

London Saturday Advertiser

VOL. XXXII., NO. 152.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 10172

Plot in Corea

To Dethrone the King in Favor of His Nephew.

Speedy End of the Big Shoemakers' Strike Expected.

The Queen Sends a Primrose Wreath to Beaconsfield's Grave.

Extracts From the Grand Trunk's Semi-Annual Report.

The Troublesome Umra Offered a Sincere In India-Crisis in Madagascar.

STEAD'S NEW JOB.

LONDON, April 19.—It is stated that William T. Stead will shortly become the editor of the Echo.

NEXT!

LONDON, April 19.—The Duke of Aosta and the Princess Helene of Orleans will be married at Stow House, Twickenham, on June 8.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

LONDON, April 19.—The great shoemakers' strike, which has dragged on for weeks, is likely to end within the next ten days. The trade conference has found a basis of settlement which is mutually satisfactory.

PLOTTING AGAINST COREA'S KING.

LONDON, April 19.—A Central News dispatch from Seoul states that a plot has been discovered to dethrone the King of Corea in favor of his nephew, Li Shun Yon. The conspirators, including Li Shun Yon, were promptly arrested.

PRIMROSE DAY.

LONDON, April 19.—Primrose Day, the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death, has been celebrated as usual in London and the Provinces. The Beaconsfield statue in Parliament Square was decorated with wreaths and other devices in primroses and violets. The Queen sent the usual wreath to Beaconsfield's grave at Hughenden Manor.

A CHANCE FOR UMRA.

LONDON, April 19.—A dispatch from Allahabad to the Pall Mall Gazette says the Government has offered to Umra Khan an asylum in India for himself, his family and his suite, on condition of his absolute surrender, and has also guaranteed that the tribesmen and their villages shall be spared if they offer no further opposition. The British expedition is continuing its march to Chitral.

CRISIS IN MADAGASCAR.

LONDON, April 19.—The Daily Telegraph's Port Louis correspondent says the intrigues of the anti-foreign party have produced a crisis in Madagascar. All the English officers have resigned and several are already on the way home. There will be a general European exodus by the next steamer. The loss of the European leaders in the army will insure the success of the French, who already are bribing natives.

CHINESE IN THE DARK.

LONDON, April 19.—The Times correspondent in Peking says: It is understood that China has conceded everything required by Japan except making Peking an open port. This was strenuously resisted. Nothing is known here of any peace conditions likely to involve other nations in complications with Japan. The majority of the Chinese here are still ignorant of Japan's demands. The utmost secrecy is observed.

TO SAVE THEIR HEADS.

The stipulation in the treaty between China and Japan that the Chinese who have been captured by the Japanese shall not be punished by the Chinese authorities was inspired by humane considerations. It is the custom of China to behead such of her soldiers as fall into the hands of the enemy and are afterwards returned to their country. During several naval and land engagements upwards of 5,000 Chinese troops were captured by the Japanese, and it is to preserve their lives that the foregoing provision was inserted in the treaty. The curious fact develops in this connection that China has not a single prisoner of war belonging to Japan.

POPE LEO TO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

LONDON, April 20.—The Times has the English text of the Pope's recent apostolic letter to the English people. The letter fills three columns. In it the Pope says he greatly desires to address to the English people a special letter, and thus give them a token of his sincere affection. He wished keenly that some effort of his might tend to further the great work of bringing about the union of Christendom.

The letter then cites historical evidence of the love and care shown by the pontiffs for England since Gregory the Great, and alludes to the exertions made by England for the solution of the labor question, for religious education, for charitable objects, for the observance of Sunday, and for respect of the Scriptures. It says that man's labors cannot obtain to full efficacy without the appeal to God in prayer and the divine blessing. It dwells on the increasing need of the unity of Christians as the best means of defense against modern errors. It speaks with satisfaction of the increasing number of those religious and discreet men who labor sincerely for reunion with the Catholic Church.

The Pope wrote that, with a loving heart, he turned to all and every community in England, desiring to recall to them this holy unity. He would invoke to the assistance of the Catholics of England, Saints Gregory, Augustine, Peter and George, and, above all, Mary, the mother of Jesus. Three hundred days' indulgence is granted to all those piously reciting the prayer with which the letter ends.

Many deaths are reported in Macao, in the Portuguese settlement of China, at the mouth of the Canton River, as the result of the plague.

Russian newspapers are growing at the cessation of mainland territory to Japan by China. Russia may demand some herself.

Late Canadian News.

Original Way of Advancing Early Closing—Another Earthquake in Quebec.

Sheriff Pruyn, of Lennox and Addington, is dead.

The St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers are all clear of ice.

Fifty-nine children from England arrived at the Marchmont Home, Belleville, on Thursday night.

The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's boats, expected to commence regular trips to Montreal on Monday.

An earthquake shock was felt in Quebec and in adjoining districts at 11:20 Thursday night. It lasted ten seconds and was not severe.

Little Emma Thomas, the 7-year-old daughter of Fred Thomas, an Ottawa painter, had her head caught in a window sash on Thursday and was choked to death.

A. Houghton, Mich. dispatch says: About 150 French-Canadian men have gone this week to Vernon, Canada. Seven families have gone with their household effects.

Phillip H. Pettingill, a farmer living on the lake shore about seven miles from Wellington, was found in his barn on Friday with a part of his head blown off. Supposed suicide.

Quebec grocery clerks in favor of early closing paraded the streets on Thursday night in a body, and smashed the windows of four stores open after 8 o'clock. No arrests were made.

Grand Vicar Gravel, of Beloeil, has instructed his solicitor to enter an action for \$5,000 against The Patrie for an alleged libelous article which it published on April 11 regarding the clergy and the Vercheres election.

Rev. T. Trotter, B.A., professor of homiletics and pastoral theology, McMaster University, received recently a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. It is understood that Prof. Trotter has decided to accept the call.

Death from exposure was the verdict in the inquest on Lily Stevenson, the Brockville girl who was found dead on Wednesday. She had wandered into a bog on Tuesday night, and died in her attempts to get out. She had wrapped her skirt around her neck to get warm.

A Toronto dispatch says Chaplin Wilson, aged 39, a cooper on his way to the carman, living at Leslieville, fell from a gravel wagon on which he was taking a ride on Friday morning, and the wheels passed over him, crushing him terribly. He died within three hours.

McGill University has received a donation of 35 acres of land on the top of the mountain at Westmount for the establishment of an observatory, arboretum and botanical garden. Prof. Penhallow leaves shortly to study establishments of this kind in Washington and San Francisco.

THE OIL BOOM.

The Fluid Falls in Price, But Is Dear Enough Now.

BRADFORD, Pa., April 19.—The activity in oil continues. The demand for territory here has never been equalled.

OIL CITY, April 19.—Oil closed at \$2.20 bid.

BERLIN, April 19.—The Handel Zeitung says in a leader on the increased price of oil, the movement will stimulate boring enterprises in Germany and the Carpathians.

REDUCED TO ASHES.

Blaze in Toronto—Valuable Horses Burned to Death—Fire in Theford.

LION'S HEAD, Ont., April 19.—The store of Moore & Van Dusen was totally consumed by fire, with contents; also the hardware store of F. B. Crabb, adjoining. The fire caught in the hardware premises. Loss on hardware, \$1,200; loss to Moore & Van Dusen, \$15,000; insurance, \$7,000.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 19.—Fire early this morning destroyed the plant of the Windsor Cracker Company, Dredgelle's soap factory and eight small dwellings adjoining. There were a lot of whom were removed safely. Loss, about sixteen families in these houses, \$200,000; insurance, \$300,000. One fireman was hurt.

THEFORD, April 19.—The building containing Dr. McEdward's drug store and Bell Telephone office, Walter Robinson's jewelry store and the Oddfellows' hall was totally destroyed by fire this morning.

TORONTO, April 19.—Fire in the stables of James Lester, 120 Esther street, tonight, destroyed five horses valued at \$1,800 and damaged the stables to the extent of \$300.

THE GRAND TRUNK.

More Fault-Finding—Some of the Half-Yearly Returns.

The Montreal Star's special cable from London says: The Times and other journals this morning advise the Grand Trunk Railway stockholders not to send proxies to the directors for the approaching annual meeting on April 20, though some of the papers doubt the fitness of Sir Charles Rivers Wilson to control the great railway.

The directors of the road have issued a circular earnestly asking for proxies, and declaring the integrity of the management. The circular states that the credit of the company has been imperilled by the recent agitation, but the directors contend that the unfortunate condition of the road is due, not to mismanagement, but to circumstances entirely beyond the control of the board of directors and of the management in Canada.

The directors' half-yearly report, which was issued last evening, shows the net revenue deficiency to be \$87,684. The passenger receipts decreased \$180,461, and the local freight decreased \$7,000,000 tons, while through freight shows a decrease of 41,000,000 tons. The gross receipts declined 10 per cent, and the working expenses declined 11 per cent. The board in their annual report defend the acquisition of affiliated Sir Joseph Hickson, showing that the Grand Trunk received from these lines in ten years \$23,000,000 in traffic, while the deficiencies to make up the rebate of 3-1-2 on the Grand Trunk shows a decrease of 41,000,000 tons. The adoption of a different policy would have left the company with no through connections. The Daily News says that the circular is a repetition of the very encouraging comments on Mr. Barker's report.

THE NICARAGUA DISPUTE.

Great Britain Insists on Her Ultimatum—A Money Indemnity or Its Equivalent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19.—Official confirmation of London dispatches that Nicaragua had been informed that her counter proposition was not regarded as satisfactory by Great Britain, was received here today. Nicaragua's present plan, it is understood, is to endeavor to reach a compromise with Great Britain respecting the ultimate settlement of the indemnity of \$75,000 to Pro-Consul Hatch. In pursuance of this purpose a special representative may be sent to London. It is not doubted that in the end Nicaragua will pay the indemnity demanded or offer to Great Britain in lieu of the \$75,000 a part of her territory.

The following is the reply sent by the British Government to Nicaragua: "London, April 18.—To the Foreign Minister of Nicaragua at Managua.—I have the honor to receive your Excellency's telegram of the 11th inst. My note was delivered to Senor Barrios on the 26th of February, with the request that a copy be forwarded to your Excellency by the first opportunity. Her Majesty's Government cannot be responsible for the delay in your receiving it. Your counter proposal has been considered, and I regret it cannot be accepted. Her Majesty's Government cannot admit there is any doubt as to the rights of the British subjects, and must adhere to the demands in my previous notes. (Signed.) 'KIMBERLY.'"

The note which the Earl of Kimberley, the British Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, refers to as having been delivered to Senor Barrios (Nicaraguan envoy sent to England on this special mission), Feb. 26, was what is known as Great Britain's ultimatum to Nicaragua. Great Britain's reply in effect rejects arbitration on the amount of indemnity to the British subjects for personal injuries, and insists upon the payment of \$75,000.

It is said to be absolutely impossible for Nicaragua to immediately comply with Great Britain's money demand. She has not \$75,000 in her treasury, and her population of about 2,000,000 people, two-thirds Indians, have no developed resources on which they could raise the amount. The proposition of a Pacific blockade of Nicaraguan ports to enforce payment is quietly laughed at. Nicaragua, it is said, has no ships. The blockade would only hurt the commerce of Germany, France and the United States.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS.

Closing Session of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

TORONTO, April 19.—The closing sessions of the nineteenth annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Presbyterian Church in Canada, were held in the Central Presbyterian Church yesterday. Despite the fact that kindred societies in the United States and elsewhere suffered during the past year both as regards finance and membership, owing largely to the prevailing depression, the reports presented by the officers of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church showed an advance in every department and branch. Therefore the outlook for the current year is most encouraging, and the ladies are confident that at the next annual meeting they will be able to again report advancement all along the line.

The following officers were elected for 1895-6: President, Mrs. Ewart; first vice-president, Mrs. MacLaren; second vice-president, Mrs. MacLaren; third vice-president, Mrs. G. H. Robinson; fourth vice-president, Mrs. Ball; foreign secretary, Mrs. Harvie; home secretary, Mrs. Shortreed; recording secretary, Mrs. Campbell; secretary of supplies, Mr. Jeffrey; secretary of publications, Mrs. Telfer; treasurer, Mrs. McGav. The last-named is the only new officer, and she was elected to the office to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mrs. MacLaren.

The estimate of funds necessary for the work of the foreign committee during the coming year was \$40,108, divided as follows: Already paid to foreign missionary committee, \$14,622; \$1,200 to be paid as usual through Dr. Reid to the foreign missionary committee (eastern district), half of which will be devoted to women's work in Canada, and the remainder to similar work in the New Hebrides; \$15,000 to the foreign mission committee, to meet salaries and other expenses in connection with the work as they have been conducted.

It was decided to hold the next annual meeting at Peterborough, and at 5 o'clock the assemblage adjourned.

IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

BASEBALL.

At Boston, NATIONAL LEAGUE. R. H. E. Boston..... 11 4 2 Washington..... 6 11 2

At Louisville, Louisville..... 1 8 6 Batteries—Kell, L. and Welch; Hawley and Sugden. Umpire—McDonald.

EASTERN LEAGUE CLUBS AT BAT.

At Pottsville, Pottsville..... 24 21 4 Syracuse..... 13 15 10 Batteries—Cain, Hughes and Fox; Lathrop, Barnett and Rafter.

At Scranton, Scranton..... 7 11 16 Binghamton..... 20 17 6

TORONTO WINS.

ELMIRA, N. Y., April 19.—The Toronto Eastern League team won easily from the Elmira State League team this afternoon. The game was marked throughout by heavy hitting. It was called at the end of the seventh inning. Score: Toronto, 28; Elmira, 8.

KILLED BY A LINE HIT.

OBERLIN, O., April 19.—The accidental death of George Cowan, a student of the Oberlin Academy, which occurred on the Athletic Park, has cast a gloom over the entire college and community. While practicing for the 'var' city nine, Cowan was struck on the head by a liner and almost instantly killed. The blow soon being succeeded by convulsions. Mr. Cowan was 22 years of age and a splendid student. His parents reside in Oberlin.

Sunday Services!

SEE NEXT PAGE For Particulars of To-Morrow's Church Services.

A CHARMING CANTATA.

The Annual Entertainment of the First Presbyterian Sunday School.

An Excellent Programme—The Participants—Performance to be Repeated.

From time immemorial the scholars of the Sunday school in connection with the First Presbyterian Church have held their annual tea meeting and entertainment on Good Friday evening. There had been some discussion as to the propriety of holding this entertainment on such a sacred holiday, so this year the managers decided to have it one week later.

Last night the scholars turned out en masse to the Sunday school house on Dufferin avenue, and kept up their record for jollity and satisfaction. As usual there was an abundance of good things at the commencement, but after half an hour's work the tables were to a great extent unloaded. When everyone was satisfied they trooped merrily to the Mechanics' Institute Hall, where their parents and friends to a large number were assembled. The cantata given last year proved such a success that another one by the same author was obtained and practiced. This was the chief number in the programme, and the manner in which it was rendered won the hearty applause of the audience. The pronounced success of this cantata was largely due to the untiring perseverance of Miss J. Dunbar and Miss Ella Simson, accompanist. The following minor programme was given prior to the cantata:

Recitation—Sixteen little girls. Good-night drill. Eight little girls. Lily March and Song. Sixteen girls. Duet. Misses J. Howie and Fleming. Recitation—One of the Little Ones.

Address—Rev. W. J. Clark. "The 'Lily March' and 'Good-night drill' were prepared by Miss Grace Simson. In the latter the girls all appeared in night-caps and dresses, and two by two left the stage, leaving the last one to jump into a crib on the platform.

Rev. Mr. Clark said in his annual address that it was five years ago when he first entered the student and date before his present congregation. He rejoiced in the success of the two schools. No scholars in the city are better educated and taught, or better work done. Some people spoke of the church as the Park Avenue Church. That was a very pretty name, but the right title was the First Church. It is not only first in name and in date of establishment, but also, he said, good naturedly, in some other things as well.

The cantata was entitled "A Temperance Picnic With the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," and the following was the programme: Song and speech—Mother Merryheart. Chorus—Marching Song. Chorus—The Waters that Gush from the Spring. Solo—Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?—Mother Merryheart. Semi-chorus—Pretty Water Song. Girls. Semi-chorus—Happy Wild Wood Nixie. Boys. Solo—A Wandering Boy and His Mother. Chorus—Oh, We Feel So Very Happy.

PART II. Solo—We're Gonna Be a Tynant. Sambo. Semi-chorus—How Do They Grow. Girls and Boys. Chorus—Pat and Fritz. Semi-chorus—We Come to Burg Nick. O'Teene. Prohibition trio—Ship of Prohibition. Chorus—The Red, White and Blue. Jack Kelly. Chorus—The Red, White and Blue. Hop Sing. Solo—What the People are Thinking. Brave Betty. Duet—River of Hope. Mother Merryheart and Charlie. Recitation—Baby Bunting. Chorus—Picnic in the Wild Wood.

Closing Tableau. The parties who represented the different characters were: Mother Merryheart, Miss L. J. McGuffin; Charlie, H. B. Lind; Sambo, F. Sweeney; Pat, J. F. Fritz; J. Sharp; Jack, Chas. Ruch; Tommy, James Grant; Polly Louie Clark; Hop Sing, Max Fraser; Brave Betty, Flo Hamilton; Baby Bunting, Alma Pax; Water Spirits, Mabel Reid, Elma Reid, Chas. Hawdick, Janet Cameron, Alma Pax, and Jessie Anderson; Wood Nixie, Willie Lawrence; George Bingham, Bert and Douglas Chas. Gordon, Roy Elliott, Cecil Swift and Fred Lind. "The Blacksmith," by the little boys, created much amusement.

Superintendent J. I. Anderson had charge of the programme, and Miss Simpson was accompanist.

The concert will be repeated next Friday evening in aid of the South Waterloo Street Sunday school, when a large attendance is anticipated.

Sixty-two more biscuits can be made with a pound can of Dr. Price's Baking Powder than with any other kind.

SUSPECTED CONDUCTORS.

Trial of the G. T. R. Men—Damaging Evidence Contradicted.

MONTREAL, April 19.—The hearing of evidence in the G. T. R. conductors' case was concluded this morning. Alfred Pomanville, clerk in the Balmoral, denied Fraser's statements regarding him. He said he had never introduced Fraser to anyone, nor indicated to him any houses of ill-fame.

Mr. H. W. Walker, chief accountant of the Grand Trunk Railway, examined for the defense, produced conductors' reports, from which it seemed that in the occasions upon which they had been accused of "knocking down" fares, the conductors had made returns of the full amounts collected by them on the cars.

Conductors Elliott and Empey were examined relative to the running of trains. When the examination of witnesses had been concluded, Messrs. St. Pierre and McMaster, for the defense, asked that the indictment be quashed on various technical grounds. The court reserved decision.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. J. W. STRONG, 293 Simcoe street, does papering and sign painting at very reasonable prices.

Easter Flowers.

We will have a very choice collection of plants and cut flowers that will be nice for Easter, namely, Roses Carnations, Lily of the Valley, Violets, Easter Lilies, Tulips, Hyacinths, Spiras and everything in the way of plants suitable for this festive occasion. We make a specialty of church decoration. GREENWAY, florist, 248 Duane street. Greenhouse, London West.

KINGSMILL'S

IF YOU WANT Carpets, Curtains, House Furnishings

Exclusive Styles, Best Values, Largest Assortment, Perfect Service, Finest Qualities, Lowest Prices.

We Lead the Trade!

Royal Wilton Carpets, with Borders to match. English Brussels Carpets, with Borders to match. English Brussels, Hall and Stair Carpets to match. Balmoral Brussels, with Borders to match. English Tapestry Carpets, with Borders to match.

Ingrains Oilcloths, Cocoa Mattings, Linoleums, China Mattings, Mattings.

So much represents thousands of rolls. We never had a more magnificent stock of everything for house furnishings, including everything in—

Curtains Door Mats, Wool Mats, Curtains Materials, Curtains Poles and Blinds, Fixtures, Table Covers, Blind Rollers, Blind Fringes, Piano Covers.

RUGS

Here can be seen novelties from the looms of the world. Every size, every price. We have something for every requirement.

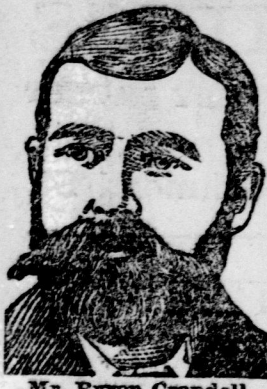
NO EQUAL STOCK.

All railroad charges prepaid on out-of-town purchases.

KINGSMILL'S

MONSTER CARPET HOUSE, Carling Street - - London, Ont.

Rheumatism Cured



Mr. Byron Crandell
cured. 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 Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25c.

THE STATE OF TRADE

in the United States and the Dominion.

An Improvement Noticed in Several Lines—Decrease in the Number of Canadian Failures.

NEW YORK, April 19.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: In every speculative department business is growing, but this is really the least satisfactory feature of the situation. Outside of the speculative markets the most important feature is the rise in the price of beef, but which is largely due to control of sources of supply by a few strong corporations. Boots and shoes are in larger demand.

Labor troubles are less serious this week, and the tendency is towards larger returns for labor, which will decrease the consuming power for other products.

Sales of wool at the chief eastern markets indicate that the production of goods is at present larger than it has been at any other time for two years. The hopeful outlook for the principal crops gives much encouragement, and also the increase in distribution of merchandise.

Failures during the past week have been 24, against 219 last year in the United States and in Canada 34, against 45 last year.

BRADSTREET'S. Bradstreet's says: The volume of general trade has maintained the previous week's proportions, and at some points shows noteworthy increases as compared with the total a year ago. There are reported 219 business failures in the United States this week; last year the total was 225.

IN CANADA. In the Dominion the approach of the opening of navigation appears to be the only stimulus to trade aside from advances in prices of a few staples. Collections of trade are slow. The Newfoundland seal catch has been more than an average success, despite low prices.

There are 23 business failures reported from Canada, against 26 last week, \$1 in the week a year ago, and \$1 two years ago. Bank clearings at Winnipeg, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and Halifax aggregate only \$15,133,000 this week. Last week they were \$17,593,000, and last year for the week \$18,004,000.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

THE LENGTH OF A CUBIT.

To the Editor of the "Advertiser": Would you for the gratification of one of your subscribers give a statement in your valuable paper as to (1) what the length of a cubit is; (2) if there is more than one kind and length given; (3) if, when the forearm is mentioned as the basis of the length of a cubit, it means the length of the forearm from elbow to wrist, or from elbow to end of fingers? In speaking in general terms of the arm, does not that term always indicate the hand? CUBIT.

(Ans.—A cubit is a measure of length, the distance from the elbow to the extremity of the middle finger. (2) The distance would of course vary with the length of the arm used as a basis of measurement. (3) See one. (4) The hand is included, speaking generally.—Ed.)

Most Pronounced Symptoms of Heart Disease, and How to Secure Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells at night, making it necessary to sit up in bed to breathe, swelling of feet or ankles, say the most eminent authorities, is one of the surest signs of a diseased heart. Nightmare is a common symptom, spells of hunger or exhaustion. It is estimated that 60 per cent of all cases of dropsy come from heart disease. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased, and nothing will give such perfect relief or so speedily effect a cure as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart. It has saved thousands of lives, and yours may be counted among the number if its use is begun at once. This remedy absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and is as harmless as the purest milk.

Many love and marry; fewer marry and love.

Your money or Your life!

Yes, your life is worth your weight in gold, but it is more pleasant to live if you smoke

OLD LEAVES, (5 Cents.)

DONA LUCIA, (10 Cents.)

Made Expressly For My Trade.

Hugh Loveless

202½ DUNDAS STREET.

LOST WHEELMAN LENZ.

W. SACHTLEBEN WHO WILL LOOK IN DANGEROUS PLACES FOR HIM.

Through Armenian Wilds—Plans of the Explorer Who Hopes to Ascertain the Fate of the Missing Explorer—Mystery of Lenz's Disappearance.

Searching for a needle in a haystack would be easy work compared with the task that William L. Sachtleben, an Illinois bicyclist, has upon his hands. He had sailed from New York upon the French steamer La Chapagne and is now far on his way toward the wilds of Armenia. Sachtleben has gone in search of a brother wheelman, Frank G. Lenz, who disappeared from the earth about a year ago, within sight of Mount Ararat. Lenz was on a tour around the world on his bicycle and had completed about seven-eighths of his long journey.

The last that was heard from him was a letter dated May 3, 1894, from Tabriz, a small town in Persia, near the Caspian Sea. He cashed a draft there and sent in to the "Outing Magazine," of New York, for which he was making the tour,



FRANK G. LENZ, THE MISSING WHEELMAN. an account of his most recent travels. In this letter, which is the last ever received from the missing man, Lenz stated that he was on his way to Erzerum, in Turkey.

He was traced through Bayazid, eighty miles from Erzerum, and to the Deibaba Pass, a wild opening between two mountains, some ten miles long, and inhabited by the fiercest of the uncivilized Kurds.

It is to find Lenz that Sachtleben has undertaken this dangerous expedition. His orders are, first to find the lost traveler or to learn his fate; second, if found, to continue the journey with the missing wheelman; and, third, to complete the circuit of the globe from where Lenz left off, if no trace of the missing bicyclist can be found. The country where Lenz disappeared is utterly impassable at this time of the year, and it will not be until May or even June that Sachtleben can go into the interior. He will take a wheel with him, and he will be accompanied by two American missionaries and two native guides.

Sachtleben made a trip around the world on a bicycle a few years ago and he went through the same Armenian country, but he was accompanied by a number of native guides and was not molested. All agree that Lenz was most foolhardy. These Kurds are all hostile to foreigners and almost entirely out of reach of the Turkish law.

Lenz is a daring man by nature, and he took many wild chances from which he was fortunate in coming through without serious injury before he reached Armenia. He left New York June 4, 1892. He was not the first man to go around the world on a bicycle, but the first to do so from east to west. All those who preceded him went in the opposite direction.

Lenz crossed America without much that was unusual, and reached San Francisco in October. An incident in this first part of the trip illustrates his character and shows the reckless nature which has probably cost him his life. He was accompanied by another bicyclist named Robert Bruce, who traveled as far as Minneapolis with him.

At one part of their trip they reached a Northern Pacific railroad bridge which spanned a lake. Lenz did not want to delay long enough to go around and thus add three or four miles to his long journey. He decided to ride across the bridge



WILLIAM L. SACHTLEBEN.

along the narrow board at the side, without any handrail, which was intended for employees of the road only. Bruce declared he would not risk it and rode around the lake.

Lenz started across the bridge, but before he could reach the other side, he was overtaken by a train. The bridge was a narrow affair, built for only one track, and there was no room for him to stand on one side and let the engine go by. Sitting down on the edge of the ties, he swung his bicycle out over the rushing waters below, and waited on the tips of the sleepers until the train rolled by not three feet from his head. Then he remounted his wheel and passed over the bridge in safety.

It was this reckless nature that got him into trouble again and again.

Sachtleben holds the key to the situation, but he has a difficult lock to open with it. He is a most courageous as well as a most capable traveler, and if Lenz can be found he will find him. Sachtleben has reached Constantinople by this time and will enter Armenia almost immediately. He will probably have to wait open weather at Erzerum, but his weeks of waiting will not be lost, for careful inquiries will be made there for the missing man.

It is cowardice to fear men, but discretion to fear women.

HERALDS OF THE SPRING.

Not Robins, but Gay New Jackets and Wraps Trimmed With Lace.

In spite of all the mad howling and threatened crusades against big sleeves, "like the poor they are always with us," and, if anything, the cloth jackets for this spring season of '95 have bigger and wider sleeves than ever. To be sure, the sleeves droop more, but every bit as much material is required, and from shoulder to elbow they are fairly huge. The shoulder seams are much longer, as though to make it impossible to wear last year's jacket with any feeling of comfort, and, while to the untrained eye the difference of an inch in the length of the shoulder is really a matter of no moment, to the woman's inner consciousness it makes every whit as much difference as an inch on a man's nose.

Long jackets are not to be worn, say the leading tailors, but evidently some very smartly gowned women have their own ideas on the subject.

The favorite New York model is a very nobby little affair. It is cut quite short, only about four inches or perhaps six be-



STYLISH HATS AND BONNET.

low the waist line, and flares out very stiffly. It is made single-breasted and tight fitting, and really looks something like the waist of a dress. It has immense round revers, which are slashed at the shoulder line, and which in the back form a sort of sailor collar, round instead of square. It is fastened with fancy buttons of medium size. When worn with a skirt to match it is exceedingly chic, but is not universally becoming, and looks better on young girls than it does on older women. The sleeves droop from shoulder to elbow, are very large, but from elbow to wrist fit quite snugly. The jacket is made of the fancy tweed, serges or covert cloth, and is lined in some fancy satin.

Another style of jacket modelled on the newest coats of last winter has more graceful lines and is more becoming. It is somewhat longer, is very full at the back, but with no unnecessary flaring out over the hips. It is made double-breasted and with loose fronts. The back, which is perfectly fitted, is cut to make the waist look very long. The sleeves are not so large as in the shorter jacket, but are of a very good size. The lapels are small and narrow, and at the back there is a turn down collar. It is only open at the neck far enough to show the collar and necktie. This jacket is made in every material possible, is very smart in tan cloth, with a velvet collar let in, but the most satisfactory of all are in black or covert cloth.

The Norfolk jacket, which is all the rage, will be worn as an outside garment, even over skirts of another color. It is made very much on the old fashioned lines, but the pleats are not all the same size, as was the original fashion, and taper in at the waist, both back and front, and in consequence are vastly more becoming, for nothing uglier, particularly if one is to be inclined to stoutness, can well be imagined than these same three thick pleats, which make even the smallest waist look square and ugly. Curiously enough, the sleeves of the Norfolk jackets are comparatively small. They are worn a great deal with bicycle suits.

With the big sleeves, which are part and parcel of all the new gowns, capes are a necessity, no longer to be avoided by even the most economical of women. Personal letters from Paris and London say that the cape fever has reached the proportions of an epidemic, and that there are very few, if any, novelties to be seen in coats and jackets, so entirely has the attention of all the modistes been turned to capes. Fortunately, the new fashions are more becoming than were the first, for a greater effort is made to have something to do with reference to the fitting. No longer do capes make short-waisted women look like lobsters in the middle, but are so arranged as to have the fullness over the shoulders put on in a more becoming way.

All the smart capes start with what the French call the empicement, which, after all, is nothing more than a carefully fitted shoulder yoke.

On this and from this is built up the cape itself. Such a mass of laces, ribbons and jets as are piled together, of minute size and weighing several pounds, the jet or steel ornaments making the weight. Square velvet yokes, with jewelled jet or steel passementerie, from which fall deep net ruffles edged with lace, are very fashionable at present; but those combined of only lace and jet will be more useful for late spring and summer wear. They are all short, none of them reaching below the waist, and must all be carefully fitted.

Silk and satin capes are not so much the fashion when plain in themselves as when covered with net or lace, but this last makes them even more expensive than originally, for the satin must be of just as good quality, and then comes the additional expense of the net or lace.

Dainty collections of chiffon, moussé de soie and embroidered muslin form part of all the elaborate trousseaux this spring. It is hard to decide as to whether they are capes, collars or fichus. They certainly possess no warmth, but they give a charming finish to any costume and are so dainty and pretty that every one feels she must have them. Fashion says they may be worn with all summer gowns, and by young or old. They are by no means cheap, but clever fingers can make them at home, and in this way the woman who has not a long purse can rival her more fortunate sister. Daintiness and freshness are the requirements for these capes, much more than very expensive material.

Highly Inflammable. Radburn—Did they discover the origin of the fire in that newspaper office? Chesney—Yes. The editor threw a poem from the poetess of passion in the waste basket.

Too Much So. Mrs. Pipkin—Has Jack proved an indulgent husband? Mrs. Potts—You'd think so, if you could see him some nights when he gets home from the club.

Down on the Rio Grande a horse thief stole a runaway mule that nobody else could catch.

A POPULAR GARMENT.

S. & S.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY:

Fair and mild.



OUR SUMMER WAIST.

Our Silk Blouses

Have also been a big success. We have them in black and colors, made in full blouse style, with crushed collars and crushed belts, all pure silk. Made light and durable. The proper article for summer wear when worn with dark skirts. Prices from \$3.75 up. Smallman and Ingram

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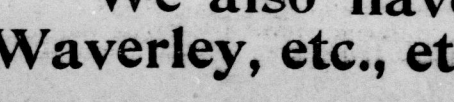
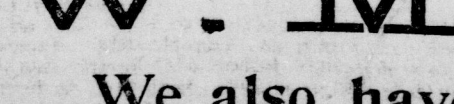
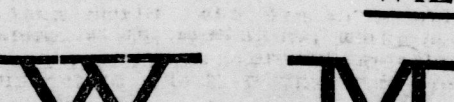
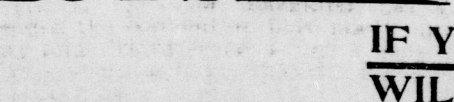
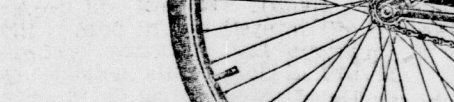
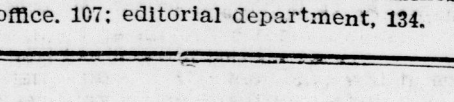
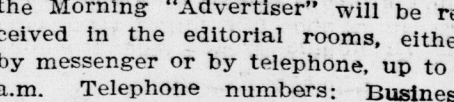
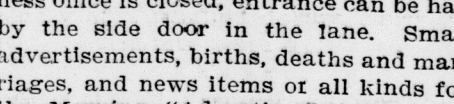
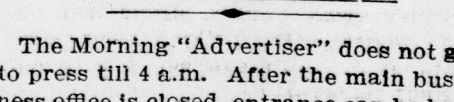
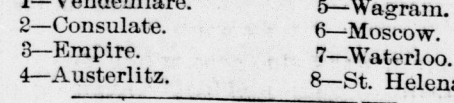
Actresses

have all their Elegant and Fashionable Costumes Interlined with Fibre Chamois

For the constant rough usage of traveling, the packing and unpacking—it is superior to any lining ever produced—as it does not remain creased or wrinkled, and as it is not stiffened by starch or glue, it is not affected by moisture.

Will drape gracefully and may be neatly plaited. At all stores. 64 inch wide, 35c per yard. 3 weights. Every yard of the Genuine Fibre Chamois is labeled. Beware of inferior imitations.

The wholesale trade only supplied by The Canadian Fibre Chamois Company, Montreal.



Spring Goods

Very Stylish.

COME AND SEE THEM

Harry Lenox,

Cor. Richmond and Carling Sts.

There is Just One Thing

That the citizens of London and vicinity would do well to make a note of, that at 131 Dundas street, books and magazines of all kinds and styles are bound neatly, cheaply and tastefully.

W. J. MOFFAT, BOOKBINDER.

SEE THE LATEST THING IN

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Brantford Bicycle Agency Tonight

212 Dundas Street.

Ready, "GO!"

Where to buy your wheels in London this year. Advertisements of the leading bicycle dealers.

THE BEST TOO GOOD FOR YOU AT MODERATE PRICES?

IS BICYCLE MODEL WORK RUBBER STAMP WORK and GENERAL REPAIRING FISHING ROBS MADE OR REPAIRED.

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388 RICHMOND STREET—OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

Triumph Bicycles!

High Grade English Wheels, Large Sprocket Wheels, Large Fine Steel Tubing, Narrow Tread, Light and Strong, Fully Guaranteed. Call and Examine or Send for Catalogue to

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185 Dundas St., London.

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DIADEM BICYCLES!

—Agent for—

ECLIPSE BICYCLES!

Ha! Ha! Ha! We have to smile. Cyclists are finding out that the place to buy coal is from their coal dealer, clothing from their tailor, and bicycles from a bicycle manufacturer. Of course we still give our strict attention to bicycle repairing.

W. A. Brock, 192 Dundas St., London SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Buy the Wheel you can depend on

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Large stock, both new and second hand.

PRICES RIGHT.

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\$75 Bicycle for \$50

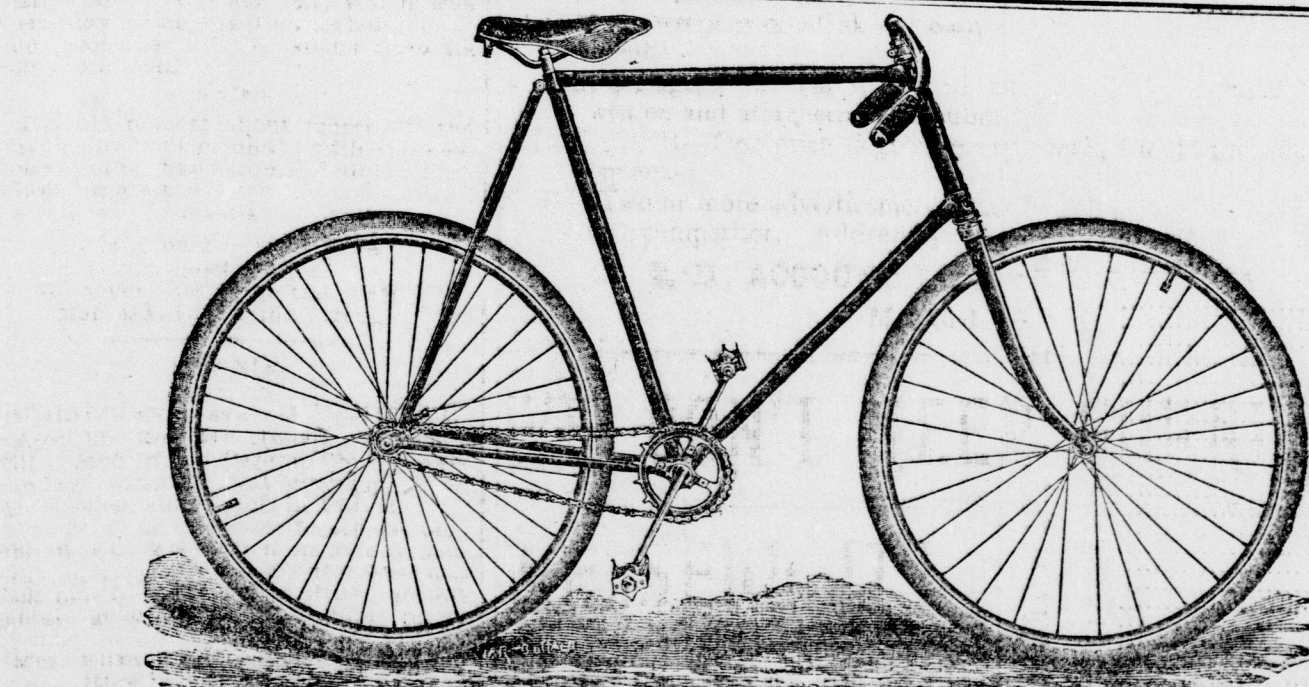
With a Large Number at Various Prices to Choose From

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BOYS

IF YOU SEE THIS WHEEL, YOU WILL BUY NO OTHER

W. MANN & CO.

We also have Sterling, Imperial, Rambler, Alert Waverley, etc., etc.

House and Lobby

THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

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

JOHN CAMERON,
Pres't and Managing Director.

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

London, Saturday, April 20.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

The trade policy now comes once more to the front as the principal issue.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

We observe a disposition to make a scapegoat of Principal Dickson.

Were U. C. College suddenly to sink into the ground the education of the youth of Ontario would go on just as before.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND
JINGOISM.

Some unusually silly attempts have been made to arouse a jingo spirit in Canada in connection with the Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies to be held in Boston in July. We have received the following letter from Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D., of Boston, the president and founder of the organization, and it is with pleasure that we give it prominence;

"Dear Sir,—The idea of the historic pilgrimages in connection with the convention in Boston of the Christian Endeavor Societies next July, has been misunderstood in some sections of Canada, and violent letters have been received at the headquarters of the United Society, denouncing these pilgrimages as an 'insult' to Canadians, 'a sin and a shame,' 'a flingo programme,' etc. Nothing could be further from the thoughts of the programme committee than the arousing of sectional animosities, and nothing of the sort need be anticipated. These gatherings on historic spots in Boston and vicinity will be for the purpose largely of emphasizing the idea of good citizenship and nationalism."

zennism and patriotism, ideas as valuable for the Canadian youth as for those of the United States. As a Canadian writer expresses it, in speaking of this very subject, 'Bunker Hill would be an appropriate place in which to bury the hatchet and all the language of national hate.' There is a great field of discussion which we ought to open up, and it might well characterize this convention; namely, International Christian politics and our international duties.' These thoughts will doubtless dominate the day, and whatever is said will be on the broadest plane of good citizenship and the highest plane of patriotism. That this is so is shown by the fact that English and Canadian speakers, as well as speakers from the United States, will address the assembled throngs on these historic spots, and it is believed that these meetings will do much to cement the ties of Christian fraternity between the inhabitants of the two great divisions of North America, as well as to arouse in all the spirit of intensest patriotism. Yours sincerely,

"FRANCIS E. CLARK,"

THE HEROINE OF THE ELBE.
The presence of Miss Anna Boeker, the only lady saved from the Elbe, at the bazar on behalf of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society created quite a sensation, and the German stall, at which she assisted, was always surrounded by a dense crowd. The Duchess of Meiningen, who opened the bazar, presented Miss Boeker with a diamond little gold watch and chain, subscribed by the stall-holders, with which she was obviously delighted, although the words of her Royal Highness and the interested gaze of several hundred spectators naturally made her rather nervous.—London Figaro.

Extraordinary Charge Against a Cabinet Minister—Accused of Collecting \$25,000 for the Passage of a Railway Bill—Investigation Probable—Deficit for the Year So Far Over \$5,000,000 and Still Increasing—Brilliant Address by the Liberal Leader—Double-Faced Policy of the Men in Power on the Manitoba School Question—Speeches by Mr. Foster, Sir R. Cartwright, Sir C. H. Tupper, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Belly.

[Specially Telegraphed by Our Own Representative.]

OTTAWA, April 19.—The feature of today's sitting of the House of Commons was a speech by the Liberal leader of the extraordinary condition of affairs in the country and in the Cabinet. Expecting that the Parliamentary leaders would talk, the galleries were crowded, and the floor of the House was graced by Lady Aberdeen and her sister-in-law, Lady Tweedmouth, while in the Speaker's gallery were Madame Laurier, Lady Caron, Mrs. Foster and other notables.

Mr. Bennett, of Simcoe, a glib-tongued man of law, moved the address in reply to the speech from the throne. As was expected of him, Mr. Bennett took a decidedly optimistic view of the condition of affairs, and generally agreed with the speech compiled by his leaders. He admitted the deficit, but excused it and the hard times as being made on the ground that there had been almost wonderful depression in other parts of the world. He rejoiced over the victory of winning of his party in Hamilton, but omitted all reference to the great Liberal triumphs in Vercheres and Antigonish. Then came a declaration on the Manitoba school case, the conclusion of which was that the province had made no mistake in the matter, but had

to be settled by Manitoba.

Mr. Belly, the robust French-speaking member for Chicoutimi, lauded the Government because it had done what his predecessors said it had not done, and promised to support it because it had told Manitoba that it must re-establish the separate schools, or have them set up by the Dominion Government. Herein he emphasized the two-facedness of the Government's policy.

.....
Hon. Mr. Laurier followed. He was warmly applauded by his followers, and even some of the public were so carried away by the excitement of the moment as to break the rules of the House by applauding from the galleries. The Liberal leader strongly complained of this, and declared that if Parliament had been called together. The excuse put forward was that the Government had been into his Excellency's mouth. The Laurier affirmed, "I never broke the rules of the House by breaking through the British usage was to be found in the quarreling, squabbling and fighting which has been proceeding since the election. One has been proceeding a session and another a dissolution, and both feared the people. The by-election showed the dissatisfaction there was with the Government. It was a wise move. In Hindmarch, the Liberals took no part in the fight. It was a family quarrel of the Conservatives. The Liberal Government was the opposite. The Liberals have triumphed.

Mr. Laurier pointed out that in Quebec West Mr. McGreevey, the defeated candidate, was supported by the men in power, and that on the great trade question Mr. Dobbell had the Liberal support, because he adopted Liberal principles. (He might have added that in Antigonish Sir C. H. Tupper repudiated Mr. Dobbell.) Mr. Laurier congratulated the Government on the health of Mr. Dobbell, and said that he was so improved that it had once more adapted him as an associate. Mr. McGreevey, the defeated Government candidate, seems to have been a man of the same type as Mr. Foster and his associates which they cannot shake. It is only the other side that he was imprisoned for fraud, but he was at the instance of the Government, and as a being once more clasped to the bosom of the Conservative leader. Mr. Laurier made a humorous reference to Sir H. H. Tupper, the "days' strike" and strike, and gave it as an instance of the dissensions that exist. "The Cabinet," said Mr. Laurier, "is like a ship, whose spring wire is the cable of the cable, and that the bottom bolts with nephelic gas."

After a graceful reference to the death of Sir John Thompson, Mr. Laurier passed on to speak of the failure of the Finance Minister to keep expenditures within income. This was, he said, no new experience. From the days of the extravagant boasting and unwise boomings of Sir Charles Tupper to the present time, the Government had characterized Government taxation and Government expenditure, and the people had been oppressed in a scandalous manner. Mr. Laurier said he cordially approved of the confederating of Newfoundland with Canada, but thought that to ward off what might prove a grave danger in the future the British Government should be first asked to settle the claims of the people of the Government to the shores of the island.

Taking up the Manitoba school question, Mr. Laurier said it would have been easier to settle if the Dominion Government had been more conciliatory and less dictatorial towards Manitoba's government. Mr. Laurier pointed out that taking the two speeches heard that afternoon as a sample, the Conservatives had one policy in Ontario and another in Quebec. What, then, is the meaning of the one issued to Manitoba? Mr. Laurier said he would like to advise the advisers of his Excellency as to how they should settle this question. He said when called upon by his colleagues to rise and speak, he did so but it would be presumptuous in him to rush in where the angels on the opposite benches fear to tread. This side has raised such a high flag on this subject that the administration must honor it where it is at, and explain which of the two explanations of its policy is the real one. In conclusion, Mr. Laurier congratulated Mr. Foster on his preference to the leadership.

Mr. Foster was a trifle nervous when he rose to reply in the capacity of actual leader of the House, but the ap

place of his friends warmed him up, the three first reasons for the extraordinary delay in calling Parliament—(1) the death of Sir John Thompson, which disorganized the Government; (2) the Manitoba school case was unsettled; (3) the Laurier cabinet was not ready. There has only now been partly negotiated. "Mr. Laurier says there has been fighting in the Cabinet" (Hear, hear) "and I am not sure that it is over." "So far as I am concerned," explained Mr. Foster, apologetically, "I have escaped unscathed. This break caused me considerable anxiety as to the effect on my work. I am glad to find that Mr. Foster had many excuses. Public works had been entered on, the revenues had fallen, it was difficult to cut down the expenditure, and there were fewer purchases of goods owing to the enforced economy incident to trade difficulty and depression in Canada. As to the question of the tariff, I had no special views in favor of confederation. He assured the House that it was probable the French shore difficulty would be settled by the time the House met in session of the Newfoundland Legislature."

Mr. Foster spoke on the Manitoba school question. He said the remedial order undoubtedly had two sides, according as a man viewed it. It should be settled without political strife, and Hon. Mr. Sifton's conduct in coming to Ontario to discuss it was to be deprecated. It was an outrage to political decency. Manitoba should do the work required, not the Dominion. In conclusion, Mr. Foster eloquently referred to the death of Sir John Thompson.

Mr. Foster was followed by Sir Richard Cartwright, who said if the Finance Minister is prolific in nothing else he is prolific in making excuses. He pointed out that the Government never intended to meet Parliament, but had been compelled to do so because certain personalities had issued the demands that a session must be held and not passed, or they would know the reason why. The gentlemen opposite said that the John Thompson's death prevented them from meeting. "Did it?" asked Sir Richard, "presently they are ambulating up and down the country on an electroneering tour in the Jamaica car and discussing the car's contents?" "They made many witty sallies with regard to the quarrels in the Cabinet," said Sir Richard, "but I am not an idiot. There were no attacks on me when he referred to the 'Upper rock and the alleged Outmet-Haggart row.

Turning to the admitted depression — which he said was not soon pass away unless there was a reform in the management of public affairs. Sir Richard pointed out that to influence the bye-elections the Finance Minister had caused to be inserted in the official gazette a statement that there was a surplus of £708,000 for the first nine months of the financial year, whereas the deficit is really £5,010,000. Sir Richard said he was not responsible for the return. It was a deputy's work. Sir Richard was an unworthy article, the most misleading article that he had indulged in. It was never resorted to before now. Sir Richard next pointed out that the public debt had been increased £8,000,000 in the last five months, and urged the Finance Minister to make a clean breast of it and begin to pay off the long-delayed efforts to meet the deficit and the grave dangers that beset the country.

.....
Sir C. H. Tupper did not do himself justice in his speech. He told a monkey story to prove that much that had been written in the press regarding his kick was unreliable. It was not only Conservative papers, but the Liberal press as well, that published unreliable reports. He alluded to the fact that he rallied at Sir Richard Cartwright's denouncing the deficit, and argued that depression was less in Canada than in the States. The House was amused to hear from Sir Charles that the Manitoba remedial order was not due to portents and that the matter should not now be discussed. Down in Antigonish, where he was defeated, Sir Charles argued that the Manitoba remedial question was the one great issue of the order of the Government was a sound one. At 10:40 the House adjourned till Monday. Hon. David Mills will resume the debate.

Mr. McLellan will introduce a bill providing for second-class return tickets on railways. He will also promote a bill providing for the stamping of all cheese exported for sale, whether produced in Canada or the States. Hon. D. Mills will ask for all correspondence between the Government and the British law officers with regard to the bill for the appointment of a Deputy Speaker of the Senate.

There is considerable excitement in Parliamentary circles over the following statement, which appears in L'Electeur, Quebec: "I may tell you for certain that a Federal Minister has exacted payment of a sum of \$25,000 to secure the passage last session of a railway incorporation bill. This Minister will be impeached during the early days of the session, and the history of the whole transaction will be placed before the public. This modest 'rake-off' has been shrouded in mystery until the Government by another Minister has made it known. It is an extraordinary effort to hush the matter. High personages have been informed of the matter, but they will not consent to make themselves accomplices of the guilty by keeping silence." I hear there will be Parliamentary inquiry as to this matter.

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is earache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is easily adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts and disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, to which the young are especially subject.

Scientists predict that in a century's time there will be no disease that is not curable.

RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier
instantly relieve and speedily cure torturing
figuring, itching and scaly humors where
other methods fail.

Potter Drug & Chemical Corp.
Sole Proprietors, Boston, U. S.

From 7 to 10 O'Clock.

CHAPMAN'S

GLOVES—Ladies' Gray Suede Gloves, worth 75c, **Tonight 50c**

GLOVES—Ladies' Fawn and Cream Undressed Musquetaire Kid Gloves, worth \$1, **Tonight 75c**

GLOVES—Children's Tan Kid Gloves, worth 50c, **Tonight 38c**

GLOVES—Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, laced, all sizes, **Tonight 25c**

PARASOLS—Ladies' Silk Gloria Parasols, black and colored handles, worth \$1 25, **Tonight 90c**

PARASOLS—Ladies' Fancy Handled Silk Gloria Parasols, with steel rods, worth \$3, **Tonight \$2 25**

PARASOLS—Ladies' Silk Gloria Parasols, worth 85c, **Tonight 65c**

BLOUSES—Ladies' Colored Cambric Blouses, with frilled or laundered collars and cuffs, large sleeves, worth \$1 25, **Tonight 90c**

CORSET COVERS—Ladies' White Cambric Corset Covers, embroidery trimmed, worth 45c, **Tonight 32c**

HOSE—Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, Canadian make, worth 18c, **Tonight 12½c**

HOSE—Ladies' All-Wool Black Cashmere Hose, worth 35c, **Tonight 25c**

HOSE—Ladies' Ribbed Cashmere Hose, spliced heel and toe, worth 45c, **Tonight 35c**

GLOVES—Ladies' Black Silk Gloves, worth 35c, **Tonight 25c**

HATS—Men's Fine Black Fedora Hats, silk trimmed, latest styles, worth \$1 50, **Tonight \$1**

HATS—Youths' Fine Black Fedora Hats, worth \$1, **Tonight 75c**

HATS—Boys' Fedora Hats, black, blue and brown, worth 75c, **Tonight 50c**

COLLARS—Men's Heavy Four-Ply Linen Collars, **Tonight 2 for 25c**

SHIRTS—Men's Fine French Cambric Shirts, worth 75c, **Tonight 62 1/2c**

SOCKS—Men's Fine Black Cashmere Socks, worth 35c, **Tonight 25c**

SHIRTS—Men's Black Sateen Shirts, worth 75c, **Tonight 62½c**

SUITS—Men's All-Wool Tweed Suits, worth \$70, **Tonight \$8 25**

SUITS—Men's All-Wool Tweed Suits, worth \$6, **Tonight \$4 25**

SUITS—Men's Black Worsteds Suits, worth \$15, **Tonight \$12**

SUITS—Men's Colored Worsteds Suits, worth \$12 50, **Tonight \$9 75**

PANTS—Men's Fine Black Worsted Pants, worth \$4, **Tonight \$2 75**

PANTS—Men's Heavy All-Wool Tweed Pants, worth \$2 75, **Tonight \$2**

SUITS—Boys' Blouse Suits, worth \$1 75, **Tonight \$1 25**

SUITS—Boys' Blue Serge Suits, worth \$2, **Tonight \$1 49**

SUITS—Boys' Blouse Suits, gold trimmed, worth \$2, **Tonight \$1 50**

SUITS—Boys' Fine Suits, nobby goods, worth \$3, **Tonight \$2 25**

SERGES—3 pieces French Foulie Serge, black, worth 35c, **Tonight 25c**

CLOTH—8 pieces Mervellieux Cloth, French goods, worth 65c, **Tonight 50c**

TRIMMING—Black Jet Pendants and piece Trimmings, **Tonight 25c**

CREPONS—3 pieces Black Crepons, worth 50c, **Tonight 40c**

TWEED—6 pieces All-Wool Tweed Dress Goods, new patterns, worth 60c, **Tonight 50c**

CREPONS—10 pieces All-Wool Crepons, 40 inches wide, worth 45c, **Tonight 30c**

LUSTER—3 pieces Black Broche Luster, worth 45c, **Tonight 30c**

MUSLIN—4 pieces White Coin Spot Muslin, worth 25c, **Tonight 20c**

SILK—10 pieces Pongee Silk, worth 25c, **Tonight 15c**

CHALLIE—20 pieces Wool Challie, worth 25c, **Tonight 15c**

FLANNEL—Twill Navy Flannel, worth 18c, **Tonight 10c**

LINEN—Bleached Table Linen, worth 35c, **Tonight 25c**

SHIRTINGS—Angola Shirtings, unshrinkable, worth 30c, **Tonight 19c**

COTTON—36 inch Soft Finish Bleached Cotton, worth 8 1-2c, **Tonight 6½c**

LONG CLOTH—English Long Cloth, slightly soiled, 36 and 38 inches wide, worth 10c, **Tonight 5c**

CHAMBRAYS—In Blue, Pink and Gray, worth 20c, **Tonight 5c**

TWEED—Strong Wool Tweed, worth 35c, **Tonight 25c**

TABLING—Red and White Tabling, 58 inches wide, worth 38c, **Tonight 27c**

TABLE COVERS—Jute Table Covers, 1 1-2 yards square, worth \$1, **Tonight 75c**

FLANNELETTE—Plain, Striped and Figured Flannelette, **Tonight 5c**

We are showing a beautiful assortment of Pale Pink and Blue Chambrays and Zephyr Gingham materials, in plain, striped and checked—12½c, 14c and 20c. You are asked to inspect tonight.

CHAPMAN'S.

126-128 Dundas Street, London.

We repeat the inquiry,
Have You Tasted

'SALADA'

(CEYLON TEA)

The most delicious and economical of all teas.

Sold in lead packets only, black or mixed.

A Lost Gem

"She had better not say anything of that sort to her step-mamma!"

"No, no! I'll warn her. Shall I say that you are sorry you won't see her again?"

"Hannington?" she asked. "You want to know my plans, I see. Well, they are not decided. But one thing I am sure of. I don't leave Mr. Pople's inn just yet. I can tell you. I am very well off where I am, and mean to stop."

Kingscot nodded and smiled. "All right. If you stay where you are for the next half hour you will see your old flame, most likely. I ordered the open carriage to be sent down. Now I must go and find my cab. I hope he's all right. I left him in the bar-room."

"You can bring him here with you some night for a game of Nap," said Hannington. "He can get out at night, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, thanks to the door in the Tower and his kind note. Ta-ta, Jack. I'll remember you to Molly."

And then Kingscot went downstairs to seek Bertie, with whom he meant to go to the railway station, to welcome the bride and bridegroom home. Molly had refused to come. She had returned from her visit to the Lawsons in a rather odd state of mind; she seemed excited and spiritless by turns; and in this condition her uncle found it easier to make friends with her than he had ever done before. It had occurred to him that Molly might be useful in the furtherance of his schemes, and therefore he took pains to be agreeable to her. Molly, feeling sore and bitter still, because of what she styled "Miss Raeburn's treachery," was only too glad to find a friend into whose ear she might pour her woes without rebuke.

She told him, moreover, that she had seen some one at Miss Lawson's whom she liked very much—a gentleman who had told her that she was the most beautiful girl in the world—a Mr. John Hannington. And was it possible that Uncle Ralph knew Mr. Hannington—had known him for many years, and liked him very much? Molly's prejudice against her uncle went down like the walls of Jericho when the trumpets had been blown. And all this information was turned by Mr. Kingscot to the very best account.

He could not find Bertie for some time, and began to feel half vexed and half alarmed by the lad's disappearance, especially as he received a hint from an attendant that the young man seemed a wee bit fond of a drap. "Fond of a drap!"—what on earth could the man mean! thought Kingscot irascibly. Bertie had surely not been such an idiot!

He never finished the sentence to himself. At that very moment, he heard a bell ringing, and ran with all his might up the hill to the railway station, where Mr. Moncrieff's carriage and half a dozen other vehicles were waiting for the arrival of the train from Perth. Kingscot was a little late, as he was vexed to see Mr. and Mrs. Moncrieff come out of the station just as he reached it; and his congratulations were somewhat spoiled in effect by the fact that he uttered them in a voice which showed that he was very much out of breath.

"Bertie came with me, but we stopped to say a word or two to a friend in the street, and I lost sight of him," said Kingscot, with admirable candor. "He is following me, I suppose; we shall see him presently."

And then he halted in his speech. A terrible sight had met his eyes. A group of little boys had set up a shrill hurrah, at the sight of a drunken man—not a man, but a slight, tall, handsome lad, whose eyes were wild, whose face was inflamed, who swayed from side to side in his endeavor to keep himself straight as he staggered across the roadway. Ralph made a rush forward but Alan Moncrieff, with a face as white as death, laid a hand on his arm.

"Wait one moment," he said. "I must put my wife into the carriage first. Then you and I will get that wretched lad home between us. The only thing we can do is to hide his shame, and our own, as best we can."

And that was Stella's home-coming.

CHAPTER XVI.

Stella caught only a glimpse of Bertie's vacant face. She was hastily placed in the carriage my Alan Moncrieff, whose rigid lips would hardly frame the words of apology for leaving her alone, which he felt were due to her; and then, almost before she knew what had happened, she was being driven rapidly along the road towards the new home, which she had hoped to enter with her husband at her side. Alan blamed himself afterwards for not having led his son to Kingscot's care, for it occurred to him that Stella's drive to Torrensuir would be desolate indeed, without any one at her side to encourage her; but at the moment itself he was absorbed in the thought of Bertie, and too much shocked at the revelation of his state to be altogether regardless of the requirements of a young and timid wife.

Stella did what she was asked to do without raising any objection, but she wiped away a few tears as she was bowled along the road to Torrensuir. She had only a vague sense of what had happened. Alan's stricken white face, Ralph Kingscot's dismay, Bertie's strange looks, did not tell her the whole truth of the story. She decided that Bertie must be ill, and she dreaded the thought of encountering Molly without her husband at her side. Fortunately she re-

membered that Aunt Jacky was to be present at Torrensuir that evening; and if she were there, the place would not be so unhomelike after all.

But the arrival was a trial to Stella's equanimity. At the lodge gate, several of the out-door men, the gardeners and keepers, were collected to give the new mistress a welcome. There was a little arch of evergreens and flags over the gate. Mr. Moncrieff had quite forgotten that any such reception was likely to have been devised. Everybody set up a shout as the carriage came up, but the shout died away in rather a feeble manner when the carriage alone. But she looked so beautiful, and smiled so sweet a response to their greeting, that it was renewed with tenfold the previous fervor.

Indeed the carriage had to be stopped for a minute or two, so that an old gamekeeper might make his little speech of welcome, in which he wished her to Torrensuir. Mr. Moncrieff had warned Ralph that he did not want any formal reception or welcome of any kind, but Mr. Kingscot had been unable to prevent some slight demonstration on the part of the out-door men, who, more than the in-door servants, were disposed to be pleased that there was to be a mistress "up at the house."

The house-servants were less inclined to be delighted. They had their own way for so long that they feared a lady's rule—Miss Molly counting for nothing in their eyes.

Stella explained, with a little blush and sigh, that Mr. Moncrieff was detained at the station, and would follow presently; but she added diffidently that she thought they had better not wait for him, as he might be late, and—and was tired and unwell. So the men dispersed, and did not at once catch the meaning of the glance and the wink which the coachman on the box bestowed on them. They hung about the stables afterwards, however, to learn its meaning; and were very soon enlightened. Bertie's awkward looks and staggering footsteps needed no interpretation to them as to Mrs. Moncrieff. The whole household knew what had happened long before the master of the house came home.

It was Miss Jacky who flung herself in Stella's arms and gave her a really hearty welcome, as she had done not eighteen months before, when the girl came home from school. The servants were waiting in the hall, but they did not give the new mistress any very amiable looks, although they behaved with outward respect and decorum. Molly came forward languidly, with such an abatement of her old vivacity, that Stella felt a pang of grief and alarm as she noted her altered manner, and kissed the cheek that was offered rather formally for her salute.

"Is papa not with you?" There was a touch of sharpness in Molly's tone. "And Uncle Ralph and Bertie—where are they?"

"They are coming presently. I left them at the station," said Stella, holding Aunt Jacky by the hand as she entered the drawing-room. "I think—I am afraid—Bertie was not very well, and they stayed to attend to him. She hoped that her version of the story might be true."

"Not well—they stayed, and you did not stay?" said Molly, looking at Stella with eyes in which a new suspicionness had crept. "Why did you come away?"

"It was your father's wish that I should come."

"I shall ask Macgregor," said Molly. She was darting to the door when Stella caught her arm.

"Don't go, Molly, darling. Don't ask. They will be here very soon. There is nothing seriously amiss, I hope. Don't question the servants."

"Why should I not question them?" said Molly the impetuous. "They are all old friends of mine, and they would answer truly and faithfully, which perhaps you don't want to do, Mrs. Moncrieff."

Stella shrank a little, and turned pale as the girl flung this taunt into her face. "I am not going to alter my ways for any new comers," and with these words Molly escaped from the detaining hand, and rushed out of the room.

Stella sank down on the nearest chair. Her lips were trembling, and the tears were in her eyes.

(To be Continued.)

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cured in one to three days. Its action truly and faithfully, which perhaps you don't want to do, Mrs. Moncrieff."

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(To be Continued.)

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Threats Against Mitchell Churches—A Large Funeral—A Man's Whiskers Caught in Machinery—G. T. R. Bear End Collision at St. Thomas.

St. Marys Orange lodge has protested against interference with Manitoba. Exeter Methodists will erect a church on the model of the Glenoe Methodist Church.

During the last season the Ingersoll Athletic Association cleared off a debt of over \$400.

Ald. Barber, of Guelph, one of the leading cattle dealers of the west, died on Thursday.

The Kincardine Board of Trade has been considering the feasibility of an electric railway to Teeswater.

W. A. Hill, of Tilburg, was committed for trial on Thursday for placing spittoons on the G. T. R. switch at Rockwood.

John Nolan, Michigan Central Railway engineer, and his wife, celebrated their silver wedding on Tuesday night, and were the recipients of many valuable presents.

The officers of the Kincardine Board of Trade just elected are: President, J. W. Rapley; vice-president, William Murray; secretary, Dr. Martyn; treasurer, G. M. Mackenzie.

G. S. Hall has purchased from Wm. Murdoch his well-known farm, Pine Grove, being the south half of lot 12, on the fourth concession, near Kerwood, the price being \$2,200.

Some time ago Thomas Manning, of London, cut with a silver finger of his right hand out with a silver finger of his left, and after attending to it for several weeks had to have the finger amputated.

Wm. Reid, of Blytheswood, Essex county, had to go to Thursday, a long haul, to get tangled with a revolving shaft, and before the machine could be stopped the whiskers were gone and his chin was badly torn.

Wm. Monk has sold his farm of 100 acres, being lot 11, third concession of Hullett township, Huron county, to Mr. John Dale, for the sum of \$2,500. There are frame buildings on the place. This gives Mr. Dale 200 acres of land.

The Detroit Free Press says the advance of the Beatty Line boats and C. P. R. steamer Albert, at Windsor, will probably lead to a war of rates between the Canadian and United States steamers running to northern lake ports.

The funeral of the late J. A. Beaton, village clerk of Chester, who died from blood poisoning, was attended by nearly 2,000 people. He had an insurance on his life to the amount of \$5,000, besides owning considerable real estate.

A strange boy of 16 stayed with Geo. Axford, farmer, near St. Thomas, from March 2 to 10, and disappeared. A letter from the Rev. W. H. Shepherd, of St. Clair, Mich., shows the boy to be his son, and that he ran away from home.

Alex. McGregor, one of the oldest and most respected residents of Plympton, died on Wednesday morning, after an illness of nearly five years. He was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1815, and was a school mate of the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie.

Mr. Robert McIntosh, one of the oldest settlers in West Zorra, is dead. He leaves four sons and one daughter—Alexander, ex-deputy reeve of Donald and Gilbert, farmers on the eighth concession, and John, of Lucknow; and Mrs. Robert McDonald, of Thornedale.

Mrs. William Saffery, Windsor, a short time ago went to Peru, Ind., to attend the funeral of her sister, and she was bringing her mother, Mrs. Saffery, back with her to reside. Shortly after leaving her home her mother complained of feeling unwell, and in a few moments expired in her daughter's arms.

Rev. Mr. Tully, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Mitchell, has received an anonymous letter, telling him that in a few weeks the Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the two leading church edifices of the town would be reduced to ashes. Since receiving the warning note, Mr. Tully found a strange key fast in one of the door locks of his church.

The G. T. R. mixed train from the east was run into by a freight train in the St. Thomas yards Thursday evening, but the passengers saw it coming and most of them got out of the freight, seeing that a collision was unavoidable, reversed his engine, was he and the fireman jumped off at the brakemen pluckedly kept their places until the collision took place, and one of them was thrown off, but unhurt. The freight was in charge of Conductor Middleton, Engineer B. Dixon, Brakemen J. Clarke and Cluskey.

AN ILLINOIS SENSATION.
A Lady of Union County Recovers Her Health in a Marvelous Way.

ANNA, Ill., April 20.—A very interesting case of recovery from a complicated form of kidney trouble has taken place, and the details are gradually being made public. The sufferer was Miss M. T. Loomis, who for a long time has been a victim to kidney pains in all parts of the body. She consulted a number of doctors, and was treated for a great variety of complaints, but she determined to try Swayne's Pills, having heard and read much of their efficacy, and found her expectations justified in a complete cure.

MIDDLESEX.
The Independent Foresters will hold a big demonstration at Stratford on May 24.

There has been considerable damage done in Ekfrid and Carleton recently by mad dogs. Some persons have been bitten, and many sheep and cattle.

Two of those so bitten—Messrs. Mark and Cain—have been sent to the Pasteur Institute, New York, for treatment. Large numbers of dogs have been destroyed by order of the board of health.

MOUNT BRIDGES.
("Advertiser" Agent, T. Pearce, P.M.) April 18.—On Thursday afternoon last Miss Clara Steer were united in the bonds of matrimony. They have been spending their honeymoon among relatives and friends before taking their departure for the Far West, where the doctor has a good practice. On Tuesday evening the old people held a reception for Mrs. Steer, and Wednesday evening the young people also held one, both expressing their congratulations to the doctor and his estimable partner.

On Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock another happy event took place in the Episcopal Church, Delaware. Mr. Ed. Parrott, son of G. B. Parrott, grain merchant, and Miss Webb, both of Carleton, were made one. Miss Webb has been organist in the above church for some time.

Another large shipment of hogs was made here yesterday by Mr. Joseph Kidd.

The Scrap Bag.

Has no one a suggestion whereby those unsightly obstacles, the telegraph poles, which disfigure our streets, might be beautified? There is not a prettier little city in the whole Dominion than our own Forest City; but it seems to me that it could be made even prettier than it is now, the garden of "the garden of Ontario." What, with beautiful new churches going up, and a handsome library building, and an electric railway system, why should we not make one more supreme effort and beautify our already beautiful streets and avenues to a consummate degree of attractiveness?

I have no means of knowing whether I have or some such plant trained to clamber all over the telegraph pole's ghastly length would be practical or not; but if so, I think the appearance of our London streets would warrant her in changing her name from that of the Forest City to the Fairy City.

Be he young or old, one never feels that a man is less attractive because his hair happens to turn gray. Even a bald head need not be severely deplored, as apparently it detracts nothing from a dignified appearance. But a woman! Ah! that's not the same thing at all. A man, on one of those rare occasions when he is supposed to use a mirror, observes that since he last looked his hair has turned gray, and says to himself: "Now, a woman would make a regular lamentation over a little episode of this kind, whereas to a man of philosophy it's a mere trifle," and he goes off whistling, and feeling philosophical, as well he may, feeling that it's not to make a scrap of difference to him, anyway. He's still a man. Whether he shall be relegated to the ranks of the oldsters depends altogether upon quite a number of other things; but the gray-haired woman, unless she is an exceptional being, is a "nice old lady." She must make a complete change in her style of dress, eschew youthful colors, and alter the shape of her bonnet.

Daily Hints to Housekeepers.
God's blessing is upon the patient. Moorish Proverb.

BREAKFAST—Oranges, Oatmeal, Beef, Steak, Steamed Potatoes, New England Corn Bread, Graham Wafers, Coffee.

DINNER—Beef Pie, Lettuce and Ham Salad, Lima Beans, Potatoes, White and Graham Bread, Cranberry Tart.

SUPPER—Potatoes Warmed in Milk, Oatmeal Crackers, Bread and Butter, Grape Jelly, Prunes, Milk, Tea.

Fry crispy four ounces of raw ham sliced thin; then cool, mince, and sprinkle over a lettuce salad; serve with a French dressing.

"I went off into the country the other day to spend Sunday with Willoughby," said Perkins. "He has a beautiful place there."

"Yes, it is a pretty place," observed Cartaway, "but there's never anything to do there."

"Nonsense!" returned Perkins. "We found plenty of occupation. We cleaned snow off the sidewalk all the morning; then after dinner I sprinted off to the village for a plumber to come up and plug up a bursted pipe, while Willoughby helped his wife in getting out all the old clothes they had stored in the attic to keep the children from freezing. Oh, no, there's no dearth of things to do at Willoughby's on a winter Sunday."

If men and women only knew it, there is no more valuable adjunct to health and beauty than the coarse Turkish towel when applied with purpose, patience and perseverance. A month's treatment will leave you richer than a legacy of a hundred dollars. Just try it and see if this is not so.

The very wise Hazlitt says: "Fashion constantly begins and ends in the two things it most abhors—singularity and vulgarity. It is the perpetual setting up and ever discovering a certain standard of taste, elegance and refinement, which has no other formation for authority than that it is the prevailing distraction of the moment; which was yesterday ridiculous and is to-day being common."

The old marvel about where all the pins go to can't compare with the new marvel, what has become of all the high wheel bicycles.

"He is a barber truly rare, He never cuts me in the chair, But always on the street."

SARNIA.
("Advertiser" Agent, D. McMaster.) April 18.—Rev. Mr. Hucelburt, Forest, will preach in the Baptist Church next Sunday morning and evening. Rev. Mr. Speller will preach in Forest.

The familiar figure of Dr. Armstrong, who died at Mooretown on Friday last, will be greatly missed. His business took him to Sarnia very often, and his genial good-nature made him many friends among our citizens.

Mrs. Eliza Higgins, beloved wife of James Higgins, Front street, died of consumption on Friday, and was interred in Lakeview Cemetery on Saturday afternoon.

The Sons of England Benevolent Society are making arrangements to celebrate the 24th of May in grand style. A trades procession will be one of the attractions, and all the fraternal societies in town will form a big parade. Sports of all kinds will be indulged in at the park.

The K. O. T. M. delegates that attended the convention here last Thursday and Friday were as fine a body of young men as have visited Sarnia for a long time.

John Sickles, who was so severely injured at the agricultural works last Monday, is able to be around again, but will not be able to resume work for some time yet.

Rev. C. W. Brown, B.A., Glenoe, will preach educational sermons in the Queen Street Methodist Church next Sunday, 21st inst. He is spoken of as a very talented and eloquent speaker.

The annual Easter vestry meeting of St. George's Church was held in the school on Monday evening last, Rev. T. R. Davis in the chair, and Robert McAdam clerk. The reports of the different committees in regard to church work were most encouraging, a surplus remaining in every fund. Messrs. A. C. Clark and R. S. Gard were appointed delegates to the Synod.

The Supreme Tent of the K. O. T. M. will meet in Port Huron in June next. The members and adherents of the Baptist Church applied to the town council on Monday night for an electric light to be placed in front of the church, it being the only place of worship left out in the first draft. It was referred to the fire and water committee for settlement.

Rev. J. Stansfield, pastor of the First M. E. Church, Port Huron, will lecture in the Central Methodist Church on Tuesday night, April 23, on "Social Specters."

Captain Symes left on Sunday last for Port Colborne to attend the fitting out of the steamer barge Sequin, which will arrive in Sarnia about May 1.

Mr. A. D. McLean, manager of the Bank of Commerce, has leased the handsome residence of Joseph Paterson on Albert street, and will shortly move.

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South American Kidney Cure Cures Kidney Disease Speedily and Effectively.

It is remarkable that those who suffer from kidney disease grow impatient of those medicines that are slow in their cure. Who enjoys pain? The South American Kidney Cure is instantaneous. What sick one does not know the delight that comes when pain is relieved? Kidney Cure, the most distressing kidney and bladder troubles in six hours. It is hard to say anything more for it. Who wants more said for it?

DESPERATE SUICIDE.
A Stranger at Chatham Throws Himself on the Tracks.

CHATHAM, Ont., April 19.—The body of an unknown man lies at the Erie and Huron Railway freight sheds, the victim of a tragic suicide. It is that of a man past middle age, well dressed and well nourished, but there is nothing on it to identify it. The head is crushed into a shapeless mass, a whole train having passed over it. The unknown man appeared on the track as the evening train from the south was on its way here, at a point near Richardson's, about three miles from this city. The engine driver blew his whistle sharply, but instead of getting out of the way the insane man, for such he apparently was, turned and waved his hand to the fast approaching train, as if to hurry it on, and as it reached him he threw himself forward with his head and hands on the rail, as desperate and daring a suicide as local annals record.

CHATHAM, Ont., April 19.—The old man who threw himself under an Erie and Huron train last evening, was Moses Carney, of Harwich township. He was about 60 years old. He is supposed to have been laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

The engine of an express train consumes twelve gallons of water for each mile traveled.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria. Riverdale. MRS. REUBEN BAKER.

I believe MINARD'S LINIMENT will promote growth of hair. Stanley, P. E. I. MRS. CHAS. ANDERSON.

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Branches at Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Brantford, Galt, Woodstock.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

MARRIED.

LORD-DELANEY—At the parsonage on the 18th inst., by the Rev. E. B. Laney, James E. Lord, of Dunwich, to Lizzie Delaney, of this city.

DIED.

DUNCAN—In the township of Westminster, on April 19, 1935, George Duncan, in his 77th year.

Funeral will leave the residence of his son, McKenzie Duncan, con. 2, Westminster, on Sunday, April 21, at 2 p.m.; service, 1:30 p.m. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation. Interment at Pond Mills Cemetery.

MCKENZIE—At Deloraine, Man., on April 19, Nathaniel McKenzie, of Thorndale, aged 32 years and 5 months.

Funeral from his mother's residence, Thorndale, on Thursday, April 25, at 1:30 o'clock. Services at 1 o'clock to Brown's Hill Cemetery.



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PLUMBERS, ETC.
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Rex Boneless Breakfast Bacon,
Rex Kettle Rendered Lard.

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Queen's Avenue Methodist Church. This is the finest property in London for Music Hall, Residence or Warehouse. Size of lot, 110 x 193 feet. Prices will be reduced for part or whole of this lot. House to let. Residence and farms for sale. Properties have got to go when we handle them if prices are right.

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Come Early and Secure Bargains.

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158 Dundas Street.
157 Carling Street.
Telephone 324.

Southcott's

FINE TAILORS

361 Richmond St.

FINE WEATHER PROMISED.

TORONTO, April 19.—11 p.m.—The pressure is now highest over the lake region and the Middle States, and comparatively low over the Northwestern portion of the continent. The weather has remained fine in all portions of Canada.

Minimum and maximum temperatures: Calgary, 36—44; Qu'Appelle, 38—62; Winnipeg, 38—70; Toronto, 36—68; Montreal, 40—58; Quebec, 39—64; Halifax, 30—48.

TORONTO, April 20.—1 a.m.—Probabilities for the next 24 hours for the lower lake region (covering the peninsula, and as far east as Belleville) are: Light to moderate winds; fine; not much change in temperature.

—The Seventh Battalion will have a march out on Monday evening next.

—Mr. Henry C. Keyes and wife, of Stockton, California, are visiting the former's brother, Mr. John W. Keyes, city.

—St. George's Society will parade to St. Paul's Cathedral tomorrow afternoon, and the Sons of England are invited to attend.

—The fire brigade attended to a blaze in a rubbish pile in the rear of some Clarence street second hand shops yesterday afternoon.

—Live hogs to the amount of \$1,500 worth were shipped from St. Thomas to the Canada Packing Company, of London, last week.

—Dr. Louis C. Elson, of the Boston Conservatory of Music, lectures on "Wagner and His Theories" in the Cronin Hall at 8 o'clock tonight.

—Mr. A. H. McCoombs, of the Sandwich hatchery, passed through the city yesterday with 1,000,000 whitefish, to be placed in the lake at Port Stanley.

—The Hospital Trust, at a meeting on Friday next, will further discuss the proposition to buy the Hellmuth College property for hospital purposes.

—Mr. E. W. Edwards, representing the importers' shipping firm of Langstaff, Ehrenburg & Pollock, of Liverpool, is in the city in the interests of his firm.

—Mr. Wm. T. Duff has been elected to represent Court No. 5,895, A. O. F., London West, at the High Court meeting of the Foresters in Guelph.

—Naturalist.—The majority of naturalists prefer chloroform. The greatest preservative is dryness. Keep your collection in a dry place—under glass, if possible.

—Mr. John T. Gentleman, of this city, has received word from Scotland of the death of his mother at Selkirk, Scotland, which sad event occurred on March 4 last.

—Auctioneer Jones yesterday afternoon sold the stock of the general store of McLean & McKay, Underwood, to J. C. McIntosh, of the same place, at 5 1/2 cents. The stock was valued at \$7,575.79.

—By mistake it was stated that Mrs. Barney had closed her series of meetings in London. Many readers of the "Advertiser" will be pleased to know that the lady is to be here for another week.

—Mrs. McKenzie, of Thorndale, has received notice of the death of her 32-year-old son, Nathaniel, which occurred at Deloraine, Manitoba, yesterday. The remains will be brought to Thorndale for interment. The funeral will take place on Thursday next from Mrs. McKenzie's residence.

—The annual church service of the Independent Oddfellows of London will be held a week from tomorrow. The Musical Society Band, under the leadership of Mr. Fred L. Evans, has been engaged to head the parade. This is the first parade for the newly-disgarded band, but first-class music is assured.

—The Beaver Line Company, which have had steamers running for many seasons between Montreal and Liverpool, and which was in temporary difficulties last fall, announce that they will resume business again upon the opening of navigation. Mr. D. W. Campbell, well-known to many Londoners, is one of the managing staffs.

—Those who appreciate summer drinks will hear with pleasure of the pleasure of J. E. Boomer of a new soda fountain, which was bought in Boston, Mass., and is considered the finest ever imported into Canada. Nothing but best flavors will be used. It is an enterprising move on the part of this popular caterer.

—Grand Council Bell (of Kingston), of the Order of Chosen Friends, and Grand Recorder Montague, of Hamilton, are to be in London on Monday evening to install the officers of London Council, 73. On that evening Council 16 will amalgamate with 73. The new lodge will still be known as London Council, 73. The meeting will be of more than ordinary interest to Friends, and a large turnout is expected.

—A spark from a passing engine set fire to the overhauled G. T. R. bridge at the Wharf today. No. 3 company put out the blaze.

—The Queen's Avenue trustees let the contract this morning for tearing down the house on the Morlin property, the new church site. C. Leathorn will do the work for \$105.

—A young man named Welsh, engineer at Watson's box factory, had his hand crushed in the pumps of the engine the other day, and as a result he loses one finger at the first joint and the tips of two others.

—Four boats of the Merchant Line will be placed on the service between Port Stanley and Montreal—two each way each week. They will run in conjunction with the L. E. and D. R. R.

—On page 5 of this evening's "Advertiser" will be seen the advertisements of

Johnson Bros.' Bread
5c per loaf retail
In all parts of the city. Telephone 818.

Live News in a Line.

It is stated that there is danger of an increase of yellow fever in Havana.

Charles Knox, the celebrated New York hatter, died on Friday, age, 77 years.

R. C. Wickeliffe, ex-Governor of Louisiana, died in Shelbyville, Ky., on Thursday night of the grip.

Frederic Stinson, a well-known theatrical manager, died in New York on Friday of pleuro-pneumonia.

A gang of thieves who for over a year have systematically robbed the Erie Railroad Company, have been captured near Jersey City.

The fine prizes for the best design for the new Egyptian museum at Cairo have been won by Paris architects. There were competitors from nearly every country in the world.

The New York Biscuit Company, 210 North Front street New York, have been burned out. Wm. Dreydoppe's soap and candle factory and a row of tenements were also destroyed. Total loss, \$275,000.

Jacob S. Hersig, a well-known New York furrier and a reputed member of the firm of Hersig & Co., who was convicted of forgery, was on Friday sentenced to six years and six months in the state prison.

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.

Dr. Lyons' Rose Tooth Paste and Powder not only cleanses but preserves the teeth. Sold by all druggists.

TISDALE'S TORONTO IRON STABLE FITTINGS. Healthful, durable, attractive and cheaper than other fittings. Send for our new catalogue, to let. Residence and farms for sale. Properties have got to go when we handle them if prices are right.

A. B. POWELL,
Insurance and Real Estate Office,
437 Richmond Street.

EGGETT & BICKLEY,
Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, 274 Dundas Street.

LAWN HYDRANTS, \$2.50 EACH.
Phone—1065. Orders promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully furnished. ywt

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

ORDER BY MAIL.
PHONE 1,043.

THE T. E. MARA CO.,
LIMITED.

153 Dundas Street,
155 Dundas Street,
And Market Square

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BARK-WELL'S BALSAM

The distinguishing trait about this **BALSAMIC COUGH CURE!**

What Is It? Can You Tell?

Why should Bark-well's Balsam have such a large sale over the countless number of mixtures put up in all parts of the country claimed by the makers to be just as good as

BARK-WELL'S BALSAM?
What Is It? Can You Tell?

Why Bark-well's Balsam cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup and asthma after other preparations fail? If it has not some special merits above the common and ordinary countless number of cough cures

which some dealers claim are just as good as Bark-well's Balsam? Did it ever occur to you that such a dealer wished to deceive you?

Can you tell your neighbor of the virtues contained in Bark-well's Balsam? If not, why not try it? Then you can.

IMPOSSIBLE.

You can't make a silk purse out of a pig's tail; neither can a newspaper make the world believe its town is on the crest of prosperity when its advertising columns do not back up the statement.

PAST MASTERS' NIGHT.
An emergent meeting of St. John's Lodge, No. 2093, A., F. and A. M., G. R. C., was held last night to confer the second and third degrees upon a number of candidates. It was called past masters' night, and there was an unusually large number of brethren

many of them visiting present. The second degree was conferred by the following past masters of St. John's Lodge: R. Wor. Bro. A. E. Cooper, district deputy grand master, as master; R. Wor. Bro. J. S. Dewar, as senior warden; R. Wor. Bro. Geo. C. Davis, as junior warden; Wor. Bro. C. A. Kingston, as senior deacon; Wor. Bro. J. Smith, as junior deacon; Wor. Bro. A. Carothers, as inner guard; W. Bro. John Robertson, as outer guard. The third degree was conferred by the officers of the lodge. R. W. Bro. A. E. Cooper presented St. John's with a handsome master's collar. Among the visitors were: G. W. Green, past master of St. John's, R. A. C. No. 1, Kingston; R. Cardingley, Wm. Sawyer, and Harold Leigh, of Stevenson Lodge, No. 218, Toronto; Henry C. Keyes, past master Morning Star Lodge, Stockton, Cal.; H. R. Lyon, Oxford Lodge, No. 76, Woodstock; A. H. Gamin, Merrill Lodge, No. 34, Dorchester Station. At the conclusion of the degree work the brethren adjourned to the banqueting room, and for an hour enjoyed the hospitality of the lodge.

A GOOD MARKET DAY.
The warm spring weather brought out an immense crowd to the market this morning. The previous Saturday was a chill failure, so far as an Easter market was concerned. There were no buyers to speak of; there were few sellers and few sellers. In fact, the day was very flat. This morning all was changed. The warm sun seemed to have melted the lethargy that the colds of winter had produced, and brought out all the latent energy of the average market attendant. It was a hustling, bustling crowd that surged up and down the avenues of wagons and rows of farmers' wives and daughters. Wagon load after wagon load of potted floral beauties were fairly besieged by the ladies, and florists reaped a needed harvest.

"How lovely the perfume from those flowers smells," was the constant remark of those passing the flower stands. Although a trifle late, lilies with calla and Easter, sold well at from 25 to 50 cents a plant, according to the number of flowers. The general run of prices was as follows: Spiraea, 20 to 25 cents; geraniums, 10 cents each; fuchsias, 10 cents; begonias, 10 to 25 cents; cinerarias, 15 to 25 cents; hydrangeas, from 15 cents to 25 cents; tulips, 10 to 15 cents; ferns, 10 to 35 cents, etc.

—A busy portion of the market was the west side, where nurserymen keep their stock of shade and fruit trees. A few minutes spent in this quarter readily explains why London acquired the name—"Forest City"—because of its citizens' fondness for trees.

In evergreens, Norway spruce, silver spruce, Scotch fir, and Austrian pine sold at 8 cents a lineal foot. Canadian cedars brought from 2 cents to 25 cents each, according to height.

—Fruit trees—Dwarf pears, 35 to 50 cents each; standards, 50 to 75 cents; English cherries, 25 to 50 cents; currants, 50 cents to \$1.25 a dozen; apple trees, 10 to 25 cents each.

—Magnolias, holly, chestnuts, mountain ash, double flowering ferns, tulip trees, 50 cents to \$1; maple trees, 5 cents to \$1 each.

—The meat market was very flat. "Our meat is so old," said one dealer. Prices were lower than last week, and beef of the very best quality could be had at 12 to 16 cents per pound. Veal could hardly be given away at from 8 to 10 cents.

—Poultry was scarce, and prices were up accordingly. It was a very scrawny chicken that could be had for less than 40 cents, and 12 cents a pound was asked for turkey. Butter sold at from 14 to 18 cents, according to quantity, and eggs were plentiful at 10 to 12 cents.

—Grain receipts were light, and a couple of loads of wheat brought \$1.17 to \$1.18. The average price was \$1.16. Oats sold at from \$1.02 to \$1.05.

—Spring vegetables—Lettuce sold at from 8 to 10 cents a bunch, onions, two bunches for 5 cents, lettuce, three for 5 cents.

—Potatoes brought 60 cents for seedling and 75 to 80 cents for eating purposes.

—Maple syrup, 95 cents a gallon; maple sugar, 8 cents a pound.

Hay still keeps at \$5 to \$9 a load. "There won't be so many on next Saturday," said one old farmer, "we will all be seeding."

EGGETT & BICKLEY,
Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, 274 Dundas Street.

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Gladstone at Home.

An American Interviewer—His Early Career—His Personal Manners—A Description of Hawarden—A Beautiful Spot.

At the quaint old city of Chester I was met at the "St. John" by the Boots of that excellent though modest hotel which stands only a block away. Boots picked out my baggage without my looking for it, took me across to the inn and showed me to the daintiest, most home-like little room that I had seen for weeks. On the table was a tastefully decorated "jug," evidently just placed there in anticipation of my arrival, and in this jug was a large bunch of gorgeous roses, the morning dew still on them.

When Boots had brought me hot water for shaving he disappeared and did not come back until, by the use of telepathy (for Boots is always psychic) I had sent him a message that he was needed. In the afternoon he went with me to get a draft cashed, then he identified me at the postoffice, and introduced me to a dignitary at the cathedral, whose courtesy added greatly to my enjoyment.

The next morning after breakfast, when I returned to my room, everything was put to rights and a fresh bunch of cut flowers was on the mantel. A good breakfast adds much to one's inward peace. I sat down before the open window and looked out at the great oaks dotting the green meadow that stretches away to the north, and listened to the drowsy tinkle of sheep bells as the great came floating in on the perfumed breeze. I was thinking how good it was to be here, when the step of Boots was heard in the doorway. I turned and saw that mine own familiar friend had lost a little of his calm self-reliance, and was a bit agitated. He soon got his breath.

"Mr. Gladstone and his lady have just arrived—they will be here for an hour before taking the train for London. I told you that there was a party of Americans here that were very anxious to meet him, and he will receive you in the parlor in fifteen minutes."

Then it was my turn to be agitated. But Boots reassured me by explaining that the Grand Old Man was just the plainest, most unpretentious gentleman one could imagine; that it was not at all necessary that I should change my suit. He quietly told me, should pronounce it Gladstone, not Glad-stone, and that it was Hawarden, not H-warden. Then he stood me up, looked me over, and declared I was all right.

On going down stairs I found that Boots had gotten together five Americans who happened to be in the hotel. He introduced us to a bright little man, who seemed to be the companion or secretary of the ex-Prime Minister, who in turn took us into the parlor where Mr. Gladstone sat reading the morning paper, and presented us one by one to the great man. We were each greeted with a pleasant word and a firm grasp of the hand, and then the old gentleman turned, and with a courtly flourish said: "Gentlemen, allow me to present Mrs. Gladstone."

Mr. Gladstone was wise; he remained standing. This was sure to shorten the interview. A clergyman in our party acted as spokesman and informed Mr. Gladstone that Americans hold him in great esteem, and that we only regretted that fate did not decree that he should have been born in the United States.

Mr. Gladstone replied: "Fate is often unkind." Then he asked if we were going to London. On being told that we were, he spoke for five minutes about the things we should see in the metropolis. His style was not conversational, but after the manner of a man who was much used to speaking in public or receiving delegations. The sentences were stately, the voice loud and declamatory. His closing words were: "Yes, gentlemen, the way to see London is from the top of a 'bus'—from the top of a 'bus, gentlemen.' Then there was an almost imperceptible wave of the hand, and we knew that the interview was ended. In a moment we were outside and the door was closed.

We five Americans had never met before, but now we were as brothers; we adjourned to a side room to talk it over and tell of the things we intended to say, but didn't. We all talked, and talked at once, just as people always do who have but recently preserved an enforced silence.

"Yes, the sleeves too long." "Did you notice the absence of that forefinger on his left hand—shot off in 1845 while hunting, they say." "But how strong his voice is!" "He looks like a prosperous farmer." "Eighty-five years of age! Think of it and how vigorous!"

Then the clergyman spoke, and his voice was sorrowful: "Oh, but I made a botch of it—was it sarcasm or was it not?"

"What was sarcasm?" "When Mr. Gladstone said fate was unkind in not having him born in the United States?"

And we were all silent. Then Boots came in, and we put the question to Boots, and Boots decided that we were not sarcasm; and the next day, when we went away, we rewarded Boots bountifully.

II. "Gladstone is England's glory." Yet there is not a drop of English blood in his veins; his parents were Scotch. The name, as we first find it, is Glad-Stane; "glad" being a hawk—literally, a hawk that lives among the stones. Surely the hawk is fully as respectable a bird as the eagle, and a goodly amount of granite in the clay that is used to make a man is no disadvantage.

The name fits. There are deep-rooted theories in the minds of many men (and still more women) that bad boys make good men and that a dash of the pirate, even in a prelate, does not disqualify. But I wish to come to the rescue of the Sunday school story books and show that their very prominent moral is right after all. That it pays to be "good."

William Ewart Gladstone was sent to Eton when 12 years of age. From the first his conduct was a model of propriety. He attended every chapel service and said his prayers in the morning and before going to bed; he could repeat the catechism backward or forward and recite more verses of Scripture than any boy in the school.

He always spoke the truth. He never played "hockey," nor, as he grew older, would he tell stories of doubtful flavor or allow others to relate such in his presence. His influence was always for good, and Cardinal Manning has said that there was less wine, drunken at Cambridge during the 40's than if Gladstone had not been there in the 30's.

He graduated from Christ Church with the highest possible honors the college could give, and at 22 he seemed like one who had sprung into life full armed.

At this time he had magnificent health, a fine form, a vast and varied knowledge and a command of language so great that he was a master of forensics. His speeches delivered then seemed fully equal to his later splendid efforts. In feature he was handsome, the face bold and masculine, eyes of

piercing luster, and hair that he tossed when in debate, like a lion's mane. He could speak five languages, sing tenor, dance gracefully, and was on more than speaking terms with many of the greatest and best men in England. Besides all this, he was rich in British gold.

Now here is a combination of good things that would send most young men straight to perdition. Not so Gladstone. He took the best care of his health, systemized his time as a miser might, listened not to flatterers and used his money only for good purposes. His intent was to enter the church, but his father said "not yet," and half forced him into politics. So at this early age of 22 he ran for Parliament, was elected, and practically has never been out of the shadow of Westminster Palace for 50 years.

At 32 he was a member of the Cabinet. At 38 his absolute honesty compelled him for conscience's sake to resign from the Ministry. His opponents then said "Gladstone is an extinct volcano," and they have said this time and again, but some way the volcano breaks out in a new place, stronger, brighter than ever.

When 29 he married Catharine Glynn, sister and heir of Sir Stephen Glynn, baronet. The marriage was most fortunate in every way. For the first time this most excellent woman has been his comrade, counselor, consolation, friend—his wife.

"How can any adversity come to him who hath a wife?" said Chaucer. If this splendid woman had died, then his opponents might truthfully have said: "Gladstone is an extinct volcano," but she is with him still, and a short time ago, when he had to endure an operation for catarract, this woman of 50 was his only nurse.

During the civil war the sympathies of England's Chancellor of the Exchequer were with the South. Speaking at Newcastle on Oct. 9, 1862, he said: "I have been a seceder—undoubtedly founded a new nation." But five years passed, and he publicly confessed his mistake. Here is a man who, if he should err deeply, is yet so great that his error is forgiven. He might not hesitate to stand uncovered on the street corners and ask the forgiveness of mankind.

To analyze a character so complex as Mr. Gladstone's requires the grasp of genius. We speak of the quality of the human mind, but here we have a dozen spirits in one. They rule by turn, and occasionally we see several of them fighting for the mastery.

When the Plisk Jubilee Singers visited England, we find Gladstone, dressed in the affairs of state to hear their music. He invited them to Hawarden, where he sang with them. So impressed was he with the negro melodies that he anticipated that idea which has since been materialized—the founding of a national school of music that would seek to perfect in a scientific way these soul-stirring strains.

Mr. Gladstone is grave, sober, earnest, proud, passionate and at times almost to a rare degree. He rebukes, refutes, contradicts, defies, and has a magnificent capacity for indignation. He will roar like a lion, his eyes will flash, his clenched fist will shake as he denounces that which he believes to be an error.

And yet, among inferiors, he will consult, defer, inquire and show a humanity, a forced suavity, that has given the caricaturist excuse. In his home he is gentle, amiable, friendly, kind, social and hospitable. He loves deeply, and his friends revere him to a point that is but little this side of idolatry. And surely their affection is not misplaced.

III. The village of Hawarden is in Flintshire, North Wales. It is seven miles from Chester. I walked the distance one fine June morning, out across the battlefield where Cromwell's army crushed that of Charles, and on past old stone walls and stately elms.

There had been a shower the night before, but the morning sun came out bright and warm, and made the rain drops glisten like beads as they clung to each leaf and flower. Lariks sang and soared, and great flocks of crows called and cawed as they flew lazily across the sky. It was a time for silent peace and quiet joy, and serene thankfulness for life and health.

I walked leisurely, and in a little over two hours reached Hawarden—a cluster of plain stone houses with climbing vines and flowers, and gardens that told of homely thrift and simple tastes.

I went straight to the church, which is always open, and rested for half an hour, listening to the organ, in which a young girl was practicing, instructed by a white-haired old gentleman. The church is dingy and stained inside and out by time. The pews are irregular—some curiously carved, and all stilted and uncomfortable. I walked around and read the inscriptions on the walls, and all the time the young girl played and the old gentleman beat time, and neither noticed my presence. One brass tablet I saw was to W. E. Gladstone, for long years was a faithful servant at Hawarden Castle, erected in gratitude by W. E. Gladstone.

Near this was another memorial to W. H. Gladstone, son of the Premier, who died in 1891. Then there were inscriptions to various Glynnes and several others whose names appear in English history. I stood at the reading desk where the great man had so often read, and marked the spot where William Ewart Gladstone and Catharine Glynn knelt when they were married here, 55 years ago.

A short distance from the church is a strange house in Hawarden Park. This fine property was the inheritance of Mrs. Gladstone. The park itself seems to belong to the public. If Mr. Gladstone were a plain citizen, people, of course, would not come by hundreds and picnic on his preserve; but, serving the state, he belongs to the people, and this familiarity is rather pleasing than otherwise. So great has been the throng in times past that an iron fence has been put about the ivy-covered ruins of the ancient castle to protect it from those who threatened to carry it away. A wall has also been put around the present "castle" (more properly a house). This was done some years ago. I was told by the butler, away a torchlight procession of a thousand enthusiastic admirers had come down from Liverpool and tramped Mr. Gladstone's flowers into "smithereens."

The park contains many hundred acres, and is as beautiful as an English park can be, and this is praise superlative. Flocks of sheep wandered over the soft green turf, and beneath the spreading trees were mild-eyed cows, that seemed used to visitors, and came up to be petted.

The Gladstone residence is a great, rambling stone structure, to which additions have been made from one generation to another. The towers and battlements are merely architectural "appendages," but the effect of the whole when viewed from a distance, rising out of its wealth of green, and backed by the forest, is very imposing.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

An Ailment Which Makes the Life of Many Miserable.

Usually Accompanied by Violent Headaches, a Feeling of Lassitude and Depression—How a Liverpool, N. S., Lady Found Relief.

(From the Liverpool, N. S., Times.)

The readers of the Times are all doubtless able to recall instances within their own knowledge where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of great service to those using them. There is probably no other remedy known today that is so much talked about, and this talk is due entirely to the wonderful cures effected through the timely use of Dr. Williams' great medicine. On one or two occasions the Times has given the particulars of cures in this locality which were thought to be of general interest to its readers, and the result, no doubt, was to extend the use of the remedy hereabouts. We have lately learned that another esteemed resident, Mrs. Dorcas Hyland, has been cured after several years of suffering, and as her experience may be of value to others of our readers, we make it public with her permission. Mrs. Hyland suffered from a combination of nervous and liver troubles. As a result her health was very bad. Her appetite was feeble, she was subject to severe headaches, and at times felt that life was really a burden to her. She had tried other medicines, but with no satisfactory results. Mrs. Hyland had read the various articles in the Times concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to give them a trial. The result was soon a marked improvement in her condition, and as she continued the use of the Pink Pills, both the nervous troubles and liver complaint, which had so long made her life miserable, vanished. Her spirits revived, her appetite was restored, headaches disappeared, and altogether she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Hyland says: "I am quite sure that it was Pink Pills that has wrought this change in me, and I am more than grateful for the result. I now always keep them in the house, and still use them occasionally, and I lose no opportunity in recommending them to others who are ill or suffering."

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at one cent a box, or six boxes for \$5. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

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

NOW IN ITS ELEVENTH YEAR.

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Why Don't You Use SURPRISE SOAP?

IT does away with hard work—don't boil or scald the clothes nor give them the usual hard rubbing. (See the directions on the wrapper.)

It gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes after the wash.

It prevents wearing and tearing by harsh soaps and hard rubs. Rub lightly with Surprise Soap—the dirt drops out. Harmless to hands and finest fabrics.

SURPRISE SOAP LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST

The Cheapest Soap to Use. The St. Croix Soap Mfg Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

GOVERNMENT School of Art

The next term will begin Monday, April 1. Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7 to 9 p.m. Fees for 30 lessons, \$3. Day classes Monday, Friday and Saturday from 2.30 to 4.30 p.m. Life classes on Wednesday evening. Those wishing to write for certificates and medals should attend this term.

Studios: Mechanics' Institute, Dundas St. Send for Circulars and Particulars to John H. Griffiths, Principal.

Corset Waists and Shoulder Braces.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH by ordering American Health Waists. These Health Waists and Shoulder Braces are made of pure cotton, and are worn all year, always worn. Great reductions in sample corsets during the fall season.

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Animal Curiosities

Pet Wasps Dance a Skirt Dance—A Dog Saves Five Human Lives—A Statesman Who Kissed a Horse—Some Very Wise Chickens—Cats Hard to Manage—How Wild Animals Are Caged.

YELLOW DOG SAVES FIVE HUMAN LIVES.

Being only an ordinary yellow dog with no second name, and not much beauty, he was laid out dead in the rain on the top of an old counter in the backyard of 44 Lee Place. There was a fire at that house yesterday morning, and the dog which lay there dead and uncared for saved five people from death and gave his own life to do it. He did it without ostentation, and his funeral—if he gets one at all—will be without ostentation either.

No. 44 Lee Place is a two-story frame building, with the usual under-box burning capacity. At 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning fire reached a can of kerosene which was in a closet. Mr. and Mrs. Camus, with Jack, the yellow dog, lived upstairs. A janess, with his wife and baby, lived on the ground floor. Everyone was asleep but Jack, and the deadly smoke fumes were fast putting the five beyond ever waking again. Jack, the yellow dog, ran to the bed where Mr. and Mrs. Camus slept and jumped upon the chest of Mr. Camus. The man was aroused, and knew the danger in time to save himself and his wife. The dog was left to shift for himself. The flames had eaten their way through the house and time was precious. Mr. Camus rushed downstairs to awaken the other tenants, but found that Jack had been there ahead of him and had awakened them also.

Then the insurance patrol men came and covered things up with tarpaulins, while the firemen put out the flames. The four people whose home was the room he stumbled over the body of Jack. The body was not burned at all. Death had come by suffocation. —Chicago Tribune.

STORY OF A PARTRIDGE.

A gentleman named Apgar, of New Jersey, has captured a partridge under curious circumstances. About the middle of last month he was hauling wood from the woods to his house, when the bird came out of the woods to the road and lit on one of the wheels of the wagon, within two feet of where Mr. Apgar was standing. Looking up he saw a hawk circling around not much above the tops of the trees. This explained the strange action of the partridge. It had come near to the man, its instinct telling it that its enemy, the hawk, would not dare attack it in his presence. After circling around a short time the hawk sailed away. Soon afterwards the partridge flew back to the woods. The next day Apgar was at the same spot loading wood. Suddenly a partridge, presumably the same one, came flying out of the woods and lit on the ground close to his feet. He stooped down, and the bird not only permitted him to pick it up, but it nestled confidently down in his arms. He glanced upwards. The hawk was again circling about, no doubt intent on the capture of the partridge, but it soon departed as before. Apgar placed the partridge on the ground, but it did not go away. When he started to drive his home the bird flew to the top of the load, perched there, and did not leave it even when Apgar reached home. On the contrary, it permitted him to take it from the wagon and place it in a chicken coop, where it now is, apparently in the greatest content, and manifesting every evidence of pleasure when Apgar is in sight.

CATS ARE HARD TO MANAGE.

An English exhibitor of trained animals, Mr. Leon Clarke, is reported as saying that, though he has educated all sorts of animals, from lions downward, he has found that the most difficult of them all is the cat. He has to treat these creatures with extraordinary care. A dog is sensible, a monkey accommodating, and a rat either forgives or forgets—but a cat! She is a bundle of sensibilities. Strike her once, if only by accident, and she will never perform again. Kindness is not only polite, it is absolutely necessary, in the training of cats.

Although 30 cats are sufficient for his entertainment, he has 60 or more with him, for cats are very skittish creatures, and when they take the whim into their heads it is useless to take them on the stage. When Mr. Clarke enters the stable the meowing is prodigious, and he is instantly buried in a moving mantle of cats. It took him four years to train some of his animals before he could put them upon the stage. A parachute cat, which climbs up a rope to the roof of the theater, and flies down by parachute, is the second which has done the trick. The first became too fat and fell into bad ways. It is now Jim Corbett, and boxes Mitchell nightly. A curious feature of the show is the way in which the cats walk over a rope of rats and mice and canaries, stepping gingerly between the little fluttering bodies. This mighty forbearance is brought about by training up the cats from kittens in the same cage as the rats and mice. There are only six of his cats that Mr. Clarke dares trust among the rats. The rats and mice come from Java.

A FLYCATCHER'S COURTSHIP.

"A pair of least flycatchers were flitting about a gully, spanned by a footbridge on my left. The male acted precisely as if he were intoxicated. He would start from some twig near the ground, or from the ground itself, in spiral flight upward, snapping his bill loudly, chattering in the most extravagant fashion, and every few seconds losing his balance and turning a complete somersault. When he reached the treetops he would come down again in much the same style, the somersaults only being rather more frequent and reckless. Once more on his perch, he would sit quietly with ruffled plumage and flashing eyes until he took it into his head to renew his gymnastic performances, or until some passing insect tempted him to make a sally for a utilitarian purpose. Doubtless this was his method of expressing sentiments to which his more gifted associates among the birds gave utterance in song."

YOUNG WASPS FRIED.

Young wasp grubs fried in butter do not at first sight appear to be the most alluring dish in the world, yet they have been pronounced delicious by those hardy experimenters who tried them. And, as they are, upon the sweetest juices drawn from fruit and flowers, they naturally possess a delicate flavor.

Perhaps the best way to prepare them is to bake them in the comb. Incidental to experiments conducted by Government experts respecting the edible qualities of insects, a number of trials were made of a beverage particularly novel, which might be termed "ant-ade."

A few hundred ants were crushed at a time in a mortar with a pestle and the liquid from them, after being strained, was mixed just like lemon juice, with water and sugar. The resulting beverage resembled lemonade so closely as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. The reason why is very easy to explain. Formic acid is the nearest approach to citric acid known to the chemist. In fact, there is little difference between them.

A while ago a St. Louis caterer made from grasshoppers a soup which was pronounced delicious by many people who were afforded an opportunity of trying it. It closely resembled bisque. A learned professor treated some friends of his on one occasion to curry of grasshoppers and grasshopper croquettes, without informing them as to the nature of the banquet, but an unlucky hind leg discovered in one of the croquettes revealed the secret.

KISSED A HORSE.

It was said of the great English statesman, Edward Burke, that he had gone crazy because he went about in his park kissing his cows and horses. The story arose from the fact that his favorite horse belonging to his dead son came up to Mr. Burke in the field, laid his head upon his breast as if to say, "I have lost him, too." Overcome by his memories, Burke clasped the neck of the intelligent creature and kissed it.

WISE CHICKENS AT JOHN O' GROAT'S HOUSE.

Even chickens display considerable artfulness in avoiding danger. "It was told a funny story of the artfulness of common chickens," says Frank Buckland, "in former days it was difficult for visitors to get anything to eat at John O' Groat's, there being no butchers or bakers within miles; and when visitors arrived it was the custom of the proprietor of the inn to chase and catch a chicken, and pluck and roast him at once for dinner. In course of time the chickens became very artful. They kept a sharp lookout, and when they saw a carriage coming along the road they hid into the heather, and did not reappear until the visitors had eaten their bacon without the chicken and taken their departure."

ANTICS OF PET WASPS.

A Monroe, La., dispatch says: A young woman residing near this place in the river country has a pair of pet wasps which are as interesting as they are unique. She has trained them to perform a great many wonderful tricks, and it is indeed marvelous to what degree of intelligence and agility her kindly care and patient perseverance has brought them. As the young lady is an invalid, she manages to get a great deal of diversion from her queer little pets.

Among other things she has taught them to drink water from a thimble and to perform the "skirt dance," as she calls it, by fluttering their wings as they rest in the palm of her hand. They will sing at her bidding, making a faint, almost inaudible cheep, and seem to be passionately fond of music. The young lady is a musician, and when she plays on the piano the wasps take up their positions on the music rack and never budge until the performance is over.

The wasps seem to have a good deal of vanity, and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to walk about and inspect themselves on a little hand mirror, which is kept for their exclusive use. Strange to relate, the wasps have never been known to attempt to sting anybody, although they have free access to all parts of the house and are seldom confined, even at night.

AFFECTIONATE GREYHOUNDS.

"The affection of greyhounds for one another is as strong as for human beings. A rancher in the foothills had two hounds, a large handsome dog named Blacknose, and a bitch. The bitch was a great thief, and one night she did not come home. That night Blacknose did not appear. He had never spent the night away from home before. His owner was worried. Anxiety increased as the days passed, and still no sign of the hounds. On the fourth day the boys on the farm started for a neighboring ranch to ask about the dogs. On the way they saw what seemed to be a living thing in the distance near a pool. Approaching they saw Blacknose lying whining by the side of his dead companion. A gaping wound in the side of his mate told the story. The bitch had been at her old tricks, and some exasperated ranchman had taken summary vengeance. As they drew nearer the huge hound showed signs of great joy. At the dead hound's side lay a half-dozen hares and cotton tails, evidently caught by Blacknose for his companion, as his gaunt sides showed that he himself had touched no food. The dead hound was buried and Blacknose taken home. The boy tried to bring him to his mate's grave. He refused all food, and at length died. If not of a broken heart, what then?—Outing for April.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India mission 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 the name of W. A. Novas, 829 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A ton of good coal is said to yield about 8,000 feet of purified gas. 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.

Forty-eight English pennies weigh as nearly as possible one pound. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

The Scottish Professor.

Interesting Reminiscences of John Stuart Blackie—An Able But Very Odd Gentleman—Some Anecdotes of His Teaching Breaks.

"Jam admodum mitigati animi rapitis erant. At raptum parentem!" "Hullo! stop! What have we got here? Sit down, ye silken-tongued southern boarding-school miss, and hear a mon read Latin." Sandie McCulloch, get up and teach the lassie how to talk the language of the gods." I sat down with more alacrity than I had risen, and it would be hard to say whether my red gown or my burning cheeks looked most aflame. Sandie McCulloch worked his bony jaws about, and rapped out Livy's text from among a firmament of freckles and a burning bush of fiery hair, with hurried gutturals enough to appease the mercurial professor, and he turned to me. "There, my good little girl, you must train your throat to sing a duet with Sandie, before we shall think much of ye here."

It was a "Humanity" class in Marischal College, Aberdeen, in 1851. The professor had come into the class room singing, and when he had said "ad sun" to our names, he threw me into a violent perspiration by bidding me commence the construing. I had learned my very modest stock of classics in a Lacedaemonian school, whose teachers were from English universities, and "the gods" had not taught me to call "a," "ar," and "e," to say nothing of turning my larynx into a grid-iron and my tongue into a card-paper; so I sat down meekly under the spray of Sandie's spluttering. Though it is 44 years ago, I can see the long, thin, iron-grey hair which younger men remember as snowy white, and when the hour was over, I remember how I saw more "humanity" than Latin in his eye when he called me up to his desk, and, looking kindly in my face, said: "You must mind my way, ye little lassie, and I understand it; and a little more of our Highland air will help to break your voice into the key of the true music."

The next day Prof. Blackie was going to the Latin class room; the snow was thick upon the ground; as he crossed the quadrangle a student threw a snowball at him. Instead of resenting the liberty, or strutting on with his nose in the air, he turned to bay, and, tucking up his gown, whizzed back a well-made snowball at the young Bohemian, which provoked another and another from a group of students who had gathered. I went to the professor's side, and began to pelt as hard as I could; and when the Greek class came running out of Dr. Brown's room, they grasped the situation with such alertness that it would soon have needed a pack of trained St. Bernard dogs to disembody those three or four presumptuous students from the avalanche of snow which was poured on their devoted heads. Blackie's pluck made him personally beloved; but his eccentricity prevented his being professionally beloved.

He gave a lecture while I was a student in Aberdeen on Julius Caesar in a Free Kirk school room, and I happened to be there in the afternoon, when Prof. Blackie came in and asked to see the "beadle." This grave official soon appeared, and the professor said: "I want the platform in the middle of the room tonight." "Ye cannae ha'e it there, professor," said the beadle. "Why not?" "Cause its fixt by the way." "Then I'll startle a table, and have it in the middle of the room; I can't do Pompey's statue and 'Et tu, Brute!' up against the wall!" And when the audience came and packed the room they sat round a great deal, table on which the lecturer stood, meeting out his eloquence with much impartiality to the right and the left. And coming to the scene of Caesar leaping into the Rubicon with his cry, "Alea est cast," he said, "Now, ladies, I want space for this part of my lecture, so jump up and make room or you will be damaged." And when the chairs had been clattered back, and the performer saw his chance, he dived off the table and pretended to swim to the far end of the room and back, upsetting everything and everybody by the way, till he hopped up upon the table again in a great perspiration, and amidst tremendous applause, to continue his discourse.

Students in Scotland used to go some what young and whippersnapper to the junior classes, which were the most numerous, consisted chiefly of boys whose spirits were exuberant, and whose sensitiveness was not acute. Hence the unseemly noises which were often heard in Blackie's class room, both in Aberdeen and Edinburgh. But he would always take a pride in being "no disciplinarian." "This is a college, not a school; and it is not for school boys, but for gentlemen and not school boys, it ought to be." And he based his attitude upon that theory, with the not infrequent result that he reckoned without his own grand furniture of Blackie's chair, and his grandly nervous, and holding the book in his left hand, began in rather tremulous tones. "Take the book in your right hand, mon!" cried the professor, and the fellowman still went doggedly on. "Haud the book in your right hand, sir!" insisted the professor. The lad turned pale, and laying the book upon the desk before him, he flung back his head, and, with a grand flourish, he said, "I have no right hand, sir." A hiss ran round the roused and angry class at the professor's harshness, and Blackie spread his hands before his face, and with his lips trembling with emotion, "My lad, I beg your pardon. Gentlemen, I thank you for that sign. It shows I have a class of true men before me, and I shall be a lesson to me for my life." There were tears on his thin cheeks, and the class was soon dismissed. The next day the one-armed student and the professor were seen square, and that Highland lad paid no fees for that session, and hardly a week passed by without his being an honored guest at his teacher's hospitable board.

It was impossible to know him simply from the distance of the students' form without discovering that his scholarship was varied and beautiful, his not technical and accurate; that his tastes were elegant and lofty; that his patriotism was burning and passionate, and that his heart was warm and tender. Many are the poor students whom the Stuart Blackie has helped to bear the brunt of their five months' college course. Many are the generous lifts he has given to the young ambition which poverty has tried to baulk upon the ledges of Parnassus. And the memories which recall him will be those of a wild but gentle genius, of a scholar, a gentleman and a friend; as well as of a poet and a seer, whose prelections are an inheritance, and whose personality was an inspiration.—The New Age.

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Citizen and Home Guard

Where Edison Works

A Visit to the Wizard's Shops Over in Jersey—Buildings That Walk—At Work on the Kinetograph—Grand Opera May Be Produced in the Parlor When the Machine Is Perfected.

A visit to Thos. A. Edison is suggestive of a pilgrimage to the haunts of some medieval wizard. The Walpurgisnacht in "Faust" and the summit of the Brocken seem tame in comparison. The greatest inventor that ever lived has established himself in a dell hidden among vagrant mountains in New Jersey wilds. The neighborhood has no inhabitants, with the exception of the 200 odd men whom the wizard employs in his incantations. The place is an old deserted mine, once known as Ogden, but the rock-abye railroad with balky engines and wheezy, catarrhal ears that meander that way when the wind is not too strong, has christened it Edison. There are buildings all over Edison—large buildings that walk about the premises if you press a button. But one must know which button to press, for, although some take you to the opera, there are others.

When you reach the place no one pays much attention to you. That is one of its dangerous fascinations.

"If you stay there another minute," said an unclean, nondescript object, very calmly, "you will be broken into small pieces and carried underground."

"But can I see Mr. Edison?"

"I don't know. The old man's around somewhere. Go to that red building."

Easier said than done. For the big, red building begins to move timidly away the moment you get near it, stops when you stop, advances when you advance, and is altogether a will-of-the-wisp of architecture.

Finally it hove to and was boarded. It is an office and they pressed a button, found out Mr. Edison's exact location, and then began to break up mountains. Breaking up mountains is a very simple process. It is begun, of course, by pressing a button. A huge boulder is detached from the solid rock, carried on a movable hod as large as a barn, dropped upon a pair of huge iron wheels and shivered into cobble stones. The cobbles whirl aloft in trays or troughs, come down dust and the grains of iron they contain are picked out magnetically. A three-ton boulder is splintered into fine iron in three minutes, the refuse going into the dust hole.

Finally the great Edison appeared. He was terribly dirty. He looked, so far as attire is concerned, like a navvy. He was all grime and dust. But his face was that of a bright, blue-eyed youth, beautifully blue-eyed and smiling. Not until he took his vile, ash-covered hat off did the gray hair reveal that he is no longer young in years. His face is almost free from wrinkles.

"We are progressing, progressing," he said, when informed that his retreat had been invaded for the purpose of getting information concerning the latest and the greatest of his inventions, the one which is being eagerly awaited and which very few have had a chance to see. That is the combination of the phonograph with the kinetoscope, the contrivance to which Mr. Edison applied the term kinetograph on this occasion.

"The object of this machine," he said, "is to afford the spectator two inventions in one. That is, two senses are simultaneously appealed to. Suppose, we will say, an opera is to be reproduced. The phonograph already repeats the sound. The kinetoscope affords a view of the movements. Now, however, we wish to combine the two, and combine them far more effectively than ever their distinct elements have heretofore been rendered by separate instruments."

"Thus, if one wished to hear and see the concert or the opera, it would only be necessary to sit down at home, look upon a screen and see the performance, reproduced exactly in every movement and at the same time, the voices of the players and singers, the music of the orchestra, the various sounds that accompany a performance of this sort, will be reproduced exactly. The end attained is a perfect illusion. One really hears and sees the play, because the conditions precedent to the suitable impressions upon eye and ear are obtained."

Mr. Edison's hearing has improved very much in the past year, owing, perhaps, to his perfect physical condition. He spoke well and distinctly and is never, apparently, as much impressed with the wonders he performs as are his workmen.

He was asked if ordinary sights and scenes, the Pope in the Vatican, or a speech at a mass meeting, could be as effectively handled.

"Far more easily," he replied, "that is the least difficult part of the problem. Even now, the spectator could be treated to perfect reproduction of Gladstone making a speech to the

House of Commons. This would be shown of life size and, so far as the spectator is concerned, would be the real scene. For every word, every gesture of the grand old man, the gestures of each spectator and the sounds made on the occasion would be reproduced exactly. And, of course, 200 years hence, the same scene would be thrown up at will—a new way of recording history, you see."

"Is not the mechanism very complicated?"

"Not more so than that of the kinetoscope and the phonograph, and the difficulty now in the way is the adjustment of photographic apparatus in minute fractions of a second. Certain flashes of motion are caught in 10-49ths of a second. But in preserving them and in their reproduction, one or two obstacles are met with. The negative itself is very small—not much larger than your thumb nail. In reproducing these postures and movements great care is necessary in maintaining proportions."

To throw upon a screen a series of movements, each taking up an interval of time, not longer, perhaps, than a fifth part of 10-49ths of a second, and at the same time to insure fidelity, is the problem. As it is, there are occasional distortions. If a movement in the reproduction be not, so to speak, run out consecutively—that is, if, looked upon as a change of posture it be not accurately photographed, although it occupied but the 200th part of a second, the effect will be distorted. Hence the extreme nicety required in the mechanism."

It would, of course, be out of place here to enter into any detail connected with the operation and the mechanism of the phonograph. That invention has been explained over and over again. So, too, of the kinetoscope. But it may be stated that the combination of the two involves instantaneous action in harmony of two; this is, on the surface, an easy matter. The principle upon which it is effected, theoretically, is also well known. In fact, the general mind has been pretty well saturated with information on the subject. But as for the mechanical difficulty with which Mr. Edison is contending, it has remained unthought of. So the great discovery lingers on the threshold of its accomplishment in fact. But it will not linger long. Electricity knows no Lucy.

"Perhaps by tomorrow," said Mr. Edison, "we may perfect the machinery. Perhaps we shall have to work another year upon it. In truth, it is a very simple matter. It consists merely in adjusting thoroughly understood principles to a new contrivance made up of old contrivances. Were it not that we have such infinitely small sections of time to deal with, there would be no difficulty at all. But, as I have told you, we know how to overcome the difficulty. We simply lack patience."

"Does it make any difference of what nature the representation to be produced is?"

"At present, yes. In time, however, it will not. The reproduction of such sights and sounds as those enacted in the opening of Congress would be very easy. The spectator could sit down in his drawing-room or office and have the whole scene enacted in front of him. Nor would any special apparatus or any particular preparation be necessary. But, with a grand opera, it would be more difficult. One must exercise great care in securing the ensemble. There are myriads of details connected with the tones, the gestures, the dress, the colors, the light, and such like. It is proposed to give these impressions with comparative exactness, it is intended to be perfectly faithful to the original. It never does to perpetrate a half performance. It is disappointing and apt to shake confidence in an invention. For myself, I have no doubt whatever of the outcome. Before many years we will have grand opera in every little village at 10 cents a head. And the very highest grand opera—you will hear and see Patti in your own parlor. She will be heard a hundred years after her death, and seen, and will move and thrill her auditors in 3010. The President's inauguration can be treated in the same way. Pope Leo and his cardinals may be seen and heard for unnumbered centuries to come."

Mr. Edison's blue eyes lighted up with enthusiasm.

"What a way to write history," he repeated, echoing the words of his questioner. "Well, I had never thought of that particularly, and yet it is a way to write it, isn't it? How much more effectively one could convey

to future generations an idea of the President than words and writing could. In fact, written records would cease to have their historical importance."

Another use for the invention, namely, the sentimental one, would not occur to Mr. Edison either. Yet the machine ought to be welcomed by lovers—it insures the perpetual presence of the adored object. Has not the poet said:

Could I but hear her voice,
Could I but see her face,
Why do the gods deny the gifts
po' mortals long for most?

But Mr. Edison was not yet born in Camoen's time.

A Gay Procession.

By general usage and from its annual occurrence over so many years Anniversary Day has grown to be a peculiar and a distinctive ceremony in Brooklyn. No other city in the length and breadth of the Union has anything like it. It commemorates the founding of the Brooklyn Sunday School Union, which binds together all the evangelical churches of the town. What it has accomplished, save in the way of fraternalism and this annual showing, is not great, but children's day alone is sufficient to mark it as a success.

A parade in which nearly 70,000 children march is a picturesque sight. Each Sabbath school class has a banner of its own, a gayly-colored piece of silk with gilded letters. The big boys of the schools are pressed into this service, and they are only two glad of the burden. Streamers ending in tassels hang from these gay flags, and they are held by tiny girls. The color of the parade is in cheeks, banners, sashes and ribbons. There are miles and miles of white frocks. It is a day of white—Swiss muslin and dimity. Hats are white too. If the May day is ideal in weather, the classes of girls march along, hardly broken by pinks, blues or yellow. Behind them the coming masculine generation looks somber. But the girls are always in the great majority. Each class's teacher is at the side of her line, like a marshal or adjutant. It is only in parades that the teachers attempt to outdo each other. Whether the sun pours down or not, every parasol is up, bewildering combinations of lace and color.

The Omnipotence of Napoleon.

Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? The answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington? On account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, would not harmonize with the law of the nineteenth century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon no longer had a place. The ill-will of events had been displayed long before. It was time for this vast man to fall. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group. Such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world mounting to one man's brain—would be fatal to civilization if they endured. The moment had come for the incorruptible and supreme equity to reflect; and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitation of the moral order as well as of the material order depend, had rebelled. Steaming blood, overcrowded graveyards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth suffers from an excessive burden there are mysterious groans from the shadows, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in the infanzita, and his fall was decided. He troubled God. Waterloo is not a battle, but a change of front on the part of the universe.—[Victor Hugo.]

The Value of Education.

A little girl, 4 years old, happened to be sitting upon the ice during the recent frost, when she suddenly fell heavily, and was evidently badly hurt. At the sound of her sobs a friend rushed to her assistance and caught her in her arms. "You poor little thing, how did you fall?" she asked sympathetically. The mite raised her head and replied, between her sobs, "Vertically." She had been educated in the newest mode.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

Prof. Blackie was once staying at Tynemouth. Before he retired to rest he informed his host that he had two requests to make—first, that they allow his bedroom door to stand wide open; and, secondly, that they were not to be alarmed should they hear him singing in the middle of the night, for when he could not fall asleep he wooed Somnus with a song. Accordingly, at 2 o'clock in the morning, the old professor was heard singing in strong, cheery tones, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," like a veritable Highlander on the warpath. And again, in the stillness of the night, he sang out—"Green Grow the Rashies, O." The last lines were sung in more subdued tones, and sleep came to him ere he had finished his song.

Motto for the Week:

A great mind is above injury, injustice, pain, and mockery. A great mind would be invulnerable if it did not suffer through compassion.—[La Bruyere.]

Popularity of the Bicycle.

Some definite idea of the growth of the bicycle business in this country may be gained from the fact that whereas the total number of bicycle manufactories in the United States was but six in 1885, with an output of only 11,000 wheels, and in 1890 but 17, with an output of 40,000, at the present time there are 126 factories, which will make an aggregate of nearly or quite 500,000 machines this year. The increase in the last five years has been nothing short of marvelous, and it is probable that the next five years will see a very great advance upon the present product of these fast-multiplying concerns. And now that bicycling is becoming so much more general than hitherto there is added reason why we should improve our country roads. If road reform was necessary five years ago, it is far more necessary and desirable now.—[Providence Journal.]

The Charm in Scotch Words.

I wonder if persons who can write Scotch are sufficiently aware of the great literary advantage they have over writers who are not born to that ability. It is no credit to them that they can do it. I never heard of any one who learned by artificial means to write Scotch. Scotch writers do it, and no one else. It has long been obvious that the proportion of good writers to the whole Scotch population was exceedingly large; but I do not remember that it has ever been pointed out how much easier for a Scotchman to be a good writer than another, because of innate command of the Scotch tongue. There are such delightful words in that language; words that sing on the printed page wherever their employer happens to drop them in; words that rustle; words that skirl, and words that clash and thump.—[April Scribner.]

The "Tipping" Nuisance.

A Paris journal, discoursing of tips to servants in private houses both in England and on the Continent, says that it is difficult for one to form an idea of the enormous sums in the way of gratuities absorbed by domestics employed in the homes of the English aristocracy. It gives the amount realized annually by the butler of a rich resident in Grosvenor Square, London. This individual receives in tips from visitors, the sum of £1,000, or \$5,000, in addition to his regular pay. The Prince of Wales, who is naturally a heavy sufferer from exactions of this kind, has undertaken, so far as Sandringham House is concerned, to abolish the custom. He has given orders, according to the French journal, that any servant who accepts a gratuity from a visitor shall be promptly dismissed. The Duchesses of Rutland and Portland have decided to pursue a similar course. This habit of tipping servants employed in private houses, has, of course, been largely imitated and abused in this country. In the matter of a visit to a private house or stay in a hotel, in the way of the figuratively extended palms, there is little to choose. Labouchere, who has written on this subject in Truth, is of the opinion that it is more economical to stop at the most expensive hotel than to accept hospitality at an English country or town house. He refers not only to the gratuities expected by the servants, but to other exactions which are extremely irksome and annoying if a hotel should, in addition to its regular charges, insert in the bill a stated amount for tips to be distributed pro rata by the proprietor.

Paris' Model Streets.

London has not come out more brilliantly this last winter than at any other season of equal severity with regard to the comfort and convenience of her streets, notwithstanding the added taxation which the present administration has thought fit to lay on the citizens. Superior as the immense metropolis is on many points to other large and wealthy cities it has always remained lamentably inferior to Paris in matters of edility. The French capital is amply justified when it claims to be at once the cleanest and best groomed of towns. The municipality grudges no expense to maintain the purity and elegance of its thoroughfares, and the result of the outlay is eminently satisfactory. During the sharp frosts and heavy snowfalls of February and January the sum of 7,000,000 francs was cheerfully spent on the toilet of Paris, on her scavenging and the maintenance of the streets in proper order. The surface to be thus disencumbered of all temporary obstacles has been estimated at 15,562,000 square meters, and necessitates the daily employment of an army of 3,000 sweepers. These are enrolled in 149 brigades, or working squadrons. The central one has a chief, a deputy

chief, and 20 to 25 subordinates, both male and female. In the annexed district zone the brigades consist of a chief, four experienced road laborers, and fifteen to twenty sweepers of both sexes. The latter, except under stress of weather, are only on duty half a day, from 4 to 11 a.m. Able-bodied men are paid 34 centimes per hour; women, children, and old men 27 centimes for the same time. The monthly salary of the chiefs is 120 to 125 francs, that of the foremen uniformly 105 francs, out of which they are bound to pay every month 5 francs into a savings bank as a reserve fund for the time when their engagement ceases with the return of milder weather.

Had the Last Say.

Bismarck Decided Whether the Duke of Argyll's Son Should Wed His Choice.

Apropos of the marriage of the third son of the Duke of Argyll, says Kate Field's Washington, it is related that when his affections became attached to an untitled woman he felt bound to ask the old gentleman's consent. The Duke answered that personally he had no objection to the match, but in view of the fact that his eldest son had espoused a daughter of the Queen, he thought it right to inquire her Majesty's pleasure on the subject before expressing his formal approval. Her Majesty, thus appealed to, observed that since the death of the Prince Consort she had been in the habit of consulting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg on all family affairs. The matter was therefore referred to Duke Ernest, who replied that since the unification of Germany he had made it a rule to ask for the Emperor's opinion on all important questions. The case now came before the Kaiser, who decided that, as a constitutional sovereign, he was bound to ascertain the views of his Prime Minister. Happily for the now anxious pair of lovers, the "Iron Chancellor," who was then in office, had no wish to consult anybody and decided that the marriage might take place.

Beginning his life very poor, the Duke of Argyll will probably end it very rich. His uncle had left the estates terribly "dipped," and then there were jointures to still further deplete it. In fact, at one time he contemplated selling Roseneath, his beautiful historic seat in Dumfriesshire; but his slender means led to saving habits, which grew steadily upon him, and he has all his life lived so quietly and unostentatiously that he has gradually cleared away debts and now enjoys a splendid income, a large portion of which he saves. His eldest son's wife, the Princess, receives \$30,000 a year from Parliament, besides having a marriage portion in cash of \$150,000. The next son became a partner in Coutt's banking-house. The third married a Manchester lady of fortune, and bought an interest in a stockbroking house which does a great deal of business for the Rothschilds. A fourth entered Parliament and the fifth the navy. One daughter was married to the eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland, with over a million a year. The Duke himself has for many years been in receipt of large public pay.

A Triumph of Faith.

The 55th report of the new Orphan Houses and the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad has recently been given to the public by their founder, the venerable George Muller, of Bristol. It is full of interest and of inspiration for Christian workers. With the famous Deaconesses' Institution at Kaiserwerth, the Franke Homes at Halle, the Rauhe Haus at Horn near Hamburg, and Dr. Barnardo's Homes in London, these orphanages of George Muller deserve to be classed. They are among the most remarkable in the world. We know of no place in the south of England so well worth a visit. And yet this great undertaking began in a rented house, furnished by Mr. Muller, and into which he received at first 30 children. Between April, 1836, and May, 1894, there have been 9,176 orphans under the care of these homes, and nearly \$5,000,000 have been contributed to the cause. Mr. Muller says, very emphatically: "Without anyone having been applied to for anything by me, as the result of prayer to God over £902,532 have been given since the commencement of the work." In addition to this over £370,000 have been contributed for other purposes. Mr. Muller is now a very old man. He will not be able to continue his work much longer, but when he has gone it will remain an enduring memorial to his faith and consecration. In the following paragraph we give a resume of this report:

"The total amount of money received by prayer and faith for the various objects of the institution since March 5, 1894, has been over £1,341,826; 120,438 persons have been taught in the schools supported by the funds of the institution; 268,110

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.

Bibles, 1,409,842 New Testaments, 21,092 copies of the Book of Psalms, and 217,599 other portions of the Word of God in several languages have likewise been circulated since the foundation of the institution; 103,335-249 books, pamphlets, and tracts in several languages have likewise been circulated from the commencement of the institution. From its earliest days missionaries have also been assisted from its funds, and for more than 40 years a considerable number of them. On this object and on the mission schools there was expended during the past year £3,355, and from the commencement £245,109; 9,076 orphans have been under our care, and five large houses, at an expense of £115,000, have been erected and fitted up for the accommodation of 2,050 orphans at a time and 112 helpers. With regard to the spiritual result of the operations of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad, we have the fullest reason to believe that many tens of thousands of souls have been blessed, but the day of the Lord alone will fully reveal all the good which, through his wondrous condescension, has been accomplished within the last 60 years by means of the institution."

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How It Was Found by a Lanark County Lady.

She Had Suffered for Years from Weakness and Pains in the Back—Solation Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

(From Brockville Recorder.)
On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, live Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the Wood home, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently she was troubled with a weak back, which gave her great pain at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her, and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow weaker. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, and she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and at that time she has been entirely free from pain or weakness, and says she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

A young minister, unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday school, asked, to gain time, "Children, what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired, "What do you know?"

"I didn't know you could read, Br'er Downey." Downey (apparently much interested in his paper)—Oh, yes, I've read ebber since I wuz er boy." "Den how comes it you're readin' dat paper upside down?" "I always read dat way, den I se's get at de bottom ob de fac's widout habing ter read down de whole column."

"Here's an account of a hen which laid three eggs at once, and then died," remarked Mrs. Sumway. "From over-eggsetting, probably," commented her husband.

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.

Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island.

Here in London we are just opening out a series of services under the leadership of Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Rhode Island, the American National and the World's W. C. T. U. evangelist. For many years Mrs. Barney has been W. C. T. U. prison evangelist in the United States; and through her instrumentality numerous reforms in connection with the treatment of criminals have been inaugurated and successfully carried through. Police matrons were the result of Mrs. Barney's persistent efforts in that direction, and her worth as a worker was recognized by the public through her appointment as chairman of the State Board of Charities.

To those who attended the Dominion Convention, held last June in London, words of praise for this eminent White-Ribboner are unnecessary. On every side were heard expressions of admiration, and, better still, of loving thanksgiving for spiritual blessings received through her ministrations. I was beset by inquiries as to when Mrs. Barney might be likely again to return to our Province, and many of the delegates said, "We must have her speak for us next time."

A promise to re-visit us, as soon as convenient was received, and would have been carried out last November but for an unexpected trip to England. Lady H. Somerset was of the same mind as ourselves and was determined that Mrs. Barney should visit the British unions, pleading that, as world's evangelist, this was part of her work. So our friend sailed to the old country last October and did not return until a few weeks ago.

Lady Henry Somerset has planned another trip for September, therefore the home-coming is but for a visit.

Already some twelve unions are in correspondence with me in relation to dates, terms, etc. All that is to be done in this line must be accomplished within a few days, as Mrs. Barney's calls in other directions are numerous and pressing.

Should any other union desire her services I would be glad to hear from them at once. MAY R. THORNLEY.

Hamilton Central School of Methods.

The Central W. C. T. U., of Hamilton, held a most successful school of methods on Tuesday, April 2, in the Centenary Church, conducted by Mrs. I. H. Pratt, president of the Central Union. Mrs. May Thornley, president of the Provincial W. C. T. U., and Miss Julia Tilley, treasurer of the Dominion W. C. T. U., were the visiting speakers. Mrs. Thornley gave an address on the duties of superintendents and also conducted a Parliamentary drill. Miss Tilley spoke on "How to Make Our Meetings Interesting." A paper on "The Journal" was read from the pen of Mrs. Letitia Youmans. Many complimentary things were said of Mrs. Thornley, both as to her ability and her power of dressing up plain facts in attractive forms. Miss Tilley was practical and most interesting in her address. The workers must have got enthusiasm and the work an impetus therefrom.

Mrs. Day Smith gave an exhaustive paper on "Franchise, as Regards Woman." Mrs. Pratt spoke on "Mothers' Meetings" and gave a paper also on "Children's Work." Mrs. Coutte, Mrs. Philp, and Mrs. Wolfkill conducted the Bible talks and noontide prayer. The beautiful sacred songs given by Mrs. Addison, Mrs. Stickle, and Mrs. Harrison, of Grimsby, added immensely to the interest of the day. Delegates were present from Caledonia, Dundas, Burlington, and Grimsby, as well as from the Hamilton and Central Unions. As the school was opened to the public, a large assembly gathered to hear about the work at both sessions. Breakfast was partaken of by the delegates. The decorations of the tables were white hyacinths. The menus were white satin ribbon. The delegates all wore their white ribbon badges. After enjoying the social chat and menu, Mrs. Hardy accorded a toast of welcome to the delegates on behalf of the Central W. C. T. U. The following was the responsive toast list: Grimsby, Mrs. Lucas; county, Mrs. Forbes; Caledonia, Mrs. Jackson; Dundas, Mrs. Boyle; Burlington, Mrs. Elliot; Hamilton Union, Mrs. Smith. The assembly-room (Centenary Church parlor) was fragrant with palms and Easter lilies. The beautiful banner of the Central Union hung over the platform. It was

of white satin and gold lettering. Altogether it was a pleasant day and the unanimous decision was that it is good to be here. As all good things have an end, so did this day; but we are hopeful that the fragrance of it will last throughout time and the seed sown will germinate into fruit for eternity.

In the Cause of Humanity.

Nowhere is the hollowiness of nineteenth century "chivalry" so conspicuous, says the Union Signal, nowhere does the modern man demonstrate so clearly his inefficiency and untrustworthiness as a protector of woman-kind as in our so-called courts of justice. So long as there are men who flock to our criminal trials for the sole purpose, apparently, of indulging a prurient curiosity; so long as there are lawyers who descend to insolence and insult in their examination of female witnesses; so long as there are judges who countenance and encourage such insolence and insult; so long, indeed, as there are women to be tried and women and children to be questioned and cross-questioned before the law, the presence of women spectators in our courtrooms is, for the dignity of womanhood in general and in the interests of common humanity, absolutely imperative.

The beneficent effect of the mother influence was strikingly shown in a recent court room scene in Oakland, Cal., in which Mrs. O. M. Sanford, auditor of the State W. C. T. U., by a clever stratagem checkmated a move designed to embarrass girl witnesses and thus place them at a disadvantage in giving their testimony.

Upon complaint of the neighbors, one Adam Schmegner was arrested for infamous crimes, the principal witnesses against him being his two motherless daughters, aged respectively 18 and 9 years. "The testimony taken at the preliminary hearing," said the newspaper report, "did not give a complete story of Schmegner's crimes, but attracted a crowd of men that occupied every available portion of the court room."

Mrs. Sanford, as agent for the Humane Society, demanded a trial with closed doors, but upon the objection of Schmegner's attorneys—whose motive was obvious—that was refused by the court. Impelled by one of the inspired ideas which come to women in such emergencies, Mrs. Sanford appealed to the W. C. T. U. As a result, when the court opened twenty or more gray-haired mothers were found occupying seats within hearing distance of the witness stand, and many an inquisitive male spectator was promptly relegated to a back seat by the bailiff in order to make room in front for the ladies.

"Consequently," says our informant, "hardly a man, aside from the court officers and attorneys, could hear a word the witness spoke, and instead of having an audience that would embarrass the Schmegner girls were surrounded by a guard of motherly, benevolent faces." Standing by the side of Mrs. Sanford the 9-year-old girl shyly but plainly told the story of her father's crimes—of his inhuman abuse of herself and his three-year-old baby, her statements being corroborated by her sister.

In arguing the case the attorney for the defense, as was to be expected, alluded in scathing terms to the presence of the White Ribboners, asking if they were there to see justice done or from a "morbid curiosity," and was proceeding more severely to attack their motives when he was sharply called to order by the court. Perhaps it would be in order to inquire here what were the motives of the men in leaving their important business avocations to be present at the trial; was it to see justice done and to protect helpless womanhood and innocent childhood?

The defense evidently felt bitterly chagrined at the thought that the quick-wittedness of a woman had so successfully "turned the tables" and by a bold but eminently womanly stroke had wrested from it its vantage ground and brought about its defeat. For after a conference of fifteen or twenty minutes the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

In this incident there is not a timely suggestion for W. C. T. U. women everywhere? There are occasions when women as well as men should spare a little time to visit our halls of justice. Let us give the lawyers and judges more of our attention in the future, and whenever a woman is to be tried or a woman is to be examined as a witness, let us invade the court rooms.

Rev. Dr. Anna Shaw.

The tour through the eastern section of our Province by the above named lecturer has been a great success. Some fifteen appointments were filled, so far as we have heard, to the eminent satisfaction of the unions concerned. Miss MacArthur, of Cornwall—our Provincial treasurer—writes: "I have just seen Dr. Shaw to the train. Her meetings were grand! That of

Sunday was beyond our expectations—the hall was crowded; but last night (Monday) it was packed, and though we had extra seats and many stood, many had to go away unable to obtain admittance. Our collections at the door for the two services amounted to \$90; and when it is remembered that the Sunday afternoon audience was largely composed of young people from the Sunday schools, and that these are decidedly hard times in this milling town, the financial outcome is not bad."

Dr. Lyman Abbott's Temperance Programme.

A temperance programme is offered by Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of The Outlook and the pastor of the Plymouth Church, of Brooklyn, with the view of affording "at least a basis for a discussion which may lead at last to some agreement among all temperance workers." While the programme represents his present views on the liquor question, he states that he is ready to adopt amendments to it if convinced of their practical importance. We reproduce the programme from The Outlook editorial columns:

"1. Abolish the present excise system. It is a failure. It does not materially limit the number of saloons nor improve their character. It promotes favoritism and vicious forms of political influence, and it is subject to the criticism that it appears to a portion of the community to give a public approval to the liquor traffic. The abolition of the license system will leave men as free to sell liquor as they now are to sell groceries, subject to the restrictions hereinafter mentioned.

"2. No man to be permitted to open a liquor saloon in any community without the permission in writing first obtained of the real estate owners of the property immediately abutting the premises. This consent in writing to be filed with, say, the county clerk.

"3. Liquor-selling to minors, to habitual drunkards, and, perhaps, between the hours of 12 at night and 5 in the morning, prohibited, as now.

"4. A tax levied on the real estate of every place in which liquor is sold—saloon, hotel, or club; perhaps such tax to be proportioned to the assessed value of the real estate actually occupied by the room used for the sale and consumption of the liquor. Such tax would be a lien on the real estate and would be collected from the landowner, not from the liquor-seller.

"5. Local option given to every community—city, town, or perhaps ward or election district—to prohibit the sale of liquor altogether, or to prohibit it on Sundays. Special provision would have to be made for the voting on local option, which ought not to be held oftener than once in three, or perhaps once in five years. If any community is to be permitted to sanction the sale of liquor on Sunday, it ought also to be permitted to prohibit the sale of liquor altogether."

The New York Voice (Proh.), while approving of Dr. Abbott's "praiseworthy zeal to unite all those who are in favor of temperance on some definite line of action," finds no essential difference between his programme and the demands of the organized liquor-dealers of New York State. It says:

"No programme, whether it be a license system, a tax system, a dispensary system, or any other system that contemplates making the saloon a source of public revenue, is worth any effort on the part of temperance reformers. The primary purpose of a tax is revenue. To use the taxing power for any other purpose, except as it incidentally serves another purpose, is, according to the Supreme Court, an abuse of the power. When the public begins to look to any form of vice as a proper source of revenue, dividing with it the profits, that moment it begins to play havoc with all moral scruples and to erect the cupidty of tax-payers into a bulwark of defense for the vice. Moreover, when the State taxes a business, it is bound by principles of common honesty to assure protection to the business in return. The tax receipt as much as the license is a pledge on the part of the State to defend and foster the thing taxed. How else does a State get the right to tax? None recognizes the importance of these considerations more keenly than the liquor-dealers themselves, and you never find them favoring any policy that proposes to deprive the State of revenue from this source.

"If Dr. Abbott or anybody else wants to originate a scheme that will unite the earnest temperance reformers of the country, let him start with this proposition, namely: 'The liquor traffic shall not be made, either directly or indirectly, by license, tax, or any other means, a source of public revenue.' Start there, and there will be some hope of accomplishing something."

Archbishop Kain, of the Roman Catholic diocese of St. Louis, on the occasion of the recent "Y" conference in that city, informed the officers of the Queen's daughters, the local Roman Catholic charitable organization, that it was his earnest request they should accept the invitation to the conference and co-operate with the Y. W. C. T. U.

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

Miss Willard Abroad

The First of Her Round-the-World Letters—Coming Remarkable Gatherings—"Grog and More Grog," Not "Gog and Magog"—Movements of Lady Henry Somerset and Other Notables.

[From the Union Signal.]

REIGATE, NEAR LONDON, ENGLAND, March 19, 1895.

My Dear White Ribbon Comrades,—We have worked so long together that the international movement is now becoming almost as home-like as our own beloved "National." It is my duty and pleasure to be constantly writing and sending articles, paragraphs and helpful documents to every quarter of the globe, so that the fact that I am "president of the World's," as we say in our familiar way of speaking when together, impresses itself more deeply upon me as years go by.

You know that on the death of our dear Margaret Bright Lucas I urged this position upon Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt when she returned from her long pilgrimage, and that when she declined it we succeeded in getting her to accept that of honorary president—subject to the confirmation of the biennial convention, on the parliamentary ground that one convention cannot bind the action of another. You also know how earnestly I have urged Lady Henry Somerset to allow her name to be used as president, and that were it brought forward she would have the unanimous vote of the women of Christendom, but she continues to insist that until the polyglot petition has been presented she would not think of doing so.

It seems to me important at the outset of these letters (which I hope to continue from time to time until the world's journey is complete) to put before you afresh the actual situation, so far as I am concerned. It now looks as if the plan, which would have been carried out if the general officers of our National society had not, so soon as it was announced, cabled and written me of their disapproval, would be considerably modified, and that the journey will now take other forms; nor am I at all sure but that the present plan of taking up the work more gradually will be better suited to the interests of the various countries to be visited. For instance: we have now presented the petition in our own country and it has added its quota of influence to the accumulating current of educated opinion and sentiment which is bearing our cause toward success. In June the petition will be brought to this country by our American White Ribbon delegates of the third biennial convention of the World's W. C. T. U. and presented to the British Government. In the summer many of us expect to travel in Scandinavia and the petition will be presented in Norway and Sweden, possibly also in Denmark. It is well known to you that from the nature of the case we have accomplished less on the continent of Europe than any other part of the world except in the heart of Africa. While it is true that we have a group of faithful White Ribboners in every country they have been unable to accomplish anything adequate on a national scale in the wine-drinking countries of Europe, Count Tolstol and his family in Russia, Countess Wedel-Jarlsberg in Norway, Mrs. Selmer in Denmark, Rev. Adama von Scheltama in Holland, Mrs. Mary B. Willard and Mrs. (Dr.) Stuckenberg in Germany, Miss De Broen in Paris, Miss Gulick in Spain, Mrs. Josephine Butler in Rome, and the Baroness Langenau in Vienna—these have been chief among our trusty pioneers on the Continent of Europe. But now we are seeking in response to earnest invitations, that come to them from leaders in the purity movement, our dear Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew and Dr. Kate Bushnell, who after their arduous labors here in the anti-opium cause, go to Switzerland for a brief rest and will then undertake the more thorough introduction of our work in Europe, making the purity department the point of attack in the unceasing "peaceful war."

From their intelligent seed-sowing will come, I have no doubt, such a preparation for the reception of the polyglot as will tell immensely on all our future work.

The convention in June will select several new round-the-world missionaries. We shall hope for the presence and counsel of those who went out first, and the strongest single impetus ever given to the movement in its cosmopolitan aspect will come from that great gathering. Let me again urge our workers in the States to send from each State at least one delegate. Remember that \$200 (the total expense of the trip) includes six days in London, with hotel accommodations, one week with entertainment at Grindelwald, two days at Lucerne and two days in Paris, and any who care to prolong their stay abroad can do so on very reasonable terms. All applications should be addressed to Pilgrimage Bureau, care Review of Reviews, Astor Place, New York city.

If any State lacks any fraction of the 1,000 members requisite to the appointing of a delegate, these can surely be secured within the next few weeks, or if not, the State can piece out its numbers by arrangement with some adjoining State. We who "at this end of

the line" are helping to prepare for the convention, do most earnestly desire to see looming up from the wide-awake west such a delegation as shall give adequate expression to the zeal and success of the white-ribbon movement in the United States and Canada, and we beg of you not to disappoint us. We are working with might and main to prepare for your coming. Now let me beg you not to fail to come. We hope to have a sermon delivered before the delegates in Westminster Abbey, and a service in St. Paul's Cathedral, a trip to Windsor Castle and a lawn party at Lady Henry Somerset's suburban home, The Priory, Reigate. These I mention as delightful incidents, but the great meetings in Queen's, St. James' and Exeter Halls will, with the presentation of the petition to the Government, be the chief attractions to our devoted workers.

We find the cause moving on as always. The Local Veto Bill of Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt will be presented before Easter. The papers are full of it and were never more favorable. The British W. T. A. is the right-hand ally of the United Kingdom Alliance, these two societies standing side by side far in the front of any others, as they deserve to do, because of the progressive character of their principles and work. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is as full of his famous "gay wisdom" as he was 30 years ago. He says the trouble in the recent county council election was not only "Gog and Magog," but "Grog and More Grog." The liquor interest in London is solidly united against the county council; but in spite of that our side has a majority and has elected progressives to all the offices.

Lady Henry Somerset has gone to Leeds to conduct a National Conference of the White-Ribbon Women. She presides in Exeter Hall, March 22, at a great anti-opium demonstration to be addressed by Mrs. Elizabeth Wheeler Andrew, and Dr. Kate Bushnell. Bishop H. M. Turner, of Atlanta, Georgia, whom we met on the steamship and who is a genius in his way, will participate in the exercises. Lady Henry and I have promised to speak with him and Miss Hallie Brown, the celebrated colored elocutionist, at a meeting in the interest of Wilberforce University, Ohio, to be held before long in Exeter Hall.

Mr. Henry J. Osborn is the greatest "worker up" of the huge public assemblies that are a special feature of the reform work in London that has yet appeared. I do not see why some of our women might not become equally well known and successful as specialists in convening those great gatherings which to the "great public" seem to indicate the high-water mark of beneficent movements and the societies that can serve them.

Anna Gordon and I are hard at work in our den at the Reigate home. We expect with the soft spring breezes soon to be blowing, to retrieve physical tone through the use of our bicycles along the shady paths of the Priory grounds. But we have "fallen to" and are hard at it with our stenographers, setting forces in motion to help make the W. C. T. U. a success.

Again urging your co-operation in the beloved home land, I am, with love from us all, your loyal comrade, FRANCES E. WILLARD.

A Message From Florence Nightingale.

One of the most interesting features of the Young Woman for April (to be published on Tuesday), will be "A Message from Florence Nightingale," reproduced in facsimile. She writes: "My message to girls would be: 1. Train yourselves to your work, to your life. The last 25 or 30 years has recognized beyond everything this necessity of training. 2. Have a higher object than the mere undertaking in all you undertake. If we know of nothing better and higher and truer than ourselves, when we fail or are disappointed, we lose heart, and perhaps 'strike work.' But if we have recognized ourselves as (I will not say only) a wheel or a tool in the hands of that Almighty highest and truest and best, we have that blessing of being a part of the whole, and whatever our own failure, are never cast down. 3. As one of the best women workers of our day says, 'The talk now is of rights, not right.' Let that not be our case. I am myself always a prisoner from illness and overwork, but all the more I wish you God speed."

Lord Rosebery, speaking at Glasgow lately, and referring to drink, said: "We know how much of crime and how much of all the evils of civilization are to be traced to drink. And

there is this further danger in this question; I see it coming in that shape, nearer and nearer, that owing to the enormous influence wielded, directly or indirectly, by those who are concerned in upholding the drink traffic, we are approaching a condition of things perilously near the corruption of our political system."

Mr. Selous, the celebrated English traveler and hunter, says that the great curse of the British empire in Africa is drink.

In Germany the problem of how to treat wife-beaters has been solved in a far wiser way than in most other countries, for there the brutal husband must work all through the week then turn over his wages to his wife on pay day and go to jail Saturday night and Sunday; about two weeks of this sort of experience has a most salutary effect on the savage wife-beater.

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DEAN'S CURE

USERS TELL ITS WORTH.

WE DON'T NEED TO Mr. W. Dean, Dear Sir—I have suffered from Sciatica for fifteen years. I have tried sixteen doctors, and afterwards went to the hospital. I was told to go home, as there was no cure. I heard of Dean's Rheumatism and Sciatica Cure, and gave it a trial. It cured me in six weeks. I have not had a trace of it since and can recommend it to any person suffering from these diseases as ahead of anything in the market. Yours truly, THOS. JONES. This medicine may now be obtained from any druggist in 21 bottles, or 12 for \$5. Do not suffer nor permit your friends to suffer when you can get it.

Wm. Dean, Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

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There's a wonderful country far away,
And its name is Grandma-Land;
Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place,
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!

In this wonderful country far away,
Where grandmamas abide,
In this beautiful, witching Grandma-Land,
The good things wait on every side—
Jam and jelly-cake heaped in piles;
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;
Just good things here! Just good things there!

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes,
In this beautiful, glorious pudding-land,
Each child does as he pleases,
All through the night, all through the day
Every single child has his way,
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—
In this gorgeous grandma clime—
When tired children can eat no more,
There are stories of "Once on a Time."
Stories and songs are told and sung
Of when the grandmamas were young—
"Once on a Time!" "Well, Let Me See!"

To this wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay,
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma-Land
Good children only find the way.
But when they sleep and when they dream,
Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma-Land!
—Harper's Young People.

The Scarecrow.
When Farmer Jones had shot a crow—
It was no easy task, you know—
He hung it in his corn-field, where
He thought the live crows it would scare.

The crows could not don mourning,
since
They always wore funeral tints.
So they resolved to hold a wake
For their departed brother's sake.
They met and mourned him 'mid the corn,
And, growing hungry towards the morn,
Devoured the crops and then withdrew,
Leaving the scarecrow and the view.
—Harper's Young People.

Pitapat and Goldie.
Pitapat was a gray cat, with a white forehead and black stripes, and white stockings on her feet, and big eyes that shone like stars.

Goldie was a canary, with bright golden feathers, and long legs, and a sharp bill, and bright black eyes.
When he wanted to see anything he turned his head sideways. He came out of a neat little egg, in a long green cage at grandma's house. I often saw his mother feed him and his three little baby brothers and sisters. When he was old enough grandma gave him to me. He sang beautifully.

Auntie gave me Pitapat. When she was a kitten I put ribbons round her neck. Some were blue and some were red. She would run after a ball.
One day she went down into the cellar and caught a mouse. I told her how wrong that was, but my papa said that cats would do such things as long as they were cats.

One day mamma took me to a china shop to buy a little pink bathtub for Goldie, who loved to bathe, and a saucer for Pitapat to drink milk from. We stopped at the chemist's for cuttle-fish and a paper of seed for Goldie, and bought a nice piece of cat's meat for Pitapat. The things were all in mamma's shopping-bag, and she let me carry it. I could hardly wait until the door was opened, I was so anxious to get in, and I ran up to the playroom two steps at a time.

Generally, when I opened the door, Pitapat cried "Mew!" and Goldie chirped a "How-do-you-do." This time I heard not a sound.

The window was open, and outside, on the roof of the porch, sat Pitapat, with her back up and her tail as big as a sausage. And—oh—alas! I shall never forget that moment—there, on the floor, was Goldie's cage, upside down, the bottom out and empty.

I gave a great cry. Mamma said: "Oh, dear, how dreadful!" And papa came in at that moment.

"Just as I thought," he said. "Pitapat has found Goldie too great a temptation to resist, and has eaten her, bones and all. But who took the cage down?"

"Oh, papa," I said, "I left it on the table. I forgot, but the door was shut."

"The door is shut now, but the bottom is out," said papa. "Don't cry so. I'll get you another bird."

"It won't be Goldie," I said. "Oh,

cruel Pitapat!"
"Mew!" said Pitapat. "Mew, mew, mew!"
She came in at the window and rubbed her hand against my dress; but I just hated her.

I caught up my little re-handled broom and chased her out of the house into the street.

"Stay there, you wicked thing," I said. "You shall never come into my house again! You are a murderess! You killed my sweet, sweet Goldie, and ate her up!"

Oh, how I cried after that! I almost made myself sick. When dinner was ready papa carried me down in his arms, but I could not eat anything. I kept thinking of Goldie, all munched up, and of Pitapat, that I used to love so and had driven away.

After dinner we went into the library. Mother made me lie on the sofa, and played on the piano for me. Papa asked me if I wanted a little dog. But I said: "No, thank you. I will never have a pet again."

And just as I said that the door-bell rang and in came the girl.
"A lady to see you, ma'am," she said. And in walked a stranger.

"I don't think you know me, Mrs. Brown," she said. "I live next door. Today, just after you went out with your little girl, my big cat Whiskers jumped out of the window upon the porch, and went into your house, call him as I might. The next moment something fell, and Whiskers came flying out with your gray cat after him; and I saw your canary fly out, too, and up into our tree. Whiskers must have tried to catch it. He is wild for birds. But your pussy fought dreadfully with him. I was shocked. And all the while I heard the poor bird crying out up in the tree. And the wild birds kill canaries, you know. So I called in a lad out off the street and asked him if he could catch the canary. And he said he thought so, for it could not fly very far. And he has been up in the branches all this while! He has just caught it, and I do not think he is hurt a bit. 'I am so glad!'"

Then in came the boy, with Goldie in his hands—my dear, pretty Goldie, alive and well, and mine again!
How mamma and papa thanked the lady! And what a lot of money papa gave the boy, though the lady had given him some before!

It was worth anything, papa said, to see his little daughter happy once more. Bridget ran for the cage and we put Goldie in it and gave him some seed and sugar and water and cuttle-fish.

"After all, Pitapat was innocent," said mamma.

"Oh, my poor Pitapat!" I cried.
And I ran to the door and looked out. It was quite dark, but I heard a little sad cry somewhere, and there in the corner of the garden I found my poor kitty, cold and hungry, and took her in my arms.

"I ought never to have believed it of you, pet," I said. "It was wicked of me. Can you forgive me?"
Pitapat answered "Mew!" and rubbed her nose against my hand.—[Dawn, in the Woman's Journal.]

The Lord hath need of your love, your words, your work, your money, your influence.—[Mosley H. Williams.]

An Enormous Revolution.

Have you ever duly considered the enormous revolution of thought which has been wrought by the words of Christ? It would be well if occasionally we could detach our minds from our theological conceptions of Christ, true and reverent as they may be, and endeavor to estimate the immense intellectual force which he has exerted on the world. Where is there any other force like it? What other words have gone on echoing in the human mind through many centuries, and begetting from age to age new evolutions, and revolutions of thought, and a constantly progressive vision of conduct? The more deeply this phenomenon is studied, the more clearly will it appear, that merely considered as an intellectual force there has never been in the world any influence comparable with that of Christ's. There is a memorable letter of Browning's in which this is put with great force, and the deduction drawn is that this intellectual force of Christ is so great that the mind can only bow before it and call it divine. Browning quotes a story of Napoleon, who one day in St. Helena, after a prolonged study of the Gospels, closed the book and said, "I am an underlander, a reader of men. I tell you, this Man was more than a man." And he finishes the letter by saying that one night a group of literary men were discussing how they would feel if suddenly the great men of the past entered the room. "And if Shakespeare entered?" said someone to Chas. Lamb, "what then?" "We should all rise," said Lamb. "And if Jesus Christ?" "We should all kneel," he replied, bowing his head as he spoke. The distinction between Christ and all others who have ever spoken to the minds and souls of men could not be more finely put. For Shakespeare, for Gladstone, we rise; to Christ we kneel.—[The Young Man.]

The Russian courts have reversed the assumption of the American tribunals that when a husband and wife are drowned in the same disaster the wife dies first. The Russian doctors have testified unanimously that the man would be the first to die, because the woman is more agile and keeps herself longer above water.

With The Poets.

In Romney Marsh.
As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the south sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapor flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed,
And roses filled heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;
The swaying waves peeled on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Down's low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank; like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down;
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly-shining salt sea-drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.
—John Davidson.

The Bedouin's Rebuke.

Neeber, a Bedouin of noble heart,
That from good men received of praise the fee,
Owned a brave horse, with which he would not part,
Because from death he once had run him free.
The man and beast were friends, and it is vice
To sell our friend or friendship for a price.

The horse was black and strong, his step was proud,
His neck was arched, his ears alert for sound,
His speed the tempest's, and his mane a cloud;
His hoofs woke thunder from the desert ground;
His eyes flashed lightning from their inmost core;
Victor of Distance was the name he bore.

Daher, a Bedouin of another tribe,
Had often wished to buy this famous beast;
And as he smoked, and heard his friends describe
Its comely parts and powers, the wish increased;
But Neeber said the horse should not be sold,
Tho' offered wealth in camels and in gold.

Then Daher put on rags, and stained his face,
And went to wait for Neeber, seeming lame.

Him soon he saw approach at daring pace
Upon the envied horse, and as he came
He cried to him: "For three days on this spot
Have I lain starving—pity me my lot."

And, seeing Neeber stop, said on, "I die—
My strength is gone!" Down Neeber sprang,
And raised him gently with a pitying sigh,
And set him on his horse; a laugh outrang,
And Daher shouted, as he plunged his spurs,
"Fair price refused, one sells at last for burrs."

"Stay! stay!" cried Neeber; Daher paused to hear:
"Since God has willed that you my beast should take,
I wish you joy; but tell no man, for fear
Another who was really starved might make
Appeal in vain; for some, remembering me,
Would fain to do an act of charity."

Sharper than steel to Daher seemed remorse!
He quickly turned, and, springing to the ground,
With head bowed low brought Neeber back his horse;

Then, falling on his peaceful breast, he wound
His arms about his neck to make amends,
And ever afterward the two were friends.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoot, 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.

How Primitive Christians Observed Sunday.

A growing discussion on the proper character of Sabbath observance seems to be one of the features of recent magazine and newspaper literature. The Sunday question is always a live one, not only in theological but in political circles as well, and a contribution recently made to it by Prof. Zahn, of the University of Erlangen, Bavaria, is one of importance. Prof. Zahn is accounted the leading conservative specialist in Germany in the department of early Christian research, his only rival, Harnack, being classed among the liberals. Zahn's conclusions will not, however, bring strength to the Sabbatarian side of the controversy, as he holds that there is nothing in the earliest Christian literature to support the views of the Sabbatarians. The results of his researches are set forth in the sixth of a series of historical sketches published together under the title "Skizzen aus dem Leben der alten Kirche" (Sketches from the Life of the Primitive Church).

He speaks of the differences between the early Christians of the St. James type and those of the Pauline type in matters of Jewish ceremonial, but says they were a unit in regarding the Lord's Day as entirely distinct from the Jewish Sabbath. Sometimes both days were observed, "but the Christians of the first three centuries," he says, citing Justin Martyr also in proof, "never thought of regarding the Sunday as the continuation of this Jewish Sabbath, or even to call this day 'Sabbath'—the Day of the Lord, referring to Christ, being the name uniformly used. Prof. Zahn then continues as follows:

"If we ask the Christians of the earliest centuries, the oldest witnesses as to the idea of Sunday, for the reason which they had in marking this one day above all the rest, they will with one voice declare, 'We celebrate this day because Christ on this day rose from the dead.' The Sunday was for them a weekly recurrence of the Easter festival. Throughout Sunday was regarded as a day of joy. While the Christians were accustomed on other days to pray kneeling, the resurrection of Christ, of which this day was the memorial, gave them courage to stand upright on their feet before their God, and to forget their unworthiness, which had been buried by Christ in death, the memory of which had been celebrated the previous days on their knees. On Sunday the early Christians prayed standing. Already at a very early day the custom of celebrating Wednesday and Friday in addition to Sunday had been introduced into the Church and this brought all the more sharply the characteristic idea of the Sunday worship. Those other days were days of fasting and humiliation; Sunday was a day of joyful and glad worship. On this day only did the services culminate in the memorial feast of the Savior, the Last Supper, which belonged to the 'Day of the Lord.' To fast on Sunday was regarded as unseemly, and later even as a sin. And even apart from the services the Sunday was regarded as a day of rejoicing. Even the rigoristic Tertullian, at the close of the second century again and again emphasizes this. . . .

"That on this day the ordinary business and work of life were laid aside as much as possible, was regarded as a matter of course; but it is characteristic of the original character of Sunday observance that in the oldest Christian literature there is practically not a word about this matter, the negative idea of rest from daily labor did not enter as a prime factor into the conception of the proper observance of this day. Christians are indeed rebuked for allowing their business to keep them away from the services, but not Sunday work itself, but the overestimation of worldly work and indifference therein shown to God's word and services, is pronounced as a grievous sin. Even as late as the fourth century, when writers warn against the celebration of the (Jewish) Sabbath by abstaining from work, a similar demand is not made as conditional for the Sunday. . . .

"We see that this original conception of Sunday observance departs widely from that idea which zealous friends of Sunday observance are apt to emphasize in our day. It has not been my purpose to present a theory of the Sunday or to oppose false ideas. But history is a great teacher, and by repeating what she teaches erroneous views of themselves fall to the ground."—[Translated for the Literary Digest.]

Jean Ingelow is surrounded by a flock of household pets in her quiet home in Kensington, where she spends her winters, as well as in her summer home in Nice. She is 74 years old now and she lives very quietly and rarely puts anything forth in print. There is nothing romantic in the poet's appearance. A sweet-faced gray-haired woman in a cap, she says little of her work unless pressed to do so, and finds her chief pleasure in hearing that her words have been of help to this one or that. Queen Victoria is numbered among Miss Ingelow's personal friends and literary admirers.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

A Smile And a Laugh.

What are you doing with those pots of paint, Silas?"
"New scheme o' mine, Mirandy. I'm goin' to put 'em under the hens, so's they'll lay Easter eggs in 'em."

Mr. Goodly—My little man, do you know this is Sunday?

Little Man—Well, what would I be havin' my fish line along with me for if I didn't?

Inks—There are very good characters in society novels.

Winks—No wonder; there are very few in society.

Caller—I wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?

Little Boy—Engaged? Whatcher givin' us? She's married!

He—You want to know what I'd be if it were not for your money?

She—Yes, I do.

He—A bachelor.

"Cousin Ethel, is Col. Blazer a brave soldier?"

"Oh, I don't think he's afraid of powder."

"No, I don't think he is, for I saw his nose against your face last night."

A little boy, on returning from Sunday school, said to his mother:

"This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kitchyism for little boys?"

"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back."

"Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."

Suitor (seeing flower on the table)—May I take this as a token of your friendship?

Fashionable Miss—No, sir. Why, that's my new bonnet!

Committeeman (to public-school teacher)—We was thinkin' o' puttin' up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children; what do you say? How would "Knowledge Is Wealth" do?

School Teacher—That wouldn't do. The children know how small my salary is.

A young lady had given a young gentleman her photograph. He was enamored with it, and made the remark, "Some day, with your permission, I shall plead for the possession of the lovely original."

He did not expect this: "Then I shall give you the negative."

A little girl who had heard her family talking about hysterics was present when a story was told at which her mother laughed immoderately. The child seemed much impressed, and looking anxiously at her mother, she said gravely:

"Mamma, ain't you afraid if you laugh so much you will get hysterical?"

A Unitarian minister of this State has a small boy just now devoted to athletics. It was the good fortune of the family to entertain Mrs. Julia Ward Howe the other day, and the elder daughter tried to impress the little fellow with the importance of their guest.

"She is a great woman," said the sister.

"Not so very," said he.

"But I mean she is a very remarkable woman, dear."

"H'm!" was the answer; "I don't believe she can even hang by her toes."

Mr. Wiman gave two handsome public bath-houses to Toronto, which are situated on either side of the bay, and inscribed in bold letters "Wiman's Baths." Some time ago, as the British Association excursion was sailing into that city, one of the scientists discovered the signs.

"Ah," said he, turning to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot!"

"Why so?" returned the other in amazement.

"Don't you see those signs there! What an atrocious way to spell 'women's'!"

FOR HER COLOR.—It was a great event for Daisy when her little sister was born. Her delight was unbounded. At the same time she felt a great increase of age and dignity, and announced to her mamma that she no longer wished to be called Daisy, but by her own name—Isabel.

"We called you Daisy when you were so fair and sweet that you reminded us of a daisy. Can you not think of some pretty flower that your little sister resembles?"

Daisy meditated for some time and then gravely replied:

"I think we might call her Currant."

Here it a good advertising story from Australia. A lanky countryman from the mines goes into the Argus office.

"My guv'nor's dead, and I should like a bit of poetry or somethink put in the paper about him."

"All right," says the clerk, "hand it over."

"Can't you fix up somethink for me?" asks the miner, he was a right good chap.

"Oh, yes, replied the clerk, 'we'll manage that for you; our charge for 'In

Memorial' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder," exclaims the mourner, "I can't stand that, my guv'nor was six feet."

A certain young minister was preaching one morning on the subject of man praising his Creator, using the thought that all creation, even the birds, seemed to be sending up a daily hymn of praise, and why should not man do so also? Outside of the church was a grove, and it being a bright June day the air was filled with the song of birds. The minister having finished his talk about the song of creation and intending to make a climax, turned toward an open window, with an appropriate gesture, exclaimed: "Let us pause a moment, and listen to the song of praise that nature is sending up at this moment to the throne of the Creator." Everybody listened, but just then an old ass outside of the church rent the air with its "???" The minister made the pause very short.

Man progresses from aversion to love; but when he began with love and arrives at aversion he never returns to love.—[H. de Balzac.]

The Odd and Curious.

Twenty lives lie between the Emperor of Germany and the British throne.

The roar of the lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature.

In proportion to the numbers engaged, Waterloo was the bloodiest battle of modern times. Over 35 per cent of the men engaged were killed or wounded.

A medical scientist states that dismal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the spirits. He says the deductions made on cloudy days often prove to be faulty.

Diamonds may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink, and orange; but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts, there are sapphires, rubies, and garnets of that color.

Cant, meaning mock humility, took its name from the Rev. Andrew Cant, minister of Pittsboro, in Aberdeenshire, who, during the time of the Covenanters, was famed for his winning and pre-tending fervor.

Camille Flammarion and three other French astronomers will make for the Paris exhibition in 1900 a model of the moon—a model on such an enormous scale that balloon journeys will be made around it.

The banqueting house, Whitehall, from a window of which King Charles I. stepped out to his scaffold on Jan. 30, 1649, has been turned into a museum for the United Service Institution. The building was erected by Inigo Jones in 1619. The ceiling, painted by Rubens, is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. George I. converted the hall into a chapel, and it was used for public worship until 1890.

A newspaper published in Pekin is understood to be the oldest in the world. It dates from a period of 200 years prior to the Norman conquest of England. Naturally, its prolonged existence in an autocratically governed country like China has been marked by many vicissitudes, not the least of which is the fact, recently announced in its columns, that during the 1,000 years of its existence 1,000 of its editors have been beheaded, or roughly speaking, two per annum.

The astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist. The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvae of amphibians. Each of these were cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hinder more readily than the fore parts. Two hinder parts, each with or without a heart, united in 24 hours, the monstrosity living and growing for a week or more.

Which Loved It Most?

"The way an Indian loves whisky beats everything," said the soldier. "I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whisky,' I'll give you my bride for it," says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my saddle,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my pony,' says he. 'No,' says I. Finally, if you'll believe it, he offered his bride, and saddle and pony all in a bunch for a drink!"

"Well, and wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked the soldier's listener.

"Not much," said the soldier. I had only one drink left and I wanted that myself."—[Harper's Drawer.]

It is significant of the wisdom of Mrs. Ormiston Chant's crusade against the Empire Music Hall, London, that its directors have lost nothing by giving a purer entertainment. They have earned 75 per cent dividend, after meeting all expenses, and have declared a dividend of 50 per cent for the year. Virtue, purity and industry pay, and no foul odor makes their efforts offensive.

Cooking by Electricity

What Housekeepers Are Coming to—An Era of Emancipation—An Interview With Miss Fairclough.

(From the Young Women, England.)

One has scarcely recovered from the novelty of cooking by gas before a fresh and more startling innovation still is presented in cooking by electricity. What would the primeval savage, who contentedly rubbed his sticks together until heat and flame were produced and a fire kindled for the cooking of his food, have thought had he peeped over my shoulder the other morning as I stood before Miss Fairclough's cooking table, where boiling and grilling were being performed by the imperceptible force of electricity? Even Robinson Crusoe would have stood aghast before such an uncanny spectacle, and as to his man Friday, he would have taken to his heels and fled, or perhaps would have discoursed to his "learned brethren," when he met them, on the enormous heresy of seeking to supersede the rubbing of two sticks together by a new factor for the generation of heat.

Miss Fairclough is a diplomate of the National School of Cookery, where she trained for the purpose of eventually starting a school of her own. In response to my question as to how she came to think of cooking by electricity—for it should be mentioned that hers is the only school of its kind in London—she very frankly replied that in the first place she thought such a novelty as cooking by electricity would serve her as an excellent advertisement. She is also of opinion that electricity is vastly superior for cooking to any other kind of heat, and will eventually come into general use. It is a present much more within the reach of householders than is generally supposed, as the electric companies only charge half the rate for supplying electricity during the day, for cooking purposes, to what they charge for it as an illuminator. In a district like Gloucester Road, where there is a main storage, the cost of bringing electricity to a house is comparatively trifling.

Miss Fairclough's classroom kitchen is a large, spacious room, beautifully bright and light, and with an altogether inviting air about it. It bespeaks business, though. Instead of chimney ornaments of the ordinary kind, the mantelshelf is adorned with tin and copper jelly moulds bright as polished can make them. A species of wall cabinet contains not bric-a-brac, but mince and sundry delicacies tied up in glass jars. The landscapes of Turner or the figures of Landseer are certainly not upon the walls, but there are daintily framed advertisements of Cadbury's Cocoa, Bird's Egg Powder, and other standard culinary manufactures. At the farther end of the room is the dresser with its array of crockery, and in front of it stands the magic table. It is the most innocent-looking piece of furniture imaginable, there being nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary deal kitchen table until you take a peep under the top ledge, when you will discover a row of six black knobs to which are attached the wires which convey the electricity to the various cooking apparatus which stand upon the table.

When I entered the school there was no cooking in progress, but it was only the work of a few moments for Miss Fairclough to set the machinery in motion. The kettle, saucepan, grill, frying-pan, and copper heater for plates and dishes, were ranged in a row in front of the table, the wires were attached to the various vessels, the electric current turned on, and I breathlessly stood at a respectful distance to see the miracle. After a few moments, at Miss Fairclough's suggestion, I but my hand over the grill and felt that heat was emitted although the table itself was quite cold and there was no suggestion of heat in the atmosphere around. I continued to stand over the table until the kettle boiled, a "rasher" frizzled on the grill, and the other vessels were in cooking order, and still there was no sensation of heat unless you actually put your hand to the cooking utensils. How different would have been the result had I thus stood by the ordinary cooking range, or over a gas stove, and so, mindful of inflated cheeks and skin all too moist which a "morning in the kitchen" usually means, I set down in my notebook: "Cooking by electricity warranted not to spoil the complexion."

"And so, Miss Fairclough, you have found cooking by electricity a success?"

"Most decidedly it is more healthy and less dangerous than gas. After several months' experience, I am convinced of its great advantages; there is no combustion and no bad fumes. Now, with regard to the oven," continued Miss Fairclough, as she drew my attention to what looked very much like the ordinary gas stove, "it has no need of a ventilator, as there are no fumes given off from the cooking, consequently after being thoroughly heated the electricity can be turned off and the oven will retain the heat for an hour or two. This is, of course, very economical."

"You have not abandoned cooking by gas altogether, I see?"

"No; I use a gas stove frequently,

because so many of my pupils have gas stoves at home, and very few ladies can as yet have the electrical appliances. I give cooking demonstrations three afternoons a week at which I use electricity, and I also use it at my evening classes for gentlemen."

"Do I understand, then, Miss Fairclough, that you have discovered a new occupation for young men? This is really most interesting, and if you do not mind I should like to discuss the male pupil's first of all. Are they intelligent and satisfactory?"

"I like teaching men to cook very much indeed, they take such interest in it; and 'put their backs' to everything they do. They have a most accurate taste for seasoning, much more delicate than women, who, speaking broadly, are very indifferent to what they eat, and therefore less particular than men in the concoction of dainty dishes. Men consider their stomachs more than women. I am daily reminded of that, as I supply luncheons to the business men around here; they are very particular indeed, I am glad to supply them with meals at cost price to get the things off my hands which have been prepared at the demonstrations."

"I expect your male pupils are rather fascinated by the use of electricity, it appeals to them as being allied to engineering and things masculine?"

"Yes; they are very curious and interested about it, but they are genuinely in earnest about learning to cook. They do not go in much for fancy cooking, but they learn how to grill chops and steaks, to stew kidneys and make beefsteak puddings. They are most accurate in weighing out the quantities of the various ingredients, and will balance the scales exactly. Now, women are more given to rule of thumb; they do not mind if the scale 'flips' down a little on one side."

"And how do men succeed with pastry-making, the rolling of puff paste for example, are not their methods a little—well—elephantine?"

"Their hands are a little heavy for puff paste, but they make short crust beautifully. I am referring principally to ordinary young men who come to me just for a course of cooking, but those who train for chefs perfect themselves, of course, in all branches. But, apart from taking it up as a profession, I seriously think that it is most important that young men who are going abroad to the Colonies, where they often live in remote districts without women-folk to attend to their wants, should at least understand elementary cooking. It is also very useful to soldiers and volunteers camping out, and to married men with small incomes, who, if their wives suddenly fell ill, would be enabled to prepare meals themselves until help could be obtained."

"Have you any married men who come to you for lessons so that they may give their wives a little culinary assistance?"

"No, never," replied Miss Fairclough emphatically; all my male pupils are bachelors, mostly professional men or young fellows who are thinking of camping out in summer. One pupil, a young doctor, said he wanted to know how to cook because the knowledge was useful in his profession, and also because he did not want to be at the mercy of his cook. He was a bachelor living in a flat, and wanted to be independent and able to cook his own breakfast if his servant suddenly gave him notice. A young barrister is also intending to take lessons, but he is rather shy about it until he sees more men coming forward. Another of my pupils is a tutor, and he is anxious to learn because he has a natural taste for it; and other young men come to prepare themselves for holidays up the river."

"And with regard to your pupils, other than the masculine, I suppose you have women of all ages and from different classes coming to you?"

"Yes; I train female cooks, and recommend them to situations, and at present I have more situations on my books than cooks to fill them. I take articulated pupils, too—educated girls to train for cookery teachers, and working girls for cooks. Married women and housekeepers come for private lessons."

"Do you think, Miss Fairclough, that the young girls of the day show a taste for cooking?"

"Most decidedly; I think girls are taking more and more to cooking, and there is no kind of pupil I enjoy teaching so much. I like teaching the girls better than their mothers, you know," laughed Miss Fairclough, "because they have not got the rule of thumb to unlearn. I always try to place the profession of cooking on a high level by telling young girls that it is an art and a science, and that they should be proud to be proficient in it. And for those who wish to earn their living cooking may be made an excellent means of doing it. A good cook has a first-rate position in a house even when she is coarse or ignorant, but an educated and trained woman would have a splendid position as cook in many houses, and receive both better treatment and much higher wages than either a lady-help or a governess. It

seems to me that people will do anything for a woman who can cook, and I think it is a pity middle-class girls do not study cooking more as a profession. It is not drudgery, but an art and a science when properly taught.

"Mistresses complain to me that servants who cook nicely are often very deficient in the art of making food look well. I believe that the eye has a great deal to do with the appetite and that is one reason why ladies excel as cooks. They have often an artistic eye, and take a pleasure in decorating and garnishing dishes. There are few things which require such a delicate touch as the decorating of molds for creams; now a girl with artistic taste might find a real pleasure in doing work of that kind. Cooking, like laundry and other kinds of domestic work, can be done much better by an educated than by an uneducated woman. It is the trained brain that excels in all things. If girls would qualify for cooking as a profession, it would be much better for them than so much governessing. And if we are to consider matrimonial prospects, well—we know the old saying, 'The best way to get through a man's heart is through his stomach,' and I really think it is."

Here our pleasant chat had now come to an end, for the luncheon hour was approaching and Miss Fairclough was anxious to superintend the dispatch of certain toothsome dishes to fortunate business men in the neighborhood.

Exit the Pig-Tail.

Writing from Pekin to a London contemporary an English resident describes in an interesting letter the three peculiar habits of the Chinese—the pig-tail for men, the cramped foot for women and the long finger nails of the high born. Like all customs at war with nature, they were doomed to extinction sooner or later, and the sooner the better. The writer speaks of the cramped foot originated with a club-footed Empress, who induced her husband to decree that her deformity should become the standard of fashion. It speaks well for the power of the Chinese authority when it is remembered that the date of the Empress was B. C. 1100, and we compare it with the short-lived efforts of Louis XIV. to cover his baldness with the fashion of wigs, and of Madame de Pompadour her pimples with patches on her face. Now all Chinese women who have to work as servants or in the field discard the cramped foot, and a great many of those who appear to have them only make them up; a foreign resident discovered this on one occasion, in calling his nurse up in the night, and finding her foot of natural size, though seemingly cramped by day. The finger nails an inch long are now very seldom seen, the fact that their owner never did any work having ceased to be a thing to be proud of. Among the Chinese officers and mandarins killed in battle it is stated that not one long finger nail has been found. Many will here of the disappearance of the pigtail with mixed feelings. Supposed to be the means by which their wearers will be drawn up to heaven, they are disappearing under a wave of skepticism, as are other superstitions, by no means confined to Chinese Taoism.

What Christ's prayer was, all true prayer must be; you must pray with the great prayer in sight. You must feel the mountains above you while you work upon your little garden. Little by little your special wishes and the eternal will of God will grow in harmony with one another; all conflict will die away, and the great spiritual landscape from horizon to horizon will be but one.—Lucy Larcom.

An Unfortunate Illustration.

Canon Tristram is contributing a series of articles to the Record on Sermon Preparation. He begs the clergy to beware of wrong or unfortunate illustrations. "When a dockyard chaplain, I once," he says, "secured the aid of an eloquent American bishop, whose sermon certainly riveted me. The next day, meeting the boatswain of the yard, who was a great critic, I remarked to him, 'That was a grand sermon, Mr. S—, that we heard yesterday.' 'Well, I don't know, sir,' he replied, in the same deep roar which he had used when he was Lord Nelson's boatswain's mate; 'I only hope he knows his own business better than he knows mine.' 'Why, what was the matter?' exclaimed I. 'Why, didn't you hear?' He talked about sails hanging idly from the mast, as if any landlubber ever saw a sail hanging from anything but a yard yet!"

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

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fifteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complaint for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

Reply to Mr. Stead.

Making a Church a Kind of Gymnasium—The Difficulties in the Way—Experiences in Big English Cities—The "Devil of Dirt"—The Financial Lion in the Path.

We lately gave an article by Mr. Stead entitled "Open the Churches." A large number of replies by various ministers in Great Britain have appeared in the New Age approving or condemning the change advocated by Mr. Stead. One among these, the Rev. C. F. Aked's statement of the arguments in opposition, will, we think, prove interesting to our readers. He writes:

Mr. Stead's ideas are always interesting, invariably bold, and generally impracticable. Amongst the very earliest places at which he asked his famous question, "Why not open the churches?" was Liverpool; and I remember the shocked and horrified air with which a gray old parson of the Established Church demanded whether he thought that the Lord Jesus Christ would approve of having his house turned into a gymnasium. And I remember Mr. Stead's triumphant answer and the sudden collapse of his interlocutor, who, for the remainder of the meeting, could do no more than silently squirm. "Unless," said Mr. Stead, "the nature of the Son of Man has undergone a change since he asked that the little ones should be allowed to come unto him, I have no doubt whatever that he would approve." We cheered, of course; you are bound to cheer a repartee that settles the other fellow; but we were not quite so sure that Mr. Stead had settled the question.

I agree with Mr. Stead that the affairs of the Christian Church are conducted with little business ability. I agree with him that the business men who manage the affairs of our churches make blunders in church matters that they do not make in the management of their own affairs. I agree with him that they do not get full value for their money; that they do not properly insist upon value for money invested. But I am very painfully conscious that we parsons are such poor value for money expended on us that if these said business men did insist upon a proper return on investments many of us would have to skip; and I hesitate, naturally, about pursuing the subject.

But this question of the use of the churches is a question of fact. Mr. Stead used to be strong on facts. "First get your facts," was the advice over and over again repeated by him to any who were willing to learn of him. Nowadays he seems to have a fine contempt for facts. "You can always trust Stead's history and distrust his prophecy," one of his most intimate friends said to me as we gossiped about many things on a railway journey to Brussels. But that was two years and a half ago, and since then Mr. Stead's genius has foregathered much with ghosts more or less reputable, and he has become the champion of pauper aristocrats. When he pitches into us we must beg him first to get his facts. To lecture the public with an imagination utterly unfettered by any mere knowledge of the subject, has been a favorite method with great men from Artemus Ward downwards. But it doesn't answer in the long run.

And what are the facts?

First, is it true that our places of worship are closed from Sunday to Sunday? And, observe, Mr. Stead is not speaking of the actual church or chapel, but of all the church or chapel premises. That must be so, for it is a question of the total amount of money invested, and it was the "church plant" of Chicago which was in question in those elaborate articles in the Mail, and which afforded data for comparison with English churches. Moreover, it is not the churches of the Establishment which are alone in question; it is popular Protestantism. And I assert that it is simply nonsense to suppose that, speaking for Nonconformity, for I cannot be expected to know anything of the Established Church, we only open our places one day in seven. A vigorous Nonconformist Church is simple a hive of industry. Meetings of every kind are proceeding in one or more of its rooms every night in the week. Is Dr. Clifford's place used only on Sunday? Are the premises of Pembroke Chapel locked up from Sunday to Sunday? The idea is ridiculous.

Further, on this question of fact: Is it true that there is such a demand—a demand that cannot be met? I doubt it. In the course of my life I have lived in Nottingham, a delightful Midland manufacturing town, Syston, a starved-to-death Leicestershire village, St. Helens, a city of dreadful night, gathered together at the call of the capitalist, and in this great seaport (Liverpool). And going over the supply and the demand in village, town and city, as far as I know them, I do not believe that there is such a crying need and such a pitiful attempt to meet the need. London may be different. But I don't know anything about London. I speak of the considerable part of Great Britain with

which even the L. C. C. cannot deal.

Supposing that the facts are established by Mr. Stead—that there is a need for other accommodation than that already afforded by the churches, and that this need is not met in any other way—then his plea that we should open the church proper as—let us say—a kind of covered playground or gymnasium for children, has to encounter certain practical objections, some of which I will name.

Mr. Stead admits that we might have to remodel the whole interior of the church from ceiling to basement. Well, that is easily enough accomplished—on paper, by a fertile writer! And every seat must be made movable, of course. And every morning every seat must be moved out of the church so that the children can play—the seats meanwhile, I presume, stored in another building which we have had to build for this purpose—and every evening the seats must be brought back so that the working man and his wife can listen to the music which Mr. Stead thinks is one of the clamant social needs of our day. Now, parsons, as everybody knows, are the most incompetent of incompetent people when it comes to a matter of business; but still, in my stupid, muddle-headed kind of way, I have been wondering where on earth we shall find the money for remodeling the whole interior of the place from ceiling to basement, and for the other work rendered necessary; and why, having once found the money, we could not just as easily build some new place specially to meet these clamant social needs, and so do all the good that Mr. Stead's big heart longs to have done while doing no outrage to those sensibilities of other people which have at least to be reckoned with in such a world as this.

And there is even another difficulty which will occur to many people, but which many will not care to mention. The difficulty is not to put two fine points on it of an entomological character. Amongst the children who would come to this covered playground there would be some very dirty little boys. Some people don't object very much to dirt. I do. Like Charles Kingsley's "Tom Turnbull" I am often inclined to say, "Dirt is my devil." And when we gather in the poor, starving, half-naked children from the Liverpool slums we know very well that we gather in dirt and we gather in fleas! Dirt can be dealt with more easily than the living creatures. During the last two years we have given about 35,000 breakfasts to the poor little children out of the filthy streets and courts of Liverpool. But we have taken care not to give a single meal on our own premises. We have preferred to pay for the hire of another room rather than bring these particular dangers into our midst. People have come to me and remonstrated about it. They say, "Why those people at the hall get all the credit for this work; folks think that they give the breakfasts." And I make answer, "All right; if they are willing to take the fleas they are welcome to all the credit." I am afraid that some of the readers of the New Age may think that this is a joke—a joke in very questionable taste. I beg to say that I am quite serious, and that the risk of turning your church proper or your church premises into the refuge of the children of the streets is a risk which you have no right to ask the members of your congregations and the parents of your Sunday scholars to run.

The only way of meeting the difficulty that occurs to me is to strip every child naked as soon as he comes to play for an hour; put him in a hot bath, use plenty of soap, pumice stone and elbow-grease; burn every article of clothing that he had upon him when he came; rig him out in a new suit from head to foot; and do this every day as he comes. And yet, perhaps that would not yield you a very handsome return on investments!

No; Mr. Stead's idea is beautiful but it isn't practical, but it isn't business. I am not sure that you need to do what he suggests. But I am not sure that you would do it. But if you did I am quite sure that you would wish you hadn't.

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 Parmenter'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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Princess of Wales

Why She Is the Most Popular Woman in Great Britain—Handsome at the Age of Fifty—Her Success as a Leader of Fashion—Able to Make a Bonnet—Her Home Life in Sandringham.

There can be no doubt that the Princess of Wales is the most popular and best known woman in this empire. Our good and wise Queen has lived so retired a life that she is but a name to the majority of the present nation. It is the Princess of Wales who has personally gone about among us as the leading lady of the land, and who has thus added to the traditional and distant respect and interest that is felt in varying measures by different persons for royalty as such, a personal and devoted admiration for her charming self. For charm is her chief characteristic—magnetic, that indefinable something that is not beauty, though beauty so helps in making it; that is not merely kindness and benignant graciousness, though without these it cannot exist; that is certainly not intellect, though it includes a fine tact that belongs to the higher mental faculties; but that is a combination of so many gifts and graces that it can be neither defined nor taught. This charm the princess has in the fullest measure. Who has been in her presence, even as a distant spectator of her looks, her movements, her ways in performing some formal function, or thenceforth her sworn admirer. She is so pretty, so sweet, so gracious, so all those light and pleasing attributes that we sum up as "womanly," that the affectionate feelings that are roused by the spell of her presence are not surprising.

Intellectual she is not. The abstract studies, the deep and high reflections on the underlying philosophy of things, that the Empress Frederick is famous for, are quite beyond the range of the Princess of Wales. It is hardly conceivable that even the responsibility of being in her own right a queen regnant, had the lot been hers, could have made her so capable and earnest a practical politician as Queen Victoria. The princess does not read serious books, or trouble her head about international relations or political economy. Her cleverness lies in another direction, namely in her social gifts, and in this direction she is unrivalled. To steer through such difficulties and trials as have belonged to her position, and to acquit herself so perfectly, betokens uncommon power of observation and judgment and self-control. These, rather than intellectual depth or brilliancy, have been the mental qualities demanded of the princess, and she has completely displayed the necessary abilities.

It is a token of true cleverness that she perceived, or allowed herself to be shown, in her girlhood, that she was to play the part of the leader of society, as her husband's wife, and to be nothing else, and to act no otherwise. Life at one time was a difficult task to her, and selfishness or stubbornness on her part might have distressed the country as it was distressed by the last preceding Princess of Wales. But our gentle princess has taken things lightly. The same amiability and tact with which she lays down the law, or walks around a bazaar have been exercised on a larger scale; she has known in her own friendly but calm manner all the people whom it was desirable she should know; she has paid the visits and made the appearances that it was well that she should make; and has loyally endeavored to set her own feelings aside when necessary to do so to maintain social concord and domestic unity. If she had been a more naturally her task might have been more irksome; but equally, on the contrary, it may be inferred, from how well she has done what she ought, that had her position made different demands upon her, she might, perhaps, have met those just as well as she has, in fact, met the real situation.

But the part she plays is that for which nature suited her, really. It is well understood that the princess gives great attention to her wardrobe, and that her youthful charm has been maintained (practically to the present day, though she is 50), not, indeed, by the vulgar devices known as "making up," but by those judicious cares that are surely legitimate. For instance, daily massage with cold cream has been employed to the face, not as to help the natural and acquired art of not thinking too much in warding off wrinkles. To be so perfectly well dressed and well appointed as H. R. H. always is takes time and care. But what a beautiful person there was to thus adorn and preserve. Her slender, well-carried figure, her head poised gracefully on an uncommonly long neck, like a flower on a slender stalk, her eyes that can look so sweetly appealing as though she were timid, or flash with fun and mischief, or rest blandly and coldly on the presumptuous, her well-shaped features—what a delightful and beautiful ensemble! There is no turn of her form, no look of her face, that is not pretty. Why I was shown the other day a series of portraits of ears of celebrities, and invited to choose the prettiest without knowing to whom they belonged, and the one that I chose belonged to the Princess of Wales.

Visions of her rise before me, in one and another situation, from shaking hands with me while walking down Westminster Abbey next behind the Queen at the jubilee, and there is never one picture that is not altogether charming. I see her at that wonderful state ceremony in the abbey, easily first in grace and dignity, amid so many royal ladies, and resplendent in her train of silver and white brocade, with a complete stomacher of flashing diamonds; yet the fairer for the air of dependence, and putting herself in the background, with which she slipped her arm through the arm of the Crown Princess of Germany as they walked side by side next the Queen, down the nave. I see her descending the stairs at Sir Frederick Leighton's, holding one arm up so as to clasp above her shoulder the hand of the Duchess of Edinburgh, who stepped on the high chair, the attitude showing all unconsciously the lithic and elegant outline of the Princess of Wales' figure. I see her holding one side of a basket full of wonderful orchids, while another graceful woman (Countess Granville) held the other side, the princess turning the dainty flowers tenderly over and over to select some for her own bosom, and looking as exotic and as patriotic as the flowers themselves. I see her in all her splendor coming in at the doors of the opera, when there was a state performance, with her tall diamond peaks flashing above her brow, and the riviere of diamonds gleaming on her bosom. I see her suddenly and anxiously standing up with her hands sympathetically pressed together and her face full of kind alarm, when one of the big artillery teams at a military driving competition had gone down in a heap of wild confusion of horses and men. I see her passing through a crowded room, her glance alert and watchful, so as not to hurt anybody's feelings by passing unnoticed one who might claim to be recognized. I see her paying homage to her sovereign

as well as ours, stooping to kiss the hand of the Queen on meeting her Majesty. I see her, in short, in a hundred attitudes—and gowns—but never once other than acting in complete accordance with her character for grace and propriety—a true Queen of Hearts as well as by station.

The princess' celebrated taste in dress does not imply either extravagance or display. Rather, as a rule, her attire is conspicuously simple. Her riding habit is a small, close-fitting bonnet has won for the shape the title of "Princess," and has given it a permanent lease of fashion. I have known her to wear a favorite dress at intervals during three successive seasons, with but slight alterations. She has had much to do with the continued popularity of the "tailor style," with its very simplicity, and when, a few years ago, the hateful crinoline made its first attempt at reappearing in fashion, the princess gave it its quietus for the time by returning to the maker all dresses built for her in which stuffing round the foot had been inserted. The excellent effect of her attire is the result of true artistic taste. Her natural genius this way was cultivated in her early girlhood by the fact that she had herself to make, turn, and rearrange her "things" to produce the best show on little expense. For the royal ladies, who were afterwards to occupy some of the richest and most important positions on earth, were the children of a poor man, though he was a prince. Her father was not King of Denmark till after the princess was married to the prince, though it had been settled by a treaty that he should be the next king, he was, in fact, only a German younger prince, married and with a large family, and so poor that he gave drawing lessons to the wealthy citizens of Copenhagen to eke out his narrow income. Thus it was that the future Empress of Russia and the future wife of the heir-apparent to the English throne learned in youth that excellent art of making the best of themselves that is of more importance than any splendor that vulgar wealth can order. The Princess of Wales made with her own needle even the bonnet in which she intended to land on her arrival in England. Queen sent a pretty hat to meet her at Gravesend. Later, the princess returned this motherly kindness by, with her own skillful hands, making her Majesty's Jubilee hat, sent home by the milliner stiff and with "ribbons."

Home life has been dear to the princess, both by virtue of her motherly love and her natural tastes. Sandringham is admitted by all who know it to be a perfect specimen of the country gentleman's home. The cottages on the estate are good and the laborers well looked after. The princess goes about the neighborhood on foot, or driving herself in her pony carriage, and stops to see the cottagers, just as a lady of the manor should. There is a technical school for the village, in which many arts and crafts are taught, and the princess herself has taken lessons from its teachers in the same arts that her villagers may learn. H. R. H. is an excellent wood carver and leather worker by his means. Connected with the house is the "princess' dairy," no show place, but one in which the wants of the establishment, just as a lady of the manor should, and the princess herself is an accomplished butter maker, having often taken a turn at skimming the milk and "working" the butter. The kennels contain a variety of occupants, for dogs are prime favorites with the princess, and there are in all varieties, one pet being a huge Russian wolfhound and another a perky little Pomeranian, so catholic are the mistress' canine tastes.

Though so much has been said, and justly, of the princess' self-abnegation, it must not be supposed that she is weakly or without a will. Quite the contrary. Such popularity as hers is a great power, and she knows it well, and takes it in itself as a position that naturally follows. She leads fashions because she has the courage of her own opinions on dress, and she has the same on more personal points. Her will, when she has seen cause to assert it, has been powerfully felt on sundry occasions. In performing public functions she knows that she is like the bride at a wedding—the real center of the attraction—and she takes the lead with an almost unconscious and graceful yet decided air, that puts the others around quite in the background. On one occasion the committee of a woman's hospital, having asked the prince to become its patron, were a little snubbed by receiving a note from the princess' secretary, saying that such an application ought to have been made to her Royal Highness, and not to the prince. In fine, there is just enough self-assertion and self will in our beautiful princess to prevent her proper position and to prevent her sweetness being tameness and her lightness frivolity.—London Sun.

CANNOT EASILY FOOL HIM.

Mr. W. S. Smith, Editor of the Toronto Evening News, Knows What He Was Writing When He Penned a Good Word for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Remedy.

Professional men have been strong in their recommendation of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as a remedy for cold in the head and catarrhal troubles. We have already published in these columns warm words of indorsement from leading clergymen and professors in the educational institutions of the country. One thing is sure of, that it is not an easy matter to fool the newspaper man. He sees a genuine of the inside of life. This fact gives value to the words of indorsement of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder recently penned by Mr. W. S. Smith, the well-known editor of the Evening News. 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 delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample free for two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church Street, Toronto.

The tobacco raised in Beloochistan is exceedingly strong and cannot be smoked by any but the most vigorous of white men. The natives do not appear to be affected by it.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote 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, earaches, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

The time required by the stomach to digest turkey is two hours and thirty minutes. Chickens require four hours, and ducks four hours and a half.

HINTS FOR HOLIDAY MAKERS.

How to Provide a Fine Seashore, Lakeshore, or Mountain Cottage for \$1,000.

(See this column next Saturday for the Colonial in Architecture. Copyright 1895.)

If there is one thing more than another for which Americans are noted, it is that they are practical. It is not that they are lacking in the finer qualities, but the country is young, and for years they have been forced to wage a constant struggle with the realities of existence. The wilderness and the desert have been conquered and "made to blossom like the rose," and problems are to be met every day that long ago were settled by older countries. Scores of cities can be pointed out that were barren prairies but a few years ago. In all of our settlements there is restless growth and ceaseless activity.

But with all this practical spirit, there is not lacking a genuine appreciation of the finer, less tangible things. As a people the Americans have not the keen artistic instincts nor the deep reverence for tradition as the Europeans, but in both of these lines there has been much awakening of late years.

No country in the world is more significantly blessed than this with natural beauties. There was almost a premonition from the first, perhaps, of the matchless grandeur of mountain and canyon, river, lake and cataract; but not until foreigners crossed the ocean to look upon the Yosemite, the Yellowstone, the Rockies and Sierras, Niagara and the Hudson, was it realized that here were the equals of the fabled scenes of the whole world.



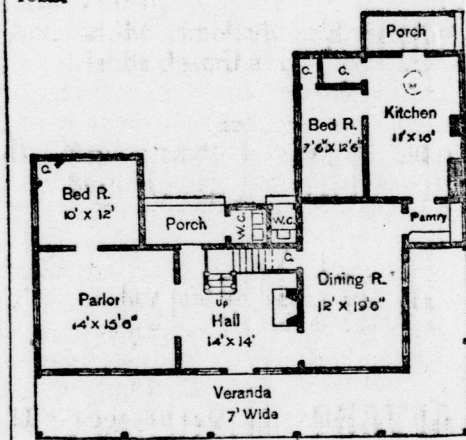
WINDMILL ARCHITECTS' N.Y.

Even when our pride was awakened in these possessions, it required time and effort to convince our practical spirit of the necessity of preserving them for aesthetic purposes. The Yellowstone National Park, Niagara Reservation and the Adirondack Forest Preserve are scarcely the outgrowth of national sentiment—fully and generally as they are now approved. They are the result of persistent agitation on the part of a few enterprising men, the public being entirely indifferent to their fate. Even the noble Pulisades of the Hudson are now being blasted away by quarries. In time sentiment must and will be aroused, and they will be protected like Niagara, for gradually the American people are being brought closer to the beauties of nature.

Despite their devotion to business, they are finding time for brief sojourns in the mountains and by the seashore. The vacation period is increasing in length, and among the English the Americans are learning to enjoy outdoor life. Hundreds of city dwellers of moderate means have found it possible to build comfortable homes for the summer months away from the heat and bustle of the crowded streets.

What could be more homelike than the cottage pictured here, with its comfortable and artistic appearance with surrounding nature herself.

The cost of the house, as shown by the perspective view and the floor plan, is \$1,000, not including materials and range, which are generally selected after the owner's own taste. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor, and in many sections of the country the cost would be less.



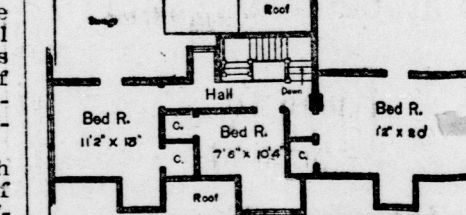
First Floor
General dimensions are: Extreme width, 50 feet 6 inches; depth, including veranda and porch, 48 feet 6 inches. First story, 9 feet high; second story, 8 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundation, stone piers; walls of first story, gables and roof, shingles.

Interior: Finish, two coats plaster, hard white finish; soft wood flooring and trim; staircase, ash; chair rail in kitchen and dining-room; all interior woodwork finished in hard oil.

These general dimensions and materials may be changed, and to colors would offer as a suggestion: Shingles on first story and gables, pearl grey; trim, including water table, corner boards, casings, cornices, bands etc., white; sashes and shingled roof, dark green; veranda floor and ceiling oiled.

The principal rooms, their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. No cellar or blinds. Open fireplace in first story hall making a cheerful and



Second Floor

attractive room in itself. Portiere opening between parlor and hall; servants' bedroom off kitchen; good-sized room for storage in second story.

This design is capable of many feasible modifications. Cellar may be put under whole or portion of the house, with inside and outside entrances and concrete floor. Bathroom could be introduced in second story with full or partial set of plumbing; open fireplace may be introduced in parlor and dining-room; brick set range may be placed in kitchen.

This design also presents a very attractive appearance if it is run up a half story more, Mansard roof.

Let it be by the seashore or on the slopes of the mountain, with broad veranda inviting repose; everything is here to give the man of peace rest and strength in peaceful enjoyment.—By the Editor of the Co-operative Building Plan Association, Architects, New York.

JOTTINGS FROM BERMUDA.

Description of the Lonely Islands from a Popular Pen—Mutton in Parvo—Everybody Comfortably Housed, White and Colored—Four Crops a Year.

Take a map of North America. Put your forefinger on the city of New York. Run it—your finger, not the city—in a southeasterly direction for 720 miles. Now you are at Bermuda, the most isolated piece of ground in the world, except, perhaps, St. Helena, and the most strongly fortified spot in the British Empire except Gibraltar. If you ask why John Bull attaches so much importance to this isolated coral rock, I must, in the meantime, merely reply that John knows his business. Later on I may try to explain the reason why this island bristles with cannon, why red coats and marines meet you at every point, why several beautiful hills are turned into forts that no civilian is allowed to enter, and the North American fleet cruises proudly around a little island within an area of less than twenty square miles. Meantime we leave you to guess the reason and repeat that old John knows what he is about in naval and military affairs. If there is only one kind of a point that he understands it is a strategic point.

"The Bermudas," as they used to be called, are a group of coral islands numbering, it is said, 365, one for every day in this year. If there are 365 the great majority of them are mere rocks that rise a little above the water. A large number are small—about the size of an average Muskoka island. Only five are of any considerable size, and for all practical purposes the five are one, being connected by bridges. In these jottings the five will be considered as one island, and will be called by the modern name—Bermuda.

For some reason best known to themselves, the coral insects constructed Bermuda in the form of a fish-hook. The line end of the hook points in a northeasterly direction, and the bait end is turned toward the American continent, being directly opposite the city of Charleston, and about 600 miles east from that city. The hook is twenty miles in length, and averages about two and a half miles in width. The area is less than twenty square miles and the population is 15,000, the same in number as Brantford, the home of the telephone and of energetic oratory.

Bermuda is a coral rock, covered in most places with a thin layer of soil. Hills without number and of considerable height dot the whole island. Hills, of course, imply valleys, and these valleys are the farms of Bermuda. For most part the hills are covered with cedar trees, and I understand it is a criminal offense to cut down or in any way injure one of these cedars. The palm tree and oleander are grown in abundance, and if there is anything in this life better for a weary sick man than the sight of these hills from the deck of a steamer after he has journeyed 1,300 miles from a temperature 20 degrees below zero I have yet to learn what it is.

THE BERMUDA FARM. On these few acres the Bermuda farmers seem to be as well fed, as well clad, as well housed as as happy as the average Ontario farmer is on 200. The chief productions are sweet potatoes, onions, bananas and lilies. The potatoes are sold in New York and Boston at high prices. One reason why they bring such good figures is because they are on the market when Canadian and American farmers are putting their potatoes in the ground. The Bermuda onion is said to be the best onion in the world. I cannot give an opinion on that point as I never eat onions at home, and therefore cannot make a comparison. Here, of course, one must eat onions to retain his place in society, and so far as I can judge the onion has not done me any harm from a physical, mental or moral point of view. Bermuda's great export just now, however, is the lily. Were I to say the plain truth about the lilies that are being sent to New York for Easter my reputation for veracity would be as badly gone as Othello's occupation. There are two things on this side of the globe that no man, however great his inventive powers, can ever exaggerate, the one is the fertility of a Manitoba wheat field, and the other is the beauty of a Bermuda lily field.

Bermuda soil grows no grain of any kind. Nearly everything that a man wears and eats has to be brought here except potatoes, onions, fish and bananas. Oranges and lemons were once raised in abundance, but some insect enemy killed them off. If you ask how it comes that a Bermuda lily is sold in a rented farm, gets along so well, perhaps the main answer should be that he raises four crops a year.

THE BERMUDA HOUSE. Bermudians are said to be the best housed people in the world. Sixty per cent of the people are colored, but the colored brother has a good place for himself and his numerous family to live in. With very few exceptions—I know of only two—the houses are built of coral block taken from the cellar or from a neighboring hillside. The coral when not exposed to the atmosphere is cream colored and is sawn much more easily than wood. The ordinary block used for building purposes is two feet long, one foot wide, six inches thick, and can be produced for 7 cents. Laying these blocks is a simple operation. The roof is made of the same material sawn into slabs, and the chimneys, too, are of coral. Being porous, in order to prevent dampness the house is covered with a thin layer of Portland cement, and this whitewashed, roof, chimneys and all, with a lime from the coral. The result is a house white from foundation to chimney-top. No small part of the beauty of Bermuda consists in the houses. Imagine a splendid house—and many of them are splendid—white as the driven snow, standing in the bright sunlight on a hillside, surrounded by palms, cedars and many other varieties of semi-tropical trees; a beautiful flower garden in front, with roses, geraniums and lilies in full bloom, the whole surrounded by a hedge of oleander, and you have some idea of what a Bermudian home resembles. And, remember, too, that Bermuda has nearly a thousand people to the square mile, and the houses must be near one another over the whole island.

THE BERMUDA ROAD. It is of coral. It is smooth, hard, clean, and never anything but clean. The coral being porous, the road dries up in a few minutes after any kind of rain. The roads wind around or cut through the hills, and one of the chief pleasures of a visit here is a drive. Some of the roads were made by convict labor many years ago when Bermuda was a penal colony. Driving on any road I have seen on the island simply means winding around lovely green hills, on a white road, clean and smooth as a floor. The main roads, called the north shore, middle and south shore, run the whole length of the island. Oleander hedges are as common on the wayside as fences are in other countries.

Bermuda is a small island, but the people have solved social, political, fiscal, educational and ecclesiastical problems in a manner that might make them an example to larger communities. They have done so because they have had sense enough to understand what Principal Grant so well said the other day: "Government of a mixed people must be government by compromise." But as Prof. Young used to say, "More anon."—"Knoxonian," in Canada Presbyterian.

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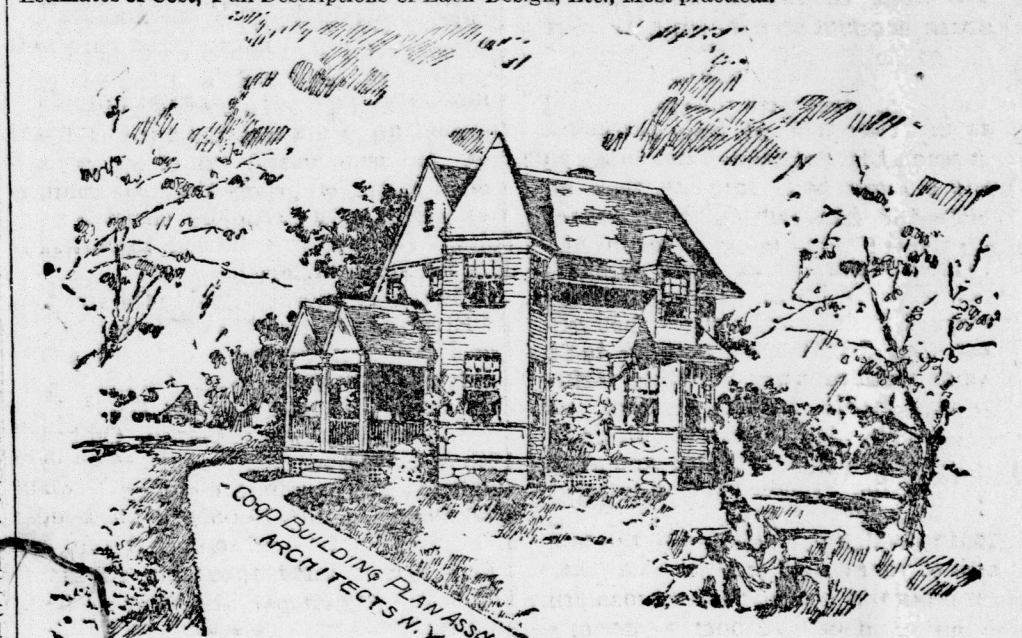
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X.—FIRST CAMPAIGN OF ITALY.

Seven days before the marriage of Napoleon he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. His star shone suddenly above the clouds. He tarried with Josephine until the 21st of March, when the honeymoon of the warrior—after twelve brief days of dallying young-husbandhood—broke suddenly; and he set out for the field of glory. His love-letters to Josephine indicate that his nature was deeply stirred by her influence, and that his affection for her was as strong as any other feeling that ever competed with his ambition for the mastery of his life.

To have an independent command of an army, or armies, had long been the prevailing motive with Napoleon. True, many of his current sayings and actions



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF ARCOLE.

seem inconsistent with the predominant passion. Only a short time before departing on the first Italian campaign he wrote a letter to Bourrienne, then an emigrant at Sens, saying, "Seek out for me a small piece of land in your beautiful valley of the Yonne. I will purchase it as soon as I can get together the money. I wish to retire there; but recollect that I will have nothing to do with national property." Quite insincere and fiftful! Indeed, General, "a small piece of land" is the last thing in this world that you wish for; and as to your "retiring" there, your retirement is fixed for another place—that far-off island to which you referred in the last clause of your school exercise at Autun. Your essay was headed "Possessions des Anglais;" you finished thus: "Sainte Helene, petite île." You will find it so!

The military glory of Napoleon properly begins with his first campaign into Italy. The States of that peninsula were about to be made the playthings of great ambitions. Whether the influence of Austria and the coalition should continue predominant from Piedmont to Venice was the question. The existing order in the Italian States and cities favored the Austrian power; but the popular party was in sympathy with Republican France. Bonaparte's mission into Italy was ostensibly for preoccupation and defense; but it meant, out of the nature of things, sharp war and speedy conquest.

Hardly had the campaign in Piedmont begun before the Directory in Paris would send out the veteran Kellerman to be second in command. This might be a compliment to a general-in-chief not yet twenty-seven; but not so to Bonaparte. He at once replied saying that it was indifferent to him (a thing most untrue) whether he should serve in Italy or somewhere else. All he wished—so ran his plaint—was a brief page in history awarded for service to his country. General Kellerman had more experience than he, and knew better how to make war; "but both together we shall make it badly. I will not willingly serve with a man who considers himself the first general in Europe." How strongly is here revealed the unconquerable will and self-sufficiency and purpose of Bonaparte to be all or nothing!

Let us scan the field. The coalition against France now embraced Austria, Bavaria, Piedmont, Naples, and England. The smaller States of Germany and Italy were also in the league. For the "protection" of Piedmont and indeed of all Italy, an army of about sixty thousand men, thoroughly equipped and supplied, and commanded by General Beaulieu, one of the ablest and most experienced in Europe, had been sent into Lombardy. Against this power Napoleon's Army of Italy was set, consisting of only thirty-five thousand new men, miserably destitute, and having enthusiasm for its principal resource. With this he must compete for the mastery of states and kingdoms. But the Army of Italy had for a commander a military genius of so audacious a character as to rank its possessor with the two other prime warriors of human history. He had daring, military invention, the power of combination, the discovery of new expedients, sudden adaptation to unforeseen contingencies, courage, ambition, foresight, subtlety, and indeed every quality fit to make him what he was now about to become—the greatest commander of modern times.

At Montenotte, twenty-six miles west of Genoa, Napoleon fought his first field-battle. He attacked the Austrian division of D'Argenteau, and won a victory. Mark you, he fought with a "division of the enemy!" This was on the 12th of April, only twenty-two days after his departure from Paris. On the 14th he struck the Austrians and Sardinians at Millesimo, ten miles further on, and won another victory. On the next day he came on the enemy at Dego, and added a third. On the 21st, he reached Mondovi, forty-eight miles from Turin, and on the following day attacked and defeated the division of General Colli. In every engagement his blow was like that of a thunderbolt. The disciplined armies of his opponents broke before him.

The king of Sardinia was already beaten. After Mondovi he made overtures of peace. Without pausing, Napoleon advanced on the main Austrian division under Beaulieu. Him he found strongly posted on the Adda, holding the bridge that led into the town of Lodi. Frederic the Redbeard had founded Lodi on the site of the ancient Roman Laus Pompeia. On the 10th of May the Austrians, sixteen thousand strong, were attacked at the bridge of the Adda by six thousand French grenadiers, led by Napoleon and Lannes in person. The action was bloody and decisive. The name of Lodi was added to the lengthening column of victories. Two thousand of the French were killed and wounded, and a much larger number of the Austrians. Here Bonaparte, fighting in the ranks, gained his famous title of LITTLE CORPORAL, which to the end of human annals will be repeated as his sobriquet.

Five days afterwards the conqueror entered Milan; Lombardy was at his feet. He made levies and requisitions with a freedom only equalled by the audacity of the things accomplished. Naples, Modena and Parma went down before him; and the Pope, becoming petitioner, signed an armistice.

Such was the first passage of the war; and the second was like the first. The coalition was not to yield without further battle. Napoleon made Mantua his next objective. Field-marshal Wurmser, of great fame, a veteran of seventy-two, came swiftly out of the Tyrol with a new Austrian army. Before he could reach the scene of action, Mantua was already besieged by Napoleon. The defense held out until Wurmser's army came on in two divisions, and the French were forced to fall back.

The division of his forces proved fatal to the Austrian commander. Woe to the army that was ever divided in front of Bonaparte! At Lonato, on the 3rd of August, he attacked a division of Wurmser and gained a complete victory; General Augereau was the hero of the day. On the 5th and 6th of August a second battle, on nearly the same field, was fought with still more decisive results; Wurmser was hurled back, and Mantua again besieged.

The enemy soon returned to the onset. At Rivaredo, on the 4th of September, the division of Massena defeated the Austrians with great losses. On the 8th, at Bassano, Napoleon routed the main force under Wurmser in person. On the 15th of November was fought the great battle of Arcole where eighteen thousand French, led by Napoleon, Massena and Augereau, triumphed over the Austrians nearly forty thousand strong. The battle was fought in a swampy region traversed with causeways and difficult bridges. After three days of desperate fighting Wurmser was so disastrously defeated as to end the contest.

After Arcole, Wurmser threw himself into Mantua, and was cooped up. In January, 1797, Austria sent her third army into the field under General Alvinczy. This great force proceeded towards Mantua as far as Rivoli, where it was struck by Bonaparte and routed with a loss of about twenty thousand men! At Favorita, on the 16th, the French were again victorious. The ruin of Alvinczy's army was complete, and on February 2nd Mantua was surrendered with eighteen thousand prisoners. Swiftly Napoleon followed up these tremendous successes. A fourth Austrian army, under Archduke Charles, came down from the Tyrol as far as Tagliamento, where on the 16th of March, it was routed by the French. On the 7th of April, an armistice was granted by Napoleon, and on the 18th he made with Austria his provisional treaty of Leoben.

Meanwhile, another coup d'état had occurred in Paris. By violence the two great Councils of State purged themselves of fifty alleged Royalists and Anarchists. Carnot and Barthélemy, members of the Directory, were sent flying into exile. Such was the savage indignation of the Republic that the coalition became willing for peace. At Campo Formio, on October 17th, 1797, Napoleon met the representatives of the German Empire, and with astounding presumption dictated to that ancient power the terms of pacification. Openly, Austria should cede the Belgian provinces, recognize the Cisalpine Republic, and accept fragments of Venetia. France should have the results of the war, including the Ionian Islands. Secretly, the Rhine should henceforth be the boundary between Germany and France.

Before leaving the scenes of his glory Napoleon sent Joubert as his herald to Paris. He shall announce for us the following results: The campaign of the Army of Italy has extended from April 12th, 1796, to October 17th, 1797. We have taken 150,000 prisoners; 170 standards; 550 siege pieces; 600 field guns; five pontoon equipages; nine ships of 64 guns; twelve frigates of 32 guns; twelve corvettes; eighteen galleys. We have given "liberty" (whatever that may mean, General!) to Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Carrara, Romagna, Lombardy, Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona, part of Verona, Chiavenna, Bormio, the Valtellina, Genoa, the Imperial Fiefs, Corcyra, the Ionian Isles, Ithica. We send to Paris all the Masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Albani, Carracci, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci. Not all the masterpieces of these immortals, General; but the rest is true to the letter. And by order of the Directory your glories shall be written in golden catalogue on a Memorial Flag to be hung in the great Hall of Sitings, and be seen by shouting Paris and the world. You were never yourself a poor man afterwards!

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, APRIL 28.

Text of the Lesson, Mark xiv, 12-26—Memory Verses, 22-24—Golden Text, Luke xlii, 19—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

12. As I have recently read and profited by a sermon by Rev. A. G. Brown of London upon a portion of this lesson entitled "Finding It as He Said," it is probable that some of the Spirit's suggestions to him may here be found. It is the last night before the crucifixion. The city Jerusalem, the holy city, is full of people, for only in the chosen city can the passover lambs be slain and the feast kept. Notice the disciples' question, "Where wilt thou have me to do?" and let our hearts be ever saying, "Where, Lord?" "What, Lord?" and never leave to our own understanding.

13. He immediately sends two with definite instructions, and yet such as required great faith on their part. He loves to be trusted and will surely guide all who are willing to be guided (Ps. xxxii, 8; Isa. xxi, 1; xlii, 17). But see how it is only a step at a time, and consider the foretold events of one day in I Sam. x, 1-7. They knew the way to the city. All was plain thus far. Then of a sudden they should pass them or meet them they were to look for a man coming toward them bearing a pitcher of water, and without hesitation they were to follow him.

14. They were not told to speak to the man with the pitcher, but simply follow him into the house and speak to the good man of the house concerning the room in which to eat the passover. The fact that they were to say to him, "The Master saith," shows that the owner of the house was a disciple. Jesus would not use the property of one who was not.

15. We would like to know more of this man and this room, between whom and the Master there seemed to be such a perfect understanding and harmony of spirit.

16. With unquestioning obedience they went forth from Him to do His bidding, and they found everything just as He had said they would. It always has been and always will be so, for whatever else may fail or change or pass away the word of the Lord is sure, and it standeth forever.

17. "And in the evening He cometh with the twelve." Never was such a passover kept before, for this immediately preceded the fulfillment of all passovers, as on the morrow "Christ, our passover," would be sacrificed for us. Have we, like the good man of this house, room for Jesus? And are all our possessions at His disposal? Are we like the two disciples looking for His guidance? And do we recognize His hand in all the events of life? If so, it is well.

18. Before Jesus announced that one of them should betray Him, it would seem from John xiii that He had washed their feet and had taught them thus to do for each other. Think of His washing the feet of Judas! How near one may be to Jesus, how much He may do for one, how many privileges one may enjoy and yet be lost! It will surely be a fearful thing to have been numbered with the followers of Christ and yet not be truly His.

19. It was enough to make them sorrowful that one who had accompanied them and had been apparently truly one of them should turn out to be only a traitor and hypocrite. So clever had the traitor been that it would seem that none of the others had suspected him, for no one said, "It must be Judas, just as we thought," but each said, "Is it I?" So kind had Jesus been that never by word or look or act had He even hinted that Judas was not sincere.

20. "One of the twelve that dipeth with me in the dish." Sitting near to Jesus, eating with Him, called one of His, acting as treasurer for His people, preaching in His name, perhaps permitted to work miracles in His name, and yet all the while a liar, a hypocrite, one possessed by the devil! Is it any wonder that the Spirit by Peter exhorts us to make our calling and election sure (I Peter i, 10). Let us be sure that we have forever ceased to look to or in any way trust in the flesh, but only and wholly in the merits of the Jesus Christ.

21. Scripture was to be fulfilled. The conduct of Judas was clearly written out beforehand, as in Ps. xli, 9, but that did not compel Judas to act as he did. While God knows beforehand all that will come to pass and whether men will hear or forbear (Ezek. ii, 7), and while the Spirit of God drives with all, at least all who know of God and His love, yet all are left free to accept or refuse that love.

22. The passover feast being concluded, Jesus now institutes the Lord's supper by first taking bread, and having given thanks or blessed it He gives them to eat, saying: "This is My body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of Me."

23. As He had done with the bread, so He does also with the wine, representing His blood shed for us, and when we partake of the wine we are to remember the precious blood of Christ, the price of our redemption (I Peter i, 18, 19). We are to remember that we are not our own, but that spirit, soul and body are all His, to be given wholly up to Him that He may at His pleasure use us to minister the great salvation to others, even to the shedding of our blood in His service if He requires it (I Cor. vi, 19, 20; I Thess. v, 23; II Cor. v, 15; Rev. xii, 11).

24. Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, and it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul (Heb. ix, 22; Lev. xvii, 11). All the blood of sacrifices from the day when the Lord God made unto Adam and Eve coats of skins and clothed them was typical of the precious blood of Christ, which was sufficient for the sins of the whole world (I John ii, 2), but becomes efficient only for such as accept Him.

25. From beginning to end of the public ministry of the Lord Jesus He was ever speaking of a kingdom, the kingdom of God or of heaven, which will yet be set up on the earth and include the whole earth under the whole heaven (Dan. vii, 27). Then shall the meek inherit the earth, and war and strife shall be no more (Ps. xxxvii, 11; Math. v, 5; Isa. ii, 4; Mic. iv, 3, 4). Then shall both the passover and the Lord's supper have a full and final consummation (Luke xxi, 16, 18), for every communion we show the Lord's death till He come (I Cor. xi, 26).

26. "And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the mount of Olives." The hymn was perhaps Ps. cxli, cxlii, the Great Hallel or a part of it. In connection with the hymn think of John xiv to xvii and see the heart of Christ in these last words to His apostles and to His Father on their and our behalf, words to which He gives His blood. Therefore how sure they are! Let your soul at the end of the day truly say Jer. xv, 16, and Job xlii, 13.

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A MISCHIEVOUS CROW.

Strangely enough, there was nothing of which he stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Heiter-skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was plainly manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he gobbled up as fast as he could. It was a most effectual way of preventing them from frightening him when they grew big.

No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being, and imitate the cawing of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold on!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out, "Stop!" at the farmers who went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person who had called them, the success of his little joke would cause him to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snow-balled. He would stand upon an old tree-stump and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say, "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy could ever hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it could be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed. When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk he would seize her slyly by the dress and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children who came for water, and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal unnoticed down to the cellar, and the boys that he could give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One was pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.—St. Nicholas.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Mrs. Watts—Don't you ever do anything at all? Weary Watkins—Oh, yes, mum. Sometimes I do time.

The Old Story Every Time.

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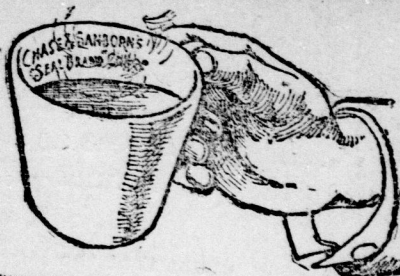
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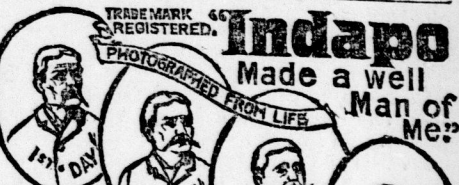


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