Himself from Gen. xxi, 1 to Rev. i, 17. His thoughts to all His people are peace and not evil (Jer. xxix, 11). Therefore let our hearts say, "I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xli, 2). In Math. xxviii, 6, the angel said, "He is risen, as He said," as if they might also have said, "Why did you not believe in Him?" Let us have a simple, childlike, unwavering faith in every word of God, and thus He will be glorified to us.

7. "But go your way, tell His disciples and Peter that He goeth before you into Galilee. There shall ye see Him as He said unto you." Oh, how Christlike to have a special message for poor Peter, who must have felt, because of his awful conduct, that he was no longer worthy to be one of them. But the Lord loved this crying one, and he alone of all the disciples is mentioned by name in the resurrection message. "He is risen." "Go, tell!" may well be called the watchwords of Christianity. If He be not risen, our faith is in vain, we are yet in our sins, and all who have trusted in Him and died have perished (I Cor. xv, 14-18). If He be not risen from the dead, then His spotless life and His death on the cross go for nothing, as far as the work of redemption is concerned. But He is risen, God hath raised Him from the dead and given Him a seat at His own right hand, and, as He said to John in Patmos, He is alive forevermore and has the keys of business and death (Rev. i, 18). The present business of every believer is to tell out the fact to all the world, as far as each individual may, that through the risen Christ is proclaimed the forgiveness of sins, and all who believe are justified from all things (Acts xiii, 38, 39).

8. "And they went out quickly and fled from the sepulcher, for they trembled and were amazed; neither said they anything to any man, for they were afraid." Matthew says that they departed quickly with fear and great joy and did run to bring His disciples word (Math. xxviii, 8). They would speak to no one by the way, but filled with joy because Jesus was alive and moved by the facts, the angel's message and their own now manifest unbelief, they hastened to tell the disciples. There is nothing inconsistent between this kind of joy and fear. See Phil. ii, 12 and similar passages. We may have great joy in the Lord, and withal a fear of grieving Him.

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Inspect H. Overmeyer's livery, formerly Tripp's, before you engage.

CASTELLANE'S VIEWS.

French Count's Opinion on the American People.

ation is a Reunion of Men Without

Count de Castellane, the father of

arriving in New York one does not

Where is the European sentimental?

In New York one sees few carriages

These trains wind in and out the city

Washington is the cradle of the pres-

So it is that not only the Senators

These politicians, at least, had a high

idea of their value. They don't sell

What is, properly speaking, in the

The American man does not much

Mr. I. McFarlane, 246 Wellington

Suburban Architecture.

(See this column next week for "House

Those writers who take every occa-

More important than all is the fact

Suburban growth is noted not alone

In the great cities and in the manufac-

crowded city houses to the light, airy

A brief description is as follows:

General dimensions: Width, including

Exterior materials: Foundations,

Interior finish: Two coats plaster,

Cost, \$2,500, not including mantels,

The principal rooms, their sizes,

As our homes are built for the en-

national stamp on the architecture of

Mr. Goldwin Smith Replies to Dr.

(From the New York Sun.)

In a leading article the other day,

Dr. Bourinot speaks of me in a style

rest of the country is not the case,

Dr. Bourinot, as the Sun has remark-

His great point is the superiority of

The frequency of elections in Cana-

Mr. Bourinot seems to assume that his

That our provincial and municipal

The United States, at all events, have

Dr. Bourinot is not, I look upon the

Being an Englishman, which Dr.

lived enough among British statesmen

to know that some of the best and most

GOLDWIN SMITH.

COST PER CONVERT.

Money Cost of Various Chicago

Churches.

Some interesting church statistics gathered

by the editor of the Ram's Horn, of Chicago,

were presented by him recently at a meeting

for dinner and discussion, at which 40 men

representing labor, capital, religion and

education were present. These statistics

were made up from the records of 40

Chicago churches and tabulated as follows:

FORTY CHICAGO CHURCHES—A YEAR'S

RECORD.

Value of

Operating Ex-

penditures, In-

cluding Plant.

Conversions.

Cost per Convert.

10 Baptist.....1,110,000

10 Methodist.....1,275,000

10 Presbyterian.....1,245,000

10 Congregational.....1,050,000

10 Foreign Miss.....4,581,000

Totals.....4,924,779

25,325 194

Studying the figures he had gathered

the editor asked himself: "Considered as a

business investment simply, is the church

paying dividends?" In addition to these

HAPPY MEN AND WOMEN

Who Can Relish and Enjoy their Meals

INDIGESTION AND ITS TERRORS

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND RESTORES PER-

FECT DIGESTIVE VIGOR.

Nature's Great Medicine Will Give You a

Healthy and Natural Appetite, Pure

Blood, a Clear Head and

Sound Sleep.

The most miserable mortals in our

communities are those who are weighed

down by obstinate and cruel indiges-

tion. The digestive organs are all out of

gear, and the sufferer is tormented

every hour of the day. The greatest

distress is experienced after eating;

there is heaviness or weight in the pit

of the stomach, almost continual head-

ache, want of appetite, palpitation of

the heart, sluggish and torpid bowels

and constipation.

The common cathartics and medi-

cines of the day only aggravate the suf-

ferer's troubles, and cause him to sink

deeper in the mire of suffering and

despondency.

Nature's wonderful remedy, Paine's

Celery Compound, is the only medicine

generally prescribed by the best

physicians. It acts directly on the

digestive organs, cleanses the blood, and

testimony to the value of Paine's Cel-

ery Compound. For a number of years

I have suffered greatly from indiges-

tion and palpitation of the heart. It

was perfect misery for me to go up

stairs or up a hill, as my breath was

short and weak; and eating a meal was

something I dreaded, as I suffered such

agony afterwards. I could only get tem-

porary relief from doctors' medicines

and remedies. Last summer my heart

troubled me so frequently that I became

weak and miserable—so miserable that

I felt life a burden. I had heard a great

deal of Paine's Celery Compound, but

had no idea it would benefit me in any

way. At last I was persuaded to try

it, and by the time the first bottle was

used I was greatly benefited. I have

used five bottles of the Compound, and

A Remarkable Offer.



While the architectural ar-

ticles are running in this paper,

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paid, the latest Designs of

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accurate estimates to build, etc.

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transportation prepaid, and which I may return if not satis-

factory.

Name

P. O.

State

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bowels, kidneys and liver, carrying off gradu-

ally, without weakening the system, all im-

purities and foul humors. At the same time

B. B. B.

CURES

DYSPEPSIA

SCROFULA

CONSTIPATION

WHEN IN DOUBT

TAKE B. B. B.

Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ADVERTISER--SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

There is dew in one flower and not in another because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the dew runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we lack them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.—[The Lutheran.]

IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

Of the three prose writers—Barrie, Crockett and Ian Maclaren—who now occupy places in the forefront of the ranks of literature it is impossible as yet to decide on the order of merit, even supposing we had the right to do so, which certainly some of our readers would deny, and which fortunately there is no necessity for us to claim. On one point there is no room for disagreement, and that is that they are three men of whom Scotland has just reason to be proud. That they should all have been produced in the same decade as the late Robert Louis Stevenson and the poet John Davidson, about whom we wrote last week, shows how remarkably fertile the period has been in the production of first-class Scotchmen of letters, while the fact that works like theirs have had enormous sales in England as well as Scotland, and likewise on this side of the Atlantic, is a proof of the existence of a large reading public with a taste for good and pure literature.

Compared with Mr. Barrie, who rather climbed his way into fame, the appearance first of Mr. Crockett and then of Ian Maclaren on the horizon of the literary world, and the rapidity of their growth since, have been meteoric in their suddenness and brilliancy. Of Ian Maclaren in particular it may be said, as it was of Byron, that he awoke to find himself famous. The success of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," as he recently told an interviewer, was as much a surprise to him as to any one, and he cannot even yet get over his wonder at it. It is interesting to learn on the same authority that the book was practically forced out of him by an editorial friend, who insisted that he could do good work if he tried, and who kept hammering at him until he did it.

As to the man himself, we are told that he does not look "literary," but (?) is "tall, strongly built, with cleanly carved, decisive features, and the steady, alert eyes which testify to a firm will and a perfectly poised organization"—"one of those born leaders and helpers to whom a man or woman in what is colloquially called 'a tight place' might go with sure expectation of receiving aid, guidance, comprehension, sympathy." As our readers are already aware, he is the minister of a Presbyterian church at Sefton Park, Liverpool, his correct name and designation being the Rev. John Watson. Before going to England he preached for some time in Glasgow, in the church of which Dr. Stalker is now pastor, and prior to that he rusticated for a time at Logiealmond—lying fallow to all appearance even to himself, yet all the time having seed sown in his mind and heart which was in after years to bear fruit and spread its fragrance far and wide through the medium of this book which takes its name from the bonnie brier.

The Perthshire hamlet referred to, destined henceforth to be better known as Drumtochty, was, as it happened, the scene of Mr. Watson's childhood and boyhood days, as well as of his first ministry, and therefore, we can well understand the affection with which he describes its varied charms. Since fame was thrust upon it by means of his book there have been others there to see it, but they found it commonplace—that is common as places are that lie on the Highland border, under the shadow of the Grampian Hills, among the glens of northern Perthshire. Even in Ian Maclaren's time it was not everyone who could see its beauties, or appreciate the wisdom and humor of its natives. Regarding the latter, we are told that they were "no clever and learned folk, like they are"—it was the warm, like what ye Auntie to the Rev. John Carmichael on the eve of his first sermon—"but his folk, like ane wi' a' a' sair trached wi' this world." Again we are told that it never occurred to a marriage had by drow, some of the Drumtochty folk, over the "honor" of the "creatic" bed them, as said, in the other

kind, and the maist o' us are half and between."

Ian Maclaren's father was for many years at the head of the Excise Department in Edinburgh. His mother, before her marriage, was a Miss Maclaren, daughter of a farmer at Gormack, near Blairgowrie, and her influence had an all-powerful effect in moulding his character. She was a genuine Scotchwoman, with a vein of sterling religion and a warm, loving nature. She had high hopes and great aims regarding her boy, and well have they been fulfilled. Ian was educated at Edinburgh University, among his fellow students Dr. Stalker and Dr. George Adam Smith. His holidays were spent on the farm of his uncle John, a typical Scot, who is supposed to have been the original of one of the best characters in the book "Drumtochty." Apart from his work as a writer of fiction, Mr. Watson has done much for his fellowmen, his practice in the pulpit as in his book being, as has been said, to preach the Love of God rather than the fear of Hell. Several times tempting offers have been made to induce him to remove from Liverpool—Dr. Whyte's congregation in Edinburgh among others having tried to get him as a colleague and successor; but to all he has given the same answer, that he was well content with his present sphere of usefulness.—[Scottish American.]

Some Advice to Poets.

New York Sun: The American poetry of the nineteenth century must hold a high rank. Last century, and the century before it, we had not any poet, not one, worthy of the name. But soon after independence was won, and the American mind had become free to soar aloft, the poets began to wing their way over the land. In our century we have had not less than a thousand pretty fair American poets, and at least one hundred of superior merit, and as many as ten of high distinction, and half that number of higher yet, besides one master singer of the empyrean, who was also a philosopher. In these days, which justice regards as degenerate days, American poets abound more than ever. We guess that there are not fewer than 100,000 living American men and women who write poetry; and we must in fairness say that much of it is even good. To the office of the Sun, which is the favored organ of the best American poets alive, there come quantities of poems every day of the week; and so many are they that we are able to print only the choicest of them and that chiefly on Sunday. We have various reasons for rejecting those that we do not print. They nearly always possess some demerit unpleasant to the critical reader. For example, we received the other day a poem entitled "In Secula Seculorum," which was soaked in thought, but was defective in form, and consequently could not appear in the Sun, though it was composed by the author of "A Flag Song," which had met our approval a short time before. About the same time we received another poem, perfect in shape, but lacking in depth, and so it could not be printed in our Sunday issue.

Among the poems sure to be rejected by the Sun, we may mention those that are trivial, or clumsy, or brainless, or too dry, or faulty in rhythm or rhyme, or unintelligible, or morose, or splutterish, or hypochondriacal, or rabid, or hyppish, or ungrammatical, or shatterpated. We like best the poems of lofty spirit, of geniality or humor, of the nobler emotions, of nature, of the higher fantasies, of just satire, of sanctity, and of those blessed affections which bind us one to the other as we pursue our way through the world. These are the poems we like to print.

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said an old skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of this world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.—[The Ram's Horn.]

Mr. Gladstone Defended.

The late Dean Church, of St. Paul's Cathedral, heartily admired Mr. Gladstone's intellectual and moral greatness, although he did not think with him on the question of Home Rule for Ireland. An incident, given by Dr. Barrett, the president of the Congregational Union of England, exhibits the dean's enthusiastic admiration of Mr. Gladstone.

During Mr. Gladstone's last tenure of office as Prime Minister, a clergyman who knew Mr. Gladstone only through the descriptions of hostile critics, said in the presence of Dean Church that he believed Mr. Gladstone a thoroughly insincere man. Instantly the dean rose from his chair, his face paler than usual, and evidently suppressing his feelings, said:

"Insincere! Sir, I tell you that to my knowledge Mr. Gladstone goes from communion with God to the great affairs of state."

Farrar's Message

The Dean of Canterbury's Broad Views—Says Atheism is Dead—And That the Agnostic is Often a Good Christian—Science Versus Religion—Christianity's Greatest Advance Has Been the Increase of Charity and Mercy.

London, May 10.—One of the most broad minded men in England is the new Dean of Canterbury Cathedral, better known as Archdeacon Farrar. He has not moved to his new charge and lives still beneath the gray stone arch of Dean's Yard, scarce younger than the Abbey itself and right in the midst of bustling, noisy Victoria street. I went to see this most loving and lovable of England's churchmen the other day. The grass ovals in front of the gray stone house were green, the birds were flitting from bough to bough and a breath of spring seemed to have crept into the heart of London.

Keepsakes and mementos of his friends strew his study. The names that are associated with them will tell as plainly as his books do why he is not a bishop—the conservatism of the Church of England could not consistently advance a man whose sympathies are so universal. Darwin and Ruskin find a warm place among those friends as celebrated ecclesiastics do. His recent advancement has not surprised his friends less than it has pleased them.

After he had spoken a few kind words of America and Americans he talked on in his sympathetic, optimistic way a little sermon full of hope and sympathy.

"What is the condition of the Church in England to-day?" I inquired.

"The Church is very solid," he said, with a contemplative smile. "Atheism is dead in England, as I believe it to be also in America. Agnosticism is a name for almost anything. I have known it to be the name for a very good and simple sort of Christianity. People say they do not know the secrets of the universe, and they are, therefore, called agnostics. But who does know them? Surely not I. I have my Bible and my faith, as other Christians have their Bibles and their faith. I know what the Bible has taught to me, and I know what my faith has revealed to me, and in this knowledge is my Christianity—my religion. But I do not know the secrets of the universe. If I should learn them—if any finite human being should learn them—then I would be, then he would be, finite no longer, but infinite. And infinite knowledge would overwhelm poor human nature. The man who acknowledges that he does not know need not be separated from the remainder of humanity and given a name by himself. We none of us know. We cannot know. We must not know. The most earnest and the most learned Christian in the world can only have his Bible and his faith."

"But the agnostic has no faith," "Oh, I cannot believe that," said the archdeacon quickly. "We have all of us been too deeply implanted with the traditions of Christianity—of worship for the Divinity, the existence of which is attested by every phenomenon of nature, by every growing grass blade, as loudly as by the rioting thunder storm—to be without faith."

"But does that not savor of superstition?"

"Name it as you please. It will not be less effective in its influence because you name it superstition. It will still be the saving clause. So-called agnostics are not the lost souls that many think them. They are not brave men, but all cannot be brave. If cowardice is born in them, let us pity them, as I believe them generally to be, men who are, unconsciously perhaps, searching among the shadows of their self-acknowledged ignorance for the pearl of conviction which is there, although they do not see it, though they doubt its genuineness, while they really do catch the glimmer of its dimmed glory, let us remember that when they find it, when they realize its worth, they will prize it with an appreciation multiplied by their searchings and their doubts."

In speaking of the progress of Christianity in the last decade he said:

"Our greatest advance has been in the Christian virtue—mercy. See how our treatment of animals is changed. A vast organization, headed by noble men and women, and bearing on its roster the names of a vast number of humbler but equally high-minded persons, protects dumb brutes from cruelty in England. In the United States a similar society, founded by that great humanitarian, Henry Bergh, is thousands strong. Has not Christianity brought these things about? And surely science itself has not made its marvelous advances without incurring a vast debt to Christianity. What

has developed education except Christianity?"

"Does this number of church goers, of open worshipers, keep pace with population in its growth?" I asked.

The broad-minded churchman sank back again into the depths of the cavernous chair from which the earnestness of his remarks had drawn him and expressed an opinion amazing in its width and wisdom, coming as it did, from a high official of the Church of England.

"I do not know," he said slowly, "that that follows, or that it needs to follow. I do not know that the number of 'church goers,' as you describe them, has grown as rapidly as has the number of men and women. I do not know that it has not, mind you."

Then after another brief pause, he started forward again, and with a little gesture of earnestness, exclaimed softly:

"Cannot a man be a Christian unless he attends church? I think he can be. It is, of course, most desirable for all Christians to openly acknowledge their Christianity by regular attendance at a place of worship. It is glorious that we are permitted to gather in public edifices and acknowledge our devotion. It makes us proud of our religion, and pride—the right kind of pride—is a wonderfully good influence. And from each other we gather force. There is power—magnetic and inspiring sympathy—in numbers. Church worship and church membership are great helps, particularly to the young. It is a fine thing for the young man to listen to the Word of our Lord, and to pray to him and feel his presence in the midst of a concourse of other listeners, of other supplicants, of sympathizers. But the voice of God is loud in the wilderness. Does he not adjure us to petition him in secret? What consolation is so passing sweet as that which comes to us when we are alone with him?"

"Ah, no; religion is not churchgoing. Christianity is not form. The love of Christ our Lord is simplicity itself. 'Believe and ye shall be saved.' What could be simpler? Almighty God is truth, and truth is simple. The simple Christian is the true Christian. I believe in churches, and I believe in forms. But they are not all—nay, they are not a tithe! 'Truth is mighty and it shall prevail.' Preval if preached from a pulpit by a priest in vestments; prevail if lived by a believer in a desert; prevail if roared on the mountain top by a winter gale; prevail if breathed in the valley by the most delicate and tiny wild flower of the spring! 'Believe in me and ye shall be saved.' Truth! Truth! Truth! No matter who speaks it or who hears it; no matter whether it be proclaimed in the clarion tones of eloquence or shyly whispered in a secret place, it will prevail!"

He went with me to the door and grasped my hand into a firm, warm, inspiring clasp that made me love him. Dean's Yard was wrapped in the gray mantle of the young night. The two boys had left their sport, the sparrows had ceased their busy chattering, and only twittered drowsily. I paused with the spell of the magnetic presence it had left upon me. "There is a man of God," I thought. "There is a man to really pray for sinners. I see now why two nations love him!"

A Housewife Empress.

The Empress of Germany is not beautiful, but she darns socks and hears her babies say their prayers, and has made her own frocks and is the only housewife empress of this generation. Her epitaph, like that of the virtuous Roman dame, should be: "She kept the house and did needlework." She is the mother of seven lusty sons and one healthy daughter, and Germany is proud of her for it. Under her housewifely influence the big austere palace in Unter den Linden has become as homelike a place as any cottage in all Germany. The home life of the royal family—a trifle bourgeois perhaps—is almost ideal. The Emperor William was somewhat of a rake in his younger days, but this good domestic Empress has reformed him altogether. He does nothing worse now than writing verses and making spectacular journeys. While he cruises about she keeps the house, spans the children and does needlework. This plain, imperial housewife!

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

"The Foundations of Belief."

A Criticism of Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour's Remarkable Book—Some of Its Disappointments.

That one of the foremost of England's statesmen and the future parliamentary leader under Conservative rule should have turned aside from the busy field of politics and given the English-speaking world a theological work which should have aroused the attention of leading minds everywhere, is no less a sign of the times than it is otherwise cause for satisfaction. As for Mr. Balfour, he finds himself dissatisfied with certain finished systems of thought, which he would drop off "like derelicts at sea." So he puts aside alike the naturalism of the materialists and the idealism of the Hegelians. And what does Mr. Balfour take up with instead? Briefly he says among the causes of our beliefs none are so irresistible as inheritance, tradition, nationality, the zeitgeist or time-spirit, the custom of the age, etc. In other words, the "custom" whose "authority" Mr. Balfour prefers to the dictates of reason is the mere product of the social environment—yet not of that alone, but of the "preferential action" of God by which he imposes the knowledge of the truth upon mankind. The explanation of mind and of matter is in the purpose of God. Therefore the idea of God, the necessity of the incarnation in order that God might reveal himself to his creatures, these are among Mr. Balfour's premises along which he unfolds his thought in carefully written pages which cannot fail, as indeed they already have not failed, to secure the attention of thoughtful men.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this view is not in accord with that held by the devotees of phenomena. To these naturalists reason, so far as her dealings can be discerned, is the master force of human history. Not so, however, in Mr. Balfour's view, who sees with many others—and it is a fact that was only the other day reaffirmed in this journal—that the reaction from materialism has already begun to set in. Thus according to Mr. Balfour the peculiar and extraordinary feature of the outlook at the end of this nineteenth century is that it is "already beginning to appear that the principal result of the application of the principles of Darwinian science to human affairs must be, not the rationalistic interpretation of the scheme of development at work in the world, but the final deposition of reason from the central place that we had come to assume that it occupied." And Mr. Balfour adds, by way of explanation, that "it is not indeed that reason is to be simply discredited; it is rather that it must, with no uncertain voice, be relegated to an inferior and subordinate function." So according to Mr. Balfour the world with all its multifarious phenomena and its wonderful history is to be interpreted by religion, not by reason.

In that view the law of design is restated in a way to claim for it the ultimate furtherance of religion; in this view not merely the little country of Palestine needs the revealed Word to interpret its unification, its division, and the departure of the scepter from Judah, but all nations with their historical records are only so many pieces on the world's great chess board moved by the fiat of the Almighty.

Of course it is impossible to establish such a theory by appeal to history. That is to say, while it may be assumed that God rules and does his will among the inhabitants of earth, it cannot be established that reason plays the small part in the government of the world that Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Kidd in his "Social Evolution," assume. This is the weak point in both these writers, and lays them open to attack from those whose entire convictions are centered upon a pronounced Christian Theism. No one is quicker to perceive the joints in the harness than Principal Fairbairn, as he shows in his review of Mr. Balfour's position in the current Contemporary Review. That pure naturalism is wholly insufficient to show us man as an ethical, aesthetic and rational being goes without saying, and Dr. Fairbairn sharply insists upon it. And our Edinburgh professor is clearly right in pointing out that the disappointing part of the book is its essentially negative character. It indeed argues away the basis of materialistic empiricism, but the principles on which it does this leave us nothing that we can be sure of. "If faith in one class of beliefs is broken down, the result is more likely to be that all classes will suffer, than that any one class will specially benefit." Mr. Balfour seems to have belittled the office of reason in forming belief, in order to extol what he designates as "the function of authority." Now whether or not authority in anything more than what Home calls custom or Herbert Spencer describes as "the accumulated and

ASK FOR INFORMATION.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return mail.

transmitted experience of the race, of the state or the family," it is itself certainly nothing less than a result of the previously acting reason of the race which is being constantly modified by the intellectual and ethical processes of the individual. There is only another way of saying that God directs man and uses him as an instrument by operating through his reason no less than through his affection.

Mr. Balfour has undoubtedly performed a good service in putting forth his plea for Christian Theism as the determining factor for interpreting the world of mind and matter. In this with Professor Prestwich he declares uniformitarianism to be "a scientific fetic," asserts with Lord Kelvin that the universe shows "overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design;" joins Mr. Kidd in rebuking certain scientists for belittling religion, and no doubt would quote approvingly, if he quoted at all, Goethe's definition of religion as "the deepest, nay, the one theme of the world's history, to which all others are subordinate." To his general view that history is to be interpreted by religion the assent will be hearty and emphatic. But reason is not yet to be dethroned so long as she is given the position of consort to religion. We live by faith; and Mr. Balfour often voices this fact in his pages. His belief in a God capable of preferential action; in an inspiration limited to no age, to no country, to no people; in an incarnation which may transcend science, but which is "the abiding place of the highest reality," in Christianity as a religion so "effectually fitted to minister to our ethical needs" as to be made more credible by the mystery of evil,—these and more we gladly accept, however we may feel called upon at times to reject certain processes by which Mr. Balfour would impress his convictions upon others.—[Christian Work.]

Should First Cousins Marry

The impression prevails widely that first cousins ought not to marry, though it would be difficult for most persons to state a reason for this belief, and the rule is very often broken. A very clear and concise statement of the matter is made in the Hospital, March 30, and we quote the principal part of it below:

"The question of the actual anatomical and physiological causes of physical disabilities in the offspring of first cousins is well worthy of the most thorough investigation. In a complex vital organism like the human body, one need not be surprised to find occasional or even frequent departures from the normal standard of physical and mental perfection. Such departures will naturally vary in kind and degree in different families. Thus, one family may have defective lungs, another feeble hearts, another inactive livers, another poor eyesight, another an inadequate auditory apparatus, and so on. If the members of such families are fortunate enough to marry persons who are free from the same class of anatomical and physiological peculiarities, such peculiarities will naturally tend to be dismissed, perhaps by so much as half, in their offspring, and in the course of generations of physiologically fortunate marriages they may disappear. But if, on the other hand, persons of the same blood and family, such as first cousins, all of whom must necessarily be more or less similar in structure and function, marry each other, then their peculiarities will tend, not to be dismissed, but to be increased, perhaps doubled. So that, taking hearing as a sense which is somewhat deficient in a given family, one would expect that two first cousins marrying, whose hearing tended to be imperfect, would produce offspring who would be very likely to be deaf, and that not merely in old age, but in youth, or even in childhood. The same, of course, is true of all sorts of physical and mental peculiarities as well as of hearing. If people would but bear in mind that the union of persons who have similar defects, more especially if they are blood relations, tends to intensify those defects, exactly as piling coal on a bright fire infallibly produces augmented heat, they would save themselves much bitter remorse, and avoid the maledictions of a class of imperfect human beings who not seldom curse the day they were born."

W. C. T. U. Department.

All contributions to this department should be sent addressed to HOME GUARD Office, London, Ont. Postcard items are desired from every Union throughout the Dominion.

Woman Suffrage and the W. C. T. U.

(From the Union Synod.)

Shall the Woman's Christian Temperance Union as an organization espouse the suffrage cause? was once a vexed question with us. It was settled so long ago and so completely that it seems late in the day to reopen the matter; but as some of our sisters have appealed to us on the subject we will briefly review our reasons for considering the action of the National in this regard wise. The question, so far as White Ribboners are concerned, has ceased almost entirely to be one of doubt concerning the righteousness and desirability of woman suffrage itself. It is now simply, is it best for our temperance army in its organic capacity to take up suffrage? Is it not better to keep solely to distinctively temperance work lest we alienate some who would otherwise work with us?

In answer to this, let it be said that the question had resolved itself into this before the National did take a stand for suffrage, and doubt as to the expediency of avowing our principles was all that presented an earlier endorsement of the suffrage movement. A fair trial proved that the keep-still policy did not have the desired effect of bringing into our ranks the anti-suffragists. They had become such a natural and inevitable result of their temperance work. Consequently, the opposers of suffrage identified the principles of the organization with those of the majority of its members, and were quite as effectually alienated as they were afterwards when the W. C. T. U. in its organic capacity declared for suffrage.

The same is true to day in some of our Southern States, where the State unions, desiring to keep themselves free from unpopular questions and work only along lines in which all good people can unite, refuse to endorse suffrage. Because very many, perhaps the most, of their members are suffragists and exercise their undoubted right to advocate suffrage as individuals, the anti-suffragists hold aloof from the W. C. T. U., even bitterly oppose it, and accuse its members of hypocrisy. A negative reason, then, for avowing our principles as an organization is that we gain nothing by the opposite course.

But the very fact that our women as a whole are suffragists would seem to indicate a positive reason for our position. It would seem that there is some natural connection between the two causes of temperance and suffrage. This is the case, and this is why our women are so largely suffragists. Almost without exception, our White Ribboners began their temperance work conservatives on the question of woman's place in the universe. They have become suffragists because the inexorable logic of events forced them to be. They began their work by attacking the saloon, but very soon it began to dawn upon them that they were but imitating Bridget with her mop, expending their energies in futile attempts to mop up the water with the faucet turned on at full force. They saw that it was the liquor traffic, not the saloons that must be annihilated if any permanent ends were to be reached, but immediately found that the liquor power had its hand on the mainspring of all political action, and that legislatures, courts, municipal authorities and political parties waited on its commands.

Our women used all the womanly arts which they had been taught to believe were omnipotent with men, only to find that such arts availed nothing against the money, the votes and the political power of the liquor traffic. To their sore dismay and bitter disappointment, they learned that in politics a disfranchised person is nothing but a cipher on the wrong side of a decimal point. This being true prohibition and woman suffrage are inseparable issues, and it is clearly the simplest and the wisest course to carry out in this matter also the policy we have adopted in other matters and avail ourselves of our great organization to forward this, a cause allied to temperance.

Moreover, the very fact of our W. C. T. U. endorsing suffrage is one of the strongest arguments we can bring for suffrage. There can be no plea so powerful with conscientious people, with those who are given to candidly weighing the opinions of other conscientious people, as the fact that while woman suffrage associations, according to their own testimony and that of their opponents, worked for years with very little success in winning women themselves to the cause, a few years' work along a line of practical reform converted these same women. It is but another exemplification of the principle in accordance with which Anglo-Saxon civilization has progressed: we will not revolutionize for a mere theory, but if any man has a grievance, let him state it and we will then consider remedies.

Women could be aroused to ask for the ballot only when their real need became evident to them. To-day they are stating the reasons which convinced them and the sense of justice

which, in spite of much wronging of others, is really strong in our race, is responding to the appeal. To most men the strongest reason for granting suffrage to women is that foremost women of the land, those who along one line or another are devoting themselves to the uplift of humanity, are declaring that for the interests of their work it is necessary that the ballot be given to woman. The best men of the land are ready to fulfill the promise constantly reiterated in the earlier stages of the suffrage movement, "when women themselves want the ballot they shall have it." We fully believe, therefore, that the temperance and suffrage questions are inseparable, that they mutually reinforce one another and, therefore, it is best that the Women's Christian Temperance Union espouse, as it has done, the suffrage cause.

Recipes for Communion Wine.

"He took the cup." It is reasonable to suppose that if it had been important that the cup should contain exactly the same kind of fluid in all future "remembrances" that it did on that initial occasion of the Lord's Supper, we should have been told explicitly what the fluid was. We are indeed left to infer that it was grape-juice, from the expression of Christ, "I say unto you that I will drink no more of this product of the vine, till that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." (Literal from Matthew). So the "new product of the vine" was probably in the cup, and we shall not be very wide of the mark if we have the same.

The best, the safest, and the cheapest way to secure it is to prepare it ourselves directly from the fruit. The methods for doing this are perfectly simple to those who understand the canning of fruit, and that is easily understood. The main points are to have the juice boiling hot when sealed and the sealing perfect, so that no air can enter.

The following recipe is given by Mrs. Beyer, superintendent of the department of communion wine for Pennsylvania:

FRUIT OF THE VINE.

"Scald the grapes, and strain the juice as for jelly. Sweeten to taste, bring to the boil, bottle and seal in bottles or jars as fruit is sealed. If in bottles, put the cork level with the neck, and cover with cement. After having been opened it must be reheated and resealed, and the bottle must be full. By this means it can be kept sweet for years."

The following, which has been largely used by Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Boole, gives some additional particulars:

"Express the juice from the grapes in the same way as for jelly; sweet Concord grapes are the cheapest as well as probably the best. To about seven cups of the juice add one cup of white sugar, and let it boil for five minutes. Seal up while hot in glass fruit-jars. When required for use, dilute with one-half the quantity of water."

The same is recommended by Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, who, after many trials of specimens prepared by dealers, prefers to have it prepared at home from the fresh fruit in its season. When this is not obtainable he finds grape jelly the best resource, diluting it until it makes a pleasant drink.

It is often made too sweet. That it should be palatable is a common-sense requirement. We insist upon that in whatever is placed upon our tables, and we should not be less careful with what is placed upon the Lord's table. While it is true that we do not use it to gratify taste, there should be nothing about the taste to distract attention from the sacred reflections suited to the ordinance. That is one of the counts against fermented wine; it sets the reformed man wild with appetite for the wine itself.

The disciples had a decided advantage in the fact that they used a drink as familiar to them as water is to us. It is possible that we may yet use water when we become convinced that the Lord cares less about the particular form of the symbol than he does for our purity of heart and consecration of service. Christ calls himself "the Living Water." We see much hope for our temperance work in America in the fact that we consider water good enough for common use, and that we do not allow ourselves to demand even sweet cider and sweet wine as a beverage. They have proved dangerous drinks in the past. "Lead us not into temptation."

The Tempted Sexton.

He was a reformed and converted man. His clear experience, given with emphasis and earnestness, often moved to tears those who attended the meetings for religious experience. He had been wicked, debased, an abandoned character; but he was soundly converted, and his whole life gave evidence of the genuineness of the change. His personal habits were changed; his wife and family were provided for, he seemed to be living in a new world, and his very face beamed with continual delight.

His new religious friends lent a helping hand, and made him "a door-keeper

in the house of the Lord." But in this connection he met with his first great temptation. He was required to go to the rum-seller and purchase for the table of the Lord a supply of the very thing which had been to him a snare, a curse, and for years the instrument of his greatest debasement. Ah me, that the Lord should require such a thing at his hands! and if he does not require it, how dare we?

The tempter was ready to take advantage of the opportunity, and the brimming glass was smilingly offered to the profitable customer. Fortunately the purchase was completed, and eagerly seizing it, he actually ran away from the temptation.

Warned by his aroused appetite, he watched with dread the approach of the communion cup the next day in the church, and finally he ran away from that, as he had run out of the saloon. Under the old dispensation the altar was a place of safety to which the innocent could flee and be safe. Have we improved upon it in our Christian churches when we make it necessary for the poor, drink-tempted man to run out of the church and away from his brethren for safety? Surely there is a grievous wrong somewhere.

Still another temptation awaited him. He was left alone with the wine to put it away. And then it seemed as if the tempter came to him almost in a visible form, and he heard an audible voice saying: "Hans, what a fool you are! Here is plenty of the good wine, such as you were brought up on at home; drink and be satisfied!" How desire sprang up and asserted itself! If he had dallied a moment, all would have been lost, but he cried to God for help, and with trembling haste he hurried through the task, and tore himself away, weak from the very intensity of the struggle.

Fortunately he heard of the unfettered wine, and his brethren were not deaf to his entreaties to make the change. Thanks to the W. C. T. U. it was attainable; and the weak brother is no longer obliged to pass through this terrible ordeal of temptation.

Not knowing the circumstances, the supply at a certain time was not very promptly forthcoming, but his eagerness could not brook the delay. "I would walk the streets all night before I would go through that temptation again," he said earnestly.

May the Lord keep him and speed the time when such "stones of stumbling" shall be removed from the feet of all who enter the Church of our God.

Gleanings.

The bishop of London, presiding at a recent pledge-signing meeting in Exeter Hall, stated that he felt bound for the sake of example to become a total abstainer.

One woman's patient and loving fingers stitched the two thousand yards of cloth and bound with four thousand yards of braid the temperance petition, which is to go to all nations of the world. No wonder she often said, when about her task of years, that she wished the men would behave themselves. —[Golden Rule.]

A photograph album will be required in the saloons of New Zealand, if the proposed local option bill is carried into effect. A clause of this bill provides that every one convicted of habitual drunkenness shall be photographed at his own expense and every saloon-keeper in the district where he lives must be supplied with a copy.

Chief Khama, the native South African, who has stood so manfully against the proposed encroachments of the liquor merchants within his domain paid a visit to England recently. As a Christian chief, he will not be satisfied with anything less than the total prohibition of the liquor traffic in his country. He has received the support of Queen Victoria, who has by telegram assured him of her aid in his righteous efforts to keep the curse of the liquor traffic from entering Khama-land.

It is encouraging to know that the war against the deadly cigarette is progressing favorably. There are now 40,000 school boys of New York who are fighting the cigarette by means of their Anti-Cigarette League. Some idea of the enthusiasm with which the work has been entered into may be inferred from the fact that the other day, when School Commissioner Hubbard presented the subject to 5,000 boys, less than 200 failed to enroll themselves. If now only the parents at home would supplement the efforts of the boys, great good might be accomplished.

A minister once asked a saloon-keeper if his conscience never troubled him respecting his business. The man said: "Come inside, sir." It was the middle of the day. There were none of the usual customers about. My friend went in. The grogeller went behind his own bar, and leaning on it, said: "Reverend sir, there are times when I stand behind this bar and look at the men who fill this room; I hear their blasphemy and their lewd songs; I see their fighting and their awful misconduct, and I often say to myself, 'If there is a picture of hell on our earth, it is in places like this.'"

In his address before the excise committee of the Legislature at Albany in opposition to the Sunday Opening Bill, Bishop Doane made use of the following strong language: "They (liquor dealers) have no right to exact servile labor from their employes on the day of rest, or to turn free men into slaves by subjection to the disgust-

ing master of drink. They have no right to open places of temptation to weak men on the very day in the week when they have the most money and the most leisure to yield to the temptation. They have no right to disturb the peace and order of the day of rest. Above all they have no right, in the interest of selfishness and sensuality and sin, to ask you to legalize what is like an injury to society and an indignity to God." This is the argument in a nutshell.

One of the stock objections to women's emancipation is that women do not risk their lives by fighting for their country. In this connection it is interesting to know that when Deputy Bebel introduced the Woman's Emancipation bill into the German Parliament, in February, 1895, he pointed out that between the years 1816 and 1875 three hundred and twenty-two thousand women had died in childbirth; thus proving that there was a greater mortality amongst women from this cause than the wars had caused amongst men. Deputy Bebel added that this fact alone ought already to have entitled women to equal civic rights.

Gladstone exerted so strong an influence for temperance while at college that it lasted long after he graduated. Cardinal Manning said there was less wine drunk at Oxford during the forties than there would have been if Gladstone had not been there in the thirties. He despised coarse stories, and would not let them be told in his presence. In this Gladstone was like Gen. Grant. It is related of Grant that an officer once came into a room full of military men, exclaiming, "Boys, I have such a good story for you! There are no ladies present, I believe?" "No," said Grant curtly, "but please to remember that there are gentlemen present." The story was not told.

The cause of total abstinence receives this bit of testimony from the Chicago Herald: "Any one coming into contact with the swifter currents of city life will learn that there are hundreds of men who abstain from drinking, not because they have any hatred for alcohol, but because they have certain objects in life, and have learned by experience or observation that the use of whisky would interfere with their plans. They are well content that other men in their same line of business, or those with whom they deal, should drink, if they want to drink, but as calculating sports and speculators, they have gone over the records and have decided that the liquor traffic is a handicap."

—As soon as it was known that one man had risen, then at once all men looked up and saw for the first time how much there was in their life which told them they should be immortal too. It had all been there before, but now for the first time they saw it. His resurrection was the power that was needed to make the elements of belief, which man had long been collecting unconsciously from his experience, unite and form a clear, compact, intelligible faith in resurrection both of soul and body. This is the office of our Lord's resurrection as revealing ours. It does not create the fact, but shows it, which office seems to be described in those words of Paul which say that Jesus Christ "brought life and immortality to light." —[Phillips Brooks.]

The Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., an eminent English clergyman and reformer, on being asked recently, "Which produces more crime, do you think—drink or gambling?" replied, "Drink, undoubtedly. Gambling is an increasing plague among men, and also among women. But it is not a noticeable cause of crime among women, though I believe it will be. At present crimes through gambling are chiefly confined to certain classes—such as clerks and postoffice men. But drink counts for every form of crime—suicide, stealing, murder. In England and Wales 50 per cent of crime is directly, and 25 per cent indirectly, attributed to intemperance, which is slightly decreasing among men, but largely increasing among women of all classes. This is a moderate estimate, below that given by many experts. Other chief causes of crime are the absence of direct moral teaching in schools, Sunday schools, and from the pulpit; the love of luxury and finery, and the absence of a cumulative or progressive system of punishment for the same offenses. Poverty is to a small extent the cause of crime."

The East Leeds election was a very notable triumph for the temperance party and augurs well for the Local Veto Bill. There is no doubt that not only Conservatives and those interested in the liquor traffic, but some Liberal election agents have believed that it but required that the bill should be prominently before the people and its defeat was certain. Mr. Leuty, the winning candidate at the East Leeds election, so far from endorsing this view, never ceased throughout the fight, to place the Veto Bill forward; and in returning thanks for his election he distinctly ascribed his greatly increased majority to temperance, asserting also that the election had been won on the Local Veto Bill. The temperance party have always trusted the people in this matter, and still believe that if only the issue is plain enough, either at a local or general election, such are the moral instincts of the people at large, that they will, with comparatively few exceptions, cast

their votes against a traffic so baneful to the community as that in liquor has proved itself to be. One greatly reassuring fact in connection with this East Leeds contest, which took place in a working-class constituency, must be that public morality is by no means so low amongst the masses as has been given out. An influential religious journal says with reference to recent elections, that "the great curse of the party of progress just now is the absence of lofty ideal among too many of the wirepullers and officials."

The Methodist Times, which is doing yeoman service in behalf of the Local Veto Bill, writing last week says: "We are greatly delighted that the Council of the Church of England Temperance Society, which has never before thrown its weight officially in the direction of genuine temperance reform, adopted a resolution unanimously last Tuesday, expressing a hope that Sir Wm. Harcourt's Bill may be read a second time. This is one of the best signs of the hour. If the spiritually-minded members of the Church of England have the moral courage to sever themselves from the liquor trade and to stand up bravely on the side of temperance and justice, the Local Veto Bill is safe. Good men in the Church of England have an unprecedented opportunity now of rendering that communion a service which will never be forgotten. The extent to which the Church of England has been identified with the liquor trade has done immense mischief. We know that many of the most distinguished dignitaries of the Establishment greatly deplore this infamous association and would thankfully do anything in their power to free their communion from so demoralizing and disreputable a companionship. Now is their great opportunity. Let them follow the brave example of their own temperance society, and this source of corruption will receive a blow from which it will never recover."

One factor in the perplexing legal-temperance question we can always trust. That is the sagacity of our enemy. It may modify your confidence in the views expressed in your editorial to find that John M. Atherton, president of the National Liquor-Dealer's Association, shrewdly regards your views respecting local option as "the best weapon" against prohibition.

The two most effective weapons with which to fight prohibition are high license and local option. The true policy for the trade to pursue is to advocate as high a license as they can in justice to themselves afford to pay, because the money thus raised tends to relieve all owners of property from taxation and keeps the treasuries of the towns and cities pretty well filled. This catches the ordinary taxpayer, who cares less for the sentimental opposition to our business than he does for taxes on his property. Local option is local prohibition, but the experience is that there are always enough license counties mixed in with the no-license counties to practically supply the latter with all the liquor they need. Sooner or later the trade may be able to defeat the local option feature, but until prohibition is destroyed or its political efforts broken I repeat that our best weapons to fight it with are high license and local option by townships.

Macon, Ga. WALTER B. HILL.

A Brutal Father.

Far too familiar and common are the stories of brutal deeds and fearful outrages committed by men under the influence of liquor. But nothing of this kind has come under our observation recently, so shocking as the story told in the New York Tribune of April 23, of the conduct of a drunken father in his home, where the body of a young daughter lay awaiting burial. The father was not present when the daughter died, but he came home after the body lay in the coffin and friends were weeping around. This was the scene as described in the Tribune: "He was drunk, and his clothes were covered with mud. He stared around vacantly for a few minutes, looking aimlessly at the crowd. Then he began to make a noise. 'Can't you see, Bob,' cried his wife, 'Mamie's dead?' 'You're a liar,' shouted King; 'she ain't nussin' of the sort.' Then his temper got beyond bounds, and King struck his wife a terrific blow in the face, knocking her across the coffin in which lay the dead body of her daughter. Then he drove the guests out of the room with a chair, and ended by knocking the coffin down from its rest, and breaking it all to pieces, while the body of the young girl rolled out on the floor. Even that sight did not

sober him, and King turned his attention to his daughter who was alive, hitting her in the face and kicking her." The police arrived just in time to prevent the drunken fiend from brain-ing his remaining daughter with a club. This is what drink did for one man and one home. How is it possible to read and know of deeds like these and not be possessed with a consuming desire to overthrow and destroy the traffic which makes such deeds possible?

In ignorance I thought,

In silly fear, and foolishness, and dread—
God doth remember all the sins I wrought,
And doth forget how needy is my lot.

But no, instead,

When I his message read,
I found it was my needs on which he thought,

My sins that He, because of Christ, forgot.

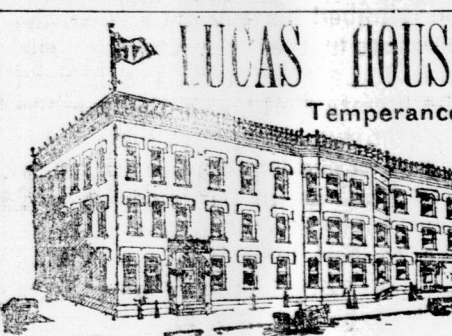
—Anna Temple.

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Our Young People

The Day After.

Oh dear! it's so far to next Christmas! Seems long as forever and more. I've been counting the days over 'n' over—

Three hundred and sixty-four! That's a dreadful lot to be waiting To hang up your stocking, you see; But to-morrow—that's something—there's only Three hundred and sixty-three!

An Unfortunate Day.

Teddy commenced the day by breaking his mamma's cut glass perfume bottle. He had gone to her room to say good morning to her, and was leaning against the dressing-table, when over went the bottle on the floor, broken into twenty pieces.

"Dear me!" said he, "I don't know how that happened, mamma. I'm just as sorry as I can be."

"It will do no good to cry about it, only you should be more careful, Teddy," said mamma. "Now run down-stairs and see if you can help Bridget with the breakfast."

"Good morning, Bridget, can I help you?" he asked when he reached the kitchen.

"Yes, you little dear, you can take that cup of cream down cellar, if you want to," she replied, pleased with his sudden helpfulness. "But be careful and don't spill it. We will need it for tea."

"Yes," said Teddy. He wished Bridget wouldn't always tell him to be careful of things.

As he passed the pantry window he saw Fred Bates walking down the street.

In a twinkling the cup was set on a chair and Teddy was running to meet him.

"That cream will be all right," he said to himself. "I must ask him if he can go fishing in Willow Brook this afternoon."

When he came back he found the cup on the chair, empty, and Clover, the cat, contentedly licking the cream from her whiskers.

"Oh dear!" sighed Teddy, "I do have the worst time. I s'pose we'll have to eat our strawberries 'thout cream."

"You may come to the breakfast-table if you think you can get through without any accidents," said brother Tom, who was fond of teasing people.

Teddy did succeed very well, only spilling some sugar on the table-cloth instead of on his oatmeal. After breakfast his mamma sent him out in the garden to play.

"I guess I'll hoe the corn," he said to himself. "It looks very needy and papa will be pleased if I do."

He had chopped off nearly a third of the tender sprouts when Tom stopped him.

"I can't seem to do anything right to day," he said. "I think I'll lie down under the cherry tree. Pretty soon he dropped asleep, and slept until noon."

When he went into the garden after dinner, he saw Clover crossing the lower end of the garden near the fence.

"Mamma said there was a mouse in the attic," Teddy said to himself. "I'll take her up now, so she can catch it."

He ran after her, and just when he thought he had his hand on her, she slipped through the hole in the fence he had forgotten to tell his papa about. "Just my luck," he said with a disgusted look.

About two o'clock Fred Bates appeared with his fishing-pole and bait box.

"Are you ready, Ted?" he called. "You needn't bring bait along, for I've enough for both of us."

"All right," answered Teddy. "I guess I'll take my big hooks along to catch some whooppers."

So off they started, Lucky, Fred's spaniel, frisking along in front. When they reached the cool shade of Willow Brook, they "rigged up" in a hurry.

"I know we can catch some fish in that pool by the bank. It looks so dark and deep," said Fred.

"I'm going out on those little stepping stones in the middle," said Ted.

"You'll fall off. See if you don't. Better stay here," advised Fred.

"I'm not as 'fraid as some people are," said Ted with a lofty air.

He reached the stones safely and both boys fished silently for a few minutes. All of a sudden Fred jerked his line quickly, and landed a little perch. As Ted whirled around to see what had happened, he lost his balance and fell headlong into the water.

Fred screamed and jumped up and down wildly on the bank, crying "Help! Water! Drowned!"

Lucky plunged into the pool and seized Ted by the coat sleeve, and after a few minutes' hard struggle, he landed him safely.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Fred, anxiously. "Shall I call somebody to help you home?"

"No, I think I can walk," Ted said shyly.

"I think we'd better run so you won't get cold. Here, put on your jacket," Fred.

When they were half-way home they met Tom, who carried Ted in his arms, and the rest of the way. As mamma

was tucking him in bed, after giving him some hot tea, he said to her:

"I think it was just as well I fell into the water, mamma. I'd have broken my head or something if I had been up the rest of the day. I've been so unfortunate to-day."

"I think that my little man has been careless instead of unfortunate," said mamma. "You think it over, and see if you don't agree with me."

Rubber Boots.

Johnny sat before the fire, warming his toes.

Beside him stood his new rubber boots, warming their toes. They were the pride of his heart. He wouldn't have taken them off if it had not grown too dark to work on his snow man.

He had caught a whiff of something warm and good, too, when the kitchen door opened. So when mamma called him he came at the first call, which rather surprised her, considering the boots.

He sat by the fire, thinking over the day; and surely nothing could have better pleased a boy whose best Christmas present was a pair of rubber boots, than a big thaw the very first day after Christmas.

He was planning a glorious time for to-morrow, when grandma, reading his newspaper on the other side of the fire, began to sniff the air.

"Seems to me I smell rubber burning," he said.

Johnny snatched up his boots. They felt pretty hot.

"Let me see them," grandma said. "They're not hurt this time," he said, "but you must be careful how you dry them, or they'll meet the same fate my first pair did."

"I was a good deal bigger than you are when I got my first pair," grandma said, putting down his paper to make room for Johnny on his knees.

"I had never heard of such a thing as rubber, to say nothing of rubber boots and overshoes when I was seven years old."

Johnny looked pityingly at grandma. "What did you wear when it was wet?"

"Our cowhide boots, oiled," grandma said. "But the fall I was 12, when father made his yearly visit to New York, he brought home a pair of rubber boots for himself. They were a great curiosity, for we had read of the new waterproof shoes and boots that were made from a kind of gum."

"When I saw my father's boots, I made up my mind to have a pair. I told my father, and he laughed. Then he told me what they would cost, and it was more money than I had possessed in all my short life. But I began to save. Here a penny, and there another, I put away in an old tin box. I went without everything in the way of tops and marbles that I could not make for myself."

"When father and mother saw how earnest I was, they helped me what they could. But pennies were not plenty in those days, and when spring came I had only \$1 toward the boots."

"One day in early summer a hired man went home sick, and there was a great deal to do. Father was worried. That onion bed ought to be weeded now, and I don't see how I am to get it done. Then turning to me—'It's hard work, Henry, but it would more than pay for the boots.'

"I'll do it!" I said. So I went to work, and if ever weeds grew fast, they did that summer; and if ever the sun shone straight down, it did during those long, hot days, on the back of a tired, dirty boy in the onion bed. But the thought of the boots kept me at it, day after day, and at last the onions were ready for market."

"When father came back from New York that fall he brought my boots, and I know I was the proudest boy in the county."

"I was the envy of all the boys at school, but by and by they grew tired of my vanity. At last, one day, it rained very hard and steadily all day long. When school was out, and we reached the bottom of the hill, the little creek, which we usually crossed on stepping-stones, was swollen to three times its size, and roaring like a river. 'We'll have to go round by the bridge,' said one boy. 'I won't,' I bragged. 'Ho!' said one, 'even your fine boots won't take you over dry shod.'

"But I had stepped in. I thought I could keep on the stepping-stones, but I missed them."

"Down I went! and my boots were full of water. Oh, how hard it was to lift my feet!"

"The boys laughed. I didn't deserve any pity."

"When I got home I put my boots by the fire to dry, after I emptied the water out and went upstairs for some dry clothes."

"But I put my boots too close to the fire; and when I smelled them burning, and ran down to save them, I was too late."

"I was well laughed at by the boys, but I began at once to save money for another pair. But we had a good teacher that winter, and I made up my mind to go to college, and the money went for that."—[Fannie L. Brent, in Youth's Companion.]

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

With The Poets.

Nesting on the Plains.

(An incident related by Mrs. Custer in her lecture, "Marching on the Plains.")

The evening had been red, the morning gray, Yet on the march of that mid-April day

We had for sunshine but a hazy glare; The sky-line wavered in the sultry air.

Northward and east and south a weltering waste Was all the world we saw. The column faced

The setting sun, and at the vanguard's head The fair-haired chief of border warfare led

Dragon and infantry and transport train— A broad black line drawn straight across the plain;

The scouts in rear with rifle swung on thigh, Wiry of limb, alert of ear and eye.

The air was thick with bodings; peril lay In copse of cottonwood and in the play

Of vaporous shadows in the grass-lands' dip. A sudden smile unbent the General's lip;

No word escaped him, but his charger's swerve From the right line of march drew wide a curve

Upon the short lush grass, and in it trode Horse and foot soldier; then, the creaking load

Of baggage waggons, rocking side from side, Followed the track worn by the living tide.

Mutely obedient all, yet each askance Cast o'er his shoulder as he passed a glance,

And saw—a ruffled bunch of feathers brown Hovering above four twittering tufts of down!

Only a nest of withered grass, built low That prairie gales might harmless come and go,

With no forboding in the builder's ken Of haps more tell born of the strife of men.

O soul of mine! the child of God's dear care! Too proud or blind His gracious love to share

With meadow-lark and fledgling in their nest— If ruth all-human in the soldier's breast

Could change an army's course to spare a bird— Shall not the pitying Power that, with a word,

Can raise a nation or pull down a star, Throw 'round thy little life a sacred bar,

To warring hosts a sweet and awful sign Of his sure pledge—"I keep that which is Mine!" —[Marian Howland.]

Isolation.

O brother planets, unto whom I cry, Know ye, in all the worlds, a gladder thing

Than this glad life of ours, this wandering Among the eternal winds that wander by!

Ever to fly, with white star-faces set Quenchless against the darkness, and the wet

Pinions of all the storms—on, on alone, With radiant locks outblown,

And sun-strong eyes to see Into the sunless maze of all futurity.

Not ours the little measure of the years, The bitter-sweet of summer that soon wanes,

The briefer benison of springtime rains; Nay, but the thirst of all the living spheres,

Full-fed with mighty draughts of dark and light, The soul of all the dawns, the love of night,

The strength of deathless winters, and the boon Of endless summer noon.

Look down, from star to star, And see the centuries—a flock of birds, afar.

Afar! But we, each one God's sentinel, Lifting on high the torches that are His,

Look forth to one another o'er the abyss, And cry, Eternity—and all is well!

So ever journey we, and only know The way is his, and unto Him we go. Through all the voiceless desert of the air,

Through all the star-dust there, Where none has ever gone, Still singing, seeking still, we wander on and on.

O brother Planets, ye to whom I cry, —Yet hath a strange dream touched me; for a cloud

Flared, like a moth, within mine eyes. I bowed

My head, and, looking down through all the sky,

I saw the little earth, far down below— The earth that all the wandering winds do know.

Like some ground-bird, the small, beloved one Fluttered about the sun;

Ah, were that little star Only a signal-light of love for us afar! —Josephine Preston Peabody in Atlantic Monthly.

Shakespeare's Heroines.

Some Briefly Mentioned—A Plea for Better Actresses.

(Albany Argus.)

In Shakespeare's heroines we find unveiled and revealed every type of womanhood, every phase of passion and emotion. Look at Portia. Could anything be more cleverly accomplished than her spirited plea for her lover's friend? We might call her Shakespeare's ideal of the "new woman."

She rises to every emergency, but through all her assumption of the young judge's dignity and youthful eloquence, she never forgets her womanliness, and when the judicial robe is removed, she also drops the pretended manliness of the court. She combines all the frankness and fearlessness of the woman, with the timidity and unpretentiousness of the maiden.

Hermione and Imogene, pure of heart and soul, prove by their unwearied patience and marvelous endurance the falsehood of the calumny that would wreck their lives and ruin their fair names.

Rosalind is quite another type. Her playful humor is so graceful and delightful that it captivates us. She is truly a lighthearted girl whose gaiety and brightness not even adversity can wholly quench.

But her love for Orlando, though veiled and half concealed in her witty sallies, is still apparent in its deep tenderness. Ophelia, the northern maid, whose sad love drives her to a sadder fate, presents a strong and marked contrast to the maid in the Forest of Arden. She was not and could not be a helpmate to the half-frenzied Hamlet.

Her weak, confiding nature needed a stronger character on which to lean, and being bereft of that, reason and life gives way.

In Desdemona, we find a fragility that cannot withstand the fierce jealousy of Othello. She seems like a delicate flower that the least harshness will destroy and her unhappy end is foreshadowed from the beginning.

Beatrice, with her smart, clever saying, and charming repartee; Viola, whose fervent love for the duke and womanly strategy win for her all that she wished; Miranda, Katharine, and how many others?

These are not women of Shakespeare's age alone—they are women for every age and clime. It has been said that the stage to a great extent reflects the world of the time. If these could only be our representative women, not all actuated by the same purposes, or guided by the same emotions, but all true heroines, good and faithful women. If they could but be types of what we might hope to see in this "working-day world of ours," who might live, not act, the roles we so admire.

The seed is the Word. The Word is like a seed. When a message from the Master comes to a human heart, how few understand what is wrapped within it, and to what it will expand, if only received and nurtured. —[Sarah Smiley.]

A Bridge 1,800 Years Old.

It has taken two years to partly rebuild a bridge at Rome, which, it is stated, dates from the time of the Emperor Adrian, an assertion which is in strict consonance with many other remarkable features distinguishing the Eternal City. It does not appear that the necessity of the partial reconstruction arose from any absolute want of repair in the ancient structure itself, but was due to the new conditions to which the bridge was subjected in consequence of the works undertaken in connection with the improvement of the river Tiber. These included the better regulation of the course of the river, the widening of the channel and a raising of both banks. The result was that at the end the approach to the bridge was below the level of the newly raised bank. Originally, the structure consisted of three principal arches of 56 feet span each, and three smaller ones of 12 feet. The latter were for the purpose of allowing for the passage of floods, and have now been replaced by a pair of arches of the same span as that of those first built, which brings the roadway of the bridge almost on a level. The structure as it now stands has five elegant and symmetrical arches of equal span. In fact, if it were not for the difference in tint of the old and new masonry, it would be almost impossible to distinguish the handiwork of to-day from that of nearly 1,800 years ago.—[Scientific American.]

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. a

A Smile And a Laugh.

If you have nothing else to do see how rapidly you can say "soup soothes theosophists thoroughly."

Teacher—What are the principal stars? Pupil (an actor's son)—Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, an'—an' Irving.

"Were you ever before me?" asked a police justice. "Sure, I don't know, yer anner. What time does yer anner get up?"

"Waiter," said the guest, "I wish you'd turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here I can't tell whether I'm eating planked shad or a paper of pins."

A white boy asked a young negro what he had such a short nose for. The young negro replied, "I spects it's so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

Little Natalie was out walking with her mother at night, when for the first time she noticed an electric light. Pointing to it with her chubby little finger, she exclaimed, "See ze moon on a stick!"

Fortune teller—You will be very poor until you are thirty-five years of age. Impecunious Poet (eagerly).—And after then? Fortune Teller—You will get used to it.

Irate Customer—See here! All my friends are laughing at this bargain suit I bought of you. They say it's a mile too big. Dealer (gently).—Mine friend, I know de cloading peesness better dan your friends do. Shust you wait till it rains.

"I'm sure that baby is going to be a great artist," said the fond mother. "Isn't he rather young to evince any talent?"

"That's just where he shows his genius. I left him where he could get some red ink on his fingers, and before I knew what he was doing he had decorated the library wall with one of the loveliest magazine posters you ever saw."

The other day at the teachers' association a class of children, ages from 5 to 9 years, were giving an exercise in phonics. The teacher had received correct answers of descriptions she had given of trees, woods, etc., and then thought she would describe a brook.

"What do we find running through the woods, moving silently on the ground, with but little noise?" she asked.

For a long time the little ones were quiet, and then a little hand was raised.

"Well, Bessie, what is the answer?" the teacher questioned, smilingly. "Tramps!" piped out the little one.

A few years ago the directors of a certain bank were in the habit of dining once a month at each other's houses. One of them was a merchant whose success in business was not in the least assisted by any early advantages in the line of education. Dining at the house of Mr. B., he noticed a very handsome clock. "Say B., where did you get that clock?"

"In Paris," said Mr. B. Nothing more was said on the subject until in the course of time Mr. B. gave his next dinner to his fellow directors, when the merchant, seeing the clock again, exclaimed: "B., I thought you said you bought that clock in Paris."

"So I did."

"Well, it's very strange. I wrote to the fellow who made it, ordering a duplicate, and he paid no attention to me."

"I don't see how you could write to him when I had not told you his name."

"His name! Can't I read? There it is on the face of the clock. I wrote to 'Tempus Fugit,' Paris, France."

The Introduction of Tea.

There was no knowledge of tea in Europe before 1517, when intercourse began between Portugal and China. It was first actually brought to Europe in 1610 by Dutch merchants, and some years later was introduced into England. In China there are two words for it—(pronounced like the French *the*), and *cha*—and we formerly used both words. There is a letter from a Mr. Wickham, in 1615, asking a friend to procure him "a pot of the best sort of *chaw*," and in this friend's own accounts occurs the items: "Three silver porringers to drink *chaw* in." Pepys says, on Sept. 28, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I never drank before." Nearly seven years later, however, he comes home and finds his wife making tea, as if it had become a much more common thing; nevertheless, the price was very high. In 1660, Mr. Garway, the first London tea dealer, sold it at from 15 shillings to 50 shillings per pound, and it was valuable enough in 1664 for the East India Company to make a present of two pounds of tea to Catharine, Queen of Charles II. By 1723 the price had fallen to from 12 shillings to 30 shillings. It was kept up partly by an import duty of 5 shillings on the pound, but, mainly by the enormous

export duty levied in China. The duties were the great difficulty in early trade with the Chinese Empire. At one time an additional 10 per cent was added. The Canton merchants petitioned against this, and in 1736 the Emperor agreed to take off, but he said merchants must come to hear this act of grace on their knees. However, they all met together and solved "on their honor not to submit to this slavish posture," and the Emperor was apparently obliged to give in.—[Good Words.]

General Grant's Devotion to His Wife.

There is no one better qualified to speak of the private life of General Grant than his intimate friend and pastor for many years, Bishop John Newman. The bishop is contributing to the Omaha Christian Advocate a series of "Personal Recollections of General Grant." In the issue of April 27 he speaks of the home-life of General and Mrs. Grant in Washington, and tells how husband and wife were the happy supplement of each other, their characters blending in perfect harmony. From New York Bishop Newman follows the stricken General to Mt. McGregor, and there reverently lifts the curtain on a part of the touching closing scene. He writes:

"How tender was that scene in the early dawn of an April day when all thought the long-expected end had come; when he gave her his watch and, tenderly caressing her hand, said, 'This is all I have to give you.' And the dying hero whispered: 'I did not have you wait upon me because I knew it would distress you, but now the end draws nigh.' It was this love for her that lifted his intellect above the ceaseless tortures of a malignant disease and threw oblivion over the scenes of excruciating pain that he might write his personal memoirs that she should not want when he was gone."

"He thought not of himself, but of her. To his son he said: 'I hope mother will bear up bravely. To quiet her anxiety I give: 'Do as I do; take it quietly. I give myself not the least concern. If I knew the end was to-morrow I would try just as hard to get rest in the meantime. Go to sleep and feel happy; that is what I want to do; I am going to try for it. I am happy when out of pain. Consider how happy you ought to be. Good-night!'

"When she thought to divert his mind from his suffering by recalling the victories of the past he briefly replied: 'This is the anniversary of the battle of Vicksburg. I hadn't thought of it before. It has been an important date to us on two occasions. One when our only daughter was born, and, subsequently, when we had a grandson born on that day.'

"One of the saddest and tenderest of all these scenes which I witnessed during his long months of suffering was one night on Mt. McGregor when all supposed the end had come. The pulse was gone; the brow was cold; the eyes were closed; when suddenly he aroused himself and called for pencil and paper. What great thought did he desire to communicate? What memorable victory to recall? It was an expression of deathless love. 'Out from the swellings of Jordan' he had rushed back to the shores of life to write this tender message to his son: 'Wherever I am buried promise me that your mother shall be buried by my side.' It is all a wife could ask; it is all a husband could wish."

"When he was dead, there was found upon his person a letter addressed to his wife. It came to her as a message from the spirit world. It was found secreted in his robe, enveloped, sealed, and addressed to his wife. He had written it by times; written it secretly, and carried the secret missive day after day during fourteen days, knowing that she would find it at last. In it he had poured forth his soul in love for her and also for their children."

The Aurora Borealis Explained.

The aurora borealis, the beautiful morning of the north, remains one of the few perplexing problems to the scientist. It was natural, therefore, after the announcement of the discovery of the new constituent of the atmosphere by Lord Rayleigh that the question should arise whether this new and hitherto unsuspected element might not aid in solving the mystery. This question was taken up by M. Berthelot at the recent session of the Paris Academy of Sciences, and in experiments made by him it was ascertained that the spectrum of the new element presented a series of bands recalling the spectrum of the aurora, and M. Berthelot says: "It is possible that the rays belonging to the aurora borealis are attributable to a form or special combination of argon or of the elements as yet unknown which now accompany it." This supposition receives further color of confirmation from Mr. Crookes' laboratory experiments, and it begins to look as if the secret of the beautiful northern lights is at last to be made known.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes:

"We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Crossing the Ocean

Some Practical Advice to Travelers, From Mrs. Jenness Millar, the Dress Reformer—Carry as Little Baggage as Possible—What to Wear and How to Wear It—Seasickness.

To thoroughly enjoy an ocean voyage one must be properly dressed to all circumstances. One learns by experience in traveling, whether at home or abroad, and one starts upon a trip across the better equipped the second than the first, unless some kind sets right in the beginning, then from lack of experience the voyager is apt to burden herself with much baggage and with unnecessary articles of clothing which will add to rather than relieve the comforts of travel.

The first point to consider, after one is provided ways and means for a journey abroad, is that of appropriate and convenient clothing. There are ways cool days on shipboard, when one must, for comfort, be very warmly dressed; there are more or less windy days, when the promenade on deck, at adds so much to the exhilaration of an ocean voyage, will be impossible long skirts with any degree of grace freedom from great fatigue; there are often drizzling or rough days, when one would be tempted to remain on deck in spite of the weather, were one properly clothed to escape becoming drenched, and one always needs to consider a style of ship clothing that will give a sense of personal modesty and security from danger and exposure in mounting stairs little better than ladders, and, in fact, in generally getting about ship.

On my first ocean voyage I labored under all of the discomforts that ordinary women endure. I wore a long dress skirt flapping in the wind; my divided skirts beneath were an improvement over the ordinary petticoats, but not the protection under all circumstances that equestrienne trousers would have been, and I did not provide myself with the proper wraps. I carried in my trunks a lot of useless articles and neglected to provide many that would have added greatly to comfort. In short, I did in general what the average ocean traveler, if a woman, does—nothing that will insure the very best conditions for comfort and enjoyment, and everything that will hamper and impede.

When one begins preparations for an ocean trip she should not think of how much to take, but rather how little. The secret of a pleasant trip abroad is to go unhampered by baggage. Over there one will wish to make some purchases for reasons of economy and novelty, and the trunks to bring these articles home, should be purchased abroad. Were I to go abroad tomorrow I should go with one small steamer-trunk, and, according to circumstances, one small trunk besides. My steamer-trunk would contain undergarments for change on ship, a warm bath-robe of flannel or eiderdown to go to the bath-room on shipboard in each morning—for one of the luxuries of ocean travel is the bath, arrangements for which should be early made—a steamer dress, shoes, gaiters, and small articles of convenience for daily use and comfort.

When one wishes to travel economically and with a minimum of trouble, especially when one does not expect to be entertained by friends immediately upon arriving on the other side, the steamer-trunk and handbags can be made to answer every purpose. One always wishes to go on shipboard and to leave it on the other side trim, dainty and fresh. To do this the dress and hat worn aboard must be immediately and carefully laid away from the effects of salt water and salt water and salt air, to be donned again as the ship goes into port.

When one makes the trip abroad at this season of the year a serviceable English suit, or Scotch goods in light weight and appropriate color not too easily show the dust and the wear of travel, should be selected and carefully made by a good tailor. The workmanship should be excellent, the style perfectly plain, and the skirt should clear the ground all round. There should be no passementeries, no velvet, silk or satin trimmings, no ornamentation except a tailor finish of silk or woolen braid. Plainness, good workmanship and cut should mark every detail. Serviceable, comfortable walking shoes, and gaiters to match this traveling dress should be provided. Two pairs of gloves, one for wearing on the cars, the other for wearing sight-seeing upon arrival at a place; two veils, one plain tissue, the other of suitable color in net; a trim walking-hat, having no superfluous ends and feathers to be affected by wind or weather, and a plain, tailor-made outside jacket will complete an appropriate traveling dress in which a lady can at all times appear well dressed as a traveler in Europe. Avoid all jewelry and all ornamentation, for Europeans set one down as a lady born or a parvenu from such indications. The suit described, complete in every detail, from hat and gloves to jacket, gaiters and shoes, will be the only traveling dress needed for a trip of three or four months. Such a suit should be perfectly fresh at the start. One will wear it going on board. As soon

as the steamer is out of port she should retire to her stateroom and there don a regular steamer-dress.

The ship-dress should also be especially to the occasion, and appropriate in every detail. Waterproof serge should be used for this dress. The bodice cut should be simple, the skirt short and worn with knee-length gaiters. The undergarments worn on shipboard should be a warm woolen union suit, a waist boned or not, according to fancy, a pair of dark blue or black equestrienne trousers, and no petticoats. A woman should be so clothed that there will be no exposure of delicate undergarments from a fall from a sudden lurch of the ship, mounting stairs in advance of others, or from high winds. There should be no waste material anywhere to impede freedom of movement. To dress like this one should wear, first, the ankle-length, ribbed-woolen union suit; over this the white washable waist, then the equestrienne trousers, and the short dress-skirt, made without a band about the waist by hanging the skirt upon a sleeveless, low-necked fitted waist, made from the skirt lining, whether it be sateen, silk or linen. A round waist of the waterproof serge completes the under-dress, and the outside ulster is made from the same waterproof serge as the dress. This ulster may be interlined with flannel—should be, in fact, to provide sufficient warmth for cold days. The gaiters should be of the same color as the suit—a color chosen with a view to unfavorable effects of salt sea and air upon certain shades. Dark brown and very dark blue are serviceable colors, and little affected by the air.

One should be provided with some kind of soft untrimmed hat. A soft felt, a cloth cap with visor, or a woolen Tam-o'-Shanter are all suitable, or even a hood to tie about the chin; but the head covering should be something in which one may lie at ease in one's steamer-chair. The hair should be plainly dressed to save blowing in the wind.

Nearly all inexperienced travelers are ill for the first day, and few escape a little morning sickness while still in the state-room. Arrange with the stewardess to bring a cup of coffee or tea, or a bowl of gruel, early before rising, then lie still for an hour, and rising quickly don the bath-robe and take the bath already arranged for. Returning, dress quickly; go immediately to the deck; and allow a steward to serve meals in the open air on deck all of the voyage if necessary, but do not remain in the state-room during the day. Persist in the effort to get on deck, however ill, and the chances are largely in favor of continued good health and enjoyment after the first day or two; and if ill in the morning one will often feel perfectly well after being on deck an hour. Do not go on board in a bilious condition. When one has a predisposition to such attacks, take a series of Turkish baths and a general treatment to relieve the condition before starting upon an ocean voyage.

One must provide herself with the necessary toilet articles, soap, camphor, etc. Remember that a quantity of little-needed articles will be found much in the way in a small state-room, and consider only such articles as will be absolutely imperative. Besides the small articles of the handbag, I have found necessary for the steamer the following only, excepting of course, the complete suit worn on board: Two changes of underwear, including night-dress, chamber-robe, knit or felt shoes, steamer-dress, steamer-blanket, head wear, outside wrap, gloves or mittens, rubbers and gaiters to match the costume worn on board. Old travelers always get along with as little baggage as possible. A few hours before the steamer reaches the port of entry into Europe, everybody puts away the steamer garb and appears in traveling dress fresh and trim.

When one goes to Europe as a sight-seer only it is folly to carry several changes of dress. A few changes of underwear that can be laundered anywhere on the continent in a day, and one extra dress of light silk, lace or fancy material for appearing at dinner in fashionable hotel, can easily be made to answer. There is always a good deal of annoyance from much baggage, and expense that may better be spared. Why burden oneself with superfluities when pleasure is the object?—[Jenness Miller Monthly.]

A Memorable Monarch.

In some respects, although we who live under her beneficent sway are perhaps the slowest to recognize it, Queen Victoria is the most memorable monarch of any time. During her long life and rule she has witnessed more extraordinary events and changes than any king or chief of a people in recorded history. When Victoria ascended the throne of England the entire country numbered in population some 23,000,000; it now exceeds 40,000,000; the national debt, despite all the wars in which we have indulged, has been decreased by nearly £80,000,000, the trade volume of the nation has risen from £200,000,000 to more than £600,000,000, and the amount of land added by statute and proclamation to the British Empire exceeds a territory equal to the whole of Europe. The Queen has had ten different Prime Ministers administering the affairs of her people, and seen nineteen successive Governments formed. She has lived to see the great grandchild born who will, if he lives, succeed to her heritage of greatness, and, above all, she will go down to the grave happy in the knowledge that within her own control she has done everything possible to minister to the wants and comfort of her people.—[The Alliance News.]

"Equality of Opportunity."

(Boston Herald.)

Mr. Carroll D. Wright undertakes to show in this month's Forum that the American people are making real progress towards a greater equality of opportunity. That is to say, the structure of our society is becoming less like a pyramid and more like a column—the base is contracting and the apex expanding, and the lines of cleavage are becoming vertical instead of horizontal. The basis of his argument is statistical. He finds that in 1860 the whole number of persons in the United States engaged in remunerative or gainful occupations was 26.19 per cent of the whole population; by 1870 the proportion had risen to 32.43 per cent; in 1880 it was 34.68 per cent, and in 1890, 36.31 per cent. Taking the true comparison of those engaged in gainful occupations with the number of persons over 10 years of age, Mr. Wright finds that in 1860 the proportion was 36.72, while in 1890 it was 47.95 per cent. This increasing opportunity for actual industrial employment does not, apparently, hold good of those engaged in farming. Since 1870 the percentage of these has declined from being 46.92 per cent of all the persons engaged in gainful occupations to being in 1890 but 36.44 per cent of the whole. In other words, though agriculture be still the chief industry of the country, it is a good deal less predominantly so than it was 25 years ago. As Mr. Wright remarks, extensive farming, and the influence of improved methods of cultivating the soil and harvesting crops have had much to do with this.

In the manufacturing and mechanical industries a reverse condition of things exists. In 1860 the number of persons employed in these was 5.91 per cent of the whole population; in 1870 it was 6.36 per cent, in 1880 6.81 and in 1890, 8.13 per cent. Compared with the number of persons of 10 years or over, the percentage of those engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries was 8.28 in 1860, and 10.74 in 1890. Grouping together all other classes than those engaged in agriculture and the manufacturing industries, and thus including all persons engaged in trade, transportation, domestic service and professional employments, and it is found that their percentage of the total population was in 1860 9.77, while in 1890 the proportion had increased to 14.94 per cent. Confining the comparisons to persons under 10 years of age and a still greater increase is manifest, the percentage in 1860 being 13.79 and in 1890, 19.74.

These are interesting figures, but do they prove, as Mr. Wright thinks they do, that we are not only making real progress toward a greater opportunity in social and industrial life? It may be readily admitted that they do disprove all arguments made to show that machinery—the influence of intervention—displaces labor, so far as society as a whole is concerned. The increase of the per capita wealth of the country from \$308 in 1850 to \$1,039 in 1890 is further testimony to the fact that social and industrial progress and poverty do not grow side by side. But it is possible to make too much of the fact that every ten years a larger proportion of the population is found to be working for a living. It will not do to overlook the social significance of the fact cited by Mr. Wright, and patent to all observers, that there is in some branches a larger increase in the percentage of employment among females than among males. "Opportunity is one side of the question, but necessity stands for another, and it does not greatly matter whether this necessity grows out of the increase of habits of luxury or the simple pressure of daily wants. In any case it is impossible to escape the conclusion that since 1860 the ranks of labor have been largely recruited from women and the youth of both sexes who were not among the workers of the last generation.

Mark Twain's Courtship.

Mark Twain is as witty and original outside his books as in them. The Churchman gives a circumstantial account of the unique manner in which he did his courting. His wife was a Miss Langdon, of Elmira. When Mark first met her he was not so distinguished as now. Her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in the son-in-law. Clemens, however, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected. "Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me but I thought I'd try." After a while he "tried" again with the same result, and then remarked with his celebrated drawl: "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd say 'yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came

the most difficult part of his task, to address the old gentleman. "Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything between Miss Lizzie and me?" "What, what?" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry. "Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" "No, indeed," replied the magnate sternly; "no, sir, I have not." "Well, look sharp, and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad"; and that is the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

Uncle Tom

Was None Other Than Josiah Henson, of Dresden, Ont.

Born in Port Tobacco, Md., 1787, Died in 1881 at Dresden.

The death some little time ago of Frederick Douglass called to mind with vivid interest many ante-bellum scenes and incidents, and especially emphasizes points in regard to the colored race. Mr. Douglass was a very remarkable man. A born slave, he had no opportunity to acquire an education, and yet he became a good scholar, a vigorous writer and one of the first orators of his day. But many people have said that the "smartness" manifested in Douglass came through the white blood that flowed in his veins, transmitted from his father, who was a white man. Such people are not willing to admit that there is any remarkable ability in the African race. To make their point good they have overlooked the career of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the great patriot of San Domingo, who was a pure African, and who was born and reared a slave, remaining such till he was full 50 years old, and then developed powers of statesmanship and military generalship only second to that of Hannibal, and to conquer whom the wits and profoundest baseness of the great Napoleon were put to their severest test.

But it is not necessary to go back as far as L'Ouverture to find a man of pure African blood who had fully as remarkable a career as that of Douglass and who exerted a remarkable influence upon his race and the world at large. I refer to Josiah Henson, who seems now to have been well-nigh forgotten, but who had a career as striking and dramatic in many ways as any man who ever lived.

The story of Josiah Henson's life served as the foundation for Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Henson was born in Port Tobacco, Md., in 1787. When I called upon him at his home in Dresden, Ont., in 1877, he was ninety years old, but he was still vigorous and remembered all the events of his remarkable life vividly. He lived four years longer, dying in 1881, at the age of 94.

Mr. Henson had really great powers of mind. He never faltered before difficulties and discouragements, no matter how great they appeared. When young he became a preacher, and was to the end of his life a most eloquent and latterly really able speaker and lecturer. He took the slaves of his master, when he was still a young man, to a relative's in Kentucky, to prevent their passing into the hands of creditors. There they were hired out to the neighboring planters to good advantage and the proceeds sent to Maryland.

Henson himself worked for an easy-going master named St. Clair, which name actually appears in Mrs. Stowe's novel. A daughter of this master read to him, especially out of the Bible. His arms were badly crippled, as was described in the case of "Uncle Tom," by a blow of a brutal overseer when he was young. Finally, when he had already paid \$500 toward his freedom, he was suddenly taken by his master's son to New Orleans to be sold. Before the sale was consummated his young master was taken down with the yellow fever, and had it not been for "Si's" nursing he would have died. He subsequently accompanied his master back to Kentucky.

This narrow escape from having been torn from his family and being sold into the Red River country, notwithstanding the fact that he had made so much of a payment on his own freedom, set Si to thinking in a serious way in regard to escape. He soon after left the Kentucky plantation in the night, was pursued by bloodhounds, but he secreted himself in the swamps and by means of wading in the water with his two children on his back and his wife by his side, he was able to throw them off the track and finally reached Cincinnati, where he had colored friends who sheltered him for a time till he was ready to resume his journey north. He made his way clear across the state of Ohio on foot, carrying his children most of the time on his back and traveling at night, and through the forests till he reached the lake at Sandusky. Here a kind-hearted captain of a schooner conveyed him to Canada. He settled with his family at Colchester, Ont., but subsequently removed to a tract of land which he took up on the Sydenham river, where the town of Dresden was afterwards located.

He prospered as a farmer and the locating of Dresden made him wealthy. He began to preach soon after his

arrival in Canada and his simple eloquence and piety made him an attractive speaker. At the age of 55 he began to learn to read and write and so thoroughly did he master this difficult task that he was able to write his autobiography, a striking story, which was given an introduction by Mrs. Stowe, and was published in Boston in 1858.

In 1850 Henson visited England and lectured in London. He attracted great interest not only for himself but for the cause of the oppressed in America. He again visited England in 1852, and spoke on the slavery question. In 1876 he went to England for the third time, and was invited to Windsor Castle by Queen Victoria, and entertained with the highest honors. He was then 89 years old, but he was exceedingly vigorous considering his age and what he had passed through, and he lectured and spoke in many parts of England.

When I visited him at his home in Dresden he told me that the success of his life, for he said that he could call it a success, had come from his constant faith in God. He declared that in the darkest hour he had never been forsaken and he had never doubted that all would come out right in the end.

The hardest thing that he had to bear was when he was taken to Louisiana, and it seemed certain that he was to be sold far away from his friends and family. But he did not lose courage, and he has no doubt but the yellow fever that came to his master was a warning and punishment to him for the sins he had committed and to prevent his doing anything further. He said that his master so regarded it also and decided not to sell him.

From the moment he decided to make an attempt to escape he had no doubt but he would be successful, for he felt that the Lord had work for him to do and that he must be about it. Everything came to him in exact accord with his faith.

The effect which the story of this simple man with his towering faith made upon the mind of Harriet Beecher Stowe is amply expressed in her masterpiece, which in five years after its publication in book form had sold to the extent of 500,000 copies in America alone.

The great difficulty in life is to bear, and not to fight. To fight is easy. Combat brings its own stimulus. But hands down, eyes blinded with tears, face to face with an infinite vacancy, so cold—so cold that ice would warm you—then to say, "It is well"—he who can say that in the right spirit is in heaven.—[Dr. Parker.]

A Talk with Dean Farrar.

"Has the Pope's letter brought the question of Reunion any nearer settlement?" I asked the venerable Dean of Canterbury. "Not in the slightest degree," Dr. Farrar replied. "Let me say at the outset that I have the greatest possible respect for the Pope personally, as, in fact, all must have for his dignity, piety, and kindness. But as touching Reunion, his letter will have no effect whatever on the mass of English churchmen. Some, whose leanings are already that way, may be drawn by it; but the only possible method of corporate Reunion would be by the granting of very large concessions. The Church of Rome would have to abolish compulsory celibacy of the clergy; it would have to concede the conducting of divine service in the vernacular of the people, to yield the necessity of accepting the infallibility of the Pope and his claim to be the universal bishop. There are also serious questions of doctrine. The great mass of Englishmen would never accept compulsory confession, and millions of them do not accept the theory of sacerdotalism. I rejoice that the Pope has kindly feelings towards us," the archdeacon continued, "feelings that we accept as kindly as they are sent, and reciprocate most cordially. We are ready to co-operate with Roman Catholics in all kinds of social work and works of charity; but corporate Reunion is superfluous and would be anything but beneficial. To unite together and to reconcile our differences would be impossible for either side; any attempt to bring it about would mean an enormous addition to the ranks of Nonconformity."—[Interview in English Churchman.]

England and Rome.

A welcome evidence of the softening of the asperities of religious controversy is furnished by the letter which Pope Leo XIII. has addressed to the English people. If the traditional odium theologium has not wholly disappeared from the field of religious discussion elsewhere, there is no trace of it in this document, which is couched in the language of the most exquisite courtesy and animated by the true spirit of Christian charity.

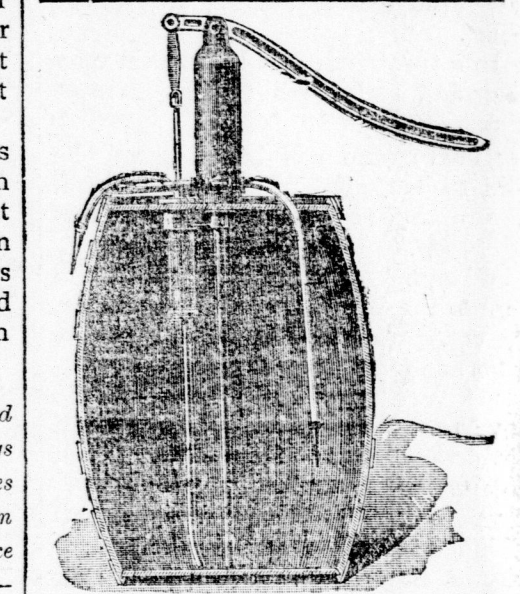
In the elevation of its sentiments and the dignity of its tone the letter is among the most admirable productions of one of the ablest of Popes. It is worthy of study as a literary effort and as a state paper. Of the consummate skill which dictated it, it is enough to say that in a long and earnest appeal for the restoration of unity between the Church of England and the Church of Rome there is not a word which could offend the sensibilities of the sturdiest English Protestant, not an expression which does not carry with it the conviction that it was dictated by genuine kindness and sincere esteem.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Women Teachers.

In America the number of women teachers is steadily growing, whilst the numbers of their male colleagues are declining proportionally. The State employed a proportion of 43 per cent. of men in 1880, but in 1890 only 33 per cent. At present 224,342 out of 368,791 teachers are women. The reason for this state of things is purely economic. Men receive an average of forty-eight dollars per month for their services, whereas women put up with twenty-five dollars, doing exactly the same work. In the state of Indiana, where this branch of labor is paid according to value and not according to sex, i.e., where salaries of men and women are much the same, the proportion of men and women employed is likewise equal.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

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CATTLE HUSBANDRY.

These Six and a Half Cent Steers From Maine.

In a recent issue of 'The Mirror and Farmer', attention was called to a pair of oxen sold in the Massachusetts markets that were fed by C. W. Randall of Maine. Regarding such sales as beacon lights for the guidance of those who are begging for markets for the poor old stuff that most New England farmers are trying to force on unwilling markets, Mr. Randall was asked to give further information in regard to their breed, method of feeding and any other information that he might have to impart in relation to them. He says:

"Yours at hand. Will say that the oxen that I sold were five years old; breed, Herefords. These oxen were kept in the barn summer and winter, and have done the work of the farm. They had all the good hay they would eat and four quarters of meal and bran pieced daily. Just as good cattle can be duplicated with good care and sense in feeding if they are fine grades. My method of raising steers from calves is to let them have the milk until they are six months old. I give them provender as soon as they will eat it. They have good care all the time. I let them run in the pasture summers, but do not give them provender when out to grass. In the winter they have all they will eat, with some provender. I generally sell mine when they are three years old. I raise Hereford steers altogether, as I think they are more easily raised than Durhams. I have never written for publication, but if you find items that you desire to use, you are free to use the publish them.—C. W. Randall."

Readers will understand that the letter is in answer to specific questions. We invite attention to the reply to the question whether the management of the oxen was under special advantages and involved a degree of skill not easily within reach of those who would apply themselves to the task of raising extra fine steers. His reply is as we expected and to the point, which in effect is bred from good animals and apply good sense in the feeding. Now there was nothing in the feeding that was extravagant, the one point being that they were kept growing. We infer that they were given the milk of the cow western style until six months old. This is unnecessary, as abundant evidence shows. Skim-milk has been found an adequate substitute for new milk in calf growing.

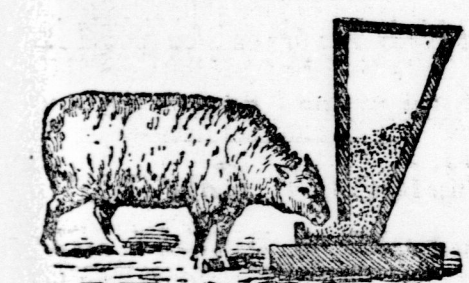
Steers have sold for as low as \$10 that weighed 1,500 and within a year. What a chasm between this sum and \$37.50. It is the farmer that sells the former steers that is played out and not the farm. Farming abandons such farmers and not they the business; they are run out by events.—Mirror and Farmer.

CARING FOR LAMBS.

How to Start the Young Creatures in the Way of Quick Growth.

While the lamb is young is the time to start it in the way of quick growth. Its future usefulness as a manufacturer of mutton from hay and corn depends very largely on the start it gets during its first few weeks of existence. If it once gets started, no amount of subsequent coaxing can make it do its duty. At first you must feed the lamb through its mother. To make her give plenty of milk, she needs, in the winter time, all the clover and hay she will eat. It should be good clover hay—early cut and well cured. She needs plenty of wheat bran. If you do not wish to fatten her for market, I would give her no corn, or very little. If I wanted to fatten her with the lamb, I should give her a ration of this mixture by weight: 100 parts of corn meal, 100 parts of wheat bran, ten parts of linseed meal. I would gradually accustom her to this food, and as she became used to it, I would give her all she would eat, feeding it by preference in a self-feeder.

Now, if lambs are to go to market as fat lambs, I can suggest no better food for them than that mixture. Yet, if they



SELF-FEEDER FOR BRAN.

are to eat grass during the summer and be fattened next winter, as by far the greater part must be, I would not give the corn meal, as they would do better during the summer without having had it. Lambs will do exceedingly well on good clover hay and unlimited wheat bran. That is the way I am feeding ours at present.

If the lambs are to be used for breeding stock, I would avoid giving corn meals as a heating or fattening food. Give oats, bran and linseed meal. If the ewe lambs when grass is given in the spring, the ought not to need any other food; yet the lambs pay well for the grain that you give them. It may pay you to continue the wheat bran all summer. I show a diagram of a good self-feeder for bran, which can be eaten from by both ewes and lambs. The cut shows a cross-section. It may hold twenty bushels or more.—J. E. Wing, in Country Gentleman.

Crib Biting.

It is a very bad habit of many horses. It is really, more or less, nothing but wallowing air—a pressing down forcibly into the stomach great mouthfuls of air, which often causes by its accumulation oile and severe pain. If this bad custom is persevered in, it leads gradually to degeneration of the digestive organs and chronic catarrh of the stomach. It is exceedingly difficult to make a horse abandon the vice. Many animals learn this disagreeable habit from a crib-biting companion. Therefore, crib-biters should be isolated from their fellows. Schwarz, in his book 'The Horse,' ably translated, revised, and edited by Dr. George Fleming, and just issued from the press, says that weariness and hunger are the principal causes of crib biting; therefore, a plentiful supply of food and sufficient work are the best preventives of this unfortunate propensity.—London Live Stock Journal.

Always weigh your butter at home.

A PRIZE POTATO.

It Was Raised in Colorado by J. B. Swan and Weighs 86 Pounds 10 Ounces.

Mr. E. William Randall, of North Easton, Mass., has received a photograph of his brother-in-law, Mr. Howard Talbot, with a mammoth potato said to weigh eighty-six pounds on his shoulders. Mr. Talbot was a former resident of North Easton, and is known as a man of veracity. The Loveland (Col.) Reporter says of this potato:



A LOAD FOR ANY MAN.

"At last J. B. Swan has succeeded in having his immense potato of the Maggie Murphy variety photographed. This mammoth potato was twenty-eight inches in length, not circumference, and fourteen inches across it, and is claimed to weigh eighty-six pounds and ten ounces. Mr. Swan is a grower of great repute, but his last production beats anything of the kind we have yet seen."

Galloway Robes.

Just having killed an immense bull buffalo and sent the meat to market makes me think more forcibly than ever that the Galloway is to take the place of the extinct buffalo. Having in the ten years between 1878 and 1888 tanned nearly 300,000 buffalo hides into buffalo robes, or more than any other man, living or dead, I think I know, whereof I speak when I say the Galloways and their garments furnish robes that are equal to the famous robes of years ago.

Any one can tan them equal to the best Indian tanning. The squaws did that work entirely. On the plains wherever the hunt was going on the squaw at once stretched out the robe on four poles quite tight, and in freezing weather they were allowed to freeze over night. Then in the morning early the squaws would stand on the hide with their clipping tool, and with a quick sharp stroke made the chips fly like a carpenter's with his plane. In about one hour the hide was ready for the grease. They smeared on any kind on the flesh side. Then they moistened over with water and rolled it up for an hour or two. Then they would fasten a green hide rope on a stout stake driven in the ground, or a tree, about four feet from the ground, and fasten it again at the bottom, making the rope tight. Then grasp the hide with both hands and saw back and forth for a few moments; then at the rope again, and so on until perfectly dry, soft and white.

The Galloways, like the buffalo, are prime for robes only in winter months, being best in November, December and January, or up to the time the hair begins to loosen in spring. The better care and richer feed the better the robe. That Galloway cattlemen can grow and make their own robes I know, and at no greater cost than a few hours' work which can be done in winter. One can easily make one robe in a day. I can make from five to ten in a day with one boy's help. The full blood steers, 3 years old, killed in season, ought to make robes worth \$35, and the grades according to fitness and amount of pure blood they carry, say \$10 average. That they can add that much to the profits of the farm and occupy leisure hours there is no doubt.—F. B. Clark, in Breeder's Gazette.

Feeding Dairy Cows.

A series of observations of the winter feeding practices of Connecticut dairymen has led the Storrs station to the conclusion that in general there was the largest yield of milk and the largest butter production with narrow rations rich in protein. Wide rations low in protein did not favor large milk or butter production. In the three tests when it was possible to study the financial side of the feeding narrow rations rich in protein were decidedly the more economical. Bearing in mind that there is no such thing as a "best ration," and that all attempts to express in terms of protein and energy the needs of a dairy cow are only approximations, the following ration is tentatively suggested as a basis for feeding dairy cows:

Organic matter, 25 pounds; digestible protein, 2.5 pounds and enough digestible fat and carbohydrates to bring the fuel value up to about 31,000 calories. The subject of cattle feeding and handling is a large one, and only general principles can be laid down. No hard and fast rules for feeding are now known, and doubtless none ever will be known. It is nevertheless true that the man who exercises the largest amount of good judgment, based upon all that the most advanced science can bring him, and who tries to put into practice the knowledge thus acquired, will be much superior of success than one who works blindly. There may be no "best" breed, no "best" ration, and no "best" way of handling dairy stock, but there are poor cows, uneconomical rations and bad ways of handling, and the man who learns to avoid the bad and choose the better is well on the road towards the best.

Hogs Cleaned the Meadow.

Last year an Indiana farmer had a meadow so badly infested with asters as to render it worthless for hay, so he concluded to make a hog pasture of one portion and cut the remainder for home use. The hogs were turned on when the grass and weeds were six to eight inches high. The animals took to the weeds, leaving the grass. Being without rings they took to rooting and in three weeks the weeds were destroyed. The hogs were then turned off and at harvest time the field yielded over two tons per acre of pure timothy. The unpastured portion was almost worthless. This spring the pastured land promises a good yield of hay free from weeds.



CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.

They Come Early in the Season When There is No Other Substitute.

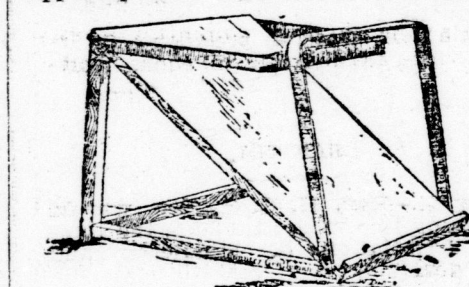
Since the advent of the currant worm these fine fruits have been much neglected. No others are so highly relished. They come early when there is no substitute for them. For canning they have no superior. They can be raised easily and cheaply, are a sure crop, will come into bearing the second year, and always bring a good price on the market.

I came past a number of gardens to-day. In all of these were currant and gooseberry bushes, but not a single hill that would produce even fair berries. The grass and weeds were abundant and some of the bushes had I think 200 canes in the hill. I never saw a currant or gooseberry bush thinned enough unless grown by a specialist. My finest fruit is gathered from these hills that have a single stalk, and if planted three feet apart will outyield any other method of thinning.

I raise from cuttings, rooting them in beds and planting nothing but well rooted plants. I plant four feet apart and plow them two years. No suckers are allowed to grow. When the bush is formed the new growth is well clipped each year. I would as soon think of leaving my hair unclipped as my bushes. It will take but fifteen minutes to clip enough for one family's use. It makes finer berries, easier picking, and the bushes look so much neater. Some plow their bushes every year but I do not after the second. Yesterday I tried to dig into a patch five years old, and though the bushes are four feet apart, to force up a spadeful of dirt would break hundreds of roots. I am sure plowing would injure them. I keep them heavily mulched, turning the mulch over if it gets weedy. This can be quickly done with a fork. For worms I use paris green or london purple. I can save twenty bushels of gooseberries in twenty minutes with a good sprayer. I begin as soon as the worms come. I give my patches a good dressing of unleached wood ashes every third year and keep them constantly mulched with coarse stable manure. With such treatment I think a patch will last with undiminished yield for twenty-five years.—American Agriculturist.

A Transplanting Stand.

No insignificant part of garden work is the transplanting of small plants from boxes, where they have been started early, to the soil of the garden where they are to find a permanent home. With a "dibble" one can cut individual plants from a box with very little disturbance of the earth and the roots, provided the box is tipped up at an angle of forty-five degrees



or so. Better than holding the box tilted in this position with one hand, while the other cuts out the plant, is the use of such a transplanting stand as is figured in the cut, which holds the box of plants at the desired angle, and is also provided with handles so that the whole can be picked up and carried handily, the box when thus carried being in a horizontal position. A half hour's work in the tool shop should provide this very convenient article.

Spraying Apple Trees.

As to spraying apple trees, all depends on what they are to be sprayed for. If for the scab, which of late has proved so damaging to the apple crop, they should be sprayed twice before the leaf buds open; and with Bordeaux mixture. If they are to be sprayed to destroy the codling moth, this should be done soon after the blossoms fall, and with Bordeaux mixture, adding about two pounds of London purple to 200 gallons of the water; mixing the purple first in a small dish into a thin paste, before putting it into the tank of water. London purple is better than Paris green, for the reason that when mixed into the water, it does not settle as Paris green does. In spraying thoroughly for the codling moth, if well done, will do, except when a rain follows the spraying very soon, in which case it should be repeated. A light spray, just enough to wet every part of the tree, is all-sufficient.

Horticultural Notes.

Probably nine-tenths of the apple orchards of New York State are in soil, and many of them are meadows. Of course they are failing. Whenever we all get down to managing an orchard as carefully as we manage other crops we shall reduce failure to the minimum. Everything that grows must have care except a weed.

Go slow on novelties in seeds and plants. Try a few each year as an experiment, to learn their value, but never rely on them for your whole crop. Some may prove desirable to grow, while others may be valueless with you. Order your seeds in the winter.

To plant strawberries rapidly and well, says an exchange, shove a straight-bladed spade into the crevice, draw out the spade and firm the soil by stepping on each side of the plant. An acre and a half was thus planted by one boy and a man in three days, without loss of a single plant. They had to dig the plants and mark the ground, and averaged eight hours per day.

Some do not mulch because it is "too much trouble." I saw strawberries begging for customers last season at seventy-five cents per crate, because they were dirty. Had they been clean they would have brought \$2. Figuring at 100 crates per acre (small enough), the loss is \$125. Mulching would not cost over \$10 per acre. Besides, mulching increases the crop. It keeps the land moist in dry weather. It does not pay to grow strawberries without mulching them. The sooner it is done the better.

English Pig Ten Feet Long.

An enormous pig, believed to be the largest ever seen, has been slaughtered at Linton, Cambridge. The pig, which was 15 months old, weighed nearly 90 stones, and measured 10 feet in length and 7 feet in girth.

FRUIT EXPERIMENTS IN ONTARIO.

Result of the First Year's Work in Testing Varieties.

Already the work of the experiment stations of Ontario is making itself known and appreciated. The first annual report, which has just been published by the Ontario Department of Agriculture, has sixty-four pages of valuable reading matter and numerous tables showing the result of the first year's work in testing varieties. As the secretary says in his letter of transmittal, it would be impossible to have results so extended ready for publication this first year were it not that practical fruit growers of long and careful experience in their various lines have been selected as the experimenters. These men are able to draw lessons from the knowledge gained from years of careful work with that variety of fruit which is the specialty of each. In this way the reports from these gentlemen become most valuable to the country.

Apples.—Mr. W. H. Dempsey, Superintendent of the Bay of Quinte station, speaks well of the Winter St. Lawrence, Pevaukee and Ontario apples. He says the Pevaukee is a large apple and more productive than the King and as good in quality. Of the Ontario he says, "It is one of the most profitable apples we have. My own Ontario apples sold equal to Spys in Montreal." Of the Alexander he says, "This variety is coming more into favor every year as one of the best selling fall apples;" of the Red Astrachan, "It is not desirable to grow here." To the Ben Davis he gives twenty-three marks of value out of a possible forty, and adds that its chief value consists in its long keeping qualities.

Grapes.—Mr. M. Pettit, Superintendent of the Wentworth grape station, gives an interesting table showing the actual productivity and the various prices per pound which he received for certain varieties in 1894. Thus the Agawam, which was harvested October 22nd, yielded 17½ lbs. of grapes to the vine, of which all but a half pound were first grade; the average selling price was three cents a pound, giving a total income of about fifty cents per vine. The Concord yielded nineteen lbs. per vine and so sold at two cents a pound, or about thirty-eight cents per vine. The Catawba yielded 16½ lbs. and sold at five cents a pound, giving a total of about eighty cents per vine. About thirty varieties of grapes are fully described.

The secretary, in his notes on varieties, speaks favorably of the Victoria grape. He says, "The Victoria, one of the numerous seedlings raised by Mr. B. Miner, of Linden, N. Y., was this year a favorite white grape with me, and I am inclined to think that it will yet take a prominent place among white grapes. The bunches are well shaped; the skin has a fine wax-lustre and heavy bloom, and the berries are of good size and fair quality. The vine is very productive. By some this grape is called a white Concord."

Peaches.—In his notes on peaches, Mr. W. Hillborn, Superintendent of the South-Western Stations, says, "Alexander, Amsten's June and Early Canada are all practically identical. The four most profitable varieties to grow in this locality have been Alexander, Barnard's Early, Thurst Seedling and Hill's Chili. The latter are perhaps the most hardy in fruit buds and give a good crop nearly every season. They are probably the best to plant in sections not well adapted to peach culture. Among new varieties the Fitzgerald is perhaps the most promising. It is of the Early Crawford type and apparently an improvement on that old favorite. The fruit buds are hardy, and the young trees will begin bearing the second year after planting. The fruit is large; skin, bright yellow suffused with red; flesh, deep yellow, of best quality; stone, not as large as that of the Crawford. Its season of ripening is with or just after the Early Crawford. Boyle's Early is another quite new sort in this locality that is very promising. It is the first yellow flesh peach to ripen with me."

Strawberries.—Mr. E. B. Stevenson, strawberry specialist, describes forty-two varieties, placing the Greenville at the head for productiveness and among the best for quality. It is a large crimson berry originating in Ohio. The Havenland he also ranks very high for productiveness. The Finckel does not ripen evenly, and the Parker Earle rusts and cannot endure the drought. The Woolverton, he says, is well worth growing.

Gooseberries.—Mr. A. Morton, of Brampton, reports upon twenty-six varieties of gooseberries, mostly English. Mr. S. Spillet, Superintendent of the Simcoe gooseberry station, reports upon ten varieties. He speaks highly of the Pearl. He says, "Take it all around a medium sized berry, the pearl is hard to beat. More vigorous and with better foliage than the Downing, it is bound to be generally planted. It yielded this year five quarts to the bushel all around. The Champion, a peer to the Pearl in vigor and foliage, is ahead of it apparently in productiveness and size. The berry is a cross between Downing and a wild Rocky Mountain gooseberry, so the originator informs me. It is certainly unlike any other gooseberry I have seen in habit of growth and appearance and shape of berry. In quality, I do not think the fruit equal to the Pearl. I may say that by spraying with liver of sulphur, most of the English varieties may be grown successfully, but, in my opinion, our future berry for general cultivation, will be along the line of a cross between the so-called American varieties and the English."

Spraying for Fungi and Insects. That paris green and kerosene emulsion still remain the leading insecticides, and that bordeaux mixture is the best remedy for plant diseases, is the experience of the New York station at Geneva. The knapsack sprayer is generally useful, though extensive growers need a machine of greater capacity. The suction pump should always enter the tank at the top, and the pump should be made of brass or brass lined. Hand pumps should allow the weight of the body to be used on the handle while at work. Vermorel nozzles give a better spray than the disk machines. For spraying potatoes and tomatoes a nozzle is needed which can be lowered between the rows, and directed so as to force the spray up through the vines. The agitator is needed to keep the poisons in solution. The best forms work up and down in an upward tank, like a dash in the old churn. Where the pump piston has a packing this should be often renewed. For killing cabbage worms and insects, no liquid has been found equal to dry paris green applied with a hand sifter. Powder guns are useful for applying dry powdered poisons, pyrethrum, tobacco dust and sulphur. Bamboo extensions should be used in spraying large trees.

We never would raise more heifer calves than we needed for our own herd. It will not pay.

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On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS in Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a pound.

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Scribner : Organ,

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Has a tone full, rich, mellow, peculiar to itself, unapproached by any other.

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BRASS SIGNS, DOOR PLATES AND SEAL PRESSES Old Stand, Upstairs.

180 DUNDAS ST. ywt

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SHEET METAL REFRIGERATORS

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They are cheaper than any other made. They are artistic and com. act.

They consume less ice and consequently cost less to keep going.

They are made of sheet metal, and will not warp if exposed to heat.

They are light and can be easily moved around. They are durable.

They can be easily kept clean. And last, but most important of all reasons, they do not absorb moisture, and consequently omit no odor after being in use a few months.

Sold by Cowan Bros., Wm. Stevely & Son, Wm. Stenoe, Market Square, J. C. Paris, East London. Dealers living outside the city may obtain them by corresponding with

Jas. Connor, 90 York St., London, Ont. TELEPHONE 1133. ywt

RECIPE.—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract, One Bottle Fleischmann's Yeast, Half a Cake Sugar, Two Pounds Lukewarm Water, Two Gallons.

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; put in a boiling place for twenty hours until it ferments, then place on ice when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

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A good six-hole cooking stove with water reservoir fit for a boarding house. Large assortment of new furniture will exchange for old. Call and price the bedroom sets before buying. 257 TALBOT STREET, South of King.

GEORGE PARISH. ywt

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I am off to John Friend's old stand, where I can get the best Ice Cream, Cold Drinks and Lunches, also Cooked Ham—the very best. Try it.

117 Dundas St. ywt

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Light Overcoats and Pants a specialty

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Singer Cycles!

Per S. S. Parisian, for Wm. Payne, London, Ont., three cases No. 169, 170, 171—All road racers, all new styles.

SEE THEM. zt

Corset Waists and Shoulder Braces.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH by ordering American Health Waists, Misses Health Waists and Shoulder Braces. Once worn, always worn. Great reductions in sample Corsets during the fall season.

MISS H. M. WAY, 253 Dundas Street, London, Ont.

Dodge Wood Split Pulleys carried in stock for quick shipments.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Imperial Dignity Conferred on the Man of Ajaccio.

PIUS VII PRESENTS THE CROWN.

No Ruler of Mankind Ever Confirmed by Such Acclaim—Plots Against His Life. Pichegru, Georges Cadoudal and the Duke of Angoulême Put to Death.

[Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.]
XV.—SERA-TIL EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS?

To the ancient order in Europe the apparition of Bonaparte was intolerable. His establishment in the Consulate was a menace to all that survived of the eighteenth century. To the princes of Christendom the Man of Ajaccio appeared as first as an ambitious adventurer. Risen to power, they esteemed him a parvenu and political bastard. Now they beheld him confirmed by the almost unanimous voice of a great people. For him the Gallic enthusiasm burst out in wild applause. By the Treaty of Amiens he was recognized as the fellow of kings and emperors. The greatest portent of all this—that the peaceable ratification of the Consulate for France tended to make permanent the results of the French Revolution, thus invalidating the ancient regime, and converting its offspring into stalk-horses and specters.

The phantoms of the Past accordingly resorted to conspiracy. France had blown her feudal ghosts across the borders. Some of them hovered in London. Some were in Berlin. All places on the



NAPOLEON BY GERARD.

right bank of the Rhine were infested by them. The descendants of the Houses of Bourbon, of Orleans, of Conde, flitted dimly in the horizon. They had their following. Their secret friends squatted in the very shadow of the Tuileries. As for open war, they had enough of that. Of secret intrigues and plots and crimes there was now no end. The conspiracy which exploded in the Rue St. Nicolas was only the beginning of plots and plotting. It is in evidence that the agents of the British government lent a willing hand to the secret crimes that were to compass the destruction of Bonaparte. On his side there was corresponding vigilance. It was equivalent to death for any to lift the hand against him. His immediate subordinates were without exception loyal. But all the disappointed, hovering at a distance, scowled at his rising star.

Among the plots of the day that of Georges Cadoudal, leader of the Chouans of Brittany, was conspicuous. From being an insurgent in the Royalist revolt of 1799, he had fled to England, where the count of Artois, afterwards Charles X., received him with open arms. In 1803 he made his way secretly to Paris. There he conspired with the disgraced General Pichegru, Napoleon's old master in mathematics at Brienne, to destroy the life of the First Consul. The plot was discovered, Pichegru was seized, imprisoned, and on the 5th of April, 1804, was strangled in his cell. Cadoudal, trying to escape, killed two policemen, but was overmastered, condemned, and on the 25th of June, 1804, was guillotined. General Moreau, the hero of Hohenlinden, who had become a Royalist, was accused of complicity in these schemes. Convicted of having knowledge of the plot of Cadoudal, he was condemned to two years' imprisonment; but Napoleon commuted the sentence into exile, and Moreau chose the United States as his refuge. After eight years, he entered the service of Russia, and in 1813 was mortally wounded at the battle of Dresden.

The result of these attempts was far-reaching. At this time the living representatives of the demolished monarchy were the count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., who was at Warsaw; the count of Artois, in London; the young Orleans Philippe, afterwards the Citizen King, in Switzerland; and the duke of Angoulême, descendant of the great Conde, at Ettenheim, in Baden. All of these were more or less implicated in the plots against Napoleon. The duke of Angoulême in particular was believed to be a fellow-conspirator of Pichegru and Cadoudal. The latter had been secretly visited in Paris by a mysterious personage whom the passion of the hour declared to be the Conde prince. Notwithstanding the fact that Baden was neutral territory, a body of French soldiers was sent secretly to Ettenheim; the chateau was surrounded, and on the night of the 15th of March, 1804, the duke of Angoulême was seized in bed and hurried away to the fortress of Vincennes.

A court-martial under General Hulin was immediately ordered, and without witnesses or other legal proof, the Duke was condemned to be shot. On the morning of the 21st of March, just before the day, he was led into the ditch outside the wall, and there, by the ghastly light of torches, was shot dead. His body was thrown, without removal of the bloody garments, into a pit that had been dug the day before. The Consulate, as well as the Revolution

which it succeeded, had a sword of sharpness for all its enemies. The killing of Angoulême created a tremendous sensation throughout Europe. Europe had not yet learned that the blood of kings and princes is even as the blood of other men.

Certain it is that the death of Angoulême hastened the transformation of the Consulate into the Empire. The seat of the First Consul was already in everything but the name a throne. Why not make it a throne in fact? The facility of the French for change rendered easy the project which the temper of a heavier and more serious race would have rejected. Like the Athenian fancy, the Parisian mind flies quickly to the new. It hovers about the brilliant, the extraordinary. It satisfies itself with glory and enthusiasm. All these qualities in the soul of the people worked to the advantage and purpose of Bonaparte; but there was not wanting a measure of opposition. The Napoleonic desire soon found expression. Petitions began to be sent up from all parts of France. These were couched in suggestive hints to the First Consul that he should consolidate his power.

On the 13th of April, 1804, the first formal proposition for the conversion of the Consular Republic into an Empire was made by Cuvier in the Tribunal. The measure included the title of Emperor des Français for Napoleon, with the right of hereditary succession in his family. Though the influence of the government was strongly devoted to the scheme, the proposal met with serious opposition. The conspicuous voice of Lazare Nicolas Carnot, grandfather of the recently assassinated President of the French Republic, was heard above the din of affirmative applause. But on the 18th of May the measure was carried in the senate.

A consultum was promulgated, by which the Imperial dignity was conferred on Napoleon Bonaparte, and the decree was at once sent to the people. Another surprising election was held, at which 3,824,254 voters recorded their decision. Of these, 3,821,675 were in the affirmative, and only 2,579 in the negative! Whatever critical history may say of the antecedents of the Empire, certain it is that no other hereditary ruler of mankind was ever confirmed in power by such an acclaim of his countrymen! With good reason the feudal notion of territorial dominion hitherto expressed in the titles of rulers, gave way under this Imperial election; for Bonaparte was made Emperor, not of France, but of the French.

Notified by the Senate of the establishment of the Empire and of his own nomination thereto, Napoleon accepted the trust. The ceremony of notification was at St. Cloud. Josephine was also congratulated by the Senate. The Palace of St. Cloud was thronged on the occasion with the distinguished and elite of France. Just after the ceremony was over, a footman, rich in gold lace and scarf, made his way into the crowd, where the Baron Claude-François de Meneval—secretary to Bonaparte after the disgrace and dismissal of Bourrienne—was standing, and said: "Sir, the Emperor wishes to see you!" It was the first time that that astounding word had been applied to Bonaparte! History for nearly a century has confirmed it. At St. Helena he himself—offended at the small-minded official that designated him as General Bonaparte—said indignantly, "I shall always be known in history as the Emperor Napoleon!"

The Empire thus created was made to date from the 18th of May, 1804; but the coronation of Napoleon did not take place until the 2nd of the following December. Practically, the change in the government was not great. The stream of Consular power flowed into the widening river of Imperialism without a bend or the noise of cataracts. The coronation was a scene memorable in human annals. Pius VII., conciliated by the late Concordat, came willingly from Rome to crown the soldier of fortune, and to leave on him and his work the Papal benediction.

It was at the altar of Notre Dame—where the Revolutionists of the Terror had danced the Carmagnole—that the Emperor-elect of the French knelt to receive the diadem. The Pope gave it; but Napoleon, taking it from his hand, put it on his own head—a thing most fitting to do; for he had made it for himself!

Josephine was crowned with her imperious lord. Returning from Notre Dame to the Tuileries, the Emperor, on reaching his own apartment, took off as rapidly as he could the imperial vestments, and got himself into his usual apparel; for he was a man of business. The occasion was sunlit with splendor, and all hearts seemed full of life and light; all but one—the heart of Josephine. To her what ominous significance was in that clause of the sonatus-consultum which made the crown hereditary in the family of Napoleon! Dire word was that word "family" to Marie Josephine Tasech, widow Madame de Beauharnais, now Imperatrice des Français. For she was forty-one and a-half years of age—epoch well nigh fatal to possible motherhood.

Only slight changes were made in the new Imperial administration. All such modifications looked to the unity and glory of the Empire. Napoleon preserved as much as he could of the personnel of the preceding Consular government. His two colleagues, Cambaceres and Lebrun, were appointed the one arch-chancellor and the other arch-treasurer of state; Joseph Bonaparte was made grand elector, and Louis the imperial constable. Eighteen of the great generals who had become such with Napoleon in the field were made marshals of France. The transformation swept over the landscape like the dappled shadow of a sunny cloud. The Christmas holidays of 1804 came to Paris in a blaze of splendor. The Gallic world danced and smiled under wreaths of ivy and the flash of crystal candelabra, and the matter of distant war was scarcely heard on the witnessed and confident borders of France.

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

The Ills of Women.
Constitutional weakness more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant cure for Consumption. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Diekens Marvelous Energy.

Some Interesting Reminiscences by the Novelist's Son.

How He Worked at a Toy Theater—How Overtaxed His Strength.

(Charles Dickens, the younger, in the North American Review.)

My first experience, I think, of my father's extraordinary energy and of the thoroughness—the even alarming thoroughness—with which he always threw himself into everything he had occasion to take up, was in connection with a toy theater of which I was the proud possessor somewhere about the middle of the forties. Toy theaters with sheets of the characters of the only requiring painting and cutting out—one Skelt was the principal artist for such things—were very popular indeed in my very early youth, and it was the aim of every self-respecting boy to be the manager of one or more of them. Greater even than the pleasures of the ultimate performances and the accompanying delights of setting out the evilmaking little footlights which lavished their light over everything with which it was most desirable they should not come in contact, were the preparations—the painting the scenery, the painting and cutting out the characters, the pasting, the gumming, the hanging and one messes and snippings, and general causes of litter and untidiness, which were so dear to the boys of my time. Skelt, I am afraid, has long since vanished, and toy theaters are so seldom to be met with now that I suppose for them has gone out too. Perhaps the boys of today know too much about the real theater to care very much about the toy one, and are not so ready to make-believe as we were. But in my time a toy theater was about the most popular present you could give a boy, and when some philanthropist presented me with an unusually fine specimen, a perfect Drury Lane among its theaters, I anticipated an endless series of delights. But the size of my theater fascinated my father, and in conjunction with Clarkson Stanfield, who had been distinguished as a scene painter before he became a member of the Royal Academy, he set to work to produce the first piece. This, I remember, was a spectacle called the "Elephant of Siam," and its production on a proper scale of splendor necessitated the designing and painting of several new scenes, which resulted in such a competition between my father and Stanfield that you would have thought their very existences depended on the mounting of this superb elephant. As it happened, Stanfield had had enough of it; my father was still hard at work, and pegged away at the landscapes and architecture of Siam with an amount of energy which in any other man would have been extraordinary, but which I soon learned to look upon as quite natural in him. This particular form of dramatic fever wore itself out after the piece was produced, I remember, and I have been in earnest painting the scenes for a toy theater, dancing Sir Roger de Coverley at a children's party, gravely learning the polka from his little daughters for a similar entertainment, waving, riding, plinking, and, in short, acting, public reading, or the every-day hard work of his literary life—it was all one to him. Whatever lay nearest to his hand at the moment had to be done thoroughly.

My father, as early as the summer of 1839, speaking of the recreations which were indulged in in the garden of the house at Petersham in which he was then living:

"Bar-leaping, bowling and quoits were among the sports carried on with the greatest ardor; and in sustained energy, or what is called keeping it up, Dickens certainly distanced every competitor. Even the lighter recreations of battle-royal, and the like, were pursued with relentless activity; and at such amusements as the Petersham races, in those days rather celebrated, and which he visited daily while they lasted, he worked much harder himself than the runners, and wrote to me, speaking through the mouth of David Copperfield, my father described his own way of life with perfect accuracy when he said:

"I never could have done what I have done without the help of actuality, order, and diligence, without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels. Heaven knows, I write to you now in a state of confusion. My meaning is simply that whatever I tried to do in life I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; that in work and in play I have always been thoroughly in earnest. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, and never to effect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, and now to have been my golden rule."

In a more homely way the same truth is insisted upon by Mr. and Mrs. Bayham Badger in "Bleak House." "It was a Cures Catarrhal Deafness."

Strong and Unreserved Testimony of the Curative Powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Actions speak louder than words. Mr. John MacInnis, of Washabuck Bridge, N. S., made use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and says: "I used the medicine according to directions, and found it to be a wonderful cure for catarrh and deafness. I can hear as good as ever. You will find 60 cents enclosed, for which please send me another bottle. After recommending the catarrhal cure to my neighbor, and seeing the wonderful good it has done me, wants a bottle, so you will please send a bottle and blower to her also. One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delicate, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis, and Deafness; 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Deitch, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Credit takes the place of money, but cannot take the place of health. Now is but a atom of time. Minard's Liniament Cures Burns, etc.

maxim of Capt. Swasser's, speaking in his figurative, naval manner," said Mrs. Badger, "that when you make pitch hot you cannot make it too hot; and that if you only have to swab a plank, you should swab it as if it were Davy Jones' locker. It appears to me that this maxim is applicable to the medical as well as to the nautical profession. 'It was admirably said' by Capt. Swasser, beautifully said."

And so it was. But, unfortunately, there comes a time at last when these maxims can be carried out too thoroughly; when never ceasing activity and energy of that kind really deserve Mr. Forster's epithet "relentless"; and when it becomes of the last importance, for physical as well as mental reasons, to remember that even a virtue carried to an unreasonable excess may become something very like a vice. In my father's case, as you have no doubt all heard, and I shall presently show you, it would have been better had he been content—or, perhaps, I should say if he had been able—to relax the constant strain, the incessant tension, when the physical and nervous strength were no longer so fit to bear them as they had once been. But he never could be persuaded that that time had come for him, and never would admit in his later days that things were no longer with him as they had been of old.

LETTERS TO THE "ADVERTISER."

If you have a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of public interest to discuss, or a service to acknowledge, we will print it in this column, provided the name and address of the writer is attached, or her communication for publication. Make it as brief as possible.

To the Editor:

Resolved that we, as members of the Epworth League of Christian Endeavor in connection with the Colborne Street Methodist Church, view with indignation and alarm the unexpected action of the license commissioners in extending the time for closing bars from 10 to 11 p.m. By this action this league considers that the commissioners have treated with contempt the temperance workers of London to gratify the liquor traffic. We would have been glad to see the temperance banner, and we would urge on every branch of the Epworth League and Christian Endeavor throughout our fair Dominion not to rest until this fearful and demoralizing liquor traffic is driven from our land.

Signed on behalf of the League: Joseph Nicholson, president; Elizabeth Cornish, N. Porte, secretary. London, May 15, 1895.

To the Editor:

"Resolved that the Society of Christian Endeavor of Christ Church, having expressed their sincere regret that in view of the known evils arising from the sale of intoxicating drinks, especially after p.m., the license commissioners have acted in a manner which has lengthened the time for sale of same one hour; and we further express the hope that something may yet be done to place greater restraint upon the sale of liquors."

Signed: P. Geeson, president; S. Irwin, vice-president; E. French, secretary; and M. McFadden, treasurer. London, May 22, 1895.

SARNIA.

May 24.—Rev. H. C. Speller was in Strathroy this week attending the Baptist Association of Middlesex and Lambton.

Mr. R. S. Oliver arrived home on Wednesday evening last from his two months' visit to England. He looks as if the trip had done him a good deal of good.

The steamer Conger has been overhauled and repainted, and is again on the ferry route.

At the Port Huron bicycle races on Monday evening Davidson took the one mile, McLeod the half-mile, and Gibbons the quarter-mile.

Ed. F. Davis' colossal Uncle Tom's Cabin Company will exhibit in the town hall here on Monday, May 27.

The steamer John Lee, of Port Huron, is to be put upon the route between Sarnia and Wallaceburg next week. This used to be a popular way of travel for the burgs some years ago, when the old J. C. Clark carried passengers and freight between these two ports.

Mr. T. U. Donnelly, of Detroit, formerly proprietor of the Sarnia Sun, intends to spend the summer in this neighborhood for the benefit of his health.

Rev. R. F. Taylor, of Montreal, will preach a special sermon on Sunday morning next in St. George's Church to the Sons of England benevolent Society. Three horse races for the championship of Sarnia will take place between Nos. 1, 2 and 3 horse teams. The first race will take place on the night of Tuesday, June 4; second, on June 15, and third on July 2. No. 2 division now holds the trophy.

The C. P. R. steamer Alberta will call here at Clark's dock on her first trip up on Saturday, June 2.

One of the best concerts given in Sarnia for some time came off at the Congregational Church Tuesday evening, May 22. The singing of Miss Hart, of Marine City, was very much enjoyed. Prof. Booth, of Port Huron, rendered some fine selections on the organ and violin. The orchestra gave some of their best pieces in grand style.

The Misses Chase presided at the piano with their usual grace and ability. Altogether it was one long to be remembered.

The trustees of the proposed public hospital for Sarnia are asking for \$4,000 more before they can see their way clear to go on and build. The subscriptions so far amount to \$11,000, but are not suitable for the purpose which will cost in the neighborhood of \$16,000.

The West Lambton Farmers' Institute will be held in the town hall here on Thursday, June 6, at 10 a.m., 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. A number of prominent speakers will be present and address the meetings.

Anæmic Women

with pale or sallow complexions, or suffering from skin eruptions, or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.

Scott's Emulsion

takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children.

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CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO

RAILWAY

TIME TABLES

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

LONDON TIME.

Canada Southern Division—Going East.

American Express (daily) 9:30 a.m. 11:35 a.m.

Atlantic Express (daily) 9:30 a.m. 11:35 a.m.

Mail and Accommodation (daily except Sunday) 2:55 p.m. 3:45 p.m.

New York and Boston Special (daily) 7:45 p.m. 10:35 p.m.

Fast Eastern Express (daily) 7:45 p.m. 10:35 p.m.

Canada Southern Division—Going West.

North Shore Limited (daily) 6:35 a.m.

Fast Western Express (daily) 9:30 a.m. 10:35 a.m.

Detroit Accommodation, except Sunday (daily) 7:55 a.m.

American Express (daily) 9:30 a.m. 11:10 a.m.

Mail and Accommodation (daily except Sunday) 2:55 p.m. 3:40 p.m.

Mixed Express (daily) 7:45 p.m. 8:35 p.m.

Boston, New York and Chicago special (daily) 7:45 p.m. 4:10 a.m.

Trains arrive at London 7:55 a.m., 1:10 and 6:10 p.m.; depart 9:30 a.m., 2:55 and 7:45 p.m.

[NOTE.—No trains to or from London on Sundays.]

JOHN PAUL, City Passenger Agent, 395 Richmond street.

GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division

CORRECTED NOV. 18, 1894.

MAIN LINE—Going East.

Lehigh Express (6) 4:02 a.m. 4:07 a.m.

Watash Express (6) 4:10 a.m. 4:20 a.m.

Atlantic Express (A) 12:17 p.m. 12:30 p.m.

Day Express (6) 10:45 a.m. 11:45 p.m.

Mixed Express (A) 4:37 p.m. 4:50 p.m.

Mixed (C) 6:45 p.m. 7:45 p.m.

Detroit Express (6) 10:50 a.m. 11:50 p.m.

MAIN LINE—Going West.

Chicago Express (A) 2:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.

Accommodation (6) 4:02 a.m. 7:05 a.m.

Lehigh Express (6) 10:45 a.m. 11:45 p.m.

Watash Express (6) 11:15 a.m. 11:20 a.m.

Accommodation (6) 12:25 p.m. 2:40 p.m.

Mixed Express (A) 6:50 p.m. 7:40 p.m.

Mail 8:50 p.m. 7:20 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Lehigh Express (6) 4:02 a.m. 4:07 a.m.

Atlantic Express (6) 11:20 a.m. 11:20 a.m.

Accommodation (6) 2:20 p.m. 2:40 p.m.

Mixed Express (6) 6:50 p.m. 7:40 p.m.

Accommodation (6) 7:50 p.m.

Sarnia Branch.

Chicago Express (6) 2:15 a.m. 2:15 p.m.

Accommodation (6) 4:02 a.m. 7:05 a.m.

Lehigh Express (6) 10:45 a.m. 11:45 p.m.

Accommodation (6) 12:25 p.m. 2:40 p.m.

Mixed Express (6) 6:50 p.m. 7:40 p.m.

Pacific Express (6) 7:50 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce.

Express 4:02 a.m. 8:55 a.m.

Mail 6:50 a.m. 4:20 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch.

Mixed-Mail 11:10 a.m. 7:25 a.m.

Express 2:15 p.m. 2:45 p.m.

Express-Mixed 5:40 p.m. 2:40 p.m.

Express 9:15 p.m. 5:55 p.m.

Toronto Branch.

Hamilton-Depart 9:00 a.m. 10:10 p.m. 11:10 p.m. 12:10 p.m.

Hamilton-Arrive 6:45 a.m. 11:10 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 1:10 a.m.

Hamilton-Depart 6:45 a.m. 11:10 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 1:10 a.m.

Hamilton-Arrive 6:45 a.m. 11:10 a.m. 12:10 p.m. 1:10 a.m.

These trains for Montreal.

(+) Runs daily, Sundays included.

(6) Runs daily, Sundays included, but makes no intermediate stops on Sundays.

(*) Carries passengers between London and

R. DE LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, the "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets.

ERIE AND HURON RAILWAY.

Trains South.

Stations. No 1 No 2 No 3

Sarnia (G. T. R.) 4:40 a.m. 5:10 p.m. 5:10 p.m.

Courtright 7:42 a.m. 5:13 p.m.

M. C. R. Junction 7:47 a.m. 5:18 p.m.

Chatham (C. P. R.) 7:47 a.m. 5:18 p.m.

Fargo 8:05 a.m. 5:30 p.m.

Blenheim 8:15 a.m. 5:40 p.m.

Trains North.

Stations. No 2 No 4 No 5

Blenheim 8:15 a.m. 5:40 p.m.

Fargo 8:05 a.m. 5:30 p.m.